Part 5: [Break made by BFK] 2nd Half of Nan's Journal

Figure 1

My mother wrote in <u>Psychological Perspectives</u> (Fall 1984)*:*

As Landis Green rather dramatically stated it when he read my first horoscope: 'You were surrounded by death and darkness from the first moment.' The whole birth experience did seem to be surrounded by darkness. My mother had strong intimations of her death, and the birth was difficult and terminated by forceps. For what it's worth, I have intuition that I was in my mother's arms when she died. I know that I was in her hospital room. (128).

[This is where the first part of Nan's Journal left off. On June 22, 1919, Alice has tragically died and my mother was born.]

When we entered her room she (Alice) was already in a coma, and never knew us nor spoke to us again. Doctor and nurses worked over her with oxygen—but all was in vain. At 9:30 that Sunday night, June 22nd, she left us—with a 28-hour-old baby, that she had held in her arms for a few brief hours, and to whom she had given her breast just once.

What a night we spent! I shall never forget the long dragging hours. Next morning, going early to the hospital, I talked with Dr. Garcia Lagos as to what he thought had happened; he said it was an embolism (blood clot) that had lodged in the lung, for the heart had continued to beat after all breathing had ceased. He assured me that there was no way of foreseeing such a xxx and no way of stopping its progress in the blood stream…

{Margin Note: Nan writes: "In Wooster, Ohio, March 11th, 1947, the story was taken up again. I shall keep on until it is finished, this time.}

The next day two good friends, Mrs. Coats mentioned above (not Maudie, Pat,) and Mrs. Cozens {*Margin Note*: Pat will now know why Mrs. Cozens is as dear to me. All these years she has attended to our precious xxx little xxx} a nearer neighbor, spent most of the day, seeking a wet-nurse for our baby. By night-fall they had found Massuela, (sorry, I can't recall her last name!) taken her to Dr. Garcia Lagos, had her thoroughly examined as to her physical condition, and delivered her to the hospital where she gave our baby a feeding. Massuela, [was] a Spanish woman, who advertised for a situation as wet-nurse. Her own baby boy, Pepito, was several months old, but the Doctor accepted her. On Tuesday morning, outside the little hospital mortuary, we and our friends met for a service, and then we went to the British Cemetery Chapel where the final rites took place. There we left her and a part of our hearts. All of our friends were wonderfully good to us; some came to see us, others wrote to us, and cables and telegrams came from everywhere; whoever knew Alice loved her. Mother Crew was in Lima at that time with Gladys who was expecting her second child at any time. When Mrs. Crew received the word she had to keep it from Gladys, lest she be upset by the sorrow. How she suffered, I heard xxx in her own grief and having to stifle it for Gladys' sake.

Figure 44: Massuela and Pepito.
My mother's wet nurse from June 1919 to March 1920.

Massuela was allowed to stay in the hospital with Patsy for the two weeks that Alice would have stayed. This made it possible for me to return to Buenos Aires with Malcolm, and to aid in the sad task of dismantling the little house and packing up of Alice's personal belongs xxx. How both of us felt I cannot dwell on. Somehow we accomplished it, and Malcolm arranged to live with Mr. & Mrs. Shuman. (Mr. Shuman was the Secretary of the B. A. Association.) I went back to Montevideo, and at the end of the two weeks we brought our baby home, with her nurse. Massuela fed her, and did her washing, but she slept in her little crib beside my bed. I bathed and dressed her and she became mine in a very real sense.

My mother wrote in Psychological Perspectives (Fall 1984)*:*

My profound sense of unworthiness [from abandonment] was very real. My earliest memories were of causing grief and concern whenever I appeared. Women whispered behind their hands, "There she is, the mother died, you know. . . Such a wonderful woman! Such a pity." And so on. Of course, a lot of this was in my imagination, but I got the impression over and over again that I was a very poor exchange for my mother, that talented, beautiful, unusual woman. There was also my grandmother's constant grief at the mention of my mother's name, or of anything connected with her such as a piece of music or a favorite flower. It made me feel totally unworthy of having survived while Alice, the paragon, had died. Her very name, Alice, made me uncomfortable, and although it was my given name, I have never used it. [. . .]

It makes me blush to remember the depths of self-pity to which I could sink! And even more so when I remember how surrounded I was on all sides by love. Early this winter, I rediscovered a manuscript written my grandmother just before she died, in which she describes my mother's early life and death and my first years with her. This carefully written little story reminded me of so much that I had forgotten or possibly never known. Combined with the picture book she kept of my first years, it is ***a fascinating human record***. One thing is certain. I was smothered in love. The pictures show me in a dozen poses, being passed from one pair of arms to another. There was a whole circle of adults from wet-nurse and cook to grandparents and neighbors, all ready to hold me and comfort me. (132) [Bold and italics mine.]

These need no explanations!

Manuela with Peter and Peketo.

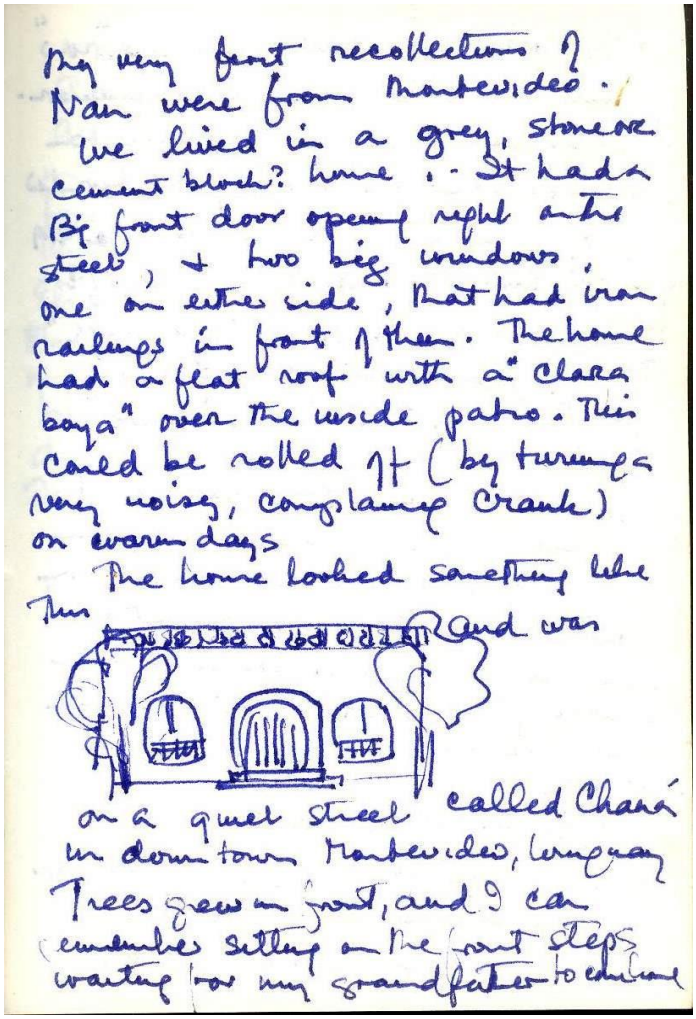
She was a nervous, restless baby and never slept as many hours longer daily as she should have done. Nor was she ever a plump baby. Her little face always, after the first few days, had very defined features, and she always looked like a person, and not a little red-faced bit of flesh—or any other baby. And she grew and developed. Malcolm, coming over to see her as often as possible found her changed each time he saw her. The day after Christmas of that year, I went into the British Hospital for a major operation & had to stay for 6 weeks. Elsie, on vacation, took over the care of Patsy for that time, and for weeks thereafter, since I was little use for a long time after getting home. During the rest of that Summer many afternoons were spent on the beach at Pocitos where Patsy rolled in the sand with Massuela watching her.

Figure 48: Christening, perhaps. The whole extended family, 1919.

I must tell you a little about the house Patsy lived in until she was past three, at #2126 Chaná, well out from the center of the city. Like most town houses, the entrance was flush with the street. Entering the wide double street doors, and rising two or three marble steps, at the right, one entered the living room; at the left was the tiny study where Webster had his desk and a pair of book-cases. Both of these rooms gave into the street with French windows. At the end of the very short entry at the top of the steps, were other glass doors and these opened into the patio. This, in all good weather, was our real living-room. A claraboya (clairvoyante?) [?], made of heavy frosted glass, set in a strong steel frame, and pyramidal in shape, formed the roof of this patio. By turning a crank (?) on the wall, it could cover and uncover the patio. A striped awning below the claraboya kept out the sun. Large book-cases covered two side of this patio; large doors and a hallway to the back patio took a third side, and a bed-room, formerly Alice's, took the fourth side. A second bed-room opened off the hall, and a third one, with a large bath-room, opened off the back patio, facing the kitchen. This last was really an alcove, without doors. The maid's room, above the kitchen, was reached by a short narrow stairway. We had to pass through these rooms to reach the flat roof of this house, and this we often did, especially in the Summer evenings to cool off after the sun set, and on sunny Winter days, when it was warmer there than in our unheated rooms.

The type of architecture I've just described is peculiar to Uruguay. Only a very few such houses are seen in Argentina. From the front door, to the back wall, were marble steps and tiled floors, and even tiled wainscoting—not too pleasant, when in Winter the warm air condensed on the cold tiles and dripped onto the floors—for we had many warm days in mid-winter.

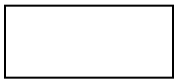
Figure 49: Description of 2126 Chaná, Montevideo, Uruguay, from my mother's June 3, 1983, Journal/letter to me.



My very first recollections of Nan were from Montevideo.

We lived in a grey, stone or cement block (?) home. It had a big front door opening right on the street, & two big windows, one on either side, that had iron railings in front of them. The home has a flat roof with a "clara boya" over the inside patio. This could be rolled off (by turning a very noisy, complaining crank) on warm days.

The house looked something like this



And was on a quiet street called Chaná in downtown Montevideo, Uruguay. Trees grew in front, and I can remember sitting on the front steps waiting for my grandfather to come home.

From my mother's June 3, 1983, Journal*:*

It was essentially a little "row" house in the Italianate manner. When we moved to Wilmington it reminded me a lot of Montevideo. I lived in this house from 1919, my birth year, until 1923 when we left to come to the USA on "furlough" as my grandfather's long leaves from the Mission Board were called. I think Nan & Pop had lived in that house since 1916 when they crossed the mountains from Chile to Uruguay. My mother must have left this home for her marriage in 1918, & I was taken there from the hospital after her death.

An Excerpt from Uncle Mike's <u>Clan of Crew</u> (2010):

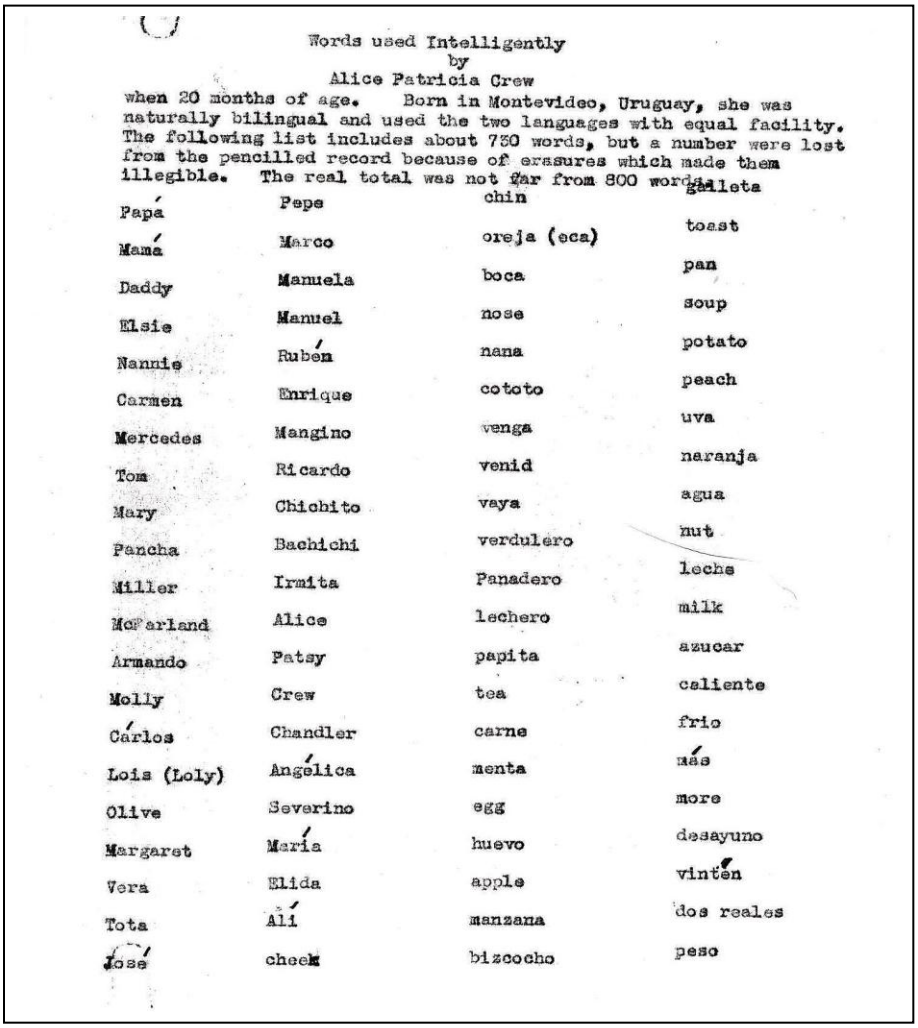
Our house in Montevideo fronted on the street, but when the front door was closed, the city was shut out. It was a two story building built in a closed-in "U" shape around a tiled patio. The stairs to the second floor rose up three sides of the patio and had a door [at] the landing in the back wall of the house. The patio was roofed with a glass roof which could be opened a crack to let out the heat and had a shade supported on wires that could be pulled over on the hottest days. The door on the landing led to Mother's sewing room, a bright cheerful place made from enclosing a porch over the back door. In that room she had her sewing machine (a Singer treadle model), a comfortable chair and her basket of buttons, a necessity in those days when you were raising small children. I thought that my memory was faulty because I could not remember windows on either side of the house. The mystery was explained when Nena told me that the house was attached. Of course! (66)

Malcolm, meanwhile, was proving his work in Buenos Aires. The Y.M.C.A. was expanding, with great plans for new & better work, more secretaries, and a Continental office in Montevideo. He was offered a trip to the States for observation and study after which he was to become Continental Financial Secretary. I am not quite sure of the date when he left us, but think it was when Patsy was about a year old, and he was away for a year or thereabouts. In 1921 Elsie accepted the scholarship at Wells that had previously been offered to Alice, and in August of that year [took] the "Crofton Hall"—so slow she was nick-named the "Often Crawl."

Soon after Malcolm left us, two new teachers came to Crandon—Mary and Frances Chandler—known to Patsy in her speech as "Paucha-Mary."

I have omitted mentioning Massuela's going: when Patsy was about eight months old, she no longer needed her liquid nourishment from Massuela, so we let her go. In her place a dear little maid, Carmen, by the day to keep us. When Patsy first began to utter

sounds that were real words, we began to make a list of them. (This was suggested by Mrs. Conard who did it to see if Florence, the oldest daughter was quite all right!! Florence had been born with a club-foot.)[1] To be sure that we shouldn't miss any word, we hung up on the hall wall, a sheet of paper, with a pencil tied to a string! Every time anyone heard Patsy use a new word, she rushed and wrote it down. Result: By the time this garrulous child was twenty months old the list had reached the prodigious number of 750+. [Page 1 (cropped) of 7]



Words used Intelligently
by
Alice Patricia Crew

when 20 months of age. Born in Montevideo, Uruguay, she was naturally bilingual and used the two languages with equal facility. The following list includes about 750 words, but a number were lost from the pencilled record because of erasures which made them illegible. The real total was not far from 800 words.

Papá	Pepe	chin	galleta
Mamá	Marco	oreja (eca)	toast
Daddy	Manuela	boca	pan
Elsie	Manuel	nose	soup
Nannie	Rubén	nana	potato
Carmen	Enrique	cototo	peach
Mercedes	Mangino	venga	uva
Tom	Ricardo	venid	naranja
Mary	Chichito	vaya	agua
Pancha	Bachichi	verdulero	nut
Miller	Irmita	Panadero	leche
McFarland	Alice	lechero	milk
Armando	Patsy	papita	azucar
Molly	Crew	tea	caliente
Cárlos	Chandler	carne	frio
Lois (Loly)	Angélica	menta	más
Olive	Severino	egg	more
Margaret	María	huevo	desayuno
Vera	Elida	apple	vintén
Tota	Alí	manzana	dos reales
José	cheek	bizcocho	peso

Figure 50: Patsy's vocabulary at 20 months.

[1] My mother wrote in the margin, "Florence Conrad later married an Englishman. She died in Spain in the early 50s. She was the first of "our gang" to go to Oberlin, Lois followed in 1935, and I in 1936."

Eventually, Malcolm returned from the States, via Chile where he had to "fill in" for someone. Even as in these recent years [he] was located in Montevideo and lived with us, in the room that had once been Alice's, and had been left vacant by Elsie when she left. He soon made friends with the Chandler sisters, and not many weeks passed before it was evident that he and Mary were mutually attracted. I'm afraid I did not take it well, and was rude, on one occasion, at least, to both of them. Sorry.

Another difference in historical remembering: Uncle Mike writes in the Clan of Crew:
It was in Montevideo that Mother met Dad. The Brownings, recognizing that Dad was in need of a wife in order that Pat should be brought up in a "normal" family had started to introduce him into the social sphere of the Anglo-American society in Montevideo. They held a tea to welcome the new exchange teachers and it was there that the natural process took over. Dad first dated Chita but quickly turned his attention to Mary. They were married in 1923. (58)

In 1922, Webster was to have another long trip around Latin America, finishing up in New York the following year.

I had not had a furlough since 1913, so it was decided that I go up for a year, and at Malcolm's suggestion I would take Patsy with me. Elsie, having had one operation on her throat, followed by some bad weeks, was due for a second one, but insisted that she would not have it xxx & until I was with her. So on August 4th 1922, after many tears and embraces, Patsy and I boarded the S.S. "Western World" of the Munson Line and sailed away. We had a lovely state-room, connected by a bath with one occupied by a Miss Stevens. We might not use this bath, since it cost a good deal extra! But Miss Stevens insisted on unlocking the door on our side that we might have free use of it. Fine girl, she was!

Figures 52 and 53: On board S. S. Western World. August 4th 1922 <u>en route</u> to NY-USA. Lois & Herman de Anguera, Mrs. Conard, Mrs. Allen Crocker, Mrs. Miller & son, Miss Helen Gilliland. (Webster is far left.)

After my first few days of sea-sickness, with Patsy not too well, herself, we got out on deck and to the dining-room. A fine young Princeton Sophomore, making a trip as steward, for the fun of it attended our rooms & was good to us. (?? Fuller!) There was never a dull moment on that 18-day voyage. We had our deck chairs pretty well aft, and just outside the smoke-room, a turn around it brought us to the other deck. The decks, at that end were pretty open, so I kept a close eye on my little water bug.

Figure 54: Patsy in S. S. World play-room. Photo from Nan's journal.

One day I missed her! There was a frantic hunt and a few terrible minutes before we found her in the play-room with some of her little friends. The usual sports went on, and a children's day, too. She took part in all of them, but earned no prize in any contest. However, on the night the prizes were given out, one was given to Patsy Crew, for being a "sweet little girl!" She was dear and everybody seemed to love her. I was modest enough, while in S.A, to think that she attracted attention because of her fair skin & hair

and blue eyes. But she continued to do so all along the way—so I was compelled to believe she was what I always believed—a darling.

We went ashore in Rio de Janeiro and spent a night in the home of the Davison's—he was a "Y" man, and I had known them some years earlier when they had been in Montevideo. An old friend, a one-time teacher in our school in Santiago was U.S. Counsel in Rio. I had not seen them since he left Chile, in 1903. He came to see us, and insisted on taking us to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain to see the sunset! What a marvelous, breath-taking trip; it was done on an aerial cable, in two jaunts! I would have given all I owned, midway of the second part, to have been back on terra firma! When we finally reached the top, Patsy was so interested that she tried exploring everything. Only by holding on to her petticoats did we keep her from rolling down the mountain side into the sea! Finally, after another frightening trip in the air, we once more found ourselves safe on land. We had spent a day, earlier on our trip, in Santos where we took on thousands of bags of coffee. I think those were our only stops, as we went ashore only in Rio. On August 22nd, after a terribly bad voyage through the tropics & even to the Jersey coast, we landed in Hoboken on a crisp frosty morn. Friends met us on the dock, Mrs. Isman & her son John, but there was trouble ahead!

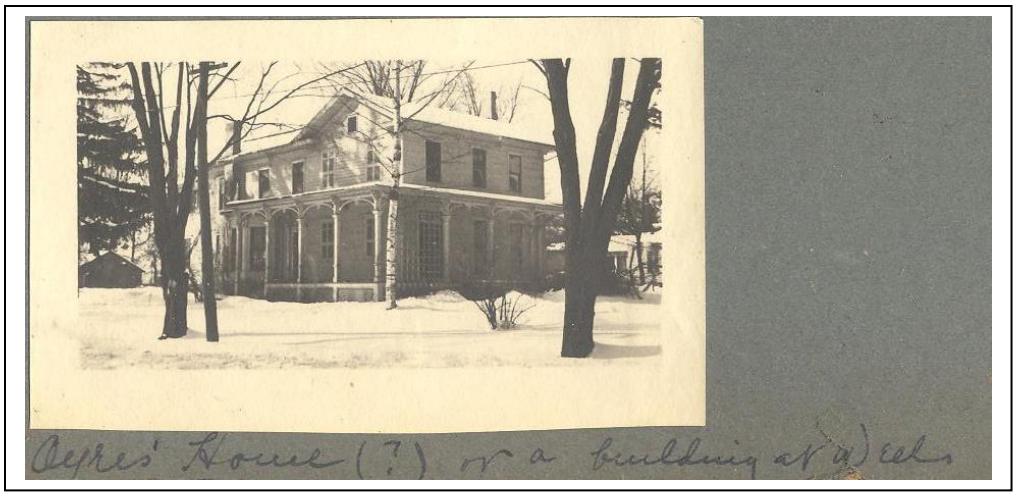
The Immigration Officer had come on board and lined us up for inspection and declarations! Who was this child, traveling with her grandmother, with no proper right to enter the United States—little alien that she was!?!?! Before leaving Uruguay we had visited Mr. Norman Armour, at that time Charge L'Affairs in the absence of the Minister and from him had received a document properly stamped and sealed, setting forth all the facts: Patsy was with her grandmother going to the States for a year's stay. She had no

mother; her father was a YMCA man located in Uruguay. Mr. Myers gave us, as Consul General, a secular [?] statement. Since, at that time, passports were not issued to little children, there was nothing more that could be done. At the "lining up" I was put with the Americans; little 3-year-old Patsy was put with the foreigners! Was I furious! Of course I joined her, among the foreigners! Most maddening of everything was the fact that the I.O. was himself an alien—a Swede, who spoke with an accent; but he was considerate, and he was only doing his duty.

Among the friends I had made on board were two well known gentlemen who had previously offered me whatever assistance I might need. Mr. Merrill, head of All American Cable Co and Dr. Livermore a prominent lawyer, both of New York City. I appealed to them as a last resort, having been told that the little "immigrant" would have to go to Ellis Island! All they could do was to speak on my behalf, to the officer and to the Munson Company agent and obtain the promise that a special "Board" would be assembled, on the Island, to examine our case. So, after all other passengers had gone ashore, the Inmans going with us, we put off by ferry boat to Ellis Island. Finally, after much delay, Patsy and I appeared before this august Board; all of them, with exception of the man who asked the questions, foreigners themselves, by the looks and speeches of them. The Chairman asked me a lot of irrelevant questions, among others, did I expect to put this child in an institution before I returned to S.A.! and whether her father would send any money for her support while in the States!![2]

[2] In her journal Nan has included a newspaper clipping from the *Wooster Record*, August 2, 1947. "Goodby [sic] to Ellis Island: Historic Gateway for Oppressed to Be Closed." I think this event scarred Nan more than Patsy… In 1931, the Crews had another run-in with Immigrations, this time through New Orleans. Uncle Mike reported in the Clan of Crew, "The Immigration Officers, showing the best of their kind natures sent Mother and Mike through the American line while sending the girls with Pat in charge through the alien line (they were all born in Uruguay)" (59).

It was maddening, of course, but we were finally dismissed and allowed to join our friends who were not permitted to be with us while being examined. (Could this episode have had a sub-conscious effect on our Pat making her so obdurate when we all wanted her to apply for American citizenship?) After a few days' rest and shopping in New York, we took [the] train for Lake George. Elsie and her friend Peg Wyer—now Mrs. Metcalf—met us at Saratoga Springs. (The Wyers were at the same camp on the Lake.) It was a joy to see Elsie after more than a years' separation. We spent a few days in the Penfield home, made a trip to Fort Ticonderoga, where Elsie had her throat operation, and after another day or two we left for Albany for an overnight visit at Peg's home. (Dr. Wyer was State Librarian.) Later, we visited in Penn Yan, in the Ayres home. (The daughter, Muriel, had been in Montevideo, but was home at that time, recovering from an attack of infantile paralysis suffered in Montevideo. She later married Thomas Bruzon, & now lives in Buenos Aires.) (Penn Yan, as Mac knows, is near Keuka Lake.)



From there we went to visit the Marion Palmers, home on furlough from Siam, and spending the year in Auburn, some 17 miles north of Aurora-on-Cayuga, the seat of

Wells College. {*Margin Note:* Both of them were Park College alumni & I had known his whole family. A sister was my teacher in 1889-9 and May's mother. Fred McClusky was once my Sunday School teacher.} Marion was an old dear friend, having been with us five years as teacher in the Instituto Inglés. I had never met May, but it did not take us long to know her. They had two little boys—Howard and Robert—near Patsy's age, and they had a fine times together. Hillary (later my doctor in White Plains!) was about 15 years old, and Billy was ten, or thereabouts. During our stay in Aurora we visited in their home more than once and always found a warm welcome.

College opened about the middle of September so we went to Aurora. Patsy and I were to have board and room at a nice little Tea Room at the far end of the town, almost a mile from the College. It was kept by Claude Young and his wife, colored, who served the college girls on any and all occasions: their food was delicious and we often had Elsie with us for a meal, whenever she had time to be with us. Some little children who lived next door to our house became her playmates, so she was not lonely. Occasionally I went to some concert or other function at the College and when I had someone come in as a "sitter." But mostly we were together, and during the lovely Autumn days we walked through the woods or down to the lake shore. Peg, Elsie, Mary Hale, Julia Plough, & Connie Brown, the quintet, (friends to this day) often came to see us. (A set of chimes was given to Wells that Autumn, and Elsie, tall and strong, was taught to ring them. Pat and I used to sit out on our verandah and listen to them.) As the cold weather came on and we were out of doors less, Patsy played indoors and learned her a-b-c-s. I had found a fine set of building blocks, with letters and numbers on them, and one day she surprised me: just before we left home Webster had given her a can of talcum with the word

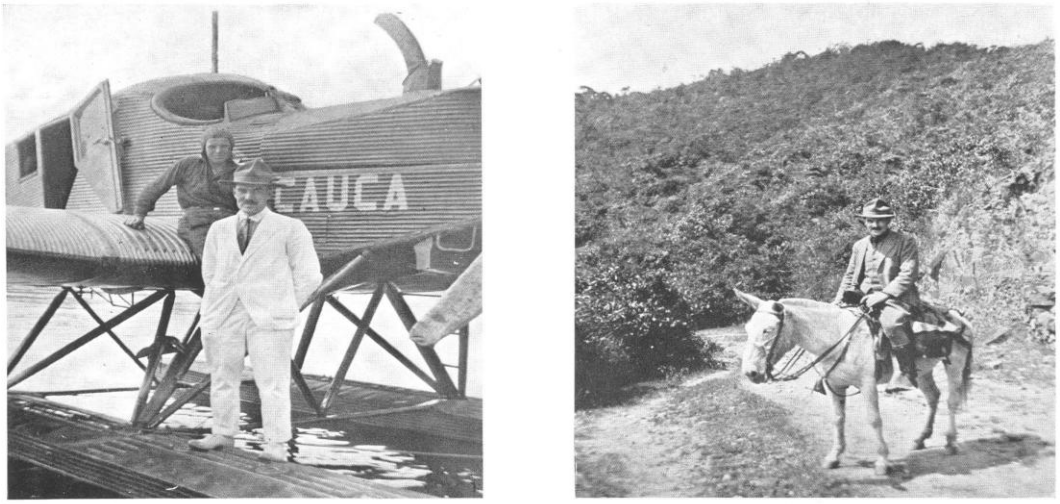
"Sweetheart" on it in large Capitals. She picked out those letters in her blocks and put them together! I was pleased. Soon she was spelling out, with my help, her own name, then Daddy, Papa (Ampa), Elsie, Nannie, etcetera. Between times I read to her and told stories which she was soon able to tell me!

We had been invited to spend Christmas in West Virginia, with the Mayers family. So on December 14th, we left for Buffalo, spent the night there and next day visited Niagara Falls. It had snowed that night, and later frozen, so the rocks and trees around the Falls were a mass of snow & ice. When the sun shone out in the afternoon, the scene was a fairy-land. Next day we went on our way via Pittsburgh and that night reached Fairmont and received a grand welcome from those dear friends. (The Mayers, of course!) We had a happy Christmas together, with a fine tree and presents for all the Mayers family joining us. There was already one little grand-daughter from the year before—Mary Louise Faris, Eleanor's child. (Pat met her in Washington a few years ago.) (The previous year Elsie had been there and she & Shirley [?] had cooked up a bit of romance. Later this was broken off—"but that's another story.") Elsie went back to Wells soon after the New Year but Pat and I stayed on and visited until March 17th when we, too, went back to Claude's and our old room.

All these past months Webster had been travelling in South America, part of the time in the Northern Republics with Rex Wheeler.[3]

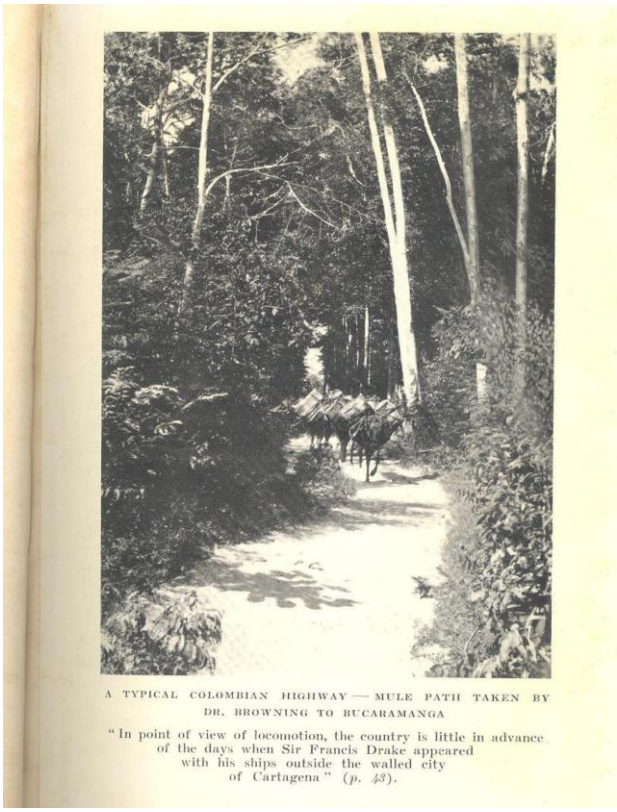
[3] Webster and W. Reginald Wheeler wrote Modern Missions on the Spanish Main: Impressions of Protestant Work in Columbia and Venezuel*a*, Westminster Press, 1925. Inscribed in my copy is written: "To the one who made the trip on the Spanish Main a daily joy and a delightful memory—W.E. Browning, from his partner—W. Reginald Wheeler, Oct. 15. 25."

[Excerpts from <u>Modern Missions of the Spanish Main</u> follow:]



A MEMBER OF THE COMMISSION AND A COLOMBIAN CONTRAST IN TRANSPORTATION: ONE CAPABLE OF A MILE AND AND A HALF A MINUTE; THE OTHER OF FIVE MILES AN HOUR

Figure 55: (Between pages 196 & 197.) A member of the Commission [Webster] and a Columbian Contrast in Transportation: One capable of a mile and a half a minute; the other of five miles an hour.



A TYPICAL COLOMBIAN HIGHWAY — MULE PATH TAKEN BY DR. BROWNING TO BUCARAMANGA

"In point of view of locomotion, the country is little in advance of the days when Sir Francis Drake appeared with his ships outside the walled city of Cartagena" (*p. 43*).

A Typical Columbian Highway—Mule Path Taken by Dr. Browning to Bicarmanga.

In point of view of locomotion, the country is in little advance of the days when Sir Frances Drake appeared with his ships outside the walled city of Cartagena.

Figure 56: (Between pages 94 and 95)

Chapter VI: Overland to Bucaramanga
Bucaramanga, January 25, 1923

We were up early on the morning of the second day for a ride of twenty-four miles to a farmhouse where we were to spend the night. The trail still wound through the forest, with its constantly changing scenery seeming more beautiful and impressive as we proceeded. As we started out in the early morning, we heard the scolding of the monkeys on the near-by trees that lined the banks of the gorge up which the trails leads, and heard them again at intervals during the day. These simians have heard from hard experience that it is wiser to keep out of sight of passing travelers, but the sound of their voices as they discussed us left nothing to be imagined as to their opinion of the entire human species. (65)

On the morning of the third day we were up by four o'clock, in preparation of an early start on the journey of twenty-five miles which would terminate in Bucaramanga. The clear atmosphere of the surrounding foothills seemed to bring the sky very near the earth, and the stars shone out with unusual splendor. The Big Dipper swung low in the north, with Polaris barely visible on the horizon. Of the planets, only Venus and Saturn were visible, the former hanging like a pendant flame just over the hills to the east while Saturn cast his mellow light over the scene from his place a little higher up on the ecliptic. (67)

Chapter VII: On Mule back from Bucaramanga to Belen:
Belen de Boyca, January 30, 1923

[On route] I was glad to find that I could secure the same doughty little beast that had carried me up from the river, and to which reference had been made in a former letter. This satisfaction was not necessarily shared by the mule, but I may run ahead of the story sufficiently to say that she again carried me over bridges and across the high, cold plateaus and into the yard of the hotel in Belen, a journey of some hundred miles, and seemed perfectly able to continue the journey indefinitely, which her rider was not! Only once was there a possibility of a mishap. Having carefully selected what must have been the hardest piece of rock on the trail, she suddenly fell full length, while her rider continued in a straight line and measured his six feet on the hard road. However, no serious results came from this experiment, and it was not repeated. (76)

[Back to Nan's Journal.]

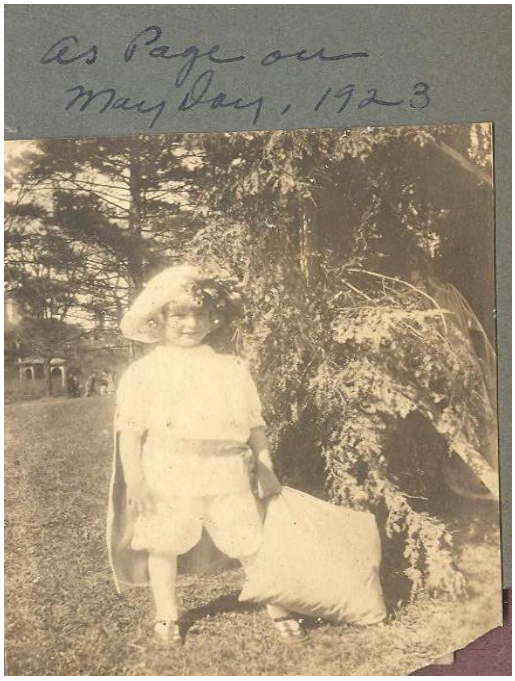


Figure 57: Patsy as Page on May Day, 1923.

In April he reached the States and as soon as possible he came up to see us. It had been a long separation for us, and he had not seen Elsie for almost 20 months. Oh I had almost forgotten! She went to New York to meet him and spent a few days there before coming back to Wells with him. While Elsie was away, Patsy had an attack of broncho-pneumonia and greeted her "papá" from her bed. She was pretty weak and thin, but in a short time she was all right again. After a few days' visit with us, he went back to New York to make arrangements for Patsy and me to join him.

Figure 58: Patsy as Page at Wells College.

Meanwhile May Day celebration came and Patsy was chosen to be the Queen's page, the girls made a little white satin suit, with cape and plumed hat, and she trailed along in the pageant with her white and gold cushion. She was sweet! Soon after that she and I joined Webster in New York and we three went out to Princeton for the rest of the Summer.

Webster, in the C.C.L.A. office, on Madison Square, commuted five days a week. It was a hot, dry, summer, but it was not dull. Elsie joined us after the Well's Commencement and all through those months we had many visitors. The Hale family, out on Battie Farm, were hospitable & they often invited us to dinner out there—they had a car. Connie Brown's family had taken a summer cottage in Asbury Park & we spent a day there. Other visitors who spent nights with us were the Boomer girls, Rex Orcutt [?], Shirley and Marcia Boynton & a few others whom I can't recall. (Oh yes, the Hemphiels [?], whom we saw in Deep Haven. He had been in our school, in Chile.)

Figure 59: 4th birthday party.

Of the Princeton residents we came to know the Erdmans, and the J. Ross Stevensons. Mrs. Stevenson often took us driving in her car. She loved Patsy! [Today the Erdman Center is the home of Continuing Education at the Princeton Theological Seminary.]

At the end of Marcia's visit, Mrs. Boynton and Amy, her daughter, came by Princeton en route to Washington and took Patsy and me to Philadelphia to visit our friends from Chile—the James-Lowe family. The James & Crews lived next door to each other in Coquimbo, when Malcolm was born. Webster and Elsie joined us for the weekend and we all went back together to Princeton. There were many little folks in the apartments on Alexander Street, that summer, so Patsy had many playmates; on June 21st they all came to help celebrate her fourth birthday.

We stayed in Princeton until late September, and then went on to N.Y. and made ready for our return to Montevideo. The climate of Aurora was terribly hard on Elsie so she did not return to college. (Meanwhile, in Montevideo, Malcolm and Mary had been married in August of that year, and had established their home several blocks above Crandon on *8 de Octubre*. His official appointment as Continental Secretary Finance had been confirmed and he was established in the Montevideo Headquarters.

Figure 60: In Princeton June, 1923 with class of 1894.

The voyage back to Uruguay was made in the same old "Western World"—if I remember correctly—and we had a pleasant if uneventful trip. (A few days of *mal de mer* were sure to have been experienced at the beginning of the voyage.) One little story I love to tell on our cute Patsy: Sitting near us on deck was a Mrs. Ayres, (not related to the Ayres mentioned previously) who had a very swanky boarding-house in Buenos Aires. From the States she was taking back dozens of napkins which she worked on, in and out of season. I was not present on the Sunday morning when this incident took place: Mrs. Ayres was industriously stitching and Miss Patsy began: What you doing, Mrs. Ayres?

Mrs. Ayres. Sewing, Patsy.
Patsy. On Sunday, Mrs. Ayres?
Mrs. Ayres. Yes, Patsy.
Patsy. It isn't done in the best circles.

Friends who heard this choice bit of dialogue, could not restrain their amusement, and came running to tell me of it. I was considerably embarrassed and more so, later, when passing Mrs. Ayres on the deck, she looked very stiff and only bowed to me. I learned, however, that she was not offended, and that she had told it to friends, as quite a joke. (This cliché was much used by Malcolm when he wished to impress upon her proper modes of behavior.)

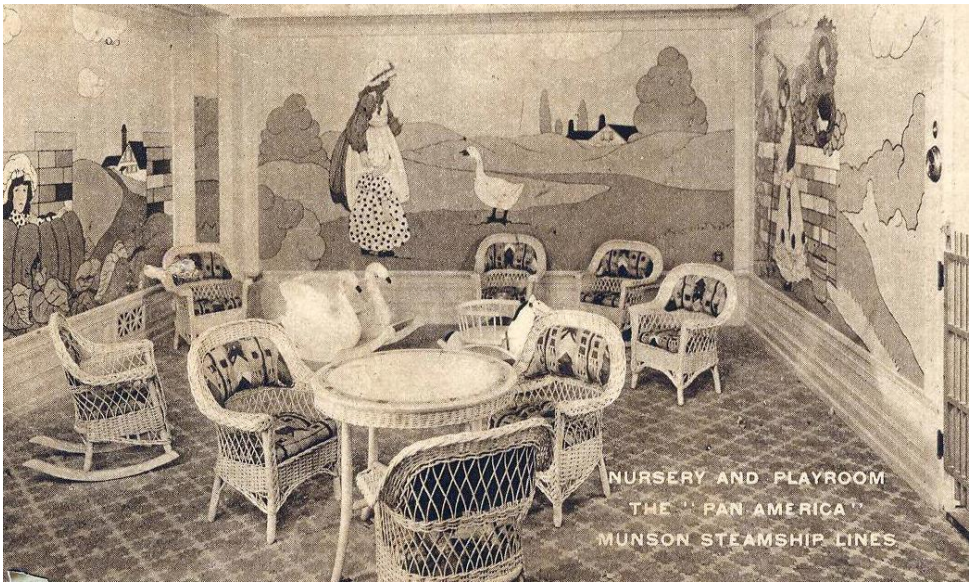


Figure 62: Nursery and playroom, the Pan America Munson Steamship Lines. (From Nan's Journal.)

After an 18-day trip we finally reached Montevideo, sometime near the end of October, with Summer coming on. That is always a lovely month in our Southland, with all the flowers coming on—roses are especially beautiful in that city. El Prado—a beautiful Park—is famous for the variety and loveliness of its roses. Malcolm & other friends met us at the dock and the Conards received us in their spacious home. Mary & Pancha came to see us that same afternoon as did other friends—so we were again "at home." Once again as happened when we came there in 1917, Mrs. Conard knew of a house! It was a large place—a *quinta, a* villa, set in a large garden with palms, pepper trees, and tangerines and lemons at the back. It had plenty of room for all of us, was fairly near to Crandon for Elsie's teaching and for Patsy's kindergarten; and in the same section in which Malcolm and Mary lived. So we collected our furniture from storage and once again set up our house & began activities.

Soon after our arrival, Patsy began spending her afternoons, each Saturday, with Malcolm and Mary. He would come at noon and take her home for the rest of the day. She went to kindergarten, half a day and had as teachers Miss Ester Hagar and Maruja Itarra (*Mrs. Lucia) a graduate of Crandon. (At the time I write this, in 1947, Maruja and her husband are studying at Columbia & Union Seminary.

It was that Summer of 1923-24, that Patsy went to Chile with Malcolm and Mary. None of the Crews had ever seen Mary or Patsy. They were away about a month and all had a good visit. Soon after they returned Patsy in telling about the trip volunteered the information that "Mary was sick quite a lot!" Mary later confirmed what I had already inferred—a baby was on the way!

In March of that new year, 1924, Elsie took up full teaching in Crandon, and Patsy continued in kindergarten. Mary, who had continued her teaching through 1923, gave it up in 1924. As extra work she conducted the Girls' Glee Club. When she gave it up I was asked to take over and did so, Elsie, most of the time being accompanist. It was work I loved, and we gave one or two concerts. At the same time I was conducting the choir, always small, of the M.E. Church where we all attended.

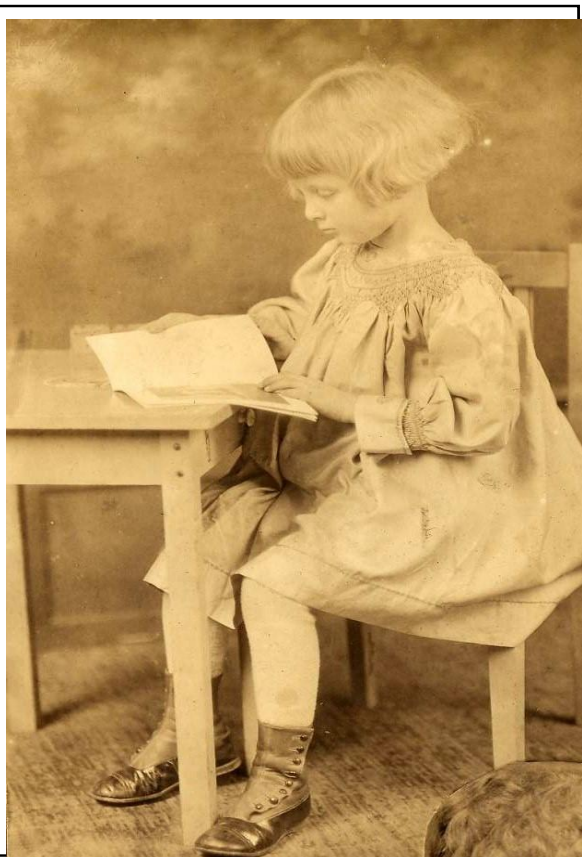


Figure 63: Patsy reading.

Patsy was a bit lazy about learning to read, content to let us grown-ups do it. But she finally became interested and soon read everything in the way of stories. And how eager she was for stories! Webster had many in his repertoire concerning his boyhood days on the Kansas farm. Almost every morning she came running in to our room and the routine was always the same: "Tell me a story!" One morning her Grandfather said, "Why don't you tell me one?" So she began and retold him one of his own, with all the "ands" and "buts," and "Well Sirs!" in their proper places.

Mary Frances (Nena) was born in August of that year, 1924. Mary, after coming home from the Hospital had a relapse and had to return for several weeks. The house in which they lived was pleasant and comfortable as a Summer home, but in Winter was full of draughts, as were all of our homes, in those days, and she took cold.

Figure 64: Christmas, 1924. Mary, Nena, Miss Drake, Miss Perry (YW).

A second Conference on Christian Work in Latin America was planned for the coming year, 1925, in Montevideo. It was the be held in the Pocitos Hotel right on the beach we all loved, and where we spent most of our Summer afternoons. We had many delegates from the States, among them a certain Dr. & Mrs. D. J. Fleming. I met them for the first time, along with others we came to know better—Mrs. Cushman for one. Webster and his Committee did valiant service in making all the arrangements for entertainment and programmes. Our American Women's Club wished to do honor to the women in the party and arranged a tea party at the Parque Hotel, on the other side of the city. I was asked to secure several speakers for the party so began to scout around. I was told that the outstanding speaker among them was Mrs. D. J. Fleming! So I approached her, was received graciously, and was promised her speech. Mrs. Speer also spoke, as did Mrs. McConnell, wife of Bishop McConnell—and perhaps others. . . It <u>was</u> a nice party! And Mrs. Fleming spoke well.

On Hotel Pocitos, a letter from Elizabeth Cole Fleming to her parents, John and Julia Cole, in Chicago, dated March 26, 1925: [In my collection.]

March 26, 1925

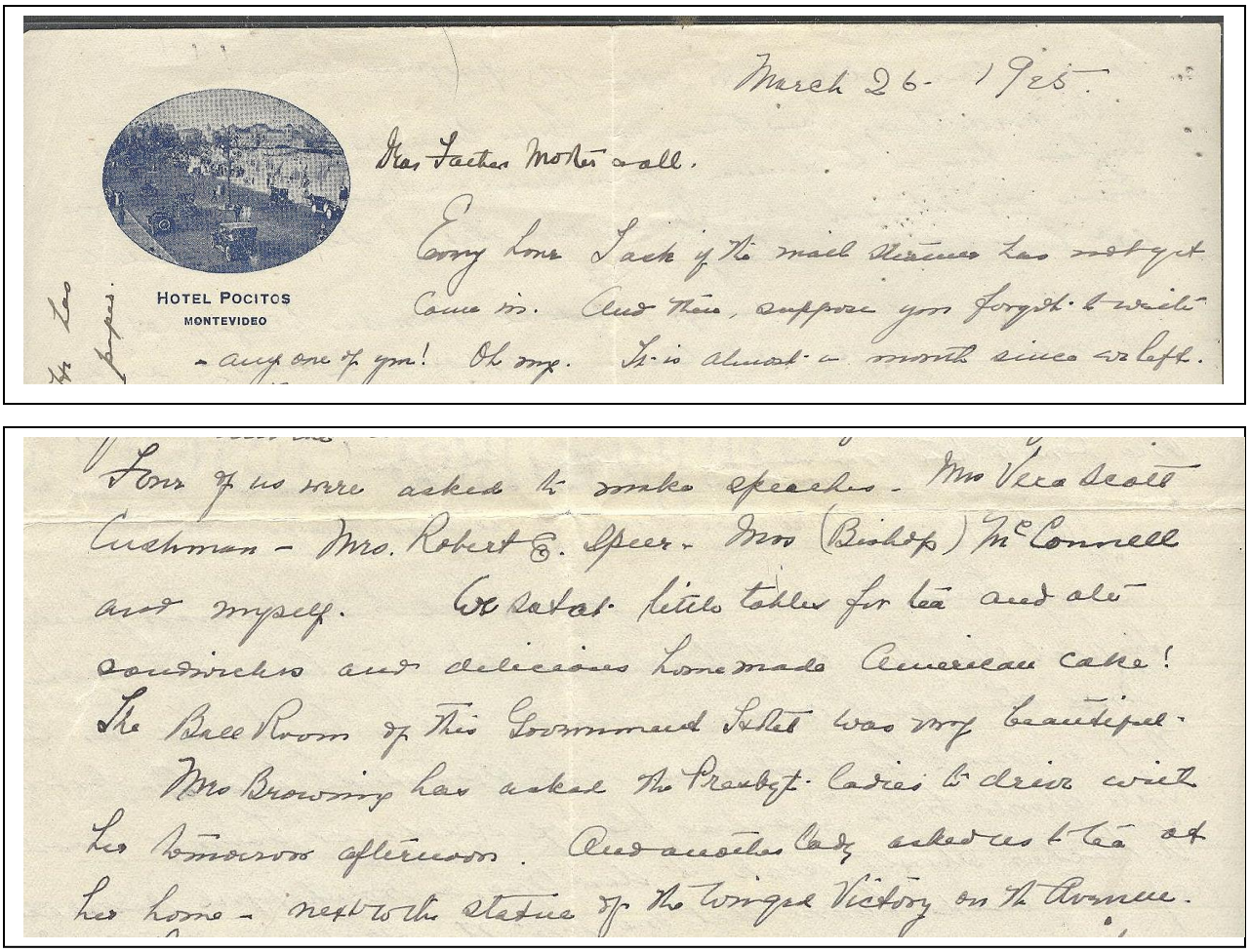
Dear Father & Mother & All,

Every hour I ask if the mail steamer has not yet come in. And then, suppose you forgot to write, any one of you! Oh my. It is almost a month since we left.

[. . .] We had a fine reception at the Women's Club this afternoon. They have a membership of 84 American women living here in all capacities of life. [. . .]

Four of us were asked to make speeches—Mrs. Vera Scott Cushman, Mrs. Robert E. Speer, Mrs. (Bishop) McConnell and myself. We sat at little tables for tea and ate sandwiches and homemade American cake! The Ballroom of this Government Hotel was very beautiful.

Mrs. Browning has asked the Presbyt. ladies to drive with her tomorrow afternoon. And another lady asked us to tea at her home—next to the Winged Victory on the Avenue.



March 26 - 1925.

HOTEL POCITOS
MONTEVIDEO

Dear Father Mother & all.

Every time I look if the mail steamer has not yet come in. And then, suppose you forgot to write - any one of you! Oh my. It is almost a month since we left.

Four of us were asked to make speeches - Mrs Vera Scott Cushman - Mrs. Robert E. Speer - Mrs (Bishop) McConnell and myself. We served little tables for tea and ate sandwiches and delicious homemade American cake! The Ball Room of this Government Hotel was my beautiful.

Mrs Browning has asked the President Ladies to drive with her tomorrow afternoon. And another lady asked us to tea at her home - next to the statue of the Winged Victory on the Avenue.

Vera Scott Cushman and my Grandmother Elizabeth Cole Fleming were lifetime friends. They were both from Chicago (Vera's family was the Scott in Carson, Pirie, Scott department store) and they were both graduates of Smith College (Elizabeth in 1897 and Vera in 1898). In every biography of Vera Scott Cushman, mention is made of her exquisite beauty. Marion O. Robinson's chapter on Vera in *Eight Women of the YWCA* is called "Watcher of the Skies." Robinson quotes from a college friend of Vera's: "I can see her now leading the Smith delegation across the Northfield campus. She wore a mauve linen and her hair was a golden halo. Even if her words had not been so wise and inspiring, her beauty and radiant smile could hold you" (68).

In 1906, Vera's organizational skills were needed to help unify the two branches of the YWCA: the International Board and the American Committee. The former was made up of mostly urban women on the east coast, while the latter was younger college women; the first had a larger endowment, the second had more members. Finding common ground took the finesse of someone with Vera Scott's clear yet practical mind.

For twenty years, Vera served as international vice-president of the Association and was chairman of the War Work Council during both World Wars. She created the "Hostess House," social centers in camps and bases for the Army where soldiers could meet their wives and families. In 1919, Vera Scott Cushman was one of two women awarded the Distinguished Service Medal and she was also honored in France by the Institute of Social Services. Finally, the Cushmans threw the tea in New York City in 1936 where my parents first met. The missionary circles were small and the Brownings, Flemings, and Cushmans were part of the same social group.

It was some months after this Conference that the Committee in New York decided that Buenos Aires, and not Montevideo, was the strategic seat for the Continental Headquarters of our various organizations. The Y.W.C.A. had decided for themselves that his was the case, and had moved over the river. (The Y.M.C.A. did not agree, and stayed where they were—even to this day!) So we began to accustom ourselves to the idea of another move, in 1926. Malcolm, in charge of the Summer Camps in Piriápolis, spent much time there with the family including Patsy. She always loved the life & the place. So we saw little of her that Summer as we made ready to move.

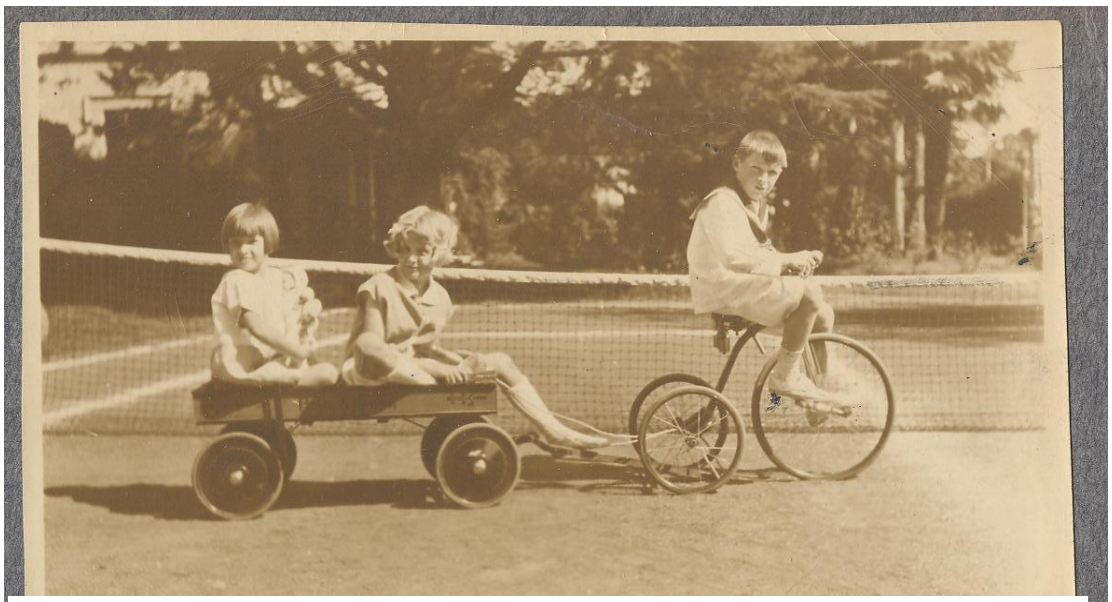
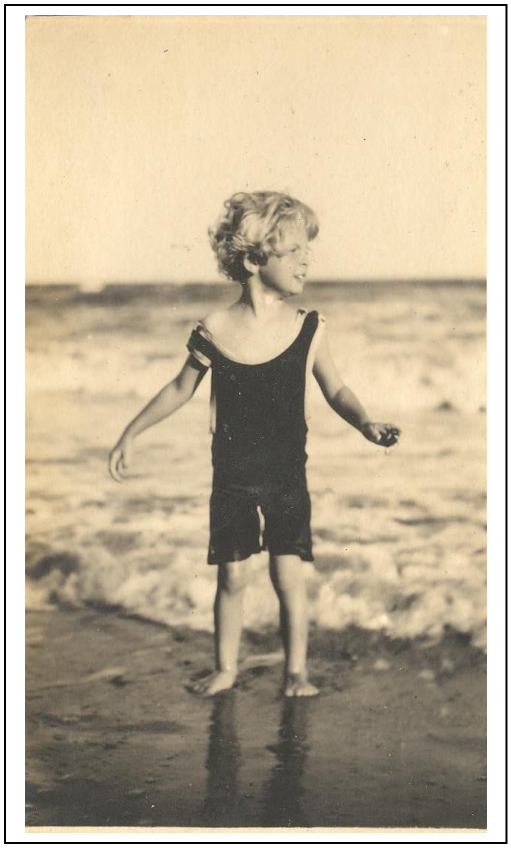


Figure 65: Patsy riding shot-gun.



Figures 66-68: Summer camps in Piriápolis

One morning in late January, Webster started to town; as he attempted to board the trolley, the driver started his car, and Webster somehow shattered a leg at the knee. A taxi-driver whom we often employed, and who had his stand close by, saw the accident and brought him home. He also called a doctor from the Hospital—as we had no 'phone. The result was a long six weeks' stay in Hospital with his leg in a cast! He never quite recovered from the weakness caused by the accident and long inactivity. As he was not able to attend to any of the details of moving, it "was up to me!" Mr. Aden, Director of Ward College offered us a place to live, at a moderate rent, so I went across to see the place and its possibilities for a house. The house was a very old two-story-and-attic one, with a kitchen & laundry in a separate building at the back, in the midst of a charming old garden, with great trees—some evergreens with palms & a few fruit-trees—lemons in particular, honeysuckle, box hedges and bamboos, and some old-fashioned flowers. Most lovely of the trees was a great magnolia with giant blossoms, large as an ostrich-egg and the most delicious lemon-y flavored aroma! The old house had been the seat of the Girls' School (Methodist) for several years, but had been closed the year before.

In a separate building there were three small class-rooms with cloak and wash-rooms. The English Department of Ward College had grown so much that the school building at #6100 Rivadavia could no longer house it, so something had to be done about it. The old school at #282 Camacuá would suit admirably, if some family who would not mind having the pupils in the back yard could be found to live in the building. I looked it over, and, although it was somewhat run-down and in need of repairs, it had a charm that attracted me. So I decided we could manage it and it was settled that we should take

possession as soon as I could get ready, and Webster was able to travel. School would open in March.

Packers came in and did the whole business of crating our goods & chattels, and at last, with our 90 and some old *bultos* (bundles), I went across the River. Mr. Aden met me and helped me through customs, managing everything. With his help and that of some of his pupils we got partially settled. A good woman, Zulena Campes, former cook for the school, stayed on with us, as long as we lived there, with her son, Alfredo. [*Margin Note*: She & Alfredo had a separate apartment over the kitchen.] We soon had the study and bed-rooms in order and two days later, Webster, using crutches joined me.

No. 282 Camacuá was almost too large for our family, consisting as it did of 9 rooms and bath—and attic—and kitchen! Besides the things already mentioned, there was a good tennis court and a bit of vegetable garden. One of the loveliest parts of the garden was an arbor made by two huge trunks of wisteria climbing over a wooden structure, back of the house. As one looked down from a second-story window, in early Spring-xxx, in October, on to that sea of delicate, feathery, fragrant lavender, it was a breath-taking sight! Two rustic tables & several benches furnished a banquet-hall! We often had lunch under this flowery mass.

Figure 70: Patsy blending into the abundant flora of No. 282 Camacuá.

Figure 69: My mother wrote in her copy of Nan's Journal: I loved this old house. All kinds of special places for a lonely child. School was in the back yard (left). Bamboo hedges, pepper trees, wisteria arbor, tennis court.

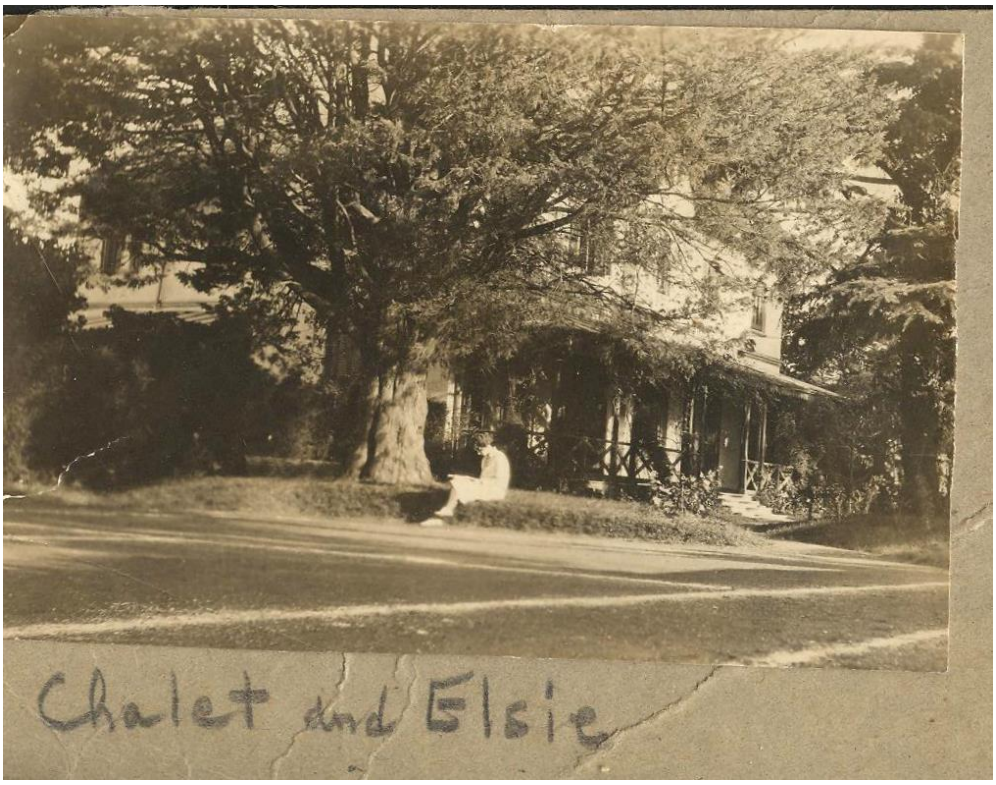
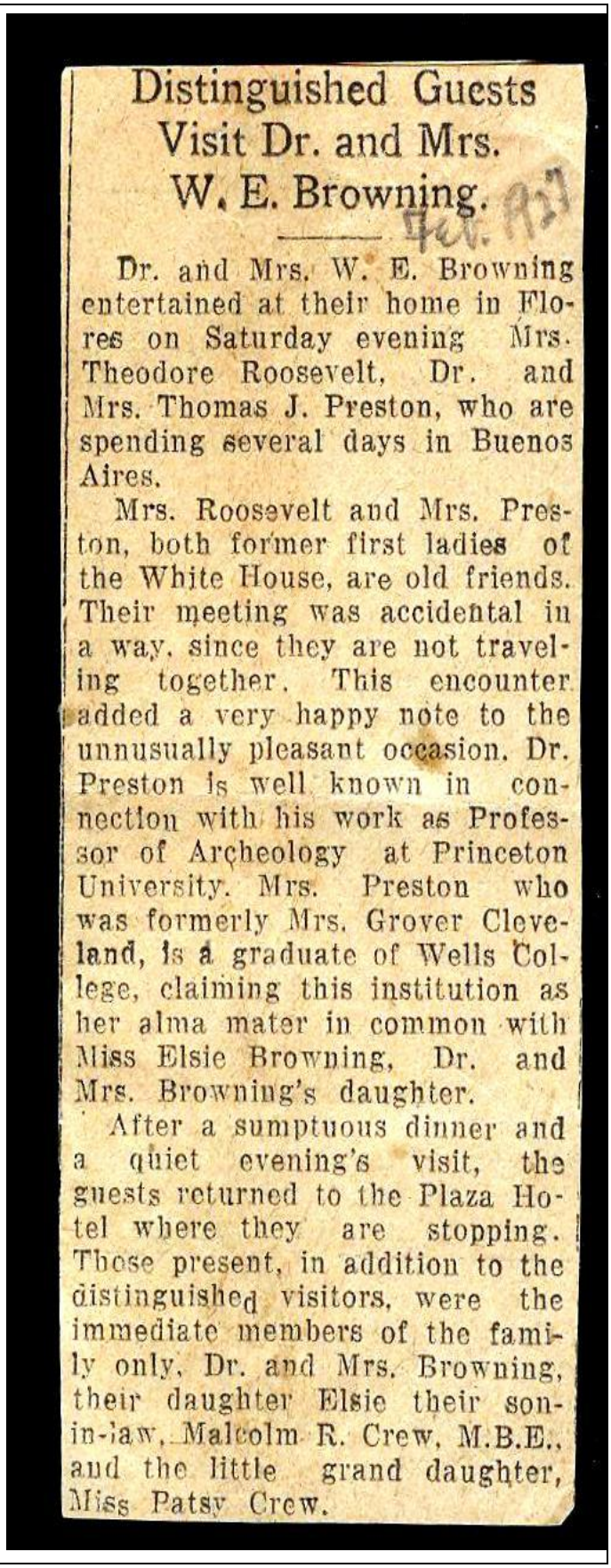


Figure 71: Easter finery? Garden in Scohatues, 181, Montevideo

Figure 72: Tennis at No. 282 Camacuá

On Saturday afternoons our "group" used to meet for tennis, throughout good weather, play tennis and drink tea. We were often as many as twenty people. Very often one or more distinguished guests met with us.



Distinguished Guests Visit Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Browning.

Feb. 1927

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Browning entertained at their home in Flores on Saturday evening Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, who are spending several days in Buenos Aires.

Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Preston, both former first ladies of the White House, are old friends. Their meeting was accidental in a way, since they are not traveling together. This encounter added a very happy note to the unnusually pleasant occasion. Dr. Preston is well known in connection with his work as Professor of Archeology at Princeton University. Mrs. Preston who was formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland, is a graduate of Wells College, claiming this institution as her alma mater in common with Miss Elsie Browning, Dr. and Mrs. Browning's daughter.

After a sumptuous dinner and a quiet evening's visit, the guests returned to the Plaza Hotel where they are stopping. Those present, in addition to the distinguished visitors, were the immediate members of the family only, Dr. and Mrs. Browning, their daughter Elsie their son-in-law, Malcolm R. Crew, M.B.E., and the little grand daughter, Miss Patsy Crew.

Figure 73: Newspaper clipping, February, 1927.

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It was a great rendezvous, that quiet, shady retreat, under the wisteria vines. I hope Patsy remembers it & the friends she met there. The most difficult part of our move from Montevideo was our separation from our Patsy—she was so much our child. Malcolm decided that we must share her: she would spend three months with him & his family, then three months with us.

My mother wrote in Psychological Perspectives (Fall, 1984):

When I was about five, my father remarried, and I was taken to live with him and my new step-mother. This was not accomplished overnight, but in a complicated series of visits back and forth, balancing summer vacations and school terms and so on. It was a rational share-the-child program, with a minimum of attention to the feelings involved. By the time I was twelve, I had lived in four countries and had worn four different school uniforms in six different schools. I had traveled over 20,000 miles, mostly by sea, under four different passports, and I was bilingual. (128)

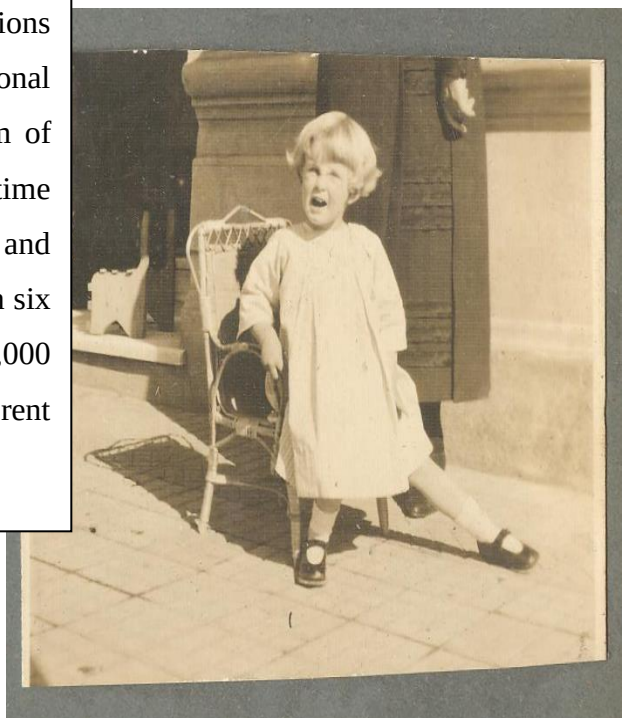


Figure 74: Arrrgh.

Another difference in remembered history: Uncle Mike writes: "Some time after Dad married Mother (Pat was five) Grandpa Browning decided Pat should live with her father and, as the story goes, delivered her to our house (at camp?) at night while she was asleep. The horror of waking up in a strange house with a strange new mother must have been traumatic" (24).

It seemed a fair arrangement, but this "see-sawing" back and forth was hard for all of us, and not least hard on Patsy. As each separation was made we were all torn emotionally—upset & weeping—or so it was on our side of the River. Patsy, coached by her British Daddy in the doctrine that "thorough-breds don't cry," tried to squeeze back her own tears, saying, "Don't cry, Nannie!" And I cried the harder.

(Elsie had stayed on in Crandon for the year 1926, so we saw her only occasionally until the Summer vacations. The next year, Mr. Aden asked her to join the teaching staff in Buenos Aires, so she came home to live.)

Figure 75: Extended Browning family, ca. 1927.

Figure 2: Extended family without Malcolm

From PCF's letter to Betsy, November 27, 1983

I always felt sorry for Elsie. She always played second-fiddle to my mother, and when I came along she played second fiddle to me. I have a bunch of little notes that my grandfather exchanged daily with "His Little Sweetheart Alice"—there is no doubt at all that, in Jungian terms, she carried his anima." *And from her June 3, 1983, Journal*: "With us, Nan & Pop & me, lived Elsie Browning, my mother's younger sister who was born in 1900, and so was about 19 when I was born. Altho my Aunt, there was a sense of her also being a sister—as we lived in the same house & often clashed & fought & tormented each other childishly. [. . .] There must have been a lot of jealously between us, as I find that I do not include her in "The Line of Female Succession."

From Aunt Bobby Long, letter to Betsy: December 9, 1990

As you no doubt know, Pat lived with her Browning grandparents for the first six years of her life, coming to live with her father and step-mother about the time of Nena's birth. I'm sure it was not easy for her, as she had been the center of attention at the Brownings. As she states in her letter, she was the center of her grandparents' lives. Poor Elsie was the "ugly duckling," and although I was never very fond of Elsie, even as a child I knew about how her mother had favored Alice and then Pat over Elsie, and I somehow felt sorry for her. She made up for it by demanding attention. When she came over to Chile from B.A., she would make our lives miserable demanding this and that. And wouldn't you know it, she did the same thing with her two daughters that Nannie had done to her: Kay, the blonde, was obviously her favorite (and a spoiled brat!) whereas Connie (dark-haired and plainer-looking as a child) played second-fiddle. We liked Connie far better as a playmate. I met her once when she was a young woman and even then, she impressed me much more than Kay.

It must have been in the Summer of 1927 when I visited the Crews and spent some time with them in Piriápolis, that Malcolm told us that there must be a change in our arrangements. It was another hard blow but, again, it was fair and just. He had noted

that each time Patsy came back to his home, after the three months with us, that Nena showed a certain resentment, as was only natural. In Patsy's absence, Nena was the oldest of the family; when the older even oldest daughter came home, she must be given first place of the children; such was the British view of family status. There must be no jealousy, as there was apparently developing—and Patsy must make her real home with her father's family and take her place as the oldest child. We might have her during holidays. Another great disadvantage of our "sharing," was, of course, the irregularity of her education; and as she got older this was increasingly a handicap.

Figure 77: Patsy at Crandon.

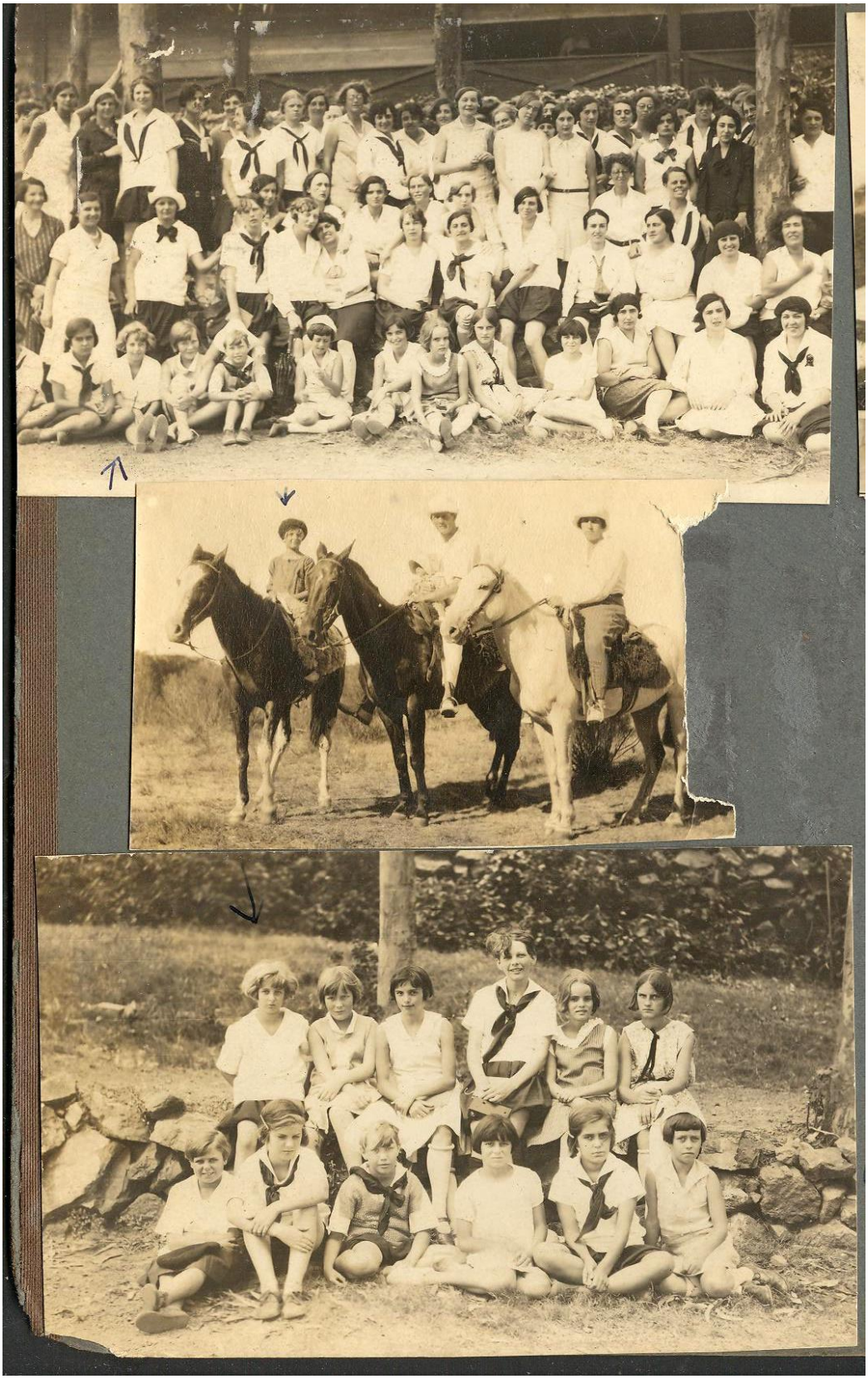
Sometime after we went to Buenos Aires, Malcolm's family moved to the general neighborhood called Pocitos, and at a considerable distance from Crandon. For some months Patsy went by bus; but the trip proved very long & tiring so eventually she was taken from Crandon and registered in the British School, quite near the house and within easy walking distance. She could even come home for her mid-day meal. (There she acquired quite a British accent. I'm sorry she lost it, for I liked it!)

Figure 3: Crandon *Año Escolar* 1935

Figure 78: My mother wrote in her copy of Nan's Journal: "I went to kindergarten here (in the basement) & attended on and off from 1925-1930."

Figure 79: My mother wrote: "Classroom 2, 3, 4th grades. Teacher: Miss Salibian.

Figure 80: My mother is third blonde girl from left in 3rd row; Elsie is the tall woman seated behind two children in the front row.



In these following events I am again confused as to the exactness of some of the dates. These things I do know: that Barbara Jane—Bobby—was born on January 5, 1926; and that Malcolm Charles Jessie was born the next year, on May 11th, 1927. The former in Montevideo, before we left, and the latter in the States. I believe that Mary went up to her family in Columbus with the two girls; Malcolm joining her before Mike was born. Therefore, for another year, we had Patsy with us, while we were still in the old house on Camacuá. Now I recall some of the facts—Mary was not well; besides having Mike on the way, she had developed some ailment which might be very serious—possibly tubercular. After an operation and Mike's birth she was much better. It was during this visit in Columbus that Bobby had an accident which meant a very serious operation on one of her hands.

Figure 84: Dressing up in Buenos Aires, ca. 1930?

The English Department, in our backyard, grew and developed; it was now called the American Grammar & High School and was becoming better and more favorable known in the English-Speaking Community. The old house was needed as a home for one of the teachers & his family, so we Brownings had to look for a new home. One day Elsie & one of the teachers, who lived with us, were out walking and came on to a very nice

newly-built section of the city some ten blocks from Camacuá. They were in chalet type—small & compact with a bit of garden in front, and nicely furnished inside. So in January of 1929 we moved to Antonio Ferrari #1064. The front door opened into a hall, with a stairway leading to the story above. At the left was a pleasant living-room and a lovely fireplace—a rarity—and we never ceased to enjoy it! A dining-room, kitchen, wash-room & hall, with maid's room & store-room & a small patio at the back, completed the first story. Upstairs were four bed-rooms and hall and a very nice bath-room. Very comfortable but, as weeks came on we learned of disadvantages—cold & dampness, for aside from the fire-place, our only heating device was a portable kerosene stove.

The year (1929) had scarcely begun when another change came! Mary's Mother, not well for a long time, became worse. Mary & Nena would like to go see her if we would look after Bobby, Mike (Mickey) and Patsy, for three or four months! Would we? We would! And did! And once again we had our Patsy with us. They came in May, just before Mickey's second birthday, bringing their faithful maid Peregrina (Pilgrim!). We rearranged our upstairs rooms completely: Miss Lena Garrett, one of the teachers of the A.G.H.S. was living with us, but she generously moved to the home of other friends—the Sterlings—and we settled in for the Winter. We had a very good maid, too, and the two *Gallegas* got along well. I had taken on the presidency of our largest organization for Women—The Pateroke [?] Society of American Women, so I had my hands pretty full—but loved it all.

On her way home Mary received the word of her Mother's death, but she continued on her way feeling that her presence and Nena's in the house, would be a

comfort to her father and sisters—and so they were. She returned to Montevideo in September. The end of the school year was so near that Patsy was allowed to stay on with us and complete her year—and we had another two months' (lease on life!) with her.

(Another bit of confused memory just here. It seems to me that Malcolm had to spend some of that year in Chile—another one of Chile's many crises, in the YMCA. At least I can't quite remember seeing him at all, on many visits to us & the children.) The two little folks were happy and dear; Peregrina was like second mother to them. The memory of it all is a very happy one. Whenever the weather was fine they spent several hours each afternoon in a nearby public playground (Plaza de Deportes). I can hear Bobby's little voice asking on their return, as soon as she entered the house, "*Está Nannie*?" I was always glad when I could call out, "Here I am!"

From PCF's Journal Entry, June 3, 1983:
[Writing of our "feminine tradition."] Nan is first for me, a memory of warmth & delicious smells. She used Palmolive soap exclusively & lavender water, and kept gardenias around the house in silver bowls & sweet peas. She made delicious home-made bread & one of my earliest comforts must have been a piece of this, for I remember being surprised when a small friend of mine who was crying could not be comforted by being offered 'pan de Nanny,' as I called it."

To go back a few months: while in the old house at Camacuá, with its many rooms, at various times and for longer or shorter periods, we had others in the house with us. Among these we had for most of one year, 1928, a young woman of Italian origin, but born & brought up in the States—Nostra Cattoi—(Nesty to friends). She was from Wisconsin and had met Basil, a fellow Badger, in Bahia Blanca where she was teaching. She had come to Buenos Aires, expecting to return to the USA, but seeing Mr. Aden's

newspaper ad, she applied for the position of Kindergarten—her profession—and was engaged. Soon afterward she asked to come to live with us, not being too comfortable in her uncle's home where she had previously lived. (This, too, is another very interesting story. I'd like to tell you of it one day.) Nostra, an ardent Roman Catholic, found herself in a "hot-bed" of Protestantism, and went to a neighboring R.C. Church faithfully; but she afterward wrote us it was the happiest year of her life! (She returned to the States soon after the end of the year. She is now married to a Protestant husband, and has a little girl, Mary. She had always declared that she was going to be a nun—and Webster always teased her telling her she would soon find a husband, instead, and she did!) [See Addendum # IV: Family Attitude toward Roman Catholicism]

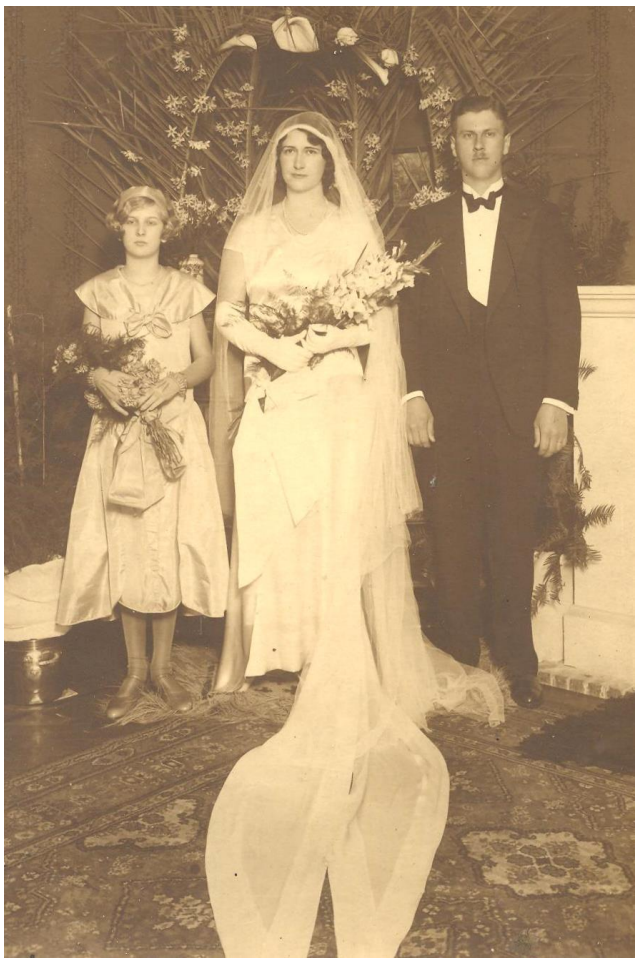


Figure 4: Elsie and Basil Berg's wedding, Patsy as bridesmaid.

Figure 5 Betsy is the flower girl in Connie Berg's wedding. @1956

It was Nostra, then, who introduced Basil to Elsie and he came often to the house and took Elsie out to various affairs. Soon after we moved to the chalet, Elsie went to Chile for the Summer of 1929-30 (January & February) returning in time for the opening of the school year—and after many ups and downs she and Basil became engaged and were married on July 2nd of 1930. Patsy was to be the flower-girl, with Evelyn Swish, an old friend of Elsie's as maid-of-honor. Just a few days before the wedding, Evelyn's mother died, so Evelyn could not carry out the plan. Patsy, then, was her only attendant. She had an apple-green taffeta dress and cap, and carried red carnations. She led the bridal procession, with the poise of Princess Elizabeth, looking sweet and lovely. Malcolm brought Elsie in and she looked like a Madonna. Webster and Mr. Taylor performed the ceremony, and so our second daughter was married!

Mary and Malcolm, bringing Patsy, had come over from Montevideo several days before the wedding and were most helpful. We were having a reception for some 60 guests, and we prepared everything—the wedding cake (like the famous one of September 14th, 1940) and others, and dozens of sandwiches. (Did we have fruit punch? I believe so.) It was a nice party. Next day Elsie & Basil took the river boat and went to Asuncion, Paraguay, for a two-weeks' honeymoon.

In October of that year, Webster and I were invited to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the first of the new buildings of the Instituto Inglés, in Santiago. We had often dreamed and talked of a new site and more buildings for the school, when we lived in the old cramped quarters in the City. It was a grand visit! I had not been back since 1917, so it was a joy to see old friends & old students; many of them former pupils,

grown to manhood were graying and losing some hair even! We were received royally—with a big alumni "Banquet" among things.

Figure 85: Mary Crew (holding Bobbie, Pat (holding) Mike), and Nena. Periápolis, 1929. From Uncle Mike's Clan of Crew.(67).

Figure 86: Christmas in Columbus, Ohio, 1931.

Figure 87: "Terrories." A fort with younger siblings in Piriápolis.

Figure 88: Piriápolis

We were away 2 weeks. Patsy was spending her Summers with the family in Piriápolis so we did not see a great deal of her, except for short visits during vacations in the school years.

I wonder how many times she went back and forth, on the river-boat! Generally we could find someone to whose care we could entrust her, but one occasion stands our painfully in my memory. Two Crandon girls agreed to "look out" for her, but they shared a cabin on one deck and let Patsy stay alone, on another deck, and she was very sea-sick.

PCF: "An Autobiography," English Composition, Oberlin College, October 4, 1937:

The episodes that stand out in my mind like spot-lights during those first twelve years in Montevideo, were the trips I took to Buenos Aries to visit my grandmother. I can still feel the excitement of standing on the deck alone, watching the harbor lights twinkle across the darkness, listening to the orchestra in the saloon playing melancholy tangos. I soon knew the course well, and could have steered the ship through the red and green lights alone, had I been given the chance, and I know all the light-houses by their signals. The trip was about ten hours long, but I hated to go to bed, and would prowl around like a tow-headed cat until midnight, when I would remember guiltily my promise to "Go to bed early!" Then I would sneak cautiously downstairs to my berth to lie awake until morning.

In 1931 the Crew family was due for a furlough, but it was arranged for Mary and the children to go ahead, Malcolm joining them later. We would have loved keeping Patsy with us, but Mary said she was eager to have her family see the child. So they came over to B.A. and took a Japanese boat from there. That was the last we saw of our little girl until December, 1934. They spent the year in Columbus, Ohio, where the three girls went to school. Malcolm joined them, and when they returned to S. America, it was to Santiago, Chile! Another "crisis."

From Uncle Mike's story the <u>Clan of Crew</u> (2010):

Dad remained in Montevideo until 1931 when, as a Financial Secretary, he was sent to Santiago, Chile, to close out the affairs of the Santiago YMCA which was bankrupt! As he told it, that was to be his last job for the Y which was downsizing (to use a modern term). The outlook for the future was uncertain so he sent Mother with us four kids (aged 3, 5, 6 and 11) to the States (Columbus, OH) to await developments while he set off for Santiago. When he determined that he would be in Chile for a while, we came to Chile to rejoin him in February, 1932.

> On evaluating the situation with the Santiago Y, Dad determined that it could be saved. He put together a plan which he sold to the bankers and "Y" backers in Santiago and to the International Committee of the "Y" in New York. The essence of his plan, as I have been able to put together from comments he made through the years had two features. [. . .] Firstly, his plan was to block off two large rooms fronting on the street to be rented out for small stores or offices in order to provide an additional source of income. [. . .] Secondly, he scouted around for financial commitments from contacts in the English-speaking community (the point here is that most American and British businessmen knew and understood the importance and social value of the YMCA and would be more willing to commit generously). This, I believe was the basis of a number of friendships that continued over the years. (22-23)

In 1932, Webster attended a big Sunday School Convention in Rio de Janeiro, and was away for a month or more. Elsie was expecting her first baby in November and they had taken a nice little apartment in town, only a few blocks from Basil's office. As we were due for a furlough in 1933, we gave up our chalet, storing our stuff; this we did in October, 1932, as soon as Webster returned from Rio. We found a room and board in an English boarding house, only a few blocks from the Bergs. So we settled down to await the great and "Blessed Event" in the Berg home. I spent most of my afternoons with Elsie, as the two men were busy in their respective offices. (I wonder how many games of Canfield Elsie and I played!) Came the 24th of November—Thanksgiving Day! Elsie, Basil and I went to the German Hospital about 9 that morning. It was a horrible day of suffering for Elsie, and of mental anguish for the rest of us. Finally, Constance Louise was born at 7:30 pm. Only a few minutes later I heard the gladdest sound of my life. It was Elsie's laugh! Dr. Vollenveider [?] said all was well. I was permitted to stay beside Elsie that night, but neither of us slept much. We were both so happy that it was all over.

Our Connie Lou was a huge baby—12 ½ lbs—the largest baby ever born in that hospital, up to that time. She was generally considered a 10-months' child, for Elsie was sure that her "time" was a full month earlier; moreover, she looked a month old when she was born!

Everything went well: Elsie came home and with a good maid in the house she got along wonderfully—except for a persistent pain, at the end of her spine, which still troubles her, almost 15 years later—due, it seems, to Connie's great size!

We all had Christmas Dinner at the home of the Donagher's, and Webster baptized the new baby—she was just over a month old. On the last day of December we, Webster and I, left for the USA. We had a fine comfortable trip and a beautiful cabin; for the first time in my life, I was not sea-sick! What a joy! We reached New York about the 19th of January, went west to visit friends and relatives returning to New York in March. We spent the next 7 months in the Prince George Hotel, while Webster "carried on" for Dr. John Mackay who had become a Secretary of our Presbyterian Board. Evidently he made good, for before we left Dr. John had intimated that he

Figure 89: Chile, 1933. (The photos with the white captions were blown up for my parent's 40th Anniversary party in September 1980.)

would be glad to have Webster to keep him permanently—but the matter lay dormant for some time.

On October 12th, 1933, we were on our way back, once more. With us went Florence Merriman, going out to Crandon as Home Economics teacher. Another fine trip—*sans* sea-sickness, again! At the suggestion of Elsie and Basil we agreed to take a house together, and that suited us, of course. So they got busy and combed the suburbs for a suitable place. They were fortunate in finding a charming house in Coughlin, in the North or River-side of the city, about 15 or 20 minutes by inter-urban train from the city and only a block, at our end, from the station. So they moved, took our stuff out of storage and everything was ready for us in the new home. We arrived on the morning of November 1st, the whole Berg family & some friends being on the docks to meet us. The new house was a two-story brick, on a corner, with a small garden in front and a larger one at the back. In this lovely spot we spent most of our afternoons in Summer, with music on the radio and Grand Opera from the Met. on Saturdays with tea and books and friends. Florence Merriman came over from Montevideo and here, in this garden, she met Phil Lewis. Phil fell madly in love with Flo and in a month they were engaged. Some years later they were married and before any of their three boys were born, they came up to the States and to New York. You met them Mac, and we all went to a circus together in Madison Square Garden. Remember?

Let us return to our child—the "subject" of this story. The year 1934 was to be her last in Santiago College where she had been a student, and in December she graduated. I had been invited to go over for a visit and was making plans for it. Then it occurred to me that I was being very selfish: why couldn't the money for my fare be used to bring her to us? Happily, every one fell in with my plans, and thus it was that she came to us, after graduation. Due to all sorts of washouts, landslides, etcetera, on the railroad, between Los Andes and Mendoza, traveling was very irregular and even dangerous, to some extent, especially for a young girl travelling alone, so we arranged for her to come by 'plane. So it was, that a few days before Christmas, Webster and I, out at the air-port, watched a plane come into sight, far off in the black sky; a terrific storm had just taken place and we feared for the plane's safety.

Figure 90: High school graduation photo.

PCF: "An Autobiography," English Composition, October 4, 1937

Two days [after graduation from high school] with my necessary belonging squeezed into thirty pounds of space, I took off with my heart in my mouth. The first fright soon wore off, however, and the thrill of flying straight into the sunrise was something I will always remember. The sight of those reddish-brown peaks with their white ruffs of snow just beyond the spread of wings, and later the checker-board of the vineyards seen from a height of twenty-thousand feet will stay with me always. That year in Buenos Aires, supposedly a prelude to College, is still a vague confusion of classes, parties, dances, teas, and tennis games.

It was a typical "Emancipation year": my first permanent, my first compact, my first serious love affair, my first dance until six in the morning! And I grew up overnight! Almost exactly a year later I set off for home again, this time by train and car, a far more dangerous and even more interesting trip [and six months after that, to Oberlin College].

But all was well, and in a few minutes a tall fair girl was in our arms. She seemed much older, though she was not yet 16. But two and a half years at that period in life, make a difference. She was no longer the little girl we had known in 1931—but a maiden blossoming into womanhood. And—she no longer wanted to be "Patsy"—either it must be Pat, or Patricia. (So here we leave the old baby name!) It took us a few days to become re-adjusted, but soon we were back on the old footing, but the years between had made a difference—they were not in our experience.

Figure 91: This must be in Santiago; My mother talked of riding with her cousins. Auntie Ada in particular had a stable full of horses.

She came to us for the Summer vacation, January & February, but Malcolm wrote before it was over, that Pat might choose for herself: whether to return to Chile, where with some extra study, she could make up the credits necessary for College in the USA, or she might stay on with us and attend the A.G.H.S. for the

same purpose. She was not sure for some weeks, but a party on Valentine's Day, in our house, with a lot of nice young folks near her own age, helped to decide the matter and she wrote her Daddy that she would stay with us. Oberlin had been her choice of a college. One day her grandfather and I suggested a certain Mid-West College—our own alma mater—Park College!! It had improved much since our days there and would be much more reasonable financially. "Whoever heard of that hick College?" said she, disdainfully. (While the latter part of this story was being written, word comes to me that this young maid, now married, and the mother of two little sons, will go to Park College where her husband is to be Dean of that hick College!!) {*Margin Note*: Letter from Mac, written April 19, '47.}

So she stayed on in Buenos Aires and went daily to #6100 Revadavia, now taken over by the A.G.H.S. (Ward College, meanwhile, had moved out entirely and had gone out of the City to their new campus with its fine new buildings.) Pat took up English, Higher Algebra, Typing, and perhaps something else, and also sang in the Girls' Glee Club. (It is interesting to note that this school had made great advances, and many American Colleges accepted its graduates without examinations. It had grown greatly in numbers, and had many excellent teachers on its staff. The pupils were really a hand-picked group, being in large part, children of chosen men & women, representing outstanding American firms, and English-speaking Argentine families. {*Margin Note*: This is written in May of 1947.} Now, after more than 20 years, it is still a fine "going concern," standing high in the esteem of educators, and backed by a fine Parent-Teachers Association who, besides paying the fairly high dues of a private school, have contributed greatly, financially & morally to its support.)

Before classes began, i.e. early in March, Pat and I had been invited by Mrs. Conard to make them a visit in Piriápolis. She and I were happy to accept the invitation and to see once again this beloved summer camp. So in February she and I made the trip and spent two weeks there, lodging in the Conard's cottage and having our meals in the "commons." Florence was already in Oberlin and Lois was to go that year, so Mrs. Conard knew the Oberlin requirements. {*Margin Note*: Lois, too, I believe had also had one year.} It was a pleasant visit. Mrs. Conard was a fine person and was always a sincere and faithful friend to all of us. As we returned through Montevideo we were able to see some of our old friends; it was our very last visit in that city.

It was now the Bergs' time for a trip to the States. Basil's vacation was over-due but had to be postponed for a time since another baby was expected. On the 21st of March, Kathryn Alice Berg was born, in the German Hospital. She, too, was a "whopper," weighing 11 lbs, but she was speedier than Connie and caused her mother much less pain.

Shortly after this event, Malcolm came over from Chile to attend a Conference of some sort in Piriápolis, so we were able to have a short visit with him, as he came & went. Late in April, Kay being just five weeks old, the Berg family embarked on a Delhi Line boat, en route to New Orleans. The laws of immigration were pretty strict; Connie and Kay were both required to have pass-ports, carrying their thumb-prints! (Doña Constancia Luisa and Catalina Alicia Berg!—no less!!) They did not return until late September, after visiting Basil's family in Wisconsin and friends in Battle Creek, Michigan.

When the Bergs left, Pat moved into their old bed-room, larger and more comfortable, but when they returned she chose to sleep in a smaller back-room, Basil's radio work-room, and sewing room, overlooking the back garden. She remained there until she returned to Chile in December. She went with a friend of Elsie's, a Chilean lady, and this time by rail. She was home several days before Christmas. When we said Goodbye that time we had no idea when we should see her again. {*Margin Note*: About the middle of this year, 1935, Pat attended catechism classes and became a member of St. Andrew's Scots Church.}

In the following June, 1936, she would go up via the West Coast and the Panamá Canal to New York and on to Columbus or Ludington, to spend a month with Mary's sisters, Pancha & Jane. Such was the plan, then on to Oberlin and the "Great Adventure!"

Figure 92: Hmmm. I think this was en route to the States in 1936.

However, other plans were in the making for us Brownings. At last Dr. John Mackay had succeeded in having Webster come to the Board's work [?]. (I may be wrong in this, but I think it was he who urged the matter since he needed help in the Africa-Latin America portfolios. He was much in demand as a speaker, all over the country, so it was only natural that office work could not be kept up.) Word came in March or April, confirming Webster's appointment as Office Secretary and assistant to Dr. John.

We were about to finish our forty years of Service, but he still lacked three years of reaching the 70 years required for "H.R." retirement.[4] So he accepted the Board's offer, and resigned from the C.C.L.A. In these last 20 years he had been loaned to the C.C.L.A. but had never severed his connection with our Board. We always belonged to it. So it was settled that we should go to New York as soon as we could get ready. This meant dismantling our large home, and disposing of some of our furniture, all that Elsie & Basil would not need we loaned to friends. They found a very nice chalet, in Florida, a little further from town, and they were moved in before we left, and fairly settled. We spent two nights there before we left. It was our plan to return to Argentina with the Bergs, after their next vacation, due in 1940. But "it was not so to be!"

We sailed from B.A. on May 4th—a fine cabin again with private bath and crowds of friends came to see us off, with gifts and flowers. We left with less regret, feeling sure

[4] Webster Browning mentions this in his book, Modern Missions on the Spanish Main: "[Dr. and Mrs. Candor were] the first missionaries from Latin America to come under the new ruling of the Manual which automatically retires missionaries who have given forty years of service to the field or who have reached the age of seventy years" (233-234). Uncle Mike writes that it was different for the YMCA: "On returning to Chile he [Malcolm] was appointed by the International Committee as National Secretary for Chile in the few remaining years until his retirement in 1950 at the mandatory age of 60" (24).

that we would be returning in a few years. A fine trip it was, made doubly so by the absence of *mal de mer*, again.

Arriving in New York on May 21st, we were met by our Miss Shepherd carrying a clipping announcing Dr. John's acceptance of the Presidency of Princeton Seminary! For some time he had been sought for this position, but each time, like Julius Caesar, refusing a King's Crown, he "put aside" the offer. This last time of offering, he accepted. So it was evident that very soon Webster would take over his work. Dr. John stayed on through June. The next year, at General Assembly, Webster was confirmed as a regular secretary.

So that is how it came about that we were on the dock, early in July, (3rd I think) to meet the Grace Line that brought us our Pat again! After some days with us in the Prince George, where we had again taken a small suite, she went on West and joined the Chandlers and when College opened she was in Oberlin.

In September, Kennedy House at Gramercy Park was to open, and the Committee, headed by Mrs. Cleland McAfee [from Parkville], asked me to consider our moving there so I might act as hostess. Webster was not very eager, but after seeing the rooms and the set-up, he agreed to our going. He was never sorry that we did so, and we were soon settled very comfortably and happy in the new quarters. We would have been happy to have Pat come to us for Christmas, but did not urge her, in case she would rather go to Dublin [Ohio]. This latter was her choice, as she was enthusiastic about Winter sports, and wanted to use a new skiing suit. Alas! No snow fell that vacation so suit and skis were unused. (Forgetting, I am, to mention the fact that she didn't like New York, anyway!)

As Easter vacations drew near, we did a bit more urging, and she came to us for the week. Great rejoicing!! Mrs. Cushman was giving a big party one evening, having just recently returned from Madras and a trip around the world. Mostly the guests were to be missionaries. One day I met Mrs. Cushman at First Presbyterian Church and asked if I might take my grand-daughter to her party. "Oh, certainly, if she won't be bored; there will be few or no young people there!" ! ! !

Mac, you know the rest, as well if not better than I do. I'll let you take it from here!

{*Margin Note*: Finished on May 21st, 1947.}

EMF's Letter of Condolence to Elsie and Basil, October 19, 1969, Regarding the Memorial to Both of the Brownings

What I really wanted to say, of course, is how much I, personally, owe to Pop and Nan, how much I admired them, and how happy I am to have a little part in this memorial. As you know, I met Pop and Nan some time before I met Pat, and enjoyed their friendship before I ever suspected we would become related by marriage. I'll always cherish the memory, for instance, of Pop's reading Kipling—or more likely reciting it—in our living room at Union Seminary after Sunday dinner; and the one time we played chess together—so that I could enjoy the thought of being one small member of that chess community of his that included Malcolm and the Bishop, etc; and the time he took me to lunch at Billy the Oysterman's on the eve of my getting spliced to Pat; and the time I was late for a very early start to Easter Sunday church at Paul Wolfe's Brick Church—the day in fact, that I proposed to Pat. . . .etc. And of course my memories of Nan are even more legion, but chiefly center around the year(s) in N.Y.C. when she was such a close friend and neighbor of ours.

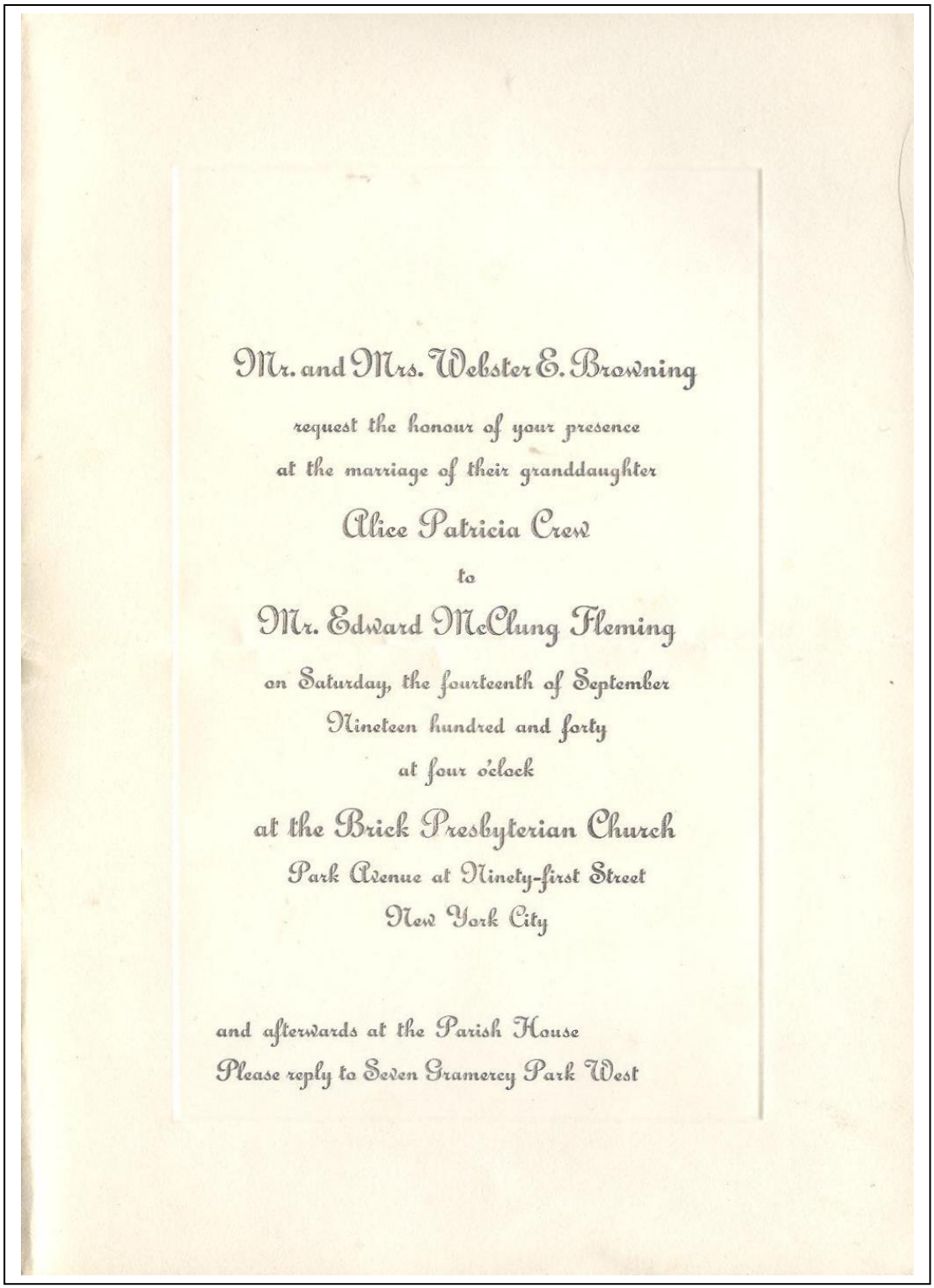
The older I get the more I realize the truth of what I've been taught since babyhood but usually in a not convincing way—that probably the most important thing in life is to learn to love in spite of logic, or sense, or "reward" or reciprocation, or merit or anything else. I flunk at this every day—in spite of elegant opportunities for practice on my kids, my sisters, and my neighbors!

Figure 93: Missionary Ladies. Nan is far left and my mother is in the center. Elizabeth Cole Fleming and Vera Scott Cushman could also be in this photograph.

US DISPATCH ★★★

Their Marriages Will Take Place In Near Future

Figures 94 and 95: Engagement activities.



Mr. and Mrs. Webster E. Browning

request the honour of your presence

at the marriage of their granddaughter

Alice Patricia Crew

to

Mr. Edward McClung Fleming

on Saturday, the fourteenth of September

Nineteen hundred and forty

at four o'clock

at the Brick Presbyterian Church

Park Avenue at Ninety-first Street

New York City

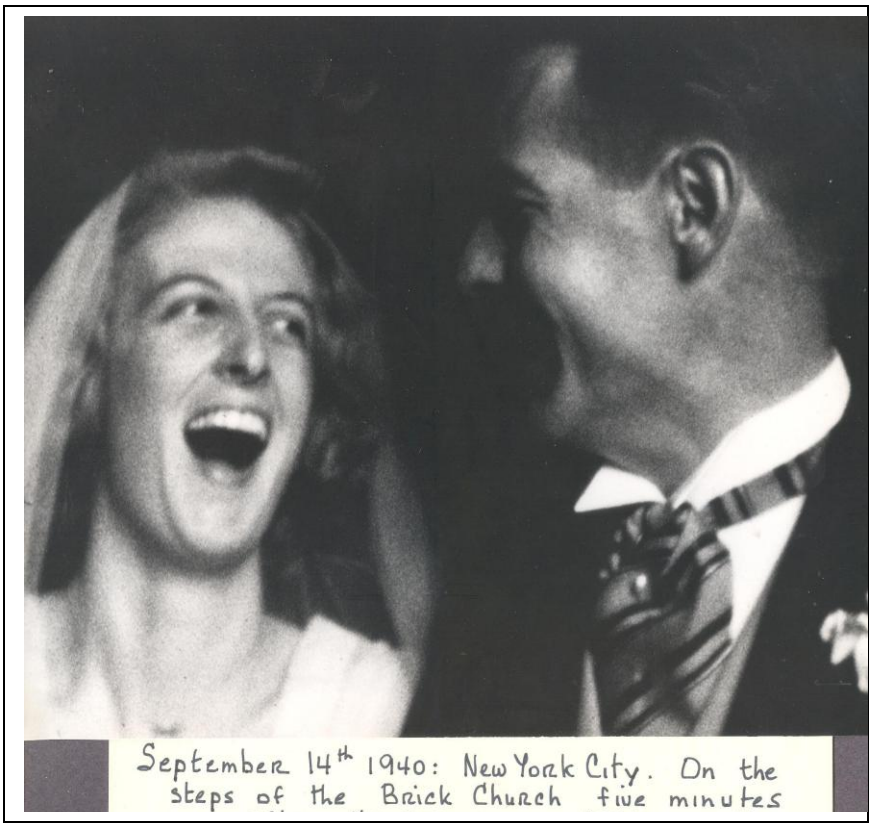
and afterwards at the Parish House

Please reply to Seven Gramercy Park West

Figure 96: Malcolm was able to travel from Chile to give my mother away. Three hundred people came, among them twenty-three ministers.

Figure 97: Happy bride, September 14, 1940. Wedding dress x2.

Figure 98 & 99:
Three minutes after the Ceremony! Husband & Wife!!!



Nan's description of the wedding, letter dated December, 1940:

But I must tell you of the wedding dress; all these 22 years I had kept Alice's (Pat's mother) dress, veil, orange blossoms, and gloves. Last Christmas time Pat decided that she would like to use them. We found that with lengthening the dress it would be perfect. A chiffon skirt was added, reaching the floor—and that was all. Elsie had worn the veil when she was married in St. Andress in 1930, but the years had not improved its durability, and it barely held together, so it will not serve any more brides! The orange blossoms were all right, but the gloves were too small. This part of the trousseau was "borrowed"; I had added a blue ribbon to an unseen part, so she had the traditional "Something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue."

The three girls who attended her were Oberlin friends, one of them Lois Conrad, of Montevideo, Uruguay, whom she had grown up with. Lois and Betty Merrill wore brown marquisette dresses, long and full and simply made, with brown velvet caps, Juliet style, and carried yellow chrysanthemums. Barbara Wells, the maid-of-honor, wore a yellow dress and cap, and carried copper colored chrysanthemums. They all looked lovely. At four o'clock the organist, who had been playing Pat's favorite music for half an hour, began the Lohengrin March, the doors were opened and the party came in. The best man and the groom had already followed the two ministers to the chancel—Mac's father, Dr. D. J. Fleming, and Pat's grandfather, in robes and colorful hoods. First came the four tall handsome ushers, the two bridesmaids, the maid-of-honor, and then Pat, on her Daddy's arm, happy and smiling. The service, worked out largely but the two young people, was very impressive, as preformed almost entirely by Dr. Fleming. Her grandfather, because of his vocal trouble, was unable to do much, but his voice was so much improved that he could be heard even at the back of the church as he took the part in the exchange of the rings. With the beautiful closing prayer, the service was over, and the party marched out to the strains of the Mendelssohn March.

The reception, in the Parish House, was interesting in many ways, bringing together old friends from S.A. as well as those here and many new ones. It was especially satisfying to have at least eight of Alice's old friends present and a larger number who knew Pat as a baby or small child. We had no way of checking the number of guests, but think there must have been something like 300. At Elsie's marriage, Mr.

Taylor was amazed to note that seven ministers were in attendance. At Pat's there were at least 23! Her going-away dress was a simply made blue wool, worn with red hat and gloves, black bag and shoes. They went to Silver Bay on Lake George for theier week's honeymoon, to a charming little cottage loaned by a friend. They are now established in a small apartment at 528 Riverside Drive, New York City, just a few blocks distant from the Fleming family. Pat writes enthusiastically of the joys of her new life, home, and work, of which she seems to have plenty.

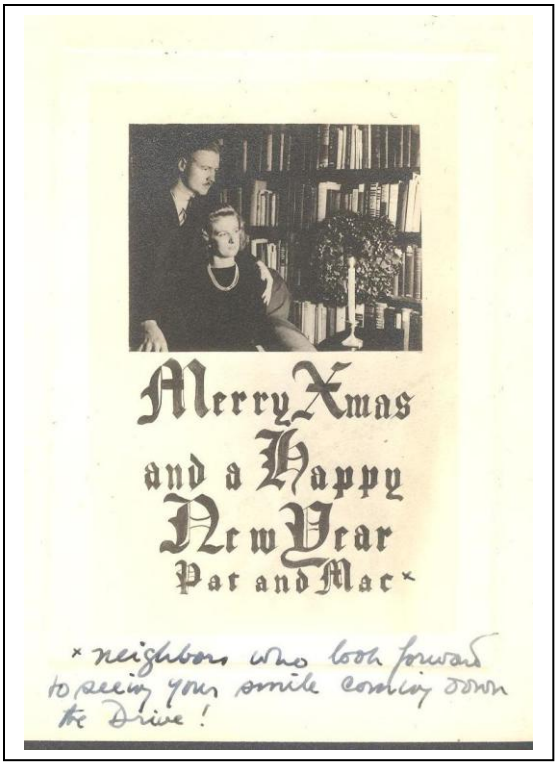


Figure 100 & 101: Lake George with Brownings and First Xmas Card.

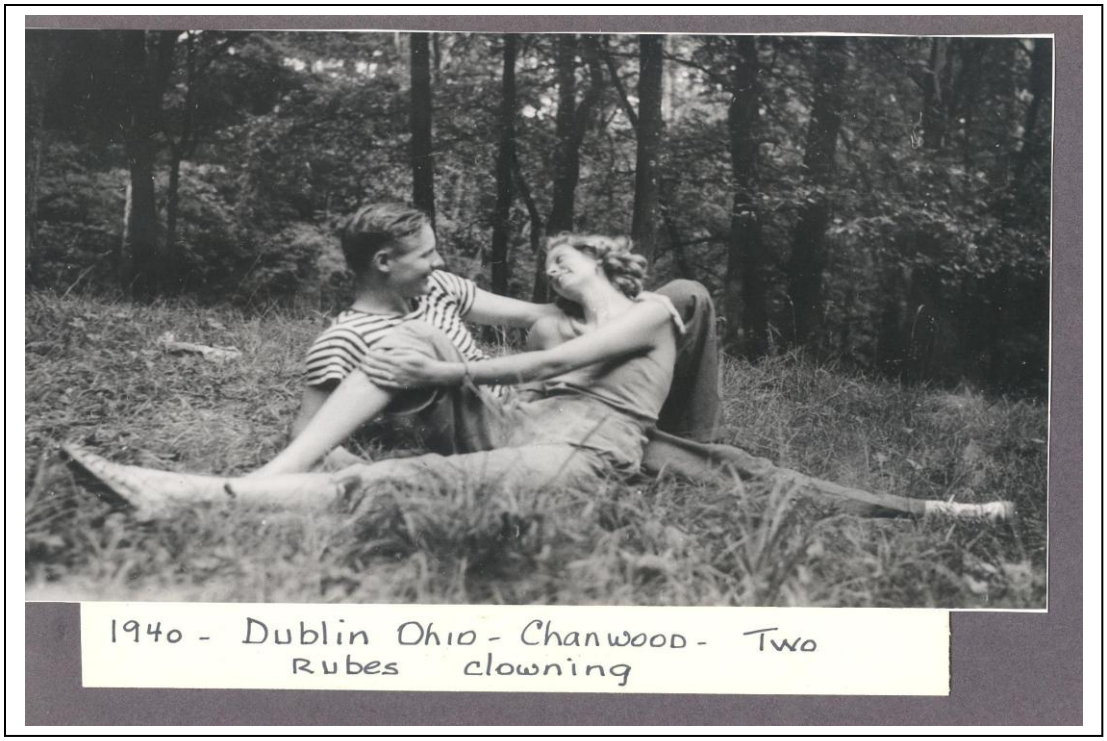
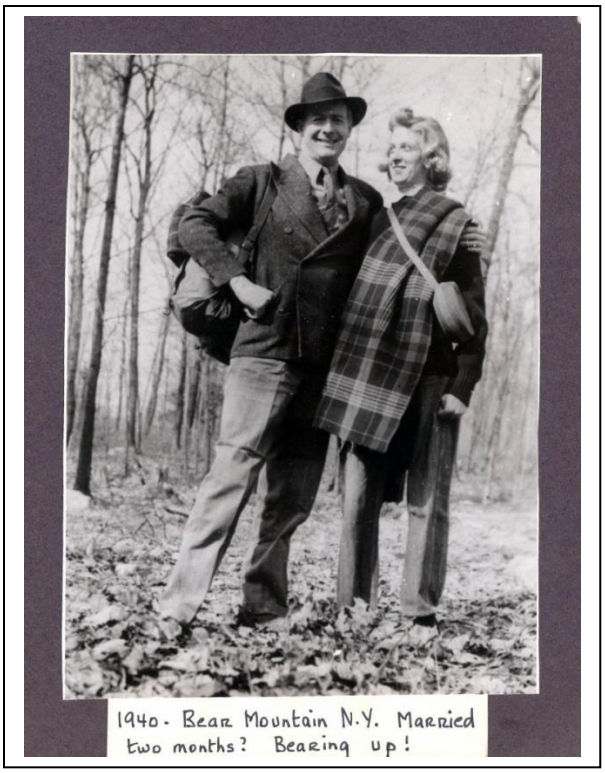
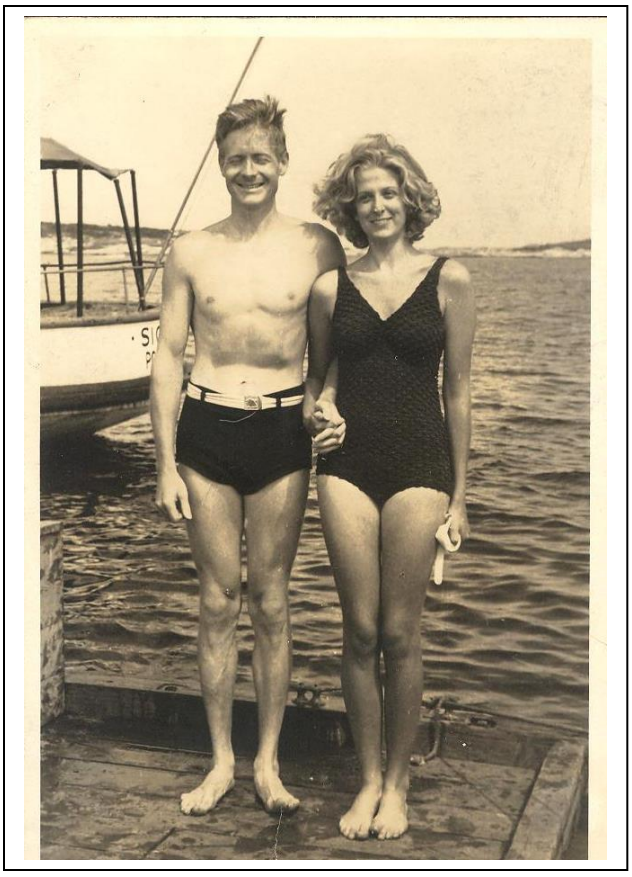


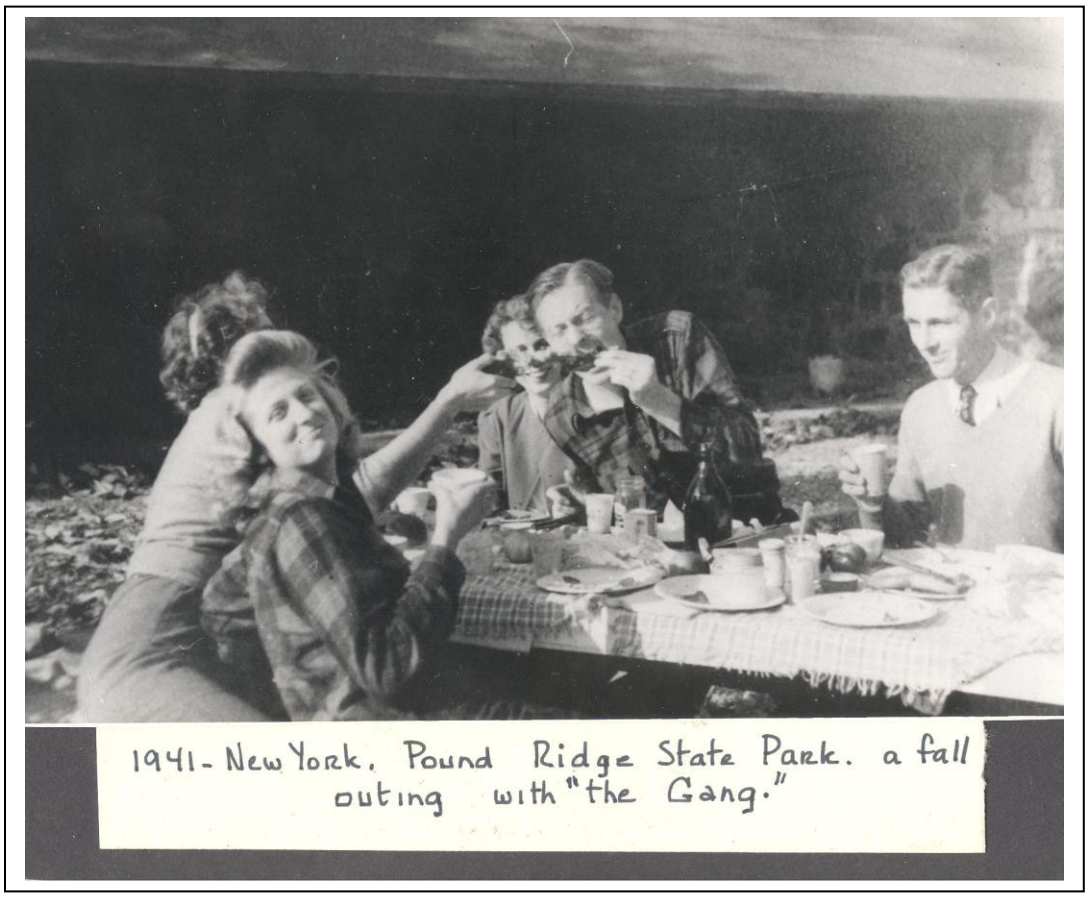
Figure 102 and 103: Honeymoon and beyond.

Figures 104 to 106: Assorted post-marriage scenes.





Figures 107 & 108: Early years of marriage—"still no children."

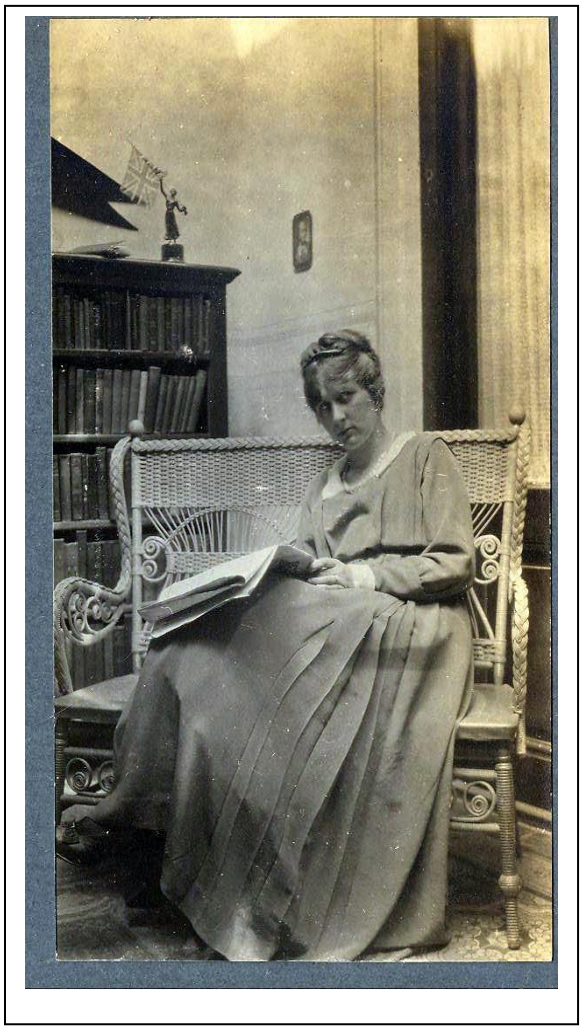


Addendum I:

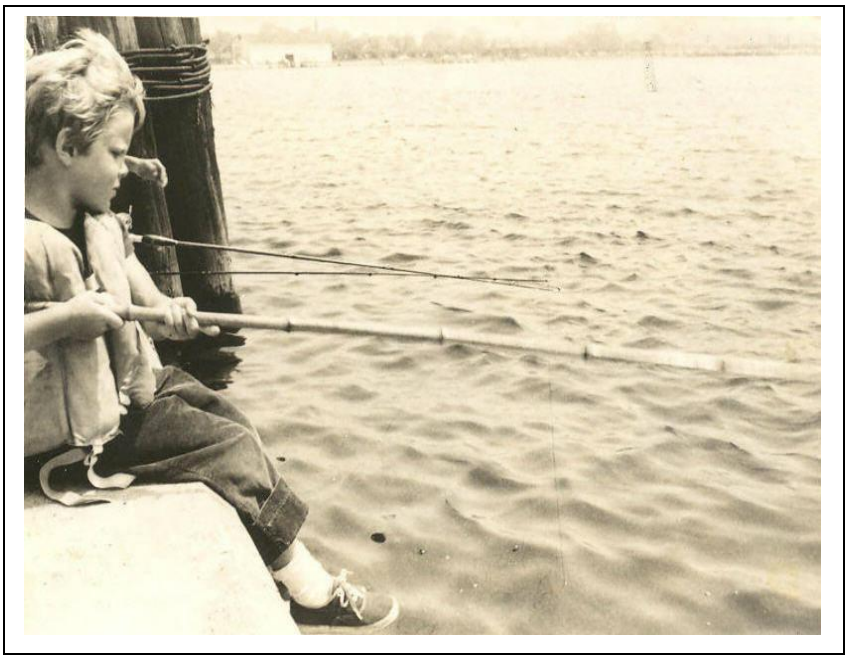
Photo Montage: Four Generations:

Figures 608-111: Clockwise from upper left: Julia, Pat, Betsy, Alice.

Figures 112-113: Little Whim, St. John, US Virgin Islands. Pat in the summer of 1984, just a few months before she died. Julia (three months old) six months after her grandmother died. Painting by Pat.



Figures 114-116: Same Special Corner…



Fishing: Pat in Piriápolis (1924?) and Betsy in Ludington (1955?)

Figures 117-119: Three Brides in the Same Wedding Dress: 1918, 1940, 1969.

Top: Patricia; Bottom, Julia.

Addendum II1: Malcolm Crew and me Mum:

Figures 124: Assorted candids of Malcolm and Pat.

Figure 125: On the deck at Mampoo Hill, St. John, US Virgin Islands, ca. 1975?

From Uncle Mike's Clan of Crew:

Dad became interested in the Anglican Church and was confirmed in a special service the night before my own confirmation in 1942. He became much involved with the Church and was appointed Lay Reader in 1943. Whenever a Vicar left to return to England it was several months before a replacement arrived… sometimes as much as a year. It was at such times that Dad stepped in to cover (in fact on occasions when the organist was unavailable he also handled that) and kept the continuity of worship. Because the Chilean Law required that a marriage must be consecrated in a Church, he was authorized by the Church to perform marriages in the absence of the Vicar.

Vicars came and Vicars went but the life of the Church continued. The process of replacing Vicars frequently lasted more than a year; people had to be married and people had to be buried. At one point the Congregation pleaded with the Bishop (Bishop of

Western South America and The Falkland Islands) to ordain Dad but the Bishop declined because Dad had not been trained at a Seminary. Dad was completely bi-lingual and was equally comfortable in both English and Spanish. I recall that at one Church service he was giving a homily (he was allowed this at the Chancel Steps but was not allowed to deliver a sermon from the Pulpit!... Canon Law is weird) and he slipped into Spanish for a few sentences then continued in English. I don't think anyone else in the congregation noticed but we three children cringed. (27-28)

Mother and Dad left Chile for the last time in 1971 after the election of Salvador Allende (a Marxist who was attempting to convert Chile to a Marxist State through legal means). Dad might have stayed to observe the political scene, but Mother, severely affected by the living conditions which were becoming progressively worse and encouraged by Chita was panicked. They settled in Canterbury House, a Retirement Home in Charleston, South Carolina, which was sponsored by the Episcopal Church. Incidentally, in his first job with the Cotton Brokers, one of his tasks was to take inventory of the cotton bales as they arrived by ship from Charleston – he was now in an apartment in the 13th floor with a view of the harbor.

Within two years, Mother suffered a series of strokes and passed away in 1975. During Mother's illness Dad was joined by Angela Artal to assist in Mother's care. The Artal family had fled Spain to France after the Civil War in the 1930s. They returned to Barcelona when the Germans invaded France (as Angela put it, they had exchanged Spanish bombs for German bombs). Dad encountered the family on a visit to Barcelona. He had been involved in a resettlement program to bring Displaced Families to Chile and assisted them in relocating to Chile and finding them employment. Angela had been

working for Auntie Ada in Dunalastair and was let go at the time that the School merged with The Grange. It was at that point that Dad needed help and offered her a job helping in Mother's care.

Shortly after Mother died he asked Angela, whose Visa had expired and was returning to Chile, if she would consider marrying him. Her answer: "I thought you would never ask!" They were married quietly, so that the ladies with wiggling antennas at Canterbury House would not know, and Angela returned to Chile. Betsy Kittle (Pat's daughter) was visiting him at about that time and Dad told her that he had a problem getting the Death Certificate and the Wedding Certificate from the Registrar's Office without the curious knowing what he was up to. Betsy volunteered to help out. As Betsy told it she presented herself at the Registrar's Office and the clerk, as she put it a rather stern type, said disapprovingly, "I presume you are the *new* Mrs. Crew?" Without batting an eyelash Betsy (who could be described as a dish – she was the spitting image of Pat at that age) said "Of course!"

Dad and Angela returned to Chile and they had three years together; he died in December, 1978. Aside from the companionship, they both had something from the marriage: he had loving care for the three years from someone whom he could respect, and she gained the status of Wife, then Widow. In a Latin society a wife and a widow have a status that an unmarried woman can never acquire. The return to Chile was necessary for two reasons: familiar territory which now that the nation had recovered economically from the disaster of the Allende regime, and he could not survive on only the small pension provided by the Y. U.S. missionaries were paid salaries that may have been low by U.S. standards but were well paid by the standards of the countries in which

they served. The salaries in the YMCA were based on a reasonable basis for the country in which they served but this resulted in unreasonably small pensions if they attempted to retire to the U.S. Mother and Dad were just able to survive in Charleston, SC, using his pension and her modest Social Security – the pension alone was not enough to support him without the Social Security. (25-26)

Two accomplishments of Dad's tenure in Chile should be mentioned. He always believed that a Summer Camp experience was an important tool of the "Y". One of his functions in Montevideo had been as Assistant Camp Director at Piriápolis where he acquired the necessary background. Starting in 1933 he ran a Summer Camp in Chile at various temporary locations, first in Concón, then Quintero then back to another location in Concón and finally to a piece of property owned by the Methodist Missions in El Tabo. In the late 1940's he was able to raise sufficient funds to buy two adjacent pieces of property near the Methodist Camp. On one piece he established a permanent Camp, "Guayápolis" and on the other he developed "Guaylandia" on which families associated with the "Y" could build cottages. Of course he reserved a choice lot for himself next to the Camp so he could oversee its development (he used the funds from the sale of the Concón cottage to Auntie Gladys for building the El Tabo cottage). When he left Chile the cottage at El Tabo was sold to Auntie Ada and is now owned by Honor. In the process of developing the Camp he, with the help of one caretaker, planted and hand-watered a forest of over more than a thousand trees. His ashes were scattered in this forest and in the Camp there is a Meditation Area with a plaque dedicating the Camp to him.

The other accomplishment of note is his work in establishing a program of Physical Education in the Chilean schools. Until that time, the State Schools did not have a Physical Education Program and any sports were completely separate from the schools. For this work

he was conferred with the “Order of Merit – Officer Rank” by the President of Chile. This decoration was presented to him at the Ministry of Education in 1946. It was a source of amusement to him that this award is reserved for foreigners, but because of his thick British accent no one noted he was born in Chile. (26)

Figure 126: Malcolm was much loved by Anglos and Latinos alike.

Malcolm’s Descriptions of the YMCA Movement from his Memoir (ca 1955):

Finally I planned to explore new ways of trying to inculcate the fundamental purpose of the Y in an ambiance or environment that would best [be] described as superficially religious, one which lacked what we might describe as religious fibre, in which religion is related to living. (9).

I was determined to make every effort to find lead potential in building activities. Later in education my Board I explained the importance of this tactic. As an illustration I told them that for instance if we decided to have a Ping Pong Contest I would draw on my experience and bring off a successful tourney, but that is all it would be. If on the other hand I drew in six or eight young men and gave them the responsibility for

organizing and running the contest, they might not do quite so well the first time, but they would gather experience in preparing everything, doing the publicity etc. We would, after the event, have six or eight young men able to handle all future competition and each would be better than the early ones. I would then be relieved of that responsibility. (9).

To a Roman Catholic priest, Malcolm wrote this: "In time I won the confidence even of some priests. I recall, four or five years later, after I had established a Leadership Program in several schools, which I will mention later, I noticed that one group of twelve boys ceased to attend. When I went to the school to enquire, the Director informed me furiously that the priest had come to stop them coming to the Y. I saw the Director of Primary Education, a friend, [and we invited the Priest to the school.] It was a Monday morning. The Priest was there. He saluted me very coldly. I took charge asking how many boys in the class belonged to the group. Eight hands went up. I then asked how many went to their Church before belonging to the group. One hand went up. I then asked how many now go to Church. All hands went up. The Director of P. E. [Primary Education] then asked the priest if he still objected to the boys going to the Y. He agreed, still coldly, they could. . . .I explained to the Priest that one of the conditions of belonging to the group was that [they] must attend Mass if they were R.C.s. That it was not the purpose of the Y to change the man's church affiliation but rather to live up to their beliefs, and become betters citizens" (23-24).

I made friends with the Director of a nearby Boys' School in a very poor district. As a result he agreed to send me some twenty boys once a week. They arrived, badly dressed and not exactly clean. Many in bare feet. I made them undress in one corner of

the gym and gave them white pants. After a few exercises I ran some relays. I passed them, undressed into the shower room—many objected. (Next week I gave them the shower first thing!) When dressed I served them milk and a sandwich. (Incidentally, I brought them in to the gym by a side door.) After a month and having gained their confidence I enquired if they liked coming. They were enthusiastic. I then proceeded to lay down some rules. I wanted them to arrive clean and their clothes mended. They did! I lined them up and looked them over very severely, or rather critically, marched them out the side door of the gym and had them enter the Y through the front door. After each session and during their repast, I gave them a five minute pep-talk. Thus we commenced.

Once the Inspector of Primary Education came into my office for a chat. He wanted to know what I was doing for the boys in School No. 26. He said he was getting requests form other schools. (Evidently the grape-vine among teachers was functioning!) I invited him to come and visit a session, which he did. After my pep-talk, I introduced him and had him say a few words. After the boys had gone he said we must have this program in every school in Chile! I said that that would be a long time job but we should think out a plan in that direction. . . We increased our numbers to five more schools and then I put it up to my friend the Director of P. Education that we could think in terms of preparing young teachers for doing the program as extra-curricular responsibility. In time a project was approved whereby the program would be included in the Teachers' Normal School, the first candidates coming to the Y for practice. (35-36)

Annex No. 3. ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHILEAN (and maybe others) WAY OF LIFE:

This can be stated in one word: BASKET BALL. Here is the story:

When I returned for England and settled in Valparaiso around 1910, where there was a large British Colony, I naturally joined the Country Club for tennis, cricket and football, (soccer—it was years before I saw the U.S. style in which they hold prayer meeting and give out the hymns!) Very few natives [participated and usually they were employees of foreign, mostly British firms. In winter the natives thought we were crazy chasing a ball in light clothing. In time they began to go crazy too. Of course we were the best players, but soon they were playing as well aw we did and finally they played better! Soccer took on and became the craze, not only in Chile but the other countries as well. There was one flaw. It became a disgrace to lose a game. The home teams, as soccer became organized, always had to win and no referee would risk his life giving a decision again the home team. To lose a game created havoc in the installations. Games were not place to take one's lady friends. The trouble was that there were only twenty two players and hundreds of onlookers, fierce partisans. Games were often bloody fighting. And this situation continued for years. Politics presented the same picture.

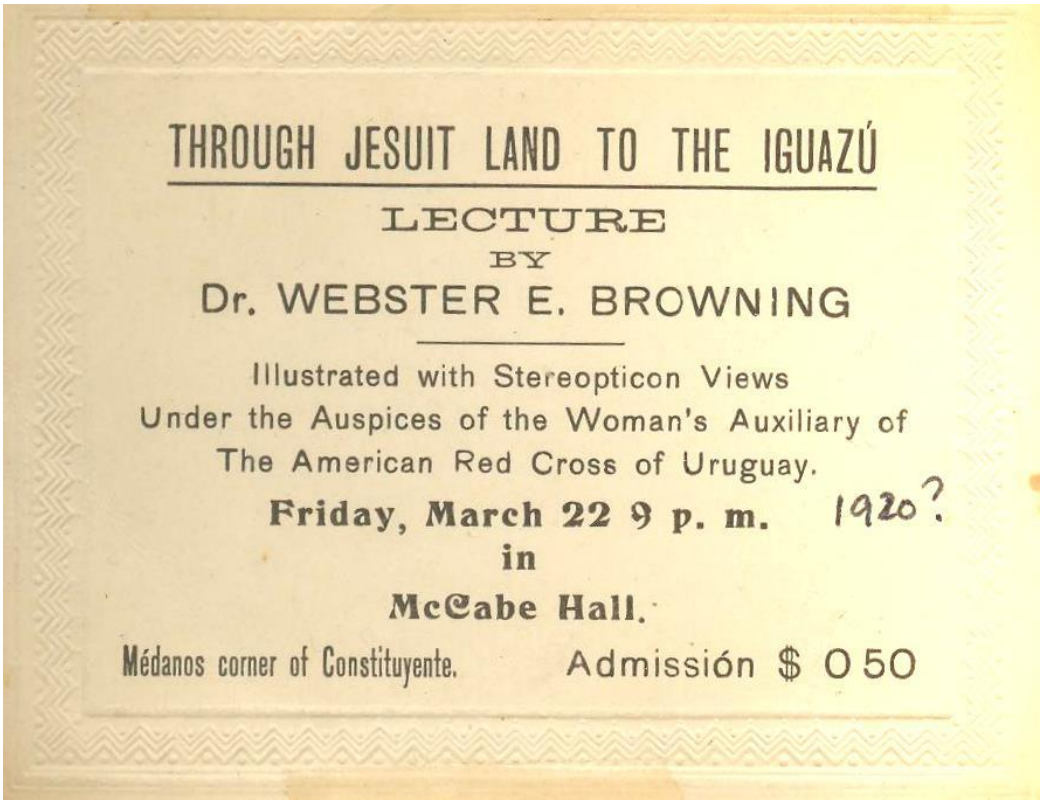
These conditions gradually changed and I credit Basket Ball with bringing the miracle. Soccer was played once a week, few players, many onlookers. Basket Ball could be played all the days of the week. As it spread groups sprang up, many playing few looking on. Playing so often, games were lost or won indifferently. Players became accustomed to losing as well as winning. The stigma of disgrace gradually disappeared and as gradually overflowed into soccer and even politics. I recall in 1931, acting as a judge in an athletic meet, at the end of the race the losers invariably cried some lying on

the ground. That became a thing of the past and losers became more philosophic and adjusted. But I certainly hold to the opinion that it was Basket Ball that worked the miracle" (39).

Figure 7

Figure 8: Malcolm receiving the MBE, Member of British Empire, 1926, from the Prince of Wales.

<u>Addendum IV</u>: Family Attitude toward Roman Catholics:



THROUGH JESUIT LAND TO THE IGUAZÚ

LECTURE

BY

Dr. WEBSTER E. BROWNING

Illustrated with Stereopticon Views
Under the Auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary of
The American Red Cross of Uruguay.

Friday, March 22 9 p. m. 1920?

in

McCabe Hall.

Médanos corner of Constituyente. Admissión $ 0 50

Figure 127: Lecture announcement. Stereopticon lectures similar to power-points!

Figure 128: Meditating on fallen greatness [in] Jesuit Land, Paraguay.

In Roman Christianity in South America (1924), Webster Browning had some harsh things to say about Roman Catholics. His main complaint was that the Roman Catholic Church had done very little to emphasize the Social Gospel. This philosophy attempted "to bring Heaven down to earth, to better the conditions among which we live, to lift up the poor, to educate the illiterate" (77-78). Furthermore, he wrote, "The Church has made no effort to interpret religion as something which should transform the daily life or to rouse the soul of the people. It has, in consequence, lost its hold on the conscience of the thinking classes" (41). All of this ran counter to his belief that "The average Protestant, by nature and by education, demands the right of private interpretation and can not be content with less" (63).

As I mentioned in my MA thesis, "With My Pen Directed toward Home: Letters from Elizabeth Cole Fleming, 1895-1910," this element of "choice," often achieved through written self-examination, became the key ingredient of all Protestant religions (as opposed to Roman Catholic's oral confession). This written self-examination became a point of controversy when my paternal Grandmother Elizabeth confronted the mass conversions of low-caste Indians in India.[5] Sometimes whole villages were "converted" and baptized. Being able to have a written self-examination at all implies a literate, educated republic, which in turn, reflects the ethos of a democracy rather than a class-conscious society (such as the British monarchy), and was the major objection Webster

[5] Critics of the mass movements believed that the first step of conversion, obtained through rigorous soul-searching and self-examination, was overlooked in order to inflate the number of converted Christians for the home churches who subsidized the operation. This started a wave of low-caste sweeper, or "Chuhra," conversions in Punjab and United Provinces. Whole villages would be baptized, as Elizabeth has described. Although many missionaries supported mass movements, the overall public response to untouchable conversions among the American Presbyterians in Punjab and Delhi "ranged from reluctant acceptance, to sheer confusion, to outright abhorrence" (Cox 120). DJ's boss, Dr. J. C. R. Ewing, a graduate of Princeton and long-time president of Forman Christian College, expressed his disapproval in an 1894 letter to the Board of Foreign Missions saying that mass conversions were "raking in rubbish into the church" (Webster 60).

had with the Roman Catholics. I'm sure he realized that the British expatriates living in South America were somewhat limited in showing off their "class" status to the Americans and Spaniards.[6]

In Modern Missions on the Spanish Main, Chapter VII: "On Mule Back from Bucaramanga to Belen: January 30, 1923," Webster writes:

The official Church has a grip on the people, it is true, but it is the grip of a dead hand. [This is an often used quote by Robert Speer: "The Church has a hold, but the grip is that of a dead hand, only the people do not yet realize that the hand is dead" (South American Problems, p 189)]. Its church edifices are old and tumbling into decay, since most, if not all, of them date back to the time of the Spanish occupation, now more than a hundred years ago. [. . .]

As I looked out on the principal square in Mogotes, the morning of our departure, I noted that, at a certain signal given by the belli in the church tower, all who were walking stopped immediately and the men removed their hats. A minute later, at another signal, business was resumed as though nothing had transpired. The signal had meant that, at that moment, the host was being elevated before the altar and the act of devotion showed the results of teaching of the Church that this wafer, because of the blessing of the priest, had actually converted into the real body and blood of Christ. That is to say, they believed that He was actually present in the church, held in the hand of the officiating priest, and they made their obeisance accordingly. We noted this sign of servile devotion on other occasions, even in the country districts where the sound of the bell penetrated. . . For we could not forget that probably ninety-five per cent of this same population can neither read nor write, and one hesitates even to conjecture at the percentage of illegitimacy. The mysticism and mystery of the mass have not given practical results in the education of the people, and the priesthood has, unfortunately, been satisfied with a servile devotion that does not touch the springs of life. (81-83)

[6] Louise Stevenson reported that by 1860 almost all native-born American whites could read. Although not truly a democratic cross-section of the whole population, by 1860, more than ninety-three of men and ninety-one percent of women of the native-born American whites could read (30); Nancy Cott writes that literacy was virtually universal among New Englanders by 1840 (*Bonds* 101).

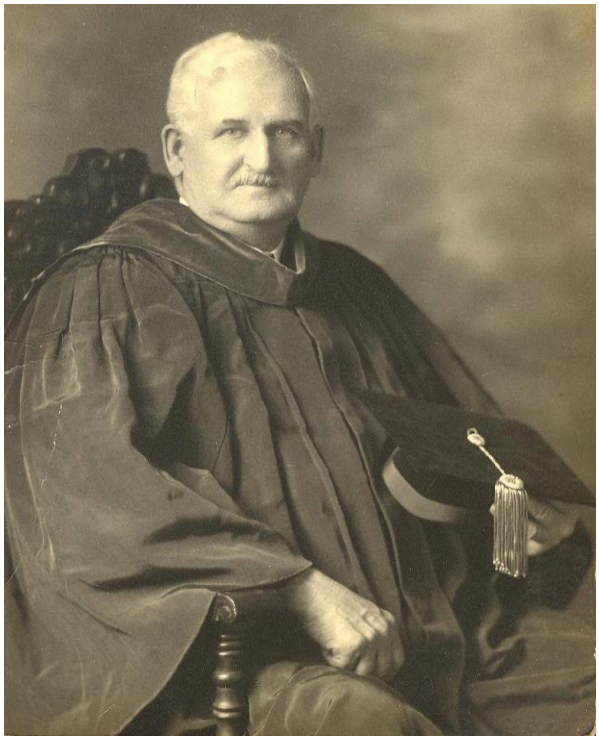


Figure 129: Webster looking professorial.

But, Webster always had a sense of humor and was sensitive to his host countries. In Roman Christianity in South America, he writes, that "the Latin American is undoubtedly more religious by nature, than his more cold-blooded and phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon brother. [. . .] Many of the Evangelical church edifices in Latin America have been planned by well-intentioned missionary architects who seem to have possessed a particular genius for achieving the commonplace and the unattractive . . . the beauty-loving Latin is not attracted to enter the building because they do outrage to his artistic temperament" (58-59).

From PCF's "My Religious Autobiography" November 8, 1982, she writes:

I have always been religious, and ever since I can remember I have known that there was "another world" the world of the spirit, the mystical world which merged scarily into a world of darkness and terror, but which for the most part was full of light and strength and compassion.

Part of this was due, no doubt, to growing up in a Roman Catholic country where miracles were ordinary events and being in touch with God and his saints was the way of day-to-day living. I was used to ascribing everything that happened through the day to

Our Lord, and to the extraordinary happenings in every neighbor's life ascribable to diving intervention.

My own parents were not of that world, although my father was a lay reader, blessed by the Bishop of the Falkland Islands, and acting rectory of our local Anglican Church during my growing teen years. Nor were my grandparents, Presbyterian missionaries with a special mission to the intellectuals of Argentina, and with whom I lived on and off for the first twelve years of my life part of that world. Both sets of relatives were energetically Protestant and anti-Catholic and scoffed loudly and rudely at what they called "Roman nonsense." However, they were themselves inconsistent, as humans always are, as my father contributed regularly to the London Psychic Society and investigated local cases of hauntings and after-death experiences, and my Grandfather, tied to his beloved daughter, was known to frequent séances and searched for years for clues of her survival after death.

[. . .] We prayed, on our knees in true Scottish Presbyterian fashion, on the Oriental rug around the breakfast table, strewn with crumbs and bits of porridge which I disposed of regularly under the table. We prayed for other missionaries in Teheran and Lahore and the luckiest of all, those in Siam whom I loved best of all.

[. . .] I think I very early suspected the WASP God of my parents and grandparents as being too Anglo-Saxon and impotent. He did not have saints, nor was I allowed to mention the Virgin Mary who seemed to be a key part of the picture, and the beauty of the Catholic churches with their incense and their masses of flowers were not for us. Every chance I got I went to mass with my friends and prayed to be saved, Protestant though I was.

[. . .] We had, of course, a succession of maids and devout women who cooked and cleaned and nursed their way through my childhood. These were the dear people who really shaped my religious attitudes. They taught me to give genuine thanks for being fed and warm and covered by a roof, and healthy. There was so much poverty and ill health all around us. They taught me that God was a loving God, but a God of judgment whose judgment descended upon the just and the unjust. One had to take special pains to appease him.

[. . .] In 1942, my grandfather died, and this was a great loss for me, as we had been very close. The night after his death, in Cleveland where his funeral was held. I have another numinous dream. I awoke in the strange motel to hear his familiar voice and see a great light shining under the beds. We "spoke" together for a while till the light faded, and I had no doubt that his spirit lived on. Death was a separation for us but a transformation and release for him.

Excerpt from PCF's "Persephone's Search for Her Mother," in <u>Psychological Perspectives</u>, 15 (Fall 1984): 127-147.

Upon my return [from Greece] I built a small shrine to the mother near my bedroom. A Catholic friend had suggested this to me and had described what it meant to "make a devotion to Mary." I did this very consciously. The little shrine became a part of my daily comings and goings and is built into my private life. It is an outward symbol of the mother principle always available, always waiting, but needing a response from me. It is a sacred spot and a link to all those other mothers of which Mary of Nazareth is only a recent image. I see in her Gaia, Demeter, Isis—all of them, there is a line of descent. I want to be reminded of my link to them and to all women who have gone before and more intimately, to the woman within me. (140-141)

In Roman Christianity in South America (1924), (c) Mary, Not Her Son, is the Center of Worship:

A distinctive feature of Roman Catholic worship in all lands it what Evangelicals consider the undue reverence paid to the Virgin Mary. In Latin America this reverence is carried to an extreme not known elsewhere. It is her image which occupies the post of honour on flying buttress or lofty tower; it is her altar which is most gorgeously bedecked, before which the largest number of worshippers bow in prayer. She is represented as womanly human and alive to our weaknesses. She easily forgives. The Son is Judge, as well as Saviour, but yields to the intercession of his mother.

[. . .] According to [The Breviary and the Missal], only one day a year is given to the Holy Trinity for a special office of worship, and about seventy to the Virgin Mary, and the Mass celebrated in honour of the Virgin ranks several degrees about that in honour of the Trinity. (42)

Further Thoughts about Protestantism: Elizabeth in historical context and those of Nan Browning thirty years later.

Early in my research two works helped me process and organize my material: Ian Frazier's essay, "Looking for My Family," in *Inventing the Truth: The Art and Craft of Memoir* by William Zinsser, and Laurel Thatcher Ulrich's book, *A Midwife's Tale: The Life of Martha Ballard Based on Her Diary, 1785-1812.* Frazier, like me, was a multi-generation Protestant, who inherited mounds of personal memorabilia when his parents died within a year of each other in the mid-1980s. He said he felt like a "paleontologist inferring a culture" from the remains of his parents' material world (167). His humor and bibliographic references helped me find my own voice, while Laurel Ulrich showed me that I had a lot to learn about adopting a logical methodology while using primary resources. First of all, Frazier's essay helped me demystify the earnestness but applaud

the resilience of the Victorian Protestants when he compared them to the American Indians (see Frazier's book *Great Plains*). He writes:

> I came to the conclusion that sectarian Protestants were far more adaptable to spreading out and covering a big and varied landscape [than the French or Spanish Catholics] because of their tendency to keep dividing. I came upon hundreds of names of Protestant sects I had never heard of. . . . There were Hooker Mennonites, who fastened their clothes with hooks, and Button Mennonites, who used buttons. I began to notice a similarity to Native American culture. . . . Indians settled this continent. They didn't *hold* it efficiently but they settled it efficiently by moving into all these varied places. How did they do it? By dividing. How did the Protestants do it? By dividing. (177)[7]

This denominational (tribal) nature of the Protestants became competitive and fueled the women's missionary movement after the Civil War. It wasn't the fear that the Gospel would not be preached at all, but that it might be preached by others, that motivated this competition for souls. Or as Sidney R. Mead puts it in *The Lively Experiment: The Shaping of Christianity in America,* "It was not competition between those of rival faiths, but competition between those holding divergent forms of the same faith—and probably not the less bitter for being a family quarrel" (130). Elizabeth made a reference to this "family quarrel" in a March 2, 1910, letter: “We shall go out to the nearby villages at four o'clock. There are Christians in Amar Sidhu [India] but no school for the children. It is Methodist ground. I wish it were ours!” When Elizabeth started evangelizing for the Presbyterians professionally, she wrote on December 10, 1903: "If God will only give me *souls* for my birthday! That is all I really want."

[7] In addition to the Hooker Mennonites and Button Mennonites, Frazier mentions obscure sects such as the Winebrennerites, the Zoarites and the Schwenckfelders (177), and in the summer of 1910, Elizabeth will meet up with the exclusive Plymouth Brethrens. By the 1850s, and for more than a century, the major Protestant denominations by size were the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Lutherans followed by the Disciples, Episcopalians and Mormans. The Roman Catholic Church, in 10th place after the Revolutionary War, was the largest at mid-century (Mead 106-107).

In *The Feminization of American Culture,* Ann Douglas would have interpreted Elizabeth's forthrightness as a change in the modus operandi of the Protestant churches. Douglas argues that by 1875, the churches had shifted their focus away from the doctrinal beliefs of their members to a preoccupation with the numbers of their congregations. "In ecclesiastical and religious circles," she writes, "attendance came to count for more than genuine adherence" (7). Elizabeth's passionate request, however, was not an anomaly. Some historians have observed that women were more aggressive and imperialistic than their male counterparts in their evangelizing efforts (Hill 199; Brumberg, *Mission* 104), maybe because, as Joan Jacobs Brumberg points out, despite "the cultural arrogance implicit in their attitude towards non-Christians, the evangelicals valued male and female souls equally" (*Mission* 82).

This gender neutrality is probably what attracted most nineteenth-century women, including Elizabeth, her mother, and both of her grandmothers to religious activities. In her essay "The Feminization of American Religion, 1800-1860" in *Dimity Convictions: The American Woman in the Nineteenth Century,* Barbara Welter explains that after the Revolutionary War women became the promoters and keepers of religion. "Religion . . . was not very important," she writes, "and so became the property of the ladies" (84). The new Christ had become the polar opposite of his Calvinist predecessor; He was "the exemplar of meekness and humility," and as such, was just like woman (88). Nancy F. Cott agrees with Welter and estimates that the early nineteenth-century female parishioners in New England outnumbered the male three to two (*Bonds* 132), a fact directly effecting Capt. John Cole's quality of life and sense of home, discussed in Chapter 3.

By the end of the century, the feminization of religion, under the umbrella of the Reform Movement, became one response to the Industrial Revolution. During the Reform Movement, social workers and reformers, many of them women and many of them Presbyterians, waged war against the huge economic imbalances brought on by the Gilded Age when ten percent of the population held ninety percent of the wealth. "It is better to have a fence at the top of the cliff than an ambulance at the bottom," was the type of thinking the Reform Movement embraced.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, whose book *The Rise of the City, 1878-1898* (1933) was one of Ian Frazier's bibliographic recommendations, wrote: "Megalopolis, having crushed the human spirit with its million iron hoofs, became suddenly sorry, wept from its innumerable eyes and strove ardently to make up for its carelessness and greed. The driving force behind much of this effort came from women" (349). That driving force was clearly reflected in my family, which included Myrtilla Alvord, Julia Alvord Cole, Mary Rockwell Cole, Nan Browning, Elizabeth Cole Fleming, Mary Chandler Crew, and my spinster godmothers, the Chandler sisters, Chita and Jane, two sturdy little social workers from Cleveland who (God bless them) both died before my parents did, so were never needed to care for me preemptively.

In conclusion, it is interesting how Nan described the Protestant denominations in Latin America, at least after the First World War, in her annual letter to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the U.S.A., dated May 28, 1938. She does not seem to have any of the competitive nature that drove Elizabeth Cole Fleming's early missionary days in 1903:

> You would be interested in how many different denominations take part in this work: we have Anglicans, Baptists (but only a few), Christian Missionary

Alliance, Armenians, Disciples of Christ, Salvation Army, Brethren, Plymouth Brethren, Lutherans, Methodists, Independent Methodists, Mennonites, Presbyterians, members of the South American Missionary Society, Waldensians and probably some others that I have left out. Is it not a shame that there are so many different denominations working in one field?

Addendum V: Icebergs: from John A. Cole's Travelogue, 1899 "Notes of Travel." (This is a joint record with John and Julia Cole both contributing sections. This part must have been written by Julia because she talks of Mr. Cole trying to divert their minds.)

Monday July 31, 1899, aboard the Dominion Line, Royal Mail Steamer

The day is fair and devoted to steamer chairs and our books, Burns' poems for me. Tuesday, Aug, 1st, the weather grows colder. Ice must be near. Wednesday, Aug 2nd, Alas! Heavy fogs have stopped our ship and we sail no more, but blow a dismal fog horn every few minutes. The sea is full of floating masses of ice. They surround our ship like animals of many fantastic shapes. The air is bitterly cold and the fog so thick that we cannot see at all beyond the ship and know not what is beyond us. Five officers are on duty, three on the bridge and two down at the prow. Guard is kept of the ice around the screws at the stern. Passengers generally are keeping up their spirits by telling the most gruesome stories of ship wrecks. Mr. Cole tries to divert our minds with reading out loud to us from his Walter Scott's Journal. It is so difficult to keep warm that we find a hot water bag indispensable for feet and hands. Oh! For a good pair of mittens and arctic boots! This fog may last three or four days. We shall hope for a calm sea and no more storms to dash against these ice bergs. Towards night we discover a bank of solid ice, so near that we can hear the cracking of the masses. This makes us still more timid as we retire to our berths with a feeling of utter helplessness, and tests our faith in a wise and over ruling Providence. [. . .]

Thursday, August 3, 1899

Still lying in a dense fog, which the ship's calendar says is the third day. We walk upon the deck for exercise and notice a slight circle of light as though the sun were struggling through the clouds, even so in one short half hour, the clouds lifted a little and revealed more ice fields, in front of us, an impenetrable wall of ice makes everybody shake their head. Another bank comes to view on our right. About noon we commence to reverse the engines and turn ourselves. We advance and retreat alternately. No possible pathway opens up before us. But while at lunch, a narrow space opens around a corner and we turn between, with just room enough to scrape off the paint, and finally come out beyond the glittering fields with great rejoicing. Everyone is buoyant with hope and then the fog settles and we are still again all the afternoon, with some enormous icebergs looming up before and behind. The cabin is filled with young people singing hymns . . . After the dinner hour of six, it cleared a little and we move slowly, about three miles an hour, and so on through the night making better time till we gain the opening to the straights of Belle Isle, at four o'clock am. Imagine my surprise on seeing through my port-hole a green island with a light house and two or three tiny houses. We are beyond the reach of icebergs, and although the fog settles down like a blanket every few minutes, we go when we can and stop our engines when we must. Patience is our motto.

Friday afternoon, Aug. 4th, 1899

The sea is glorious, fogs have disappeared. Our Captain comes down from the bridge looking very worn and exhausted. He stands looking at the sunset, and the black clouds which bank up across the sky surely betoken more rain tomorrow. Still we are thankful to be moving that we are proceeding with our arrangements for a concert tonight.

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