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Andong, Korea, Sunday afternoon, January 5, 1947.

Dearest Everybody,

Creetings in the New Year. The Lord bless you all with a great 1947. I hope you've all started off with good health. For myself I think I ought to report that I never felt better physically in my life, and I'm indeed grateful for the good health I've enjoyed. I sleep like a top and the meals they feed us here are all that money and the army's authority and priorities can buy. We simply have the best of everything, and I think of you each time I sit down at the table. In fact I make it a point to pray that the Lord will feed you, and also that He will feed the poor, for there are so many of them here. We have just everything in the way of meats, bacon every morning, generous helpings of it, pork, roast beef and beefsteaks, huge steaks, chicken and turkey. Recently the G.I.'s have been hunting pheasants and today 30 were prepared for about that many men. Imagine it! I frequently wish the meals were simpler.***That reminds me of something to pass on. In some of the packages churches prepared for the Koreans they included Jello puddings. The other night I met with the four local pastors, Kim of the big church, Kim Chin How, Im Hock Soo who happened to be in town, and Yi Wun Yung, at the Central Church. The pastors wife brought in a drink that tasted good but I couldn't for the life of me figure out what it was. Then she explained it was Jello Butterscotch pudding powder with hot water added. They couldn't read the English on the package and thought it was coffee so added hot water and without sugar and cream served it as is. Its a success. Try it some time. I just came from East End Church which today celebrated its first year of re-establishment. After the service we had soup. Do you remember what that is, a gelatinous mass with shredded Kim Chi and vegetables on top. I was given a bowl of bread-soup at which I nibbled because I knew Sunday dinner would be served here at 3.30. It was a happy service and the remarks of the pastor, Kim Chin How were all to the good. He stressed the need for sorrow for all they did under the Japanese, basing his talk on the resurrection. Jesus will bring resurrection to East End Church. Interestingly I had chosen 2 Tim. 2:8, "Remember Jesus, son of David, risen from the dead according to MY Gospel", as the basis for my congratulatory remarks. Quite a coincidence, isn't it? I emphasized that we each have a Gospel, not because we made it but because of what Jesus has done for us. What kind of a Gospel is it? Paul's was a Gospel of resurrection and power. A Gospel of glory, one in which he exulted and preached with joy and confidence. What would their Gospel be in the new year of the church life? I got a blessing out of it myself.***Where has the week gone? I declare these days race by. Wednesday was New Year's day and we ate here with the usual plenty, and the day as far as the G.I.'s was concerned was just that. I imagine it would have been quite a drinking time but for the fact that there has been a alert on which has kept them all guarding the houses for an hour during the night for a couple weeks. All through the night for an hour and a half each, every officer and enlisted man is on guard, which breaks up their sleep. Had it not been for that I fear we might have had some drunkenness. So thank the Lord for the alert.***Kim Wha Hyun Moksa the local pastor who has been elected to the legislature in Seoul is home for the holidays and I took the opportunity to get him and the others together to go over with them some of the questions we are to prepare for the Board's visitation, some questions of administration of mission affairs, missionary personnel, support of institutions, location of stations, etc. Phew, my head swam as they pulled out their supplies of murjas, Chinese, when it came to the discussions of mission policy, etc., but I hung on and having made notes, got help from the dictionary. Then the next morning and evening I spent alone with Kim to get ideas in detail

for he might be expected to have more light to shed on the situation than the ordinary country pastor, but I'm afraid my reactions are that his political activity and his much learning both here and in Japan haven't given him any edge in good judgment over Yi Wun Yung and the others whose hearts and minds are illumined by God's Spirit and who put what to my mind are first things first. I appealed to him to quit politics and use his leadership in the church because of the desperate need for pastors, and also because of the greater contribution the church will make to Korea. He refused to consent to do so, replying that he wanted to see Korean law established on a righteous foundation, which is worthy enough, but he knows well enough that the present political groups in this country are not remotely concerned with righteousness. I felt he was giving himself away when he stated that his election was the will of the people, whereas everybody knows he worked his head and heels off in a terrific electioneering. He is an able fellow, young, pleasant mannered, with a gift for friendship. But he's paying a much too high a price for his leadership. Increasingly I hear reports of drinking among the members of the congregation, and when I confronted it with him and the need of discipline, he side-stepped it. Last night the army doctor here told me he saw Dr. Paik reeling around at the distribution of UNNRA relief, and other officers speak of Paik's coming to the army headquarters drunk. Its very sad. I've been trying to get the Bible Institute dormitory repaired - rather I've been trying to interest the Koreans in repairing, for Ned got some rich Korean to fix the Taiku B.J. dorm. When the cooking utensils were mentioned there was an ominous hush and then later I was told that they disappeared when Kim Chung Kyu, the young fellow to whom the fruit-tree land was sold in back of the Angie Church, was in charge of the local agricultural young mens' association. Kyung Ju was the head of it, and the meetings were held in our Bible Institute. He went all around making anti-American speeches, and as a result is in rather bad favor. I've met him a few times and he's very pleasant to me and until I have more information and more evidence I can't confront him with things. But he is another example of an able fellow who fell before the subtlety of the Japanese. What a time it will be when the revival comes, and all these burdened hearts and uneasy consciences are cleansed. May God grant it soon.***My, what a blessing these relief packages have been. Gertrude, you'll be happy to know that our wash-woman Kim Si and her husband were both in church this morning at East End. They are grateful for a number of things they received. Kim Chin Hoe's wife is on the committee and she had a list of all the families who got things. The clothing is so much more of a personal reminder of the interest and love of the missionaries and their friends in America than anything else we might give them. They are more grateful than I can say, and it gives me an emotional experience to see the children running around in such pride and delight of wraps which we take for granted in America. Adams' Kim Si just came with a letter of thanks for the things she got, and the baby of her back had an American cap on, and looked so warm and snug. I praise the Lord for it. This morning our Washing Kim Si had a skirt made of material which I remember asking you why you were sending it out. It was just "a piece of cloth" to me but there she stood, grateful beyond words. George sent two dandy pair of shoes, newly mended which went to Yi Wun Yung and Kim Chin Hoe, a gift worth Yen 2,000.00. Prices are running away and commodities are disappearing. The local C.O. who makes a systematic price report told me yesterday that the homespun cloth had doubled in price since October. Its serious. And to have these things, American things, come now makes the people deeply appreciative of the love behind the gifts. Now I'm sorry to have to say that many, many packages of which people have written have not come, and it is very possible that they are still enroute. It is still early in the year, but the Stars and Stripes, the army newspaper had an item the other night to the effect that a boat carrying considerable mail had been damaged and much of its cargo damaged through water. Whether many of the packages addressed to me were in that I can't say, but it is possible. I still haven't received the large photo of Sally and the one of all the kids. Lovingly

January 5, 1947

The Lord bless you all with a great year in 1947. For myself, I never felt better physically in my life, and I'm grateful for good health. Recently the G.I.s have been hunting pheasants and today 30 were prepared for about that many men. I declare, these days race by.

Prices are still running away and commodities are disappearing. Homespun cotton cloth has doubled in price since last Fall. It's very serious. To have American things come now makes the people deeply appreciative of the love behind the gifts. They are more grateful than I can say. It gives me an emotional experience to see Korean children running around in such pride over wraps that are taken for granted in America.

Jan. 8

The one thing and the choice thing and the great thing we look to God to give us is REVIVAL. I trust Him for it in His own good time and in His own perfect way to His own praise and glory.

Jan. 11

Tomorrow I am to take the two services at the local church, and beginning Monday thru Friday I am to lead morning prayer-meetings at 5:30 a.m. We're looking to the Lord to bless us, and I believe the time is ripe for the revival we have been pleading for.

Last Sunday was the first anniversary of the reopening of our East End church, now on the former Shrine property. I was invited to attend the celebration, a service followed by refreshments. One old granny with white hair, an Old Faithful in the church, greeted me by throwing her arms around me, and her tears were a blessing to my soul for God does something to us on the inside when we have fellowship together for a time and then are separated under circumstances such as that which took us away from Korea.

Quite a few young men from here died in the Japanese army, either as soldiers or as workers. The loss of a son is at any time sad, but it is that much more grievous when a boy dies in the service of those who are both spiritual and political enemies. How sad the hearts of the people are on many counts and how greatly they yearn for spiritual refreshing.

I noticed an old elder wearing the strangest glasses, all that was left were the lenses, the rest was a contrivance marvellous to see I remembered an old pair of mine in my trunk which I sent to him. His gratitude was expressed thus.- "Thank you for opening the eyes of the blind, thank you for giving new eyes to a blind man, thank you for becoming eyes to blind me." Then he came up to thank me personally and report that the glasses fitted his need exactly. It delights my soul.

Jan. 14

The spiritual hunger of the people is something new, their determination to go on. They understand their need absolutely and they need only the ministry of the Holy Spirit thru the Word to lead them to brokenness. We are spending time in prayer for revival. How ready everything is and yet there is needed the intercession. God is teaching me the need for persistent prayer. It is a great blessing we need and only earnest and fervent and continued pleading will bring the blessing, I am convinced. I do not believe we can expect God to give us a great blessing too easily. We must realize the cost of revival in deep devotion and absolute yieldedness.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Andong, January 6, 1947.

A copy. I didn't tell
Vett I was making a
copy for you.

Dearest Vett, Mary, and Father,

Thanks so much for your Christmas letter and the enclosures. I am most grateful to have these likenesses of you, to know how the years have treated you and also to see what a beautiful home you have. I must confess I have given you rather absent treatment, for the weekly carbon copy letters are not all that I would like to send you. Father looks the picture of contentment as he sits there reading his magazine. You'll be interested to know that the Committee here approved the idea of having the two books O.T. HISTORY and LIFE OF CHRIST printed, and that action has gone on to the Board where I hope things will get going soon. Father will be grateful for this I know. I was showing his picture to my former country cook who works around the house here for the M.G., and he spoke appreciatively of a kindness of Father's to him. It seems the cook's boy was ill and Father hearing that the family had no money for wood, gave the cook five yen to help out the family exchequer. That boy is now 19 years old and is working for the M.G. It seems Father had told no one at the time, so now after these years the good deed is returning for its recognition. May the Lord bless you for it and make up for the 5 yen.

Mary, how goes it? I haven't had a chat with you for years and years, and there is all that war experience to go over sometime. From my time in the army I'll be able to appreciate many of your experiences, although there is a difference between service here and overseas. I don't see many nurses over here though they doubtless have them around the big hospitals. I would certainly not recommend any girl, from what I see here, going overseas, for the level on which many of these military men live is about as low as an individual could go. It is an unnatural and impossible life, and I pray daily that God will use my life to offer a challenge to all the fellows here. I've rather lost track of your plans for I haven't seen a letter from you for a while. The last I heard it was dress designing or something to that effect. Is that still it, or have other fields called? You've certainly made a very great contribution to the home there in St. P. especially during the time of all the selling and buying of houses. You're quite the real estate authority by this time, and from the appearance of the house I can see that you have given it careful attention all over.

Vett, you're still the able manager and efficient home-maker. The Lord will reward you for your loving devotion to Mother and Father these years. You've provided a beautiful home for them, and both Mary and yourself have the gratitude of the whole family. It was sacrificial of you to step right in and arrange things as you have. Now that you have this attractive place all set-up you'll be able to coast along for a while, doubtless, and enjoy it with a sense of being "put" for a while. Your ideas of keeping the smokers are excellent and have my hearty commendation. The moment the fellows finish eating here they light up and all day the place is flooded with smoke. The first thing in the morning, while getting out of bed they light up and keep at it all day. I've reached the conclusion that it hides an inferior complex for many of them. They just simply know what else to do while hanging around. God's been good to us all, hasn't He? I certainly enjoyed Esther's letters telling of the childrens' various activities and accomplishments. They're a great bunch. And Gertrude's and the childrens' letters make me grateful to God for His faithfulness. This separation isn't easy for me for I miss my family more than I can say, but after all it is Gertrude who has all the responsibility and the work. But how lovingly and uncomplainingly she gives herself to our precious youngsters. I am increasingly grateful to God for her. Our children

are fortunate in having such a good mother. My for us as we do for you. Lovingly

Andong, Wednesday afternoon, January 8, 1947.

My dearest Gertrude,

How can I thank you enough for your wonderful letters, three of them that came Monday evening. Talk about an evening. The truck from Faiku brought them about 7.30 or 8, and I was the rest of the evening until retiring, reading them. May as the Lord bless your dear heart and fill you to the brim with His joy. I came across the picture of you alone, standing on Logues' lawn, and I was so thankful for you and happy over you I kissed the picture. I just love you so much, you precious darling. You are so thoroughly devoted and unselfish and dear. In the same mail a Christmas card from Mrs. Gillespie, and among other things she says this: "Your wife looks happy as only she could look, with the peace of God in her heart. What a wonderful helpment He has given you. Also your boys, I talked to them the other day and they are such many boys. I hope you get to see them soon". Isn't that the kind of a letter a man falls to his knees in gratitude over. "As only SHE can look with the peace of God in her heart" - yes and on her face and in all her ways. I trust this brings you a joy, my dear and an inner compensation in the confidence that like Moses of old God has made your face to shine without your knowing it. What a blessing He has given you, and what an inspiration you are to many of God's people. And what a delight to me. How blessed above many I am, and I know it, and rejoice in God for it. May I show my gratitude in a holy and devoted life. And our "many boys". Isn't that just the phrase you would wish to be used in describing our boys, manly fellows. And I mustn't leave out our dear Skooks, charming, able, and consecrated young woman that she is. And now I turn to your letters, the first one that of Dec. 20. And Gertrude just let me thank you for the time you put into these epistles. I know you don't rip them off in a few minutes. They take time, and I appreciate every HOUR you give me through them. "The packages and the 200 letters" - phew, how do you do it. It kept us BOTH going in former years, and now you lash off or anything by yourself. I remember the time consumed previously in those Post Office lines. Well, I'm sitting here thinking to myself that you skip your sleep in getting it done. If so, let a husband's love permit him to urge you to slow down a bit and slacken the pace. Whether I imagine it or not I can't say but in this picture, taken in the Philippine dress, you SEE thinner. Are you? Perhaps you're too busy to get weighed. And how about the Wilbur Jones. Goodness me, did you ever see anybody like them, rather the Lord through them. A turkey would simply be out of sight I know that, but God remembers us with the best. And then (I'm skipping a bit to another letter) but I can't help but refer now to the second turkey which is absolutely overwhelming in assuring us of the Lord's thoughtfulness of us. I wept for joy as I read of the kindness of the S. Hollywood people. How gracious of them and of God who led them to do it. Now isn't it interesting to say the least how the Lord has led in the matter of Mrs. Miller and the children with the piano and this fellowship. The first year she was represented as second best, and we had that sad experience with the other teacher, sad in the material emphasis, price to be paid in advance, etc. For Mrs. M. to have won Teddy's heart is an accomplishment of which she can be proud, and I don't mind your telling her so, for Teddy isn't easily won. And the Logues in the evening, and the Manns. All I can do is gasp. Its great for the children to be reared in a home that has many guests - for how many families there are who know nothing of having others in except relatives. The kindness and friendliness and generosity that inviting guests represents is good training and example for children, but the work! How unsparring you are of yourself. I'm glad to hear about the choice of the C.I.M. book, and of Gold in Korea. The letter while retailing for .75 cost Blair only 35 cents a copy, he told me, and if you order them from Mrs. Blair directly I'm sure you'll get them cheaper. Any way the Presbyterian book store gives missionaries a discount of 20%. .75 is far too high. Yes, darling I admit asking Auntie Kee to get gifts for you, and I hope you all liked the sweaters. I thought perhaps she'd make it a little more varied and pick something, semi-toy like for the kids, and something more personal for the two ladies, but that isn't easy to do, I know. At any rate I shall write her a letter of appreciation, and it is a satisfaction to know that you all knew that I was remembering you and getting a gift of love and cheer for each of my precious ones.

I'm happy to know that Jack now has his own Scofield. I'll have to drop him a note about that. Your walk all the way home - well, it's just too bad I wasn't there to walk with you and carry the bundles. My, but I'm sorry to hear of Hanier's illness and the dragging out of all the arrangements. Poor thing, the delay in itself will require patience enough. How thankful to God I am for my health. I trust you will keep me informed in detail of your health my dear. And will you not write me more fully about Skooks "check-up". I'll feel ever so much more satisfied with all the facts. You'll trust me with everything, won't you Gertrude. I know how readily you can reach a decision to "spare" me by not giving me all the truth when you have the confidence that a trip to the doctor with some medicine or a little treatment will clear things up. What I'd like from you is the assurance that you are always keeping me informed of everything. Shall we do that? Please. ****I'm interested and thankful that Jack is getting so much fun out of the scouts. The Scoutmaster either makes it or breaks it, of course, and as long as he is not going to take them out on Sunday hikes and jaunts next Spring and Summer, I should imagine it would be alright. It might be well to clear the atmosphere on that now, for if Jack gets into it and EVERYBODY else agrees to do something, it will embarrass him not to.***Teddy is certainly the poster boy, isn't he, crazy kid, and I can just see the whole house decorated with his art-work. Darling, please do NOT send me a \$15.00 fountain pen and if the thing would write from now on for 50 years. Oh, what an idea. I've seen and tried the pens and pens like writing with stick. What a way to spend \$15.00. "Sent to Hayfork". "Hayfork" is good. Why not write with a hayfork. Gertrude it's not the cost of the pen but the head and heart behind the hand that writes with it. I've given away only one of the army pens I bought for \$.65, and that was to ^{my dear} Yung at his hankap. I regard them as so precious I can't decide whom to give them to. Here's one thing you can send me, a mirror, one about 6 by 8 inches that stands by itself that I can use for shaving. It will have to be wrapped carefully though for things are tossed around by the time they reach here. One of the officer's wife sent him a number of victrola records and very few were broken. There is a church in Davis, California, whom the Adams gave my name, I think, and the fellow that does up the stuff is a ran after my own heart. Oh, it's a sight to behold, the package securely packed, wrapped, and then done up in burlap, sewed. I just smile to myself in admiration of a guy whom I know gets an immense satisfaction out of knowing that he could send the clothes to the moon and back without any fear of damage or loss.****
Now your letter of the 23rd. Quote from Judy Duncan, "Thank you for your blessed presence". I know what she meant, Gertrude, she was thankful for the Holy Spirit's blessing upon your message, the kind of a meeting when you can feel God near. It seems to me I've had a number of them in Knox Church with those praying people. This is your weekly letter to the family gathering up the doings of the days, and what a busy family it is with such worthy activities. It's fun just to read what all you are doing, and of the kindness of friends like good Mr. White who calls for the boys. That's a grand thing to do, isn't it, and it goes deep with me. May the Lord reward him richly for it. Yes, Gertrude, I love to hear Talbot talk about Heaven and in his good, enthusiastic way, he makes you feel as though he had been there and knew all about it. He really makes you homesick for Heaven, doesn't he? It was awfully good of Shell and Ann to send the Christmas tree, wasn't it? My, what if it hadn't come? But it did, and in good time, so we're grateful to God for that, too. Hearing you speak so much of Dr. Fuller, I'm wondering whether I dare suggest this. This is a beautiful radio that I brought with me, but apparently it is going to be a long time before the current will be strong enough to operate it. In Seoul, they listen to the broadcasts continually, but here that can't be done. I know the portable ones, the little portable ones are terribly expensive, BUT in case someone runs into one that isn't so high that can be operated by batteries, it would certainly give me hours of enjoyment and blessing to be able to tune in here and there. You would have to send batteries. Or, if anybody has a little radio, one about the size of the one we used in the kitchen (but under no circumstances do I want you to send that), one that would require only a little electricity, that would work. The broadcast from Tokyo are strong and do not require short wave, so any cheap (?) (I know nothing is cheap in America these days), little radio, or any portable small outfit run by batteries will enable me to get the programs of the army that originate in Tokyo. And will you please find out from Fuller's headquarters by 'phone, when

and by what stations they broadcast in this area. I'd love to hear a program of his over here.***And now dear, that blessed Christmas letter for which I know you reserved the whole of the Christmas evening, four full pages of just the loveliest news that a man could desire. The Holy Day spent in worship, in celebration of His birth, and in remembering each other with gifts, symbolized first in God's gift. Jack is certainly the Dad of the family, more and more, and I'm happy to hear that he took the oversight of the erection of the tree. How I can visualize the "room billowy with gay tissue paper wrappings". Was ever a family remembered so generously by its friends. Yes, it all sounds so familiar and so good. And you there, thoughtful Mother, jotting down the gifts so as to be able to acknowledge them. The "gold-colored" packages sounds like Aunti Kee, too, doesn't it? However, giving you steel pans in which to make roasts and pies for the rest of the family - that sounds like the familiar gift of a barrel of flour by generous (?) sons to their mother of which to make them biscuits. Daisy wrote to me that she had sent the blanket, or rather Ranier did, as I remember it. I've gotten a lot of candy, and after being generous to the other officers I still have plenty left. Bless Skooks' heart for the gift of the pearl necklace to you. That's the kind of gift I want you to have. I see that from now on I shall look to our daughter for suggestions for gifts for you. Holden Dixon is also a man after my own heart with the gift of the Good Humor ice creams. Now that's a gift. I've seen the George Adams' picture of the boys. They sent one to Ned. Gertrude, the ham and beef roast! Praise God. It just overwhelms me with praise to our God. Why in these difficult days to be remembered this way is a miracle. And yet, it is just the Lord's gracious way. Gertrude I am so lonely for you and the children, and no one would choose to leave his family without being absolutely sure it is God's will, but when we do obey His leading, how graciously He indicates His pleasure to us. My, but I am thankful to the Lord Jesus for these evidences of His love and care. Mrs. Gillespie wrote about the quilt and said, "~~I hope~~ you see it some time". Yes, I ~~shall~~ ^{shall}. She said the circle made it for us. Good for Herman going into the ministry. But how I wish he would go to Biola instead of a M.E. seminary ^{which} will steal his faith. The \$30.00 will buy a lot of stuff, and your packages, Gertrude, represent a real wisdom in selection for you know what to buy. Some of the things the Board includes in the lists are really not to the point like thread and needles. The cloth pieces, the bargains you got at Bucky's and Neelands, they are what count. You know from experience what to buy, whereas Ila wouldn't. Trust your own judgment. I'm so grateful for Jack's tithing his money. I'll have to write him about that. Did I ever tell you this about Dr. Appleman. On the Jonlin Victory coming out was a big hulk of a fellow from Texas ^{a sailor} who had been in the first war, in the army, with Appleman, and at that time Appleman was a mess sargent. Isn't that funny. You know what that means, he was a cook and oversaw the preparation of the food. As I remember it he found the Lord while he was in the army. Now that dinner at Millers was the musical time, wasn't it. I would have loved it. I remember the studio and how attractive it is. That is a fine idea too about New Years, and I'm delighted that you all can see the Pasadena parade. The kids in years to come will get a satisfaction in being able to say that they saw it. How kind of you to give the second turkey away. My, how you're picking up with a cement burner. That's high collar isn't it? I can imagine how Bobby will be envied with his new bike, but the novelty and the paint will wear off it and then the whole neighborhood will be riding it. I'm glad to get the financial account and to know that your heads are still above water and the family solvent. But I knew you would be of course, and I thank the Lord for it, but dearest, how many, many other rich things God has given us. Our cup is running over. Praise God. Hallelujah. Now darling, the one thing and the choice thing and the great thing we look to God to give us, yes, REVIVAL. Oh Lord, how long? I trust Him for it in His own good time, in His own perfect way, to His own praise and Glory. Dearest love to you all,

Father.

The package of things from the Korean S.S. has come. Fine, thoughtful, acceptable gifts. I'll write Ann Jack about it.

Address: Harold Voelkel (Civ Missionary), 63 11 Gov't Hq & Hq Co
A.P.O. 6 - 1, P.O., San Francisco, California

Andong, Korea, January 11, 1947.

*Thank you Skoots
for your precious
letter. I'll be happy*

Dearest Everybody,

You see I've moved up a day in writing you, Saturday night instead of Sunday, and there is a reason which will emerge immediately, but I mustn't fail to mention the fun of Saturday nights when I put the little guys through the tub. How about that last sprinkle of cold water? What about it Teddy and Haba? Are you still doing that? Tomorrow I am to take the two services at the local church and on Monday begin a series of morning prayer-meetings, daybreak, beginning at 5.30, continuing through Friday when the Big Class begins. We're looking for the Lord to bless us and I believe the time is about ripe for the revival that we have been pleading with the Lord for. I haven't an alarm clock and I'm not sure what I'll do about getting up in time, but I'm grateful for the mail, and how I thank you for your faithfulness in writing. Thank you Sally Lou for the photograph. I'm delighted to have it and treasure it. I'm only sorry I can't keep it on display for the stove in the room smokes up so continually the room and everything in it is covered with soot and I must keep all things possible under cover. What a contrast stoves are, especially with the rake-shift pipes that we have. There's no regular outlet so we just put the stove pipe through the window, and about every 5 days it gets so bad, poor old Vi Poke Chew must take the whole business down and clean it out. But he is as patient (and as slow) as ever and does a good job. I'm truly grateful for the daily fellowship with Vi and Pak Si; it is a link with the past, a family fellowship. She darns my socks and does my clothes, my laundry wonderfully. There was a comic situation here for a while, for the officers hearing the woman called Pak Si figured, according to western style, that her husband would be called Mr. Pak Si, and that's what they called him. Poor guy, he's humiliated enough as it is for Pak Si gets more than he does, but to be called by his wife's name was adding insult to injury and I had to call the officers off and correct them. Now it's all fixed up. The officers all think a lot of Pak Si's work and pass on various gifts that they receive, fruit, pieces of silk, eggs, etc. An entirely new situation that has arisen with the coming of Americans is Korean pigeon English, a monstrosity indeed. The tables are being turned for whereas the Koreans had to put up with our rake-shifts, the Americans are having to grope along with the very limited English of these interpreters who are young fellows with 3 or 4 years of Middle School study. One of the constructions worked to death is "Have no" (have o' no) and "Have yes" (have o' yes). It was cold the other day and one of the officers wishing to comment on the weather as he passed through the kitchen got this off: (knowing that to be cold in Korean was choop da) "Choop da have o' yes". How about that? Selling Gospels is quite a game. The people at the local church were not long in learning that I was going to the market place and selling Gospels and when they heard the price they said a yen each was too cheap. That was the price the Bible Society set. I bought them for .50 each. They said I ought to get more, and the suggestions ranged from 2 yen up. To satisfy them and do the correct thing I therefore set the price at 5 yen and went forth this week. BUT despite the fact that I talked almost continuously for 2 1/2 hours, advertising my wares and appealing to the people to buy, I sold only 45. Apparently that's too high, but having gone up to 5 I feel I can't go back immediately to a lower price, at least for a while. I think I better wait a couple weeks before sailing forth again with a third price. I had a wedding this week. The bride was a distant, one of those involved relatives of Vi Quon Chal. None of the pastors were in town so I couldn't beg off, and anyway a wedding is always a happy time. I had noticed a young woman working around Yi's house, a girl who unfortunately had had a slit upper lip, and she was the bride. She was an orphan whom Yi and his wife had picked up a year ago and brought here and now they were giving her a wedding, very, very generous of Yi. I had to laugh at his remarks concerning the groom who has as his occupation the leading around of a bull on the business end of one of the big carts. Explained Yi, "We wished to send the girl (marry her) to a fine family, but of course where is there such a family?" Yes, where is it?

After all the groom is a well-proportioned young man; unschooled, but so is the girl. He's been to church and prayer meeting and has decided to believe, and impressed me as being an agreeable type of individual. I borrowed a camera from a G.I. and took some pictures and it seemed to me that it would work out as a good team. They hadn't seen each other, I learned when Vi first came to see me so I arranged for a get-together at Vi's house, and I made a point of it to have Chaw Chang No ask the groom-to-be if he knew the girl had a split lip, for I didn't want any misunderstanding on that score. afterward. **Last Sunday was the first anniversary of the founding of the East End Church on the former Shrine property and I was invited to attend the celebration, a service followed by food. Whom do you suppose was there? Do you remember Kale, that bright girl the Baughs had working with them at East End. she used to help Emma Sue with the school the Baughs conducted in their home. Kale later married Vi Sun Gay, a young fellow who came in from my territory first as a patient at the hospital and then an employee. Well, the sad news is that Sund Gay died, leaving Kale a widow with a little boy. Sung Gay died of T.B. and apparently the baby has inherited a physical weakness from him. Kale is as bright and alert as ever, is now the jailer in the womens' department of the prison. My, it embarrasses me the way ^{Some} the Korean women greet me. Kale of course was just a kid whom we all admired for her faith and zeal, and she rushed up to me with a genuine enthusiasm that was a little more demonstrative than Korean etiquette usually calls for. Of course it was good to see her, but distressing to hear of her loss. Its hard ~~to~~ going for her to keep herself and her baby with the sky-rocketing prices of everything. But speaking of demonstration, Kale's was nothing to that given me by an old granny whose white hair and obvious years spared me. She just up and threw her arms around me. I do know who she is excepting that she is one of the old faithfuls at Pup Sang, and her tears were a blessing to my soul, for God does something to us on the inside when we have fellowship together for a time and then been separated under circumstances such as took us away from Korea. Speaking of the death of young fellows we know, there are quite a few from Andong and the territory who died in the Japanese army either as soldiers or as civilian workers, carpenters, etc. I have now heard of four, and as sad as the loss of a son is at any time it is that much more grievous when a boy dies in the service of those who were both spiritual and political enemies. O how saddened the hearts of the people are here on many many counts and how greatly they all yearn for spiritual refreshing. ***I had another of those experiences this week that breaks me up emotionally. I noticed that Kim Sung Kyu Chen No the old elder was wearing glasses that would unquestionably make the movies if Hollywood ever saw them. All that was left of the original glasses were the lenses, and the rest was a mechanical contrivance marvelous to behold. Moreover, for what reason I don't know, he wore them in reverse, upside down, with the small bifocal above. I happened to remember, Gertrude, that when I left you insisted (as usual Mother knows best) that I take all my old glasses with me. Seeing this monstrous equipment of Kim's I got into my trunk and saw an old pair of GOLD-FILLED glasses, so I sent them to Kim. Here is the essence of his thank you letter; it is a classic. "Thank you for opening the eyes of a blind man. Thank you for giving new eyes to a blind man. Thank you for becoming eyes to blind me". Then he came up to thank me personally and report that the glasses fitted his need exactly, they just matched. My, I felt like I'd done something, ALL BECAUSE I LISTENED TO MY WIFE. I suppose I ought to tell Kim that the gift is really yours. Any way it delights my soul. ***I am very grateful to Renier for a letter giving me all the details of the Christmas Eve dinner party. I can't hear enough about you all, and how thankful I am to God for the joys of the home. I follow you in every detail, the dinner, the worship after, the recitation of the Christmas story, the piano duets, everything. And Haba's repeated questioning of Mr. White about his bald head and what happened to all his hair. What a boy. How I enjoy your pictures, you kids, and I'm only sorry there isn't one of mother. Kids, all of you get mother to have her picture taken, for I've got one of all the family but ^{not} her. ***Word has come from the Board that the two retired men, Rhodes and Blair CANNOT serve on the Emergency Ex. Com., but we will have the advantage of their years of experience in an advisory capacity. We certainly need it.

Most truly
Father

Andong, Tuesday evening, January 14, 1947.

Dearest Gertrude,

My, darling, I feel as though I had neglected you for a long time. I wrote last on Saturday since I was to be very busy on Sunday when I usually write you, and much has happened. That is, I've been kept as busy or busier than any time since arriving. Thank you sweetest for your lovely letters, that of Dec. 29th telling of additional gifts (and Miss Trissel's rejection of a gift), and that of 30th. How precious of you to write two days in succession. I love you for that darling, and hope to show you how much, someday. Also, thank you for sending all the Christmas cards. My, but that was an inspired idea. I questioned at first the wisdom in sending "just old Christmas cards", but then when I got into them and read the messages from people of whom we had heard so little, I recognized again the solid wisdom of my gifted and loving wife. I see Carrie had written you, as you will discover that she also had written me from the enclosure I sent you. I'm rejoicing over that Gertrude and I look upon it as an answer to prayer. Now with Mother gone she is lonely, I doubt if she has a friend in the world to whom she can go to show any affection, and your opportune sending of the Christmas gift provided the exact opportunity for her to respond. I've praised the Lord for these letters and believe He is going to lead right on in a closer family tie with Sis that will lead to her salvation. Let's all pray to that end. My what a difference in her life and experience of the Lord Jesus would make, as in any life. My, I was so happy on my knees this morning following the daybreak prayer meeting, I was truly rejoicing in the Lord for His faithfulness. The rich widow, Kim Si, at Pup Sang this morning began having things out with the Lord in the prayer time. She has been so active politically, the leader of the local Womens' Patriotic Society, etc., but she knows that will get her nowhere, and her openness with the Lord this morning was genuine I'm sure. She didn't deal with everything, and she doubtless has things to clear up, but she made a definite beginning with tears that were from the heart. Its taking them a while to get on the idea and the NECESSITY of confession but they see it as inevitable I feel sure. Its going to go deep with many of them and my reaction is that they are all sitting around, praying fervently, deeply desiring a blessing, but looking to each other to make the beginning, the awful, terrifying leap into a public acknowledgment of one's guilt (strangely a guilt which they all know about), that's something else. But it's coming, Gertrude, I feel sure of it, and this morning in my prayer time it was as if the Lord was saying, "Just be patient, let me work out MY plan and will". I then had such peace about it, for I know how impatient I am, and I see that having made a beginning now we'll go on. The spiritual hunger of the people is something new to me, their determination to go on. They understand their need absolutely, and God has shown me the unvision of any accusations on my part, now or at any time. They know what they've done and need only the ministry of the Holy Spirit through the Word to lead them to brokenness. My, but I used that card from that Chinese boy to good effect in my sermon, for he was who was led to confess to the Immigration authorities his deception. It "fit". And the testimony of his Christian joy was a moving climax. Yes, that was a grand idea, sending those cards. I can't help but remark that Elm's sentiments on the front page of the Church Bulletin seem to me to be so stiff and unbending, correct as they are. I miss the holy joy of Christmas.***well, I got the first of the Ila Gibbs packages, through the Korean Post Office. That apparently was what was holding things up, for they are all opened and examined by the Customs' Officials in Seoul. The package contained two ~~packages~~ of cotton batting and two search lights, electric. May I ask you to give Ila a ring on that and tell her this much has come. And that leads me to comment on your letter telling about the trip with them making the purchases. My, my, what a load of things will arrive. Make sure that stuff sent with the Korean address is wrapped securely for they take awful beating. I enjoyed Mrs. Crothers' letter giving the data about the family. I'm waiting for word about Catherine's baby for the Koreans are also anxious to hear. Catherine is

P.S. I'm happy & grateful to hear that the "check up" of Skooks was so favorable.

to them still a child and it will interest them greatly to know that she has a babe all her own. Turning to my own daughter, let me say how thankful I am for the precious letter, the good looking letter, and the interesting letter. I was showing the picture off again yesterday. Yang Si was up doing the washing. The C.O. here told Pak Si to hire someone each week to help with the wash and this time Yang Si was up. Oyon Ong Yun was up for a visit, telling me the package had arrived, and I showed them all my Skooks. They are all agreed that she resembles me, poor child, and that Jackie resembles his mother, fortunate lad. I'll be getting off a reply to my Skooks soon. You were asking about old Chang Si, Gertrude. She came up to me faithfully after the service on Sunday and greeted me and was so pleased when I told her that you enquired in particular about her. Im Chang No of Angie is one of the Pup Sang elders now, right on the job and attending the morning prayer meetings. Chaw Chang No is the moving spirit behind Pup Sang, and he went with me to see Chang Su Bang, the Crothers' man who hadn't been to church for a long time. Last Sunday Chang was at the morning service. May he be richly blessed in the coming series of meetings. I don't see the Chaws, parents of Choo Sun Hi at church, although they are said to attend. Choo Sun Hi who lives out in the country has sent a word of greeting and is anxious to get in when she can. My, Gertrude, let me say again that as I read over this list of stuff you bought, clothes, suits, shoes, it will represent a young department store when it arrives.***I'm sorry if I haven't mentioned old Kim Ik Hyun who turned up the morning I spoke first at East End. He is still well and hearty but is slipping some mentally and is definitely in his dotage. But his face is still a benediction. When I mentioned seeing his old friend Walter Erdman a number of times in America Kim just about went into ecstasy for they were such close friends in the Lord Jesus. And it happened that "Uncle Walter" mentioned Kim in his Christmas card, so I sent a letter to the Erdmans telling them of dear old Ik Hyun. What a precious thing Christian fellowship is, and what a delight to see how the bonds tighten through the years. Praise God.*** I'm rambling a bit, but to get back to the purchases, I can see that its going to be some job packing that stuff, and I certainly hope you don't have to do it yourself, for that would be a good evening's fun for that Methodist Society's group. Dear me, Gertrude, it would just about wear you out. Its jobs like that that make we wish I were around to spare you, for being as willing as you are you just go ahead and do it all yourself.***You mention that lovely peach blanket of Daisy's. Well I'm certainly glad that we have it and I hope to enjoy its warmth, but its good it isn't in this room now for the soot from this stove is unbelievable. It piles up so thick and fast you can collect it in pans, and in such circumstances I'm grateful for this army stuff. I've got to keep my clothes tucked away in the drawers of what was the Adams pantry, otherwise they would be filthy. About every four or five days the pipes of the stoves block up with soot and we've got to take the whole thing down and clean it out or the smoke would drive me out.***Enclosed is one of the Christmas checks which will be easy for you to cash. The other one I spoke of is a Postal Money order and I think I can get that cashed out here and save you the trouble of having to identify yourself to that dame at the local post office. I know her, and remember how particular she was. Of course I had my army identification that made it easy for me.***I got a nice motto card today from "Miss Hedwig and Mrs. Lena Schmutz". That last name is about as German and as unphonetic as a name could be but the card is beautiful, "As for God His way is perfect". I'm thankful to have it to help decorate these walls. If when you are in South Hollywood church again you may remember this name Schmutz, pronounced Schmootz. Max Chang No is still on the job, a helper in one of the churches. I've given him some things, a pair of the tennis shoes I bought at May Co., do you remember 25 pairs. I have 17 pairs left to give pastors and helpers this week when the big message is under way. Yang Si's boy hangs around, is without a job. There's awfully scarce but I can't see his laying around doing nothing. The younger daughter is married, and my dear friend's pictures is quite fashionable as is the other daughter. The other one doesn't go to church. You remember she never had an interest at any time. Let's pray and work for her. Her husband has nok-sim-ed too, and I'm going after him during this class time. Yang Si's younger girl married a photoographer and she has a big picture of herself on the wall.

Just love from Frank, Frank

Greeting from Rev. Harold Voelkel, Presbyterian Missionary
71 Military Gov't Co., Detachment 3.
A.P.O. 6-1, Postmaster, San Francisco.

January 19, 1947. - Andong, Korea.

Your good letters continue to come thru and I am feasting on all the good news. We are blessed with exceedingly kind friends. God encouraged me greatly in my prayer life this week: Pastor Ye, head of the Bible Institute and Moderator of Presbytery, has had a hard time getting support from the churches, for the people simply do not have money; I found he hadn't had any salary for sometime (it is only 300 yen a month, at a time when rice is 1,200 yen a bushel) and there are 3 children at home. At the rate of 15 to 1, I haven't any money to give. So I took it to God in prayer. Within a day or two the commanding officer said he could let me have some extra grain for distribution, "do you know of any worthy family? Did I? What a testimony to trust God in everything! When I gave it to Ye, he asked, "Isn't there a needier family than we? He's a spiritual giant and yet he is so natural about things, busy holding Bible classes out in the little country churches to which he frequently has to walk.

These are great days, for the Andong Bible Conference is on. It's good to see the Christians from the country again, so hearty and cordial in their greeting. The guest speaker, Pastor Han from the north is a praying man, fearless in his denunciation of sin and fervent in his exaltation of the Lord Jesus. I spoke five times on Repentance and prayed for God to enable me to preach that message in love. We had good attendance in spite of rainy weather.

Jan. 26 - It's a cold day, but my heart is warm as I turn my thoughts to you all. I preached down in the prison today; an excellent congregation, of course, but they were attentive. The Bible Society has sent scripture portions to all prisons for distribution. I was surprised how well the prisoners sang!

How many opportunities the church now has for evangelism! In the local High school for boys, out of 600 a group of 30 students are meeting for Christian fellowship. The Youth for Christ is enthusiastic with big plans for work. About a thousand Korean soldiers are to come here for training; it's a great challenge.

At the service this morning I was told there were 30 new believers, converts during the Conference. The meetings stirred us all. An offering of 120,000 yen, which despite inflation is a lot of money, is to be used to send evangelists out to preach in villages where churches are closed during the war. Women gave their wedding rings, watches and ornaments. I am impressed with the appearance of the congregation and the order is good too. Altar is being built up in the worship similar to our American church service. It's noticeable to see in all this the result of years of training in missionary homes and institutions. They are doing a good job in distribution of charity bundles, and I want to have the country churches, as well, share in the bounty that is coming.

Every day I am teaching in the Bible Institute; 25 men and 8 women studying in the Sunday School rooms at the church. I'm enjoying teaching the Life of Christ, a tremendous subject.

Feb. 2, Seoul, Korea.

The winter in Andong has been moderate but it is bitter cold here, and I am grateful for the big winter army overcoat that a generous Supply officer let me have. I don't know what I'd do without it. The heating situation is serious for lack of fuel. What a ride we had up here by plane! We climbed 10,000 ft. to keep above a solid bank of clouds.

I had a shock when I visited Severance Hospital. I had heard about it but the sight was depressing in the extreme. No electricity, unpainted walls, everything in bad repair. The wards were pitiable, the patients being cared for by relatives with food prepared on charcoal burners. It isn't easy for the management these days with shortages of everything, - another manifestation of the suffering of the people as a result of the war. Things are desperate; thieves are bold. I saw a government car with two windows broken; these shatter-proof windows are tough, but the consciences of some of the people are tougher.

Mrs. Clara Ulin
385 W. 41st St
AD1-9456

Jim Sperry
Vet. Ad. Hospital
San Francisco

Address: Harold Voelkel (Civ Missionary) % 63 Mil Gov't Hq & Hq Co
A.P.O. 6-1, % P.M., San Francisco, California

Andong, Sunday afternoon, January 19, 1947.

this goes to the usual count,

Dearest Family,

I'm thankful for this opportunity of a little visit with you. Your good letters continue to come through and I am feasting on all the good news. I certainly enjoy the enclosure^s, the Christmas letters from so many. There are items about you in several of the letters which you yourselves have not mentioned and it helps fill in the picture to hear about you from so many sources. The whirl of the family's activities seems terrific, but then when I remind myself that with the development of the children each one is beginning to have his own daily program the total "goings-on" multiply. Different people write about different Voelkels and it therefore can't help but be a considerable bustle. It's getting pretty late now to be speaking about Christmas, but with the day behind us I am overwhelmingly grateful for all that everybody did to make it a happy day for you. We are blessed with exceedingly kind and thoughtful friends. Jack I'm glad to have your letters with the news of Christmas and New Year's and the picture of the Pasadena float. Congratulations on passing your tenderfoot tests. I'll be waiting now to hear that you've passed the other tests, second-class Scout and so on until you go right to the top. It'll take work I know, but it's fun too, isn't it. Have you got the suit yet. Or when does that come. When you get it, be sure and let me have your picture in it. By the way, I have a small wallet size picture of you kids but I haven't got a larger size. Can't I have one of the big ones to get framed to put on my desk. Teddy, you can write good letters and Mother enclosed two that you had written her. They were both good. Keep it up. Gertrude, you mentioned "Haba ~~as~~ quite well again". I hadn't known that he was sick. I take it that he had a cold, for all was well on Christmas day. I'm pretty sure you didn't speak of his being sick in order to spare me any anxiety. Well, it's great to know he is well again, and after all I would have been wondering what the trouble was, worried doubtless more than I should have been. I see many of the Korean kids with noses running and I think to myself if our's had colds like that we'd have them in bed and debate about sending for the doctor.***The poor old piano stool is gone. Well, I'm not surprised for it was weak from the first, and it has been given some pretty hard wear. It makes me think about a piano when you come out here for if we are to have one you'll have to bring it with you. That reminds me to speak of Dr. Paik's son Nok Kaw who is home from Song Do music school for the vacation. The other morning on the way to daybreak prayer meeting at 5.15 I heard him pounding away at some Concerto. He's good, and he sings well, and is a fine boy. Sally Lou, I'm sure you're having a lot of fun with Mary Ann Miller and the piano duets. Her father coming after you in the car makes it pretty nice too. To get back to Haba, I must acknowledge that I kept thinking of him[^]the high-chair, forgetful, of course of the fact that he would be growing, and it's only natural that by this time he'd be a big boy with a regular sized chair at the table. My, his smile in this picture is a tonic for my soul.***I got a letter from J.Y. telling of the arrival of Catherine Crothers Hodges son, and didn't the Koreans, especially the women, gasp at that news. They all think of her as a child, forgetful of the change the years bring to all of us. The Crothers have sent some things and in a letter from the Baughs they mention sending packages. I hope the stuff begins to appear, for despite the fact that I have received about a dozen packages, there must be all told about 50 to 75 enroute for me. The Army newspaper mentioned the damaging of 3,000 packages by water during a storm when a hatch was blown off a freighter, but there must be hundreds of thousands of Christmas packages for Mc Arthur's command still undelivered for all the army fellows here say their "big" package from home hasn't arrived. When my stuff does come through I'll be swimming in clothing. Fortunately we have had a mild winter. We've had a lot of snow, but it soon melts. We had about two or three weeks of terrifically cold weather in December when I was making those trips to and from Seoul, but recently it has moderated and it hasn't been bad at all. I'm grateful for the price of wood, and everything else in fact is out of sight. Imagine a jiggy of wood for Yen 270.00. One egg costs

Yen 10. Beef is Yen 90 a pound, when you can get it. Rice is now Yen 1000 a mal, when you can get it. I saw a fellow sell a pony for Yen 6,000. After the church service when the deacons count the collection, I see some hundred yen notes in the basket. Poke Chew Si's salary is 1,000 yen a month, so figure out how they live. God encouraged me greatly in my prayer life this week with an answer to prayer. Yi Moksa, the head of the Bible Institute has had a difficult time getting support from the churches, for the people simply do not have money. I was told that he hadn't had any salary for sometime, and at that his salary, I think, was agreed upon as 300 yen a month. Think of that with a wife and 3 children at home. AND I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY TO GIVE HIM AT 15 TO 1. So, I simply took it to God in prayer and asked Him to feed Yi. I think it was within a day or two that the Commanding Officer here said he had a little extra grain, almost a mal of good rice he could let me have for distribution. Did I know of any worthy family? Did I? I actually had to smile to myself at the wonder and the ease of it all. And the C.O. is a hard-boiled man. O, what a testimony to my own soul to trust God with everything. And, how about this. As difficult as is that man's financial situation, when I presented it to him, he asked, "Isn't there a needier family than we?" Isn't that a man for you. He's a spiritual giant, and yet he is so natural and matter of fact about things, busy holding classes out in the little country churches to which ~~xxx~~ he frequently has to walk, transportation is so poor.***These are great days in Andong for the Mens' Big Class is on. I finished my series of 5 Daybreak services Friday morning and the class began Friday night. It rained hard all Thursday night and Friday so that no visitors from the country churches got in. But it has cleared and they are beginning to arrive. O, its great to see the people again, so hearty and cordial in their greeting. The guest speaker is from the north, a Han Moksa, who graduated from the North China Theo. Seminary, and knows Alec McLeod, Betty Hopkins Crother's father, and all the rest. He is a short stocky fellow with a fog-horn voice and a thump and stamp that shakes the building. He is a praying man too and is God's messenger, fearless in his denunciation of sin and fervent in his exaltation of the Lord Jesus. I spoke 5 times on Repentance, using Ironsides' book. Repentance as the message of Job, of John the Bap., of Jesus, of Peter, and of Paul. I prayed for God to enable me to preach that message in love, and I trust Him to take it home to the hearts of the people. We had good attendance. I believe it was excellent preparation for these meetings, and I verily believe the revival is not far off. Praise God, this morning at early prayers Kim Chin Ho Moksa broke down with a genuine confession of sin "under the Japanese". That was his phrase, and as soon as grace is given to mention the shrine and other things BY NAME, I believe the fire will fall. ~~They're~~ They're all ready for it. Keep praying, keep praying; God has been dealing with me in my prayer times showing me the need for and encouraging me in consistent and persistent prayer. I have an hour of Bible study in the afternoon, and it is "from hand to mouth" for I wasn't prepared for anything beyond the 5 studies. I started yesterday with the list of Scripture verses in the back of the booklet, and plan to keep going as the Lord enables me.***I asked Chaw Chang No to go with me to see Chang Su Bang, the Crothers outside man who had backslidden. We had a good visit, there were tears and he's been attending. This morning before the service I called for and took with me Kang Sin Haw, Kang Sin Chung Moksa's brother who had backslidden. His face is so unhappy. There are many others to be won back. Suh Moksa is still outside the fold, and his son in Yung Ju now has 2 concubines - a father's influence.***This week I learned that 1,000 Korean soldiers are coming to Andong, members of the new Korean constabulary. Of course there is no place for them to be quartered and naturally our empty hospital and Bible Institute are just the kind of buildings they need and want. I had a call from a young Korean Lieutenant asking my permission for their occupancy. I told him it was not mine to give, that it would be a mission matter, and called up Blair and Ned in Taiku to contact the Provincial Military Governor to find out what it is all about. It won't be any worse than having American soldiers here, I'm sure of that. A bunch went over to the B.I. to practice basket ball, broke 7 windows and left the door open upon their departure. Poke Ju Si in his innocence remarked, "I thought they would be careless about Korean property, but are they careless of American property too? So it goes. These are exciting days. The Lord bless you all richly."

The black ribbon is about worn out, & I figured I should not waste the rest, I have 2 new ribbons. Loving father.

Thursday morning, Jan. 23 '47

My dearest Gracie,

I'm afraid you're going to feel me, hated this time, and I'm sorry I don't have a letter for you. The explanation is the Big Class, of course, and the fact that I am teaching an hour a day, which takes hours of preparation.

How loving of you to write so faithfully and in such detail. I'm deeply grateful. Each time the truck goes to Dulles there is a letter or two or three from you, and I rejoice in your love & devotion. Praise the Lord for His great grace to us as a family. How blessed we are.

God is with us in the Class. The whole enthusiastic appeal is in its repentance. The great power is doing a fine work, just the message with the power of great conviction & the wisdom

They took a special collection to send
전도인's to the places where churches
have closed & it amounted to

\$ 120,000⁰⁰!

of true humility. Revival will come I know. There have
been some deep confessions, on the whole attitude on
everyone's part is that of the recognition of the absolute
necessity of repentance & confession. In my classes I
have been giving, as the Lord enabled me, the message
I gave in the churches in America; I have for sin
& been 7; Peter & his restoration. I have one more
class this P.M., & I'm looking to go for the rights
leading on to message.

Your letters have been so full & with so
many enclosures, I'll have much to write, even
as the class is over. Thanks for everything.

I'll just enclose the letter from Alvin
in reply to mine, one of regret that he could not be
a full member of the Ex. Com. Just return
this. I love you precious sweetheart. Love
to you all.
Your devoted
H. H. H.

Friday Afternoon, January 24, 1947.

My Dearest,

Gertrude, it seems like an awfully long time since I've written you, and there is much to discuss in answering your wonderful letters. The various contents of the last two or three letters are all scattered over the top of this big desk the local C.O. has made available for me. I'll get all the enclosures together and go to it. First of all, here are my two big boys' pictures, the little snaps, both so clear and both fellows looking so happy. Ted's got his eyes wide open and he's looking right at me. I couldn't ask for a better picture from anybody. But, darling as you say they need haircuts. My, my, I'm afraid they needed them desperately. Now may I suggest, my dearly beloved, that you not economize on haircuts. If Jack gets his cut close around the ears and on the sides he can go three weeks, and Ted can go three or more. At least I think so. Perhaps that was all the time they had gone when the snaps were taken, but at any rate, let's not allow it to go on too long. Bless your hearts, kids, I just love looking at my family, and before starting this letter I had a good look at my good-looking Skooks. Last night Ned, who stopped in for an overnight visit remarked on the attractive daughter we had. I thoroughly agree with him, and the Lord bless you too, my precious Skooks. Now Gertrude, how sad that I don't have a picture of you to press to my heart as I think of you and praise the Lord for you. Come on, loosen up and skip off to the photographer's. *** Now my Sweetheart, a letter like Ann's is just about all that one could ask for. What a wonderful testimony it gives on your Christian witness and the Christian atmosphere of the home. Praise God for it, for it is in the close-up of the 24 hour relationship that the little inconsistencies as well as the big ones come to light, and to have a girl who has entered so intimately into the affairs of the family to say what she does, with the feeling she says it, is something to rejoice in the Lord for. "The love of the Lord beaming in your face"; "The Lord certainly is using her (Sally Lou)". Its humbling, isn't it?***About Elmer and the book, you musn't take that too hard, Gertrude. Its disappointing, I know, and it is evidence of the narrowness of that outlook, and it is always that group that are talking about openmindedness.***I got a letter from Ranier in reply to mine, a copy of which I sent you, its certainly requiring patience, isn't it?***I don't remember Hazel P. Hall, but whoever she is, she writes a lovely letter and the idea of butter on the morning toast, isn't bad. I often think how little this group appreciates the butter, they eat it like cheese, thick!***When you see Edna Larence will you thank her for the package she sent, of which she wrote me. As yet it hasn't arrived and when it does I'll acknowledge it. When will these packages arrive, and that leads me to write something I am really sorry I have to write. The point is, Gertrude, please don't send me anything BUT PERSONAL ITEMS BY A.P.O. And the reason is this. If the authorities discover anybody using the A.P.O. for any use other than personal items, THEY WILL LOOSE THE A.P.O. PRIVILEGE. Now what would I do if I had to wait three months for a letter from you and then after three months, six months in all, have you hear from me. We have already been warned, and it was only by grace that we were allowed to have a distributing committee to handle the things for us, otherwise the army would have CONFISCATED EVERYTHING. Really it is serious, but we must play the game. It all grows out of a ring of smugglers who had organized themselves into a tremendous proposition to get huge amounts of things through A.P.O. during the Christmas holidays, and I imagine my Christmas packages are being held up by the delay caused in examining every A.P.O. package. Now if they discover any further irregularity, any evasion, they'll suspend the privilege and send the offender home. Rhodes was told that.***I too got a letter from Andy Barbera, and how thankful I am, He's doubtless gotten tied up with 7th Day A'ism, but its an improvement over Catholicism, and by studying the scriptures he'll be led back to the truth. Isn't that an answer to our prayers. Thank God for the fellow. He's a good man. Abler, I'd say than his wife. I want to keep up with him. ***I didn't forget my big man Teddy's birthday, but it was one of the days I

was occupied with preparation for the Daybreak meetings, and I didn't have a minute to spend at my desk. I'll never forget my teaching up at Kang Kei and having the telegraph boy stamp and shake the snow off himself and yell, "Telegram" announcing my big man's arrival. How weak and helpless he was, and how big and strong he is now.***The mystery is solved about my not knowing of Haba's cough. The letter telling about it arrived after the one with the news that he was better. I see too that my letters don't arrive in exact order either.***What a New Year's program, my dear. Wowie, after 12 the night before and then 6.30 the morning after. I'm glad you could all see it, that is the parade at Pasadena. It will always be something to remember as I said before, and no place can rival Los Angeles for extravagance in display, whether it be floats or anything else. "Apologetic tinkle" is a good phrase for an alarm going off an hour ahead of time. Mine, that is an alarm that I borrowed for the past 12 days has not been apologetic but firm and resolute in its demands that I shake out of it. Really I got to feeling such a sense of self-satisfaction each morning as I returned and asked myself the question that I suppose everyone asks after getting up that early, "Why don't I do it all the time?" But keeping busy until late at night requires pretty regular rest or one gets droopy. Too bad, too bad, about the turkey, but it can't be helped. It was a big loss for the Baugh's, if they had to make it good.***I'm wondering what the deal is in Talbot being taken off KPAS Sunday morning and Fuller, Sun. afternoon. Has that station changed ownership. Also, Ranier wrote that Fuller had sold that valuable tract of land in Pasadena to get money for Westmont, mentioning that that was what I had written him. Well, I had forgotten that I had urged him as I did, but it is encouraging to see that I was on the right road. With Fuller behind Westmont, they are doubtless going ahead, and no college has any trouble getting students these days.***You write about candy. Thanks for the box, I'll enjoy it. But everybody has been so kind. I just opened up Ranier's the other night, the fine sealed tin box she sent for Christmas. The P.X.'s here have a pretty good line up of the usual run of candy bars.***The bulb of the Duncan's lamp reached me the other night, so the body may not be far off. It is apparently a real, splendiferous affair, one of these with a long, white bulb, about 20" long.***I'll be on the look-out for the 16 and 12 year old jackets, getting word back to Bill and Bob Voelkel**I'm glad Jack is through with his work at Culter and in view of all the time it has taken, let's pay next year, if the kids are there, but it isn't worth it in view of the transportation. If they lived close enough I would stress the work and feel it was good discipline, even every day, but when it gets near to meal time when he returns I think its a poor bargain, and we have the money. ***Quite a line up the Vermont Ave. Church has had. I notice quite a few of what I would call "Faith Mission" people on the missionary program. May the Lord bless Montano. I shall certainly pray for him and his wife and the family. I don't suppose anything was said of Betty. Poor kid, there is a quirk in her thinking, and I know it worries the parents terribly.***Fore I forget, speaking of the radio in the kitchen that needs (or needed) a new case, the electricity is so weak here that even a little set won't operate on the current. So, I think for the present you better let it go since a portable battery affair costs so much.***That Mother Stewart birthday dinner affair is a perfect waste of time and saddens me. My, when will they be done with it. Could it be they are hoping for something in the poor woman's will? That Mrs. Charr whose husband is still here is a capable and attractive personality I think, and it is easy to see how she got along well with the American officers. It was certainly no small privilege that she was able to wangle out of the officials in being allowed to take her family to America. Her children all impressed me as most agreeable also.***My dear, Haba in jeans, that must be a sight. Precious man how I'd love to see him. And a new red hat for myself. Sweet thing, you're worth half a dozen red hats, if only you'd go and buy them.***I'm so glad for Jack that Dianne has returned after a trip to the East. I can imagine what a strain its been to have her so far away all this time! Jack and Dianne!!!! Look at the nice letter enclosed from "Gertrude"- (Mc Fadden)

*Just love to the only friend in the world for me,
Haba.*

Address: Harold Voelkel (Civ Missionary), 63 Mil Gov't Hq & Hq Co.
A.P.O. 6 - 1, P.M., San Francisco, California

Andong, Sunday Afternoon, 1/26/47.

This is giving the wounds

Dearest Family,

It's a cold day, about the coldest we've had for some time, but my heart is warmed as I turn my thoughts to you all. People keep asking me everyday when you are arriving and I don't like to have to answer that I don't know. About an hour ago Marykol Kim Si asked me if you were coming out this Spring, and I have simply to say I haven't any idea when it will be. I preached down in the Prison this morning twice, once to the women and once to the men. An excellent congregation, of course, just like it is in any prison, but they were attentive and I believe we are going to see some excellent results from these prison chaplaincies. My impression of the prison pastors is similar to what I thought of most army chaplains (I can't speak for the Navy). Not all, but a good many fellows went into the army chaplaincy because of a dissatisfaction with their churches, and many were men who had had difficulties. A leader in our Presbytery, whose judgment I value, told me the three pastors from our territory who became prison chaplains did so because there was no call from any church. But God can use any of us to His glory, and I doubt not that great good will come out of the daily contact of the pastors and the prisoners. The Bible Society has sent Bibles and Testaments to all the prisons for distribution, so the inmates can read them in their spare time of which they have much! They looked well and in these days of scarcity they are better fed than lots of people outside. The Superintendent showed me a pile of American wheat being prepared for the next meal. I was surprised how well the prisoners sang. Afterwards the Supt. put on a feed for me, a very substantial meal. How different from the Jap. regime. How many more opportunities the church has for evangelism. The two local High Schools are both still out on winter vacation, but when they get back I want to establish some kind of contact. Five or six hundred boys and about 300 girls to reach in impressionable ages. And from 800 - 1,000 Korean soldiers coming here. It's a great challenge.*****Now I must tell you about the Mens' Big Class. In fact it was both Mens' and Womens'. About 150 came in from the country, I believe, and while in comparison with former times it is poor, yet for the present it is good, for remember there is no transportation, to speak of, either east or west. Moreover the Presbytery and a Revival Meeting with Pe Un Hei Moksa was held in Yung Ju in December, so few came from there, if any. The speaker amazed me with his stamina. He was somewhat tuckered out ^{at the end} but he went on with his tremendous voice clear to the end and conducted an extra Daybreak meeting the morning after the official close of the meetings. How he did it I don't know, and I thank God for the man and his message. He preaches the Gospel and is concerned with essentials. His whole emphasis and appeal was to the good, and it delighted my soul to hear him plead for repentance of all sin and a total dedication to the Lord Jesus. In fact his straight-forward, out and out appeal is having some repercussions locally. The pastor Kim Kwan Hyun is a member of the legislature and the guest deplored the abandoning of the pulpit for politics on the part of some many pastors. One of the things no one can miss in visiting the Mil. Gov't, in Seoul is the presence of so many Korean pastors, men from all over the country. They've simply flocked to govt. jobs. Now one explanation of that is that they are the men best fitted by training and temperament for democratic rule, and in a sense its good to have their influence at the top in the gov't. On the other hand, the church in its awful weakness is woefully lacking in leadership, and the ultimate contribution to the country through the church will be greater than the immediate help given directly through politics. The guest pastor's reasoning was so plausible and urgent, and given with such unction that many of the local congregation who were ardent supporters of Kim's political campaign are now displeased with him, and in true Korean impatience are ready to let him go. The extraordinary honor that has come to Kim who is only 32 has turned his head a bit, I've thought, but the recent turn in events may be just what is needed to sober him. I'm hoping he'll let popularity and politics go with the expiration of this session. How Oriental it is for the Legislature to have made little pins for themselves, something like a Rotary Club insignia. Kim wore his until the blistering sermon on total devotion to Christ, then the pin went! I hope the glory of the Legislature went with it.

I decided to attend all the Daybreak meetings, 7, which with the 5 I led made 12, and since I taught an hour four afternoons, I couldn't get a nap in but one day. The night meetings kept going late and how the Koreans stand it I don't know. At one meeting the speaker prefaced his remarks with the assurance that he would speak briefly, just briefly. I glanced at my watch and decided to see what that would mean. When he came to what I figured would be the stopping place I noticed that he had spoken 30 minutes, and he ^{then} calmly raised his voice and said, "Now for my second point.....", and on he went for ^{an hour} and 25 minutes. The Daybreak meetings lasted almost 2 hours and that church got cold. I kept stressing an honest searching of heart and a decision not to stop cleaning house until the root sin had been dealt with. I plead for a complete repentance and ^{confession} of sin. And there were numbers of confessions and many tears and some confessions were not easy to make, but there was not the brokenness that a real revival brings. There is still the notion, so far as I can diagnose the situation, that in time all that was done, all the sin committed, during the last years will some how take care of itself as long as they are sorry about it. All the prayers referred to the great sin of the past years but no sins were mentioned by name, and I therefore felt lead to take as one of my Bible studies Godly sorrow in contrast to worldly sorrow, stressing that "Godly sorrow WORKS", it does something about the sins we are sorry for, as 2 Cor. 7:11 indicates. But we've made a beginning for which I thank God. The whole area is ready for revival and hungry for it and praying for it. I asked Kim to tell me frankly what he thought of my continued appeal for repentance, and he replied immediately, "Keep it up, we like to hear it, we need to hear it, we know its necessary". I said I didn't want the people to get the impression I was rebuking them all the time, but he waved that aside with the reply that repentance is the next step. And as it is my remarks on the subject are hardly in the same bracket as the thundering of the guest speaker. My, the way these men go into the details of the church's compromise under the Japs. They're pitiless. So, praise God for a good class. At the service this morning, I was told, there were 30 new believers in attendance, converts during the class. I called on Suh Wha Sun, for the former pastor who came out 2 evenings. Several backsliders came out, and the meetings stirred us all. God spoke to my soul about several things. They decided to take up a collection to send out people to preach in the villages where churches have closed and where many are weak and the total reached 120 thousand yen, which despite inflation is a lot of money. Several women gave their wedding rings and watches, etc. The Youth for Christ is enthusiastic with big plans for work. It was a great time. Of course there were the humorous moments too, at least funny to me over which I chuckled in silence to myself, as for example when a youth came forward to sing a solo, one of these poems extolling the bliss of the fellowship of the class, and while he was holding forth in tremulous emotion, three men and a Bible woman were walking in front of him and all around him and carrying on an animated discussion about the offering, the soloist and the committee oblivious of each others' activity. Another less elegant subject was the predicament of a mother on the crowded womens' side, who when her little girl discovered herself in a state of emergency, realizing that the child couldn't get through the crowd to the door in time simply raised the nearby window and enabled the child to gain relief. I doubt if anybody in the church thought twice about it, but being out so recently from America I couldn't help but meditate on how less crowded church ^{are} at home from here. I think I ought to mention, by the way, how excellently the choir is doing, the work of the pastor's wife. She has a beautiful voice and plays the organ well. And also I was impressed with the appearance of the congregation which in these days of poverty is certainly attractive. I don't know where else anyone could see so neat a group of people and the order is good. A ritual is being built up with responses, very similar to American worship. Its very noticeable, and as I see all this I see too the results of years of train-

Sunday afternoon,
Oct. 6, 1946

My dear Grandmother,

I want to write just a little personal note to what I've already sent to you all as a family. My dear sweetheart - your letters, with all that you're doing day and night fills me with gratitude to you. What a devoted & precious Mother you are. God bless you, my dear one, and give you the needed strength for each day and keep your heart in His love, filled with His peace.

May I suggest, darling, that you not overdo. That's easier said than done, I know, and yet you mustn't let yourself get exhausted.

Those of precious days of trusting the Lord & praising Him, and looking to Him for His leading concerning the future. Yours
lovingly
Helen

ing in missionary homes and institutions. They are doing a good job too in the distribution of the charity bundles. Crothers' former outside man, Pak, the strong boy is just as poor, and just as agreeable as ever. Two bundles of cotton batting came recently which I turned over to the committee and one evening I saw Pak going down the road with one of the bundles. It was a great satisfaction to me that they had picked him. I saw him enter the church a few Sundays ago, a wet, cold day without any socks, just barefooted. And to day, a cold day many are without socks. Two fine bundles of things from the Davis Community Church ^{from} arrived some weeks ago and I saved them for the class for I want the country churches we will as the local church to share in the bounty. I saved the neatly wrapped Christmas gifts (late in arrival) from the Los A. Korean S.S., so with the contents of the three cartons, 4 items ^{sent} were sent to 40 churches, representatives of which attended the class. I asked Yi Won Yung, the Moderator of Presbytery to distribute a pair of the Cuban basketball shoes that I bought at May Co. for a dollar a pair to each pastor and helper which he was delighted to do. Then he asked about a couple of extra pair for Bible Institute students who, he said, if we could provide them shoes could walk 50 li (16 2/3 miles) each way to a pastorless church each week-end. So I was glad to let him have two pair for that. Ned came up the last day of the class with the chaplin and I was sure glad to see him and have him see the class. The tenant of one patch of land owned by George had turned in 2 bags of millet and I waited for Ned's decision as to what to do with it. Ned figured that since some of the land was purchased as investment for Bible Institute help it would be appropriate to give it to the faculty of the B.I. here which I am certainly happy to do. Things continue to sky-rocket as far as prices are concerned. The C.O. mentioned the other day that the Korean yen is quoted about 250 for 1 American dollar in New York now. Jokes are beginning to be heard about it although it is no joking matter. Old Poke Chew was tell me yesterday that a current wise-crack is that you take 2 bundles of money to the market and take home 1 bundle of merchandise. Another one is that you do not now count money (10 yen bills) when making a purchase, but measure it by the joints of your finger, how thick the pile is. The individual ten yen bill has lost its value.***Pak Si is simply bowling ^{at} these officers and particularly the C.O. by the neatness of her work, the States-side finish she produces on the shirts. They are so impressed they'd give her the moon if she wanted it. As local officials sent up gifts for which this crowd have no use, silk, fruit, etc., etc., it finds its way to Pak Si. The woman isn't dull in appreciating her success and she waxed bold the other day with a request. I do the interpreting for her and the officers. Yun Haw her oldest boy is 20. and says Pak Si, she is so busy she needs a daughter-in-law to do the work of the house, so the boy must have a bride although he doesn't want to get married. But what right has a young man to talk about whether or not he wants to take a bride! So Kim Kum Hi, the Bible woman and Pak Si go into a huddle and it is arranged for the family to worship in a country church the otherside of Pung San, about 16 or 18 miles away, where during the service the boy will be able to glance over at the shy damsel, she in turn out of the corner of her eye will behold her lover, maybe. The only fly in the ointment was transportation for buses are out. So, Pak Si put in a bit for a jeep from the C.O. for the occassion. But the jeeps are all on the blink, so the C.O. not to fail in the request provided one of these 10 wheel trucks. What a picture, the boy, mother and father and the Bible woman on a truck capable of hauling tons of stuff roaring out to the church. The report is that the boy thinks the girl quite "countrified", not slick enough apparently, but the father tells me he is going to do some urging, for the girl is of good parentage. My guess is it will go through, and so in a couple weeks, as soon as the girls family can get a feast together we'll have a new personage around. I tried subtly to raise the question of the girls supports ince they are having trouble feeding all the mouths now, but that didn't seem to concern anybody. They need somebody to work in the house and first needs are met first! There's the week, family, and in a half hour I'm schedule for my service in English for the G.I.'s. Tomorrow, D.V. I leave for Taiku, enroute to Seoul for the regular Committee meeting and the bringing of the mission jeep, I hope. The Lord bless you all richly.

15 just a word in the Taiku P.O. a package from my heart love to my dear ones.
you'll love them. Love. Father.

Taiku, January 28, 1947.

Dearest Wife,

I don't know that I have ever addressed you this way before, but it is certainly alright, isn't it? You are my wife and the dearest wife I can imagine. The more wives I see the more grateful I become. A few days ago a number of military wives and families arrived, mostly mothers with young children, sub-school age, and the more I see of them, the more readily I appreciate my sweetheart's worth and charm. Yes, I wonder how long it will be before you and the children arrive. But with this inflation something drastic must be done for we could never live here as a family, with all the help we need, at the 15 to 1 rate. The yen is now 250 to 1 in New York we understand, and commodities have just about disappeared from the stores.

But I musn't get started on that again, for I want to tell you that when I went to the P.O. yesterday to mail my Sunday letter which I brought down from Andong with me, there was your package, the one with the blue cotton pieces and Jack's heavy coat, or is it Teddy's, and the ONE mitten. Did I loose the other or did you send only one, or did they get separated in the packing? At any rate, one of the mittens came. AND my darling, the Valentine gift is in it. My birthday present is certainly on time, this time. Thank you so much. I haven't opened it so I don't know what's in it, but then you've already told me, haven't you? Thank you again darling, and a big hug and a kiss for it. I love you for it.

All day today I worked on the paper in preparation for the Ex. Com. meeting to which we all go tomorrow, D.V. I call it an "Exposition of the Obvious". Its stuff that all of us know, and the longer we've been here the better we know it. No this paper is just for you and Ranier and any others whom you decide it will be O.K. to show it to. The point is it is something which we are discussing. It isn't any action about anything, nothing final, it is merely thinking out loud, so don't let anyone go away saying the Committee out here thinks so and so, etc. This is just my notion about Andong.

My darling, I am delighted and so thankful, I can't tell you how thankful I am to have this beautiful picture of the children. I really craved one, happy as I was to have the wallet sized one. It is beautiful and I am so proud of it. The children are lovely, and it is such a joy to show it to friends. What precious kids, all so lovely and well. Thank you dear. And the one of my De De. Boy, he can take a picture a good one. I'm going to get a pane of glass somewhere and frame all these pictures. I can't have too many of you.

I haven't received a letter from you for some time now, but I heard from you indirectly. Ned had a letter from his family saying that the Van Dyke's were enroute to San Francisco but were stopping with the Voelkels in L.A. "Deep in the heart of Texas!" Did you remember to sing that to Nicky. Tell me what you thought of him Jack. And what news about that dreadful Peter, the guy who thinks Chaplains and their assistance are sissies!

Strange, isn't it, that this package of yours which I see was mailed

Jan 3rd - came before the ones you've previously mailed, they're all mixed up + will get here ultimately, I hope. Love, Hank.

A copy is going to the records.

Seoul, February 2, 1947.

Just think, she is getting
off a formal letter now. Short

Dearest Family,
 I am having to go a long time without word from you. The last time or two the truck brought mail to Andong I didn't get any, rather an unusual experience, for my "mail" average is excellent, my family is so faithful. So, I shall let patience have her faithful and perfect work, but it is going to be a long time until I can get back again. Ned, Dr. B. and I decided that in order to make sure the jeeps would be in running order to take back with us we had better get up here and get them going before our Committee meeting got going, and then with business over we could drive back. True to expectation nothing had been done on them and it is necessary to hang around the Army garage and see that someone works on them or nothing at all would be done. Even so with the work considered completed by them the jeep would not start. Three of them are being made ready and the first one finished wouldn't start up an hour ago. Its going to be fun getting them down to Andong, I'm sure of that. Here's a sample of what must be done in making travel arrangements. We were to fly on the Wednesday plane, and I had to leave on the Monday truck from Andong for that's all there would be until Thursday. And was it cold, freezing. Monday afternoon and Tuesday I worked on my paper concerning the Survey which we are to begin discussing. Wednesday broke a fine day, cold and clear. The shortage of transportation is indicated by the fact that we rode to the airfield on a 10 wheel truck; that's all there was. AND we three were the only passengers, so it amounted to a special plane for the missionaries. We cannot be too grateful to the army for his courtesy. Apparently the recent crashes in America and China have had some influence on the local people for we were required to put on the parachute apparatus before we boarded. Previously the outfits were piled in the rear of the plane but this time we were made all ready for any emergency. And what a ride it was. In a matter of minutes after taking off we ran into clouds, a solid bank of white clouds, and we kept climbing until we reached over 10,000 feet in order to keep above them. For a solid hour all that we could see in all four directions were these seas of white clouds bathed by a brilliant sun. I'll never forget it. But all the time we were mindful of the fact that without any visibility it would be impossible to land, at least that's what we thought. Most crashes result from situations just like this when a pilot attempts to dip down through the clouds to reach a field and in doing so strikes a mountain. Now it was uncanny, that after an hour of white, snowy clouds, we came to the end of the bank and there 10,000 feet below was Kimpo airfield. It was a distinct relief to us, to say the least, and when I indicated the same to the pilots they appeared unconcerned, pointing to a landing devise that sets up a contact with a field for situations just like the one we had come through. The landing was beautiful, and while sailing over the clouds there came to my mind the verse from Isaiah, "I will blot out their transgressions like a thick cloud". I know what that means now for absolutely nothing of the earth was visible.***The winter in Andong has been moderate, no particularly cold weather since the last visit to Seoul in mid-December, but it is bitter cold here now, and I am grateful for the big winter army overcoat with a hood that a generous Supply Officer has lent me. I don't know what I'd do without it. Only eyes and nose are exposed and it is so comfortable I enjoy walking to meals at the Capitol building from here a time or two each day. The heating situation is serious here for lack of fuel in army circles. The household here is

having to be very careful in its use of fuel like everyone else. Some army homes are critically short of heat. The word yesterday was that Abigail Genso Mc Kinney hadn't had any fuel, any coal, since Christmas, that her 3 children had had whooping cough and one was in the hospital with pneumonia.***Three So. Pres. wives have arrived, the first missionary wives, Mrs. Crane, Hopper, and Linton. Ned's wondering how they beat Sue who is waiting in Berkeley; the probability is the Southerners boarded a ship on a Gulf port, one coming through the Canal.**I suppose you've all got the news of Betty Lutz' son. We were out there yesterday and Lenore was rejoicing over her new grandson but as yet hadn't learned his name!** I had a shock the other day in visiting Severence. I had heard about it since before coming to Korea but the sight of it was depressing in the extreme. There was no electricity, all dingy and dark, and to add to the gloom were the unpainted, dirty, peeling walls. Everything in bad repair. The wards were pitiable, no order or system such as we are accustomed to in hospitals, and the patients being cared for by relatives, being fed food prepared on their individual charcoal stoves. It isn't easy for the management either these days with shortages of everything. It is another manifestation of the overall suffering of the people as a result of the war. And things are desperate. Thieves are getting pretty bold. The other night Fletcher and Scott were out somewhere and in locking his car Fletcher left Scott's brief case on the front seat, visible to passersby. When they emerged from the meeting, the window of the car had been broken by ~~the~~ a big stone and the brief case stolen. I saw a government car this noon with two windows broken, and these shatter proof windows are tough, but the consciences of the people, some of them, are tougher.***Blair is anxious to get up to Pyeng Yang before his year is up if he can make it & the other day I was with him as he discussed permission to make the trip with an official. We were told that the American Army liaison officer in Pyeng Yang is accompanied by armed guards wherever he goes, and that the recent incumbent when on a trip from his home with the guards attempted to say something to a Korean and for that reason his withdrawal was requested by the Pyeng Yang Russian General. The word is that the churches are going well in the north. God is blessing them with real life and vigor and new believers. Recently a number of pastors were jailed for opposing elections on Sundays. Throughout Europe it is the custom apparently to hold elections of the Lord's Day, a commentary on the life of the church, and when the Russians made similar arrangements in their area in North Korea the pastors gave them a lesson from God's Word. We hear there are about 40 new congregations in Seoul mostly people from the north, refugees. Han Kyung Chick's church is flourishing, and this morning at the service an announcement was made for a meeting this afternoon to protest the plan for a Trusteeship for Korea, which is the present plan of America and Russia if they ever get around to it. Blair worshipped there this morning and he said that after the meeting a whole group of Pyeng Yang people surrounded him. What a reunion it must have been. I can understand the longing for freedom by the Koreans but I think their protest is unwise for the alternative to the Trusteeship would be the withdrawal of both A. and R., and we can be sure the Russians would not, and that would give them the whole country which would be a sorry time for every Korean, I'm sure.***Its good to be up here for a visit with the Seoul men and to have the added fellowship. Last night and tonight we are spending time in prayer for revival. How ready everything is, and yet there is needed the intercession. God is teaching me the need for persistent prayer. It is a great blessing we need and only earnest and fervent and continued pleading will bring the blessing I am convinced. I do not believe we can expect God to give us a great blessing too easy; we must realize the cost of revival in deep devotion and absolute yieldedness.

Lucas. G. G. G.

Seoul, Feb 4, 1947.

Dearest Grandma,

I miss your letters & as I mentioned in my Sunday letter I'm going to be a long time before I hear from you. You have spoiled me, I'm afraid, by being so faithful in your correspondence. We have a couple more days to go in our meeting & then Ned & I are expecting to start down with Papa - notice how I put it, "start down", for there is no telling when we will reach Taipei. But before getting on to business I want to tell you of the constancy of my thoughts of you, how continually you are in my heart, & how I rejoice in our love. The days pass quickly by, & the months too, but our absence from each other never grows less keen. I'm grateful for the fellowship I have with you in prayer, & the morning in the darkness, before the beginning of the day, I was pleading to God in your behalf, that He would grant you strength & grace for the care & responsibility of the day. How constant your labors are, always pressing in on you, for with such ^{active} ~~active~~ little fellows there is something continually to call your attention, & I want you to know that I remember that & think of it, & pray for you, & love you for your devotion to the children. How dear you are, sweetheart & grand. God bless your precious heart, & fill these days with abundant joy, with a love & patience that surpasses you & brings blessing to others. God's ways are so different, aren't they? And so superior. I want His way in my life. Keep praying for me, Darling. I know you are without my asking you to, but I crave prayer & comfort on my behalf. What discussing & debating we do! What effort is expended in plans & programs. It all takes on a complexity that would daunt us with its very impressiveness. But how little in the end it adds up to. Pray my dear, please pray that God will enable me to keep first

things first, to be patient + persevering + faithful. I suggested to
Blair that he suggest to the group that we spend time, special time
in prayer for revival. I felt they would take it kindly if it came
from him. But apparently he forgot, so I mentioned it as gently as
possible, as there was a half hearted response, as then, alas, I was
decided that we would "discuss" the various ^{angles} of the work preceding
the meeting. It was nearly the preparation for prayer, as then when
we did get to prayer it was "will these three men be in prayer." Afterward
when NS + I got to the basement room that we are occupying he
asked frankly + faithfully, "did you expect those men to write on
what we understand as revival prayer?" Obviously, it is something
in which the older men are not interested in, because they do not
understand or appreciate revival, a conviction of sin, the need of repentance
& confession, as the blessing of a clean heart. May God keep me true to what
I know, to what I have experienced. May I be kept sweet + patient
about it all. I pray for the fulness of God's Spirit in my life, as some
insight & grace. May God take me close to His own heart.

How things develop. So different from what we expect. What
lessons I learn of God's Providence. How He differs of what men imagine.
A number of personalities come up for discussion. This is confidential, for
you only, unless the facts get around to others. The Board has told the
Booke to retire either now at 66 or get church age reduced at 70. It is a
terrible blow to him, of course, as the word has come from Booke nothing
from the Board has arrived. Now listen - this is confidential - the Board is
asking the Brothers to go to the Philippines, because of some contributions
that Brothers made to the work there, some methods of Korean church which
improved the people there. Nothing is definitely decided yet; the Brothers want
to return here but will see what the Board does. All the Blacks are going back to
Columbia. There is much more I have in my heart, but so much for now. ^{Just love} ^{your} ^{steadfast}

We hear there are about forty new church groups in Sooul, mostly people from the north,- refugees.

Feb. 9. - Andong, Here I am back again after two weeks absence, and what full and eventful days they have been! Your letters send me to my knees in gratitude to God for His wonderful kindness. There is so much to praise God for, I never felt better in my life.

You recall that the Mission bought a jeep for each of the four Prosyberian stations, - grade A. jeeps purchased at highest price. On Feb. 1st, I went down to get the Andong jeep, but it wouldnt budge. After a day's delay I got it started, - #505, and a day later Ned Adams drove off with # 503. It was bitter cold and each morning as we went to breakfast at the mess hall, there was watchful waiting to see if the jeeps would start. They did! We wore thru the Committee business and ready to start south on Friday, Oh, what roads and what temperature! I was cold not merely to the bone but to the marrow! As we got into the mountains the recent snow added real beauty to the scene. Both cars were loaded with Sunday school supplies just out from America. On Saturday we were off in good time. With the high Mun-kyung pass in front of us. How thankful we were for the 4-wheel drive, for as we made the ascent the snow and ice on the road was a triker and our wheels began to spin. Do you recall those precipitous drops from that road? The special drive got us up and over, and then what a view! Soon we were in the next town with a crowd all about us. We met the Christians, sold them some S.S. literature, had prayer with them, and learned that their church building was sold during the war and they are now meeting in a former Japanese home. Then on together until Ned turned off for Taiku, and I kept on toward Andong. We've made plans for visits in the jeep to a number of places where churches disappeared during the war and are again springing into life, Christians begging for help. Its most encouraging, there are real signs of life and the people are eager.

Feb. 22. I have had my first trip to the country in my jeep. The engine works beautifully and we had no mishaps except that the radiator froze, it was so cold. Pastor Ye, two elders and I started out Sat. noon driving East. We stopped at a place where it happened to be Market day, and what a crowd! I asked if they wanted to buy a most valuable Book, for only 5 yen. It was unanimous, they did; in a matter of minutes all the gospels I had were gone, snatched out of my hands. Spending the night in an inn at Chung-song, we had a service in the church which is in a dreadful condition, the result of disuse during the war when the people were forbidden to meet and the congregation was scattered. The few who are now meeting are too poor to repair it.

March 10 - You will notice the change in my address. The Company at Andong has officially been deactivated and made a detachment, half the men being sent else where. The commanding officer told me that he expects one house and probably two to be vacant. So all we have to do is to get them ready. We have the good word that 13 missionaries are returning this month, among them George Adams for Andong. The opportunities are great and they will all have plenty to do.

Poor Korea is restless and weary without knowing which way to turn. But her real need is spiritual, peace with God. Keep praying.

Sent by Mrs. Harold Voolkel, 1200 West 30th St., Los Angeles 7 California.

Harold Voelkel (Civ Missionary), #63 Mil Gov't Hq & Hq Co.,
A.P.O. 6 - 1, % P.M., San Francisco, California.

This gives the route to everybody,

Sunday, Feb. 9.

Dearest Family,

Here I am back in Andong after two weeks absence, and what full & eventful days they have been. I returned hungry for news for the last mail or two before I left didn't bring anything from you and the receipt of letters by the men in Seoul made me all the more eager to hear from you. How thankful, therefore to find 4 letters here from you, Gertrude. Praise the Lord for all the happy times you are having, for your health, and for the privileges of witnessing in so many places. Where shall I start to answer your letters? I'll begin with Teddy's birthday party, for that was a grand occasion, especially since Teddy's "girl" (his own word) was there. That's the way to celebrate your 8th birthday party, boy. I'm so glad to hear of all the fun you had, and the second party the next day with your friends around the neighborhood. You got a lot of gifts too, didn't you? Thank you Teddy, for writing me about your celebrations. And Jack has a Boy Scout suit! Yes, that must be the next picture. I'm anxious to see my big fellow in a Scout rig. I was glad to get your letter and to know that you had planted sweet peas. I'll be answering you soon in a personal letter. What a lot of wonderful mail was waiting here for me. A dandy letter from Sis, good juicy epistles from Ranier, Daisy, J.Y., Otto, Walter Erdman, and last but not least that whole box of Christmas cards and letters, which amounted to about 20 letters with such cheerful and encouraging news. I'm more grateful than I say for the assurances of so many who are praying for me. Its hard going to have to live through 2 weeks and more without a letter, but there is a glorious compensation when the mail does arrive and it takes two or three HOURS to read it all. What an experience it is, especially when the news is all so good. Your letters send me to my knees in gratitude to God for His wonderful kindness, His gracious Providence in looking after you and caring for you. I never felt better in my life, even after 2 days on the road from Seoul in a trip, the details of which I'll give you later. There is so much to praise God for.**** Let me see, I left you all last in Seoul where Ned and Dr. B. and I had gone early in order to get the jeeps. What a time, and since it is typical of so MANY, MANY things in Korea now (and for sometime, I'll venture) I'll give you the details. You recall that the Mission bought 4 jeeps and after driving them from the army depot, 20 miles out on the Chemulpo road, none of them would budge. So, instead of driving them away at the January meeting, we left them to be repaired. And they were Grade A jeeps, purchased at the highest price. Coen got 3 of them to the official army repair station for civilian jeeps, with the understanding that they were to be ready by Feb. 1st. We went down a day early to check up and give notice that we'd be on hand. Feb 1st, #505 was ready - so they said over the phone. I went down to drive it away and it wouldn't start! "Hm, that's funny!" Yes, it was funny, and by waiting all day, I finally drove #506 away. But it was short lived for after a day it had to be towed back, and after a further wait (all day in the cold on a cement floor), I drove off with #505. #506 never did get going, and after another day, Ned came with me and drove off #503. It was a source of much humor from day to day, for in the interim both the jeep that Coen has been using and the one used by the Canadians who live with our men in the Holdcroft house, went bad. It was bitter cold in Seoul and each morning as we went outside to start the jeeps for the drive to the Capitol building for breakfast, there was watchful waiting to see if the things would start. They did! It settled down to my having 505 and Ned 503. We got through our business on Thursday and Ned and I decided to get going Friday, stopping over night at Chung Ju with Lampe. In the old days the trip to Paiku and Andong could be made in a day but with both cars and roads in poor shape it is impossible. Moreover there is no place to get GAS which is an exceedingly valuable item. When the jeeps were purchased a set of tools was included in the price but no one got any tools, simply because the army has none. In the General's office in the Mil Gov't we were told that there were absolutely no tools to be had EXCEPT on the black market, and there you could all you wished for prices which at 15 to 1 would equal a year's salary. Ned brought a pump, a jack, and some wrenches from Paiku, belonging to the Ford kit, to Seoul and with these we started out. Oh, what roads, and what temperature. I was cold not merely to the bone but to the

arrow. Fortunately, the army has been generous in "lending" those of us in Paiku and Andong the heavy winter coats, really 2 coats, issued to the soldiers, big thick things with a hood that leaves only eyes and nose exposed. But hands and feet and knees, left exposed in a sitting position get the draught. We left Seoul at 10.00 Friday and after an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$ of the worst roads I've ever seen, things improved and as we got into the mountains the recent snows added a real beauty to the view. There's no denying the fact that it was a beautiful ride. We had Coca Cola and candy bars for lunch. Please don't be too hard on me Gertrude, for it isn't easy to pack a lunch while eating in a mess hall, and we could have gotten the regular army rations of canned beans, etc., but that stuff cold doesn't appeal to me very much and anyway it wouldn't kill us to go without a meal after regularly eating this full army diet. All went well until about 1.30 when Ned had a little mishap which might have proved serious but didn't. Both the cars were loaded with the S.S. Yearlies, just arrived from America, and on top of boxes of them were personal items, suit cases, etc. Ned's stuff started slipping and gradually fell on his right ~~arm~~ arm, and in the split second that the bag pushed his arm the car swerved to the side of the road and smacked right into a tree. Ned was leading the way because he had driven his Ford over the road very recently and also because his car had a side mirror which would enable him to keep an eye on me in the rear. I had fallen quite a bit behind and when I caught up to Ned I wondered why he was sitting so non-challantly in the jeep. The fact is that he was just recovering his equilibrium after the first moments of the crash. His head had bumped against the wind shield hard enough to raise an easter egg, and my guess is the discomfort was enough to be annoying. Seeing the car up against the tree I ignorantly asked Ned if he knew that he hit the tree. I suppose he felt like hitting me with a question like that. He was immediately in front of a house and I figured he had stopped to ask about the way. He had to EXPLAIN that he had hit the tree and then lifted his cap expecting to find his head cracked open, I suppose, but all it was was a welt. A whole village of Koreans gathered immediately and with an iron bar straightened out the bumper, and refused to take anything for their effort. We reached Chung Ju at 5 - 7 hours drive! Lampe was all ready for us, took us to dinner with the staff, treated me to a delightful bath, plenty of hot water and to a good sleep. The day in the air made us ready for the day. Saturday we were off in good time with the high Mun Kyung pass in front of us. How thankful we were for 4 wheel drive, for as we made the ascent and began to gain altitude the snow and ice on the roads was thicker and at last in making a turn our wheels began to spin and we both stopped immediately. Do you recall those precipitous drops FROM THE ROADS. We hadn't used the 4 wheel drive and the extra low speed and it was a job getting the levers in gear. Finally they yielded and we decided to make a try. Ned got off with a good start and after making distance to a break in the ice, came back and watched my wheels as I made the attempt. The special drive did it and we crept up. Oh, what a view. Ned took pictures of the magnificent stretch of snow-covered valley below us, and soon we were in Mun Kyung Up where a crowd soon gathered. We visited with the Christians for a few minutes, sold them some of the S.S. literature, had prayer and left. They lost their church building during the war and are meeting in a Japanese home. Incidentally, after filling the tank with some gas Ned brought in a can, his jeep refused to start. The crowd of on-lookers was so great he took a picture of them. He figured the trouble with the car must be in the gas line, so he unscrewed the pipe just to take a look at it while the crowd gasped at the internals of a jeep. I came along at that time and after giving the thing the once over, waited for Ned to try starting it again and to our amazement off it went to our very great surprise and delight. We smiled inwardly to ourselves at the astonishment of the Koreans who decided that America's super-mechanic had visited their town, a man who could fix a major disorder so easily! We continued together until Chom Chon where Ned turned off for Paiku, and praise the Lord I continued right on to Andong without a Jack or a wrench, and without refueling. So the jeep isn't bad, and today it started right off. I worshipped at Pup Sang this A.M. and we've made plans for visits in the jeep. A number of places notably Chong Song territory where churches disappeared during the war are springing to life, begging for help. Its most encouraging. There are real signs of life. The people are eager.

Sunday Evening, February 9, 1947.

My Dearest,

I'm afraid my family letters are becoming a misnomer for more and more I have the large AUDIENCE in mind, the larger group to whom they go, and now having finished the family epistle I turn in private to you, my dearest dear. Darling, how can I tell you how grateful I am for thoughts of you, and I must confess you are seldom out of mind and heart. And your letters are so dear and there is so much that I want to enthuse to only you about, I must keep the overflow of my heart for your eyes alone. You can understand therefore, why I begin the other letter with hearty references to your five letters and then after a sentence or two about the boys take off with details of my experiences. I turn to your loving self, my dearest one. Praise God that He has made you such a precious wife and sweetheart. First of all thanks for the packages, 3 of which came. One was marked #10, containing cotton batting, pieces of material and shoes. Really the shoes are so good I believe I'll turn them over to Yi Moksa to give to pastors or helpers. And I imagine the boys who receive the woolen jackets will be privileged high above their fellows. I'm really expecting a lot of things to come through now, for one day while we were meeting in Seoul a mail man came with a huge pile of things, and I'm sure that if they got that much, both A.P.O. and Korean mail, that we will soon be catching up with the backlog of things. Glad to hear of the meeting with the Bethany girls, the dinner, and then a dinner the next night. What about these people who think a Christian life is a dull experience. Why, look at the fine social times you are having beside the privilege of Christian witness. May the Lord bless you richly, darling. My, but you keep going at a whirl. That was a big undertaking to have that crowd for Teddy's birthday. I can see everything so clearly, the details of the dinner. And how nice of the Grays to bring several things for Teddy, dear little mah. I was thinking of him and wishing I could send him something. I'm sure his eyes did sparkle as he saw his cake coming in, with pink icing too. I'd love for him to have skates but the only thing about them is that they tare their shoes to pieces, the clamps I mean. If there were skates with straps I'd say immediately, go ahead. But with these clamps it simply pulls the shoes to pieces in no time. We've had plenty of expense with that.***I'm happy to hear of that Red Hat to "make me feel young". Gertrude you look like 16 to me, and your smile is out of this world. And I trust you will go right ahead and have a picture made. Get a hair-do before you go to the photographer, and don't economize to the point where economy will give a cheapness to the picture. Its been years since you have had a picture and I want a good one of you, worthy of the subject, the loveliest person I know.***About the religious magazines, I wouldn't send them because there is no day room here, and they would be gathered up with everything else and tossed out. The fellows rooms are a mess, They are here for a short time and then sent on, ~~like~~ Fred Harris. How quickly it seems for him to be back again.***Well, word from Wheaton! I was on the point of writing them a number of times for the months are gliding swiftly by. It is something to be accepted these days when they are turning THOUSANDS away, I understand. Yes, dear, I know you will have to do some thinking and praying, and I will be with you as we try to discern the will of God. It will be expensive and yet we have now arrived at the time that we prepared for all these years. Skooks has a nice little account in her name, so that you need not fear over much and wish her 18th year, she will be given the fullest allowance by the Board, \$420 I think it is. And yet I know that we don't like to be extravagant. And also, the fact is that Westmont is expensive too. All these schools are that don't have a big endowment. Westmont is dependent almost wholly on student fees, you see, and you can appreciate what that means. Of course, if you cannot get out here with the family next summer, then it would seem like a most agreeable arrangement to have our Skooks in Westmont. On the other hand if you got up to the Pasadena apartments, she might wish to attend the Junior College there where the Christian student groups have a real work. You'll remember that one

of the Norman Taylor girls attended there. I'm just mentioning this, for I'm aware that Sally herself will have ideas on the matter and we want to please her. My, we want her college days to be a really delightful time. How happy I am to hear of my Jack growing and filling out like a big man. I'm so grateful for him. Yes, what a health record you have had this year. Praise God. Praise Him with all our hearts.***Now what about that nice lady from Vermont sending the bundles of clothing for the Koreans Sally Lou and Ann. How good the Lord is to send along a bundle of stuff like that. It is His way of rewarding you for all you've sent to the Koreans. See! What a Saviour we have. Even a short fur jacket. It must have been like one that came in a box which I gave to Elsie Fletcher. I wished I might have sent it to Skooks and now the Lord sent her one after all. Darling, how can we keep from trusting God for everything. Thank you for including the books in the packages, especially the Testament of Devotion by Thomas Kelly. I had read it before but I will enjoy going over it again. Gertrude, you must not attempt sewing, repairing things to be sent here. Dear me, you'll wear yourself to a frazzle. Really, now, won't you let up a bit. I'm actually worried, for I know that if I'm not there to apply the brakes you'll carry on as you did in the YLW.C.A. and work yourself to the point of exhaustion.***Don't think anymore about the radio. Barrus is high, high in everything. Forget about it darling, and I'll get a little radio from some of these departing soldiers. They don't take their stuff with them, only what they have to. I'm glad Diane has gotten rid of her freckles. That's really important for a guy as handsome as Jack. What a picture he takes. He's attractive without half trying.***Darling, Sis has come across with a letter and with a Christmas package of cakes and candy. Now isn't that much to praise God for. Thanks for the roll of films and the red and blue pencils in one of the packages.--To answer your questions about B.I. There are both men and women studying, about 25 men and 6 or 8 women, most young fellows and girls. I teach English and the Life and Christ, but with the trips to Seoul you see how interrupted my schedule is.***About Sunday services here for the G.I.'s, the chaplain never comes Sundays for he is down in Taiku at the larger outfit. He comes here every other week, Wednesdays, and has a service Wed. evening. I therefore hold a Sunday evening service whenever I am here. Yes, Gertrude I got package with the rag rug in it. Is that the one you mean? Jones' subscription of Readers' Digest began coming this mail. Don't insure packages, Gertrude, for there is no receipt in the army. The truck here picks up the mail in Taiku and there is never any signature. Its a waste of money to insure them.***I'm just rereading your letters and your desire to see me finds a deep response in my soul. Yes, Precious there are few days when I do not long to see you and be with you, but God will reward us for this voluntary absence from each other for His Name's sake*** I'm following on through your letter and I come to your "feeling very solemn" about the finances. Yes, I imagine you do. And have no doubt about my confidence in the efficiency of your management. Yes, you are economical, I'm sure of that. And I hear from everone of the terrifically high prices. My what an account you send me. Doesn't it take a lot of time keeping books. But I know how careful you are. As I remember it, we had a little more than \$500.00 in the bank when I left and if you have that now you are just about keeping even.***I enjoyed hearing of your attendance at the Westminster concert. Yes, there's no doubt but what Williamson is good, one of the best.***

Now since this letter is for you, for your eyes only I want to share a few things with you from the recent Ex Com. Don't forget dear, this is for you in confidence and for no one else. The Board is hesitant to send the Baughs back for what it calls "Professional incompetence". They are suggesting further study for him. In the meantime both Baugh and Emma Sue have written me nice letters about their return here. Both are most anxious to return. For the present however, there is no likelihood of opening the Andong hospital and yet the Baughs must know of Lowe's return, who is to work in the Taiku hospital. Doubtless Ranier let you know of the Board's word to her about not returning. Ranier wrote me about it and it is the Board's nice way of telling her that she won't get back here. I know it is a shock to her. And Daisy has had no word either since the last urging her to get a job for 2 years. Just what

antagonized the Board against her, I can't imagine. But apparently they have decided not to send her back. And Gertrude you would be shocked to see what the last couple years have done to Blair. He is an old man, with an old man's demonstration of the work of the years, shuffling through papers while we are singing and praying, misplacing papers and unable to find things he had a moment before. All excited about a really indifferent matter. We are all agreed that he should return at the end of his year. That's awfully hard to say of Blair whom we all love and admire. But his time is through. Fran Kinsler in replying to Rhodes letter asking about his plans, said he would be interested in returning if he could be assured of a job that would last, something definite. I must confess I was flabbergast and told the committee so. For who are we to guarantee anybody anything. Who is guaranteeing us? I shall certainly pray for Fran. but how different that is from his pioneering ambitions when he was in seminary.***Now look at the wonderful letter from Walter Erdman. Isn't he a saint. He's a precious man. How I thank God for every remembrance of him. Now here are some things to send me, a half a dozen cans of brown shoe polish. There is none in the P.X.'s. Also a dictionary. Have you seen that brand new \$5.00 copy I bought at the Presbyterian Book store. Your seeds haven't arrived, so I can't make any suggestions.***Enclosed are the money orders and as you know you can cash them at the bank without waiting in line at the Post Office. And will you devote a tenth of it to our cause. The enclosed check is from the Woods, the pastor in Knoxville, Tenn. He's helping support us. You can use it for tithe in things for the Koreans.

I'm all tuckered out, tired but happy, and loving you with all my heart,

Howe

Andong, Tuesday evening, February 11, 1946.

Dearest Dear,

Now who could that be? One guess only, and if your wrong - well, you couldn't be, for you've know for many years you are the one in the world for me, dear, dearer, dearest, and then some. I can see your lovely face now, a holy face, a face of character, one with joy and warmth and affection in it, a happy face. Yes, my own Gertrude. ^{Love} The^{Love} bless you, precious one.

Now I've so much to write you. I usually write on Wednesdays, but tomorrow I am planning, D.V. to be out in the country at a Prayer meeting, having a jeep now to take me around. The army fellows, the mechanics took a look at the jeep today and they believe it is in good condition. Gas is awfully short but I think I have enough to get me out to Yea An and back.

There was a mail last night, in fact there is a truck regularly to Taiku on Mondays, and I got a fine bunch of letters, one from Elmer (I imagine you get a copy - he tells of the meeting with the Jews), one from Mrs. Mann, enclosed, (really a good letter I think), a dandy, warm, and kindly letter from Bill Smeybe (please ~~call him up and thank him for me or mention it when you see him~~), two from people ordering REVIVAL IN KOREA, and one each from Daisy and Ranier. My what a blow it is for Daisy, to be told out of a clear sky that she is not being returned to Korea, and to be told in such a final way. Tom Cook spoke of a similarly summary decision, no if's and and's or but's; things were laid down authoritatively. In a way I can understand that the Board out of its long experience has discovered the need for letting missionaries know with finality what the decision is, on the other hand while Daisy was prepared to a degree for this termination of her appointment under the Board by Ranier's letter, it is nevertheless a terrific blow. I can imagine the girl is staggered by it. Enclosed is a copy on one side of what I wrote Daisy and on the other side what I wrote Ranier. We've discussed the un wisdom of Ranier's expecting to return and yet it is still a crushing reversal in her expectations. Having such a serious operation at the same time doesn't lighten the load and under the double burden of poor health and no source of income her outlook cannot help but be gloomy. Although it isn't particularly becoming to think of her connection with the Board as essentially one of financial support. Ranier mentions in two letters that she is unworthy, and all of us would say the same of ourselves, but in any case the record we have made comes up for close scrutiny as the decisions are being made. In Daisy's case my guess is, and it is only a guess, that the Board has gone back over all the correspondence of all the mission members and discovered in her letters that one to Mrs. Mc Afee, or at least a reference to it, or something similar that has made her persona non grata. What else could it be? At any rate I imagine the bottom has dropped out of her world and I am sorry for her, very sorry. From what Fletcher said, as I mentioned previously, it looks doubtful if the Baughs will get back, and even the Crothers are being urged to go to the Philippines. Now sweetheart, don't forget I am sharing confidential information with you and I suggest you burn this letter after reading it for Ranier writes of your sharing my letters with her and it would be unnecessarily embarrassing to have this fall into her hands.

Thanks again for the financial accounting. My, what a bookkeeper you are. The item for "U.S. Salary" which you say you don't understand is the \$20.00 of my allowance which is deposited in America supposedly for my use to be drawn on by request. It is MINE, but darling dear, how happy I am to have it sent to you and it is being sent to you because I requested 150 to do so. I wish it might be a little love gift each month, although any amount that is necessary to feed the family could hardly be considered a gift. Otto writes a dandy letter - I think I'll enclose it. You see names of those the Board has approved. Note Vett's. Miss Butts was a beautiful letter, wasn't it?

Really I had a great time last night reading such a full mail. You are all looking so pleasantly at me from this attractive picture folder you sent out of the trap of the fire of you on the lawn. God's best for you all.
Most kindly, Stuart.

Harold Voelkel (Civ Missionary). 63 Mil Gov't Hq & Hq Co, A.P.O. 6 - 1.
(Andong, Korea) February 14, 1947.

Dearest Family,

This is only Friday, and yet you are getting a letter. The reason is that with the jeep and with gasoline I am planning a week-end trip out to Cŭng Song Up with Yi Wun Yung, Chaw Hung No, and Im Chang No (AnGie). We'll leave D.V. tomorrow afternoon and get back Monday in time for the afternoon B.I. Classes. And of course there is another reason, really significant, why I'm writing on the above date, and blushing violet that I am I can't hesitate longer to admit that it is my birthday. Yes, this is the day 49 years ago that there was a new voice giving forth melody in Philadelphia, Pa. How well I remember the day and the flood of congratulations that came to my parents! Its been a happy day, indeed. Since nobody would know what a really important day it was if I didn't tell them, I started off with an announcement to Pak Si and Poke Chew right off. Pak came through with a fine reply, saying, "If only I had sugar, I'd bake you a cake", reminding me of the wonderful cakes we always had at our birthday celebrations here. Yes, will I ever forget Mrs. Crother's chocolate layer cakes? Hardly. Then Pak Si spoiled it all and took all the pride out of me by remarking, "Yes, you look much older than you did before leaving Korea". Feeling as young and spry as I do, really I don't believe I ever felt better, and having had a particularly good shave this morning, I considered myself appearing about 35, then Pak Si had to take me down. But I suppose she figured that I wanted to look aged and wise as Orientals do. So feeling quite pepper physically, and looking aged, if not wise) there's little more to desire. Except, yes to see the family, and celebrate with you all. I'll venture you're having a birthday party for me, singing happy birthday and remembering me in prayer. And I've been thinking of you all today, knowing that if I were there I'd be getting my panks, especially from Teddy and Haba. Just save them up ~~kind~~ kids and when you get out here you can start in from the beginning and give me all that have piled up. Thank you Gertrude for your gift which came in plenty of time, two full weeks and more in advance. I'll think of you each time I eat the candy. Gertrude, your letter, the last one, makes me realize how poorly I've gotten across the appearance of the compound. You say you can't figure out how the trucks come up into our yard. Don't let that trouble you, for they've just torn down the gate that stood beside Yi Qun Chal's house. Surely, just took it away. The trucks all go up to the Adams house and turn around in back of it. "Are the arbar vitae cut down?" Oh, my dear, the front yard is packed down sand, a motor pool, an outdoor garage, with a dozen vehicles lined up. Where the wisteria arbor was is a gasoline dump, a huge pile of gasoline drums. I hope to get some pictures of it soon and send them on. Your heart will sink. But don't get too discouraged for its remarkable what can be done. After seeing the Seoul Yondong compound last September, filled with refugees, hundreds in each house, a fowl wreckage, and what the Mil. Govt. did to it in a matter of weeks, restoring it most attractively, I'm encouraged to believe that Andong can be rehabilitated too. Once the M.G. makes up its mind, things are made to hum. But for the present Andong, to put it mildly, is a mess. No, the Pup Sang primary school is not functioning. The building is there, windowless, and could be put into repair. But it would take a fabulous amount of yen and teachers salaries would be beyond the budget of the church. The Japanese railway village at Angie is occupied by Korean railroad workers. Their salaries level it toppling with the inflation and the homes are run down, not nearly as attractive as you remember them. Yes, the East End congregation is meeting in the house, a well built house, formerly the quarters and residence of the Shinto Priest. But it is a climb up there, beautiful to view the town from, but a good stiff climb just the same.***I certainly enjoyed the news of the Culter Parent-Teachers meeting. Its also comforting to know that Jack's girl has fewer freckles than formerly. After all each freckle makes a difference.***Gertrude, you'll be interested to know that Yi Sung Yun Si turned up in the local church service last Sunday and on the way back from church I visited with her in Yang Si's house. I'm afraid she slipped quite a bit during the war, for apparently she has only been attending church without any particular activity. She moved to Paju some time ago. Her oldest daughter married to that worthless Yi is divorced and is working as a nurse in a hospital. The 2nd daughter has

married quite well (whatever that means) to a dentist and has a son (so with a husband a dentist and a son, Yi remarked the daughter is C.K. now). Taki the boy got hold of a Japanese orchard in Paiku and is very successful financially. Yi was greatly interested in hearing the family news and seeing the children's picture. The reason why she didn't see yours is that I don't have any. So there's an inspiration to visit the photographers. Many families have struck it rich with these Japanese properties. In fact there are terrific church rows brewing over some of these deals. Former Japanese hotels are a lucrative source of income to the sharpers who got permission from the M.G. to operate them and are required to pay a ridiculously low rent to the Enemy Property Custodian. Some are just coining money on property deals, but the most of the people are not making it. Poke Chew told me today he thought he would have to quit this job because the I.C. is paying him only a thousand yen a month and rice is 1,200 yen a gal now. The I.C. is not selling but has held prices down to the confidence that inflation would thereby be slowed down. The second washer woman who helps Pa Bi here is so poor, Pa Sa told me the woman came the other morning and washed all day without leaving had anything to eat. Hundreds of beggars are roaming the roads too. The other day I went down to the hospital and found a man and his 3 year old boy, beggars in rags, warming themselves before a fire which they had kindled in the furnace room. That was rich enough, but either they or others had lighted fires in the empty building and prowled all around dropping the burning straw on the wooden floor, a terrific danger of course. In their desperation they break through windows to gain an entrance. Two other beggars had a fire in the old Korean building to the west of the hospital, in a room piled with straw. I was grateful I got there when I did, for in their indifference they would likely as not have gone off with embers burning which could easily have started a fire and with a good start in an empty building the nearby hospital could easily have gone with it. I had another "economic" problem this week. A former B.I. student from the country, now resident in Andong, came up with a long story which boiled down to this. He saw a Korean carrying a jiggy load of salt into the railway police station and remarked, "That fellow's going to get it now", which he admits he had no right to do. However, it isn't as bad to say that in Korea as in America for the implication is that if anyone is summoned by the police it is because he is an offender. Be that as it may, the police came after the former student and beat him up so badly he had to go to Paik's hospital for treatment and the bill will total 1,200 yen, about a month's pay for a working man. Now the I.C. with whatever she's scoring it will have to do some quite considerable thing, it has taken torture and beatings out of the police system, and the people know it. The former student came to me therefore to do the work to the C.O. here, and like I strive to help out of government affairs as much as possible I could not refuse this plea, for the student's primary concern was not the beating up but the doctor bill! I spoke to the C.O., arranged for an interview for the fellow to tell his story, and it looks like the railway cops will have some embarrassing explaining to do. The C.O. played on the line of the Univ. of Nebraska football team and can engender fear, physical fear in people, without much endeavor. In these instances I feel sorry for the interpreter, for imagine his putting into Korean the pointed questions which an American C.O. will ask a Korean cop, who after all is an official here. With so much poverty I'm happy to announce the arrival of the first packages by the Korean postoffice from America, 4 from Larjorie Erman Tarbet, 2 from Daisy, and 1 from J.V. Great gifts, all of them. People are certainly generous and the clothing is in excellent condition, almost like new. It's a great pleasure for me to take the things to the Bible woman's home for distribution.***How blessed I am. Gas is so short here the local M.G. has had to cut down its schedule, and yet I was able to have a drum of high octane gas shipped to me from Taiku, so I can begin my itinerary. The local G.I.'s keep the motor purring like a contented cat. Last Wednesday evening Yi Wun Yung, Poke Chew and I went out to Vea An to lead prayer meeting and meet the people. I hadn't seen them since returning. They've built a new church, but the wreckage of faith is there. How we need revival. Will you not pray for that. This morning as the inspiration for the new year of my life, God spoke through the last chapters of Num. full direction for all the details of life. *Amos, Habakkuk*

Andong, Wednesday afternoon, February 19, 1947.

My Dearest,

Now how do you like that type for clarity and cleanliness? I just put in a new ribbon and brushed the keys off with alcohol and being made ready I am all set to have a little fellowship with you. Before me are your two letters of Feb. 1 and 3 which arrived on Monday. I'll give you the details of the week-end trip in my next family letter, for the present I want this to be a chat just between us. Skooks siege with the Annual is first on the docket & what a time the kid had. My, my, keeping going until nearly 3 in the morning was some task, but now the first allotment is in and soon the thing will be all in and a matter of history. Its something to be able to take responsibility and see that the job gets done. I'm proud of our daughter for her job. And incidentally, the stacking up of activity on that Friday night is indicative of the talents of our little girl, music, scholarship, and leadership. I am exceedingly grateful for the report of the recital and the part of the Voelkels. Six numbers, wow, Sally was one of the prime performers. How the kid has worked her way into the life of the school. She'll not be soon forgotten. I'm so grateful too for Jack and Ted and their parts in the recital. I take it that the Voelkels played a trio. What a demonstration that was. The idea of teaching the children how to enter, bow, and leave is great foresight too.**I think it was a good idea having the kids go swimming at Bimini, but the mere thought of it chills me. It has been so dreadfully cold here, it requires all the courage I've got to get into the bathtub of an unheated bathroom. Your reference to hair cuts reminds me to mention that we have a G.I. barber now, a Korean paid by the army and we get our hair trimmed for nothing. Wouldn't I like to have the kids here. I'm sure Jack looked slick with his .75 haircut.**Yes, Ranier is wise in making a will and having all things made ready in case of an emergency. I'm anxiously awaiting news of the operation. It wasn't easy to face I know and Ranier is so alone. My surmise is you are her closest friend.** I have mentioned before that Ella Sharrocks has been transferred from Seoul to Kwang Ju, a significant change, and upon inquiry I have learned that it was a transfer as an alternative to being sent back to America. The report was that Ella didn't "cooperate", and the colonel in charge decided to send her home but upon Ella's pleading agreed finally to a transfer. I mention this as a subject for prayer for Ella is not happy, quite apparently, and needs the blessing God granted us. With no spiritual objective how dull the outlook must seem.**Now I come to Ann and the "decision" to study a year in college. That's what she ought to do, of course, but I doubt ^{if she will} be able to manage it. With Shel and the parents counting the days ^{the kid} will be swept into it as she will in many, many decisions of life, because of the desparagement in their ages. But that isn't all, for my guess is that Shel hasn't had any college either, and to have a wife, a housewife, to possess more education than the pastor husband would be a continual source of comparison unfavorable to the husband, and a young wife with more education than the older husband would give her an edge in the family counsel not easy to overcome. It will be interesting to see how it comes out, but can the kid buck both parents and older lover.** I'm waiting for news about the Van Dyke's visit. I know Jack and Nickie had a great time singing "Deep in the Heart of Texas" if nothing else.** Gertrude not a package of all the stuff the Gibbs sent has come excepting that one I wrote about long, long ago. I'm awfully sorry, for so many things have come via both Korean postoffice and A.P.O. that were shipped after theirs.**Ho, ho, Sally is certainly the fountain pen girl. What shall be do with her. Get her engaged to a fountain pen manufacturer, I suppose! Good boy, Jack, rescuing the valuable item. And Haba boy swiping the key. My, my, what a trickster.**I'm so happy Gertrude that you can enjoy all these happy anniversaries at Knox. Its a very cordial church, isn't it, and the people are so hearty and generous. I'm so distressed to hear about Judy Duncan's operation. Now please let me know what they discover. That's a crisis for a couple to have to meet, isn't it? I prayed for them this morning in my devotions. Gertrude dear, what a letter this is that you send, two full pages, four sides. Thank you so much.**Yes, a projector is a good buy and we'll

be able to use all those things. The Ed Rogers wrote me of their accepting a call to Honolulu. How the Lord has worked out things for them and how much more interesting it will be for them in a thoroughly evangelistic work than in that church in Hollywood. God does guide us all so wonderfully. But I'll tell you that was awfully humbling Ed got. I trust God has sanctified it to him.**I'm thankful for the childrens' letters, word from all of them: Skook's letter to Carol (a copy), Jack's, Teddy's with the drawing of the ship, and Haba's dictated letter. That's a real high average.**Darling how I praise God for these letters and post cards that continue to come, telling of blessing through the REVIVAL booklet. Really, it is a source of blessing isn't it, a means of encouragement to my own heart. About how many have you sent out lately? I don't suppose you've had to have them reprinted since I left, Have you? I take it you have sent copies to these people who requested them.*** And sweetheart, the yearly reconing of our financial accounts in Greenwich. I forget about it until the time rolls around for a statement from the Board. Since we prepared through the years for Skooks education, how fortunate that we can face the matter of her college enrollment with these funds before us. I'm praying that God will reveal his will to us in the matter of college which involves of course so many other things, your coming or not coming out, your home next Fall, etc., etc. The one matter of a piano is the only thing I can figure about not going to Pasadena, and if an arrangement for the kids to practice at school or some nearby neighbors could be made everything would be hunky dory. As far as kindergarten for Haba is concerned you can be sure Pasadena would have the best. And the Lake Ave. Congregational Church would be a grand place for the family to attend.

Will you please send me a few wash cloaths. I mentioned them some time ago but I take it you forgot them. Also will you include a few high-powered light bulbs, about 150 or 180 W. The current is so weak out here you've got to get a bright bulb to have light enough to see. I have the bulb but not the lamp of the gift the Duncans are sending.**Your including of M^{rs}. Berneisels letter leads me to remark that their son is little different from the general run of G.I.'S. He smokes, and his conversation and interests are apparently fully worldly. ⁱⁿHis wife won't come out, and goodness knows what she's like, not delighting the opportunity of a trip to Korea, which in her case wouldn't be more than a year. How different he is from the Moffett boys. He's as gray as Ella Sharrocks was, a nice guy, cordial, but light and frivolous.

There's a letter here from the Board Treasurer saying that the Allegheny Church, Penna. where I visited on the itineration that ~~was~~ time with that group of women, is sending me \$25.00. I'll request the Board to send it to you and you can apply it to the Korea fund.

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I felt I had to write to Elmer. I don't suppose it will effect him much but it ought to. Yours' is a pertinent remark, that he will have a rabbi in his pulpit but not a fundamentalist like myself who preaches the Gospel. I keep praying for Elmer and Mercy, and for Sis. Sis is beginning to respond, I verily believe, and we shall just have to trust God to work a miracle in Elmer and Mercy's lives.

How about those books the Board sent which reached L. A. after I left. And how about the dictionary, that big \$5⁰⁰ I bought just before leaving. I'll appreciate your sending them along.

She loves Mess you all, you precious ones. Yours so precious one.

Best love,

Harold

Harold Voelkel, % 63 Mil Gov't Hq & Hq Co,
% P.M. San Francisco, California

Dearest Everybody,

Andong, February 22, -1947.

What a day! One of the officers here called it "Wash" Day, which is one way of designating the day of our country's father's birth. Its Saturday evening, and I'm writing you now instead of tomorrow because the truck is due to go to Taiku tomorrow instead of Monday. I'm sorry about that for it will take one of my standbys from the evening service I hold for the G.I.'s, a fine, big boy from Missouri. He's pure gold. ***Thank you Gertrude for your two dandy letters that came Thursday, telling of the arrival of the Van Dykes. It was a crowded house to say the least, but the more the merrier. How appropriate it was to have two church missionary dinners during their stay. Oh, my dear, the thought of Sally Llu sleeping out on the sleeping porch! It gives me the shivers ~~st~~ to think of it for it has been bitter cold, but more of that later.***I'm glad to get the news of Ranier's operation and will await further details on her recovery.**Well, I've had my first trip to the country with the jeep, and I'm happy to say that I believe we've got a good ~~by~~, at least thus far. The engine worked beautifully and we had no mishaps except the radiator freezing up a number of times, it was so cold. I bought some anti-freeze in Seoul, but it had all boiled out on the way down here and there is none to be purchased here. Yi Wun Yung, Chaw Hung No, Im Chang No of Angie and myself started out right after dinner Saturday and I enjoyed the drive out east to Chim Baw. I had been over the road once, at night, coming from Yung Duk, and it did me good to pass by the villages we had visited so frequently with groups from the B.I. We stopped at Chek Ku Ri and it happened to be Market Day, and Phew! what a crowd gathered when they saw the foreigner. Since none of the G.I.'s speak Korean it is always a surprise when I start off in conversation. I asked them if they wanted to buy a book, a most valuable book for only 5 yen. It was unanimous that they did, and in a matter of minutes all the Gospels I had were gone, they snatched them out of my hands. Soon we were off, and arriving at Chim Baw wished to cross the river to Kwang Duk but it was too far and too cold, so we headed for Chung Song Up. What a reception. The inn-keeper, where we were to stay, is the unbelieving older brother of a former deacon in the church, and while an unbeliever is most cordial. You may remember a story about him; he beat up a youth in my presence who had signified a willingness to marry the inn-keeper's younger sister but when it came to the time of signing the contract declined. It was quite a scene, the helper, the girl, the younger brother, friends, and I were all present and it was a tense moment. The only apparent place to park the jeep was in the court-yard of the inn but I couldn't drive in because the top of the gate was too low. While I was wondering what I could do, the husky appeared with a saw and sawed off the top of the gate. Now what about that for a welcome. I brought a bedding roll and army rations, K rations, but as the army men know, this is light diet and I decided to eat Korean food, 2 meals a day, anyway. Supper at the inn was only fair, very different from what inns used to serve, indicative of the changed conditions in the country, and of course very different from these man doo kook feasts that the local people have been giving me. In the evening we had a service in the church which is in a dreadful condition, the result of its disuse during the war years. The people were forbidden to meet, and the congregation has scattered. The few who are meeting haven't the means to repair it. They are anxious to get a Japanese property, a store right at the corner of the main roads in the town, from the Alien Prop. Custodian, but I think it would be much better to fix up their old church where they could worship in ~~KKK~~ quiet and peace rather than in the very centre of town with its hustle and bustle. My, how glad the people were to see us at the evening service. Its always a moving experience. The next day, Sunday we were to drive out to a village 30 li, leave the car and walk 15 to the next place, Yi Chun Pyung, but the car had frozen up and it took me all Sunday morning to get it thawed out. In desperation we put a charcoal brazer up against the radiator and by having the fan ~~work~~ suck the warm air through the radiator thawed it out. We covered the brazer with a straw bag and that sent all the hot air right into the radiator. By the time we got out to Sam Yi, the 30 li place, it was too late to go on farther. Sam Yi isn't

meeting as a congregation, the former leader has gone from the town and the present one is planning to get things going in the Spring. The church like the one at the OOP needs quite a bit of repair. The day was as cold as any we've had and I was out in it from the time I got working on the jeep until we returned at about 5.30 from Sam Yi. My, how God's Providence covers us. We had to go through three streams to and from Sam Yi and the water froze on my brakes. There was a deep ditch in front of the inn and the home-made bridge over it was just about wide enough for the jeep. When I applied the brakes to slow up upon nearing the bridge I found to my alarm that there was no traction and so we sailed over the bridge and into the inn yard, safe but by a close call. I felt definitely that God had protected us in missing the ditch, for to have fallen down it in the jeep would doubtless have done us real injury. It was so bitter cold I don't believe we had many but the faithful out. And I must confess I was anxious to get to bed. Saturday night I had slept on the floor in the bedding roll and it was so snug and warm I had already decided to do it again. The temperature of the room wasn't very different from outdoors but once in the roll with an army comforter and blankets on the outside that I had brought to cover us in the Jeep I soon dozed off into a sound sleep. How I enjoyed it. In turning over a time or two during the night I realized I wasn't resting on a beauty-rest mattress but I knew I was having a grand sleep. I was given a room to myself and the three others decided to bunk together. I rejoiced in the fellowship. For breakfasts I ate the army rations and in the evening ate Korean food. We didn't eat lunch. Monday was a trifle less cold and we were off to Ki Ran market place where the Awe Day people want to get a church started. The brakes were still frozen and there is a high pass to cross so I had to descend in low gear. Enroute there was a great consternation as we passed a village upon nearing the market place, and it turned out to be a Christian yelling his head off to get our attention. A group of them had gathered in a home there of a Christian and had prepared some "refreshments", Korean bread and persimmons. We ate it up gladly, and continued on our way returning via Vi Song rather than risk getting stuck in crossing the river, even though that would have saved us a lot of mileage. The old jeep made it all the way home in good condition, and it was a cause for celebration in the local church that itinerating had begun again. At prayer meeting Wednesday night everybody was commenting on the trip. Tomorrow I'm planning a visit to the installation of an elder at Ong Chun, 40 li out. I'm glad it isn't so far for I've caught cold, I believe in the Bible Institute which isn't always as warm as it might be, just a head cold, but I want to get rid of it and the best way is to stay covered.

Well, the week has slid rapidly by. Each day it is teaching at the B.I., and I'm enjoying it greatly. I had never taught the Life of Christ before in Korean, and of course it's a tremendous subject. The local High Schools are having their examinations now or I would be contacting them. I am planning to offer my services in teaching English an hour or so a week as a point of contact. In the boys' school a group of 30 students, Christians, are meeting for fellowship.

I'll have to be writing the boys separately in answer to their fine letters. I can't help but comment however, on Jack's proposed trip to Paris with the Boy Scouts for \$50.00. That sounds like a bargain but so cheap, all the way from Los Angeles, there must be a mistake somewhere. If you can make it for \$50.00, I'd say go to it. Are they going to take the mothers along to look after the Scouts???????

Oh dear, what a business this property is. A rascal moved into what was the nursery, that house across from the hospital without anybody's permission, and now I hear he's selling liquor there, bootleg. Think of that. If I'm not mistaken that's where we used to hold the Temperance Rallies, at least the nurse from there used to distribute temperance literature.

Darling, I'll be getting off a detailed reply to your letter. What a visit it was from the Van Dykes. You must have been dead from the work. Don't have to say on all.

Copy of the Beverly...

Howard

Andong, February 26, 1947.

Dearest Gertrude,

Where shall I start to thank you enough for your letters and for everything else. My, my, how deeply, deeply indebted to you I am. Gertrude, I confess to you frankly, the whirl you are maintaining leaves me breathless, and I am wondering why you simply do not disintegrate into atoms as a result of the supersonic (get the word - everybody's using it nowadays) pace you are traveling. Your letters remind me of C.A. Clark's station report, with the exception that you appear to take everything in its stride without particular exertion, although I can appreciate how much effort goes into a dinner, a party for several guests. How do you do it? Well, my darling, I commit you to the Lord and pray that He may grant you daily grace. *** What a day, what a day was Wednesday when 7 packages came, 1 from the Baughs with a few, only a few youngsters' things, worn, that friends had given them, and 6 from you, packed with the wonderful new materials. And Gertrude, how thoughtful and generous to have had the boys shoes repaired before you sent them. I recognized a number of pair of shoes that I had shined! They were precious to me, belonging as they did to the boys, and it gave me an emotional experience to handle them again. Two rolls of films came, tucked in nicely. And also a nostalgic surge came over me as I recognized sweaters and things Dede and Haba wore. Dear little men. Oh, I must get to writing Teddy about his hand, really his own hand in plaster. I have it right on my desk and enjoy looking at it, and showing it to the Koreans. I first saw it upside-down, and not knowing what it was I thought it was sugar candy and took a taste of it, and then turning it over saw the hand. And Sweetheart, the pencil-sharpener at last. Thanks very, very much. I haven't got it nailed down yet, but I will. I am so grateful to have it. And the mirror, a big one, but my dear, yes, I'm sorry to have to report that it was cracked, but on one crack and I am using it very delightedly since it is so much bigger than anything I had previously. I smile to myself as I see Pak Si taking a peep at herself, since there isn't a mirror like it in town. And my dearest, this candy that you sent me for birthday is the yummiest I've had in a long, long time. How rich it is, delicious. I enjoy a piece at the time. Thanks for it. The package itself is a work of art. I thought I would have to untie the beautiful red bow of ribbon until I discovered that it simply lifted off. How rich I am in gifts. Thank you you precious dears for all these loving gifts. And not only the gifts but the letters! Three from you, no less. One, that of Jan 27th was held up somehow, and it filled in with items that had been anticipated or referred to in other connections. "The gifted nurse" you speak about I remember, but she is no where around here now. Paik's outfit is a small-salaried group with little semblance of the clean, efficient staff we used to have. I can't help but refer to Olga Johnson's eye-closing habit, for it about worried me in New York at the conference. I think it is a defence mechanism, and it looks entirely voluntary to me. Maybe I'm wrong, for I can't say for sure, but it wearied me and in fact embarrassed me, and I feel it must do the same to others. I felt it was an example of how we can let a mannerism get a hold on us. ** Hurrah for the cabin that Jack and Nickie built. They must have had a great time. I'm still wondering whether they sang, "Deep in the heart o' Texas" together. They'll be friends for life and it will be interesting in the years ahead to see how their paths will cross for the Van's have so much in common with us. Arch Campbell and his "lovely big car" are amusing, for the Ex. Com. out here got a letter from him telling of his deals in cars, how he bought a new Chevie expecting to bring it to Korea and then because of the lure of a profit of \$300.00, sold it and started a series of second-hand car purchases. Strange, isn't it, how some people with no more salary than we always have "cars", plural, not singular, but darling there is something else they don't have, and I'd rather have that, a penny or two on reserve that we can count on. Oh, Mrs. Stewart, yes Gertrude, that is a dead give-away on Kim's character. He's weak, and you can put it down that the Koreans see his patronizing of wealth. It would require courage for him to take a stand on it but in the end, in little time they'd recognize the man's spiritual aim and methods, and admire

his devotion.** I'm interested in Sally Lou's chat with young Dave Van D. about vocations, especially the reference to Peter and his music. Peter is the young man who thought a chaplain's assistant job was sissy, and now he's considering music as a life's work. I felt sure he was aspiring to some masculine endeavor like blacksmithing or piano-moving. A musician. Is there anything more sisified, than a long-haired - no, I won't go any further, for I want my boys all to be musicians. I shall answer Skook's wonderful letter soon. I am most grateful for it and thoroughly enjoyed it. It is a really provocative epistle with many good subjects to discuss, one of which is, art and its relation to a Christian witness. And S.L.'s interest in philosophy awakens a responsive chord in my heart for I was at one time so enthused about it. It won't be hard to write at length about it. I'm happy to get such good reports about Dave V.D. and Nickie. Yes indeed, God has answered prayer in behalf of those boys, and He will answer prayer for our boys, too, and our girl. How thankfully I pray for them daily, morning and evening, and each time I eat. You precious dears, you are before me always.*** Now my dearest, may I suggest in connection with the kindness of the Culter folk in granting you permission to use the mimeographer, that you not anticipate a regular thing out of it. Forgive me, for even thinking that you would abuse a privilege, but I know how logical it seems to expect them to O.K. something that is definitely the Lord's work. I therefore humbly suggest that if at all possible that you seek help elsewhere, and best of all pay for it out of some funds for my experience has been that those things, the machines, are always out of whack and it costs to keep them in repair. But what activity, Gertrude. Phew! how can you keep going at this rate? Now how about this Teddy and the ponies. How I'd like to hear him. I'd love to hear him galloping over the keys. And oh dear that grand solo of Skooks. Just wrap it up in a package and send it to me. Please don't forget the crashing chords. And the crashing grades. A wonderful report from both Skooks and Dede..S.L.'s A in English under Micky is highly commendable. The B- in Algebra is the first one, isn't it? I can't say much about Algebra for I got a powerfully low grade in that in Freshman High School. Come on kid, show them your dust now in the final stretch. I'll be waiting for Jack's grades.** Its nice you could have the chat with the V.D.'s about Wheaton, and get Nan's reaction about it. It will doubtless take some strong deciding to separate the family, and there will be many factors to consider. Word just came from Fletcher, the same mail as yours, to the effect that the M.E. missionaries who made application for travel permits for their families were turned down. It was a test case. I thought of making application when in Seoul for you but the army would not accept any more applications until action had been taken on the M.E.'s. Now we've got something definite, and while as Fletcher says the army on occasion goes into reverse, yet it won't be for a little while anyway. We certainly hope they will reverse this after a while.** And the washline and the punishing of the culprits by Jack. He's quite the Dad of the family, isn't he? Good boy, Jack.** Gertrude, I want to tell you again what a delight it is to me to have the room filled with this wonderful 6 packages of wonderful material. It is simply not on the market. Everything is getting scarcer all the time, and with the jeep now I can get out to the country, and I was planning to get out to Yong Yang and take some of the things with me. Because it is feared there might be uprisings in many quarters on the 1st of March which is Saturday the trip maybe delayed. But I'll get out there sooner or later and the people will gasp when they see the wonderful gifts. Thank you, you big hearted lover of the Lord and the poor. What a gracious and generous soul the Lord has given you, and how blessed I am to have you for my partner and wife, my sweetheart. I am so richly blessed with you, Gertrude, and I am grateful to God and long to be more so because He has given you to me. This is Wednesday and this evening I am planning (D.V.) to drive out on the Yi Sund road 20 li to a church where that big, blind pastor, you remember him I'm sure, is holding meetings for us. Poor fellow he was led astray during the war and made quite anti America speeches and whether he has truly repented or not I don't know. I hope so for otherwise he won't be able to bring blessing to anyone else. May the Lord hover tenderly over you all and warm your hearts with His loving presence. May the home be filled with His joy and unite you in a constant fellowship.

*What a lot of fine chatty letters, you enclosed, thanks.
Prise you for the interest in Revival booklet.*

*Love sweetheart
Thanks*

Andong, February 28, 1947.

Dearest Gertrude,

Your two letters, those of Feb. 14th and 17th, came last night and their contents sent me to my knees in deepest gratitude to God for His great kindness to you. What blessed days you are having and how beautifully everything is working out. My dear, I'm afraid I shall have to admit that the affairs of the family seem to go smoother with me away. At least it sounds so. My guess is however, that you are so happy you minimize the chores that are a part of each day's routine. I praise God, my dearest for you all and for His gracious care, for the many happy activities with which He crowds the days. And you are a dear, simply precious. I am going to start at the beginning and go through the letters and make some comments, just fellowship a little with you in conversation. Why not? Well, thanks for the birthday party and the cake with the candles. And my dear little namesake. Bless his heart. I'm glad, Haba big man that you blew out the candles for me. Just wait until he is 49, - but that is a long time off, isn't it. He will be a big boy when he is 9, without waiting for the 49. I'm glad Sally Lou could get rested up by lying around for a couple days. Surely, that's just the thing to do. Do it every once in a while. But better still, don't get so fagged out that you reach the exhaustion point! Now my dearest, I'm afraid I shall have to caution you about Lincoln Ave. Church. You remember that is the congregation that "used" us up last summer with very little expression of gratitude. Not that we do things to be thanked. But the fact that Mc Gee could ask a busy house wife and mother like you to take a street car up to the B.I. when he could drive down to our place from there in a few minutes to get you. That provokes me, and I tell you I'm indignant about it. That sort of thing, Gertrude, is unpardonable and I am grieved deeply about it. How thoughtless people are, and the NEXT TIME my darling, just say you'll wait for someone to come for the duties of the family don't enable you to spend so much time waiting for cars. I'll venture that few "modernists" would be so thoughtless; it remains for fundamentalists to be so crude, and I'm a fundamentalist! Now Marjorie Hansen is destined for limbo and stands in danger of being ex-communicated from her church for attending a PRESBYTERIAN church. How could she? What would Carl Mc Intyre say to that. And I observe that Harriet Parker was at the Church of the Open D. Bible class again. Isn't that a compromise? But I musn't go on this way, in a letter to my darling. What I'm doing is pointing out how smallness inevitably catches up with people and they always have to back track. I'm wondering what Mc Intyre is saying now against the Fed. Council since the new president is an Episcopalian, a layman who perhaps is so unacquainted with what is going on in the theological world that he isn't making doctrinal speeches. Is all that was said against the former Fed Council president now cancelled. Thanks and congratulations on the news-letter. Why, you get out 250 letters just like nothing at all. Its well done, dear, only some of my words like "pop-eyed" were for the family, and I feel almost slangy in having ~~them~~ go forth in a formal letter. I've written Jack a letter of congratulation on his decision to stick by the Lord Jesus and His Word and not be tempted into breaking his record. Do you see how the Scouts could actually be the means of breaking a boys attendance record and starting him out in skipping worship for play. I feared that at the very beginning of the plan for him to join the scouts, but now that he has faced it and made his decision its alright. Now sweetheart, forgive your lover's irascibility while I smile at anybody who would go into the Biltmore for hot tamalies. "And they do it every Sunday". What laughs the waiters must have at people like that. Dearest I congratulate the Doctor and his girl friend for choosing you to be their guest. They know a charming guest when they see one. People always pick you. Now don't they? How about it? O.K., they do. But then to create the impression of splurge and saunter up to the Biltmore and order, well they could have done only one thing worse and that would have been to order a cheese sandwich. Do you see me taring my hair! The

Biltmore - tamalies. Well, to get back to earth, I hope you walked around the place for it is beautiful. You may recall ^{that} that is where I addressed 500 Los Angeles business men in the Ballroom at a Rotary Club meeting. What a time it was. So now we've both been there. You know what's in my heart, dear, don't you; I'd just like to take you to dinner in the Main Dining Room. That's where you belong, right there in the middle, not with a fish order, but with half a fried chicken a la Maryland, fresh asparagus tips, and hot biscuits. But how could I spend the money with half the world starving. I'm grateful for a wife who would be just as happy with Spam. Bless your heart. Well, by this time I imagine you have my letter with references to Ann and her affair which seems almost like a prediction in view of the telephone calls of her mother and step-father Shel. Sally spoke of going to a fire as material for a college essay. My, but what a novel this affair would turn out to be. It is so typical, so obvious, and so regrettable. The girl is merely incidental in the deal whereby the mother is gaining a son-in-law. The fact is the situation is dangerous. For if the kid does really possess some conviction, she may even after marriage, after discovering the truth of the situation decide to let the husband go. And you'll remember the mother's phrase in that letter, "there is a great difference in their ages but the Lord is leading", or some words to that effect. How about God's leading now. It's an unnatural and unbecoming affair in which the girl is being victimized. Romance being as blinding and overwhelming as it is, colored with the spiritual language of the fellow's calling a girl could hardly be expected not to yield. But after the surge of emotion levels off and the hard reality involved in marriage becomes apparent, the LIKELIHOOD is, I believe, the kid will have a rude awakening. Now may I hasten to make a suggestion. Neither the Mother nor Shel nor Ann, I believe will welcome any intrusion by us into their affairs. Sad as it is, I would be very careful NOT to give the impression that you feel Ann ought to go on to college whether or not the parents or the boy friend approve. If that mother isn't already aware of the folly of her plan little can be done now to make her see it. To say it is "strange" the way the mother is working, is to put it mildly. But it is true to type, the kind of thing that is happening all the time. Now I must get on to other things. Enclosed are travelers checks for my whole February salary. Unless I've forgotten I sent you \$70.00 last month too. How I'm living on nothing I don't know! Really, it's something isn't it. I had a few dollars extra when I landed and that goes to pay for my board, \$.75 a day, about \$22.50 a month. Next month I won't have \$70.00, so go ahead and buy yourselves something with it. Please do Gertrude. Take the family up to the Biltmore and get them a pair of shoe laces. Praise the Lord for good old Louie Talbot and his trip to Australia. That he almost missed the plane is true to form. Notice please that he signed his letter to the staff, "Heaps of love". He must have been reared a Swallen! Now forgive me for that, darling Gertrude, for you know I have a deep affection for Swallens, for one in particular anyway. "Safe landing and glorious welcome". Yes, thank God for it, and when he returns he'll be preaching here and there from the Pacific to the Atlantic and back again on his experiences in Australia. I am enclosing a number of letters, none of which you need keep or return. I trust the Lord will bless the suggestion to Fletcher for a prayer meeting and enable him to get the Methodists to join us in a time of intercession for revival. It is Providential, I believe, that Fletcher should have raised the question and created the opening for Blair to make the suggestion. I decided to work through Blair for I have been talking about prayer so much I felt I couldn't gracefully raise the question again. One has to be careful talking about prayer these days, does he not????? The Lord bless you dearest one, and care for you lovingly these days, keeping you well and strong and in His peace and fellowship. And may our precious children continue in growth in body, mind and soul, in favor with God and man.

Your devoted
 Andy

Thank you all for your wonderful letters.
Address: Harold Voelkel (Civ. Presbyterian Mission),
63 Mil Gov't Hq & Hq Co. A.P.O. 6 - 1, P.M., S.F. Calif.

Dearest Everybody,

March 4, 1947.

copy of this go the words. Emma's a reminder of a letter to R

I have had to let you go two days later than usual for this letter, for with the jeep I am getting into somewhat of regular schedule, six days of Bible Institute and then the week-end in the country with Yi Wun Yung, Moderator of the Presbytery. We leave Saturday after classes and get back Monday afternoon in time for a class or two. You can appreciate how it steps up the tempo and crowds me for time. But it is a happy time. It happened that Saturday was the first of March, a historic and important day in Korea, but more of that later. I always enjoy Monday, especially Monday evening for that is when the truck returns from Taiku with the mail and there is ALWAYS mail from you. How grateful it makes me to get an account of the family's doings, and I am regularly led to my knees to praise God for His loving care of you and His abundant provision for all your needs. I'm thankful you are keeping well, in fact it seems like the best winter yet. I'm glad you are all getting such enjoyable gifts; a baseball mitt for Jack, a pair of skates for Teddy and Haba, and a MIRROR for Sally Lou. And Jack's being assigned the seat right behind Dianna seems like a frame-up to me. Jack are you sure you didn't arrange that ahead of time with the teacher.

Things don't stand still anywhere, do they, and that is certainly true here. There is something daily to occupy our time and demand our strength. A few days ago Nam Su Jin's wife came to the back door to tell me he was very ill and asked me to go see him. He is the former Angie elder, you'll remember. I have been noticing for sometime that he wasn't well and from her description I was confirmed in my earlier surmises. He had been to see Dr. Paik, and later from Paik I learned it is cancer of the stomach, a dreadfully painful malady. I had prayed about going to see the man for I sensed it was a mortal illness and in faithfulness to the man I wanted to let him know, if he didn't already appreciate it, that he hadn't long for this life. Now that isn't easy to do, to tell a man he hasn't long to live, but to my great surprise and satisfaction the man was already prepared in heart and mind and proved to be an inspiration to me rather than my comforting him. His home is small and he lay in the corner of a room with his N.T. at his head and beside it a picture of his graduation class from the B.I. As soon as we had prayed after entering the room, he began immediately to tell me that he knew he was going to die, that he had had his han-kap (61 years old), and that he was ready and waiting to meet his Saviour. His one regret was that his son has neglected him, and before he died he wished to see his son again whose whereabouts he didn't know. There was a report that the young fellow was working for the Mil. Gov't in Taiku, and Nam asked me to try to locate him through those channels and let the boy know of his father's impending death. With the telephone facilities at my disposal I promised to call the Taiku authorities and from the paymaster of all the Korean labor learned authoritatively that the boy was not on the M.G. payroll. But after promising Nam to telephone, while the man was hardly able to bare the agonizing pain, he sang to ~~me~~ ^{us}, through his tears, a hymn he had recently written, praising God for his ~~his~~ salvation, the forgiveness of His sins through Jesus' Blood, and looking forward to the peace of Heaven after departing from this world. I don't know anything that has moved me so in a long time. How real and sacred and wonderful ~~it~~ ^{it} all was, that a man in such dreadful pain could sing. All the sting of death had been swallowed up in Jesus' salvation. I shall never forget it. Praise God. Would that we weren't kept by this artificial rate of exchange from helping these friends financially but at 15 to 1, we can do nothing. And mention of finances brings to mind another experience that wrung my heart. You remember me mentioning Kael, the girl Emma Sue Baugh had helping in the school conducted in her home. The girl is now a widow and turned up in Bible Institute one day, radiant. She was preparing herself for the work of a Bible woman. But she was at the Institute only one day. Later she came back to tell us that the family who agreed to look after her little son while she studied found they couldn't do it, and she couldn't forsake her baby. She wept as she told her story and my heart

was heavy too, but there was nothing I could do. I've seen her since on the road, bright and cheerful, her baby on her back, going her way. Speaking of children leads me to mention the recent reiteration by the Mil Gov't of its attitude toward missionary children, dependents. Two Methodist men, Jensen and Amendt, I think it was, who made application for their children and thereby created a test case, were turned down. So for the time ~~being~~ we know where we are in the matter of dependents although it is to be remembered that the army can go into reverse whenever it wishes. I've great peace about you all coming out here for I feel that God is working out a definite plan for us and with us and in His own perfect time will indicate when we are to be a reunited family. I'm beginning to feel that some of my remarks, my sermons, on the confession of sin and restitution are taking effect. The other day old Kim Sun Kyu, elder in the local church came up to see me and pulled out of his pocket a huge spike not unlike an American railroad spike although it has some queer markings on it. The point is the old fellow explained something I didn't know that when these missionary houses were built, 36 years ago, if I remember his story correctly, he was in on the deal. At the time he had stolen this spike and now his conscience had been at work and he came to acknowledge his sin, his theft, and restore the spike. Well, that's something, isn't it? A spike isn't very valuable but it takes a lot of grace to acknowledge a theft, and I accept this restitution as the beginning of what I trust will be a wholesale cleaning up of much that I know has cluttered the lives of the Christians. I've had an experience with the local congregation that distresses me, and is indicative of the corroding, corrupting effect of sin. I think I've told you that I discovered the furnace from our cellar in front of the church in a bath-house that the Japanese erected when they used the church as a barracks. I mentioned to the pastor one day that the furnace was ours and of our delight in anticipating its return to its old job in our cellar. I never gave the matter of the return of the furnace any serious thought. But at a meeting of the officers of the church there was serious debate about their obligation to grant its return and the pastor actually suggested that they not return it and have us secure reimbursement for it through reparations from the Japs. What they would do with the furnace I can't imagine for there is no use for it in any Korean home or building. For the time being I've said nothing about it, trusting their consciences to move them to a recognition of ~~the~~ honesty's obligation, but I'm grieved at the absence of that sensitiveness to do the right thing immediately. The fact that it is the mission's furnace, to whom they should feel some sense of indebtedness, makes the whole business more regrettable. But this is the sort of thing we are constantly facing and will continue to face until that awful, piercing, crushing conviction of sin comes. Incidentally I happened to mention to the C.O. here that I had discovered our furnace, and he asked immediately, "Shall I send a truck and some G.I.'s down to get it?" I haven't spoken to him about it since for that isn't the way to settle it, obviously.

The past week has been exciting, relatively so at least, for with the approach of the first of March, the nearest thing Korea has to the 4th of July, there were all kinds of rumors of uprisings and demonstrations by the Communists against the Rightists. Last October, you'll remember, the Reds burned Police Officers, police homes, and killed 58 policemen in this Province. This time precautions were taken and in Andong we were given quite a display of armed might. On the Tuesday before Mar. 1st (Saturday), the local police en masse marched with guns the length of the town. On Thursday the local Mil Gov't outfit, the American officers and men - all armed, in jeeps and trucks, the local police, the prison police, the railway police, and the fire truck with armed cops, all paraded through the town/ The fire truck siren announced the approach of the parade. No notice had been given to the public. But it was a demonstration and I felt scared standing by the side of the road with the guns pointed at me as the G.I.'s and Korean police passed. It certainly had its desired effect and there is no doubting the fact that it does give one a sense of protection. But as credible showing as it made I was disappointed and angered by what happened after. On the return to the center of town the Police officials invited the G.I.'s into the police office and gave them liquor, and at supper time two of the fellows had to be helped to their rooms, frightfully drunk. I learned after that one of them was an 18 year old boy and the other I imagine is the same age.

It is the sort of thing that is happening all the time and I don't know how to answer the Koreans when they asked me if these American soldiers are Christians. We planned to go out to Young Ju but as the day neared, the first of March I began to grow a little uneasy for Young Ju is a hot-bed of unrest. All the soldiers working out of Andong, those stationed in Young Ju, Sang Ju, and Yea Chun were called in here lest there be uprisings in those places, for there are only three men in each outpost. The C.O. here thought that everything would be O.K., and Yi Wun Yung felt satisfied that the precautions were sufficient so we went forth and I'm glad we did. The army way of doing things is to give you what they call rations when eating away from the post, for I pay by the month at \$.25 a meal. That is so reasonable I could well afford to eat only half the time and get more than my full value financially, but the fact is the rations are not much. Or to put it otherwise they are only what they were intended to be, enough to keep a soldier in battle sufficiently nourished. K rations consists of a can of meat, a few dried crackers, powdered coffee or lemonade, depending on whether it is breakfast, lunch, or dinner, a bar of candy, a piece of chewing gum, and a small pack of cigarettes. Well, to repeat it is nourishment, but hardly a meal, especially when I sit by and see the good hot rice, soup, and kim chi. So folks, I must admit I've come to it, I had my rations with me, but I ate Korean food every meal, even breakfasts and it was fish soup! On Sunday we had five meals. Imagine that when people are going hungry here, but nothing is half good enough for the honored guests. Sunday night after supper I even ate, had to eat it, mook! Do you remember what mook is. Yes, it looks and tastes just like it sounds, Mook. To camouflage the taste I indulged in the red pepper until I felt the roof of my mouth gradually dissolving. Saturday afternoon we ~~gradually~~ drove directly to Poong Gi, stopping only at Yung Ju to tell them we'd be there the next day. Poong Gi put their political steam into a community celebration in the school yard with numbers of fellows dancing around swinging the long tassles from those ridiculously funny hats, called sang mi. I thought it was a wise way to let off steam. That night we had a sergice, a union of the 2 churches in the older church premises. Until recently both congregations have been meeting together as they were required to do during the war. Now they are separated, the older group buying back the church property which they were forced by the Japs. to sell and which had been used as a granary. Since the separation each church has as many in attendance as the previous union service attendance! My the crowd Saturday night was terrific. My presence, the first missionary since the war, was part of the explanation at least. Sunday morning I preached in the newer church and Yi in the older. In the afternoon we went out to Soon Hoong and Te Pyung. At the later place the ~~old~~ elder, my old friend Kyung Mook Kwon had fallen badly, taken a concubine, become a drinker, and the whole congregation discontinued worship. To our great delight we learned that they had begun worshipping again in the church that morning, and the Poong Gi congregations will send someone out to lead the services to get them started again. At night we spoke in Yung Ju, Yi at the old church, and I at the newer. Both churches have excellent attendance. Monday we visited Pang Kawk and Sung Kawk and held services at both places. I was sorry I took the ~~advise~~ ^{advice} of some young fellows from the later place ~~drove~~ ^{and} drove the jeep to the village. "The road is good, you can make it easily!" I made it ~~by~~ but only through the blessing of God. At places the road was only inches ~~wider~~ ^{wider} than the jeep, with a deep precipice on one side, covered with ice. It took grace and patience to contain myself, but I could hardly do otherwise at the reception we got. The attendace is wonderful for a country village, and after the service we had more food, more fish soup. Beloved, I was ready for a cup of coffee. And I might add I had a queer feeling at Monday breakfast in Yung Ju when an old elder formerly from Nam Aye, recited ~~fouchingly~~ ^{foulingly} the visit of Sawtelle, years ago, to Nam Aye, at which time the missionary ate Korean food and as a result took sick and died. This is only the day after but as yet all is well. But how tasty the French ~~toast~~ ^{toast} and coffee was this morning. Think of a real missionary like David Livingstone eating the GRUEL the Africans cooked for him. African gruel, the food the natives ate, he lived on it for years and not a word of complaint. Praise God for the inspiration of his life.

Rain report is killed in various places Mar 1st

Lovingly,

Howe

Mar. 5, 1947

... taking the first ... the red, for the blue ...
 ... suppose I shall soon have to get a new ribbon. ...
 ... letter of Feb. 2 ... arrived, and I took it to Otto. He had just heard ...
 ... speech by Goldcroft at the National Pi. Inst. in which he said ...
 ... had returned to the field, just as ... had stood firm on the ...
 ... the end. Can you guess? Han Hoo 'un 'ksa! (Bruce ...
 ... to him after it was over and asked about Voelkel, Blair, Adams, Coen. But they are
 ... all ruled out by being under the traitorous board. Then he asked ...
 ... Southern Presbyterians, and ... had to admit that perhaps he ought to change his
 ... statement slightly. Otto said he charged ... with breaking the 9th commandment, which
 ... could mean he had broken all, according to Jews, and would put him surely in the
 ... second charter of ... that just rest another, thou doest the same things.
 ... letter was sent us which has the following: "Reports from Korean friends and
 ... their opinion that many are being driven straight into communist arms and that con-
 ... ditions, even in the American zone, are not pleasant; that it is a question of many
 ... of ... W. ... (conspire, union etc.) and that many,
 ... trying to work up revivals, seem utterly to misunderstand their difficulties in
 ... maintaining ... do not make us feel we could do as well without them as
 ... here. ... are not nervously able for ... author, (P ...
 ... Lanche ... has worn out her bearings with contention in the past, out of
 ... (near) ... if you want to, but don't tell who it was that wrote the above, or that
 ... you got it from me.

... I said (I was interrupted there and am back after over an hour, and
 haven't the least idea what I intended to write.) I went to two libraries and returned
 some books and not others. I got my hair cut, and some groceries and liver, which is
 ... as cheap, but not as cheap as your deals. The last time I was in the Board
 ... rooms ... was phoning to Campbell in Seattle. J. had called up because he
 found he had not been cleared to get on the boat. L. said it was E's fault for not
 doing as ordered by the travel agent.

I understand you had received one package I had sent to your Korean address, but
 do not know whether you or Ned either received the one each I sent to your APO address.
 I have mailed 4 to your Korean address. One I put Pak's name as the one to receive it
 if it could not be delivered to you, and he wanted the clothes in it to go to Pak.
 The other shall be sending more later. Fletcher sent Otto a lot of names of Koreans in Seoul
 to have packages sent. I suppose they were all refugees from the North. The ...
 ... in each case said "ev." but I think in most cases they were not ministers, for
 the Koreans said "oksa" only in one case.

our
country
book.

... I happened to know ... as a pastor.
 ... if there were a ... behind the ... of retiring Coons or transferring
 us or dropping Blair. I think there is, but it might be hard to prove. ... said to me
 ... thought the Board had a pretty good record, because it had sent to the field such
 anti-Communists as Leon Rhodes and Blair. I would have said, if I had been like some,
 "Yes, but you did not send Rhodes and Blair until a kick had been made about the kind
 of people originally put on the A Com." You were asked at Princeton on "Frontier Day"
 ... at the Korea Mission needed younger men. He asked me to substantiate the statement
 and I said, "There are some older ones they need out there." So young ones can be sent
 out that do not have the language, but perhaps toward the West will classify as one who
 has the language. ... said to me ... expected to go out fairly soon. I do not
 ... etc. Another thing ... suspicious is that another ...
 ... told me a Board officer had talked to him about going out if he got out
 of his present job, even if he did not have 3 full years left at that time. This is
 all on the ... just as yours to me, which we are not passing on even to Otto.

... did you know Miss Hartness is in ... now studying in the Biblical
 ... I have seen her just once.
 ... would ... prefer teaching the life of Christ to ... present job. I expect
 to quit it at the end of ... or sooner, and to go ... to ...
 ... brother ... to return ... interested driving ...
 ... shall be
 ... boxes ...

... the board had ... yet taken ... the noble ...
 ... cents each. ... all the organs that ... you think ... other ... deserve and
 ... I can send more.

Am sending photos for you. 리원영 and 리한수
 Ellen sends greetings, and says she will write later.

J. Y. Crook

Andong, Thursday Evening, March 6, 1947.

Sweetheart,

I just know there is going to be a letter from you whenever I hear that the truck has arrived with American mail. Yesterday (Wednesday) after arriving from Prayer Meeting at Mung Dong, 15 li west, I hadn't known that mail had arrived, and so this morning as I entered our home for breakfast I saw another of your packages. Now I'm skipping at bit, but since Mrs. Ulm refers to sending her fingers to Korea in packing the relatively few packages of Knox Church what must you have sent in view of the continual flow of stuff you are mailing. It makes me all the more grateful to you, darling, and it is another of the loving duties the Lord will bless you for. This package has a package of cotton wading, cloth for garments, the electric-light batteries, soap, small pencil sharpener, and the airplane "pilot" caps for kids. I gave one of the later to Yi Wun Yung for the son, THE SON. And is he spoiled? But he is awfully nice to me, and he is so well cared for he really looks nice. He got a coat out of one of the packages and the way he is dolled up in that coat over which the family is obviously pleased, is something to behold. It is a joy darling to see what these gifts mean to the people. I can speak with more detail in this personal letter than I can in the "public" family letter, even though it is a communication to the family. Really, Gertrude, I think its a pretty good scheme, don't you, this plan of sharing the family letter with a whole circuit of people? It lets them in on the family activity, and it keeps an active correspondence going with so many. Then I can get more intimate reflections in these "in-between" letters, between Sundays. God is so good to us, Gertrude, and you are having such precious times almost continually, I must repeat what I mentioned in my last letter, I think it was, that you seem to be getting along better without me than when I was there with the family. But in saying this, I hasten to add that I realize there are many busy tasks that you do not mention, lots of good hard work that you minimize. Well, God bless you dearest one, you are doing an exceptionally capable job of managing our family, a large family. How beautifully everything is going. God is so definitely giving you strength and faith and wisdom. The family's life can't help but be a testimony to many. And as for me I never felt better. I've gone right through this winter, sitting in unheated churches, or churches whose draughty windows and doors made the fire of little effect, with surprising freedom of colds. I got over one last week, a runny nose, but aside from that it has surprised me that I haven't taken more cold. The Lord's hand is in it all. Also with my work. I was given this subject of the Life of Christ to teach out of a clear sky, something I never attempted before for it is virtually a study of the four gospels. I had Staulker's book, which is an inspiration to read, and is a scholarly work, but it is so general a presentation with little detail, almost no chapter and verse. One day, by shere accident I happened across an outline in the back of the Thompson Chain Reference Bible which is just the thing for me and easy to teach. It is very informing to the Teacher! It also has wonderful maps giving the visits of Jesus in great detail, easy to understand. I'm sure you remember the army blouse, coat, that one of the officers in Santa Monica gave me. I toyed with the idea of having it cut down to a battle jacket. Well I got the operation completed in Seoul by a Koren tailor and now I am wearing it and feeling quite dressed up in it. Life out here with the dirt on the roads and visiting Korean houses, the soot and dust and dirt in the rooms due to burning soft coal is very hard on clothing and I'm glad to have this tough stuff. And how about this fine suit that has been given you. Isn't it interesting, dear, the way things go with these gifts. What we don't enjoy doing particularly for ourselves, the choosing of a suit and moreover the PAYING for it is all taken care of by the kindness of friends. Some how or other I seem to get a particular delight out of wearing stuff that has been given me. Your reference to the Christian Beach and Caldwell's discerning "smile" about working with them is right to the point. Crothers wrote that Chishom, Toms, and Malsbury

are soon to come out under the Independent Board. My guess is they will find things different from what they figure for the issue isn't as clearly drawn as they present it. They won't find anyone who will uphold Shrine Worship as is, for that is inseparately linked with the Japs and would involve a political as well as religious issue. Even those who were on salary for the Japs, preaching against America have completely swung around. This blind Holiness pastor from Kuni, whom we once had in our home, went around speaking against Americans after having received all he had from the Oriental Mission. Now he's back, active as ever, holding one series of meetings after the other, and only last night while waiting for the prayer meeting I got a request from him through one of the elders to put him to work in tent meetings. He's out in Yung Duk now holding a weeks class. Of course he hasn't any idea that I know about his anti-American activities. Sweetheart, it grieves me to hear about Kim and his son Paul, lazily drifting into church and the disinterest about the young people. I know I've spoken quite a bit to you about him but I sized the man up in Seminary. He was different from Han Kyung Jik and the others, a lazy indifferent fellow, and why Clark picked him to come to America is a mystery to me. I can't help but express a disappointment in Clark's judgment. Kim is definitely a second class man. Now how about Robert Hill being in medical school. That takes brains and I didn't think Robert was weighted down particularly with talent. I take it that it is a P.Y. Foreign School romance. Now I'll say for Barnhouse that if he can get the girls to decide to go hear him every night he is gifted. I know with what conviction he speaks. I hope Sally Lou made herself known to him. I'll be waiting to hear what topics he chose. Possibly (or probably) he took a book of the Bible. The sermons he preached last year when he substituted for Talbot at C.O.D. were some of the same he gave in Korea years ago. But they were informing and as such were helpful. Yes, my dear, Mayell is an able fellow, most likeable, and is just the man for that job. He's the fellow who gave the boys and me the fun of riding home on his truck last summer after the Culter picnic, you'll remember. Now Gertrude, the extra three cents or however much it is to insure an A.P.O. package isn't much, but it is just that much thrown out the window, for nobody signs for these packages, and as you see all that have gone astray, like the Duncan's lamp, etc., etc., are just that much loss. Nothing of what the Gibbs have sent has come excepting that one package, I think it was about which I wrote you. I think I'll have to be getting a letter off to these folks for since we are getting pretty well into March they will want word to report to the churches who gave the money for the gifts. Gertrude, you are most generous in classing my poor letters as an exciting "installment in a fascinating novel". They may be interesting to you as I can assure you that your letters are all the most fascinating reading in the world to me, but please do not even spoof about publishing them. Yes, my dear I notice the way you rearrange my letters, and let me urge you to go ahead, please, and edit the sentence structure, for many of the items are hardly grammatical. At present I don't have any inspiration for writing a news-letter. My dear, how inadvertantly my inherent "system" way of doing things is revealed. Did you observe that you quote from my letters of Jan. 5, 8, 11, and 14, each one just three days apart. I didn't know that I was working out so meticulously accurate a schedule, but there is organization with a vengeance. Tomorrow, Friday, afternoon, Ned is due from Taiku to help me with these land and house deals. We'll get at that Saturday, then Sunday early we'll leave for Taiku, stopping enroute at two churches for services. Then Sunday night I plan to take a sleeper for Seoul to be in good time for the Military Governor's conference Tuesday. Then Wednesday we begin our Ex. Com. meetings. I have written to Fletcher, adding my own appeal to that of Blair's for a meeting of as many missionaries who will attend a prayer meeting for revival. It is what we need and I have kept praying that God will give us a time of intercession, praying just as the missionaries did in Pyeng Yang. I shall keep at it, dear, until revival comes, everything else in my life shall be secondary to revival. May God encourage me in it and keep me faithful until the blessing comes. A letter came tonight from this man Chapman in Jacksonville, Florida, saying he was running off 10,000 copies of REVIVAL and another 20,000 within 30 days. Let us pray that God will abundantly use that witness.

Your lover, *Stan*

NOTICE CHANGE IN ADDRESS: Harold Voelkel, 71 Mil Gov't Co, Det. 3, A.P.O. 6-1, % P.M.
San Francisco, California.

Seoul, March 10, 1946.

Dearest Everybody,

I've waited until arriving here that I might include any items of interest to all of you that one naturally picks up in the Capitol. Ned came up to Andong to help me in getting some of the property matters straightened out. He was the last one to deal with the Koreans when the missionaries left and it strengthens my hand to have a second party back me up in assigning the farming plots etc. We left Andong in the jeeps, Ned in his and I in mine and took part in the service at Yi Sund/Up. Ned preached; I prayed and sang a solo. The pastor had us as his dinner guest and gave us a delicious feast. We took right off for Taiku, and left on the night train for Seoul, in the old first class Japanese sleepers if you please. We were in compartments, so less, AND the car was heated! the train was more than 5 hours late, but the train sped rapidly because I fell into conversation with a French priest bound for Seoul to attend the Military Governor's conference which we will all be on hand for tomorrow. He couldn't understand why there were so many Protestant "Religions". He meant denominations. So I informed the brother why the Roman church had forfeited its ~~rights~~ right to be considered the true church. He was very patient with me. You will notice a change in my address. The "Company" at Andong has officially been deactivated and made a Detachment, and half of the men will be sent elsewhere. The CO.O. told me he expects one house and probably two to be vacant. So all we have to do is get them ready. This afternoon I went with Fletcher to visit the colonel responsible for rehabilitating houses and the procedure is still vague to them, but here's hoping we can in the end get the heat turned on them and have our places put into condition. I am still at the same old stand even though the address has been changed. What experiences this inflation brings. I brought the present for the Sunday School Lesson Yearlies and N.T.'s, a total of more than 27,000.00 yen. Ned had fifty some thousand yen. Its value isn't so great but its volume is. Now I must tell you that I am just about dazed. I am nothing less than overwhelmed by the news that the Crothers are NOT returning to Korea. This is a mystery beyond any possible solution for me, for let me say as emphatically as I can that months ago Crother's name was put on the list and permission secured for his military permit from the government. Months ago, let me repeat. And as soon as word came that the Board doctors had approved Mrs. Crother's return a permit was secured for her too. We are all stumped and sit here without any word from the Board. Rhodes during his tenure of office as Chairman of the Emergency Ex. Com. got not one letter from Dr. Hooper. We've just been pooling information: I supplied the news of Daisy's not returning. Others have received word from the Cooks of their retirement, and so it goes. There is word of others but I am not certain so I hesitate to speak, but doubtless you have the information there. The point is we get this word from the former members of the mission rather than from the Board. On the other hand we have the good word that 13 have sailed on the 7th from Seattle, The Campbells, Sue, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Lampe, Gerda Bergman, George Adams, Olga Johnson, Mrs. Lillian Dean Miller, Gensos, Edna Lawrence, Lowe. It will change the picture definitely for it will enlarge our force 200%. But with the Crothers and Daisy out of the picture for Andong, and Lillian Ross who was tentatively scheduled for Andong delayed by her parents' circumstances, it looks like George and I were to have it all to ourselves and Taiku simply bulging with people. But the opportunities are great and they will all have plenty to do. Now Gertrude while I think of it I am going to ask you to send me something, some flannel-o-graphs. I like one or more each for believers and unbelievers. Something for evangelistic meetings, and something for a heart-searching message appealing for repentance on the part of Christians. I met Alice Appenzellar today for the first time. She's been here for some months but when I was up the last time she was just getting out of the hospital after an attack of pneumonia. She explained today that she figured it was the sudden change from the even climate of Honolulu where she had been for 4 years to the rigors of this frigid Seoul weather. She looked very well to me and is her usual charming self, gifted woman, no doubt about that. All the foreigners, army and civilians, all who are using the American military currency were suddenly and unexpectedly called in today and told that in every area in the world where American occupational forces are stationed the same thing was being done, all money called in because of black market. Since no American is allowed to possess more than \$500.00 without special permission the Koreans here and natives in the other countries who had given big quantities of their respective moneys for American currency would be caught short. For all those away from home, delay would be permitted, but it won't affect me particularly for my total possession of American cash amounts to less than \$5.00. We are greeted with balmy weather this time in the city. It was a beautiful day today. There was some talk of agitation for an uprising on the part of some Koreans since the Four Powers Foreign Ministers are to open their meeting today in Moscow but thus far everything is quiet. Poor old Korea is restless and weary without knowing which way to turn for political freedom. They have been promised so many things so frequently they are despairing. But their real need is spiritual and it is our joy to kindle their hope in a peace with God that passes understanding.

*Don't forget
I'll write you more
fully about everything soon*

Address: Harold Voelkel (Civ Presbyterian Missionary)
71 M.G. Co., Det 3
A.P.O. 6 - 1, 1/2 P.M., San Francisco, California.

NOTE NEW
ADDRESS

*I'll get a formal not off to you
soon, you
promise me. Jerry.*

Dearest Family,

(Taiku, March 16, 1947)

Greetings from Taiku, enroute to Andong from the conference in Seoul. I remembered after writing my previous letter following the February Conference that I simply referred to the meeting without giving you any particular information. The fact is that much of our time is occupied with simply talking. After about two solid days of going over things Coen, who is the secretary of the Committee remarked that we hadn't passed a single action. The point is that nearly every question that arises with regard to institutions, stations, and help to the Koreans is tied up with the 38 parallel dilemma and the impossible 15 - 1 financial exchange. For the present and until a rational exchange rate is established we will not be able to help the church a penny. Announcement came over the radio of a revised rate of 50 - 1, but the next day General Lerch told us that was even worse than 15 - 1, for it took on a semblance of improvement without being any. And until we can get into the Russian-occupied territory we cannot consider ourselves a Korea Mission. Until that time we shall not have a KOREAN General Assembly, only a South Korea one. Most of the time of the committee is occupied with subjects going into the SURVEY that we are preparing for the Board's visitation. I think I mentioned did I not that we elected Fletcher chairman of the committee in place of Rhodes whom the Board decided could not serve because he is retired. Both he and Blair continue to take part in the discussions of the Committee but are not members. Blair came down with a swollen ankle and was run down from the 'flu which he and Ned had been bothered with in Taiku. Fletcher recommended Blair's remaining in Seoul and getting fully recovered before returning ~~into~~ to the teaching schedule in the Taiku B.I. The first day in Seoul was spent in a conference with the Military Government and it was most informing and profitable for it gave us the facts on what the authorities are trying to do and what the idea is behind many happenings that can be so easily misunderstood. The Military Governor, Maj. Gen. Lerch spoke first, taking more than an hour and he impressed us all with his ability. We later had another smaller conference with him for over an hour and he is undoubtedly an able and honest man and working solely for Korea's advancement. The task is complicated by the aftermath of Japan's ransacking the country during the war years and the work of the Communists now twisting the facts of the work and methods of the American administration. Horace Underwood who was planning to return to the mission this summer recently accepted the position of Educational Adviser to the Mil. Gov't which will delay his return for the present at least. What a trip Ned and I had back. Travelling in a first class car with a compartment to ourselves we felt set up in business. With N.T.'s, Gospels, tracts, and general baggage our total was 15 pieces. We always travel with an inordinate supply of baggage - it just can't be helped because of poor transportation. We can take the stuff and the Koreans can't. A bride and groom got aboard, a first lieutenant and a red cross girl, and after the flashing of bulbs by a rmy photographers we settled down to the business of travelling to Taiku. We talked over schedules, time of arrival in Taiku and everything with the conductor and turned in. While down in the sub-b a sement as far as sound sleep was concerned I was brought suddenly to consciousness by the Korean conductor yelling that we had arrived in Taiku. The train had already stopped, so jumping into our clothes frantically and muscling the 15 pieces of baggage through the car and off to the platform, while standing there trying to catch our breath we happened to glance at our watches to discover it was 1.30 A.M. and that the station was Te Chun (Taiden) and not Taiku. Immediately therefore we hustled the 15 pieces back on the train again and back into the compartment, got off to sleep again until 5.30 when we actually approached Taiku. Another Korean came this time to get us up. I can't tell you what my thoughts were toward the fellow who mistakenly got us up, all I can say is that I was greatly comforted by Ned's good-hearted laugh at the humor of it all. What a brutal time for exercise, 1.30 A.M.! A jeep brought us up to the compound where we started the day with a hot shower and a good army breakfast. We worshipped with the G.I.'s where Ned was invited to preach. For dinner we were invited to the Chaplain's whose wife delighted us with Southern home-made rolls, plus other appetizing items. I'm sure you'll be interested in an ingenious outline of the sermon Yi Wun Yung preached in Andong on the First of March, the Korean holiday. His text, Rev. 3:1, "Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead". He was speaking of the Korean Church, "A name for living but really dead", and he made the appeal to the individual Christians, were they spiritually dead or alive. His divisions were the three dead that Jesus had raised; Jairus daughter, son of the widow of Nain, and Lazarus. In the first instance, said Yi, the girl had just died, died while Jesus was on the way to the house, but being dead she might just as well have died 10 years before. The widow's son was dead and was on the way to be buried, and the faith of many of us is ready to be buried. Lazarus was already buried and says the Scripture, "He stinketh". Yi didn't say that the faith of some stank, but the lesson was that it was already in the grave, BUT THAT to a dead and buried faith the Saviour had brought resurrection and life and release from the death clothes, the bondage of death and sin. Isn't that great? What an original and pertinent treatment. It is a lesson to me. Tomorrow I go to Andong, (D.V.) I know your letters will be there and what a delight to hear from you.

Best love,

Hunt

Andong, March 18th, 1947.

*15 has written to Harper
saying the Board to recommend
sending the brothers to the
Philippines.*

My Sweetheart,

So you felt quite young and almost giddy at the Presbyterian meeting with the new grey suit, the red and white striped blouse, and the red hat to match? Just wait until I get hold of you and see if I don't make you feel younger and giddier than ever. I won't have you saying or thinking that you are old. You'll never get old with that lovely, jolly smile of yours. I don't think giddy is the word, you were just looking snappy. And by the way that is the fun of some of these "gift" packages, isn't it? A blouse or a hat or something else that you would never spend money for but which you enjoy wearing greatly. I'm sure you were a picture, dearest, and you'll always be one to me. What wouldn't I give you see you right now, and with Ned, Fletcher, and Lampe all planning to meet their wives in two weeks I'm feeling all the lonelier. But our day will come and oh what a day it will be. In the meantime we'll keep on praying and working for revival. After reading your three letters which were waiting for me here upon my return from Taiku, my heart was filled with rejoicing in the Lord. What days these are. Darling, your letters are just filled with good things; everything is working out so wonderfully, I can't help but praise the Lord for ALL His mercies. How marvelous it all is. It is His own gracious way of approving our separation. And so we go on. I must confess I never felt better physically in my life. I've kept so well and hardly know what a pain or an ache is, and I praise the Lord for this with all my heart. I am glad to get the word about Donald Barnhouse, and you give such an excellent account of his preaching and of the fellow himself. He is true to form, impressive, enthusiastic, clever, and emphatic, but he doesn't wear well and can't hold his friends. Moreover he is frequently mistaken, is rash, and rushes to conclusions. I am glad that you were able to hear him and also able to attend the dinner. It would be interesting to know why he isn't speaking at C.O.D. My guess is the reason for it would not be pleasing to the Lord. Poor Barny allows himself to get into such regrettable situations with the Lord's people. But we thank God for the gifts the man has and for the help and inspiration he is to many congregations. I was looking for some word about inquiries concerning Korea. Did the conversation at the table not turn to Korea at all? How beautifully everything is going at Culter. God is definitely leading, isn't He, and Gertrude when God is in a matter things hum don't they? Praise His Name. Have you noticed, incidentally how wonderfully Columbia Bible College is developing. Bob Mc Quilkin is God's man there. Yes, dearest, we'll just trust God for the work here, for a great blessing. Of course, Mayelle is just the man. I can see him, in my mind's eye, the perfect toastmaster, the charming, able master of ceremonies. Think of it, he is a cousin of Vic Peters; can you imagine two men more different. No I haven't received the lamp from Duncans and I shall be writing them about it. There isn't any probability of it turning up now. Thanks for the good news of the cloth that the Gibbs are sending. The Knoxville pastor will be glad to get this news I know and it will please him a lot to know that they are making such a practical contribution to the Koreans. Now of course I remember Harold Roberts, who with his wife Gertrude made it two Harolds and two Gertrudes on the front page of Tenth Church calendar. How unnecessary to criticize Torrey Johnson for the remark about Bible teaching. Also, about the choruses, you know what I think about them, but I rejoice in the Lord for raising up Youth for Christ. It is cracks like this that alienate Barny from many people and minimize his usefulness. My own guess is that were he possessed with a sweet reasonableness he would be where Old Fashioned Revival Fuller is today, for they started out on the radio about the same time, and Barny is much more gifted as a speaker, but he doesn't last. I've seen the book you bought, LIFE BY THE SON, and wasn't particularly impressed by it. How interesting is the report about Ockenga and Westmont. My guess is that he won't take it, for he is a preacher with a ministry that includes all of New England. Gertrude, what an idea that 3 of the men who tried Barney in the Phila. Presb. committed suicide! I'd hesitate even to mention it.

any but some from you?

How generous and thoughtful of Vett and Mary to send Skooks gifts and offer to make her an evening dress. Yes, that is most kind and I am grateful to them for it. My, it depresses me to hear of Ann's marriage in the Fall, but it is what we have all figured and is regrettable, another of those things which ought not to be, obviously so, and which reflects seriously on the parents and the future husband. It cancels the effectiveness of their testimony. I'm very sorry about it all and I pity the kid. Mrs. J. Martin Proctor, of course. I first met her in Washington during our first furlough. She was on the committee that arranged for me to speak at the big Washington church of which Mc Cartney's brother was pastor. I'm delighted to get the word of Skooks completing the Annual, and how about me in the deal. Please send me a copy of it. And I'll be sure and return it after looking through it and realizing the work of our daughter that went into it. You speak of me giving all these women who are coming to Korea a welcome. Ned asked me if I didn't want to go with him and welcome Sue. I replied that if I went with him I'd weep since you were not coming. I'm not going to say a word about Mother Stewart and Kim excepting that I agree with you absolutely. Moreover I seriously question the wisdom of the Independent Board's sending Kim out. Yes, Gertrude, why not take Jack to the Childrens' Clinic nearby. It can't be anything too serious wrong with his tooth since he was examined only a few months ago.***Now I've finished going over your letters, precious epistles. My, how it lifts me up to come back after a week's absence and see your letters. Pak Si asked me when I showed her my mail which included Fritz Cropp's, one from Crothers, Baugh, and Ed Rogers. Crothers tells about the Board's assigning him to the Philippines which news I passed on to Pak Si, and she saw your three letters lying there unopened. Knowing they were yours from having told her so shortly before, she asked, "Why don't you read your wife's letters?". I replied like any kid would about his ice cream, "I'm saving them until the last for I want them to last long". See what you mean to me and what every word from you does to me. I had a good trip up from Taiku and made it in less than 3 hours making two stops of about 10 minutes, one to see a Bible woman in Kun Yi, Taiku territory, and another to see 10 N.T. in Tori Wun. Darling, I am confiding to you, for your information only, that I believe Blair is a sick man. He hasn't been well & in Seoul had such a painfully swollen ankle he could hardly get his shoe on, and he looks terrible. Really, you can't imagine how the man has failed, not only physically, for he is a wreck but mentally also. He wastes our time in the Committee and hardly anyone pays attention to him. It requires patience to bear with him. He is so tense over nothing. All agree that it would be much better for him to be home. And in the midst of his weakness he resents the slightest suggestion of his age. He always wants to carry the heaviest bag when in reality he has difficulty going. Its pitiable to us who know what the man was in his prime, and it is another illustration of the wisdom of the Board's plan to retire people at 70. I'm afraid Daisy's letter won't commend her favorably to the Board. And as a matter of fact it isn't an able or appealing letter. But I am sorry for her, very sorry. Enclosed is Baugh's letter which I suggest you destroy immediately. Yes, I do have some "inkling" about the Ex. Com.'s plans. Thank you dear for all the enclosures, Esther's and all the rest. She did crash through with a nice letter and their children are doing well, nice kids. I'm happy to hear that their Sally is responding, precious kid. She'll turn out a fine red-head yet. Mrs. Sherrard's letter seems so distant and formal and so short, about all that was necessary. We weren't the blessing to them I wish we might have been. I'm afraid that congregation is dead. I'll be awaiting their package. Today beside the mail I was delighted with a package by Korean post from the Walter Erdmans, two from the Baughs (old clothes) and one from Edna Lawrence. I think I'll save it and let her distribute it now that she will be here so soon. She is to be stationed in Taiku, you know. Oh yes, a package from Wood in Knoxville, too. How I love opening these packages. There are a number of items I'll give to Kael, the young widow for her boy. I can just anticipate her delight and gratitude. And Gertrude, how could I forget to mention my Skooks snapshot, another lovely picture of our dearest daughter, and what a beauty it is. I'm most grateful for it. Give her my deepest thanks for it. It is the best of the kid yet. Really, she is so matured.

Lovely, just like her lovely mother. Your loving, Hank

Address: Harold Voelkel (Civ Presbyterian Missionary)
71 Mil Gov't Co., Det. 3
A.P.O. 6 - 1, 7 P.M.
San Francisco, California.

Seoul, Korea, March 12, 1947.

Dr. J. Leon Hooper,
Presbyterian Foreign Board,
156 Fifth Avenue,
New York 10, N.Y., U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Hooper,

The Emergency Executive Committee is in session here, and after giving a report of activities in Andong this morning, the Committee requested me to write you of a recent week-end country trip which illustrates what a significant contribution the jeeps are making to our itinerary work. Since I am teaching in the Bible Institute which is in session six days a week, the time we can give to the country visits is greatly limited. The Institute classes meet only in the mornings on Saturdays and in the afternoons on Mondays, so we take off Saturday afternoon and get back in time for a class or two Monday afternoon.

Two weeks ago we started off Saturday afternoon and held our first meeting that evening in a town called Poong Gee. It happened to be the first of March which is in many respects Korea's 4th of July. The community was in a festive mood and the church was crowded with Christians and with many unbelievers who were doubtless attracted by the appearance of a foreigner in their town, the first since before the war.

The Moderator of the of the Presbytery was with me and on the next day, Sunday, he preached at the morning service in one Poong Gee church and I in the other. In the afternoon we rode the jeep out to a village Tai Pyung for a service and later met with the leaders of a church in another village, Soon Hung, for counsel and prayer. That evening we drove to Yung Ju, the county seat, where the Moderator and I each preached at different services. On Monday we drove to Pang Kok for a morning service and to Sung Sil for an afternoon service. The total is eight services with seven different congregations in five communities, 50 miles from Andong station, and all of this made possible by the jeep.

It was a busy time and a strenuous time, but a delightful and rewarding experience. We are preparing a schedule that will take us to most of the hundred and more groups in our Presbytery, and look to God to water with His blessing the seed that is being sown in our Lord's Name.

We hope it won't be too long before we see you in Korea, and with kindest regards to both Mrs. Hooper and yourself, I am,

Cordially yours,

*Copy - do not
return*

Greeting from Rev. Harold Voelkel, civilian missionary
Det. 3, 71 Military Gov't Co.
A. P. O. 6-1, Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

March 24. Andong, Korea

How grateful I am for your letters. I have been on another trip and just returned. The church where we worshipped yesterday was awfully cold; a little place 'way up in the mountains. It went thru all the trials the others did, but has come thru in fine condition. In the midst of the joy of greetings, there was sorrow too, for one of the fine young men was forced into the Japanese army and has not returned. After my absence of years everybody wants to do his greeting personally and in detail; I don't suppose I've bowed so much for a long time. The next church we visited has been started since the war; a small group but what was lacking in numbers was made up in fervor.

I heard of a young man in a village eight miles away who has been walking that distance to church, and when asked how he decided to believe his reply was, "It just got into my head to believe in Jesus" To walk that distance is good evidence of the sincerity of his faith. How wonderfully God is working! He is blessing and will go in greater measure of blessing.

April 13. Seoul, Korea.

Easter sunrise service here was an open-air gathering of some 12,000 Christians on the hilltop of the former Shinto Shrine. A Korean pastor preached in Korean, with a missionary interpreting in English for the benefit of the Army personnel, - a fine demonstration of unity of Christ. Before leaving Andong, I spoke at a daybreak prayer meeting of Presbytery, telling them I was convinced that until all the shrine compromises were repented of and confessed, God could not bless us. There was a quiet hush and I felt the message went home, but there was no brokenness. I trust that will follow, but if it doesn't they will find that God will simply put them aside. Everywhore we go it is the young people who have the energy and zeal and vision, and God is using them.

Last evening I sat here at sunset and thot back over scenes of other days in Seoul, and tried to visualize the arrival of Father and Mother Swallen 55 years ago. What changes and development have taken place Praise God for the fine Christian testimony God has raised up here!

April 27, Andong.

I've been a long time away from home this trip, with the committee meeting in Seoul, and General Assembly in Taiku, and then I was delayed a few days with a cold and sore throat. What a contrast the General Assombly was to previous gathorings! - not only fewer in numbers but the level of dilberation was lower; there was not the roady response and the challenge of the different itoms presented. They took action, wisely I felt, forbidding pastors to hold political jobs at the same time as pastoratos. It seems that many pastors have become members of the legislature while holding on to their pastoratos, giving their churches absent treatment.

What a reception I had upon my return, with the many, many packages that had arrived. Stuff from America is like clothing from a dream world. I took a number of sweaters and coats over to the girls in the Bible Institute and how their eyes sparkled! I got an inspiration each time I open a package. Thank you, and may the Lord make up to you for all the time and strength that has gone into the purchase, packing and mailing of these things to us, - a labor of love. All A.P.O. parcels may now be sent without request. There is special need for towols, cotton cloth and electric light bulbs,

Harold Voelkel, (Civ Presbyterian Missionary) 71 M.G. Co. Det 3
A.P.O. 6 - 1, % Postmaster, San Francisco, California,

Andong, March 24, 1947.

Dearest Everybody,

My, how grateful I am to you all for your letters, all of you, and I'm sorry to be so delayed in replying. I imagine this is as long as I have ever left you go without a letter, and there is a reason. Yes, I have been on another itinerating trip and just returned. I wasn't away very long, only from Saturday noon until 1.30 this afternoon, but nevertheless it was a joy to get into the tub and get a good bath and clean clothing. How refreshed I feel, and although tired yet there is a pep from having been out in the air. Really I marvel that I don't take a heavy cold for the church where we worshipped yesterday morning was awfully cold a little old place 'way up in the mountains. Getting back to this room with heat in it makes me sleepy, but I must get word off to my family, for I am so grateful to get all the good news from you. Congratulations Sally on the completed annual. I know it was a big responsibility in which you have learned much and it is an accomplishment you'll not soon forget. I can't wait to see a copy. Before I get into the details of the week-end let me remind you that this will go down as a big week in Korea's missionary annals for the 9 returning missionaries are scheduled to arrive on Thursday. I'll be glad to see them but each one I meet will make me lonelier for you all. What a day it will be when you step off the boat. Glad day. And yet the unwisdom of having you come now even though the Government did grant you travel permits is abundantly evident. Fletcher and I toured various government bureaus in Seoul attempting to get some action going in the repair of these houses but as yet there isn't a peep from the authorities. Moreover schooling would be another factor to consider for there are schools for American youngsters, children of the military only in Seoul and Fusan and the military people are clearing out fast, that is the Military Government. The tactical forces, the fighting soldiers, are remaining although we hear that they are down in numerical strength too, but the Mil Gov't are rapidly decreasing as is seen from our outfit here. After a batch leaves tomorrow we'll be down to 25 men, including officers, and that all means fewer children in the school. So, we'll just have to go on trusting and waiting, letting God take care of the details of our family reunion.***You'll be interested to know that Blair was given permission by the Russian Commander in the north, to whom he had written, to visit Pyeng Yang. It surprised us all, and if Blair regains his pep he wants to make the journey, for a week, in April. Blair very kindly GAVE me his bicycle, a beautiful American bike which someone had given him. I must confess I "worked a lot" on him for it, for I wanted it for some of the pastors of our territory who have to walk ten miles each way to their churches because of the breakdown in the transportation. There are numbers of ways we can help out these days, & one particularly big satisfaction I had recently grew out of a visit to the M.G. kitchen in Taiku. I went through to get some hotwater for the jeep and happened to see a platter of cold cuts, thickly cut salami, left from the night before. I asked the K.P. what he was going to do with it. "Throw it out". So, I let him throw it my way and I brought it up to our B.I. students, and what a feast they had of it! How appreciative they are. I did the same with some old baseballs (soft balls) and bats that were about worn out, according to G.I. standards. The B.I. students were delighted to get them and they have a swell time after classes. The last I heard was that they had scheduled a game with the local electric company employees. I met the Red Cross workers in Taiku and in a chat learned that there were some surplus items, old safety razors, blades, and a few tooth brushes, etc. I was on the receiving end there again and got enough to present all the fellows in the B.I. with a razor and all the girls with a cake of soap, a tooth brush, and tooth paste. What a handsome group we'll have now. That reminds me to mention that two packages arrived from the Baughs, and in view of their former interest in Kael, the young widow, and since there were a number of things suitable for Kael's little boy, I sent both packages right off to her. It requires about two months for things to arrive by the Korean parcel post from America. Two packages arrived from the Crothers Saturday morning and I took them right out to the country with me. A letter

from J.Y. included a picture of his honorable self and one of the Crothers and Hoffmans, celebrating their wedding anniversary. I was awfully glad to have them to take to the country with me. In this Yung Yang circuit which J.Y. itinerated for years the people feasted their eyes on the photo and almost all exclaimed "pack pal", white head, over the white crest that now crowns the Crothers' brow. My, what an emotional time these two days have been. Let me tell you about it. We left Andong shortly after one, Yi Wun Yung to accompany me and Im To Hyun Chang No to go as far as Chim Paw on his way to Chong Song as a Chun Do In. We drove right on to Suk Paw Myun for a service Saturday afternoon. What a crowd. How glad they were to see me, and what a joy it was for me to see them again. That's the town, Gertrude, where that rich man lives whom we had for a meal once. Oh, we had a great time. The Poo Jah came too. The church went through all the trials the others did but it has come through in fine condition. One man who had taken a concubine has come back; has been attending for 3 weeks. All of us just about wept at the joy of seeing other again. In the midst of the joy there was sorrow too, for one of the fine young fellows in a neighboring church was forced into the Japanese army and has not returned. His widow and boy were there. Well, we had our service and off we went, after leaving two packages of clothing. At 6 we arrived in Yung Yang UOP. Out they flocked, and soon we were located in a deacons house and a steaming supper was set before us, beef soup as a te chup, so you know there was preparation. I was hungry after being out in the air and ate heartily. Kim Kee Tock, the former station secretary and his younger brother live there and have not been attending. I sent word to them and both turned up at the evening ~~supper~~. The younger brother's wife is So Ak Si, daughter of the Crothers' COOK. She was not well and couldn't come out. They have a boy and 3 girls. The attendance was great and a wonderful spirit. You know the time introduction normally take, so you can imagine the time that is consumed by greeting each man and woman personally, for after an absence of years everybody wants to do his greeting personally and in detail. All inquired of you all, and all the Andong missionaries, and I don't suppose I've bowed so much for a long time. Then we had our service. Sunday morning after a breakfast of Korean food (and breakfast is the hardest for me to go, bean sprouts, etc.) we took right off in the jeep for Soo Pi Chang Tuh, a church newly founded since the war. Its a small group but what was lacking in numbers was made up in fervor. One of the old women took me in tow as if I were her long-absent son, and I must confess I loved it. Since she was as old as she is I let her enjoy her affection and delighted her by quietly slipping her an American apple wrapped in bright red tissue paper and an American candy bar. But I later learned that I could well have given her more for she had prepared for us in her home a feast including big portions of chicken. From the size of the drum sticks I figured we were eating rooster, some bird who had doubtless run around the village for years, but it was the best the woman could get and it was all placed before us. Here again, amid all the joy, there was distress, for while walking around the market place inviting people to the service we saw two men carrying a long pole on their shoulders from which hung a sizable object wrapped in straw, and upon inquiry we were told it was the body of an old woman, a beggar, found frozen by the road. In the afternoon we reached Chew Sill for another grand meeting, the same inexpressible delight in Christ at seeing these friends who had gone through deep waters of persecution. Old elder Chaw's wife, 73, and I were just about speechless as we met. We took each other's hands and just looked one another in the face. "Yes, its true I'm back"; "Its like a dream to see you back". Some in the village have backslidden and others come from other villages. Listen to this: there is a young fellow from village eight miles away who has been walking to the services, and when they asked him who preached to him and lead him to believe, his reply was, "No one, it just got into my head to believe in Jesus". And the fact that he walks that distance is pretty good evidence as to the sincerity of his faith/ How wonderfully God is working. He is blessing us and will go on in greater measure with greater blessing. After the meeting we drove out still further to see Kim Chai Chul, a pastor who had to demit the ministry for a number of reasons. He promised to come back. At night a meeting in the opp. This morning another meeting in the opp and one at Wul Chun on the way back. Yes, I'm tuckered out but rejoicing in a gracious Saviour.

Amos, H. H.

Andong, March 24th, after finishing the
"Dearest Everybody" letter.

Precious,

If I haven't got one on you. Under date of March 9th you tell me that you are going to send me a "love letter", and on the envelope is that significant message "returned for insufficient postage". Now how could you? And a love-letter at that! And it has come late, after that of March 10th. Well, my dear, I'll just have to pine away, I suppose, under the weight of all the enclosures that come in love-letters. But its fun to forgive you, just because you are so sweet and precious. God bless my Gertrude. I love you.

I have three of your letters before me, and I'll start with that of Mar. 6th in which you begin with references to Barney and the dinner at Mannings with Jettie and the doctor. You didn't mention their ordering their favorite dish TAMALIES, or have they gone on now to the extravagance of corned beef hash? (Forgive me, darling, but I must have my own little twitting you know - or is it just plain wickedness). Let me suggest that in turn they try hamburger, then weenies on the half shell.

The Annual Dinner program is wonderful and the sight of the name Voelkel in print, Editor-in-chief tickles my vanity, of course, but it also does a lot more. It awakens the deepest thanks in my heart to the Lord for His goodness to us in giving us a daughter so gifted and so gracious. I enjoyed all the details you gave me of the banquet and of our Skooks sitting up among the notables. How about the announcements and introductions and the presiding? Were all those remarks concocted by our Skooks all by herself? That was no small responsibility. What a precious, precious letter Sally sent me. I shall be answering soon. It went right to my soul.

I'm sorry Gertrude to hear of Jack's coming late, and as I mentioned before, let's forego the scholarship and pay in full because the boy's time is more than the few dollars. I believe in children working but when it reduces his piano practice time its too great a cost. I wonder how possibly he could have more time to make up in view of all he did last summer. "Why do boys", you ask, "Like to play with dirt-kettles, pretending they are bombs", like Haba and Charles, throwing it off the back porch. My dear, its the inherent depravity in men. Consider what you were spared being born a woman! How frequently (?) I visualize what a gentle, ennobled life I would have lived had I been born a woman instead of a brute masculine. Its the nature of the beast, my dear; they simply can't help it. The strange part of it all is the attraction that these rough, uncouth brutes ultimately come to offer to gracious feminine hearts. How it happens I don't know, excepting that ultimately the charm of a sweet and lovely girl overwhelms these ruffians just like your beautiful self has stirred my heart to its depths in affection and gratitude.

Gertrude will you please thank Jack for me for his kindness in running the vacuum over the rugs and shining the shoes. My, but I'm happy to hear that. He's a grand boy. He is a popular boy indeed, visiting Danny and then going to dinner at Vincent's. As for the hour phone call to Dianne, I'm glad it was at Danny's and that they are therefore paying the bill. An hour phone call in L.A. would cost a dollar or more. But there it is, that attraction. How about Sally's phone calls? Which of the young men is it? Or is it one of the faculty members? Yes, dear old Mrs. Sellbinder is just the person, and her coming is an anser to prayer. And its fun for her, I'm sure. Let's read the riot act to the young fry so they don't

worry the dear old lady.

That electric light bulb will come through in good order with all that packing, I know. I've already mentioned, darling, that insurance is valueless in A.P.O. Since its only three cents for five dollars if it means anything at the Post Office, go to it, but out here, it doesn't count. A.P.O. is all of grace and it is the army postal service. The regular postal set-up in America has nothing to do with it. There is simply no way of going about making a claim against the army post office. In war frequently mail is blown to pieces and insured or not insured, it makes no difference. I've written to Cal and Judy Duncan telling them that the lamp was lost. I felt I ought to do it just to let them know that I wasn't indifferent to it. But there is nothing I can do about submitting a claim. I also wrote a letter of appreciation to Mrs. Ulm for wearing out her fingers in Korea's behalf. I'm sure she be happy over the news of all these gifts and what they mean to the Koreans.

My dear what a meeting lady you are. And now with a series of devotional talks at the Knox missionary meetings. Gertrude, do you recognize yourself? You're wonderful, really. You're breath-taking. Who would ever have visualized us in this situation, separated, the whole responsibility of the family yours, and I out here, with no prospect of the family's coming. The uncertainty of the set-up is something in itself. It leaves everything open to God's miraculous intervention. What a satisfaction just to be "looking unto Jesus", without having the slightest indication of what a day may bring forth.

Gertrude, its a brilliant idea for you to give me copies of Sally's letters and Vett speaks thankfully of having a copy of Sally's letter to me. What an insight I have into my daughter's mind and heart and I rejoice in her. I'm so thankful that we are able to keep so close to one another through this excellent air-mail service. What a blessing it is. And I join heartily with you in the recognition of the preciousness of the days while our four are still all together. I was interested in Vett's statement to the effect that "all three are agreed that Sally Lou should go to Wheaton". Its Vett all over, I can visualize so clearly the family council. My dear, what a past master at dealing with proud parents is this man Nichols who answered your letter about a scholarship. The answer is typical, namely that they do not give help the first semester, but how wise is his paragraph about the evidence that Sally Lou will be "a very excellent student. She is to be commended upon the splendid service she is already rendering, etc. etc". I don't doubt a word of what he writes, but of course our girl will have to demonstrate her worth to receive a scholarship, of which I have not the slightest doubt. "She will be an outstanding member of the Wheaton family" - that fellow is just the one for his job, isn't he?

I'm enclosing Crothers' last letter. Its J.Y. all over and I chuckled through it all. He's a great old guy, but he's showing his age definitely. He's a character, or an "institution" as my father would say. I wrote to Hooper urging the Board to send Crothers back. Just going around the territory renewing old friendships and fellowships would be an immense contribution. The Lord will lead in it all, I know.

My, I haven't written to my two big men Teddy and Haba about the mountain climb. I'll get that off next. I was so glad to hear about it in their letters. That cave was something. Also the horses. And getting almost lost by taking the wrong bus. My, my, what days. Glorious days because we are in God's will and in His strong and faithful arms.

15. your letter of March 12th with letter from Board about scholarship just came. I'll answer later.

Just love to my dear old ones, Fred

Andong, March 25, 1947.

Dearest Gertrude,

I just finished a letter to you last evening, and this morning one of the officers who lives upstairs nonchalantly informed me that mail had arrived last night. They are actually so thoughtless and unkind as to allow mail to remain in their room and then tell me about it so I can come up for it. You would think that they'd at least yell down that someone had brought my letters to their room. Well, as I noted on the end of my last letter it was awfully good to hear from you, and I am grateful for all the good news.

Just a few observations. Good for Jack playing baseball. I'm proud of his making the team and I know he plays a good game. Too bad he was tuckered out afterward and I doubt not that talking late with Danny in the pup-tent laid him out. Or was it that hour's conversation with Dianne that knocked him out. Look out Jack, for these girls will upset you. Gertrude, really you don't know how unconsciously humbrous you are. In referring to Mrs. Mc Ghee you speak of her being quite fashionable, and also that she is not too well, adding that their one child keeps her busy. How significant that you should say that their one child keeps HER busy. What would she do (and what would many, many other women do) if she had four to take care of with her husband a long distance off! Just why men like Mc Ghee and Barnhouse decide to follow the plan they do in adding so many extras to their church work, I can't see. There were reports that Mc Ghee was resigning his church to devote all his time to Biola, but at second thought he decided to go on with the church. I'm sorry to hear that he doesn't appear happy. Most of these fellows are rejoicing even though overworked, like Talbot, for example. Do you get any reports about his meetings in Australia. I keep praying for him, and I'm sure he is having a great time.

My, but I'm glad to hear that there are some folks who are wishing to be remembered to me. It will mean a lot to me to know who they are. I trust they are remembering us in prayer too. Yes, Gertrude send Revelation along. I'll be glad to get a look at it. And doubtless Teaching the Word of Truth will go good in Korean too when we can get paper and begin publishing again.

My, my, darling, I was so pleased with this letter from the Board. Does this mean that they have a scholarship fund beside the generous children's allowance they give missionary children. I wish you'd write me about it. I am going to get a letter off to this Mrs. Cassatt immediately. I remember meeting her at the conference last November a year ago in the Board rooms. Why shouldn't our Skooks visit Florida and Philadelphia. But I wouldn't plan the trip in the summer when it is so oppressively hot. Why not wait until Christmas vacation for that.

My dearest, what an idea this is for you to live in Berkeley! It sounds to me as if it came straight from Heaven. Of course you'd hate to leave all our friends in L.A. and Culter especially, but you would be near Bob Munger's church and there is a good school nearby, too, as I remember it. And those apartments are all equipped, with a minimum of work for the housewives to do. Dear me, I just rejoiced when I heard of the idea; it had never occurred to me. They are small, I know, but then you will be a smaller family next year. And, my dear, you will be all ready for me to come and get you when the glad day arrives for you to come. I believe I'd make application immediately, and if there's no chance, why that will be a sure indication that it isn't the Lord's will for you to be there. So far as I know you can have a piano there, and that's that. And that Berkeley church is so big you would be kept busy all year addressing all

to the children - J.

Andong, March 29th, 1947.

Dearest Family,

How faithful you are in writing. There is never a mail without a letter from my family. There is always one and sometimes two. Thanks so very, very much. And of course it means everything to get such good news; such bright and cheering tidings of your activities. Praise God for His goodness to you, for His watch-care over you, and His provision for each need. I enter so fully into all your doings and follow you all around to the different meetings, the picnics, the banquets, and the weekly washing. I miss my weekly workout over the tubs, and I'm sorry Gertrude that you've got to do it all yourself. May the Lord give you the strength for it. These days keep rushing by. I am leading prayers in the Bible Institute Wednesdays and Saturdays in addition to my teaching schedule and that gives me extra responsibility, so time seems to rush past quicker than ever. This is Saturday afternoon. I have just finished dinner and will start out in a couple hours to Chum Chawn, Mun Kyung, and Yong Kung on the way back. It is a marvelously sunny day. I have the top of the jeep down, cabriolet style, so we will be riding forth enjoying the light and brightness of the day. Things don't stand still in the army and this week 10 enlisted men left here. We are down to 28 and more are to leave in a day or two. The new doctor, a Jew, has been in 2 places that closed down, and his guess is (that's all anyone can do) that this outfit won't last much longer. In many ways it will be good to see this crowd go, but with the present conditions prevailing, it will make it a bit difficult to keep going. Without the trucks travelling back and forth between Taiku and here there will be no food supply, no mail service, etc. Now don't worry for I won't starve; it will just mean that we'll have to organize all over again. The railroad for freight service is most unreliable for stuff shipped by foreigners rarely ever reaches its destination! I was speaking with Ned over the telephone the other night. He had been to Seoul to meet Sue, only to learn that the boat was delayed and that the boat on which George is coming is also late. George is bringing a heifer with him, and how the animal will be brought down is stumping us all. It will be fun to see how it works out. March weather is here, raining and blowing on occasion, and the other day we had quite a blow. Some idea of the velocity of the wind can be gained from the fact that I had some eggs a country congregation gave me wrapped singly in newspaper ~~and~~ on the outside window ledge. The wind blew the whole business all around the yard. ** Three packages came through the Korean mail this week, one each from the Crothers, Daisy, and an address in Oklahoma, doubtless friends of the Baughs. I took the Oklahoma things, most mens, and Daisy's most womens' down to the B.I. and let the students distribute it. Were they grateful. In Daisy's package was an man's shirt and 2 pair of socks, new, which I figured she picked out for her "old gentleman", Yi, her servant. I sent them right to him. Crothers' things I'm holding with other until next week when Presbytery meets for the Bible women to divide all over the territory. There's much to encourage and cheer us but there is much to grieve also. Thieving is particularly prevalent and I am waiting now for one of the local church men to come up to be dealt with for stealing wood, good lumber from the Bible Institute. I'm sick about numbers of things. Sin Si's daughter was married recently to an elder's son in Yea An, it was the man's second marriage, his first wife died, and the ceremony was conducted according to unbelieving custom. And we hear that there is much sacrificing to ancestors among the Christians. It is all in the aftermath of the Shinto business and is symptomatic of the tremendous need for revival. The Christians recognize it too, but until the pastors lead off with a acknowledgment of their sins its impossible to expect the church sessions to discipline anyone. ** Gertrude I sent you a letter from the father of one of the fellows here, a fine Christian boy. And, I learned that they published in the town newspaper a letter I had written to the boy's father on his birthday, commending the son for his fine life here. The Lord bless you and keep you. Jack, Teddy, and Haba, I'll be getting letters off to you each one soon.

Your loving,



Andong, Monday evening, March 31, 1947.

My Darling,

Gertrude, you are faithfulness itself. Everytime the truck goes to Taiku, no matter how frequently, there is always a letter from you. I left Saturday for the country, having heard that someone was making a trip to Taiku, and sure enough when I returned from the country, late Sunday night, there was a letter, just one letter on my desk, and it was from you. Yes, I said to myself, that's the letter I want, because it is from the one in this world who has the most news for me, the one who is news itself. How blessed I am in you, and how good of God it was to put the good sense into my head and the love in my heart for you, and the response in your heart. Will I ever forget the Saturday at the Student Volunteer meeting when I looked across the room and saw you, and then had the chat with you afterward. You had a charm, my dear, a real charm, and you still have it. You're lovely.

We had our usual busy and eventful trip to the country, the swift and happy fellowship, the meeting with friends after the war absences, the inquiries about all the other missionaries, and the request for information about the arrival of my family. When are they coming? Yes, when are they! We got back late last night and I was dog tired, but happy, especially happy to find your letter here and get all the good, interesting, and cheerful news. I'll wait with the details of the week-end itinerating until the weekly letter for many items will interest the other station folk to whom the letter goes. Now my darling, why not give in and buy the kids a red wagon if it doesn't break us up in business. We haven't given them anything like that for a long time. In fact I can't remember when we unloosened - mostly because we could not afford it, I suppose. Now, now, Miss Ethel Butts thought you looked thin. I'll venture it is more than a thought. Yes, you are lighter than when the children were born, but from your picture you looked a little underweight. And by the way, when is that picture of my sweetheart coming out? I have the childrens' picture, one of Sally Lou, the big one smiling, the little one, just looking sweet and pleasant, and the big one of Teddy; and the snapshot of all of you before me on my desk. But I want my wife, a lovely large one to be able to look at and admire throughout the day.

Thanks for the flower seeds. You can readily imagine to whom they'll go. I wonder if I told you how attractively Yi Wun Yung had his madam fixed up this last Fall with chrysanthemums. Beautiful. Their little home is ideally situated, and I believe it would be fun for me to live there, or some place like it. Their boy, Yo Han (Johnny) is a dandy, spoiled but a well trained kid, and disciplined, as you can imagine from his fathers ideas about things. Its a joy traveling with Yi about the country, and I plan to speak of that more to in my next letter. About things to send you could hardly pick anything better than towels. They are simply not to be had. My dear, I'm sorry to have to say that the Baughs sent things I'd hardly waste postage on. I was almost ashamed to turn over to the B.I. men a package of worn out things that they sent. Tomorrow night I am planning to treat all the B.I. students. They are all so poor and have nothing for a party, so I'm ordering a thousand yens' worth of bread and I have a few other things. Its from the profit of my Bible selling. I made a gift of 3,000 yen this afternoon to Yi for the B.I. I've got about 6 or more thousand yen due me from country elders who will be in this Presbytery time.

I'll finish this with news in the stars & strips, the Army newspaper announces that America will help Korea financially to the extent of 500 million dollars, in order to combat Communism. It's part of the plan which Mr. Truman announced on the Radio. Hope all goes well, my sweetest beloved. How.

Seoul, Sunday Afternoon, April 13, 1947.
Dearest Family,

The Ex. Com, finished up yesterday but since the next meeting I have to attend is the Korean General Assembly in Taiku on Wednesday I am spending a couple days here on some odds and ends for it would not pay me to go clear back to Andong for I would have to turn right around and return to ~~Andong~~. Well, Gertrude you just continue to overwhelm me with your kindness and faithfulness in writing. I hardly expected a letter when I reached Taiku after just having received one in Andong, but sure 'nuff there it was and with such enjoyable news. I just can't figure out how you can do it, as much as two days for Presbyterial, but since you write that you are all well, I just praise God and rejoice in your activities. I scarcely know where to start for I haven't given you the details of my trip to Mun Gyung territory two weeks ago, and I haven't got time or space now for more than the highlights, namely that the church there is doing well, meeting in a fashionable Japanese home, and growing even though the pastor Kim Yung Ok is absent as a member of the legislature. The church at Chum Chawn is just about bursting its walls, and as soon as they get permission they will build a new church for half a million yen on Japanese land. We got stuck in the middle of the large stream just beyond Chum Chawn and I didn't know how we'd ever get out when Providentially an army truck in Government service, a big powerful thing came along and pushed us out. The night we met in Yong Kung and had a good attendance out. Easter Sunday we limited ourselves to two churches: Nam Me and Pyung Un. The day began with daybreak service at the Shinto Shrine compound. At Seoul here there was a sunrise service at the Shrine with an estimated attendance of 12,000. Han Kyung Jik preached and Billings interpreted. General Lerch and other notables were on hand, and it was a fine demonstration of Korean and American unity. At Andong I began to be pushed for time the beginning of the week for I wanted to attend as much of Presbytery as I could and yet I had to leave Wednesday in time to get the evening train. Presby. opened Tuesday evening and it was marred first of all by the breakdown of the electrical system. The lights are very uncertain. We may have them or we may not, and recently it has been impossible to predict whether we'd have lights or not. Make shifts were not so good, a few candles and one weak oil lamp. It was impossible to look across the room. Also, so many couldn't get there. As I remember there were 13 elders present and 18 absent and quite a few pastors who hadn't yet arrived. Yi Wun Yung, the Moderator had asked me to take the daybreak prayers but since I could be there for only Wednesday I took just that. I had felt for a long time that the pastors particularly should get down to business on the matter of clearing up their faithlessness during the war, and rather than beat around the bush on what to me is the great single need of leaders, I told them frankly and kindly that I was convinced that until all the shrine compromises were cleaned up, repented and confessed, God would and could not bless us. The church was quiet and a hush fell over us. I felt the message went home, but there was no brokenness. I trust that that will follow. And if it doesn't the men will find that God will simply put them aside. Everywhere we go it is the young people with the energy and zeal and vision, and God is using them. My, what an inspiration and encouragement. Thanks for that Youth for Christ folder. One of the fellows just came, a lieutenant and I want to talk things over with him. Now to recapitulate. I arrived in Taiku Wednesday afternoon and there met Gerda Bergman, the first of the new arrivals. My, how well she looks, a different person from the one who visited our home after Los Banos. Then I met Edna Lawrence, then Helen Campbell and then Sue. Finally Arch C. How well they all look, although I must add that they are all older, very much older it seems to me, and why not in view of the years since we've all been separated. All but Sue had seen you lately so my first question was of my family. Now Gertrude, here is the verdict, and it is one of friends and a unanimous one. They all agreed that you were doing a wonderfully successful job of caring for the children and making a home for them, but they all added that while you looked well, you looked tired. The Campbell spoke of their dinner at our home when there was our family, the Van Dyke family and the two C.'s for dinner. I'm wondering where you all sat. Gertrude, I'd slow down. Dear me, you can't stand that pace continually. You'll burn up all your reserve

Wednesday night Ned Adams and I left for Seoul. Unfortunately Ned had FORGOTTEN to reserve berths so we had to sit up all night, or rather doze off as much as we could. The train was 4 hours late, arriving in Seoul at 10.30 A.M. I was fagged out since I had gotten up before five o'clock Wednesday morning. We couldn't get our Ex Com meeting started before noon and we were at it until Saturday noon. Sat. afternoon the married Genso daughter who is here with her husband in government service gave a tea for her parents and it was a rounding up of the foreigners in the capitol. Genso doesn't look well, and I'm wondering frankly if he'll be able to stand the pace. He has high blood pressure. The Pieters house which was to be ready was not ready and so the Taiku new arrivals and Mrs. Lampe had to keep right on going, taking night trains out of Seoul since there was no place for them to stay. Right now in this house, the Holdcroft's (known in Seoul as the Coen Billet) are the Fletchers, Coen, Frazer and Scott, Canadians, and Rhodes. Six people. When Ned and I come up we sleep in a room in the cellar. The army is so slow in getting the Pieters house in order Olga Johnson must stay with the Lutz and the Genso's with their daughter. How amusing (?) it all is, when in these missionary houses right on the compound there are in a number of instances ONE officer and his wife occupying the house! Missionaries huddled up, squeezed in, having to make this home and office, the place where they meet Koreans, whereas the army has big homes PLUS the big office down town.

My, what a blow it was to learn upon my arrival here that the Board had definitely assigned the Crothers to the Philippines and that Daisy's status remained unchanged. How things work out. I had gotten the impression from letters from America that you thought we didn't put all the pressure we might have into our request for the Crothers, but you all know now of course that everything possible was done. Now in Hooper's letter on the Crothers was a sentence to the effect that the Crothers didn't particularly object to the idea of the transfer. So there we are, and we accept it all as God's Providence, but we'll miss the Crothers greatly, of course, very greatly. I've been stalling the Koreans along until definite word came and now I'll have to break the news to them. It will seem incredible that Kwun Moksa is not coming back. I sincerely hope you'll be able to make a trip back, a visit sometime at least.

Jack, good boy. Great, big, congratulations. I'm awfully proud of you for winning your letter in baseball. Boy, that's swell. And I'm sure you had a lot of fun too. And you can keep it up too and win other letters. Mother will have a prize for you, I know. And Teddy, congratulations to you too for your good work in piano, in being asked to play before the Parent-Teachers organization. Boy, that's swell, and I'm proud of you.

Our Ex Com here had to do something about ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{Andong} since both the Crothers and Daisy were not returned, and the Hills were therefore transferred from Chung Ju to Andong. They ought to be here in a couple months. As yet neither George Adams or Lowe have arrived. The only word we have is that their steamer went to Shanghai and from there to other east China ports before coming here. It ought to be along any day now however.

The enclosed pictures will give you some idea of Andong, especially of our home and the "lawn". You see the big trucks parked around. I keeping just one picture and that's of Yi Poke Chew and Pak Si and a big duck one of the officers shot and gave to him.

Tonight for supper I am to be the guest of Edwin Braden who had quite a responsible job with the railway bureau. I met him and his wife at the tea yesterday afternoon and it was a joy to see him develop into such a man of parts. What an experience growing "old" is, for there's no doubt but what I am doing that. But what about this 88 year "young man" in St. Petersburg. Congratulations to father. Everyone out here has been pleased to hear that he is in good health and carrying on at such a fine old age. My, my, last evening I sat here in the glow of the sunset and thought back over scenes in Seoul, and I tried to visualize among other things the arrival of father and mother 55 years ago. What changes and what developments, and praise God for the fine Christian testimony that God has raised up here. This morning I attended Cheigh Yun Kwan's Church, a fine congregation and a fine plant, with a tower that calls attention from all passers by. Thank God for this church. Pray for it. Lovingly,

G. W. S.

Andong, Monday, April 7, 1947.

My Dearest,

I am so much your debtor I don't believe I'll ever be able to catch up. I have before me your letters of March 16, 17, 19, 21, and 24th, and I haven't given you a decent answer to any of them. What can I do but bite the dust, acknowledge my faithlessness as a correspondent, and ask you to forgive me. It isn't ^{an} adequate explanation for me to say I've been busy, for as occupied as my time is it will hardly compare with the rush and tumble of your daily duties. And yet you always get time to write me. Thank you for it, darling. My, what can I do to show you my gratitude? If only I could buy something for you or do some thoughtful little thing that would assure you of my devotion. After all the thing for me to do is to stop protesting my devotion and get busy and write; and that's what I'm doing now.

Its Easter Monday afternoon. Yesterday we began the day with Sunrise service and I visited 2 country churches, but I mustn't get into that because I will be including that in my weekly letter to the family and friends. Just this much, that after returning from the country I learned that a surprise trip to Taiku had been made by one of the fellows who had brought back your precious two letters of the 21 and 24th and also a package. It had some of the cloth, rather spotted but most acceptable, and a nearly new pair of shoes. I'm wondering where they came from. They are not quite big enough for me and may have been a woman's. I'll be interested to know where you got them. I shouldn't be surprised but what they find their way to Yi Wun Yung, for I'll certainly give them to him if he needs them. They are beautiful. In your letter was Teddy's Easter card; and how nice that it came on Easter Day. I have it on the wall of the room here and I'm enjoying the Easter eggs by sight if not by taste. The colors are very bright and the Bunny is well drawn with his bushy tail. I'll be getting a special letter off to my big man. Speaking of candy, I felt so grateful yesterday evening when one of the officers, one with obviously a finer background than the others came to the room with a pound box of candy, a tin of potatoe chips, and a can of orange juice. It was awfully nice of him and I more grateful for the kindness behind it than the gifts itself.

How your days whirl and the activities with them. Yes, I'm sure that Sally's cold is due in most part to her run down condition due to lack of sleep and irregularity, I dare say, in eating. Now I'm proud as punch over the Annual job, of course, but is it worth it? The experience is valuable, but it would ~~lead~~ ^{lead} the further lesson of moderation in all things. High pressure programs are not usually, I should say, God's will. The Lord Jesus was never rushed, that's certain. He was busy as the day in Capernaum, Mark 2, shows but He was never pressed for time, and I believe Whittier's lines hold a great lesson for us, "May our ORDERED LIVES confess the beauty of Thy truth". You speak, Gertrude, of attending the Monday morning prayer meeting more frequently. Where is it? Are women now attending the meeting at Frank Sutherlands's church, or is this a meeting dear old White is conducting at Vermont Avenue? Now my sweetheart, you ask if I've got thin clothes enough for summer. Let me assure you I've got thin and thick clothes enough for the rest of my life, and I'm feeling very well today too. Thin clothes! Remember all those army summer clothes, that officers' suit of mine, the blue palm beach, and now this super-duper, double-breasted outfit in which I had the picture taken. I'm wondering when I'll be able to wear all of them. No, dear, don't send me any clothes. How about that suit Mrs. Hayseed made for Skooks. Wouldn't she be interested to know its destiny. I believe Mimi is taller and heavier than our Sally. By the way I saw Sung Goo, the younger of Yi Qun Chal's daughter, who is back for a months vacation from the Masan Hospital of which Dr. Roy Smith is superintendent. Go easy, darling on saying how good it is for me to be teaching the Life of Christ. Its good for me, I know, but do you realize that the subject amounts to

teaching the four Gospels, and that is a huge amount of material. I'm learning lots myself too for I must be ready for the students questions, But if only I had more time to be able to prepare more adequately and get the presentation down more smoothly. The interruptions are terrific and the other morning I just had to tell an old codger that I was busy and had to keep going. I'm interested in your comparison of Carol with Ann Gray. I got the same impression myself and I'm wondering why old Shel should pick the less vivid, less personable sister. But men are funny, aren't they? They do such silly things! But Madam, I didn't do anything silly, believe me, when I turned my eyes and heart toward you. Maybe you did the silly thing in listening and responding. Look at the men you could have had! You might even have worked up to British citizenship by this time!

You speak of your period being less and less regular, and I want to remark about that for that is certainly indicative of menopause, is it not, and if so it is a time when women frequently experience ^{un}usual tiredness and exhaustion. What I'm leading up to is that that condition would be added reason for slowing down the tempo of things, wouldn't it? I'm concerned that you must do the waging all by yourself and carry so much of the burden of the home on your own shoulders. What can I do? Just plead with you lovingly to ease up a bit and be careful, for it will mean so much later on to exercise care at this time. For many it is a particularly trying time when utmost sympathy and helpfulness should be shown, and allowances made for the one doing considerable less than usual in the household. I'm sorry Gertrude that I can't be near to help. May God make up in His own perfect and gracious way.

Now my dear, I must say a word, I hope it won't be too many about the boy who "forced" Imogene Shroeder. Its a most unfortunate subject, and you may wish to share this part of the letter with Sally Lou. Now I'm not questioning for a moment that the boy took the initiative and possibly or probably seduced the girl, but I'd be hesitant to conclude that the boy was 100% or 90% or even 80% guilty. I'd like to venture that when all the facts are out it will be found that at best, for the girl's sake, it will be 60% the boy's guilt and 40% the girl's. It may even be found to be an equal responsibility and guilt. And for these reasons: that sort of thing just doesn't accidentally happen. There is conversation that leads up to it, and where had their minds been for some time previously to their intercourse. Moreover, where did they commit their sin? If it was in any home or building there must have been someone nearby to whom the girl could have called, and even outdoors a couple would have to be in a most unusually isolated spot to be outside earshot of someone. Moreover, the likelihood is that the girl didn't conceive the first time they had intercourse and if they had indulged themselves a number of times it can hardly be called "forced". Now I realize, naturally enough, that the girl must pay the price and suffer the disgrace primarily. That's always the tragic part of it, but coming from the home she did, she knew much better than to yield. I'm truly sorry for her and doubt not that it was in a moment of weakness and that having once yielded it was more difficult not to yield again, and perhaps again, but that cannot be called "forced". It would be a most interesting study to go all over the thing with the girl in order that she might see the steps by which she erred, for it is easy to be deceived again in one's judgment. I'm curious to know if the girl got good grades in school and whether she was actively Christian in her witness. I've discovered as a result of the interviews I've had with people and the larger experience of men like Bonnell of Fifth Ave. Church whose lectures we attended at Princeton, that an individual's conduct is a pattern and a thing like this doesn't just spring out of nowhere. It is always the culmination of many like-deeds of smaller dimension. I've always found it so with people. And moreover, in a case like this, unless the girl is confronted with the foolish and evil steps that led up to this sin, she will continue going about saying she was "forced" and be that much further deceived about her weakness and need. The experience in the army with rape cases, and the charges are very numerous, is that upon investigation it almost always develops that while there may have been protestations yet they were weak and in the end the act was mutual. For a boy to have "forced" a girl absolutely against her will

happens only rarely, exceedingly rarely. So much for that. I'm truly sorry for the girl and for the boy too. He has a big lesson to learn too. My dear, I shall be glad to return this folder of the Youth for Christ visit to Holland but it has brought me an immense blessing. I took it right down to Yi Wun Yung and asked him as Moderator of the Presbytery to arrange for a YFC Rally in our Presbytery. There is a Y.F.C meeting going on in Taiku, the biggest one in the country, where 500 young people are gathering every Saturday night. I suggested that we have the Taiku pastor up here for a few days. By that time we could have the B.I. dormitory ready and entertain a bunch of Young People. It is a most encouraging work, so please excuse me while I take the folder to show the Taiku folks and the Seoul gang. I am leaving the day after tomorrow for our April meeting.

I am certainly delighted to hear that Talbot is returning. I wonder if he brought me a gift for naming his radio hour the B.I. Hour. I have prayed for him right along and know he will have a great story to tell. How long was he away? I wonder if he isn't pretty nearly dead from work. I can just see Mayelle, my dear, having a perfectly gorgeous time and making everybody else just as radiantly happy as he is. It's a gift, isn't it? Imagine him as a pastor. Sweetheart, you won't be able to use those Travellers Checks as checks again, so why don't you deposit them. They'll be safer in the bank. Also, it will enable us to know how able a financier you are, for when I left we had about \$600.00 in the bank and with my added monthly amount from here plus all the gifts you ought to have at least that much on hand.

My dear, I won't have you making such remarks about getting your picture taken. All that about a risk, and suffering the consequences. Never you mind, I'll take care of that. My one stipulation was that you go to a hairdressers first and have her put a nice do on your hair. You're what photographers call a "natural", you've got all the desirable and attractive things in your face already. Your eyes sparkle with a flash and light that speak life and joy, and your face has a glow of holiness that none can miss. You are God's woman, Gertrude, there's no mistaking that, and your picture will show it. I want one, for I want you always near me, your likeness at least when I can't have you yourself.

I don't believe I see the wisdom of Miss Culter going to China, but she is such a yielded soul, I doubt not that she has settled the matter on her knees. Do you think Ballentine is the man for the job? He'll have to be a big man to be half the person Miss Culter is. What leadership and faith praise the Lord for her. How rich will her reward be. We owe her a big debt of gratitude and I'll certainly send her a letter of thanks before the year is up. That is a fine outline of Don Householder's, and I love his remark that if he wasn't a Christian he'd be sorely tempted to become one. That's putting it exceedingly well.

Dear me, I've gotten so behind, having begun this letter this afternoon and in the meantime having had to stop and attend a meeting of pastors concerning questions the delegation from America will raise. And I've also had a session with Kim Taw Sun Si's wife, the male nurse over some land. So the time has gone and regrettable as it will be I won't be able to get off my weekly letter tonight. Too bad, too bad, I haven't missed in a long time, and since tomorrow night is Presbytery and I leave early the next morning for Taiku, I don't know when it will be. Yi Wun Yung has asked me to lead daybreak prayers the first morning of Presbytery and after prayer and meditation I believe the thing to do is open the whole shrine question and everything else right before them. What the outcome will be I can't say but I'm trusting the Lord with it. It needs to be done and no Korean, so far as I can see, can do it, and I'm following what to me is God's will in the matter. I have the deepest conviction that God will use it to revival. I want to sepak unsparingly but in deepest love and sympathy to the men. God bless you all, my precious, precious ones. Your devoted
Hans

Seoul, Monday Evening, April 14, 1947.

My Dearest,

This is for you, just you, in case you are tempted to show it to others. Last evening I got off a family letter to you, and strange as it may seem it was hard going, I mean that I just had to drive myself to get through it. I did it out of a sense of duty. But now I turn to my sweetheart and there is all the difference in the world. Perhaps I better explain that by "family letter" I mean the epistle to the whole Korea family rather than my own dearest precious ones. And now my darling I come to you with a greeting of love and devotion.

Now can I tell you the emotion in my heart. What wouldn't I do to learn the secret into the very depth, the deepest depths of your affections. What is it I lack, or fail to do, or do to my disadvantage? Let me quote from your letter to show you what I mean. You say, "I especially liked Mr. Dickson's honest, humble waywinning our hearts by his frank, IRISH loveableness. NO WONDER HIS WIFE ALWAYS SPEAKS WITH SUCH AFFECTIONATE TERMS "DARLING, AND PRECIOUS" ETC." There you have it. That "Irish loveableness". In the well nigh twenty years of our wedded life, I can't remember any reference to "German loveableness". Oh, but my heart is heavy. If only I had been born Scotch or Irish with loveableness. Woe is me for my ancestry. What is there left for me to do but bemoan my unloveableness. Too late for me now, I should have arranged all that by choosing Scotch or Irish parents. Or is there something I can do to overcome it, my dear. My, the thrill of ALWAYS be called "darling" or "precious". Well, its something to work up to, a goal to strive after, a delight to yet be experienced. "Honest", "humble", "loveable", yes, what a man, what a man! And IRISH. An unbeatable combination.

Here's another. You say that when Miss Shannon heard your name, Mrs. Voelkel, she looked "curiously" at you. She better change her looks or she won't be a friend of mine anymore. She better look "admiringly" or "appreciatively" or some such way at you, or it simply will not do. Just wait until your picture comes and then I'll do the looking. I'll be so glad to have it and to enjoy the inspiration of your presence.

My, but its good to have Mrs. Fletcher back, taking charge of things in the house here. It makes all the difference in the world. But, my dear, she is showing her age; she walks so carefully, taking each step deliberately, making sure she won't fall. My dear, just between us, light begins to break on the matter of the Crothers. Mrs. Fletcher mentioned that when Mrs. Crothers was asked about coming back she would give a rather undecided question answer, speaking about "next" year, so apparently they were not positive about coming back to Korea and when Hooper put it right to them their indecision opened the way for the Board to decide for them. So it goes, and above all these human factors is the throne and will of God whom we can trust with the details of our lives. Hooper in his letter simply reiterated outright the Board's action concerning Daisy without any details. It was something that was done and over with, as far as they were concerned, and that's that. I asked Daisy to share with me any reply the Board might make as to the reason why she was being dropped.

I had liberty in praying for you this evening darling, just after supper, about six o'clock. That would make it about seven o'clock in the morning there with you. May our loving Father surround you with His tender care and blessing and give you a precious day. I love you, my precious sweetheart. I trust you all keep well and that the Lord will fill your days with joy.

P.S. enclosed - gift for you all

Your devoted

Harold

Ta iku, Korea, Sunday evening, April 20, 1947.

Dearest Everybody,

John Lawrence

What a gathering of Koreaites we have just had at our Sunday evening service here in the Herb Blair house. Dr. Knox led and those present were: Lampe, Fletcher, Frazer, Lane (Australian), Crane, Campbell Mr. and Mrs., Blair, Gerda Betgman, Ned and Sue, and your humble servant. Bruce Hunt is also here and had made a previous engagement to preach in one of the churches tonight. It is a great gathering, the largest by far thus far in the country, and it would be still larger were it possible to put up people. As it is five of us are sleeping in one room, and you can imagine what the shaving facilities, etc., are for with all the crowd in one house we have just one bathroom. We are here for the Korean General Assembly. But let me go back a bit and catch up on developments. The last time I wrote you was in Seoul where I had gone for the committee meeting. I left there Tuesday evening and hoped to see George who arrived with Lowe at Chelmulpo that ~~ni~~ day, but because of delay he didn't reach the capitol before I left and I had to get away without seeing him. What a time the people are having with their baggage and freight. I remember how the boat people insisted that my stuff had to be packed in boxes. Finally they let me get by with my stuff in cartons and after arriving with it safely in tact in Andong, I wondered what all the excitement was about for everything had come through in such good shape. But now I realize their concern. It just happened (my good fortune) that we had good weather the day I arrived and enroute to Andong. The Fletchers are staying at the Holdcroft house where we all stay during the committee meetings and as Mrs. F. opened her trunks and bags she found everything soaking wet. The trunks had been left out in the rain! Mrs. F. had brought a number of things for Elsie, fine coats and dresses and she was mentioning how the things had gotten soaked. Also the boxes of others were terribly smashed and I'm waiting to hear for example how the Lampe's ice box, the electric refrigerator got through. From all I saw it was in pretty bad shape. Fletcher drove me down to the station with my 110 N.T., 30 O.T., 500 gospels, and other baggage. I arrived at Taiku at 3.50 A.M. and got up to the barracks to get a hour and a half's sleep. Now we are in the midst of the General Assembly. It is a much smaller gathering of course in comparison with the big G.A. we used to have before the war when the delegates from the whole country were on hand. It is good to see a lot of the men whom we haven't seen from before the war. My but how they've aged. They elected Yi Ch^{ik} the new moderator, a Korean well trained in the rules of the church and he is doing a good job of moderating. This afternoon was a memorial service for the martyrs of the church and it was an impressive occasion. The meeting lasted two full hours and told of the experiences of different ones. They chose three martyrs, an elder, a pastor, and a helper, one each of three classes and gave the details of their experiences. They made reference of course to Herb Blair, and in wishing to refer to Lloyd Henderson, got mixed up and presented as a missionary who died in Manchuria, the Rev. Tom Cook. I'm sure it will be a surprise for Tom Cook to learn that he is a martyr who perished in Manchuria, but it illustrates how easy it is to get confused on the facts. Now a word about your last letters, for two of them went up to Andong, and when I arrived here I called up by 'phone and asked them to send my mail down here again, and how good it was to hear from you with all the good Easter data. Sally Lou's going up to S. Hollywood reminds me of our hurrying up last year to get out there only to wait about an hour for them to get breakfast ready. Of course it was a breakfast worth waiting for. I hope Sally, that you took Mother's suggestion and mine that you have the members of the quartette call for you for it is most inconvenient for you to have to take busses and cars up there. Did I write you Gertrude that the package with the electric light arrived, It also had the thin, onion skin paper and the carbon paper. Thanks for both they are very welcome and cannot be purchased out here. Now let me tell you the condition of things when they arrived. The light you'll remember was packaged in a shoe box padded with wash cloths. The shoe box was inside a metal waste paper basket. Well, despite the fact that that metal waste basket was padded with pieces of cloth it was bent out of shape and a sad sight. Imagine how this stuff is crushed and tossed about. Fortunately the electric bulb came through in good shape and I paid it back to Ned who had previously let me have a 150 watt bulb for my room in Andong. The recent arrival is now brilliantly lighting up this living room of the Herb Blair home. Please send me light bulbs, the bigger the better each time you send a package. They are simply not to be secured from army sources and the Korean ones are terrifically expensive and of no particular value. I plan to leave for Andong on

Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning.

15
to be sent up to you today (Kang)

Lawrence

Taiku, April 22, 1947.

My Dearest,

My, what a joy this is to have a little time with you, in my thoughts, if not actually in one another's presence. I feel as though I've let you get too far out of things during these busy days of General Assembly, with meetings day and night and teas and all the other goings on. But now the G.A. is over, the missionaries have almost all left and I have an evening to myself. Ned Adams is showing some of his pictures to a group gathered in the Blair house where the Adams, the Campbells, Edna Lawrence, and Gerda Begman are all bunking. What a crowded household, but during the Assembly there were SEVEN additional beds there, five in one room! One night I slept in the same room with Fletcher, Lampe, Lane (Australian), Frazer (Canadian). Imagine what shaving and bathroom facilities mean, aside from the variety of snores. All but two nights I squeezed into this B.I. dormitory where I usually stay when visiting Taiku.

Well, today George came. He arrived from Andong at 8 this morning, so you can imagine what time he left. He remarked that ~~they~~ ^{the Seoul people - bus, photos, etc.} were quite puzzled with his plan of travelling from Seoul to Andong. He left Seoul at five in the evening last Saturday! Imagine that. He drove until late and then slept in the jeep! and arrived in Mun Kyung Oop in time for church Sunday morning. Of course staid old Rhodes, routine as he is, would gasp at such a plan. I'm delayed because of a cold. I was down to see the doctor this noon and he gave me sulfa and told me not to drive to Andong for sulfa affects the vision. Think of this, I took 6 sulfa and 12 other pills all at once, a total of 18 pills. George says I am now a "pill box". But I feel better already and I don't doubt in the least it is going to fix me up in a hurry. And in the meantime I'm taking the rest in my stride, really enjoying it. Blair left for his trip to Pyeng Yang. I took him down to the train last night, and I must confess I had some misgivings, for he looked to me like a sick man. Truly I wondered if he'd be able to make it. I urged Bruce to write Kathy quite frankly about her father's condition and he said he did. With Blair gone I have this room to myself and as I say I'm enjoying the quiet. One of Blair's books is a collection of O. Henry stories. I'm sure you've enjoyed O. Henry's things, because they are clean and really good. Now my darling, listen to something that I trust you will do immediately, and in doing it give yourself considerable amusement. Were it possible for me to do so I would like nothing better than to read the story to you, A HARLEM TRAGEDY. Now my precious Gertrude, please go at once to the library, get a book of O. Henry's stories and read A HARLEM TRAGEDY at once, and I know you will roar all through it and think of me. And also, on the quiet, just give a little thought to the "precious" man with the "loveable" Irish accent. I know you'll think of him when you read the story. Promise me you will. I'll be disappointed, if you don't.

Would that I could write, and if I could, I would put into a story the thrill it is to open a package from you. One came today, the one containing the leather picture frames, the dictionary, and the shoe polish. Thanks thrice, a separate thanks for each of the three items. I'm delighted with them. And can't wait until I get to Andong to get the family safely into the new frames. With a covering it will be unnecessary to put you all under cover at night, to protect you from the soot that rises with the building of the morning fire. I really used to lay you all down to sleep, and then happily wake you up each morning and set you in your place for the day on my desk, to be admired and adored. How blessed I am in you.

George looks well after his voyage of 36 days. I'll be going over that a bit in my next weekly letter and I'll have more information from him. As yet all I've gotten is what he's talked over at the table. He has a jeep and trailer with him, a new one. He came down today hoping to meet Lowe who is coming down with the freight, like I did, only he is coming on a freight train. Why in the world he is doing that I can't imagine, for it was bad enough riding in the baggage car of an express train. More thrilling experiences to write up. Well, I got away from the thrill of opening up the package with all the nice things, pieces of cloth you've bought for the Koreans and also the precious overalls, slippers, etc. that I recognize as having put on, taken off, and put through the wash, time and time again.. Its almost like handing the children themselves. Precious dears, How I long for you all. I had some good, heart to heart chats with Bruce. I believe he's mellowed a bit, really I do, and he misses his brood, like I do mine. And Kathy isn't getting near the income that we are either. Bruce is a fine fellow and God is using him here. He's following a terrific schedule, speaking as often as five times a day. He held seven country class of six days each in two months. Well, I could never do anything like that. But I can tell you that I love you, for you are my precious sweetheart. *Frank*

Address: Harold Voelkel (Civ Presbyterian Mission) 71 M. G. Co., Det. 3,
A.P.O. 6 - 1, 1/2 P.M., San Francisco, California.

Dearest Everybody,

Andong, Sun Eve April 27, 1947.

My, but its good to get to the typewriter in my own room and pound out a letter to you all. Its been an awfully long time away from home this trip with the Committee meeting in Seoul and the General Assembly in Taiku, and then I was delayed a few days with a cold in the throat. The army doctor gave me sulfadiazene to eat and after getting up at 2 in the morning to maintain the schedule and drinking gallons of water, he acknowledged the stuff hadn't done my condition any good and that "it would probably clear up spontaneously!" Its much better and I expect it to disappear soon now. It was a "dust" cold, an irritation of the throat from too much dust. I think I got it while going through the remains of the C.L.S. stock in their basement while in Seoul. The bins had not been dusted for years and I realized at the time that I was inhaling a lot of dust into my throat. What a contrast the General Assembly was to previous gatherings; not only fewer in numbers but the general level was much lower, not the ready response and the challenging of the different items. For one thing Kim Kwan Sik who is now in America, who was a collaborator during the war, has been made Chong Moo, General (or Executive) Secretary of the General Assembly at a salary of 4,000.00 yen a month. Now of course there is no such thing in a Presbyterian set-up as a General Secretary, and yet they voted the whole thing through without a word. They took action, quite wisely I felt, outlawing ~~KK&M~~ pastors from holding political jobs. That is both at the same time. Many of the men have become Myun Changs or members of the National Legislature, like our local Andong man, and held on to their pastorates, drawing their salaries, and giving the churches absent treatment. Over fifty students of the new Seoul Seminary sent in a petition to the Assembly complaining of the teaching given by a number of the professors, accusing them of ~~of~~moderism. The Assembly appointed a committee to investigate including 2 missionaries, Rhodes and Knox. The president of the Seminary, Song, my roommate of a year in Princeton, is on the griddle and when I asked him about it, he replied that the 50. pr. protestors were "Communists!" Quite an answer. Ned Adams led the devotion each morning and did an excellent job. I had to leave early from our Andong Presbytery, and I heard today that Kim Yong Oak, the former old local pastor began advocating the approval of smoking by Christians before the Presbytery but was howled down by the young people. When he arose the second time Yi Wun Yung, the Moderator, denied him the right of the floor and the old fellow left in a huff, walking right out of the meeting.****This liquor drinking by the young fellows in the army is an awful curse, and I'm hoping that something that happened while I was in Taiku will bring some regulative action. A group of enlisted men got into a fight and one sargent decided to settle things drastically by going to his room and getting his gun. He was drunk and another sargeant who was also drunk attempted to stop him from shooting anyone and in the attempt was shot and killed himself. This happened while I was in Taiku and didn't seem to cause too much consternation.***While we were sitting at breakfast (the missionaries in Taiku plus the General Assembly delegates made such a bunch we ate at second table) in walked George Adams from Andong. He ~~let~~ at four that morning! And his mission was to be on hand for Lowe who was coming from Seoul with the freight. Lowe was in a freight car. You'll remember I came down with the freight in a passenger train baggage car, but this time it was a freight train. And the fellow was 48 hours enroute and just about froze. He had George's, Edna Lawrence's, and his own, and it just about filled a freight car. However, much of the stuff was medical supplies he was bringing for the hospital. John Talmage had come as far as Taiden in a neighboring car with the Southern Presbyterians freight. They ~~XXXXXX~~ ate army rations for the 48 hours they were enroute and had an unforgettable experience, I'm sure. Dr. Blair left Taiku while I was there for his trip to Pyeng Yang, having secured permission, you'll remember from the Russian Commander for the visit. I haven't heard anything to the contrary so I take it he got off from Seoul O.K. the first missionary to get through the Russian lines. He'll have much to tell, I know.

Please send me about 4 flashlight batteries, small ones, about an inch in diameter + about 1 3/4" long.

Yesterday, Saturday, I started out with Yi Wun Yung and 2 B.I. students for a trip to four churches, Sam Bun, An Gay, Te Suh, and Pak Kok. On the way we met one of the local jeeps that had mail for me. My, what a mail, a wonderful handful of letters, two from you, and among others one from J.Y. (Crothers) and Marjorie Erman Tarbet. Thank you a million, Gertrude, for the long, detailed, interesting, and happy letters. Praise God for all His goodness to us. I don't know anything additional that I could ask for than the good reports that fill your letters. How good, how very good the Lord is to us, and I rejoice in Him with a full heart. I'll have to acknowledge I enjoyed the circular letter of extracts from my own letters, and I think it will help many understand the situation out here more clearly. And what enclosures. Teddy, I'm going to get a letter off personally to you right away. Now yesterday being the 26th of April was somebody's birthday, yes Haba's. Big man, he's five years old already. I'll have to save up the pinks until he gets out here. I'll be waiting to hear about the party. My, what an improvement these leather frames are for the pictures of the children on my desk, the one of the four, and the one of S.L. And now one of my wife is coming. Can you get me a little leather frame for that too. George has a beautiful picture of Margaret in a gilt frame. Gertrude there is no air mail from Korea to China and your letter will have to go back to America. In fact there isn't any mail at all to anyplace excepting through the American post office in the good old U.S.A. So sorry. Now let me tell you about this wonderful letter from the Crothers telling of the Board's reconsideration of their assignment. There isn't any definite word but at least they are thinking it over and I sincerely trust that the next letter will bring word that the openers-up of this station will be on hand again. If that won't be something after all the discussion back and forth at the last Committee meeting because of the word from the Board that the Crothers were not coming. Finally we assigned the Hills here, but if the C.'s are returning the Hills, I imagine, will go back to Chung Ju. Today out in the country I took destiny by the horns and in confidence of the Lord's leading told the people as they enquired that Kwun Moksa would probably be coming back in a couple months. So there you are, don't let me down.

What a reception I had upon my return here from Taiku. Yi Poke Chew prepared me by saying that "many, many" packages had arrived, and what a feeling it always is to receive and open and then pass on for distribution the things you send. Here is a report of the many, many, 8 from Gertrude, 3 from Crothers, one each from the Baughs, Daisy, and Mary Creswell. And what loot! Gertrude, yours were all the cloth yardage, to be made into garments; the Baughs were dress material and girl's clothing; Daisy's were old clothes, wash cloths, child's shoes, etc.; and the Crothers were food, pencils, note books, flashlight, etc. But throughout the C.'s packages were elbow macaronis. Several packages of the macs, wrapped in cellophane went to pieces in each carton so there were macs in everything. A box of raisins opened and it was such a jumble I gave the loose macs to Pak Si for her family to enjoy. The individual cocoa ready to serve were scattered all through and a pair of shoe laces had an unusual sheen! How this stuff is shaken up on the way out here. I took one bundle of the material out to Chung Kay Wun, the young fellow who remained true and got a jail sentence of a year. He has four boys and a meagre salary as a helper and I know he'll be able to use the stuff. Mary Creswell's package had a number of girl's sweaters and coats, so I took them over to the girls in the B.I. and how their eyes sparkled. Stuff from America is like clothing from a dream world. Oh, yes I mustn't forget to tell you about Chey Sang Jin, the stout pastor whom almost all of helped get through seminary and then when he graduated he up and left the territory, taking a church in Syen Chun. Do you remember? Well, he's back, with his hide and not much more from Manchuria. All smiles as usual, and today (he's taken over the Tori Wun and Te Suh churches) when he bemoaned the loss of his watch Yi Wun Yung replied, "Having your life, be thankful". Here's a little contrast in salaries; Chey gets a thousand yen a month and two mal of rice, the new pastor of the big church in Yung Ju gets ten thousand a month.

*John, looking
same the hair of page one. I'm getting off a details answer to your wonderful, precious letters.
Kwun*

Andong, Monday evening, April 28, 1947.

My dearest,

With the weekly letter off my chest, that is the one that makes the rounds, I can open up to you in that freedom and joy which is impossible to any except my precious Gertrude. What a dear you are, and how beautifully you do everything. I have in mind now the eight packages I mentioned in the letter yesterday. My dear, how interesting it is to compare your packages with the others, or rather to compare them with yours. Yours are not only neatly done but the contents show that same care and generosity. Really, some of the things the people send are hardly worth the postage, and I often feel that if they had a deep love for the Koreans they would send things more worth while. But your packages, what really presentable gifts they bring, and how useful they will be to the Koreans. Time, effort, and money have gone into them. And its just like you. I get an inspiration each time I open one of your packages. Some of your heart has gone into each one. Thank you my dearest one, and the Lord make up to you for all the time and strength that has gone into the purchase, packing and mailing of the things. It is indeed a labor of love.

Now I turn to your letters, two of them that one of the officers gave me on the road to Taiku. With Yi Wun Yung I was starting out for Tori Wun territory. Really, the news letter is a good job, excellent, I should say, and it becomes news to me to read it after the passing of weeks. I hope I'm not beginning to get proud over them. I'm realizing now with the settling down of things that they were unusual experiences. With the arrival of the group in Taiku and George coming here it is almost like the old days. **Now a big congratulation to Haba, (not Harold) dear me I like Haba still, and think of my dear little man in that term. But as you write he is getting big, of course he is, growing and becoming quite the big fellow. May God bless him in the new year of his life. I pray for you all daily, as you surely know, and each days brings its developments to each life. Gertrude, don't be so tight on the matter of a wagon. Dear me, loosen up and buy them one. Take some of those gifts that friends give you and invest in a good wagon, nothing cheap mind you, a good, strong one for the two younger fry. I thought you would have done it long since. We owe it to them, for they are good kids and we have spent a minimum on them, it seems to me. Go ahead, and be sure it isn't cheap, but a sturdy one. Yes, my dear I laughed to on the news of Danny's father's occupation. I can imagine that Danny finds another name for his father's job. The nature of it would make a separation of some DISTANCE desirable, although it isn't satisfactory in a family to have the father established in a separate residence. I think I'll let the details go, the barest generality is sufficient for me. "Dates are continuing to come and I love to accept them", you write. Well, apparently you do love them. Gertrude, are the children getting enough to eat? I don't know, if either of the girls are with them, I'd be content, I believe, but letting them go frequently faring for themselves is something I'd hesitate to do. It isn't worth it, I don't believe, and two nights in a row, with their playing outdoors after having eaten a five o'clock supper, is something I think very much about before deciding. But I leave it with you, for I know there isn't a more devoted mother in the world than you. Its just knowing when to say "No" to the requests that come in. You write, "You will feel better when I tell you a lady phoned that a car would call for me to make that long trip to La Crescenta". Yes, my dear I feel better, but I believe I'd feel best if you assured me that you will make no trips if the people don't call for you. Make that a rule, for people have cars and they must learn that your family responsibilities will not permit you to spend the time and energy waiting and riding on street cars. Yes, Cal and Judy are the biggest hearted people and God will reward them for their kindness. Its most thoughtful of Judy to get your watch fixed for you. I'm grateful for the news of the suit Mr. Mc Glone is sending. I think I've got the fellow in mind who needs it and I'll be waiting for the package. It is kind indeed of that dear, precious old Mr. Noll to give you money for gifts for the Koreans. Bless his heart. I'm grateful to God for the old brother's prayers. I trust I may be

more worthy of his confidence and prayers. I KNOW he's faithful in remembering me. I am happy indeed to know that the proofs of the photo has come, THE PHOTO your dear likeness. I'll be waiting for the wallet size and I'll have it in my wallet always, but of course I'll be on the alert for the larger size to have on my desk to remind me constantly of your sweet self. May God grant that it not be too long before we are together. Precious day. Glad to hear that Jack could take in the "Sporting show" whatever that is, and I'm looking for his letter to tell me all about it. Dear me, Gertrude, the "personal contacts" for the Knox group, on top of everything else, as you say, is almost too much. Yes, indeed, I remember the lame man, the Jew, across the street with whom I had a chat of two while watering our lawn. I recall when I discussed spiritual things with him that he had all kinds of difficulties, but he didn't appreciate what I said, as I remember the discussion, that the cause of all difficulties is sin. He could N't appreciate that. Now my dearest, it amuses me the way you say that I would be interested to know of all the people who ask about me. Yes, I certainly would be "interested", and it will just delight me to have you mention them by name or identify them somehow. Remember that if they request you to remember them, it doesn't get across to me to mention that "many" asked to be remembered, does it? Poor me out here wishing so hard to be remembered and then not getting the people's names. Will you please tell the lame Jewish neighbor that it was a pleasure indeed to have him send a greeting to me through you. Had I been invited to Kim's 10 year celebration, I'm afraid I would have ^{had} to remark, had I been asked my sentiments, that the pastorate has been too long. It hasn't been easy, I know full well, but the man has made basic mistakes, and hasn't as yet learned the lesson he needed to know at the beginning of his ministry, that of discipline. I'm sure pleased to know how much fun Sally Lou is getting out of the quartette practice meetings. That of course will be a lot of fun. And what a coincidence that one of the fellows should be the son of Vett's Biola friends. The next time Mc Gaha injects himself into the car when he shouldn't, just throw him out. Men need to be taught those things, you know. God for Ted, and his desire to send me a letter all his own, even addressing the envelope. Good boy, Ted. You can do it, I'm sure. The postal card enclosed from Helen Henderson about Berkely doesn't sound so hopeful, but between us, just between us, I feel it in my bones that something is going to turn up. It is all to the good that good old E.H. Miller is chairman of the committee and I know "Aunt Mattie", (Mrs. E.H.) is a friend of yours, an admiring friend, as almost all are who know you. Just wait a little while and you'll hear of a cancellation that will mean that you walk right into it. I'm reading in the Psalms in my devotions and at a number of passages I find notations about praying for a house for you when I first came to L.A., not knowing where in the world I could get a furnished house to rent. Then 1200 W. 30 turned up. By the same passages I have a notation that a year ago I was praying for a house for you, and the Lord sent Ann so that you could stay on. Now I'm writing in a third appropriation of the promise for a house for you for next year, and the Lord Jesus Who has been faithful in the past will once again prove his faithfulness, I know. Praise His Name. Praise the Lord for the request for booklets from Montreal, May the Lord extend and bless their ministry. Now sweetheart here is your letter of April 17th, which arrived this evening. It brings the news of the congregational dinner at Vermont with yourself basking not in an relected glory, but in your own devotion to the Lord Jesus. Well, good work for the close-up, knitting. I'm sorry that I can't remember it. I'd love to see it and will keep that in mind when we get together with the Vermonters sometime. Good for Jack playing second base, and after all loosing by one point isn't bad. Don't feel too sad over that Jack. I'm sure you had a good time playing. Its lots of fun, isn't it? Yes, Gertrude, the Lord will work out the Mt. Hermon or substitute plan, I know. What decisions you have to make, and all by yourself too. I'd like to suggest that you go easy on getting things for Korea, for there will be plenty of time for that and things are going to get cheaper and better, and anything you buy now you'll have to carry around until you sail, and that will be sometime yet, I know. Daisy's letter from the Board just about knocked her out, I know. The Board was adamant wasn't it, and gave her no satisfaction. God will lead her, I know. Dearest, dearest love, *Stan*

Seoul, May 7, 1947

My Dearest,

Yesterday I got two letters from you, both waiting in Taiku when I arrived. Gertrude, I don't know anything you have ever written to me that affected me more deeply. It seems to me you go to the depths in an appreciation of the wonder of our love. My heart responds in fullest gratitude to God for the years He has given us together and the joy that filled those years, and the promises of continuing depths and heights of joy and fellowship in the years ahead. You overwhelm me, sweetheart, with the kind things you say about me; things that I hardly recognize as appropriate to my inconsistent life. I find so much arising out of memory for which I am sorry, so many things I wish I could erase. I know I must have grieved you often. I am just not worthy of you Gertrude, and it seems all the more startling to get this word from you with so many expressions of delight in me. For the depth of your affection for me and your joy in me I praise God. It is His grace, His work in our hearts, binding us together in such a holy love and devotion. I have your picture before me as I write. It is beautiful. It is an inspiration. I happened to open the letter containing it at the table in Taiku around which the missionaries were sitting, so I passed it right around for inspection. My remark about the picture to them was, "There is peace in that heart". Yes, my precious love, your face speaks a message of peace, God's peace. Oh how blessed I am with a life-partner like you. How little I have appreciated you and how poorly I have shown my appreciation of life with you. Thank you for the picture. Yes, I suppose I would have urged you to give your hair a little extra attention, but as you say it is "sweet simplicity"; it is you dear with the glow of God streaming from your face.

I am afraid that the rush of each day's activity keeps me from understanding the tremendous responsibility of the family's oversight, the constancy of each day's load. What real hard work it calls for, real physical energy, and quick resourcefulness too. I'm awfully sorry that I can't be in both places, for I know I have an obligation to the children and to you, and yet it is God's will for me to be here and we simply trust Him to compensate in His own wonderful and blessed way for this absence from the children and you. I miss you more than I can say, and yet my yearning for you all is not to be compared with the extra burden on you that my absence creates. The world could misunderstand our motives and condemn our actions, the breaking up of the family unity, but we look to God and trust Him to overrule it all to His glory and the good of each one of us and we know absolutely that he will. Unfortunately you must bear the brunt of it, and may God in His mercy reward you that much more richly for your sacrificial labors. How precious of you never to complain or murmur, but not only that but on the other hand to constantly reveal such a rejoicing day by day. It is His grace, a miracle of grace.

In Taiku I met Dr. Blair fresh from Pyeng Yang and thrilled to the depths of my heart over his experiences there. You will be getting a mimeographed report from his wife, but I do want to include here the fact that the Russians gave him the freedom of the city, providing him with a jeep and a Korean chauffeur. He visited the Seminary each day for five days, on the Sunday there spoke in 9 churches briefly in the morning, and in the afternoon spoke before a gathering of 15,000 people that had gathered to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the REVIVAL. How miraculous that he should have been there that Sunday. They are meeting for a month of daybreak prayers all over the city, calling upon God for another revival like that. Praise God. The Sem has 174 students and the Womens' Higher B.I. (Sem) has 91. There are now 50 Protestant churches in I.Y. and all doing well. The Christians said Blair's presence was like an angel from Heaven. How marvelously God led in that visit. Yes, dear, the revival is on the way.

Your devoted,
Frank

B. See with more soon.

Harold Voellel (Civ. Presbyterian Mission) 71 M.G. Co., Det 3, 7 P.S.
San Francisco, California.

Seoul, May 11, '47.

Dearest Family,

It is a beautiful Spring day in the Capitol. We finished our Committee business late last night and I am more than grateful for this day of rest. Committee meetings are most exhausting I find, the constant sitting around a table from morning until night, day after day. But the real endurance contest lies ahead, in July, when the Deputation arrives from America to spend the month in one grand series of conferences. Together with the heat and the rainy season it will be almost as bad the marathon race in Boston recently won by a Korean. Incidentally, since that victory the streets here are filled with boys and men practicing for the next marathon race! I arrived here Tuesday morning on the G.I. train. How things are improving. Now we have two G.I. trains each way daily from Pusan to Seoul entirely for Americans. There were four sleeping cars and two baggage cars; with only 50 some passengers there was plenty of room. And this is all free to us; we are guests of the government. That morning the Christian Lit. Society was reorganized. I was one of the mission's representatives and it was a historic gathering. Nam Gung was elected president, and we hope now that they can get under way for there is a desperate need for literature, as you can understand. But with a shortage of paper there isn't any immediate prospect of tracts or books. That afternoon our EX. Com. meeting got under way and the big item is the survey, the preparation for the Deputation's visit. The particular news for Andong was the lack of any assurance from the Crothers of their reappointment to Korea. I thought sure and had been fully expecting word that the Board had reversed its decision, but J.Y.'s letter indicated that Reishauer, the Korea secretary was unable to persuade the Ex. Council into changing its position, and until that is done no appeal will reach the Board meeting. It is the desire of our Com. here to keep the former mission members who are in the M.G. here informed and we had decided a month ago to have a get-together with them. As soon as that was mentioned Ethel Underwood as you can readily imagine seized upon the opportunity and made a luncheon party out of it. Our whole committee and everybody past & present in the mission was invited and we had an outdoor luncheon at the Underwoods and the yard was beautiful, absolutely at its best. There was a pergola, wisteria, lilacs, tulips, just everything in bloom. Even a few roses. And Ethel served us a scrumptious lunch, after which we gathered in their library for the meeting. It was like old times. Dr. Blair led devotions, we sang a number of hymns and got down to a discussion of the questions of the future work of the mission, the number of workers to ask for, etc. etc. With the country divided and the impossibility of knowing when the north will open up and when we'll be able to reestablish medical work, etc., all these things can occupy hours of time. Major Lord, now Commissioner, of the Salvation Army and his wife are back. They lost two sons in the war. The Ned Adams and Campbells stayed at Under. Gerda Bergman & Edna Lawrence stayed with the Gensos in the Pieter's house. The Lutzs, young Horance Under. and the group from the Holdcroft house made up the gathering. My, but what a lot of thieving is going on. Relatively my hat and coat last Fall is negligible. Ned was down in Pusan trying to trace 10 boxes of groceries that have gone astray. He got out of his jeep turned around & in almost no time discovered his two cameras, very valuable ones, and a brief case with Korean and American Bibles were gone. Gerda Bergman left her purse containing her passport and ~~\$15.00~~ \$15.00 in the railroad car & upon inquiry could not find it. The Lutz lost two weeks wash which had just been brought in from the line. Somebody took it from the kitchen. While the Gensos were out one evening some boys threw some stones through windows unlocked the doors and got off with various items. The Seventh Day Adventist had some nocturnal visitors who specialized in new mens' suits just from America, Some had not even been worn. One needs to be careful!!!

What wonderful things we are privileged to see these days. A couple months ago when Blair suggested to the Com. that he attempt a trip north to Pyeng Yang we all thought it fantastic and I feel safe in saying that to a man we were ~~impatient~~ impatient with him and secretly hoped Fletcher would not give him permission to go on medical grounds. I was with Blair when he went over to the head chaplain to find out about sending a letter of application for the visit to the Russian general in the north. Such a letter would of course have to go through Gen'l Hodge the American commander here and the chaplain told us that Hodge would not allow a catholic missionary some months ago to send a letter to the Russians. The chaplain told Blair everything but "no", but Blair kept at it and we more or less smiled at his persistence in laboriously working out a letter, just the exact thing to say, to the Russian Commander. To our great surprise the Russian granted Blair permission, and even then we thought it was a ruse to get Blair into trouble or to find out through Blair who the Christian leaders were in P.Y. and make trouble for them. Moreover Blair hadn't been well. But as the time neared Blair improved and when the day came for the American train, a special train, to leave Seoul Blair was right there in good physical condition. What a trip he had. It thrills us the more we think of it. The Russians accorded him every privilege, asked him what he wanted to do, said he could do it, and supplied a car and a Korean chauffeur for him to see anything and anyone he wanted to the six days he was there. He visited the seminary every day for four days, spoke to them at the chapel periods, and got around to the compound to find that Moffett's house, Mowry's, Bairds, and the Blair's, the old houses had been torn down. What experiences he had. He walked up to the garden of his home and found his outside man who had been with them for years and years working away as usual. When the Korean saw him he about ~~switted~~ fainted. And why not? On Sunday Blair visited 9 churches and whether it was S.S. or the regular service they'd stop and let him speak, and he'd continue on. And to climax it all, on Sunday afternoon a great rally had been arranged part of a month's program to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the great Pyeng Yang revival. Imagine the thoughts of the people when they saw Blair mount the platform built outdoors in back of the Central church where that revival started. Blair is the only man among the missionaries in Korea, and aside from Father and Bernheisel, the only man alive who had a part in that great work. How Providential that at this Anniversary gathering planned previously Blair, of all men should appear. The Koreans estimated the crowd to be 20,000 people; Blair says there were 15,000 anyway, and before the throng he told what he had seen at the original revival when the Spirit of God fell and brought conviction and brokenness to a great congregation of people. After the sermon the leaders suggested that everyone pray and they did, all praying audibly, and Blair says the volume of voices must have been heard all over the city. It was a union meeting of the churches of P.Y., a part of a month's special prayer meetings. For two weeks the congregations had been meeting daily at day break for prayer and they had 2 weeks to go. Today is that second week and what happened here today, do you think. Han Kyung Gik the pastor of the new church here that is composed of refugees from the north had an outdoor meeting and Han asked Blair to speak. I agreed to drive Blair out to the service and we found over 3,000 people there, one congregation mind you. How the people clamored for Blair and the Campbells and Olga Johnson before the meeting, people who had known them up north. Blair preached telling them of his meeting 2 weeks ago in P.Y. and urging these northerners to pray, to join with others interceding for revival. If only I could send you pictures of the bunches of people grouped around the missionaries renewing their friendships. Almost dramatically, after the meeting Kil, famous Kil moksa's son arrived, just in from the north looking for his family. He had been in jail for a year at the hands of the Reds in Manchuria, had lost contact with

his family & has escaped down here.

P.S. Please take the envelope. I'll get further word if soon.

Livingly, Howard

May 11. Seoul.

In Taiku on my way up here I met Dr. Blair who was just back from a five day trip to Pyeng Yang, in north Korea. The Russians gave him the freedom of the city where he had lived forty years, and even provided him a car and a Korean chauffeur. He visited the Theological Seminary speaking to the 174 students there, and the Womens Higher Bible school with its 91 students. On Sunday he spoke at each of nine churches in the morning, and in the afternoon addressed an open-air gathering of over 15,000 Christians who were commemorating the 40th anniversary of the great revival of 1907. How miraculous that he should have been there for that occasion, for he had been an active leader in the revival, as he has recorded in his recent book, "Gold in Korea". He spoke of what he had witnessed at the time when the Spirit of God fell in convicting power and repentance upon great congregations of people. After the message it was suggested that all pray together audibly and in concert, a volume of voices that must have been heard all over the city. For two weeks all the 50 Protestant churches of PyengYang had been meeting for daybreak prayermeetings and at this special union gathering the offering was given for the purpose of rebuilding the First Methodist church that had burned. The Christians are calling upon God for another revival like the one that was given before. They said Dr. Blair's presence among them was like an angel from heaven. How marvellously God led in that visit! Yes, revival is on the way.

May 31. Andong.

This Detachment has been cut from 60 to 7 men, and in the near future there may be no one left at all. Two of our missionary homes are now vacant, but considerable repairs will have to be made to make them ready for occupancy. Permission has been granted by General Hodge himself for the necessary rehabilitation. Its a long process and for the present all conditions indicate delay and patience in the matter of families coming out. George Adams and I are occupying the Adams house. We understand that Rev. and Mrs. Harry Hill have sailed and will soon be arriving for work in Andong.

I have good news about my books. I had 800 volumes on my list and was told all had been burned by the Japanese. Now the word is that all standard works were given to Seoul University, and there I found a number of my books and some of the Swallens', and I brought home a carton full. They are letting us have them all back again.

To my delight the Board took action to print 5,000 copies each of Father Swallen's Old Testament History and the Life of Christ, for use in our Bible Institutes. I'm sure it will be a joy to Father to know that his ministry continues fruitful. I brought down from Seoul 644 gospels for distribution; they went like hotcakes. The Old and New Testaments created a stampede, for the demand far exceeds the supply. It is distressing to have to tell so many that we dont have any more Bibles. I wrote of the great need for the Scriptures to the American Bible Society; they have printed and sent out thousands of copies to Korea, but many more thousands are desperately needed.

We've just finished a great four days of a Youth-for-Christ conference in Andong. I'm grateful to God for answered prayer. We had good weather, even a full moon, and from 71 churches there were 350 young people who came. The guest speaker, who has spent eight years in America gave messages on Romans, solid sermons with the truth excellantly arranged and presented with clarity. The church was filled to overflowing and the daily daybreak prayermeetings continued from 5:00 for almost two hours, with messages on the Holy Spirit. All that is needed is the breath of God upon us in overwhelming power. And that is the result of prayer.

Seoul, May 11, 1947.

My Dearest Gertrude,

I have your picture before me, precious, it is leaning against the flower vase holding tulips. Mrs. Fletcher's touch is in evidence in so many things around the house. Darling, your love letter with its message to my heart still has me in its grip. I read it and kiss your picture, and praise God for the joy and privilege of our love. Its seven o'clock in the evening, about the time you are getting into the day, and I trust this Lord's Day will be one of blessing and fruitfulness to you.

What wonderful grades you report for Sally and Jack. Sally's were written separately on a slip of paper and I have loved just letting folks glance at it as they near the table on which I'm working. What a record, all A's. I'm so proud of our precious Skooks, and her work is all the more remarkable in view of the tremendous schedule she is carrying. And Jack's grades are great too. Only two B's and the rest all A's. First thing we know he'll be having straight A's too. I must be getting separate letters off to my precious dears soon. Teddy's report disappoints, mainly because his "application" and "dependability" and "courtesy" have gone down. Also "initiative", in all these items he has gone back and naturally his grades in almost every subject are poorer, very much poorer. As I say I am greatly disappointed and I shall be expecting to have him improve his conduct immediately and his subjects accordingly. And that Haba can recite the 23rd and 1st Psalms and will soon be able to do the 121st too pleases me very, very greatly.

I got a letter from the Hills and will answer it tomorrow. I'll put in a carbon for you. The big munjays now is getting a house fixed up. The M.G. has been awfully slow in getting one in order and of course until they do that we can't have any wife in the station. I'm curious to know who told you that Olga Johnson would be going to Ahdong, for she is slated for Taikun and for the present is in Seoul because as yet there is no single woman at all here. Yes, Bigger was here the other day; he is back under the M.G. He and Dr. Wilson, South. Presby. were starting out on a trip around the country in behalf of leper work. Your reference to strawberries reminds me of the lunch we had at the outdoor church service this morning. They had everything and it was tasty, until the hostess took the lid off the "vegetable" box. The aroma seemed to come up and wring my nose. I'm happy to know that Fred at Burris' sent his greeting. Give him my best regards, if you will. How nice it is that our kind friends think of our children. Now Skooks gets a trip to the mountains and a ride to Arrowhead too. I'm certainly thankful to know that the Hills are bringing a piano. It will be the first one to arrive. So many of the things the Campbells and Mrs. Lampe brought, or rather thought they were bringing, never got on the boat. I'll have some suggestions for Harry Hill. Your reference to the House of Rest leads me to mention that I am praying hard for your apartment at Berkeley next year. May the Lord reveal His glory in providing a home for you and the children next year. My, but I have liberty in praying for a home for you for it seems to have been my regular annual business each Fall. I have so many notations in my Bible, as I mentioned before, beside verses, prayer promises, that were fulfilled in your coming to L.A. and then in the arrangement that brought Ann to us. God is so good to us, isn't He? How generous of the Dixons to give Jack several shirts and two pairs of cords. Praise His Name. Yes, my dear, teaching Genesis in one lesson is quite a sweep. Cal Duncan is right behind us, isn't he? I'm glad you could take part in the Mission's Emphasis meeting. You didn't mention the letter he quoted liberally from. Its pretty hard to make any suggestion for the Spybe for things to send Yi, *Love I mean.*

My dear, how interesting it is for me to see our Skooks handling those quartette heroes and bringing them the victory. Of course they appreciate her and see the superior musical knowledge. What a gift our daughter has of making people do things without realizing that she is making them do it. Its all wonderful experience, and by the time she gets to college she'll be able to "lead" a quartette!

Praise God for the missionary service at C.O.D. and the large number of young people who volunteered. It takes me back to the Moody days when I walked up the aisle myself. The other day Mrs. Fletcher was telling of an experience in Yokohama. They had visited the Gospel meeting ~~there~~ there of G.I.'s, and found the G.I.'s remarking about the "kinds" of missionaries. After chatting with Mrs. F. and Gerda Bergman, the G.I.'s said that they were "good" missionaries. Further comment was that the G.I.'s hadn't seen any evangelistic zeal on the part of the missionaries they had contacted there and therefore about 38 G.I.'s had already decided that they must get busy after their return to America and prepare themselves for missionary work, real evangelism *in Japan*

Gertrude dearest, that two hour nap Monday afternoon is wonderful news to me. You looked refreshed in this picture. Just keep up that good "work" (if sleeping can be called work). My, but I had a great sleep last night myself. After the Ex Com meeting which lasted from morning clear through until 9.45 in the evening just wore me out. I took a dandy bath, went right to sleep with a verse "He satisfieth my heart as with marrow and fatness", awoke up at 7.45. It was the first morning in a long time that an alarm hadn't aroused me. The men here in the house are eating breakfasts here. It saved the trip to the capitol mess and it is a happy fellowship. I have become the songster, so to speak, leading off in the hymns, and I love Sunday morning, and the opportunity of starting up. "O day of rest and gladness". It takes me back to you all and those wonderful breakfasts with the songs. Have I told you that in Andong I love to begin the day singing the hymns from that black book that you copied for me, the hymns the children sang and some others of our favorites. My, but they are an inspiration to my soul, and moreover there are the memories, and also your hand-writing, a message from yourself. I wish I knew more hymns. Its good practice learning them, memorizing them. Its an increasing surprise to me how few hymns people know by heart. How I wish I had a good memorizer. Your gifted along that line, so very gifted. I wish you'd share a little with me.

Being up here for several days, almost a week makes it impossible for me to get mail from you, but it will be there in Taiku waiting for me. There will be other mail for me too, I know. Fletcher mentioned incidentally that he had a letter from Otto De Camp saying that he would not be out next Fall if he couldn't bring his family. That's pretty much along the line of what I wrote him. Otto had been speaking of coming out and yet always stipulated that he would have to be able to bring the family. In view of army regulations about not being able to bring them I wrote him and asked him whether he realized the dilemma he was facing. Since Fletcher got this letter from him I imagine there will be a reply to my note waiting for me in Taiku. Also, this housing business is getting to be quite the situation. If we don't soon get houses, we may soon have to tell the Board not to allow any more people to come for we're just about bursting, at least here in Seoul. But such word is of course the last thing we want to do and the last thing we will do.

Dearest love to you sweetheart. Thanks again and again for your precious picture and the precious letter that brought it.

Your devoted
lover

Andong, May 13, 1947

Dearest Dear,

Back home again, and of course word again to my precious. Your sweet picture is before me, beaming at me, bringing me the joy that only the assurance of your love and devotion can. Darling, you're charming, and your look into my eyes delights my whole being. Interestingly enough, I have your picture resting against the alarm clock. Quite a combination, your lovely likeness supported by a gift from you - gift and giver. You are a dear.

I arrived with Blair and Edna Lawrence in Taiku at about 3.30 this morning, and I have about decided that I am off night trains since service on the day trains has improved so decidedly. I had a good many things to do this morning since I knew I would have to depend on the Andong G.I. truck to get me back, and that usually takes off right after lunch. While down town in Taiku I stopped in at the Post Office and was told "no mail". Last week upon leaving for Seoul I requested the fellows whom I know quite well now to please hold anything that might arrive until I got back from the Capitol. Imagine my disappointment therefore in being told that there was nothing after a full week and more. Upon my return here I saw only a letter from Mrs. Crothers, "Ella" now to me, if you please; I am "Harold" now to her. I was glad to have the letter, but as you can appreciate I was looking for yours. Yours, darling, just yours. They are the letters that count. I got busy unpacking my things and preparing for a ~~bath~~ for the roads are terribly dusty nowadays and with missionaries crowded together as we are, bathing has become quite an ^{in the other station} item. Pak Si had piled a number of my things which she had laundered on my desk and in pushing them to one side there was a pile of mail, including two precious letters from yourself. My, my, how grateful. Yes, Skooks epistle was there and Ranier's too. Well, I just let bath and everything else go and enjoyed you fully. Oh, how grateful I am for your faithfulness in writing and the time and effort you put into your letters. Wonderful news, Gertrude. I praise God for the happy days and His gracious Providence that guards and guides you and fills the lives of all of you with so much joy. I miss you, oh how greatly I miss you. I can't help but tell you how lonely I am for you, but your letters comfort me so greatly and provide so much to thank God for. Everything, yes everything is going so well, dear. I'm not unmindful of the load you're carrying, or of the responsibility either, and yet God is richly blessing, isn't He?

Now let me start on these precious letters. Thanks for including Mrs. Sharrocks' My weekly letters often seem so trite and repetitious - I mean the same thing over and over, about the same experiences only at different churches, and yet the Korea folks apparently get a lot out of them. And Eliz. De Camp's note is dandy and the snap of the kids great. Wonderful children, aren't they. I'm awfully glad to have the picture. How they've developed. And a note from Etta Frederick. My, to hear of the son being interested in hunting and fishing - being able to put the canoe on top of his car. When? My guess is on Sundays! They've missed life, haven't they? Elmer sends me the original of his letters, so I had already received a copy. Yes, its nice and generous of him to invite our Skooks to visit them, and I'm sure they'll go out of their way to make things pleasant. And it will be enjoyable for our daughter to spend a little time with her cousins. I'm not at all worried about the temptations, for the difference will be evident at once. Skooks will be able to make a real contribution to their home. Wait till they hear her sit down at the piano and play off some of the beautiful old hymns with lovely improvisations. They'll begin to realize what they've missed. And moreover, I'm quite satisfied that Skooks can take care of herself in any discussion of the things of her faith, and do it with a charm born of her personal experience of the Lord Jesus.

Do you know why E.H. Miller came to L.A.? Surely, to give you the opportunity to deal with him in the matter of getting you a house next Fall. Of course the Lord is going to work it all out. Our loving Lord, Gertrude. Our faithful Lord Jesus Who has always cared for us. Really, at times I wish I were living hand to mouth with my Lord; I mean on a greater faith basis, but I must stop wishing for God has lead us into this system of financing and whether it be one way or another we can indicate our faith by our stewardship. And what an excellent job you are doing. My, I must take back many, many off-hand remarks of mine in days gone by concerning your management. It seems to me I used to dwell quite at length at times on financial dealings, and now you are doing a superior job. Gertrude, its just another of the things you're doing well. Your God's woman, God's mother to our children, and God's gift to me. How very, very fortunate I am in having you as my life partner. Oh, but I'm grateful.

And now Bohunkus Bozo, Air Forces Teddy comes through with another letter, the details of the party, Haba's party, with illustrations on the reverse side. I'll have to begin answering in kind. Darling is our Haba now officially Harold. Let's compromise on Hal. The Kid ought to have a nickname. Jack, Ted, and Harold doesn't sound right. Oughtn't it to be Jack, Ted, and Hal? And now to your own precious epistles, Saturday evening and Monday morning. Isn't that faithfulness for you. How can I show you my gratitude, Gertrude? Why, a husband ought to come across with something once in a while, an attractive gift, ought he not? Well, I suppose I'll have to cut out pictures from the mail-order catalogues and suggest that you imagine you're receiving this present.

What a party, with ice-cream having "bones" in it. Hurrah for Red Rider. Good work, dear, I'm awfully glad you got it, and I hope its a good one, good and strong. What a joy to him. The account of his hiding his face in the couch to enjoy the "surprise" letter is a never-to-be-forgotten incident. Dear little man, he should have had it a long time ago. Yes, I'm waiting, to see the Annual, and know it will be the consummate art-work of my Skooks. I'm looking for it, so let's have a copy as soon as you can. The news of the Parker family is interesting to say the least. The job at Sears does seem queer, but then, who can tell what will be next. Pa Parker is a godly man, no gainsaying that. He's a patient soul, and all who knew him out here speak highly of him. I'm sure he does a thousand odd jobs without being told to do them and is valued around the school for his faithfulness.

Thanks my dear for "filling in" that page which you thought the boys would draw on. Its all great news of the Sunday services, of your finishing up Genesis, and of Sally Lou's playing during church time for a quartette rehearsal. I think I'd discourage that for I've reached the conclusion that wherever we are even though I'm not preaching myself and could ready stay home and listen to the radio or engage in personal Bible study, yet at 11 o'clock Sunday morning I am going to be in a service, Lord willing.

I've just had a precious time, Gertrude. One of the boys here, the fellow in charge of the motor pool was up to see me. He and all but five fellows are being transfered to Taiku tonight. They are having to get everything ready tonight. I've been after him for sometime but now with the shock of his leaving and taking him away from a group of Korean mechanics whom he's grown fond of, he was ready for an appeal. I got him on his knees and after pleading with him for sometime he prayed for the Lord to save him, and I sent him off with a New Testament. May God give him a real experience of salvation. Praise the Lord. How suddenly things happen. Tomorrow we will be reduced to two officers and five enlisted men, so few. They will be moving down town, probably, and George and I will be left alone on the compound. But I'll get more of these details to you and the others in the weekly letter. Good night, dear. As I turn in here you are beginning the day there. May it be a blessed one for you all.

Your
lover.

Andong, May 16th, 1947.

My Dearest,

Just you and I, looking into your lovely face as you smile into mine. How happy I am to have your sweet likeness before me. It makes it so different writing to you for you seem very near. Thanks for your two letters that surprised me. I must confess that I had had word from you so recently I hardly felt entitled to two when the mail came. But there they were, and the mail clerk remarked as he handed them to me, that they were "fat" ones. Thank you my darling for every letter you send me. One was that which you had to finish by hand because the typewriter needed repairing and the other was written on the empty side of one of Delia's epistles. Let me refer to the enclosures and be through with them, grateful as I am to have them. That from Montreal about the booklets; and one also from Portland about the testimony. The Higley Press are doing so badly in selling 900 but if pushed they would distribute very many more. I am glad to be able to see Daisy's letter to Ranier. Daisy is certainly crushed by the Board's action, and it is something to be the only one thus far rejected out right without any question of age or physical condition involved. Her quotation of Holdcroft to the effect of severing all affiliations with Presbyterians and the establishing of a new seminary here stresses one of the strange situations here. The pastors or the rank and file of the church can't be divided up so rigidly into blacks and whites, the innocent and the guilty. There are degrees of guilt and innocence, and when one sets himself up to judge both acts and motives of the membership of a whole church it is no easy task. A number of us are wondering how it is that none of the Independent Board get out here. I think Daisy is very wise in deciding to wait on the Lord. He will make it all clear I'm sure.

Now I come to the items that fill my soul with joy. Praise God my dear, our Lord has once more revealed His goodness and assured us of His gracious Providence in the details of our lives. Gertrude, it was an inspired thought when you made application for a Berkeley apartment. Really it was a brilliant idea and I know God gave it to you. And the answer was "No" at first as it always is. And then comes the counsel to wait and finally the right answer, permission for you and the boys to be there next Fall. Praise the Lord. I know you will enjoy it there, a snug, neat little place, easy to keep clean and with a group of similarly minded folks, and the fellowship of the First Church. Did you know Bob Munger? Both you and the boys will have a great time, and I understand the schools in Berkeley are tops. They won't be like Culter, of course, and you may wish to supplement some of the studies with a systematic Bible course at home, but I don't have to mention that for you are more diligent about those things than I am. My regret is that I can't enjoy that lovely apartment with you. I mustn't overemphasize my regrets, however, or it will sound as if I weren't happy to be here. You know my heart, I'm sure, the regret is I can't be in two places at once. And I'm convinced that God compensates for my absence by providing such an ideal place as Berkeley. And to top it off you'll be at Mt. Hermon too. If I owned that cottage "Rhoda", I wouldn't consider \$12.50 a week very much rent, since it is rented only in the summer, but on the other hand that price is plenty for ONE room. I hope there are plenty blankets. Jack and Ted, I imagine, will enjoy sleeping on the porch. Just one thing, my dearest, please pardon me for mentioning it just after hearing that you are to be there, but I know you won't misunderstand my suggesting that you not load up with responsibilities as soon as you arrive. When they discover you they'll find so many jobs that no one else can do you'll find yourself working harder than if you remained in L.A. And, sweetheart, forgive me for speaking of it, but I'll say it now and then let the subject alone. I'm happy to know that they have daily vacation Bible School throughout the summer, and the boys will doubtless get a lot out of it, but I don't believe I'd work out a three hour schedule of classes for them either. But dear me, you are such a thoughtful and wise mother and so understanding I wonder why I allow myself to speak thus. I know you'll give the boys a good, thoroughly wonderful month.

I would like to encourage you, precious in the matter of packing. After you clear out all the things that you don't need and don't want, there won't be so terribly much, and you'll be glad we didn't buy things along the line. I'm sorry I'm not there to help with the books and any other heavy items. They will be troublesome to a degree, I know. But if you get tough cartons, or a number of cartons inside each other, you'll be able to pack them with strong cord sufficiently to get to Berkeley, from there on however, it will be something different and that is when the Board comes in. But, yes, but, my dear, shall I share my hopes with you. My hope is that after 2 years I'll be able to come home and get you. You'll be right there waiting for me, won't you? But here again, let's no cross bridges. The point is that by getting started gradually, I believe you can make it without too crushing a responsibility. That sewing machine ought to be packed carefully and perhaps some kind man from any of the congregations will volunteer to do it. Let it be know to some of the pastors and they'll pick out a fellow who is a packer and for whom the job wouldn't be too much. After schools out you'll have a whole month. Seems to me I remember something about Sally Lou having plans for conferences or some other activity. I believe I'd shorten that if she is to get through without being exhausted.

Darling it comes as an awful blow, absolutely a shock to hear of the Hill's reaction. It is a test, a real test, for Andong is a small, out of way, and not particularly "interesting" place. Gertrude you word it with greatest discernment, "I was sorry to hear Mary Hill speak almost as though they didn't want to go to Andong". Yes, we can detect that in an individual's tone, if not in the words. I wrote Harry and Mary that I would enjoy working with them as much as any in the mission and I mean it, for they emphasize the things I believe are essential. But I noticed that they didn't last long in Mexico in an out of the way place. They were back in almost no time, and in Pikeville or wherever they were in Kentucky or Tennessee, if I'm not mistaken they left there before it was necessary for them to do so. Now the point is, that if the North opens up they will naturally go back there, but until then it would seem to me that ^{they} could find a rich ministry here. I am making it a matter of most earnest prayer that God will give us the men and women here whom He can use mightily for a revival. And I know He can do it with or without missionaries. In any event I am praying for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit in a blessed refreshing for the whole area.

Gertrude, I wonder how you got the impression that we were eating at the Adams. All the Taiku missionaries are eating in the mess and will continue doing so until other arrangements are worked out. In Seoul everybody (excepting the Lutz & Underwoods who are M.G. people) eats at the mess. Only breakfasts which is something they are doing on the side are eaten at home.

My, but I'm sorry to hear of Sally's being bothered with the discomfort of the end of her spine. I wonder what it is. You say that you haven't been bothered with it for "several months". Hadn't it cleared up a number of months before I left? How about arranging for a date with some doctor through Wilbur Jones before you get away from L.A? The sooner the better on that. I'm awfully sorry to hear about it.***I'm grateful for Haba and his own writing. Why, its great. Good boy. Keep up the fine work. And Teddy's lettering of John 1:1-12 makes me very happy. Thank you Dede for the letter with the aircorps insignia and everything. You draw the star and the wings well. That monkey is a funny guy isn't he? Were they feeding the lions and bears the way they were the last time I took you. That zoo is lots of fun. Now what a letter this is from Skooks, a big, three page, two-sided document. It will take me some time to answer it. "Thanks" for this time. I'll be getting at it later. Ted, I must thank you too for the good letter telling of "aba's borthday party. You even drew pictures of the gifts. I like that in letters, go ahead and draw lots.

There you are still smiling at me and making me want to see you all the more, my lovely, lovely Gertrude. God bless and keep you.

Your devoted

lover.

Address: Harold Voelkel, Civ. Presby. Mission, 71 M.G.Co, Det. 3,
A.P.O. 6-1, % P.M., San Francisco, California.
***** (Andong, Korea, May 17, 1947.

Dearest Family,

"Poke Pi, Poke Pi", "blessed rain, blessed rain". The barley has been in urgent need of rain, and at noon the drops started. The farmers will all be grateful but in my own selfish interests I had been hoping the rain would hold off, for this is Saturday and I had planned a trip with Yi Wun Yung to Yung Duk and environs this afternoon and tomorrow. With an open jeep we would be drenched so the plan is off and if it clears by tomorrow morning we'll be off and plan to spend tomorrow night out at the coast town. We prefer not to spend Sunday night away from Andong for it makes it difficult to get back in time for Bible Institute on Monday. So, you are getting this letter written Saturday afternoon instead of Sunday evening. Things are moving on. Yesterday the Com. Officer announced that the Detachment was leaving the compound and moving downtown to the Japanese house where they have the offices the first of June; that they would eat there and would not be able to feed us. Which means for us that we would be required to set up housekeeping here and go to Taiku weekly for our supplies. The deal with the Government is, you'll remember, (or rather the Government's regulation is) that they will house and feed us. Why therefore they will not be able to add two more to the mere handful they will have is mystifying and we called up Taiku station to intercede at Headquarters there in our behalf. Its all in straightening out the understanding of the regulations by those in authority. Apparently numbers of the instructions issued in Seoul do not get down to the Provinces & these irregularities therefore occur. This Detachment has been cut from about 60 men to 10, and by the end of the month will be down to 7. The rumor is that in the not distant future there will be no one here at all. So, sooner or later we will be on our own, and as long as the present exchange rate prevails we will be dependent upon the army to supply our needs and aside from some canned items we will have to go to Taiku for our food and they issue things once a week. You can appreciate that a weekly trip to Taiku would be a terrible waste of time & strength. But don't be alarmed we won't starve and some plan will be worked out. It always is. Moreover the metal beds we've been lent by the army are being taken away and we'll go back to cots. Anything that even looks like army property is being gathered up.

Well, my dear, thanks for the package with the cotton cloth. Its grand material and the people just beam when I turn the things over to them. You've gotten the preparation of the packages down to an art but I'm sure it doesn't take any less time or effort. May the Lord bless you for it. Also a package from Daisy with a number of mens' trousers and shirts. I took them right over to the B.I.L fellows for they can all well afford to have some extra things. Thanks very much Daisy for your kindness and thoughtfulness. Everything is most gratefully received. My, what a picture this is of the De Camp quartette, Elizabeth and the 3 children. How urgent it is that we get this situation cleared up about missionaries' families returning. Each time I visit Seoul I see the M.G. officers & wives come into the mess hall with their children, people for the most part who've never been out of the country and we have so many held up because of the impossibility of bringing children here who were born in the country. Its another of those things that takes patience. And yet in our own case, the matter of getting these houses fixed up drags along. Both the single ladies' house and the Crothers' are empty of troops, but considerable repairs will have to be made to make them livable, and we are totally dependent upon the M.G. for it is impossible either to buy materials out here or get permission to bring it in. Workmanship is something else too. Getting plumbers and electricians, etc. around town would be no little task. So, for the present all conditions indicate delay and patience in the matter of families coming. A married couple could get by under the present set-up during the summer, but with winter it would be a different matter. Jim Crothers sent me a letter via George who got up to Peking while his boat was in port and I have a picture of Jim's children to show the local people - good looking kids. What a coincidence that Jim, born and bred in this area should be near the Korean missionary, Yi Te Yung, who is also a local product.

2.
Let me gather up some items of the past week. First it is very noticeable how greatly the railroad service is being improved. Both the rolling stock and the stations are being tidied up and the schedules are being more nearly maintained. The big improvement for us is the inauguration of G.I. trains, one day and one night train each way from Seoul to Pusan. I saw a diner the other day which is quite an innovation, compared with the service that was offered last October when I first arrived. The old American efficiency is beginning to be displayed. Last evening I saw one of the U.S. Army locomotives from Europe, one of the 100 given by the U.S. to Korea, shuttling around the local yards. I had a fast trip up from Taiku with a G.I. on Monday. We made it in $2\frac{1}{2}$ ($2\frac{1}{2}$) hours and made 5 stops, most of them to take pictures. Imagine the speed, and the experiences the other day. You'll remember that before we left, prior to the war, I had a lot of old clothes that had accumulated to pass around. A few days ago I saw Yi Wun Yung's nephew with the coat of the suit I was married in! That is just about 19 years ago, and the coat looks quite good. The handkerchief pocket is on the "wrong" side so he must have had it turned. Six years ago the nephew was a mere boy so he must have been given it by his older brother to whom I gave a few things. What a feast we had last Friday night. All the occupants of the railroad houses in Angie are Koreans, of course, and among them are some devoted Christians who are anxious to get a separate church going there again. Some of the Pup Sang people have been holding meetings over there Friday evenings, and as a token of appreciation these R.R. folk prepared a feast for several Andong Church officers and ALL the B.I. students and faculty. George and I both went and had a huge meal including mandu kook which to me is it as far as Korean food is concerned. Where they get the money I can't figure for there must have been 50 guests and all ate plenty. Kim Chin Haw, the pastor, wished to entertain George and I was asked along to share in the dinner. That too was swell going. We both ate until we almost popped. In the conversation preceding the dinner, however, I'm afraid I raised a question which was exceedingly embarrassing to Kim, but the way I asked it must have convinced him that the issue rose innocently enough in my mind. I have been hearing about the "queer" sale of the land in which the Presbytery had invested some funds to be used as endowment for needy Seminary students. I think the fund was started by George's father. At any rate land which was in the name of the juridical person of the Presbytery is now gone, and from Kim I got the story. During the war the Presbytery decided to sell it and distribute the proceeds to the pastors and helpers according to the years of their service! Kim admitted he got ¥ 150.00, which before or during the war was a considerable sum. Quite an idea, isn't it, and naturally there is now considerable consternation among the Church people for it was a most irregular thing to do, to say the least. And here you have another example of what I have frequently referred to, namely, so many, many wrong things that no one tells you about, things which must be dug out. And its another of the things holding back revival, for it adds to the numerous inconsistencies which the people cannot overlook concerning the pastors. It is another of the items which God will have to convict them about, and another lesson to me on the corroding effect of sin. I have good news about my books. I had 800 volumes on the list, all of which I was told the Japs burned. Word came that they took all the standard works to the University in Seoul. I was over there last Monday and found a number of my books, and a number that had W.L. Swallen and Sallie Swallen in them, theological texts and childrens' stories the folks had given us. I brought a carton-full with me including a dictionary and Hodge on Romans. I had tried in vain to buy the later all over America, its out of print. I'm awfully sorry that I'm behind in my correspondence with Teddy. Boy, your a grand letter-writer and Daddy certainly thanks you for all your letters and all the drawings on them. I like the fancy ones with all the colored crayons. I'm happy to see the way you like to draw. I'll get down to answering Sally's fine epistle too. Each letter from you is like a tonic. Keep up the wonderful work. I'm very, very slow in thanking Elmer and Mercy for their kind invitation to Sally to visit them when she gets to Wheaton. She'll enjoy visit there I know, and delight in having the cousins do nice things for her. Think of our daughter in college. Yes, its true. So long for this time. The Lord richly bless you.

Most lovingly
Dad

Andong, Monday evening, May 19, 1947.

My darling,

This is extra, sweet, just a little love note to send along since a mail is leaving tomorrow. I've gotten letters off to you, a personal one Friday and a family one Saturday, but I can't resist the desire to just tell you again that I love you and that you are so very, very dear to me. I find myself kissing your picture quite spontaneously, my sweetheart.

I returned from a fine trip to Yung Duk at noon and this evening the local congregation is giving a reception for George. I'm wondering what I should say when called on for I'm sure there will be speeches and I shall be expected to make some remarks. I wish I might have a quite evening all to myself. It's been sometime since I had an uninterrupted read all by myself. But these are busy days for all of us and I suppose we all try to do too much. But the days are full and we trust God will bless our efforts to the hearts of the people and the revival of the church. I enjoyed speaking on revival both last night and this morning at Yung Duk.

Along with this letter is one to Teddy which I hope stirs the young man to diligent efforts in good deportment. My guess is that he needs a father's strong right arm as much or more than the other two boys. Yes, I'm sure of it. May the Lord turn his young heart to Himself. He has the ability, no doubt about that, if he will apply himself.

Another of your packages came today, wrapped so neatly and selected so thoughtfully. You've got it down now, my dear, and I should have kept a record of the number you sent. Did you? If so I'll be interested in knowing what the total is. This morning there were four packages, 2 from J.Y. and another from a society in Tennessee that he inspired and yours. It always gives me a kick, as you can appreciate, to open them up and distribute them. I know God will raise up some to pack for you like you have packed for others, when it comes time to leave.

We've just about got it all fixed up here to keep eating with the local M.G.'s until they leave Andong. I'll write more about it in the next weekly epistle. Fritz Cropp wants me to write an article on Gospel distribution but dear me when can I get the time. I'll sandwich it in somewhere. And there is Skooks young book to reply to. Please comfort her about my delay in writing.

These are marvelous days here. We've just had a heavy rain, a real down-pour for a full 24 hours and the whole outdoors is a bright green. They have taken all but one of the trucks and cars from our "lawn" and with those almond bushes a row of white the place is beginning to take on its old glory. Really it makes a enormous difference. How easy it is, and how delightful, to visualize you back, the queen of our home and of our hearts, with your artistic touch to which nature itself responds. You'll have that lawn as colorful and fragrant as ever in no time. May God hasten the day

God bless you, precious, with health and peace and power. May He help you in the home and in your ministry and in the fellowship of your own heart. I thank Him for you.

Your grateful ever loving
Frank

Andong, Wednesday, May 21, 1947.

Dearest,

Your two letters came today, those of the 6th and 8th, although they are both postmarked the 10th. Well, thank you my dear, and what about the hospital with Sally Lou having a painful boil. Does this explain the pain at the tip of her spine. I hope so, and if it does, it relieves me from considerable anxiety for I don't like the idea of any vertebra complications. What a privilege it is having Jonesie to turn too. My, but he is a comfort to me, and I'm sure its a satisfaction to the family to have him for he is an understanding individual and puts one at ease so readily. I always feel better as soon as he gets reviewing a case. Its good of the Lord to have send a kind and generous friend like him, isn't it? I'm awfully sorry of course that our Skooks had to lose out on ditch day and all the rest of it, but at that there will be a whole life time of ditching to catch up on. I am glad to learn about your visit to Long Beach. I didn't know that Mrs. Grubb had not been well. Had you told me about her illness? At any rate I'm so happy to have greetings from her and know you enjoyed a chat with her. Praise God for praying friends like her. I shall always look back upon that time of fellowship with her and Bill as a thoroughly delightful time. Didn't we have a pleasant visit in that home. And its thoughtful of Mrs. Baird to let you have their cabin at Mt. Hermon, isn't it? My, how these Providential developments confirm the truth of God's constant care. Is this ^{book} of books that Louie Talbot is sending me the prize for my suggestion of the name for the radio broadcast.

Thank you my dear for the pictures. How thankful I am for them. My, just look at my family. There's my Jack in his scout suit. Yes, its a neat job. And there's Haba and his red wagon. Good boy, Haba. I'm awfully glad you can have it. And the pictures taken at the zoo. We'll appreciate having them as a record of visits there. Yes, I remember the trip to Sierra Madre and recall the particular liberty I had. But on that occassion I drove the army car, and without that you must have had quite a time finding the place. Now my dear you tell me you read HARLEM TRAGEDY and that you could see how I laughed over it! Didn't you think it funny? Why, that's Irish! I roared over the thing and had Arch Campbell read it to the Taiku bunch who laughed too.

Sweetheart, how misimpressions get abroad. I can't imagine how Ranier ever got the impression that George and I are living in her house. Her's the first vacated by the G.I.'s and the four musums who are farming our land are dividing up the nights sleeping there to watch the place, but Geo. and I are still in the Adams house, he in the living room and I in the dining room. My, but I'm glad to know the leaflet is being translated. I have requested several out here to do it, but they all pass it on to someone else and it never gets done. I shall anxious await their arrival, and trust God will richly bless them. I'm so sorry you are having to write your letters by hand. I'm sure it takes ever so much longer. So thanks just that much more, my darling. Enclosed is a copy of a tiny article I wrote for Fritz Cropp for the American Bible Society. You need not return it. Enclosed are \$5,000.00 for Jack. Chinese money. George gave it to me for him. Its worth about \$.50 gold. I don't suppose Jack ever had that much money before in his life. I'm hustling off to prayer meeting, so I'll make this just a note. I've had a busy and a happy day today. Prayer meeting and then to bed. I don't have any trouble sleeping these days; it takes vigilance keeping to any kind of a program of sufficient rest. Dearest love to all you precious ones. May God enfold you all in His gracious arms.

*Devotedly,
John*

Andong, Wednesday, May 28, 1947.

My dearest,

It seems like an awfully long time since I've written you, and it is I know. No letters had come from you, in fact no mail for anyone in the station (the detachment I mean), and having given you all the details of the happenings here I have waited for your two good letters that arrived last night. I'm glad they came together for had the first one come alone it would have left me anxious about the patients in the Voelkel hospital. With two letters I get the news of their illnesses, the fever of Jack and Haba, and their improvement. Glad too to hear of Skooks full recovery, but so sorry she had to miss the ditch day and especially the Catalina trip. I hope she can make that at some other time before she starts east. I hope you can make it too. Why don't you two make a party out of it yourselves. Now that's an idea. Really Gertrude, I'm not as thoughtless a husband as I may seem, for while I don't sent you gifts or remembrances of any kind it isn't because I don't wonder every once in a while what it would be possible to please you with. I was conniving at something a few days ago but it always involves money and if I write Skooks to join me in a conspiracy in your behalf she's got to go to you for money and that would let the cat out of the bag and any gift that isn't a surprise is just your buying something for yourself. Now here's my chance: I appeal to you two to go by yourselves or get up a party of people to take a trip to Catalina. Just get away from things and have a good time. Skooks will see that her mother has an agreeable boy friend along too. Now how about that for generoisty.

My, but I'm grateful for these letters written by hand, dearest. Faithful sweetheart and correspondent. Oh for the day when I can tell you how thankful I am to you. And may God grant me the grace to show you in my life the depth of my thankfulness for you. Let's see, didn't Jack get a cold or something else after his last trip away somewhere, up in the mountains or some other jamboree. Apparently the kids just outdo themselves. How good of Jon-essie to make that suggestion about seeing the specialist. That's right along the line of what I was saying in a previous letter about getting the situation straightened out before Sally gets to Wheaton. Its wonderful having this friend to do all the intermediary work with doctors who know their stuff. I hope you keep right after it. And the dental work is going along nicely too. May I ask if Albert thinks he'll get everything completed by the time you plan to leave for the north. My dear what a Bible student you are teaching Leviticus. The Lord bless you. I'll be grateful for the A.P.O. packages. And my dear another of your wonderful parcels came today that had beside a lot of fine cloth $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen towels. What a joy it will be to hand them out. My, but they are nice gifts. That's a most generous thing and a loving deed for Mary to make a niece two beautiful evening dresses. I'm sorry I won't be able to see our daughter in them. I hope you take a picture of her, sweet thing. How I wish I could hear the "Surging Sea" and the "Water Sprite" and also the "Witches". My, what a lât the family will have to play for me.

Good old Mayell. Swell man, good leader, fine friend. Its a joy to know a man like that. Let's get his address darling and keep him on our mailing list. And how kind of Mrs. Burdett. Now darling if you know what a job it was for her to write a letter and how few she wrote you'd know of her very great interest in us. Yes, it is kind of her and Dr. Agnew to send us a gift of five dollars. Your package that came today had some bean seeds in it and 2 packages of zeenia seed. Really, I planted by first seeds during the last rain and the flowers are coming up. What fun it is to see them. We are in the midst of the Youth for Christ conference. Grand crowd, wonderful spirit. I'll be writing you fully later.

Just love,
Howard

Address: Harold Voelkel, Civilian, Presbyterian Mission,
3 Det, 71 M.G. Co., A.P.O. Unit 1, P.M., San Francisco, Calif.
***** (Andong, Korea, May 31, 1947)

Dearest Family,

You'll notice that I put "3 Det." in front of 71 M.G.Co. up there in the address, and there is a purpose in doing so. The fellows here report that there are a number of Detachments in 71 Co. and some of our mail has been going to other places before the "3 Det." address was discovered. So, as above, if you will. There mustn't be a day or an hour's delay in the arrival of your mail. We're just starving for it, as you can appreciate. The one thing we can't do here is to go out & write ourselves letters. WoulN't it be nice if we could. Well, we had a visit from the colonel this week, the big boss from Taiku, and I thought he would come up and give us authoritative information concerning our destiny. It happened that when he arrived (I had known him from numbers of visits to his office in Taiku) & I inquired about the future of the outfit he simply replied that he had come up to find that out for himself. Now that's an army reply isn't it. The point is he has orders from Seoul to close all his detachments but he can't make up his mind about Andong! Andong has given people headaches before! He looked around and decided that all the army personnel, officers and men should live as well as eat in our old house, leaving George & me to continue on by ourselves in the Adams' house. That means that both the girls house and the Crothers house are vacant. As yet there is one Korean sleeping in the Crothers' place but he is due out in a day or two. The thing to do now is to get these houses rehabilitated, but what a job we're having doing that. Its been months now since we started negotiations in Seoul for "one" house to be fixed up in "States-side" shape & as yet there is no word. Each month as I go to Seoul I'm given assurances by the M.G. people that they are on the job but nothing happens and until word comes from there the local people can do nothing. This will help you understand the lack of coordination in army circles: With the emptying of these houses I asked the Colonel about guarding the property for without guards the houses themselves would in time disappear. The old fellow was astonished by the idea. He had never heard of any such thing! Why should he guard our property? Where would he get the men to guard it with? He didn't have any responsibility to guard it. Then I got out a directive issued in Seoul which one of his own men had sent me which states that the army assumes the responsibility of guarding all American property. He copied off the paragraph and left to "investigate", the results ofwhich I feel confident I already know. He began welching on the idea of having to provide army personnel to feed George and me, that is implying that adding us two to his seven men here would required extra help, whereas the regulation is, as issued by Seoul that the army will house and feed us. And in Seoul are whole staffs of army people taking care of the mess halls where the increasingly large family of missionaries eat. The point is he just isn't informed and in the absence of that information we've got to do the prodding through Seoul. Now don't worry about us not getting food to eat. We shall continue eating with the army as long as they are here and the good is scrumptous. This noon, Saturday mind you, the menu was breast of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, frozen corn from U.S.A., green beans, lemonade from fresh lemons, bread and jam. Not bad for \$.25, is it? BUT if this outfit gets orders to close up and move to Taiku then we'd be on the spot unless we have provisions from the commissary. The army regulation is, however, that only families can operate on a commissary basis, and for 2 men to get that privilege would take an order from President Truman himself, I suppose. At any rate I am leaving (D.V.) Tuesday for Seoul via Taiku and enroute I shall get all the dope on commissary application etc. Something else we hadn't thought of is water. This crowd drive down town and get cans of water from a "water point", and to do that would be a terrific inconvenience for us. For the first time we got thinking of our old well and it is blocked up and dirty. But we've got to get at it and that will be a job. Also, we are now getting our gasoline in drums which the G.I.'s bring up for us. How we'd do about gas and also the weekly commissary allotment is still to be worked out. A weekly trip to Taiku would consume a lot of precious time. But it will all iron itself out. Another item in connection with the Colonel amused me. The sanitary equipment of this house is a tent-covered latrine in the side yard. It is a small tent for which I can't imagine the colonel would have use, and yet he was particular emphatic in his

request about us letting him have the tent. "You can get a little something fixed up for yourselves". Whether he expected us to get shovels and start digging, I'm sure I couldn't figure out, but what the urgency of a little tent that's been here from the first is, puzzled me. *** We've just finished a great 4 days, our Presbyter's YOUTH FOR CHRIST conference. Everything worked out beautifully and I am grateful to God for answered prayer. I'm thankful first for the weather. I had prayed that God would give us good weather, else few would be able to come. Many more have to walk that before when the buses were going. The Lord even gave us a moon, and the roads were bright as the people journeyed home after the meetings. Young people from 71 churches come, and over 350 registered. The guest pastor, Myung of Taiku, Westminster graduate, is a man of parts. He is typically Presbyterian, by which I mean that he has his emotions well under control and presents solid sermons. The introduction given him was typical. The 8 years he spent in America, etc. his coming out under the M.G. etc. it was all blown up to the point where anybody, no matter who he is, would be embarrassed. Its one of the best ways I know of killing a speech or a sermon. I felt Myung did exceeding wisely, he simply got up, remarked that the introduction was "QUA HA KEE" "too much", and went on to announce that his evening discourses would be on the book of Romans. Now what about that? I was delighted for the fine truth he gave the young people, freed from the tear-jerking illustrations and absolutely no stories, "once upon a time...". The church was filled to overflowing & benches were placed outside the church for those who couldn't get in. I was greatly blessed personally in the Daybreak prayer meetings which began at 5. They continued almost two hours. I led Monday morning in the preparatory series, Kim Chin Haw, Tuesday, and then Myung through Friday. The night meetings didn't get underway until 8.30 because the people don't eat until dark, and we adjourned therefore, anywhere from 10.30 to 11. Tuesday night it was 11.30 before I got to bed, which with arising at 4.30, didn't provide very much sleep. But it was worth it, and today I'm taking it easy, having a real rest day. How wonderfully God worked out all the details. When they got to the session where the launching of a Presbyter-wide Youth for Christ movement was discussed, I wondered what in the world would happen with all these country youth, with no experience whatever, would do. I formulated in my own mind what I thought they ought to do, and without going into details about it, after two days when they voted the results were exactly what I had hoped with one exception. They went farther than I did in taking a collection and planning to employ a worker in the Presbytery. I hadn't gotten that far. They appointed a committee to decide on a policy, nominate officers, and consider the next meeting. Listen to the officers, President, Yi Wun Yung, Vice-Pres. Chun Kay Wun (the two men who went to jail & suffered & didn't go to the Shrine), and so on. The next convention is to held at Fall Presbytery next October. 1st night the collection amounted to 5,000.00 yen, & they will raise money by collecting for memberships, yearly, 2 years, etc. It was a delightful and a sobering surprise, for the fact is obvious these people recognize the church is their church, the work is theirs, the responsibility is theirs, and they are going to run it and run it their way. Significantly neither George nor I were put on even in a consulting capacity, even though it was my suggestion originally that they have ~~George~~ Myung is leading the Youth for Christ in Taiku, he is in touch with the leaders in America, and he explained everything to them, the meetings in Madison Square Garden in N.Y., in Soldiers' Field, Chicago, etc. I was impressed also by the ability of the sermons Kim Chin Haw in his daybreak sermon on the Holy Spirit gave a most complete and attractive exposition. The truth was there, excellently arranged. All the addresses were Scriptural and to the point. I remarked to myself that God's truth was certainly being presented with clarity, ^{all} that is needed is the breath of God upon us in overwhelming power. And that is the result of prayer. I had brought 644 Gospels to sell to them for distribution throughout the territory. They went like hotcakes. Ned let me have a huge bundle of the American tracts for distribution. The Old and N.T. created a stampede, and it is distressing to have to tell so many, I don't have any Bibles. I wrote that to the American Bible Society. By the way the Seoul University is letting us have all the books from our homes that the Japanese took away, so I must get written permission from all the Andong folks to get their volumes. Please pass that word around. During the conference the rich widow gave a feast for all the pastors, leaders, and missionaries.

Aming, Jas.

A copy for you, Ernest, may I suggest you not mention
this to Vett.

Andong, Saturday, May 31, 1947.

Your own
Bertie
Hans

Dear Vett,

I just finished the weekly letter and after jotting down the promise to write you, I felt I better take destiny by the horns and get a note off to you immediately for like others I am bothered by that great Presbyterian doctrine of Procrastination. So, here goes. Many, many thanks for your letter. I'm grateful that you took time off from your vacation to let me have word from you. You certainly need a rest, and the more I take time to think of the constancy of your responsibility in caring for Father and Mother and now for Father the more I realize your need for time to get away and think your thoughts. What an exceedingly busy job it's been, all the multitudinous details of those real estate transactions on top of the work of the home. It's taken great patience and resourcefulness with little of the inspiration that comes from activity like ours on the field where one feels a sense of direct participation in God's work. Somehow it isn't as easy to understand the daily round of the home's routine. The Lord bless you for it, and make up to you for these years that have kept you so tied down to things.

I'm certainly interested in your meeting Win Drummond. His name is Winslow but at seminary he was dubbed Windy. He isn't to be taken too seriously, and his references to Bruce Hunt and Union Sem. are typical. Drummond is himself a former Phila. School of the Bible student. His family is as conservative as could be and he is just letting off steam. Elmer knew him at Wooster. It's awfully thoughtful, and kind, and generous of Mary to take the time and go to the expense of making our Skooks evening dresses, but I am as grateful as I can be for them. Gertrude and I praise God for our daughter, for her devotion to Christ and her persistence in her work. And we delight in her way with people. She wins everybody. She's had a great time at Culter and will go on to greater joys at Wheaton, I know. God has put His hand on our youngster we are sure.

Now Vett, I must confess complete and embarrassed confusion in the matter of the Christmas package. Honestly I can't remember receiving it. I've tried to be faithful in acknowledging every gift, for each one meant so much to me, just getting it, just seeing another bundle when the mail came. And numbers of them had beautiful and useful gifts. But my conscience is not completely at rest, for I did get candy, and somehow I remember your handwriting on a Christmas card, the kind enclosed in gifts. Is my face red? Thanks a million anyway. Yes, I suppose I did get it, but isn't that a shameful way to have to reply to your kindness. Forgive me this time. A number of gifts did go down with that ship, or rather were ruined by the spray. I ought to be covered with a spray myself, oughtn't I, for being so indifferent to your thoughtfulness.

Yes, I've got to keep urging Gertrude to let up a bit for her energy is boundless and her heart big with a desire to help everybody, everywhere. I don't see how she maintains the pace. From her letters I'm afraid I'd drop in my tracks, but I think one explanation is that Gertrude hardly knows what tension is. Things don't worry her like they do me, and she can go through a busy day and come to the close of it tired, of course, but free from that sense of exhaustion that I frequently experience. It's remarkable how she has gotten through this year and what she has been able to do. I'm trusting my appeal for moderation is being given some response. Vett, what would I do if I had a wife who had no more nervous reserve than

I have? And I know missionaries who have that kind of wife. My, our home would have been a mad-house and our children would have been victims of St. Vidas dance. Gertrude's smile and chuckle are a gift from Heaven. My, how thankful I've been for her calm. Frequently when the children have a temperature and I'm ready to go to bed because I'm sure the child has some terrific disease, I've been comforted and eased back into sanity just by some assuring word that "things will be all right in the morning". That's happened over and over again.

I'm having plenty time over here to think over the matter of family separations for while I realize that probably most people at home attach a sort of glamor to the "sacrificial spirit" of the missionary who goes off without his family, I recognize that the burden and responsibility and hard work is the wife's back home with the daily care of the family. Our three boys are all boys and the load this year for Gertrude has been enormous but she has done it wonderfully well, and she has done it with the constant satisfaction that it is God's will and that in His Providence He will give the needed strength and patience.

As you can imagine the family is on my heart and mind constantly, almost momentarily, and yet as I search my heart I wouldn't be anywhere but where I am now for the world. But I believe that God has a plan for our reunion and as you say we must let circumstances and conditions have their part in revealing God's will to us. I am absolutely agreed with you about the unwisdom of thinking of bringing the family out with things as they are. These houses will not be ready for a long time to come for family occupancy, and even so transportation to Taiku, etc., with food is no little problem. Then the matter of schooling is most uncertain. The army outfits are shrinking rapidly and how long the army school will last is difficult to say. Also, if the 38 barrier goes and Korea is given any semblance of self-gov't I am not sure that there will not be trouble, at least trouble to the extent that one would wish to be able to move on if things got too hot. After the years and years of humiliating subjection the Koreans look upon freedom & self government as something altogether out of proportion to its value. But they are so frenzied in their determination for freedom, they have talked and argued and dreamt themselves into the position that if only they have freedom, food, clothing, and everything else will drop out of the skies. Its incredible how desire warps judgment but that's the situation and they simply will not be reasoned out of it. Any attempt to reason with them will lead them to question one's motives. So, under the conditions with the future so unpredictable I have no thought of the family coming out.

I believe the Deputation coming out this summer may touch on the subject of furloughs for those of us without our families. The So. Presby. Deput. did. They decided on 18 months, that is after 18 mos. for those whose families are at home a visit to America would be authorized. In fact Cummings is leaving this summer after a year. Moreover the So. Presby. decided not to send any more men without their families. Also, they decided on a term of five years, rather than seven. But here again the Lord will guide and make His plan and will clear, and in the meantime give us the patience & wisdom to carry through. I, as you know, feel the deepest obligation to my family, and to my wife in her caring for them. I feel safe in saying there isn't a more concerned husband out here as far as family consciousness or responsibility goes. But for the present I have the greatest conviction and peace about being here. With the passing of another year God will have made His will clear, I know. For the present I am beseeching Him and besieging Him for revival. May it come soon. Just a few minutes with you Vett, via the typewriter. The Lord's very best for you.

Address: Harold Voelkel (Civilian Presbyterian Mission)
3 Detachment 71 M.G. Co., A.I.C. 6- Unit 1, P.O., Seoul, Korea.
***** (Seoul, Korea, June 8th, 1947.)

Dearest Everybody,

*Get the new memo you plan to give me
summarizing her letters soon, I hope.*

Once more in Seoul on an Int. Com. meeting. Since this will be the last meeting before the Deputation arrives we will have to get everything out of the way that we hope to do before they come. As you doubtless know the big job that has occupied our attention since we first got here has been the SURVEY, a complete consideration of all phases of the work. It's been an enormous job, principally because all the questions that it raises are subject to the changes brought about by political and economic factors. For example with the inflation constantly increasing you can imagine how difficult it would be to figure out what the enrollment of an institution is and also what the needs during the next five years of that school or hospital will be. Well, I had a fine trip up here. Blair and I had a first class car all to ourselves with the exception of one G.I. clear to Te-Chun, then a few officers got on. There was a snack bar so we could buy some things to help out on lunch and supper. We had prepared sandwiches and with a few purchases made out grand; It was a most restful ride and enabled me to catch up on sleep. We left at 11.45 and reached Seoul by 7 in the evening. Ned had come up the night before so the bunch here knew we were coming, and the Fletchers had started down in their car to meet us. What would be do without cars. After a ~~XXXXX~~ bath and a chat with the different ones I was ready for bed. As before Ned and I occupy the basement room with the rest of the baggage. On Thursday morning we got right down to business. Here are some news items on her that she would not be equal to life out here now so she has accepted a position as night nurse in a psychiatric hospital on Long Island. My guess is that that job is fully as demanding as any assignment out here would be. Louise Mayers has resigned. The Reiners do not expect to return. The De Camps have about decided to look for a church because of the impossibility of families returning. If the Board approves the plan, Dr. Blair is planning to leave here in August. The M.G. (through Edwin Braden who is in the Railway Bureau) is offering Howard Moffett a job as superintendent of the Seoul Railway Hospital for one year which will enable him to get his family, auto, and household goods out. What the Board will say (Howard is on the Board now) and what Howard will do is not yet known of course. The report is that the Hills and Jean Delmarter sailed June 4th, but as yet no confirmation has come. The Board usually radices sailings. We know the Hills had one sailing cancelled on very short notice. The other evening while driving around I happened to pass three limosines carrying the Russian Delegation in session here. They were an impressive looking lot, and we are praying that God will overrule the Commission to His glory. It will mean much and whatever is done the outlook, humanly speaking, is not too bright. If the conference fails and things go on as they are, the Koreans in the south will be restive under the divided condition of the country and receding of any hope of an immediate independence. At a conference with Gen'l Lerch last Friday he allowed himself to say that if the meeting with the Russians is a "success" and the 38 barrier goes down, and a Korean government is established the Russians will doubtless carry on under cover as they are in many European countries with a resultant turmoil. So success or failure there isn't particular cause for rejoicing. Korea is the victim of her geography, being in the middle of things. In the meeting with the General the railroads were mentioned and he said that the transportation authorities tell him that unless new equipment begins coming from America soon all that they have here will be "junk" in another year or so. I have already told you of the broken down condition of the busses. The report is gaining credence that in a matter of months the American Military Gov't here will be replaced by a State Department outfit, and I think the likelihood is that we'd get a higher type of personnel. That remains to be seen, of course, but the army's officers here for the most part have not done America too much credit. With the Joint Commission, America-Russian the Red underground apparently decided to put on an uprising and all over our Province a week ago, Sunday evening, there were demonstrations. On the hills surrounding Andong fires were built and groups shouted MANSEI. At Yung Duk one

fellow was killed and 2 injured. At Chokori, a little market place in our territory just after you turn from the Yung Duk road, enroute to Yung Yang, the mob pulled down the police box. All the roads entering Andong were blocked Monday and since it was market day, there just wasn't any market. These sort of things are what might be expected to take place with greater frequency if the conference now in Session fails, and on the other hand if it "succeeds" the Reds will doubtless put on a full-dress program of power politics. General Brown the chief American delegate has been attending church services in Seoul and a committee of missionaries are planning to see him to request the insertion of full religious freedom in any deal with the Russians. We doubt not that Brown and all the other American delegates have this in mind but we felt we ought to make sure, and that it would strengthen his position to have an appeal from us. I think I told you that at the Korean Gen'l Assembly in April a protest was circulated by the students of the Seoul Theo. Seminary citing the modernistic teaching of one of the professors, Kim Chei Jun. A committee was appointed to investigate which included Rhodes and Knox. They made an investigation and reported the charges as true to the Board of Directors (Koreans) of the Seminary. That Board met, confronted the Prof, with the charge and the findings. The ~~prof~~ Prof. admitted his guilt ~~was~~ said he was sorry and that he would now be careful to teach fundamentalism, assurances which the Board accepted. So now everything is O.K. Humorous isn't it. But down in the Presbyteries the rank and file of the elders and pastors are boiling over at the toying of these church politicians with holy things. It reminds me of the story of the young fellow who was being hired by a farmer school board to teach geography. "Do you teach that the world is round or flat?" asked one of the farmers. "I can teach it either way", replied the obliging pedagogue. News of the Gen'l Assembly in America is reaching us and we are particularly interested in the Foreign Mission reports. In high-powered fashion a "revolutionary philosophy of missions" headlined. What is meant by that is that missions are being liquidated and the work directed immediately by the Board in New York. This year's annual report of the Board seeks the approval of the General Assembly of the dissolving of the Philippine and China Missions. The Deputations have already been to those 2 countries & have made these recommendations. Since this is announced as a policy of the Board there can be little doubt that the Board is at least contemplating a dissolution of the Korea Mission likewise. At least that is the prospect. To my very delightful surprise the Board took action to print 5 thousand each of father's books, O.T. history and the Life of Christ, at a cost of \$3,850.00. That will be a fine start for the B.I.'s out here. I'm sure it will be a joy to father & to know that his ministry continues fruitful. Yesterday I met and chatted with Kim Eun Ho Moksa, the correspondence course secretary and we are hoping to be able to get that good work started again soon. **This morning I attended a service in a hostel being conducted by a pastor in a former brothel. He is an enterprising fellow whom I knew in Tokyo and who did a similar work there. He's great on being dignitaries around and this morning had the minister of education on the Korean government, who happens to be a former C.C.C. prof. I've forgotten his name, but the amusing thing to be was that the official wore a sash across his chest as an insignia of his position. Foreign clothes with a sash. The Fletchers were along and introduced me to the organist and choir director who did a superior job. We played well and the choir did most credibly. This is the story. He is a grandson of the Fletcher's cook whose mother died when he was born. Mrs. Fletcher took him on as an experiment in artificial feeding. They put him through school and this morning met him for the first time since returning, a big, handsome fellow, studying music in one of the local schools. Just another of the lives spared and blessed through missionary endeavor. Last night I attended the C.I. Youth for Christ meeting and afterward when introductions were being made and the leader heard my name, he burst out, "Oh, are you Mr. Voelkel. My mother wrote me enclosing one of your tracts. Your wife just spoke in our church". Now about it. He is Raymond E. Weiss, from Hope Reformed Church, L.A. He invited me to lead a meeting but I couldn't be sure when I'll be up here again on a Saturday night. We are having an awful drought and the barley is in poor shape. There has been no rain for weeks. I imagine this will be reaching you in the midst of school graduation. What a happy time not to the saving of many happy friendships.

Love,
Frank

Seoul, June 10, 1947.

My Precious,

I am awfully sorry to have disappointed you with no letter, no personal word these days. I have been longing to write you for some days, something besides the Sunday family letter, but with the Ex. Com. meetings morning, afternoon, and night there is just no time left. But each morning and evening, the first thing upon arising and the last thing before turning in I have had your picture to gaze on and to thank God for. You have stood as a sentinel, looking down upon me as I've slept. I am delighted to have it, Gertrude, thank you again for it. Now I must ask you to send me a leather frame for it as you did for Sally's and the childrens' pictures. I hope you pick a frame with the same design. It is a brownish color with a neat gold line decorating it. Perhaps you'll be able to remember just the kind you sent. It will make a beautiful decoration for my desk.

It is a week now since I left Taiku and just that long since hearing from you. I asked the fellows in Taiku, Campbell and Lowe to get the mail for me as they called at the P.O. this week, in order that it might not be sent up to Andong. But apparently they forgot, as men readily do, for Edna Lawrence came up for a visit bringing mail for Blair and Ned but had nothing for me. How green with envy I was of them as I saw them opening their letters. But it will mean just that much more of a feast when I get down there tomorrow. The committee adjourned last night, Monday, but I stayed over to catch up on things. There are always so many things to do, errands and shopping items.

At last permission has been granted by General Hodge himself, no less, for the "rehabilitation" of a house in Andong. It has been a long drawn out process and I'll save the details for the Sunday letter, I know the rest of the station will be interested in how things work out here. Enclosed, my dear, are films. May I suggest that you keep the pictures from them separate in order that I may have them for talks on these "reoccupation" days. I'll enclose two that are of no particular interest out here. The jeep is George's and I'm sorry the big pile of packages I'm driving down to the Bible woman's house don't show. It was a real load. The one of the kids is a typical, not posed nor exceptional, but just an ordinary mob that gathers around the jeep nowadays in almost any village. You will find one of Yi Wun Yung and Chun Kay Wun, the 2 men that stood true. Also one of Yi and the 3rd daughter married (already lost a son) who is about to have another baby. The group of young fellows are B.I. students. I am keeping the one of Kim Ik Yun to send to Walter Erdman. Now, will you please send me a copy of 1. Yi and his daughter, 2. Old Kim, 3, Yi and Chun.

Tomorrow I leave D.V. for Taiku with 17 packages of Bibles, books, Gospels, etc. and 2 tires. It will take about 3 jeeps to get me to the railroad station and Ned will meet me with George's trailer there. We drive the jeeps right up to the baggage car and the trailer will be backed up to the car in Taiku. Simple, isn't it. Darling, I bought a radio. Yes, reckless, \$28.50, but it works and will furnish me melody, and give me short-wave broadcasts from L.A., if you please. My, if only, it could send you to me, you precious. I am devoting this month's tithe to buying seeds here so you needn't tithe my income this month, and my dear, the cost of the radio will not leave me much to send you.

Will you please pardon my extravagance this month. I've sent Mark a congratulatory letter on promotion, but I foolishly sent you all the checks I had without keeping one to send her a gift. My love for both the boys. How about \$20.00? Please love,

Some pictures of last

Taiku, Sunday Evening, June 29, 1947.

My Darling,

I am the most blessed man in the world. The moment I arrived Friday evening, soaked after the "outdoor" ride in that "excellently air conditioned Jeep", no side curtains and the back curtain with a big hole in it, I began asking for my mail & to my delight your two letters of June 11 & 13 were here. Praise God for all the good news they contain. How happy I am for the joys of the graduation days. My, but it is a delight to look forward to answering them in detail, so I'll just start at the beginning & go down the list of good things. You start out by mentioning a delay of a week, rather a whole week without mail. Now the explanation for that may not be too difficult. Crothers included a mimeographed note he got in a letter saying it had been picked up from the wreckage of an airplane. Apparently the plane carrying a number of my letters had crashed and one to Crothers and one to you had been "rescued" later. Yes, as you state it is fun for me to be trying my hand at something new, the planting and watering of flowers, but it is good fun, but now since I've moved down to our house I'm away from the flower bed I've started. Good for Jack and his sweet-peas. I'm happy to hear of his good work. I'll be getting off a personal answer to his fine "air force" stationery note.

Gertrude, the ease with which you make these numbers of dresses for Sally makes me believe you'll be cutting out suits of clothes for me if I every need them. How wonderfully you undertake these jobs without the least tension or flustering, just going after it & getting it done. Now about Sally's operation, possibly, at the end of the month - well, praise the Lord that good old Jonesie is around to consult and recommend to us a kindly, understanding physician, Dr. Blake. Just getting these things fixed up and out of the way, means they are over with & like everything else when we are in good working order we naturally keep going that way, whereas any indifference to a condition would mean its worsening and in the end bringing a serious development. A cyst is easy to remove, and once out is gone forever. Having already expressed myself on the girl's studying at Biola, I'll not repeat, excepting to say that the days in the hospital will be a good rest. Its gotten to that stage in hustle and bustle in the family, hasn't it, wherein we have to be operated on to get rest! SOME PACE. Teddy is someboy to be the only one in his class to be getting a holiday because of perfect attendanne. I'll be congratulating him. But my dear his grades are not good, and if with application and the rest of it C, what could he have done and what would his grades have been had he applied himself well. It would have been straight A's. I'm sorry he hasn't given better attention. I'll make a note of your address after August 1, and send mail to Mt. Hermon. I'll allow ten days or an extra one or two on top of that for things to reach the wikds of Mt. Hermon. I think what I will do will be to make carbons of even these personal notes, sending one copy (for a few days) to both 1200 W. 30 St., and to Mt. Hermon. My, but how kind of the Hunts to invite Jack for a week. Gertrude, how good the Lord is to us. Why its wonderful the compensation there is for my being out here. Fine Christian folks like that with a lovely home and all that goes with it. I'm deeply grateful. And it is a reward to Jack for his kindly, open, noble heart, a loveable dispostion he inherited from his dear mother.

No sweetheart, I don't think the visit to the 6th grade graduation was a needless visit. Since Teddy had a part in a play, even though, it was a tiny part, it is immensely important to him and it is our entering interestedly into all his life that ties us just much more to his heart. I feel that everything our children do is important to us. Hurrah for the "heavenly blue" dress of Sally's and all the accessories. I'm glad for each part of it and our Skooks is worthy of it. It delights me to know that her cup is "running over" with joy. It is exactly the way I would have it. Praise God that it is that way. Good for Jack going to Culter, choosing to go, rather than to a Scout picnic. The boy's heart fully belongs to the Lord Jesus, I'm confident, & I rejoice in it. Yes, darling parcels continue to reach me. I got one in Taiku here yesterday & haven't opened it yet.

More tomorrow.

Just love

Address: Marola Voelkel, 3 Det. 71 M. G. Co., A.P.O. 6 Unit 1, P.M., San F., Cal.
----- (Fusan, Korea, June 15, 1947)

Dearest Everybody,

Still another address to write you from. Its Sunday afternoon and I'm typing in a sunset hut, a temporary army unit which is being used as a library. The explanation of my presence here is a letter signed by General Hodge himself authorizing the "rehabilitation" of a house in Andong. In it Hodge recommends that a representative of Andong station confer with the Commanding General in Fusan, who bosses Andong, concerning details. Not having much contact with the Fusan churches I thought I'd seize this opportunity of seeing the work. I left Seoul Thursday morning, had a restful quiet day on the train, and came down here Saturday. I have been away from Andong for ten days now and you can imagine how longingly I saw all the fellows in Seoul opening their mail. My guess is that everybody is like a child when it comes to mail, "Is there any for me?". Grandfathers and everybody else gets fixity around mail time, and it would be considered a major calamity for a letter to arrive and the person not receive it that day. But the awful drought in correspondence during the days in Seoul is amply compensated by the pile of letters awaiting me in Taiku. My, what a delight it is to see them stacked up. Let me begin to refer to them. Aside from my faithful family's almost daily letters were those from Limer, the Crothers, & Daisy. So, heartiest congratulations to Bill upon his graduation from High School. The invitation is beautiful and I wish I could be in Fort Wayne to see you get your diploma. You've done wonderful work and you'll go right on to win honors in college. I can't help but remark on the similarity of the handwriting between Bill and his father. The "Voelkel" looks exactly like his Dad's. Only from the "William" could I distinguish a difference. Now as for the Crothers' letter, I haven't seen anything in the packages that impressed me as being particularly for Pak, the former outside man. But I had him up and gave him a number of things, and recently gave him a special item, a fine, leather winter coat that Walter Erdman sent. Old Pak's eyes popped when he saw it. But I have some more things to be distributed and I'll keep him in mind. I don't remember anything that was definitely marked for him. I brought some 100 volumes from Seoul this time and Ned had several hundred. All the books from the various stations have not been sorted, but if the members of Andong station will write me permission to get their things I'll do what I can. The sooner, the better. The Encyclopedie Brit. isn't anything that ought to be too hard to find. What shall we do with that if I find it. As for anything else, the houses are bare. There is absolutely nothing, nothing. Both Jap and American troops were in our houses before I came and the places were ransacked, cleaned out. Thanks very much for the N.T. I got 40 this time as a gift. I'll be writing Stan Wilson. In fact the second 50,000 copies began arriving from America and the Bible Society gave me 200 to sell in our territory. Its quite a concession to get copies to sell, the demand is so great. I am so pleased that this second allotment came through in such rapid time. As for moral conditions in the church, let me cite you this. Now I'm writing these details to you as friends of the Korean Christians in order that you might appreciate conditions as they ^{are} as intercessors in the Christians' behalf. But facts as facts. This is something I got in Taiku yesterday. The American M.G. has been giving the Taiku Hospital rice and various food articles for the ^{patients} ~~use~~ ^{patients} ~~over~~ a considerable time. ABSOLUTELY NONE of the rice or other items has reached the ~~patients~~. It was either given to members of the staff or sold on the blackmarket and the receipts given to the staff. Recently inspectors from the M.G. discovered the irregularity & there is much excitement as a result. Now let me repeat this is nothing to be broadcast, it is a condition I share with you in confidence in order that you might more perfectly understand the temptations the Koreans are facing. In all fairness to the staff it ought to be said that the ^{terribly} high cost of living makes their salaries negligible, but economic difficulties ~~do~~ do not justify dishonesty. There are other things too. The newly arrived missionaries are asking about chapel services, but no services are held. Various excuses are given, "Many of the staff are unbelievers & would be embarrassed by a worship service", etc. etc. Irregularities in the distribution of cloth for sheets & nurses uniforms are reported of which there can be but little doubt. But let me say again, I trust all who read this letter to exercise greatest discretion in any repeating these conditions. I have given you facts for your own information. Moreover the Koreans have things in undisputed control and at a time when the whole populace is in a frenzy for freedom and liberty it is a poor occasion to even suggest a return to missionary supervision. A few weeks ago I gave you some facts on some Presbytery transactions which reflect no credit upon the group, Today you are getting a close-up on a hospital. I could go on about some of the inner workings of the schools "that were saved" but I'll ~~spare~~ ^{spare} you. Enough to report that the details as they come to us are sickening. It all adds up to the desperate and urgent need for God's work in our midst. A long-overdue Board letter arrived recently and among other items was an action taken in FEBRUARY transferring the Crothers to the Philippines. Think of that, the action was officially taken in February!

(I'm sorry I've got to write on both sides of the paper but this is all that is left from the supply I took with me when I left Andong almost 2 weeks ago)

I want to get a letter off personally to Daisy. As for Andong the big excitement is the arrival of the Hills who sailed the 4th of this month. Their boat is due in Chemulpo 18 days later. What a difference it will make to have a couple in the station. We will be able to set up housekeeping, and once a woman gets her hands on a household I know the transformation will be radical. It interests me to note the progress in that regard each time I visit Seoul & Taiku. Mrs. Fletcher's presence has made over the "Coen Billet", Holdcroft's former home. This time we ate there, and that is some very different from having to go down to the capitol building 3 times a day for meals, a tremendous time-saver aside from the joy of the fellowship. What a joy to be able to sing a hymn before eating. In Taiku, the Adams are getting their things unpacked in the Herb Blair house and this time I slept on a bed so soft I had to admit to myself I felt uneasy it was so deep-sprung. I imagine I felt like a Koroan does sleeping for the first time on a spring mattress. After army beds the Hollywood (that's its name) box-spring & beauty rest mattress sank down so low I had to have time to get accustomed to it. But not long! The work of the Committee this time was the finishing of the survey & completing the itinerary for the Deputation, leaving by air from New York, 21st of this month. The survey totals 27 pages, typewritten, single-spaced, and because your humble servant types a bit faster than some of the 70 year old, retired members of the mission (Rhodes actually wrote most of the survey), I was requested to lend a hand on typing the 40 copies of the document needed. Ned then announced the possession of a mimeograph machine & I was asked to do the stenciling. Remembering from my army experience what an exacting job stenciling is I made a deal with a corporal in the army to stencil the thing on his own time and at the low cost of 10 dollars he finished the 27 pages in 2 days. That's why I stayed over in Seoul, to see the stenciling job through. The corporal volunteered this remark, "That's a thrilling paper, may I have a copy of it?" Now how about that? Thrilling! Well, we hope the deputation thinks so. It's been the Committee's main job all Fall, Winter, & Spring. How could anything as important as getting the work of the church here going again be less than thrilling? We are having 50 some copies mimeographed & I may be able to get a copy to pass around. At least I'll have a personal copy to pass around after the dignitaries have come & gone. Their echodule as we have tentatively arranged it is, a couple days in Seoul meeting officials. Four days in Taiku & Andong meeting Koreans & missionaries (the Andong station will come to Taiku for a conference with them); 5 days with a joint group in Seoul, Methodists & Presbyterians, missionaries and Koreans, about 40 picked leaders. (A Methodist deputation is coming with our Presbyterian Board people for conferences with their people). Then conferences of our Board people with Korean Presbyterian leaders, Severence, C.C.C., C.L.S., Gen'l Assembly, etc. etc. Then come days with the Emergency Ex. Com. And in between a trip down to Chung Ju and back. The whole month of July is set aside for them. I imagine they'll be worn to a frazzle after a solid month of meetings during the heat & humidity of the rainy season. It may result in a unanimous action of the Board approving the gift of an electrical refrigerator for each station! Last Thursday was King George's birthday & the British Consul General invited us all to help him celebrate. It was the first reception I ever attended at His Majesty's Consulate & I was very glad to be on hand for just this one for it was historic, I'm sure. Everybody from Gen'l Hodge down, of rank, in the U.S. army was on hand, and to let color & excitement to the party, the Russian big shots attending the Joint Commission were on hand. True to form the ranking General, Shtikov, didn't pass through the Consulate and enter the garden from the side, he came right from his car to the garden & I happened to be standing there so he up & shook hands with me. Could it be that he thought a fellow with the name of Voelkel was the British Consul? Never. What a type these Ruskies are. Whether it is prejudice or not, we can hardly say, but afterward as we discussed these Russians among ourselves the unanimous opinion is that they are a tough, hard-looking group. The liaison officer, a young major, was most affable & hearty but the rest were gruff. They are all hefty, barrel chested, beef-eater type. What a contrast to the smooth, suave English Consul. It amused the missionaries to see the leaders of all shades of political parties, ~~XXX~~ Yi Sung Man, Kim Koo, Kim Ku Sik, and all the rest of them shaking hands & chatting with other in happiest amiability. One Leftist who has been shot at nine times, I understand, was smiling as broadly as any of them. I was grateful to be able to meet the Russian priest. He spoke English & I called on him that evening to tell him about the supply of Russian Testaments the Bible Society has and urge him to get going on their distribution up north. He promised to see what he could do. Before we parted we prayed together, I in English and he in Russian. My guess is he is not accustomed to extempore prayer & prayed the Lord's prayer. Enroute to Taiku I had 20 pieces of baggage & 2 Jeep tires, and going to Andong it looks as though I'll have 2 tents to help fill the trailer. The M.G. has a surplus of hospital tents & we are promised 2 for country evangelism. May God give us churches in many, many villages where His truth is not being preached now.

Lewis. Jones

Monday Morning, June 30, 1947.

Dearest,

I'm just carrying on from where I left off last night. I decided to get to bed in good time. In order to save the washing of sheets for Sue I am staying over in the B.I. dorm in a room next to Dr. Blair and Lowe, and last night as I was ready to turn in 2 young officers, West Pointers turned up to share the room with me. They were all ready to turn in too, but some of the rum-dums down the hall got hold of them, soon the glasses were clicking, and the hilarity started. I figured I wanted to get to sleep and not be disturbed by them when they came in so I moved across the hall to the room of an officer whose wife had just arrived from the states and who hadn't "officially" moved out yet.

I am glad to hear of your purchases of sheets, pillow cases, shoes etc., at Bucky's. How grateful I am that you have the wherewithal. God certainly is meeting our needs. And all the fresh fruit you are having. I miss that out here. We don't get any fruit to speak of although for breakfast we have juices and on occasion fresh California ~~oranges~~ oranges that give us our required citrus ration. Sue just succeeded in reaching Seoul by Phone and learned that the Hills will take the day train down today. I am waiting to have the brakes on the jeep fixed and hope to start to Andong right after lunch so I won't see them here but they will be starting up tomorrow and I'll be there (D.V.) to meet them and welcome them. What historic days these are. New arrivals must keep on the move these days for there is no room for them to stay in either Seoul or Taiku, all the houses are so crowded. Did I tell you Yang Sib brought me a mess of fresh peas from the seeds you sent and Pak Si (Yi Poke Chew) brought up some fresh carrots from your seeds. Yes, my dear how generous people are, Mrs. Rough with \$10.00, Ranier \$5.00. I must say in all frankness I'm disappointed in Sis' \$2.00. Honestly nothing would make more of an impression than that stingy amount. Sis knows better than that. It indicates how tight a grip material things have on her. About Vett and her thinking you too serious, I don't believe I follow her at all. As I remember I didn't refer to that statement at all in the letter I sent her. You are completely right in insisting that one can not be too "serious" in spiritual matters. What I'm afraid Vett's remark amounts too is that your spiritual standard is too high for the children. They would like us to ~~see~~ have the children go to movies and do "other things" which to them are acceptable. Your conduct of the home and the standards you have set please me no end. Praise God for your example and leadership of the home. Thank you for Talbot's books. I already had ~~✓~~ of them but they are welcome and I can use them. Forgive me for asking but did you pay for them? He gave me copies of these and several others one day when I was up seeing him. Now what about this wonderful correspondence. How nice of Swigart of Huntington to reply to our circular letter. Business has a tight grip on him but his heart shows the influence of his boyhood training. His father was a Brethren pastor you'll remember. I more than enjoyed hearing from Mrs. Hunter of Altoona, formerly of Alexandria, Penna. We'll welcome the things from Va. And precious Jack's Scripture examination, 96½, and Ted's list of Scripture references. I treasure them. My dear this Elementary Program of Culter seems like a recital of Sally's. She just about did it all! Daisy's letter still shows the awful keenness of her disappointment. A fine letter came from Bob and Ila telling me of their happy evening at Culter. It was a joy to hear from someone outside the family of the family's accomplishments. Thank the Lord for it. We are blessed, dearest, in our children. And the beautiful letter from Mary Mills of the Dohnavur Fellowship. I started reading Gold Cord. It is the work of a Spirit filled life. By the way I preached yesterday afternoon here in the service held by the missionaries. Ella Sharrocks and the lady from Seoul who had been to Andong were there. I spoke on Sorrow for Sin from 2 Cor. 7:10 and I felt greatest liberty. I trust the Lord spoke to hearts. Last Saturday brought Elmer's letter with "smiles" over my references to Modernism in the Seoul seminary. Your letter also came giving the details of the graduation dinner, Skooks "formal" & her most appropriate verse at the dinner, the extra cost of having the school motto larger, i.e. the cost of putting Christ first. Precious precious days, and precious letters. God is so very, very good. Praise Him.

Andong, June 25, 1947.

Dearest Gertrude,

I trust the Lord is blessing you, resting you, helping you, cheering you, and just making everything alright. I believe I can understand in a very real way the experiences you are passing through these days for my experiences are similar. With the departure of the Detachment, many rearrangements are necessary, as you can appreciate. It happens that the stove left in the Adams house has gone on the blink, smoking out the kitchen each time we start a fire. The local C. O., just a few days before leaving, had the Baugh's stove brought up from the Girls' house where it had been heating water, and spent 700 yen on getting it cleaned and repaired. So, since that stove, in such good condition, is in our house, it seemed wise and in fact necessary for George and me to do our cooking here. Kim Si, the Adams' cook is cooking for us, for Pak Si has taken some days off, and I'll give you the details of the windfall that came to them when the outfit left. Everybody estimates that Yi Poke Chew is now rich. But we'll wait & see. He got just about everything.

The army left on Monday about 10 o'clock in the morning and I commenced moving my stuff down here. It was raining and that made the move anything but easy, and moreover, this house was filthy and that wasn't pleasant. But darling, I can't tell you what it meant for me to get down again into our home without having the army around. I must confess my heart was moved and it seemed that I was fully returning to Korea. Thus far it has been so unnatural to have these outsiders defiling our home, and to get back again to quiet and sanctity was moving to my soul. You would laugh at our primitive housekeeping, but I think I'll save the details of that for my weekly letter for all the rest of the station will be interested in hearing about it.

I mustn't forget to let you know that a whole additional bunch of packages have come from you with this wonderful cloth. I'm sorry to report that the bulb you enclosed in a package of oatmeal was completely smashed and the broken glass, some of it so fine, is all mixed up with the oatmeal and it would be risky to eat it. The other bulbs came through in good order. The best way is just to wrap them up in clothing & put them in the middle of the bundle and they'll come through O.K. They are shipped as it from the factory in cartons and make the grade easily. Old J.Y. has been writing to people about sending clothing and a number of packages arrived from Detroit. And, after months & months packages have begun to arrive addressed to the Koreans through the Korean post office. I ought to state that this last bunch from you was through the Korean P.O.

Well, here I am dear, I'm sleeping, studying, and doing all my work in our bed room, & what a big, bright room it is. Many of the Koreans, now that the army has departed are beginning to come up to see us. They've been scared with all the soldiers around. Yesterday Yang Si appeared in our kitchen & I had fun with her. I feigned surprise, enough to fall over about, & it amused her and Kim Si. Yang Si was interested to see the kitchen, the first time she had been in it since before the war when she left. What memories crowded back into her mind. She had brought some peas from the seeds I'd given her and today George & I enjoyed the peas. Then Yang Si kept looking around the house and when she came into the bedroom I took your big picture from off my desk and showed it to her. It was too much for her. She melted into tears, and I almost wept at seeing her weep. My dear, how much more lonely seems in this house without you and the precious children.

The Hills are scheduled to have arrived yesterday and I've been trying to reach Fletcher by 'phone in Seoul to find out if they arrived. Don't laugh but we have a direct phone to Taiky M.G., and through them to Seoul and anywhere in the country, of course. I just called Sue by 'phone, we can call

directly from house to house. The M.G.'s left their ~~PHONE~~ 'phone in the house for us, and left some fine food. I'll tell you about the guests, our first, Yi & wife, & Qun Ong Yun Bible woman.

George is leaving for Seoul this afternoon & will take this letter with him. We are now down to a restricted service on mail, only when we go after it ourselves. It will involve quite a delay. I haven't had any word from you for over a week, and your receipt of word from me will be slowed up accordingly. But keep writing, darling. I hardly need say that to you. Day after tomorrow, Friday after supper I'll get off to Taiku (D.V.) in order to be there early Saturday morning when I get the second installment on my Sleeping Sickness and Typhoid inoculations. Since George will be in Seoul, I believe I'll wait over Sunday, and while there, of course I'll get the mail. Welcome, welcome.

I've just wasted more time trying to get Seoul but without avail. I could hear Mrs. Fletcher answering the 'phone but she couldn't hear me, so its no use. I just called Arch Campbell in Taiku & he'll try to reach them from there, it is that much nearer, and then he'll call me back.

There you have it my dearest, a little round up of the news. Dearest, dearest love to you all. I'll answer all the mail that is waiting for me in Taiku when I reach there Saturday.

Lovingly,

Howe

Address: Harold Voelkel, Civilian Presbyterian Mission,
99 M. G. Group, A.P.O. 6 - Unit 1, % P.M., San Francisco, Cal.
***** (Taiku, Sunday June 30, 1947)

Dearest Everybody,

What an eventful week this has been. It serves to stress the lack of permanence in the situation out here. Breakfast was scheduled at 5.30 last Monday and after arriving at the mess hall in good time it was announced that the meal would be delayed because the cooks did not turn up! Moreover it was rainy, quite hard, and it was apparent that the Detachment wouldn't get off as early as they had hoped. What an experience it was seeing them leave. They were allowed 3 trucks in which to load everything for Taiku and of the million odds and ends only a certain number, obviously, would be loaded. Of the rest it was fascinating entertainment to see who could steal the most valuable items. George and I organized with half a dozen Koreans guarding the various roads to stop and search all strangers carrying anything away, and it was embarrassing, although necessary, for us to relieve a number of hangers on who, after attaching themselves to something, would start off. The M.G. had employed a whole batch of people, few of whom could be entirely trusted, and we had to keep a watchful eye on them for many of the things either belonged to the houses or would be necessary to us in keeping on. Pak Si who had ingratiated herself into the well wishes of the Commanding Officer came in for a wind fall. That family got so many things the word among the Koreans is that they are rich. I didn't begrudge them a thing for they did not receive any retiring allowance from any of the missionary households like the other servants and moreover he has not been in on the land division, the use of it, accorded the four former outside men. I am sorry to have to say that in their receiving they went beyond normal expectations and propriety and took away lumber and other things which decency would hardly approve their taking. Also, the day after the departure, Poke Chew came up and reported Pak Si as sick and asked for some days off, which proved to be a deliberate lie for Pak Si worked harder the next days than usual washing blankets and other things the army gave them. I saw her myself and have that to confront Poke Chew about. The army left us a very acceptable quantity of meat and provisions in the icebox, tender beef, pork chops, hamburger, and a chicken. George and I decided to celebrate our setting up of housekeeping by having guests and it won't be hard for you to guess whom. Yes, Yi Wun Yung and his wife. Adams' Kim Si, working as Pak Si's substitute did that chicken up delectably. It simply melted in one's mouth. The table had no cloth on it, and in the absence of dishes we had to serve the potatoes and vegetables in the pots they were cooked in. But that didn't affect the taste and added to the fun. In the afternoon I had been down at the church looking for Qun Ok Yon the Bible woman, and apparently when she heard the Yi's were invited for dinner, decided I was looking for her to invite her & appeared accordingly about 7 o'clock all dressed in her best after we had finished our dinner. But there was plenty left so we served her a generous plate. After I drove the 3 guests for a little drive in the cool of the evening. Really it was delightful. It happened to be swing day and everybody was outdoors. A high swing had been erected in the church yard where a thousand people gathered, I'm sure, to witness the various demonstrations of strength and skill. I saw two fellows see what they could do in gaining altitude but both got dizzy before accomplishing any height. George left the next day for Seoul but I was not given an opportunity for loneliness for I got a 'phone call (the G.I.'s left in the 'phone that connects me directly with Taiku) which I couldn't understand but from the operator got the news that two "women" would come to spend the night in Andong & would arrive in time for "chow". Well, that was something, so I told the cook that we better wait to see who the guests would be and actually have them on hand before beginning the dinner. One was Ella Sharrocks & the other an advisor in the Educational Department on tour of schools & hospitals. I had a good dinner for them and put them to roost in the Adams' house. I

had moved down to our own house, that is I had started to move. Oh, what a mess the house was in for a day or two. Other visitors had turned up that day, 2 C.I.C. men, which means Counter Intelligence Corps fellows. They didn't object to my telling the Koreans of their visit so I don't imagine it will be violating any military secrets to let you know that they are planning to have a few men live in Andong. Recently they caught some smugglers of opium operating in Taiku & it is now suspected that the Russians are smuggling arms in through an underground that operates through Andong. In fact these C.I.C. fellows were looking at our houses with hungry eyes. One is expecting to bring his family out & would appreciate an American type home! Who wouldn't? Great restlessness continues on the part of the Koreans, and they all seem to feel that an outbreak is imminent. A local police official was up & in talking things over with him he used the word "Nang Pei" in connection with the Communistic activities, "I'm baffled". I felt it was significant for him with all his police & guns to admit that. The point is they're frightened. Today here in Taiku the tactical forces (the fighting U.S. soldiers) are alerted and are out in jeeps, armed, patrolling the roads because of inside information that the Rightists & Leftists are going to take it out on each other today or tomorrow. I was planning to return to Andong tomorrow but will have to await the green light from the authorities here. I am down here for the second inoculation of encephalitis (sleeping sickness) four cases of which have proved fatal to Americans. I drove down in a driving rain in that open jeep but kept reasonably dry with 2 raincoats and rubber pancho. Friday at noon I had a visit from two officers & their wives from Taiku who came to begin an examination of our house with a view to beginning repairs. Estimates and considerable detail will be necessary but with General Hodge's signature things are beginning to move. The Crothers will be interested to know that last Sunday after the service in Pup Sang their former cook Kim came up to me, the first time I had met her. She wept as we shook hands. It's always overwhelming to meet these with whom we've been so intimately associated. She is living in Yung Chawn Oop making a home for her grandson who is in high school there. Her daughter and son-in-law live out in the country where he has a church. Last Sunday afternoon was historic for we started the reorganization of the Angie Church. The plan is to meet Sunday afternoons & evenings separately in the Bible Institute building and thereby establish a sort of identity for if they keep on at Pup Sang it will be difficult to get funds together & delegate leadership while a part of the parent congregation. The plan is to build a church costing 300,000 yen. How does that sound in contrast with pre-war. Money is cheap but there are plenty poor. I had Crothers' former outside man Pak up recently & gave them a bundle of things that made him beam. He's a grateful soul and it's fun doing things for him. Recently packages came with a lot of worn women's shoes in them. So since most of the girls at the B.I. are going around barefooted I decided to take all the shoes over there & let them choose a pair each. Leather shoes, mind you. How their eyes popped. There were about 18 pairs for 10 girls to choose from. I left the room while they chose so they'd have plenty freedom and each emerged with "that" smile. I think I've told you that the transmission on the jeep is worn, as are the transmissions of almost all other army jeeps, and it is frequently difficult to go from high to middle or low when shifting. Anyone who knows what this means will understand the significance of having the brakes go bad ~~in~~ on such a car. To be going up a hill and find it impossible to get into middle or low and in the meantime be unable to apply the brakes would result in the car simply rolling backwards downhill. The point is one day last week the brakes on my jeep suddenly went out. What to do? I looked up the Korean who had formerly worked in the M.G. motor pool and his diagnosis was a leakage in the hydraulic brake fluid. And of course it is impossible to get the fluid in Andong. So, like the other local auto people he improvised and made brake fluid out of castor oil and alcohol which we secured down at the Government hospital. It got me down here alright, but I am to take the jeep out to the local motor pool for new fluid and a brake check-up tomorrow. That's why I'm having to stay over. Do you see the delays we encounter. Lovingly,

Dos

Copy

Harold Voelkel: Civilian Presbyterian Mission
99 M. G. Group,
A.P.O. 6 Unit 1
% P.M. San Francisco, California

Andong, Saturday, July 5, 1947.

Dear John and Ella, *brothers*

Thanks so much for all your letters. I appreciate your keeping me informed of the goings-on at your end, and I want to reply now particularly to your letter of June 11th. I'm certainly interested to have the news about the "little slip" telling of the delay of a letter because of a crash. I've often wondered if there were any crashes in the Air Mail outfit. Gertrude also remarked that she got a later letter first about the time of your receiving the "slip", so I supposed the earlier letter was held up by the crash. I have your letter authorizing me to get your books and we'll hold them up until further instructions, as you request. It is an awful job digging out any one individual's books. There are thousands of volumes and many of them have no name, so you just keep on sorting and sorting until you reach one identified and then put it in the rack for him. Just when we'll get to the bottom of the pile is unpredictable. We'll be awaiting the hair-clippers. I'm certainly in agreement with you in your reactions to the New Life Fellowship (or Movement) Booklet. I'll be interested in hearing whether Hallie Covington saw Mackay. From all that Otto experienced trying to get to him I doubt if she got very far, but then women can do things with a man that a man can't! Isn't that so? But my guess is that Hallie nor anyone else can budge the Board. From all I see the Board is adamant in its decisions in this "rehabilitation" era. Have you seen the last set of Board letters with the announcement of the new set-up, the appointment of "Field Administrators" and a Restoration Committee. The Restoration Committee is to be composed of "qualified missionaries and nationals", elected BY THE BOARD. So there goes our mission! In other words brother and sister, the old ways of doing things are gone and we shall have very little to say regard the new ways. "Our's is not to question why, our's is but to do - or" (go to the Philippines!) John, I've prayed and labored, but my guess is your destined to the Philippines. I'm hoping against hope that something happens that changes the plan, and I believe fully that God can do it, but my notion is that the Board has fully made up its mind and could not readily make any change because it would establish a precedent to change numbers of other decisions that to me are equally drastic. Thanks many, many times for the Korean N.T.'s. We can use them all profitably. Yes, Kang Oo Gun, the squint-eyed fellow is the pastor in Yung Duk Oop, doing an excellent work. It is chamee manso but of course he has a house-cleaning to do for he together with Kim Oo Eel went to the police station when Chey Yung Quan was held there and urged him to yield on the matter of the shrine. The railroad was never extended north from Pohand although the road bed was about completed, that is the dirt piled up. No rails were laid. All those gold mines are closed. My, what a trip I had up there. The road to Chung Yang is the worst by far in the whole territory. And the jeep on that trip was in its lowest efficiency. It was a miserable trip from the transportation standpoint but fruitful otherwise. I can't tell you about a coal mine at the head waters of the Nakdong. The hills everywhere I think are considerably more bare due to the need of the Japs for lumber during the war.

very expensive. Yes, I read the biography of Finney, "Man of Like Passions", about six years ago, and have been over it since. It was a great challenge to me. This about covers the questions in your letter so I'll go on now to the family letter and the news of the week. Please let me know any news you get from the Board. May I add this. The B.I. closed today and we are looking forward to a great enrollment next Fall. We'll need pencils, erasers, note books, etc. (Need I tell the former principle the things that will be needed). So in the event that you have no other place for your tithe, anything you send along this line will be much appreciated. A.P.O. will take the package now without special permission. The Lord's very best for you in all things.

LATE NEWS FROM KOREA

(Paragraphs from letters from Dr. William N. Blair, now in Taegu, Korea. He has been a missionary in Korea more than 40 years.)

"It looks as tho God is answering our prayers for a real revival that will reunite the church in South Korea and prepare it for this new day. A remarkable series of meetings was held in Taegu in November and December. The one for pastors and church leaders under the direction of the General Assembly was wonderfully helpful. From 1100 to 1200 attended the Presbytery revival the week of December 2nd. All the churches are crowded and the people are eager to share in the great evangelistic campaign planned.

"More than a thousand young men and women crowded into the First Church in January for a week of 'Youth for Christ' meetings. Several who were not Christians decided to believe. The young people went from house to house preaching and inviting people to the meetings.

"We are very happy over the fact that we were able to open the Bible Institute formally on February 12th with more than 90 students, about half of them women, enrolled. For a while it looked as if we would not be able to repair the almost completely wrecked building because it would require almost 300,000 yen for repairs and 70,000 yen for running expenses, and there was little money for this purpose. However, the principal of the Institute, O Chongduk, proved to be a man of remarkable faith and courage, and he, almost alone, raised 210,000 yen and the rooms were repaired.

"Because of lack of funds it was impossible to heat the building properly at first but the joy of being able to study the Bible again seemed to make the students forget the cold. They even insisted on holding prayers in the unheated chapel at 5:30 in the morning.

"God answered our prayers in the matter of providing heat for the building later also. We had only 105 yen and this would not buy one load of wood. A Christian friend heard of the need and gave Principal O 7000 yen so the wood was bought.

"March 1st was Korean Independence Day. A popular public meeting was held in the Town Hall in the afternoon. The hall was crowded with 2500 people. I talked 10 minutes, being one of six speakers. I told them how much we Americans wish to see the country united and free. I warned them that the division of the country cannot be corrected by force, but that if they are patient and united they will get what they desire. No American soldiers were on guard that day. Everything was left to the Korean soldiers and police. However, it was a very orderly meeting.

"I had the pleasant experience of preaching a few weeks ago to a large group of U.S. Army men at Camp Skipworth south of Taegu. At the close of the meeting they invited me to return that evening and talk on my early experiences in Korea.

"A revival service in the West Church added 237 new believers to its membership. I preached to 1000 people there one Sunday.

"I spoke at the recently formed Young People's Evangelistic Association meeting one night. We had a grand meeting with 400 present.

"The good news has just come to me that permission has been granted me by the Russian government in North Korea to visit my home in Pyongyang. I have been hoping and praying for this opportunity."

(Dr. Blair's book "Gold in Korea" on his experiences as a missionary, may be obtained from the Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10, N.Y., price 75 cents postpaid.)

April 4, 1947

Greeting from Rev. Harold Voelkel, Presbyterian Missionary
71 Military Gov't Co., Detachment 3.
A.P.O. 6-1, Postmaster, San Francisco.

January 19, 1947. - Andong, Korea.

Your good letters continue to come thru and I am feasting on all the good news. We are blessed with exceedingly kind friends. God encouraged me greatly in my prayer life this week; Pastor Ye, head of the Bible Institute and Moderator of Presbytery, has had a hard time getting support from the churches, for the people simply do not have money; I found he hadn't had any salary for sometime (it is only 300 yen a month, at a time when rice is 1,200 yen a bushel) and there are 3 children at home. At the rate of 15 to 1, I haven't any money to give. So I took it to God in prayer. Within a day or two the commanding officer said he could let me have some extra grain for distribution, "do you know of any worthy family?" "Did I?" "What a testimony to trust God in everything! When I gave it to Ye, he asked, "Isn't there a needier family than we?" He's a spiritual giant and yet he is so natural about things, busy holding Bible classes out in the little country churches to which he frequently has to walk.

These are great days, for the Andong Bible Conference is on. It's good to see the Christians from the country again, so hearty and cordial in their greeting. The guest speaker, Pastor Han from the north is a praying man, fearless in his denunciation of sin and fervent in his exaltation of the Lord Jesus. I spoke five times on Repentance and prayed for God to enable me to preach that message in love. We had good attendance in spite of rainy weather.

Jan. 26 - It's a cold day, but my heart is warm as I turn my thoughts to you all. I preached down in the prison today; an excellent congregation, of course, but they were attentive. The Bible Society has sent scripture portions to all prisons for distribution. I was surprised how well the prisoners sang!

How many opportunities the church now has for evangelism! In the local High school for boys, out of 600 a group of 30 students are meeting for Christian fellowship. The Youth for Christ is enthusiastic with big plans for work. About a thousand Korean soldiers are to come here for training; it's a great challenge.

At the service this morning I was told there were 30 new believers, converts during the Conference. The meetings stirred us all. An offering of 120,000 yen, which despite inflation is a lot of money, is to be used to send evangelists out to preach in villages where churches are closed during the war. Women gave their wedding rings, watches and ornaments. I am impressed with the appearance of the congregation and the order is good too. Artful is being built up in the worship similar to our American church service. It's noticeable to see in all this the result of years of training in missionary homes and institutions. They are doing a good job in distribution of charity bundles, and I want to have the country churches, as well, share in the bounty that is coming.

Every day I am teaching in the Bible Institute; 25 men and 8 women studying in the Sunday School rooms at the church. I'm enjoying teaching the Life of Christ, a tremendous subject.

Feb. 2. Seoul, Korea.

The winter in Andong has been moderate but it is bitter cold here, and I am grateful for the big winter army overcoat that a generous Supply officer let me have. I don't know what I'd do without it. The heating situation is serious for lack of fuel. What a ride we had up here by plane! We climbed 10,000 ft. to keep above a solid bank of clouds.

I had a shock when I visited Sovereign Hospital. I had heard about it but the sight was depressing in the extreme. No electricity, unpainted walls, everything in bad repair. The wards were pitiable, the patients being cared for by relatives with food prepared on charcoal burners. It isn't easy for the management these days with shortages of everything, - another manifestation of the suffering of the people as a result of the war. Things are desperate; thieves are bold. I saw a government car with two windows broken; these shatter-proof windows are tough, but the consciences of some of the people are tougher.

We hear there are about forty new church groups in Seoul, mostly people from the north,- refugees.

Feb. 9. ⁴⁷ Andong, Here I am back again after two weeks absence, and what full and eventful days they have been! Your letters send me to my knees in gratitude to God for His wonderful kindness. There is so much to praise God for. I never felt better in my life.

You recall that the Mission bought a jeep for each of the four Presbyterian stations, - grade A. jeeps purchased at highest price. On Feb. 1st, I went down to get the Andong jeep, but it wouldn't budge. After a day's delay I got it started, - #505, and a day later Ned Adams drove off with # 503. It was bitter cold and each morning as we went to breakfast at the mess hall, there was watchful waiting to see if the jeeps would start. They did! We were thru the Committee business and ready to start south on Friday, Oh, what roads and what temperature! I was cold not merely to the bone but to the marrow! As we got into the mountains the recent snow added real beauty to the scene. Both cars were loaded with Sunday school supplies just out from America. On Saturday we were off in good time. With the high Mun-kyung pass in front of us. How thankful we were for the 4-wheel drive, for as we made the ascent the snow and ice on the road was thicker and our wheels began to spin. Do you recall those precipitous drops from that road? The special drive got us up and over, and then what a view! Soon we were in the next town with a crowd all about us. We met the Christians, sold them some S.S. literature, had prayer with them, and learned that their church building was sold during the war and they are now meeting in a former Japanese home. Then on together until Ned turned off for Taiku, and I kept on toward Andong. We've made plans for visits in the jeep to a number of places where churches disappeared during the war and are again springing into life, Christians begging for help. Its most encouraging, there are real signs of life and the people are eager.

Feb. 22. I have had my first trip to the country in my jeep. The engine works beautifully and we had no mishaps except that the radiator froze, it was so cold. Pastor Ye, two elders and I started out Sat. noon driving East. We stopped at a place where it happened to be Market day, and what a crowd! I asked if they wanted to buy a most valuable Book, for only 5 yen. It was unanimous, they did; in a matter of minutes all the gospels I had were gone, snatched out of my hands. Spending the night in an inn at Chung-song, we had a service in the church which is in a dreadful condition, the result of disuse during the war when the people were forbidden to meet and the congregation was scattered. The few who are now meeting are too poor to repair it.

March 10 - You will notice the change in my address. The Company at Andong has officially been deactivated and made a detachment, half the men being sent else where. The commanding officer told me that he expects one house and probably two to be vacant. So all we have to do is to get them ready. We have the good word that 13 missionaries are returning this month, among them George Adams for Andong. The opportunities are great and they will all have plenty to do.

Poor Korea is restless and weary without knowing which way to turn. But her real need is spiritual, peace with God. Keep praying.

Sent by Mrs. Harold Veolkel, 1200 West 30th St., Los Angeles 7 California.

300 copies - mimeographed at Knox church -

1200 W. 30th St.,
Los Angeles 7 Calif.
June 19, 1947.

Dear Friends:

With this news letter from Harold, I feel I must send you a personal word from the family. In spite of the difficulties of this separation, God has wonderfully met our every need and given all-sufficient grace day by day. We marvel at the way He has sustained, turning trials into testimonies of His faithfulness, and causing His joy to be our strength. We have hoped that by this time there would be some definite word of a soon return to Korea, but as yet permits are not granted to children of missionaries, so our part is to wait with patience until that day comes. God is able to open doors and we are waiting upon Him in this as in everything.

We have enjoyed unusually good health all year with almost no illness at all, and the children are growing steadily and always bubbling over with energy and vigor. They make this a very lively household and there have been busy, happy times for us all. Little Harold who is five years old now, can hardly wait his turn to start school, and is learning to repeat four psalms at home. Teddy has completed 2nd grade, and loves to write to his Daddy, his left hand working so fast to keep up to his active little mind. His fingers have learned to trip over the piano keys, too, and it was a happy moment for his mother when he played in his first recital at school. Jack is ready for 8th grade and has done good work in his lessons and in music; he's our chief entertainer with jolly jokes and is my right hand helper in running errands. Sally Lou was graduated from Culter Academy on June 17th with honors, playing a piano solo at the commencement exercises. As Editor of the school Annual she has worked hard this year, and we are delighted with the fine Christian testimony it gives. She looks forward eagerly to entering Wheaton College this Fall.

The time for us to be moving on has come, a step in the right direction, for we expect to leave the end of July and locate in Berkeley this Fall. For the month of August we shall be enjoying the Bible Conferences and outdoor activities in Mt. Hermon, California, and after September 1st our new address will be

2918 D. Regent St., Berkeley 5 California.

That is one of the fine missionary cottages we are fortunate to have until the time when we can sail for Korea.

"He led them forth by the right way... so He bringeth them unto their desired haven." Psalm 107:7,30.

Sincerely yours in Him,

Gertrude Swallen Voolkol.

Greeting from Rev. Harold Veelkel, civilian missionary
Det. 3, 71 Military Gov't Co.
A. P. O. 6-1, Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

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March 24. Andong, Korea

How grateful I am for your letters. I have been on another trip and just returned. The church where we worshipped yesterday was awfully cold; a little place 'way up in the mountains. It went thru all the trials the others did, but has come thru in fine condition. In the midst of the joy of greetings, there was sorrow too, for one of the fine young men was forced into the Japanese army and has not returned. After my absence of years everybody wants to do his greeting personally and in detail; I don't suppose I've bowed so much for a long time. The next church we visited has been started since the war; a small group but what was lacking in numbers was made up in fervor.

I heard of a young man in a village eight miles away who has been walking that distance to church, and when asked how he decided to believe his reply was, "It just got into my head to believe in Jesus" To walk that distance is good evidence of the sincerity of his faith. How wonderfully God is working! He is blessing and will go in greater measure of blessing.

April 13. Seoul, Korea.

Easter sunrise service here was an open-air gathering of some 12,000 Christians on the hilltop of the former Shinto Shrine. A Korean pastor preached in Korean, with a missionary interpreting in English for the benefit of the Army personnel, - a fine demonstration of unity of Christ. Before leaving Andong, I spoke at a daybreak prayer meeting of Presbytery, telling them I was convinced that until all the shrine compromises were repented of and confessed, God could not bless us. There was a quiet hush and I felt the message went home, but there was no brokenness. I trust that will follow, but if it doesn't they will find that God will simply put them aside. Everywhere we go it is the young people who have the energy and zeal and vision, and God is using them.

Last evening I sat here at sunset and thought back over scenes of other days in Seoul, and tried to visualize the arrival of Father and Mother Swallen 55 years ago. What changes and development have taken place Praise God for the fine Christian testimony God has raised up here!

April 27, Andong.

I've been a long time away from home this trip, with the committee meeting in Seoul, and General Assembly in Taiku, and then I was delayed a few days with a cold and sore throat. What a contrast the General Assembly was to previous gatherings! - not only fewer in numbers but the level of deliberation was lower; there was not the ready response and the challenge of the different items presented. They took action, wisely I felt, forbidding pastors to hold political jobs at the same time as pastorates. It seems that many pastors have become members of the legislature while holding on to their pastorates, giving their churches absent treatment.

What a reception I had upon my return, with the many, many packages that had arrived. Stuff from America is like clothing from a dream world. I took a number of sweaters and coats over to the girls in the Bible Institute and how their eyes sparkled! I get an inspiration each time I open a package. Thank you, and may the Lord make up to you for all the time and strength that has gone into the purchase, packing and mailing of these things to us, - a labor of love. All A.P.O. parcels may now be sent without request. There is special need for towels, cotton cloth and electric light bulbs.

May 11. Seoul.

In Taiku on my way up here I met Dr. Blair who was just back from a five day trip to Pyeng Yang, in north Korea. The Russians gave him the freedom of the city where he had lived forty years, and even provided him a car and a Korean chauffeur. He visited the Theological Seminary speaking to the 174 students there, and the Womens Higher Bible school with its 91 students. On Sunday he spoke at each of nine churches in the morning, and in the afternoon addressed an open-air gathering of over 15,000 Christians who were commemorating the 40th anniversary of the great revival of 1907. How miraculous that he should have been there for that occasion, for he had been an active leader in the revival, as he has recorded in his recent book, "Gold in Korea". He spoke of what he had witnessed at the time when the Spirit of God fell in convicting power and repentance upon great congregations of people. After the message it was suggested that all pray together audibly and in concert, a volume of voices that must have been heard all over the city. For two weeks all the 50 Protestant churches of PyengYang had been meeting for daybreak prayermeetings and at this special union gathering the offering was given for the purpose of rebuilding the First Methodist church that had burned. The Christians are calling upon God for another revival like the one that was given before. They said Dr. Blair's presence among them was like an angel from heaven. How marvellously God led in that visit! Yes, revival is on the way.

May 31. Andong.

This Detachment has been cut from 60 to 7 men, and in the near future there may be no one left at all. Two of our missionary homes are now vacant, but considerable repairs will have to be made to make them ready for occupancy. Permission has been granted by General Hodge himself for the necessary rehabilitation. Its a long process and for the present all conditions indicate delay and patience in the matter of families coming out. George Adams and I are occupying the Adams house. We understand that Rev. and Mrs. Harry Hill have sailed and will soon be arriving for work in Andong.

I have good news about my books. I had 800 volumes on my list and was told all had been burned by the Japanese. Now the word is that all standard works were given to Seoul University, and there I found a number of my books and some of the Swallens', and I brought home a carton full. They are letting us have them all back again.

To my delight the Board took action to print 5,000 copies each of Father Swallen's Old Testament History and the Life of Christ, for use in our Bible Institutes. I'm sure it will be a joy to Father to know that his ministry continues fruitful. I brought down from Seoul 644 gospels for distribution; they went like hotcakes. The Old and New Testaments created a stampede, for the demand far exceeds the supply. It is distressing to have to toll so many that we dont have any more Bibles. I wrote of the great need for the Scriptures to the American Bible Society; they have printed and sent out thousands of copies to Korea, but many more thousands are desperately needed.

We've just finished a great four days of a Youth-for-Christ conference in Andong. I'm grateful to God for answered prayer. We had good weather, even a full moon, and from 71 churches there were 350 young people who came. The guest speaker, who has spent eight years in America gave messages on Romans, solid sermons with the truth excellantly arranged and presented with clarity. The church was filled to overflowing and the daily daybreak prayermeetings continued from 5:00 for almost two hours, with messages on the Holy Spirit. All that is needed is the breath of God upon us in overwhelming power. And that is the result of prayer.