

ECF.Part 5.B



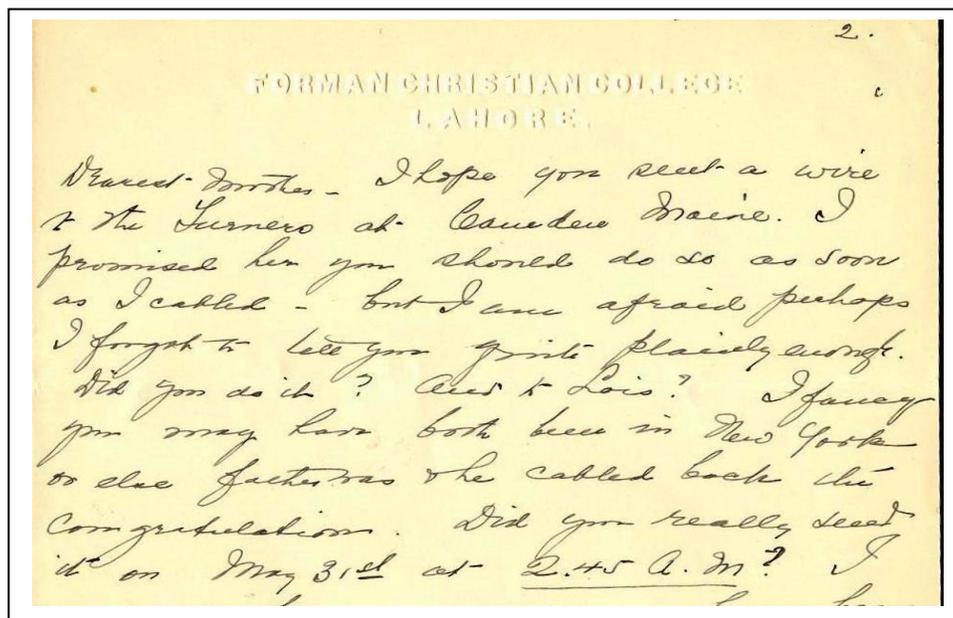
Photograph. DJ Fleming with students. Mac Fleming is sitting in his lap, circa 1913.

June 1909 [A collection of writing over the week]

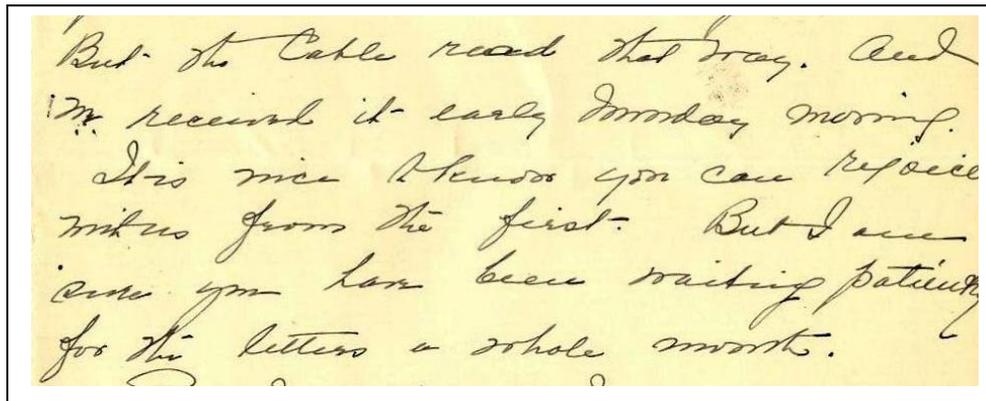
[Forman Christian College, Lahore stationery]

Elizabeth to Parents:

I hope you sent a wire to the Turners at Camden Maine. I promised her you should do so as soon as I called, but I'm afraid perhaps I forgot to tell you quite plainly enough. Did you do it? And to Lois? I fancy you have both been in New York or else father was & he called back the congratulations. Did you really send it on May 31 at 2:45 a.m.?

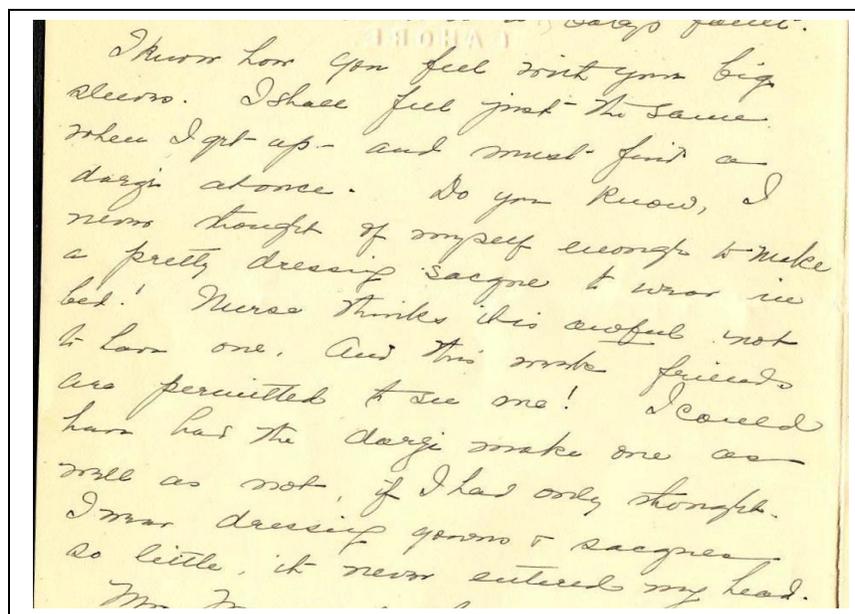


[I wonder how you could have been up at such an unearthly hour.] But the Cable read that way. And we received it early Monday morning. It is nice to know you can rejoice with us from the first. But I am sure you have been waiting patiently for the letters a whole month.



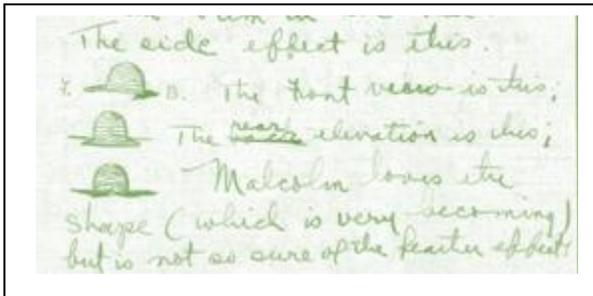
But the Cable read that way. And we received it early Monday morning. It is nice to know you can rejoice with us from the first. But I am sure you have been waiting patiently for the letters a whole month.

I know how you feel with your big sleeves. [See: Note about Alice Crew's fashions below.] I shall feel just the same when I get up, and must find a *darsi* [tailor] at once. Do you know, I never thought of myself enough to make a pretty dressing sacgne to wear in bed! Nurse thinks it is awful not to have one! And this week friends are permitted to see me. I could have had the *darsi* make one as well as not, if I had only thought. I wear dressing gowns and sacgnes so little, it never entered my head.

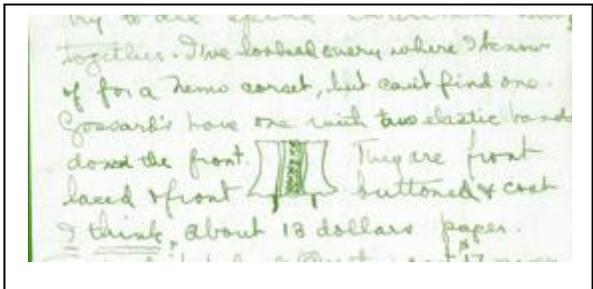


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Note: Alice Browning Crew often consulted with her mother Nan about fashion in her letters. It seemed as though the shops in Buenos Aires had more variety of goods (shoes etc) while Montevideo had better fabric. Wool, of course came from Argentina.



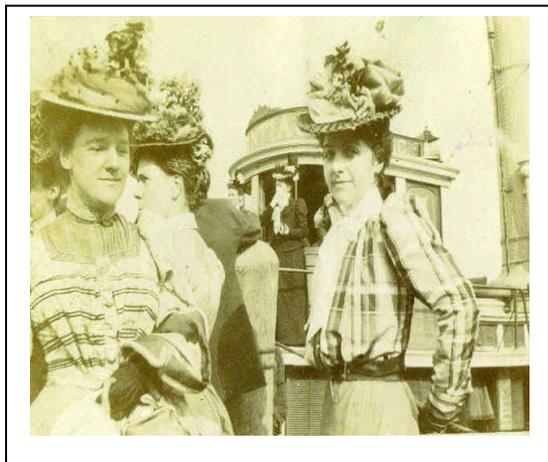
It's dark blue silk straw, the brim wider in front & shorter at the back and with a couple of brown wings (chicken) flat on the brim in the back. The side effect is this. The front view is this; the rear elevation is this; Malcolm loves the shape (which is very becoming) but is not sure of the feather effects.



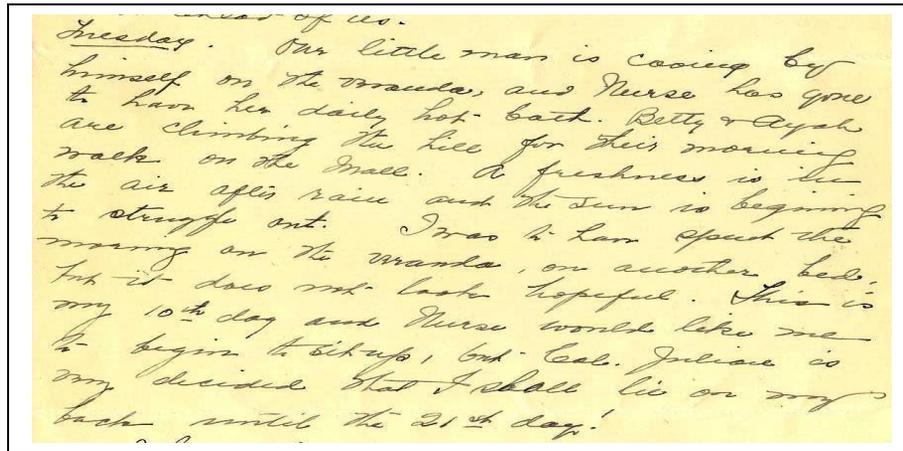
I've looked every where I know for a new corset, but can't find one. Gossard's has one with two elastic bands down the front. They are front laced & front buttoned & cost I think about 13 dollars paper.

August 15, 1919, (hat) and September 20, 1918 (girdle).

Hats! Elizabeth and friends on board the Kaiser Wilhelm II after her graduation from Smith College (1897); Nan and Alice in Santiago, (1896). Hat. (unknown details)



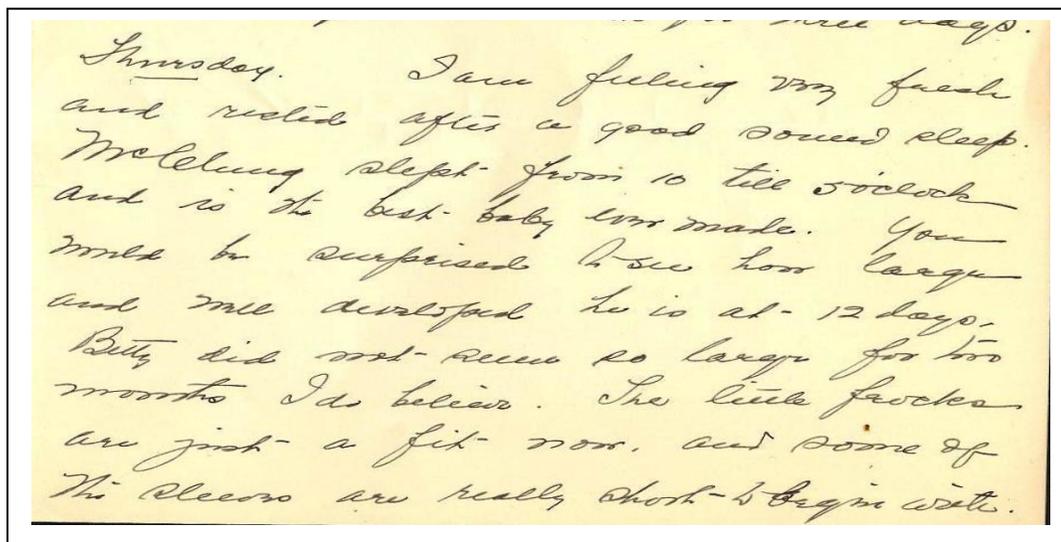
Tuesday. Our little man is cooling by himself on the veranda, and Nurse has gone to have her daily hot bath. Betty & Ayah are climbing the hill for their morning walk on the mall. A freshness is in the air after rain and the sun is beginning to struggle out. I was to have spent the morning on the veranda, on another bed, but it does not look hopeful. This is my 10th day and Nurse would like me to begin to sit up, but Col. Julian is very decided that I shall lie on my back until the 21st day!



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Thursday.

I am feeling very fresh and rested after good sound sleep. McClung slept from 10 till 5 o'clock and is the best baby ever made. You would be surprised to see how large and well developed he is at 12 days. Betty did not seem so large for two months I do believe. The little frocks are just a fit now, and some of the sleeves are really short to begin with.



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Did you ever have a 9 lb baby? It was too big I think, but all the trouble he caused me before his birth is amply compensated for by his being so little trouble now. I do wish you could see him!! Johnson is so proud of his little son it is perfectly lovely to see them together.

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I am afraid my legs have been sore since I was born and I do not know what to do about it.

FORMER CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
LAUREL

"Viedebandt"
Kasauli Hills.

Dearest Mother & Father,

I am beginning my letter to you on Monday June 7th so that I may have it under my pillow and add to it frequently. I was feeling perfectly well today and especially comfortable as the stitches were removed this morning and now there is nothing more to be done. I have been steadily gaining strength and am in the best of hands. Col. Julian has set his head on having me stay in bed twenty-one days! That is too long I am sure, but I cannot disappoint him as he has been so kind and skillful throughout.

Viedebandt"
Kasauli Hills
June 7, 1909
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Kasauli Hills
Viedebandt Cottage
June 15-17, 1909
Dearest Father & Mother,

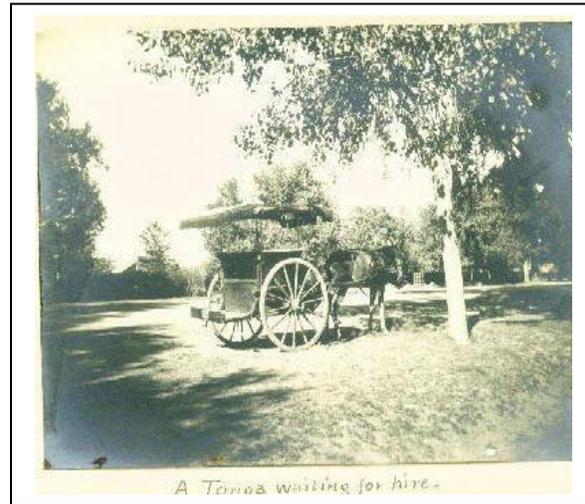
Another successful week has gone, and I am making strides ahead with my Port wine and 3 [cups] *** cream daily. My temperature has been normal for two days and I am feeling much stronger. This afternoon I shall sit up in a chair for the first time this afternoon and Nurse leaves me tomorrow morning. So you see we are getting on!

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Nurse is all packed and about to eat breakfast. The sky is overcast so we have sent for a hooded dandi. Nurse has been regulating everything and packing away what is no more needed. She has had the bedroom all turned out and mopped with phenyl and the rugs shaken and everything in splendid clean order for me to move in.

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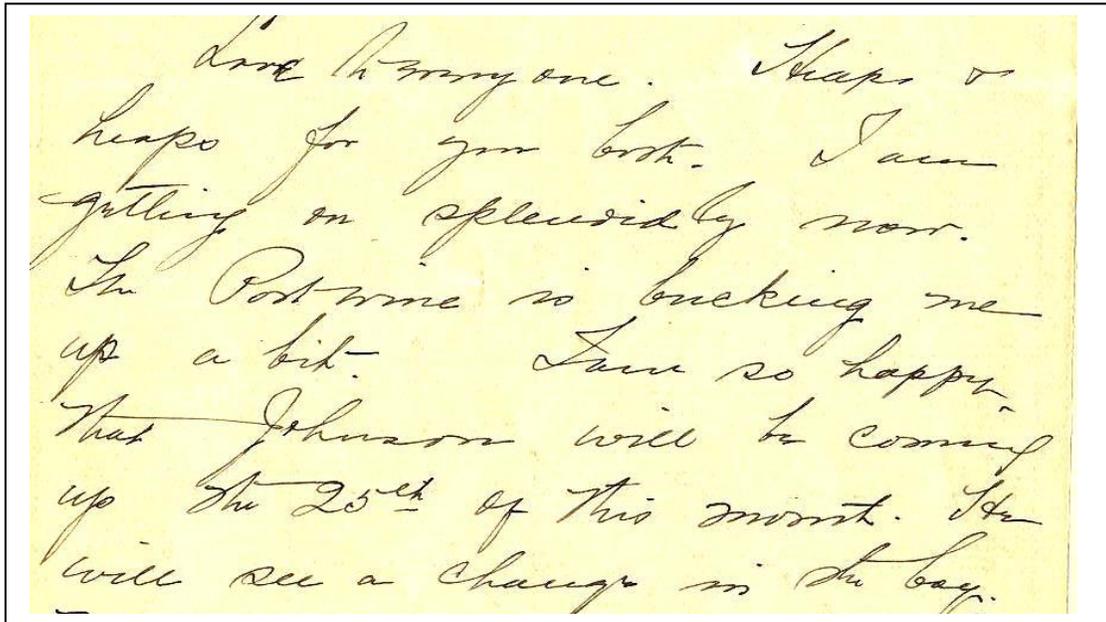
[Two modes of transportation; a *tonga* is on the right, and a *dandi* is on the left. Because John Cole was so tall, he required eight coolies to carry him up the hills.]



Later. I feel so well after sitting out on the veranda all afternoon. It is good to be up with stockings on! I have just settled with my nurse and it comes to R=127.6, including traveling expenses to and from Shimla & 21 days engagement. The Civil Surgeon will charge R=100 probably. [Rate of exchange?]

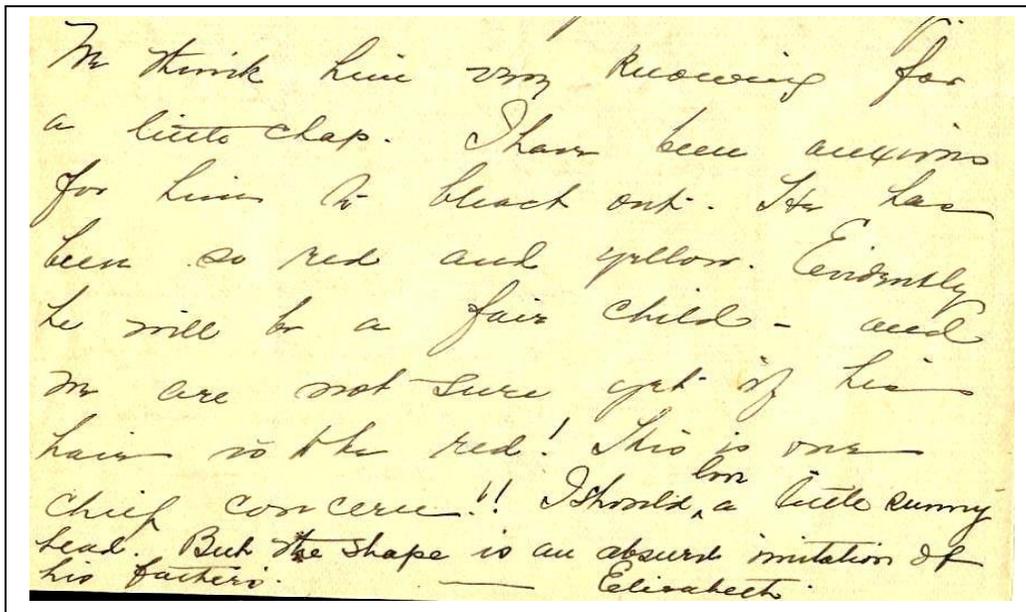
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Love to everyone. Heaps & heaps for you both. I am getting on splendidly now. The Port wine is bucking me up a bit. I am so happy that Johnson will be coming up the 25th of this month. He will see a change in the boy.

A rectangular snippet of a handwritten letter on aged, yellowed paper. The text is written in a cursive hand and matches the typed text above it. The snippet is framed by a thin black border.

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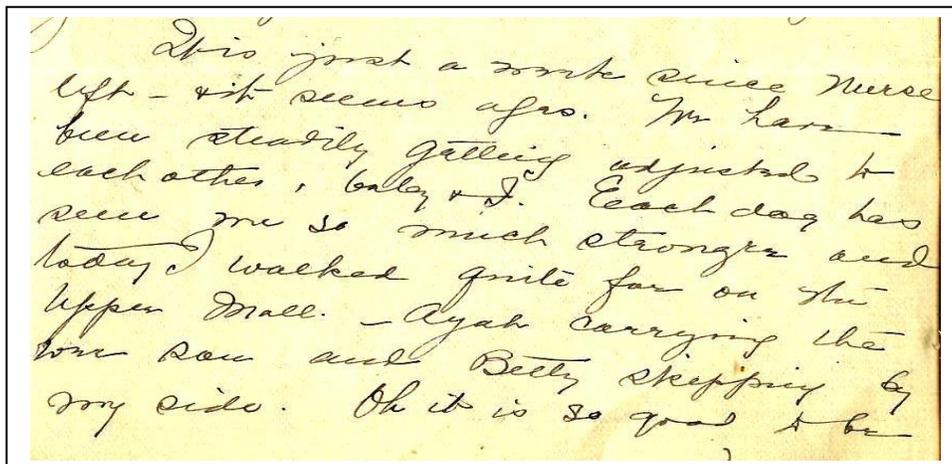
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Elizabeth.

June 23, 1909

"Viedebandt," Kasauli Hills

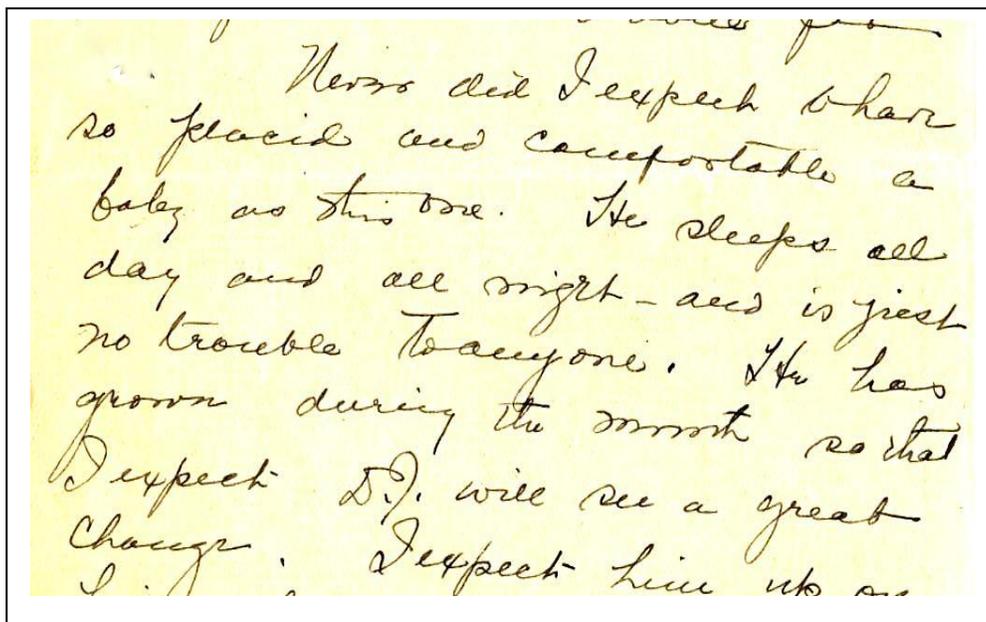
Dearest Parents,

It is just a week since Nurse left, & it seems ages. We have been steadily getting adjusted to each other, baby & I. Each day has seemed we are so much stronger and today I walked quite far on the Upper Mall, ayah carrying the wee son and Betty skipping by my side. [Oh it is so good to be on one's feet again! I praise God for all He has done for us!]



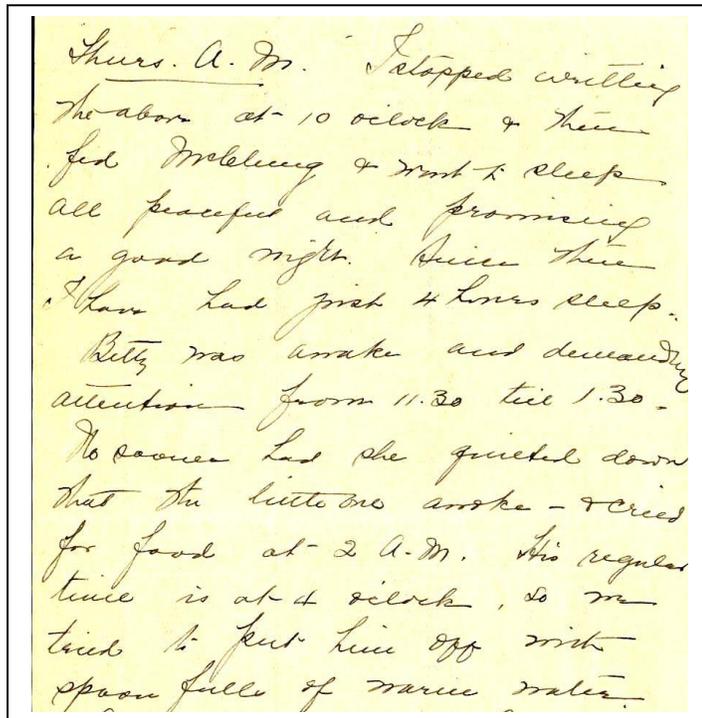
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Never did I expect to have so placid and comfortable a baby as this one. He sleeps all day and all night, and is just no trouble to anyone. He has grown during the month so that I expect DJ will see a great change. [I expect him up on Friday for two days. Hurrah!]



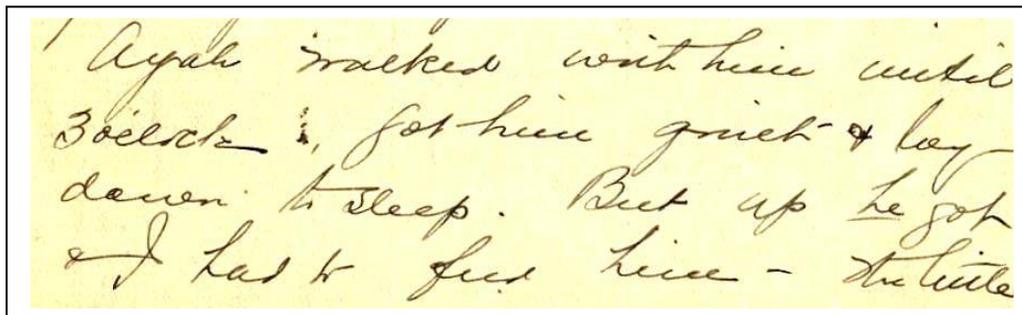
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Thursday a.m. I stopped writing the above at 10 o'clock & then fed McClung & went to sleep all peaceful and promising a good night. Since then I have had just 4 hours sleep. Betty was awake and demanding attention from 11:30 till 1:30. No sooner had she quieted down than the little one awoke, & cried for food at 2 a.m. His regular time is at 4 o'clock, so we tried to put him off with spoonfuls of warm water.



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~~monkey!~~ I was so afraid of changing his good night habits by feeding him. But he seems ravenously hungry. It was 3:30 when I was ready to sleep. Such is the life of a mother! It is all ups & downs even with the best of babies. I was greatly relieved however to have the house to myself, for if those two delicate ladies had been here I would have felt very responsible. [Johnson is so glad to have the house to himself this time when he comes up. It is ideal to be alone when there are only two days after a whole month.]

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June 29

Dear Mrs. Cole,

At last the time came when I could
 start up to my little family. You must
 think this is a strange life we lead,
 separated so much. I hope it is not too
 much of a strain on Elizabeth, for I realize
 the care of two small children, and the
 responsibility such constant care involved
 I know is no light thing.

It was so good to see Elizabeth her
 old self again, able to be about.

[Yours, Johnson]

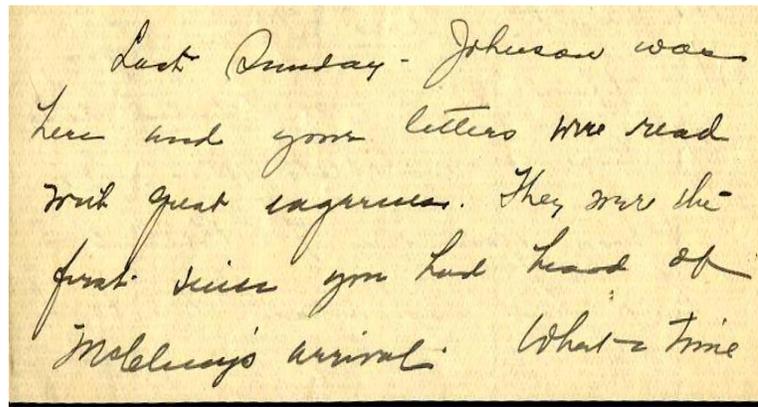
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June 29, 1907.

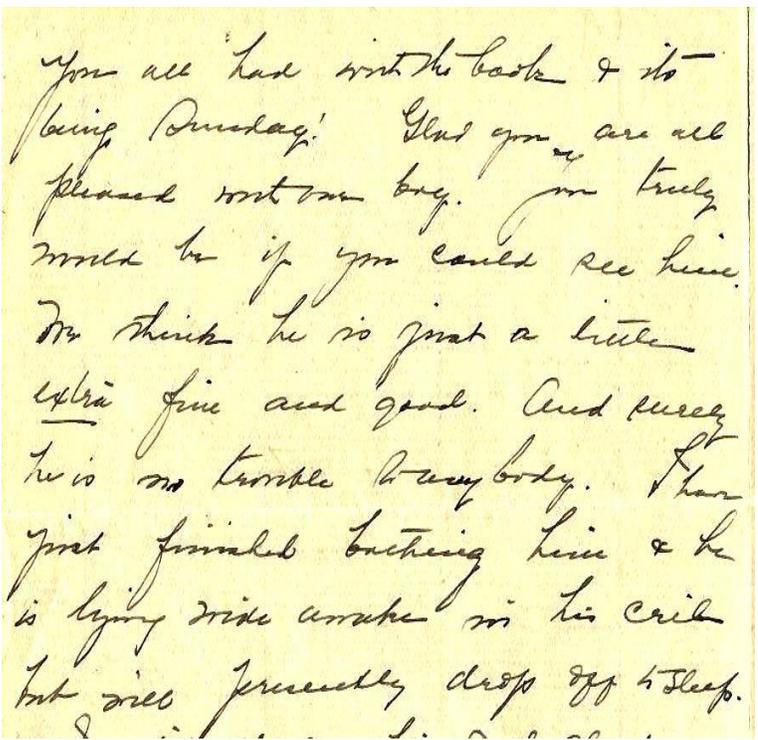
July 1, 1909
"Viedebandt" Kasauli Hills
Dearest Father and Mother,

Last Sunday Johnson was here and your letters were read with great eagerness. They were the first since you had heard of McClung's arrival. What a time ...

... you all had with the [cable] book & its being Sunday! Glad you were all pleased with our boy. You truly would be if you could see him. We think he is just a little extra fine and good. And surely he is no trouble to anybody. I have just finished bathing him & he is lying wide awake in his crib but will presently drop off to sleep.



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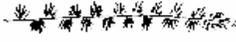
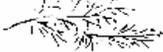
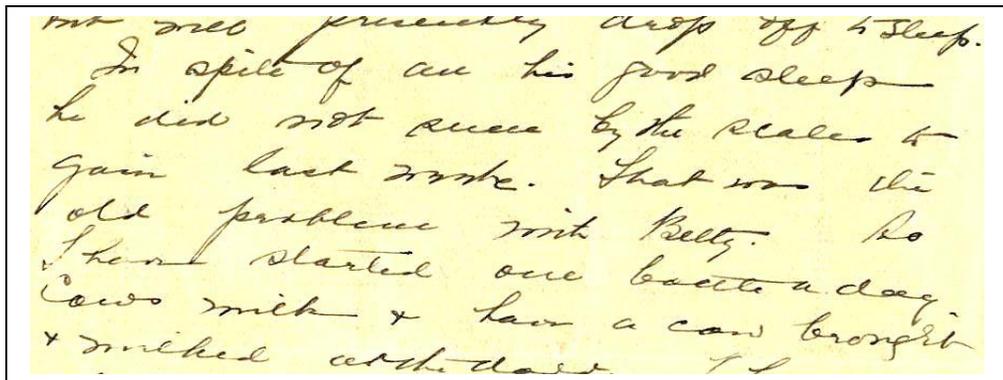
Can you smell the fragrance of these pines? We have three kinds about this cottage. The "Diadars" which are beautifully pointed and have the needles arranged thus  The "Kial" is quite different. Its needles are longer and silvery  and the Scotch pine is just  flat ones. Then of course there is the cedar  -I don't know the long Latin names to the different ferns found up here. But the varieties are many. Lots of maiden hair Oh, so pretty! The Apples on this Apple tree close by are quite rosy this week. They hang in heavy thickness from the branches.

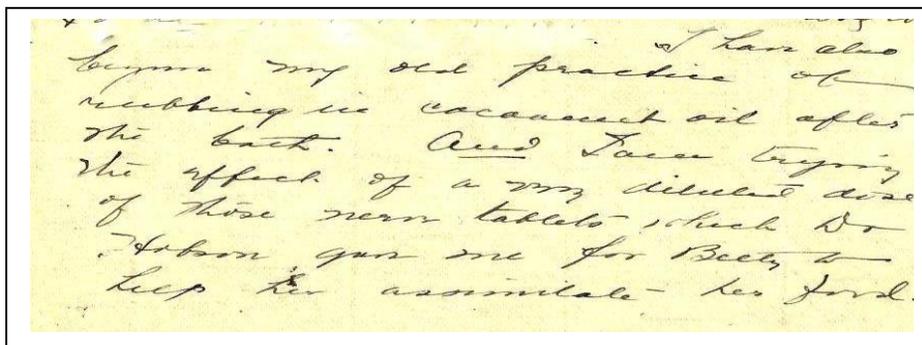
Illustration from August 22, 1905, letter

In spite of all his good sleep he did not seem by the scales to gain last week. That was the old problem with Betty. So I have started one bottle a day, cow's milk & have a cow brought & milked at the door.



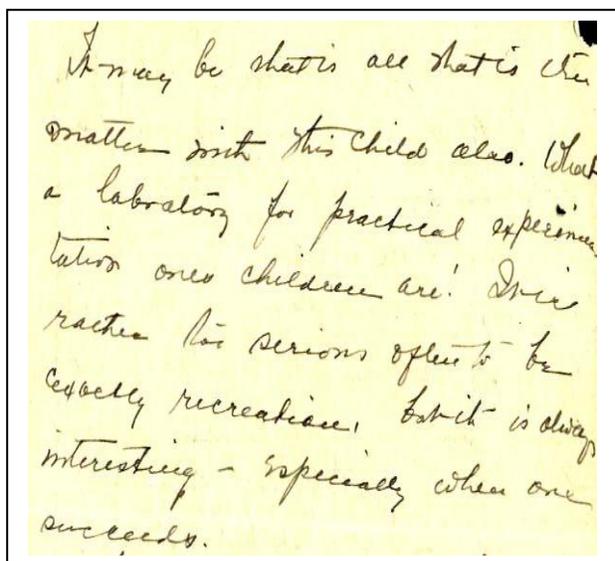
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I have also begun my old practice of rubbing in coconut oil after the bath. And I am trying the effect of a very diluted dose of those nerve tablets which Dr. Hobson gave me for Betty to help her assimilate her food.



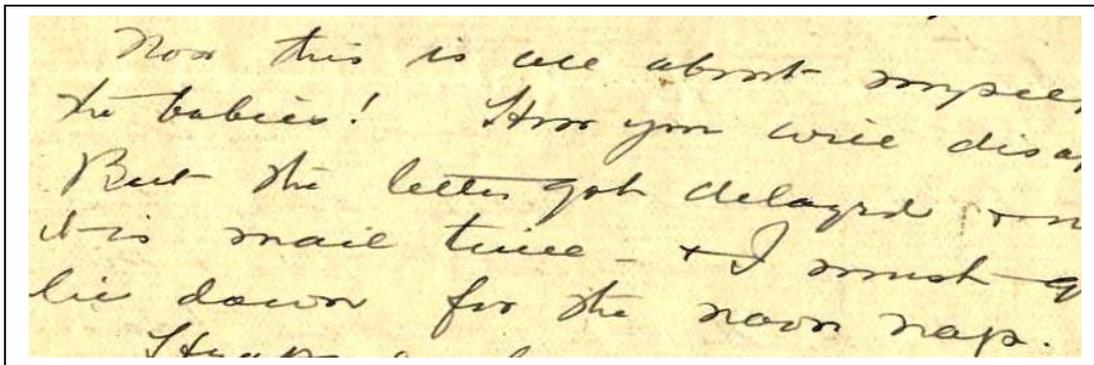
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It may be that is all that is the matter with this child also. What a laboratory for practical experimentation ones children are! It is rather too serious often to be exactly recreation, but it is always interesting—especially when one succeeds.



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Now this is all about myself & the babies! How you will disapprove. But the letter got delayed & now it is mail time, & I must go lie down for the noon nap.



Now this is all about myself & the babies! How you will disapprove. But the letter got delayed & now it is mail time - I must go lie down for the noon nap.

[Elizabeth is embarrassed to write to her mother, Julia Cole, of such humdrum, boring subjects as her excitement over having a newborn son. In her first letter home in June, more a collection of thoughts, she wrote, “What a long letter I have written you! And still there is not much news. I am able to write of little else but about ourselves.” This was just days after giving birth to my father.

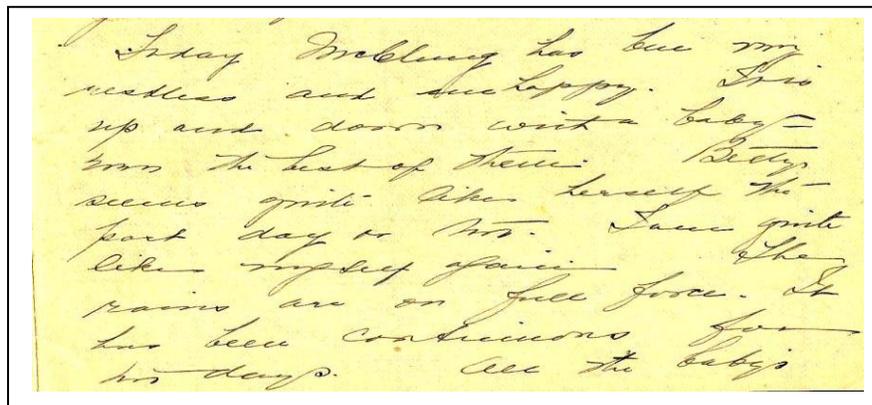
In my DePaul thesis I began to see Julia as a harsh mother and an exacting taskmaster. Elizabeth often talks of Julia’s orderly and systematic habits. The Cole/Fleming women were all about the Missionary Movement—and self-love was not part of that message. My father did not really like his Grandmother Julia.]

July 7, 1909

Viedebandt, Kasauli

My dear Parents

Today McClung has been very restless and unhappy. It is up and down with a baby even the best of them. Betty seems quite like herself this past day or two. I am quite like myself, of course. The rains have been continuous for ten days.

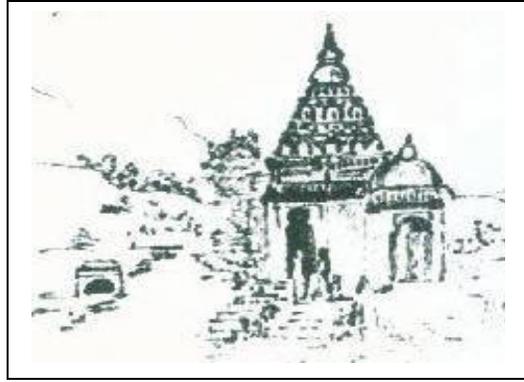


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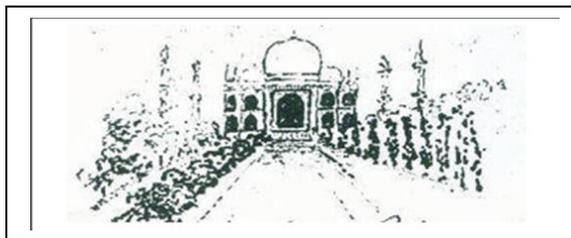
July 13, 1909
Kasauli
Dearest Parents,

This little boy is a contrast to Betty by being a good sleeper. But I get very discouraged over his habits. They were excellent when Nurse left but the ayah loves to feel him in her arms, to trot & walk and sing & talk and rock him. She does it whenever

alone with him, & now he knows quite well when awake that he prefers to be held & walked with—and rocked to sleep! As long as I have an ayah I presume any other proceeding is quite hopeless.



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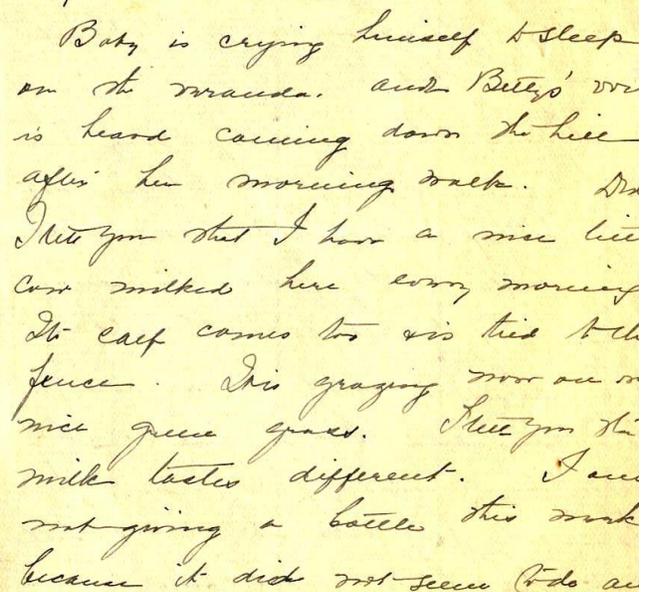


Baby is crying himself to sleep on the veranda, and Betty's voice is heard coming down the hill after her morning walk. Did I tell you that I have a nice little cow milked here every morning. Its calf comes too & is tied to the fence.

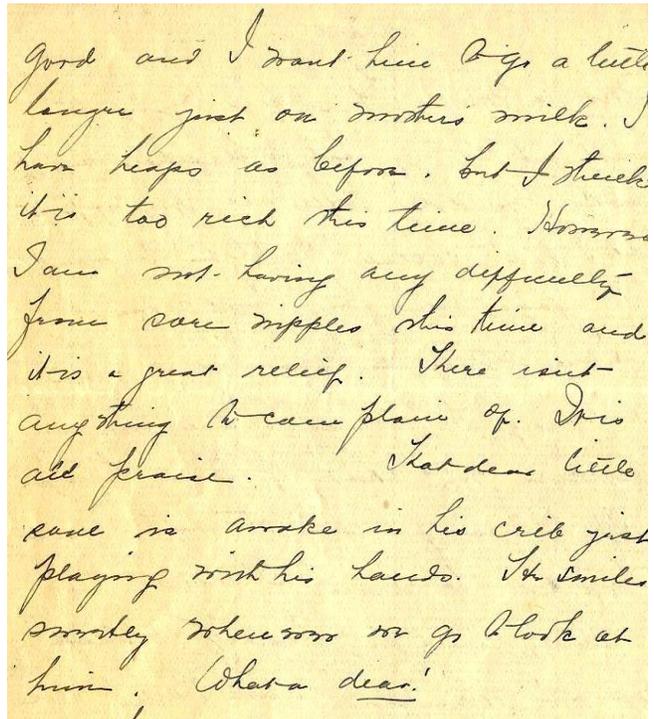
It is grazing now on our nice green grass. I tell you the milk tastes different. I am not giving a bottle this week because it did not seem to do any

good and I want him to go a little longer just on mother's milk. I have heaps as before, but I think it too rich this time. However I'm not having any difficulty from sore nipples this time and it is a great relief. There isn't anything to complain of. It is all praise.

That dear little soul is awake in his crib just playing with his hands. He smiles sweetly whenever we go to look at him. What a dear!



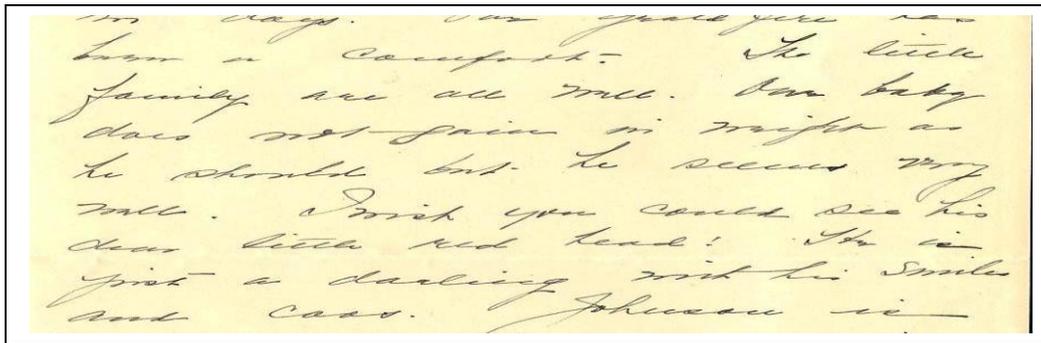
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Viedebandt Cottage
July 21, 1909
Dearest Father & Mother,

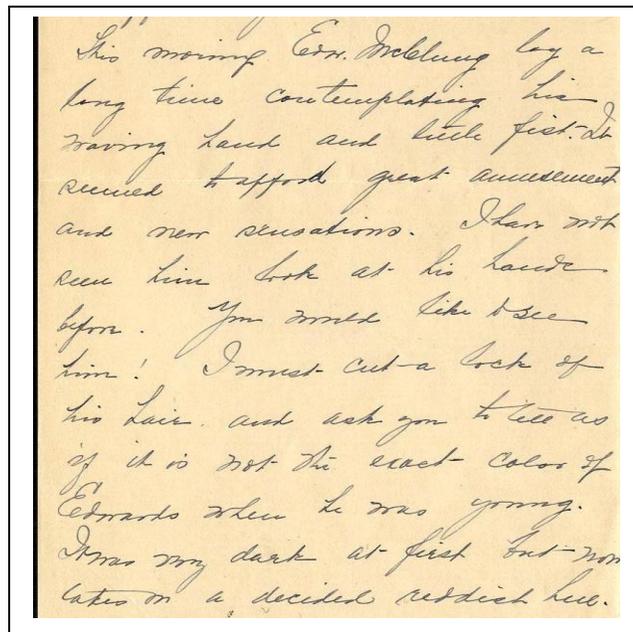
The little family are all well. Our baby does not gain in weight as he should but he seems very well. I wish you could see his dear little red head! He is just a darling with his smiles and coos.



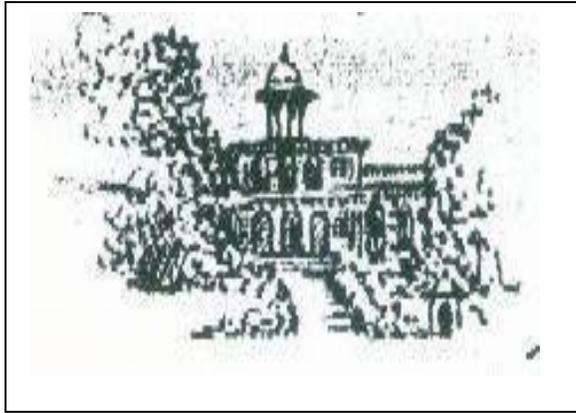
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and coos. Johnson is

July 29, 1909
Forman Christian College Stationery
Viedebandt, Kasauli
My dear Parents

This morning Edw McClung lay a long time contemplating his moving hand and little fist. It seemed to afford great amusement and new sensations. I have not seen him look at his hands before. You would like to see him! I must cut a lock of his hair and ask you to tell us if it is not the exact color of Edward's when he was young. It was very dark at first but now takes on a decided reddish hue.

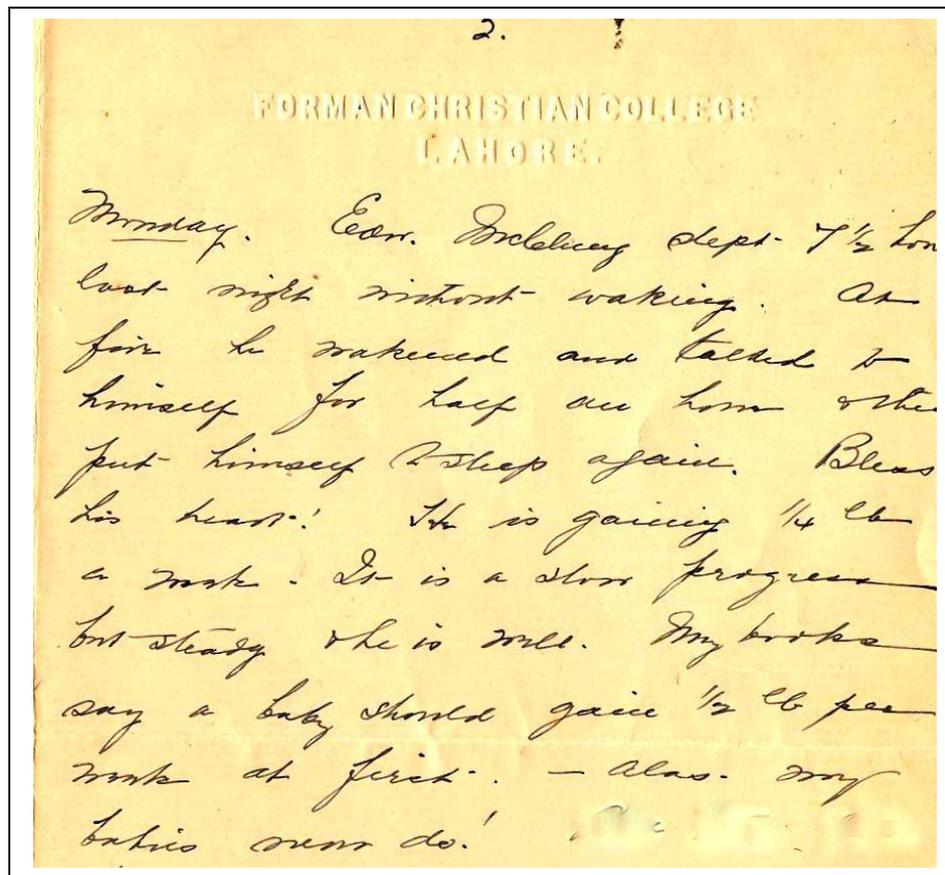


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Forman Christian College Stationery
Kasauli Hills, India
July 30, 1909
Dearest Parents,

Monday. Edward McClung slept 7 1/2 hours last night without waking. At five he wakened and talked to himself for half an hour & then put himself to sleep again. Bless his heart! He is gaining 1/4 lb a week. It is slow progress but steady & he is well. My books say a baby should gain 1/2 lb per week at first—alas, my babies never do!



But this little fellow is so good and happy I believe there is no cause to notice his weight much. I give one bottle of day of *rich* cows milk but it does not satisfy him as long as my milk does. He is out for an airing now up hill, in the ayah's arms.

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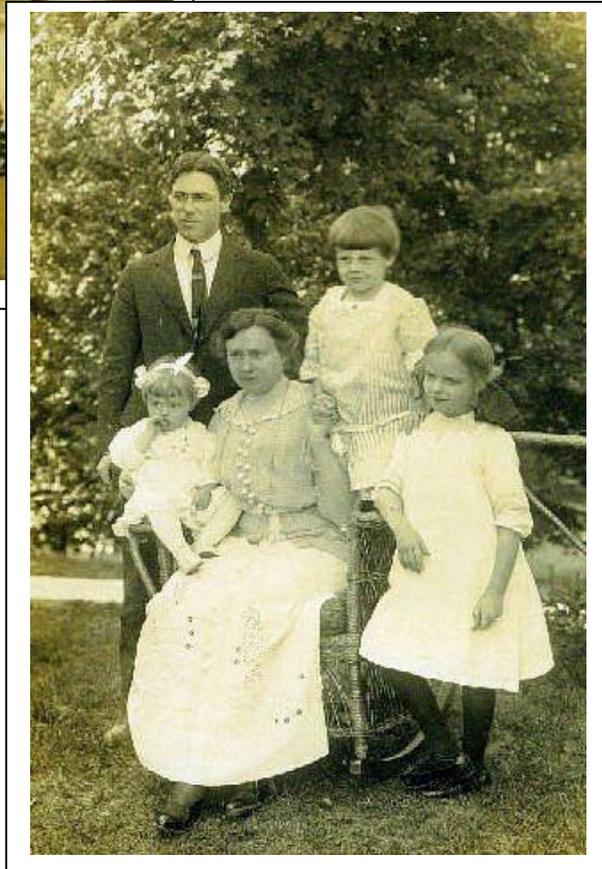
Dan was saying the other day that "it would humble [?] our children to see the houses where they were born." Certainly in middle life they will need to take long pilgrimages & discover their birthplace. But even if always in America I should like them to come & see!

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And sure enough, Edward McClung Fleming returned to Lahore, India, in 1930 before returning to the United States for graduate school. He taught history at Forman College and toured the Punjab region.

The top photo was used to advertise Elizabeth's missionary speaking tours when the Flemings moved back to the United States in 1914. She was a speaker in great demand across the country



Below is an example of Elizabeth's early "professional" letters. She was the Foreign Secretary in India for the Women's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest [Chicago]. This was a paid position, but I am sure her salary was merely a token salary. October 1904.

Two days at Agra. Oct 1st & 2nd 1904

The long ride from Amudnagar to Agra was surprising by comfort all. Although the Foujari trail was crowded the night air was cool, almost cold. I must say I like these Indian ones to travel in. The seats are of leather, three in a coach running lengthwise so that at night you lie full length on them, spreading down what you like for bedding.

Arriving at Agra at 9 o'clock, we found ourselves in a great crowd at the station. The representative of the Metropole piloted us to a gully. We were driven at once to room No 35 opening directly on to the front veranda.

Agra is a great place. We drove first of all to the Taj. Wonderful! The gardens and gates and mosque were beautiful. But just to add before that outburst of pure marble was enough to fill every crevice of civilization I shall not attempt a description. Then we drove to the Fort and roamed in the old ruins of palaces and mosques and court yards. One's imagination runs riot in there. The afternoon we spent visiting all the famous tombs, many of them. We went to dinner with Capt and Mrs Kettle at 8.30. Their house is cozy and rich in rugs and hangings and cashmere screens etc. The drawing room was an old tomb. Its vaulted ceiling and arches made an imposing room. Each pillar was decorated with the head of a bear, or deer, or boar which they had killed. The skins were on the floor.

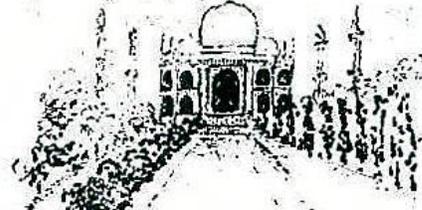
After dinner until the moon came up we sat out doors, with a servant fanning us with an enormous palm leaf on a standard.

At ten, the horses were brought and we were driven to the Taj. Three steeds were spirited, handsome animals. Mrs Kettle drove magnificently. We sat by the Jumma river waiting for the moon to rise, and when it sent its blue light over the Taj, it was a glorious thing.

We lingered until twelve o'clock, and were loth to go.

Next morning at 4 a.m. we were up and off for a 22 mile drive to Fatehgarh Sikri, the royal city of Akbar, built in 1570. Like the fort this was a most marvellous spot. Ruins of the palace, and the apartments of the three wives, one Hindu, one Mohammedan and one Christian, were intensely interesting. The great mosque said to be a copy of the one at Mecca, was very beautiful.





Aunt Betty was my father's older sister. Clockwise: Julia at 6 months; David with Betty @ 1989—Aunt Betty taught dance to John-John and Caroline Kennedy at the White House (see photo on the wall). Lower photo @ 1989.

