

THE ALUMNÆ BULLETIN

November, 1923



**ISSUED BY THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF THE NEW YORK
TRAINING SCHOOL FOR DEACONESES IN
JUNE AND NOVEMBER**

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MISS SPRAGUE,

DEACONESS CARROLL

AND

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226 East 60th Street, New York

THE ALUMNÆ BULLETIN

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NOVEMBER, 1923

Editorial Page

It will probably be noticed first, about this November issue of the Alumnae Bulletin that it reaches the Alumnae rather later than it should, and the new editor desires to offer her apologies and the explanation that her appointment came late enough to make the collection of material somewhat hurried.

Also, it will be noticed that the customary last sheets, containing the Alumnae Directory have been omitted. The cost of printing has increased to such an extent that it has seemed necessary to make every sacrifice possible to bring to the Bulletin within reasonable cost, and to cut the Directory printing to one issue only, seems sensible. As new members are added to the Association with each Commencement in May it has been suggested that the Directory might very well appear with the June issue only, when these new names would be added annually. The actual increase in the cost of printing may be found in round numbers in the minutes of the Alumnae Meeting on a following page. In view of the fact that the Treasurer found the Association in debt because of the increasing costs of the Bulletin may we not hope that there will be a response to the request for a subscription of twenty-five cents, added annually to the dues?

The chief value of the Bulletin—apart from the Directory with its sometimes faulty addresses—is in the bits of news and the letters from the Alumnae shared with each other through its columns. There is never one among us who has not complained at some time of the lack of time for writing letters, but has wished for them all the same. Every editor has been told at some time or other, too, that the Bulletin ought to publish more letters—and yet more letters—so that this lack of news might be overcome, and the Alumnae be able to keep in touch with each other by the mere effort of reading their Bulletin. So, to hark back to the last paragraph, may we not hope for a response to the request for material which is always in order? And whenever you feel tempted to be aggrieved that nothing has been published about your interests remember at once that the Bulletin can't contain what you don't send to it for publication.

I am sure that all the members of the Alumnae Association are grateful to Deaconess Lyon for the splendid work she has done so faithfully as Editor of the Bulletin for the past two years.

October 22, 1923.

Dear Alumnae:

As the new President of the Association, I send you my greeting and ask your help in making the coming year the best we have ever had.

I wonder if all of you are as busy as I am! So busy that you have to make a budget of your prayers? St. Faith's Day fell this year on Saturday; may we not have special prayers for the School, the candidates and the graduates every Saturday?

The Scholarship Fund has been a great success which proves that the members of the Alumnae are vitally interested in those who will follow in our footsteps. We feel sure that a year of Corporate Prayer will bring about an equal result, spiritually, and bring a greater glory to the Lord whom we serve.

Very faithfully yours,

MARY CLELLAND WEST,

Deaconess.

EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES OF ALUMNAE MEETING

The Tenth Annual Meeting of the Alumnae Association was held at St. Faith's House on September 25th, with twenty members present.

For the first time the Association is in debt, the Treasurer having borrowed \$21.98 from the Scholarship Fund to pay for the printing of the Bulletin. In 1920, the Bulletin cost \$113. In 1923, \$160, with the June issue alone costing \$69.40. The dues do not permit the increased expense, and no response has been made to the request for a fifty cents voluntary contribution asked for in the June Bulletin. There was much discussion as to how to meet the yearly expense of printing the two issues—June and November. It was finally moved and seconded that in addition to the dues of one dollar a subscription of twenty-five cents be asked for, for the Bulletin, to be paid annually. This was carried.

The Scholarship Fund showed a balance of \$749.23, which will pay this year's tuition and leave a good start for the coming year. The Treasurer reported that the response to the Scholarship Fund had been most encouraging.

Miss Sprague gave the report of the Nominating Committee. Only thirty-five votes had been cast, and the count showed the election of the following officers: President, Deaconess West; Vice-President, Deaconess Schodts; Secretary, Miss Hopkins; Treasurer, Miss Flagg (re-elected).

Deaconess West announced the appointment of Miss Edith Chappell as Editor of the Bulletin.

ALMUNAE ASSOCIATION OF THE NEW YORK TRAINING
SCHOOL FOR DEACONESSES

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

October 1, 1922 to September 25, 1923

GENERAL FUND

Receipts

Balance on hand October 1, 1922.....	\$42.88
Dues	109.00
Bulletin	7.50
Miscellaneous64
Total	<u>\$160.02</u>

Expenditures

Printing	\$159.78
Stationery and Postage.....	21.72
Exchange on checks.....	.50
Total	<u>\$182.00</u>

Deficit of \$21.98 borrowed from Scholarship Fund

SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Balance October 1, 1922.....	\$132.24
Donations	612.43
Bank interest	4.56
Total on hand September 25, 1923.....	<u>\$749.23</u>
Loaned to General Fund, as shown above (to be replaced).....	21.98

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN G. FLAGG,

Treasurer.

SCHOOL NOTES

The first month of the school year has passed happily and normally. The Senior class of thirteen has shepherded the fourteen Juniors through the opening weeks without fear or difficulty, and has made new comers feel at home. The Senior Tea on the afternoon before our official opening, the "St. Faith's" scene in the Library on the evening of St. Faith's Day, the picnic supper given by Seniors to Juniors, and the All Hallows' Eve service and "Pageant" (a new one this year)—all these are things of a past which, with incredible swiftness, grows distant.

Work is well begun, with the same curriculum and the same Faculty as last year. Miss Fuller, no longer our Assistant Treasurer, still gives her course in Parish Business Methods, and comes to us on Sundays for her voluntary service as treasurer of the Sunday School; so although we miss her as a member of the regular household, she is still a part of our family. Deaconess Simpson, working at St. Margaret's, and Deaconess Gilliland, studying here and at Teachers' College, are both in residence; and Deaconess Armstrong has also been with us for the first weeks of the term. Just at present, Miss M. M. Underhill, of the editorial staff of the "International Review of Missions," is our "guest-friend"—to use the happy phrase of an earlier day; and Deaconess Hart of Hankow, Deaconess Lyon from New Haven, Lulie Westfeldt (Special, 1919-21) and Florence Platt (1921) have all been with us, for a day or longer, since the opening of the term. Mrs. Schaeffer (Alice Dodge) dropped in to see us one afternoon; and several graduates of the last year or two are within such easy reach that they come in and out like members of the Household.

The fourteen Juniors come from widely scattered dioceses, although a larger proportion than usual are from this part of the country. Four come from our own state, one from Pennsylvania, four from Massachusetts, two from Ohio, two from Texas, and one from Idaho. One is a graduate nurse, two have been teachers, one has been head of the Girl Scouts of Manhattan and a leader of Church organizations, several have been in business positions, Five are candidates of the Department of Missions.

All those who entered the School last autumn for the full two-year course have returned as Seniors, although three one-year students have left us. Clara Searle, of Montrose, Pa., who acted as Marshal on Commencement Day, has been chosen president of her class; and Mrs. Rogers of Cambridge, Mass., is the Junior president. Emily Lyman, who with Ann Mundelein (one-year special) gained the scholarship honors of last year, is holder of the Alumnae Scholarship. She took the part of the Student in the St. Faith's Day scene, when the girl-martyr, St. Faith, was impersonated by Mary Louise Rowland.

A report of Commencement in the Bulletin of last June, gave a partial list of the posts to which last year's students were going. Since then, work has of course begun in earnest. Without attempting to enumerate all the activities and responsibilities of any position, one may, perhaps, quote a few sentences from recent letters, by way of giving to the Alumnae some knowledge of the different types of work upon which the Class of 1923 have so recently entered:

Ann B. Mundelein (One Year, 1922-23), Hankow, China.

"New impressions come crowding so fast that I haven't had time to analyze them all yet. I am a wee bit homesick—very much so at times—for my dear friends at home, and I am appalled at the sickness, and blindness and superstition which even in these few days I have seen. On the other hand, I am sure I am going to love my household, and I am thrilled with the idea of learning the language and really getting into touch with the people.

"Next week I am to have a teacher and begin the language in earnest. I shall work with the teacher three hours, and study by myself two hours a day. Everybody says I must not think of putting more than five hours a day on the language, any more than that usually means a break-down.

"I suppose this letter will reach you just about at the beginning of school. In spite of the fact that I am glad to be here, I

am wishing with all my heart that I was going back with my class. My heart will always be at St. Faith's and when I think of my first furlough I picture myself back there with you."

"Today, two Chinese men teachers have been here to discuss the official name which I am to have. Mung will be my last name. Ann has no equivalent in Chinese which means anything so they will take the last two syllables of my last name and give me DerLin for my first name, which means shining virtue. My name has been under discussion for a week—it seems that it is quite important that I have a Chinese name."

Evelyn Grayson Buchanan, Educational Director, St. Stephen's Parish, Sewickley, Pa.

"This morning I had a fine time trying to make the kindergarten room more cheerful. It is almost directly over my new office and has also windows on three sides and is, or can be made a very pleasant spot. Dr. Howell has a dear wee table that is ideal to use as an altar and has given me a small brass cross about fifteen inches high. Then we got a pair of slender vases which we hope to keep filled with flowers. Many of the babies' families have hot-houses so it should be possible. Then this morning I stretched green burlap on two walls down low enough so that small people can see pictures when fastened to it. We have green kindergarten chairs and fine folding tables. It did look a pleasant place for wee people when I left! Next week the Primary Department (I have about twenty-five kindergarten babies in the one room and about thirty to thirty-five Primary children in a large room in the basement—that is, it is down a flight, but is a big well-lighted room), is to have a similar improvement. One of the vestrymen has given me a new set of Primary furniture. We shall have four new oval tables and nice half size chairs. These children join the older ones on the fourth Sunday for the service in the church. Tomorrow they come in to the church and this week I am going to have the Primary service myself and we have planned to have a little service for them that will at least have the rudiments of worship in it."

Lucille Poole Moore, First Assistant, St. Monica's Home, Des Moines, Iowa.

"We have a very busy life here and yet a very interesting one. Deaconess Wurts is away, and being her first assistant I had to go to "The Board Meeting" this morning and make the report for the Home. Can you imagine it? However, I didn't mind at all.

"While Deaconess is away I am in charge. My work is teaching in the High School, planning the meals, play ground teaching, and a host of other "mere trifles." Then, too, I have two Bible classes, one here in the Home, the other about thirty of The Daughters of The King at St. Luke's Church in town.

Barbara Roseland Jareo, Educational Director, St. John's Parish, Hartford, Conn.

"I have had a very busy day having started out at six forty-five this morning when I was called for by our Sexton, who drives a Packard Car. My first task was to prepare breakfast for thirty husky boys and girls who came to attend the Corporate Communion of the Communicant's League. At nine o'clock I made the final preparations for our Church School session and I am happy to say we had a record attendance, 275 I think,—I can't say definitely until I check up the records. Last Sunday there were 261 present and I am happy to say that it is the largest school St. John's has ever had. There are nearly 340 enrolled,—nearly 350 for we had eight new children today.

"I love my new home and count myself wonderfully blessed to be so happily situated. I am a mile from the Church and I often walk three times a day. This keeps me well. I haven't had a sick day since I came to Hartford and I have been here three months.

"Besides this exercise I have started a house to house canvass in a certain district where there are dozens of children who do not go anywhere to Church. I made thirty-seven calls in one afternoon and I hope to break that record this week when I shall canvass a street just filled with apartment houses where many little children live.

"I have two offices but my Church School office is a large room in the basement. I have all my charts, which are many, hung up around the room. The children love them and often I find them down there looking at them. This room serves as a week-day session room and for the primary department on Sunday.

IN MEMORIAM

Deaconess Jessie Carryl Smith of the class of 1902, entered into life eternal July 3, 1923. At the time of her last illness she was busy at St. Johnland, King's Park, L. I. Many of us knew her personally, and to us it would have seemed that she was still in her prime, with many years yet to give to the line of work to which she had devoted herself.

Deaconess Smith was a tireless worker, with an active imagination, with high ideals as to accomplishment. As soon as work became perfectly ordered and comparatively easy of accomplishment, her ardent spirit looked further, desiring "more worlds to conquer." Her energies were given without stint wherever she found herself. Hers was a life rich in opportunity, full of adventure and variety. For many years she was associated with the parish activities of Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, the "American Church." Then followed terms of work in some of the New York City parishes, St. George's and others. For a time, her energetic labors were given in the arduous field of Alaska. At a time of life when many women seek to establish themselves in comparatively easy surroundings, she offered herself for nursing work in the French Army.

Many letters testify to deep impressions made on individuals. In her passing away, a heroic spirit went questing forward.

Deaconess Anna Hargreaves, a Special student of the Class of 1911-12 entered into life eternal on September 6, 1923, at St. Luke's Hospital in Manila, P. I.

Deaconess Hargreaves came to the Philippine Mission in 1906, and acted for a time at first, as House Mother in Easter School with Dr. Drury who had opened that school for more advanced Igorot boys. After Dr. Drury left Easter School she carried it on practically alone, but taking more girls than boys, for five years. When she went on furlough she left a large and flourishing school there. Upon her return, Bishop Brent sent her to the Sagada Station, where she took up the work in Besao out-station, and where Mrs. Walpole Warren built a fine school for her, in memory of Dr. Warren. Here she had lived for the past ten years and built up a splendid school for boys and girls. Her strong, devoted and interesting personality has made a true and lasting impression upon many hundreds of Igorots, who will sadly miss her. May she rest in peace.

Of Deaconess Scott, whose sudden death in Peking on August 26, 1923, came as a great shock to all who knew and loved her, a friend has written: "Miss Scott was not trained as a deaconess in America, but here in China she felt the call to the office, and in April, 1914, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Hankow, she was set apart to this service. To the casual observer the new office seemed to make little difference. She had always been wholly devoted to her appointed work—always before as after, at St. Hilda's School, Wuchang. * * * * *

When news of Deaconess Scott's death came, one, her friend and neighbor of another Wuchang Mission, wrote, "What wonderful resources God must have for His work here that He can spare from it so great a soul as hers!" That is our confidence; and with it St. Hilda's and the Diocese go on into the future with the motto which her Bishop sent her on her death bed—"Good cheer! Fight on!"

PERSONAL NOTES AND LETTERS

The engagement has been announced of Miss Anne Alexander Piper (1922) of Shanghai, China, to the Reverend Hollis Smith, Changshu, China.

Mrs. Alexander Remsen (Dorothy Binns, 1913) announces the birth of a daughter, Dorothy Dudley, on July 14, 1923.

Marie Blodgett Graff (1920-21) announces the birth of "Billy Junior" in September.

Miss Mabel Mansfield spent part of her vacation visiting Mrs. Binns at the Mission in Nora, Virginia, and has returned with glowing accounts of the work being done there.

Miss Mary Bearse went abroad for her vacation, with her sister, and together they visited friends in England and had many delightful little tours to places long known by name only.

Deaconess Fuller made a flying trip to New York in November when many of her friends were glad to have an opportunity of seeing her and having news of her work and household.

Deaconess Lyon writes: "It is of great interest to me that I completed my twenty-fifth year as a Deaconess on October second, the Feast of Holy Guardian Angels. I have resigned part of my more active work hoping to find leisure for more of the devotional side and for study." And she gives news also of St. Phoebe's Home, the vacation house at West Morris, Connecticut: "I had three lovely weeks there, one at the beginning of the summer and two in September, with three different companions. Deaconess Patterson came for a few days in September. She and Deaconess Viola Young were there for a week in June. We had a tea-party and a luncheon during the last week—all of our guests being most enthusiastic over the place. The Committee has decided that a deaconess may take other friends there with her, as it frequently happens that a deaconess would like to spend a week there but cannot arrange with any other deaconess to go at the same time. Students or Alumnae of the other Deaconess Schools would be especially welcome. I had a very happy week there with a student, and found later that another would have been glad to

share the use of the house too, had she known of it in time. Perhaps the Alumnae might let it be known that the house is available for those who have vacations to arrange."

Deaconess Thompson has resigned from the work in St. Louis and has accepted work in St. Martha's, in the Bronx, New York City.

MARRIAGES

Jane Gray Cleveland (1922) to Francis Joseph Bloodgood, June 30, 1923.

Elizabeth Scribner Allen (1920-21) to Stanley McCrory Pargellis, Aug. 30, 1923.

Ethelynd Lass (1920-21) to Miles Morgan Hapgood, September 12, 1923.

October 11, 1923

COPY OF A LETTER FROM DEACONESS KNAPP

To the Members of the Committee on the Fund for Deaconess Knapp's Work in Tokyo and Other Contributors

"Little Brown House," St. Paul's University,
Tokyo-fuka, Japan, September 10, 1923.

There is a lull in this intensely busy time and I am trying to learn how to write letters again. We find writing exceedingly difficult for some reason—the heaviness of fatigue and continuous pity I imagine. This is a useful little house—about the only home belonging to our Mission which can be occupied. I sometimes think of it as a little brown ship, it rode the waves so gallantly, but more often as a little brown bird, it spreads its wings over so many who need shelter. Two nights ago Bishop McKim slept on a couch in the little living room with Dr. Reifsnider on the floor by his side. Miss Boyd and Miss Ambler were in the guest room and my study, while two younger clergymen were coming to meals, most of which I cook as my woman is just learning foreign cooking. It seemed as much as I could handle but soon the English Bishop (really an Irishman with delightful humor) came. He was sitting on the doorstep when I came hurrying home from the Eucharist Bishop McKim had for his little group of workers. He, the English Bishop, said "I've been thinking you might have a potato to spare." I did the Mrs. Wiggs act and added water to the soup and he and our good Bishop enjoyed their luncheon together. We are not suffering for food but naturally we are reduced to a monotonous diet.

Our Conferences were lovely. They seemed to reach the climax of usefulness and happiness. I fear the house has been destroyed and we have had our last. The young missionaries were delightfully in earnest and

long to have the Conference become a regular thing. It closed August 31 and all went back to their homes, or to Karuizawa for a few days, for the heat is intense the first few days of September. On the morning of the first, at 8 o'clock, I started for Tokyo with Dr. Kubo's two young daughters and our Conference cook. We reached Tokyo at 11.19. Dr. Kubo sent two servants and a motor for his children and I put three bags containing all my summer dresses, underwear, collars, cuffs, caps, etc., in the parcel room of the station and started out to do some errands before going in the electric car to Ikebukuro. I was to visit one of the Embassy families in their summer cottage near Wikko and had packed for that visit. Everything was burned in the station, but that is nothing.

I went to a pleasant little restaurant for a little luncheon and while there the earthquake came—a hideous jerk which broke houses all to bits and then the violent shaking. The stern command of the proprietor of the restaurant saved my life. I started to run out and he ordered me under a table. Then I saw that the Japanese men who were the only other occupants of the restaurant had not fled but were on the floor under the tables. The house being light and of Japanese build survived the earthquake and when at last it was over we all ran down a narrow street between tottering walls to the plaza in front of the station. The ground heaved and trembled for a long while. I decided to walk to Tsukiji and as I picked my way along the middle of the crowded street I realized the devastation. A woman stopped me and warned me against going to Tsukiji which, she said, was "Abonai" (dangerous), but I kept on, longing to reach my own people. I came to a bridge which had sunken, crossed it and stepped over huge cracks in the ground and at last reached the Mission only to find everything in ruins. The Cathedral, hospital, St. Margaret's School, the Bishop's house, the Vicar's house, all broken and falling. Later everything was leveled to the ground by fire.

All patients had been saved. All foreigners were away except one doctor and two nurses. When the fire came they went into the foundation of the new hospital which was full of water and kept throwing water on themselves and those patients who had not been carried away in motor cars until the fire died down.

Walking to Tsukiji proved to be a merciful guidance. The Japanese Assistant Treasurer of the Mission was standing before the ruins waiting for the Bishop's motor car to take him to Ikebukuro where he wished to inspect the University with the view to moving the Japanese Mission families there. He brought me out. A perilous trip for the city was then in flames.

The night was appalling. Earthquakes amazing one every thirty minutes and the sky one great flame. An American clergyman took refuge in this little house before I arrived and my faithful woman was standing guard outside. She would not come in. Everyone camped out on the University ball ground but Mr. Duer, the clergyman, and I, who lay down in our respective rooms waiting for morning to come.

You would wish to know my own story so I am telling you. The story of the city and its poor people is beyond anything terrible. People were buried in groups of thousands as they stood in streets between burning buildings—one hundred and fifty thousand killed and double the number wounded.

Yokohama is entirely gone. The Bluff where the residences were broke away in the first great jerk and slid down upon the city below.

But I must close. It is late and early tomorrow morning one of my guests will work her way, part of it in an American destroyer to Kyoto where she can post this letter. I wish it might be used in part anyway as

my message to my kind contributors, for the city is sending refugees to the University grounds, five hundred of them, and Dr. Motoda is counting upon me, the only foreign woman on the spot, to help with them. We shall all be very busy.

Those of the Alumnae who knew Sister Isabel, or were so fortunate as to be in the School at the time when she was living there, will be glad to share this letter from her in her new home. Sister Isabel is the only one remaining of the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, and she has been in poor health for many years and has lately been confined to her chair because of severe rheumatism. "I was so glad to have your letter which was forwarded to me here, for we now live at Pasadena. We spent six happy years in San Diego although I was far from well most of the time, and still am. The doctor thought it best to try a change of air and altitude for San Diego is damp, and has been especially so this last summer. Now we are twenty-seven miles inland and nearly one thousand feet in altitude and are living in the Casa Loma apartments—beautiful Spanish apartments. I have never lived in such lovely surroundings. For the last two years my sister and I have been studying Spanish and find it a great pleasure to know something of such a beautiful tongue. I can speak quite fluently now and we talk together every day in Spanish, but I specially enjoy reading it. Of course, Spanish is spoken a great deal in San Diego where we were only fifteen miles from the Mexican line, but all through Southern California it is used more or less and the houses, streets and parks have Spanish names. And there are the buildings—so many in the Mission style. The early Fathers who came up with the Spanish army were Franciscans, and Serra, their beloved leader will never be forgotten. The first Mission was started at San Diego and from thence north, as far as Monterey, they were a day's journey apart—twenty-one in all. Their history is most interesting. The Indians were of a very low type and covered their bodies with mud to keep warm, and what Serra did for them was marvellous—he even learned to sew in order to teach the women. Most of the Mission buildings are now in ruins but these ruins give a distinct charm to Southern California nevertheless. The Mission at Santa Barbara is the only one which stands perfect, but a number are being restored somewhat, and one finds the underground passage to the well used by the Fathers when in danger from the Indians. I do love California—it certainly has "charm," and Pasadena where we are now, is a beautiful city. But I loved San Diego the best and found it hard to leave though I feel certain that it was better to do so.

Please forgive my poor writing—it was done with a very lame hand! Give my love to all I know."

(Casa Loma Apartments, 244 Garfield Avenue, Pasadena, Cal.)