

27 Warrender Park Road,
Edinburgh,
May 11, 1924.

Dear Mary Meggie:-

Bless us, tho I long to hear from you, it would never occur to me to be "peeved" because you had not written--I am too conscious of my own shortcomings in the epistolary art. But if you do not communicate often, you do make up for it in the quality. For downright flabbergasting surprise, I think your last, with the enclosure, is the record-breaker for the year. The L.E.C. people were so darling at my birthday--every one of the group and the new Bible person to boot, sent me a nice letter, but having been so exceptionally nice, they quite rightly have been enjoying the fruit of their laurels (that sounds a bit mixed but I dare say you experience with themes will help you to guess at what is meant) and I had not heard one word of any special dissatisfaction. Of course I am just dying of curiosity--I'd give a good deal to have Miss Lawsing to report the gossip, so do take pity on me and pass on any more choice bits that you hear. I did not feel at liberty to indicate that I knew anything so I cannot even ask them questions, but surely somebody will write something before long. Honestly I cannot understand trustees that will let two such good deans go--even if they were the only ones to leave at this time, and if the alumnae stand by and let them go without protest, I do think the situation is hopeless. Daddy Wade is so careful not to get mixed up in what is not his concern that he must have had to put up with a lot to drive him to the desperate deed when he had just bought his house. And furthermore, what had happened at Hood that there is room for so many at once? And do they not need a good teacher of Bible? There will be a very good (!!)

one available next year.

It is very interesting about Miss Farnham, also. Well, I certainly do not envy Miss Small, tho I do not at present feel enough Christian grace to be sorry she is getting her just deserts.

When you relate all that you are doing, I feel ashamed to indicate my mode of life, for I do nothing but read and sleep. I am not accomplishing what I had hoped on a thesis, nothing in fact, but I am doing some work in philosophy which I should have had long ago, and it is very good for me, and in the long run, a very good expenditure of time and energy. I think Professor Kemp Smith

is a good solid thinker, and I have learned more as to teaching than one would gain from many a course in pedagogy. And until one knows the main problems in philosophy and has an attitude of one's own, reasoned out to the best of one's ability, one cannot progress far in evaluating critical work in the religious field. I have about decided to remain another year--that will finish my residence requirement for the Ph. D. and if within five years I can publish a thesis, I will get it. I have weighed pros and cons most earnestly, and longed to take counsel from my friends, but one can never state all the facts in letters, so if you and others think I am crazy, so be it. But two years seems so much more than twice one year; there may never come another time when I could be free from other obligations for two consecutive years; whether I get the degree or not, there is no doubt in my mind that I shall be a more valuable member of a faculty as a result of two years here than if I had taken the degree at Chicago. At first the attitude toward Americans irritated me beyond words--outwardly very cordial, but supercilious toward our intellectual attainments. As I have had a chance to compare myself, for instance, with a woman about my age, younger, if anything, who is a member of the staff at the Women's Training College, I am ashamed, for she is just soaked in information, and so humiliatingly intelligent about everything that is going on in Europe, I feel like an infant beside her. Socially, of course, everybody is most kind. I could not ask better treatment than I have received in that way.

But of course it will be harder to get a job at this distance, so if you hear of any possibilities, I wish you would let me know.

We had a whole month's vacation at Easter and went to Birmingham for the Conference on Politics, Economics and Citizenship for part of it. An unparalleled opportunity to see who's who in the realm of British religious thought. Commissions of experts have been working for three years obtaining facts and putting the results in the shape of well-worked out reports. These were put into the hands of each delegate as a basis for discussion. For real effort to try to understand opposing views, and to formulate standards, the discussions on Christianity and War and on the Relations of the Sexes were noteworthy. I do not think America could have displayed the tolerance coupled with the depth of conviction that were there experienced.

While Miss Dutcher stayed on for another conference on Missions, I visited an old Hartford friend who

married a Britisher and now lives in Uppingham. She is Danish, speaks in addition to her native tongue, English, German, French and Arabic (because they were stationed at Cairo for a time) and has a lovely appreciation of music--used to play the piano but has had no time to keep up with babies to take care of. With all this, however, she is primarily a person of insight rather than reason, and underneath her calm manner has an intensity of affection that surprised me after eleven years. The husband was also at Hartford, but I did not know him there. He is the "typical Oxford man, Baliol, and his father and grandfather and great grandfather were also Oxford men, and I do not suppose your mother's daughter would be inclined to dispute the fact that he shows that such has been his background. I think he would be distinguished in any country in any position. To hear him read poetry by the fire evenings is an experience one does not soon forget. And at table he converses, he does not merely chatter. And as to books, if you mentioned one he had either read it or for good reasons had not done so--none of this lame wondering what it was like as is so often my case--and for worldly goods, a nice house and an adequate number of servants to keep it, and a garden of some three acres and men to keep that, all that you can put your finger on as evidences of civilization; and yet, I came away wondering if we in America would ever come to the point where we would turn out such---it will not come in my day I know that-- but he is too complete. The very scrupulousness with which he points out the good in other classes and other lands shows how confident he is that his country and his class is superior. Very stimulating to know, but I came away with the impression that to care for a man like that would mean to break one's heart or to lose one's mind. His wife, being her own peculiar combination of stolidity and penetration, is very happy.

It was so warm we had tea in the garden, and I spent most of my time reading in it. Do you know Selma Lagerlöf's "Gösta Berling"? I read that there and also a biography very popular in Edinburgh just now, Barbour's "Life of Alexander Whyte", the pastor of Free Saint George's for over 50 years. "The Lady" would love that, I know.

I was so sorry to hear about the sprained ankle, but of course not at all surprised to know that everybody liked the "Lady". You have both been very much in my mind as spring comes on, for the two vacations in Oberlin have left not only a pleasant, but a lasting memory.

I have rambled to more length than effect, I fear, but you will be able to glean that I was appreciative of your letter, but even more of the friendship of the

writer, whom I love, not just "a little," but more than she dreams.

As always,

Grace S.

Interesting letter, don't you think so, Lady? How do those English women keep up so well in things - reading and international affairs, and domestic politics? It makes me even more ashamed than Grace needs to be. Dear me, I dislike being ashamed of myself. I think it is nice Grace is staying a second year - two years is a lot more than twice one.

It is a lovely day, but still cold. How late spring is coming around these parts. The trees are really quite green at last and it is lovely to look out and see them.

I've been reading proof again today for the catalogue.

Ellen or Evelynia might be interested in this.

For
Mrs. Belcher
With thanks -
K. Fullerton

Prof. Keeper Fullerton
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