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When the bishop got the crowd of women together in Shanghai and said that in his opinion it was better to stay in Shanghai for the present, one of the younger ones ~~agreed~~ ^{primarily} agreed with me that he had no right to insist, that if we were willing to "take it", we should be allowed to do so. I think in principle he agrees, although he hesitates to say so. However the situation looks a lot brighter to me than it did a few weeks ago. If one gets in a place like Shanghai, it is difficult to make up one's mind to leave it for a less secure place. Therefore I got out as soon as possible without thinking too long about it.

But my idea is that other people have lived through such experience, or have been broken by them, and why should I expect to be excepted. I think that is the attitude of all of us, missionary and Chinese.

I think that the lesson that one has to learn in administrative work is that of relative values. People all have their good points and weak points. Our friends judge us by our good points, our enemies by our weak points. A supervisor however has to be neither friend or enemy, he has to know both one's weakness and strength and arrange conditions so that one can do his best work. You can't treat everyone alike, because everyone's gifts are different.

With me it is a problem of giving them a maximum of freedom and still remain in control of the situation myself. I don't have time to attend to all the details. If I had all the work I have charge of in one building or in one compound or even within a short distance, I could manage better, but the whole is like the three points of a triangle, the two work places being at the ends of the long side, and my place of residence the third point about half way between but at an angle.

I am taking on more responsibility in the other church this year. The Bible Women there seem not to be getting along very well, with each other and with the work and last spring they invited me to come and talk with them. Before that I had just left them alone. Miss Golisch left in February and she was responsible before that for the work in that church. I'm not sure but what the B. W. regret their steep in asking me to help, because I'm putting them all to work in a real way. It was sort of a situation where one would not do more than the other until no one was doing anything. One of them is still quite pouty about it, but I think she will feel better when she begins to see the results of her work. They were losing face because their attendance was dwindling to almost nothing.

What amuses me about myself and my work is finding myself doing things which I criticized or laughed at other people for doing. I claim that I am getting more and more like Miss Golisch. Her method for handling the choir was to give them a party and some eats with a little practice. In desperation I've been driven to try her method. I think we put in too much practice and too little play, so that while my choir sings better than hers usually did, yet I don't get the ones in it that I especially want. We always laughed at Marie because she would start in at one church and stay for part of the performance and then arrive at the other church for the end of the service. One can't help in a situation however unless one knows what is going on, who is doing what, or not doing it. Fortunately one church is on daylight saving and the other on standard so that I really got to the second place in time to push some of them on the job. Later I think I shall alternate.

This situation here is a very interesting one to live through. I hope you can comfort yourself whatever happens in knowing that I am prepared to take whatever comes. It has been a revelation to me of the adaptability of the human mechanism to meet an emergency. It is like being a soldier and knowing that one may have to die. Naturally one doesn't look forward to the prospect, but still the prospect does not hange over one like a constant threat. Emotionally it does not register with me. It is the same with every one else. Almost without exception! Of the folks that went home, no one went because he was afraid to stay. They were all either due for furlough or in poor health.