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Monday, Nov. 28th, 1927. 9:40 p.m.

My dear little sister:

On this anniversary of your advent, instead of sending you the usual birthday card, I will begin a letter to you and all your families, by sending our sincere congratulations and our best wishes for many happy returns of the day. 1859 -- 1927. Much has transpired in the time, the world has been revolutionized in many ways, but love, and truth, and God are just the same, now as ever. May your dear shadow ever increase. This old world hath much need of helpful shadows.

And now I will broaden the address of the letter to include the children, in-laws, and grands, and proceed to answer the appeal for another letter about Herbert and family, written since their arrival. When you said no such letter had been written, Ida and I were sure one had been, but maybe the one we thought of was the letter finished after their arrival in America, and mailed before their arrival in Washington.

They landed in Washington on the morning of July 6th, 9 o'clock. All of both families, except one or two whose duties detained them, declared a holiday and met them at the train. Mr. Tyler, the pastor, and a few others from Epworth also joined the company of greeters. He wouldn't let many from Epworth come down, as he felt that we of the families should have that time rather sacredly to ourselves. Brother Bush, however, a dear, solid, sterling man, a passenger conductor on the Pennsy R. R., would not be left out; and he got us through the gates so we could meet our children at the train side. What a meeting it was! Any attempt to describe it would be weak. As to Bobbie, that is to say, baby Barbara, well, we had seen the other two before, but never her; and our interest and curiosity ~~concerning~~ ^{concerning} her were up to concert pitch. She seemed to just take to us naturally, however, and was acquainted in short order. She has a happy disposition, and is much at home anywhere and with anybody. They all say she looks just like Herbert; and then folks say he looks like me. I haven't heard anyone say Bobbie looks like me, but Herbert says she is granddaddy's girl. Just now her mama called up from their new apartment, and arranged to leave her here with her grandmother tomorrow while she goes to the dentist. That last "she" is the mama, of course.

They have been rather living around with the rest of us since their arrival, until recently, but most all the time with Mr. and Mrs. Frost, while Herbert looked around and got settled. He has now opened an office with Dr. Hornaday, one of his professors when he was in medical school, their offices being in the Rochambeau. He will take the burden of part of Dr. Hornaday's work, and will have also a practice of his own. That "burden" is rather heavy just now, as Dr. Hornaday is sick. They have recently been getting settled in their new apartment at 4831 - 36th Street, n.w., where I think they will be very comfortable. Their phone? Of course, for you may want to call the doctor in the night. Cleveland 4581.

They shipped a good deal of their furniture from China; but, notwithstanding Herbert paid a good price to someone in Shanghai to pack their stuff, it was not properly done, and it arrived in rather sickening condition. Some 18 or 20 legs were off of things, beds, dressers, etc. He got Mr. Myers, one of our neighbors who used to do airplane work at one of the fields at Dayton, Ohio,

to make the repairs, and it is quite wonderful how well he did it. You see there were many making their exit from China about that same time, and much pressure for sailing accommodations and everything kindred. When you come down, we will take an evening off and go over and see their curios. We have here at present a set of chop sticks, an abacus, and a bamboo back scratcher.

Saturday night, December 3, 9:56 p.m. That is the way it goes. Letters get written by instalments. Well, perhaps that is better than not at all.

One Sunday morning, I went over to the Fort, by Herbert's request, and brought Bobbie over to Sunday School at Epworth. On the way she told of her "new house". I said "Then you will live there, and that will be your home." She said "I want to go back to Shoochow, and get some of my nice things." I asked her "What nice things do you want to get?" Her answer, after a moment's delay, was "I want Tsim-may." That answer went rather deep into my heart, because I had learned how much that Chinese girl meant in their lives. Tsi Mei (pronounced Tsim-may, not as two words, but as one word of two syllables, accented equally), a beautiful Chinese girl then about 20, came to them as a maid a few weeks or months before Bobbie's birth. In those days she was literally Tottie's shadow, she cared for her so closely. After Bobbie's birth, she was simply devoted to her. After she was large enough to go out on the University campus and play, often Tsim-may would have her dressed and fed, and out on the campus before Herbert and Tottie were out of bed.

I must finish this letter sometime, and get it mailed. "Time would tell me to tell" of all the incidents of their leaving -- getting out of Soochow at midnight after perhaps the most hectic twelve hours of their lives, made so by a rumored threat to burn them out that night, by suspense and uncertainty and not by actual assault -- succeeding in getting nine, ten, or eleven small boats sufficient to carry forty-one missionaries and eighty-two pieces of luggage -- dropping out through one of the city's smaller gates, on one of the many canals -- spending the day next day, which was Sunday March 27th, waiting around about five miles from Soochow -- being picked up by a train which came along Sunday evening Providentially, and took them to Shanghai, where they were left at the north station, outside the International Settlement, a point of extreme danger -- getting in by God's help to their friends inside the Settlement by about two that night -- Well, it's quite a story, and one they didn't care much to talk about when they first came. Possibly, time has softened the edge of it some by this time.

After a time Tsim-may and Alo, their cook, came down to Shanghai. When they were leaving for America, Alo and Tsim-may, with other friends, stood on the dock. By some means their boat was delayed about a hour, after ours were aboard. For that whole hour, Tsim-may stood on the dock and wept. Is it any wonder that, when the ship finally drew away from the dock, and the orchestra began playing "Farewell to Thee" (Aloha), Herbert said, in one of his letters, "We thought our hearts would break!"

I will not delay this longer, in order to answer any of your letters which have not been answered. Will save them until next time.

With very much love all 'round,
Your own brother, etc.,

*Copies to Columbus
& Calif.*

Hanby.

WILLIAM H. RAMSEY

FORMER ATTORNEY, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE (1919-1938)

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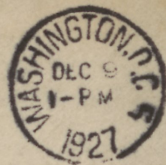
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TELEPHONE NATIONAL 3339

813 Mass. Ave., N.W.

D.C.

Herbert's Exit
from China.



Mrs. Augusta V. Michener,
2246 N. Alabama St.,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Walter or Mayme may
open, if Gusta at Col.