

“With my pen directed toward home”:

**Letters From
Elizabeth Cole Fleming,
1895-1910**

Volume One

**A Thesis
Presented in
Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree of
Master of Arts**

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Written and edited by her granddaughter,

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**Elizabeth Cole Fleming
1875-1955**



I was thinking this morning as I walked back from breakfast in the sunshine and crisp cold air, how good God has always been to me. And yet how many of His lessons I learned in the sunshine of life. I am glad I am not one of those who need to be crushed by troubles and burdens to *find out* how much we need Him. (To Mother, March 3, 1904) (This photograph was displayed on a wall in the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church while Elizabeth was living in India, 1904-1913.)

Statement of Purpose

My mother died when I was four months pregnant with my first child; my second child was born two years after that. I felt haunted by the timing of her death because it seemed to repeat the darkness of her own mother's death, which was in childbirth. Back in June of 1919, the matricide had happened swiftly: my mother's first breaths had swallowed her mother's last. But here, early in the morning of September 1, 1984, not only was I confronted with my own mortality, I also had to deal with the reality of my current gestation cycle. Perhaps, if I hadn't been pregnant my mother's death might have been "just" heartbreaking, not catastrophic. But added to the frightening synchronicity of the moment was the fact that I already had fertility issues of my own in the form of ectopic pregnancies—two of them in the last three years. Those pesky little biological aberrations had put me in the physically-(if not psychologically)-at-risk category, so when my mother died suddenly halfway through my first "real" pregnancy, I have no doubt that I felt the sharp prick of karma when it punctured my soul. By "karma," I mean the seemingly random but unaccountable repetition of life's patterns and coincidences within one family.

I had been a 1960s flower child who had postponed having babies until the last possible moment (which might have explained the ectopic pregnancies); now I felt I was too old to cope with the demands of irrational toddlers. I was overwhelmed and unhappy. My husband and I argued all day and night, his construction business went bankrupt and that was when two generations of mother-loss crept into me. And darkness fell. The

more I retreated, the more my husband criticized me and closed in. In a sad journal entry

I wrote:

March 3, 1987: I feel like I'm a painting that's too big for its frame and he is nipping and tucking at the "right" places. Nothing I do seems to be what is expected. And then I hate myself for withdrawing into myself, for building the shell so tight that I can't hear or remember my dreams.

As my world began to fragment, my husband started to question everything about me, including my sanity. I was desperate for privacy so I could pull myself together. I moved out of the house and three years later we were divorced. Finally, at last, my mother started revisiting my dreams. Four years after she died, I bundled up her letters and tried to inhale her remaining scent. That was when I began my journey to locate the women in my family who helped make me, me.

I started with my namesake, Elizabeth Cole Fleming, a Smith College grad, a YWCA state secretary and a Presbyterian missionary in India. She and my grandfather, Rev. Daniel J. Fleming gave their lives to spreading Christianity throughout the world. My mother's grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. Webster E. Browning, also Presbyterian missionaries, spent their professional lives doing the same in South America. Both sides of my family, then, were caught up in the evangelical fever at the turn of the century; their foreign-born children would be raised to believe in the superiority of American values and in the benefits of a Christian way of life. My parents never quite broke from the organized religion of their parents; instead they added to it with their study of Dr. Carl G. Jung. Scholars and devotees of the writings of Carl Jung, such as my parents, say that theirs is the intersection of psychology and religion.

Patricia Crew Fleming (1919-1984):

Excerpt from her article, "Persephone's Search for Her Mother," in *Psychological Perspectives*, 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)

E. McClung Fleming (1909-1994):

Excerpt from his editorial in the November 1982 Round Table Associates (RTA) Newsletter, "The Harvest, Thanksgiving, and the Tao of Abundance."

The Pilgrim Thanksgiving of 1621 at Plymouth served as the model for what became, in 1863 an official American national holiday proclaimed annually by our presidents.

The Pilgrims almost surely did not realize that a long tradition of giving thanks to "The Mother of the Wheat" lay behind them: by the ancient Semites to Astarte, by the Phryians to Semele, by the Greeks to Demeter, by the Romans to Ceres. . . .

There are three chief ingredients in all these thanksgiving rituals: the harvest, the numinous source of the harvest, and the grateful thanks of man to the source of the blessings of the harvest.

The harvest can be a symbol for collective and individual blessings of all kinds. . . . Man has sensed that his true quality of consciousness includes an awareness of harvest and an impulse to thanksgiving. (N. pag.)

I was brought up in the Episcopal Church in Wilmington, Delaware. I felt uncomfortable with the social status of the congregation and was much relieved that my parents did not push me to be more involved. On the other hand, I quickly assimilated to my role as Persephone to my mother's Demeter, and I absorbed my parents' interest in

the collective unconscious, the study of classical myths and in alternative belief systems such as astrology and reincarnation. The 1960s were a time of spiritual exploration and for that I am grateful; I would have chafed under the strict religious dogma proclaimed by my grandmother. However, with an open mind and heart, I present her story. In so doing, I wish to thank the following people . . .

Lucy Rinehart, Department of English, DePaul University, was my thesis advisor, guru and den mother. Her firm but gentle hand has guided me for the last five years, starting with the birth of her daughter halfway through “The American Experience” class, and ending with the departure of both of my children to college. We lived in Martha Ballard’s world on the Kennebec for five full and complete seasons. (See: *A Midwife’s Tale: The Life of Martha Ballard Based on Her Diary, 1785-1812*, by Laurel Thatcher Ulrich.). Thanks also to my other DePaul readers: Gerald Mulderig, where Elizabeth first came to life, David Gitomer, who was the first to hear my thesis proposal, and Mary Miritello, whose infectious good cheer and unconditional support made the darker moments seem less bleak.

Two couples have been constants in my life: Elaine and Kevin Harrington and Jarrett and Leon Dorn. The Harringtons’ life-long friendship, unconditional intellectual support, and home-cooked meals have warmed my belly and my soul. The Dorns, rock-solid in life-altering circumstances, have been generous and supportive of my right-brained, bohemian lifestyle choices. Nothing would have been possible without Uncle Leon saying, “Go for it!”

Also family members: my brother, Mic Fleming, who transcribed letters, supplied funding and laughed along with me during the “hunger and feasting” of Elizabeth’s

correspondence; Elizabeth Smith Ewing, the “other” Elizabeth (or as I call her—Elizabeth IVa), who shared Julia A. Cole’s sketches for this thesis and provided insight into her mother, my Aunt Betty, and the G. Sherwood Eddys; and Edward Aviza, who is family by chance (not by blood), and also because, as Julia and David said early on—“We like him.” Thank you, Ed, for keeping my computer running!

Thanks also to my Chicago Board of Trade friends: Andre Cole (“To whom much is given, much is required”), Gary Mugfor, who has listened with humor and solid memory, and Thelma Portillo, who was there at the very beginning; and to my MALS friends, Robin Dixon and Lyndi Hofstra, without whom graduate school life would not have been as rich or soulful or as connected an experience; and Sharon Burns (!!), Gina Godalia, Patty Maher, and David Prindable, who have put up with me and remained my friends even when I could talk of nothing but Elizabeth.

Finally, I am grateful to the Chicago Board of Trade for their generous tuition reimbursement policy and to the Market Report Department for consistently looking away while I copied and printed large sections of documents. This thesis is dedicated to the memory of my parents and to my children, Julia P. Kittle and B. David Kittle, who have had to live with two Elizabeths for quite some time. In the spirit of this thesis, I am committed to the profound belief that:

To write a letter is to map one's coordinates—temporal, spatial, emotional, intellectual—in order to tell someone else where one is located at a particular time and how far one has traveled since the last writing. (Altman 119)

“With my pen directed toward home”

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Part I.

Getting To Know Elizabeth.

Part I introduces Elizabeth Cole Fleming and discusses the methodological challenges involved with my thesis. Introduced also are many of the people listed on her Genealogy Tree in particular her two grandfathers, Capt. John Cole and Rev. John W. Alvord, and her parents, John A. and Julia Alvord Cole. Important to both families was their involvement with the U. S. Christian Commission during the Civil War. Nineteenth-century volunteer societies were unique to the United States and almost every visitor from around the world commented on this quirky Americanism.

With so many primary resources I needed to figure out a way to process my information and organize my material. Finding a logical methodology is discussed in my Introduction, while Chapter 2 takes a closer look at decisions made by the New Social Historians of the 1960s and at epistolary methods and theories, using Elizabeth's letters in particular. Chapter 3, "A Sense of Home," was written to showcase the abundance of first-hand records in my collection. I was struck by the fact that there were at least two Indias—the Christian and the non-Christian—as well as two Christian Americas, the free and the not-so-free. There were also idealized, Victorian concepts of home versus real, tangible brick houses or mud huts, and all of these variations needed exploration.

My journey into my grandmother's world has been a life-altering experience, but not without ups and downs. Part of submerging oneself in another's life is experiencing shared experiences on a visceral level, but the process involved patience and perseverance. At one point when I was blocked in my research, I sincerely believe that Elizabeth reached out to me and that her "metaphysical intervention" transformed my journey.

Genealogy Tree

Genealogy Tree

<u>1800</u>	<u>1820</u>	<u>1840</u>	<u>1860</u>	<u>1880</u>	<u>1900</u>	<u>1920</u>	<u>1940</u>	<u>1960</u>	<u>1980</u>
Capt. John Cole (1806-1875) Elizabeth Shaw Cole (1813-1843) Mary Wells Cole m. 1845			Mary Rockwell Cole (1873-1964) Edward S. Cole (1871-1950)				Helen Fleming Adams (1911-1993)		
				G. Kerry Smith (1905-1997) Margaret Eddy Smith d. 1933 Elizabeth Fleming Smith (1906-1995)					Elizabeth Smith Ewing (1941-)
	John A. Cole (1838-1932) Julia Alvord Cole (1847-1934)						E. McClung Fleming (1909-1994) Patricia Crew Fleming (1919-1984)		
Rev. John W. Alvord (1807-1880) Myrtilla Mead Peck Alvord (1819-1907)			Rev. DJ Fleming (1877-1969) Elizabeth Cole Fleming (1875-1955)					Malcolm M. Fleming (1943-) Daniel J. Fleming III (1945-) Elizabeth Fleming Kittle (1950-) Bruce M. Fleming (1956-)	
	John W. Alvord (1861-1950) Helen Cornell Alvord (1860-1926)								Julia Patricia Kittle (1985-) B. David Kittle (1986-)
							Malcolm R. Crew (1890-1978) Alice Browning Crew (1896-1919) Mary Chandler Crew (1895-1975) Angelica Artal Crew m. 1975 Chita Chandler (1896-1976) Jane Chandler (1902-1962)		
									Rev. Webster E. Browning (1869-1942) Nan (Hallie May) Riley Browning (1873-1954)

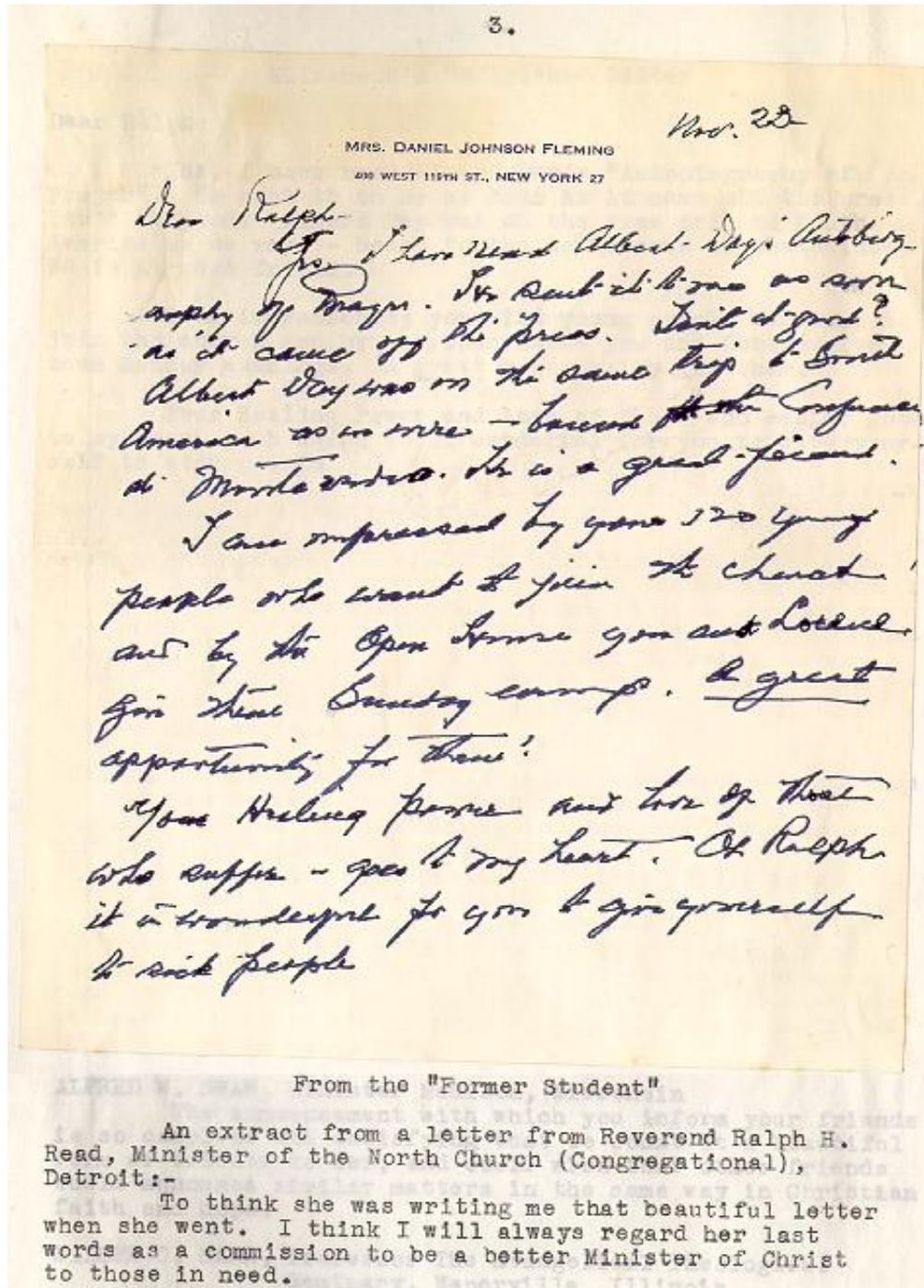
Chapter 1

Introduction

1.1 Preface

At 5:30 p.m. on November 23, 1955, my grandmother, (Julia) Elizabeth Cole Fleming, born in 1875, died at age eighty. Her obituary "Memorial Minute" from the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America in Ecumenical Mission reads: "It was while she was at her desk, on the afternoon of November 23, 1955, writing a friendly letter of encouragement to a former seminary student [of the Union Theological Seminary] entering a new pastorate, that Elizabeth Fleming suffered a sudden heart attack and passed away." On the very next page of her memorial album (a bound book with over a hundred condolence cards and messages transcribed by my grandfather) is the letter itself, halted in mid -sentence, addressed to Rev. Ralph H. Read, Minister of the North Church (Congregational), Detroit. Beneath Elizabeth's actual letter is a transcription of Rev. Read's words: "To think she was writing me that beautiful letter when she went. I think I will always regard her last words as a commission to be a better Minister of Christ to those in need."

Elizabeth was buried next to her parents in Westmoreland, New Hampshire. It may seem strange to begin at the end, but I have because, as this paper is about Elizabeth's collection of letters, it seems fitting that her last act was writing a letter.



My grandmother, Elizabeth Cole Fleming, was a Presbyterian missionary in India at the turn of the twentieth century (1904-1913). She was also a graduate of Smith College (1897), a college secretary for Illinois for the Young Women's Christian Association (YWCA) (1901-1904), and a special evangelistic secretary for the General Assembly's Committee on Evangelistic Work of the Presbyterian Church, visiting colleges west of the Mississippi (1903-1904). The gift I have received from her (in addition to my name and a trust fund, long since squandered) is a lifetime of letters written to her parents, John and Julia Cole, who lived in the Hyde Park neighborhood of Chicago, Illinois. These letters were kept in small bundles, bound carefully with ribbon, enclosed in a metal box, and then stored in a basement, in an attic, and Lord knows where—I can't imagine how they survived and remained intact for over eighty years. When my father died in 1994, I claimed them from an outdoor shed where he had stored his porch furniture and lawn supplies. As his only daughter and his mother's namesake, I felt it my duty to take them. At the time, I never imagined I would actually *read* them, much less write about them.

Each of the transitions in Elizabeth's life took her away from her Chicago home, and each became an epistolary chronicle. The collection I am using for this project consists of 241 letters dating from 1895 through 1910; of this total collection, I have transcribed approximately 155 letters. The transcribed letters can be put into five categories: the first are from John and Julia Cole during Elizabeth's sophomore year at Smith College; Elizabeth wrote most of the second twenty-three letters during the fall of her junior year (1895); the third category consists of forty letters and postcards Elizabeth wrote while on the road as a traveling secretary (1903-1904); the next thirty-eight letters document the newlywed's first two years in India (1904-1906); and the last forty-three

letters reveal a woman missionary's struggle trying to be a missionary in her own right while being both wife and mother (1908-1910). I have transcribed an 1888 diary written when Elizabeth was thirteen years old and some miscellaneous letters, including correspondence to and from her brother Edward.

Stored with these letters were more than seventy-five letters written to Elizabeth from student representatives of Illinois College YW Associations, 1902-1903. (See Chapter 7, Letterhead: Attachment B.) The YWCA/YMCA were in their formative years at the turn of the century; membership in the Association provided young women and men a safe place to make friends and socialize as separate from home and/or college. The Association offered a blend of old and new worlds—a stable religious environment coupled with contemporary vocational training—both of which provided valuable guidance for this new breed of college student. Elizabeth's involvement with the YWCA is discussed at length in Chapter 7.

In *Epistolarity: Approaches to a Form*, Janet Gurkin Altman argues that letters bridge the distance between the sender and the receiver; they act as a connector between two points and the letter writer can choose to emphasize either the bridge or the distance between these two points (13). I cannot imagine a life without instant long-distance communication with my loved ones, but when Elizabeth was at Smith College, the delay between message and response was about a week and while she was in India, the turnaround time for a letter averaged between six weeks to two months.¹ In a July 1908 letter Elizabeth wrote, "Hurrah for the 2¢ postage to India after October 1, 1908." Two

¹ Julia Cole wrote in her travelogue, "Around the World" (AW), on November 3, 1908, from just outside of Bombay: "It is a sight to see the mail being sorted and distributed in open mail bags on the lower deck. I counted eighty open bags for second class mail and the clerk just threw the papers as fast as possible hitting the right bag every time? The whole voyage is none too long for the sorting of these mail bags so that they were ready to go to any part of India" (18).

years later, Helen B. Montgomery reported that the postage was 5¢ to "the rest of the world" (other than England, which was two cents).² This decrease in postage costs was a modern triumph. Montgomery reported that during the "pioneer days" of the missionary movement, postage was twenty-one cents to India. "Add to that the slow and expensive communication abroad," she reminded her older readers and informed her younger ones, "and the inadequacy of railway at home" (29), and it was a miracle that the mail could go through at all.

Two Postal Acts (1845 and 1851) changed the "pioneer days" and made the social letter accessible and affordable for everyday people: the cost of mailing a letter was correlated with the weight of the letter rather than the number of sheets and the distance the letter would travel (John 159-161). The convenience and affordability of letter-writing became key factors in the success and growth of the women's missionary movement and is a recurrent theme throughout this thesis. The number of letters written to (and from) missionaries became a point of pride for the Women's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest (WPBMN), and was publicly acknowledged in their annual reports: in 1906, 1,304 letters were sent out; by 1911, the tally had risen to 3,500 letters and 3,521 postcards.³

Given that Elizabeth and her parents lived almost their entire adult lives together through letters, I am extraordinarily lucky they regarded their epistolary relationship worth keeping. From the beginning Elizabeth must have realized that her mother would

² Elizabeth may have been talking about a postcard rather than a letter.

³ Also, in 1911, "several hundreds of circular letters and 1,548 pages of circulars and missionary letters have been typewritten, 9,432 pages mimeographed and 5,760 letters and circulars have been distributed" (77). Although the record keeping was not consistent, the tallies from the WPBMN annual reports from 1904 through 1911 are listed in the introduction to Chapter 9, page 211. All subsequent references to WPBMN annual reports are indexed in the Works Cited list under Women's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, Annual Reports.

pass her letters around to the rest of the family because more than ninety percent of her letters in Part II—the Smith College letters and those written while traveling for the YWCA—were addressed to her mother. Between the years 1905 to 1908, she wrote as many to her mother (seventeen) as she did to both parents (eighteen), but during the last two years of the collection, 1909 and 1910, all but seven of the one hundred letters were addressed to both parents. A variety of reasons might explain why she included her father in these later salutations—marriage, motherhood (and the birth of a son), and the Cole's 1908 Christmas visit to Lahore—may have awakened Elizabeth's awareness of the male side of a marriage and of marriage as a two-sided partnership. (See the chart provided at the end of the List of Letters, which shows the distribution of letters.)⁴

While Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, was a mere nine hundred miles away from Chicago, Lahore, in India, was on the other side of the world. In their letters Elizabeth and her parents often described this expanding and contracting distance as emotional starvation. Julia's second letter to her daughter on October 19, 1894, talks of the hunger she felt from their separation: "Dear me we are so hungry for letters and yet we know you are too busy to write very often." And Elizabeth responded in kind. She wrote from India on December 15, 1904, "Last Sunday Nazir brought in your letters and how we delved into them, reading and reading till church time. . . . I read every word with hungry appetite." The hunger was fed and a feast was shared. Elizabeth also wrote of feasting on her parents' letters. "At three o'clock, just as we were going to church your

⁴ Elizabeth's letters home do not stop in 1910. Other packets of her letters are titled (in DJ's handwriting): 1914-1915—Selecting a home, Palisade Park, Silver Bay; 1918-1919—A very busy period of speaking for Elizabeth, Silver Bay, Palisade Park, Early Englewood; 1923-1924—Letters to parents from England; 1923-1924—Letters to parents from travel; 1925—Leaving Englewood for the Seminary, our trip to South America, Agony of decision on leaving Englewood for NY; 1926-1927—To her parents; 1928—Elizabeth's letters. Elizabeth's collection is in tact almost up to her parents' deaths; John Cole died in 1932 and Julia in 1934.

letters came," she wrote on November 13, 1904, "They waited all that hour and a half on our little table, and then what a feast we had!" On July 27, 1908: "You dear precious people! I have been feasting on your letters and enjoyed every word."

Elizabeth used the same metaphors of hunger and feasting to describe other psychological needs, such as the quest for spiritual knowledge. On September 3, 1904, she wrote to her mother: "I was made very happy by what you said of your talk with Mrs. McCulloch. Poor dear woman, of course you brought her joy and food. Dearest do you not see increasingly the great mission for you to feed just such pent up, hungry souls. Lots & lots of women & girls in our church are starving for a loving sympathetic talk on real spiritual things."⁵ And on April 14, 1906, Elizabeth writes: "Dear Johnson is so persistently hungry for soul food, I should be feeding for him. I never saw any one so continually grasping after Spiritual realities or so grateful for each book or friend who helps toward God. He never loses the Heavenly vision."⁶

1.2 The Importance of Letters

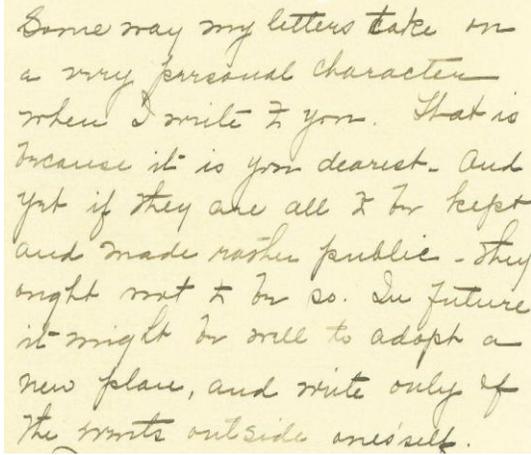
In my family, while letters and letter writing have always been important, the keeping of same has been equally important. Elizabeth was conscious of this; one of her

⁵ Elizabeth and her mother were not the only ones to use these metaphors. The 1878 Women's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest (WPBMN) annual meeting held in April reported: "Into three short days was packed food for the coming year's work. The meeting was an almost perfect ending to the year that had gone and a perfect preparation for the coming year" (*WPBMN: Fifty Years* 14).

⁶ Throughout her letters, Elizabeth called her husband Dan, Johnson, Mr. Fleming and/or DJ. We grandchildren called him Father D. However, in this paper I have decided to call him DJ and have let stand the name chosen in each transcription. Rev. Daniel J. Fleming (1877-1969) was born in Xenia, Ohio, and graduated from the College of Wooster BA (1898), Union Theological Seminary DD, New York City (1902), Columbia College MA (physics 1904), University of Chicago MA, PhD (1904, 1914). DJ was Professor of Physics and Director Forman Christian College, Lahore, India (1898-1901) (1904-1913), and was active in the National Student Committee of YMCA for India. In 1899, the British governor of India awarded him a commemorative medal for his part in rescue operations following the Darjeeling landslide disaster. For most of his life, DJ was the Director of Foreign Missions, Union Theological Seminary (1915-1944), and he wrote more than thirty books on missions and Christianity.

very first letters home from Smith College discusses the act of keeping her letters. In her October 6, 1895, letter to her mother she wrote:

Some way my letters take on a very personal character when I write to you. That is because it is you dearest. And yet if they are all to be kept and made rather public, they might not to be so. In future it might be well to adopt a new plan, and write only of the events outside ones' self.



Some way my letters take on a very personal character when I write to you. That is because it is you dearest. And yet if they are all to be kept and made rather public - they might not to be so. In future it might be well to adopt a new plan, and write only of the events outside ones' self.

I am sure that some of Elizabeth's more personal letters were stored separately and consequently discarded over time, but her surviving letters are informative and friendly, seemingly written without self-consciousness. She seems to have effortlessly internalized Hugh Blair's letter-writing advice that correspondence should be "written in a sprightly manner, with native grace and ease."⁷

Other collections of my family letters have been kept and, for this generation, have ended up living with me,⁸ such as my great-great-grandfather Captain John Cole's "Journal of a Whale Voyage Kept on Board Ship Wm. Hamilton, 1842-1845," (which had already been transcribed by an unknown editor), and my other great-great-grandfather Rev. John W. Alvord's superintendent reports to Major General O. O. (Oliver

⁷ Hugh Blair (1718-1800) was a Scottish rhetorician whose *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres* (1783) was adopted as the standard text at Yale in 1785 and Harvard in 1788, and was widely used in American colleges and secondary schools until the end of the nineteenth century. Of the three important Scottish rhetoricians, (George Campbell and Richard Whately being the other two), only Blair spoke about letter-writing. In Lecture XXXVII of *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*, four pages are devoted to epistolary writing.

⁸ See Elizabeth's Genealogy Tree, page 2.

Otis) Howard on the condition of the freedmen during Reconstruction.⁹ Also my great-grandfather John A. Cole's letters home from the Civil War when he was a general field agent for the U. S. Christian Commission are now stored in a metal box under my kitchen table. And my Grandmother Alice Crew's 1918 letters, written in an English/Spanish blend the autumn she was pregnant with my mother, peek out of a clear folder on my bookshelf. Those sweet, loving letters are especially disquieting to hold and read when I realize that this young, hopeful voice died in Montevideo, Uruguay, giving birth to my mother the following June, on the first day of winter.

Alice's mother, Mrs. Hallie May (Webster E.) Browning (whom my mother called "Nan"), an 1896 Presbyterian missionary out of Park College, wrote a journal at my father's request about my mother's early turbulent years traveling between parents and grandparents in South America. Mentioned in Nan's journal was her chance meeting with the Rev. and Mrs. Daniel J. Fleming in 1925 at the Second Conference in Christian Work in Latin America held in Montevideo, Uruguay. The professional lives of the Flemings and the more senior Brownings, all Presbyterian missionaries, overlapped at this conference, which was, of course, duly noted by Elizabeth Cole Fleming in her letters home to her parents, on the Hotel Pocitos stationery, no less. Huzzah! Correlating these two sides of the story—one factual and the other somewhat loosely constructed—was the exact moment that hooked me into taking my journey back in time. Of course, while Nan made this connection deliberately, Elizabeth's March 28, 1925, letter was simply reporting fact:

⁹ In "Recollections of My Mother, Myrtilla Mead Peck, Born in Greenwich, Conn. Oct. 11, 1819," Julia wrote, "It was his [Rev. John W. Alvord's] custom to write every day on the page of a blank book and when occasion offered these were mailed and often published as war news" (5). These letters, unfortunately, have been lost so are not part of this collection.

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. . . . Mrs. Browning has asked the Presbyt. ladies to drive with her tomorrow afternoon.¹⁰

This act of discovery gave me goose-bumps. Surely no one else had taken the time to unwrap Mother E's bound letters; I mean *keeping* them was not exactly the same thing as *reading* them. I like reconstructing the actual event: my six-year old, sandy-haired mother was playing on the beach in front of the Hotel Pocitos, her sixteen-year old husband-to-be was safely ensconced at the Hill School, a Pennsylvania boarding school, and my genetic fate, was being cast on the veranda overlooking the South Atlantic Ocean when Mrs. Webster Browning approached Mrs. Daniel J. Fleming to ask her to go sightseeing with her the next afternoon.

Eleven years later, my father, then a graduate student at Columbia University, met my mother at a tea given in her honor when she arrived in New York City from Santiago, Chile. She was on her way to Oberlin College, the first college to enroll women (in 1833), also known for its missionary inclinations. The tea was given by elderly

¹⁰ Vera Scott Cushman and Elizabeth were at Smith College together. Vera's family was part owner of the Carson Pirie Scott department store located on State Street in Chicago; she is the subject of part three, Chapter 6, "One of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen." Mrs. Emma Bailey (Robert E.) Speer became president of the American YWCA in 1916. Her husband was one of the leaders of the Student Volunteer Movement (SVM), the most influential recruiting agency of the missionary movement at the turn of the century; the SVM and Robert Speer are discussed at length in part three of Chapter 7, "Robt. Speer thinks it would be hard on the children." Mrs. Eva McConnell (1871-1968) was vice-president of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years. Peter Cole et al of Drew University write that Francis John McConnell was president of DePauw University before being elected to the episcopacy in 1912, a position he held until 1944. As bishop he served three areas: Denver, Pittsburgh, and New York <<http://www.gcah.org/ead/gcah2400.htm>>.

Presbyterian missionary women for the granddaughter of one of their own, and, years later, my parents would claim it was love at first sight. Their four-year courtship resulted in a collection of love letters (1936-1940), half of which (my mother's half), is now stored in a trunk under my bed. However, most of these unbound letters haven't a date beyond—"friday night" or "wednesday afternoon"—and I bequeath them to a more ambitious family researcher with less need for order than I.

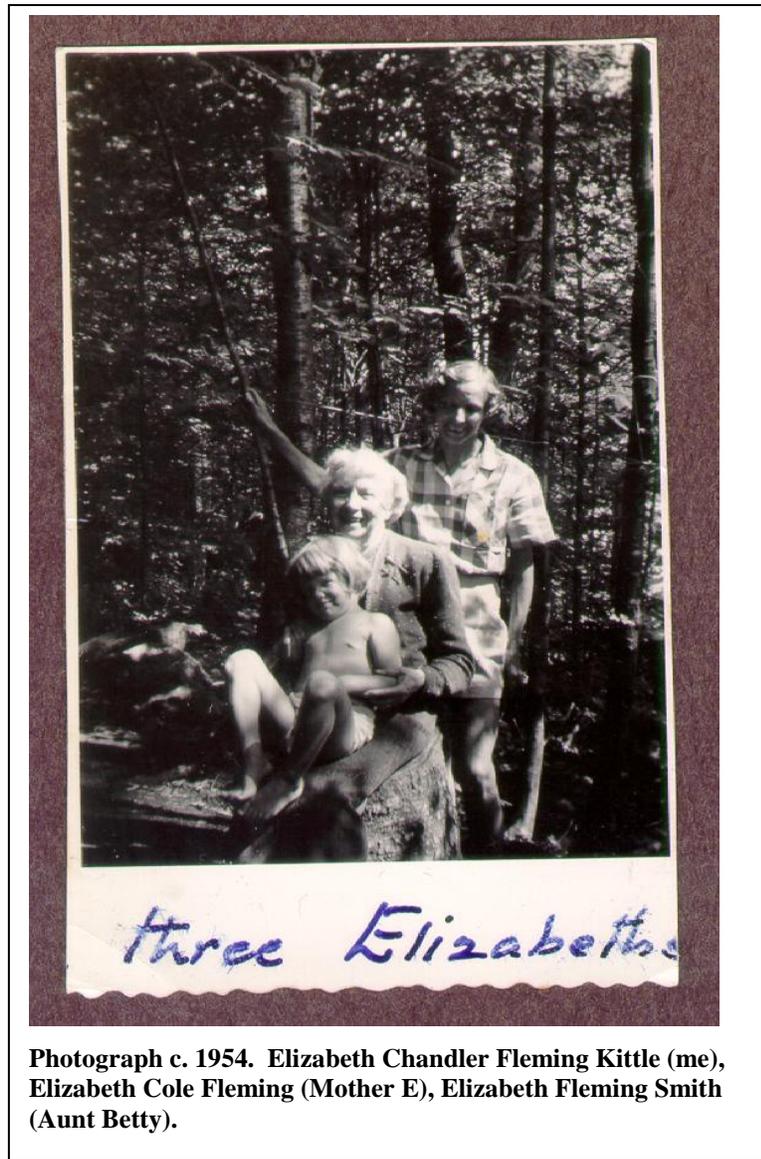
Added to this mound of letters are six bound genealogy books of the Alvord family history, probably commissioned by John and Julia Cole when they wrote their memoirs in 1914. These fragile books are illustrated by way of sketches, postcards, maps, etc, and fan outward and backward from Julia Alvord Cole. Memoirs and biographical sketches are included in a separate Cole/Alvord retrospective in which daughters have written their recollections about mothers and grandmothers dating back to 1819. This genealogical record is really a work-in-progress, with sporadic updates over the last fifty years from various family members, including my father and his sister, Elizabeth Fleming Smith (my Aunt Betty), and now my rather comprehensive contribution. Two travel narratives (1899 and 1908-1909), written by John and Julia Cole, are also part of this collection, as is an exquisite collection of pencil sketches by Julia (and to a lesser degree John), which I have used to support evidence and to evoke themes in the narrative. Tucked away in the box with Elizabeth's letters was a journal she and DJ kept. This booklet is a strange little keepsake with miscellaneous entries spanning almost twenty-five years. Most useful for this thesis was a list of important dates of their courtship, but also included was a record of their wedding gifts and an annual recording of both of their weights while in India. (They both weighed about the same, ranging from 135 to 140 pounds.) Finally, I have a scrapbook of

Fleming/McClung memorabilia and newspaper clippings, presumably from *The Daily Gazette* [Xenia, Ohio]. These scraps of paper are really a collage of facts, glued tightly together without order, most without dates.

It is a little overwhelming to be the guardian of so many lives, of so many written legacies. This collection of written memorabilia can be measured in pounds, literally. How much of all this was predestined (that all of their written lives would intersect with me)? How much was chance or fate (the very fact that these letters and journals have survived outright neglect, and countless moves and ownership changes)? And how much was complete serendipity that I have been given the opportunity and the time to reflect on what makes me so? This story is one node off my DNA strand; it is one portion of the infinity loop. The narrative I present is a part of a past and part of a future. It is a moment in time, in history, and in family. Elizabeth Cole Fleming is at once a daughter and a mother; she is a granddaughter and grandmother. She is me.

1.3 Elizabeth and Me: My Journey of Discovery

I met my grandmother Elizabeth (whom we called "Mother E") a couple of times before she died in 1955, but I remember nothing about her. I was five, and she was probably a bit starchy. A photograph, which someone has labeled "Three Elizabeths," documents evidence of one meeting, probably our last. I am posed without a shirt on, sort of perched on Mother E's lap, and my Aunt Betty is standing behind us. Looking at this photograph fifty years later, I could read my bare-chestedness as an innocent act of nonchalance; however, I know that this forced "naturalness" has my mother's imprint all over it. Repression and stodgy Presbyterianism colored her childhood; freedom and 1960s liberalism mine.



The fact that Mother E's generation of Presbyterian missionaries had fought hard to clothe low-caste, Untouchable Indian women from the waist up was not lost on my mother and to prove just how far women's rights had evolved, my mother's daughter could choose clothes or simply go without. In 1910 Helen Barrett Montgomery, beaming with pride, had written in *Western Women in Eastern Lands*, "In this hard-fought fight missionary women were the leaders, and the arousers of a public sense of shame. It was only after determined agitation that the non-caste women of southern India were allowed to wear any garment above their waist" (211). Helen Barrett Montgomery (1861-1934),

women's rights advocate and spokeswoman for the missionary movement, had held the torch high and Elizabeth had followed.¹¹ In the photograph of the "Three Elizabeths," Mother E does not appear to be repulsed by my nakedness and her easy smile seems to be welcoming. It is unfortunate that her children were not allowed this unconditional love from their mother, but that is a different story.

When I first became interested in my grandmother's letters, I was trying to locate the women in my family who helped make me, me. Divorced and without parents, I had an overwhelming need to place myself in family context. At the time, all I knew of Elizabeth was that I had been named (initialed, in fact—"ECF") after her and that she grew up in Chicago, my adopted home. This chapter will retrace the journey I took discovering Elizabeth through her letters. In the fall of 1999, I took a class called History of English Prose Style.¹² Our final project was to analyze an author's written style to discover characteristics of his/her personality, and I chose Elizabeth's first letters home from India in 1904. Because many of them were illustrated, those forty-three inscrutable letters seemed to have a different quality to them. I think that is what initially drew me to them; maybe I had read kindheartedness into those dear little sketches of Oriental "otherness." Little did I know that I had entered Elizabeth's life at her most masked. One thing I learned for sure, though, was that I had a lot of research to do regarding the nineteenth-century missionary movement and about American volunteer societies to find out what compelled one set of grandparents and another set of great-grandparents to devote their lives to them.

¹¹ See Chapter 3 for a short biography of Helen Barrett Montgomery.

¹² The interdisciplinary nature of a MA in Liberal Arts and Sciences (MALS) has allowed me to work on projects related to this thesis in six different classes: The History English Prose Style, Autobiography, The American Experience, Representations of the Body, Methods and Scholarship in Women's Studies, and an Independent Study on Epistolary Form and Theory. In most of these classes, I also learned something about the transcribing process itself.

Elizabeth comments on this ethos herself in her March 3, 1904, letter, "Oh doesn't it run in the family! I told Mrs. Johnson that the missionary spirit was *in the blood* and had to come out." Virtually all of the women and most of the men in my family (paternally and maternally) were involved in these movements. Elizabeth's mother, Julia Cole, was the treasurer of the Illinois State Committee affiliated with the World's YWCA and a foreign correspondence secretary with the missionaries in Siam for the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest (WPBMN), while her sister-in-law, Mrs. (Mary Rockwell) Edward S. Cole, was on the board of managers for Association House in Chicago and treasurer of the Illinois State Executive Committee affiliated with the World's YWCAs. (See the Letterhead Section, Attachment B, at the end of Chapter 7.) Finally, two girl cousins on the Fleming side were involved in missionary work, one in India, when Elizabeth and her new husband, Rev. Daniel J. Fleming, were sent there.

The DJ Flemings lived in India for nine years (1904-1913); my father was born way up in the Himalayas in Kasauli, above Lahore (then India) in 1909. My mother's grandparents, the Webster Brownings, Presbyterian missionaries out of Park College in Missouri,¹³ moved to South America in 1896; my mother was born near the YMCA camp in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1919, and she grew up in Santiago, Chile. My mother's father, Malcolm R. Crew, a lay minister and second-generation British born in Chile, was involved with YMCA administration in Santiago, Chile, for most of his life. The intermarriage of missionary families, obviously an integral part of the warp and woof of my life, is discussed in part three of Chapter 9, "Chicago is not the only place which had murders."

¹³ Park College, known for its missionary training, is synchronistic in this historiography: my father was professor of history and the dean of students from 1947 to 1955, and I was born there in 1950.

In my family the voluntary spirit started in the mid-nineteenth century, just before the Civil War. Both John and Julia Cole's fathers, Captain John Cole and Rev. John W. Alvord, were members of volunteer organizations: the U.S. Christian Commission and the American Tract Society.¹⁴ What *was* this volunteerism? Where did it come from? American volunteer organizations were so pervasive and distinctive that most European and Asian visitors commented on them during the nineteenth century. In *Democracy in America* (1835), Alexis de Tocqueville wrote, "Americans of all ages, all conditions, and all dispositions constantly form associations. The Americans make associations to give entertainments, to found seminaries, to build inns, to construct churches, to diffuse books, to send missionaries to the antipodes" (114).

Toward the end of the century, two Indian visitors wrote about this peculiar Americanism: Pandita Ramabai (1858-1922) and Swami Vivekananda (1863-1902). In 1889, social reformer Ramabai, whom both Elizabeth and Julia met on their way to Lahore, wrote an essay entitled "Religious Denominations and Charities in the USA" (Kosambi 181-195). Four years later, fellow countryman, Swami Vivekananda, the worldly mystic who fascinated Victorian Americans at the 1893 World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago, was quoted as telling a Chicago church woman that he faced the greatest temptation of his life in America"; when she teasingly asked, "Who is she, Swami?" he burst out laughing and said, "Oh, it is not a lady, it is Organization!" (Vivekananda qtd. in Singleton 47). "Vivekananda was tempted," Gregory Singleton

¹⁴ The United States Christian Commission was an important relief organization during the Civil War. Organized in November 1861 under YMCA auspices, it sent more than 5,000 volunteers into the field before the war's end. A closer look at John and Julia Cole's volunteer activities is in Chapter 4.

quips, "but nineteenth-century American Protestants had long since found the volunteer organization irresistible" (47).¹⁵

Volunteerism was one of the earliest sociopolitical innovations invented by the American Colonists and is associated with the belief in the separation of church and state (disestablishmentarism). In "Protestant Voluntary Organizations," Singleton writes that the "voluntary principle had influenced the character and habits of the people in the United States in a way that a legally established church could not" (53). Martin Marty goes further and, in *Protestantism in the United States*, argues that the separation of church and state was "one of the most drastic changes in public religion in western history." He claims that in less than a century, the colonists were able to rewrite 1400 years of religious history. "While the event was not without drama," he adds, "it occurred without warfare" (39). Freedom of religion was ultimately written into the Bill of Rights as the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States (1787).¹⁶ Regarding religious freedom, Marty concludes: "With disestablishment came 'voluntaryism.' 'People could choose a church or choose no church, and churches were on a pay-as-you-go basis of support' (40).

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) (Kenyon xiii), and will become a point of controversy when Elizabeth confronts the mass conversions of low-caste Indians in part two of Chapter 9, "Come

¹⁵ Student Volunteer Movement (SVM) leader, G. Sherwood Eddy's encounter with Swami Vivekananda is included in Elizabeth's November 19, 1910, letter, part three of Chapter 14.

¹⁶ The First Amendment of the United States overturned the assumption dating back to the Roman Empire that the official religion of the State was the religion of its ruler: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

with me to the village I visited yesterday."¹⁷ It is important to point out that 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).¹⁸ Elizabeth's reaction to English colonialism in India is addressed in part two of Chapter 10, "No more Englishmen smelling of my scalloped potatoes."

1.4 Elizabeth in Historical Context

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:

¹⁷ 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.

¹⁸ 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 (Stevenson 30); Cott writes that literacy was virtually universal among New Englanders by 1840 (*Bonds* 101).

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)¹⁹

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 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."

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

¹⁹ 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 Brethren. 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 Mormons. The Roman Catholic Church, in 10th place after the Revolutionary War, was the largest at mid-century (Mead 106-107).

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 wheelchair 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 Myrtila 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, so were never needed to care for me preemptively.

1.5 Elizabeth and Textural Analysis

My next problem was adopting a logical methodology. How was I going to organize my material and how much interaction was I going to need when presenting Elizabeth's letters? Epistolary collections fall into a continuum depending on the primary evidence. *The Maimie Papers: Letters from an Ex-Prostitute*, edited and compiled by Ruth Rosen and Sue Davidson, is an example in which the letters are allowed to tell the story without interruption, meaning that between the introduction and the epilogue, the historical references supporting the letters are simply footnoted. Likewise, Katherine Redington Morgan's *My Ever Dear Daughter, My Own Dear Mother: The Correspondence of Julia Stone Towne and Mary Julia Towne, 1868-1882*, a two-sided correspondence, uses very little editorial elaboration after the introduction. Morgan's

goal in editing "was to preserve their language and their voices . . . and not to interrupt their letters with unnecessary intrusions" (8). But Laurel Ulrich had a different set of problems with the diary of Martha Ballard, a midwife from Hallowell, Maine, who tells of attending eight hundred and sixteen births in twenty-seven years. *A Midwife's Tale* is a reconstruction of women's history, painstakingly brought to life through Ulrich's dedication to interpreting Martha's somber, unforgiving world. Ulrich states that Martha's diary, at first terse and choppy with nineteen entries per page, gradually became fuller and more regular, until, at the end, Martha averaged about six entries per page, revealing a little of herself in the process (20). In order to make sense of the sparseness of her primary document, Ulrich needed to fill in what was not said.

Ulrich's methodological aim was to achieve a textural blend between the "astonishing steadiness" of Martha Ballard's diary and the reader's comprehension of it. "Juxtaposing the raw diary and the interpretative essay," she writes, "I have hoped to remind readers of the complexity and subjectivity of historical reconstruction, to give them some sense of both the affinity and the distance between history and source" (34). She describes this delicate balancing aspect of her methodology in "Interviews with Laurel Thatcher Ulrich":

It was always a difficult balancing act. I did not want to do a separatist woman's history. I wanted to understand how important political and economic events related to the every day events in Martha's life. But it was hard to keep the background and foreground in balance. And I wanted to keep Martha in the foreground. (3)

That difficult balancing act would become a key issue for me also. How much historical background did I need to include before I lost Elizabeth's voice? Looking for the right balance was going to be difficult. Ruth Rosen and Sue Davidson gave about

14.2% of book to their textual analysis of Maimie, while Katherine Morgan wove in a little more historical background of Julia Stone Towne and Mary Julia Towne's correspondence with 22% of analysis. Perhaps because of the private nature of a diary, Laurel Ulrich had a much bigger job of historical reconstruction to do. She averaged two to four pages of diary versus twenty to forty pages of analysis, and ended up with 92.2% of the latter. I felt that my thesis model would be closer to Ulrich's because I wasn't sure that Mother E's evangelical letters home to her dear mother would hold the reader's attention the same way a Victorian prostitute's would, and I did not have the luxury of a two-way correspondence that Katherine Morgan had. Without supplying background information, would the average nonfamily member want to read straight through a barrage of letters written by an evangelical feminist who lived a hundred years ago?

My solution was a hybrid of the above editorial solutions. For my textual analysis, I selected four representative letters from each chapter so that Elizabeth's voice could be heard and placed in history simultaneously. Then I decided to let the transcribed letters stand on their own as a separate, but related, document. Separating out the letters also allowed my interpretative essays to showcase my abundance of primary resources, especially in Chapter 3, "A Sense of Home," which give Elizabeth's story added generational dimensions. My percentage of textual analysis to letters ended up being closer to 70%, after adjusting for single-spacing the letters.

1.6 Elizabeth and Me: Parallel Worlds.

Halfway into my research I took a break from Mother E. At that point, I didn't know certain critical details about Elizabeth's life such as why she decided to get married in the first place. This question would remain a mystery to me for two more years. In

truth, as I had been recently divorced, I was probably still questioning the virtues (and otherwise) of marriage and had projected my doubts onto Elizabeth. I was also dissatisfied with the results of my last few papers, so I hoped during my break she would reach out to me in *any* way—maybe even in some metaphysical way—that would show me she was willing to let me into her life. I was looking for good karma, so to speak. Nothing, for two more years. Finally, to fight back my growing feelings of guilt (for what is a Protestant work ethic good for anyway?), I went out and bought plastic sheet protectors. I bought two hundred of them and waded in. The mindlessness of putting letters in protectors was therapeutic. Slowly, slowly, I began to impose order. If I could make one thing right, I could at least make sure Elizabeth's letters were in date order.

First, the twenty-three college letters, and then the forty YWCA postcards and letters. Then other decisions. I decided to give a sheet per page for her first letters from India. This is where I had started back in the History of English Prose Style class two years before, when I was drawn to those forty-three inscrutable letters. As mentioned, many of them were illustrated but most had been written in carbon duplicate (mimeographed), and some were already transcribed. (By whom?)²⁰ For the second batch of letters from India, by far the largest in the collection (121), I put one letter per each protective sleeve no matter how many pages. I ended up with extra, mismatched page twos and threes. I put those aside to look at later. I ran out of sleeves and bought two hundred and fifty more. I bought notebooks and grouped the years together. Finally, I spent every spare moment reading letters and taking notes. My three brothers began to ask me for Mother E updates.

²⁰ I think Elizabeth's letters were transcribed by her grandmother, Myrtilla Alvord. The letters from February 26, 1905, to April 14, 1906, were re-transcribed by my oldest brother, Malcolm Fleming, for this thesis. Thank you, Mic!

At about this time, the time-warp separating me (Betsy) and she (Mother E) had grown pretty thin; my personal foreground and her historical background had telescoped into one focal point somewhere out on Lake Michigan. Elizabeth's college letters home to her mother (Julia Cole) had become my e-mail letters to my daughter (Julia Kittle) starting off to college. Both the twenty-year old Elizabeth Cole and the eighteen-year old Julia Kittle asked to have their much-needed but forgotten hair styling supplies mailed to them. Elizabeth's was a curling iron (September 15, 1895), Julia's was a hair straightener (urgent, late-night e-mail). Ulrich tells of this blurring of research time with current time in her acceptance speech of the Bancroft Prize at Columbia University, April 3, 1991: "When I came out of the library the other day, it was raining. I *knew* it would be because I had just been reading about it—the freshet [an overflowing of a stream caused by heavy rains or melted snow] was rising in Mrs. Ballard's world which had somehow become my own" (2).

Then I noticed I had stopped calling my grandmother "Mother E" and had started calling her "Elizabeth." She was becoming a "normal" woman with real problems and not just an uptight woman related to me. Ulrich writes of this change also: "I'm not sure when I began to call this paragon 'Martha' rather than 'Mrs. Ballard.' Perhaps I grew less deferent as I began to discover the woman beneath the heroine. Yes, she too occasionally quarreled with her husband, offended her children, and indulged in self-pity ("Speech" 3). Elizabeth was a loving mother to her young children and had a cow milked at the back door to supplement her breast milk when my father was born (mentioned in almost all of her July 1909 letters), she was a proud wife who wished she had kept a scrapbook of her husband's literary reviews (December 15, 1910), and she had moments of doubt when she thought she had let her parents down for not amounting to more than being "only a

very ordinary mother of two *extraordinary* children” (June 28, 1910). Using an argument that sounds surprising contemporary, Elizabeth complains to her parents on November 3, 1910:

This is my *one* chance to clean up DJ's dafter, my *annual chance*! He is scared out of his life at what I will do. I have never seen anything like it! I tell him he does not trust me, and that if I am not intelligent enough to arrange his books, I consider the thousands of dollars spent on my education, vain.

Elizabeth was extraordinary to be sure, yet I was beginning to find that she could be remarkably human. And finally I was beginning to be able to see past Elizabeth's evangelistic outlook on things. One thing that helped was to read of her conversion experience written for admission to the Board of Foreign Missions in 1904:

I know that I do not get in [conventions or revival meetings] the help many receive. But in quietness and solitude my soul can breathe vital air. Since the day God answered my prayer on the sunset walk, I have never hungered in that way again. The "some thing" which happened then has lasted straight on these fifteen years. (ECF Notes 8)

When I first read this statement, it came as a welcomed surprise because, although Elizabeth ultimately chose a public forum to share her words of love for Jesus Christ, knowing that she initially connected with God through nature and not just through her intellect made her more accessible to me.

But I was overwhelmed at the thought of transcribing her last and largest group of letters. My initial transcribing experience had been a nightmare because, unfamiliar with her script, I had to transcribe her letters first in longhand before I could type them out (a horrifically, time-consuming feat in itself!). The second time I skipped the hand transcription part, but would end up in such painfully contorted body positions over my computer that I was sure I had absorbed all of Elizabeth's 128 years in the process. How

did those nineteenth-century home missionary women endure it? The solution came at the very last hour: "Naturally Speaking Dragon," a software program that converts speech to type, allowed me to finish the letters I wanted to transcribe and, in the process, really *hear* Elizabeth's voice. It seems appropriate to have spoken these last letters because Elizabeth always thought of herself as an orator and not a writer (and I, the other way around).

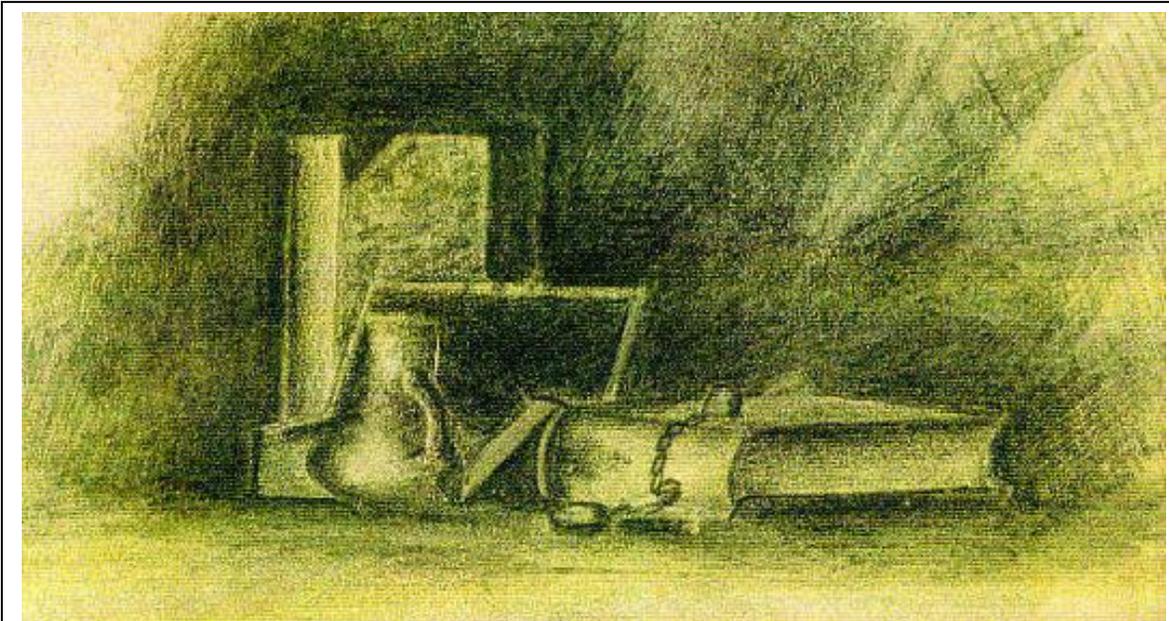
1.7 Metaphysical Intervention

The intervention I prayed for happened over the 2003 Thanksgiving weekend, when I found an essay written by my grandfather called "The Courtship of Daniel J. Fleming and Elizabeth Cole." DJ's six-page, typewritten essay, written in a corny, third-person voice is typical of the self-examination that goes on in my family; my father had called these personal assessments, "position papers." But how grateful I was to find it! DJ's "Courtship" essay was tucked away in a file within a cardboard box in my youngest brother's basement. Most surprising of all was to find on the back page, in my very own eight-year-old script, my very own name!—"Betsy F."

I believe that my discovery of DJ's "Courtship" essay (which presented a fairly standard romance with on-again/off-again features discussed in Chapter 8) was the metaphysical intervention I was looking for. Perhaps it came with a religious message for me as well—"Seek and ye shall find"—all the more numinous because I found what I apparently (!) already knew.

Betsy F.

Chapter 2: Methodology
"I take back all I said about not liking your system"
(March 3, 1904)



Sketch by Julia A. Cole. (Untitled. Books.)

This chapter presents a patchwork of process steps, which show three different approaches to the world of women's epistolary writing. Part one introduces the New Social Historians of the 1960s and 1970s, describing how their data collecting and interpretation of history changed the writing of women's history. Part two, "Epistolary Form and Theory," is adapted from an essay I wrote for an independent study. One of the paradoxical results of discovering how to analyze the structure of a social letter was that I became closer to Elizabeth in spite of our ideological differences. Part three, "Transcribing Coda," returns to the New Social Historians and elaborates specifically on what some of these historians say about the actual act of transcribing primary documents and the decisions I made as a result.

2.1 The New Social Historians

In order to learn about methods, my fourth class in the MALS program in the spring of 2003 was in the Women's Studies Department: "Methods and Scholarship in Women's Studies." In this class I discovered a whole classification of writing devoted to women's personal writings: diaries, journals, and letters. The people who wrote these essays were feminists to be sure, but they were classified under the umbrella of the New Social Historians. These new historians had concerns for the affairs of ordinary people (such as my grandmother) rather than affairs of state, and they focused on the continuous process of social experience rather than isolated political events (Cott and Pleck 9).

This "from the bottom up" method of research has two root influences from France: first, the Annales School of the 1920s investigated things that changed more slowly such as diet or birth/death/divorce patterns rather than political events; the second influence came in the 1950s from French demographers who used a method called reconstitution.²¹ These two methods were imported to America in the 1960s and 1970s and have helped disenfranchised people, such as the activists involved in civil rights, antiwar and/or women's liberation movements find a voice and a personal history. In terms of methodology, the New Social Historians borrowed quantitative techniques that had long been used by social scientists; this "hard" data and methods of analysis gave the new social historians' work a credibility that traditional historiography had never achieved before (Gordon 1).

²¹ Michael Gordon explains that the method wasn't new, just its application: "What is new is its application to a large population rather than a family. Reconstitution is really what genealogists do when compiling a family history: they check available records and study patterns of marriage, birth, and death in particular families over specified time periods" (3).

One of the first feminists to voice discontent about the absence of women from history books was Gerda Lerner who in 1979 wrote: "As long as historians held to the traditional view that only the transmission and exercise of power were worthy of their interest, women were of necessity ignored" (3). Ten years later, Dale Spender recalls the early consciousness-raising sessions when women sat around and pooled their experiences. "How to preserve the diversity but retain the unity" was a major concern (2). In her last essay as editor of *Women's Studies International Forum*, Spender wrote "Journal on a Journal" for the 10th-year Special Issue dedicated to "Personal Chronicles: Women's Autobiographical Writings" (1987):

The fact that in the latter half of the 1980s I can read accounts that name women's personal chronicles as *non-traditional*—and offer no clarification or explanation for such biased assertion—is a sign that in many contexts women's struggles for the legitimation of experience—for establishment of an equally authoritative voice when it comes to describing and explaining the world—has only just begun. (2)

Carroll Smith-Rosenberg's landmark book, *Disorderly Conduct: Visions of Gender in Victorian America*, explores the changes in male-female relationships during the nineteenth century, highlighting the latter. "To ignore women is not simply to ignore a significant subgroup within the social structure," she writes, "It is to misunderstand and distort the entire organization of that society" (19). Her book, a compilation of essays, evolved from reading early American women's diaries and letters when she "ceased to search in men's writings for clues of women's experiences" (27). Included in this collection are some of Smith-Rosenberg's most cited essays: "The Female World of Love and Ritual: Relations Between Women in Nineteenth-Century America" and "The New Woman as Androgyne: Social Disorder and Gender Crisis, 1870-1936." Nancy F. Cott, another New Social Historian and author of *The Bonds of Womanhood: 'Woman's Sphere'*

in New England, 1780-1835, used the same methods—reading diaries, memoirs, and letters—"to find out about women's lives, not just what was written about them" (2). Smith-Rosenberg's and Cott's methods encouraged me to listen for and validate my grandmother's voice in her letters.

In "'Faithful Friend': Nineteenth-Century Midwestern American Women's Unpublished Diaries," another essay in the *Women's Studies* 1987 special issue, Suzanne Bunkers discusses having to curb her desire to "rescue" or control a text, as she confessed to preferring diaries that revealed the author's personality. Although feeling an ethical responsibility regarding "truth," she admits that her interpretation of the text could never be value-free because of her own involvement with the diary and diarist (7-17). I was having trouble here. I knew that Elizabeth did not need "rescuing," but I was having a hard time remaining "value-free." I wanted to desensitize my reaction to my grandmother's evangelical rhetoric while including her emerging feminist voice, which I found more interesting.

Cheryl Cline's brilliantly written concise analysis of women's personal writing appears in the preface of her book, *Women's Diaries, Journals, and Letters: An Annotated Bibliography*. She rephrases Bunker's urge to rescue the text this way: "Between a woman's impulse to write down something of herself and ours to read it stands a host of intermediaries: editors, publishers, executors," who all may take a hand in the published work (xxvi). "The urge to make a 'good story' out of a diary that seems rambling and disjointed, or from a correspondence too far-ranging or voluminous, is the motive which guides many an editor's blue pencil" (xxvii). Cline's words—rambling, disjointed, far-ranging and voluminous—seemed to be speaking directly to me and gave me comfort.

In *Read This Only to Yourself: The Private Writings of Midwestern Women, 1880-1910*, Elizabeth Hampsten cautions, "Private writings of women ask of us, if we wish to read them knowingly, a special inventive patience. We must interpret what is not written as well as what is, and, rather than dismiss repetitions, value them especially" (4). Further, she asks of any examination of writing that was not intended for publication: "how complete is what we have?" (8). Both Cline and Hampsten say that it is rare to find a correspondence completely intact, especially if it is a husband and wife travel narrative, because the woman's voice is deleted for being too ordinary, too mundane (according to male values). (This was not the case with Julia Cole's "Around the World." Her voice, speaking on behalf of non-Christian women everywhere, comes through loud and clear. See, for example, the introduction to Part III.) Cline uses a nineteenth century term—bowdlerizing—when a work is edited beyond recognition, and maybe Myrtila Alvord and Julia Cole bowdlerized Elizabeth's letters after all, when Elizabeth writes of not liking her mother's "system" in her March 3, 1904, letter:

And your filed correspondence will go way ahead of mine. If you want to you can fix mine when you haven't anything else to do. I take back all I said about not liking your system. It was only my conservatism.²²

I can't speak for Julia's system of transcription, but even though I found Elizabeth's religious rhetoric jarring, I made an effort to preserve her voice, exactly. I reviewed what I had learned about the transcribing process from my previous classes: the English Prose Style class had suggested transcribing large sections of an author's writing to understand his or her prose style, while Ian Frazier says that similar to art students'

²² Shortly after my 2005 graduation, my brother Mic Fleming gave me a bound book of Elizabeth's letters, "Letters From Mrs. Elizabeth Cole Fleming, Aug. 1904-Aug. 1906," which he found in a box of miscellaneous keepsakes. Although too late to analyze for this thesis, the typed letters seem to have many embellishments and additions not found in the handwritten letters that I believe were added by Myrtila Alvord or Julia Cole.

copying paintings in art museums, transcribing by hand was a great way to really see the material. He writes, "A lot of the charm of my parents' letters was the precise locution they had for certain things, and by copying those letters out I could preserve my parents' inflections" (167). I went back to transcribing with a renewed desire to really understand Elizabeth. I discovered new territories in letter-writing theory, and more in-depth analysis of the transcribing process. Unfortunately, my discovery of "Naturally Speaking Dragon" was still six months away, and I was only half-way through the collection.

2.2 Epistolary Form and Theory

My first essay on methodology discussed curbing my desire to rescue the text in order to make a good story, not to dismiss the rhetorical repetitions and to be alert for what was not written. My brush stroke was larger, the material more conceptual, but when I wrote my last paper on the mechanics of the epistolary genre, I discovered Janet Gurkin Altman's *Epistolarity: Approaches to a Form*. Altman analyses letters as a separate prose genre and was instrumental in helping me look at Elizabeth's letters with a little more objectivity. The epistolary genre is different from other prose styles in two specific ways: First, the letter has a pivotal sense of time. "Like the diary writer," Altman explains, "the letter-writer is anchored in a present time from which he looks toward both past and future events" (117-118). Second, the letter is driven by an *I-You* polarity. Unlike the diary writer, and other first-person forms of discourse, the personal letter is written to an audience outside of oneself (87).

Regarding the first, Altman writes, "Epistolary discourse is the language of the pivotal yet impossible present. The *now* of narration is its central point, to which the *then* of anticipation and retrospection are relative. Yet *now* is unseizable, and its unseizability

haunts epistolary language" (129). The unseizability and precariousness of *now* is reflected when the writer writes-to-the-moment, producing what Altman calls an "epistolary seismogram" (129). This writing-to-the-moment was first attributed to Samuel Richardson's *Pamela: Or Virtue Rewarded* (1740), an epistolary novel and the first book of fiction published in America.²³ "Writing-to-the-moment," Altman explains,

is a term coined by Richardson in his preface to *Sir Charles Grandison* to describe the simultaneity of writing with the event or emotion described: "The nature of familiar letters, written, as it were, to the *moment*, while the heart is agitated by hopes and fears, or events undecided, must plead an excuse for the bulk of a collection of this kind. (141)

In a similar vein, in "Letters and Turkish Travelogues," Donna Landry calls these audibles "cartographic metaphors." Landry writes about a certain dynamic in epistolary language that might otherwise go unnoticed: "[T]he materiality of the letter encodes a potentially nomadic relation through the separation-conjunction of the correspondents" (56). Conjuring up the mailman (the *chankidár*) who is tapping his foot waiting for you to stop writing is another, more dramatic example of writing-to-the-moment. (See, for example, Elizabeth's letter of July 13, 1909.)

When using both Richardson's writing-to-the-moment technique and writing under postal pressure, external forces dictate the rhythm of letter writing. Both of these methods mimic the spontaneity of spoken language, the template for epistolary language. This is when I realized I had to go back to Elizabeth's original letters, yet again, because I had omitted a few salutations. Then I realized that I had skipped other "non-essentials"

²³ Leslie Fiedler wrote in *Love and Death in the American Novel*, "Though *Tom Jones* had to wait fifty-four years for an American edition, *Pamela* was published in Philadelphia only four years after its appearance in England. (The latter was the first book printed in America, naturally enough by Benjamin Franklin.) . . . The British fleet during the Revolution brought in *Clarissa* in eight-volume sets, and by 1800 there were twenty native imprints of Richardson in the United States" (75).

and before I knew it, I was *re*-transcribing to reflect these elements. Remarks such as: "I have a few moments left between dressing and the breakfast bell to write to you" (September 17, 1895), and "Just a word before chapel" (September 21, 1895), had to be added to show my commitment to revealing Elizabeth's epistolary dialogue.

The second peculiarity of letter-writing is that the letter reveals a personal connection between a particular writer and a specific audience, usually an audience of one; this relationship creates the *I-You* polarity. Therefore, the letter functions as a bridge between sender and receiver, as the connector between two distant points. This means that the letter-writer can choose to de-emphasize the separation between the two points in favor of the letter's ability to absorb the distance, or the writer can mourn the distance separating them and complain about the letter's inadequacy to bridge it (Altman 13-14). Other than Elizabeth's professional YWCA letters (Chapter 7), she almost always chose the bridge. In addition to writing-to-the-moment, Elizabeth also bridged the distance from her mother using sensory descriptions of her immediate surroundings. Although most of her letters during the fifteen years have some sort of descriptive sensory information, her first letters home from college show what I mean:

Sept. 29, 1895: It is raining and making the prettiest kind of a sound on the tin roof outside.

Oct. 6, 1895: Another beautiful, beautiful morning. The sunshine streams into our room through the window at my right. There is just a gentle little breeze which plays with the curtains, softly swaying the dainty white dotted muslin in and out! Everything is quiet now. A moment ago you could have heard the music of singing coming up from the different houses all over the campus.

And later from India:

April 20, 1909: I am sitting in the cozy drawing room before a grate-fire of pine cones and crackling wood. Betty & her new ayah are playing opposite, and we are as snug as can be from the rain and wind which beats outside.

Sept. 26, 1909: It is cold and the wind is howling through the pine trees. The kiddies are asleep and I have just drawn my chair next to the fire while I have a wee chat with you.

As mentioned, the second characteristic of the epistolary form, the "*I-You*" polarity, is the connection between a narrator and an audience. "The particular *you* whose constant appearance distinguishes letter discourse from other written discourse (memoir, diary, rhetoric)," Altman explains, "is an image of the addressee who is elsewhere" (140). "The act of picking up the pen to write even a leisurely letter," she continues, "becomes an almost magical ritual whereby one evokes the presence of the addressee" (137). In "Letter-Writing Manuals of the Nineteenth Century," Cecile Dauphin concurs: "A letter is a conversation between people who are absent from one another. . . . To succeed at it, imagine that you are in the presence of whomever you are addressing, that they can hear the sound of your voice and that their eyes are fixed on yours" (*Grande Encyclopédie du XIXe siècle* qtd in Dauphin 132). Consequently, one of the trademarks of epistolary language is that the writer makes statements that prompt a response from the specific addressee.

Altman states that a common technique for making the recipient "present" is to quote or paraphrase his/her remarks to create a "pseudodialogue" (137), an "as-if-present" conversation. By adding rhetorical questions to her writing-to-the-moment technique, Elizabeth became a master of this dialogue. The beginning of Elizabeth's very first letter

on September 15, 1895, sounds like two voices speaking even though it is actually just her own:

My dear Mother: I know you are all anxious for a letter this morning for although you must have rec'd two postals—yet they were not very much after all—were they?
Shall I begin at the beginning? No, I think I will not say much about the trip for without exception it was the most uncomfortable one we ever took.

She creates another pseudodialogue in her October 18, 1905, letter home from Woodstock School in Landour, India discussed in part four of Chapter 9, "A girl with all my constant blessings." As Altman writes, "[E]pistolary language is preoccupied with immediacy, with presence, because it is a product of absence" (135). Notice that Elizabeth's rhetorical questions and writing-to-the-moment technique attempt to bridge the separation:

"But what do you suppose they had done [?];"
"While writing this last sentence the floor shook perceptibly [*sic*] from another earthquake";
"Do you suppose Johnson got out the proper linen, silver, and dishes from their packed-away condition?"

While in India, Elizabeth would spend most of her summers alone up in a hill station (albeit with children, ayah, sweeper, cook, tailor and assorted other mission women) while DJ and the men broiled on the plains teaching through the spring and summer semesters at Forman Christian College. This forced solitude brought back the college coziness in her letters home, and resulted in a more sophisticated pseudodialogue. I think Elizabeth was trying to evoke her mother's presence right into the room when she writes:

July 27, 1908: My fire is not burning well tonight, & I have to stop frequently to work the bellows on it. There! I guess this will go for a while!

May 16, 1909: There! I have let down my mosquito net to keep the flies off. They are such a bother when one is stationary. Not a one can get at me! They buzz outside.

May 21, 1910: I have just stepped out to see [Halley's] comet. The night is glorious in brilliant full moon, & the air is crisp like Bay View. Now for bed. Goodnight dear ones!

By 1909, Elizabeth had invented a literary device to announce her rhetorical asides. She used three little “xxx”s interactively to tell her mother that she had put her letter down, tended to something and then returned to write once again. These examples are discussed in part one of Chapter 10, “xxx Another poke at my fire. xxx.” This late September 1910 letter is loaded with examples:²⁴

xxx Excuse me. I just stopped to put on another stick & use the bellows on this fire. When alone it must blaze high!

xxx A cry from baby, and I had to run and put him off again. Well as he is his teeth give many a restless night.

xxx Another poke at my fire xxx. Did I tell you that I have been making some lace yokes & cuffs out of the Nagercoil lace, for blouses[?]

Finally, Elizabeth was able to create a pseudodialogue to an amorphous *you* in her circular letter dated March 27, 1905, "Come with me to the village I visited yesterday," discussed in part two of Chapter 9. By asking her audience rhetorical questions and using Richardson's writing-to-the-moment prose style, Elizabeth was able to close the distance between herself and her patrons, whom she calls “My dear friends”:

The sun which has just disappeared from this horizon bringing our Sabbath to a close, has gone to awaken you to the same day. So now if we could put your day and our day together, pasting them side by side as it were, it would make a splendid Sabbath wouldn't it? By this arrangement too, each day has twenty four working hours, instead of only twelve. Come with me to the village I visited yesterday.

²⁴ See also letters dated October 21, 1909, July 21, 1910, September 28, 1910, and November 17, 1910.

In conclusion, in order to hear the cadence, the rhythm, of Elizabeth's letters, I had to include her audibles. When I went back to my original transcriptions, I needed to insert Elizabeth's "epistolary seismogram," her "cartographic metaphors." Including Elizabeth's audibles finally made her seem more human to me. Paradoxically, what started as an academic exercise ended up helping me feel closer to her, personally, in spite of our ideological differences.

2.3 Transcribing Coda

Finally, I have included the following discussion to illustrate some of the difficulties an editor faces when transcribing hand-written manuscripts to type. This argument about spelling and grammar shows how far the analysis of women's personal narratives has come from being considered "non-traditional." Regarding spelling, Elizabeth Hampsten writes in *Read This Only to Yourself*:

Spelling is another matter. No one I know, children included, would spell in an unconventional way if she or he could help it. Spelling does not reflect thinking; it merely shows whether or not someone remembers arbitrary arrangements of letters in a system accepted. . . . Transposing any writing from hand lettering to print is a drastic change that exaggerates irregular spelling, making it look "worse"—meaning foolish, ignorant, quaint, none of which are attributes of any writer referred to in these pages. (xii)

And, in "Editing a Woman's Diary," Hampsten writes: "Spelling and punctuation of English have been regularized only since the eighteenth century, for the convenience of printers. People do not misspell and mispunctuate on purpose" (234).

Ruth Rosen and Sue Davidson in *The Maimie Papers: Letters from an Ex-Prostitute* have this to say about spelling and etc:

It was, however, in part to avoid distracting the reader, in part to avoid enormous proofreading difficulties, but above all to do justice to Maimie

herself that we decided to regularize punctuation and spelling. The punctuation of Maimie's letters to Mrs. Howe is functional—only rarely does error interfere with immediate understanding—while Maimie's command of spelling, especially considering the ambitiousness of her vocabulary, was somewhat better than that of today's average college graduate. [e. g. confusing "its" and "it's" and reversing *e's* and *i's* found in receive, believe etc.] (xlvi)

On the other hand, Katherine Redington Morgan writes of her editorial decisions in *My Ever Dear Daughter, My Own Dear Mother*:

Both women failed to use apostrophes correctly in words like "can't" and "don't." . . . I have retained those errors as I believe they do not interfere with the clarity of the text and they reveal the education and personality of the writer. Mary and Julia also varied in their use of quotation marks, often starting a direct quote with them but failing to add them at the end. I have silently added missing quotation marks in order to clarify the text. Both women used dashes frequently instead of periods, and I have retained the dashes where they occur. Occasional words are illegible, and I have indicated those words by a long dash in the text (9).

In this same vein, Ulrich wrote, "I have sought to preserve the diary without creating undue hardship for the reader." She did this specifically by spelling out abbreviations and adding capitals at the beginning and periods at the end of sentences ("or what appeared to me to be sentences") (34).

Although Julia Cole did not have a college degree, both she and Elizabeth wrote wonderfully personal and informative letters. I think Julia used more abbreviations, such as more "&" signs and almost always "wd" and "cd" for "would" and "could," but then, she was also the veteran, semi-professional letter-writer. In addition to her weekly letters to Elizabeth, Julia wrote at least eighty letters a year to her personally assigned missionaries in Siam, mentioned in part five of Chapter 4, "I am working for dear life on my topic The Mexicans." I also decided to "regularize" punctuation and spelling, as did Hampsten, Rosen and Davidson, because Julia and Elizabeth took their letter-writing seriously and would not want errors in form.

When I have not been able to figure a word out or have guessed at a word, I have used a question mark within brackets: [?]; When I have omitted sections, I have used three dots within brackets: [...]; And when a part is missing such as a torn page, I have used an asterisk within brackets: [*]. I also have turned many of Elizabeth's dashes into commas and have made more paragraph breaks because I thought she was more concerned about the spatial limitations of her page and the weight of her letter rather than subject changes. I have also used text boxes to separate voices other than Elizabeth's in Part IV, The Letters. Finally, I have not attempted to standardize Elizabeth's spellings of Indian words such as charpais-charpai (low chair), munchie-munchee (teacher) or darsie-darsee (tailor), and let stand the spellings she chose.

Chapter 3: A Sense of Home
"My face is turned toward home" (May 27, 1904)



My christening party in Ludington, Michigan, 1950. Left to right: Rev. DJ Fleming, Nan Browning, Elizabeth, my parents, and my godmothers, Chita and Jane Chandler. My brothers, Mic and Dan, are standing in front, and Elizabeth is holding me. Absent are my mother's father, Malcolm R. Crew, and his wife Mary Chandler Crew who were living and working in Santiago, Chile. My brother Bruce would be born six years later.

When I was stuck in my relationship with Elizabeth and bought the protective letter sleeves, I read Rudyard Kipling's *Kim* and E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. It was a nice change of pace to read fiction after so much historical research. *Kim* was written in 1901, three years before the Flemings sailed for India. Coincidentally, both the Kipling and Fleming stories started in Lahore and some of the language in Elizabeth's letters foreshadows the post-colonial issues found in *Passage to India* (1924). For instance, on September 23, 1904, Elizabeth wrote: "Miss Sorabji told me that the only

way to know India is to visit in an Indian home and meet their friends.” In *Passage to India*, when Adela Quested and Mrs. Moore asked Mr. Fielding, a principal of a small Government College, where to find “the *real* India,” he answered: “Try seeing Indians” (25). His answer was cynical knowing that the English and the Indians, at that point frozen in codified public behavior, did not socialize outside of official functions.

Forster’s prose is restrained and mocking; he touches on an analysis of post-colonial India and associated cultural clashes that are outside the scope of this thesis.²⁵

It was at this point that I realized that there were at least two Indias—the Christian and the non-Christian—as well as two Christian Americas—the free and the former slaves. There were also idealized, Victorian concepts of home versus real, tangible brick houses and/or mud huts, and I knew I needed to examine all of these concepts further. The first “sense of home” in Elizabeth’s story was the home of her parents, John and Julia Cole, in the Hyde Park neighborhood of Chicago, Illinois. The Coles moved into their Hyde Park home in 1885, died there in the 1930s and their house was destroyed sometime in the 1950s or 1960s when the area went through urban renewal. For forty-seven years the Coles lived at 271 E. 53rd Street in Chicago, which became 1346 E. 53rd Street on September 1, 1909.²⁶ All of the letters in this collection of letters are addressed to this address—needless to say Elizabeth’s sense of home is strong and positive. Once,

²⁵ For the American missionary’s interaction and reaction to British India see part two of Chapter 10, “No more Englishmen smelling of my scalloped potatoes.”

²⁶ Edward H. Bennett, a 1901 graduate of Ecole des Beaux-Arts, moved to Chicago in 1903 to work with Daniel H. Burnham. Burnham and Bennett collaborated on the city plans for San Francisco (1905) and Chicago (1909). “Chicago’s was the first comprehensive metropolitan plan prepared for an American city, leading the way in contemporary town planning, especially in relation to major traffic arteries and park areas” (*Chicago Architects Design* 97). According to Hayner and McNamee, Bennett proposed a street-numbering system that would, among other things, make State and Madison ground zero in a 1901 letter to the *Record Herald* newspaper (xiv). (Thank you Elaine Harrington and Gerald Mulderig for directing me to these references.)

while switching trains at Union Station in Kansas City, Missouri on March 15, 1904, she wrote:

Oh, isn't it all interesting! I feel like a "dream girl"—everything is so novel and new to me. And I like the independence of discovering new country alone. It makes me feel important—a delightful sensation! Am I foolish to be so happy? My thoughts are constantly with you dear ones at home, and if I didn't have you to write it all to, more than half the pleasure would be gone. Truly it would!

Elizabeth's home base was always clearly stated, and her "dear ones at home" became the recipients of a lifetime of her letters. In a letter dated December 1895, she told her mother: "But dearest if you do not feel like coming way down to the station to meet me pray do not attempt it because the day maybe cold and disagreeable, and I know I shall be able to find the dear old house with my eyes shut. Still you know how much I want to see you." Later, in May 27, 1904, she wrote: "Poor me, I won't hear from you again until reaching home and it seems a long time. But my face is turned toward home, hurrah. The best part of all will be coming up 53rd Street, and seeing you and pa and grandma at the door." On December 15, 1904, soon after moving to India, Elizabeth wrote: "It seems wonderful to think our letters travel so far in this safe and regular way. Always after sealing an envelope I think how many thousands of miles it will travel handled by scores of men until it knocks on the door of 271."

The "grandma" waiting at the door was Myrtilla Peck Alvord, Julia's mother, who survived her husband by twenty-seven years. She was given a room in the Cole's Hyde Park home until she died in 1907, at age 88. It should be noted that John Cole's stepmother, Mary Wells Cole, who also outlived her husband by many years, lived with the Coles at 271 too. In 1913, when the DJ Fleming family of five moved in after returning from India, my Aunt Betty wrote about John and Julia's elastic, home-

management style: "After all, in this matter of relationships, [the Coles] were already skilled. Not for nothing had they housed under their roof both a *step-mother* and a *mother-in-law*. . . . John and Julia were already adept at the art of 'how to get along yet be yourself'" (REC 1981).

The Coles were a little more socially progressive than most normal Victorians who endorsed the "Cult of Domesticity," an idealized "sense of home" during the nineteenth century. In this ideology, the primary features of ideal womanhood consisted of piety, purity, domesticity and submissiveness. "The Cult of True Womanhood: 1800-1860," Barbara Welter's classic essay written in 1966 (and part of Welter's *Dimity Convictions: The American Woman in the Nineteenth Century*), was one of the first attempts at describing the space that was left after the men went out of the home to make a living during the Industrial Revolution. "Woman, in the cult of True Womanhood presented by the women's magazines, gift annuals and religious literature of the nineteenth century," she writes, "was the hostage of the home" (21). Other scholars, such as Nancy Cott, have taken another look at this so-called hostage role. She argues in *The Bonds of Womanhood: 'Woman's Sphere' in New England, 1780-1835* that rather than being hostages in their homes, a homosocial female network was created which provided the New Woman a positive sense of sisterhood (198-201). This women's world is discussed in part four of Chapter 7, "Some of the girls out here have been so loving."

Barbara Welter's "hostage" role would also have been questioned by Captain John Cole and his wife. John Cole (1806-1875), a whaling captain out of New Bedford, Massachusetts, had become a "professing" Christian in order to marry Elizabeth Shaw (1813-1843), who wouldn't marry him otherwise. As mentioned, women became the promoters and keepers of religion after the Revolutionary War. John Cole knew he

wanted to marry Elizabeth, so during a one-year trip to the Indian Ocean and African coast he read the Bible. When he returned in 1838 he married his beloved Elizabeth Shaw (A/C 111), the first of the many Elizabeths.²⁷ Sadly, tragedy struck soon afterward. In the "Journal of a Whale Voyage Kept on Board Ship Wm. Hamilton, 1842-1845," on September 10, 1844, John reported that he learned of Elizabeth's April 13, 1843, death. For five months, he had written faithfully to his wife without knowing she had died. His Captain's log reads:

We have been two years and twelve days from New Bedford and have taken 4300 barrels of oil, 300 of it Sperm. We are now boiling out one whale with very moderate weather with plenty whale all around. I am waiting only for a fair wind to steer for the Sandwich Islands—from there home. Home did I say, and where is that? My dear companion who constituted the attraction of home has flown to her eternal and happy home and left me here a lonely mourner in this world of affliction. (A/C 113)

Clearly, John Cole's sense of home was very much connected with his wife, as Welter's "Cult of Domesticity" suggests, but, to John, Elizabeth Shaw Cole was more than just a pretty face seated around his hearth, and certainly neither Capt. nor Mrs. Cole would have thought she was the hostage of their home while John was away on his three-year whaling voyages.

It was Elizabeth's maternal grandfather, Rev. John W. Alvord (1807-1880), however, whose life's ambition probably had the greatest influence on the young Elizabeth. Although ill health prevented him from becoming a missionary to Africa in 1837-1838, during the Civil War he was able to work for his cause—abolition. When he became the General Superintendent of Education for the Freedman's Bureau on March 3, 1865, he reported to Major General O. O. Howard; he later became the president of the

²⁷ See Genealogy Tree: (1) Elizabeth Shaw Cole (2) Elizabeth Cole Fleming (3) Elizabeth Fleming Smith (my Aunt Betty) (4) Elizabeth Smith Ewing (Aunt Betty's daughter) (5) Elizabeth Fleming Kittle (me!).

Freedman's Bank.²⁸ As a typical Victorian, this work was the culmination of a lifetime of activity in voluntary societies. He had been an agent for the American Sunday School Union, and a volunteer for the U. S. Christian Commission, and in 1858 he joined the American Tract Society (A/C 79).²⁹ Despite the fact that John Alvord uprooted his family eight times before the Civil War and was away from home for extended periods all throughout his daughter Julia's early life,³⁰ the "sense of *home*" (his italics) he mentions in his Freedman's Bureau Report on July 1, 1868, was written specifically to contrast with Welter's idealized concept of home:

The effect of slavery on female character has been fearful. Both sexes were bereft of true culture . . . but womanly virtues were wholly ignored; the female slave was crushed literally. . . . There was no binding matrimony, no family sacredness, nothing which could be called *home* in slavery; and the wonder is, that after two hundred years of such influence, any trace of feminine delicacy remains, or that girls, the offspring and imitators of such mothers, are aught but degraded. (75)

Rev. John Alvord's intended Victorian audience would have been appropriately moved by his graphic descriptions of slavery as he anticipated the didactic tone of the foreign missionary circulars written several years later.³¹

The motivating ethos behind the foreign missionary movement was to export the sanctity of the Christian home to the non-Christian world, woman to woman. As Helen Barrett Montgomery, mentor to Chautauqua circles and creator of the first "Outline Study of Missions," wrote in *Western Women in Eastern Lands* (1910), "[We have] seen the

²⁸ From 1865-1870, the Freedman's Bureau coordinated the educational efforts of northern missionary and benevolent associations and the freed slaves themselves. In 1870, Georgia had 233 schools for African-Americans (5%); by 1880 this number had grown to 1,688 (40%) (Stevenson 71).

²⁹ Rev. Alvord received his Masters of Arts from Yale in 1867. He was also appointed a Trustee of the National Soldiers and Sailors Orphan Home in 1867 (A/C 83).

³⁰ Rev. Alvord was neurasthenic. He used an electric battery and hot foot baths for relief of his neuralgic headaches and he traveled to Russia and Northern Europe in 1851 in search of a cure (LB 128).

³¹ Louise L. Stevenson discusses John Alvord's pedagogy at length in her chapter, "Preparing for Parlor Life," in *The Victorian Homefront: American Thought and Culture, 1860-1880*, pages 71-101.

hopelessness of attempting to dislodge heathenism while its main citadel, 'the home,' was unreached, and unreachable by the agencies then employed" (21), meaning, by using male missionaries. Elizabeth, trained early on by Montgomery's study outlines and appropriately influenced by her grandfather Alvord's prose, writes of this missing "citadel" in her professional letters home.³² In her very first letter home from India on September 21, 1904, Elizabeth wrote, "Then we drove to a native Hindustan school held in a building like our tenements. It was curious to see the native homes—hovels! They were shacks only, one room, dark, filled with smoke. The cattle were members of the family." Elizabeth uses the didactic ideology of the professional missionaries of the period when she discusses the difference between an Indian and a Christian concept of home in these circulars:

March 27, 1905, Young People's Society, Hyde Park Presbyterian Church [HPPC]: A mud village is a curious place, on account of its extreme bareness and primitive structure. Not a thing is in these huts in the way of furniture. The mud floor and bare mud walls open on one side for the door and light. The court yard, fifteen or twenty feet square where the family cow and dogs and goats are kept, each man's boundary marked by a low wall of mud; and the whole thing looks like a child playhouse on the sea shore.

Jan. 10, 1906, My dear friends: At dusk, we often saw the women preparing the evening meal over a small fire of sticks patting the cake of coarse meal from hand to hand, and in the same compound ten or fifteen feet square were standing the cows or buffalo, the goats, chickens and dogs. Oh, what do they know of a home! That word is not translatable into their language for they cannot conceive of such a place.

³² Helen Barrett Montgomery (1861-1934) was born in Kingsville, Ohio, graduated from Wellesley College in 1884, and in 1887 married William A. Montgomery, a businessman with North East Electric Company, which would later become the Rochester Products Division of General Motors. During the 1890s, Montgomery was involved in a number of efforts on behalf of women's rights. In 1893, she and Susan B. Anthony formed the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Rochester (WEIU). Later she joined with Anthony to raise funds to open the University of Rochester to women students, a venture that finally succeeded in 1900. <<http://web.archive.org/web/20041011015436/winningthevote.org/F-HBMontgomery.html>>. I am not sure whether she was the granddaughter of Adoniram Judson, the venerated missionary hero who spent nearly forty years in Burma, but her father's name was Adoniram Judson Barrett.

Julia Cole will echo these remarks in her travelogue entry dated Thursday, December 10, 1908, when the Coles visited the home of an Orthodox Hindu. "Well it may be a home," she writes, "but I doubt the meaning of that word! Here is the entrance on a narrow street. Bend low for the doorway is little more than a hole near the ground and you must jump a gutter before you reach it. We all jump and bend our necks" (67).

The didactic ideology saved for non-Christians "heathens" disappeared when Elizabeth wrote about the plight of single (white) female missionaries' sense of home, such as her letter of May 9, 1908: "Miss James suffers much from loneliness. She is the sort of girl who sh'd have a home of her own. I can't imagine myself out here for one hour without DJ." Single women were heavily recruited by the Foreign Missionary Societies after the Civil War when the supply side of the missionary movement, educated single women, met the demand side of the movement, women needed to go behind *pardah* (screen or veil) to dislodge heathenism.

In the early days of the movement, R. Pierce Beaver wrote in *American Protestant Women in World Mission: A History of the First Feminist Movement in North America*, "the missionaries were like animals entering the Ark—they went in two by two" (53). In 1830 the ratio of male to female missionaries was about even; by 1880 for each man there was one and a third women, and by 1929, there was 2.02 women per each man (111). But, Beaver writes, "It was cruel to deny single women their own homes," and misleading to Oriental societies when single women were placed with married couples. An example:

A rather plump single lady was lodged with a family. The wife was very thin. It was commonly believed in that area that the pastor had two

wives, one of whom he loved and fed well to the detriment of the other less favored. (62)

(And, of course, the missionaries would have to explain and enlighten the polygamistic, "heathen" Indians that the often speedy remarriage of male missionaries after their wives died was not the same thing as having multiple wives at the same time. Polygamy versus Christianity is discussed in part three of Chapter 9, "Chicago is not the only place which has murders.")

Elizabeth was empathetic toward single women missionaries who, as Beaver mentioned, often had to live with other families, or in school dormitories, or with another female roommate in what Jane Hunter called "joint 'ladies' houses" in *The Gospel of Gentility: American Women Missionaries in Turn-of-the-Century China* (63). The bottom line was that the majority of unmarried female missionaries forfeited a true sense of home, and they were often lonely and almost always overworked. In her letter of August 22, 1905, Elizabeth wrote, "The other morning I had a good straight talk with Dr. Ewing [President of Forman Christian College (FCC)] about the hard position of unmarried ladies in the Mission. They lead a very lonely hard life. He said he and Mrs. Ewing would not be happy to have one of their daughters come back as a single missionary."³³ Even though there were policy changes made in 1906 which gave more equality to women in the missionary service, several years later Elizabeth's opinion was unchanged about the importance of a home for single missionaries:

Some of our dear girls in the mission—not all young either have been telling me that the hardest struggle of their lives is to be denied the

³³ The Ewings will not have to worry about this as all of their children will marry missionaries living in Lahore. The intermarriage of missionary families (such as mine!) will likewise be discussed in part three of Chapter 9, "Chicago is not the only place which has murders."

blessing of a home, a husband and little children. I did not know that the pain of deprivation could be so intense. Poor girls—I love them all the more for knowing this cross. We too often forget that even *work* and successful work cannot supplement the God given instincts for *home*. (June 18, 1908)

Elizabeth saw family and home life as the crucial transmitters of ethics and piety. However, her sense of home might have kept her from a more visible career such as those of her Chicago colleagues, Vera Scott Cushman (who was unable to have children) and Mary Borden (who was divorced during World War I).³⁴ For better or worse, however, Elizabeth was conscious that her life choices would always have an effect on her children and on July 30, 1909, when my father was just two months old, she writes:

Dan was saying the other day that 'it would humble [?] our children to see the houses where they were born.' Certainly in middle life they will need to take long pilgrimages to discover their birthplace. But even if always in America I should like them to come & see!



After the Flemings returned to America, my father went to boarding school and college, and then in 1930, as foreseen by his parents, he returned to India to teach at Forman Christian College. In this photograph, my father is squatting between a long-nosed rifle and a long-necked hookah pipe. The highlight of his two years in India was a private audience with Mahatma Gandhi in his tent. My father's sense of home was

colored by his birth in India and pilgrimage back, twenty-two years later. Later, a

³⁴ Vera Scott Cushman is the subject of part three of Chapter 6, "One of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen." Mary Borden Turner is featured in part three of Chapter 10, "What a fairy story it all is!"

reincarnation medium told him he would always feel like a visitor in the United States and that the reason he "chose" to become an American historian was to help him feel more at home in the Western culture in this lifetime.³⁵

My mother's sense of home, although also coming from a Presbyterian missionary family, was colored by her mother's tragic death in childbirth. In an article for *Psychological Perspectives*, she wrote of her childhood in perpetual transit bouncing back and forth between grandparents and her father's new family, from Chile, to Argentina and Uruguay: "By the time I was twelve," she wrote, "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).³⁶ It should be mentioned that my mother was 5'11" and blonde and must have felt every bit the "other," physically, in Latin America as she did psychologically for having "killed" her mother during labor. Although in 1915 (the first year for which national figures were available), sixty-one women died for every 10,000 births, compared to two in 10,000 in 1979 (Ehrenreich 112), the statistics were probably much higher in Latin America at the time my mother was born (1919). My

³⁵ E. McClung Fleming (1909-1994) attended The Hill School and graduated from Yale (1930 BA) and Columbia University (MA and PhD). He taught history at Forman Christian College (1930-1932), was a history professor and Dean of Park College, Parkville, Missouri (1947-1955), then Head of the Education Division, Henry F. DuPont Winterthur Museum (1955-1974). He was also co-director (with my mother) of Round Table Associates, a Delaware Valley association for analytical psychology and the study of the works of Carl Jung. He wrote *R.R. Bowker: Militant Liberal* (1952), and was published in *American Heritage* and *Winterthur Portfolio*. He is best known for developing a model for the study of artifacts: "Artifact Study: A Proposed Model."

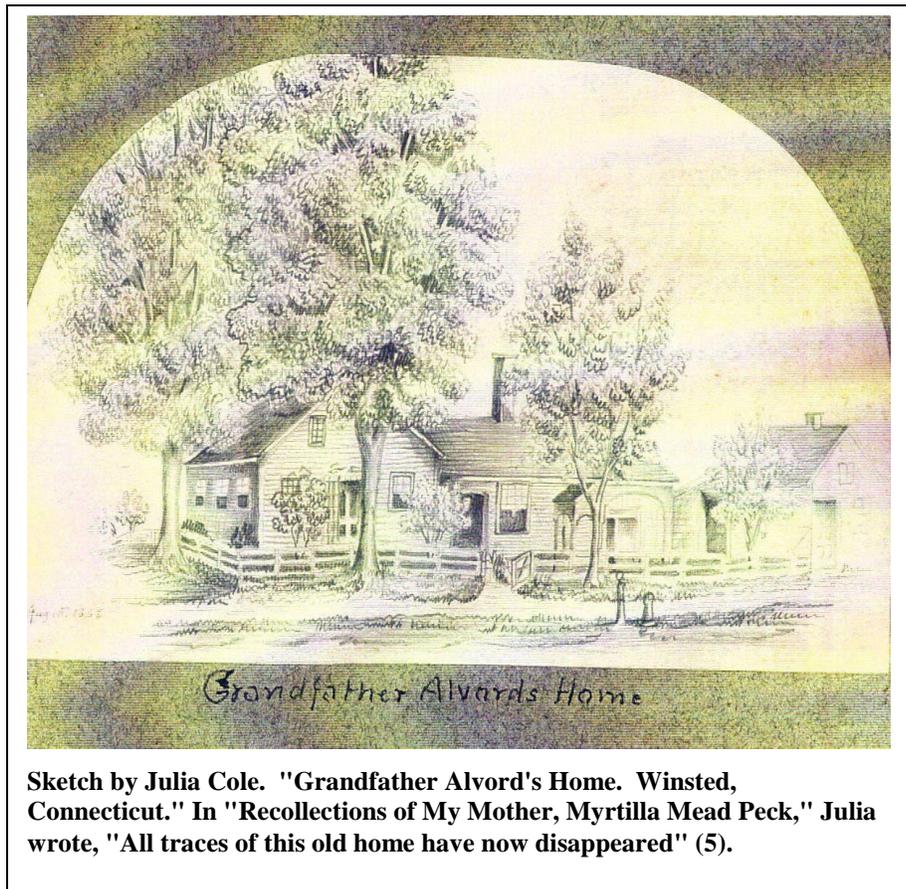
³⁶ Patricia C. Fleming (1919-1984), grew up in Santiago, Chile, and was a 1940 graduate of Oberlin College. That same year she was a delegate and speaker at the "Woman's Centennial Congress," hosted by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. She became a Winterthur Museum (Wilmington, Delaware) guide in the early 1960s and was an authority on pre-1850 ceramics and Chinese export porcelain. She was co-director (with my father) of Round Table Associates, a Delaware Valley association for analytical psychology, and a director of Centerpoint Inc, a national center for study of the works of Carl Jung. She was also an oil painter and water colorist; her paintings were exhibited in local and Mid-Atlantic regional shows. Finally, my mother wrote, *Rico the Young Rancher* (1942), a children's book about Chile that was part of the "New World Neighbors" series.

grandmother's untimely death was felt two generations later, as mentioned in my Statement of Purpose, my mother paid for this karmic loss her entire life.

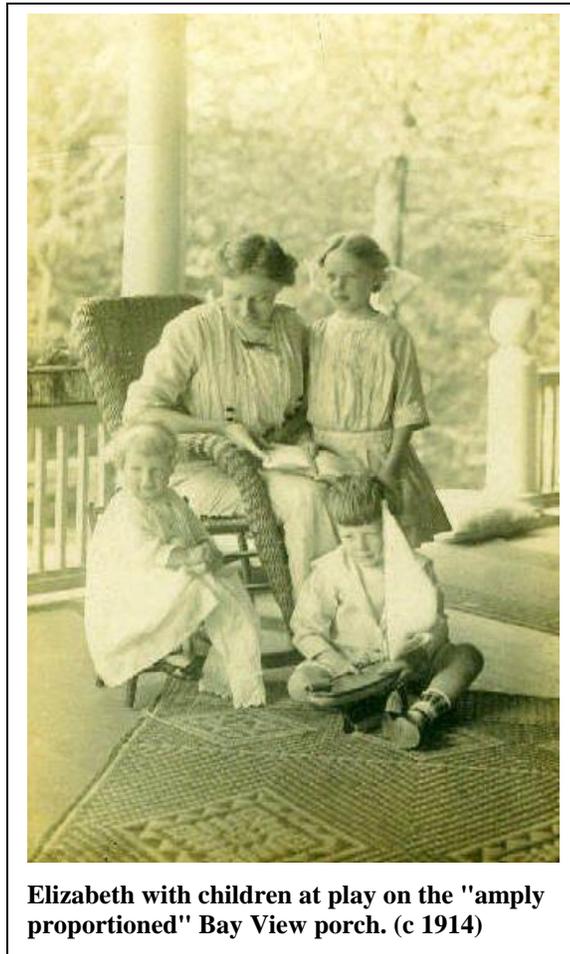
Another "sense of home" vignette took place in the 1960s when my mother's parents had to leave Chile after the Communists came into power. Malcolm and (stepmother) Mary Chandler Crew (both absent from my Christening photograph) fled to Spain, then to Charleston, South Carolina. Shortly after their move, Mary had a stroke and forgot how to speak English (which meant she defaulted to speaking only Spanish). My mother and her (half) siblings asked Angelica Artal, the daughter of elderly family servants still living in Chile, to come and help Malcolm care for Mary. Two long years later, Mary Chandler Crew died, an alien in her country of birth, and that is when my grandfather and Angelica realized they each had something to offer the other. Shortly after the funeral, they returned to Santiago, Chile, as husband and wife. Angelica, whose meager property holdings had been overlooked during the Communist regime, gave my grandfather a home; the kind, elderly Malcolm R. Crew gave the middle-aged Angelica the title of "Senora," so valued in that patriarchal country.

However, this is Elizabeth's story. In her letter of May 7, 1904, Elizabeth asks her father to take DJ into the Cole family because, as his own parents have died, he had no home of his own. At this point, Elizabeth's and DJ's relationship was at a standstill. She tells her father that although they were not getting married, "He wants me to marry someone, because the home he holds so precious." Of course, Elizabeth and DJ were married three months later. On their honeymoon she writes of her gratitude to her parents for providing a glorified, Christian home. Elizabeth was a gracious, dutiful daughter as this note of appreciation to her mother shows:

My Dear pet lambie: The house you made for us has been eminently successful, and I am going to try to make mine *just like it*. If ever a daughter wanted to express gratitude for "all the way," I do. Words can't do it, and so I am just trying to live my life so that it shall expand and fulfill yours. I want it to glorify you in just the same way that Christ glorified His Father. Truly every good impulse in me was born from daily contact with you and father and our precious, holy circle, called home! (September 1, 1904)



3.1 Another Sense of Home: Bay View, Michigan



On March 5, 1981, My Aunt Betty wrote a memoir called, "Recollections of her Cole Grandparents, Chicago and Bay View." Aunt Betty's descriptions usually included a wonderful vignette of her childhood. In this case her memory was probably dated around 1913, when the Flemings returned home from Lahore. DJ received his PhD at the University of Chicago and, as mentioned, the Fleming family of five moved in with the Coles in Hyde Park.

Our Bay View Cottage. Amply proportioned, its porch looked thru maples to the wide waters of the Lake beyond. Each day was punctuated by the toot-toot of the only train that, once a day, passed thru our depot. We watched the ships unload at our main dock. But best of all—underneath the front porch there was a perfect little latticed room with

outside door which was recognized as "Betty's." It was my own play-and-dream house. (REC 1981)

Whether family folklore or not, I was always told that the Coles wanted to have an alternate home away from the city in case there was a repeat of the 1871 Chicago Fire. That enormous fire swept across the heart of the city, destroyed the entire commercial district, gutted most of its older neighborhoods, and left a third of its population homeless. Julia described the horrifying ruins in her memoirs quoted in Chapter 4. Of course, the Great Fire also created economic opportunities such as in civil engineering, John Cole's particular specialty, and was the reason John and Julia moved to Chicago in 1872 in the first place.

Another theory about having a house in Bay View was that the Coles wanted to get away from urban violence in the summer. Certainly, at the turn of the century, the south side of Chicago was beginning to experience increasing racial tension as the result of thousands of southern Blacks migrating into the neighborhoods surrounding Hyde Park. That the urban upper and middle class families felt compelled to leave the cities instead of addressing urban blight and congestion is not the subject of this thesis, but these were exactly the same families who were most involved in the foreign missionary movement. Joan Jacobs Brumberg quotes a missionary publicist as saying, "If every Methodist woman who goes to her summer cottage would take a mite-box and drop in a thank offering for each 'good time,' there would be plenty of money to send out to all the dear girls God is calling" (qtd in "Zenanas" 351). Clearly these ladies were not above a little guilt to grease the wheels of charity.

Bay View, Michigan, was founded as a Methodist Episcopal Camp meeting in 1875 "for intellectual and scientific culture and the promotion of the cause of religion and

morality" ("Summer Program" 20). Located on 337 seven acres, the citizens of Petoskey purchased the land from the local Indians for roughly \$3400 and deeded to the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad who held it in escrow for fifteen years until the village of Bay View could take it over. Of the 436 cottages in 1980, nearly 400 were built by the turn of the century. Bay View was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1972, and in 1987 was listed as a National Historic Landmark, a higher designation (Duffy 5). Although my research on the Coles in Bay View is still a work in progress, I have been able to find that John Cole bought his home in 1897, and on his death it passed to his daughter, Elizabeth Cole Fleming, of 3041 Broadway, New York City, New York, on December 14, 1936. She, in turn, sold it on July 15, 1953. The modern address is 650 Lakeview.³⁷



The Bay View Home, 650 Lakeview. Two women with bicycles are featured.

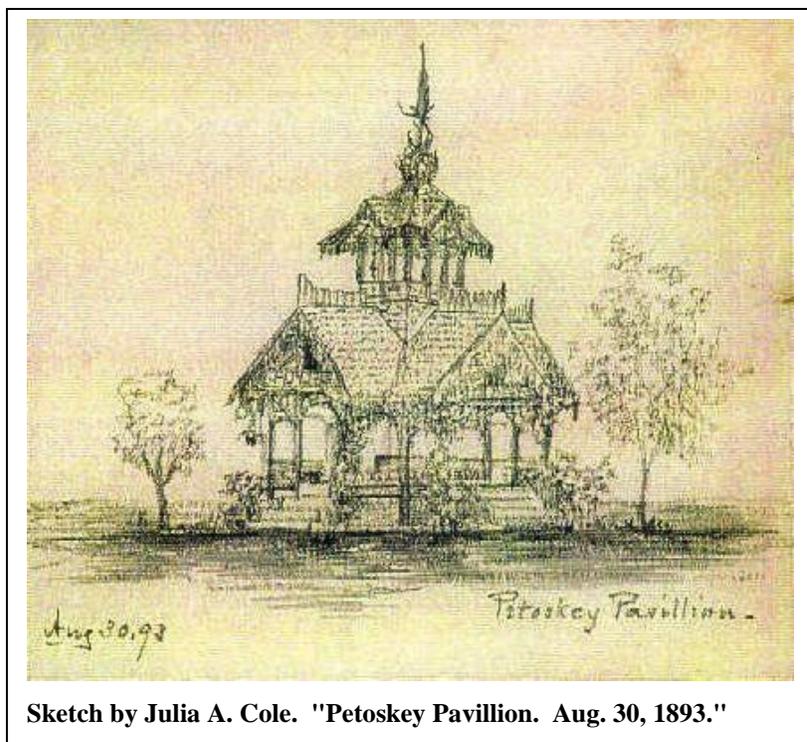
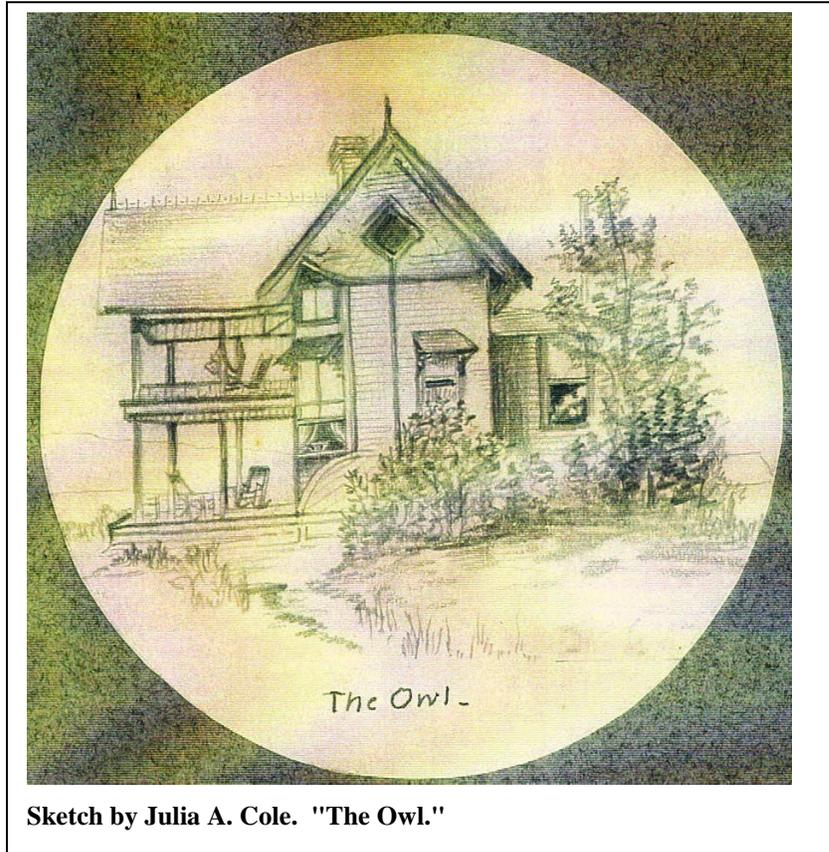
³⁷ Thanks to John Weeks and Mary Jane Doerr of the Bay View Association for tracking down this information for me and connecting me with the current owners of the Cole's house.

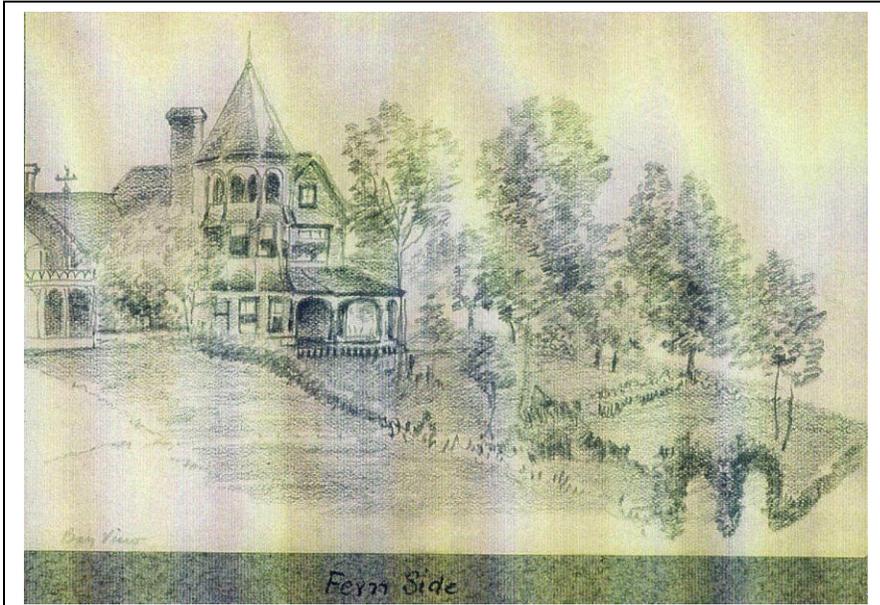
Although the Coles bought their home in 1897, many of Julia's sketches are dated as early as 1891. Mary Jane Doerr of the Bay View Historical Association (whose parents lived in "The Owl," illustrated by Julia on the next page) has informed me that in the 1890s a man from Chicago taught a drawing course in Bay View, and she felt sure that the Coles would have known him. Although Aunt Betty did not talk about John Cole's sketches, some in the Bay View collection are signed by him. His style shows more architectural detailing than do Julia's sketches and he often selected a wide angled landscape.

But most of all, while in India, Elizabeth missed the Bay View Assemblies which were modeled on Chautauqua cultural summer programming and begun in 1879.³⁸ Elizabeth writes on July 1, 1909: "In Bay View you must be and the Assembly *on*. Oh oh, how like old times it all seems. What a delightful season it will be for you, and again meeting old friends. Do give my love to Mrs. Howard and thank her for her Christmas greeting and the novel "Receipts." I eagerly look forward to hearing from you of Bay View. That is always of great interest to me." Elizabeth yearned to have her children enjoy the kindergarten and the beach and to be embraced by the cooling shores of Lake Michigan.

³⁸ Chautauqua movement development in adult education was somewhat similar to the lyceum movement. It derived from an institution at Chautauqua, New York. Established on that basis in 1874, the institute evolved into an eight-week summer program, offering adult courses in the arts, sciences, and humanities. The Chautauquas had something of the spirit of the revival meeting and something of the county fair. In 1912 the movement was organized commercially; lecturers and entertainers were furnished to local groups on a contract basis. This commercial endeavor was extremely successful, persisting until c.1924, after which automobile travel, motion pictures, and other forces rapidly diminished Chautauqua's appeal. The original Chautauqua site continues to draw summer visitors who attend varied programs. (*New Columbia* 518).

Bay View House Sketches:

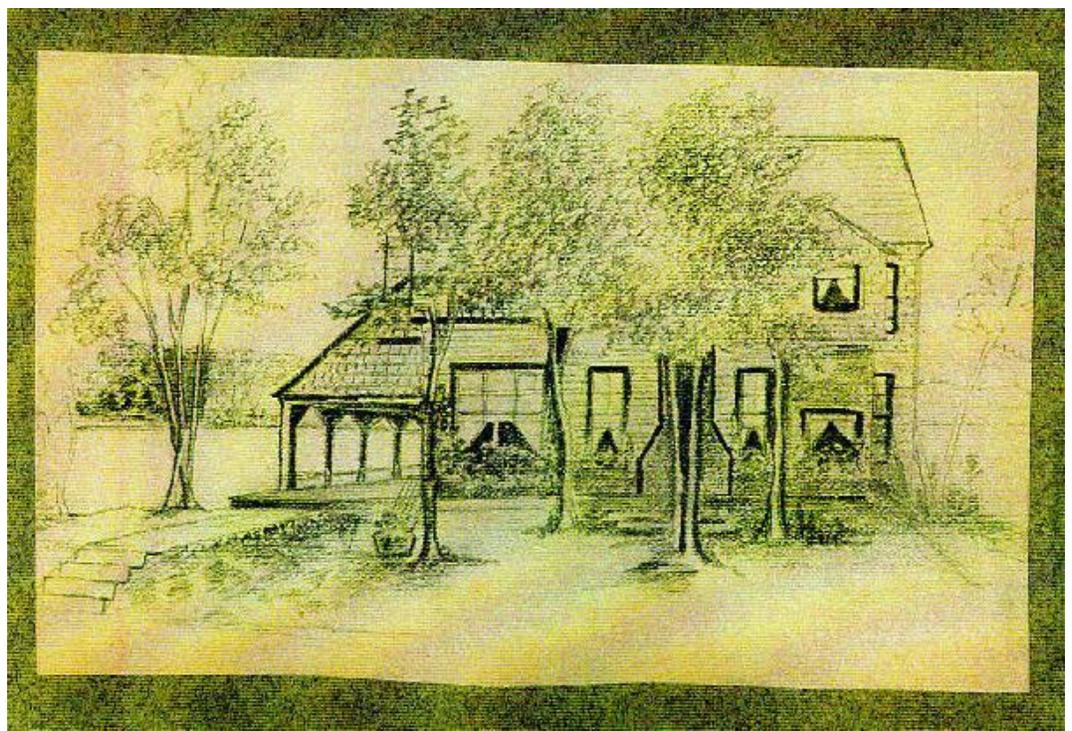




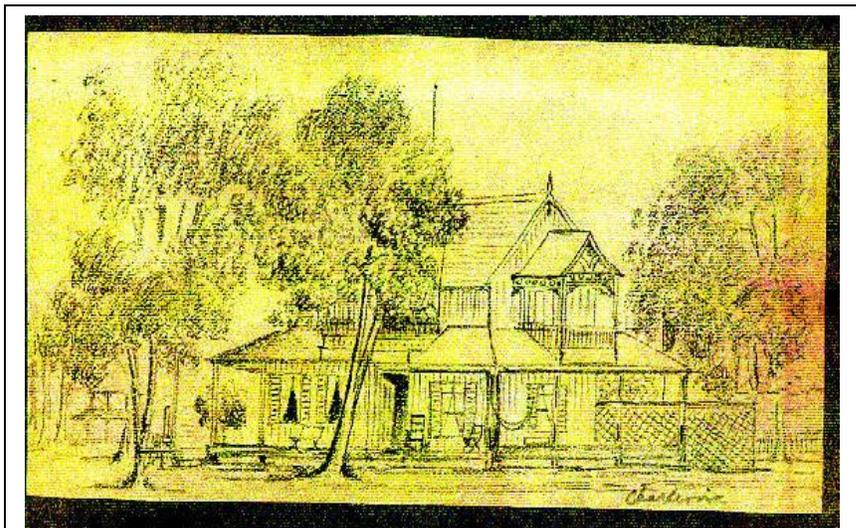
Sketch by Julia A. Cole. "Fern Side."



Sketch by Julia A. Cole. "Bay View."

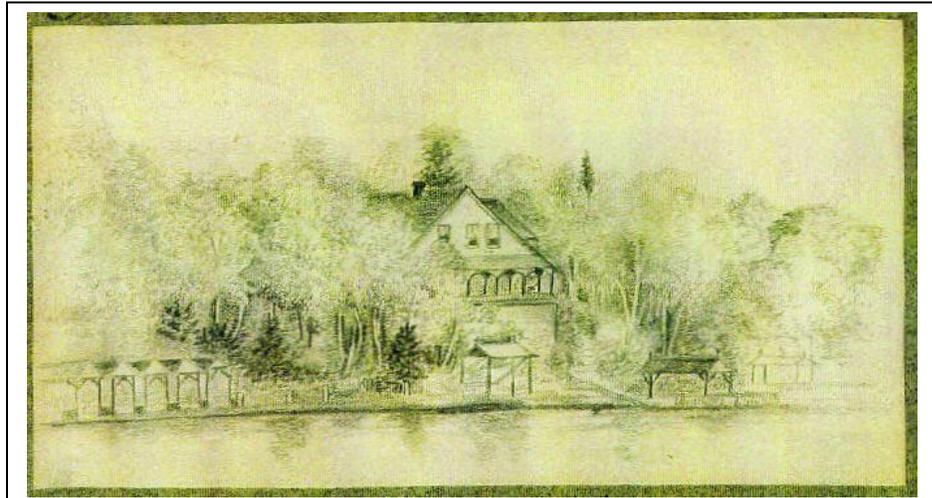


Sketch by Julia A. Cole.

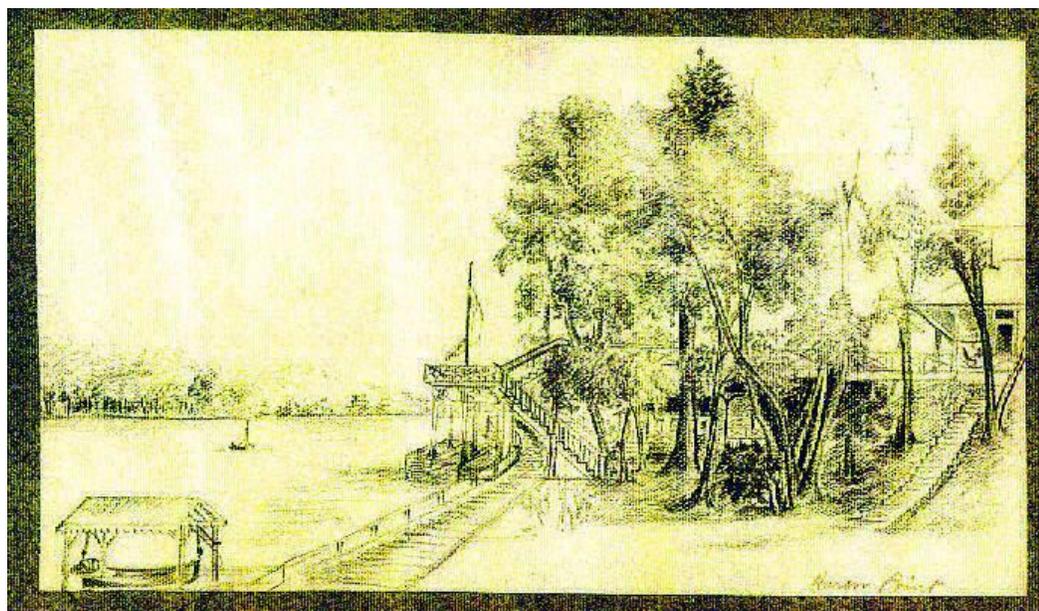


Sketch by Julia A. Cole. "Charlevoix."

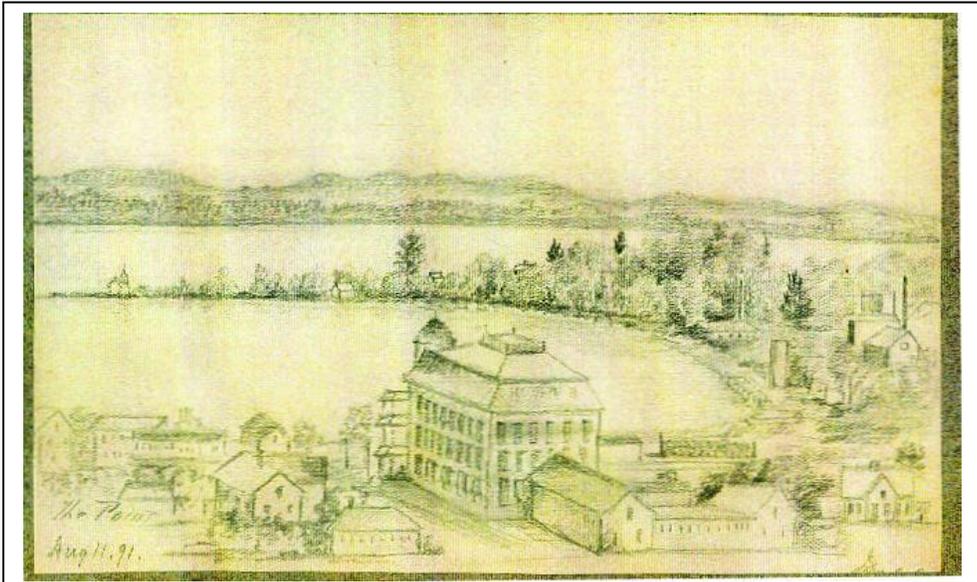
Bay View Landscapes:



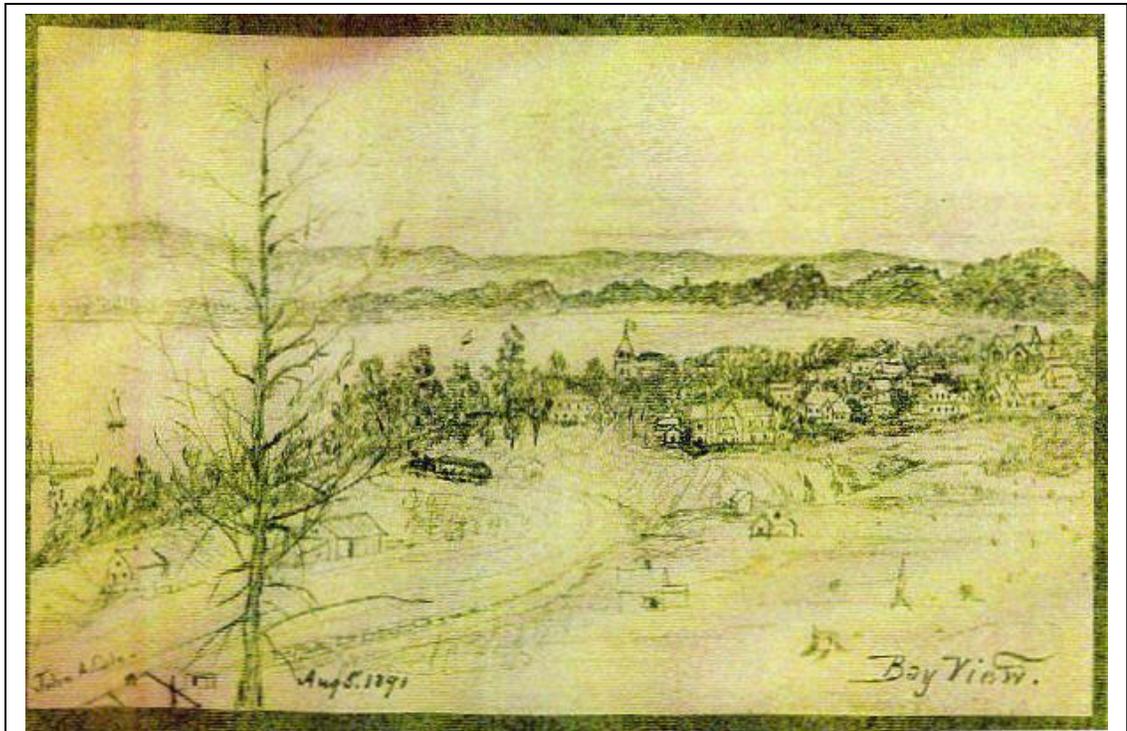
Sketch by Julia A. Cole. "Harbor Point."



Sketch by Julia A. Cole. "Harbor Point"



Sketch by John A. Cole (?). "The Point. August 11, 1891"



Sketch by John A. Cole. "Bay View. August 5, 1891."

