

With humor, humility, and perseverance, she worked diligently to impart to her students Christian teachings and her love for Western classical music, and to serve as a role model for her Japanese students. In 1926 she and her colleague at Miyagi College, Lydia Lindsey, participated in—as the only foreigners—a conference of Japanese women determined to improve the rights of women. Many of the leaders of this movement were graduates of Christian schools in Japan.

As the daughter of a prominent Kansas pioneer family, Kate grew up in a supportive, loving, and adventuresome family. Her family and friends in Logan, Kansas, provided her a home base during her furloughs from her position in Japan, and she always loved to return to the subtle beauty of the Kansas prairies and wildflowers.

Kate spent the World War II years after Pearl Harbor in Kansas but returned to Sendai after the war to help rebuild Miyagi College. After she retired in 1951, she returned to Kansas. In her retirement she was honored by the University of Kansas, Miyagi College, and the Emperor of Japan for her contributions to the education of Japanese women.

This volume offers a rich, multidimensional perspective on the life and work of an important American missionary teacher, on the influences that formed Kate Hansen's decision to operate outside the traditional domestic sphere, and on her contributions to international education.

## Kate Hansen—The Grandest Mission on Earth



This collection of Kate Hansen's diaries, letters, publications, and compositions provides compelling insight into the life and work of one of Kansas's most important native daughters. Descended from northwest Kansas pioneers, Kate Hansen graduated from the University of Kansas in 1905 and drew upon her heritage in serving as a missionary teacher in Japan for nearly half a century. Through two world wars and the Great Depression, she helped introduce Western music to the Orient and—as a woman of action and achievement—served as a role model and inspiration for several generations of Japanese Christian women.

—Robert E. Hemenway, Chancellor, The University of Kansas

Miyagi Gakuin (College) was established in 1886 and is proud of its long history of providing a Christian education for women. We are most proud of the music education originally promoted by Dr. Kate I. Hansen. Her heritage means a great deal to us. We are pleased that this book will provide readers the opportunity to learn about her devotion to music education and Christian ideals and to appreciate her great works.

—Matsuo Fukaya, Chancellor, Miyagi Gakuin, Sendai, Japan



Dane Gray Bales is manager-trustee of the Hansen Trust and a trustee of the Hansen Foundation in Logan, Kansas. Polly Roth Bales is a leader in Logan church and community affairs and has been instrumental in developing the Hansen Museum. Calvin E. Harbin, emeritus professor of education and dean at Fort Hays State University, is the counselor for the Dane G. Hansen Scholarship program.

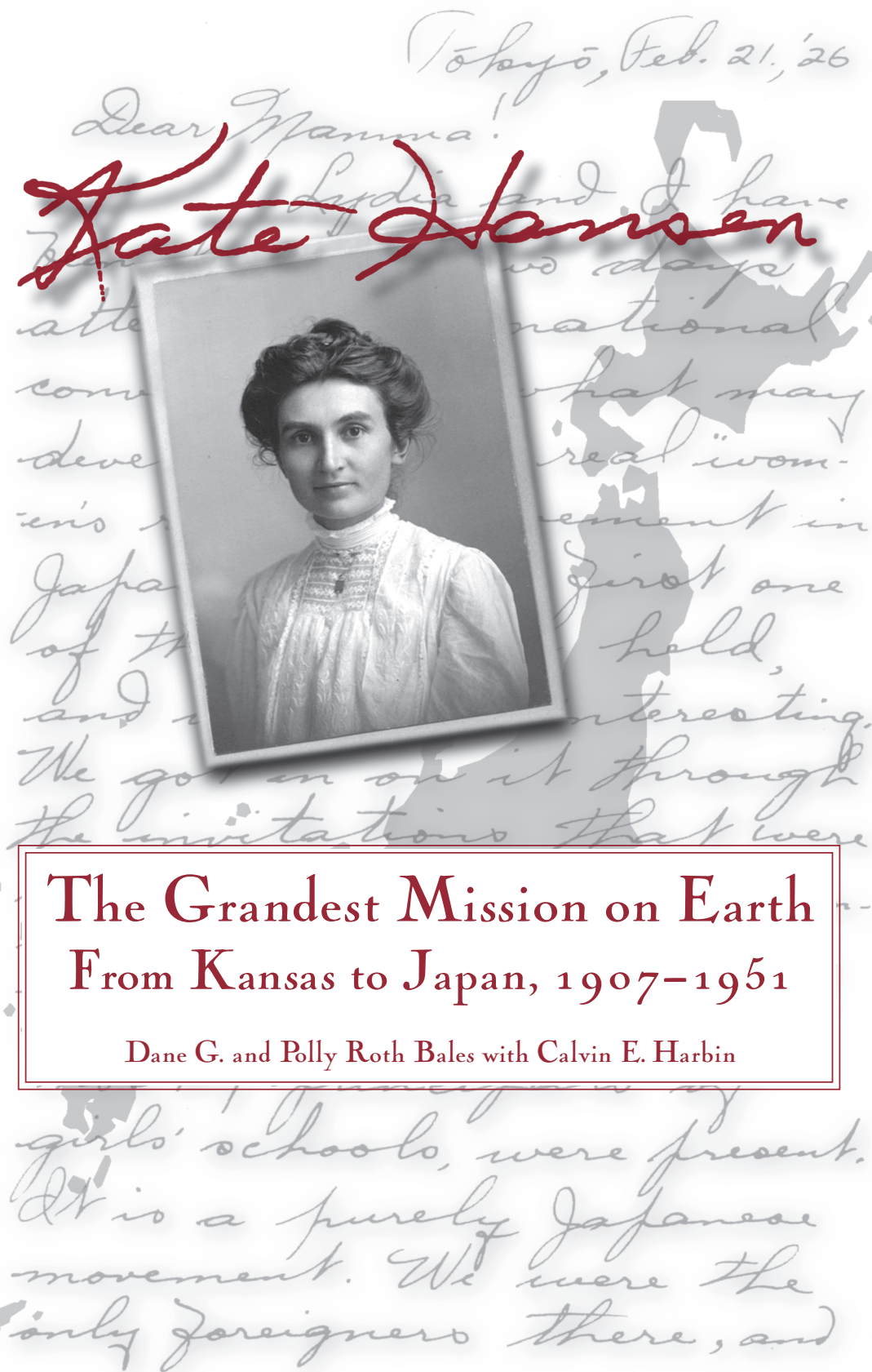
**KUCE**

The University of Kansas Continuing Education  
ISBN 0-936352-18-3

**KUCE**

BALES

Kate Hansen—The Grandest Mission on Earth  
From Kansas to Japan, 1907–1951



This volume of materials by and about Kate Hansen brings together her diaries of a family trip to Colorado by covered wagon in 1891 and a year-long (1893-94) stay in Denmark, her father's homeland; letters and diary excerpts from her years as a student at the University of Kansas at the turn of the century; and her published writings and letters home during several decades as a missionary teacher at Miyagi College in Sendai, Japan.

Early in her education at the University of Kansas, after a period of agonizing over her life's direction, Kate committed herself to "the grandest mission on earth." She would help take the Christian gospel to the young women of Japan. There, for nearly half a century, she would serve as a missionary teacher, dean, and acting president at Miyagi College, as well as a mediator between Japanese and American cultures.

In her years in Japan, Kate Hansen witnessed many significant events: two world wars and the severe economic conditions following World War II, the earthquake of 1923, the Great Depression, and the beginning of the Japanese women's movement. Her letters home chronicle her daily activities and reflect on developments in Japanese culture and society. Her articles, written for church publications, detail the importance and process of teaching Western music in Japanese schools and higher education institutions.

Kate Hansen

The Grandest Mission on Earth  
From Kansas to Japan, 1907-1951

Dane G. and Polly Roth Bales  
with  
Calvin E. Harbin

The University of Kansas  
Continuing Education

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To the Memory of  
Dane Gray Bales, Jr.  
1947–1998  
Beloved Nephew of Aunt Kate





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# INTRODUCTION

**K**ate Hansen, native Kansan and sojourner in her adopted land of Japan, was born on July 5, 1879. This is her story—the story of a strong-minded young woman who came of age at the beginning of the twentieth century in Kansas and of her many achievements over the next seven decades.

Kate Ingeborg Hansen was truly a pioneer in spirit. Bold missionary, beloved teacher, she was far ahead of her times. She dared to go well beyond what was expected of her and most young women of her era. Never shy about speaking her mind, she defined and shaped her own colorful life in an extraordinary fashion.

More than fifty years of work and service are revealed in her writings. Throughout her long life, her thoughts and emotions flowed through her correspondence to her beloved family and friends as well as the official reports to her sponsoring church organization. They show her to be an alert, sensitive, intelligent observer and leader, never content with the usual or mundane. Her life emphasizes perfection and beauty. Her remarkable legacy is evidenced in her personal papers, which include correspondence with family and students, diaries, and photographs housed in the archives at her alma mater, the University of Kansas, in Lawrence, Kansas.

This book brings together many items of information by and about Kate Hansen lest they be lost, forgotten, or ignored by later generations.

The long-term influence of a Christian missionary and her sacrifices of decades of patient efforts cannot be accurately assessed by contemporaries. Although one might suggest that only God knows the long-term benefits of a committed witness to Christ, it is clear that succeeding generations both at home and in the mission field have profited from Kate Hansen's quiet acts of loving concern. She considered it a high privilege to represent the liberating ideals of the church, America, and Christian sacred and classical music. Like other Christian doctors, missionaries, and teachers, she strove to be an exemplary ambassador for the church and her country. Her commitment to Christ was central to her life and to her work.

She chronicles her visits to family and friends, classes and concerts, and her concerns as she faithfully attended to missionary responsibilities. Especially interesting are her descriptions of local sites, conditions, and customs. She reports on her yard and garden and her summer home at Karuizawa, along with the strange and funny things she experienced. Her travel adventures add colorful dimensions to her story. Whether in Kansas or in her far-off mission field thousands of miles across the Pacific Ocean, her devotion to her country and to duty never wavered. Patiently and lovingly, she taught generation after generation of Japanese girls who were interested in American music and the principles of Christianity. For forty-five years, she worked at Miyagi College in Sendai on the island of Honshu. Her correspondence, diaries, and other writings offer insights into the state of both American and Japanese culture during the late nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries.

Kate Hansen influenced Japanese women by her dedication and example. The results of her work and the model she set for both colleagues and students still survive. The Emperor of Japan recognized her contributions to his nation; her church and her alma mater also honored her for her contributions to humanity and her profession. The life and experiences of this Kansas pioneer are deserving of study because she blazed trails for women on the world's stage. Additionally, her life spanned significant developments both nationally and worldwide—including two world wars and women's winning the right to vote in the United States.



Other works describe various aspects of Kate Hansen's life. One is the story of her brother, Dane G. Hansen, in which family coverage is extensive and numerous references are made to Kate. This book, *Dane Gray Hansen, Titan of Northwest Kansas*, was written by Billy M. Jones in 1982. Another volume is *To Japan with Love: The Story of Kate Hansen and Lydia Lindsey of Kansas and Japan*, written by William Mensendiek in 1991. Mensendiek used official church records and correspondence to document Kate's activities in Japan. Taken together, these volumes provide a comprehensive documentary of the life of Kate Hansen. These books provide a measure of appreciation, preservation, and extension of her eighty-nine years of living for others.

In this book, as well as in both of the above volumes, the authors relied on the thousands of letters, photos, and memorabilia in the files of the Kate Hansen Collection of the University of Kansas Archives. For their assistance in preparing this book, we are grateful to the following individuals: Barry Bunch of the University of Kansas Archives in the Kenneth Spencer Research Library for help locating numerous textual resources and photographs; Mary Solecki and Wanda Jandera for invaluable word processing contributions; Malcolm Neelley and Teresa Stevenson of the KU Continuing Education staff for word processing and book design; Mary Greb-Hall for copyediting and proofreading; and Bill Clarke of Phillipsburg, Kansas, for several of the photos in this volume.

Dane G. and Polly Roth Bales with Calvin E. Harbin  
May 2000



## About the Authors

**D**ane and Polly Bales are carrying on the heritage and tradition of the Hansen family in Logan, Kansas. They have been very active in civic affairs and, through the Hansen Foundation, have provided millions of dollars for charitable support. The Foundation's scholarship program has provided college scholarships for thousands of high school seniors in northwest Kansas.

Dane Gray Bales was born to Elles Everitt Bales and Alpha Florence Hansen Bales, the younger sister of Kate Hansen. He graduated from Wentworth Military Academy and the University of Kansas. On graduation, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army and served in World War II. He married his college sweetheart, Pauline Roth, in 1941. Captain Bales returned to the family business in Logan after the war and succeeded his uncle, Dane Gray Hansen, as the chief executive of the Hansen enterprises.

Polly Roth Bales is the daughter of John and Anna Rutschman Roth of Whitewater, Kansas. She attended the University of Kansas, where she met her future husband. Polly is a leader in church and community affairs. She is an accomplished organist and has been instrumental in developing the Hansen Museum in Logan, one of Kansas's outstanding community museums.

Calvin E. Harbin, Hays, Kansas, is the son of Wesley and Ada Harbin. He, too, was an officer in the U.S. Army in WWII and afterwards was a professor of education and dean at Fort Hays State University. His Ed.D. in curriculum is from the University of Missouri. He has been the counsellor for the Dane G. Hansen Scholarship Program for many years.



## *Chapter 1*

# Heritage and Childhood

### *Maternal Ancestry*

Kate Hansen's mother was a Gray whose ancestor Henry Gray came from England to the American colonies before the Revolution. He was listed in the First U.S. Census in 1790 in Pennsylvania. He and his wife, Susanna, had seven sons and one daughter. Kate's direct lineage was from Henry (1750–1822) and Susanna (who died in 1832) Gray as follows:

Henry Gray and Susanna Liggitt

Their fifth son, John, who was born in 1786

John's son, William (1813–1860), and wife, Nancy Hoover

William's daughter, Alpha Ama Gray (1858–1957)

Alpha Ama (Gray) Hansen's daughter, Kate Hansen (1879–1968)

Interestingly, another son of Henry Gray was Liggitt, named for his mother's family. He was born in 1790. He had a son, Lewis, a dentist, who married Alice Josephine Zane. One of their sons was Pearl Zane Gray, who later changed his name to Zane Grey and became the prolific writer of fifty-four Westerns. Zane Grey's mother was descended from Colonel Ebenezer Zane, an exiled Quaker from Denmark who came across the Atlantic with William Penn to settle Pennsylvania. Kate's mother, Alpha Ama (Gray) Hansen, was the second cousin of Zane Grey.



### *Paternal Ancestry*

Kate's paternal grandparents were Jorgen and Ingeborg Hanssen, who owned a large farming estate in Denmark known as Ravnskoppel near Dybbol, a town in the vicinity of Sonderborg. Jorgen Hanssen was a highly respected community leader and was honored by the King of Denmark with a citation for public service and awarded the Order of Sonderborg.

Peter Hansen,<sup>1</sup> born in 1846 at Ravnskoppel, was Kate's father. He was one of ten siblings. The family belonged to the Lutheran Church in Denmark, and their son Peter was confirmed in the church at age fourteen. He was an apt and ardent student of the Bible and committed to memory long passages that he retained and quoted throughout his life. Peter left his native Denmark when he was twenty years old. Germany had twice invaded Denmark before Peter was eighteen. Twice the invading German army had burned his parents' home. When the province of Schlesvig was annexed by Germany, the young Danes were expected to serve in the German army. Peter and thousands of other young Danes became political refugees when they sailed to America to start new lives.

After a four-year stay in Wisconsin, Peter arrived in Kansas in 1872. He settled in Norton County six miles west of Logan in Phillips County. Peter Hansen's early activities and achievements documented that he was an innovator and a man of vision. He brought his own lumber and built a dugout for his first home. Almost immediately, he became interested in politics and ran for office. In fall 1872, he was elected to represent the Solomon District on the Norton County Commission. Peter was also instrumental in bringing a preacher to the area. With great foresight, he realized the need for lumber and building materials to be readily available if settlers after the Civil War were to populate and develop the area. He built a saw mill in 1874 on six acres of land that he bought for \$15. He built another mill near Glade, about fourteen miles east of Logan. Rapid development of the area and farmers' need for a flour mill prompted

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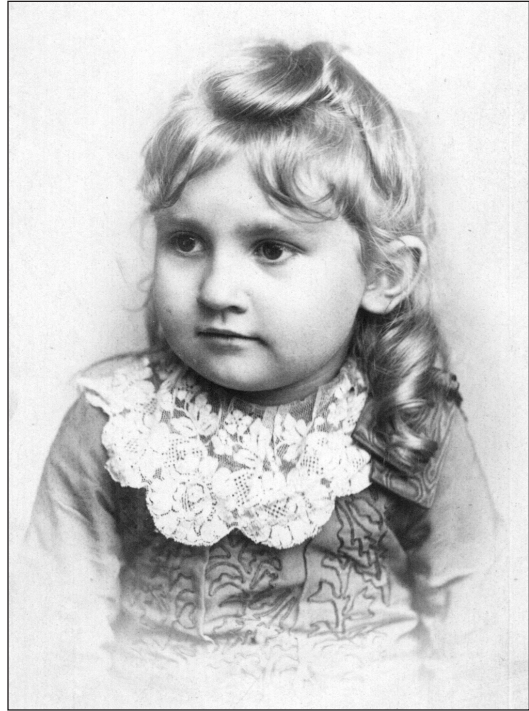
<sup>1</sup>When Peter Hansen emigrated, he changed his name from Hanssen to Hansen to make it "more American."



*This flour mill was one of several saw- and flour mills in the Logan area owned by the Hansen family. Peter Hansen had the vision to know that lumber, other building materials, and flour would be needed by post-Civil War settlers.*



*At age thirty-one Peter Hansen and his partner opened a general merchandise store in Logan. It quickly became the area's trading center. Peter and Alpha Hansen lived above the store following their wedding in September 1878. The store above, a successor to the first Hansen general store, was built in 1900.*



*Kate Hansen at age three (1882)*

Peter to convert his Logan saw mill to a flour mill. His customers came from as far as a hundred miles away to have their wheat ground. He also worked to bring in a railroad and other community improvements. At age thirty-one, he opened a general merchandise store that quickly became the area's trading center.

In these busy times, Peter Hansen also served on the local school board. One day he visited the school barefooted and the teacher told him that he was not welcome. Nevertheless, he married the school teacher, Miss Alpha Ama Gray, age eighteen, on September 1, 1878, in Phillipsburg. By this time, Peter was a prosperous and influential businessman in Logan.

*Childhood*

Peter and Alpha Hansen became the parents of six children: Kate, George, Dane, Alpha, and two who died in infancy. Kate, as the oldest child, became the apple of her father's eye. He proudly displayed her to his business associates, friends, and relatives in Logan. A warm and loving relationship developed among Kate, her parents, and siblings. It continued throughout her life as she cherished her childhood memories and experiences. She developed her patriotic, pioneering spirit as a heritage from her close-knit family and the models they provided. She came from a family of pioneers whose experiences acclimated her to harsh realities and promoted individual initiative and a pragmatic approach to life. She was a sensitive and intelligent child who exhibited early signs of careful observance, reporting, and a serious outlook. She was an eager learner, quick to size up situations and draw conclusions.

On the frontier, survival alone required hard work and struggle as preparation for the future. Kate's childhood milieu, her family history, and her early educational experiences helped shape her sense of patriotic duty, and particularly her resolve to work as a missionary teacher. Kate's childhood and youthful experiences contributed significantly to her preparation for a Christian mission and service as a cultural ambassador to Japanese girls and their parents from 1907 to 1951. From her early years in Logan, she developed characteristics that would make her later achievements and experiences possible. She would live through years of momentous events and rapid change on the world scene. Through it all, she had an anchor in the values inculcated in her by family, school, and church.

When talking about her childhood, Kate often acknowledged that it had been a happy, busy time of preparation. Schooling was terribly important, and she always tried hard to do her best. But she had many advantages that other local children did not have. Her family was considered well-to-do, and Kate, as the first child, wanted for nothing in the way of necessities. She was especially loved and provided for by doting parents. The fact that her mother was a schoolteacher contributed to her love of learning and early accomplishments. She displayed a capacity for learning by completing eight grades in six years, ending in spring 1891. From then on, her family and friends had high expectations for her.



*In 1891 Kate finished grade school. She had completed eight grades in six years and exhibited a pronounced love of learning.*



*Kate always loved to travel and usually found time to record experiences while on trips with her family. An interesting example of this is her diary of the family's trip to Colorado in summer 1891. Twelve-year-old Kate was alert to new sights and adventures throughout the trip, which started May 4, 1891, and ended on June 26. The family traveled in a specially built covered wagon that accommodated the four adults and eight children<sup>2</sup> for the visits to relatives and exploration of the Rocky Mountains. The travellers spent two weeks in the bustling city of Denver, Colorado.*

*Kate painstakingly recorded experiences and her impressions along the way. Her century-old notes of this trip show attention to details of the events—their first views of the mountains, descriptions of meandering mountain streams and hikes, visits to Denver's museums, and cable car rides. She describes precisely the towns and cities they visit and some of the interesting people and experiences they encounter.*

## **Trip to Colorado**

*Kate I. Hansen*

*May 9, Saturday*

We started the 4<sup>th</sup> of May. The first night we stopped at Norton but did not sleep in the wagon. Devizes was our next station. It is very small but the millpond is very pretty. We caught a good mess of fish there and it was fun to catch them. We camped there that night and slept in the wagon.

The next day we ate dinner at Wilsonville and at night camped near Cambridge, the town of windmills. We counted nineteen of them, and the town is not very large.

Bartley is not very large and we did not stop there long. Indianola has many fine buildings. The schoolhouses in the country are built of brick mostly and are quite large.

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<sup>2</sup>Members of this party included Kate, her siblings and parents, cousins Peter and Preston and her Aunt Florence and Uncle Will.



*The Hansen family used this specially built covered wagon, which accommodated four adults and eight children, on their visits to relatives and their trip to the Rocky Mountains.*

At a creek along the way they used the seine first. It was funny to watch them but they did not catch any fish. We stopped over night at McCook. It is quite a large town, and the residences are mostly very pretty. I noticed that about two thirds of the residences were square.

At Culbertson we only stopped to buy a few things and went on to camp. I did not notice much at Trenton for we did not stop at all there. We stopped at night near the Republican river and we went in and waded. The river is full of quicksand and we had to be rather lively or we would sink a little. They shot the first game, two ducks, there and they fished but only caught some little fish. All afternoon we were passing springs and along the railroad there were ponds. At Stratton they were comparing the town to Logan all the time but I do not think it is as nice as Logan, if it did have two hotels.

We only passed through Max. It is rather little for Preston tried to buy some candy and could not. Benkleman is about the size of Logan.

We are camped tonight a little way from Benkleman on the prairie and near a well and a house. Several times today we passed a train for we went along the railroad, and then Aunt Florence would get out and

walk and our horse, Bones, (she is much afraid of Bones) or Morgan, would dance and then look around as much as to say, "How do you like it?"

*May 10, Sunday*

It rained last night, but we did not get wet. Preston who slept under the wagon (He says he cannot sleep when George snores for it scares him) kept saying that he was getting wet and that the wind in our water jug scared him. This morning we did not pass scarcely anything but wild sage and prickly pears, but they were thick enough. We saw a mirage today. It made things look closer than they are, and everything except close to us, looked wavy, like tall grass or water in a wind.

We had seen one some days ago and we thought a windmill and two little houses were big trees and a house. We passed through Haigler this afternoon. I did not like it, for we tried to get water and could not; they had to haul it from the river. At about five o'clock we crossed the Nebraska line into Colorado. We saw several irrigating ditches. George and Pete caught a big fish with their hands in the Republican. They are going to fish tonight.

*May 11*

We saw some hills today that looked like mountains at a distance. On one of them there were some big rocks as tall and taller than I am, rolled down it. We passed a very pretty stream that looked like a mountain stream and the water was better than well water. We went through sand most of the way.

*May 12*

We came upon very pretty flowers today. They were like pea blossoms, only about twice as large, and were all shades of purple. The center leaves were white. We stopped at noon at Yuma. It is pretty but a good many of the houses are empty. A few days ago we met two covered

wagons and we have camped near them several times. We went through Hyde. It deserves its name, for about two-thirds of the houses were deserted. Otis is about the same as Hyde. We camped there at night by a deserted house and we moved the stove and the cots into it. Pete slept in a barn and it rained. He got rather wet and had to come in our bed. We could only get water at one well and it belonged to the railroad. The railroad company bored 2700 feet for water and could not get it so they bought the well. It was 212 ft. deep.

We met a tramp the other day and he was suspected of trying to steal some horses. Mamma and Aunt Florence think they see him every time they see a tramp on the railroad and they have borrowed a telescope of Uncle Will's to look at tramps whenever they see them a good way off.

### *May 13*

We had to get to Akron by noon for water and we started early. It is quite a large town and is not deserted like the others. We went a little way from town to water the horses and we met a Dane who was from the same place that Papa was. He and Papa talked in Danish and he acted as if he was crazy but he was not. He would jump and laugh at everything. He had a grandchild who was about the fattest boy I ever saw. We saw Fremont's buttes today but they were a good way off. We went through sand all afternoon and the horses had to pull pretty hard. We saw the bed of a river that was dry and the sand, the bed was all sand, looked red.

### *May 14*

We camped last night near a sheep ranch and this morning we saw a good many sheep. We saw, too, some very little lambs. We passed through Brush. It is little for I only saw one store. We stopped at noon at Fort Morgan. It is the prettiest town we have seen yet and is quite large. They irrigate lots here. We passed a great many ditches all the afternoon. Some of them I could see the bottom and step over and one was as big as the Solomon river. Some of them looked just like creeks with trees and grasses on the banks. We passed alfalfa fields a great deal

and they looked very pretty, they were such a pretty green. We camped tonight near the head of an irrigation ditch on the Platte river, which is quite large here. We saw the mountains plain today. They still look like clouds a little but they are not shaped like them.

*May 15*

We stayed in camp all forenoon. A bachelor who lived there let us bake and wash in his house. There is a very long dam across the Platte here that looks like seats put across. This dam was joined to a bridge which was fixed so as to let the right amount of water into the irrigating ditch, which is larger than the Solomon river. In the afternoon we started on. We went by a sand hill that was quite high and was almost straight up and down. We all got out to walk and while we were walking a big hailstorm came on. The hailstones were some as big around as my thumb and they came down thick. When we got in the wagon it sounded like hundreds of stones being thrown on it. After the hail came rain. It did not sound as loud as hail but it came near it. The top of the wagon did not leak but the sides did a little. We had the finest view of the mountains we have seen yet, when it cleared up a little. They did not look like clouds at all. There were two high ones that looked very close and a great many lower ones. They said the highest one was Long's Peak and that it was the highest one in the state. We camped at a little shanty and we slept in it. Uncle Will got a big mess of wild onions and they were almost as big as tame ones.

*May 16*

It rained all day today. The top leaked some and we got wet a little. We had to go into a house for dinner and get warm. It did not rain hard in the afternoon and we reached Greeley by night. It is quite a city and is very pretty. There are so many trees in it that we could not see anything of it till we were in it except some steeples. There are trees bordering every street and they are great big ones. We crossed the Platte river on a bridge that was about 400 feet long. We got a room in town and we are going to sleep in it.

*May 17*

We stayed all day in Greeley. In the morning, before the others were up we took a walk, going to a college on top of a hill. There are more pretty residences in this town than in any other one we have seen yet. The houses are high but the trees are higher. There is a kind of flower grows here that is very pretty. It is a large white flower with yellow center. The leaves are shaped like a heart, and there are four of them. The flower is about an inch and a half across. The park is full of them, and there is an artesian well in it. The well is large and there is a platform over it with grating in one place so one can see the water, which is a few feet from the surface. By a house near where we stayed were two rustic chairs. They were made of limbs of trees with the bark on.

*May 18*

We started late this morning. As soon as we were out of Greeley we saw the mountains. They looked so near that Preston said he could walk to them in half an hour. They looked blue, much darker than the sky, and the tops were so white with the sun shining on them, that I could not look at them only for a short time. We passed by a large pond that was almost covered with mud hens. Loveland, which we reached near night, is right in the trees like Greeley, but it is not so big. We are close to the foothills here.

*May 19*

We stayed almost all forenoon at Loveland. We came to a lake in the morning and they caught a whole bucketful of fish in about half an hour. In the afternoon we started on ahead of the wagon. We climbed one of the foothills which was all rock when we got up a little and had seams on them. We found a lot of new flowers in the cracks of the rocks. We found a good many specimens on the road. One big hill it took us an hour to climb, and we walked almost all afternoon. We passed great rocks that were straight up and down.

*May 20*

Last night it rained hard and in the morning when we went out we got our feet wet. We walked all forenoon up the mountains and found the prettiest rocks we have seen yet. They were all colors with a shiny substance over them. There were flowers all over and pine trees were on the tops. We are 7000 feet above the sea level. At noon we made a fire between two big rocks that looked like a fireplace with pine limbs and cones. It was raining at noon, and a little after it snowed like it does in winter. There are rocks all over the mountains here with trees growing on them. We stopped at a house when it began to snow hard. It snowed all afternoon and it was several inches deep. We are right among the pines. They are loaded down with snow and they look white on one side and green on the other.

*May 21*

We stayed all forenoon at the house we were at last night. At about three o'clock [*we started*] for Estes Park. We passed on the way a rock that looked just like a cunning old man. We went over a place where we had to get out for the wheels were stuck in the mud. We went over a road a mile long, where the mountain rises high on one side of the road and on the other the rock are almost straight up and down and in some places without even a tree between the road and the bottom. The road is about 1000 feet from the bottom. We saw one mountain that was almost straight up and down with narrow shelves once in a while with pines growing on them. The pines were white with snow and they looked as if they grew out of the rock. In a few hours we came to the house that we will stay in for a while. It is a log house with three rooms in it and a porch all around it. Inside we can see the logs on top for the top is made of logs. There is a fireplace in one of the rooms and we have a fire in it all the time. The house is built right among the rocks and pines and we have burnt pine cones a good deal. I have climbed the big rocks several times.

*May 22*

We climbed the rocks a good deal today. Aunt Florence and Mamma went out a good way and Aunt Florence brought home an elk horn. Uncle Will was fishing almost all day and he caught two trout. Trout are pretty fish, green with black specks all over them and they were almost a foot long.

*May 23*

We went after elk horns today and Harry got some. We went about a mile. In the afternoon Mamma and Papa went out and got several elk horns and a deer horn. Uncle Will and Aunt Florence went with them but they got lost and had to come home. The elk horns are about four feet long and the deer horn about two feet.

*May 24*

We went with the wagon to some waterfalls today and the man who owns this house, Mr. McGregor, went with us. We went within a mile of the first one. It is almost straight up and down but is not very high. The other one is very high but it does not go straight down. It comes against a big rock near the bottom and breaks into spray. We found some snow near the falls. There is a rock there that is as high as the falls, about 30 feet. It began to rain so we had to go home soon. Pete went away from us to work today.

*May 25*

This morning when we got up it was snowing hard and we could not move on. About noon it stopped snowing and began raining and it has kept it up all day, so we could not go out at all. This makes twice we have been caught in snow.



*May 26*

We started for Lyons today. The road was crooked enough for any mountain road. We followed a creek part of the way that deserved the name of Crooked Creek. I never saw one so crooked. Several times we thought we had to cross it, when it turned away from the road. I never crossed creeks so many times in one day. We crossed forty times in one day for I counted them. We found flowers here that looked like clematis, in fact they were wild ones. They grew on the rocks, and are a kind of vine. The flowers are two inches across and are purple and blue. When we came to the toll gate (we are travelling on a toll road) they told us that there was a bridge out down the river, and we had to stop, though it was not near night, at the house there.

*May 27*

We had to stay all day here at this house for the bridge cannot be fixed yet. This is a nice place, mountains on all sides and a river in front. The house is among the pines and there are quaking aspen along the creek. The aspens are like cottonwoods only they have smaller leaves which are nearly yellow. There is a mountain rising only a few yards from the house and it is quite steep. We went to the bridge that is broken in the afternoon. I never saw such a pretty winding road. It goes between the mountains and follows the river. The river is crooked and the road goes across it a great many times. As an example, by one bridge the river flows west and by the next one, which is a few yards from the first, the same river flows east. The streams here all flow about as fast as I could walk, and some of them flow faster. In one place the rocks stand up straight from the river. We can hear the river in the house and it sounds like the water coming over a waterfall.

*May 28*

We stayed at the house all forenoon and Mamma and I climbed a mountain after stones. The stones were real pretty red with white stripes and they looked like cake. At three o'clock we started for Lyons. Some of

us started ahead and we passed ten bridges before we got in. The road was pretty, in most places the river was on one side and the solid rock on the other. The rocks were covered with dark green moss and ferns were growing between them. The road was one that looked like a bad one, but was really quite good for a while. Afterward it was hilly. We went on one regular mountain road with the rocks on one side and the precipice on the other and the road was wet. We saw cattle trails that looked like the beds of mountain streams and there were so many that I could not count them. We saw one rock that looked like an old woman, a dog, an old man, Punch and a boot as we went around it. Once it looked just like Punch in the circuses. We saw another that looked like an Indian sitting down with feathers in his hair and a bow and arrow in his hands. The stones near the creeks were all smooth and round and were quite large. It looked queer when we saw whole banks of them. We went in one place where the rock was on one side and the swift river on the other. We saw many mud holes. One place the road was washed out and they had to get out and fix it, and then it bumped lots. Several times the stove went nearly out of the wagon when it bumped. We passed forty-six bridges between three o'clock and half past six. We met Oscar Hill near Lyons and he went with us ever since. Lyons is a large town but it is made a great deal of tents and it is a rough place. There are a good many Logan people here.

*May 29*

We stayed nearly all day at Lyons. Early in the morning Mrs. David came to see us. Papa went out in the morning to see Mr. Hodson and in the afternoon he and Stella came to the wagon. We went down by the river where it is all sandstone. There were a few places where we could get down to the river but mostly it was straight up. We found some red sandstone with vines and trees traced on it in black. We could not find out what it was. Some people thought it was impressions of plants made thousands of years ago. We left the wagon spread out all forenoon, for we were to have a photograph taken. One bunk was spread out. Oscar

Hill, Stella Hodson and a dog, besides our outfit were taken. After it was taken, Mamma and Aunt Florence went to see Mrs. David. About half past six o'clock we started out of town to camp. The country around here it is level and we had good roads, but we went only a little way before we camped.

*May 30 (Decoration Day)*

We started early this morning for Boulder. We passed three small lakes on the road and saw several more for we could see a long way. The country is thickly settled, and several farms had so many houses on them that they looked like towns. We passed irrigating ditches every little while. I saw two new kinds of flowers, one was blue and green on slender stems a foot high with very small leaves, and the other was yellow and was about three inches across. In the afternoon we reached Boulder. It is a very pretty town and looks best of any we have seen yet. It is Decoration Day and the streets were full of people. We only stayed a little while in Boulder and went on to camp. When out a little way we saw the graveyard with teams in it and it looked like a big city seen at a distance. We camped near a creek with mountains on one side. We went to see the reservoir after we had camped. It was a large pond with a fountain in it. Afterward we went after specimens but I only found some pieces of pure mica and a large mica stone. The others found some pretty mica stones. The boys did not go along for they were wading and when we came back I went wading.

*May 31*

We started this morning for the mining camps. It was decided we should go to Sunshine. We walked nearly all forenoon, as the road was uphill. It is not very far from Boulder to Sunshine, and we reached it by noon. We saw places all along the road where they had been digging for ore. The town is a mining town and it has not even a level street. We saw one place we thought was a mine but when we went to it[,] it turned out to be a large spring with a little stream running out of it. The spring

was in a cave. We stayed at Sunshine nearly all day and they got a good many specimens of ore. In the afternoon we started back to Boulder. We camped near a creek and a house. We left the buggy and two horses there and we shipped the horns and specimens home from Boulder.

*June 1*

We stayed in camp all forenoon. I went up the creek and found some very pretty light purple flowers. I got caught in the rain and had to run to the wagon. In the afternoon we started and we traveled until quite late. The road was quite level and we made good time. We saw artificial lakes all along the road. They were made with the extra water from the irrigating ditches. We stopped at night near one of these artificial lakes and went into a house for supper.

*June 2*

We started this morning for Denver. We saw the mountains at a distance and we saw Pike's Peak. They irrigate altogether here and there are many artificial lakes. This morning when she got up Marie could not walk. She seems well all places only that she cannot walk. Before noon we came to Denver. We went through additions for over two miles before we camped for dinner but we camped in a shady grove when we stopped. We stayed there part of the afternoon, and Aunt Clara and Uncle Lew came down to see us. Afterward we all went out to some lakes. We went along a cable line and every time a car came along the horses scared but they did not run away. We went to Uncle Lew's at night and Aunt Florence stayed all night there. We rented a house near by, and we will stay there some time. I went down town with Papa on the cable car. The car runs on a viaduct or bridge like an elevated railway and we went up in an elevator. I did not like it for I was dizzy going up and felt queer inside coming down.

*June 3*

When we got up this morning Marie was quite sick. We did not go out today at all, but we stayed at the house and Mamma was over at Uncle Lew's a great deal of the time. The boys and Papa went out in the afternoon and saw the statehouse and some large buildings.

*June 4*

Marie has been very sick all day and we did not get out this morning. In the afternoon we went out. We went on the cable car and had to transfer. We had a great time getting on the right car, but at last we got on. I like the cable cars because they are open and low down. We went to the end of the cable line and then we had to go back a little way after they turned around and then we walked several blocks before we came to Mrs. Arington's house. We stayed there a long while and they talked about Logan people all the time. It began raining while we were there and we got on the electric car which went right past the house. It did not take us to Villa Park, so we had to transfer. We walked quite a long while through the rain and got wet before we got on the cable car. We did not go out anymore this afternoon.

*June 5*

We did not go out at all today for Marie was very sick. She could not sit up or eat, and could not even swallow. The doctor said it was a partial stroke of [*paralysis*]. She wanted to drink all the time and they had to wet her lips with water. They stayed up all night with her and she nearly choked to death several times.

*June 6*

We went out to the smelters today. We went to the end of the cable line and then we had to walk some time. We went over about two dozen railroad tracks and then we went up one. There were cars on it and they were filled with ore. We went to them and got some specimens. We

picked up some real pretty specimens along the track. Then we went through a room that was so hot we could hardly stand it. Then we went by great piles of metal of all kinds mixed together. The boys got several pieces and Mamma got some pieces that were all colors and shone. We went to one place where there were shining black stones coming out of a round place and I got three of them. There were several places where the red hot metal came out. The men had bell shaped things to carry it in. I saw them put the metal in them and when it came out it looked like liquid fire, and there was fire on the top of it. I saw some of it run out of the barrow and I picked up a piece of it when it got cool. When it came out of the barrows it looked like big bells. We saw a great deal of it. We saw a place where a man was dipping red hot lead and putting it into molds. We went over a road made of the substance after the metal was all out and there was a high bank on one side made of the same substance. We passed piles of all kinds of ores and got many specimens. We saw several more cars filled with ore. The richest ore was the ugliest for it was a dull gray stone. The lead ore was very pretty and the iron ore shone so that they thought it was gold. The silver ore was pretty for it shone some, but the gold ore was ugly. After we were to the smelters we went to the sampling works. There were piles of all kinds of ore on a platform there and we got specimens from each pile. The lead ore was the prettiest there. There were cars close to the platform and we could step to them from it. They got some pretty specimens from there. The cars began to move and we got out of there pretty quick. It was quite a while before we could cross the track but it was not a long walk from there to the street car and we soon got there.

*June 7*

We got up about four o'clock for we were going to Manitou. We took the first street car which came about six o'clock. We got on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. The first town we reached was Littleton, and it is like its name, little. Castle Rock was better. There is a great rock near it that looks like a castle. On the other side of it there are other rocks as large as the first and much grander. One looked like immense pillars put together and one like a very high wall set around the top of a

mountain only with dirt on the inside and level. Palmer Lake is beautiful but is not very large. It is very blue and has a great many boats on it. There is a very nice boat house there and on the other side is a large building. The train stopped there some time and almost everyone got out. A little way from the lake the train stopped again and most of the men got out to gather flowers. Papa brought in a bouquet and I pressed some of the flowers. Monument and Husted are little towns. From Pike View we had a good view of Pike's Peak. Colorado Springs is quite a large town and is pretty. We stopped there quite a long time but did not get off. Colorado City is only a little town and we did not stop there long. At last we came to Manitou, but before that we saw the Garden of the Gods. We only saw some large and queer shaped rocks, for we were a good way off. Manitou is very pretty. The houses some of them are perched on the rocks hundreds of feet above the road and they look somewhat funny. Nearly all the houses are a few feet above the road. This is a town of hotels. We passed several very large ones and almost every house had rooms to rent. We saw one large rustic house. There is a creek here and when it runs through the yards it is walled up and there are pretty bridges across. On one side of the creek is the road and on the other is a wide footpath. We went by the footpath to the spring. In every shady corner there is a seat and there are bridges every little way. The first spring we came to was the iron spring. It tasted like very good water. The next was a soda spring. It was the worst water I ever tasted. Then we came to a house with a porch on it and in the middle of that porch was a spring. There were several steps leading down to it. The water tasted good but it burned my mouth a little. There was a fine collection of stones in the house. There were some stones that looked like diamonds. There were others that were flat with a fish skeleton in them. There were some beautiful carvings made of white stones from the Garden of the Gods and there were lots of stones both polished and unpolished. We went up to the Pike's Peak railway, but were not in time to see the train start. We saw an engine and two cars. The cars had glass all over the sides and the engine was much larger than an ordinary one. The rail had an iron in the center so as to fit the cogwheels, and the train could not slip when going up or down grade.

Then we started back. We saw a huge rock which we went under. There were several small springs around under the rocks and one very large one. Aunt Clara and I went around to the other side of the rock from where the others were. We came to a little stream which we followed up. The large spring was close to the rock and there was a natural arch across it. We went into a cave and could see the others across the large spring through the archway. At the end of the cave was a spring, the water of which was almost the best I have ever tasted. The spring was the source of the little stream which we followed.

We got some pieces of white and pink rock by a creek, which were very pretty. At last we got to the depot and then had to wait an hour. The grounds around the depot are very pretty and large and are planted with blue grass with flower beds every little while and with wide walks through them bordered with trees.

When we got out a little way there were two tracks near together and we ran a race with a train on the other track. It reached Palmer Lake first and they and we waved our handkerchiefs and cheered, and then we started for a race. We would be first ahead and then behind and every time the other train passed us they would cheer and wave. Finally we got ahead and could not see them for a long time, when suddenly we saw them coming and they passed us. You out [*sic*] to have seen them wave and heard them cheer. But our train started up quickly and then had to stop at a station. The other train stopped too for it had out done itself. The wheels went round all right, but the train did not move. Then we started off at a terrible rate of speed and the other train could not keep up with us, but when we would go slower it would nearly catch up and so we had it till we got to Denver. The other train was a Santa Fe train. The depot was beautiful, for it was all electric lights and was as light as day all over. I have seen Denver by day but it was much more beautiful by night. The streets glittered with electric lights. Some of them were white and some red, but the red ones were the prettiest. But the prettiest scene was from the viaduct. There were houses, trees, and ponds, and all over there were electric lights all over, shining like large stars. One light on a tall tower I at first thought was a star for I could not see the tower, and the light looked like it was right against the sky. Some of the stores had as many as half a dozen electric lights in them.



*June 8*

We did not feel well this morning when we got up, and we did not go out till afternoon. When we did Marie went with us. We went to the museums. The first one we came to had the stones, and then there were a great many heads of animals all around. When we went in, we looked to the back of the store, and there was something that looked very like our first view of the mountains. We went up to it and found out it was made of leather, painted and made into the right shape and behind rising up to the ceiling was a painting of the mountains seen a long way off. There was a water wheel with a little stream of water going over it. There was a mine cut in it and there were little carts revolving around on a round flat piece of metal moved by the water wheel. There were houses by it and the carts went through them. There was a road there, with a toll gate across it and a house by it, and there were stuffed animals and birds all around.

We went into another one. It was larger than the first and has a great many things in it. There were polished stones by the hundreds of all colors, sizes, and shapes, but about the prettiest were the striped ones. They had some jewelry there made of native stones cut and polished. They were very pretty, especially the milky white ones. There were several elk stuffed and a whole herd of buffaloes with their heads down, besides a bear and almost every kind of wild animal that lives in Colorado. There were two big snakes alive but asleep at the back of the store. The smallest one woke up when we came near[,] raised his head and began to strike at the looking glass at the back of its cage. We stood and watched them quite a long while before the larger one woke up, but when it began moving, they got afraid it would break the cage and we went away.

The next one we came to had not so many stones as the second, but it had something the others did not; a lot of birds in cages. There were several parrots and some of them could talk. When we talked to them, two began to make the most ridiculous moves I ever saw. They would walk up the wires of their cages then come down and try to hang to one of their perches with their beaks then get in the bottom of the cage and

eat or drink and then begin over again. George was calling one of them and another answered, "I'm Pretty Polly." There were lots of canaries, and they kept up a constant singing all the time. There were some real pretty pure white birds with red beaks, about as large as a canary. But the funniest were some little red birds. There were about a dozen of them, and they crowded as close together as they could on the perch of their cage.

When we left the museums we started for the dry goods stores. We stopped at a fruit stand to look at some things and the rest of them got lost from us. We went to several dry goods stores, but I stayed at the door and waited until the rest came back. It was quite a long walk to the street car. When we got back we found that the rest had got there before we did.

### *June 9*

We started out this morning with the wagon. We went across two large bridges, and had got a good long way from the house when something cracked and after that something kept clicking all the time. It is not fun at all to go out among the streetcar lines, for you almost get run over half the time. We had crossed a railroad track and got a little way from it when the train whistled, as it did sound so awful it was no wonder the horses scared. Papa had got out to fix something and when they began to run he caught Vick by the bridle and hung on and they took him quite a way before they stopped. It took him and Mamma both to hold them. When we started again, it clicked so much worse that we had to go back and stop till Papa could fix it and then we went right back to the house. We did not go out again until nearly dark. They had been talking about Uncle Will's folks going away today and they decided they would, so they had been packing all day, so as to go away on the evening train. There were Uncle Will's and us, besides Claude and Chet, that got into the wagon, and they had a great big box besides, so it filled it up pretty well. The depot was all lighted up when we got there and looked very pretty. Papa went with them to see if they got on their train and they did all right. While we were waiting for him, I noticed a telegraph pole and

I counted the wires on it. There were just two hundred of them. We saw many others, but they did not have so many wires on them as the first. At last Papa came and we went back to the house.

*June 10*

Today we went out in the wagon. We stopped at Dan Working's office and took him along. We went up on Capitol Hill where they say all of the nice homes are, but I did not see very nice ones. They are just building the state house but it will be quite large when done. It is built of pink and white granite with black specks in it. We got several pieces of both kinds. Then we went out to the City Park. It is very large, for it has over a hundred acres in it, most of which has trees on it. We stopped for dinner just outside of the park, and after dinner we went through it. There is a house in it for the superintendent of it and around it is bluegrass. There is lots of bluegrass there with rustic baskets with plants in, standing around. There were nice seats all around in the shade of the trees and shrubs here and there. The drives were wide and were bordered on each side by trees. There are several fountains there, some of which were going when we were there. There are irrigating ditches all over and they look very pretty. When we were a little way from the house it was all natural and wild flowers grew all over. We went back to the house. There were some rustic baskets hanging up between trees that looked very pretty. From the park we went to the smelters, but did not go all over, and we only got some green and blue stones. Then we went back past Arrington's but they were not at home. I never saw so many lawns as here, for almost every house has its own and many had fountains. They are very pretty, but are not very large.

*June 11 and 12*

We went out today and yesterday to try and sell the wagon and horses. We went over a great part of Denver and saw many pretty houses and yards. When we went in the business part, I did not like it. There were streetcar lines all over and in some streets there was scarcely room for

us to pass. Sometimes there were several teams at the same place and two or three cars besides. Where there was a crossing of the streetcar lines it was worse than ever. They were digging out the streets there and made holes all around the track only leaving a narrow space for wagons to pass and sometimes not even that. The horses were afraid of the cars, and every time one came they would stop. When they got used to one kind of car and saw another, they would have to get used to it too, and as there are many kinds, it took them a long while. I do not see any enjoyment in riding through Denver at all. The streets were muddy and there were worse bumps in the streets than we have found anywhere in the mountains. I think we will not sell the wagon, but will go home in it.

*June 13*

We have packed all forenoon for we will go home in the wagon. At about noon we started. Aunt Clara and her children went with us until we got nearly out of Denver. We went to the end of the streetcar line, and they got on a car and went home. As soon as we got out of Denver, the country is not settled at all except a ranch now and then. I had thought that out of Denver the country would be settled, but it was the same as if there was no big city near. When we would get to a station, there was nothing there but the railroad buildings and a house or more.

*June 20*

This week has been about as monotonous as anything I ever saw. The country is so level that it looked as if there never was a hill, and there were scarcely any houses at all. At night we would camp away from any house, by little ponds. There were ponds every little while but the water did not taste very good. In two or three days we lost sight of the mountains and then there was nothing to see at all. There was one nice thing about it and that was the stones. Papa found a topaz right by the road the first day. It is as clear as any glass, and has a pink tint to it, which makes it prettier. At noon the same day, I found two stones that were clear, but were not so much so as Papa's and some others that

looked clear on the outside but were not clear when broken open. After that every time Alpha or Dane would find a white stone that was a little clear, they would say they had found a topaz. There were a good many dry beds of creeks around and we looked in them for stones. Those we found there were polished and some had stripes in them. I found several that they said were agates and one they said was a moss agate. Some of the polished stones, when broken open[,] had spots or stripes of another color in them. George found a great big tiger eye in one creek and Dane found one not so big. One forenoon we did not see a house at all and other times we saw a few that were not inhabited. We saw more prickly pears and cactus than anything else. They were all in blossom and looked very pretty. We saw six colors of prickly pears one day but the red ones were the prettiest. We saw two kinds of cactus, one was the common kind, and the other had the stickers in rows up and down. We dug up a great many cactus and some prickly pears of different colors. We had to stay one day at Limon. There is a crossing there where the Rock Island crosses the Union Pacific. We went in a little house that was empty. It rained all day and was much colder than it was when it snowed in the mountains. We slept in the wagon the first night but in the house the second night. Mamma made a fire in an old iron bucket, and cooked over it. The next morning when we got up it was raining a little but we started on and it soon cleared up, and since then we have had two or three rains. On Friday we crossed the line into Kansas. George and I went and stood with one foot in Colorado and one in Kansas. The first thing we got in Kansas was a little rabbit that we ran down, but we let it go again. We have found prettier stones in Kansas than in the east part of Colorado and the country is more settled here.

*June 21*

Last night Papa was sick and we stopped at a house, where Papa slept while we went in the wagon. It began to rain and blow very hard before we went to bed, and we went into the house for a while. There were two girls near my size there, and I liked that, for I had scarcely seen any girls my size since we started. The men hitched up some oxen to draw water, for the bucket was a large keg. We slept in the wagon, and it

rained and blew all night. In the morning we had to harness the horses and grease the wagon, and we did it all right. Mamma drove almost all day, and when she did not[,] George and I did for Papa had to sit in the back part of the wagon.

*June 22*

We got into the hills today and we had a great time getting out of them. The roads were bad and we got on the wrong road all the time. The road would look all right at first, but afterward it would be shut off by a fence or stop, and then we would have to find another road, which would turn out the same way. We found some quite pretty stones today. There were great big stones all over that looked like dried [?]<sup>3</sup>. At noon they told us that it was thirty miles to Norton and every time we asked them how far it was they said thirty miles, so we do not know when we will get there.

*June 23*

Today was just like yesterday. They have told us it was thirty miles to Norton every time we asked, but I do not see how it can be so. We passed several farms, and at one the boys got some mulberries. When we camped at night they told us it was twenty-eight miles to Norton, so according to them we only went two miles today.

*June 24*

We got to the railroad this forenoon, and followed it to Norton. The roads were washed out a great deal near there and bridges were washed out some. We came to one place where they were fixing the bridge, and we had to go around it and ford the creek which was quite deep. George and I went up and stayed all night at Rushes House while the rest stayed at Marshes.

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<sup>3</sup>Places or words that are not legible in Kate's handwritten diary are indicated by a [?].

*June 25*

We stayed in Norton all day. Stella and I got up, ate our breakfast and went down to Marshes' before they had their breakfast. Then we went up town and looked around some time before we went to the store where Mamma was. She took Dane to have his hair cut, and we went along. He looks funny without his hair and Mamma has thought he was George several times today. In the afternoon we went out in a buggy. We went to a stone quarry, and I got some pretty stones. There was a natural well in the solid rock there and they cannot tell how deep it is. We were going to another quarry, but it got late and we went back.

*June 26*

We started at nine o'clock for home. The roads were washed out badly, and we did not go very fast. We stopped at noon near the house of some people Papa and Mamma know. Every time we would pass any corn Dane would wonder if his corn was as big as that. He kept grinning all afternoon as if he was very glad we were getting home. We stopped at Albrights a few minutes and then went on. About sundown we got into Logan, and now we are at home, and I am glad of it.

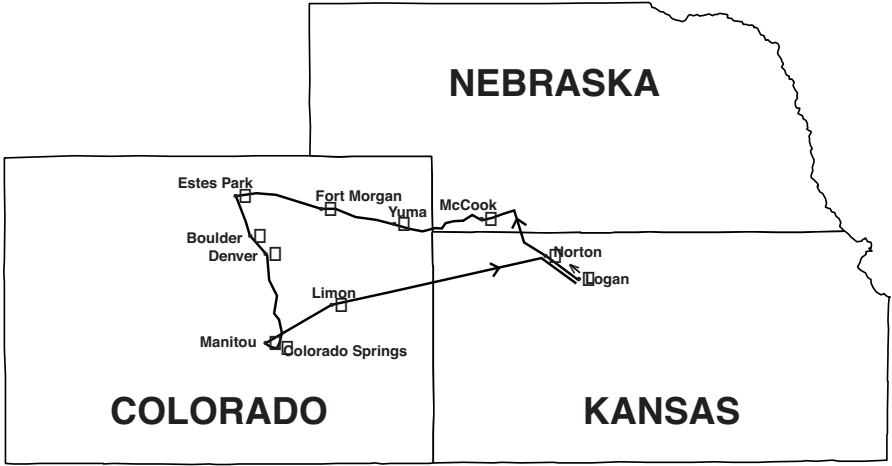
Towns passed:

Norton	Stratton	Akron
Devizes	Max	Brush
Wilsonville	Benkleman	Fort Morgan
Cambridge	Haigler	Greeley
Bartley	Wray	Loveland
Indianola	Eckley	Estes Park
McCook	Yuma	Lyons
Culbertson	Hyde	Boulder
Trenton	Otis	Sunshine
Marshall	Denver	

Passed twice during the trip:

Littleton	Monument	Colorado Springs
Castle Rock	Husted	Colorado City
Palmer Lake	Pike View	Manitou





*Route of the Hansen family's trip to Colorado by covered wagon in summer 1891.*



## *Chapter 2*

# A Trip to the Old Country

**K**ate was excited when her parents decided in 1893 to go back to Denmark to visit her father's family and to introduce their American family to relatives and to Europe. They prepared for the long sojourn by discussing their itinerary and stopovers. Then the costs associated with the trip were calculated with wide allowances for prolonged visits with relatives.

To help defray these expenses, the Hansens decided to take with them a railroad car loaded with flour from their mill in Logan. They negotiated arrangements with the railroad. After several weeks of planning, their journey began early on August 7, 1893. Brief visits were made at Beloit, Topeka, Chicago, and New York City. In Chicago, the family took in the World's Fair. Billed as the Columbian International Exposition, this event celebrated the 400th anniversary of Christopher Columbus's discovery of America. The Hansens immersed themselves in the activities of the fair, which would close in October. The World's Fair featured camel rides in "the streets of Cairo," a Ferris wheel on the Midway, a statue of the Republic, flags of all nations, electrically lighted fountains, and the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building, which had a roof of iron and glass and covered thirty-one acres. Kate would later use her memory of the sights and sounds of the World's Fair as a yardstick against which to measure her experiences in the Old World.

The Hansen's booked passage on the *City of Rome* bound for Copenhagen, Denmark. On September 10 they stopped for three days' sightseeing at Göteborg, Sweden, and enjoyed being on solid ground for a short time. They then sailed on to Copenhagen, which is on the island of Zealand. From Copenhagen, they went by rail to Korsør on the southeast coast of Zealand, then by steamer to Sonderburg on the island of Als, where they spent the night of September 17. The next morning



Map of the Hansens' route.

they went on by boat to Ravnskoppel, Peter Hansen's birthplace. Their long forty-two-day journey ended on September 18, 1893.

Peter's sister, Sophia, operated a small hotel and was glad to see her brother after an absence of twenty-six years. Peter's family quickly moved into a house on the Hansen family farm. Thus began an outstanding year in the life of Kate Hansen, aged fourteen. Kate recorded her adventures in the diary she carefully kept throughout their stay.

*In her first diary entries after crossing the Atlantic Ocean, Kate describes her impressions of the strange-appearing cities of Göteborg and Copenhagen. As she begins to explore the new terrain, she compares the sights to her Colorado trip two years earlier. Kate also tells about the tensions between Denmark and Germany over Schleswig-Holstein. Although her heritage is Danish, she learns to speak German and earns a gold watch from her father for this achievement. As her year in the old country evolves, Kate becomes quite comfortable in her ancestral homeland. She enjoys her new family and friends and takes pleasure in their experiences together.*

## Our Trip to Germany<sup>1</sup>

By Kate I. Hansen

### Volume II<sup>2</sup>

Wednesday, September 8, 1893

How beautiful everything is today! Here we are, sailing over seas almost as smooth as glass. Not a trace of our old sea-sickness remains. We are the happiest company I ever saw. The verse in our favorite song, which we sang this afternoon—

Storms are over and land in sight  
Calmly glide we o'er the waves tonight  
When the morning sun arises bright  
We'll greet the hills of home, happy home

although it is not all true yet for us is yet true for very many. Thanks be to God, Who has brought us safely through this long voyage. Who

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<sup>1</sup>Peter Hansen, Kate's father, left his homeland in spring 1867 to avoid serving in the German army. In 1864 Germany (then Prussia) had annexed the province of Schleswig, Peter's homeland, and established a system for conscripting all eligible young men. When Kate writes of her experience in Schleswig in 1894, she refers to it as "Germany," rather than the "Denmark" of her father. She learns the language and customs of the region in its mixture of German and Danish heritages. For Kate's interpretation of the conflict between Germany and Denmark, see pp. 56–57.

<sup>2</sup>Volume I of this diary is lost.

has so kept us, that none of the perils of the deep have come near us. Through Whose mercy we are tonight almost to land, with all dangers past. May we strive during our whole afterlife to prove our thankfulness, and I am sure we will.

*Thursday, September 9*

At last we are in the harbor of Göteborg.<sup>3</sup> All day today we have been in sight of land. Never in my whole life have I seen anything so lovely as the land appeared. All the loveliest shades of brown, red, green were on those high cliffs that rose out of the water seemingly not more than ten rods away. The land seems to us so old, but perhaps it is mostly imagination. It certainly seems older than did New York shore. We have today seen the shores of Denmark and Norway, but Norway was too far away to be seen distinctly. The coast of Denmark is a low one, appearing to us to be only a narrow line between sky and sea. We had some trouble in securing a pilot this evening, I do not know why. He did not come for almost a half-hour after we signalled, and of course we could not enter this dangerous harbor without one. All evening we stood on the deck and sang: Mamma, Papa, Mrs. O'Neil, Jennie, the boys, Alpha & I. How we did sing our national songs! till the old ship rang. I am sure, however lovely the old country songs may prove, we can never love them as we do our own. Our land and the songs of our land, will always be best for us, however much we may grow to like this country of Papa's.

How glad Mrs. O'Neil must be to be in her own country at last after thirteen years absence. But even to her, Sweden can hardly seem her own country for husband and home are in America. She will not be here long, as she wishes to be home by Christmas. It seems a very short visit to make, after so long an absence. However, it was chiefly on account of her poor health that this voyage was undertaken, and if it continues to improve as rapidly as heretofore, it will be entirely restored by the time she starts for

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<sup>3</sup>Kate's spelling of place names is sometimes inconsistent. To avoid confusing the reader, we have imposed a consistency throughout the diary of names such as "Göteborg," "Sonderburg," "Korsør," and "Stranderott."

home. Although she too has been very seasick, she is very well indeed now. Jennie and Ruth, the baby, are very well now, especially the former. She can well be so, for she has not been seasick a day, or an hour even. She, Alpha and Dane are a fine trio. How the three do play! They go all over the ship, seeing everything, missing nothing. They have made friends with the cooks and the stewards, and have a fine time with their cookies, etc. Dane[,] always interested in everything that pertains to money, has made a friend of the purser, a great big man, with a long beard. Dane is sure to be in his room, if he is not with Jennie and Alpha. How he does stir up those "twin sisters!" But for all that the three are always together. They will be very sorry, and so will we all, when Jennie and her mother leave us, as they will in a few days, when we arrive in Copenhagen.

*Friday, September 10*

Today we are for the first time actually in the Old World. It seemed an old world surely. This morning of course we all scrambled to the window the first thing when we awoke. It was a picturesque sight that met our eyes. We were anchored quite a distance from the town, but right opposite us, seemingly very close, was the oldest and finest looking fort I ever saw. It is on a small island, and covers the whole, rising directly out of the water. The stone walls look as if they were surely five hundred years old at least, and the large rocks at the base of the walls add to the effect. The rocky shore, with here and there bits of green among the rocks, forms a fitting background to the picture.

This forenoon we went on shore. We took a small steamer, which runs from the large ships in the harbor to the town, and in twenty or twenty-five minutes were on shore. Mamma and Mrs. O'Neil were not with us, as the latter had her baby to attend to and Mamma stayed to keep her company. (Or so she said, I really think she was slightly afraid of seasickness!) The Captain too was with us, as was Miss Swanson also.

How strange the town did seem! almost like another world. Every house looked hundreds of years old. The streets wound about in every direction, never being straight for very long. Up and down hill they went, some being so steep I think they would be fine places for coasting. All



the streets are paved with rough stones, and when one of the great farm wagons seemingly weighing a thousand pounds, passes over them the noise is deafening. Everything seems so solid, so substantial, people, houses and all. And by the way, almost every man, woman and child I have seen here has light hair and blue eyes. I do not believe I have seen more than a half dozen altogether with dark hair or eyes. It is rather queer. One of the first things we noticed on landing was a railroad train. It was about the queerest thing I have seen yet. It was a freight train, and the engine, cars and all looked just like the little toy trains we have in America. The engine was not more than half as large as ours are, and the cars not even so large. First of all, on landing we had started for the post office, in order to post a letter of mine to Ruth. After Papa had inquired of a half dozen the way, we found the building. It seemed so strange to hear talking going on all around us, and not be able to understand one word. The officers on the steamer had talked a little German together but we had had no experience of this queer Swedish tongue. It is very like the Danish, so Papa was able to make himself understood.

Just outside of the post office building we met our fellow passenger, Mr. Anderson. We should hardly have known him, he was so "fixed up." Trousers with checks about a foot wide, and a long overcoat with a big cape, made up a queer costume. He looked like some pictures I have seen of Anglomaniacs. Papa said he thought our friend was going to "play the rich uncle," with his relations here. Well, he went with us into the office, took us upstairs, as the office proper is there, and posted my letter. I saw Dane eye the Swedish stamp they put on it wistfully, and finally he said he was going to write to George to get that stamp and send it to him.

Outside again, we were walking up the street, when we met our old Norwegian. He looked as happy as could be. Some of his people had met him here, and they travel on soon.

We walked a long time through the queer streets, with no sidewalks, or stone ones like the street paving, taking in all the strange shop windows. They looked as if they had very little custom[?], for the dust on everything was about an inch thick. Indeed, everything formed the greatest possible contrast to the noise, hurry, and bustle of the last city we had seen before this one, New York.

At last we came back to the steamboat landing, in good time, so we thought to catch our steamer. But it did not come. We waited there two hours or more, and still it did not come. In the meantime, we bought fruit of all the venders that came along, and the greater part of it we ate, leaving very little to take to those on board. It was a great treat for we had had of course no fresh fruit since we started.

After waiting I do not know how long, there on the landing, Papa determined to hire a little steamer to take us to the ship. We were looking around for one, when we met the Captain. He told us he had brought the ship up to the town, and that a small steamer was waiting to take us back. We were very glad to hear this, of course, and very grateful to the Captain. We went back on the "Emma," as it is called. A very queer looking boat it is. This afternoon as I remained on board the whole afternoon, I made a sketch of it in my old notebook. Mamma, Papa, and Alpha were on shore this afternoon.

*Saturday, September 11*

This forenoon Mamma, Papa and Alpha were again on shore, we others remaining on board. We passed the time in reading, talking or watching the constant succession of boats running to and fro. The Captain and I had quite a discussion on the subject of drinking; of course, as he is a German, he holds that there is nothing wrong about it. He laughed at my Prohibition talk; told me that before I had been two months in the old country, I would drink beer, wine, etc. like all the others, not because I would like them but because it is the "custom." Then and there I made the resolve not to touch a drop of the vile liquor while I am here, nor afterwards either. What if it is the custom to drink? That does not make it right. I may be a crank on this subject, but all the "custom" of all Germany shall not induce me to touch a drop of liquor.

Well, this afternoon we went again on shore, this time in a little row-boat. Miss Swanson was with us too. We had a very nice time. We went first through some of those little narrow streets, a little narrower and a great deal steeper than the former ones. In one place the street was so

steep they had put in steps. I wondered how wagons are able to come over this street, or if there is a way around. Pretty soon we were out of the city, up on one of those high rocky hills we had seen from the ship. It was so nice to climb over those rocks, sometimes almost like it was in the mountains, two years ago. Then in the crevices of the rocks we found a great many flowers, some just like our mountain flowers. George crawled under a large rock, and brought out some of the prettiest ferns I have seen for a long time. We found a great many bluebells, just like our mountain bluebells. I got a large bouquet to take back to the ship. I want to press some of the flowers, the first ones we plucked in the old country.

We climbed to the top of the hill and had a very fine view of the town, the harbor with all the ships there, and the ocean beyond. From there we descended the hill to a church we had seen from the top. From the hill it looked as if it were an old one, but near by it looked quite new. At any rate, it is a very pretty one.

From the church we started for the landing. By the way we stopped at a little stand and Papa bought us each some hot pancakes and some fresh milk. The way they eat pancakes is funny. They sprinkle a little brown sugar on one, then roll it up and eat it from the hand. Dane saw something in the stand that looked like custard pie, and asked for some. I wanted a piece too, as did George, so we each tried a piece. I ate about a quarter of mine, but could not eat more, for it was the nastiest thing I had tasted for a long time. It was as hard as a stone, and flavored with something that was enough to make anyone sick. It was my first experience of old country messes. I hope I will not find many more as nasty as this.

By five o'clock we were again on board the Virginia. Oh, I had forgotten to write that Mamma and Papa had brought with them a sack of those fine yellow Swedish plums. Mrs. O'Neil had been telling us about them and we had resolved to have some of them the first thing when we came to land. But the Captain when he heard of it absolutely forbade it. He said they would surely give us all the cholera and added that if we brought any on board he would "throw them overboard." Unfortunately,

he neglected to inspect the packages they brought on board with them, so we all feasted on plums. We have not the cholera yet, I do not know whether we shall have it or not.

*Sunday, September 12*

Today at five o'clock in the morning we started for Copenhagen and in a short time were out of Göteborg, in the Baltic. We had the finest day that we have had yet. It was warm almost all day, the sun shone brightly and not a drop of rain fell, a most remarkable thing. The sea was so smooth, that the ship did not rock at all, and most of the time we could see land, sometimes on one, often on both sides of us. How we should enjoy life on the ocean, if it were only like this was! But that can never be. I only hope that by the time we start for home we may become so accustomed to the water that we shall not be seasick.

In the afternoon, it became cooler, and we went below. The head engineer was there and inquired if we would not like to see the ship's machinery. Of course we assented. We went all together to the engine room. The machinery extends from the bottom of the ship upwards almost to the deck. At intervals the entire distance [is] stages formed of iron rods placed close together, but not so close as to prevent one from seeing through from the top to the bottom. The stairs connecting these stages are of the same rods. We went down I do not know how many flights of these stairs, pausing on every stage to inspect the machinery. The engineer explained many parts of the machinery to Papa, but as he spoke German it did us no good. As we went farther down, everything, stage, railing and all, was covered with oil. The engineer spoke to one of the men, who handed each of us a large bunch of what looked like loosely spun cotton thread, to keep the oil from our hands. At last we came to the bottom. We could see the curve of the sides of the ship plainly. From the engine we went a little to one side, to the furnace. There are the great fires that were taking us onward to our destination. In the darkness, relieved only by the glow of the fires, the forms of the firemen, covered with coal dust and soot, made one think of gnomes at work under the ground. What a life they must lead! there in that hot,

dark place working the whole time, feeding the great furnaces. One does not feel at all inclined to envy them.

From the furnaces we went to the other side of the engines, following the engineer. We passed down a few steps under an archway so low we had to bend to pass under into a narrow passage. This passage extended seemingly the whole length of the ship. Through the middle ran a rod, some two or three feet in diameter, that revolved swiftly, being for the steering of the ship. The passage was so narrow we had to go sideways to avoid being caught by this rod. We went down the passage to the end of the ship, then retracing our steps we gained the engine room again. Then up all those flights of stairs, until at last we emerged in the passage leading to our cabin, and glad we were to see the light of day again. Mrs. O'Neil even confessed to having had some fear in the furnace room. At any rate, we had had a privilege that few enjoy. Papa said we were probably the only ones this voyage.

On going on deck again, we found that George, Dane, Alpha and Jenny, who had remained there when we went below, had been seeking us through the whole ship. They were not at all pleased when told where we had been, and what they had missed.

We remained after this on deck until we arrived in Copenhagen late in the afternoon. As we had a Danish pilot on board, we sailed for the time being under the Danish white cross, instead of the German red, white and black, as heretofore. A large fine harbor is that of Copenhagen, and as we steamed into it, it seemed to have almost as much craft in it as the harbor of New York. They were not as busy however. One large steamboat, all black and yellow, very much finer than all the others, we noticed particularly. We were informed that it was the yacht of the Czar of Russia who is now in the city. I wonder if we shall see him. I should rather like to, just to see if a czar looks any different from other men. Well, we all went on shore in a little steamer. Oh dear! as we neared the wharf, what should be the first sound to greet our ears but the melodious tune of "Ta ra ra boom de ay!" Here I for one had been hoping that here at least I would escape from that horrible song, and to hear it the first thing on landing! I collapsed. When I had recovered sufficiently

from the shock, to use my eyes I noticed the wharf where we landed was all fenced in so that it was impossible to pass it except through one gate which was kept guarded. We waited some time on the wharf, until Dane's friend the purser came and told us we might pass through. He went with us and recommended a hotel to us, where we decided to go. We took a couple of queer looking carriages, which they call "droskas," or something that sounds like it, and were driven over streets paved just like those of Göteborg, to the Hotel Victoria, where we engaged two rooms, and Mrs. O'Neil one. The windows of our rooms face the courtyard, but those of Mrs. O'Neil's the street, and it is like looking at an old picture to look out of them. The houses remind me somewhat of those in Göteborg, but are mostly much larger and finer.

### *Wednesday*

We have been in Copenhagen three days now, and expect to start for Papa's home, Ravnskoppel, tomorrow morning. We moved from the Hotel Victoria to another, the Hotel Göteborg yesterday. I cannot say I like this one as well as the other, but the charges were a great deal too high at the Victoria, so we changed. One queer thing about both hotels is that neither have electric light, gas, or even kerosene lamps in the rooms. All they give us is candles and they charge for them.

Day before yesterday Mrs. O'Neil started for home. She crossed over to Sweden by steamer and from Malmö, the point where she lands, it is but a short distance to her home. We all went with her to the steamer, and on arriving there we found Miss Swanson there too. She did not leave with the steamer, however, as she had only come to see some fellow passengers off. She remains in the city some days.

From the wharf we went up the street some distance until we came to the palace "Fredericksburg." It has been a fine palace, but has been allowed to go to ruin. Still it is a fine building. Of course, we were not inside. The gardens around the palace are very fine indeed, though not large.

After leaving the palace we wandered about the city almost all the rest of the day “taking in” everything that came in our way, looking at shop windows, buying a little here and there, and enjoying ourselves greatly the while. By the way, the shop windows seem to be the greater part of the shops. They seem to contain samples of everything in the stock, which is very handy for buyers, since they have only to stop before a window and inspect its contents to know whether the thing they wish to buy is in stock, and are spared the trouble of going in and having the clerks ransack the whole stock for them.

Another thing about the shops different from ours is that when you enter from the street you do not come directly into the shop but into a hall, with a door on each side leading into store room. All of the shops I have seen are just alike in this respect.

There are some of the queerest streetcars here one can imagine. They are all horse cars, not an electric or a cable car have I seen here. One sort looks like one of our streetcars cut in two. The other funnier even than this, has a bottom story, like one of our streetcars, with one or two platforms with seats on the top of it. It must be fun to ride up there on the highest platform; one could see everything. I for one should like to try it. The people, mostly men, looked just like monkeys riding up there.

Tuesday we went in the forenoon to the office of the American minister, as Papa wished to procure a passport. He had thought that his naturalization papers would be sufficient to enable him to travel where he pleased, but as many whom we met were of the opinion that he should procure a passport, he decided to do so, and so run no risks. As he had his naturalization papers with him, he had of course no difficulty in procuring one. We made quite a lengthy call at the consulate, receiving all of the news from America. The minister gave us a large roll of American newspapers, a very welcome gift. We children stayed at the hotel the whole afternoon, and I read nearly the whole roll of papers.

Today we have seen a great deal. In the forenoon Mamma, Papa, Alpha and I went out together. The boys went to the Zoological Gardens, in company with a young man from Nebraska, whose acquaintance we had made at the hotel.

We four, after buying a few things (among them a set of queer little teaspoons for Uncle Abe, a set of tablespoons for Mamma, and a ring for myself) started for the barracks and the city ramparts. The barracks occupy quite a large enclosure but are but very little different from all the other buildings in the city, except that they are a little dingier in appearance. Naturally, there were a great many soldiers about, and it was interesting to note their different uniforms. Most of them were either light or dark blue. The light sky blue were a great deal the prettiest. A strange thing about it all was, that they seemed to have selected all the tallest, lightest, greenest looking ones of all to wear those sky blue uniforms. They are all so green looking, anyhow. I never saw such a lot, in fact, I don't think I ever saw but one such and that was Pete when he first came to America. I have seen a great many here however, even greener looking than he was then. It was queer too, to see the privates salute the officers. Every time one met a superior, up would go his hand to his cap, and there it would stay until the superior acknowledged the salute.

Well, we had gone through the barracks, and wished to go up on the ramparts. But we were stopped by a sentinel, who demanded the password, and as of course we did not know it, we were obliged to go back. It seems ridiculous to me, these passwords and sentries, as if they were expecting every moment that the Prussians would attempt to take the city.

Next to the barracks is a small park, and there we retreated after our repulse from the ramparts. Although small, the park is very pretty. On one side is a small lake, and on the farther side of it stands a pretty church. We came up by it, and by an inscription on the wall we saw it was an English church. It is built entirely of rough black and white flints, which give it a very old appearance.

From the church it was not far to the shore, and there accordingly we went. Quite a distance away we saw the old Virginia. The Czar's yacht, too, is in the harbor yet. Today it presented a queer appearance, to say the least. All over the ship, on the masts, in the rigging, were hung the clothes of the sailors. It was evidently their wash day. They have a good place to dry their clothes, anyway, and the ropes seem very good clotheslines.



The afternoon we started for Thorwaldsen's Museum. It was not open when we arrived there, therefore we turned back to pass away the time until two o'clock, when the museum would open. The market place is not far from the Museum, so we went there. It is a very interesting place. Through the middle of a long street are the stalls of the vendors of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and along an adjoining street, facing the water, are those of the fish-vendors. The latter are principally women, and all wear a peculiar sort of headdress, that looks like a sunbonnet that was a great deal too small for the wearer. They had all sorts of queer looking fish to sell, but what interested us most was the snaky looking eel. How people can eat such things I cannot imagine although they are said to taste very well.

Punctually at two, we were at the museum. The building on the outside is but a large plain square house, little different, except in respect to size, to all the others around it. At the door, the doorkeeper wished to tell us to leave the parasols we had with us there as it was against the rules for one to bring them in the building. Instead of addressing Papa in Danish, as one would naturally suppose he would, he spoke to him in English. There seems to be something about us whether it is our looks or our clothes or something else, that tells everyone we are foreigners. As Papa has said, he has spoken Danish and put on all the Danish airs he could ever since he has been here, but everyone thinks at once he is no Dane. It is rather queer, I think.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the contents of the museum. I could not do it. The whole ground floor of the building, and another story besides, are filled with Thorwaldsen's works, there being very few by other masters. The most impressive of all the works is the group "Christ and the Apostles." It is indeed his masterpiece. Never before, have I seen anything like it, and I doubt if I ever shall again.

In the center of the building is a large court, shut off by walls of glass from the rest of the building, and carefully guarded. Midway of the court is a low, ivy covered mound, and there surrounded by the works that have made his name immortal, sleeps Denmark's greatest son and the greatest sculptor of the North, Bertel Thorwaldsen. No monument, save

the green ivy, marks his grave, but is not the “Christ and the Apostles,” standing fronting the grave, ever keeping watch over the rest of their maker, of themselves as great a monument as man has had before?

### *Thursday*

Well, early this morning we started for Sonderburg. We were to go as far as Korsør, on the other side of the island, by rail. I must say I never saw anything so queer as the coaches on the train. On the outside they looked something like long boxcars, with windows and doors all along the sides. Each car has five or six doors, and as we went to enter, they all stood open. Each door leads into a compartment just large enough to hold a seat along each side, and leave room for a passageway. We entered an empty one, which was just about large enough to hold us comfortably. We had made ourselves all ready for the trip and were very comfortably settled in our compartment when two men came along, and very coolly proceeded to enter, notwithstanding the black looks we shot at them. And they stayed with us the whole way to Korsør. We were angry enough, and it is good that they could not understand the remarks we made about them, in English of course. I rather wished, though that they could have understood them. The way that train went was excruciating. The only thing I can think of with which to compare it is one of our lumber wagons, driven swiftly over a very rough road. Both its speed and the ease of its running can be very well compared to the wagon. However, we became accustomed to these trifling things as well as to the train’s whistle, which sounded much like my poor little brownie rooster’s crow. We enjoyed very much the pretty rural scenery through which we passed. The whole land was a continual garden. Every little while we would pass scenes looking just like the pictures we had seen. The quaint old thatched cottages, and the lazily moving Dutch windmills, particularly attracted our attention.

At Korsør, we had no opportunity to see anything of the city as we went straight from the train to the steamer on which we were to go the remainder of the journey. We had nearly boarded a Kiel steamer, there being several boats there together, but I noticed the name “Kiel” on the

boat and called the attention of the others to it, so we found out our mistake in time. We had a lovely trip to Sonderburg. The whole afternoon we kept close to the shore and the scenery through which we passed was picturesque in the extreme. On the boat was an old lady, a country woman of Papa's, who had known his father. She had a piece of crazy work with her, and she and Mamma had quite a chat over it, although how they managed to understand each other I cannot imagine as she spoke only Danish and Mamma only English.

It was after dark when we arrived in Sonderburg so we could not go on to Ravnskoppel this evening. After a tiresome waiting in the custom house, while our trunks were examined, we were allowed to go. It had been so long since he left here, that Papa did not know where to pass the night but at last he thought of an old friend living here, by name Knarhor, who he thought could recommend a hotel to us. One would naturally suppose Mr. Knarhor would have been a little surprised at meeting an old friend after twenty-six years' absence, but if he were, he did not show it. He was as cool as if Papa had not been away a day. I think he must be a Prussian. However, he recommended the "Hotel Denmark" to us, and there we went to pass the night.

### *Friday*

This morning early, immediately after breakfast, we started by steamer for Ravnskoppel. It was only a twenty minutes' ride, but it doubtless seemed long enough to Papa. I know it did to me. We stood on deck the whole way, Papa pointing out places on shore he had known as a boy. He says that the land has changed very little since he was here, except that "everything looks so little." It may well do that, to one whose home is on the prairies, as ours is. Why, little patches of land, no larger than a nice garden, he said were thought large fields. I wish they could have one of our big corn or wheat fields here. People would surely open their eyes pretty wide at sight of it.

At last we came in sight of Ravnskoppel, which is only a field away from the water. From there, however, we could see only one of the barns,

and some large trees, which stand near the house. At the steamboat landing Papa's sister, Aunt Sophia, has a small hotel or summer resort, and there we went first. Entering the house, we were met by a tall, quite pretty girl, whom I took to be about sixteen or seventeen years old. Papa inquired for Aunt Sophia [*She operated a small hotel on the shore of Al-sound, which is very close to Ravnskoppel and not far from Sonderburg.*] and was told that she would be here in a minute. Pretty soon she came, a very tall and not very good looking woman.

Naturally, she supposed it was only some ordinary travelers. Papa went up to her and spoke a few words in Danish to her. I never saw such a look of astonishment on mortal face as that which came over hers as he spoke. She could not speak, she could only stare at him and at us. No wonder, Papa had been away twenty-six years and she had not the slightest suspicion that he was coming back. It was enough to astonish anyone. After the first shock of the surprise was over, they began talking Danish, and they have kept it up the whole day. Papa soon asked after Uncle Christian at Ravnskoppel, but was told he was away for the day, so we stayed at Sandberg as Aunt Sophia's place is called. I was curious about the girl who had met us when we came, so Papa asked about her, and found that she was the daughter of his sister Mary, that she is only fourteen and that her name is Ingeborg. I like her looks very much, and think I shall like her too when I can talk to her. This afternoon I helped her wash the dishes, and there the whole time we two girls stood and neither could speak a word to the other. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life before.

This afternoon we went up to Ravnskoppel. It is only a short distance from Sandberg, but before we could get there it was pouring rain, although the sun had been shining when we had started. We were forced to take refuge in a cottage near by the home of some old acquaintances of Papa's. They had quite a talk, while we took in the queer interior of the house, the uncarpeted floors, the great fireplace in the kitchen, the spinning wheels and loom in one room.



*When the Hansen family traveled to Denmark in 1893, many relatives and household employees gathered at Ravnskoppel to meet them. Kate is standing, third from the left in the third row.*

When the rain had ceased we went on to Ravnskoppel. It looks very much like the picture we have of it in America, but is larger than I thought it would be. In front of the house is a large open space, on either side of which is a long barn. The house has a tiled roof, but the barns are thatched with sea grass.

As I said before Uncle and Aunt were absent, but two of our cousins were at home. One of them, a girl, is named Ingeborg, of course. She is smaller than Mamma, and is very quiet and demure looking. She too is only fourteen, yet she wears long dresses. They say girls put on long dresses and leave school when they are confirmed, in their fourteenth year.

The other cousin, a boy, at first sight made me think a little of Pete. He has the same ears and is about as long, but beyond these things there is no resemblance between them. Mamma said he looked like a cousin of Papa's, who had been in America, named Lorenz Vogt and later we found out that this one's name too is Lorenz.

After drinking coffee, we went out into the garden. It is a large one, and must at one time have been very pretty, for even now it is nice. It is a queer old-fashioned garden, in keeping with everything else here. The trees look as if they had stood half a century at least. One great big prune tree especially is an old looking one. It is as full as it can hold of long dark red prunes, just ripe. On one side of the tree right against the trunk, is a high seat, with two steps leading up to it. It is a fine place to sit, one can see across the fields and over the water to the island Alsen, on which is situated Sonderburg.

Entering the garden by the double gates, we find ourselves in front of a grass plot on the farther side of which is a very pretty arbor, formed of some sort of a weeping tree. The limbs droop entirely to the ground completely covering the arbor, scarcely leaving an entrance. To the front of the arbor is a flowerbed formed principally of pansies and stocks. Behind is the vegetable garden, which is bordered on one side by flowerbeds. All around the garden except on the side next the house, runs a hedge. On the side next the water it is cut low, but on the other side has been left undisturbed, and is so tall and thick as to completely shut off the view. At the farther end of the garden is a very pretty nook. There both hedges are tall.

Several bushy trees surround with the hedges a small open space in which two seats are placed. The trees shut off the view from the house, the hedges from the fields, but one inside can easily see all that happens outside, and on one side by pushing aside some of the branches, one can climb through, out into a field. From thence it is but a short distance to the shore.

Well, after exploring the garden, we returned to Aunt Sophia's where we remained until evening. With evening came Uncle Christian, a pleasant looking man, as tall as Papa, and a great deal thicker. They sat and talked awhile, then we started for Ravnskoppel again. It was a beautiful evening, almost as light as day. We enjoyed very much our walk. Arriving at Ravnskoppel, we were met by Aunt Ingeborg. We were taken into a different room from the one we had been in in the afternoon, and there they brought us coffee again. I would like to know if they ever give

visitors anything else here. We sat there the whole evening and listened to their Danish chatter. I at least feeling very uncomfortable. Late in the evening, however, came Lorenz with a couple of violins, and he and Uncle Christian played several pieces, which I enjoyed greatly. At last, about twelve o'clock, I think, we went to bed, I sleeping with Ingeborg.

I hardly know where to begin to write this. It has been so long since I last wrote. I shall try and write a few of the things we have seen and done in these weeks we have been in Ravnkoppel. We are becoming somewhat accustomed to their queer ways of doing here. Everything seemed at first topsy turvy. It seemed, and seems yet, as though they did everything the very opposite way from the way we do. The very atmosphere seems different.

The first night here, as I said before, I slept with Ingeborg. In the morning, when I rose, they brought me a pair of "somethings," that looked like pieces of felt cut out like the soles of shoes, with pieces of cloth stitched on in front to stick the toes in. Of course, I could not understand what they said to me when they brought them. They pointed to my feet, and then to the slippers, so I supposed they intended me to put them on, but it seemed so queer that they should bring a pair of slippers to a guest in the morning, to put on, as if I had no shoes of my own. I did not put them on, for I was not sure that I could walk in the queer things. I noticed people's feet a little after that, and they all wear these somethings in the house. When outside, all wear great big heavy wooden shoes, but as soon as one comes in the door, off go the wooden shoes and the feet are slipped into a pair of these slippers which are always there at hand. Between the hall and the kitchen is a little passage, where are always to be found a dozen or so pairs of wooden shoes or slippers. When a neighbor comes in he always leaves his wooden shoes at the hall at the door of the room, and enters in his stocking feet. People here think it very strange that we go always in shoes. No one wears shoes except for extra good, and then they are such coarse, heavy things, I almost believe I would rather wear wooden shoes. The wooden shoes do not look so bad on small children, as then the feet are so small. But when they grow larger, the feet seemingly to grow faster than the remainder of the children, the shoes grow so large that it would be a task to carry



them, or so it seems to me. The children, however, seem to run quite as well in them as we in our light leather ones.

Their dress is all so queer and old-fashioned here in the country. We did not notice it in the cities, but here it is impossible not to notice it. Most of the women's dresses are absolutely plain. Everything is of the darkest and dullest of colors. Every woman and girl has a black dress, and they choose hats and cloaks mostly of the same somber hue. At funerals it would be an impardonable offense for one to attend clad in anything but black from head to foot. The men on such occasions mostly wear great stove pipe hats. I saw Uncle Christian's the other day. It looked as if it had been handed down from his great grandfather's time.

At confirmation, every one of the class is expected to be attired in black. At weddings, the bridal pair wear black. And in fact on all occasions, with one exception, black is the favorite color. This one exception is ball-dresses of which more anon.

For outdoor wear, all have long cloaks, as long as the dresses, jackets and capes being almost unknown. As no one on ordinary occasions wears leather shoes, rubbers or overshoes are very rare. In fact, I do not think I have seen any overshoes at all here, and only a half dozen pairs of rubbers.

As to the dress of the men, it is very little different from what it is at home. A costume, however, which Lorenz wears at work, is a little different. He wears a blue cotton jacket, and short white knee trousers, which look like two flour sacks tied together. He cuts a queer figure in this costume to which must of course be added the wooden shoes.

By the way, I have not told of the remainder of the household. The two remaining children are Christian and Margrethe, or Grete, as we call her. Grete is a quite pretty and very bright and mischievous girl of 9. She reminds us all very much of Marie, in spite of the difference in age. Her way of talking, and a habit she has of squealing, are very like Marie's. Despite her mischief, she is as demure looking as a little old woman. When she and Alpha, who are great friends, sit down quietly, with their sewing or crocheting, they form quite a contrast. There is nothing whatever of the little old woman in Alpha.



Grete's brother Christian is a boy of 16. Poor Christian! He is deaf and almost dumb, owing to some accident which happened to him when he was small. At first he was entirely dumb, but in the school for deaf mutes, to which he was sent, he was taught to speak a little. But most of his communications with others are made by means of writing. He and Papa will sit for hours, each with pencil and paper, carrying on a conversation. At present he is learning the painter's trade at Satrup, a town some few miles from here, so he is only at home Sundays. I pity the poor boy most sincerely. How he can be so cheerful is more than I can understand. Yet I have never seen him otherwise than pleasant.

Well, the remainder of the household consists of the four servants, two girls and two men. The girls' names are Dorcas and Grete; the men's Lorenz and Hendrick. The first named of the girls, Dorcas, has become engaged since our arrival. It is the custom here for a couple to be publicly engaged for five or ten years before being married. Couples become engaged very much too young here, as in a case or two which I know of, where the girl is not more than fifteen, the boy not much older. In fact, they are considered old enough to become engaged as soon as they are confirmed, at fourteen or fifteen. However, Dorcas is old enough, as she is eighteen, and has several years to wait before being married. Her betrothed, by name Peter Myer, comes here every few evenings. It is comical to see how they behave. All will be settled comfortably for the evening. Uncle Christian and Lorenz either playing cards or practicing on their violins, Aunt and Cousin Ingeborg sewing or knitting, Dorcas and Grete at their spinning wheels spinning. Then will come a knock at the door, announcing Peter Myer. He comes in says "Go Youden" (that is the way it is pronounced) to the company, and seats himself by the table. Dorcas never looks up. He does not seem to see her. Pretty soon the men begin playing cards, which continues throughout the entire evening and when he leaves, it is generally without having said a single word to her during his whole call. They are certainly a very undemonstrative couple, to say the least. I wish they, or some one else from among our acquaintances would get married. I should like to see a Danish wedding, and a Danish wedding it would be here, although Schleswig-Holstein belongs to Prussia, this portion of the province is as Danish as the most Danish portion of Denmark.

Everyone speaks the Danish language, although the most can speak German. Here in the country, these old Danish families hate the very name of German. Even the children are taught to despise the German country and flag. Even Grete, only nine years of age, simply hates the German colors. They are not without justification, in my opinion, in their hatred. A country that for hundreds of years had belonged to Denmark, a people who were nothing if not Danes, taken by force of arms and on the slightest of pretexts from their mother country and joined to another people, speaking an entirely different language, and with whom they had nothing whatever in common—and what excuse had Prussia to offer? Simply because there was a dispute concerning the succession to the Danish throne and Schleswig-Holstein favored a different candidate from the one Denmark proper had selected as king, Prussia and Austria take it upon themselves to settle the quarrel by separating the duchies entirely from Denmark, and sharing them together. A just settlement, truly! And equally infamous is the way in which they have since then been treated. A man may not fly a Danish flag, under penalty of exile or prison. He dare not breathe a word against the Kaiser or the government, they are held as sacred and incapable of making the slightest mistake in anything. The newspapers are never allowed to print anything criticizing the actions of “his imperial majesty.” No matter what he does, it must be right, for is he not Kaiser? and can a kaiser do wrong? How it is possible for this Danish people to bear it, I cannot conceive. Their children must go to German schools and learn the German language. But worse still, they are taught that the robbery of Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark was an act of justice and that it is a great favor to the people to be made part of the German empire and to come under its “free” government. The young men must give three years of their lives to a government for which they have no feeling, save hatred and fear. There is no escape save exile. No wonder is it that so many go to Denmark, and that still more go to America. They hope that their country may yet be restored to Denmark, but what grounds have they on which to base their hope? It is very improbable that Prussia having once gained possession of the country, would ever give it up unless compelled to do so. And what country would take upon itself that task? They all at some time in their several histories, have acted in the same way. Should they demand the

restoration of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, Prussia could answer, "Right the wrongs you have done, give back your conquests to their rightful owners, then you can with better grace demand that we restore ours to the conquered Danes." But Prussia could not, even then, give back Schleswig-Holstein. If she did so then she must give Alsace-Lorraine back to France, Silisia to Austria, and the Polish province to that country, which would completely dismember the kingdom. No, Prussia will keep Schleswig-Holstein right or no right. But why, having once conquered the country, and being certain of their ability to keep it, why can they not deal more leniently with the people? "A soft answer turneth away wrath"; why cannot Prussia give a "soft answer" to this wronged, but weak and defenseless people? They would say hard things of Prussia; let them do so as much as they wish, words cannot harm so long as there is no force behind them. They would fly Danish flags; let them do so. If Prussia would give them full and free permission to say what they liked, although at first many bitter things would be said of her, yet their wrath would gradually die out like a fire for want of fuel to feed it. As it is every fresh act of injustice committed by Prussia but makes their anger until it is wonderful that it does not break out, despite everything. And just so long as Prussia continues to treat this people as slaves, so long will they continue to hate her with the most bitter hatred of which they are capable.

As a more cheerful subject, I will try and tell how we pass the time here and as one day is very much like all the others, description of one will suffice for all. The household rises at five in the morning, although we do not rise so early. Breakfast consists of "grutze," a sort of mush made of cracked barley, and milk. It is Ingeborg's task to prepare this meal. Breakfast over, all go to their work, the men to the fields, the girls first to their milking, then after putting all in order in the kitchen, out in the fields to help. At about eight o'clock, all come in for their lunch, consisting of black bread, with lard, and cold meat. This over, the work begins again. The principal work of the girls in the fields is gathering in the potatoes and the "rohr," a sort of turnip which they feed to the cattle. At twelve o'clock we have dinner, which consists of two courses, soup and meat. After dinner, the men all sleep about an hour, after which we all drink coffee. Aunt and Cousin Ingeborg generally pass away the

afternoon and evening in spinning, the girls also helping in the evening. Aunt Ingeborg knits a great deal, as they knit their own stockings, and coarse, heavy things they are too. At four o'clock comes another meal also bread, butter, meat and cheese. At eight in the evening, just before going to bed, we eat "grutze" again. We go out in the fields a great deal, when the weather allows of it. But it rains so much, that we are obliged to stay indoors a great deal. The showers come as suddenly as in April, and generally pass over as quickly as they come. Often it begins to rain when we are out in the fields, when we take shelter under a hedge until it passes over. The hedges are full of blackberries, blueberries, and a sort of black plums which latter are very bitter until frost, but then, they say, become quite sweet. They grow on bushes like plums, sometimes forming by themselves an entire hedge. We take long tramps, exploring the country around. As yet we have been but little on the water although it is so near to us. One Sunday we sailed down and across the sea to "Arnkiel Denkmal," a monument erected to commemorate the landing of the Prussians on Alsen during the war with Denmark. The Prussians crossed in boats from this side and landed near the spot where the monument stands, unknown to the Danes although their army was but a short distance inland. The battle which followed in which the Prussians were victorious, was one of the series which ended in the taking of Sonderburg, whose forts were considered almost impregnable. These forts are yet to be seen, only grass covered dykes and ditches, yet they have been strong fortifications. A queer old town is Sonderburg, with its narrow winding streets, all paved with rough cobblestones, and the sidewalks, when there are any, consisting of two rough or smooth stones, about a foot wide each, set in the pavement. The greatest attraction in Sonderburg is of course the castle. This old building was erected before the year 1000 as a defense against the heathen Vikings, by the king of Denmark. It is an immense stone structure, standing on the point that guards the entrance to Sonderburg strait, the narrow, but very deep passage between Alsen and the mainland. Despite the antiquity of the castle, however, I must confess it does not at all realize my ideal of what a castle should be. In the first place, it stands neither high up on a mountain, nor yet on an island by itself. It is built near the water, but not directly in it and it stands in the midst of the city. Then it is square, with only

one tower, so small that one must look twice before he can see it at all. And worst of all, it has windows, large glass ones too, over everything. I know that there is a great deal more space occupied by those windows than by all the remainder of the walls. The castle is now used as a place for quartering soldiers, Sonderburg being a garrison town. One meets soldiers at every turn when in town. We are becoming well accustomed to uniforms at least, also to little men, for I do believe not one soldier in the whole garrison is much larger than I am myself. The government must have selected all of the smallest men in the entire German army, and sent them here.

Besides the castle, the city has another attraction in its old church, built in the year 1000. In this church my grandfather, Papa's father, received a decoration of honor from the king of Denmark. I have often heard Papa tell about it. He was to have worn the decoration on all public occasions, and most men would have been only too glad to have done so, but my grandfather was different. He wore it home from Sonderburg, and that was the only time people ever saw him with it on. From what I have here heard of him, my grandfather must have been a singularly modest man, yet he was a good and just one as well. Such was his reputation for honesty and justice that for miles around men brought their quarrels to him, for settlement, instead of going to law about them. Of all his children, there is no one more like him than Papa, in my opinion.

Some time ago we went to the annual fair in Sonderburg. It was a queer sight. The principal street was lined with booths, something like the market in Copenhagen, except that these have all sorts of goods for sale. We walked up the street to the end of the booths, noticing with interest the queer looking things displayed there, and especially the people. I never saw quiet old Sonderburg so lively before. People from all the country round flock to the town for the holiday. Every one who attends the fair is expected to buy some little memento. We bought several. While there I noticed a pretty little glass set, consisting of two goblets about an inch high, with pitcher and plate to match. I thought it would make a pretty ornament, so bought it. What was my disgust to find out afterwards that it was a whisky set! However, I shall take it home with me; they will not know there what it is.

While walking along, Aunt Ingeborg was accosted by a very pretty dark-haired, blue-eyed girl. They talked for some time, and by and by I found out that she was another of my cousins, another daughter of Aunt Marie. I am sure I should like her very much if I knew her. She was quite attracted by Alpha; they walked together for some time, and she bought Alpha a set of comical little monkeys. Alpha says now she likes Doris (that is her name) best of all her cousins.

By the way, I do not believe I have said much about the inside appearance of Ravnskoppel. On entering the house, one enters a large hall which has a stone floor, covered with sand, as are all the other floors in the house. On one side of the hall is the general sitting room; on the other, the parlor. The sitting room contains plain chairs, a table, Uncle Christian's writing desk, the "Grandfather's Clock" which stands on the floor and reaches nearly to the ceiling. There are also Uncle Christian's and Lorenz's violins, and an instrument they call a harmonium. It is something like an organ, but such a screeching noise as it makes I never heard before, and hope I never shall again. I had almost forgotten a very important part of the furniture; that is, a carved rack which is hung with those long-stemmed Dutch pipes. They reach (or some of them do) almost to the floor. Here we generally pass the evenings. Lorenz plays the zither and accordion, as well as the violin. Once in a while they dance, and that is a queer sight, especially when the girls, in their short sleeved, short skirted dresses, take part.

The parlor, which is used only on state occasions, is quite well furnished, but no carpet is to be seen. They say they never have carpets here, in fact, they scarcely know what they are.

The kitchen is interesting. It has a stone floor, like the hall. The kitchen table is long and narrow and on either side are long benches, without backs. Here the family generally take their meals. The stove is built into the wall, a great clumsy-looking thing, like a box of iron. It is about three or four feet high. The stove lids are the most peculiar things; they are composed of from four or five to a dozen rings, which fit into each other. When cooking with the various sizes of kettles, the rings are removed until the kettle just fits the opening. The wash-house, separated from the kitchen by a small stone paved court, contains a large fireplace,

with a great kettle built into it. On washdays (which only come about once a month) Aunt Ingeborg, the girls, and one or two others hired for the day, assemble here. They have nothing like a wash board or, washing machine, but do all their washing by hand. It generally takes them all day. Then they put their clothes out, but without starching them.

It generally takes from two days to a week to get the clothes dry, for about as soon as they are hung out, it will begin to rain, when they must be brought in, and kept until the rain is over. When, at last they are dry, they are starched, and the process of drying is repeated. In very wet weather, they are hung in the garret. Their methods of ironing are peculiar. One day, as we were sitting down-stairs, we heard something which sounded like thunder, just above our heads. We listened some time, then Papa began to laugh, and told us that that was the girls ironing upstairs. We rushed to the garret, and there they stood one on each side of the "ironing machine." This consists of a long pine table upon which are two rollers. These rollers are held down by a box filled with heavy stones. There is a handle at each end, by which this may be moved to and fro. The clothes are folded smoothly, then passed under the rollers. This of course does not dry them at all and those linen sheets, ironed in this way, are not in the least pleasant to sleep between, even if one has a feather bed over him. But we have become accustomed to them as to many other queer things.

*[Kate was sent to live with Peter's favorite sister, Marie Thietje, and her husband and family at their ancestral home, Stranderott, which also was not far from Sonderburg.*

*Marie had been ostracized by her family when she fell in love and married a German soldier who was on duty in Denmark after Germany had conquered Denmark. During their year abroad, Kate's father, Peter Hansen, effected a family reconciliation that continues to this day. Stranderott, with its beautiful thatched roof and dormer windows, was in the Thietje family until 1998, when the last descendant owner died.*

*During this year abroad, Kate fell in love with one of her cousins, but her family discouraged that relationship. A number of his letters are in Kate's files at the University of Kansas Archives.]*



Well, we have been forming some new plans for the winter. Mamma and Papa are to keep house here. There are three rooms, a sitting room, bedroom and kitchen, at one end of the house, which were occupied by Papa's father and mother after Uncle Christian's marriage. These they are to use. The boys are to be sent to school in Sonderburg, and are to stay with a cousin of ours. I am to go to Aunt Marie's and that is worst of all. I have only seen her once, and she lives so far from Ravnskoppel that I can only come here occasionally. But Papa has promised me a gold watch if I learn German well, so I shall go.

*[Kate earned the watch. It is now in the possession of Dane and Polly Bales of Logan, Kansas.]*

Anyway, Ingeborg will be there, and so will Doris, although I do not know her any better than Aunt Marie. But I will try my best to learn



*Stranderott was the ancestral home of the family of Peter Hansen's favorite sister, Marie Thietje. Kate lived with the Thietjes for most of her family's stay abroad.*



German, and, as Uncle Fritz, Aunt Marie's husband is a German, perhaps I shall succeed. We have learned so little here, that I can scarcely speak a word; the people here speak Danish almost all the time, so they do not teach us much.

*Stranderott. Winter.*

Again I scarcely know where to begin, to tell all that has happened since I came here. It seems as though it would take a dozen books such as this to do so. Everything has changed so since last October, that I scarcely even know myself. Then, I cared little or nothing about this native land of Papa's; my interest in it was only the interest of an ordinary sightseer, amused by the strange manners of the people, but understanding them little, and caring for them less. Then, there was no one to whom I could speak, but our family, none whose speech I could understand. But I will go no farther with this; instead, I will try to write a few of the things which have happened, beginning "at the beginning."

One fine day last October, all the people from Ravnskoppel came here to bring me. That was the longest drive I had taken in this country, and the scenery was delightful. We reached Stranderott about noon. Stranderott is only a cluster of houses, nestling down close to the waters of Flensburg Fjord, an inlet so broad that here one can just distinguish houses on the other side. The inhabitants of the little village are mostly the owners of and the workers in the two Eel "Fabriken" [*factory*] which stand side by side next to the water, and from which runs out a long steamboat landing. Uncle Fritz, his father and brother own one, Herr Clausen, our neighbor, the other.

We left our horses at a farm-house, which is only a few steps from Uncle's, and which is owned by a Franz Hansen. We walked through a little lane from the farm-house, and on emerging we saw the house which was to be my home for this winter. Truly, it is my very ideal of a cottage. Very long and low, with a high peaked roof, thatched and with green moss contrasting in a lovely manner with the brown thatch. But best of all the entire cottage is covered with a thick mat of the dark green German ivy, which twines around windows and doors, and has



*Nestled along the waters of the Flensburg Fjord, Standerott was a small cluster of houses for the owners and workers at the local eel "fabriken." The eel boxes, which were attached to the poles rising out of the water, housed the eels in the summer. Kate's cousin Friedrich Thietje rowed out twice a day in a small boat to tend to the eels before they were processed in the fall.*

even in some places climbed to the roof. The vine is an evergreen and all through the winter, when everything is covered with snow, its large glossy leaves make a beautiful contrast with the whiteness surrounding it.

We were met at the house by the entire family. Aunt Marie is somewhat like Papa. I like her better than any of Papa's other brothers and sisters. Uncle Fritz is a big, hearty-voiced, frank-looking German, very different from any of the men whom I had met before. One of the worst things I had seen in the society here, was the way in which the men rather looked down on their wives, not generally behaving very unkindly toward them, but lacking the respect and consideration for women which is shown in America. Uncle Fritz, however, is just as considerate and attentive as any American could be.

Doris and Inger were of course there. The younger children are Amalie and Magda, the latter not much older than Alpha, and two boys of five and three, Heinrich and Henning. This latter is the prettiest little boy I have ever seen, I think, and is my especial pet. Although so young, he has a very good voice, as indeed they all have. We sing very much;

I have taught Henning one or two of my English songs, and have also taught the girls some. These were all the members of the family of whom I had heard. At coffee I noticed a young man about twenty or so, whom I took for some visitor. I was greatly surprised on finding out that he was my cousin, Friedrich.

In the afternoon we rowed out a little, then returned and took a walk. For some time we followed the water. Stranderott is on one side of a little bay. On the other side is a large hill, and a low narrow strip of land projecting far out into the water. This strip is covered in winter, with water or ice, and is our skating pond. We went by the base of the hill, and walked for some time on the other side until we came to the Munkmühle, where Pete's father once lived. We saw also the house where Pete was born. Near the house a long flight of steps leads to the top of a hill, upon which formerly stood a large windmill. A path leads along the brow of the hill, which is covered with bushes and trees. We traveled this path for a long time, until we came to the schoolhouse. There we saw the teacher, and made arrangements for my entering the school after which we returned by another foot path to Stranderott. In the evening the visitors departed, leaving me here. I was a little lonely at first, since I could scarcely understand a word of what they said, much less speak myself. But before two weeks had passed, I could understand fairly what they said to me. I can scarcely remember now how I did learn it; it seemed to come so easily. I have been in school every day, and every two weeks I have spent Sunday in Ravnskoppel, going by steamer to Sonderburg, and sometimes walking the rest of the way.

I wish to be candid in these books, so will say I do not like the school at all. It is very dull and monotonous, since the novelty has worn off. At first it seemed very strange to be sitting in that little room, on one of the long, backless benches, with German books before me. But I soon became accustomed to it. There is only one girl in school as old as I; that is Lucie Clausen, our neighbor's daughter. She has a piano and is a good player; we often practice together, and generally some of the others are there and we dance. I have learned to dance quite well.

The teacher is a strange specimen. He is very tall and thin, with a long face, rather dark eyes, and thick lips. His method of teaching is as strange. He carries a rod continually, and uses it very often. The school discipline seems to me sometimes more like that of a company of soldiers than a school, everything must be so exact. The pupils are taught just what their predecessors have been taught for generations. Church history, the catechism, and the learning of hymns, form the most important part of the course of study. When a pupil becomes of a certain age, he is confirmed and leaves school, whether he knows anything or not. The pupils in general are not nearly so far advanced as in America; but a good reason for this is, that they, knowing nothing but Danish on entering the school, must learn German before going any farther.

About the best thing here is our singing school. About one-half of two afternoons each week is devoted to singing. Most of the pupils have naturally good voices, so the singing is very good. I have learned a great number of German songs in this manner. On two afternoons each week we have sewing-school; I have made a great deal of fancy-work there.

But it is at home that we have the best time. Almost every evening we have something; we are very often at Lucie's, very often we have visitors in the evening. The four of us, Inger, Doris, Friedrich and I, are out together a great deal. There is a farm, about two miles from here, called the Ofen, there we go most often. There are two sisters and three brothers, the youngest about Inger's age, there and generally a cousin also. We form quite a party by ourselves. The way of entertaining is slightly peculiar at these young folks' parties as well as at old folks'; first of course we have coffee, and if the party be at all large, the boys and girls sit in different rooms. After coffee we generally sit awhile and talk and work on fancy-work, crocheting, etc. Then almost every time the evening closes with a dance, or sometimes with games. Nearly everyone can play some instrument or other; the violin and the accordion are perhaps the most common. There is also generally some singing before the evening closes, since almost everyone sings well. At the Ofen the songs are generally Danish, "Olksheder"; many of them are very fine indeed, most of them are rather slow and nearly all have some sad notes even with the gayest of words.



*Ingeborg (Inger) and Doris Thietje were two of Kate's favorite cousins. The year that they and her other cousin Friedrich lived together at Stranderott was full of good times and adventures that Kate would fondly remember all her life.*

I have gone to two or three balls since I have been here, which has been a new experience to me, so I will try to describe one of them. The first one was the best, so I will take it. It was given by the [?] of which Uncle and Friedrich are members, in the [?] in Rinkenis, about half a mile from here. We started quite early, just after dark, but the ballroom was almost full when we arrived. What first struck one was the contrast between the ball dresses and those worn on all other occasions. Ordinary dresses are, as I have said, generally dark and very plainly made (In this district the people mostly dress in more modern fashion than those around Ravnskoppel). But ball dresses are very fanciful, light colored or white, mostly low-necked and very short sleeved. Another thing I noticed was, that there were no gentlemen in the room. I wondered somewhat where they all were (Uncle & Friedrich had left us on entering the house) but soon the band struck up, and then they all entered, a brilliant sight in their gay uniforms. There was scarcely one present in plain dress. The ball began, as with us, with a grand march.

One other peculiar thing I noticed was this: when a gentleman wished to ask a lady to dance, he simply went up to her and made a low bow, saying not a word. If she consented, she rose and made a curtsy. After the march came waltzes, polkas, galops, besides different old-country dances, but not a single quadrille. (I found out afterward that these are danced only at dancing-school.) About midnight came supper, or rather, coffee. Inger of course went with her C[?]. The ball continued until about four o'clock, and I, for one, enjoyed myself greatly throughout. We went to another ball at the same place in Christmas time; Papa, Mamma, the boys, Alpha, and Lorenz were up from Ravnskoppel.

In Christmas time we had a grand time. For weeks beforehand, we had been making ready. Each evening we girls would go off in a room by ourselves, to work on our Christmas gifts, and what fun we did have together. Every family here, no matter how poor it may be, has its Christmas tree. So two days before Christmas, Uncle brought in our Christmas tree, after the children were all in bed, and put it in the parlor. That door was then kept locked. The next evening we decorated the tree. We made a quantity of tissue paper flowers first, fastening them on the ends of the branches. Then were brought out the glittering ornaments of gilt and tinsel, some of which had hung on a half-dozen different trees. These were hung on, then the dozens of candles were placed in position, next the stars, then a quantity of odd little cakes and quaintly shaped baskets of candy. Then the Christ-child was placed in the top of the tree, and we left it until the next night.

Next evening, Christmas Eve, we first attended the Christmas service in the church, which was brilliantly decorated for the occasion. On returning, we first went to see Uncle's father and mother's tree, for even these old people have their tree just as they did when Uncle and his brothers and sisters were children. Then we saw Andreas' tree, then all went to see ours. By this time all the candles were lighted, and the tree was a blaze of light. All our presents had been placed on a table near by, and they were now distributed. The children played and sang Christmas songs, and even the old folks joined. One thing peculiar we had: that was a kind of tissue paper caps, of all sorts of queer shapes. We wore them all through the evening. I had a grandmother's cap, and

I have put it away to carry back to America with me as a memento of this happy evening.

The next morning all the children started out to make a round of the neighborhood, and see everyone's Christmas trees. I went with them as far as Lucie's, where I spent most of the forenoon. The Christmas trees are left standing until New Year's at least, instead of being torn up in one evening.

We have had some ice on Knud's Mai, enough to skate some. The school has had what they call Eis-tag; every pupil on that day goes to the ice, and those who cannot skate (they are only the very little ones) are taught by the teacher or by the older pupils. We went over in the evening, and I took my first lesson in skating. It was the hardest work I have done for some time, although I did not once fall down, even in skating alone. But I am afraid that skating will not soon be added to the list of my accomplishments. We have had some fun lately in the evenings, for Friedrich has been teaching (or trying to teach) me to play "Damen." I am afraid I am a very stupid pupil; I never win a game unless he gives it to me. But nevertheless it is great fun. We all stay up until twelve o'clock at least, every evening.

### *Ravnskoppel*

I am spending the remainder of my holidays here. It is very dull indeed after Stranderott, but I shall go back there as soon as the holidays are over. After the Christmas ball in Rinkenis, we drove here. We started late in the afternoon, and it was long after dark when we arrived. I had not thought before that it was so far from Stranderott here; but the other time it was daytime, and in the lovely autumn; this time it was dark, and in dreary winter. It has been very cold ever since I have been here. The boys' school in Dyppøl is of course out for the holidays, and they spend their time mostly in skating on the mill-pond not far from here. We went once but only stayed a short time, so I did not attempt to skate.

On New Year's Eve I sat up alone and watched the Old Year out and the New in. How has everything changed since last New Year's. It



seems almost incredible that it all should have happened in the space of one little year. And what may this New Year bring? Where may we all be when it has become the Old Year? Some of us will be far apart then, it must be. But wherever I may be, each New Year's Eve I shall watch as this time, and think of this evening and all that may take place since.

*Wednesday, March 14, 1894*

At last I will begin again on this diary. I shall try from now on to write each evening all that happens in the day, which after this week, however, I do not suppose will be much to write for some time.

Today there has been no school. The Danish confirmation class had examination this forenoon, the German this afternoon. Of course, I did not go to the Danish examination, Inger and I had intended to go to the German, at two this afternoon. By one we had started, having Andreas with us. We had come only as far as the "Back," when it began to rain. However, we had umbrellas with us, so kept on. The rain came faster and faster, with some hail also. Still we kept on until we were through and through wet. At last when we were about half way to Rinkenis, we turned around and went back home. Before we were as far as Franz Hansen's, the rain stopped. The rest of the afternoon was as fine as any day we have had yet. The Fates are against us unlucky girls, I think.

As soon as I had put on dry clothes, Doris, Magda and I went to the pine grove by the "Back," to gather some moss and evergreens. We were there some two hours gathering our green. We found too a few "Tay blume," as they call them; pretty yellow flowers, with a fine scent. Coming home, we worked a while, I finishing the last of the handkerchiefs I have been embroidering for Inger. After we had had coffee, away we went again, this time for Brandstaff. The steamer from Flensburg had come to pull off the sailboat that stranded there yesterday in the storm. After a great deal of pulling and tugging, the "Adler" at last pulled the unlucky "Fader Minde" off the bar and brought her here to Stranderott, where both anchored.



We were at work again, Doris & I making a wreath, when Uncle came in and said, that there was a diver who was going to examine the hull of the boat, to see that there were no holes. So of course we must out and see. We five girls & Uncle took a boat and rowed out. It was the first time we had seen a diver in his queer attire. He was clothed entirely in rubber, excepting only his head, on which he had a great iron thing, which looked as if it weighed ten pounds at least. On each side and in front were little round windows, or so they looked, at least. On his feet he had rubber shoes, which I know were two feet long. Altogether he presented a queer appearance. He dived twice, and examined the hull the whole way, but found no hole. It is fortunate for the owner of the vessel, who has already been obliged to pay 300 mark for the steamer.

It was already dark when we returned from the ship. Shortly afterwards, the steamer sailed for Flensburg. She had a searchlight on board, and the light fell on us in the garden so brightly, that they said, and I believed, that one could read newspapers by it. It reminded me of the searchlight on the Manufacturers Building at the Fair.

*Thursday, 3.15*

Today has been almost the finest we have had here; this morning early it was foggy, but the sun soon dispersed the mists. It has been as warm as summer. The violets, crocus and primula are blossomed, in the garden, while the fields are covered with daisies. Spring has come, surely.

This morning, as the teacher was to school examination in Rinke-nis, there was no school. This afternoon also there has been none, as he went to a funeral then. We did not know the latter, however, so went to school. After finding that there was no school the others remained in Beken, but I came home through the fields alone. After the children came home, we went out on the water, Amalia and I rowing. We were out about two hours, it was so fine. It was hard work sometimes though, rowing. I think I shall learn it in time, however.

This evening I shall go to Clausen's, I think, to practice with Lucie, unless we have visitors, which I devoutly hope we will not.

*Friday, 3. 16*

Today has been the last day here in school, and a trying one, too. This morning all went as usual. But this afternoon was different. The first recess was over half an hour long. We improved the time, we five who leave the school today, never to return. I wonder why it is sad to part with them. I have known them for such a short time. But it was. I shall see them all again Sunday for the last time I am afraid. Ah, well, we have had a happy time together, although I have not thought it so sometimes. All of those little difficulties of which our school days were so full, are forgotten now it is all over. I wonder if the girls any of them realize what today means for them. It will not be long now before all of them must leave home, and "hoe their own way." No longer can they be children. All this, and much more, the teacher tried to impress on them, in his short talk before saying "goodbye." And when he concluded his earnest words of counsel, the whole school rose and sang the parting song, "Bless our coming in and going out." The simple exercises concluded with the Lord's Prayer, repeated by Christian Delff. At the close there was a pause, then the teacher came to each of the class, with the hand-clasp and the single word "Adieu."

We girls remained for sewing-school. Then at the end came such a shaking of hand and such a shower of adieux as I have not seen since our graduation. At last it was over, and we came slowly home through the fields, for the last time. It was the best time too, for me. We were fully three quarters of an hour in coming from Beken, so slowly we went.

It was almost sunset, when Doris & I went out on the water. The "Fader Minde" he's yet here at anchor, so we decided to go on board. We rowed out, but there was no one on deck. We rowed several times around the ship, and at last they came up from below. Our question as to whether we might come on board and see the ship being answered in the affirmative, we clambered on board. Everything on the ship seemed

strange to me, accustomed as I have been only to steamers. No noise of machinery, no engine rooms, only the large masts and sails. The anchor too hung on the outside of the ship near the prow. The deck is surrounded on all sides by a plank fencing, three or four feet high. At the stern the deck for a short distance is raised about two feet. Under this place is the one cabin. We accepted the invitation of the sailor on deck, to come below and see how they lived on board. After climbing over the tiles, with which this portion of the deck is loaded, we went through a doorway about three or four feet high, down some half dozen straight up and down steps, and found ourselves in the cabin. It was a novel sight to me. The cabin is about six feet square. In the center a small table is fastened. On three sides of the room are fastened wooden benches. On either side of the cabin is a square hole in the wall, not more than a foot and a half square, leading to a bunk. The rest of the wall space, all around the room, is taken up by little doors, each with a name over it. The names were Danish, so I could not understand them, but one of the doors was open, leading into the cupboard. On the side of the room which had no bench was a small stove with a coffee kettle on.

The occupants of the cabin were the skipper and a fisher from here, whom we know well. The skipper, a Dane, was very polite, showing us everything in the cabin. He offered each of us a glass of wine, which I naturally did not accept. All the glasses on board had however been broken when the ship ran ashore, so they must drink from glasses with the bottoms broken off. After a long talk, we went at last to our boat, receiving a cordial invitation to come again tomorrow. We rowed across to Knud's Mai, then by a round about way home, it being after dark when we came to the bridge. They had lights in all the windows, so we knew we had visitors, and went around to the back door. They were the members of Uncle's card club, with Franz and Regina Hansen and Mrs. Nielsen. They remained until almost midnight.

*Saturday, 3. 17*

I do wish I could write all we have done today. It would half fill this book. This morning we started at half past eight for Flensburg. It has been a very fine day all through. This morning we went by the largest steamer plying between Sonderburg and Flensburg, "Ernst Gunther." We remained on deck the whole way, I learning quite a little of the history of the places along the shore. On the way we passed the Ochsen (Oxen) islands, two pretty green spots out in the water, each large enough to make a fine dwelling place. We stopped at two watering places, and the whole way seemed nothing but summer resorts. One thing attracted my attention particularly; a large, queer looking monument on top of a little hillock. I inquired what it was, and Doris told me it had been built by a very rich old misanthrope for a burying place. She told me too he had a wife and children in America, who are very poor. What a history!

On arriving in Flensburg, we first started to hunt a certain machine repairer, who was to repair Aunt's machine. It took us over an hour to find him during which time we tramped up and down the streets, stared at all the names on the door plates or dived into alleys, only to find we had mistaken the place. At last however, we found it. On the way, Doris and I kept together, Inger going in front. Every little while she would meet an acquaintance, when they would run on ahead and talk. And Doris and I did not meet a single person we knew.

It was twelve o'clock when we at last disposed of the machine so we began to think of eating. But we could not agree as to where it should be. One said this place, one the other, and it was half an hour before we decided on the steamboat pavilion. While drinking our coffee there, an acquaintance of ours from Rinkenise came in and we had a good talk. On leaving the pavilion we would walk a short distance before going to the photographer. We were walking along, Doris and I of course together, Inger apart when she stopped to look at something. While she was looking, we walked quickly around the side of the pavilion. We kept it up for sometime, disappearing around the corners just before she caught sight of us. At last she started up the street. We darted into an intersecting one, and followed. Pretty soon we caught sight of her, walking along looking around on every side for us. We took pity on her and disclosed

ourselves. Then we all went to Schulz, the photographer.<sup>4</sup> He was the crankiest one I have ever seen. It took us two hours to have one picture taken. I expect they will be beauties when we receive them. They should be, at least.

On leaving the photographer's, we went into the principal street, as the girls wished to buy a few things. We walked a long way, looking at shop windows, which by the way are even prettier than before Christmas. It is now almost Easter, and one of every two or three windows contained Easter eggs, of all kinds from the little ones no larger than bird's eggs, upwards. Together with the many rabbits which accompanied them, they made a pretty display. At last we became tired of walking, so boarded one of the most comical horse-cars one can imagine. It looked like one of our street cars cut in two. They could not very well have a conductor on such a car, so all put their ten pfennig in a box in the front of the car. By the time our ride was over, it was time to go to the steamer. We went back on "Adler," which I know very well, having been with her several times to Sonderburg. Inger was cold and went below, but Doris and I remained on deck the whole way. We had a fine trip, and the captain took us in to Stranderott, something they very seldom do.

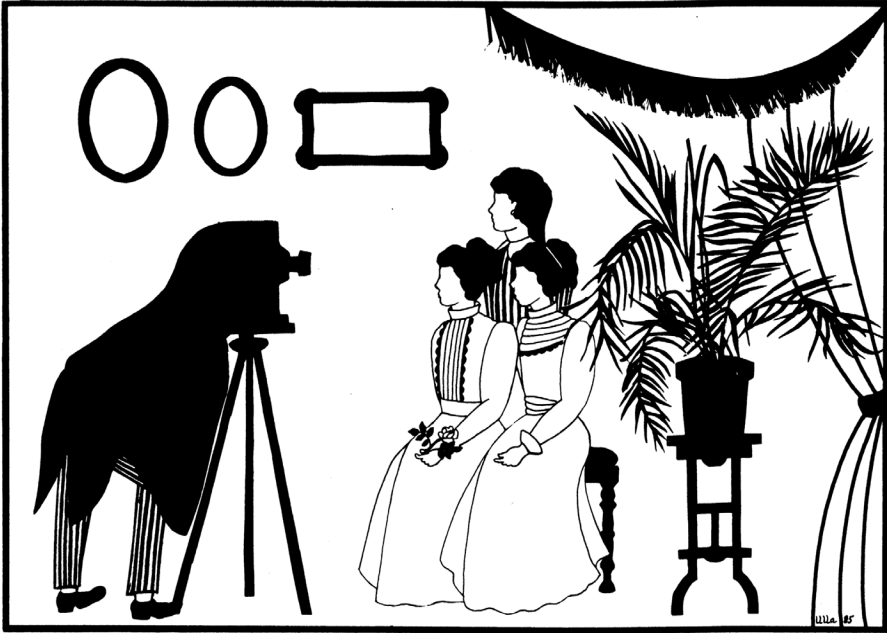
This evening was full moon and Doris and I went out after dark to row. We were out over an hour, for it was almost the finest evening I have seen here. Not a breath of wind was stirring and the air was as warm as in summer. We had intended to row out to the "Fader Minde" but the ship had sailed farther out since we came in, so we rowed only out a little way, then let the boat drift while we sang.

### *Sunday, 3. 18*

This morning we arose very early as we were to be at church at eight, and it takes a half hour to walk there. Inger, Amalia, Magda and I went first; Doris was to come at ten to the Danish confirmation. The

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<sup>4</sup>The illustrations on pages 76, 78, and 95 are by Ulla Alberg and appear in the Danish translation of Kate's diary, *Kate's dagbog: Fra præriern til Flensborg fjord*. Langenberg Trykkeri, Sønderborg, Denmark, 1985.



confirmation class was already in when we came. After the sermon to the class, the pastor requested first the boys, then the girls, who sat on the opposite side, to repeat the Apostles' Creed. Then he called them one by one to the altar, said a few words to each, blessed them, and let them go. Then all together came and received the sacrament. The Danish confirmation was like the German in all respects, but of the former I could naturally not understand much.

After church, we went through the fields and over half a dozen stiles, to the oven to ask them to bring us some butter tomorrow. From there we went home through the woods, past Delff's and through Bladt's fields, then by the Beken way. The day was so warm, we could not bear our wraps on, but took them all off.

As soon as we were well through with dinner, Doris, Inger, Friedrich and I took a rowboat, rigged up a sail, and started for Glücksburg, on the other side of the Fjord. It was an hour's sailing, and Friedrich rowed almost all the way too. It was the most beautiful weather we have had this spring. The sea was smooth as glass. As we went farther out, it appeared

as if we were in a great lake, with land on every side of us. Farther and farther away the low shore of Stranderott went, nearer and nearer came the wooded hills of Glücksburg, everything appearing two-fold, reflected in the water. At last we ran alongside of the steamboat landing. On either side of the landing is a bath house, very large, fine ones both. Close by the shore are two large summer hotels, now closed. Through the beautiful gardens of one we passed, then out into the grand Glücksburg woods. Through the thickest part our path led, now ascending a hillock, now descending into a valley, with the grand, solemn evergreens ever above us, and the softest of moss under our feet. At last we emerged near Glücksburg Castle, and for the first time in my life I saw a castle that more than realized all my dreams. Built out in the waters of a small lake, the white walls rise directly out of the water. At each corner is a round tower. The windows are few and far apart. The surroundings of the castle are in keeping with the old building. Water on all sides but one, trees all around the banks. Everything was reflected in the clear, glassy lake, the great white castle, the dark evergreens, the blue sky above with white clouds flitting across. It was beautiful, beautiful beyond description, the realization of a fairy dream. Under the Königs Eiche we four sat and enjoyed it all.

Towards evening we went through the town of Glücksburg, and back through the woods. We were alone and the whole way back we sang wakening the echoes with the sweet old German airs. The sail home by moonlight was a fitting close to the happiest day I have had since we left America. The wind blew quite hard, and the boat kept rocking. Inger was afraid, but we others laughed at her and sang all the way home; about all the boat songs we knew. Then I sang them some English songs.

*Monday, 3. 19*

This forenoon we were at home. This afternoon Doris and I went to Rinkenise, to Meta Clausen, the shoemaker's daughter's Confirmation. It is here the custom, when one is confirmed to keep open house for a week, or so afterwards, and all the friends and acquaintances are expected to call and drink coffee. For a wonder, there was only one other

caller at Meta's, Inger Jespersen, a very pretty, pleasant girl. We spent the whole afternoon at Meta's, until eight o'clock in the evening. We had stayed later, but for the fact that I was to go to Lucie's in the evening with Uncle and Aunt. When we came home, Uncle and Aunt had already gone. I followed directly. As soon as I arrived, we had supper. After supper, we examined and admired the many presents and the mass of cards Lucie has received, until time for coffee. After coffee Lucie and I played all our four hand pieces, then each of us several tunes alone.



We stayed until twelve. As we went home I could not help thinking of that other night, in Christmas time, when the company at Clausen's had been broken up at this very time, and of the time that followed. This time all was quiet, and at home all had gone to bed when we arrived.

*Tuesday in Ravnskoppel.*

At last it is over, I have said goodbye to Stranderott. Now I am here to remain. But it will not be for long, for I will go back once before we go to America. But all that happy home life there among them is at an end now.

*Friday, 3. 23*

Second day of the "Fest." Nothing particular has happened, except that Aunt Ingeborg from Sonderburg with her daughter Ingeborg and fiancé from Flensburg were here this afternoon a few hours. This is the



first we had known of Ingeborg's engagement, and as a consequence her poor soldier fiancé (who is about the ugliest one I have seen for a long time) was subjected to a close examination by the whole family. I almost pitied the poor man.

*Saturday, 3. 24*

Third day. Alpha and Grete went to Sonderburg this forenoon, and have not returned by the two o'clock steamer, as I could see from my daily resort, a pretty little nook on the coast near Aunt Sophie's, where the ground is covered with a thick carpet of moss, relieved here and there by large patches of the yellow or of the modest little white daisies. I have been here every afternoon since I discovered the spot, writing or drawing in this book or [collecting] the shells which are so plentiful up and down this beach.

*Sunday, 3. 25*

Have done nothing at all on this, the great day of the "Fest."

*Monday, 3. 26*

Easter Monday. Is this "Fest" never to end, I wonder? This evening there will be a staid "old people's" gathering at Ravnskoppel. They will all sit and drink coffee, in the intervals of which they will jabber Danish, the women will knit, the men, I suppose, play cards. Very interesting all, I have no doubt, to them.

*Tuesday, 3. 27*

Papa returned from Jutland this afternoon. He says he will probably go back soon as Uncle Jörgen will require further aid from him in renovating the mill.

*Wednesday, 3. 28*

Today I have seen that which I have so long wished to see—a real Danish wedding. The bride and groom are residents of Dyppøl, and there the wedding took place. We were not acquainted with either, although later on we were informed that the groom was a schoolmate of Big George's. Our non-acquaintance mattered nothing however, as all in the house were included in the invitation. But when the time came to start, only Mamma, Papa, Lorenz, and I went. At ten o'clock we drove to Dyppøl church, for the ceremony, which lasted about an hour and a half. It seemed strange to us that so few were present (there were not more than two dozen persons there). After the ceremony all drove to Dyppøl Hotel, about a half mile from the church. It was the first time that I had had a really fast ride since I have been here. All drove as though running a race, a brass band leading, the carriage containing the bride and attendants following, after which came the carriage with the bridegroom and attendants who all wore tall stovepipe hats. Then followed of course the guests. Arriving at the hotel, we found it almost full of people. The first thing of course on the programme was coffee. The women drank theirs in a couple of rooms on one side of the hall, the men on the other. After coffee we had nothing to do for an hour except to stand around and see the new arrivals, or go walking up and down the road. Mamma and I preferred the latter, so we walked up and down until time for dinner. Dinner was served in the large hall on the second floor, which has a stage at one end and is sometimes used as a theater. On this occasion hall and stage were filled by long tables. The room was very prettily decorated with evergreens and ivy. At one end of the room was a table for the bridal party, above which was the motto "Leve lykkelg" (Live happily). We sat in a corner at the end of a table, next to a Sonderburg merchant, an acquaintance of Papa's, who speaks some English. Dinner lasted about one and a half hours. It was tiresome toward the last but would have been more so if the band (from Gravenstein) had not played almost the whole time. They play very well, too!

Dinner over, the time for standing around or going walking came again. As Papa has an aunt living not far from the hotel, we decided to go there to pass away the time until supper time. We found several other

visitors there when we came. Among them was a cousin of Papa's, who speaks good German and with whom we talked a great deal. We remained a long time at Papa's aunt's, yet we had some time to wait when we returned before suppertime. Supper was the most tiresome part of the day's ceremonies. We sat there two hours and a half at least, or until long after dark. Over half of the time was spent in proposing and drinking toasts. Mamma only tasted the wine they gave her, and I of course did not even taste. So we sat and listened to the Danish speeches. During the intervals between toasts, the whole assembly sang, which was a great deal more interesting than the speeches, although the songs were all Danish. I doubt if they know any German songs here. "All things must have an end," and supper ended at last, after which we went below and waited until the hall was cleared of tables and benches, and made ready for the dance. We danced some half dozen times, and then went downstairs for another queer ceremony. In a small room the bridal pair sat in state, with a table in front of them, on which stood a large basket. Each one who brought a present came and laid it in the basket, then congratulated the couple and drank a glass of wine given him by the groom. Naturally we did not drink and Papa was obliged to make apologies for us.

This ceremony over, we returned to the hall. After about an hour's dancing, the bridal couple came in. At once the floor was cleared. The bridal couple took their places at the head of the room and three other couples at the sides. The band played several short dances, waltz, polka etc., in succession which the four couples danced, after which the crowd resumed their dancing. There were so many dancers that it was impossible for all to dance at once, so at a signal half would form a circle in the center of the room, leaving the other half to dance a while, when they in their turn formed a circle and the others danced. Mamma was tired and danced only once or twice with Papa. Papa danced a great deal. I danced about every other dance, but as I knew only Papa and Lorenz, I danced mostly with them. We only stayed until one o'clock, as Mamma became too tired to stay longer.

*Thursday, 3. 29*

Nothing happened today. We are all very tired from yesterday.

*Saturday, 3. 31*

Nothing yesterday or today.

*Sunday, 4. 1*

This forenoon we sailed over the fjord to Alsen, to see a large carp pond on the island. The pond is separated from the sea by a high dyke, and extends a quarter of a mile inland. On one side the bank is high and covered by a growth of bushes, under which we found more and prettier wild flowers than we had ever found there before. Tayblumen, which are a species of wild primrose; wild violets, anemones and a species of bell shaped flowers, pink when first opened and turning purple with age, we found in abundance and each soon gathered a large bouquet. About noon we sailed back. Part of us came to Ravnskoppel to put up dinner, as we wished to eat out-of-doors. On our return to the boat Ingeborg and Grete accompanied us. We sailed this time to the "Grosserholz," of Sandberg. Directly after landing, we ate our dinners, then proceeded to explore the wood. The trees are yet of course bare but the ground through the entire wood is literally covered by the nodding white anemones. I had never before seen so many flowers in one place. We all filled our hands as full as they could hold. We walked along the road which runs through the wood to the other side, then Papa and the boys returned to the boat to sail to the "Schloss," Mamma and we girls preferring to go by land. The greater part of the way we went by a wide, well kept footpath through the trees near the shore. The path leads through a gate into the garden of the "Schloss," which is now large and pleasant. After wandering about for some time we met Papa, the boys, Lorenz and the tailor's son, named Christian Stangaard, which two latter had followed us in another boat from Aunt Sophie's. On the return sail Ingeborg, Grete, Lorenz, George, Alpha and I went in one boat, the others in the other one. We stopped at Aunt Sophie's and left the boats, walking back to Ravnskoppel.

*Monday, 4. 2* -----

*Tuesday, 4. 3*

This morning came a letter from Doris, with an invitation to come to Stranderott on Saturday. On Sunday we are to go on a visit to a family in Bau, near Kollund, friends of Doris's. We shall go by steamer to Kollund, and from there walk to Bau, going through the Kollund Woods, said to be some of the finest along Flensburg Fjord. I am sure we will have a fine time.

*Wednesday, 4. 4*

Have been busy all day making ready for my visit.

*Sunday, 4. 8*

Ugh! Here I am in Ravnskoppel yet and here I am to remain, I think. At least, it seems as if it were to be some time before I go back to Stranderott. I had of course been expecting to go yesterday. Well, Thursday evening I was taken sick with chills, fever, and sore throat and was obliged to go to bed. Friday I was in bed most of the day. Yesterday was a little better, but of course it was impossible to go. Today I have been up all day, and I expect to be quite well by to-morrow. Oh dear, this is the first illness I have had for two years, and that it should have come just in time to prevent this visit. I am inclined to quarrel with my unlucky stars. ----

Today Uncle Christian and Lorenz's singing club have had their meeting here. They are all men, and sing very well, if their songs were not mostly so doleful sounding.

*Monday, "Nix."*

*Tuesday, 4. 10*

Today came the letter summoning Papa to Jutland, which we have been expecting ever since his last return. He is to go Saturday, and I am to go with him, as it will be probably my only opportunity of seeing Papa's relatives there. There is quite a colony of them there, from what I hear; Papa's brother George, with his wife and two children; his sister Christine, her husband and two children, and the family at the mill, consisting of Pete's father, Uncle Jørgen, with his son Jacob and wife, and his daughter Ingeborg.

*Wednesday, 4. 11*

This afternoon we had a very nice trip across to Alsen. Papa had for a long time had an invitation from an acquaintance of his, Mr. Jensen by name, to come over and make him a visit. So this afternoon we went, Papa, the boys, Uncle Christian, Ingeborg and I. We went across in a sailboat then walked to Mr. Jensen's place which is almost on the other side of the island. We did not know the road although we could see the house, and at last the road we were following led us into a plowed field. We struck across this, and kept on over the plowed ground almost the whole way. After a long tramp, we came to the house. This place is said to be the largest and finest farm on Alsen. The house is very large and well furnished, and best of all they have a piano. I had a good time with that piano this afternoon. They seem to be a nice family; all speak some German, and there are two grown-up daughters. They showed us all over the place, even into the barns. I noticed especially the order and cleanliness of the barns; everything, cattle stalls, pig stalls and all was perfectly clean and free from any unpleasant odor whatever. It forms a favorable contrast with some farms I have seen here; but these people do not seem to be "in the rut," of old customs, like most people here, and have everything done in a modern and practical manner, instead of doing as their ancestors have done for hundreds of years.

*Friday, 4. 13*

Yesterday and to-day spent mostly in working to be ready for the trip to Jutland.

*Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 4. 24, 25, 26,*

Well, we have been to Jutland and are back again. I did not take this book along, so could not write while we were away. I will try and write a little about it now. Saturday morning we started by the seven o'clock steamer for Apenrade, at which place we arrived at ten. The scenery all along the shore was very picturesque, the grass fields were all green, although there was not the slightest sign of a leaf on the trees and hedges. In some places where the land sloped gently up from the sea we could see a long distance inland, and the little fields, some green, some black, outlined by the dark hedge looked, as Mamma expressed it before, "just like a crazy-quilt." Apenrade, where we were to take the train for Jutland, is situated at the head of Apenrade Fjord, and is about the size of Sonderburg. As we had two hours to wait for our train, we went to the home of a cousin of Papa's, Hans Peter Hanssen, to spend the time. Hans Peter is an editor, and is more interested in politics than in anything else, being ambitious to become a member of the Reichstag.<sup>5</sup>

His wife is almost as much interested in politics as he is himself, and helps him with his editorial work. They have three children, the eldest five years old. Their house is said to be one of the best in Apenrade, and they have more books and papers than in any other place I have seen here. It was interesting to hear he and Papa talk, he can talk so fast, and Papa so long. They talked the whole time we were there, hardly stopping long enough to eat or drink. Everything was either politics or America, or the two together. Hans Peter has the most curiosity regarding America of anyone I have seen yet.

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<sup>5</sup>Hans Peter Hanssen, uncle of Kate Hansen, was well known in Denmark. He was a famous national leader who headed the movement to return the southern part of the Jutland to Denmark after 1864. During the time that southern Jutland was a part of Germany, the Danes were permitted two representatives in the German Reichstag. When it was announced that only German would be spoken in the Reichstag, Hans Peter Hanssen pulled himself to his full height and said, "I am Danish and I will continue to speak Danish." This is a phrase that all Danish children learn about him.

## **Our Trip to Germany**

*By Kate I. Hansen*

### **Volume III**

At twelve o'clock we took the train for Børkop, the station nearest to Brøndsted Mølle, Pete's old home. Our journey was uneventful, excepting that we changed trains three times and waited half an hour at one station. It was five o'clock when we arrived in Børkop, and the distance between there and Apenrade is not more than seventy miles. We were met at the depot by Pete's father, Uncle Jørgen, and we all went to Uncle George's, where we remained until dark, then went on to the Mølle. The first person we met there was Pete's eldest brother, Jacob. Papa stopped to talk with him, and Uncle Jørgen took me to the house, which is part of the same building with the mill. He went in and opened a door, telling me to go in before him. I found myself in a great square room, containing no furniture excepting two tables, a large pine one covering the entire length of the room, and a smaller one, some long backless wooden benches, and a chair or two. The inmates of the room, four girls and a woman, were all engaged in knitting. When I came in, they all stopped work and stared as if they had seen a ghost. Uncle Jørgen pointed out Pete's sister Ingeborg, then left, giving no further introduction. Not one of the five could speak a word of German, and the Danish they speak is very different from Schleswig Danish. They jerk out their words as if it were hard work to speak. It made me almost nervous at first to hear them talk. Ingeborg invited me to be seated, so I brought out a piece of work I had with me, seated myself on the bench, and began to work. We worked until dark, when the men filed in to supper. We were quite a crowd: the family here, the two hired girls, the three mill men, a carpenter who is working here, and Papa and I. We filled up the large table completely. Uncle Jørgen sat at the head, Papa & I next. Supper consisted of course of "Grutze." This was brought in in three or four large dishes, and several people ate from the same dish. We ate from wooden spoons, about twice the size of an ordinary tablespoon. Supper over, we went directly to bed, I sleeping with Ingeborg.





*Hans Peter Hanssen, Peter Hansen's cousin, was a well-known Danish leader. He served as one of the two Danish representatives in the German Reichstag and led the movement to have the southern part of Jutland returned to Denmark after 1864.*

The next morning and several succeeding ones I spent in exploring the surroundings. Of course, we went first of all to the garden, which is at the end of the house, but with no door opening directly out into it. It is quite large, and even now, early as it is, contains a great many flowers, especially pansies and double red daisies. One thing I thought very pretty was this—in a shady corner of the garden was placed a table made of an old millstone, supported by a stump. It was a quite novel table. At the end of the garden, close by the house, flows the stream which comes from the water wheel, and only a few steps further is the main stream. The two streams unite a short distance farther down and the creek (for it is nothing more) forms a pretty picture as it flows softly over its stony bed, between its high banks covered with trees which hang far over, forming a long vista of green arches over the water. On the other side is a small wood, which when we were there was completely filled with wild flowers. Violets were in full bloom, besides the common blue ones, like ours, there were large purple ones, growing several flowers on one stem, after the manner of the Rocky Mountain violets. “Tayblumen” are

also very numerous, and unusually large. I have found some as large as a silver dollar. Another flower not so common was the wild primrose, which is exactly like our tame ones, and of a highly yellow color. Anemones were of course the most numerous of all the flowers. I found a great many red ones, something which I had not seen in Schleswig. The wood is full of bushes, the black plums and hawthornes forming the greater part, and as both sorts have long thorns it is not very easy to come through without leaving a part of one's clothing behind on them. The plums had just begun blossoming, when we came but when we left woods and hedges were white with them.

The millpond of course is an important part of the surroundings. Although much smaller than the millpond in Logan, it is quite pretty with trees all around it and containing a small islet with two large trees standing up out of the water. When we came there they had no boat, the nearest approach to it being a barrel sawed in two lengthwise, the two pieces fastened together at the side, and a board laid over them as a seat. They had no oars using old shovels instead. Ingeborg wished for a boat, so Sunday morning Papa, assisted by the carpenter and the mill men, made her one of the flat bottomed ones, like ours at home. They had it ready to use by noon, and since that time I do not believe an hour of the days has passed without someone's using it. I have been out a great deal by myself too. About a quarter of a mile from the mill is another mill, and it is a fine place for rowing between the two places. It requires some skill to row this stretch without running ashore for the stream is only a few feet wide, and twists and turns in and out the entire distance. The trees also hang so low over the water in some places that it is almost impossible to pass under. However, despite these slight drawbacks, it is a very nice row from Bröndsted to Börkop Mølle and back again. In rowing, walking, or in the house with Ingeborg, I passed my mornings at the Mølle. Each afternoon we two took a walk to some place or other, sometimes accompanied by Hannah, Maria's sister, who is also here on a visit.

Sunday afternoon we paid a visit to Uncle George in Börkop. I had a long talk with him and Aunt Berthi, who, being from Schleswig, of course speaks German. I managed also to talk some with my two little cousins

there, Hendrick, about seven years old, and Ogneta, about three. Ogneta is very pretty, with great blue eyes, and pale complexion, but she is the most vain child I have ever seen, I believe. She and Hendrick talked of course nothing besides Danish.

Monday afternoon we walked to the town of Brøndsted, about two miles I think, from the Mölle. The village is very prettily situated in a little valley, with hills completely surrounding it. We could not see the village until we were almost upon it, then on coming to the top of a high bank, there lay the village almost at our feet, with its little white houses almost hidden by trees. We stayed only a short time there, only long enough to see Ingeborg's old teacher, who lives there.

Tuesday afternoon we visited Aunt Christine, who lives only about a mile from the Mölle. She reminded me very much of Aunt Marie. Her two children are very nearly of the same ages as Uncle George, and both are lively and not at all bashful. Her husband we saw little of, as he was out at work in the fields. Aunt Christine showed me the "King's Mound" while there. It is a hillock on the top of the high hill on which the house stands. From thence one can see on the one side over the land to the Lille Belt, and across that channel to Funen, and on the other side as far inland. It was slightly foggy that day, so we could not see it so well as we wished. The clouds continued gathering, and we were caught in the rain before we reached the Mölle. Fortunately, the shower passed over in a short time, or we would have been wet through.

Wednesday was an eventful day. At eight in the morning came a new miller to the Mölle, in the shape of a baby boy born to Jacob and Maria. Uncle Jørgen is "Bedstefaar" now, and thinks his new grandson the most remarkable baby that ever lived. It is amusing to hear him talk to it, with his great deep voice. Ingeborg too is so interested in her nephew, that she has no time to do anything else but attend to him. Maria's mother was at once telegraphed to, and she arrived at the Mölle Thursday. They had no room there then for me, so I slept at Uncle George's during the remainder of our visit.

At nine Wednesday morning Ingeborg, Papa and I started for Fredericia, a city about fifteen miles from Børkop, going by rail. Her brother

Chresten, who is in the Danish army, is stationed there, and it was principally to see him that we went. Fredericia is a fortified town, being surrounded by walls of earth. Chresten was busy when we arrived, so we went up on the walls to pass away the time until his regiment should have finished drilling. The walls resemble a park more than a fort, in my opinion. Grass covered, with trees, seats and walks on the top, it seems as though they were only a cool pleasure ground for the city's people. Yet in time of war they form a strong defense as well. It was very pleasant there, the walls overlooking the entire city, and on the other side commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. It was not far to the one end of the wall where we ascended; we walked to the end and back, then descended into the city again. At his lodging place we found Chresten, a great big quite good-looking soldier. After taking dinner at a hotel near by, we all went up on the walls again, this time taking the opposite direction. It was even finer there than on the other side; especially on a long stretch running along the sea, rising almost directly out of the water. At last we came to the end, when we descended into the city. We walked along the water for some distance, noticing the many ships in the harbor, then we turned and went through the city. Fredericia is more modern looking than any other old country city I have seen. The streets are wide and comparatively straight. The principal ones looked almost as well as Topeka streets.

By the time we had reached Chresten's boarding place, it was time for him to go again to his duties. We followed him to the parade ground, and watched the drill. Some of it was comical. Chresten is an under corporal, and has charge of a company of nine men. He and several other under corporals lead their companies out on the parade ground, and each company formed in a circle. Then came some marching and counter marching, after which began something which looked just like one of those bear dances we see sometimes at home. Each man stood up straight and rigid as though on stilts, and then all began hopping sideways around the circle. Some times a man would not do it exactly right, then the officer would take hold of his arms and, holding him out at arm's length would dance around with him, both as stiffly as though moved by machinery. This "bear dancing" with the marching, contin-

ued almost two hours. After that time the companies formed in line, marched to another part of the ground, and formed ranks their places being taken by others. At a word of command from the officer, each man began swinging one arm around like a Dutch windmill. This continued some time, after which they began with the other arm. They kept up this exercise the rest of the time we remained, about an hour. We could not stay longer, as it was nearly train time. On our way back, to the station, we passed through a very old churchyard, situated in the very heart of the city and containing many interesting old inscriptions. They were all Danish, naturally, but I could understand the meaning of most of them, and Papa explained the others to me. We reached the station in good time for our train, and arrived in Børkop at five. That night I was at the Mølle. Thursday I went to Uncle George's, and remained there most of the time. I enjoyed myself very much there. Uncle George and I talked English the whole time, excepting when we would explain something to Aunt Berthi about America. She has a very old-country way of thinking, and we shocked her sadly sometimes with our stories of America, I am afraid.

Friday we were at the Mølle and at Aunt Christine's. Saturday it rained all day. In the afternoon however, we called on a neighbor, an old maid school-teacher who speaks German and English, and has a piano. She is a very good player, and I enjoyed very much listening to her.

Sunday we started again for Ravnskoppel. We came as far as Apenrade, that afternoon, then passed the night and the next forenoon at Hans Peter's house. The next morning we took a walk through Apenrade. We went out of the town some distance, then climbed a steep and lofty hill, formerly used as a place of execution. The hill is so steep that one ascends by several flights of stairs. The hill is covered with woods, but there is an open space at the top. From thence we had a fine view of Apenrade and the surrounding country. Apenrade lies in a valley at the head of Apenrade Fjord, surrounded on all sides by wooded hills. The woods are principally of beech, and have all leaved out since we were in Jutland. The foliage is of the tenderest green imaginable, and presents a lovely contrast to the sere brown of the other woods. On the trip by steamship in the afternoon, we noticed all the woods which when we

left had been leafless had become covered with this same light green. The “Grosserholz” was especially pretty. We arrived at Ravnskoppel at about four in the afternoon. All had gone well during our absence, but Mamma had long been wishing for our return.

*Friday, 4. 27*

Tomorrow I am to go to Stranderott. I should have gone today, but it has rained all day. I shall go by the eight o'clock steamer, and reach Stranderott at three. I shall have several days there before the first of May, and Inger does not leave until the 2nd or 3rd, so we will be several days together yet.

*Saturday, 4. 28*

In Stranderott at last. This forenoon I missed my steamer, but did not allow such a little thing as that to detain me, so walked to Sonderburg. I found the way not at all long, and the steamboat voyage afterward was almost the finest I have seen yet. I found all at Stranderott naturally very busy preparing for Inger's departure. This evening Inger had a farewell party.

*Sunday, 4.29*

We had a fine time yesterday evening. Almost all of our acquaintances were here; the entire company from the Ofen, with a couple from Bekin, and several others from the surrounding country. We passed the evening as usual in talking, singing and dancing, the company not leaving until two o'clock. We shall all come together again tomorrow evening at Kathrine Bladt's farewell party. Both she and Inger seem very glad to be going away. I cannot understand it at all. The Holebüll people where Inger goes, seem very nice, but they are almost absolute strangers to her. It seems strange to me that she should like to go out to work in this manner. It is not so bad for Kathrine as she goes to her grandparents. I am glad that Doris is not to go away entirely, as she is to pass the nights at home.

*Monday, 4.30*

We had a good time again this evening. We went at seven o'clock and were among the first to arrive. We three and Christine Ebsen went together, Friedrich not coming until later, as he was detained by his fireman's drill at Rinckenis. All of the girls, a dozen or more, were there before any of the boys came, and we played all sorts of wild games out in the field. The hill on which Bladt's house is situated, commands a good view of Stranderott and the Rinckenis Road, and when Friedrich appeared on the road, way down below, we all climbed up into the hedge and waved our handkerchiefs. At last we went in to coffee, and before we had been in long, the others came stringing in one at a time. This evening we had music, and dancing the entire evening until three o'clock. When at last the goodnights were spoken, they all closed with the hope of "[?]."

Today we worked all day and were very tired by evening. Inger had intended to go to the Ofen this evening with Christine Ebsen, but Christine did not go, so poor Inger must stay at home. It was hard, that she must go without saying goodbye to "C[?]." This evening about dark Friedrich got a boat and we rowed out to a large Swedish vessel anchored near [?] Hoff. It was comical to hear their strange talk of which we could scarcely understand a word. When we left, we sang, "Spinn, Spinn" (A Swedish Song) at them, and the sailors all came to the side of the ship and waved at us as long as we were in sight.

*Thursday, 4.31*

Well, we are alone, that is, Inger has left us as well as Doris. Inger left shortly after noon, her employer Herr Lornzen, coming for her. It does seem a little lonesome with both of the girls gone and the children in school at the long days. However, I am expecting Alpha almost any day, as she is to stay with me while the others go to Jutland. She will make it interesting enough for us all, no doubt.



*Saturday, 5.4*

Alpha has come at last. Mamma and Papa brought her with them from Broacker where they, with Uncle Christian's family, had gone to the yearly fair. They remained here until the afternoon boat, by which they returned to Sonderburg. It has been very windy today, and the Fjord is covered with whitecaps. The smaller boats on the Fjord go up and down, and tip from side to side, until it seems as though they would surely go over. But they never do. I am told that it is very seldom indeed that a sailboat is sunk in Flensburg Fjord. Despite what they say of the perfect safety of these boats, I should not care to venture out in such a sea as there is today.

*Sunday, 5.5*

This morning we all went to church. On our way we met Matilda Delff and her mother, with whom I had a very pleasant conversation. Alpha was an object of much curiosity to the people at church, as they had never seen her before. On our way back, we went past the Ofen, as usual, and through the woods. The way seems to become lovelier every time we go. Now all the fields are literally covered with the purple and white and yellow heartsease, and look like great gardens of pansies rather than commonplace wheat or oats fields. In the woods the [?] are beginning to blossom, and also a very sweet scented little flower much like a lily of the valley. Each of us gathered great bunches to carry home with us. The children had a great time this afternoon. All of the Stranderott children, Amalie, Magda, Heinrich, Henning, Andreas, Margrethe, and little Mete Clausen, with Kathrine and Marie Böysen from Beken, had a great "children's ball" down in the packing house. It was amusing to watch the way in which they imitated their elders. Each of the girls had adorned herself with flowers, the heads of the elder ones being so covered they looked like great bouquets. They had cut out stars to be given to the boys, as at our Christmas ball. They were a pretty sight as they went through their quaint dances, with faces as earnest as though they were on parade. Little Mete, only five years old, was as pretty a picture as could be imagined, as she danced the Hamburger with Andreas. It





seems to be as natural for these children to dance, as for American children to walk. They do it more gracefully than many a grown-up American.

*5. 6. to 5. 11*

This week has been quiet, being the week before Fingsten but very pleasant. We have been out two or three times; Alpha, Friedrich and I. One evening we went to the Kostors in Rinkenis; another evening to the Pastor's.

At the latter place especially we enjoyed ourselves greatly; Alpha with little Mete and Martin, we others in talking with the Pastor and in seeing all his antiquarian treasures. One which he has lately acquired, is an old cup, about a foot high, which once belonged to a King of Denmark. I enjoyed the great honor of drinking coffee from it; an honor indeed for he prizes it so he scarcely allows anyone else to touch it. Alpha behaved pretty well, except that she shocked everyone by calling the Pastor "Du." He, with Mete & Martin, has also been to visit us. The little ones brought their violins along, and sang and played. Truly, that five-year-old Mete is a genius; her playing would do credit to a grown-up person, and her voice is wonderfully strong, clear and sweet.

*Sunday, 5. 11*

First day of Fingsten. Mamma & Papa and the boys are here from Jutland. This forenoon we went to church, we have quite a joke on Mamma about it. She and Papa were of course together, we others a little in advance; we were a little late, so walked somewhat faster than usual. In looking back, we discovered them far behind us. We kept on until we

reached the church, then waited some time until their arrival. I have never seen anyone before so disgusted as Mamma. How she did scold us for telling them it was but a little way. But it is really not far; only about two miles. We generally walk there in half an hour. However, she thinks that a dreadful distance; I suppose she will never go walking with us again after this. This afternoon part of us went by steamer to Glücksburg. But how different it was from the day we four went! I suppose I ought to have enjoyed it, but Glücksburg, crowded with people, filled with noise was very different from the solemn silent woods and lovely castle we saw that day. And our return by steamer to Randershof, with the long walk back in a drizzling rain storm, compared with that moonlight sail! But I made a resolution today, which, if I could only keep it, would make all this better; as a reminder of which, I have placed some yellow sage blossoms gathered today, in this book.

Only one fortunate thing has happened today. At Glücksburg we met some of Doris' friends of Bau, who have invited us to visit them next week. So I am to have a few more days here. How near the parting seems now! But I will not think of it now, for I will enjoy what time I have yet.

*Monday, 5. 12*

Second day. We have been resting today, preparing for the last and greatest day, tomorrow. Lorenz arrived here today, and Papa, Mamma, the boys & Alpha left.

*Wednesday, 5. 14*

What a day yesterday was! A day so filled with new happenings, I shall never be able to tell all. This morning we went by steamer to Kollund. Thence we walked through the Kollund woods to Wassersleben. The place was filled with people in gay attire; even in the remotest depths of the woods we would come upon gay groups of people, who gave a touch of color to the rather sombre evergreens. The Kollund woods are lovely, with deep ravines cutting them in several places. In the evening we proceeded to Süderhoff, where many of our friends were gathered

for the grand ball. Never had I enjoyed one as I did this; the dancing lasted until about two in the morning. Lucie was here, her first ball. During the evening, we missed Inger, and spent a long time searching for her, but without success. Finally she reappeared, and we managed to find out that she had been in the garden with C[?]. Things look serious, indeed. Our walk home was the best of all. It is about four miles from Stranderott to Süderhoff. A part of the way lay through dense woods. Never, so long as I live, will I forget those woods, so deep and dark that the moonlight could be seen only here and there through the branches. We were a merry party: Christine Ebsen, Anna Böysen, Doris, Inger, Peter & Christian Hansen from the Ofen, Friedrich and I. But this is probably the last time we shall be so together.

This week has been quiet but happy. I have been at home most of the time; the best place. One day I went with Aunt to Gravenstein; and on the way she told me something which has occupied me ever since. Dita Thaysen is engaged to a cousin of hers, one of whom I never heard before. I wish I had known this awhile ago, for I have been puzzling myself very much with certain mysteries, which this news clears up very nicely. Doris says she does not believe it. I would pass over our visit to Bau. It was quite pleasant, but I would rather have been at home. I have spent a day with Inger, that too was quite pleasant.

In Ravnskoppel, again. Papa & Mamma on the Rhine, and I keeping house for the children. If this were only Stranderott, I could desire nothing more. Papa & Mamma returned, bringing news. We start for America in a few days. We have had one grand day here; all of Papa's old friends, and many of our family were here as were all the Stranderott people but Uncle & Doris. All afternoon we wandered about the country, excepting for a short time, while sitting for a picture. And how lovely everything is! I never discovered half the beauty of the hawthorne and the violets and the hyacinths, the marguerites and the poppies, until this day. Best of all, in the evening I returned to dear Stranderott. It almost made me forget the parting so near.

It is over now. I have said goodbye forever, no, not forever, but for years at least. I tried to bear up when they all crowded around with their farewells. All farewells; except a single *Auf Wiedersehen*. May it be so. May we indeed meet again in our own country, and never part as we have today!

The day was dull and gray; and it seemed fitting that my last glimpse of dear, dear Stranderott should be through a veil of falling rain, nature's own tears. - - - -

All afternoon, until five o'clock we were on the train. Almost as soon as we had left Flensburg, the country became a barren waste, covered with sage brush. Scarcely a tree was to be seen, the hedges were replaced by low walls of earth, the houses were few and mean-looking. Here is the place where a great part of the turf burned in Germany is procured. Field after field we saw, in some of which the land had lately been broken while in others the turf was piled all over the fields, in little cone shaped piles. For miles this continued, a dreary desert in the very heart of Germany, stretching away on either side on a dead level, the dull brown of the sage brush only relieved here and there by the lurid glow of its yellow blossoms. It was a dull, cloudy day, with rain every little while. We arrived in Hamburg in the midst of a shower, and hurried to the office of the steamboat company. There we were delayed until almost seven, at which time we went on board our steamer. At ten we steamed away from the pier.

Threading our way in and out among the vessels in the harbor, we soon left the [?] behind us. The night was dark, but clear and still, and as we went farther out, the numberless lights, in the shipping and city, were seen shining out of the darkness, a beacon to all who enter the harbor. Directly behind us were the lights of the [?], seemingly arranged in long rows down to the water on either side on the banks of the river. Here and there appeared a solitary sailing vessel's red or green light with its reflection in the water like a fiery dragon coming up from the depths, ever striving to reach the surface never succeeding.

At last the lights on the vessels began to be but few and far between. Those on shore had already become a shimmering mass of light. Soon

they faded from sight entirely leaving everything still and dark, and then, with a last “Goodbye to Germany” we left the deck and sought our cabins.

I will pass over the next day and the forenoon of the day following as four of us were seasick during that time, and seasickness is not exactly pleasant to write about. Sunday at noon we arrived in the port of Hartlepool, England. It rained during the entire afternoon, so we were obliged to remain on board the ship.

*Monday, 6. 11*

This morning at seven we left the ship for the railway station accompanied by a number of our fellow passengers and by the agent of the Company, who led us through the worst streets and alleys I have seen for some time. On arriving at the station, we found that we had almost two hours to wait, but we remained there until train time. Our train went first to Newcastle. The scenery along the route was not very pretty. The land is quite flat, and everything has a smoky, blackened appearance. The coal-mines, of which there are so many especially around Newcastle, do not improve the appearance of the landscape. In Newcastle we again waited two hours for our train. We took a walk through some of the streets, but everything here looked so dirty and smoky that we did not care to go far. From Newcastle the ride was not far to Berwick, where we saw a portion of the old wall of the town. Out of Berwick, we were soon in Scotland. Everything, in my imagination at least, improved greatly in our crossing the Border. The land became more rocky and hilly, with a great deal more woods. Every little while we would catch glimpses, as we whirled by, of the loveliest ferny glens, with brooks rushing down, forming mimic cascades and waterfalls. Here, too, I for the first time saw a number of real old ruins, old crumbling walls, many ivy covered, peeping out from among the trees. For a long distance, almost to Edinburgh, our route ran near the sea, and we often caught glimpses of the shore. Once, away out in the water, we saw a high rock island, the dark cliffs almost perpendicular. A great part of the time the road ran through great walls of dark rocks, and tunnels were quite numerous. It became

more and more rocky as we neared Edinburgh. In that place we were to change for Glasgow. Of course, as soon as we left the train we all looked for the Castle. "There it is!" exclaimed Mamma, pointing to the right and there, up on the hill, was a structure with towers and battlements, very much resembling a castle, although a little modern in appearance. We all stood, however, in rapt admiration, until Mamma, for certainty's sake, asked the guard if that building were not the Castle. He laughed as he replied "That is the jail." Our disgust can be imagined. "Look to the left when you come out of the first tunnel," he added "and you will see the Castle." We did as directed on emerging from the short tunnel, and it was a grand sight which we saw. There, rising directly from the railway, was the Castle Hill, seemingly formed entirely of black rock, the ancient gray walls and towers of the Castle crowning the summit. We were not allowed to enjoy it very long, however. It seemed only a minute after leaving the tunnel before we rushed into another long one, and when we emerged from it the Castle was lost to view, and we were out in the country again. We went very swiftly the rest of the way, only stopping a few times. Midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow we caught sight for a short time of the distant hills of the Highlands, rising dark and frowning above the fertile plain. At last, after passing through the longest tunnel of our journey we arrived in Glasgow. We were met by the Company's agent, who conducted us to our hotel. This evening after supper we took a short street car ride up the street a little way and walked back.

*Tuesday, 6. 12*

This forenoon we spent in the hotel. Directly after noon we started by rail for Stirling. The ride took only three quarters of an hour, and was through the most picturesque of Lowland scenery. It seems as if we can never tire of this ever changing panorama of hill and valley, wood and field, resting so quietly under the summer sun, and seeming to speak of peace and contentment. But the Highlands, almost surrounding Stirling, tell a different tale; these rocky, wooded mountains speak of the days of war long past, of the fierce Caledonians whose home it was in the days of the Romans, and whose descendants became the Highland clans of later

date; of the wars with the Northmen of Scotland's long, long struggle with England for independence, during which so many bloody battles were fought about Stirling; and of the bold Scottish clans who for so long upheld the claims of the unfortunate Stuarts to the throne of their ancient kingdom. A wonderful locality is this Stirling. It has been a field for battles since the Romans built the first castle on the bold jutting rock, the strongest place in all Scotland. It would be useless to try to describe the Castle, for all we saw there would fill a volume in itself. The old church of Stirling is very interesting, here the ill-fated Mary was crowned, on her return from France, when her future appeared without a dim spot on its brilliancy; here her son, the Baby James, was crowned, while his mother, was raising armies against her rebel lords. Unhappy Mary! As we stood there where she had stood, it almost seemed as though we could see her there, in all her splendor, youth and beauty. And yet she was fated to spend her later years in prison to be finally executed. The instability of human greatness!

Everything has seemed like a dream today. The old heroes of Scotland have seemed almost as living beings, while this practical age has seemed far away. As we lingered in the room where the King of Scotland slew the Douglas, it seemed as though I could see the King and the Douglas standing there, the King trying to persuade Douglas to abandon the league against the Crown, the haughty refusal of Douglas, the rising passion of the King, and the sudden thrust with which he ended forever the rebellion of the dark Earl. Even the atmosphere of the room was damp and musty, like a burial vault, while the semi-darkness added to the eerie effect. I think we were all glad to pass from it into the open air, and to gaze from the walls upon the beautiful landscape spread out before us. Almost at our feet the sparkling Forth went winding in and out between its bright green banks, here and there connected by an ancient bridge. The plain, dotted here and there with cheerful looking farm houses, stretched away to meet the horizon, while on the verge we could just see the city of Edinburgh. As we looked in another direction, we saw the rugged Highlands closing the view. In one place the rock descends almost perpendicularly from the Castle walls. In the valley were the lists just as they had been in the days of chivalry. Outside the

Castle, almost directly above the lists, was a spot slightly elevated above the rest, which was called the Ladies' rock. Here the ladies of the court stood and watched the tournaments in the olden time.

I jotted down some of the principal places, as I was not sure of having time to describe them. I should have liked to remain in the Castle all day, but we were obliged to return to Glasgow, the same afternoon. Rain began falling soon after we entered the train, and on our arriving at Glasgow, it was coming quite hard. Nevertheless we started to walk to our hotel, but the way being longer than we expected, we were quite drenched before we reached it.

*Wednesday 6. 13*

Today we have spent in wandering about the city. We visited the Glasgow Cathedral this morning, a very interesting building, although not very old as compared to Stirling Castle. We have also visited one of the parks and the Glasgow Museum. While there, I saw several very interesting objects, one was the original paper of the Covenant, with many signatures of the early Covenanters attached; another was Burns' "Scots wha hae" in the poet's own writing, and an autograph letter of his. There is quite a display of modern curiosities there, but they were not especially interesting to one who has seen the World's Fair.

The next day our steamer sailed. The "City of Rome" is a very large ship, carrying a thousand passengers when filled. There were not so many, however, on this trip, which made it more pleasant for all. We sailed down the Clyde, between miles of shipping, until at last we left smoky dirty Glasgow far behind us, and were sailing between green hills. Far down the river we passed the great rock of Dumbarton, which stood boldly up out of the water, crowned with the ruined Castle. It seemed almost perpendicular and it is a great mystery to me how it could ever have been scaled by a hostile force. But soon we left "bonny Scotland" behind us, and shortly afterward we were nearing the Emerald Isle. We put in at Donegal to take on some new passengers, then we started out across the Atlantic once more. Before we were out of sight of land I began to be seasick and went below. This time my sickness was very



much worse than ever before, so were all of us. Even Alpha kept her berth for nearly a day. I was in a very bad place, being directly over the screw, which, as I lay there unable to raise my head from the pillow, seemed forever turning, turning in my brain itself. I was sick nearly the whole way across. When we neared the Banks of Newfoundland, a fog covered us, so dense that we could not see the ship's length ahead of us. It was inexpressibly dreary; that cold damp veil hiding everything, the foghorn blowing continually, with its dull, hoarse sound. Still, it was quite lively among the passengers. There were about a dozen of us who were together continually, and such talking! Everything was discussed. Most of the passengers were Scotch and there was several in our circle, also a German, a California sea captain, and a young American couple, who had seen nearly all of Europe. A great feature of our daily life was the promenading on the deck. Up and down, up and down we would go, two or three together to keep from falling. One evening I was on deck in this way until eleven o'clock. It was of course damp, and the decks were dirty; my dress and hat were a sorry spectacle when I finally descended to our cabin. Two evenings we had entertainments to which each contributed anything he could. A young Scotchman, by name Mr. Hamilton, was our principal performer. He spoke several comic Scotch pieces in a way I have never seen equaled. Altogether, it was a pleasant voyage, sea-sickness of course excepted. I was almost sorry when we arrived in New York. Our last day was beautiful. I have never before seen the water so dazzlingly blue as then. We entered New York in the evening, when the city was one blaze of electric lights. Directly before us lay the city itself, one mass of light; nearer, the light in the Statue of Liberty shone like a great star, while at our right, the double row of lights on Brooklyn bridge made great archways over the water. Our Scotch friends were all enthusiasm. Mr. Hamilton declaring that "if America were all like that, it would be the most beautiful place in the world." I think he will make a good citizen; he is certainly too much of a radical for Britain.

Our last evening on board was a very lovely one. We anchored down in the bay. All the evening gayly lighted steamers kept passing us. The passengers were all on deck, and we had a great deal of singing. Everyone seemed very happy to be so near the journey's end. Tomorrow we shall

separate, probably never to see each other again. To what different lots are we all going. Many to begin life in a strange country, some among strangers, some among friends who have preceded them; all with high hopes for the future in the land of opportunity. May they be realized!

The next morning we left the ship. The tiresome waiting at the Custom House while our baggage was examined being over, we drove at once to the station, from whence we started for Philadelphia. Our railway journey home would almost fill another volume, did I describe it fully. We passed the night in Philadelphia, also the next morning, when we went shopping. It seemed very queer, after the old country. At noon we started again passing through Washington, then into Virginia, through Harper's Ferry (a very beautiful place), thence direct to Kansas City, thence by a round about way to Topeka, where we stopped for some days, over the Fourth of July. I do not especially like the way they celebrate the Fourth in cities. On my birthday, the fifth, we went to Beloit, here we remained a few days, and from there we went home, finding everything in good condition there. Needless to say we are glad to get back.

### *Chapter 3*

## **An Education and a Calling**

**E**ducation began to transform Kate when she was quite small. With an ideal learning environment, the needed supplies, and encouragement by her parents, she took advantage of every learning opportunity. From her earliest years she had a determination to excel and a desire to achieve. This desire was never stilled and had far-reaching implications.

From early childhood on, her life was filled with music, foreign languages, travel, flowers, literature, and writing. These activities delighted her with a realization of wonderful possibilities. She loved her family and her country and exhibited a deep interest in both government and politics throughout her life. The power of the education that took place in the Hansen family of Logan, Kansas, is evidenced by the productive lives of the Hansen children. Each in his or her own way eventually became a towering figure. Kate's beloved parents instilled a dedication and constant striving in their offspring that would lead to achievement of worthy goals and making a real difference in the world.

The Peter Hansen household provided Kate a rich learning environment. To this was added the various extended periods of more formal schooling that polished and enhanced her talents. She attended the public elementary school in Logan. There she was a rapid learner and loved school work. She kept notebooks on each subject and learned the art of careful study of a subject. She supplemented formal study with related activities and extracurricular activities as she applied her lessons



*The Hansen home in the early twentieth century. Kate's brother, Dane, is shown driving his 1907 Reo, the first automobile in Logan.*

outside the school room setting. At the age of twelve, she graduated in 1891 from the grade school in a class of three boys and eight other girls.

A half century later, Kate would remember her early educational experiences and would compare them with later developments in the schools of America:

Looking back after over 50 years in the teaching profession in Kansas, in Denver, Colorado and in Sendai, Japan, I think that my six years spent in completing the eight grades of the Logan school of that time were well spent in a very good school. Every once in awhile, I recognize in some supposedly new and very up-to-date idea in educational circles something which the still active pioneer spirit and the good common sense of those pioneer teachers led them to do in their schools, quite naturally and with no fuss about it. There was less of mass-education, less of the jargon of present-day pedagogy, more attention paid to individuals and more responsibility put directly on individual pupils for getting lessons with a minimum of help. Years later, when I was beginning work as a teacher in the grades in District One, Denver, in their advice to new teachers, we were told among many other things, to look for students who seemed capable of doing the work of the next grade above them, and after

making sure, to recommend them for special promotion; and I remembered how my teachers in the old frame schoolhouse in Logan had done that same thing to me twice. There are still, in schools just out of the period of the one-room pioneer school, much of the real pioneer spirit, with all that that implies.<sup>1</sup>

Continuing her education, she went to Topeka to start high school at the College of the Sisters of Bethany. There she enrolled in several courses including instrumental music, vocal music, scripture, reading, writing, spelling, rhetoric, algebra, physical geography, and history. In the ten courses, she earned either a “perfect” or near-perfect grade. She didn’t like the school, however, so she transferred to the public high school in Beloit, Kansas, where her Aunt Kate Troup Cookingham lived.

When Kate and her family traveled to Denmark in 1893–94, her high school education was interrupted. She attended school in Schleswig while the family was abroad. This experience permitted her to learn German and acquire a perspective on political issues of the late nineteenth century. It was a good prelude to further high school education.

Back in Beloit, she lived with her Aunt Kate. She enrolled for a heavy load of courses: algebra, English, natural philosophy, German, zoology, drawing, writing, and rhetoric. Again her grades were near perfect and her deportment was 100%.

In the 1894–95 school year, she took geometry, English literature, natural philosophy, German, drawing, and writing. Her deportment remained at 100% and she had perfect attendance. Her grades were near perfect.

In her last year at Beloit High School, 1895–96, she enrolled in geometry, English, Constitution, German, geology, and writing. As in the past, her grades were near perfect and her attendance was 100%. She graduated from high school in the class of 1896.

In two previous summers, she and her brother George had attended the Normal School at Phillipsburg to prepare for applying for a teacher’s

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<sup>1</sup>Kate I. Hansen, “Early Schools of Logan,” *Kanhistique*, Vol. 3, No. 6 (October 1977), p. 4.

certificate. As a high school graduate, she took the county teachers' examination. She passed easily with relatively high scores on the subjects covered: orthography (spelling), reading, writing, English grammar, composition theory, geography, arithmetic, U.S. history, Constitution of the United States, bookkeeping, physiology and hygiene, and elements of natural philosophy.

The minimum grade required to pass was 60, but Kate's lowest score was 85. The required average grade for all the tests was 80, but Kate's average was  $94 \frac{2}{3}$ . She received her license to teach on August 1, 1896. It was numbered 102, indicating that more than a hundred certificates had previously been issued in Phillips County. The license was good for two years.

Her first teaching position was at a rural school just east of Marvin in Phillips County. Her mother had also taught in this school initially.

The following year, 1896–97, Kate taught and served as assistant principal of the grade school in Logan, her hometown. One of her sixth-grade pupils was her brother, Dane Gray Hansen, who later became a successful entrepreneur in northwest Kansas.

Kate worked in her Aunt Kate's millinery store in Beloit and taught private music lessons in 1898. Kate's mother, Alpha Hansen, operated a millinery shop in her home in Logan, Kansas. It was located on the southwest corner of what is now the Hansen Plaza block. In 1899, Kate and her brother George moved to Lawrence to attend the University of Kansas.

With mixed emotions, Kate left the University in 1901 after earning a music teacher's certificate and took a teaching position in the Denver, Colorado, public schools. Her assignment was teaching music and German.

She returned to KU in 1903, and in 1905 Kate completed all work at the University. By that time she was well known as a scholar and for her love for music. She was active in religious organizations, particularly the Young Women's Christian Association, and various other extracurricular activities. In February 1905 she was awarded a Phi Beta Kappa Key.



One KU professor, Carl Preyer, exerted great influence on Kate. Professor Preyer, a gifted teacher and musician, was highly respected by his students. He confirmed and supplemented Kate's fierce determination to strive for excellence. Exposure to such an outstanding teacher caused his students to aspire to greatness also.

Preyer had the traits and the skills of a superbly successful teacher: he was clear minded, orderly, painstaking exact, and acutely sensitive to causes of technical and subsequent emotional security. This last trait allowed him to compliment a student only on rare occasions, praise being limited to the very best work. He supplemented his great natural gifts with a studiousness, a devotion to truth, an expenditure of energy in his teachings, that made his lessons and his analyses of the complicated facts of his specialty live as dramatic realities in the minds of his students. The suppressed enthusiasm, the elevated tone, the sense of responsibility, the tenderness and delicacy—all of which he



*Kate worked in her Aunt Kate Troup Cookingham's millinery store in Beloit in 1898. This photo is of the store's exhibit that won a blue ribbon at the Kansas State Fair in the early 1890s.*

conveyed so eloquently by word and manner—made his students understand how much he himself valued the lessons which he tried to teach, and feel the implications that his manner and conduct conveyed. His teaching was of such quality that his pupils could readily accept college faculty positions.<sup>2</sup>

Kate mirrored Professor Preyer's valuable contributions to her sense of perfection and love of music in her own lifestyle and teaching practices.

During her University years, and especially some months before her graduation, Kate struggled with her own ambiguous, uncertain, and shifting grounds of desire and outlook for her own life. Noting the decisions and plans of her friends, she entered into a wrenching period of lonesome soul-searching for the answer to a real life dilemma. Slowly but surely she saw the light and came to a firm decision on what she wanted to do with her life. It was a rebirth intellectually for her that resolved most major issues and problems.

Deborah Spector, a young KU student who discovered Kate's writing in the late 1970s, commented on the intensity and importance of Kate's soul searching and subsequent spiritual awakening:

[*Kate was*] a student searching for her identify and her place in the world—a young woman of unusual intelligence and sensitivity who, in her second year as a University of Kansas student, pledged herself to a life of Christian service in the foreign mission. . . . In the pages of Kate Hansen's private diary written during her sophomore year of college [*is*] a poem in which she expressed her sense of blossoming into womanhood with a clear identity of herself and of what she wanted to do. But in that poem Kate also recognized that she had come through a time of deep inner turmoil and confusion about herself before she experienced what was for her a deep spiritual awakening. She titled her poem in German—almost her second language—"Blüthezeit," a word which refers to the blossoming stage of a flowering plant. And the third verse of the poem shows clearly her progression from a time of self-doubt to a time of more certain knowledge about herself:

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<sup>2</sup>Howard F. Gloyne, *The Story of a Kansas Musician*. The University of Kansas, 1949, p. 59.



It is the Blüthezeit, (she writes.)  
After long years of hesitating, doubt,  
Of trying this and that, of wandering about,  
Of seeking for an aim to satisfy—  
To make it worth the while to live at all;  
Of self-contempt that turned to bitterest gall  
The slightest thought of nobler end—to die  
Would be no gain, since I must surely be  
My miserable self through all eternity!  
And after all these things has come the light . . .

For Kate, the “light” meant her decision to join the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, one of the most influential campus Christian youth organizations of her day.<sup>3</sup>

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This [*struggle for self-knowledge*] was especially difficult for a person such as Kate Hansen because she knew that she would never be content with the usual or the mundane. No “monotonous round of domestic duties,” she wrote in a college essay; no being a “secondary person following the fortunes of some man,” she insisted; no “submitting to the whims of a Petruchio,” said our Kate who even liked to call herself—like the untamable Kate of Shakespeare’s play—“Kate the Shrew.” To Kate Hansen, all of the advantages were to be found quite literally in the life of the “Old Maid” as she called it or “career woman.” For such a woman was open the “broadness of culture,” “the opportunity for a career,” a “life in the world,” and above all, the “power of independent thought.” Kate Hansen may have been ahead of her times but she stuck to her convictions and lived the life she always dreamed of.<sup>4</sup>

From the time she made her decision to become a Student Volunteer, Kate lived rather creatively. She met life’s challenges head-on with cour-

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<sup>3</sup>The student movement “to win the world for Christ in this generation” was a powerful influence for late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century young people all across America. Many idealistic college and university students heard the call. Local campus chapters and societies kept the fires burning as the opportunities opened up around the world. The local churches and congregations also supported the young Christians with special services and revivals. The emphasis was placed on making “your life count by volunteering for a life of service to promote Christianity and bring the light to peoples of foreign lands who were in darkness.” Songs and hymns were used effectively in getting “decisions” and commitments for lifelong service.

<sup>4</sup>Deborah Spector, graduate student at the University of Kansas, speech delivered at the 100th birthday celebration of Kate Ingeborg Hansen, Dane G. Hansen Memorial Museum, Logan, Kansas, July 8, 1979.

age and imagination. Ill at ease unless she was growing and flourishing, she constantly surveyed new possibilities in her daily routines. While her activities did not always meet the expectations of others, including her parents, she nevertheless pursued her dream and her destiny, noting progress from time to time. Among these departures from general expectations were not remaining as a school teacher, nor working in a business of some kind, nor getting married, and surprisingly, electing to become a Christian missionary in far-off Japan. Her actions clearly showed that she realized that she had to prepare specifically for the future she desired: a combination of music, teaching, and Christian service.

After graduating from KU, Kate returned to Denver to teach. She was, however, still determined to qualify as a missionary teacher. And in due time she was appointed by the Reformed Church in the United States to teach at a girl's school in Japan. She left the United States in 1907 to start her missionary journey to Sendai, Japan, 200 miles north of Tōkyō, the capital city. There she would work for nearly half a century.

*Kate wrote the paper "Advantages of Being An Old Maid" for a composition class in her second semester at the University of Kansas. In her first semester she had written on the subject "The Disadvantages of Being an Old Maid." She followed the course described in the second paper. She never married. As an educated single person, she would enjoy the power of "independent thought, speech and action." Ultimately, she would influence for the good not one or two lives but rather hundreds.*

## **The Advantages of Being an Old Maid**

*Ingeborg Hansen*

*January 31, 1900*

I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To seek for rule, supremacy and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.

Such was the conclusion worthy of that age of woman's bondage, which was forced upon Katherine after all her valiant struggle for independence. Could she be living in this age, instead of meekly submitting to the whims of a Petruchio, we might imagine her now explaining the "advantages of being an old maid." First of all, she would speak of liberty, the dearest wish of every enlightened mind. How she would enjoy, even as we are enjoying, the power of independent thought, speech, and action, which we can now claim as our right!

No longer the "lesser man," no longer forced to be his echo, at last we have vindicated our right to our own individuality. All the broad culture which comes from living in the busy world, is ours for the taking. She who is gifted with special talents, may now develop them to their utmost, confident that her career need not be fettered by any other obligations. We are not tied down to the monotonous round of dish-washing, cooking, scrubbing, and the like which, even if performed in the most cheerful self-sacrificing spirit, cannot possibly be said to give broadness of mind.

If this were all, we could justly call the old maid's life a selfish one; we could say with truth that the real beauty and glory of life had escaped her. But her power of independent action for good is greater than all the

others. She is found everywhere, from the “old-fashioned old-maid aunt, always called in when sickness or trouble comes to the household,” to the modern business woman, with her keen mind and large heart using every opportunity to do good with her wealth. There is the trained nurse, the woman physician, the reformer—the stock joke of every would-be comic paragrapher—, yet where is a man who has been a greater power for good than our reformer, Miss Willard? Even that much derided individual, the old-maid school ma’rm—who can measure the good she can do, not to two or three, but to hundreds of young lives?

We may grant that the home is the natural field of labor for the majority of women; we may grant also, that her path to happiness is more easily followed there than elsewhere. But let us not be disheartened. To us is given what is denied to our sisters in the home—the power to devote our whole lives to the cause we choose. Only let that cause be worthy, let its aim be outside of our own selfish ends, and we, too,

Shall behold a something we have done,  
Shall of the work together we have wrought,  
Beyond our aspiration and our thought,  
Some not unworthy issue yet receive.

*In her college years Kate led a good-natured student protest<sup>5</sup> against a strict and difficult examination in a music course. Although her classmates supported her position, she reported that when they presented their petition, “the hard-hearted professor instead of being moved to compassion, seemed only amused at our suffering.” The examination proceeded.*

Miss President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is indeed a sorrowful occasion which calls us together. For nearly 9 months we have toiled and suffered together. Our brains have vibrated in unison as we labored to calculate the ratio of vibrations in a chord the seventh upon the leading tone. The most violent discords have not disturbed the concord of our relations with our esteemed instructor. Without a word of complaint, we have robbed ourselves of sleep while striving to rid our exercises of parallel fifth, augmented seconds, and doubled leading tones. We have strained our ears to learn the difference between consonances and dissonances, until our whole existence seemed to be moving to the tune of a diminished seventh.

With unmixed patience we have striven to understand the mysteries of mixed chords. With unalterable determination we have wrestled with the difficulties of altered chords. Dominated by the one desire to excel we have not shrunk from the multitudinous array of dominant discords.

These were easy. But what shall I say of our last month’s work? It is unnecessary to remind you of that; the pale faces in which the lines of care are all too deep, the tired eyes, the attenuated forms before me bear a far more eloquent testimony than I could ever do, to the devotion with which we have given ourselves to the subject of modulations.

We have succeeded. Even our instructor admits it. The family of keys is to us as our own kindred. The relative minor of the dominant, the opposite mode of the relative minor of the subdominant, present no more difficulties to us. Direst extraneous modulations, consecutive dominants, enharmonic exchanges, have become integral parts of our

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<sup>5</sup>Dane G. Bales has called this “The Original Student Protest.”

minds. Nothing has been shirked because of the seeming impossibility of comprehending it.

At last, our labors seemed ended. Only one week and then freedom, for had not the faculty decreed it. Do you remember our rejoicing? Alas, that it was in vain, for soon there came to us the awful news, that when all other schools had ended their work, when all other students happy in their release from quizzes and cramming were hastening homeward, we alone are to be forced to remain to prove this dearly bought knowledge which our instructor already knows we possess.

Classmates, it is unnecessary to tell you that this cruelty must not be. For the sake of our health, which must surely give way under the strain of that extra day, for the sake of our faithful work this year; for the sake of Harmony in every sense, I move that we present a petition to our instructor most humbly begging and entreating him to spare us that last ordeal.

*In this long diary excerpt, Kate reflects on the years 1895–1900 and then provides an important window on her intense emotions and guiding experiences as she struggles with her decision to become a “Student Volunteer.” She also chronicles her typical student activities at KU: parties, sledding, an expedition to Blue Mound, YWCA meetings, and her profound efforts to master difficult music.*

December 5, 1900

I, Katharine Hansen, spinster of uncertain age, commonly known as the Shrew, having destroyed, by fire and other means, the records, written and otherwise, of the past five years of my life, do hereby begin a new one which shall be of such a character as to escape destruction. To this end, there shall be excluded from it every action which proves too strongly my natural idiocy, every thought of which I hope to be ashamed at some future time; every trouble which should not be a trouble, and every pleasure which should not be a pleasure. It shall be of such a character that I shall not hesitate to show it to my dearest friend, should she be so good as to be interested in it. Therefore, here, in the reading-room of the library of the University of Kansas, in the scene of more than one of those things to which I have bidden defiance, I begin the new record. May it be a true record of not unworthy struggle and life!

Perhaps it would be well to set down very briefly those things from these five years which I least wish to forget. It is not an especially interesting outline, yet there are some things connected with it which I would not willingly lose. Let me see—’95. After a year of books and little else, I had been promoted to the dignity of school-ma’am. Four months I wielded the rod in a country school. Result—I began to get a faint glimmer of the fact that this world is not made of books. After Christmas, five months in the Beloit High School, ending with a diploma tied up with ribbons, declaring to all men that K. I. H. had satisfactorily passed the course of study; a deal of “fuss and feathers,” graduating and being congratulated. Result of all—one friend. The rest is gone; some day I shall forget that it ever existed, perhaps; things and people are different,

books are forgotten. But she—for all these years her steadfast friendship has been one thing on which I could depend absolutely. I know now that it cannot fail, no matter what other ties may claim her. I know that there have been times when but for the thought of her I should have hated the whole world. At this time, when changes are coming so rapidly, I feel even the more deeply my debt to her, and resolve to do anything I can do to repay the least part of it—even to take the second place now, cheerfully and willingly, recognizing that other claims more strong than friendship, other duties that are the crown of happy women's lives, must now be first with her. If ever I do some good deed, if ever I pay my debt to the world which has nurtured me—the credit will be hers, for without her I had never been led to another Source from whence comes this new strength. I am glad to write this of her; should she ever read it, she will know that I could not write the half of it.

So '96 was not a failure. '97—work as a teacher in our home school, doing my best and waiting. It was the chrysalis stage, with the awakening in the spring. That record is burned. But there was another interest, little as I knew it then. Machta! I can write it now—it is a long time since then—our own “lille Machta,” the one of us all who never knew sin or sorrow, although she knew untold suffering. Do you remember now, I wonder, the awful misery of those two weeks' struggle with Death?<sup>6</sup> Do you know what your sister prayed for night and day for all that time? Do you know now why those two prayers were not granted? Do you know that she, not knowing the reason, can at last say “It was His will, therefore it was best”? I think you do, and are glad.

But it was a long time and a weary one. Outwardly there were changes. I left the school-room. I was not a success, I did not love it. Business, Aunt Kate's training, anything to be out in the world and doing. I went back to Beloit for almost two years, and worked in Aunt Kate's store. It was a strange combination of forces—I do not yet know all its results. But one I do know—the greatest blessing my life will ever know. For there,

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<sup>6</sup>When Kate was eighteen, her mother gave birth to her sister Machta, who died soon after she was born. Another of Kate's sisters, Doris, who was born in 1900, died in 1905.



in a little church, among a band of earnest Christians, I found what had been lacking. First it was Ruth—she believed before I did. I did not see her often in those days—she was away most of the time. To Lizzie first among those Baptist friends, to Mr. Bingham and to Mrs. Jacobs, to all of those who took me in when I was so lonely and told me how never to be lonely again—to each and all, greeting and thanks!

Somewhere in those years, I do not know where, there came the thought which may be more than all the rest—the thought of the millions and millions of people who never have heard of that Friend Who was so good to me. Many times I have thought it forgotten, but it comes back. The end I do not know yet.

Another spring, at home, and there came to us one to fill, if anyone could fill, the vacant place—Doris, the Nis, the brightest, most mischievous little brownie that ever ruled a household of admiring elders. Also there came work, and some degree, I hope, of usefulness outside of home. With the autumn came the “perfect week” at Beloit, and afterward, the realization of a very long-cherished hope. I had tried teaching and business—they did not satisfy. There was music, which I loved. The old desire for study came back. I felt that at K. U. would be the solution of the problem—that there, if anywhere, I would find my mission. Of last winter there I will not write. It is too soon to sum it up; it would make too long a record to put down events. It is past, and this is a new year. May it be better than the last! A summer at home, filled with hard work and contentment—was it another chrysalis stage, I wonder? And now K. U. again, and this winter will be a happy one, for I feel always a new strength outside of myself, which bears me up when at another time I must have fallen. There is growing what I have wished for for a long time—interest in other people simply as people not because of something which they know or some principle for which they stand.

II

This evening was Y. W. Miss Ewing led. What a winning yet earnest way she has. She seems to be talking directly as a dear friend to each one of her hearers. Everyone was so eager to speak, too—it was not like speaking in meeting, it was like a family telling their experiences. I walked down with Miss Stafford, our president—a rare pleasure. She is so perfect,—so pure, so noble, so above the small things of our nature. When I am with her, I feel almost awed, yet so perfectly contented simply to be with her. She is a strength and an inspiration to me always. Surely, she cannot help being a great force for good in her distant field. When I think of all she is giving up—home and friends and country, it may be life itself—she is as one set apart, as one sanctified by sacrifice. It will not be for nothing.

Thou, to Whom a heart that loveth not can never be acceptable; Thou, Who hast sanctified as Thine the name of Love; help me this day, that I may not hate any of Thy creatures. Amen.

Go, and go, and go again, and this evening, after the merriest “go” of all, I feel just the least bit inclined to say “Vanitas Vanitatum.” Only



*When Kate attended the University of Kansas in the early years of the twentieth century, KU was in a significant expansion phase. In this photograph Dyche Hall is under construction, and old Fraser and Blake halls are to the south of Dyche.*

a little bit, however, and that because I am, as is natural, a little tired. So much dissipation has been crowded into these two months, I can scarcely count up all the places. Best memories of all, the Country Club “Go’s”—especially the last one, out to Blue Mound; a day of perfect rest in action, of harmony within because of being out among those things which are always in harmony with the will of their Creator. Results of the CC—well, they are numerous and decidedly varied. First health—not physical health alone, for mind and soul seem stronger and less bitter for each one. Perhaps Katherine may reform yet—but never as Shakespeare’s Katherine did. When I write the story of the Shrew, I shall make Nature her Petruchio, and the sign of her reformation shall be

But fern it is not, when thou sayest it is not—  
Call’t oak, persimmon, e’en the pungent onion,  
And onion it shall be for Katherine.

One other quotation, dedicated in respectful memory to “Billy Billiams,” otherwise Mr. W. Williams, manuscript reader to the English department and quondam guide to the C. C.

Mud is real! Mud is earnest!  
Yet the mud is not our goal.  
Mud thou art, to mud returnest  
Was not spoken of the Go.

Although that was not the guide’s fault, considering the miles and miles of mud we waded through on our way to Blue Mound. Poor Miss Peak! Junior, but never in her course did she go on such an expedition before. Even Mr. Williams failed to sustain her fainting courage, although he did his best, especially on the footbridge.

My dear ferns! If only they grow, that I may have a part of that day of happy self-forgetfulness left.

Other results of the C. C.—happy, fortunate ones—are the new, pleasant acquaintances, some of which may one day be friends. I hope so. I hope that I may one day be deserving of friendship that does not need to stoop or pity or “make allowances.” Yet such friends cannot be like the one who did stoop.

Miss Boyle comes next—another Y. W. and missionary girl, gravely severe, yet not sternly so, a fine student, but not all of books. Miss Peak too I have just begun really to know, although we were at North College together all last year. I will just mention Mr. Babcock, Mr. Harris, Mr. Morscher and Mr. Logan—each is an interesting acquaintance in his different way. These are really results of the C. C.

Entertainments have crowded each other so fast they are almost forgotten. Yet they were all enjoyed. Roxanna says I have the faculty of enjoying everything—I wish it were so, and work for it. Concerts have given me such intense delight this fall—more than they did before, because I believe I forget everything else but the music, as I did not do then. Just to note one or two of the best entertainments this year, there were, the Newton Quartette with Mr. Leon Felgar, almost the best bass singer I ever heard; four lecture-recitals by Mr. Lauder, a pupil of Liszt, on Chopin, Wagner, Beethoven and Liszt;—Penny's playing and some fine church singing must count here too.

Of all the other dissipation, the B. Y. P. U. A. expedition to the country was the longest—seven p.m. to three a.m., and uproarious mirth all the time. The Y. M. and Y. W. party was likewise—hilarious. A dissipation just beginning is Snow Literary. Tonight was my second night. From now on it will claim every Saturday evening. This was the annual Christmas party, with the reading of the Snowball and presentation of appropriate gifts by Santa Claus—Mr. Harris. That is one scientist who is not dry. Everybody was there, and everybody was thoroughly amused all the time.

A week from this day, and I shall be starting home again. What it is to have a home! Dear people all, I wish it were today. And Ruth, my Ruth no longer, but always first to me, what will you tell me at this Christmas time, and how very different it will be from last—happier for you, I hope and believe, albeit with just a little lingering of jealousy that somebody else can have the power to give you greater happiness than I could. Yet it is just and right, and you must know how truly glad I am for you.

Breathe it to nobody, but I fear we girls are growing too hilarious. It begins to leave an uneasy feeling afterward. But after all, why shouldn't

girls at school have their good times together and make a little noise? We are reversing the natural order of things in this house—the girls make the noise and the boys make the complaints. Just to free my mind, I must 'fess up that I don't care much about all their opinions put together. I fear I grow uncharitable—seeing every one of them with something crooked. There is Mr. Lemmon of comic memory last year—may it ever be as sovereign a remedy for blues as the thought is now! He is undoubtedly a good student, if one should judge from the time he works; he is a good Y. M. boy and he does not lack for positive ideas and words to express them. But that ridiculously would-be impressive way in which he always looks at a girl! I feel like speaking my mind occasionally—and what a shock it would give his conceit, to be sure! There is Mr. Braerton—also a good student and a Y. M. But he is too young yet to understand the difference between teasing and rudeness, and he says things I do not like. Mr. Allmon too—he cares too much for novels and light plays, and besides he is so insignificant looking. Then every one of them seems possessed of the idea that they are the important personages of the household, and we are some secondary inferior beings. Mr. Lamaster I omit from that list, for I really think he is not conceited. He is a fine specimen, physically—walked down to Baldwin and back and thought nothing of it. But, oh, dear, he is so stupid! He doesn't even know when one is laughing at him!

There, having freed my mind, I begin already to repent. Never mind—some day I will write them all a grand panegyric by way of atonement. Meanwhile, the girls are a great comfort, and I am not going to write a single fault for any of them—not even the cake-walks and rag-time music. Leola, my room-mate, ought to be a Prof. some day, so devoted she is to her beloved Theory of Functions. Ray certainly ought to be First Lady of something or other, so much she loves Society. Roxanna—I hardly know what to say of her, so full she is of undeveloped possibilities. She is a strong character, and should make a mark in something some day. Meanwhile we are all sworn allies against all the remainder of our little world.

And Schumann attempted to set Faust to music, and the effort cost him his reason. No wonder! Yet the man who could adequately set that

epitome and symbol of all life would surely be the master musician of all ages. Honor then to Schumann for even making the attempt!

I wonder if anyone can fully interpret Schumann without having experienced, in some degree, that peculiar, fantastic, imaginative melancholy which so gained upon him that at the last he could not control it? I wonder if anyone can understand Schumann without being, for the moment, half-mad?

Practiced seven hours this day, and feel not at all tired. O Cramer, Cramer, could you but know the trouble you have caused us poor stumbling students! O Bach, could you but look down from the seventh heaven and take pity on those who are striving so faithfully to show the meaning of your “voices”! O for some elixir to put strength and certainty into my blundering fingers, that they might tell what I see so plainly in my soul!

Not Bach alone, I too have been in the seventh heaven—translated at the Christmas concert. Our Professor Preyer outdid even himself. He is wonderful; he is grand.

Mr. Henry did better than ever. That boy will be—is already for that matter—a great honor to the music school. Some day he will be a great artist, we all believe. The house fairly went wild over him tonight.

The St. Cecilians did very well, especially in the Spinning Chorus. Miss Van Cleef has a voice I like—it is so rich and mellow for a soprano. It was all so good, it is indeed difficult to say what was best. Any one of the numbers would have redeemed an ordinary concert. O, but I am glad I am at K. U.!!!

“The night before Christmas,” so it seems to me, (oh, dear, I shall die!). We have been to Haskell (Ha! Ha!). I never saw anything so funny!! “Miss Hansen, truly you have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother!!” Thus the one witness. “Well he’s a sticker and no mistake.” Thus the other witness. (Oh dear, I shall die!!!). A Prof., or a sort of a one, and too bashful to ask to take a girl home! (Ha! Ha!).

It was the Christmas entertainment at Haskell. My one and only classmate, Mabel Doerfus, who lives out there, her mother being one of

the instructors, had asked me to come out and hear her play. So I asked the C. C. and a few others, to make up a crowd and go. Some could not go, and when we met at Miss Boyle's there were only Miss Bennett, three or four Misses Boyle, Mr. Harris and Mr. Boyle. We went decorously as college students usually do. It was a perfect spring-like night, and the two mile walk was just long enough to be pleasant. The entertainment was excellent—better than the average “white people's” entertainment. The kindergarten drill was the prettiest of all—twelve little Indians in nightgowns and little Dutch caps, carrying candles and dolls. They were too pretty for anything, and they marched and sang so well. The orchestra would have done credit to any college; likewise the chorus. Miss Dorerfus did exceedingly well—I knew she would. Altogether it was very good—except the sequel. (O dear, I shall die!) Shall I write it? Perhaps not; the story might lose something of its ridiculousness in the telling, and also it might sound unkind. So let it rest—but four people, perhaps six, will not forget very soon, I fancy. My conscience begins to prick me just a tiny bit, but yet, I could not, or would not, do otherwise—and it was so funny! (O dear, I shall die!)

Tomorrow is the beginning of the journey. By this time tomorrow night I shall be with Ruth. Everything is like Christmas; everybody in the house is gone but me. Holly and K. U. ribbons deck my jacket and my table. Christmas presents are scattered all over. Books are closed, music is put away, and tomorrow is the flitting. “And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.” May tomorrow bring no trouble and no danger that the Christmas spirit cannot overcome!

Goodbye for two weeks, old journal. Merry Christmas all by yourself, and Happy New Year with something worthy on your pages!

“Hello!” “Why, hello!” “Had a good time Christmas?” “Oh, fine! Went nearly every night. About dead now, though!” “Here too. Haven't gone to bed before midnight for a week.”

Thus the jaded merry-makers, returning from the two weeks of dissipation. A good time? Well, I suppose so. At least, I have had scarcely one moment to think, and most of the time has been spent either in festivities or in planning of more. What could have possessed the good



people of Logan anyway? There was Matthew's party for Hazel Branch, and old and young were there, and everybody danced; Gertrude Dunning's party and everybody danced again; Dyes', and another dance; Mrs. Emery's, and still another; and now they have agreed to have at least one every week. There were Christmas trees and marshmallow parties, and a grand New Year's conglomeration of celebrations. And I made not a single resolution—only a half a one, which will probably end in nothing. The Philippines!

It was very good to be at home again, and very good to work some with my hands. Doris is so bright and so pretty! If I would and had time, I could make the rest of this book one chronicle of her brilliant sayings and doings. I wonder if anybody appreciates home until he knows he probably has not long to enjoy it.

Ruth! Shall I say anything about the visit there? I think not. Only I was not mistaken a week before. It is not well to try to put into words what one has seen in the Holy of Holies.

Truly I should be thankful for pleasant friendly acquaintances. There were so many of them to make the journey a pleasant one. It was talk and laughter all the way, home and back. Mr. Babcock chiefly on the way up—he is such an altogether sensible and not prosaic, but altogether unromantic acquaintance. Clifford Spain too—he has improved, and I am very glad too, for Mary's sake. Elsie Lowry coming back—she is such a friend of Alice's, and I am beginning to like her much for her own sake. Such a pleasant, quiet visit it was at Alice's, too! O dear, I wish she were here now!

For mother's love, and child's caress,  
For ties of kindred Thou dost bless,  
For life, and health, and happiness,  
I thank Thee, O my Father!

For reconcilment with my kind,  
For doubts and struggles left behind,  
For quiet faith, and tranquil mind,  
I praise Thee, O my Savior!



For constant guidance on the way,  
For strength new, granted every day,  
For cheer and courage, come what may,  
I bless Thee, Holy Spirit!

Henceforth may my life-purpose be  
To serve Thee, blessed Trinity!

So, this is the result of vacation—a lesson this afternoon, and that awful recital piece is just as bad as ever. Not only that, but Bach is worse, and I have not had time in this morning’s practice even to touch Cramer. But that piece—I cannot get the idea whole—it just comes in little scraps. The notes are sure enough—I cannot forget them—but the meaning, the soul! I almost believe the crashing thing hasn’t any anyway! What a relief it was to wander through three or four of those clear, simple, sweet Kinderscenen! Only that is not lesson.

Praise to the shade of old Clementi! At last I have discovered a tune in him! It took seven hours’ work yesterday to do it, though. Yesterday was an ideal “musician day.” I practiced all forenoon, mostly memory work; practiced until three in the afternoon; practiced duets with Roxy until four; went to choir practice until five; “loafed” in the library, mostly up among the painting students, until suppertime.

Two Cramers memorized and played for Preyer; also one Clementi; and the verdict “Very good.” I feel better now for recital. If I could only do something—the old failing is back again—I want to do something out of the ordinary. B. I.!!!

I am reading Edwin Arnold’s poem, “The Light of the World,” and here is his paraphrase of the angelic chorus:—

Peace beginning to be,  
Deep as the sleep of the sea  
When the stars their faces glass  
In its blue tranquility;  
Hearts of men upon earth  
From the first to the second birth,  
To rest as the wild waters rest  
With the colors of Heaven on their breast.  
Love, which is sunlight of peace,  
Age by age to increase

Till Anger and Hatred are dead  
And Sorrow and Death shall cease;  
“Peace on Earth and Good-will!”  
Souls that are gentle and still  
Hear the first music of this  
Far-off, infinite, Bliss!

The last meeting of the Y. W. cabinet “by ourselves,” as our dear and honored president said. A significant meeting of representative girls—but one, who was ashamed, when she thought how little she had done, to be among that company. O that I had that year, that almost wasted year! That I might be among the girls and do something! I have gained so much by being on this cabinet, but how I have lost my great opportunities! One more thing added to the list for atonement—but all I can do now will be no more than present duty, let alone making up for the past.

Miss Dean of the calling committee—another sunny, pleasant girl—was discouraged. Miss Bamford was to the point as usual—the membership committee will work among the music students now I hope. Miss Woodin, poor girl! has had the original sweetness of her nature turned to bitterness against all human-kind, by the trials and tribulations which only the treasurer can know. Miss Drake, as usual, has been busy writing letters, and Miss Dunn, in keeping the record. I should not leave out our general secretary, Miss Meredith. Although she has been here only this year, she is a wonderful help to everybody. And I must not forget Miss Hodgson.

We had such a strong, helpful meeting, and the most pleasant of little social times afterward. I had forgotten to say that it was at Miss Stafford’s. I am sorry it will be the last, for my own selfish reasons; but very glad that my work will be in far better hands than mine could be, even now, if it goes to the one I recommended.

Went skating all forenoon with Roxy, and made a spectacle of myself generally. Well, it is acting the part of public benefactor to provide amusement for the public I suppose. We went up past the first island, on the snow mostly. Mr. Lester was there and helped me with my skates—would have helped with skating too, only I wanted to learn alone. O dear if I could only stroke with that left foot! And O dear, I am so sore and lame

all over now! But I will learn, if it takes all winter. For a wonder, none of our particular crowd were down—a fact which did not cause me much regret, either.

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“Poor E. M.! Poor everybody that sighs for earthly remembrance in a planet with a core of fire and a crust of fossils!” (One of the best sayings in that creepy, unearthly book, “Elsie Venner.”)

One day of music from morning until night—a very satisfactory day on the whole, pleasant, every thought on something not personal. In the morning, I began practicing at half past seven and kept it up until half past eight—it seemed like five minutes. Then came the quick walk up the hill, helping Roxy with her study of the “Recessional,” on the way; the hurry through the crowded main hall and up the stairs to the chapel. Prof. Olin, the “man of sunshine,” led. The anthem was fair. There were only three of us girls, Jennie Walton, Ida Stern, and I, while the boys had Mr. Sams and Mr. Burress on the tenor and Mr. Shipman and Mr. Smith on the bass, beside four or five people I did not know. Mr. Burress sang a solo, also Mr. Shipman. The voice of the former is rather a disappointment at close range, but Mr. Shipman did extremely well—he has gained very much since last year.

Chapel over, the next thing was the rush down the hill again, stopping a minute at the studio to talk with Florence Harrington and get the duets we promised to play sometime for Snow. At home again, and practicing went briskly on until after twelve. Clementi and Bach never went better.

Immediately after dinner I went to North College, and found there Kate Leis with a new song and nobody to accompany her. We went up to the recital room and spent a pleasant half-hour in practicing, after which I had one of those rare half-hours of practice on the Grand. My piece really had some spirit in it then.

Harmony went well. It was the first lesson on analysis, and we had it so well that Penny made the next one just twice as long. O well, it can be done, I suppose, especially as Maud Brown and I intend to study it together.

Lesson went better than usual, and, most happy of all! Preyer has at last given me permission to work on the Sonata Pathétique! Not only that, but Mabel and I are to learn the arrangement for two pianos! I can hardly wait for morning to begin work.

Mabel came home with me after lesson, and we had a “musical seance” comparing notes and playing little tunes, etc. I went part way with her through the park—such a delightful place even in winter. Coming home, I practiced until dark.

After supper Roxy and Leola took me down to the church for my first appearance at choir practice. I surprised everybody, even Prof. Hopkins, whom I had promised so many times and then broken the promise, that he had thought I intended never to come. Two hours of singing—not play singing either, for Prof. Hopkins is an excellent choir master. Mr. Lester brought me home and talked ice and study all the time. Then a little teasing of Roxy and Leola, and the day is done, and I must go to bed. Tomorrow comes more music and the Y. W. reception to the Fine Arts. I do so hope it will be a success, and that some of the girls may be won for the Association and what it means.

Well, it was a success—that long-planned, half-hoped-for and half-feared party. I am so glad. At last the ice is broken, and the music school is recognized as part of our K. U. life; and not only that, but the music girls realize that the Y. W. is interested in them and wants them. Not only that, but I hope I have one new girl for the Y. W. as the result of today’s work.

It was a truly delightful party. The house was beautiful, the hostess was gracious, the reception committee put everybody at ease at once. The faculty women were out in force, and helped not a little. It was a crowd such as has seldom been together in K. U., I fancy—the music, painting and oratory schools, and the leaders of the Y.W. I did so enjoy having them together—my own schoolmates and classmates, and those strong, helpful girls who have done so much for me. There were beautiful faces and forms and beautiful gowns—the Fine Arts are noted for all that, and for their grace and self-possession. But of them all, there was not one to compare with our own Miss Stafford. I saw her face during

one of the best of the piano pieces—and it was as the face of an angel. All about her was something different from any of us—surely, something not of this world. Dressed simply, almost severely, but in perfect taste, her tall, slender figure had a wonderful grace and dignity. Her very form expresses what she is—but if one sees her face, all else is forgotten. But dear me! even this long-suffering journal must surely rebel at so lengthy a rhapsody—and yet it is true, every word. I envy those heathen she will teach!

Have just returned from the joint temperance meeting of Snow, Burke, X. Y. Z. and the Temperance society. It was very good—even Roxy and Leola, whom I dragged off against their wills, must admit that. Although I refused two, no, three invitations for their sakes, they persist in bearing malice and talking reproachfully about “problems.” As if they could not even take Saturday evening off!

Prof’s Hopkins and Carruth, Miss Meredith and Mr. Hanson, the Y. M. secretary, made short but vigorous and sensible speeches. A debate on the army canteen question was decided, as usual, for Snow, Mr. Moore and Mr. McMath being our speakers. Mr. Smith sang better than I ever heard him sing before. He can go lower, with perfect ease and a full tone, than any other bass singer I ever heard.

At the recess I had a good time, as usual, talking to Miss Lyon and Miss Griffith principally. They have various jokes on me for this evening, but I don’t care. O yes, a certain person before mentioned in this journal was there, but did not appear to recognize me. Strange!

### *Under the Juniper Tree*<sup>7</sup>

It was spring in the old, abandoned cemetery. The hedge of peach trees on the one side, the thorns on the other, the almonds around the empty grave, were all in the full beauty of their spring resurrection. Only one gloomy spot was there, where the dark, drooping branches of a juniper tree shaded a fallen grave stone.

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<sup>7</sup>This short fantasy, apparently a story of Kate’s own creation, described her struggle—her search for identity and her place in the world—metaphorically.

Three people were wandering in search of spring blossoms, two of them all gladness with the sweetness of the spring. But one was in the midst of struggle and doubt and pride and anger. She left the others in the glory of the spring sunshine, and came to the fallen stone in the shadow. It was a simple inscription that it bore, half obliterated by the elements:

Angelina  
Beloved Wife of Simon Ritter  
Died 1858  
Aged 21 years.

Why did she sit and gaze at those words? Why drop the fair spring flowers on the neglected grave? Why the bitter thought as she left; “Other people may say ‘How sad!’ but she knew happiness before she died”?

Again, it was one of those mild days which sometimes come even in January. The flowers were gone, the thorns were bare in their cruel sharpness, the other trees had lost even the passing glory of the autumn. Only one spot was yet green—the juniper tree over the prostrate stone. Again there came a merry party of country walkers. Again one sought the grave, now the only place which showed the constant green of immortality. Again the dust was reverently cleared away from the worn letters, but it was no longer the fading spring flowers which were placed above the dead. It was nothing but a twig from the evergreen tree; but from a soul there came the prayer, “Father, I thank Thee that this one did know happiness, and that she has entered into the joy of her rest.”

There is a thorn hanging from the ceiling in a certain room I know of. It is brown and polished, and the branching ends are very sharp. It is not a comfortable object to look upon. A blue ribbon holds it in place, and upon a long end one may read the words: “Jan. 26, 1901. Pass’ auf!” It is nothing but a fancy, but it suggests things that are about as pleasant to think about as the ends of those thorns.

A “Go” out to Blue Mound again, and very delightful it would have been if it were not for some things—like thorns. I have not time to write it up, and anyway I could not express the real charm of the place. Roxy went for the first time and appeared to enjoy herself thoroughly. So did a certain Briggs. O, Roxy, my boasted man-hater! There were eleven of us this time—Miss Peak, Minnie Reno, Miss Vermont, Roxy and I, Mr. Babcock, Mr. Williams, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Easton and Mr. Morscher. Of the new people Miss Vermont is a former Logan girl—I do not really know her yet—. Mr. Easton is a musician, one of the brightest boys I know. Mr. Briggs—Oh, his mouth is too little and pinched-up, and Mr. Whittaker is too little to be interesting. I believe I shall like Mr. Williams very much. He writes verse and stories, and understands some things the other people do not. That was proved, I think, at the last “Go” to the old cemetery, when everyone else made or consented to the making of frivolous and irreverent remarks, or at least careless ones.

Miss Elizabeth Harrington is a new friend—almost. She attracts me greatly. She might be called a “society girl,” but she is very different from the type. She has the most pure, child-like face, her eyes are so clear and innocent looking, her voice and manner is so full of gentle friendliness. She is in the painting school, also she is a good musician. We played a duet at Snow last time. I was at her house for supper and we went together. From Snow we went to the Y. M. and Y. W. reception, where “everybody” was. We had a good time too, except the end when a “crazy” fellow from Snow asked to take us home, and followed it up by a request for our company at the Snow party next week. Neither of us had met the Idiot until that evening. Both of us “declined with thanks.”

“If there is a moral wound, it must be healed, leaving perhaps a scar behind it; but it must not be kept as an open sore. The chronic inflammation of remembrance and remorse must be avoided. The true atonement for a wrong committed does not lie in nursing the pain it leaves, but in restoration to cheerfulness and courage and hope, for the sake of others.”

Thine am I, Father! rescue me!  
Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,  
Camp around, and from evil ward me!  
Henry! I shudder to think of thee.

When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,  
There let, at once, my record end!  
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,  
Until, self-pleased, myself I see—  
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me  
Let that day be the last for me!  
The bet I offer.  
Done!  
And heartily!  
When thus I hail the Moment flying:  
Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!  
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,  
My final ruin then declare!  
Then may the death-bell chime the token,  
Then art thou from thy service free!  
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,  
Then Time be finished unto me!

For the last time, I have met with the Y. W. cabinet as one of its members. I am sorry in some respects—and yet, so glad that my work will be in so much better hands. Miss Boyle will have general control. Such a noble character she is developing. Perhaps, in time, if she continues to grow, she may be like my—our—ideal of a Christian girl—Miss Stafford. Then Miss Lyon will have especial charge of the study work. When I think, how she was brought in—under the influence of what motive I first sought to be with her, and how this was all so over-ruled that it became the means of bringing to us one of our best workers—I feel so ashamed and humble, and wonder at the Infinite Goodness.

The old and the new cabinets met together in the room of the new President, Miss Ewing. Some of the new people are strangers to me—others are old acquaintances, whom I gladly see in their new responsibilities. Miss Walton, our sweet singer of last year's choir, will be chairman of the music committee. Ida Stern, another of the singers, will have the calling committee. That makes four Snow people on the cabinet.



I was touched and pleased and humbled all at once, by Miss Ewing's request that I remain on the cabinet. It is far better, however, as it is. I will be a drag no longer. Perhaps some day, when by continued working I am able to do something, I may have yet another opportunity, and then not waste it. Meanwhile there is enough to do, and more.

Each of the old cabinet made a short report, and at the end told what it had meant to her, the work she had been doing.

Down again from the upper regions to—not exactly the lower ones—but at least, from the Y. W. cabinet meeting to the Snow party. Did I have a good time? Well, not exactly. Thereby hangs a long tale, of an Idiot who has not even enough to him to be classed as a Freak. O dear, it is time to go to the desert island now, to be sure! But this time I don't care, except to be disgusted and to be Katharine the Shrew with a vengeance. How Miss Harrington did laugh and say "I told you so!"

The party committee, "of whom I was which," worked long and faithfully all afternoon, planning the entertainment and decorating that great barn of a room at North College. It really looked well, too, when it was finished. "Our worthy president," Mr. Logan acted the part of general critic. Mr. Babcock and Mr. Cramer put up bunting, Mr. Harshberger attended to "cosy corners," Miss Reno draped blackboards, and Miss Walton and I tramped all up and down Tennessee and Ohio streets, gathering up sofa pillows. We must have looked funny, as we came back with armloads of pillows of all sizes and colors.

Part of our object with this party was to help the Snows to get acquainted, so each one was given a card and each boy was told that he must talk for four minutes to each girl, at the end of which time she was to write her name on his card. Of course, if he did not know her, he must hunt up someone to introduce them. At the end of the allotted time, the cards were collected, and any boy not having the required number of names was obliged to pay a forfeit, said forfeit consisting in making a speech, explaining why the card failed to be satisfactory. As usual, Mr. Lemmon had something absurd to say. Afterward we had music and more speeches and games, which would have been pleasant enough if that Idiot had kept out of the way. As it was, it was intensely disagree-

able—and so was I. Moreover, our president seems to have observed some things, and read me a lecture coming home. What a fine place that island would be!

It has snowed for nearly two days and nights, a heavy, wet snow, that loads the branches of the trees until they nearly break. The long grape arbor, with its regular squares along the top all outlined by the heavy snow, looks like a long piece of marble lattice-work. The plum bushes under the window are snow-drifts. The pine tree shows great patches of white with only a little dark green underneath. The long, curved rose-shoots look like white serpents. In the park, as far as one can see from our window, everything is white and black. It has been the most sleepy, shut-in Sunday. None of us girls have been out of doors today. The boys indulged in a snow-ball fight this morning. Roxy played, Leola read, Ray read or slept, and I translated a German poem on Hope. In the afternoon Ray had company, and the rest of us stayed downstairs and were sociable. Roxy and I played, Mr. Lemmon and Lee read and recited, and everybody discussed various things. It was a very home-like afternoon, altogether.

Of all the drivelling idiots that ever lived, of all the hopelessly crazy creatures that ever pretended to be human and rational beings, Katharine Hansen, you are the worst.

Roxy is playing Bach, and how the “voices” are quarrelling! They dispute and bicker and almost come to blows—and yet they are of the same nature, and could make such perfect harmony! But now they almost hate each other, just because one persists in saying his say first, and the other is not willing to let him finish, but must interrupt—only to say the same thing, which the first one might just as well have said alone.

This is to signify that at least, I have not forgotten how to study. It is to be accepted for what it is worth—no more. It knows nothing of the important thing, the application of knowledge—hence it is not much.

Miss Kate Hansen, of the Music School, was a special student in German 1899–1900 and an excellent one. I recommend her for continued privileges.

W. H. Carruth<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>8</sup>This note from W. H. Carruth was pasted into the diary.

Well, I think it is about time to give the boys that long promised eulogy, after the way they have been behaving. Really, they have made a noble effort to be “nice.” We haven’t quarreled for three days—a most remarkable occurrence.

We have been coasting. I wonder what certain of my friends and acquaintances in Beloit, or worse still, in Logan, would say if they could have witnessed those proceedings. Saturday night Lee, Earl and Mr. Lemmon hired three youngsters’ sleds, and took Roxy, Leola and me. We did look funny when we started, with short skirts and bloomers, with leggings and overshoes, and with our heads bundled up until we could hardly see. When we got to the sidewalk each of us girls got on a sled, and the boys pulled us to Adams Street—regular child fashion. I had trouble then all the time. My sled was very small, and I had to keep a death-grip on the sides to keep from falling off. Then something was the matter with the rope, so it did not always pull straight. Several times I ran into the snow-bank on the side of the walk. Arrived at Adams Street we found too many bob-sleds to make coasting safe, so, after sundry wranglings, we started toward North College along the “path for one.” Roxy and Lee explored on the way—they seemed each to be trying to get into the deepest drift. After a long wade through the snow, we found a hill that had a slight sled track, and that was unoccupied. Then the fun began. We girls tried going down.

Those two weeks were very full, but they were all things which are not just easy to write, even if there were time. So let them go—I hope they were not wasted, at least.

I have seen the end of a long and useful life, one which has been a kindly influence in this town for many years. One more man, “old and full of years,” is gone to his reward. It was such an ideal spring day, just such a day as he loved to spend in the garden with his flowers. And now, they will come, and he will not be here to see their well-loved beauty. Yet, why sorrow, when he sees now such infinitely greater beauty? Never have I seen a face more peaceful than his, in death. The troubles of seventy years seemed all gone—his face was as serene as that of a little child in

sleep. One could not help feeling that death is very far from the worst of human evils. Everyone sorrows, yet it is with a chastened sorrow, like the broken strength of the winter. Only, poor Mrs. Anderson, how she will miss him! So little, so frail she looked today, literally bowed down by her weight of sorrow. We must be very, very kind and gentle with her; if only we may do a little for her, to help her just a little!

There were flowers everywhere about him. Surely, if his spirit could know, it would be pleased. I cannot feel that he is entirely gone. I like to think that when his beloved roses are again in their full beauty, he will know it and be glad, even among the unfading flowers of Paradise.

All the girls here know there is something wonderful that I cannot tell, and I do so want to tell Roxy, for she would be so glad! Roxy is developing all the time. There is a grand nature there; she is young yet, and does not know herself, but if she does not become a very great force for good, then I do not know.

If I could know the end of all this strange, bewildered groping,  
This searching into things I do not know,  
To what this questioning, this almost hoping,  
This longing, yet despairing, yet may grow—  
That I might go!

My friends will go! In gladness, nothing doubting, nothing fearing,  
With holy peace and joy as martyrs know,  
With perfect love and trust in His appearing,  
With every selfish hope or aim laid low—  
My friends will go.

I would not stay! When of His grace he has to me forgiven  
Far deeper wrong than they could ever know,  
And I have thought and prayed and toiled and striven,  
That the great gift He might on me bestow,  
That I might go.

It were not much to give up all the joy in friends and kindred  
To lose the art once loved and cherished so,  
The thought of home and country never hindered,  
And death for Him were honor, that I know,  
If I might go.

But oh! I am not worthy! His own highest, last commission  
Demands the grandest, noblest souls that know  
His love; what then am I, to seek permission  
To bear His message? I, so weak, so low,  
How can I go?

Yet I would go! O, Thou that savedst one so hopeless, teach me  
What Thou wouldst have me do, Thy love to show;  
If 'tis Thy will, let this one prayer reach Thee—  
Let this great longing die, or let me know  
That I may go!

Astonished, glad, sorry, ashamed, undecided, remorseful, weighing, reasoning, feeling—all these at once, and more, are what I experience this evening. One more life-secret that I know, and this time one so very different from the others—this time one so nearly parallel with another one I know so well, that I am astonished. It was very strange that she should tell it to me, of all people in the world. To think that she, gay, bright, sociable, and withal so strong and serene a Christian girl, should know this most bitter of sorrows,—that under all of it should be the struggle, almost worse than death, with this very worst of griefs! And now, to think what all may come of it—at last—how this removes one of the most important, perhaps the most important consideration against her coming to her life decision—to think how this seeming terrible calamity has transformed her life, has brought it out of its narrow groove into a broad love of and sympathy for all mankind if anyone could know these things, he surely must be convinced that indeed an all-wise Intelligence does direct every slightest part of this great chaos of events we call life. “He that ruleth his own self is greater than he that taketh a city”—joy to you then, my friend, and peace, and a wise and speedy decision of your great question, which is also mine. Truly you were—are—brave—you have been a heroine, and I feel that you will be a still greater one.

You must love these people. You must forget all about race prejudices, and their being so far your inferiors. You must love them—that is the only way you can do them any good. I wish I could write down all the other things Miss Stafford said this day in Mission class—but if I could they would not be the same without that voice, that absolute certainty that spoke through it, the wonderful love that shone in her eyes. She

knows these things—to the very depths of the strongest, most perfect nature I ever knew, she knows them. We know why, too—we know Who, because that she gave herself utterly to Him, has taught her all these things. Help us to do so also, we who need this help so much just now!

My music! I shall never be a great musician, that is certain. I have not the Divine call of genius.

Yet I love it. Yet I understand some of it, until it seems a part of my very soul. Yet I can make some people understand good things through it. Yet I can make of it a good and honorable profession.

Whether it would be better to keep to it, doing all the direct good possible through it, and using all the money earned that could possibly be spared, for this other cause.

Perhaps, some day, I might even have the power to send one far higher and better than I—perhaps a girl like Mabel Stafford.

Yet, would it be enough?

I have been at a party this evening—only a small one, of Y. M.'s, and Y. W.'s, to which Lee invited me as a substitute. I did not want to go, not feeling like enjoying anything of the kind—but when we arrived, the first person I saw was Mabel Stafford, and all the reluctance vanished that instant. Strange, very strange, the wonderful power that girl possesses. Only to look into her face is enough to redeem a whole evening of insipidity. Lee, who met her this evening for the first time, has risen very much in my estimation because he seemed to realize faintly to be sure, the wonder of her character. How anyone could fail to realize it, I cannot imagine—yet I know that there are those who do. If I were a Catholic and worshipped saints—but there, I shall have to turn to the Litany, I fear, and ask,

From all inordinate and sinful affections,  
Good Lord, deliver us!

I want to talk with her, so much, on the subject, yet I almost fear, lest the words and above all the example of the almost idolized human friend influence me when I should think only of the Divine One. That light may come, if it be His will, and soon, that I may know what to do!

It was exceedingly good, I suppose. Only, Chopin goes on and on, very beautifully to be sure, but he never decides anything. I wish somehow, it had Beethoven or somebody who did come to a decision sometimes, instead of wandering always in vague imaginings. I wish he would decide something.

The deed is done. I have given up the Sonata Pathétique. Not because I did not like it—liking is not nearly strong enough for the fascination that piece has for me; not because it was too difficult—that was only another incentive to learning it; not because I could not play it—I never played anything better in my life. That was it. Preyer said, “You play it not only with your hands, but with your mind and your heart”—he did not know how truly he spoke then. It was too much—almost it made me come to its own despairing conclusion—all hope of any positive good being utterly gone, nothing remained but exhaustion; the last prayer was for “rest, only rest”—and the last flicker of strength was exhausted in the sudden bitter cry, “No, for such as I there is not even rest.”

I cannot believe such things; I will not. Yet, such was the power of the evil spirit that surely dwells in that work that gradually, in spite of all I could do, that awful darkness was coming over everything. And so, at the risk of being laughed at for a coward by Preyer and the rest, I have given it up.

Well, that was a success. Thirty-five signed the agreement to sing—thirty-five of the very best singers in school, too, with Lucia Van Cleef at the head. I am so glad she is one of us. One of these days she may be one of us in another sense—truly “one.” If only that may be soon!

Frances Norris and I went together. She is such a queer girl, I think. I believe we have some things in common—love for music and for writing. I am glad, too—I am always glad to find some link between one of the girls and me. I wish I could have some little influence over her. Florence Porter, her room-mate, must wield a very great influence there, and yet, even she has failed thus far, apparently, in the one great thing we wish to bring to pass. If it could only be done before our opportunity is gone!

If you do not know your own mind yet, your humility, your distrust of yourself, which make you afraid—do you not know that every true wom-

an must feel that? The revelation in those words, “I have told you what is in my mind night and day”—you did not realize, perhaps, how much it was a revelation. You may doubt yet, I do not. You must know, too, how truly I rejoice with you—ay, I could almost say, I am glad that someone else will henceforth be first; since our lives must needs be separated so widely, it is indeed best that someone else should fill yours. Yes, Ruth, I am indeed glad, more glad, probably, than you will ever know.

It is not best to record discouragements, yet, they are surely a part of the great plan of life. But it seemed hard, after asking so many girls this afternoon, that not one would come. Yet, what is a little disappointment like that, compared with perhaps years spent in faithful work, with no apparent result? If I become discouraged over this easy task, what about that other one, that will call for the endurance of a martyr? Katharine Hansen, what are you to dream that you can ever receive the honor of that task? B.I.!

And yet, think of the need of those people, and how few there are to go to them! What are you, that you should hold back? What are your little plans and purposes, compared with their need? O, to know which is the true way!

“Here am I; send me!” It is decided. Weak, imperfect, full of defects as I am—it has come to me, even to me. He has chosen me for this honor. I have said, “I will go.” I cannot realize it yet. Sometimes it seems that it cannot be really I; that someone else must be the one for whom it is intended. Representative, servant, ambassador these I shall be, and not only that, but He, the Lord of heaven and earth, He, Who left everything to come to us as a foreign missionary, He, who endured what would make any suffering for Him seem but a pin-prick in comparison. He calls me “friend,” and says, “Lo, I am with you always.” He has deemed me not unworthy to go for Him. Henceforth my life is worthy in my own sight. Henceforth it will be very precious to me, since He will use it. Henceforth it is crowned with a glory that covers up everything of that miserable past. But oh, the strangeness the wonder of it, that this should come even to me! I cannot say anything; I can only be silent, wondering at this greatest goodness. O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!



It is the Blüthezeit!  
All life, all being, flooded so with light,  
It seems it never, never could be night,  
Could never be less bright!

It is the Blüthezeit!  
The very air breathes a sweet mystery,  
Of happy things beginning now to be;  
The winds bring joyfulness instead of strife;  
The very dust is instinct now with life;  
The very heavens filled with Infinite love;  
One presence working underneath, above  
And through it all! It is the Blüthezeit!

It is the Blüthezeit!  
After long years of hesitating, doubt,  
Of trying this and that, of wandering about,  
Of seeking for an aim to satisfy—  
To make it worth the while to live at all;  
Of self-contempt that turned to bitterest gall  
The slightest thought of nobler end—to die  
Would be no gain, since I must surely be  
My miserable self through all eternity!—  
And after all these things has come the light.

It is the Blüthezeit!  
All life has meaning now, and dignity,  
No longer purposeless, but moving orderly,  
By infinite reason planned, to its appointed goal,  
And every human being, every soul,  
It matters not how low, in all the earth,  
Is precious now, since even mine has worth,  
All life, all being flooded so with light—  
I know it never, never can be night—  
Can never be less bright!

It is not the place or the time to tell all about these weeks. It was just one month from the time that Alice Boyle volunteered. The twenty-fifth of February to the twenty-fifth of March—one month, of the last struggle. They helped much, those friends, and above all, Florence Porter. Mabel Stafford I was afraid to tell any of these things—Florence came into my very soul in those days of conflict. Not as one so utterly above my weakness, but as one who knew it all, she came, and helped me, and cared for me. How can I help loving her very, very dearly? It is not with

the almost worship that I must needs give Mabel Stafford; yet I must always recognize the beauty and the nobility of Florence's character. But, for good and all, she is my friend—and that is everything, after all. And our bond cannot be broken—we shall go to the uttermost parts of the earth, if it be the will of Him who sends us, and it will but strengthen the bond formed in this month of struggle—for her, as well as for me. It is the spring vacation now, and she is gone home. If I could only know—but then, it will all be right, however this visit may result. Only, I do so hope that she may be able to sign our Volunteer pledge and come out openly on her return. It is so hard for her to be in a manner under false colors, as she is now.

Joy, joy to you, my friends who have fought so hard a fight, who have overcome, who have at last made the great decision that gives one more life to our work, the grandest mission on earth! Ay, it is the grandest one—even one who believed none of these things, confessed that to me. But O, the touching humility of my friends, as she told me how she must be so very different before she could count herself worthy to be numbered among that band of Volunteers. She feared even to tell them her decision, and I led her by the hand to them as they stood all together, and told them, and left her with them. That was before I knew myself. And now, there remains but the formality of signing the card, and I, too, shall be a Volunteer. I wonder if a soldier in the army finds more in his regimental name than comes to us with those words “Student Volunteers.” Volunteers, not for self, not for home, not even for country—Volunteers for the great army that is to accomplish the command of our Leader—The Evangelization of the World in This Generation. “We can do it, if we will” and we will, for we know that He will help us. What need we fear, then, for anything? He has said “Lo, I am with you always”—that means with us.

I have done the deed and told Mabel Stafford all about it at last. Why was I so foolishly afraid of her, I wonder, when she is so very, very good to me? Yet, I am glad that it was so ordered that I did not tell her before. She thinks I should sign at once, without waiting for the consent of anyone; “For,” she said, “it is only the least part—the important part is done already.” “Then you should break it to your people gradually.” I must

think and ask guidance, for I am not sure just what is the right course. I want to come out openly—yet, if I could only tell the folks first—can it be, that I am yet withholding something?

Spring vacation is over, the test of going back to old associations and old work. It was not a failure, I know. Always there was the strange Power leading and helping. I know He will not leave me. These days away from the associations of this last month have only strengthened me in everything. I am so glad. And now, if I only knew clearly my duty about the pledge—but it is becoming clear, and that very rapidly. Surely, my purpose could not be stronger by the mere writing of a name—and as for waiting to tell the folks, the decision was made without telling them, as it must necessarily be, and this other must be told gradually, too. I cannot see them now, nor for a long time, and meanwhile—O, that it were quite clear, what I must do! And yet, I know that in the own good time of Him Who sends me, it will be clear. So rest, and be content.

A position is offered me for next winter—a very good one, too, as far as wages go. I must care for such things now, for henceforth I think it only right to make my own way, and myself meet the expenses of the necessary preparation for my work. But that is not much—there is a purpose in it all, now. The preparation may be long and difficult; the obstacles may be many; the trials may be severe. I did not wish for this work because it would be easy; it was not given to me for that end. What are any difficulties now, when it is permitted to me to say, “I will go”?

I do not know yet in what capacity I shall go. It has been suggested to me that the greatest need of all is medical work. Whether it would be wise to take a course in medicine—I am not too old yet to begin it, and I could certainly work my way through a school—but whether the gifts that have been lent to me can best be used in that way—

I do not know. That must come yet from study and thought and asking the guidance which cannot fail, for it is promised.

Once more has come the answer, the direct answer. The last thing necessary, the last formality, is done. I am a pledged Volunteer.

Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions  
New York City.

IT IS MY PURPOSE, IF GOD PERMIT, TO BECOME A FOREIGN MISSIONARY

Signature *Kate Angeborg Hansen*  
Institution *University of Kansas*  
Location of Institution *Lawrence, Ks.*  
Permanent Address *Logan, Ks.*

Date *April 3 1901*

IF SIGNED, RETURN TO STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT, 3 WEST 29TH ST., NEW YORK.

MEANING OF THE VOLUNTEER DECLARATION

This declaration is not to be interpreted as a "pledge," for it in no sense withdraws one from the subsequent guidance of the Holy Spirit. It is, however, more than an expression of mere willingness or desire to become a foreign missionary. It is the statement of a definite life purpose, formed under the direction of God. The person who signs this declaration fully purposes to spend his life as a foreign missionary. Towards this end he will shape his plans; he will devote his energies to prepare himself for this great work; he will do all in his power to remove the obstacles which may stand in the way of his going; and in due time he will apply to the Boards to be sent out. Only the clear leading of God shall prevent his going to the foreign field. While it is the duty of every Christian to face this question, no one should decide it without careful thought and earnest prayer. Having confronted the question, no one should leave it until a decision pleasing to God has been reached. "*Understand* what the will of the *Lord* is."

*In 1901 Kate pledged to become a Student Volunteer. With this pledge she charted the course of the rest of her life.*

It came so very clearly. I knew it would be but right, the decision being already made, to announce it formally, to become one of the Band, to give and to receive all the help that will bring. Yet, there were the folks, and I felt I must tell them, and that it would be impossible to write it. But then I remembered this book, written, I did not know why, which holds as much of the real things of this winter as I could well write. Then—well, I knew.

I have seemed what I was not for too long. It is time to come out openly and let it be known what really fills my life. I have not so much to give as some of the others—I can never be as our honored leader, or as Alice Boyle—but all that I have must count, must be given unreservedly, without hiding anything. With what gladness it is given—but that would be a theme that would last forever. So, here let this record end for now. Thus far its purpose is accomplished—now let deeds be its end.

*By 1905 Kate had become an accomplished musician and student. Her perspectives on this final music course practical test, which she wrote in a pastoral setting just before graduating and leaving the University, are beautifully summed in this lyrical but also somewhat pensive reflection about a May day on North College Hill. Major and minor, light and dark: The last examination was over; her college years had ended.*

Up on the hill—and it was May. Even cold old North College was kind that day, although examination days are not usually the ones to call forth kindness. We were taking our final in musical composition, and our professor, queer little Penny, had told us we might take it where we would. He gave us a little theme—bare and simple, in 4/4 time. Then we went off to develop it. “Come out—it is too beautiful to stay in this dreary place.” So we went down the old foot-path which we had climbed every day that winter, often in snow or mud, with our heavy Bach and Clemente, or still heavier Beethoven with his Pathétique. No burden today but our little notebooks and pencils; no cold to struggle with; no Pathétique to dread; nothing more—it was our last day on that hill. We stopped where the trees stand thickly together, just before the steepest slope. The grass was so soft and deep there, we lay half hidden, our

books on the ground, while we wrote on and on. But the ideas could not be expressed. The beauty of it all—the peace, the strength of the hill! All afternoon we were undisturbed, save for the birds above and the little insects that kept running over our books as if they wished to help. It was not like any examination as the song grew and went on in the most gentle yet cheerful modulations. It was trying to say some of the gladness of that May Day—but that was to be our last day on North College Hill! and the trio dropped into a minor, yet coming back to the major of subdued thankfulness at times that such beauty had been. The sun was nearly down. Down at the Y. M. house the band began practicing. The Seniors began winding through the grove and up the hill for their class supper. We paid little attention. We were back in the major, finishing the D. C. with trills and variations—nothing was glad enough. Down along the street below passed my two friends who were more than all the rest—they were nearly gone before I saw them. “Trill!” and away through the grove went the shrill “Rrrrrrrrrrr!” as I went by leaps over the bank, through the grass and the strawberries and the flowers, over bushes, over stones with all the exhilaration that comes after long sitting still, until a long leap landed me breathless on the street before them. They looked so stately in their caps and gowns!—yet the black brought back the minor. The message was nothing—it was just to see them; they went on, and I clambered back; the song ended with a long series of tonic arpeggios—“Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!”—and Rrrrrrrrrrrr! came another trill from below. “Well, are you going to stay here all day and all night too?” called out my practical guest from the west. “Coming”; three full tonic chords—the song was done; the last examination was over; the sun was down; and we climbed soberly up the hill and left the book in our old classroom, then walked down the path and through the grove to the already darkening street.

*Kate knew that her family was uncomfortable with her decision to go far away to Japan to live in a non-Christian country as a missionary. She reminded them in letters home that, as soon as she had enrolled at KU, she had inquired about a mission study course at the University YWCA and participated in this study through her whole university career. In her letters she communicates the particulars of her new church affiliation and the Miyagi Girls School in Sendai, where she and her colleague Lydia Lindsey have been assigned to teach. This letter to her sister expresses her concerns about her parents' reactions to her plans but determinedly charts her course.*



*North College was the first building constructed at the University of Kansas. It was the scene of much of Kate's education at KU, and North College Hill was the site of her final reflections on her university experience.*



KATE HANSEN, A. B.;  $\Phi$  B K;  
College; President Y. W. C. A., 1903-4;  
Snow Literary

Kate has spent much of her University life searching into the mysteries of zoology and seems to find her greatest satisfaction in persevering to the death whatever unfortunate bugs stray in her way, but apart from this work, Kate has given much thoughtful attention to the interests of the Y. W. C. A. whose advancement she has done much to promote. Those who know her best, can best appreciate the true depth and earnestness of her life and work.



*From the 1905 University of Kansas yearbook, The Jayhawker.*

Denver  
January 27, 1907

To Alpha Florence—

Certainly you did give me a turn! But it was the most sensible thing you could have done,—more than I had expected, if the truth must be told. I hope it will do you all kinds of good, and you'll be able to finish your term all right, and come to stay with me in the spring.

And now I've some news for you, which won't be as astonishing to you as to the rest. I wanted, so much, to tell you at Christmas, but things were uncertain, I was determined not to bother the folks about it unless it was decided; and I didn't want you to have to keep anything important from them. But it's decided now, and I've written just now to them; I've been formally elected a professor in the Girl's College, of Sendai, Japan, and intend to accept for the term of five years and go out next August. Also, Lydia goes to the same college. I wonder how much of this is a surprise to you! You've certainly known a few things about KU student volunteers; and I think you've known us well enough to know that most



of us have meant what we said. But I'm glad you didn't talk much about it, for then you'd have known so many things and either kept still, as I did, so as not to worry the folks any more than necessary, or talked and worried them still more. I think you'd have kept still, though.

I think you are the only one in the whole family who will understand why I do this. I have written home all the practical things I could think of, but I do not have much hope of their having any great effect. I do believe that you understand about it; that you know it is the only honorable thing for me to do, as a volunteer, even if for no other reason—and you can imagine, I think, how much I want to do it, besides.

It is an unusual opportunity, looking at it from every side. Just the school work I have always wanted, in the country and even in the very town (or rather city, for Sendai is second only to Tōkyō) where I have always had the greatest interest. I can do work there, in a short time, that I could not do here in all my life; I can make myself count, for everything there is in me—not be one of hundreds, as I am here, with a dozen people, almost as well qualified as I, ready to take my position and do the work almost, if not quite, as well as I could.



*Kate Hansen graduated from the University of Kansas in 1905 and taught two years in Denver before being appointed by the Reformed Church of the United States as a Christian missionary to Japan in 1907.*

There are now two hundred girls in school; half of them from non-Christian families, attracted there simply by the excellence of the school work; a large number from families of great influence in their country; and most of them not there for just four or five hours a day, and then off with no thought of school or teacher, but boarding there for nine months in the year. O, it will be a queer thing, if I can't count for more among those girls, than I ever have before!—if something worth while isn't accomplished!

One thing will surprise you, though, I think; that is, that I'm going under the Reformed Church Board. Probably you've never heard of them—it's President Roosevelt's church, a branch of the Presbyterian, just like them in everything but its origin, which was Germany instead of Scotland. I heard of the vacancies through the Volunteer Movement last fall, and wrote to Lydia about it, and we agreed to inquire about them at least. I had been in correspondence with the Baptist Board ever since I had been a volunteer; Lydia and I met the president of the Board in Chicago after our trip to Geneva; I met all of them last spring here at the national convention. They made me several offers, but they were all for India or China; one project of theirs for a new school in Japan fell through, and there was no prospect of my getting to go to Japan for three or four years, anyway. They knew all along of my decided preference for Japan, and would have sent me there if there had been any opening. So it became a question of going under my own Board to a country where I thought I could not do the best work, or to Japan under this other Board, whose church agrees with ours in everything essential. The fact that Lydia could go to Japan, while of course it is the greatest satisfaction, did not decide the question, for the Baptist Board would have been glad to send her to India or China—they sent a very urgent offer to us both, last fall, for Henzada, Burma, and would have sent us this month, if we had accepted.

When I went to Philadelphia, it was quite uncertain whether either of us would be elected; I was afraid that the fact of our not being members of their church would have great weight. Of course, everybody thought the meeting was Baptist, and I said nothing against that—just kept still—for, if I had not been elected, there would probably have been

no reason to trouble the folks about the matter for two or three years, until our Board should have a vacancy in Japan.

It was decidedly interesting, that examination before the Board! They had all my credentials, of course, beforehand; so my examination was mainly on theology! In the points where our churches differ, I told plainly my beliefs; even if the Board were nearly all D.D.'s, and supposed to know everything on such matters. But that frankness did not seem to disturb them much; I found them a very liberal, broad-minded crowd. They were all college men and women, too, so I felt at home—much more so than before a school board! My examination must have lasted at least three hours. Lydia's was shorter; as a Presbyterian, they assumed she agreed with them in matters theological, and asked very few questions—for which she was truly thankful, for church distinctions mean next to nothing to her, and she joined the Presbyterian church simply because it was her father's church.

We had a medical examination also, by a Philadelphia doctor who is a specialist on foreign conditions. Both of us he pronounced perfectly sound, and of unusual endurance. So there was nothing in the way of our appointment, if the Board saw fit.

We had long conversations with Dr. Schneder, an elderly gentleman president of North Japan College, also in Sendai, and learned a great deal about conditions there. There will be nothing spectacular about our work—no palm trees, cannibals, jungles and snakes; our manner of living will be about what it is here. It will be work, and good hard work too; but it isn't anything to be afraid of, except for our own ability to live up to our great opportunity.

Dr. and Mrs. Schneder expect to be our chaperons on the voyage; perhaps also Dr. Bartholomew, the Board secretary, who is going on a visit of inspection to all the missions. The president of the Board had just returned from such a tour. We met Mr. Kajiwara, one of the professors in the college, who is a Ph.D. from Princeton, and an exceedingly intelligent man. He may go by the same vessel also.

Roxy is delighted over the whole thing. She has known of all the different projects, of course. It is possible that she may give up study-

ing medicine, after all, and take a position in the Woman's College at Lucknow. She has had some correspondence with the Methodist Board about it. She is too strong a Methodist, I think, to ever go under any other Board, and it will be a fine opening for her. Still, I hate to see her give up medicine. I suppose you will be glad—you never liked the idea of her being a doctor, did you?

I wonder if you know how many KU people there are who are student volunteers? I think the Association cannot keep Anna Van Zandt another year, for she plans to go to a Bible School in New York, preparing for Y.W. work in some foreign country. When he has had the necessary experience and also gets a little more age added—Harry Heinzman expects to go into foreign Y.M. work. You know about Charlie Siler—he's in medical school now, and engaged to Grace Stelter, and both are volunteers. John Woodin is another; so is Mr. Herman of Quivira, who is engaged to Winifred Wilcox, another one. Ruby Jackson is still another. There are fifteen now in school, altogether, I believe. Of course, it is probable that some may not be able to go, they may be rejected, or their health may break down, like Mabel Stafford's did, or other things may compel them to stay here. But KU should have a good representation in foreign work, out of all these. Of those who were in school with me, Effie Fisher is now in India, Perry and Ruth Hansen in China, Frank Smith and his wife in Japan.

Some of this rambling letter isn't much to the point, is it? But it is such a relief to unload, and there are any number of things I have wanted to tell you for a long time, but didn't think it best. I think there will not be many more "mysteries" now; most of the "mysteries" you were plagued with in school and afterwards have had some connection, near or remote, with this subject. And I think we shall know each other better, even when I am in Japan, than we ever have before; for we shall be able to write freely about everything, each knowing that the other understands or tries her best to understand.

More than as ever,

Kate

Hope Aunt Kate doesn't quite explode. I pity you.



*As Kate prepared to leave for Japan in 1907, she wrote letters to her parents and her sister, Alpha Florence, describing her reasons for becoming a Christian missionary to Japan and the particulars of her assignment to Miyagi Girls School in Sendai.*

## *Chapter 4*

# The Early Years in Japan

**K**ate Hansen and Lydia Lindsey were appointed to the Japanese Mission on December 31, 1906, by the Board of Missions of the Reformed Church of the United States (German Reformed Church)<sup>1</sup> as missionary-teachers and assigned to Miyagi Girls' School in Sendai, Japan, which is about 200 miles north of Tōkyō on Honshū island. Their work site would be some 10,000 miles from Kansas. During the ensuing months, they studied Japanese history and geography avidly.

They learned that Japan consists of more than 3,300 islands, stretching more than 1,734 miles, of which only 440 are inhabited. There are four main islands: Honshū, Hokkaidō, Shikoku, and Kyūshū. These islands consist of volcanic mountain tops that rise from the Pacific Ocean floor, five or six miles deep. The narrow Sea of Japan between Korea and China

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<sup>1</sup>When they began their careers as missionaries, Kate Hansen was probably of the Baptist persuasion, while her friend Lydia Lindsey was a Presbyterian. The Reformed Church of the United States of America, better known as the German Reformed Church to distinguish it from the Dutch Reformed Church, started its missionary program in 1879, the year of Kate's birth. In June 1934, when times were especially hard from an economic point of view for missionaries, their sponsoring church, the German Reformed Church of the United States, merged with a sister organization, the German Evangelical Church, to form the Evangelical and Reformed Church. This new church assumed sponsorship of Kate and Lydia as its missionaries in Japan. In 1957 the Evangelical and Reformed Church united with the Congregational Churches to become the United Church of Christ. By this time, the two missionaries were retired.



*Map of Japan, with places prominent in Kate's letters.*



on the west and Japan on the east is relatively shallow. At one time the land may have bridged the entire area but was submerged after the Ice Age and the long melting period. These enormous ocean depths and two-mile-high mountain tops on land cause severe strains on the earth's crust and an instability that explain Japan's frequent earthquakes—more than a hundred a month with minor earthquakes every three days. Over the years catastrophic quakes have occurred with great loss of life and property.

Kate and Lydia learned that only about sixteen percent of the land in Japan is cultivated and that rice is the food staple. They also learned that there were three distinct castes or classes of people. The upper caste consisted of the feudal nobles who wielded immense power in the lives of the people. The samurai were the warrior class whose profession was fighting. The vast majority of the people were commoners engaged in the trades, professions, and agricultural pursuits. The Emperor assumed both political and spiritual leadership.

The dominant religions of Japan are Buddhism, which came from India by way of China and Korea, and the native Shintoism. The two religions have been intertwined in the lives of the Japanese people. The gun and Christianity were introduced into Japan by the Portuguese traders in 1543. From the early seventeenth century to the mid-nineteenth century, Japan was sealed off from Western influences and peoples, except for a few Dutch traders at Nagasaki.

Religious representatives of both Portugal and Spain had been contacting Japan since the sixteenth century but were soundly rebuffed. Catholic Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans had been courteously received at first but were later banned, deported, or executed. In 1638 Japan closed its boundaries to missionaries for well over a century with the expulsion order to the Portuguese that ended with these words:

As long as the sun warms the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan and let all people know that if King Philip himself or even the very God of the Christians breaks this commandment, they shall pay for it with their heads.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup>Hendrik W. Van Loon, *Van Loon's Geography*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1932, p. 375.

Less than a year before Kate and Lydia sailed from San Francisco, the Russo-Japanese War ended on September 5, 1905, with a peace treaty brokered by President Theodore Roosevelt. The war had been fought mainly in Manchuria and in the waters off the Japanese islands. The Japanese interpreted the treaty as a great victory. They promptly took over the Russian concessions in Chinese Manchuria, thus becoming an undisputed world power.

Japan now became the most powerful Asian nation. In addition, Japan held a preeminent position in Korea, which Japan claimed as a protectorate, thus establishing a firm foothold in all Asian affairs.

Gradually, after 1850, Japan had relaxed its harsh rules about missionaries. The Miyagi Girls' School in Sendai was started in 1886. By the turn of the century Sendai had fourteen churches and four Christian schools. Of the several denominations represented in Sendai, the Reformed Church had the most missionaries.

Kate and Lydia sailed from America in mid-August of 1907 to begin their long careers as missionary-teachers. Kate's family came to San Francisco to see her off. Passage was on the *Nippon Maru*, which arrived in Yokohama, the harbor for Tōkyō, Japan, on September 3, 1907. They spent two days in Tōkyō receiving instructions and on the morning of September 5 took a train to Sendai. School started on September 10. Kate's assignment was to teach English, singing, and piano music.

Kate believed that God had called her to help Japanese girls discover Christ. And He had equipped her to approach them through music and education in their own land and in their own school. She would be America's cultural ambassador to her students. Not only was she superbly equipped to lead the lonely life of a missionary, but she was predisposed to take the steps of faith to serve the Lord wherever He would call her.

Kate knew that few people attained their cherished goals in life. She believed that she would not fit the social mold of the times and was determined to be different both in outlook and in the course of her life. For both Kate and Lydia, their journey to Japan would launch a Christian career of heroic proportions and results.

Tired, but alert to new sounds and scenes, Kate and Lydia reported to their school's administrator and inspected their living quarters. With the exception of furloughs and the World War II era, here they were to labor continuously until the 1950s, when they reluctantly retired.

After settling into campus routines and responsibilities, they had time to assess the local and national situation. Beyond the campus and the immediate vicinity of Sendai, the geography of the area interested the missionaries. Sendai was a bustling city and a cultural center of northern Honshū. It was also the economic, political, and manufacturing center of the area and the seat of a great university. About 300,000 people lived in the area. Sendai was a prefectural capitol and a center of higher education.

Although the missionaries arrived too late to observe the 1907 Star festival in Sendai August 6–8, they heard much talk about it and the emotional impact it had had on the people. A fellow missionary's description of the Star Festival sheds light on Japanese culture and mythology.

On the seventh day of the seventh month of each year, Sendai blossoms with bamboo branches covered with strips of bright colored paper. Each piece of paper bears a Japanese poem of love, and under the bamboo branches are lacquer stands with food offerings. Citizens of Sendai delight in the celebration of Tanabata, the Star Festival. According to an ancient Chinese legend two stars, the Herdsman and the Weaving Girl, fell in love. They loved each other so deeply that they left their work, allowing the cattle to stray from their pastures and the loom to become dusty and neglected. Because they were so careless of their duties, the two lovers were punished by separation. They were banished to opposite sides of Celestial River or Milky Way. But the Lord of High Heaven took pity on their sad and lonely exile and decreed that they might visit each other once a year. So, on the night of the seventh day of the seventh moon, the Herdsman and the Weaving Girl are reunited in the skies above Sendai, and the city is made gay with bamboo branches and strips of paper covered with love poems.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>Hemphill, Elizabeth Anne. *A Treasure to Share*. Valley Forge, Pa.: The Judson Press, 1964, p. 30. Hemphill's book chronicles the experiences of Thomasine Allen from Indiana, who also served in Japan from 1915 to 1960 with time out for World War II. Like Kate, Miss Allen served all of her years in northern Japan. For ten years she was stationed in Sendai although at another school—the Shobei Jo Gakuin—as an elementary teacher. Some of her experiences and memories were taped after her return to the United States and are quoted in the book.

In their explorations Kate and Lydia enjoyed the lovely gardens of Rinnō-ji temple in Nikkō. They were impressed with the quiet grandeur of the artistic rock formations, dwarf trees, stone lanterns, and the rustic bridges that enhanced the natural beauty of the famous garden. They toured the old ruined castle of Aoba Hill and experienced the beautiful panorama of the river, the city, the mountains, and the Pacific Ocean. In the nearby resort areas, Kate and Lydia inspected the many hot springs and spas. They saw the Matsushima pines and the moon-viewing pavilions of the spring and autumn seasons.

They were told of the Shinto myths about the creation of Japan by the two gods Izanagi and Izanami. From a heavenly bridge the gods were said to have dipped their spears in water and the drops of celestial water that fell to earth became the islands of Japan. As a Christian, Kate found the legends and stories interesting but unbelievable. Such creation stories would have no place in her presentations of the gospel. She would take the long view and be prepared for a very slow pace of change in people who had lived for thousands of years with such myths and traditions.

When Kate arrived in Japan, she quickly became aware of the cultural mores of the people including their ancestral customs, habits, manners, and expectations for young women. To Kate, Japanese women's subservience to men, lack of education, and restrictions of various kinds seemed confining, as she unconsciously compared American customs with Japanese practices.

From the start, Kate was sensitive to the social conditions of her students and their families. Miyagi Girls' School, which was beginning its twenty-first year, had about 200 students, who represented both prominent and poor families. It was sometimes heartbreaking to learn of social conditions in which Christian students lived during or after schooling. There was little American missionary women could overtly do about social conditions beyond deploring them. With sincere efforts and small steps Kate opened their thinking to new horizons. Her personal example of giving up a good life in America and coming to Japan to help them was not lost on her students. They seemed to understand and appreciate the courage and devotion she displayed in her teaching and role modeling. In and out of class, she was committed to their educational and spiritual welfare.

Missionaries, particularly teaching missionaries, sought to evangelize and train selected students through all of their activities, including secular education. Their encouragement of the acceptance and worship of the “one true God” helped steer their students away from “idolatry and heathen worship and practices.” The personal lives of missionaries steadily held before their young charges their idealistic commitment to Christ, distinctive character, and concern for their students’ welfare.

From the beginning of her first term as a missionary, Kate was committed to improving her knowledge and skills, participation in policy making, raising funds, and recruiting students and additional teachers. Accomplishing the goals of her church and school meant sacrifices of her time and money, but she was eager to be an effective spokesperson for the cause of Christ.

Correspondence with family, friends, and church officials along with careful preparation for her teaching responsibilities took much of Kate’s time. But she managed to practice four hours a day on her beloved piano, and she began to write for publication. There were always concerts to plan and prepare for, which often included her original compositions. As a regular part of their intellectual and musical diet, she and Lydia cleared away all other duties to enjoy the musical broadcasts from the United States on Saturdays and Sundays via short-wave radio.

### *Furloughs*

Foremost in Kate’s thoughts was her purpose for being in Japan. She earnestly sought ways of influencing the young women who attended the missionary school and thus leading them to become Christians. She soon learned that the Japanese were keenly interested in American music, and this was a logical opening for a missionary teacher to exploit. She would need more preparation and she would get it during her first furlough in 1912–13. Because Kate suffered so much from seasickness enroute to Japan in 1907, she and Lydia chose to take the Siberian Railroad from Vladivostok through Moscow to Berlin when it came time for their 1912 furlough. The missionaries continued on to Denmark to visit Hansen relatives and to renew family contacts there on their way home to Kansas.

While on furlough, Kate would specialize in music for the benefit of her students. The few musically inclined girls who had already acquired skills played the koto, a long-stringed zither with silk strings. To Kate's ears, the product of their playing was something less than musical and harmonious. These students were serious in their pursuit of musical education, and Kate set out to meet their needs with the piano and great patience in individually teaching them to use a modern instrument. Her early years in Japan were focused on supervising their practice sessions and providing sheet music for their use. Always a composer and arranger, her contributions to her students were priceless. She grew into a commanding figure in their estimation and a model for their lives.

It soon dawned on Kate—early in her first tour while she was studying the Japanese language, culture, and society—that American music would be an excellent and acceptable avenue for reaching the girls and winning them to Christ. She thought it was an inspired solution to a puzzling situation that required building awareness of the principles of Christian enlightenment before presenting the claims of Christ to the girls. Kate soon began to see how well the plan was working and what its future possibilities might be. Eventually, most of Kate's students were baptized into the Christian faith as a result of her dedicated instruction and the example she provided for them.

Even during vacations and furloughs Kate's heart was with her students. While in the United States, she actively sought scholarships, advanced degree placement, and speaking appearances on behalf of missionary endeavors.

When Kate returned to Logan on her first furlough, she brought a touch of her adopted country to friends and family at home. In social gatherings and more formal presentations, she found opportunities to teach Midwesterners about life in Japan.

A Japanese Party<sup>4</sup>

Those who attended the Japanese party given by Mrs. Hansen in honor of her daughter Katie last Thursday afternoon, have pronounced it the best of its kind ever given in Logan. The invitations, about 60 in number, were of the Japanese style—printed in Japanese characters on dainty Japanese stationery. People were requested to wear their kimonos and bring bedroom slippers.

Upon arrival at the Hansen home, the guests were ushered in by Misses Nancy Cookingham,<sup>5</sup> Marie Emery, and Alpha Hansen as Japanese maids, and greeted by the honorable hostess who repeated, "Welcome to our humble and dirty little home," as the Japanese custom is. The maids removed the guests' shoes, putting on their slippers.

On entering the rooms, no chairs were found, but cushions, and the guests were to sit in such a manner that as each new arrival came in, the entire assembly went through the usual bows and greetings. Japanese games were played as a part of the amusement, the first game rather like our American tennis. Mabel Noel won out in this, and Mrs. A. C. Davis the game of "Big Lantern and Little Lantern", which followed. She was given a Japanese doll as a prize. Miss Alpha Hansen sang the National "Hymn of Japan" in Japanese language in a very pleasing manner, even if none were able to understand. Miss Katie then gave a "Congratulatory Oration" and after a selection on the piano as played by the Japanese girls on a stringed instrument called the "Koto." The latter was a most weird tune of sameness and Miss Katie said we might learn to like it if we heard it as many times as she has heard it rendered by daughters of the Japanese families.

The lunch was excellent. The first course, bean cake, made from rice and beans and a sort of molasses with millet seed might not be considered very palatable by our Americans. After came fancy wafers of two varieties and small biscuit-looking cakes, another of oatmeal variety, large chocolates and mints and tea served at the last.

Before leaving, the guests, about forty-five, viewed the fine collection of curios<sup>6</sup> brought by Miss Katie from Japan.

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<sup>4</sup>*The Logan Republican*, October 17, 1912.

<sup>5</sup>Nancy Cookingham was Kate's cousin; Marie Emery and Mabel Noel were family friends; Alpha Hansen was Kate's sister (and, later, mother of Dane G. Bales); and Mrs. A. C. Davis was the wife of a local physician.

<sup>6</sup>Some are on display at the Hansen Museum in Logan, and others are in the Bales' home.





*While on furlough in 1912–13, Kate participated in the wedding of her sister, Alpha Florence, to Elles Everitt Bales on October 30, 1913. Alpha Florence is shown here seated with Kate and her mother.*



*Summer Vacations*

At the end of their first school year, Kate and Lydia decided that they needed a change of scenery for relaxation and recreation during the summer vacation months. They chose a popular spot in the Japanese Alps, the Yatsugatake Mountain Range northwest of Tōkyō. Karuizawa was a little town 3,000 feet above sea level where affluent Japanese, as well as many foreigners, had long come to enjoy the cool, refreshing mountain air and the numerous attractions. Here they found a little cottage to rent in a quiet, secluded area.

Why Karuizawa? Kate had been told that it was “the place” to go for a summer vacation. The Crown Prince, Hirohito, spent time there even as a child. Here upper-class Japanese congregated for the ideal climate and social atmosphere. Foreign nationals visited this area during their business or vacation tours of Japan. The rich and famous arranged to host their important guests in Karuizawa during summer months. It was, in short, an ideal place to rest, relax, and meet people as well as to access the arts and natural wonders of the mountains.

Soaring above the city to the northwest is Mount Asama, the triple-cratered, live volcano always threatening to erupt. And just outside Karuizawa are the 200-foot-wide Sirato waterfalls. The area was heavily forested with maple, birch, and larch trees. Kate and Lydia especially liked the opportunities to shop in the hundreds of Tōkyō shops that opened branches in Karuizawa each summer. Sporting activities such as archery, skating, tennis, and horseback riding were available. Short tours could be taken by bus, bicycle, or walking to nearby popular spa resorts or the scenic spots such as the Usui Mountain Pass, a wild bird sanctuary, where 120 species could be observed. There was a large ski resort at Shiga Heights, which featured a dozen ski areas, scores of lifts, gondolas, and ropeways.

In Karuizawa the missionaries not only enjoyed the cool weather, which contrasted with the muggy summer months of Sendai, but they could also visit the tea houses, attend a wide variety of concerts and parties, and shop to their hearts' content. Here Kate and Lydia could host their friends and touring Americans in the only home the two missionaries ever owned.

Kate's students were a delight and sometimes provided lighter moments for the hard-working missionary teacher. She received, for example, the following postcard during the summer of 1908:

July 17, 1908

My dear Miss Hansen:

How are you, Sir?  
You are looking well?

K. Hashimoto  
5-2 Yamogi Machi  
Sendai

*Kate wanted her family to know about her adopted country. She wrote long, weekly letters and sent hundreds of picture postcards. Professor Thomas Ryther, who cataloged some twenty filing drawers of her papers for the University of Kansas Archives, commented, "Probably few 'children' have been so faithful in writing home. These letters . . . comprise several thousand pages. It is doubtful if a more complete account of a teaching missionary's experiences in a foreign country has ever been written. On her travels Miss Hansen frequently wrote letters on continuing postcards, mailing them in an envelope. Sometimes they were numbered, sometimes not. It hasn't, in some cases, been possible to fit the pieces together."*

*In response to her father's initial inquiries, she sent an illuminating letter about Japan and its people. It covers a wide range of topics and portrays her progress in understanding the Japanese culture. The letter was written, Japanese style, on a single long sheet of rice paper rolled into a scroll measuring nine feet in length. Dated about five months after her arrival in the country, it shows her rapid learning and growing appreciation of the cultural, economic, historical, and business climate in which she would labor for nearly half a century.*

Miyagi Jo-Gakko  
Jan. 19, '08

Dear Papa!

For this long time I have been waiting to answer your letter, not because I didn't want to write, but because I couldn't answer most of your questions. I can't yet, but I'm tired of waiting so I'll do what I can.

The Japanese seem to live on little, or nothing. For instance, servants get from three to five dollars a month in foreign households, and generally get a house for their use. From this salary they get their board and clothes, and whatever else they need. They generally get lower wages in Japanese families. Servants seem to be one of the necessities of life in Japan. People we would call very poor still don't seem to be able to get along without them. It's much worse than the Old Country [Denmark], and they're slower, too. Lately we had matting put down on

two stairways and three halls in our house. It took three men and a boy two whole days to do it, from early morning until dark. They got about fifteen cents each, a day. From these wages, the men probably supported their families—practically all Japanese men are married, for they have ancestor worship, you know, which teaches that if a man fails to have children to keep up the offerings to the spirits of the ancestors, he will suffer in the next world all kinds of privations, and all his ancestors will blame him, too. The raising of a large family seems to be one of the chief religious duties of a heathen Japanese. If he can't support them that doesn't matter—his relations feel bound to do it. Sons who marry are expected to bring their wives to their home, to wait on their mother. About the first question a Japanese girl asks is not "What kind of a man is he?" but "How about his mother?" It wouldn't be any use for me to tell you the tales about mothers-in-law that I've heard from our own girls—nobody in a free country would believe them. The chief hope of the girl seems to be that some day she too will grow old, and have sons' wives to wait on her. There's one advantage—Japanese women are never ashamed of growing old!

The regular price for a rickshaw by the day is twenty-five cents. How much of that goes to the man, and how much to the owner of the stand, I do not know. For shorter times, the price is a little higher in proportion.

As I said, Japanese provisions cost little. Our own provisions cost somewhat more than they do in America. For us, provisions, light, fuel—all expenses except servants' wages—amount to about \$3.90 a week. The servants' wages bring this up to about five dollars.

For the industries of the town, I don't know all about it, of course, but some I've seen. First, Sendai is a great military station—there are several regiments of soldiers here and it takes a great many people to supply their wants. It is also an educational center. Beside the Christian schools is the Koto Gakko, something like a German Gymnasium, which has also a medical department—one of four in the empire; the Koto Jo Gakko, a government higher school for girls, a normal school (government), and any number of private and semi-private higher schools. There are altogether about five thousand of these students, largely from outside of Sendai.

The city has the trade from the rice-country between us and the ocean. There are numerous little rice mills—in fact everything is little. There are some silk-factories on the outskirts of town not so very large, however. There are little sawmills, and little shops where all kinds of Japanese furniture are made—everything by hand, of course. The most noted product is the fossil wood—there are numerous places where it is manufactured into all sorts of things, especially trays and boxes for cakes. There are many tailor shops—men are more and more wearing European clothes. And geta and zōri places are legion. They're shops all manufactured here and by hand in little bits of shops. Then there's the wicker and matting industry—they make baskets for all kinds of things, kōri (a kind of wicker suit-case), mats for all the floors, straw sandals for rickshaw men and country people, coarse mats for drying fruits and things as food, larger mats to wear as raincoats. Each of these things is made in separate little shops. And it seems to take about three times as many people to do anything as it does with us, even setting aside the question of machinery.

There are, of course, all kinds of stores, the little shops I've told about before each keeping one thing. I had the most provoking time the other day. I wanted to get some of the Christmas pictures framed, so I asked my Japanese friend if he knew any places where I could get it done. He said "Yes" that there was a good place where they both made and sold them. The next day, although the mud was like soup, we started out with our girls and the pictures. They had just one frame and that wouldn't fit and they said that it would take thirty days to make another! We wandered around in the "soup" for an hour or so, and finally did get to a place where they had some and the coarsest soft pine would be lovely in comparison. Then we quit and went home.

Bakeries are especially numerous. The Japanese do no baking in their own homes, as a rule, and they use quantities of cakes of all kinds—most of them beautiful to look at, and pretty bad to eat. Then the tea industry—we seem to be a little north of the main tea country, but there are tea fields around the city and in the suburbs, and any number of tea shops. The lacquer business, too, is important although Sendai isn't one of the noted lacquer places of Japan. They lacquer everything



*Kate and Lydia, dining with Japanese and American colleagues at a Japanese hotel (about 1912).*

wooden excepting coarse kitchen utensils, trays (they use trays in every conceivable way), boxes of all kinds, chop sticks, rice and soup bowls, plates etc. including little tables and I don't know what all else.

About Sendai history—Dr. Schneder<sup>7</sup> told me a bit. The town was a little village, like thousands of others, until about three hundred years ago. At this time, the founder of the present Date family, whose lovely (?) picture I sent you last time, having conquered the neighboring petty lords and driven back the Ainu (aborigines from the north), asked permission from the Shogun who ruled Japan for the Mikado, to build a castle. He was required to submit three sites for the Shogun to choose from. The others were bluffs on the seashore. Sendai was the hill defended by the canyon on three sides, really about as strong a place as one could find inland. The Shogun was afraid if Date had a place on the shore that he would grow too powerful, so he chose Sendai. The later history must have been very much like that of the European towns of the Middle Ages.

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<sup>7</sup>Dr. David B. Schneder was the senior missionary of the German Reformed Church. He had been in Sendai twenty years and had served as president of Tōhoku Gakuin since 1902.

The Dates were vigorous, resourceful lords and leaders in northern Japan. At the time of the fall of the Shogunate, Sendai held out for the Shogun until almost the last. The Date family, in consequence, lost the castle and much of their other property but they still retained enough to make them rich. Their representative who lives in Sendai of whom I've told you, is a sort of Grand High Mogul to the Japanese here although he holds no official position that I know of.

I can't tell you very much about rice. Wait until spring. Rice fields are arranged in terraces so that they can be flooded, with raised paths between. They fertilize with the stuff I've told about before. The fields are always nasty looking black mire. The plants are raised like flowers, I am told—planted in boxes or little patches, and transplanted to the fields after they are flooded—the people working up to their knees in mire and water!

It grows about as high as wheat—rice-fields a little way off would be taken for wheat fields. The straw looks like wheat straw, and the heads like wheat heads, except that they don't have the beard or whatever you call the long projecting parts. Rice has a hull on each grain but the hulls fit closely and don't have long ends. The only information I've been able to get about the yield is that it's more than the average yield of wheat.

I don't know if they feed it to stock—they don't have any stock to speak of anyway. They do make quantities of it into sake—something like whiskey. The drinking here is one thing to make a person glad to have been raised in Kansas. The farmwork they do themselves and nearly all of their hauling also. It's terrible to see the loads they pull—especially women. A person of the lower classes, especially a woman, seems much less valuable than a horse.

There is beef to be had in Sendai but what they feed their cattle I haven't found out. The Japanese, before the arrival of foreigners, didn't eat beef but some few of them do now. Pork seems to have been forbidden them by their religion but once in a while, now we can get it. A great deal of canned meat is imported.

It looks good to see the rows of cans with "Armour" and "Swift" and the others with "Heinz," at the foreign grocery store. A good deal of our

supplies comes from the Hokkaido, an island north of this, where they raise wheat, cattle, apples, and nuts, and make butter that is passable, and cheese as good as any I ever ate.

We don't raise any sugar in this section, but they do in the South. It's funny looking—much like our brown sugar that's almost white and it hasn't nearly as much sweetening power as granulated sugar. They make candy out of rice and barley—I don't know how it's done, but it's good. Some of it tastes very much like sugar taffy; another kind is like molasses when it is cold and thick you have to chew it.

For fruit, up to date, we've had figs, persimmons, all kinds of grapes from this region, and apples and oranges in great quantities from away; rarely bananas and lemons and occasionally grapefruit. Just now we are almost confined to oranges. They are something like the "kid glove" variety sometimes seen in America; they are rather small, seedless, very juicy and the skin can be taken off easily in two or three pieces. I eat at least a half-dozen every day and like them better than any California oranges I ever ate. In the spring and summer, I understand there are a great many berries and other fruits.

It rains a good deal, but hardly as much as in the Old Country [*Denmark*], and there are more sunny days by a good deal, so far. It isn't nearly as cold as Kansas, up to date. I haven't used that wool underwear at all yet, and they say it isn't likely to get colder. Opinions differ as to one feeling the cold. The ladies of this school go bundled up as if for the Arctic region and are always freezing. Miss Bizzell, over at the Baptist school, never wears any more than she would at home, and has nothing but a small grate fire in the coldest weather. Most of the people do about as they would at home and don't seem to mind the climate any more than the home climate. It suits me very well. I've had just one cold so far this winter.

Rice again. They have rice fields up all the little mountain valleys, terrace on terrace. I suppose they must have springs for irrigation. There isn't any rolling land near here; it's mountains, then abruptly the low Miyagi plain only six miles wide at this point, but wider in others; then the sea.





*Kate and Lydia Lindsey in Western winter garb, with Japanese students bundled against the cold (1908).*

I haven't found about the prices of farmlands. I think I'll leave that until the spring vacation unless I happen to meet someone who knows. I'm going on a visit to the home of a Japanese lawyer in a small town, who knows all about such things—Lydia's helper's father.

I think I can get you a map soon. One has been published in Sendai, and I have been trying to get you a copy. I wish to goodness that I could get a map of Sendai that I could read—it's the most mixed up mess of a town I ever heard of. I get lost every time I venture more than a block, and don't dare go anywhere alone for fear I'd never get back. Lydia, fortunately, has a good sense of direction, and generally manages to bring up at the right place, even if she gets lost a few times doing it.

Yes, Alpha and Mama keep me pretty well informed on Logan events, but I wish you'd tell me occasionally about the things they don't tell me

about what is going on in Kansas and national affairs especially politics, north and south railroads, electric light plants and such things. I miss those things out here. Japanese papers, even those in English, don't tell much about America, and then generally not the things I want to know. Yes, I think I did manage to understand the financial part of your letter—we'd heard rumors out here, but nothing very definite or very clear and nothing at all about the reasons.

The American fleet comes to Yokohama soon. Perhaps we'll be able to go down and see it. I'd like to if I possibly can for it will be the greatest sight that has been in Japan for a long time.

Good-bye. Write again soon.

Kate

*From the first day of her missionary tenure, Kate was occupied with studying the school where she was assigned. It was a Christian school for Japanese girls in Sendai, Japan. She was particularly interested in the school's objectives and in the students who were preparing for Christian service. During her second year she found time to write, for publication, about her work and challenges. In the following article she laid out the dimensions of the tremendous undertaking she was engaged in. The article was published in The Outlook of Missions,<sup>8</sup> her sponsoring church publication.*

## **Religious Instruction in Miyagi Jo-Gakko, Sendai, Japan**

*by Miss Kate I. Hansen*

The Miyagi Girls' School corresponds approximately to an American High School. It has accommodations for about one hundred each of boarding and day pupils. These come from all classes of society, and from widely different homes, which are alike, however, in that the great majority are not Christian. During a school course of five or six years these girls must complete a course of study equal to that of the best Government High Schools. If the purpose of the school is to be attained, they must at the same time be taught the truths of Christianity, often from the very beginning; must learn in a practical way, from teaching and especially from example, what being a Christian really means in life and conduct; must be led to desire these things for themselves, to confess Christ and to become members of His Church; and must be trained in Christian leadership, to fit them for their lifework, whether directly in the service of the Church as Bible women or ministers' wives, or in other positions of opportunity for influence, such as Christian teachers in public or in mission schools, and last, but far from least, Christian wives and mothers. It is the object of this article to describe briefly the religious instruction by means of which the school is attempting to accomplish

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<sup>8</sup>*The Outlook of Missions* (June 1909), pp. 6–8. This article was also published in the *Reformed Church Messenger*, June 17, 1909, pp. 11–12.

these ends. Much of it cannot be described, for, like Christian influence in any country, it comes through the personal work and the daily example of the teachers and Christian students. A Christian room-mate, class-mate, or teacher, here as elsewhere, often has an influence which cannot be measured. The school dormitory is especially fortunate just now in the number of earnest workers living in it, and in their spirit of harmony and helpfulness. The amount of regular religious instruction compulsory for any pupil depends upon whether she is a boarding or a day pupil. Every school morning all pupils must attend the fifteen-minute chapel service conducted by the acting principal, Rev. H.K. Miller, and consisting of an English hymn, a brief Bible reading and prayer in Japanese, a doxology and the benediction. Every day each class has a half-hour of Bible instruction. Rev. Miller teaches the Juniors, the Seniors, and the Post-graduates, using the English Bible as a text-book, but explaining it in Japanese, since their knowledge of English is naturally too limited to enable them to grasp much of the real meaning of the English version. The school has just secured as teacher of the Japanese Bible for the lower classes one of our own graduates, who, after serving three years as a Bible woman, went to Tōkyō for further training, and has just graduated from a three years' course in Miss Ume Teuda's English Institute.

All pupils in the dormitory attend evening prayers, which are much like the morning prayers, but are conducted by foreign and Japanese teachers in turn. Both Japanese and English hymns are sung, and the service is as much in Japanese as the linguistic knowledge of the leaders will permit. It is a source of great joy to the two latest arrivals from America that, after being obliged for over a year to read the Bible in English to pupils many of whom could not understand a word of English, they are at last able (imperfectly, it is true) to begin reading it to them in Japanese.

On Wednesdays all pupils are required to attend the school prayer meeting which occupies an hour in the afternoon. It is entirely in Japanese. Teachers (Japanese and foreign) and girls from the upper classes are the leaders, and any one is free to take part, as in an American meeting. Usually prayers, Bible verses and testimonies follow each other rapidly, and there is always a great deal of hearty singing. Indeed

the hymns, as a part of the religious instruction, deserve an article by themselves. Every pupil has her own copy of the Japanese Union Hymnal, which is used in nearly every Protestant church in Japan; and at almost any time outside of school hours the girls can be heard singing Christian hymns in the music rooms, in their own rooms, or around the campus. With such constant repetition, it is not strange that the truths they teach should make a profound impression, and become a powerful force for good. Once a month the meeting is in charge of the school Y.W.C.A., which includes in its membership nearly the entire school, and has a great influence, sometimes winning girls to Christ when all other means seem to have failed. Once a term there is a sermon by some prominent minister for the purpose of helping girls to decide to become Christians.

On Sundays all dormitory pupils are required to attend church and Sunday-school services, and day pupils are also urged to do so. The older girls do a great work, which cannot be described here, as organists and Sunday-school teachers, supplying nineteen churches and Sunday-schools connected with the Mission in and around Sendai. Once a week these girls attend a Workers' Class taught by Rev. Miller in Japanese. Various day pupils belonging to other denominations do the same work in their own churches. The younger and non-Christian girls are all in Sunday school classes.

On Sunday evenings, all of the dormitory pupils attend a song service in the home of the foreign teachers, who act as leaders and give Bible talks in Japanese whenever possible. Occasionally speakers from outside address these meetings.

Such is the present regular religious instruction. The girls' schools in Japan are changing rapidly, and the question of obtaining Government recognition, which gives schools official standing and permits their graduates to take the examinations for teachers' certificates, is a pressing one in girls' schools all over the country. It was feared at first that this recognition, however desirable in other ways, would defeat the fundamental purpose of this school, by curtailing its freedom to teach the Bible. Happily this fear has been proved groundless by the experience of other schools, notably the Methodist Girls' School of Tōkyō, which has obtained recognition without any restrictions whatever upon its Christian instruction. Should





*Miyagi Girls' School graduation 1910. Kate is seated in the front row, third from left.*

our school obtain the same kind of recognition, the amount of religious instruction could be increased, if the school so desired.

There is a very large field for religious instruction in connection with the school, which is at present almost untouched because of lack of workers, namely, work with the families of the day pupils. With only three regular missionary teachers in the school, one of whom is doing double work as principal and in charge of an evangelistic field, and the other two of whom are obliged, for the sake of their whole future usefulness, to devote all of their time outside of school hours to the study of Japanese, it is impossible to visit the homes. The teachers of the daughters are welcome where no other missionary would be. If there could be as many as five regular teachers in the school, this work could be done. It would often mean the gaining of a whole family for Christ, instead of one member, and it would multiply greatly all over the city the Christian influence of this school.

*In this letter, which was also published in The Outlook of Missions, Kate stresses the need for new missionaries to be well prepared in the language of the culture in which they are to be immersed. She also stresses the need for more missionary teachers to be placed in her school in Sendai to relieve the severely overworked staff. The shortage of staff meant, she asserts, that they are not able to attend to their real duties, which center on training the school's students as Christians.*

Karuizawa, August 13, 1910

Dear Mrs. Dotterer:

This letter is written from the midst of the most furious storm I have seen in Japan, a typhoon, which has flooded half of Karuizawa and washed out several houses, besides cutting us off entirely from railroad or telegraphic communication with the outside world. It has lasted for a week now, although the worst part has been only about two days. Fortunately for us, the house where Miss Lindsey and I are staying with Dr. and Mrs. Seiple is on rather high ground, and we have been in no danger. We are very anxious to hear whether the storm has been general, for if it has, it may ruin the rice crop, which might mean a famine again. We have heard such terrible tales of the famine which occurred shortly before we came out that we dread another one greatly.

We have had a year of very hard work, and I hope a prosperous one. The Japanese language is as hard as ever, and certainly deserves the distinction of being the hardest in the world. We have finished four out of the six mission examinations, and find every bit of increased knowledge a great help in getting into real touch with the people. The missions seem to be realizing more and more the absolute necessity of a thorough knowledge of the language. The Presbyterian and Reformed Council Committee have just brought in a uniform course of study, which is even more comprehensive than our mission course, although following the same lines. The Standing Committee of all the missions is also making a course. It looks as though in the course of a year there would be uniform examinations for all missions. That will mean a lessening of the great temptation to new missionaries, to get into the work which so

urgently demands to be done, and neglect language study; for it will be a kind of disgrace to any mission for its missionaries to be below the standard, and the older members will see to it that the new ones study, instead of practically discouraging them, as some do now.

I am sorry that there seems to be no one coming out for the school this fall. Miss Mosser, as you know, was in the school for one year only, and expects to give up her teaching in the fall to go into kindergarten work. That leaves only three of us to do the work for which four people are absolutely necessary. Mrs. Seiple, who has given us such efficient help with the singing, has been sick this summer, and may not be able to resume her work. We hope she may, but it looks very doubtful. Miss Lindsey broke down from overwork this spring. She has had the house-keeping all winter, in addition to school and language study, and they were too much. She has had treatments all summer and is better, but certainly cannot take up more work this winter than last. I am thankful to say I have not been sick, but I know I should be if I attempted any more. We can do the hours of teaching and must: but the real work for which we came, the getting into touch with the school girls, training them as Christians, helping their families—all those things which we want to do, and for which our hard language study is fitting us to do, must still be largely left undone, if we are to keep our health and stay in Japan. And the opportunities outside of the school—they come over and over, and we have to let them go, because we dare not take them up.

Two new people ought to be sent, so that both could study, and so that the school would not again be left short of teachers; but one is absolutely necessary, just to fill Miss Mosser's place, unless we are to become not missionaries, but teachers only, teaching English, when we want to teach Christ. Can't the Women's Society help? I am sending you a picture you may wish to use, although it is a very funny one.



Most foreigners look ridiculous in Japanese clothes.

With best wishes for you in your work, I am

Sincerely yours,

Kate I. Hansen

*Note:* Our faithful workers need the help of two women teachers at once.

R. S. D.



*Kate wrote on the back of this photo: "Isn't this a sight? Most foreigners look perfectly ridiculous in Japanese clothes. The photographer fixed me, and I didn't dare move a muscle.*

*"This was taken in the garden of the home of the little piano pupil I wrote you about, and it shows you a bit of what the real Japanese garden is like. They have flower-beds but they keep them out of sight behind the house. There is no grass in this garden, but miniature hills and rivers, rocks, twisted pines, azaleas, and stone lanterns. The dress is her mother's ceremonial dress, with the family crest in five places. It is of a beautiful black silk crêpe—you never see such silk in America—and the obi—sash—is of red and black silk and satin brocade, heavier than you ever saw at home. It was very uncomfortable; there were any number of tight strings wound around me, and the obi was so heavy that it gave me a bad backache. You can't step but a couple of inches without the front flying open either. I prefer my own clothes, thank you!"*

*In a short story written about 1913 under a fictional guise, Kate described conditions in Japan from an American woman's point of view. This story summarizes the life and times of a young Japanese girl's home and school experiences over a twenty-year period. The story was submitted to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church of the United States as "The Story of Miss Pine-bough" by a "Friend of the Family." Many years later, Kate acknowledged that she was indeed the author when she gave a copy to the Logan Library with this inscription "Presented to Logan Library by the Author, Miss Kate Hansen, Miyagi-Jo-Gakko, Sendai, Japan."*

*The narrator describes the influence of Alice Burns, the fictional missionary teacher, on a Japanese student, Matsue (Miss Pine-bough), who becomes the teacher's assistant and later a faculty member in the missionary school. Her description of Matsue's early years provides a clear picture of the customs and culture of Japan and the treatment of women, along with insights into the work of the American missionary school.*

*"The Story of Miss Pine-bough" illustrates Kate's power of observation and analysis, as well as her determination to make a difference in the lives of her students.*

## **The Story of Miss Pine-bough**

*by A Friend of the Family*

On a certain day in February, twenty years ago, there was a great commotion in the modest home of Mr. Miyagawa, near Tōkyō. Neighbors came wading through the snow on their high wooden clogs, and passed through the little gate and along the row of stepping-stones, bordered on either side by bamboo fences, that led to the tiny entrance porch. Here each visitor, instead of knocking, called out, "Excuse me, please!" At that, the paper sliding doors opened and a member of the family appeared, seated on the matted floor, and bowing until her head touched the mat. Greetings exchanged, a question asked which, literally translated, would be, "Honorable child as for, male is it; female is it?" With an air of apology, manifestly sincere, came the answer, "It is female." Here followed many polite condolences from the neighbor. "Too bad! The first child, too, and

her father is the eldest son! But perhaps the gods will be more gracious next time, and grant you a son!”

Sometimes a visitor, slipping off his clogs, went into the little parlor, bare of all furniture except the mats on the floor, a few cushions, a single picture-roll hanging in a recessed place of honor, and a brass brazier, like a jardiniere, containing a few coals. As he sat on the floor, warming his hands over the scanty fire and drinking tiny cups of tea, he continued to express his polite regrets at the misfortune which had come to the house, and his hope that the gods would be more propitious next time.

Meanwhile the cause of all the excitement was in the next room, separated from the garden, with its snow-covered pine trees, by only a row of paper sliding doors. She had been dressed in the brilliant yellow, scarlet and purple dresses proper for a girl baby, and was lying beside her mother on the floor in her bed of heavy comforters. Her father's mother was installed as absolute ruler over the baby and her mother, as became her position in her own household.

It was a restful room, as bare of furniture as the parlor, but with a tea-kettle singing on the brazier. Just behind the bed, however, a row of chests of drawers had been built into the room, even with the wall. Above their shining, red-lacquered front there was a long recess, forming a kind of shelf. Here stood numerous wooden tablets, each inscribed with the name of a dead relative of the family. With them was the row of household gods, looking down at mother and baby with their ugly expressions of ferocious cruelty or of cruel indifference.

Some days had passed, and the baby was seven days old. It was time for her to have a name. In consultation with his parents, her father had selected that of Matsue. This made her name Miyagawa Matsue, and to the world she would henceforth be known as Miyagawa Matsue San or Temple-River Pine-Bough Miss. On this lucky seventh day this name was written out, and with great ceremony it was presented to the row of ancestral tablets on the god-shelf, thus announcing to the glorified spirits of the ancestors the arrival of a new member of the family.

On her twenty-first day, little Miss Pine-Bough had her first journey. Dressed in her gayest dress, a wadded kimono, with large scarlet peonies

on a purple ground, she was tied to the back of a little nurse-girl. A heavy wadded kimono was put over both baby and girl, and, with the father and some of the family, they went through the muddy village streets to the temple. Here they presented the baby before the gods, and announced with due ceremony that the temple had now gained another worshipper.

On the hundredth day, there was a gathering of relatives and friends at the Miyagawa home. Each guest brought a present, usually either a fish or a piece of bright cloth for the baby. With all due solemnity, little Matsue San was given her first solid food, three grains of rice from her grandmother's chop-sticks. Then the company feasted on red rice, so called because it was cooked with red beans, to give it the lucky red color.

The first six years of little Matsue San's life passed quickly enough in the little matted house or under the pine trees in the garden. She played quietly with her dolls, carrying them on her back as she had been carried when a baby. She learned to sit properly on the floor, her feet crossed behind her, and her little kimono perfectly straight and smooth over her knees. She learned, too, how to make a polite bow, putting her hands to the floor and bending until her forehead almost touched it. Continually she was trained in obedience to her father, to her grandmother, and to the little brother who had come a year after her birth. Every day she helped her mother to put the offerings on the god-shelf, and every day she went through the offerings on the god-shelf, and every day she went through the formulas of worshipping the gods and the ancestors. One more ancestral tablet had been put on the god-shelf. The old grandfather was dead, and little Miss Pine-Bough's father was now the head of the family, the holder of the family property and the ruler of its members.

He was a stern descendent of the ancient soldier class, the samurai, the finest product of Old Japan. In the world of modern ideas, unfolding all around him, he held fast the ancient code of the samurai. For him, the twin virtues were courage and loyalty, with loyalty as the greater of the two. Above all things, he must be loyal, he believed; loyal to his Emperor, to his feudal superior and to his ancestors. Whatever interfered with this loyalty was wrong; whatever loyalty required was right. If the service of his lord should require plotting and lying, that plotting and lying be-

came a virtue. If it should require the sacrifice of his whole family, that also was right. If it should demand the selling of his little daughter into slavery, that would not be wrong. If it needed the sacrifice of his own life, suicide became the height of heroism. Without the great ability of General Nogi, he had the same spirit which, last summer, made the old general take his own life, that he might follow his Emperor into the land of spirits.

Matsue San's mother served her stoical husband with the submission due from a model wife. Even the grandmother seldom opposed him, and the little daughter never thought of such a thing as gainsaying her stern father. Yet he was fond of the pretty little girl in his peculiar way, and she knew it, and preferred her father to all the rest of the family.

It is the law in Japan that all children must attend the public schools, and no others, for at least six years. Accordingly, when she was six years old, little Miss Pine-Bough, with about sixty other children of her age, entered the public school of their town. During the next eight years she learned to read and write the four to six thousand Chinese characters necessary for the comprehension of ordinary Japanese books. She learned something about arithmetic and geography, a little sewing, singing and gymnastics, and a great deal of drawing.

But above all, she was trained in manners and morals. For her these consisted in the two womanly virtues of politeness and obedience, already inculcated at home, with the addition of what to her was the worship of the Emperor. On every national holiday and every other great occasion, the picture of the Emperor was brought in state from its place in the fireproof storehouse in the school-yard, and teachers and pupils alike bowed before it. On the frequent occasions, when the Emperor's rescript on education was read before them, the children learned to stand with heads bowed in reverence. Not a head must be lifted until the venerated object had been carried with all due ceremony from the rostrum back to the storehouse.

Matsue San soon learned the story of that fireproof building, that looked like a little shrine. Before she entered school there had been a great fire, which destroyed the school-house. The most sacred posses-

sion of the school, the Emperor's picture, was then kept in the school-house itself. It was the janitor's duty to save this picture before anything else, but the roof fell in before he could gain his object. In despair at his disgrace, he killed himself. This saved his good name; he was praised by everybody, and his family were given enough money to make them comfortable for years. When the school-house was rebuilt, this fireproof shrine was added to it to hold the new picture which the sacred Emperor himself presented to the school. Matsue San and her mates were proud of their school hero, and looked on the little shrine with childish awe.

With awe, too, and the ready faith of childhood, they listened to the old stories of their history teachers. They learned how, many centuries ago, the offspring of the great goddess of the sun came down to earth, and, conquering all who opposed him, became the first Emperor of Japan. They were taught that all their long line of Emperors were descended from this same divine ancestor.

They learned that the Japanese were a "chosen people," a nation under the direct protection of the gods, and especially cared for by all the imperial ancestors.

Girls as well as boys learned that above all other beings stands the Emperor of Japan, and that to die for him is the greatest of all honors.

Little Miss Pine-Bough was halfway through her course at school before she came into contact with the new force of Japanese life. One day some of her schoolmates told her about another school which they were attending on a weekly holiday, Sunday. The next Sunday, she, too, went with them to a small Japanese house, where a crowd of children were being welcomed by two young women. The two wore the pleated skirts, such as the public school teachers and a few of the elder school girls were wearing, the uniform recently adopted for all teachers and students.

It was a strange hour for Matsue San as, with all her keen senses alert, she imitated what her friends were doing. With head bowed to the floor she listened to somebody talking in most intimate fashion to some superior person, evidently one of the gods. She heard all the children repeat in chorus a petition to this same being, whom they addressed as

“Father.” When she raised her head, she looked around for the god-shelf and the offerings. Nothing was there but a picture of the kindest-faced man she had ever seen, surrounded by children and holding one in his arms.

One of the blue-skirted teachers began to play on a baby organ, such as Matsue San had often seen in her own school, but in a very different way from her teachers, who picked out their tunes one note at a time, while this wonderful girl played with both hands upon three or four keys at once. As Matsue San was gazing in wonder, the children began to sing a song about a person she had never heard about, whom they called “My Lord Jesu.” With the full power of sixty pairs of lungs, they shouted the refrain after each verse, “My Lord Jesu loves me.” Matsue San had never heard of a superior being, a god, such as this person evidently was, who could condescend to love a child. She knew all about fearing the gods, serving them and sacrificing to them, but the idea that a great god would actually, without any offerings, love and help such an insignificant creature as a girl child, was quite new and astonishing to her. She listened to the teacher’s lesson, not understanding much, but with the strong desire to come again.

From that time on she went more or less regularly to the little house, her father making no special objection, because he considered the whole proceeding a harmless diversion. Once, indeed, the little Sunday-school was broken up for several months by the principal of the public school, who forbade his pupils going to a place where such disloyal, unpatriotic teaching was being given. However, on his leaving for a better position, the new principal, being either liberal-minded or indifferent, said nothing on the subject. The Sunday-school was reopened, and Matsue San attended as before.

Meanwhile, the little girl was developing a very bright, inquisitive mind. When the great Commencement Day arrived, it was she who won the honor of making the response to the congratulatory speeches of all the dignitaries of the town. That meant that she was graduating at the head of her class. A proud little girl she was as, in all the glory of a bright new dress and a new skirt like those of the teachers, she walked



demurely up before the dignitaries, made her bow at precisely the correct angle and read her little speech, full of hard Chinese words, in precisely the correct style of mournful monotone.

That evening, she summoned all her courage to make a request of her father. Bowing before him until her head touched the floor, she told her wish in the humblest terms. She wished to go to high school. Many boys from the town were then attending boys' high schools in Tōkyō, going back and forth on the train every day. Two or three girls were in boarding-schools. Mr. Miyagawa was not a poor man, and could afford to send his daughter. He was proud of this bright, attractive little girl, too, although it was inconsistent with paternal dignity to show it. Also, he knew that high school training for girls was becoming popular, and that a high school graduate had a better opportunity to marry well than a girl without this education. He promised to send Matsue San to one of the government high schools for girls, in Tōkyō. But the child had still another humble request to make. Would not her honorable father graciously permit her to enter the — Girls' School?

This was the school in Tōkyō from which her Sunday-school teachers came every Sunday. At first, Mr. Miyagawa refused positively to send his daughter to a school which taught a foreign religion, and which was managed in part by foreigners. He thought such a course would be unpatriotic and even disloyal to his Emperor. On investigation, however, he found that the mission school had one advantage over the government school so important that it overcame all his objections. Every Japanese who aspires to culture wishes to learn the English language, and the mission school, with its five or six American teachers, could teach English far better than any government school with Japanese teachers only. Foreign music, too, was becoming fashionable, and he found out that this also was taught better in the mission school. He gave his consent and in April, with thirty or forty other freshmen, little Miss Pine-Bough came into the dormitory of her new school.

She was afraid of those American teachers at first. They were so tall; they strode about like men, instead of taking graceful, shuffling, 6-inch steps; some of them had curly hair, which meant a very bad disposition; some even had terrible round, blue eyes, like the picture of dragons or

of Japanese devils; and they all had such big noses! One little freshmen from the country, on first meeting an American teacher, burst into tears at the sight of such a monster, and had to be taken away and consoled by the Japanese class teacher. However, the new girls soon learned that the “monsters” meant well. A series of violent attacks of hero-worship succeeded the first shyness and fear. Almost every child had one teacher whom she thought absolutely perfect, and to whom she gave all the loyal devotion her father would have given his feudal superior. Matsue San, too, had her favorite teacher, and showed her devotion in every way she could, from quarreling with every classmate who did not agree with her that Miss Burns was the most wonderful teacher in school, down to imitating her handwriting so perfectly that Miss Burns herself could not tell her own writing from that of her pupil.

During the five years in high school, Matsue San continued her studies in Chinese characters and in Japanese history, language, and literature. Her new studies, however, introduced her to another world. Very soon the English work, for which she had come, put her into the midst of the child life, the home life, the feelings and ideals of a people quite different from any she had known. Her work in science undermined her old superstitions. In the history courses, she learned how many ancient nations had had stories and beliefs like those she had learned at home and in the public school. Gradually she learned how the great nations have outgrown such crude ideas.

While such studies were taking from her old beliefs, she was gaining something better to replace them. Every day, in her Bible class, she was being taught positive Christianity, and she was associating constantly with other girls who were Christians. In her third year, she, too, applied for baptism. Her father, probably regarding it as one of the school ceremonies, made no objection. Immediately after her baptism, she asked for the privilege of teaching in one of the numerous Sunday-schools connected with her school. She did this work well, her brightness being very attractive to the children. She became a prominent figure in her class and in the school, being president of her class and of her literary society, and an officer in the school Young Women’s Christian Association. She finished her course, the second in her class.

Just at this time Miss Burns needed a helper to assist her with school work, calling, study, correspondence and the other multitudinous duties of a missionary teacher in a foreign country. Matsue San took the position and, with her old friendship for Miss Burns and her alert intelligence, made a valuable helper. Naturally the two were associated constantly in their work and, when there was time, Matsue San told her teacher the details of her past life and her present plans and hopes with a frankness unusual among school girls.

This pleasant association had continued for two or three months when, one morning, Matsue San appeared at her teacher's home with a most doleful countenance and asked permission to go home for the day, as her father wished to see her.

"Of course, you may go," said Miss Burns, "but is there anything wrong at home?"

"No-o," was the embarrassed reply. "No, nothing very important."

She seemed so distressed that Miss Burns asked no more questions, knowing that the trouble would be sure to come out sooner or later. In the evening Miss Pine-Bough returned, with her face all smiles, and reported that all was well. In the course of two or three weeks the same incident was repeated, and then Miss Burns learned the cause of all the strange symptoms.

The fate of all Japanese girls was coming close to little Miss Pine-Bough. Performing the duty of a good Japanese father, Mr. Miyagawa was looking around for a suitable husband for her. His go-between was conferring with the go-betweens of families with marriageable sons. Matsue San was well educated and very attractive. The proposals had begun to come. The ordinary Japanese father of the old school would have selected the man he regarded as most eligible, probably one whom his daughter had never seen. Having made all the arrangements, he would have announced his decision to her; she would have bowed before him and accepted the decision with thanks and, in due time, the marriage would have taken place. Despite his sternness, however, Mr. Miyagawa's pride in his daughter was making him indulgent. He summoned her home and gave her the great privilege of being consulted in the matter.

Matsue San did not wish to marry yet. Especially, she did not wish to marry any man she had never seen. Although her ancestresses for generations had submitted, although no girl in her family had ever been known to object to such a marriage, Matsue San was not content. In the most humble way, she coaxed her father to give up the first match. It was not especially desirable, anyway, and he consented. She coaxed him to give up the second also.

For more than a year the proposals kept coming, sometimes once, sometimes two or three times a month. Each time, in some mysterious way, the demure little daughter managed to prevail upon her father to send a refusal to the go-betweens. Each time, however, her task grew more difficult. She was growing old; she was twenty. It was time for her to be married. Mr. Miyagawa's friends were beginning to talk about how he was neglecting his paternal duty.

Meanwhile it was time for Miss Burns to have her furlough in America. Through her recommendation Matsue San had been appointed to a good position as a tutor in the high school. Her father had not refused his consent. Matsue San was happily preparing for her new duties, and helping Miss Burns when she could. The bustle of preparation, the moving and storing of furniture, the packing of trunks and boxes, was taking all the time Miss Burns could spare between callers. All her Japanese acquaintances, according to their custom, were making parting calls and bringing parting gifts. She was not thinking much about Matsue San's affairs.

One afternoon, when Matsue San was away, Mr. Miyagawa appeared at the home of Miss Burns, bringing his parting gift. In the polished phrases of old-fashioned Japanese politeness he made a long speech, thanking the "honorable teacher" for her long-continued kindness to his "foolish daughter," and asking her to accept "this poor, unworthy token of remembrance." Then in another long speech, he dwelt upon the great condescension of the school authorities in accepting the services of such an altogether incompetent person as this same foolish daughter and, with many polite bows, he informed Miss Burns that he had resolved to spare them further annoyance and had obtained another place for her.

In plain terms, he had formed an engagement for her and the marriage was to take place in a few months.

Alice Burns was amazed. She had had sufficient training in Japanese politeness, however, to answer the speeches in kind, praising Matsue San and regretting that her valuable services were to be lost to the high school. The interview soon ended with the usual bows and polite phrases.

The next time she met Matsue San, she said, "Well, Matsue San, I see I must offer my congratulations."

Matsue San looked puzzled.

"Congratulations? Why?"

"Why, I hear you are to be married."

"Wha-a-t?"

Her eyes grew big, and she almost forgot to be polite as she burst out, "That's the first I've heard about it!"

Somehow Alice had never thought of the possibility of Matsue San being ignorant of the whole affair. Dropping her bantering tone, she said, "Go home to-day and talk with your father about it."

Matsue San went. When she returned, her usual bright expression had given place to one of abject despair. The news was true. Tired of being coaxed out of matches, her father had called together the family council. They had decided upon a husband for her, a Buddhist, a man she had never seen nor heard of before that time. The agreements were already made. The first presents had been exchanged. Everything was firmly settled; but she felt that she could not possibly consent. What was to be done?

The days were rushing by. Miss Burns seldom had a free moment. There were all the farewell calls to be returned, and farewell meetings to attend and speeches to make. But, whenever there was an opportunity, there was a conference with Matsue San. Every phase of the whole situation was gone over carefully, more than once.

“What would happen if you simply refused to do it?” the teacher asked. She knew about what the reply would be. The daughter would be disowned, and would become an outcast, with no recognized place in society, and no friends except some of the Christians. Alice knew, too, the injury which such an open defiance of Japanese conventions by one of its graduates would do to the reputation of the school.

One day, Matsue San said, “Miss Burns, tell me, what shall I do? I will do whatever you say. If you say to refuse, I will do it.”

Alice Burns knew that she would carry out her promise. She thought a long time. She thought of all those generations of ancestresses, whose only ideal had been obedience. She thought of the dependent nature of the Japanese girl. She thought of all the early training and teaching this girl had had. Could Matsue San break with all this? Would she be happy, even if she could break with it? Would her defiance do any good in the end? Could she hold out a whole lifetime? No; Alice could not say to her, “Defy your family.”

But she was a freeborn American woman. She could not say to this girl, shrinking as she herself would shrink from marriage with this man whom she had never seen, “Consent, and marry this stranger.” At last she said, slowly, “Matsue San, you know just what an American girl would do in your place. But you are a Japanese girl, and you must live your life in Japan. You must decide your life for yourself. I cannot do it for you.”

The next day Alice started on her long journey homeward. She went by a roundabout way, stopping in several countries. At each stopping place, she looked for a letter from Matsue San, who had all of her addresses. None came. She reached her home at last, and found numerous letters from Japan waiting for her. There was none from Matsue San. She decided that the girl must have submitted, and that her grief and despair were so great that she could not bear to write.

After several weeks, there came a long letter from Matsue San. Alice tore it open eagerly, and began to decipher the Japanese writing. First, there were several pages devoted to a full account of the death and the funeral of the late Emperor of Japan. Alice hurried over them as quickly as she could. Then followed all the news about her acquaintances and

the school. Alice paid scant attention to them. Finally came the welcome words, "Now I will introduce my own unworthy affairs." In terms most polite and respectful to them, Matsue San intimated that she had worked on the family council and on her father all summer; that finally, she had succeeded in altering their unalterable decision, and that they had at last consented to give up the marriage. However, it was only on the condition that, among the other suitors for her hand, she herself should choose one at once, and promise to marry him very soon.

She added that she had done so; that the young man was a Christian, and that she had seen him often at their church; that he was a brother of one of her friends in the high school, and that she had heard a great deal about him; and in short, that she really believed she liked him!

Alice was jubilant. She knew the misery that would almost inevitably have been Matsue San's lot had she, a Christian and an educated girl, gone into that Buddhist household, to be ruled to the minutest detail by a Buddhist family, and probably by a tyrannical mother-in-law. She knew that Matsue San's Christianity would have been buried, denied all outward manifestation; that all her finer instincts would have been suppressed; that even in the rearing of her own children she could have had almost nothing to say. Even if there had been no physical cruelty, she knew the years of mental anguish her pupil and friend must have suffered.

Instead of this, there was the certainty of complete liberty, sympathy and help in her Christian life; the power to bring up her children in her faith; the right to be her husband a helpmate instead of a servant or a pretty toy, the consideration of a Christian man for a Christian wife. And, more than any individual happiness, the news meant the beginning of one more center of all good influences, one more mighty power for righteousness, one more Christian home in the beautiful and well-loved country of Japan.





## *Chapter 5*

# Assuming the Mantle of Leadership

World War I was a busy period for the Japanese leaders, who correctly saw that Europeans were too occupied in their own sphere to interfere with Japan's expansion of its empire. In 1914, Japan declared war on Germany and seized some German-held islands in the Pacific. In 1915 Japan announced its aggressive intent toward China in the famous "Twenty-one Demands." The demands were modified slightly after British and American objections. Japan did not relax its expansionist tendencies after embarking on the conquest of territories and peoples of Asia. A long-range program of annexation and control over territories would bring markets and raw materials for commercial benefits. By the time of World War II, Japan was ready to challenge the United States for control of the Pacific islands, and its people assumed aggressive approaches to economic problems facing their country. Treaties were abrogated, the League of Nations was ignored, and Japan plotted a course of conquest.

As early as 1935, nearly half of the national Japanese budget was allocated to the Japanese Army and Navy, with the Navy receiving the most. By this time, the Japanese-conquered or -controlled territories had been organized into several "independent" puppet regimes controlled by the Japanese military. For example, the Chinese province of Manchuria was reorganized as Manchukuo with a Japanese-appointed ruler. The former Chinese emperor Henry Pu-yi Pu-yin was installed by the Japanese. The propaganda from Japan talked of the "New Order" and the

“Co-Prosperity Sphere” as an explanation for ruthless seizure of Chinese territories and peoples. Japan simply ignored international conferences and went its successful way enlarging the empire.

But Japan was not the only country seizing power, overrunning neighbors, and enlarging its borders. The example of Germany was known to Japan, as well as British, Dutch, French, and American “concessions” in China. Japan set out to expel foreign powers from Asia and take over their holdings. Japan was successful because these powers were occupied with serious problems at home in the 1930s. Besides they were far away and Japan was nearby. By threat, conquest, show of force, negotiation, and simply ignoring the naysayers, the Japanese militarists moved ahead with their dream of becoming a world power that would dominate not only East Asia but also the islands of the Pacific with their rich stores of raw materials and resources. The “New Order” in the Far East was launched in 1940.

In this caldron brewing the politics of war and brutal conquest, the missionary teacher Kate Hansen’s task was to bring Christ to the young women of Japan, whose god was the Emperor and whose lot was subservience to men. She sought to demonstrate that enlightenment was available and Christian principles were preferable to the historic pattern of life for millions of Japanese women. She wished to model a better way of life, to inspire young people to dream of American standards of freedom in education, religion, culture, and economic independence as contrasted with the old ways of organized Japanese family life, ancestral worship, and regimentation. She compared and contrasted her heritage and advantages of personal freedom and independence with what was available to her students and their families. Throughout her tenure she faced numerous setbacks and problems of wars, depression, and lack of funds to reach her goals for her faith, her school, and her students. Despite these barriers to success, she also seized numerous opportunities to further her work.

In Kate’s years between 1907 and 1951 spent as a missionary teacher in Japan, patterns of activities and routine are clearly observable. In the early years, she oriented herself to her appointed position representing her faith, her church organization, and always her beloved country and

her chosen discipline of music. She loved them all and quickly established routines to encompass them that time would enhance.

While becoming acquainted with Japanese life, Kate was quietly working to introduce Japanese girls to the piano as an alternative to their traditional koto, a long-stringed zither with thirteen silk strings, which many of the girls played. She was a sought-after speaker in Japan, especially by teachers and students interested in American music. She treasured the radio that her brother had sent her and invited friends to enjoy together broadcast programs of classical music.

Kate was granted time to acquire a working knowledge of the Japanese vocabulary along with the basic customs and mores of the young women she was assigned to teach. Naturally, Kate included her students' family members in her sphere of influence and enjoyed the wider acquaintances that continued to grow through the years. Her contacts became important and numerous. Little by little, her influence on her students was both enlightening and liberating. Although she was a conservative appraiser of the school's impact on the lives of its students, she never ceased to dream and work for greater resources to support the American missionary movement. Her success in promoting student recruitment, school growth, campus development, and at times church support substantiated her leadership role.

Kate always had classes to teach, students to tutor, meetings to attend, musical concerts to prepare for and present, church and chapel services to assist with, and individual student counseling to provide. She often provided the music for religious services. Also important were sending and receiving letters from scores of friends and family members. In these communications she delighted to describe her work and its satisfactions.

Kate found the prospect of meeting touring Americans and fellow missionaries from other parts of Japan especially pleasing. One memorable event was a series of lectures by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who toured Japan in 1926. He preached twice a day, Monday through Friday, for the American missionaries. Kate indicated that she profited from the services and that Dr. Fosdick was introduced by "a Baptist." It

was the highlight of many months of toiling patiently in the missionary field to be ministered to by the outstanding American minister.

She also displayed a keen interest in the industrial development and scientific breakthroughs of the first half of the twentieth century, especially of her native land. To learn more about these matters, she not only asked specific questions of her correspondents, but also read widely in books, magazines, journals, and newspapers. She was interested in American politics, and she was also a baseball fan for several decades.

A day in the life of Kate Hansen would typically include an early breakfast, arrival at her school office, tutoring of individual girls in playing and practicing the school piano, checking the schedules for classes, preparing for each class thoroughly, talking with the school administrator and fellow teachers about their work, and planning for upcoming school and church events. She wove lunch and dinner into her busy schedule, and the day never seemed to be long enough. She would seize the opportunity to write a short note or letter to her family in Logan, Kansas, or her relatives scattered around the United States. She also had correspondents in several foreign countries including Denmark, Germany, India, and China. All in all, she was a very busy woman.

### *Furloughs*

Six times, Kate came back to the United States on furlough. She used these furloughs to do advanced study in music and composition that would benefit her work in Japan. On her first furlough in 1912–13, Kate returned to Kansas. She resumed her studies with Carl Preyer, her former professor at the University of Kansas, and earned a bachelor's degree in music in 1913. On her second furlough in 1919–1920, she studied piano and counterpoint in New York City at the Institute of Musical Art, which later became the Julliard School of Music.

On her next furlough Kate studied at the Chicago School of Music, where she received her master's degree with honors in 1927. Her thesis topic dealt with her findings in teaching Western music in Japan. One



*This family photo was taken on Kate's second furlough in 1919–20. Back row, left to right: Dane Hansen, Peter Hansen, George Hansen. Front row, Kate Hansen, Alpha Hansen, Alpha Florence Hansen Bales.*

of her compositions for orchestra, “The Nikko Suite,” was played by the college orchestra. In 1930 Kate was awarded an honorary doctorate in absentia by the Chicago School of Music.<sup>1</sup>

### *Kate Hansen's Contributions to Music and Music Education at Miyagi*

Kate's undergraduate degree in music and graduate work in composition provided the foundation for her growing influence on music education in Japan, her work in composition, and the demand for her participation in concerts in the Sendai area. Concerts and recitals became a regular feature of the Miyagi Girls' School's programs. Kate also lectured widely on Western music in Japan.

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<sup>1</sup>See the Appendix for an abridged version of Kate Hansen's master's thesis and the letter notifying her of her honorary doctorate.

In 1916 the Miyagi Music Department was formally established with Kate as dean, and its course of study was registered with the Japanese Ministry of Education. Her colleague Florence Seiple was responsible for voice and choral training, while Kate concentrated on piano, harmony, and music theory. In her annual report to the Mission Board for 1916, she described how far the school had come:<sup>2</sup>

This school year has been especially satisfactory to me, in that a long cherished desire has been obtained by the formal organization of our music work into a higher department. It is coordinated with the other higher departments of the school, having entrance requirements and standing, the same as those of the regular courses of standard American conservatories and covering in its three-year course about the first two years' work of such conservatories. Its immediate practical object is to raise the standard of music in our school by providing more thoroughly trained teachers, but along with this come the opportunity for a musical education of a few very desirable girls and the sending out of a few especially strong Christian teachers of music to other girls' high schools.

By 1924, according to her annual report to the Mission Board, Kate was teaching twenty to twenty-four periods a week. As the department head she was also directing the teaching of about 200 piano and organ students, and she supervised the chorus and advanced students who assisted in fifteen local churches.<sup>3</sup>

In addition to her heavy teaching and music department administrative duties, Kate was asked in 1916–1918 and 1924–25 to serve as Miyagi's acting president. Although she performed well in this role, she regretted the time that it took from her music activities.

Kate Hansen was a noted composer<sup>4</sup> and many of her works were performed over the decades of her service in Japan. Her *Hymns and Anthems for Women's Voices*, which was published in Japan, was widely used in Japanese schools and colleges. The first edition appeared in 1918 and the second in 1929.

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<sup>2</sup>Quoted in Mensendiek, *To Japan with Love: The Story of Kate Hansen and Lydia Lindsey of Kansas and Japan*. Sendai, Japan: Hagi no Sato Publishing Company, 1991, p. 39.

<sup>3</sup>Mensendiek, *To Japan with Love*, p. 52.

<sup>4</sup>See the Appendix to this volume for samples of several of Kate Hansen's compositions.





*In one of her Miyagi College presidential duties, Kate presented the trophies to winners of Sendai public-school field day competitions.*



*Mme. Margarethe Netke-Löwe (second from right, front row; Kate is seated next to her) sang at the dedication of the Miyagi College Auditorium in 1938, accompanied by Kate Hansen. Mme. Netke-Löwe gave several other recitals at Miyagi in the late 1930s. Kate reported that Mme. Netke-Löwe, a German artist, “sang Schubert and Schumann exactly as they should be sung, so that it is a joy to hear, and a still greater joy to play her accompaniments.”*

**HYMNS AND ANTHEMS  
FOR WOMEN'S VOICES**

EDITED BY KATE I. HANSEN

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE SOCIETY OF JAPAN—TOKYO

ケート、アイ、ハンセン編輯

讚美頌榮集

女子合唱用

教文館出版部

*Kate Hansen's Hymns and Anthems for Women's Voices was widely used in Japanese schools and colleges.*



Her best-known work, the *Schlesvig* symphony, was performed on many occasions. On June 10, 1939, the music faculty of Miyagi College presented a concert in its new auditorium that featured compositions by Kate Hansen. The songs were written to poems by Emily Dickinson.

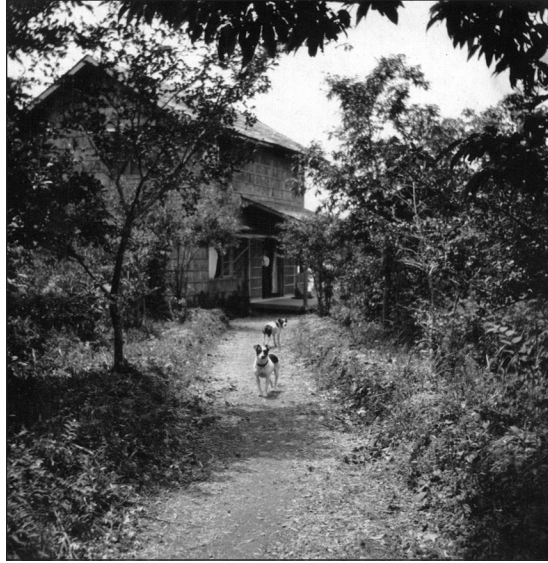
### *Summers in Karuizawa*

The resort area around Karuizawa was a favorite vacationing spot for the upper-class Japanese who welcomed the international flavor of the community. This was a place to meet not only the Japanese dignitaries but also the diplomats of many countries, important business representatives, and adventurers. Summer was a season of lively social mixing, featuring frequent public lectures and concerts along with standing invitations to the parties and teas so loved by the vacationers. Into this interesting milieu came the missionaries seeking rest and recreation along with wonderful opportunities to make valuable contacts and, in many cases, lifelong friendships with leaders in several fields.

These vacations were so enjoyable and so anticipated that during their second five-year missionary-service period, Kate and Lydia bought a two-story cottage in Karuizawa that they used regularly for the next forty years. They called it their “Bark House” because it was lined with cedar tree bark. This cottage, which included a large stone fireplace, served the missionaries as a haven not only for themselves but for many of their friends as well.

Kate and Lydia carefully planned the summer vacation months to make the most of opportunities and freedom available. Selecting gifts and greeting cards and catching up on correspondence were routine summer activities. Karuizawa was one of Kate’s best decisions in her nearly fifty years in Japan. Kate and Lydia eventually gave the Bark House as a donation to the Alumni Association of their beloved Miyagi College in 1955. It remains a valuable property today.

*Kate and Lydia escaped the heat of Sendai during the summer by traveling to their “Bark House” in Karuizawa. Here they hosted visitors, hiked in the mountains, and attended concerts. They were in the Bark House when the September 1, 1923, earthquake struck Japan.*



### *Japanese Women’s Rights Movement*

Kate often thought about and sometimes discussed with family and friends her views on women’s rights. She was supportive of the goals of the Japanese women’s rights movement. In February 1926 she and Lydia attended a meeting in Tōkyō organized and run by women who wanted to agitate throughout Japan for equal educational opportunity. Kate thought that such a movement would take years to succeed but that it was a worthy goal and the right way to start. She regarded these early leaders in the movement as pioneers and sympathized with them on the issue of opening up education beyond high school to all Japanese women. These excerpts from a letter to her mother describe the February meeting:<sup>5</sup>

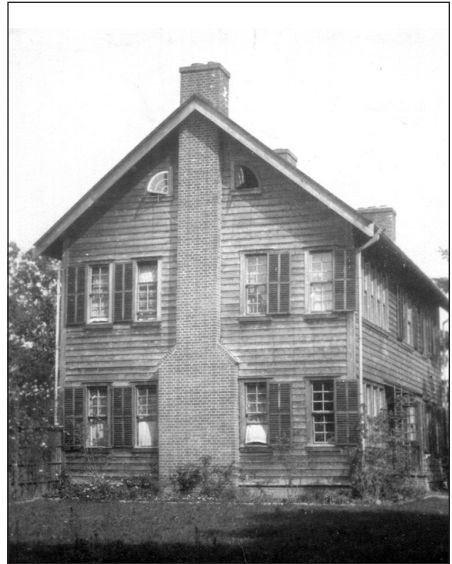
Lydia and I have been here for two days attending the national convention of what may develop into a real “women’s rights” movement in Japan. It is the first one of the kind ever held, and was most interesting. We got in on it through the invitations that were sent to schools. The convention was run entirely by women. A few men, mostly principals of girls’ schools, were present. It is a purely Japanese movement. We were the only foreigners there, and we took no official part. There were about a thousand women and girls there, for girl

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<sup>5</sup>Letter to Alpha Hansen, February 21, 1926.

students were invited, to get them interested. The leaders were a small group of pioneer women in different lines—the woman principal of the only medical school for girls in this country, the dean of the largest domestic science school, the head Japanese woman in the W. C. T. U., a very lively newspaper woman, the head Japanese secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and a number of teachers—not a large group, but they seemed as if they meant business. They had all the statistics about the policy of the Japanese government for keeping women out of any education beyond the high school. Their first point of attack is the educational problem. They propose to start an agitation all over the country for equal educational opportunities. Of course, it will take years and years; but I believe it is the right way to start. As long as the Japanese women aren't allowed to develop their minds, agitation for political rights isn't going to amount to much. But they certainly are up against a tough proposition. Japan has for so many hundreds of years been a "man's country" and nothing else, that most people simply think this movement crazy and dismiss it from their minds.

While Christianity has no official connection with it, the whole thing is absolutely a result of our Christian schools. Nearly every leader there was a graduate of a Christian school. Christian schools every time have taken the lead and educated girls, and after years passed, the government just had to follow. In Sendai it was true—our school was the first, and now the government has



*Kate and Lydia spent the summer of 1922 in Sendai supervising the construction of their Western-style home near the Miyagi campus. Earlier, they had lived in a ladies residence with the other single missionary women. The construction was finished in February 1923. Kate and Lydia took turns supervising the Japanese workmen who were "naturally inexperienced in foreign-style building."*

three high schools; our college department was first, and now the government is trying to start one, but in a very inadequate and grudging fashion.

One thing that impresses me was the absence of any hostility to men. I've always thought that if I were a Japanese woman and had suffered the injustices they suffer, I'd be a regular man-hater. But several of them, in a real Christian spirit, said they didn't want this movement to be anything antagonistic to men; that they wanted the men's sympathy and cooperation, as far as they could get it; that they thought the men and women ought to work together as equals for the good of the country. And there were a few men there who were in full sympathy with the movement, and apparently ready to cooperate in any way they could.

I realized again how fortunate I was to have been born and raised in America, among American men, with such a man as Papa to give me my ideas of what a real man is like. Very many things have brought that home to me this year, and my ever-present sorrow at losing him is always mixed with pride and thankfulness over having had him.

### *Hard Times*

*The Great Earthquake of 1923.* When the Great Earthquake hit Tōkyō and Yokohama at noon, September 1, 1923, Kate and Lydia were in their cottage at Karuizawa, 100 miles away. Their cottage shook violently in the initial tremor and aftershocks. Telephone and train service was disrupted, and it was a week before they could return to Sendai. Kate described the effects of the earthquake in a series of detailed letters to her parents:<sup>6</sup>

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What happened to us here was only the tail end of the earthquake, but that was the worst I have known in Japan. I was at the piano when the house began to shake, but went right on, as usual, practicing, as I always do in ordinary earthquakes. Lydia was at the Miller's, just below us. It went on for a couple of minutes, getting worse instead of better, shaking like a boat going "wolly-wolly." O Hane San, in a terrified voice called me to come out and I turned to see my kitten with its tail the size of three tails, shooting out the door. We went into the woods just back of the house and stood. I never saw anything just like it. The whole hill rocked and the ground seemed to move under our feet with a different motion and the house swayed back and forth as if it couldn't possibly stand. These shocks kept up, with no stopping, for twenty-five minutes and ev-

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<sup>6</sup>Letters to her family, Karuizawa, September 2 and September 5, 1923.

ery minute we expected to see the house go. Lydia rushed up from the Miller's as soon as she could, and said they could see the motion of the ground even more, down there. But our old bark shack stood!

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Still no news from Dr. Miller. Reports from Tōkyō grow more definite but no better. This morning Dr. Reischauer, who went Sunday and got back last night, gave a report to a community meeting. He is about our age, and athletic, but he was still so worn out he could scarcely speak, and had to sit down every once in a while. He had walked all over Tōkyō, burned district and all, and told just what he had seen, and it was horrible. He said there was undoubted truth in the report that some wells had been poisoned and people had died from drinking the water, although who had done it, Chinese, Koreans or Japanese anarchists, nobody was sure. He said the people were frantic with fear and ready to kill any Korean at sight.

He got back to Karuizawa by jumping on top of a car and hanging up there. When it was time to change trains he clambered up through a window of the bridge across the tracks, climbed out another window above the Karuizawa train and let himself down on the top of another car, where he rode until the junction near, where some flat cars were put on and he was able to get into one of them, standing up, of course. The trip took from six-thirty in the morning until late in the evening—midnight, in fact, it was when he finally got to Karuizawa. Cars built for forty passengers at most, have two hundred fifty jammed into them. The tops were all filled with people when the train left Tōkyō, also the platforms and the space between the cars. Sanitary conditions are unspeakable. . . .

*The Great Depression.* The Great Depression in the United States in the early 1930s had an adverse effect on Christian schools and missionaries around the world. Already in 1930 the worldwide depression was beginning to affect Christian schools in Japan. Enrollments dropped, especially in girls' schools because families scrimped to educate their sons. Miyagi's reputation helped prevent precipitous declines in enrollment, but finding employment for graduates was a problem. Its music graduates, however, continued to find employment in the depths of the depression—even though the government continued its long-standing policy of refusing to grant Miyagi graduates teachers' licenses. Many church supporters had lost practically everything and were in dire straits themselves. Unable to undergird their churches in sending and sustaining representatives to spread Christianity, church leaders sometimes turned to the missionaries themselves as a source of funds. A representative of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Church in

the United States, wrote to Kate and Lydia asking for a \$500 loan.<sup>7</sup> The letter asked for a “great favor” and promised to issue a bond and pay five percent interest. “You and Miss Lindsey are just as close as any two sisters,” the writer stated in suggesting the joint loan from the two missionaries. The two women made the “gift” to the Reverend Jacob G. Rupp, D.D., Field Secretary and Treasurer of the Board.

In 1933, the Mission Board reduced all expenditures by forty percent, including the salaries of missionaries. The following spring the Board decided to recall sixteen missionaries and left it up to the missionaries themselves to decide who should leave. The outcome of this difficult situation was that the Board did not have sufficient funds to pay the travel expenses of the sixteen individuals chosen. Thus, all stayed and weathered the crisis by using frugality and living off credit.<sup>8</sup>

### *Miyagi Gakuin's Fiftieth Anniversary*

On the fiftieth anniversary of Miyagi Gakuin in 1936, the school prepared a memorial volume of reminiscences. Kate and Lydia had each devoted twenty-five years to the school. In her essay Kate described how far Sendai and Miyagi Gakuin had come in this period.<sup>9</sup>

It was a very different Sendai to which Miss Lindsey and I came in the fall of 1907—slower, less convenient, but immensely more picturesque and intensely interesting. Sambancho was like a country road. It had a few dim electric lights like people use now in their bathrooms, which were considered very modern. Our school buildings had recently gotten electric lights, but the foreign teachers' house still used kerosene lamps, and what a task it was to clean them all!

Everywhere at the gates were seen the beautiful Japanese lanterns, burning chiefly candles. There was no blinding glare of automobile lights, no deafening honking of horns, only the quiet “pit-pat” of the jinrikisha man's feet, and the soft glow of his paper lantern. We all went about in jinrikishas. If we walked at night, we always carried Japanese lanterns. Beautiful Old Japan still lingers in Sendai.

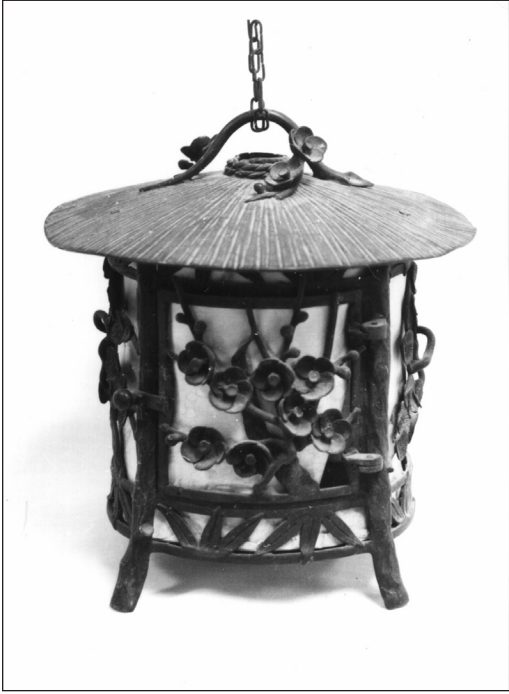
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<sup>7</sup>Letter from Rev. Jacob G. Rupp, December 15, 1933.

<sup>8</sup>Mission Proceedings, March 5, 1937, recounted in Mensendiek, *To Japan with Love*, p. 60.

<sup>9</sup>*Miyagi Jo Gakko 50 Nen Shi*, quoted in Mensendiek, *To Japan with Love*, pp. 62–63.





*This Japanese lantern hung in Kate and Lydia's "Bark House" in Karuizawa. When they retired to the United States, they brought it with them. It is now in the home of Dane and Polly Bales in Logan, Kansas.*

Telephones played no part in our lives. We sent jinrikisha men with our important messages, and unimportant ones were left unsaid. Everything moved slowly. If we went shopping for dry-goods, we sat on the edge of the store entrances, and drank tea while shop-boys brought down box after box of cloth until we found what we wanted or gave it up. If we had to move anything, from a trunk to a piano, it went either on a cart or on a pole, more often on a pole.

City water was unknown for many years. Every kitchen had its huge picturesque water jars, filled with water from the well. The Miyagi campus had six or eight wells, to supply the school and to use in case of fire. Every bit of drinking water had to be boiled. Modern sanitation was impossible. We always wondered why more people did not die.

Miyagi College was Miyagi High School then, but a high school whose freshmen had graduated from the eighth grade, not the sixth. There was a Bible Course of one year. The girls all wore kimono and hakama. Only children of pre-school age wore Western dress and short hair. Our little girls had long hair, often put up over colored paste-board into two large rings on the top of their heads. The elder school girls all did their hair in so-called foreign style, in big pompadours made over frames called "rats."



*Kate Hansen with several current and former helpers at the Alumnae Day during Miyagi's Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration, November 3, 1936.*

They had no movies, no radio, almost no Victrolas, no public concerts, and yet they had their own very good times. The dormitory was full, and a hundred lively girls together could make their own fun. They studied hard. In English they were much in advance of our present high school. The Miyagi Library was already a famous institution of Sendai.

Western music was in its infancy. Miyagi had the best music in Sendai, but the most advanced students were playing Clementi Sonatines. We had just one piano, kept in the teachers' house, and carried, wrapped in jinrikisha blankets on a pole, to the chapel for Literary Presentations and Commencement. Miss Lindsey and I got up every morning to the accompaniment of "Home," which a girl practiced for six months in the parlor just under our bed room. Practicing began at 6 a.m. and every girl with that practice hour was dressed and on her piano or organ bench, ready to begin on the stroke of six. That indomitable spirit has made Miyagi music what it is now.

Nearly all the elder girls taught in Sunday Schools, and every Sunday morning and afternoon, a whole fleet of jinrikishas left the school, carrying these girls to outlying places, like Nanakita and Arai. Then, as now, the girls were eager to express their Christianity in action, to pass on to others the great gift they had received. Amid all the great changes, we know that this spirit has survived in Miyagi. May it continue unchanged through the long future.



Old graduates tell me they remember how at our welcome meeting in 1907 I had a sunflower, the state flower of our Kansas home. As the sunflower constantly keeps its face turned straight to the sun, so may all our Miyagi family, old and young, always keep our faces turned toward the Christ, our Sun of Righteousness, the Source of all our strength, unchanged and unchanging through all the years.

*In an article written for The Outlook of Missions, Kate vividly depicts a facet of her work at school.<sup>10</sup> The focus is on the work of the “class teachers” as viewed by an “American teacher.” With a touch of humor Kate contrasts her own state of misery with the strength of the “class teacher” on a boating excursion with their students. Those readers who have experienced seasickness will empathize with both Kate and the suffering students. Kate’s anecdote and narrative convincingly describe why the Japanese teachers who are converted Christians are of vital importance to the success and credibility of the school.*

## **The Class Teacher**

*Miss Kate I. Hansen*

These words always bring to my mind several pictures. These are two of the vivid ones.

The Miyagi Girls’ School compound was awake at five o’clock one spring morning. The whole space between the recitation building and the teachers’ house was crowded with laughing, chattering girls. Most excited of all were the little freshmen, just graduated from the grades and full of importance in their first excursion with the high school girls. They were going to Matsushima, too; to Matsushima, the most beautiful place in Japan; and they were to have a special steamer, and to spend the whole day on the water among the islands. They had gorgeous new hair-ribbons, too, stiff new ones that stood up above their heads and fairly bristled with excitement and anticipation. Presently a signal was given, and all became as quiet as possible for the morning devotions. Then, each class in charge of a teacher, the long line filed decorously out of the gates, the young class teacher of the freshmen leading the way with her irrepressible charges.

Matsushima Bay was beautiful, but Matsushima Bay was rough. Two hours after the brave beginning of the day, an unhappy American teacher, pacing frantically up and down the deck in misery such as no landsman

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<sup>10</sup>*The Outlook of Missions*, Vol. V, No. 4 (April 1913), pp. 190–91.

knows, looked into the freshman cabin, and straightaway forgot her own troubles. In the middle of the floor sat the freshman class teacher. On her lap rested as many heads as could find place there. Sighs and groans went up from all over the room. The gay new hair ribbons were all in eclipse. Their erstwhile proud wearer's only ray of comfort was evidently the presence and the sympathy of this class teacher of theirs.

In many mission schools in Japan, the class teacher is a widely useful officer. In the Miyagi Girls' School these class teachers are all Japanese, and are men and women of strong Christian character. Their official duties include the supervision of the class room, the keeping of the class records and the general care of the class at all times when no other teacher is in charge. They also visit the families of their students in cases of illness or death and attend funerals as representatives of the school.

An earnest and really efficient class teacher has many opportunities to influence her pupils for good. He or she knows thoroughly each girl, her circumstances, and her surroundings, and is ready to advise her on the myriad questions that come to the young girl just entering into the new world of knowledge and liberty. The freshmen, especially, are readily influenced. When, as was the case for some years in our school, the class teacher is also the Bible teacher, she has a double opportunity. Many a strong Christian girl in school to-day traces her faith back to the time when a freshman and quite ignorant of Christianity, her class teacher, with her kindness and her ready sympathy, won her respect and affection, influenced her to attend church and Sunday School from the very beginning of her course, and laid the foundation of her Christian character.

*In 1913, The Outlook of Missions also published Kate's plea for a new science building for the girls' school.<sup>11</sup> In this article, Kate outlined what the "school is and what it should be." She gives reasons, ten of them, and quotes the school's principal as joining in the earnest request. They argue that the Miyagi Girls' School must be a superior educational institution "simply because it is a Christian school."*

## **Why the Church Should Provide the Money for the New Science Building at Sendai, Japan**

*Miss Kate I. Hansen*

### Facts About the Miyagi Girls' School

#### I. What It Is.

The object of this school is to give to young women an education of high-school grade, based on the principles of Christianity. The course of study shall extend over five years. The subjects shall be Bible, ethics, Japanese, Chinese, English, geography, mathematics, natural sciences, drawing, domestic economy, sewing, music, education, civil government, and physical training. (Extract from the Japanese catalogue, as distributed in Sendai.)

The school course includes also a post-graduate year for Bible women and one for domestic science students.

#### II. What It Has.

One hundred and ninety-three Alumnae students, 11 Japanese teachers, 5 American teachers, all graduates of colleges or universities.

A campus of about two acres.

One dormitory, accommodating about 100 students.

A recitation hall, containing a chapel and seven class-rooms.

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<sup>11</sup>*The Outlook of Missions*, Vol. V, No. 12 (December 1913), pp. 481–83.

A Bible women's house, accommodating about ten workers.

The recognition of the Japanese Department of Education for the high-school course, allowing the graduates the privilege of government schools.

III. Its Students.

Ten per cent have one or both parents Christian.

Ninety-five per cent become Christians before graduating.

Practically all students belong to the Y.W.C.A.

About 40 students teach in Sunday School in and near Sendai, reaching about 1,000 children every week.

Students act as organists in over 30 churches and Sunday Schools.

IV. Its Graduates.

Ninety-eight have served or are now serving as Bible women or missionaries' helpers.

Fifty-three have been or are teachers.

One hundred and seventeen have married.

Sixteen married pastors or other religious workers.

Twelve married physicians.

Eighteen married business men.

Eleven married government officials.

Seven married army officers.

Fifteen married teachers.

V. Its Imperative Need.

(a) A new building, costing \$12,000, necessary to meet the requirement of the Department of Education.

(b) To provide for adequate domestic science work.

- (c) To relieve the overcrowding of the music department.
- (d) To give room for advanced English work.

## VI. What It Should Be.

With the new building and adequate support from the Home Church, the Miyagi Girls' School can easily be the leading Christian School for girls in all North Japan.

### Ten Reasons Why the Reformed Church should now provide the \$12,000 building asked for by the Miyagi Girls' School

- I. The Japanese Department of Education requires a new science building for the school, if it is to continue to enjoy government recognition as a high school.
- II. The work of the Miyagi Girls' School in domestic science, to-day the most popular study for girls in Japan, is now distinctly inferior to that done in government schools, and cannot improve much until proper housing facilities are provided.
- III. The music department has improved and grown until the necessary practicing, scattered through regular school buildings, far from sound-proof, interferes seriously and is interfered with by the other work of the school.
- IV. "The new building will add 25 per cent to the efficiency of the school." A.K. Faust, Ph.D., Principal.
- V. The Miyagi Girls' School is the oldest and the largest mission girls' school under the Reformed Church.
- VI. For ten years this school has not asked the Church for any new buildings.
- VII. The amount asked, \$12,000, is very modest compared with the great sums spent every year on denominational schools in America.

- VIII. Through this school the Reformed Church has the opportunity to become the leader in Christian education for girls in North Japan, if this forward step is taken now.
- IX. If the school cannot now move forward, it must inevitably fall behind other more progressive, non-Christian schools.
- X. Too much of prayer, money, and effort have been invested by the Church in this school for it to be allowed to fall behind at this critical time.

### What Dr. Faust Says

After the opening of the Miyagi Girls' School, in September, Dr. Faust wrote very hopefully of the present situation, but the following quotation shows his anxiety for its future welfare.

He says: "In many points the School is now better than the Government Girls' Schools. We lead in English, in music, in buildings; we are the equals in mathematics, physical culture, and pedagogy, but we are shamefully below in Japanese and Chinese, history, and also in domestic science and ordinary science. In ordinary science we have a good teacher and by the end of the year we hope to have the required equipment—but we have no place to teach it. In Japanese, we need a good teacher as well as in a few other branches. The new science building will practically put us above the government schools in every point. Without this building we are handicapped hopelessly so far as these branches are concerned. In the new building are to be taught domestic science, music, chemistry, physics. These are all branches in the regular course. But the new building is also needed for advanced work that the school ought to do in the future. Now, why is it necessary that our School should stand above the other schools? Simply because it is a Christian school."

"My very earnest request to you and to the board is to make a strenuous effort to have the new building completed by the end of 1914. I have faith in the Board and in the Church that this request will be granted.

This is necessary not only because the government requires it, but more because the cause of Christ is seriously hampered without it. If this be true, then, I have faith that God will put it into the hearts of the Church to provide the means to complete the plan which He has outlined for the School. My ceaseless prayer shall be for the completed building by Christmas, 1914. May God show us how to realize His great plans.”



*The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions held its Seventh International Convention at Convention Hall in Kansas City, Missouri, on December 31, 1913, through January 4, 1914, with 5,301 delegates attending, representing 755 institutions. The U.S. Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, addressed the convention. The audience exceeded 8,000. The Reformed Church held its “denominational” special meeting on the last day of the conference. Kate Hansen spoke of the work being done in Japan at Miyagi Girls’ School after which questions were answered. Professors, students, and church officials came from several states.*

*In an article published in The Outlook of Missions and in The Reformed Church Messenger, Kate again vigorously spoke out for the cause she had championed earlier: the need for a new science building at Miyagi Girls’ School.<sup>12</sup> In her introductory comments she justifies her decision to become a missionary as she refutes remarks she had heard at the Student Volunteer Movement convention. This article offers an informed and convincing comparison of the competition between government-supported schools and mission schools and emphasizes the need for Christian schools to achieve and maintain high standards—in both teaching and facilities.*

## **Misconceptions and Present Problems**

*By Miss Kate I. Hansen*

A young woman in one of our large universities had just become a Student Volunteer. From friends and acquaintances she was hearing the usual number of protests and curious questions. “Well,” remarked a classmate, “I suppose it won’t be long before I’ll have to think of you in a rusty old alpaca gown, sitting under a palm-tree all day long, singing hymns to a crowd of dirty, naked heathen. What good are your university degree and your Phi Beta Kappa going to do you out there!”

Six years later, this student volunteer, now a missionary on furlough, was talking with a successful young business man, the commercial leader

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<sup>12</sup>*The Outlook of Missions*, Vol. VI, No. 2 (February 1914), pp. 81–84; *The Reformed Church Messenger*, February 5, 1914, pp. 9–10.

of his little city. He, too, could see no use in her giving herself to foreign mission work. "I see by to-day's paper that the Japanese are sending quantities of guns to Mexico. How's that? I didn't suppose Japanese had brains enough to manufacture guns!"

The missionary smiled and sighed. She had worked in Japan for five years. Instead of the dirty savages of her classmate's conception, she had found a nation with a civilization as old as ours, a national pride as great, an educational system rapidly becoming as efficient as our own. She had found national intelligence equal to the making of guns or of anything else her own country manufactured. She had found herself in a community that demanded of her as high standards of ability and education as her own country had required.

Most Christian workers in America, even the well-informed ones, in studying mission problems, especially mission problems in Japan, are likely to lose sight of this one vital fact, that Japan demands of mission work and workers American standards of efficiency, and is rapidly coming to demand our standard of equipment. "Palm-tree methods" no longer avail there. The foreign missionary meets and deals with men as well educated, secularly, as he is. A man or a woman unfitted to be a teacher and a leader at home, has no business in Japan.

Likewise, a school that has not the teaching force, the management, and approximately the equipment to insure its success in this country has small chance for success in Japan. This has not always been true. The first mission schools, especially the first girls' schools, were pioneers in education. Those were the days when Japanese young men of good families gladly did menial work in foreign households for the sake of acquiring English, the key to Western knowledge. To paraphrase the saying about Hopkins and the log, those were the days when a missionary teacher on one side of a brazier and a Japanese boy or girl on the other side constituted a college of Western learning and of Christianity. It was during this period of beginnings that two young women of the Reformed Church, with a courage and zeal worthy of the heroines of the Reformation, left their homes and their country, and, in a distant city in the little known interior of Japan, founded the pioneer school for girls in Northeastern Japan, now known as the Miyagi Girls' School. At

first, the school was literally nothing but these teachers and a few girls. In tiny Japanese houses of plaster and paper, with practically no equipment the first work was done. There was no competition in that city of a hundred thousand people. The government and the public had not yet begun to grasp the idea that girls ought to have any education. There were few students, and for seven years, there were no graduates; but among those early students there were several who are now among the strong women of the Church of Christ in Japan, and whose lives bear eloquent testimony to the success of the first missionaries of our Church in imparting the "one thing needful."

But almost before the Church had provided the first building for the little school, the days of its monopoly of girls' education in Sendai were numbered. The prefectural government, and later a syndicate of Sendai citizens, established schools for girls. For several years, however, these schools, like such institutions all over Japan, were inferior to the mission schools. Despite the natural prejudice against foreign teaching and Christianity, the mission school remained the leader. Like many other girls' schools, the Miyagi Girls' School reached its "high-water" mark during the Russo-Japanese war. It was still the leader of the girls' education in Sendai.

Soon after the war, however, all over Japan, Christian schools for girls began to fall behind. The government, awake at last to the tremendous importance of education for women, began to use all its resources to improve its girls' schools. The mission schools were often slow to realize the significance of this new competition. A few far-seeing missions and schools began at once to make plans commensurate with the new conditions. Many others, confident of their superiority, remained stationary. With government schools changing and improving their curricula every year, some Christian schools kept their courses unchanged for eight or ten years. It was not an unheard-of event for a government school to spend for equipment in one year more than a mission would spend in five or ten years. The government went seriously into the business of training teachers, and in a few years it had a large body of normal-school graduates holding teachers' certificates, and possessing, along with considerable real ability, an immense prestige in the eyes of the public.

The inevitable followed. Attendance in Christian schools for girls began to fall off. Each year, the entering class was smaller than that of the year before. Non-Christian parents, the overwhelming majority in Japan, as soon as they came to believe the government school to be equal or superior to the Christian school, very naturally sent their daughters to the former institutions. A few, of course, realizing the benefit of the stricter discipline and the moral teaching of the Christian school, continued to give it their support. The government schools could not accommodate all their applicants for admission, and of the overflow, many came to the Christian schools. It seemed that ultimately these classes of students, with some of the children from homes already Christian, would be all that would be left to the mission schools.

In the midst of these changes, the mission schools received a hard blow in the order of the Department of Education, closing all the teachers' examinations and the examinations for entrance into the higher schools to all but graduates of government schools, or of schools formally recognized by the government as of equal grade with their own. In the last clause of the order lay the hope of most mission schools. If they could bring their buildings, their equipment, their teaching force, and their course of study up to the standard the government had set, they could secure from that government the formal recognition that for all practical purposes would place them upon an equality with the government schools. With their superior facilities for teaching English, music, and Western domestic science, and with the known superiority of their moral teaching, they would be in a position to attract again the most desirable students in sufficient numbers. The history of girls' education in Japan for the last five years has been chiefly the history of the efforts of the Christian schools to bring up their work to the new standards of the best American high schools and academies.

For a time, it was feared that any dealings with the government would involve curtailment of the liberty of religious instruction in the Christian schools. Rather than part with this, the only real justification of their existence, most mission schools would have ceased work altogether. Just at this time, there came the good news that the large Methodist school for girls in Tōkyō had secured recognition with no interference

whatever being made in its religious work. Since then, no fewer than twenty girls' schools have secured this recognition in some form or other, and several others have brought their work up to a point where they can have recognition for the asking.

Your girls' school in Japan, the Miyagi Jo Gakko, shared the vicissitudes of the other Christian schools during the time of trial. For several years plans for its improvement were made and discussed. The officials of the Department of Education were friendly, and gave every aid in their power. The course of study was carefully revised and brought up to date, the Japanese teaching force was strengthened by the addition of teachers with government certificates, and as much equipment as possible was bought. The greatest deficiency, according to the Department, was in the science work, in which no laboratory was available, and in the domestic science, which had very inadequate space. In these respects, the school fell far below the government schools.

Those in charge of the school were confident that the Reformed Church, which had liberally supported it for twenty-five years, would not fail it at that critical time. The Department of Education, too, had confidence in the generosity of the Reformed Church. When, with the full consent of the Board of Foreign Missions, the school applied for recognition, the Department, not wishing the graduates to be disqualified while the funds were being raised for a new building, granted the recognition at once, with the important proviso that this new building shall be provided just as soon as possible.

That was two years ago. Recognition has proved a success. The shrinkage in the number of students was checked at once. The efficiency of the school is increasing steadily. There has been absolutely no interference by Department officials with religious teaching or activities. Under the new rules there are more hours of Bible study than before. The Japanese officials have kept their agreements.

Meanwhile, the school has been able to secure land adjoining the old campus, sufficient for a new building. This building the school is now asking of the Reformed Church. It is to cost \$12,000, and it will not only meet the just requirements of the Department of Education, but it

will provide for that healthy growth, without which no school can live, allowing the school to assume once more its position of leader in girls' Christian education in North Japan.

The Church is now asked to prove again its interest in this, its oldest and its largest girls' school in the mission field. It has been just ten years since the last building was put on the campus. It will probably be several years before another will be needed. If this building is not furnished soon, there is danger of the withdrawal of government recognition from the school, and consequently the loss of the ground gained in several years. The Reformed Church is known for her liberality to her schools and colleges. In this crisis will she not rise to the occasion? Shall not the year 1914 mark the completion of this necessary new building, and with it, the beginning of a new era of usefulness in the Miyagi Girls' School?

*The indefatigable Kate wrote a third article<sup>13</sup> in early 1914 to promote issues of great importance to her. Kate uses this article both to describe instruction in Western music in Japan and also to reiterate her plea for a new science building at Miyagi Girls' School, one wing of which would be devoted to the music department. Partly as a result of the influence of Christian missionary teachers, the Japanese government began to require the teaching of Western music throughout Japanese schools. The Japanese expected and, in some cases, achieved miracles in this difficult instruction in the ways of a foreign culture. Well-trained American music teachers also used music to attract the children of non-Christian parents to attend Christian schools. Kate's campaign to erect the new building met with success. It was dedicated in 1918.*

## **The Japanese Are Learning to Sing**

*by Miss Kate I. Hansen*

Without any doubt, the Reformed Church is the most musical church in America. In no other denomination can there be found the inspiring congregational singing of the Reformed Church; in no other church is the proportion of musical members so great; nowhere else is there such universal appreciation of the value of the ministry of music. Therefore, while you, the choirs and organists, are preparing a beautiful share of the service for Foreign Mission Day, and while you, the music-lovers in the congregations are looking forward to another musical pleasure, do you not wish to hear how this day connects you and the art we all enjoy with the work which is now being done on the other side of the world, to Christianize a nation that is not musical, but firmly resolved upon becoming so?

When the first missionaries went to Japan, nobody believed the Japanese could ever learn to sing. "They are absolutely without musical ear," "Their throats are made so differently from ours that it is impossible for them to learn to sing our scale," were some of the comments of

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<sup>13</sup>*The Outlook of Missions*, Vol. VI, No. 3 (March 1914), pp. 129–30, 138; *The Reformed Church Messenger*, February 19, 1914, pp. 2 and 20.





*Kate and her Japanese students following a recital in the 1930s.*

those days. To an American woman belongs the honor of first accomplishing the feat of teaching a Japanese to sing the major scale. To-day the government of Japan requires the teaching of Western music from the first grade of the public schools up through the girls' high schools. The musical ear is still painfully lacking in students and teachers alike; the singing is usually far from keeping on the key; but the determined effort is there. Japan has resolved to master Western music. Her girls, especially, must know music. Her girls' high schools have conservatory trained teachers, who must teach singing, reed organ and piano.

Of course, a foreign musician in Japan, at this time, has one laughable experience after another. A violinist attempting to play Bach when he could not tune his violin; a boy bringing a volume of Beethoven sonatas, requesting to be taught one of them to play at a concert the next week, when he had never before tried to play the piano; a band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" to a company of Americans, most of whom failed



to recognize the piece because no two horns were tuned together; an orchestra, composed entirely of first violins, no two of them tuned alike, performing in a concert before hundreds of admiring auditors—the list could be extended indefinitely.

Just here comes one of the two musical opportunities of the mission schools. With well-trained American teachers, they can and often do make their music as conspicuously superior to that of the government schools as to attract the daughters of many non-Christian parents, who otherwise would not dream of sending them to Christian schools.

Once in a Christian school, the average girl is almost sure, in time, to become a Christian. Immediately, the musical Christian girl has work waiting for her. Your representative in Japan, the Miyagi Girls' School, with about fifty students of organ and piano, supplies organists every week for thirty-five Sunday Schools and church services. Practically all the organists for our whole work in North Japan are alumnae of this school. To the Japanese, the music of the service is as attractive as it is to you. But instead of congregations, trained from childhood in singing, these young organists have whole companies of grown people and children, scarcely any of whom can sing a hymn tune through without the instrument. The music of the service is almost wholly dependent upon these young leaders. If they are well trained, they secure surprisingly good results, for every person in the congregation is eager to sing. But if their training is deficient—may none of you ever be obliged to have your ears tortured with such noises as a Japanese Sunday School, with an untrained leader, can perpetuate!

This, your Girls' School is doing its best to meet its two-fold opportunity. From six in the morning until nine in the evening the wailing of organs and the thump, thump, of piano practice disturb the peace of the neighborhood. The school authorities have found it necessary to forbid practicing before the ringing of the six o'clock rising bell, for the zealous music students would be ready to begin work every morning at four or five o'clock. None of the school buildings were constructed with any idea of making them sound-proof. An English class may have its whole lesson disturbed by a piano student in the room below. She in turn is using the soft pedal and worrying all the time about the annoyance

she is causing her schoolmates. Pianos and organs have had to be put into rooms used part of the day by classes. Practice periods are almost impossible to arrange. Singing classes must be held in the dormitory, a Japanese building, consequently subject to such extremes of heat and cold as to be ruinous to any piano. In this dormitory where the bulk of the practicing must be done, doors made of a paper resembling our tissue paper form the partitions between several rooms used for practicing.

Despite all its disadvantages, your school in Japan has done good solid musical work, and to-day it is the undisputed musical leader of Sendai. How long it can continue this good work depends largely upon what the Church at home will do this year. The school is asking for a new building, to cost \$12,000. It is planned that one wing of this building shall be given to the music department, and that it shall contain a room for singing classes, and several sound-proof practice rooms. With this equipment, it will be possible for the school to render more and more efficient service for years to come.

For the sake of the Christianity we all believe, for the sake of our beautiful art, and according to the measure of the joy it brings to us, I ask that every one of you, the musical people of the Reformed Church, shall join in making our dream of larger service a reality.

Kate I. Hansen, Musical Bachelor, Instructor in Music, Miyagi Girls' School.

*In this article<sup>14</sup> published in The Reformed Church Messenger, Kate describes briefly the importance of women writers in ancient Japanese history and then recounts the decline of women with the rise of Buddhism and Confucianism. Two new forces—Western civilization and Protestant Christianity—will help Japanese women return to their “rightful place in life,” she asserts.*

## **Our College Women, and Their Sisters in Japan**

*Kate I. Hansen*

### **I. Past Rights and Wrongs**

The women of Japan are worth-while people. Away back in the dim beginnings of Japanese history, women held an honorable place in the nation. Nine Empresses, in early times, ruled Japan in their own right. The Empress Jingo is as famous in Japanese stories as is King Arthur in those of our ancestors. In the literature that has come down to us from that ancient time, women hold an important place, as diarists, poets, historians, essayists, and novelists. What Japanese does not know of Murasakino-Shikibu, “the Richardson of Japan,” who “added to Japanese literature a new kind of composition, the novel, or epic or real life”?

With the triumph of Chinese Buddhism and Confucianism in Japan, all this was changed. True, Japanese women, as a whole, never sank quite as low as the women of some other Oriental countries. Still, “This religion made woman such a chattel and slave of man, declaring her an unclean, defiled fool—that the government came to consider her merely a necessary convenience, out of which a submissive daughter, a prudent wife, and a good mother might be evolved for the upkeep of the State.” The whole duty of woman, according to the Confucian book which was a wedding gift to every bride consisted in the “Three Obediences”—“Obediences to Father, Obedience to Husband, Obedience to Son.” That was yesterday. What of today?

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<sup>14</sup>*Reformed Church Messenger*, November 11, 1920, pp. 6–7.

## II. Present Progress

From our own country, more than sixty years ago, there came to Japan two new forces—Western civilization, and Protestant Christianity. Together, they are working nothing short of a revolution. Japanese women are coming again into their rightful place in Japanese life. Every newspaper and magazine has its new instance of their changed position. They are in business, from clerks and stenographers up to financiers like the late Madame Hirooka, the millionaire head of banks and mines. They are in literary work, like the translator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, or the editor of the magazines *Women's Friend*, *New Girls*, and *Children's Friend*, or the numerous writers of verse, tales and novels. They are painters and musicians. They are trained nurses and physicians. They are running schools, like Miss Tsuda, pioneer head of the Normal College for English Teachers. They are teaching everywhere in colleges, in high schools, and in the grades. They lead in social reform, like the venerable Mrs. Yajima, organizer of the W. C. T. U. and indefatigable worker for equal laws and equal moral standards for men and women, or like Miss Hayashi, one of the heroic leaders in the recent hot campaigns against the terrible licensed prostitution system in Osaka. They are standing side by side with men as leaders in the newly organized labor unions. Thousands of them are in religious work, from the unknown devoted Bible Woman of the country village, to world-famous leaders like Miss Kawai of the Y. W. C. A.

Perhaps more significant than all the rest, they are winning the right to decide whom they shall marry, and they are taking their places in thousands of enlightened homes, no longer as servants or playthings, but as equal partners, intellectual companions to their husbands, efficient managers of their households, wise as well as devoted mothers, yet with time and energy to give to education and culture, to social and philanthropic work, to organize church work and to personal leading of others to Christ. To name but one friend, such was the late Mrs. Imaizumi, of Sendai, one of the first students of our own Miyagi Girls' School, an example and an inspiration for many years to women old and young, Japanese and foreign. Such are the wives that the best Japanese men are trying to find today.



*Miyagi Mother and Daughter Group, with alumnae and teachers. Miyagi College Auditorium is in the background.*

### **III. The Present Problem**

Such are the women who more than any other one section of the people, will make the Japan of tomorrow, *if only enough of them are raised up and trained*. But who is to raise them up, and where are they to be trained? Judging from the past, there can be but one answer. The vast majority of the outstanding women in Japan today, the women who are making their mark on the country for good, are Christians. Moreover, Christian schools, in most cases, have trained them. Making every allowance and giving every credit to the government normal and high schools, I yet believe that, under God, the chief responsibility and the great opportunity lie with the Christian high schools and colleges for women. Listen to Miss Tsuda, for many years recognized as the greatest woman educator in Japan, whose pupils hold positions in nearly every public high school for girls in the country. She says, "Education alone, culture of mind and body, neglecting the spirit, as is the method of the public schools, brings only bad results. The young are drifting, mistaking license for freedom; the result is chaos."

The Protestant Christian high schools, about forty in number, are scattered all over Japan. Originally, they corresponded very closely to American high schools. Within the last few years, however, following government regulations, most of them have lowered their entrance age by two or even three years. Whereas, in the past, their students stayed with them to the comparatively mature age of nineteen or twenty, they now graduate at sixteen or seventeen—and Japanese girls are far less mature at that age than most Americans. Hence arose necessity for college work, and Christian schools are not neglecting it. In the extreme South, for example, the Methodists are extending the college work of their Nagasaki Girls' School. In Central Japan, the Congregationalists have obtained for their Kobe school recognition from the government as a full-fledged college. In Tōkyō and Yokohama, six Missions having schools in those cities have united their higher courses to form the new Woman's Christian College. Finally, in North Japan, is our own Miyagi Girls' School, which now has four courses above the high school. English, Music, Bible and Domestic Science, of two or three years each. Everywhere these schools are prospering. Problems they have, and many; but the chief of them is the securing of thoroughly educated, strong, consecrated workers, Japanese and American, chiefly women. For the stupendous task of raising up an adequate Christian leadership for Japanese women is not a task for the half-trained, nor for weaklings, nor for the spiritually uncertain.

#### **IV. The Challenge to Reformed Church Women**

The Miyagi Girls' School shares in the prosperity and the problems of her sister schools. The high school has been growing in numbers. This year, three times as many applied for entrance to the freshman class as the building could accommodate. That is a common event in boys' schools, for all Japanese families try to educate their boys; but it is a new and significant development in girls' schools. The higher, or college department, organized in its present form in 1916, had an enrollment of over eighty in 1919. The figures for this year are not yet at hand, but increased numbers are reported, especially in the Bible course.

The higher course graduates are already in positions of responsibility, as strong Christian wives and mothers, as Bible Women, and as high school teachers of English, Music and Domestic Science. The demand for our graduates for high school positions, especially in music, is far beyond our power to supply. The reason is two-fold—these graduates are thoroughly trained in their respective subjects, and nearly everyone of them is a Christian, like the high school graduates of the past twenty-five years.

What does it all mean? Simply that the Miyagi Girls' School is face to face with the greatest opportunity in its history, full of opportunities as that history has been. Its college course is the only one of the kind in all North Japan. More than with any other single agency, the immediate future of Christian leadership for the women of North Japan rests with this school. It is a task to challenge the powers of the strongest, the most highly gifted college woman.

The women of the Reformed Church, through the Missionary Societies, have done much. They provided the building which made the college work possible. They are giving constantly of their efforts, their prayers, their means, and they will give more and more. But that is still not enough. To the college women, the specially trained women, comes just now the insistent call, "Give yourselves!" For, while students and classes and departments have been multiplying, the missionary force alone has remained almost stationary. A college and a high school combined cannot be run with the same number of workers as a high school only! If this, our school, is to seize its opportunity; if it is to grow, not merely in numbers, but in Christian efficiency, without which numbers are worse than nothing, then it must have more missionary teachers and that without delay. Dr. Faust, the principal, at his wits' end to provide for the work, is sending appeal after appeal. Two new missionary teachers ought to be on the field today, one to work in the English department, the other, a conservatory graduate in voice, to help build up the music department, and both, to take their share in the tremendous task of making Christian leaders. Where are they? Surely, among all the well-qualified college women of the Reformed Church, there cannot fail to be those with consecration and strength enough to meet this challenge. It is an

opportunity to work in a different place, a place of honor, a place where all our gifts and powers can be made to count toward a supremely worthwhile object—the speedy Christianizing of Japan, the leader of Asia. Just as clearly, I believe, as the message came to Paul of old, there comes to our college women the call from the Miyagi Girls' School, "Come over into Asia and help us!" May every such college woman who reads this, stop and ask herself, in all seriousness, "*Is this call to me? If not, why not?*"

*Logan, Kansas.*



*In a 1932 report to the Mission Society, Kate included an article “Music Hath Charms,”<sup>15</sup> in which she emphasizes the importance of “Western music” in Christian Schools in Japan. She describes the appeal of this music to young Japanese and outlines the rigorous course of instruction for music students at Miyagi College. She also emphasizes the excellent prospects for their employment in the face of worldwide depression.*

## **Music Hath Charms**

A CHRISTIAN School is exactly like a Christian Church in Japan or anywhere else—it cannot get along without music. In Japan, “music” means what we here call “Western Music”—the system of music, founded on the major scale and chords, that is literally and historically the child of the Christian Church; born because Christians of necessity must have some adequate means of expressing the new peace and joy that had come into the world; nurtured and developed in the Church, reaching its full expression in the mighty spirits of Bach and Beethoven.

Young Japan flocks to hear and study this Western music. Christian Japan, like the early Christians, find in it the satisfying expression of their new life in Christ. When the revised Union Hymnal, just published, was being prepared, the foreigners on the committee often suggested the inclusion of old Japanese tunes. The Japanese members rejected them. Founded on Buddhism they could not express the new life of a Japanese Christian. The Japanese turned to Western Christian music.

This kind of music Miyagi College tries to teach in its fullness. The high school freshman on the first day of school buys a Bible and a Hymnal. She sings hymns every morning at chapel. She studies singing twice a week. It is hard for her, because her ears still cannot hear all the new intervals of the Western system. She may have piano or organ lessons if she pays for them, with Japanese Christian teachers, trained in Miyagi College. She may be in the school chorus and sing in oratorios like the *Messiah* or *The Holy City*.

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<sup>15</sup>Woman’s Missionary Society, Reformed Church in the United States. No date.

If she has done well enough, she may, upon graduation, enter the Higher Course in Music and spend three years in intense study. She will have as classmates girls from many other schools, both government and private. Some are already Christians; some are indifferent or opposed to Christianity, but all are united in their love of music, which is a powerful agent in bringing the Christian life to them all. A very musical, unusually talented girl, who entered the music course bitterly opposed to Christianity, ascribes her conversion chiefly to the study of the Beethoven sonatas. They touched the spirit which Christian friends and teachers had tried in vain to reach.

As the girls become Christians, and so far every graduate has done so, they wish to use their music in Christian service. They teach singing in the Miyagi Y.W.C.A. night school; they teach the Bible and singing, and play the organ in all kinds of Sunday schools; they become organists in various churches. One music senior this year has been president of the College Y.W.C.A.; another teaches hymn-singing to some fifty children every Sunday in our Sunday-school. Every girl uses her music in some way to help the cause of Christ.

They graduate, and the majority—seventy-four per cent up to date—go into wider service as teachers in Christian schools, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, Episcopalian, all over Japan. Four are now serving in Kyushu, the southern island. One has taught for six years in Hokkaido, the northern island, teaches Bible as well as music, is a class sponsor, and wields a powerful Christian influence. Another, in a Presbyterian School on the west coast of the main island, adds the duties of dormitory matron to those of music teacher. “A jewel, both in spirit and work” is her principal’s comment on another, who is finishing her third year in a Methodist school up north.

The Japanese principal of an independent Christian school, applying this spring for one of our graduates, writes, “We want a devoted Christian who has interest in religious music, a Christian personality, besides technical skill in music teaching.” He has stated the very real need that exists in Japanese Christian schools, which they look to us to meet. Every member of the class of 1931 is now teaching in a Christian school, and

that in a year of such unemployment that it is said eighty-five per cent of the graduates from the Imperial University failed to find positions.

In the end, most of the music graduates marry, and their influence becomes that of a Christian wife and mother, passing on her character and her attainments to the next generation. Some are able to do work outside the home also. Many assist in church music. Mrs. K., the mother of four little children, finds time to teach one morning a week in Miyagi College, and to be an active worker in her church, together with her husband, an outstanding Christian business man. Mrs. W., a young pastor's wife, besides the care of what she calls "my obstreperous small son," gives herself devotedly to assisting in her husband's church. Mrs. M., wife of the energetic and able governor of a far-off island in the South Seas, the only Protestant Christian on the island when she went there, does real missionary work with her large club of women. She writes, "Michiko" (her little daughter) says, "I want to grow up quick so I can go to Mamma's big school. When can I go to Sendai?" "When you get into the fifth grade, we're all going back." "O, that's too long. Send me back sooner." Later Mrs. W. writes, "Sensei!" (a term of respect for a teacher), "Even in a place like this, God is always good to us and guides us. There is no church here, but a few of us have a Bible class every week. Most of the class are not Christians, and we are studying the Bible from the ground up. I am always most grateful for the blessings that I received in Miyagi College."

KATE I. HANSEN,  
Head of the Music Department, Miyagi College

*To obtain eyewitness accounts of the missionary teacher Kate Hansen's personal habits, traits, and other characteristics while she was in Japan, a panel of former students, coworkers, and assistants assembled in late 1985 to reminisce. William Cundiff, the professor of music who directed the session, summarized participants' observations, insights, and memories in a question-and-answer format. Miss Katsu Sato, Kate's longtime teaching assistant and helper, was especially active in the discussion.*

## **A Word Picture of the Missionary**

### **1. How was Dr. Hansen to work for?**

She was a very demanding but not unpleasant person to work for. She always tried to get the best out of anyone who worked for her. She was a very gentle person, but extremely firm. She was a strong-willed woman who was good at making decisions—and then sticking to them. But she was easy to work for because she was not a typical musician. She did not show her emotions, according to her teaching assistant. She and Miss Lindsey, the English teacher, were very faithful to their classes. They were rarely late or absent. Once when neither showed up, the school literally went into a “tizzy” and a runner was sent off to their house.

They were not there! Later on, it turned out that they had gone off to see the great American Babe Ruth, a baseball hero who was playing in a game in Sendai, Japan.

### **2. Did she ever talk about why she came to Japan? What do you think?**

Everyone understood that her main purpose was to spread the Message of God, Miss Sato, her former teaching assistant said. “I never felt that she had ‘forsaken’ America at all. She was very loyal and patriotic to the United States.” The panel agreed that Kate's main interest was in spreading the Gospel of Christ. Even in her music history classes she always stressed the faith of the composers and not just the musical results of their labors.

### **3. What did she think of the Emperor and the social structure in Japan?**

She was careful not to be involved in local politics. She liked the Emperor and the Empress. When she was decorated by the Japanese Government after the war, she was received by the Empress and was given a tour of the beautiful gardens of the palace. She was impressed and wrote home to her family about this great honor. Concerning the social customs relating to Japanese women, she was not pleased, but often distressed.

### **4. What did she think of General Douglas MacArthur?**

She thought that he was great for his job.

### **5. How did she get along with the Japanese language?**

Any foreigner has trouble learning Japanese. She studied it daily for many years and became quite proficient and fluent in the spoken language although she never really did much reading and writing in Japanese, but she spoke often in the chapel services and dorm meetings in what was considered “polite Japanese” and her listeners were always respectful and courteous. They call her “Sensei” or “Dr. Hansen.” And of course she used the language frequently when the scores of ministers and hundreds of former students called on her, many of them bringing small gifts to show their affections.

As a leader among the missionaries, she had many visits from local and visiting Christian ministers as well as Japanese government education officials. You know that she served as principal, dean, and more than once as acting president of the school and was often the official spokesperson for the school and the missionaries.

### **6. Who were some of her influential Japanese friends as you remember?**

Well, she was very close to Doi, Bansui, and McFadden. Dr. Hansen wrote the music to our school song. She also composed the music to the lyrics that McFadden wrote, which became a standard hymn in Christian Churches and is still being sung in Japan.

### **7. Was she an outgoing person?**

She never displayed her private feelings to those around her, and she never boasted or talked about her diplomas, accomplishments, or honors at all. She was modest to a fault. She always refused to engage in controversial discussions with anyone and kept her views on such small matters in her private domain. But she was full of ideas and only her very disciplined approach to life prevented her from openly revealing her thoughts.

### **8. What do you know about her everyday home life in Japan?**

Well, she and Miss Lindsey, the American English teacher, shared a house provided by the school. A Japanese couple worked for them for many years. Takeo San and her husband, who did the cooking, were considered to be their servants. Takeo San stayed with the missionaries until they retired in 1952, and then stayed on in their house to work for Ruth Snyder, another missionary. It was said that Miss Lindsey did all the shopping and took care of the home. Dr. Hansen was the “man of the house.” All the old grads who visited them thought that they made the “perfect couple.” They got along like sisters and hardly ever disagreed on anything. Once, though, it was reported that they had “words” over an election of a Kansas governor, but it was soon over with no hard feelings. The panel members agreed that the relationship of Kate and Lydia was indeed truly wonderful but rare.

### **9. Did she have any pets?**

She had a cat which she loved and permitted to run on her piano keyboard at home. But in school she did not even allow students to place music on the Steinway piano in the auditorium. Her cat’s name was “Logan” and it liked rice and fish. She said that Logan would not eat the standard Christian food of bread and milk.

**10. She was said to like flowers. What kinds?**

Any kind. She was really crazy about flowers and was never happier than when gathering wildflowers, which she especially loved, or in working in her garden cultivating them. Her mother sent seeds to her, which became her pride and joy and something to write home about. She always wore gloves to protect her hands while tending the garden. Of course, she practiced the piano for several hours nearly every day. She saw something really beautiful in both music and flowers.

**11. Did she have a favorite food? What did she like?**

She never drank coffee and was not fond of sweets. If given candy, as was often the case when visitors arrived at her home, she always found occasions to offer it to students, guests, and friends. Two things were known to be among her most favorite foods: watermelon and unagi (eels).

**12. Did she have any hobbies or how did she spend her spare time?**

Playing the piano or reed organ came first. Walking was high on the list. A major portion of her spare time was handwriting thousands of personal letters to people around the world. She loved to listen to “live” music, especially on Saturday afternoons or Sundays. And gardening was right at the top of the list in the spring, summer, and fall. She did an awful lot of reading.

**13. Tell me about her reading habits.**

She received many, many American magazines and journals and subscribed to American book clubs. She read all the time. She was known to give hundreds, and perhaps thousands of books as gifts to her friends and to discuss the books with them. She also took American newspapers and magazines. Her one dedication to reading was a thorough examination of *The Japan Times* every day.

**14. Did she have a favorite musician?**

She was crazy about Sibelius. Others were Rachmaninoff, Grieg, and McDowell.

**15. What personal possessions did she have?**

Not many. Her worldly possessions were few. Just the necessities. She would have nothing to do with such things as a typewriter, or a phonograph. She didn't want to have them near her. She let it be known that she preferred live music to recorded music and never relented on this point. Of course, she had her beloved piano, a reed organ, and some books along with a watch. In 1915, she and Miss Lindsey bought a cottage for a summer home up in the mountains at Karuizawa, but it was more of a gathering place for friends and visitors than a private hideaway. When they retired, they gave the cottage to the school.

**16. How was her health?**

It was about perfect. We never knew her to be sick. It was well known that she went regularly to St. Luke's Hospital and the Butler Dental Clinic in Tōkyō for annual check-ups and examinations.

**17. Did she have many Japanese friends?**

Oh yes. She had many Japanese friends because she valued friendships and patiently took the time to keep up her end of these relationships. Her friends grew steadily over the years with each new class of students and her continuing contacts with them and their families.

**18. What about her travels?**

She was always excited about returning to Kansas. Once she took the Trans-Siberian trip home through Asia and Europe but never talked about it with us. Of course, she went to the mountains in the summer, and, once during her tenure here, she spent the summer of 1941 in China on a sight-seeing expedition.



**19. How did she dress?**

She had a local dress maker prepare her clothes to order. She always wore the same color—deep wine red. She prided herself on her rather large, but colorful hats.

**20. How did she feel when she came back after the War?**

She was so very sad about the destruction of lives and property, especially the school buildings, which were pretty much destroyed. She had great sympathy for the people, especially the students, children, the old, women who had no utilities, especially heat and water, no clothing, food or shelter. She tried to help us all she could. But she was genuinely glad to see old friends and to share their pitiful experiences. She was never happier than when helping others in these basic needs, all the time bringing the good news of the Gospel to us who so desperately needed it. Dr. Hansen was deeply affected by our plight, and we were so happy to see her again. She was told how the government officials had torn from her office walls the class schedules which were in English and questioned her teaching assistant for twelve hours. Members of the panel recalled how Dr. Hansen organized a worship service and Christmas party for the children of the neighborhood in 1946. No one attending will ever forget the event. It was, according to the panel, a beloved American missionary reaching out to them in love and a spirit of reconciliation.

**21. Did she like Japanese paintings?**

Yes, but she liked all Japanese paintings but had no special favorites.

**22. Did she have favorite places to visit?**

Nikko for symphonies and Karuizawa for summer vacations. But deep down in her heart, there was only one number one place in the whole world: Logan, Kansas.

**23. Any ideas on how she spent the summer vacation time?**

She was very active all the time with prearranged activities and with old and new friends, prominent Japanese figures, American visitors, fellow missionaries, and regular summer residents from across Japan. Tōkyō shops and businesses opened temporary outlets at Karuizawa, and there were plays, concerts, and the other literary and artistic events. Of course, the cool, damp climate was exceedingly refreshing to those who otherwise would have been sweltering in hot, muggy weather at home. Dr. Hansen valued these summer intervals highly and eagerly looked forward to them.

**24. What stands out as most memorable to you personally about Dr. Hansen?**

“She gave me a jade ring, which I highly prize. She got it on her trip to China in 1941,” reported Sato, her teaching assistant.

**25. Did she have a favorite saying?**

All of us still quote her as saying that “Christmas can come a thousand times, but if the heart is not prepared for receiving Christ it is of no value.” We understood the message.

**26. How will she be remembered?**

“If she had been a man, she could have been president of the United States.”

## *Chapter 6*

# War with Japan and Post-war Years

### *The Months before World War II*

Kate Hansen had long been an astute student of international affairs and worked hard to keep abreast of important news events. During the 1930s she was painfully aware of the growing tensions among nations and the possibility of another world war.

Throughout this decade the ominous clouds of war boiled up on several fronts around the world. Kate followed with great interest and apprehension the Japanese actions in China, including the occupation of Manchuria in 1931. Japan continued its depredations into China, seizing city after city from 1937 on. Only seven decades after welcoming Western technology, Japan's rapid modernization had made possible that nation's widespread imperialist ambitions in Asia.

In November 1941, the Japanese military decided to inflict a crippling blow in a surprise attack against the United States and secretly moved its forces into position. The peaceful Pacific Ocean would become a bloody theater of war for the next four years.

*In the following two letters, which Kate sent with trusted individuals to the United States to avoid the pre-war censorship of the Japanese mail system, she frankly describes conditions in Japan. She and Lydia Lindsey had hesitated to return to Japan after their last furlough because of the growing possibility of war, but they felt that they had made the right decision. In the first letter Kate astutely compares German and Japanese policies of aggression and the reasons for the German-Japanese alliance. She also describes the efforts to eliminate Christianity in Japan and the growing restrictions on churches' support from abroad. As war with Japan seemed imminent, the Japanese people themselves met the missionary teachers with "extra courtesy and kindness."*

*In the second letter she describes the food shortages and their attempts at improvising substitutes for strictly rationed items. She considered these "minor matters." Most important and troubling to her, however, was her lack of sympathy of the goals and practices of the Japanese government. She and Lydia were prepared to leave at a moment's notice and had already shipped many boxes to Kansas City.*

Sendai, Oct. 12, '40

Dear Mamma and Dane:—

A chance presents itself of sending an uncensored letter, so here it is. We are carrying on as usual, but we do not know for how long. We are keeping in close touch with the Embassy, and shall do as we are told. If we should have to go tomorrow, I shall feel that we did right to come back when we did, for what we have been able to do for the school and our associates in that time.

What has happened appears to be similar to the Hitler policy in Germany. The small clique who are running things aim at first domination of East Asia, then East and South Asia, and at last the world. In the first stages Hitler is useful to them. Hence the alliance. They have Nazi advisers from Germany to instruct them in methods of keeping the people in line. Many "new" things we recognize as old acquaintances from Germany. One thing that stands in their way is Christianity. While only one Japanese in 100 is an out-and-out Christian, the influence of

Christian ideas in this country is immense. You probably wouldn't apply the term of "Christian" ideas to them—you'd call them just ordinary decent American ideas, and you'd be quite right, for that's where our ordinary decent American ideas come from in the first place. So, there is a determined effort to eliminate Christianity, and to smash Christian institutions, but, all under the forms of law, and in as veiled a manner as possible, so as not to provoke opposition at home, nor retaliation abroad.

The obvious course is first to say that no institution in Japan shall receive support from abroad. Our country does something on that order, with quite different motives and purpose of course. It hits hardest the Japanese churches in small places. In the cities they have long ceased to have any help from abroad, but the country ones are naturally not yet able to do that. The hard-pressed Japanese church is reorganizing to meet the new conditions, doing the best they can to keep things going. The Episcopalians have been the hardest hit, because that church came originally from England. In this district, only their Sendai church is entirely self-supporting. The others in the country and small towns are partly so, in varying degrees. Their ministers met a few days ago in Sendai and resolved to carry on, the young men without families dividing what little they have with the older ones with families, perhaps getting some outside work to help support themselves, but staying by their little churches and trying to keep them going. Our denomination, a union body, has many more fully self-supporting city churches, but it also has many more of the partially dependent ones in smaller places. The evolution to financial independence was going on gradually and in a healthy manner, several churches going to independence each year, as they grew in membership, and new places then being opened up with the funds from abroad which were thus released. The government will not permit them to receive these funds after this year, and they'll have a hard time of course. The whole object, naturally, is to check the spread of Christianity. Whether it succeeds is up to the Japanese Christians themselves. Once before, some 300 or 400 years ago, they met the same kind of thing. Christianity was checked but not exterminated.

Christian schools have more leeway, because the country hasn't enough schools to go around, and because the authorities would like to keep them and make them just secular schools. Hence the regulations issued late this summer, requiring all foreigners in positions of authority to resign, and requiring the schools to become self-supporting "as soon as possible." Of course anyone who knows education knows that there is no such thing as a self-supporting college. High schools, by making their classes large enough and by paying their teachers little enough, are able to do it. But such high schools lose both their educational effectiveness and a large part of their Christian character, becoming low-grade secular schools, to all intents and purposes, which is exactly what the authorities want. Here again, however, the personal influence of strong teachers goes far to offset the other factors, and we think that it is worthwhile to keep the schools going, under whatever disadvantages, if it can be done, until better times come. Foreigners are not barred from teaching and there are many Japanese Christian teachers with backbone, devoted to their tasks. Meanwhile, everyone we meet urges us to stay put and keep on—our colleagues here, Japanese educational and church leaders in Tōkyō, our own alumnae singly and in groups. We've just spent four days in Tōkyō, meeting individuals for confidential conferences, also a group of our prominent alumnae, who are working for the school. Unfortunately, in Japan women have few legal rights and can't own property as a rule; hence the work they can do for the school is limited. Endowment is their main object.

As far as our own living is concerned, we are going on as if nothing had happened. Everywhere we meet with extra courtesy and even kindness, it seems to us, from the strangers we meet. Our servants had the house in shining order from top to bottom, and everything runs like clock-work. Our cook is so skilled as a forager that we've not felt the food restrictions at all. Of course we brought things with us, but we have used only a little of the flour and sugar—our man gets it somehow for us. Our fuel for the winter was laid in for us. Electricity is rationed, but we seem to have enough. Taxis are very scarce, but we usually walk anyway, always have done so.

And in school, our students are extra nice to us, try to anticipate our wishes, nearly work their heads off in our classes. We know how ashamed they are of the actions of their government, by the way they keep coming around, in private, to apologize. Naturally, in a totalitarian country they don't express any opinions in public. Neither do we. It isn't necessary.

The authorities would also like to confiscate foreigners' property, we think—all under forms of law—but don't go far for fear of retaliation on their own people abroad. Also, they'd love to get rid of us, but there are about ten times as many Japanese in America who then would promptly be sent out, probably, so nothing but indirect means can be used—unless of course they decide on war, which cancels everything, and in which case our Embassy would get us all out in double quick time.

The one thing we notice on all the streets is the shabbiness of the people. As their clothes wear out, they can't get new ones, except of the cheap grade rayon they call süfü, which won't wash because it is more or less soluble in water. Men's suits of it wrinkle at the first wearing and can't be kept pressed. The government is trying hard to put the whole nation, men and women, into süfü uniforms, khaki or near-khaki-colored. So far, the women have held out against them, and not many men wear them yet. The country isn't yet so totalitarian as Germany, you see. And there's even a rumor that the titular ruler himself is opposed to the German alliance. Nobody knows anything about that. However, there were absolutely no demonstrations of pleasure, like decorations or parades, when the thing was announced. One semi-official newspaper complained in an editorial about the lack of enthusiasm.

If you get a box or a small trunk from San Francisco, open it and look things over, and keep them for us. Some things of mine I didn't take home before, and some of L's I wanted her to take home, will be in it if it comes. Just say in a letter, "I'm looking out for your property," and don't give any details. The friends who may bring it will send you the bill for expenses. This is merely a precaution, so was my taking home the other things.

I've written you freely, because I don't want you to be worrying and imagining things to be worse than they are. No doubt you have all kinds of sensational things in the papers. Today we read that many American women and children are leaving Peking, which is quite natural. If the time comes when we must go, be sure we shall, but only when our Embassy advises it.

With much love, K.

Of course you must not acknowledge receipt of this, nor quote it in public.

Yokohama, Apr. 25, '41

Dear Mamma and Dane:

This morning I wrote you a letter to go on the Asama Maru tomorrow. Now I'm starting another, and you will guess how it came when you get it. Mainly, this uncensored one is just to let you know that there isn't much that I haven't been writing you right along—outside of newspaper news, of which you probably get more than we do. For our English daily has a censor on the job every minute of the time, so automatically we don't believe anything in it, even if it is true! As far as our daily living is concerned, we have not lacked for anything we need. We still have about 150 pounds of the flour we brought out, and some sugar and coffee. Those are the three things most strictly rationed. However, people who bake bread at home can get an extra allowance of flour. Sugar is pretty strict. We can still get considerable honey as a substitute, and jams and marmalade, some of them very good, are on the market. Coffee, so Lydia says, is entirely off the market, what is sold for coffee not being coffee at all. There is no chocolate. Butter is mixed with margarine, but tastes all right. We get good beef and plenty of it, good pork in smaller quantities, extra good eggs every day, every kind of fish, enough vegetables of different kinds—Tōkyō has a potato famine, but not Sendai—and great quantities of fruit.

We don't need any new clothes, so are not troubled by the fact that the manufacture of woolen and cotton goods is forbidden, and that real



silk is almost off the market, everything being very poor quality of “süfü”—substitutes made of wood-pulp. Plenty of all these wool, silk, and cotton goods are made, but for export, to get money to spend on war materials. Also there is plenty of all kinds of food, including sugar, but the government tries to reserve everything exportable for export purposes, to get money for munitions. Every once in awhile a lot of goods intended for export gets thrown on the market—possibly because of some boycott on Japanese goods abroad, and then people eagerly buy it up. Powdered and canned milk is a case in point, being ordinarily sold only on special tickets, to people with babies. However, the last time we travelled up from Tōkyō, we found the vendors at some stations selling great quantities of bottled milk, made, as we found from the taste, out of sweetened canned milk. (We get all the fresh milk we need in Sendai. Both Lydia and I drink it for breakfast, and we use a lot in cooking. We also get cream occasionally.) Of course, rice and flour and bread being rationed, one can’t buy any except in one’s own place. We can’t buy rolls or crackers in Yokohama for our lunch tomorrow—have to get our lunch from the hotel or on the train. But after all, these are minor matters.

What really does matter, is being so utterly out of sympathy with every idea and aim of this government, and keeping still about it. So far, I think it is worth while, for the sake of keeping the school going until the new President can get here and get started. For reasons good and sufficient, it is impossible for him to come before June, possibly not for awhile longer. And it can’t be announced that he is coming. But we believe that he is the one who can and will save the school, as a Christian institution, if any one can do it, in the face of all the subtle persecution of Christianity, inspired by the Nazi Germans who are swarming all over the country, and are installed as “advisers” in all kinds of government bureaus and offices, and think up all kinds of things the Japanese themselves couldn’t think up.

However, any time our Consulate says, “You can’t wait any longer, you must go,” we are prepared to leave at a minute’s notice. And any time the persecution of Christianity as a “foreign” religion reaches Sendai, and our school begins to suffer because of the presence of “foreign” teachers, we are prepared to go at once. So don’t be surprised to see

me or get a cable announcing my coming! On the other hand, there's a rumor going the rounds here that what Matsuoka really went for, was to tell Hitler he wasn't prepared to go to war with the U.S.A. It may be true—anything can be these days.

Meanwhile, don't worry about me. I'm in robust health, and getting along all right. I'm writing you every week, even if only a post-card, and trying to be discreet so that my letters will get through.

With very much love,

Kate

P.S. I hope our 15 boxes got to K.C. all right, and that the Consulate letter got them through without duty, as it was supposed to do. I think I asked you to leave them in bond in K.C. if they started at the Customs to charge a lot of duty. People sending personal effects and household goods home on the advice of the consulate and with a consular letter are not supposed to pay duty.

Today a shop here, Nikkō and Fuji, is mailing a package to Dane Gray in your care, Dane, containing a cloisonné vase as a graduating present. I wanted to send him something lasting, and this was the most beautiful thing I could find. It's against the law to manufacture them now, and no Japanese are permitted to buy on [*sic*]—the “anti-luxury law”; but foreigners can do it, if they're sending the things abroad. You can imagine the plight of the Yokohama shops that always catered to tourists!

K.

P.S.2. Today I met a man who is to be depended on, who had just had an interview with our Ambassador, and the Ambassador said, “Things are looking a little better in U.S.A.-Japanese relations, although one can never tell what these militarists will do.”

K.

*The Rush to Leave Japan*

In October 1941 the president of Miyagi College informed Kate and Lydia that if they wanted to be out of Japan before war broke out with the United States, they would have to leave immediately. There was no time to waste. The last of the three evacuation ships was scheduled to sail from Tōkyō at 4:00 p.m. the next day. Friends and colleagues were called quickly, and they came to help in whatever way they could. Kate and Lydia worked throughout the night as they decided what to take with them and what to do with items left behind. They worked at a feverish pitch and decided to make a dash to Tōkyō some 200 miles to the south. Kate and Lydia managed to get there on time and to board the ship to San Francisco via Hawaii.

When they arrived in Hawaii, Lydia decided to disembark and stay there a few days. She would visit a friend who had taught at Miyagi College after the 1923 earthquake and who was now married to a descendant of King Kamehameha. Kate continued on to San Francisco.

Immediately on disembarkation, Kate telephoned her long-time friend and University of Kansas classmate Colonel Karl Baldwin, who was then the head of the Presidio of Monterey in San Francisco. She reported recent events and conversations to him. She told him everything the Miyagi College president had told her about war being imminent. Col. Baldwin immediately relayed the information to higher headquarters authorities. Kate continued her journey to Kansas by train. She reached Salina, Kansas, on November 28. Her plan called for attending her nephew Dane G. Bales's wedding to Polly Roth in Whitewater, Kansas, on November 29.

In later years, Kate was disheartened by the knowledge that she had brought vital information to the attention of authorities more than a week before the fateful bombing of Pearl Harbor but that apparently nothing had been done about it.

*The War Years*

During the years of the Second World War, the Mission Board expected that the missionaries who returned to the United States would seek other employment. Most of the missionaries who remained in Japan during the early years of the war were placed under house arrest. Some were repatriated later.

Although Kate had offers to work for the government during the war, she decided to remain at home in Logan. There she managed the family household and helped care for her aging mother and busy brother, Dane Hansen, a prominent Kansas businessman. She did travel occasionally within the region, at the request of the Mission Board, to make speeches at churches and to community organizations.

During the war, Lydia Lindsey volunteered to teach at a “relocation camp.” There were ten such camps in the western deserts, where 120,000 Japanese-Americans were interned after Pearl Harbor. She initially taught



*When Kate and Lydia hurriedly left Japan in fall 1941, Kate managed to reach Kansas in time to attend the wedding of her nephew, Dane G. Bales, to Polly Roth in Whitewater on November 29.*



*Kate Hansen (on the right) and Lydia Lindsey at the University of Kansas commencement, 1946. Throughout their lives, Kate and Lydia were well-known for their trademark hats, without which they didn't consider themselves well dressed. Although they brought some with them to Japan and some were sent by Kate's mother, who was a milliner, Kate improvised others—from silk, "picture wire, book-binding, and the like."*

eighth grade at the camp in Topez, Utah, for a year in 1943–44, and the following year she taught at Amache near Lamar, Colorado.

One problem faced by the missionaries who returned to the United States was how to respond to requests for information about Japan—its geography, culture, and people. Some missionaries refused to cooperate with the government because they thought this would harm their relationship with the Japanese people and hinder their efforts when they returned after the war.

Because Kate was an American with long years of service in Japan, American intelligence authorities contacted her in Logan. She provided the information that they requested, which included maps of Sendai and a 1913 photo guide to Matsushima.<sup>1</sup>

In the war itself, one of Kate's three nephews in the service was killed in a bomber crash. In the month before atom bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, American B-29s fire-bombed Sendai. The center of the town was destroyed and 9,000 people were killed. Incendiary

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<sup>1</sup>Letter to Kate Hansen from Lt. Commander O. C. Dewey, Naval Intelligence Service, January 3, 1943.

bombs destroyed Kate and Lydia's home in Sendai, as well as seven of the nine Miyagi College buildings.

### *Return to Japan*

After World War II had ended and after her retirement at the age of sixty-seven, Kate answered the recall to active service in 1947. She labored for another four years as an effective volunteer in the reconstruction and democratization of Japan under General MacArthur, the supreme commander of the Allied Powers. The Japanese were struggling to pick up the pieces of their lives after the disastrous war. Kate and Lydia answered the call of their beloved Miyagi College to help in this difficult time. Kate would assist in the rehabilitation of the college's Music Conservatory.

Immediate concerns were food, clothing, shelter, heat, building materials, educational materials, and school equipment. Kate regarded this venture as an opportunity to check up on her life's work, to see her friends again, and to serve in the manner of her original commission. She would see firsthand the reconstruction of war-torn Japan and help reestablish friendly relationships with former enemies, who were eager to welcome her back with open arms. This tour of duty would be filled with observations on how the Japanese people suffered and how the culture and infrastructure had fared during the last phase of the war. In many of her letters home, Kate reflected on her role as an ambassador to Japan, a peacemaker, and reconciler of wide differences among the peoples and cultures of America and Japan.

The common people of Japan, including the young women students of Miyagi School and College, were cold and hungry with no heat for either their homes or classrooms, and very little to eat. Clothing—especially shoes, underclothes, coats, and blankets—was in extremely short supply. Meat and milk were almost impossible to obtain. Now she understood why occupation authorities had required the returning missionaries to bring with them, or arrange for receiving, enough food and clothes to last at least a year. They were also required to bring along a stove, although



*Kate Hansen, January 1948.*

fuel was almost impossible to procure. These items were simply not available to civilians in post-war Japan, especially to foreigners.

Her letters home from 1947 to 1951 are filled with the reflections of a wise, seasoned observer, and they provide brief but vivid glimpses into her day-to-day life. During these post-war years, Kate had plenty to keep her busy. And at this stage of her life she was beginning to have some health problems, particularly with her eyes. The challenges she faced were different from and perhaps even greater than those of her first forty years of missionary experience.



*This letter, which was the first that Kate wrote after returning to Japan after the Second World War had ended, describes the logistics of travel—typically by Army jeep or military train. Their first dinner at the home of Japanese friends was a simple one—not like pre-war feasts. Despite the mud in the streets and the crowded conditions, Kate was clearly impressed with Japanese resilience and resourcefulness.*

Sendai, July 3, '47

We hope to get into our assigned house next week. Shall write about that later. K.

Dear Folks All:—

We are waiting to go to Army IX Corps Headquarters, hence this bit of writing. In general, many things are better than we had expected. We spent Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday with the Krietes at the largest Church World Service Headquarters, Wednesday leaving for Sendai on the Sendai Express that started running just that day. The Army undertakes to get us to our destination, so we, with “Boss” Ankeney, who had come to meet us, rode in state in a nice, clean Army coach, the only passengers all the way except for one G.I. who got on somewhere near Sendai. Monday had been taken up with a jeep trip to Yokohama to get our heavier baggage off the boat, and the Army had porters to do the manual work, while the agent of a transfer company did the book work. When we got to Sendai, our checked baggage, which “Boss” and Carl Kriete had taken to the Ueno (Tōkyō) Station in the jeep trailer, Tuesday evening, had already arrived, and there was no charge for its transportation nor for our own tickets. It included four trunks and several big suitcases. Our six largest trunks and other pieces are coming by freight from [*Yokohama*].

Monday afternoon we were at a meeting of missionaries, teachers, chaplains, and others to hear Dr. Kagawa speak. (Went by jeep as usual) We saw many of our Tōkyō friends, and the address was most informative. Monday evening we were out at a Japanese dinner—it was very simple, not at all like the pre-war elaborate spreads. Tuesday morning we spent



at the Civil Information and Education offices of the American High Command, meeting and talking with a number of the head men—and others—in various departments. Bishop Nichols's eldest son Walter is in one department of this CI&E, and I had a pleasant private visit with him. Lydia, who had had a slight attack of lumbago, didn't make all the rounds. Lloyd Faust and Jimmy Fesperman are in the G.H.Q. Building (MacArthur's), but we had no business there this time, so did not take time to go in. We went also to the headquarters of the United (Protestant) "Church of Christ in Japan," the body with which we all cooperate, and met a number of the officers, and also the officers of the National Christian Education Association. Both seem to be decidedly "going concerns." Our first impression is that the Japanese people are showing the same spirit and recuperative power which made Tōkyō and Yokohama recover so quickly after the Great Earthquake. The physical appearance of these two cities was very like what we saw on our first visit to them after that earthquake. Of course in many places the whole burned space is filled in with shacks, the cheapest and roughest construction possible. Other places which escaped the bombing look exactly as they did before the War. Some burned areas aren't rebuilt at all. Tuesday afternoon, all afternoon, Bess Kriete had a little reception to which she had invited all the Miyagi College alumnae she could reach. Telephones are much scarcer than before the War; hence only a small percentage could be notified, and it simply poured rain all day, but fifty came. Bess thought they would come at different times, stay awhile, have refreshments, and go—but all of them stayed all afternoon! Many had not met since before the War, and they had a gorgeous time. The men of our house, coming in from down-town, said they could hear the noise for a couple of blocks!

Tōkyō streets are a sea of mud. People have to fight their way on to street-cars, and ride on platforms and steps. Our alumnae guests arrived with their white Japanese cloth socks all soaked in muddy water—but they all had brought extra pairs, and changed quickly in the entrance hall.

The trains we saw on our way to Sendai were equally crowded—people riding on car platforms—I saw, many times, 20 to 30 people on one platform and its steps. How they held on I don't know, for the road-beds are terrible, and the trains jump like cars do on bad roads. Our special



*The chapel wing of Faust Hall, Miyagi College, summer 1947. Kate Hansen is in the foreground. This was two years after the American bombing that destroyed seven of the nine Miyagi buildings.*

coach, however, must have had extra good springs, for it went comparatively smoothly. A crowd of teachers and students met us.

July 4. Spent the morning of the “Glorious Fourth” at school, where they had an entertainment, mostly plays, with a few musical numbers. They seem to have reverted to the customs of our earliest days in Japan, and want their programs to be 3 or 4 hours long! The Auditorium was untouched by the bombing, but the Japanese Army had confiscated all the ornamental iron work in it, as well as the whole heating plant. I think they did that in all the schools of Japan. The building was packed and jammed—the school now has 1,700 students. The high school is now housed in six large, rough one-story barracks, and one large two-story wooden building of somewhat better construction. The college building houses the college work fairly well, and also the business offices. The music teachers had my old office in apple-pie order, decorated with bouquets of flowers.—Have had Japanese callers most of the afternoon. Must stop here. Love, Kate.

*Kate describes the recent organization of the Sendai branch of the Japanese Association of University Women (J.A.U.W.) and the reorganization of the Japanese educational system along American lines. Then she recounts a trip on a rickety post-war local train to visit a Japanese family in the village of Hama-Yoshida. The ample dinner served by the doctor's family on this occasion and the flourishing orchards in the vicinity contrasted starkly with the food shortages Kate and Lydia had witnessed after returning to Japan.*

Sendai, Oct. 5, '47

Dear Folks!

First, thank you, Dane, for the card from "Miss— or Mrs.— Smika" and your reply. The A.A.U.W. will be sending around for dues sometime in the spring, I think. Please pay them. I might as well keep up my membership.

The Japanese women have recently organized a J.A.U.W. branch here in Sendai, and I am to be the speaker at about their third general meeting next month. That is another Japanese speech to get up, for they asked me to do it in Japanese, since many of the members don't know much English. There are about half-a-dozen women's colleges in Japan whose graduates are eligible for membership, Miyagi being one of them. Then there are a few women graduates of the Tōhoku Imperial University, here in Sendai, which has for several decades been the only government university that granted degrees to women. I think there must be more, now. The whole educational system is being reorganized, from university to kindergarten, pretty much along American lines.

. . . . .

I wish you folks had had some of our surplus rains in August and September, especially the latter. Ever since the typhoon, Sept. 15, it hasn't been able to clear up for more than a day or so at a time. One of our Japanese teachers of music, who commutes from a town about two hours up the line, had her house flooded, and has been living in the second story ever since, because the constant rains keep the place from

drying out. They managed to get boxes or something to put the piano on, high enough to keep it above the flood water. Stairs in a Japanese house are too narrow and steep to carry a piano up them.

Monday we—the Gerhards, Lydia and I—had an engagement to spend the day with one of our music graduates and her family, at Hama-Yoshida, an hour down the Seashore Line from Sendai. (“Down” meaning south.) We had had a couple of really fine, sunny days; but that morning dawned in a drizzling rain, like so many have done this fall. However, we knew they had made all their preparations, and we couldn’t get a telegram through, anyway, so we put on raincoats and rubbers—no boots for me this time!—and went. It was the first time I’d ridden on anything but an express train, and this one was most dilapidated. I don’t believe there was one entire window in the coach. Many windows had just rough wooden shutters; most of the shutters had a pane of glass, around 3 by 6 inches, set into the wood. As it wasn’t cold, and the rain didn’t seem to come in, we had our windows open; but it must be like travelling in a dungeon, when they have to be closed. The seats were covered with what looked like gunny-sacking. At least it was pretty clean, and so was the car; and as this was a local train and started from Sendai, there wasn’t the terrible jam the through trains get. Nearly everyone had a seat. We got out at the village of Hama-Yoshida (literally Harbor-Yoshida, tho’ the sea is a couple of miles away) in a pouring rain, and were met by our hostess and our host, and by her sister and nephew from Sendai, who had come by the same train, in another of the 6 or 8 coaches. It was only a couple of blocks to their house, a small, simple Japanese one, but newly built and spotlessly clean. And such a warm welcome as we got, made us forget the gloomy day. We had a really good time, all day.

Our host is a doctor, who before the War had his own private hospital in Sendai, a lovely home, and a flourishing practice. Hospital and home were completely destroyed in the bombing of Sendai, and the family fled to this village, the doctor’s native place, and took refuge with his brother, a well-to-do farmer. The townspeople were so delighted to have a doctor there, for the first time in their lives, that they begged him to stay, and as he was unable to rebuild in Sendai, he stayed. The townspeople built

this house for him, and our hostess has made the simple place a very attractive home. He has a big district there, and rides a bicycle where there are good roads, or a horse when there is too much mud. He'd arranged to have the day off to entertain us, and was as friendly and interesting a host as you'd want to have. His wife had been one of my favorite students in the music course. Their fifteen-year-old daughter was at home, since Miyagi has its holiday on Monday, and their smallest boy, 11, in grade school at Watari, the next station, had gotten excused early. Another boy, 17, in school in Sendai, and a girl, 12, from Watari, got in during the afternoon. They were as nice a family group as you would see anywhere in America.

We found that in Japan, as in America, "the farmer eats first," and that includes the farmer's brother and his family. It's the only place we've been where we didn't feel that we were taking food that the people themselves were needing. They served us all the fruit we could eat, as soon as we got there—pears (Japanese ones), apples, and Concord grapes. Then we had a good Japanese dinner at noon, with rice, miso soup (Uncle Will's "devil's broth"), several vegetables, a meat stew, and—the first ones we'd had here—most delicious fresh broiled salmon, caught near Hama-Yoshida at the mouth of their river. In the afternoon the rain held up, and we all walked a mile or so, to one of the farms the elder brother operates. All along the road were one big apple or pear orchard, or bigger vineyard, after another, several of them belonging to relations. It seems the climate and soil of the Hama-Yoshida country are especially good for fruit, and this brother seems to be the one who has business ability and keeps things going. I wanted to find out how he makes out, with the new laws that limit the land one person can have, to less than ten acres,—in some places, to about six acres. It seems to me that the near-communists in our American government are going too far with their "decentralization" program. Some of the laws are too much like Russia. Anyway, these people seem to have a lot of flourishing fruit-raising going on. Incidentally, this hostess of ours is known all over that neighborhood as such a model wife and mother, that every girl from that family connection goes to Miyagi as a matter of course. They commute, leaving every morning at about 6:30 a.m.—It rained "cats and

dogs” as we walked back, but Lydia’s and my long raincoats kept us dry. Then we had another meal, or snack—fruit, and a lot of roasting-ears, with tea, before we started home, carrying baskets of grapes & c., with us. And none of us caught cold! Love, Kate.

P.S. Dane, skip this!—You should see my morning-glories, all along our front fence. They were planted around the middle of July, came up in three days, and have been blossoming all thro’ September—red, white and blue, like mine at home. Only, the plants are like weeds, they’re so thrifty; they cover the whole fence, and pile up on the top; and there are literally hundreds of blossoms. People stop constantly to admire them.

Our vegetable garden has given us several messes of Kentucky Wonders, three messes of sweet corn, radishes, lettuce, and chard, and our tomato plants have green tomatoes on them now. No frost yet at all. Our other flowers—nasturtiums, petunias, California poppies, haven’t amounted to anything but leaves. K.

*Despite the refusal of the Japanese government to grant permits for buying building materials for churches, the Church World Service funded the purchase of twenty Quonset huts for use in Japanese cities that had suffered bomb damage. Kate details the ability of the Japanese to make the hut in Sendai look “not only churchly but pretty.” When the Japanese Army had requisitioned the former church during the war, resourceful Japanese Christians removed some of the pews and took the organ and pulpit to the minister’s home, where they continued to hold services. After the war, they restored these in the Quonset hut.*

Sendai, Japan  
Dec. 7, '47

Dear Folks All!

We spent this afternoon from 2 to 5 at the dedication of the Quonset hut given by Church World Service for use as a church. They sent 20 in all to Japanese cities that had been bombed. This service was long-drawn-out, but more interesting than most things of the kind, because various speakers told of the history of the movement and of the various obstacles in Japan that had had to be overcome. The government will give no permits to buy building materials for churches nor, I think, for temples or shrines. These huts had to be furnished with foundations, the interiors finished to look like churches, etc. In all, according to the report of the Building Committee, it cost about ¥200,000<sup>00</sup> to get this place in shape to use as a church—that’s \$4,000<sup>00</sup> at the official rate of 50 to 1, and about \$1,000<sup>00</sup> at what our papers say is the present real value of the yen.

The Department of Education has jurisdiction over the allocation of building materials to schools, and to buildings for religious purposes, and it at first refused to grant anything; but at last granted enough to put the 20 huts into shape, on 3 conditions:—that each church raise a minimum of ¥50,000<sup>00</sup> for this purpose, that each church permit all other churches in the community to use its building, and that each church do some “social service” or charity work. There was of course no difficulty in Sendai about meeting these conditions.



The Quonset hut was a poor affair compared to the church it replaced, but the committee, with the artistic ability of the Japanese as a race, had managed to make it look not only churchly but pretty. The former church, built over 40 years ago, chiefly with funds collected by Dr. and Mrs. Schneder, was for years the “big church” of Sendai, a brick structure in good Gothic style, with carved pulpit and pew-ends. It was at least 4 times the size of the hut. I played the reed organ there for some ten years, and since then my “disciples,” as the Japanese call my old pupils, have been playing. One played today.

The Japanese Army requisitioned the church during the War, and used it for some kind of Army school; but the church people managed to move out and hide part of their pews, and they took the organ and the pulpit to the minister’s house, where they continued to hold services—sitting on the floor, Japanese fashion. The parsonage escaped the fire, though it wasn’t too far from the church. Evidently our bombers knew what places the Japanese Army was in, and bombed them, for the church was blown to bits, and before we got here, what remained of the brick walls was all taken away.

It seemed queer to sit in one of those nice old pews, in front of the same old organ, to look up at the same carved pulpit, and then, instead of the stained-glass windows, to look out through small, clear glass ones that somehow reminded me of a ship, and to see, across the narrow street, an area of desolation, with not a building in sight, nor any living thing, except one white goat—very likely, a gift from Church World Service, which has sent a lot. And this was one of the main busy streets of Sendai. Rebuilding is “spotty”—some streets not at all, others quite far along. But most of the building is the most flimsy construction imaginable.

Carl Kriete was up for the service, representing Church World Service; he arrived this morning and leaves on the Army express tonight. As a representative of C.W.S. he is the only one of our group who can travel on Army expresses at night. Since the Army trains are the only ones with berths, the rest of us do our travelling by day!

We went to an “evening-tea-party” Wednesday, to meet Mrs. Martin, wife of the new head of the Education Department of the American



Military Government of the six provinces of North Japan. This was over at Kawanchi, the “American town” across the river. Our hostess sent a jeep for us, and sent us home in jeeps, which was very pleasant. We think Mrs. Martin very superior to most of the women we’ve met. She’s beautiful, and she seems to have brains and character besides.

Our long service seems to have made us sleepy, so here is “Good-night.” I’m expecting letters from you about Thanksgiving etc.

Love, Kate.

*Kate keenly appreciated all things beautiful—especially music, literature, and nature. The following two excerpts of letters from the spring and fall of 1948 describe seasonal delights: cherry trees in full bloom in April and a host of other flowering fruit and ornamental trees; in the fall a picture-perfect thatched cottage by a brook, crops ready to harvest on upland farms, and strings of bright orange persimmons drying in the sun. Despite the memorable scenes of her worldwide travels, however, Kate never did see anything more beautiful than a Kansas sunset or wildflowers blooming on the prairies.*

Sendai, Apr. 25, '48

Dear Folks!

. . . I think our spring came earlier this year than yours, from your description. In Tōkyō, the first of April, the cherries were in full bloom, as I think I wrote you then. In Sendai, the early cherries are just gone. They were much more pink than the Tōkyō ones this year, for some reason or other. We have two very large old ones, of the Tōkyō variety, in this yard, which were very full of bloom, that stayed on for two weeks or so. But we miss the ten varieties we had in our Jūnikenchō garden! The man who bought that place evidently liked flowers, for he had all of our best trees and shrubs transplanted to his own place. The little double Sendai drooping cherries are just at their best today in this neighborhood. Then there are big camellia trees full of red blossoms, pear trees, magnolias, early spireas, quantities of narcissus, both the trumpet and the poeticus varieties, Japan flowering quince, red, white and “apple blossom” color, flowering almond, Old Country daisies and primroses, and so on. Last fall one of our teachers brought me about a hundred narcissus poeticus bulbs from her own garden, which I planted. They’re in full bloom now. Every caller we’ve had for the last couple of weeks, it seems to me, has bro’t flowers. O yes, we have big branches of flowering peach, from an old graduate who lives on the mountain across the river—red, white, and pale pink. Dane, I hope you have survived all this talk of flowers!

En Route Sendai Tōkyō

Nov. 8, '48

Dear Folks!

We're in the mountains, and just now we passed the prettiest picture—a swift little brook, between the greenest banks, in a little valley between wooded hills, and in the brook a primitive wooden water-wheel and a little thatched house—a mill of some kind, I suppose. It's a day of brilliant sunshine, and it's a succession of pictures. The rice country has shocks and long racks of rice, ready to be taken to the village or the mill for harvest. The upland farms have bright green winter wheat, or long rows of winter vegetables—winter radish, Chinese cabbage, spinach, carrots, onions and so on, all bright green, and here and there a row of bright yellow chrysanthemums, the kind they use for salads. Under the south eaves of the brown thatched farm-houses long strings of bright orange colored peeled persimmons are drying in the sun. The persimmon trees have dropped their leaves, but fully half of them are still loaded with fruit, as big as apples, a conspicuous feature in the landscape. Up here in the hills there are brilliant red maples in the woods, along with the quieter colored deciduous trees and the dark evergreens.

I have this car to myself most of the time, and am enjoying the solitude as well as the scenery.

*Kate describes a graduation recital—held in a train-stopping blizzard—for her most important student. Despite the snowstorm, the Japanese audience filled the concert hall. Kate recounts the evening’s tribulations matter-of-factly. On this “hoodoo night” a man suffered an epileptic fit in the middle of the recital. Despite the weather and the unexpected outburst, the concert was a success.*

Sendai, Mar. 9, '49

Dear Folks:—This is being started in a final examination, where the small class has no chance to cheat—I don’t think this class would want to, anyway. It’s a nice March day, after last week’s blizzard.

Yes, we had our first blizzard last week, the kind that stopped trains, and so on. After a whole winter of spring-like weather, we got it at last. And the time just hit my most important graduating recital, Gyōko Seto’s, in the big auditorium, with no heat at all except a wood-burning stove on the stage. I was afraid nobody would come, but it takes more than a blizzard to keep the Sendai folks from a concert, and the big hall was well filled. We fixed a little place behind the stove for the performers with curtains arranged so that they could not be seen from the front, and there they didn’t get cold. The crowd warmed the hall!

But it was a hoodoo night. In the first number, Gyōko played the Fantasia and the first part of the Fugue perfectly and then, in an easy place, she stumbled and had to repeat. She recovered, and went on perfectly as before but that had spoiled the piece for me. Then she did the brilliant concerto about the best she’s ever done it, and I thought my troubles were over.

The third group began with a very slow, soft piece—by Dr. LaViolette, by the way. It was just ending, *ppp*, when from right below the stage there came the most unearthly howl, like a dog being killed! Several people, myself included, rushed to the place—the rest of the crowd sat perfectly still, and Gyōko went on playing as if nothing had happened. I saw it was not a dog, but a man in an epileptic fit with bloody foam coming from his mouth. Several men lifted him and carried him to the entrance. As

they left, I said quietly to Gyōko, who was standing by the piano, facing front, “He will be all right, I think. Go on with the next piece,” and she did, and never missed a note. A doctor in the audience had gone to the entrance too, and by the time Gyōko had finished that piece and I had gone to the entrance, the man had recovered and was sitting upright in a chair. It seems that he was subject to these fits. He told the Miyagi Japanese teacher who stayed out there with him that he would be able to walk home without any trouble. The few taxis in Sendai weren’t running because of the blizzard, so there was no other way to get anywhere but to walk.

Well, Gyōko finished with the big Grieg Ballade, and did it very well, indeed. I was pretty jumpy and when a youngster fell off a seat in my neighborhood I was sure it was another epileptic! But the concert had been a great success, so everyone said. Gyōko broadcasts her Bach in a few minutes, but I probably can’t hear it, as my class is so slow they aren’t finishing their exam on time. . . .

With much love,

Kate.

*In this letter Kate requests that her family ship discarded clothes to Japan to help alleviate the clothing shortage. In this normally law-abiding nation, robberies became more frequent after the war, and shoes and overcoats were especially in demand. Teachers were warned to be vigilant about their possessions. Despite the hardships, the Japanese still turned out for musical events in great numbers. Kate describes attending a concert by Japan's best organist—a special treat that was unfortunately cut short by an electricity stoppage.*

Sendai, June 12, '49

Dear Folks!

The rainy season was supposed to begin yesterday, but the morning was clear and bright, and it stayed that way all day. For a week before we had scarcely seen the sun, and Friday it had rained steadily all day. Our faculty had planned a picnic at Matsushima for Saturday. Friday afternoon, with the radio predicting rain for the next day, the faculty had called it off. Then Saturday—yesterday—morning was as perfect as this morning! Lydia and I were glad it was called off, for we had a pile of relief boxes from church folks that we hadn't had time to open and to check. So we got that done. Dane, you asked if we could still make use of your old clothes. When you get around to cleaning out your room, get somebody to pack up all your discards and send them along. This year is not so bad as last year, but there is still plenty of need, for people in what we would call ordinary circumstances just can't afford to get clothes, even if they weren't rationed. Yesterday we had a call from the son of the minister who has one of our most active churches, in a suburb across the river from here. Their house had been entered and robbed—their overcoats, suits of clothes, shoes—just about all they had, had been taken. In one of our boxes was a good overcoat, which we shall give them. He said his younger sister, a senior in high school, had lost her shoes, which she'd just had patched so that she could wear them on her school excursion—the senior excursion that they look forward to, for the whole six high school years. A new pair would cost 2,500 yen. In

dollars that's only \$7<sup>00</sup>; but her father probably doesn't get more than 6,000 yen a month. Robberies are pretty frequent. Shoes and overcoats are most in demand. Japanese, you know, take off their shoes when they go into a building. At school, each person carries his or her shoes from the entrance to the office or classroom, where they are supposed to be guarded. This winter several teachers had overcoats stolen from offices or teachers' rooms. Before the war, shoes were deposited in shoe-lockers—without locks—at the door, and they were never stolen. But before the war, people had enough clothing to be comfortable. Now they don't.

Last night I went to an organ recital by the best organist in Japan, Mr. Kioka, whom I know quite well. It was under the auspices of a student organization, and was held in the North Japan College church, which has a good pipe-organ, secured years ago by Mrs. Schneder. The church seats about 1,200, and it was crowded mostly with young people, rather more boys than girls. He played a Toccata and Fugue by Bach, another Bach Fugue, and a lovely Bach Arioso, and that crowd fairly held its breath. Then he played one of Händel's organ concertos, a little lighter than the Bach numbers, and then came the most exciting one for me, a big Chorale Fantasia by César Franck, which he did beautifully. I turned to my neighbor, one of our young Japanese teachers of English, and asked her whether she found the Franck harmonies strange. "No," she said, "they're different, but I like them."

I went to speak to Mr. Kioka during the intermission, and he said he had spent about two days trying to get the organ into shape, and it still wasn't right. Then it was time to resume—and the lights went out. We still have these stoppages of electricity nearly every night. Only our houses which are still on Army wiring are exempt. We waited about half an hour. Finally both lights and power came on—the organ is electric—and Mr. Kioka played an arrangement of several Schubert songs. I asked my neighbor if she knew them, and she looked surprised. "Why, yes," she said, "everybody here knows these." They do, too. Schubert's songs were the first ones to go on sale after the war, I think.



*The inside of Kate and Lydia's "Bark House" (August 1950). Lydia is in the rocking chair, Kate is sitting on the window seat, and their cook Gonzaburō Sato is standing near the fireplace.*

Then the power went off, and stayed off more than a half-hour. I finally left, but very few Japanese had left. They stayed a long time after I left, but the power never came on again, and finally the concert managers gave it up. Otherwise, those boys and girls would probably have waited until morning! . . .

With love, Kate.



*Kate and Lydia traveled to Nagasaki to see the effects of the second atomic bomb. In this letter, Kate recalls the history of Nagasaki, where the first Europeans settled 400 years ago. When these settlers were driven out and Christianity was prohibited 100 years later, only the Dutch (who were not Catholic) were allowed to have a small trading post on a harbor island. Kate describes the growing evidence of destruction as one journeyed toward the center of the bombed area. Then, “at the center itself, there is nothing—just an open plain.” Despite the horrendous destruction, she was surprised that so much of the city survived, with no worse damage.*

Nagasaki, Japan  
Mar. 30, '50

Dear Folks!

This is the farthest point of our vacation trip, the old city which was the first one to have Europeans living in it, some 400 years ago, when Spanish and Portuguese priests came in, and it looked as tho' Japan would become a Catholic nation. Then when the Japanese government got suspicious of the political intention of these priests—having seen the Philippines annexed by Spain—and drove them all out and prohibited Christianity, some 300 years ago, a man-made island in Nagasaki harbor, called Dēshima, now part of the city, was the only loophole left open for anything European to get in. For they allowed the Dutch, who were not Catholics, to have a factory and a trading post there, and have a few ships come each year from Holland for trade. This went on until the 1850's, when Commodore Perry finally broke the embargo on foreign intercourse. It's a very interesting place.

But our main interest this time was to see firsthand the effect of the second atom bomb. We've all read about it. I was surprised that so much of the city survived, with no more damage.

We've been staying at a brand new hotel, and taking most of our meals with friends at the Methodist junior college for girls, in Old Nagasaki, on a hill overlooking the whole long harbor. This hill is some 5 miles from the “bomb center,” where the bomb struck. It did not burn—nothing did

in that section. But in the main building, which is steel and concrete, the steel beams supporting the chapel roof were lifted off of their supporting posts, and then settled back, apparently unharmed. When builders examined the place, however, every one had settled off-center, so that the first severe earthquake could have shaken down the whole roof. And the steel window frames and their locks were all twisted a little, so that even now, after some three years of repair work, some of them won't work. However, these people were lucky. As one gets nearer the center, there is more and more evidence of destruction. At the center itself, there is nothing—just an open plain, with hills along one edge, all with what look like landslides. This was a thickly built-up industrial section, and the hills were terraced with stone walls, and covered with fine homes and gardens.

The Methodist boys' school only some three-quarters of a mile away, also steel and concrete, could not burn. But the roof was twisted to pieces, and the upper story frame-work was so damaged that the walls fell in. They are able to use the two lower stories, and are rebuilding—they say it will cost about the same as a new building of the ordinary post-war frame and stucco construction. The huge Mitsubishi shipyards down the bay have been repaired in part, and are making things like refrigerators.

We start home tomorrow, with friends as far as the hot-spring resort of Ugen, then by ourselves for the trip to Sendai, stopping overnight in Kumamoto and Tōkyō, probably.

Much love, Kate.

*One of Kate's most interesting letters describes an invitation to tea in Karuizawa with the elderly Japanese statesman Yukio Ozaki, who had served in the Japanese Parliament since the 1870s and was an outstanding Liberal leader of the opposition to the war with America. Ozaki recounts anecdotes about the American presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft and describes the parallel histories of the United States and Japan. He suggests that both nations must work together for world peace.*

Karuizawa,  
Aug. 18, '50

Dear Mamma and Dane:—

. . . Day before yesterday, . . . we went in the afternoon to call on Mr. Yukio Ozaki, 91 years old, who is known here and in the U.S.A. for several things—as the only member of Parliament who has served without a break since Parliament was organized, in the 1870's; as the outstanding Liberal leader who led the opposition to the war with America, and escaped being killed time after time, perhaps because of his age; and in America, as the man who gave the cherry trees to the city of Washington, when he was mayor of Tōkyō, and who was invited to visit America this spring, and addressed both houses of Congress.

Lydia and I had known his late wife, the authoress Theodora Yei Ozaki, in our early summers here, and had met him, but had not seen him since Mrs. Ozaki's death some years ago. But on Monday, a rainy day, I had happened to meet his secretary at the entrance on the road to the Usui Pass, and had asked if Mr. Ozaki was in Karuizawa. The secretary insisted that I come in but I was in rain clothes, and said, "Later." Next day he came with an invitation to us to name a day to come to tea.

You would have enjoyed the winding road leading through the forest, along a brook, with all kinds of ferns carpeting the ground, a block or two to the house, set up against a mountain, with a pond in the clearing, made by the brook.

Mr. Ozaki received us in his simple reception room. He was dressed in a dark afternoon suit, and looked more than ever like an old-style English gentleman. He cannot see very well, he says; and can hear only with a hearing aid. I'd never tried to use one like this, and I couldn't make him understand very well sometimes; but when he'd start on a topic he'd keep on and on, in excellent English.

He told us that he felt that his whole political career had been a failure, when his party couldn't prevent the war. "The best thing I ever did," he said, "was to send the cherry trees to Washington. But I never dared to explain to my countrymen my reason for sending them. If I had, mobs would have been coming from every direction to kill me. I sent the trees as an expression of gratitude to President Theodore Roosevelt and the American people for saving Japan by mediating at the close of the war with Russia. I knew that Japan was exhausted, and at the end of her resources, and could not have continued the war. But the Japanese Army had concealed the facts and made the people believe the Japanese were winning the war and would get much territory and a great indemnity. So when the treaty terms were announced there was rioting in Tōkyō and almost a revolution. Now, at last, I can tell why I was so grateful to America and wished to express my gratitude; but I never could before."

I asked him if he had ever met Roosevelt personally, and he said, "No, but President Taft and his wife were both very kind to me when I met them. My old friends in America are all gone now. Taft's son is a great man, I hear, but I did not see him this time. America and Japan must work together, for the peace of the world. America made a nation out of many different independent states. When Commodore Perry opened Japan, this country was not a nation, but 53 different feudal states, each with its own ruler. The Emperor and the Shōgun were nothing but empty names. The influence of America helped us to become a nation." Ambassador Grew, he said, had been one of the persons who had sponsored his visit to the U.S.A. this spring. Mr. Ozaki is still a leader in this country—an "elder statesman," as they say here; I'm sure he would be a Republican if he were an American!

Yesterday, as Lydia and I were at lunch, here came the secretary with two cards signed by Mr. Ozaki, to thank us in his name for our visit and to apologize for Mr. Ozaki that he could not thank us in person, as his legs were not strong enough to permit him to climb our hill!

I've written too long—but I'm sure it is all right. Much love, Kate.



*Kate Hansen and Lydia Lindsey after a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Miyagi College (1950). For many years Lydia had directed English language students at Miyagi in productions of Shakespeare's plays.*



## Chapter 7

# Going Home

*Home Life and Activities—By Polly Roth Bales*

Aunt Kate loved her family and her home! Her family roots ran deep and her family was precious to her. She was delighted with families and at times I suspected she had a touch of envy for some of the large, happy families she knew well.

As a foreign missionary, her year-long furloughs at five-year intervals made the year at home special for her. Although her home in Logan was remodeled shortly after she left for Japan, the house where she had lived from when she was five years old until her death was filled with warm, happy memories of the family together.

Kate was an inveterate letter writer and spent many hours of her days in writing. From the lined tablets that she often used we discovered that sometimes she wrote a letter and then recopied it, all in longhand. Kate did her writing at a small Queen Anne table in front of her upstairs bedroom window overlooking the side yard with its many lilacs and a beautiful catalpa tree, or she wrote at a small table in the music room overlooking the front yard and flower beds. She kept close ties with the Hansen family members in Denmark with whom she lived in 1893–1894, when Peter Hansen took his wife and four children to his native land. She corresponded regularly with the Mission Board of the Evangelical and Reformed Church. In her retirement, she also had extensive cor-

respondence with colleges and universities, helping place her former Japanese students for graduate study in the United States.

Perhaps the most sizable correspondence was with her long-time friend and companion Lydia Lindsey. The exchange of letters between Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia chronicles a “warm and lasting friendship between these two women, from the time they were in KU together until Miss Hansen’s death in 1968. The volume is remarkable in that most of the time they were together, at KU, in their work at Miyagi College, Sendai, Japan, and in their retirement years at Logan, Kansas. Any time they were separated, even for short periods, the flow of letters was incessant.”<sup>1</sup>

These letters often detailed descriptions: what they observed from the window of a bus, wild flowers, trees, flowers in yards, sunrises or sunsets, the weather, the people they met or visited with, their lectures and meetings, and dinners.

Throughout the years, Kate Hansen kept in touch with her friends in the high school class of 1896<sup>2</sup> with notes and cards. She shared her experiences in her work and her travels, and always managed a personal visit in the home of a dear friend, Ruth Hill Green. She and Ruth, who was not a world traveler but read widely, shared philosophies and attitudes. Kate remembered the anniversary of their high school graduation with a letter to this friend. And every year at New Year’s she wrote long letter to Ruth.<sup>3</sup>

Kate had a black loose-leaf notebook that she kept in Logan. On furloughs, she would record family history and family happenings, newspaper clippings, and extensive family trees.

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<sup>1</sup>Archivist Thomas Ryther’s comment on the Kate Ingeborg Hansen papers, University of Kansas Archives.

<sup>2</sup>Because Logan did not as yet have a high school, Aunt Kate went to Beloit to live with her aunt, Kate Troup Cookingham, who ran a millinery store.

<sup>3</sup>Kate’s friendship with Ruth was her “longest and dearest” friendship, which continued until Ruth’s death. Ruth’s daughter Bernice Ingeborg Green Keeler was Aunt Kate’s namesake.



Mail time was almost a ritual. The mail left Logan at 4 p.m. by train or truck. Unless the weather was unusually severe, such as with ice (not rain—they were used to that), Kate and Lydia donned their hats, gathered up their letters, and if rainy or hot, their umbrellas, and took their mail to the post office or across the street to the office. On some occasions, they walked the block to the railroad station to mail their letters on the train. People in Logan who were young when Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia lived here remember them as two little ladies who walked a lot and always wore hats and sometimes carried umbrellas. Neither ever drove a car, so walking was a life-long habit. Dane Bales recalls the time she hiked fourteen miles with him to help him earn a Boy Scout badge. In their forty-four years in Japan, Kate and Lydia walked many, many miles with great enjoyment. Aunt Kate remarked that traveling in cars kept one from seeing things like wildflowers along the road.

Family legend has it that asthmatic Peter Hansen was often unable to sleep lying down, so he would get up and take baby Katie with him. He would hold her as he rocked and read until morning. Could this be where she acquired her avid reading habit?

After Aunt Kate's death, we disposed of an estimated 4,000 books and every *National Geographic* magazine from 1917 on.<sup>4</sup>In her youth Kate had a habit of numbering each of her books, and many of those also were notated "wanted."

The Bible was her primary reading material. She also read and reread Albert Schweitzer's book on the life of J. S. Bach. She requested that book even when she was hospitalized during her final illness. She and Aunt Lydia enjoyed and often reread the series of Jalna books by Mazo De LaRoche. Aunt Kate loved the concept of families, others as well as her own, and the Jalna books about a big family held particular interest for her. She belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club and accepted and read every book it sent.

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<sup>4</sup>Suitable books were given to the Logan Library, the Logan High School and Junior High, and the University of Kansas Library. All of the *National Geographic* magazines were bound and given to Fort Hays State University.

Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia delighted in giving each other books for birthdays, Christmas, and on special occasions. They also gave books as gifts to our family and to Uncle Dane and Grandma Hansen. For her birthday in 1926, Alpha Florence and husband, Elles Bales, gave Aunt Kate *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. She used many of these poems in her compositions of art songs.

Both Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia spent their spare time reading—some days many hours. Among the daily newspapers they read were the *Kansas City Star*, the *Kansas City Times*, the *Topeka Daily Capital*, the *Salina Journal*, and the *Norton Daily Telegram*. They also enjoyed the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *National Geographic*.

Aunt Kate played the piano several hours each day. Neighbors commented that it was a joy for them to hear her music wafting from the Hansen house when Kate was home, especially in summer with the windows open in the music room. When Dane was away, she practiced in the mornings; when he was at home, sleeping until noon and working until after midnight, she practiced either in the afternoon and/or at night.

The Hansens were a musical family. Alpha Florence and George did vocal solos, and the family and friends had “song fests” around the piano. Aunt Kate also gave piano lessons when she was at home on her first few furloughs.

A highlight of her week was listening to the weekly broadcast from New York City of the Metropolitan Opera, which she supported financially.

During her retirement, Aunt Kate and I enjoyed “doing music” together. She accompanied my vocal selections, which often were the songs she had composed. We also had fun playing organ-piano duets. We played a number when the Christian Church dedicated the Hammond organ that Uncle Dane gave to the church. Among her favorite organ-piano duets were J. S. Bach’s “Sheep May Safely Graze” and “Fountains of Rome” by Respighi.

I was the church organist when Uncle Dane gave the Methodist Church a Concert-Model Hammond organ in 1952. Aunt Kate looked

for high-quality organ music for me to use, pouring over catalogs, and visiting music stores in the cities.

Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia were always delighted to attend music programs given by the public schools, especially when great-nephew D. G. Bales, Jr., was performing. They also enjoyed the programs given by the Sunday school children. Kate was especially pleased when a talented piano student would come to her for a critique of his/her playing.

Aunt Kate had more free time when she was at home than some individuals might have had because the Hansens always had “hired girls” to do the housework and cooking. “Ma”<sup>5</sup> was active in the Hansen store, which they owned from 1900 to 1932. Aunt Kate did not particularly like to cook. With household help also in Japan, she had no reason to spend her time cooking. Aunt Lydia supervised the cooking and housework, while Aunt Kate supervised the yard work and gardening, an arrangement that worked well for them.

But Aunt Kate relished having the family for dinner, and those times together were special. Birthdays and holidays were always celebrated with family dinners—either at their house or at ours. Sometimes she would use her special set of Royal Doulton Dickens Ware made in England. This was designed by Noke and is part of the permanent exhibit at the Dane G. Hansen Memorial Museum. Each plate features a different character from the writings of Charles Dickens: Cap’n Cuttle, Bill Sykes, Sam Weller, Tony Weller, Mr. Micawber, and Fat Boy. Uncle Dane always carved the turkey or the roast with great dexterity and served the plates graciously. We delighted to see who got the “Fat Boy” plate!

The dining room at the Hansen house, which was at the center of the family’s social life, was a “conservatory” with growing plants in profusion—giving a garden setting with two walls and the roof glass. So even in winter, Aunt Kate usually could find a blossom to put in her favorite cut-glass crystal vase for the table centerpiece. The dining table was always covered with beautifully ironed, white linen cloths with 24-inch-

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<sup>5</sup>The grandchildren’s name for Mrs. Peter (Alpha Ama) Hansen, mother of Aunt Kate.



*One of the great pleasures of Kate's retirement years was the time spent with her great-nephew and next-door neighbor D. G. Bales, Jr.*

square monogrammed linen napkins. They used a set of exquisitely designed Japanese red lacquer napkin rings that were a sharp contrast to the stark white linens.

To accommodate Uncle Dane's unusual work-sleep schedule, the family scheduled brunch at about 12:30 p.m. and dinner at about 7 p.m. Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia were up early, however, and had breakfast around the kitchen table. It was a time of mutual enjoyment when our son, D. G. Bales, Jr., was old enough to run across the driveway to their back door and have breakfast with them. They taught him to read from the cereal boxes! The kitchen table, made of solid walnut and purchased by Peter and Alpha Hansen at the time of their marriage in 1878, was located in front of the window overlooking their back yard, and their breakfasts were enhanced with watching the many squirrels and birds that lived in the trees and lilacs just outside that window.

We ate our meals a little earlier than the Hansens did, so several times a week, one, or all three of us, would drop in and visit around the table. They welcomed us warmly. These occasions, along with the dinners at our home, were always filled with spirited and interesting conversation,

usually centering around current state, national, and international events and politics. Meals were never hurried and they were the principal times we all got together, for Uncle Dane spent his evenings at the office.

Because Aunt Kate had many foreign colleagues and friends, there were numerous out-of-town and out-of-country guests. Dane and I normally invited them to spend the night at our home, but dinners were divided between the Hansens and us.

When University of Kansas Chancellor Franklin Murphy, who was a friend of Uncle Dane, was in our area to deliver a high school commencement address, Uncle Dane invited him to come to Logan. The chancellor and the Hansens had lunch at our home. Aunt Kate spent almost as much time picking her flowers, selecting the proper vase, and then arranging them for our table centerpiece as I did in setting the table and preparing the food. It was a delightful occasion for all of us!

Tea, made the Japanese way, was Aunt Kate's responsibility at dinners in our home. It seemed to take almost as much of the kitchen, the dishes, and the stove to make one pot of tea as it did for me to get an entire meal ready. But the tea was delicious!

Every Sunday evening, many Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners, birthdays, and special days found "Ma"—during the years she was able—and Uncle Dane, Aunt Kate, and Aunt Lydia at our home for dinner. All were enthusiastic eaters with no diet problems, so it was an enjoyable challenge to plan and prepare delicious food for them. Aunt Kate did not like onions. Although they didn't upset her in any way, I think she just didn't like to bite into a crunchy piece of onion. So I began grating the onion used in preparing foods, and she thought they were delicious. I finally told her that I put at least a little onion into everything I made, except vanilla ice cream!

The Hansens and Bales very much enjoyed having family for dinner, and times spent around the table were always special in our families. Meals were never hurried and we all enjoyed so many things of interest that Uncle Dane brought into the conversation. It was a warm, fun time with spirited conversation—it certainly sharpened my cooking skills for they loved good food! Often when I just fixed food, I wanted to share with

them! Aunt Kate often remarked that she so much enjoyed watching me working in the kitchen, and she was an enthusiastic good eater.

When I speak of “they” it was Uncle Dane, Aunt Kate, and Aunt Lydia—and then it was Dane, D. G., and me.

When the Bales were away on vacation, after Uncle Dane died and Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia had difficulty finding a cook, cousins Abe and Frances Troup from Dunedin, Florida, came to visit. I don’t recall the details of the dinner anymore, but I guess it was mostly disastrous as the two ladies tried to get a meal together!

Bernice Keeler remembers another memorable meal: “One time at my mother’s [Kate and Lydia] prepared a Japanese meal for our family. It was an occasion, truly, from the welcome to the farewell. The father and son never experienced such prestige. They were instructed to eat noisily and observe other Japanese customs. I remember well how agile both Kate and Lydia were in bowing and the deference they exhibited.”<sup>6</sup>

The Hansen family members were active in the Masonic Order and the Order of the Eastern Star. Kate regularly attended the Star meetings and participated in its activities when possible while at home on furlough and after her retirement.

Throughout her life, Aunt Kate enjoyed sporting events. During World War II, Aunt Kate visited us in O’Fallon, Illinois, where Dane was stationed with a small training detachment. She was on one of her speaking tours. We took her to Sportsman’s Park in St. Louis for the first game of the regular season of the St. Louis “Brownies,” who had won the pennant the previous year. She was excited about going with us in an army staff car and enjoyed the game.

On several occasions Kate and Lydia went to see KU football games. Bernice Keeler remembers one game in particular: “One time when they came to Kansas City, they had tickets to take my husband and me to a KU football game. We sat in the stadium in a bone-chilling snow and

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<sup>6</sup>This and the subsequent reminiscences about Kate’s friendship with Ruth Green are from an undated personal communication to Polly Bales from Bernice I. Green Keeler.

rain, wrapped in rain coats and ponchos. At the half, we suggested they might like to leave. Such an idea had never occurred to either of them, and we stayed until the final, very damp whistle! The next day they were ready to go on another expedition!”

Aunt Kate had a delightful sense of humor. She combined that with her creativity to have a party for Ruth Green, her treasured classmate from high school in Beloit. Bernice Keeler recounts the occasion:

A week or so before my parents’ wedding in August, Kate, as promoter, and several of the high school class of 1896 invited my parents to an afternoon in a nearby park in Beloit.

My parents walked in the entrance to find everything was decorated with GREEN crepe paper—the lower tree branches, streamers on benches, and even a very small elevation of ground.

Even the food and drink had green tones. There was a sign on that VERY SMALL elevation, but I doubt it was that obvious, in their “When the HILL turns GREEN” party!

Through the years in recounting this story, we three daughters were really impressed with the clever idea.

So in 1943, when my sister Elizabeth was married, and Aunt Kate came to play the piano for the ceremony her gifts of various-sized green bowls for each woman in the family, and a large green bath towel for our father, meant more than “just presents.”

My sister’s wedding dress was fashioned of 18-inch-wide cream brocade—custom made and one-of-a-kind, of course. She sent pieces of beautiful fabric and lovely kimonos to me, her namesake, and to members of my family.

Another example of Aunt Kate’s creativity was revealed when she told Bernice Keeler that she instructed her dressmaker to put the special trimmings on the back of the gowns she wore for her piano recitals, because the back was more in evidence to her audience than the front.

Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia regularly attended commencement activities at the University of Kansas each year. Both were given their fifty-year pins. They stayed in Lawrence with Caryl and Mary Dodds. Caryl was a KU classmate of theirs and they were lifelong friends.

In 1960–61, the Logan Women’s Club compiled Logan’s history for Kansas’s one-hundredth birthday. Ten women in the club who were born during Logan’s early days contributed much firsthand information from their own lives and from hearing their parents relate incidents from



their lives. Even when overseas, Aunt Kate made many contributions to that history because of her keen interest in Logan and its people. With that fine beginning, the history of Logan has been continually updated. Also, the *Logan Republican* was microfilmed as well as cataloged, giving Logan one of the most completely documented histories in Kansas.

To commemorate Kansas' centennial in 1961, the Kansas Women's Republican Club held a pageant "A Century of Kansas Womanhood." Both Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia were part of that pageant, and I played the musical accompaniments for this program held in Topeka.

Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia were active members in Logan's Women's Club, which sponsored the city library. Meetings were held in members' homes twice a month. The local newspaper recounted one meeting in which Kate and Lydia showed exquisite Japanese fabric and housewares, many of which had been given to them as gifts:

"Treasures from Japan" was the title of the very interesting program given by Miss Lydia Lindsey and Miss Kate Hansen at Women's Club last Thursday at the home of Mrs. Dane Bales. In an artistically-arranged setting of many lovely Japanese items, which were given to them as gifts during the nearly fifty years since they first went to Japan, Miss Lindsey and Miss Hansen first told briefly of their work in Miyagi College in Sendai, Japan. Treasures which were shown included exquisite tea sets, very old, hand-painted china bowls; cloisonne vases; many lacquer items such as bowls, trays Saki sets, candle sticks, trays and dishes. They displayed many rolls of fabrics, either pure silk or the rich-colored silk brocades for making obi. Also displayed were various kimono and short, padded haori,<sup>7</sup> all made of beautiful silk, and one with hand embroidery. Mrs. Harmon Luthi was dressed in a Japanese costume of kimono and obi.

Miss Hansen and Miss Lindsey each wore the coveted decoration of the Fourth Order of the Sacred Treasure given by the Emperor of Japan in recognition of their work with Japanese women.

Several women who assisted with the serving of refreshments wore Japanese wraps called haori. The serving committee of Miss Hansen, Miss Lindsey, Mrs. Leland Baird and Mrs. Sumner Suhr served Green Tea and assorted Japanese Tea Cakes and candy to about 35 members and guests.

Each person was presented with a pair of chopsticks for favors. The hostess prize of a wooden Japanese doll was won by Mrs. Lloyd Becker. The account of the business meeting followed.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>7</sup>A padded short kimono.

<sup>8</sup>From *The Logan Republican*, February 14, 1963.



Morning “coffees” were popular in the 1960s. The hostess would prepare breakfast breads or sweet rolls and invite friends in to eat and visit. These were sometimes held for special occasions, such as birthdays or wedding anniversaries, Valentine’s Day, or other special holidays. Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia were often among those invited, and they enjoyed attending.

Aunt Kate loved flowers! Her mother had as many growing plants in their conservatory-dining room as space would accommodate, and the family always had flower gardens during growing seasons. Her Danish father was accustomed to woods, and he planted trees in profusion.

When she was a student at the University of Kansas, Aunt Kate studied Kansas wildflowers under Professor William Chase Stevens, who was a botanist and one of the University’s most popular teachers. She and Aunt Lydia were knowledgeable about wildflowers and enjoyed them throughout their lives.

The area around Logan Lake is one of the finest pieces of unbroken prairie in this area, according to Dr. Gerald Tomanek of Fort Hays State University. Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia were delighted whenever we took them for a drive to the lake, and they always came home with what they termed the “night-blooming cerius,” which grows in the shale banks and blossoms only at night.

The neighbors were accustomed to seeing Aunt Kate on her early morning walks around the gardens and flowers. Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Cooper, the Hansen’s doctor, lived next door. Dr. Cooper wrote: “We enjoyed little visits when we were both out in the yard. The original Hansen home was such a beautiful, rambling old structure. And the yard was nicely landscaped with many trees and beds of flowers. Kate did relish her strolls in this yard. When the yardman came for his regular workdays, she carefully supervised all of his efforts—particularly he was not to mow the grass in the spring until the grass had produced its seed, which would enhance a more luxuriant growth.”<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup>Letter from Dr. A.E. Cooper. No date.

Memorial Day was a special day for the Hansen family. They placed flowers on seven graves, and it was important to them for these flowers to come “from the home place.” They always made their own spray-type arrangements, getting up early and working diligently to finish in time to get them placed on the graves before the 2 p.m. service sponsored by Logan’s American Legion and Legion Auxiliary.

As an immigrant who adopted the United States as his country, Peter Hansen instilled in his children early the love of patriotism for both Kansas and the United States. The Hansen family was very patriotic. They would fly the American flag from their porch for suitable holidays, and they always praised their state and country. Family members were very much a part of the political process.

Members of the family were proud to say that they were from Kansas, and each had his or her own reasons for the love felt for the state. The loyalty the family felt for Kansas was expressed in the will of the late Dane Hansen, who specified that his estate should be used first to help Logan, then northwest Kansas, and then the state of Kansas.

Aunt Kate returned home in 1951 when her mother became ill, leaving Aunt Lydia in Japan to oversee the packing and to participate in the farewells. Although Aunt Kate’s ninety-two-year-old mother, Alpha, partially recovered from that illness, she was not able to assume her previous obligations. Therefore, Aunt Kate assumed her mother’s role in the family.

Kate supervised the hired women and the care of her mother and also the yard man. He swept the sidewalks daily, picked up the grocery order at the store, and ran occasional errands. In early spring the yard and garden work began, and work was done according to Kate’s specific plans and under her close supervision.

Bernice Keeler commented: “When her mother was bedfast and could not ever take over the management of the household again, Kate, in filial devotion, refused to change the outdated equipment of the kitchen for more efficient, less cumbersome appliances.”

Kate was a devoted daughter, giving her mother undivided care through her last years. Alpha had requested that she not have to go to a hospital, so Emma Damewood, who was the Hansen's housekeeper and cook, also helped care for Alpha. Annie Hutchinson and Minnie Kemper were also hired to help. These women helped give Alpha round-the-clock care. Aunt Kate spent much time at her mother's bedside, conversing with her when possible, reading to her, playing the piano for her, always trying to draw out family history, and providing music for her enjoyment. She also had fresh flowers in her room when available. Alpha died at her home in 1957 at the age of ninety-nine.

At about that same time that Alpha became ill, Uncle Dane suggested that they buy all new furniture for the living room and dining room. Aunt Kate made numerous trips to Kansas City to select furniture, but none was ever purchased. I think two things were involved: first, in her heart, she really didn't want to get rid of the old furniture, and second, she was fearful of selecting furniture that Uncle Dane wouldn't approve.

The old dining-room door with its double panes of etched glass had become inoperable, and Uncle Dane made arrangements to have a new one installed. I remember Aunt Kate commenting, "Oh, I know George will really miss that old door when he comes home."

Although she limited her speaking tours while her mother was ill, Aunt Kate, along with Aunt Lydia, was always "on call" for speaking engagements at churches across the United States. Aunt Kate often remarked that when she was the guest speaker, the local minister planned so many "extras" because she was coming that there was little time left for her to tell about their work in Japan. She also observed that every hostess cooked her best, most elaborate meal, and that she suffered from overeating rather than offend a gracious hostess.

When going on trips, Aunt Kate and Aunt Lydia usually left from Phillipsburg on the "Rocket" or by bus. If they were traveling by bus, they arranged for the Phillipsburg taxi to pick them up in time for them to purchase their tickets to be on the bus by about 7 a.m. They got up at 4:30 to have breakfast and to be ready to leave.

Evidence of Aunt Kate's great sense of history begins with the detailed diary she kept as an eleven-year-old on the family trip by covered wagon to Denver and the diary she kept when the family lived in Denmark for a year, when she was fourteen years old. She was an avid historian.

### *Recognition and Reflection*

After Kate's retirement, honors were heaped upon her by friends, students, the Japanese government, the University of Kansas, and her family. In May 1955—fifty years after Kate's graduation—her alma mater, the University of Kansas, conferred on both her and Lydia Lindsey its Citation for Distinguished Service. Kate's citation noted the esteem that fellow students and classmates felt for her.<sup>10</sup>

Those who knew her best, can best appreciate the true depth and earnestness her life and work. With these discerning, prophetic words the *Jayhawker* editors of 1905 described Dr. Kate I. Hansen, a woman who would one day become a recognized teacher and esteemed missionary. After her A.B. degree and a bachelor of Music in 1913, she won her Doctor of Music degree from the Chicago Musical College in 1930. With Miss Lindsey she has circled the globe twice braving strange and dangerous circumstances in the journeys, catching the last ship out of Japan before Pearl Harbor, returning as soon as permission was granted, to resume work.

Kate I. Hansen, graduate in Arts in 1905, and in Music in 1913, is hereby awarded the Citation for Distinguished Service by The University of Kansas and its Alumni Association. Her career, motivated by her daring pioneer spirit, embraces forty-four years as a teacher, dean, and twice acting president of Miyagi College in Sendai, Japan. Her significant educational service to the Japanese people was recognized by a Citation and declaration of the Fourth Order of the Sacred Treasure from Hirohito, the Emperor of Japan (in 1955). World traveler, religious leader, ever zealous researcher in the field of music, she takes her place among the notable examples of the highest KU tradition.

Kate was at home with her brother Dane and mother in Logan, Kansas, until her mother died in 1957 and her brother passed away in 1965. Tired and worn from eighty-eight years of a vigorous life, Kate entered the hospital at Norton, Kansas, in 1967 for rest and testing.

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<sup>10</sup>The University of Kansas Commencement Program, May 1955.



*At the University of Kansas commencement in 1955, Chancellor Franklin Murphy conferred the University's Distinguished Service Citations on both Kate Hansen and Lydia Lindsey.*

With her when she died on January 4, 1968, were her missionary friend of sixty-seven years, Lydia Lindsey, and the members of the Hansen family of Logan. At the time of her death, Dr. Hansen was a member of the United Church of Christ, the Order of the Eastern Star, the Native Sons and Daughters of Kansas, the Logan Women's Club, Women's Kansas Day Club, and Phillips County Women's Republican Club. Her funeral was held at the Christian Church in Logan with burial beside her parents and brother, Dane Gray Hansen, in the family plot of Pleasant View Cemetery at Logan.

According to her will, all of Kate's music, music books, and phonograph records were to be given to Miyagi College. Much of her music that had been in Japan was burned as a result of the American bombings of Sendai during World War II. The remainder of her papers, letters (most written home from 1907 to 1952), about 4,000 postcards, books, and a



*Kate Hansen, 1955.*

collection of her original songs, and other items are in the Kate Hansen Collection in the University of Kansas Archives.

The Trustees of the Dane G. Hansen Foundation set up the Kate I. Hansen Memorial Scholarship at the University of Kansas for graduates of Miyagi College for advanced study in music. Yoko Fuda, Yuriko Saito, Keiko Hanzawa, Mikie Miyabor, Tamae Sekimoto, and Nobuko Ando have received these scholarships.

The Trustees of the Dane G. Hansen Foundation also made a grant to Miyagi College for a Steinway grand piano and fine arts auditorium on the new campus to be designated the Kate I. Hansen Memorial Concert Hall. It was dedicated in fall 1980. In 1934 Kate had supervised the building of the earlier auditorium.

In fall 2000 the University of Kansas Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Brian Priestman, will perform Kate Hansen's most well-known work, "Schlesvig Symphony." In the United States, as in Japan, her life and her work are still influential.

*This Logan Republican article,<sup>11</sup> which is based on a letter home from Kate and Lydia, describes their celebrative welcome and gala receptions that were part of Miyagi College's seventy-fifth anniversary in 1961. After the festivities, they spent a restful interlude in the mountain resort of Takayama before traveling to meet the Empress of Japan. In their letter Kate and Lydia also describe post-war economic conditions and the wave of construction—of both homes and factories.*

## Japanese Roll Out the Red Carpet

Dr. Kate Hansen and Miss Lydia Lindsey, who are in Sendai, Japan, to attend the festivities of the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Miyagi College, as guests of the Alumnae Association have written of their experiences.

At International Airport in Los Angeles, where Alumnae officials and other friends gathered to see them off, they were interviewed by Japanese reporters and movies were taken. During the two-hour stop over in Honolulu, they were visited by friends in native costume.

Two big receptions were given for them in Japan, one in Tōkyō and one in Sendai. In Tōkyō “hundreds of alumnae and school girls were waving flags and singing. The large reception committee, of older alumnae and faculty members, headed by President Oda, gave us the warmest welcome and escorted us through the immense building, up to the V.I.P. reception room, made short speeches, and sang.” Three alumnae escorted them on the 5-hour train ride to Sendai. “We had a big crowd at the station to meet us, all the old friends. After a long period of hand shaking we all went across the new, wide street to the new Sendai Hotel. The first floor had been turned into a reception hall, the glass doors at the rear having been removed to open out onto a picturesque Japanese garden. The college and the alumnae gave the program—more speeches and singing. Both times we were presented with huge bouquets. It was a great time.”

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<sup>11</sup>September 7, 1961, pp. 1-2.



Next day they were driven to a resort at Takayama to rest. “This is the old summer community for Americans, and to me the loveliest place I ever saw. The summer houses are scattered over the tops of three rocky cliffs, that jut out into the Pacific, that are covered with wild Japanese pine trees. Every one of these picturesque trees seemed to be calling for someone to paint, draw, or at least photograph it.”

This tells of post-war economic conditions: “We drove through the rice fields, not yet headed out, and the pine covered hills, along the coast to the port of Shiogama, now so citified we scarcely knew it. It used to be a quiet fishing town. We passed one big hydro-electric plant. We had seen a lot of factories as we came up on the train. And there were new houses everywhere, even in places not harmed by the war.”

Their latest letter brought the news that they were to be invited soon to visit the Empress of Japan.



*The Kate I. Hansen Memorial Concert Hall at Miyagi College was dedicated in fall 1980.*





*Kate and Lydia flew back to Japan in 1961 to attend the festivities celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of Miyagi College. Kate and Lydia are seated to the left and center in front of the college choir.*

*In 1955, Kate was decorated in absentia by Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, with the Fourth Order of the Sacred Treasure for service to the Japanese people. In 1961, while visiting Miyagi College for the last time, Kate was honored for her distinctive contributions to the school. She was also received at the Imperial Palace by the Empress Nagato. At this time, Kate and Lydia expressed their thanks and appreciation to the Emperor for the recognition they received six years earlier. The Empress granted them an audience that lasted much longer than originally scheduled and, in addition, provided a special sightseeing opportunity of the Palace compound. The following story in the Sendai newspaper details this event.<sup>12</sup>*

**Arigato for the Zuihosho (Thank You  
for the Order of the Sacred Treasure)  
Dr. Hansen and Miss Lindsey, Emeritus Professors,  
thank the Empress at the Royal Palace.**

Kate I. Hansen (82) and Lydia A. Lindsey (80), Miyagi Gakuin Emeritus Professors, who, having taught Miyagi for 43 years, were decorated with the 4th Order of the Sacred Treasure for their meritorious work

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<sup>12</sup>*Kahoku Shimpo*, Sendai, Japan, October 19, 1961.

in the field of women's education, had an interview on Oct. 18 with the Empress, and thanked her for the honor.

That day, both professors entered the Palace accompanied by President Oda of Miyagi Gakuin, Chairman Toshi Maruyama of the Alumnae Association, and Chairman Eichiko Kashiwayama of the Tōkyō Chapter of the Association, and had an interview with the Empress for about 35 minutes after half past ten.

The Empress was dressed in a Japanese kimono patterned with the “Bamboo and Sparrow”—(The Date family, Sendai feudal lords' heraldry)—, and she appreciated both professors' services, who were received with their medals on the left side of their coat, saying: “I am truly appreciative of the long years' services you rendered to the women's education in Japan.”

Both professors in return thanked her, saying, “We were granted these splendid medals, but we had gone home and missed the chance to thank you for them. We were concerned about it. Now that we have come to Japan as the invited guests of the 75th Anniversary Commemoration of Miyagi Gakuin, we have been given this long-wished-for opportunity.”

The Empress had just recently traveled Tohoku areas to attend the National Athletic Meet, and therefore they had in common rich topics concerning Miyagi Prefecture, the City of Sendai, etc., so that the interview lasted 35 minutes, fifteen minutes longer than the scheduled time.

After that both old professors were granted a special sightseeing of the Palace compound, including the Double Bridge, the Imperial Sanctuary, the Ancestral Shrine, the Temple, the Innermost Citadel, the Music Department, etc. for which they spent over two hours. During the sightseeing, the Royal Music Department gave, in honor of Dr. Hansen who was a music teacher, a special recital of the Sho (an ancient Japanese music instrument).



*In 1955 Kate and Lydia were decorated in absentia by Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, with the Fourth Order of the Sacred Treasure for their service to the Japanese people. When they returned to Japan in 1961, they were received at the Imperial Palace by the Empress Nagato.*

*On January 26, 1968, Kate's former students and colleagues held a memorial service honoring her life and work in the overflowing auditorium of Miyagi College. Later that year a 100-page booklet of essays by colleagues and photos was published. The speech by Margaret Garner, a fellow teacher, describes the impact and influence of Kate Hansen on the college and on Western music in Japan as "immeasurable."*

### **Tribute to Dr. Kate I. Hansen by Margaret Garner**

I am speaking today to you as representative of the Mission Board in New York, the IBC in Tōkyō, and the Sendai missionaries of Tohoku and Miyagi Gakuin. As an official representative of these groups, I may be able to bring formal words of condolence and praise for the life of Dr. Kate I. Hansen. But as representative of these groups, I also become

representative of the many deeply dedicated, highly gifted, wonderful missionaries who worked with Dr. Hansen here at Miyagi College and also have preceded her in death. For me to speak as their representative is an honour and a privilege of which I am totally unworthy and I am very conscious of my unworthiness. It is sheer effrontery for me to try to speak words which should have been spoken by Dr. Robert Gerhard, Dr. Carl Kriete or any one of several others who worked with Dr. Hansen. The impact and influence of the life of Dr. Hansen on this school and on the total field of Western music in Japan is, I believe, completely immeasurable and quite beyond any necessity to praise.

There is probably no doubt but that the strongest single influence on the molding of the character of this school was that of Dr. Hansen and close with her Miss Lindsey. She came to Miyagi and pioneered in the introduction of Western music, not only here, but to all Japan. Let me read a quotation from a letter written by Mrs. Kriete to the Mission Board in 1933.

We have something unique in our Music Department. No other girls' school in Northern Japan has a Music Course; and there are only two Mission Schools in Japan that have a Music Department that trains teachers—ours and Kobe College. They had one graduate this year and we had eight, besides two from that Post Graduate Course; and all who want to work, except one, have positions and she will be placed soon. Some of them are spoken for early in the fall. Last summer these graduating students with Dr. Hansen and Miss Peterson made a tour of North Japan. They were enthusiastically received everywhere. Dr. Hansen has made the Music Department second to that of no other Mission School in Japan[,] and our church in America has reason to be proud of the contribution they are enabling us to make to the musical education of these girls.

And from the same letter:

One of the thrilling events (of the year) was the concert given by the Suzuki Quartet of Tōkyō, and they played Dr. Hansen's "Schlesvig-Holstein," a marvellous composition in four movements. Dr. Hansen received a tremendous ovation, and of course, we were all very proud. It was the first time that this has happened in any Mission School in Japan.

And one more quotation from the Report of Miyagi College to the Board of Missions in 1926.

Beside the usual student recitals, the Music Department has given three public concerts: a recital by the faculty, both Japanese and America; the graduating recital by the Music Course; and the oratorio, "St. Paul," by the school chorus of 75 voices. . . . This was the first time in the history of Japan that an entire standard oratorio of this grade has been given by a chorus of Japanese voices. It was a truly musical performance, reflecting the greatest credit on the director, the soloists, and the accompanist, and proving the value of those patient labors of the music department for many years, in ear drill, sight-singing and voice training, which have at last made such a chorus possible.

This oratorio was performed at a time when Dr. Hansen was not only Dean of the Music Department but was also acting president of the entire school. These quotations reflect the estimation of her fellow missionary-teachers of the importance and quality of her work at the time she was actively doing it. They all emphasize the word "first."

But both Dr. Hansen and Miss Lindsey were active in other fields than that of English or music. Dr. Hansen served as president of the school on several occasions; she was an active influence on students, leading them toward baptism. I remember being very impressed when I first came to Sendai when one morning at church in the chapel at Tohoku Gakuin a student from the music department was baptized. A sponsor was required for each person receiving baptism and that morning Dr. Hansen was the sponsor for that student. I wondered whether I would ever have that much influence on a student for Christianity.

And again, I remember walking home from school one day with Miss Lindsey and Dr. Hansen. I was walking with Dr. Hansen and we were discussing various things. In her very impressive and grave manner she said to me, "You must never forget that you are more than a teacher. You are a missionary-teacher and as such you must always place God first in your teaching." I have never forgotten this. I may not have followed her advice very well, but I have never forgotten it.

Dr. Hansen was a music teacher, a missionary, and she was actively interested in improving the status of the women of Japan. Again let me quote from a report to the Mission Board, in 1926:

The New Japanese Woman—The question of women's rights has come to Japan in full force. The timid, shrinking little Japanese woman, who used to be taught that her whole duty in life consisted in the "Three Obediences," to father, husband, and eldest son, has discovered that she is an independent human being. The earthquake helped it along, by forcing thousands of women to act for themselves. The spirit of the times is for it. This winter, Miss Lindsey and the Acting President, Miss Hansen, attended, as the only foreigners, a meeting of some two thousand Japanese women from all over Japan, in which their wrongs and inequalities were sanely, but unsparingly recounted, and plans for a united Woman's Movement were made. Its first objective is the demand for entirely equal educational rights and opportunities with men. Equal suffrage, the abolition of licensed prostitution, equal laws for men and women, were all discussed frankly, but the women agreed that education of leaders was the first requisite to all reforms. This was not a Christian meeting at all. . . . It was noticeable, however, that the strongest and most reasonable speakers were generally Christians. . . . Back of them was Christian education. They came from pioneer Christian schools. Shall this active movement of the mass of Japanese women be inspired with Christian ideals of service, become an aid to the Kingdom of God in Japan? It rests with the leaders of the next few years. And the direct and solemn responsibility for finding and training these leaders rests upon the Christian colleges for women in Japan, like Miyagi College. . . .

Again, Dr. Hansen, with Miss Lindsey, was actively related to non-Christian movements for improving the status of women in Japan. She was involved in these activities because they had behind them the influence of Christianity which served as the force which set the movement going. Dr. Hansen believed that Christian ideals must supply the power for reform and so she participated in any activity which would deepen the influence of Christianity on the society of Japan.

Dr. Hansen was a strong woman. She was a leader. I think she was a great woman. Great and strong leaders are always criticized. Certainly I have heard Dr. Hansen criticized. I have heard people call her stubborn, people whose ideas she opposed or disagreed with; I have heard people call her cold, people with whom she was not close. She was highly intelligent and she possessed talent and abilities which, I think, she knew, recognized and valued. Every person has a right to do this. I have heard

people say that she was hard. Her features were composed; her mind was clear and firm; her purpose was unswerving; if this be hardness, then I find it only to be admired. No leader is ever able to live uncriticized. The uncriticized person is usually a weak person. Jesus was criticized. Why should any human being escape criticism if he is living his life according to the highest values he knows? To be criticized is of no importance; to walk straight in the path of one's ideals is important. Dr. Kate Hansen did this.

And now, let me close. This is my humble attempt to speak words of praise, gratitude and thanksgiving for the life of a woman whom I consider to be a great leader, teacher, educator, missionary. I have no sense of "death" in connection with Dr. Hansen. For us here at Miyagi College, she is as much alive as she was before January 4th. I have the strongest sympathy for Miss Lindsey as she suffers the sense of absence from loved friends and for the loneliness which this will bring to her. But for us here, Dr. Hansen is as much a part of this school as she ever was. Her spirit, her influence, her determination to make a first-class music department, her work, her struggles, her strength are all built into the body of Miyagi College. So long as this school lives and remembers its basic purpose of giving young women the best possible education built on Christian principles, that long will Dr. Kate Hansen live. Only when the school forgets its own reason for being, will she die. It is the responsibility of each of us to see that this never happens.

*When word of Kate Hansen's death reached her beloved Miyagi College, the college president<sup>13</sup> wrote a response for the faculty and student body as well as the alumni.*

In my eyes Miss Hansen is walking . . .

Miss Hansen is going, with slow, but steady steps,  
Along her only way to which she has devoted her whole life.

In my eyes Miss Hansen is walking . . .

She is ascending the small stone-stairs of the No. 2 building . . .  
Turning at the dark corridor of the hallway built of red bricks,  
Into the flow of piano sounds, into her castle of Music  
Miss Hansen is marching.

In my eyes Miss Hansen is walking;

She is a lady who has sacrificed her forty years for our Miyagi-gakuin  
Miss Hansen has walked her way up . . .  
Yet, she is still living and walking in our hearts  
As an eternal being, as an everlasting comfort-giver.

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<sup>13</sup>Masamitus Ishii, President, Miyagi College for Women. Translated by Tsuneo Sakai and adapted by Calvin E. Harbin.



*Perhaps it is appropriate that Kate Hansen herself has the last words in this volume. In her final report<sup>14</sup> to her Mission Board in 1950, Kate summed up her career and challenged future generations to continue the work of Christian music educators.*

The whole system of so-called Occidental music is founded on the Christian religion, and its greatest masters have been saturated with Christianity. They have expressed their Christian thought and feeling in their works, even in the supposedly secular ones. A Christian teacher of music, who knows and comprehends these facts, can in the most natural way make of music teaching a powerful Christian force, following the august example of Bach himself, a music teacher for most of his life, who said that music must be studied “to the glory of God,” for if written otherwise it would be nothing but an infernal howling. The teaching of music history is one of the greatest opportunities for Christian influence, if done with the right emphasis on religion in general, and our music and the Christian religion in particular. A book should be written on this subject!

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<sup>14</sup>In Mensendieck, *To Japan with Love*, p. 107.



# APPENDIX



## Selected Kate Hansen Compositions and Related Items

**K**ate Hansen's great love for and devotion to music started early and lasted all of her life. Kate recognized that music was a universal language that could open cultural doors and windows to the past and present to reveal social and aesthetic riches. To her, music was an expression of the wisdom and memory of artists around the world. Music was a vehicle of instruction that would carry Kate far in achieving her purposes in life.

In her career in Japan, Kate was, of necessity, a resourceful music teacher. When she did not have the instructional materials that she needed, she would sometimes compose appropriate pieces for use in her classes and in local churches. An example is the hymn "Jesu! With Joy We Follow Thee," which is designed to promote Christian teaching through sacred music.

Kate was often called upon to arrange children's songs for Japanese students. She delighted in preparing such pieces as "Jesus Loves Me" with phonetic pronunciation of the Japanese language. American audiences also enjoyed and easily grasped such numbers.

For recitals and programs, Kate composed or arranged music for her students. One of her public presentations, for example, featured poems of Emily Dickinson that she had set to music.

The Japanese poet Tsuchii, whose two daughters graduated from Miyagi, wrote the lyrics for a Miyagi song. Kate translated and adapted his poetry, as well as composed the music for this song. Her note accompanying the piece shows her appreciation for the poet and his work.

Kate also collected traditional Japanese melodies. The folk melody “Cradle Song from the Aomori Country,” for example, had been widely sung by the people in that region but never published.

Kate composed “Emigrated” in honor of her father, Peter Hansen, who emigrated to the United States from Denmark in 1866 and died in Kansas in 1925. The words were by Helen Hunt Jackson. For Alpha, her sister and mother of Dane Gray Bales, she set Emily Dickinson’s poem “Adrift” to music.

After her nephew, Dane “Booge” Hansen of Salt Lake City, Utah, died tragically in the crash of his bomber plane during World War II, Kate Hansen composed “Ground Crews” dedicated to “Dane Hansen, Bombardier, and to all Others who ‘Returned no more.’” The words were written by Mary Rondeau.

Perhaps her most widely performed piece was the “Schlesvig” symphony, the first movement of which is represented here. This symphony evoked her year in Denmark and her Danish heritage.

Kate’s compositions furthered her mission of bringing Christianity to young Japanese women and honored her family and heritage by memorializing them. Music was at the center of both her life and her work.

In addition to excerpts of several compositions, this Appendix includes an abridged version of Kate Hansen’s master’s thesis and the letter from the Chicago School of Music notifying her of her honorary doctorate.

## Jesu! With Joy We Follow Thee

Kate I. Hansen

Pre-Reformation Melody  
Harmonized by Kate I. Hansen

Since Thou didst lay Thy glory by, In a man-ger bed to lie,

For love of lost hu-man-i-ty, With re-verent joy we

fol-low Thee, Al-le-lu-iah!

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Since Thou didst lay Thy glory by,<br/>In a manger bed to lie,<br/>For love of lost humanity,<br/>With reverent joy we follow Thee,<br/>Alleluiah!</p>            | <p>3. Since Thou didst suffer shame and loss,<br/>Bitter death upon the cross,<br/>From chains of sin our souls to free,<br/>With trembling joy we follow Thee.<br/>Alleluiah!</p> |
| <p>2. By deeds that leave us marvelling,<br/>Thou didst show how great a thing,<br/>A perfect human life can be—<br/>With active joy we follow Thee.<br/>Alleluiah!</p> | <p>4. Thou livest in our hearts to-day,<br/>Guiding, helping us alway,<br/>To gain at last the victory—<br/>With radiant joy we follow Thee.<br/>Alleluiah!</p>                    |
| <p>5. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/>High above the heavenly host,<br/>All glory, praise and honor be,<br/>Both now and through eternity.<br/>Alleluiah!</p>       |  |

*Jesus Loves Me.*

Je - sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so.  
Shoo wah wah-ray woh ah-ee Shoo wah tsoo yoh - kay-ray-bah,

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.  
Wah-ray yoh-wah - koo toh mah, Oh-soh-ray wah ah-rah-gee.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus  
Wah-gah Shoo Yay-soo, Wah-gah Shoo Yay-soo, Wah-gah Shoo

loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.  
Yay-soo, Wah - ray woh ah-ee soo.



R. Tsuchii

## TUNE "TSUCHII"

K. I. Hansen

In our be-luv'd Miyagi Alma Mater dear Where Thy most pre-cious teaching Morn-ing, eve-ning, we may hear,  
We now, a band of sis-ters Come to won-ship Thee a-gain, "Glo-ry to God re-peat-ing" Peace on earth, good-will to men!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. In our belov'd Miyagi<br/>Alma Mater dear,<br/>Where Thy most precious teaching<br/>Morning, evening, we may hear,<br/>We now, a band of sisters<br/>Come to worship Thee again,<br/>"Glory to God" repeating,<br/>"Peace on earth, good-will to men"!</p> | <p>Still thro' Thy gentle guidance<br/>Kind and humble may we grow,<br/>Upright, and pure, and righteous,<br/>Thine own glory may we show.</p>  |
| <p>2. Like to the light of morning,<br/>Like the dawn above,<br/>Like to the joy of spring-time,<br/>Is our faith, our hope, our love.</p>   | <p>3. Rice-plains of fair Miyagi,<br/>Stretching toward the sea,<br/>Soft brown each tiny village<br/>Set in gold embroidery,<br/>Land that we love so dearly<br/>We would make thee lovelier still,<br/>Give thee our precious teaching<br/>"Peace on earth, to men goodwill!"</p> |

This is the official song of the Miyagi College Y. W. C. A. The College gets its name from the province, Miyagi. The words are by Mr. R. Tsuchii, one of the greatest—some Japanese say the greatest—poet of modern Japan. His two daughters are Miyagi graduates. Japanese poetry has no rhymes, and uses quantity where English poetry uses accent. These English words are a paraphrase, giving some of the spirit and content, but doing no justice at all to the beauty of the original.

—K. I. H.

Japanese Cradle Song from the Aomori Country  
 Ancient Folk Melody and Words  
 Ingeborg  
 Accompaniment by Kate V. Hansen  
 Andante

pp 3 2 R. 2 3 5 4 L.H. 2 1 2 3 4 mp rit. a tempo

pp 3 2 R. 2 3 5 4 L.H. 2 1 2 3 4 mp a tempo

dim. rit. a tempo

1a) O - re no o-  
 2) Oh - rav-noh-oh  
 3) Mount-ain winds are

cresc. dim. a tempo

-bc-kwa, Ne-ta-ko se Ya-i, ya-i, ya.  
 ori-kawa, Nay-tah-koh say. Yae-ee, yan-ee, yan.  
 roar-ing, Ee-by. Lul-la, Lul-la-bye.

cresc. dim.

# Ground Crews.

To Dane Hansen, Bombardier, and to all Others who "Returned no more."

Mary R. Rondeau

Kate Ingeborg Hansen.

Moderato

We are the ones whose feet stay on the

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics 'We are the ones whose feet stay on the' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

> rit.----- accel-----

ground ---, While eag-er-ly we watch the bomb-ing planes, That

rit.----- accel-----

The second system continues the piece. The tempo markings '> rit.' and 'accel' are placed above the vocal line. The lyrics 'ground ---, While eag-er-ly we watch the bomb-ing planes, That' are written below. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with some rhythmic patterns.

acc.-----

rise ... a-bove our heads -----, fly ----- in - to

acc.----- cresc.-----

The third system continues with 'acc.' markings above the vocal line. The lyrics 'rise ... a-bove our heads -----, fly ----- in - to' are written below. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cresc.' marking and a key signature change to two sharps (D major).

space ----- From where they may re-

ff

moderato

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics 'space ----- From where they may re-' are written below. The piano accompaniment features a 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking and a 'moderato' tempo marking. The system ends with a key signature change to one sharp (E major).

# Emigrated.

To my Father, Peter Hansen. Emigrated from Denmark, 1866. "Emigrated" from Kansas, 1925.  
Helen Hunt Jackson Kate Ingeborg Hansen

*Allegro*

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 12/8 time signature. The right hand (R.H.) plays a melody with slurs and accents, including the lyrics "(yo ho!) (yo ho!) (yo ho!)". The left hand (L.H.) plays a bass line with triplets and a crescendo marking. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5.

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The treble clef staff continues the melody with the lyrics "With sails --- full set ---, the". The left hand (L.H.) has a more active bass line with triplets. Dynamics include *mp.* and *cresc.* markings.

Handwritten musical score for the third system. The treble clef staff has the lyrics "ship -- her anchor weighs; Strong names shine out --- beneath -- her figure head -- What". The left hand (L.H.) features complex rhythmic patterns with many triplets and slurs.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. The treble clef staff has the lyrics "glad fare -- wells --- with eag-er eyes are said ---, What cheer for him who goes ---, for". The left hand (L.H.) continues with intricate bass line patterns, including many triplets and slurs.



Emily Dickinson  
AndanteAdrift.  
To Alpha.

Kate Ingeborg Hansen

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *Andante*. The score features a treble and bass clef with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass line includes the instruction *Con Pedale*. The melody in the treble clef begins with a series of eighth notes and rests, followed by a melodic line with some grace notes.

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "A - drift, a lit - tie" in a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *p*, *rit.*, and *a tempo*. The key signature changes from one flat to two flats.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "boat a - drift, And night is com - ing down ----, Will no one guide a". The piano accompaniment features a steady accompaniment with dynamic markings *p* and *rit.*.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "lit - tie boat Un - to the near - est town - ...?". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *rit.*, *mf*, *rit.*, and *a tempo*. The key signature changes back to one flat.

*String Quartet—Euhleaving.*  
*I. Peace and Little Wars.*  
K. J. Hansen.

*Allegretto Tranquilo*

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each containing four staves. The instruments are Violin I (V. I.), Violin II (V. II.), Viola (V.), and Cello/Double Bass (C.). The time signature is 4/4. The tempo is *Allegretto Tranquilo*. The score includes various dynamics: *pp* (pianissimo), *p* (piano), *mp* (mezzo-piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). A 'Sola' section is indicated for the Cello/Double Bass part. The score is handwritten and shows signs of age, with some ink bleed-through and staining.

Experiences in Teaching Western Music  
In a Girls' Music School in Japan

Kate Ingeborg Hansen

Dean, Department of Music—Miyagi Girls' School, Sendai, Japan  
Thesis for Master's Degree in Music for Chicago Musical College  
June 1927—Brought up to date in 1933

(Abridged with footnotes by William Mensendiek, Sendai, Japan, 1986)

My experience teaching Western music in a girls' school in Japan necessitated a slow and laborious development of the musical consciousness, beginning with students who were trained in Japanese music only and unable to hear, much less sing, some of the notes of the major scale, and ending with a chorus able to sing acceptably oratorios like *St. Paul* and *The Messiah*, and with piano students able to play Bach fugues and Beethoven sonatas from memory, and graduates well qualified to teach music in high schools. This is clearly related to sociological and religious phenomena.

The problem in the Girls' School began with the Three Obediences, to father, husband, and eldest son, which meant that less mental effort was and is expected of girls than of boys. English is a required subject for boys, but an elective for girls. The whole standard of girls' education was and is far below that of boys. In one subject only the standard for girls has been higher. That subject is music.

Japanese music had always been one of the accomplishments of girls, especially the koto. With the organization of the new schools in the Meiji period, however, the government made a radical change, finally dropping Japanese music entirely and making Western music, including singing and reed organ playing, required subjects in all girls' schools. Western music also officially displaced the Japanese variety in public primary schools. It became immensely popular. By 1908 when I arrived all Sendai schools were attempting to teach it, and Sendai boys and girls were trying, with more zeal than success, to play the violin and reed organ. The painful result of their efforts is described in my essay "My Impressions of the Musical Consciousness of the Japanese People." It is quite beyond the imagination of someone who has never heard it. An American girl brought up in Sendai, who had never heard the violin played by anyone but Japanese until she went to America for high school, wrote back after her first concert, "I never knew before that the violin was a real musical instrument like the piano."<sup>1</sup>

These young Japanese were in fact attempting to use a musical language as foreign to them as English. Their own musical background

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<sup>1</sup>Miriam Schwartz, daughter of Methodist missionaries in Sendai.



was Chinese, imported in the 6th and 7th centuries. Its tonality is very vague to Western ears, the scale is a pentatonic one. This is seen in the koto with 13 strings, with tuning varying as it is done by means of movable bridges. The general character of the rhythm is monotonous. The general effect is not melodious as Westerners understand the term. In fact, few Westerners can distinguish one Japanese tune from another. The shamisen and shakuhachi, which is the most melodious instrument, all use the same scales or modes as the koto. It is this music which is still heard constantly in the homes, tea houses, theatres and temples. It formed, and still does, the musical mother tongue of the great majority of the Japanese people.

To teach a Japanese student Western music then is to give him a new musical language. The task of a music teacher is akin to that of an English teacher. This fact is not yet realized in many schools in Japan. The government did not recognize the magnitude of the task. It employed hundreds of Americans and Europeans to teach Western languages and science. Now a generation later all science is taught by Japanese, but still foreigners are employed to teach language. In all the better universities students have some direct instruction from teachers whose native tongue is English. In music the situation is entirely different. The government has only one school which employs any Western teachers. In Tōkyō is a department for training soloists and teachers of music for high schools. It employs three or four good Europeans who teach voice, but all other teaching is done by Japanese. Students enter from high school having had one or two periods of singing per week for four or five years, and one period of reed organ for six months to one year. The Normal Course is three years. Inadequate as it is, graduates are given teacher's licenses. Thus, to Western ears, the music in the public schools is, with few exceptions, excruciating.

Christian schools in Japan from the beginning had missionaries who spent time and effort teaching Christian hymns. The Japanese liked these hymns very much and very soon they were translated into Japanese and were heard everywhere. But no attempt was made to set the words to Japanese tunes. The Western tunes were apparently as popular as the words, though a Western newcomer would have had difficulty in recog-

nizing familiar melodies as they came from the throats of the Japanese. Even Buddhist priests appropriated the tunes and changed the words to teach children in imitation of Christian Sunday Schools.

Christian high schools for girls gave more time to music than government schools. In the early days they were leaders in music everywhere. Their students had the advantage of direct contact with Westerners. This, in turn, rendered a great service to the spread of Christianity. But these schools shared the same defect as the public schools. The mission boards, like the government, did not yet realize the nature of the task. They assumed that anyone who could play hymns and carry a tune could teach music. They saw no necessity for special preparation to teach beginning music. The American teacher, untrained as she was, could give only a small part of her time to this subject. She taught one or two singing classes and gave organ lessons to a few students. Many Western teachers became hardened to the strange sounds produced by their Japanese students, like English teachers who became accustomed to bad pronunciation. Those who did realize something was wrong generally believed the Japanese incapable of anything better, and paid little attention to the matter.

Such was the situation when I arrived at Miyagi Girls School in 1908. Miyagi, which was regarded as a musical leader, boasted one old piano. It was kept in the missionary ladies' residence where the girls practiced from morning to night, and carried to the chapel when needed for special programs. I was given a class in singing and three piano pupils. My most vivid musical recollection of those first months and years is of the intense pain I suffered in class, in chapel, wherever Japanese tried to make Western music. The school authorities, Japanese and American alike, saw, or rather, heard nothing wrong. More musical persons outside the school had sympathy, but little hope of any improvement. I had other teaching besides music and was struggling with the Japanese language. But because I could not endure the noises of my students I set about the task of finding out why they could not play or sing. There was nobody to consult. Whatever was to be discovered could be only gained by observation and experiment.

Soon I was able to rule out certain possible causes. First, the problem was not lack of interest or of effort. The six or eight reed organs ground away from 6 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Evidently, all the girls who had the first practice hour were all up and dressed, sitting at their organ benches ready for the first stroke of the bell when every organ began to wail. At all times individuals and groups could be heard practicing their songs and hymns. The order and discipline in class was perfect. Cutting class was unknown. My piano pupils practiced exactly what I gave them and nothing else. They listened with intense eagerness whenever I played for them. They believed absolutely in their teacher, going so far as to ask in all seriousness if I were the greatest musician in America.

Lack of knowledge of musical theory was also ruled out. Their theory was much better than their practice. They had learned the names of all the notes of the scale in public school. They could sing do-re-mi and the older ones knew the key signatures. They had Japanese books in the library which explained all these things. Also their rhythmic sense was not bad. I sometimes played accompaniment for the best Japanese “professor” of violin in the city. I could not tell by his pitch whether we were together or not, but if I counted from the beginning with metronomic regularity, I could be sure that we would end at exactly the same time. This good sense of rhythm was observed in the school in my classes also. My singing classes did not drag much more than my classes in the public schools of Denver had done. They could not learn anything in triple rhythm, hymns in 9/8 time being utterly impossible, but they had comparatively little trouble with any kind of double rhythm.

There were some obvious defects that were comparatively easy to overcome, like having them open their mouths. Japanese etiquette prescribes that a lady must speak with her teeth closed. So making them put a finger between their teeth was the only way for them to learn this, and it became a regular routine for singing classes. Also to sing in Western style for them meant to yell with all the force of their lungs, which was an idea they acquired in the public schools.

Before long it became apparent that the lack of a sense of pitch was the fundamental defect. This was not a simple matter. The problem was not a general lack of this sense, but rather “deaf spots.” By months and

years of experiment I finally discovered what most of these were. The most difficult thing in all Western music I found to be the ascending major scale. In about my 5th year in Japan my class learned Schubert's Erlking. "In seinen Armen das Kind war tod" they sang with absolutely true pitch after I had played it for them once on the piano. The scale passage, "Willst, feiner Knabe du mit mir gehen" they practiced every day for several weeks before they could sing it. They sang it correctly at the concert, but two weeks later when the concert was repeated unexpectedly with only two days for practice, they sang it almost as badly as at the beginning.

In the major scale, the most difficult succession was 6—7—8. According to my tests of freshmen classes during the first five years, about one girl in a hundred was able to sing the entire major scale alone after it had been played repeatedly on the piano. The third step in the major scale was the next most difficult point. After one or two class periods were spent on this exercise,

about one-fifth of the class were able to sing a true third, three-fifths sang with more or less accuracy, and one-fifth could not follow the tune at all.



When the exercise was played in major and minor alternately, only about one-fifth were able to sing the exercise correctly. Most of the remaining fourth could sing the first major third correctly, but after that they flatted or dropped into the minor. About one in fifteen was unable to distinguish major thirds from minors when played. At the present time, students have the same kind of difficulties but the percentage of correct singing is much higher.

While making these discoveries, I experimented with many teaching devices, and discovered a second fundamental defect, namely, the lack of power of paying concentrated attention. Japanese girls were not expected to think very deeply. They had not been taught to do so. However, I proved by many experiments that it was not impossible for

them. A class of freshmen were studying the Brahms *Lullaby* for a school entertainment, and could not sing it. Apparently they could not hear the upward leading-tone. Singing alone in class was at that time unknown. The girls were supposed to be too bashful for that. However, I asked the accompanist, who at that time was the only Japanese in school with a true ear, to spend all of her time during the next week in drilling each of the forty or fifty girls, separately, on those few notes. I announced that the next week, if the class still could not sing that passage correctly, I would test every girl separately, and would drop everyone who could not sing the leading-tone. For the first time they apparently realized concentration was necessary. They would “lose face” if dropped from a public performance. The passage was sung very well the next week, and the next leading-tone was a shade less difficult.

These continuous experiences over five years convinced me that the whole subject of music teaching in Japan was being approached from the wrong angle. I became sure that two things were absolutely necessary before real progress could be made, ear-training and concentrated attention, and that music must be regarded not as a pleasing accomplishment or as an easily acquired aid to religious work, but as a serious intellectual task, as difficult as English and as exacting as mathematics. And because Japanese schools lay such great stress upon grades, an exact grading system, recognizable as such by non-musicians, seemed essential. I made many experiments. When I returned from my first furlough, during which time I had taken my Music Bachelor Degree at the University of Kansas, there had been a change in the management of the school. The new principal<sup>2</sup> was musical and progressive. I was relieved of all other teaching and given a free hand in music.

During the next year I worked out several books of ear-drill exercises, based on the special difficulties of Japanese students, but following somewhat the plan of the *Ginn Series of Music Readers*, which we had adopted as textbooks. Music theory, including ear-drilling, was made a required subject. This soon came to mean chiefly ear-drill. Every student was required to sing alone frequently, and the class was encouraged to

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<sup>2</sup>Rev. Allen K. Faust.

listen for and to point out her mistakes. This secured more concentration. The most effective method of all was requiring the ear-drill exercises to be written. As far as I know this had never before been done in Japan. To very poor classes, I gave a short written exam of ear-drill at the beginning of every lesson, grading every paper and returning it. At the end of the year among the failures in the school were some in music. It was difficult for the faculty to believe that failure in music should prevent promotion just as a failure in mathematics, but they gave their consent. Music was thus put on par with other subjects.

The results were even beyond my imagination. The singing classes learned very quickly what concentration meant. Remarkable accuracy of pitch was developed in a year or so. Chapel entertainment ceased to be painful. Real singing became possible, and independent singing in parts. I was able to organize a choir of girls to sing every Sunday in the largest church in Sendai, learning a hymn or a simple song in two or three parts for each service. A collection of these songs, translated into Japanese, was published by the Christian Literature Society of Japan under the title of *Hymns and Anthems for Women's Voices*, which has been widely used in Japan.

During my first term I had begun informal classes of promising young graduates of the high school, who taught beginning organ, assisted me in my singing classes, and studied piano and harmony. Some of these learned my system of ear-drill. I turned over to them all of the mechanical parts of teaching the subject, and they did it very well. Even if their own ears were not perfect, they could play the exercises, collect the papers and grade them.

After this exact system had been in working order for a year or so, I made an interesting study of the relation of musical intelligence as shown in these tests, to intelligence in other subjects, using all the high school grade-sheets for a year as material. They showed a close relation between musical intelligence and general intelligence in the great majority of cases. A failure in music was nearly always accompanied by failure in some other subject. Especially, grades in music and in English reading proved to correspond almost exactly. The results of this research, read in general faculty meeting, helped in securing cordial cooperation.

During all this time I had been teaching piano and organ. The results mechanically had been good. Japanese girls as a rule have good hands, are excellent mimics, and are far more zealous in practicing than American girls. Memorizing had, however, been almost impossible, and spontaneous expression was almost unknown. After the introduction of ear-drill, memorizing became very easy. Japanese girls have naturally good memories, for their former education, especially in Japanese music, consisted almost wholly of memorizing. All that was necessary was for them to learn really to hear the Western music they were studying.

With the high school music on a solid foundation, it was possible to consider the subject of training teachers. College work had been started in Bible, English and Domestic Science. There was only one Christian school, Kobe College, with an organized course in music above the high school. I studied this course and others, and made plans. The consents of our local Board of Managers, half Japanese and half American, and of the Mission Board in America, were obtained, and a three-year higher course, with a two-year preparatory course for high school graduates having insufficient preparation in music, was opened in 1916. The entrance requirements for the higher course were based on the musical ability of the best of the high school graduates. In voice this included ability to sing at sight with accurate pitch and rhythm, exercises of the grade of the *Ginn Third Music Reader*, the first book of Czerny, Op. 299, Heller Op. 47, and Bach works preparatory to the Inventions and easy sonatas were required. By great good fortune, a competent teacher of voice was already available in the person of the wife of one of the American professors of our college for men.<sup>3</sup> She had been trained in Peabody Institute in Baltimore and in Berlin, and had a very good solo voice. She had already helped in the high school classes, but was particularly interested in the development of solo singing and of artistic choral work, which had now become possible. We two divided the work of the new course, which included solo singing, chorus, sight-singing, ear-drill, music history, piano, organ, harmony, and music forms. Other subjects—Bible, ethics, English, Japanese, education and physical train-

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<sup>3</sup>Florence Seiple—Tohoku Gakuin.



ing—were taken in the regular college classes. Students from the other college courses, able to pass the entrance examination, were permitted to take sight-singing and chorus with the music course students. They began studying oratorio choruses, “The Heavens are Telling” being one of the first ones successfully performed. Sight-singing, theory and ear-drill were made required subjects in all the college courses, and piano and organ were continued as electives with extra tuition fees. These have been so popular as to make the music department the most nearly self-supporting one in the school. Ordinarily, about half the students of the other courses are enrolled for piano or organ. (1927)

A member of the first graduating class (1919) astonished Sendai at Commencement by playing from memory the entire *Moonlight Sonata*, the one Western piece known to every educated Japanese. It was the first performance of the kind by a Japanese woman in Sendai. Two years later, a student gave the first graduating recital ever heard in Sendai. She sang several solos, one being the Bach—Gounod *Ave Maria* and she played from memory a Bach fugue, a Beethoven sonata, several modern pieces, and the last movement of the Mendelssohn *G Minor Concerto*, the last named with second piano. The government supervisor of education, who was present, immediately offered her a position, which she declined in order to teach at Miyagi College. Since that time, a number of graduates have taught music in government high schools.

In the years following the close of the World War, there occurred one of those sudden developments which are especially characteristic of Japan. The general public, always enthusiastic about Western music, all at once began to show intelligent appreciation. Three causes led to this. One was the sudden increase in the wealth of Japan which led to the purchase of Western instruments, especially the piano. Not one of my earlier pupils had had a piano, although some were from families accounted wealthy. Now all of my well-to-do students and many of those in very moderate circumstances have them. The Sendai public schools are buying them by popular subscription. I have had the pleasure of assisting committees in their selection. Some schools have sent their women teachers to Miyagi College for training in singing and in simple piano playing. There has been a notable improvement in the musical



ability of our entering classes both in the high school and the college. Piano is now taught in the government high schools for girls, and a few girls from these schools who have pianos have been able to pass the entrance examination for the second year of our preparatory course in music.

The second cause is the great popularity of the phonograph, Japanese and foreign. Japanese buy the best foreign records. It is not at all uncommon when passing a Japanese home to hear the voice of Caruso or the violin of Kreisler. Of course, much Japanese music is also heard, but the foreign records are giving the Japanese people standards of appreciation and are training their ears in a remarkable way. Certain operatic airs, like the Toreador's Song from *Carmen* are whistled and sung in the streets by the grocery boys, and the effect is not always unmusical.

A third cause has been the visits of real artists. The Russian Revolution drove many White Russian musicians to their friendly neighbor, Japan. They have gone into the most remote country towns giving concerts for whatever the people would pay. Before the Great Earthquake several of them had headquarters in Yokohama where they taught music and from whence they went out for concerts. The earthquake put a stop to most of their work, but their influence remains in the new musical standards wherever they had been. Recently there has been sufficient demand to make it profitable for other Western artists to come to Japan for concerts, Schumann-Heinke, Kreisler, and several others have given concerts in Tōkyō and in two or three other cities. Japan musically is no longer isolated.

In Sendai, there has been a fourth contributing cause—the expansion of the Imperial University, which has brought a large number of foreign trained professors to the city, some of whom were ardent concert goers during their stay. These, with the cooperation of their students, formed a Music Lovers Association for the purpose of promoting professional concerts in Sendai. The first concerts sponsored by this association have been held in the Miyagi College Chapel. The members form a very intelligent part of the audience at the public concerts given by our music department.

All of these developments have encouraged and stimulated our music school. The public of Sendai and of the entire North has come to understand as never before the work we are attempting to do. The Christian schools have always sent us numerous applications for teachers. During the years following the war and up to the time the economic depression struck Japan, the government schools in all parts of Honshu and Hokkaido sent the most urgent applications. As many as ten were received in one year for one graduate of the music course. When such graduates were not available, these schools asked for graduates of the English college course who had had piano as an elective. A number of these, who have been able to take the sight-singing course with the music students and to sing in the school chorus, have done acceptable work.

The general impression seems to be that any graduate of any of the Miyagi College courses is able to teach music, and high school principals have sometimes brought pressure to bear upon us to send them graduates whom we were unwilling to recommend as music teachers. The world-wide depression, which was felt in Japan earlier than in the West, has resulted in acute unemployment among teachers. The Department of Education has used every possible means to limit employment in government schools to graduates of government normal schools and universities. Despite this policy, every graduate of the Miyagi Conservatory, including the Class of 1933, who wished to teach has been able to secure a position. They are now teaching in all parts of Japan from Hokkaido to Kyushu in a great variety of high schools—government, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Lutheran, Congregational, Episcopalian, and even Buddhist.

The years between the close of the war and the beginning of the depression were a time of steady development. They brought new teachers from America, larger quarters, more equipment, more and better students. A post-graduate course in voice and one in piano, with a graduating recital required of each student, was developed during these years. The voice department, at first quite weak, has made special progress. The first voice recital ever given by a Sendai woman was that of our first post-graduate students in voice. The school chorus has specialized in oratorio, beginning with short ones. When they sang *St. Paul* in

1926, it marked a step in the musical history of Japan, for it was the first time that a Japanese chorus had sung the whole of a standard oratorio. Membership in this chorus is limited to those who can pass an examination in sight-singing equivalent to that required for admission to the music course. The chorus usually numbers from 80 to 100 voices. The contra solos in *St. Paul* were sung by a Japanese teacher, a graduate of our post-graduate course.

Ear-drill, largely written, continues to be the foundation of all instruction. Eternal vigilance is certainly the price of true pitch in Japan. A new system of classification was tested in the college classes and then extended to the entire school. Under this, all students above the second year in high school are put into singing classes, not according to their year in school, but according to their musical ability, as shown by their grades in music, chiefly ear-drill. Over half of each class win promotion in singing every year; most of the other half take the same work twice, while a few are obliged to take it three times. The desire to get into advanced classes proved to be an even stronger stimulus to concentrated attention than the fear of failure. Only those who have been promoted every year in the high school are able to enter the Conservatory. Every student entering the college proper from any other school is given an individual examination in singing and theory immediately after being admitted, and is placed in one of four classes, according to her musical ability. The percentage of promotion in these classes is about the same as that in the high school classes.

There are generally three full-time American and six Japanese teachers connected with the music department, beside tutors. The Americans have degrees from American conservatories. The Japanese are Miyagi graduates, who have had at least a year of post-graduate study. The Japanese do all of the piano and organ teaching in the preparatory grade, all of the theory and ear-drill, some of the sight-singing, and all of the accompanying. Deterioration is guarded against by close and sympathetic supervision, and by the provision of opportunities for study. Each Japanese teacher has her regular practice hours in the school studios, and one lesson a week with the head of her department. Although Japanese music teachers as a rule do their best work during the first year or so

after graduation, this policy has made our Japanese faculty increasingly efficient the longer they teach. Unfortunately for the school, few of them can teach for more than four or five years, as custom requires Japanese women to marry, and music teachers seem to be especially desirable in the marriage market.

From the beginning, the historical relation of Western music to Christianity has been made clear to all music students. The majority of those entering the Conservatory are already identified with some church, and all of the others have become Christians before graduation. They have been very willing, as they became able to do so, to use their musical knowledge in the service of organized Christianity, and Sendai and its vicinity have always afforded abundant opportunities. Hymn playing is taught throughout the course. Every advanced student has training in playing with a teacher at the chapel services. The school supplies organists or pianists to about twenty-five Sunday Schools each week. In many of these schools, our students give regular instruction in singing, with pleasing results. Japanese teachers of music play for the services in several Sendai churches. I visit each Sunday, if possible, some service where a student or a teacher is playing, and give suggestions and criticisms. While there are many difficulties, these Japanese from Miyagi have been on the whole very successful in doing their share in educating the Christian constituency. The National Secretary of the Christian Literature Society, a music-loving American, who visited the Sendai Churches recently remarked, "Such church music is impossible anywhere in Japan outside of Sendai."

Organ playing is a required subject in the Bible Training Department of the college, in addition to singing. Graduates of this course become pastor's assistants in cities and towns all over North Japan. Generally, it is necessary for them to manage all the music in their churches. Their musical ability, of course, varies greatly. I have often been agreeably surprised at the results of their work, although there is naturally much room for improvement. The more talented ones have been able not only to instruct their Sunday school children, but to form classes in hymn singing among high school students and other girls. The graduates of the music course and those of the English course able to teach some

music, who are now scattered all over Japan teaching in high schools, are doing especially good service to the music of the churches in their various cities. They seem to have more liberty in the government schools than do most teachers of other subjects, and have been permitted to act as organists in their local churches even by school principals opposed to Christianity.

Miyagi College has many problems, educational, financial and administrative. One peculiar to Japan is that of the teachers' license. In Japan, persons without licenses are permitted by law to teach in any school. However, every school is obliged to have on its faculty a fixed minimum percentage of teachers with government licenses, who receive higher salaries than unlicensed ones. A high school or a college teacher's license is for one subject only. Licenses are for life. They are secured by graduating from a government school, or by passing two teachers' examinations, a preliminary one in the capital of the province, and a final one in Tōkyō. This sounds fair, but in practice it is made almost impossible for graduates of non-government schools to pass the examinations. In English and in music, the two subjects in which I have a minute knowledge of the teachers' examinations, there is no comparison whatever between the standard of these examinations and that of the government schools whose graduates receive licenses without examination. Those graduates could not possibly pass the examinations in these subjects. In the government school which has the monopoly of teachers' licenses in music, girls with no musical preparation except high school singing are graduated as full-fledged licensed teachers in three years. Yet in the teachers' examinations I have frequently found questions which I, a Doctor of Music, could not answer. This puts obvious difficulties in the way of our music department. The fact that up to 1933 every graduate had still been able to secure a teaching position is an indication of our high standards and of the growing appreciation of music on the part of the Japanese public. In the case of English and of some other subjects, a very few non-government schools, by various means, have secured the license privilege for their own graduates. Our own English department has been fortunate enough to do so. In music the government school has so far been able to foil all attempts by outsiders to break their mo-

nopoly. We shall continue our efforts, hoping for success when some more liberal-minded Minister of Education comes into power.

The world-wide financial depression affected Japan earlier than the Western world, and Japan at best was, of course, far poorer financially than any Western nation. Due to the traditionally inferior position of woman in Japan, girls' schools were the first to suffer, since an ordinary family as a matter of course took its girls out of school when forced to retrench, while making every sacrifice to educate its boys. Many girls' schools have suffered great losses in enrollment, and some have closed entirely. So far, Miyagi College has suffered less than the average school, and the music course proper has actually gained in numbers. If the American constituency (church) is able to continue to support the school, there is a great future for it in the continuation of its task of developing the best of Western music in music-hungry Japan, and of linking this Western music with its historical source, the Christian religion.

Chicago

January 27, 1930.

Miss Kate Hansen,  
Sendai, Japan.

My dear Miss Hansen:

In recognition of your broad musicianship, of your general cultural background, of your musical experience, and especially because of the great contribution you are making to the cause of musical education in Japan, the Chicago Musical College has voted to award you the degree of Doctor of Music, *Honoris Causa*.

As an alumnus of this College your constructive efforts have been watched with great interest and appreciation by your Alma Mater. So it is fitting and appropriate that at this time the College should recognize your distinguished achievements with this symbol of the Honorary Doctorate.

All here would join in warmest felicitations to you and highest hopes for the continued success of your great work in Japan.

Signed on behalf of the Executive Board,  
Wesley LaViolette, Music Assistant Director.

WL:VC





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