



# JULIA

A SOUTHERN BAPTIST MISSIONARY'S  
LETTERS TO HER FATHER

*Compiled and edited by Martha A Baskin*

This book is dedicated to brother and my sisters, Anne, John, &  
Felicia in celebration of our growing up with Julia in Argentina -  
*Martha Witt Askew Baskin*

Exquisite tenderness,  
Passionate abandon,  
Persimmon colored mornings  
Dappled with light.

- So was our childhood,  
Drenched in mauve longings,  
Jacarandas Octobers,  
And mulberry night.

But that was another place,

Where clocks and watches  
Shared the same name and  
Kept similar times,  
Where hope was the color  
Of nascent oranges and  
Ripe, succulent limes.

*Los relojes* ran in tandem,  
The big hand  
Holding the little hand joined  
At the center. Time was not

Linear then but  
Circular, halved and quartered,  
Each sharing the same space.

And when hands came together  
At mid day  
*Mamá* made sure that  
They were washed and clean  
And as radiant as our face.

## Acknowledgements

I am very grateful to my family who encouraged me in my research to tie the letters together. I am also grateful to them for spurring me on when I became discouraged. I am particularly amazed and grateful to the many distant relatives I found on Ancestry.com who provided valuable information regarding Julia's family.

A big thank you to my sister Felicia who provided the letters and scrapbooks, to my brother John for his cache of photographs and high school annuals, to my sister Anne for her genealogical research, and to Julia's namesake, my daughter Julia Maria McKillen for her constant support.

A special thanks to Jack, my husband, who followed my ups and downs listening to tales of my exciting discoveries as I dug deeper and deeper into some unknown aspect of Julia's life as well as turning a deaf ear to my discouraged mutterings when my research hit a wall or stalled.

And lastly, I thank Julia for being Julia and providing me with a loving, caring childhood and the tools to work through this marvelous structure we call life.

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## PROLOGUE



The telephone rings and I hear the slow, deliberate voice of the rural mail delivery postman say, “Martha, there’s this here package for you and it is registered. You might want to come and pick it up rather than have me deliver it. Looks *important*”.

“It can only be one thing”, I think, and dash out to the car tripping over myself as I can barely contain my excitement. I wind down the mountain to the post office below and sign for the package.

The package had made as circuitous a journey into my possession as the mountain road I had just traveled. In it were the scrapbooks my mother had kept as a young girl and early womanhood as well as letters she had written home to her parents which her father had saved and returned to her at some point. It was my sister who had found the cache of letters and memorabilia when she was going through our mother’s belongings after her death.

Perhaps when my sister had found those treasures she had mentioned them to me but in the state of grief I had been in, it had not made an impression. Years later she had the letters transcribed making copies for each of mother's four children. Recently I had offered to digitalize the letters and make them available our mother's grandchildren. A week end project, I thought – something to do to make me feel a little more connected to family. My plan was to digitalize the transcribed letters and print and bind enough copies for each of my mother's grandchildren.

I glance at my name and address written in my sister's familiar handwriting and sign for the package. At home, I rip the package open and begin to line up its content on the kitchen counter. There is a packet of letters and three scrapbooks. The letters are neatly arranged in chronological order, each in a protecting sleeve. The scrap books are worn and brittle with age. I gingerly open each one and begin to turn the pages. What I find is a jumble of memorabilia – photographs, newspaper clippings, cards, letters, programs, booklets, notes, all pasted onto the pages of the scrapbooks in anything but chronologic order. The contents are as chaotically arranged as my memories of the stories my mother had told me about her growing up years. Here and there is a name or a face I recognize. But everything feels distant, dated.

The first time I had read the letters it had been in the neatly transcribed format that my sister had had bound into a booklet. But in the box I find the actual letters my mother had written carefully preserved with the corresponding envelopes. I take a letter out of its sleeve and feel it. It is thin onionskin paper. I look at the envelope. It has **Censored** marked on it. I check the date and see that it was written shortly after my birth. I find letters written on notebook paper, from

her college days, letters written on stationary she borrowed during one of her travels, and letters written on blue onionskin paper.

I begin to notice the envelopes. In her neat handwriting, on the left hand corner I notice the return address changes. I run to the computer and key in each address and through Google Earth I visit each neighborhood she lived in as she wrote the letters. I do the same with each addressed she used to reach her father as he wandered around the country after my grandmother died.

I take out the bound copy of letters my sister had given me years before, the one I had volunteered to scan and make available to the family and re-read a few pages. The letters narrative is wonderful. My mother account to her parents of her daily life is spontaneous, transparent, direct, and loving. I find myself settling in for a good read. I scan the letters, one by one and begin to recreate my sister's bound copy. But something is bothering me.



Pasted in one of Julia's scrapbooks I find a picture of two children sitting on the steps of a house. A little girl sits confidently on the steps of a brick cottage with her arms protectively around a little boy. She looks directly into the camera, her legs neatly crossed. Behind the children the scene is pastoral with a gate which gives to the hills beyond. The little boy seems sullen, with his left arm

uncomfortably around the little girl's shoulder. Written on the picture I see "L.N. and ME" - 1924.

I am excited. This is the earliest picture of Julia I have seen and by the date, and the fact that going by the clothes they are wearing, it is spring or fall, Julia was nine years old. But, I think, "who in the world is L.N.?"

Looking at the picture, you can almost hear a grown-up saying, "Julia and LN, sit up there and let me take your picture. You two put your arm around each other. See what a pretty picture that makes?" Julia, 9 years old, confident, purposeful, following orders, and LN, four years younger, reluctant, but going along with it. In the months that followed I would learn more about that little boy who was her second cousin, Lewis Napoleon Claxton, Jr., about his father, Lewis Napoleon Claxton, Sr., about her family, and the Alabama hills that dominate the background of the picture.

I match each transcribed copy of a letter with the original; I take each scrapbook and begin to peruse it. Suddenly I realize that I have begun to step back, that instead of being carried by her story I am beginning to wonder more and more about her and her life. And so, what had begun as a wrapping-up process of what my mother had written about her life became a point of departure for a journey of discovery.

I invite you to take the journey with me.

Martha Witt Askew Baskin,

March 11, 2013



JULIA

THE EARLY YEARS



*Sidney Jackson Reaves, age 18*

As a dutiful daughter, Julia wrote faithfully to her parents. When her mother died in February of 1942, she continued to write to her father, whom, as you will readily see when reading her letters, she adored. It is he who saved the letters in this book.

Sidney Jackson Reaves was born in Anniston, Alabama. and soon after his birth the family moved to a farm in Arkansas. He was the baby of the family and very close to his siblings, sister *Maggie*, and his brothers *James (Jimmy)* and *Walter*. When he was six years old his mother died. His father remarried and had five more children. "The Baby" became a big brother to his dad's new family.

Soon after this photograph was taken, Sidney returned to Anniston and worked in his uncle *John Reaves'* grocery store. His brother Walter was then the assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church. It was while attending church services, undoubtedly, that he met Julia's mother.





*Jimmie Lou Johns*

Julia's mother, *Jimmie Lou Johns*, was born in Heard County, Georgia. She had three older sisters and a younger brother. Her father died in a tragic accident when she was only four years old. Her mother, "*Mamie*" then married *Robert T. Loftin* and had another baby. Mamie died of tuberculosis in 1904 when Jimmie Lou was only twelve. Mamie's brother, *Lewis Napoleon Claxton*, a minister, was not much older than the young orphans, but he took them under his wing and became their guardian.

Jimmie Lou's stepfather had moved to Anniston, Alabama, and when in 1909 The First Baptist Church needed a new minister, "Uncle Lewis" also moved to Anniston where he remained for the next 39 years.

Although there was tragedy in Jimmie Lou's life, she came from a large, loving, extended family. Her oldest sister, *Myrtice*, died when Jimmie Lou was about 15 years old, but she remained close to her sisters *Carrie* and *Minnie* as well as her brother *Virgil* who remained in LaGrange, Georgia, and her half brother, *Grady Loftin*, who lived nearby in Alabama.



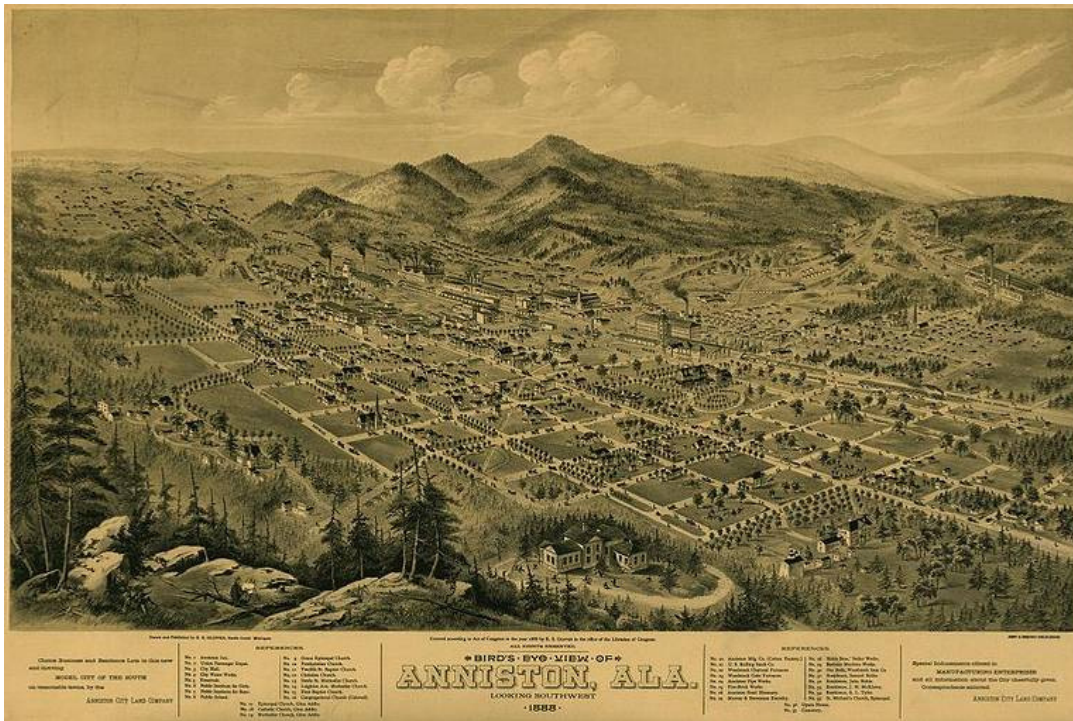
*Julia, seated, last one on the right*

*Julia Winelle Reaves* was born in Anniston, Alabama, on October 22, 1914. By 1917, according to her father's World War I draft registration, the family had moved to LaGrange, Georgia, where Jimmie Lou's relatives lived.

Sadly, untimely death seemed to pursue Jimmie Lou. Two little boys were born in LaGrange, but neither one of them survived. Except for Julia's anecdotes of his death when he was three years old, nothing is known of the first little brother. The second baby was a stillbirth which occurred on February 20th, 1923, ironically, on the anniversary of Sidney's father death five years before.

Perhaps it was to escape the sadness of these losses that Julia and her parents then moved back to Anniston, again to be close to family.





*Bird's Eye View of Anniston, Alabama, 1888*

Long before Anniston existed as a town, the Reaves family had farmed its hills. They had emigrated from Virginia and arrived in western Alabama via North Carolina and Georgia in the early part of the 19<sup>th</sup> century to an area which was still a wilderness with no organized counties or town. It wasn't until 1832, two years after Julia's great grandfather *William McGuire Reaves* was born, that Benton County was incorporated. It was named after the Missouri senator, Thomas Hart Benton. However, as the tensions regarding slavery which would lead to the Civil War grew, people in the region became uncomfortable with the name because Senator Benton leaned towards the abolition.

Although the area was not dominated by great plantations employing slave labor but rather was populated by yeomen who held small land holdings and operated their own farms, people in the region were, nevertheless, against the abolition of slavery. On January 29, 1858, the people acted on their principles and

changed their county's name to Calhoun, in honor of John C. Calhoun, who took a pro-slavery stand. They named their county seat Jacksonville, again in honor of a populist, Andrew Jackson, much admired for his democratic ideals and his championship of "the common man" by the yeomen who inhabited the area.

During the Civil War the Confederate States of America operated an iron furnace in what would later become Anniston taking advantage of the iron ore of the nearby Blue Mountains and the plentiful timber. It was called the "Oxford Furnace" for the nearby town of Oxford. The furnace was destroyed by Union troops in 1865. But then, on a chance encounter in 1872 of two men, *Samuel Nobel*, a Southerner, and *Daniel Tyler*, a Northern General, industry would once again light up Calhoun County.

Samuel Nobel was born in England in 1834 and emigrated along with his large family to Reading, Pennsylvania, when he was two years old. His father was an iron maker and in 1855 moved his iron making enterprise to Rome, Georgia. During the Civil War his firm, Woodstock, provided iron and railroad parts for the Confederacy.

Daniel Tyler was older, having been born in 1799 in Connecticut. Well educated, he was a graduate of West Point. In 1834 he resigned his commission and became an iron manufacturer with interests in the railroads of the area. But during the Civil War he again took up arms and was elevated to the rank of General.

In 1872 both men happen to be visiting in Charleston, South Carolina, and met quite by accident in Daniel Tyler's son's place of business. Samuel Nobel, with an ebullient, extraverted personality began to extol the rich iron ore deposits around Oxford, Alabama. His holdings in Rome, Georgia, had been destroyed by Union forces and rather than rebuild in Rome, the Noble family was looking for a

better situation and additional investors. That area of Alabama rich in iron, it was also rich in timber and had plentiful water sources.

Samuel Noble's dream of rebuilding his ironworks was born in the ravages of the Civil War. Not only did he want to build something new, he wanted to build something unique, something to be proud of. What he had in mind was a city laid out with macadam tree-lined streets, churches, shops, schools, and cottages for the workers, each with its own little kitchen garden, as well as areas of fine houses and parks.

And thus, on April 1, 1873, the Woodstock Iron Company began business in the 2,000 acres of land and they began to build Noble's dream town, complete with a farm to provide food and dairy products. In 1879 another furnace was added.

The town had to be built from scratch, and for that carpenters, masons, and other builders were needed in addition to the ironworkers. Farmers of the area came to town to sell their wares. Cotton planters, not plentiful, but numerous in the area, soon fed into the second major industry in the town when in 1881 a cotton mill was added employing the wives and children of the iron workers.

The Woodstock enterprise was not the only such town. George Pullman (of Pullman porter fame) had established a dream town in Illinois. People began to notice the similarities between Pullman and the southern town and newspapers wrote about it.

One of the social problems of the time was a discussion of Prohibition of alcohol. Samuel Noble was the president of the furnace workers' Prohibition club and did not allow whiskey or beer to be sold to his workers. This fact caught people's attention. Here was a model town, prosperous, sober, hard working, and in an excellent setting. Interest began to build that the town should be incorporated and opened to the public.

Henry Grady, who was part owner of the Atlanta newspaper, Constitution, had known Samuel Noble in Rome, Georgia. On Sunday, June 10, 1883, he published an in depth article about “Nobel’s town”. For some time the newspaper had been supporting the efforts to build a railroad from Atlanta to points west. The idea had begun in the 1850’s but it had been postponed because of the Civil War disruptions. The railroad that would link Atlanta to Birmingham, which would become Alabama’s major city, would inevitably go through the Woodstock area. Therefore, lauding the attributes of Nobel’s town dovetailed nicely with the ongoing campaign of a westward railroad.

On July 3, 1883, the city was officially opened to the public. Henry Grady attended the ceremonies and was handed the keys to city.

The city was not to be named Woodstock, however, as the village had been, because a town named Woodstock, Alabama, was already in existence. Instead it was named Anniston, or “Annie’s town” in honor of Annie Scott Tyler, the wife of Daniel Tyler's son, Alfred Lee Tyler.



*view of Anniston circa 1930*



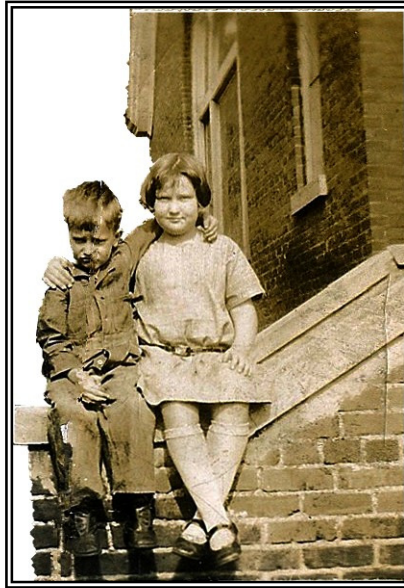
*The First Baptist Church*

Anniston was called "The Model City of the South" because it had been created, established, and nurtured as a planned community. When Julia and her parents returned there in 1923, the city was fifty years old. The paved streets were lined with shade trees, business and churches were housed in handsome buildings, and trolleys ran down main street leading to nearby towns. There were hotels, parks, school buildings, and twenty three churches.



Julia and her family attended The First Baptist Church, where her mother's uncle, *Lewis Napoleon Claxton*, was the pastor.





*Julia and L N Claxton in 1924*

Although Julia was an only child, she didn't lack for family. Her great uncle *Lewis Napoleon Claxton* lived nearby with his wife (*Aunt*) *Lula*, and his older sister (*Aunt*) *Mattie*. He had two daughters and a son who were older than Julia, *Mary Lou*, *Lena*, and *Perry*, and then little " *L.N.*" (Lewis Napoleon, Jr.), 4 years younger, and, *Lanette*, who was eight years younger.

This is a more somber look at Julia (on the left) as she poses with another little girl. It is probably her uncle Walter's daughter, *Catherine*, who was a few months younger.





JULIA

COMES INTO HER OWN



*Julia, first on left second row - First Baptist Church YWA, 1932*

Julia came from an extended family which was steeped in music, where playing a musical instrument or two, singing in the church choir, and participating in musical community events was the norm. Both sides of her family were very active in the Baptist Church which provided an opportunity to sing in the choir and play musical instruments. Her maternal grandmother was a sought-after pianist, accordion, and violin player, and her uncle Walter's wife, *Eunice Julia Powell*, for whom she Julia was named, was a church choir director. Her aunt's half sister, *Minnie Lee Powell*, ten years older than Julia, was her piano teacher. Her great uncle Lewis' daughters, Lena and Mary Lou, also played the piano in church as well as giving concerts in the community.



The cornerstone of Julia's activities during her high school years was her participation in the many programs the Baptist Church offered. The First Baptist Church, where Uncle Lewis was pastor, was not the only church in town. It had been formed as a place of worship for the workers who had come to build the model city of Anniston as artisans who build the houses, churches, and businesses, as well as for the families who had come to work in the mills. Farmers in the area who provided for the bustling town also came into the town on Sunday to attend church and many of them formed part of the First Baptist Church congregation as well.

There was another Baptist church in town, Parker Memorial Church, established for "the gentry" and where more affluent Annistonians worship, as well as small Baptist churches in surrounding areas of the county. However, the town, with 23 churches, was very ecumenical. Pastors of the area met weekly and often celebrated services together. From time to time ministers took public stands on community affairs such as "*Should Picture Shows Be Open on Sunday?*" Not only were there Episcopal, Methodist, and Presbyterian congregations but small Catholic and Jewish ones as well with their own houses of worship.

The Baptist Church is characterized by the fact that each individual congregation is self governing. But this does not mean that anything goes. Most Baptist churches in the South belong to The Southern Baptist Convention which through the years has developed a number of standardized programs in addition to those any individual congregation might have.

As Julia grew up in the Church, the first introduction to the Bible study groups with a focus on missions was Sunbeams, for children beginning at age 2. Boys and girls from first to sixth grade then had their own programs - The Royal Ambassadors and The Girls Auxiliary. For high school girls there was the YWA

(Young Woman's Auxiliary), and finally, the WMU (Woman's Missionary Union). As well as groups meeting in individual churches, there were county and state organizations such as the BYPU (Baptist Young People Union) where teenagers from Baptist churches throughout the area came together.

Since there were several Baptist churches in town and outlying areas, these the congregations often put on programs and mingled with one another in county-wide meetings. In addition, there were state-wide Baptist meetings and conventions offering even more opportunities for greater exposure.

Julia participated in all of these church organizations. She was not only a member, but always seem to hold a position of responsibility. No matter the organization, she was secretary, treasurer, vice president, or in charge of it. Sunbeams were usually led by a young woman and with Julia's piano playing ability and her love of singing as well as of children she was a natural choice for leading the Sunbeam class in Sunday School during her high school years.

The Southern Baptist Convention provided the same materials to all of its participating congregations which made it easy for them to hold joint meetings. It was in the county and state-wide meeting that Julia became associated not only with the "gentry" church crowd's college bound youths, but also with young people in the nearby towns of Jacksonville and Oxford. Although the hub of her church activity was The First Baptist Church, she attended services at Parker Memorial where she caught the eye of women who were college educated and had more financial resources available to them than did her own family.

The opportunity for Julia to be part of state-wide youth activities during high school and rub shoulders with other talented, outgoing, and ambitious youths presented itself in 1930 and 1931 when she attended Mentone, a camp in the mountains of northern Alabama, a couple of hours away. Julia's family was of very modest means and as her high school years coincided with the terrible

economic times of the depression, finances were always difficult, but she was resourceful and willing to work. She attended the camp as a counselor, and so at reduced rates.

For a birds eye view of what a teenager bent on being a missionary might be like, we have the camp's suggested rules of conduct to be followed.

Everybody on the Assembly Grounds is Required to Observe  
the following

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. "Reveille" - 6:30 A.M. Good morning! Wake up! Get up! Be a good soldier!
2. Those playing tennis before 6:30 A.M. or going on early morning hikes, must be quiet until out of hearing of the hotel and dormitory. No tennis playing before 6:30 A.M. allowed on court between hotel and dormitory.
3. 7:00 Breakfast. Hurry! The Pick-ups are waiting for you.
4. Everybody is required to take a study course.
5. Neither porch games or outdoor sports allowed during the services.
6. All the afternoons are free for recreation.
7. Supper will be served at 5:30 P.M.
8. Sunset services will be held at 6:45 P.M.
9. Evening services begin in the auditorium at 7:45 P.M.
10. Room bell at 10:15 P.M. Everybody required to go to room or tent promptly when this bell rings.
11. Inspection of rooms and tents will be made every night ten minutes after the room bell. Anyone found absent from rooms or tents at that time will be reported to the Student Government.
12. "Taps" - 10:40 P.M. All lights out.
13. Swimming hours, 2 to 5 P.M. Tuesday and Thursday. Dress for bathing in dressing rooms at river. No one allowed on grounds in bathing suit.
14. Do not leave money or valuables in rooms. These may be deposited at office in safe. Otherwise, hotel not responsible.
15. All hiking and swimming parties must report at the desk in advance giving name of chaperone.
16. Sight seeing trips in hired conveyances shall be arranged through chairman of committee on outdoor recreation.
17. No one allowed in dining room in knickers.



# Program



*Sunday, June 22, 1930*

## Morning

- 9:30 A. M. Sunday School for all ages....Mr. John Maguire,  
Superintendent.  
11:00 A. M. Address.....Dr. W. Eugene Sallee

## Afternoon

- 4:00 P. M. Address—"High Cost of Loving"...Dr. F. A. Agar

## Evening

- 6:45 P. M. Sunset Service—"Come Ye Apart—From the  
Multitude to Mountain Top"...Dr. Harry H. Clark  
7:45 P. M. B. Y. P. U.  
8:15 P. M. Address..... Dr. W. Eugene Sallee



*Daily Schedule--Monday Through Friday*

## Morning

- 7:00 Breakfast.  
8:30 Class Period—Sunday School.  
1. "Working with Children in Rural and Village Sun-  
day Schools".....Miss Blossom Thompson  
2. "Teachers That Teach"..... Mrs. Davis Cooper, Jr.  
3. "The True Function of the Sunday School".....  
.....John Maguire  
4. "Old Testament Studies.....Dr. A. D. Kinnett  
5. "Home Department"..... Mr. H. S. Sauls  
6. "People Called Baptists".....Dr. Harry H. Clark  
9:25 Class Period—W. M. U.  
1. Conferences on W. M. U. Work .....  
.....Miss Mary Northington  
2. Stewardship and Missions.....Dr. F. A. Agar  
3. Y. W. A. Methods..... Mrs. D. J. Duffee  
4. R. A. Methods.....Rev. John Cunningham  
5. G. A. Methods.....Miss Kathleen Hagood

At Mentone, not only was Julia exposed to the company of other Baptist teenagers from around the state, but also to pastors, social workers, missionaries, and other luminaries from Baptist organizations of Alabama.

Julia was to begin her junior year in high school, but already had her eye on the possibility of attending college.

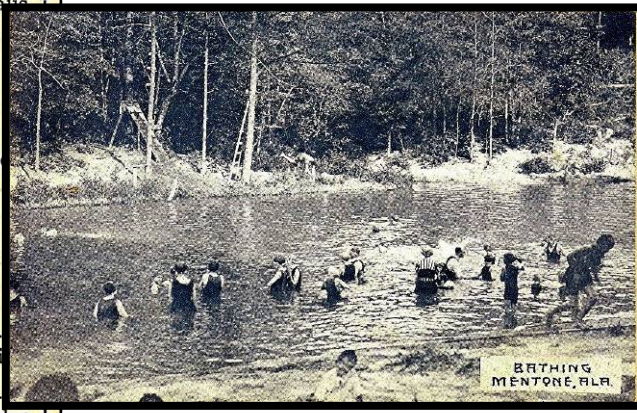
There were two Baptist colleges in the State, Howard College, which was co-ed, and Judson College, a school for women. Prominent in the list of speakers was Harry H. Clark, the new president of Judson, as well as representatives from Howard College who were most certainly taking notice of future attendees.



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10:10	Bible Hour.....	Dr. J. L. Hill
10:45	Intermission	
10:55	Class Period—Sunday School (Same as 8:30 A. M. Period.	
11:35	Address and Conferences.....	Dr. Jacob Gartenhaus
12:20	Adjourn	
<b>Afternoon</b>		
	Recreation.....	Directed by Mr. Henry C. Rogers
<b>Evening</b>		
6:00	Supper	
6:45	Sunset Services:—"Come Ye Apart:—	
	Monday—For Refreshing and Refilling".....	.....Dr. J. E. Martin
	Tuesday—For Prayer and Praise".....	.....Rev. H. G. Wheeler
	Wednesday—For Inspiration and Instruction".....	.....Rev. John Cunningham
	Thursday—For Dedication and Discipleship".....	.....Dr. W. M. Sentell
	Friday—For Service and Success".....	Dr. W. R. Rigell
7:45	Demonstration and Addresses:	
	Monday—Address.....	Dr. L. E. Barton
	Tuesday—Address.....	Dr. J. E. Dillard
	Wednesday—Alabama Baptist.....	Dr. L. L. Gwaltney
	Baptist Book Store.....	Mrs. T. M. Floyd
	Thursday—Address.....	Miss Mary Northington
	Friday—Missionary Pageant.....	Miss Kathleen Hagood
8:15	Music	
8:30	Address.....	Dr. F. A. Agar
9:00	Adjourn—Directed Social Period.....	
		.....Mrs. Henry C. Rogers
10:30	Room Bell	
11:00	Lights Out	

At the camp, mornings were devoted to classes, but afternoons were devoted to "directed" recreation.



Forty five minutes for supper and the Sunset services began with talks which were inspirational but also instructional in church history and just what was out there as possibilities for anyone interested in pursuing a life in the church.

**Snider Planning Melon Cutting**

M. F. Snider, superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church will entertain members of the organization with a watermelon cutting at his home on Leyden Hill Thursday night. The party will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

Music will be furnished by Garvin Manges' Hamburger Band. Misses Lois Hill and Julia Reaves will give readings and Major Lamar Jeffers, Congressman from the Fourth Alabama district will deliver a short address.

**NO STEER**  
Pursuin through hour, R forcecycle killed e caped.

**PI**  
The in hul knows and el Secret aut. 35c. more!

ed canvas than any other amateur.

**Plan Entertainment For Odd Fellows and Rebekahs Tomorrow**

Dora Rebakah lodge will entertain in the lodge hall Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock for all Odd Fellows and Rebekahs of the district. There will be special music by Wheeler Harkins and Mrs. Sam Pelham. The program will include readings by Miss Lena Mae Claxton and Miss Julia Reaves and Mrs. Sam Smith and a violin solo by Miss Margaret Young.

First Baptist Church and everything is being done for the comfort

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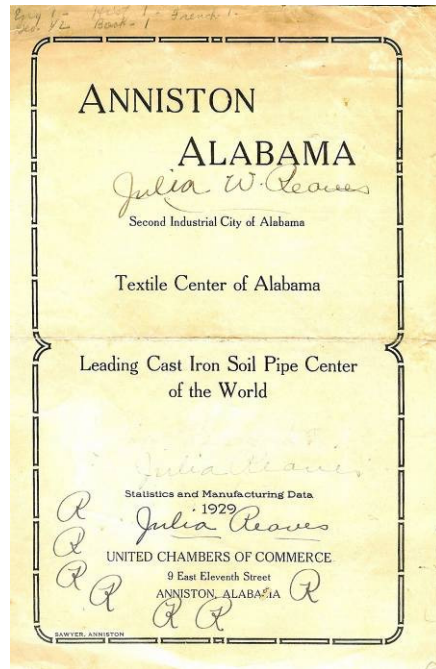
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*The Anniston Star, 1930*

Anniston was a small city equipped with everything one could ask for, including a very comprehensive daily newspaper, *The Anniston Star*, which not only carried national and international but also local news and snippets of community interest. Of course there was no television at the time and even radios were somewhat of an oddity. It was the newspapers that people counted on to keep up with what was going on about town. Perusing old issues of *The Anniston Star* one is struck by how often Julia is mentioned. In the first example she is giving a reading and is part of the entertainment, along with a band and a congressman, and in the second example her cousin Lena is joining her in her reading. A "reading" was not really read but performed. It consisted of a poem, a humorous story, or perhaps a dramatic short story with a surprise and exciting ending.

Like many girls her age, Julia kept a scrapbook where she pasted memorabilia and articles she cut out of the paper. So, we have somewhat of a record of her participation in community activities, her comings and goings, and her interests as reflected by what articles she cut out of the paper that she wanted to include.



Transcription of a radio program- from Julia's scrapbook

**SQUEEZE**  
 Mrs. Edna Riggs Crabtree  
 At The Anniston Star  
*Cooking at School*  
 Says  
 "Really it's amazing the number of daily contributions for up-to-date beverages. Keep you nice with our bottled carbonated beverages. Not only quenching, cool, palatable, and other drinks with the utmost sugar taste, but justly wonderful taste and freeze drinks as well. It's cute, the thing you-wouldn't order bottled carbonated beverages by the case, just as rapidly as you buy groceries. Keep a few bottles always on hand."  
 5¢ Everywhere  
 5¢ Everywhere  
**ORANGE SQUEEZE**  
 The quality orange drink with the true fruit flavor—  
**Virgil's Pale Dry Ginger Ale**  
 In the Emerald Green Bottles  
 Be EVERYWHERE  
**LIME-COLA BOTTLING CO.**  
 Sidney J. Reaves, Prop. Phone 978  
 24 W. 10th St.

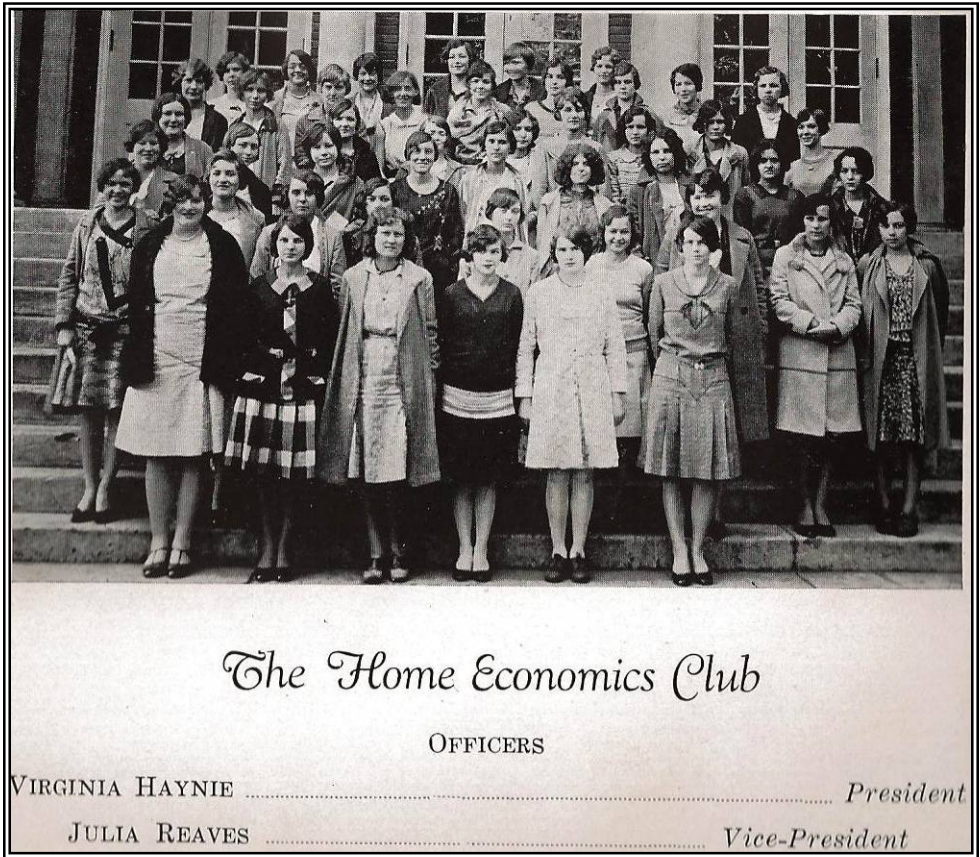
Julia began high school in the fall of 1928. The mood was buoyant. The city of Anniston was doing well, indeed. The mayor at the time (1924-1934) was Sidney Jackson Reaves, a cousin two years younger than Julia's father, who was a soft drink distributor which at the time cost a nickel. A 4 piece

**Boy's 4 Piece Knicker Suits**  
**\$10**  
 Spot manish colors, patterns and styles—and tailored and reinforced to stand the hard wear that boys give to their clothes. Extra knickers to double the service. Higher type boys' suits than usual—yet moderately priced.  
**TOM SAWYER**  
 All-Wool JERSEY SUITS  
 These worn "cute" suits for kiddies from 2 to 7 years of age. All colors. Make selection **\$3.50** tomorrow  
**Wakefield's**

Knickers suit cost \$10.00 and Alabama Baptists had just decided on a budget for \$460,000.

**Alabama Baptists To Spend \$460,000**  
 GADSDEN, Ala., Nov. 15. (AP)—The Alabama Baptist Convention at the closing session of the 108th annual meeting here today adopted a co-operative program calling for an expenditure of \$460,000 during 1930.





*Julia, 3rd row on steps, far left - 1930*

Anniston High School had many clubs and activities in which to participate and Julia took part in two of them her freshman year which overlap a little, if not at first glance. The Home Economics Club had been organized in the fall of 1926 and was very popular. Girls studied different phases of homemaking such as interior decoration, landscape gardening, home environment, and etiquette. The girls in the sewing class made clothes for themselves as well as for the Community Chest.

By her sophomore year Julia had become the Vice-President of the club and she continued to be a member through her junior year. One of the skills she acquired in her sewing classes served her well in the next club she joined.



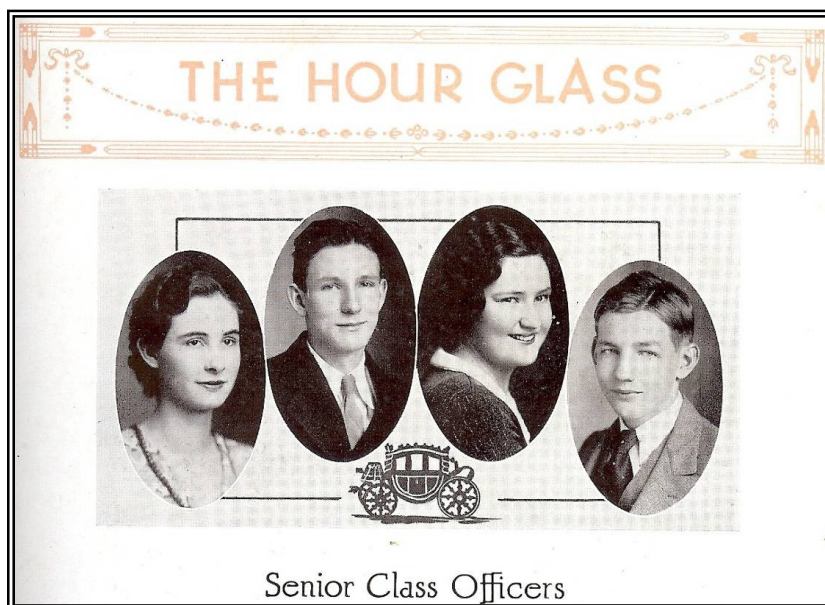


*Julia, seated, second left*

The Dramatic Club was newly formed in 1929 when Julia was a sophomore and had a special requirement for membership. Inclusion was by try-out only. There was no automatic acceptance. With Julia's experience in church and community activities and her interest in "readings" she was used to and eager to perform. But Julia was no prima donna. She was a worker-bee. She not only performed in plays but used her sewing skills in making costumes.

The Dramatic Club of Anniston High School became part of The National Thespians, an honorary Dramatic Society composed of students who have played at least one major roll in a school play. A small select group of the Dramatic Club were "Thespians" who were devoted to encouraging interest in dramatics whenever possible. Julia was a thespian her sophomore and junior years and her senior year secretary/treasurer of the society.

*Julia, Senior Class Secretary*



In the school annual, The Hour Glass, Julia was described as being *Cheerful, Chatty, and Capable*. She was a Senior Superlative being voted *Most Dependable* by the class. It is no wonder that a communicative, cheerful, capable, and dependable girl would have finished out her senior year by being part of the Student Council, Glee Club, Hour Glass staff, and Who's Who in addition to her club work.



*Student Council, 1932. Julia is seated 5th, 2nd row.*



JULIA

HER COLLEGE YEARS





*From Julia's scrapbook entitled "Happy Freshmen, January 1933"*

*Julia and Gussie are standing with unidentified classmates*

In 1932, the head of the Woman's Missionary Society (WMU) in Calhoun County was Lila Merrill, a member of Parker Memorial church. A Judge's wife, she was socially prominent and college educated. One of her daughters, a few years older than Julia, was a graduate of the Southwest Theological Baptist Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas, and, according to accounts was sought after as a speaker in state wide Baptist meetings. Another daughter was Julia's high school classmate. Economic times were difficult when Julia graduated from high school, but she was bright, determined, and a very hard worker. Mrs. Merrill must have recognized a diamond in the rough in Julia and made certain that she became the WMU scholarship student to Howard College. Of course, although her tuition was paid, it was not a gift, but a working scholarship for which Julia had to clean the rooms of her dormitory hall.

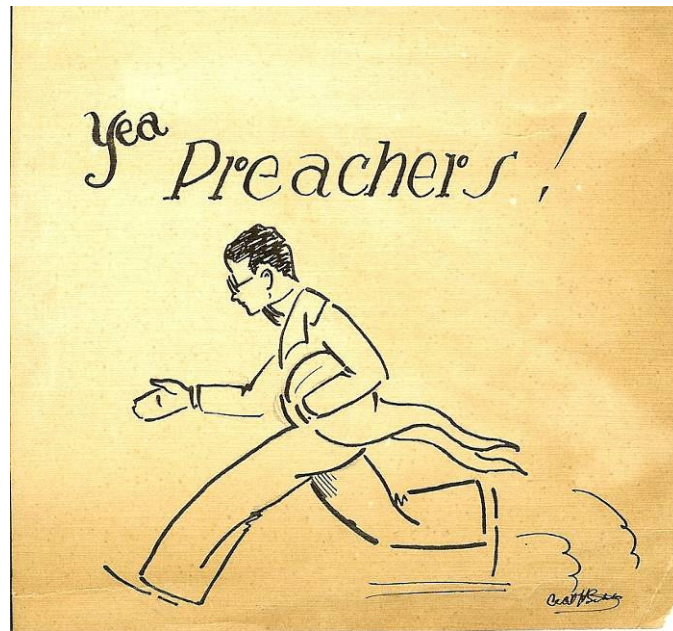


*"Dime con quien andas, y te diré quien eres"*

The Spanish proverb which we know in English as *"A man is known by the company he keeps"* is a bit more forceful in Spanish and one which Julia often quoted. It literally says *"tell me whom you hang around with and I will tell you who you are"*. In the above photograph of Julia, Gussie, and a third chum, one can almost hear the giggles. Julia hung around with girls who had a good time, who cared about one another, were inspired by one another, and were "there" for one another. They weren't the most popular or the most beautiful, but they were hard working and active in college, community, and church clubs and organizations and always ready to travel together to outlying towns to participate in church services, YWA or WMU meetings singing, giving readings, plays, or training programs.

Howard College was a liberal arts college with students receiving bachelor of arts or bachelor of science degrees with a variety of concentrations. But there

were subgroups of students, the biggest being young men who were preparing for the ministry and headed for post graduate seminary study. These were "the preachers", the most visible and political active on campus. Their forum was the Baptist Student Union, of which Julia became an active part.



*From Julia's scrapbook*

Not all of the leaders of the Baptist Student Union were headed for the ministry, but they were all focused, aggressive, active in other aspects of student life, and smart. They became the nucleus of Julia's circle. Throughout her four years at Howard Julia returned to Anniston again and again with members of the BSU to preach and teach courses at Parker Memorial, First Baptist, Northside Baptist, Tabernacle Baptist, as well as to outlying churches. During the summer she worked hard in vacation Bible schools in the community and participated in the activities of local YWA's and WMU's.

Just as Julia had rules of conduct to abide by at Mentone Camp, she dutifully posted those for college Co-Eds and then saved them in her scrapbook.



GIRLS MUST:

1. Sign out on leaving and returning Dormitory except on Campus during day. (A call down shall be given for violation.)
2. Freshman and Sophomores may have one date per week, other than Saturday and Sunday night; Juniors two; and Seniors any night per week as long as they maintain a "B" average.
3. Calling Dates must leave Dormitory at 10:30 on every night except Sunday when they shall leave at 10:00 o'clock.
4. Dates are defined as show dates downtown, or calling dates in the Dormitory. For privileges other than these special permission must be obtained from Dean of Women.
5. Girls may ride to and from show in cars with boys and with girls in the afternoon.
6. Girls may spend night out of Dormitory on Saturday night with permission.
7. Girls may go to town any afternoon but must be in by 6:15.
8. A schedule of each girl's classes must be filed with the Dean of Women at earliest date possible.
9. Lights must be out by 11:00 O'clock. Seniors may study later with permission.
10. No girl is allowed to ride out of town or spend week-end out without written permission from home.
11. Each girl is on her own honor and is expected to conduct herself as a Lady.
12. Each girl is on her own honor and is expected to conduct herself as a Lady.
12. Any girl is subject to be called before Council for any offence.
13. Phone Calls are limited to three minutes

JOSEPH BARNETT, CHIROPRACTOR

Office Hours 11-11:30, 1-6

Phone 339

201-203-205 Commercial National Bank Bldg., Anniston, Ala.

**KEEP SMILING**

Girlhood's Code

"As a girl I will always try to be  
Gracious in manner,  
Impartial in judgment,  
Ready for Service,  
Loyal to friends,  
Helpful to others,  
Overruling my prejudices,  
Obedient to parents,  
Doing my best,  
Seeing the beautiful,  
Cheerful in trouble,  
Onward and upward looking,  
Doing God's will as I see it,  
Ever dependable."



Julia's roommate and friend was *Augusta Adaline Heifner*, known as "Gussie" from the nearby town of Oxford. They probably knew each other quite well before attending Howard as they would have met in County Baptist meetings. They had a lot in common. Both came from humble means, both were English majors, both loved to sing and were in the Glee club together. They often sang duets in at Church services. They traveled together to events, shared cleaning duties, as Gussie was also a scholarship student, and were "chums". Gussie was the prettier of the girls, selected as one of the 15 "beauties" on campus her junior year. Gussie was also the "smarter" of the two girls, graduating with honors. She went on to graduate study at the University of Alabama receiving a Masters of Arts degree and then teaching dramatic arts in high school until 1943 when she joined the Women's Army Corp and became a "WAC". She married in 1948, moved to California where she taught high school.





Hugh Frank Smith was from Munford, a hamlet in the adjacent county of Talladega. He was a hard worker, playful, accomplished and ambitious. His interest in life was journalism and since Julia's scrapbook contained several articles written by Hugh Frank during her high school years we can assume that they knew each other from the Mentone camp. They were to be friends and co-workers in several college organizations.

Henry Allen Parker, was originally from Texas, but had grown up in Mobile. Since Mentone received trainloads of teenagers from all over the state to attend the summer camp, it is entirely possible that Julia and he had met prior to college. Aggressively active in Baptist activities and politics, he was a ministerial student at Howard and twice President of the BSU on campus.



Another quite the go-getter friend was Davie Napier, He was the son of Baptist missionaries, born and brought up in China. His parents returned from the mission field in 1932 so that their sons could go to college in the United States. Although the Napiers were not native Annistonians, they had ties there and were frequent speaking guests at local churches. They settled in Centreville, Alabama, near Howard College where they pastored a church giving them the opportunity of becoming role models and mentors to the young students.



*Catherine & Julia Reaves from the 1936 Howard College "Entre Nous"*

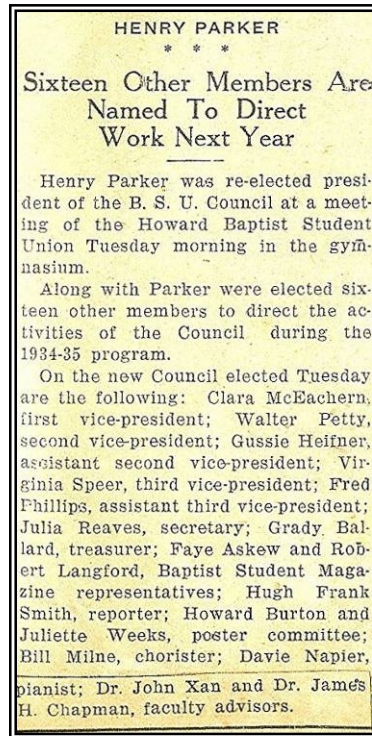
Julia's uncle Walter Reaves returned to Alabama from his seminary studies in Fort Worth, Texas, during her junior year to pastor a church in Birmingham. His daughter, *Jewell Catherine*, six months younger than Julia, transferred to Howard from Baylor University as a day student. In the above photograph they are shown appearing side by side, in alphabetical order, of course, as graduating seniors in 1936.

Although Catherine did not follow her mother's footsteps by becoming a choir director, nor marry a minister, she became part of Julia's circle as seen in this small notice (Julia's scrapbook) from 1936. Eldrige Baptist Academy was close by in a suburb of Birmingham.

TO B. T. U. CONVENTION

Davie Napier, new B. S. U. president, Julia Reaves, Nathan Sims, and Catherine Reaves, went to Eldridge today to attend the convention of the Baptist Training Union, Northwestern district, at Eldridge Baptist Academy. Julia Reaves will conduct the devotional program this afternoon.

Henry Allen Parker thus met *Lois Virginia Reaves*, Catherine's younger sister, whom he married.



*From Julia's scrapbook*

There are no letters or other memorabilia from Julia's freshman year in college, but by the spring of her sophomore year newspaper accounts indicate that she was involved enough in the Baptist Student Union (BSU) organization to be one of Howard College representative at the Southwide Convention in Memphis (Gussie went with her). According to an article in *The Anniston Star*, both of Mrs. Merrill's daughters, Clyde and Mary Frances, would attend and be part of the program.

In the spring of 1934 elections were held for the 1934-35 school year and Henry Allen Parker won. From the above clip, we see that "the gang's all here". Julia, of course, her roommate, Gussie, Davie Napier, Hugh Frank Smith, and Fay Askew. But by the fall of Julia's junior year, Henry Allen had other fish to fry. He campaigned to become president of the Alabama state-wide Baptist Student Union and won, leaving the post of president at Howard vacant. An upset was about to take place and Julia was in the middle of it.

In the spring of 1933 Julia, a freshman, had been made head of the committee to find a minister for a revival at Howard, but apparently things had not gone as planned. A letter she received from the pastor of Parker Memorial in September shows just what impression Julia gave and how she could command respect. The young minister writing was Charles R Bell, Jr., only seven years older than Julia, who had been born and bred in Anniston. In fact, as a child he lived next door to Julia's maternal step grandfather, Robert Taylor. He had also been a student at Howard College and, like the upstart Julia, president of the BSU. They could not have had much of a history, though, as "Charlie" had been away at college and at Seminary during Julia's high school career.

"Charlie" writes:

September 19th, 1934

My dear Julia:

I'll not waste any time by dealing with superfluties of any sort, but will get right to the point of my writing which is two fold.

The first thing is this. Last year after the incident in connection with your invitation to me to conduct a revival on your campus, I heard two or three things which cause me to feel that a word of apology and explanation is due to your BSU group (or whatever group it was that had charge of asking me) I did, I regret to say, allow this misunderstanding to arise and I am sorry. It is my understanding that some have felt it was Dr. Neal's fault but I want to assure the group that such is not the case. The misunderstanding was due to me. Please read or tell this to the group.

In second place, Julia Heathcock told me last night that she felt I had been impolite and had hurt you one night at



church by the way I talked to you over this matter above. Don't think now that Julia has done the wrong thing in telling me about this please for she was only thinking so far as I know, about me getting any wrong here cleared up. Well all that I can say, Julia, is that I deeply regret that I spoke in such a way to you for I certainly would not ever want to hurt or offend you in any way. I value the friendship that lives between us and hope that it will grow and increase rather than be retarded by some deficiency on my part.

Cordially yours,

Charlie

PS Pardon errors in typing.

Baptist churches held Revivals about once or twice a year. They were usually week long affairs with services conducted with visiting evangelistst with a reputation as orators. It is no wonder that Charlie Bell, barely out of the seminary, had been reluctant to take up Julia's invitation to "put on" a Revival. Revivals were designed to *revive* the congregation's belief and strengthen their commitment. Therefore, the sermons were characteristically more dramatic and colorful than usual. To better understand the concept, there is a newspaper article which describes just what went on at such services in which Julia participated.

The headline is "Unpardonable Sin Discussed by Revivalist - Evangelist Says Transression Against Holy Ghost Not Forgiven" (The Anniston Star, page 2, August 10, 1936)

Evangelist B. R. Lapin preached Sunday night at the Lakin-Ramsay revival services being held at Fourteenth Street on "The Unpardonable Sin or Crossing the Divine Deadline." **Misses Gussie Heifner and Julia Reaves** will sing a duet,

“Take Up Thy Cross and Follow Me.” at the Tuesday night service it was announced today. Taking his text from Proverbs and John, the evangelist said:

“There is a sin unto death; I do not say that we shall pray for it” All other sins are pardonable except this sin against the Holy Ghost. While the sins of drunkenness, gambling, murder, infidelity, and skepticism are heinous sins, yet they are not unpardonable sins. Some of the most outstanding preachers have at one time been honest skeptics, but they were forgiven for that.

For scarlet sins there is scarlet atonement. But the sin against the Holy Ghost is not to be forgiven in this world nor the world to come. There are three ways in which man may sin this unpardonable sin.

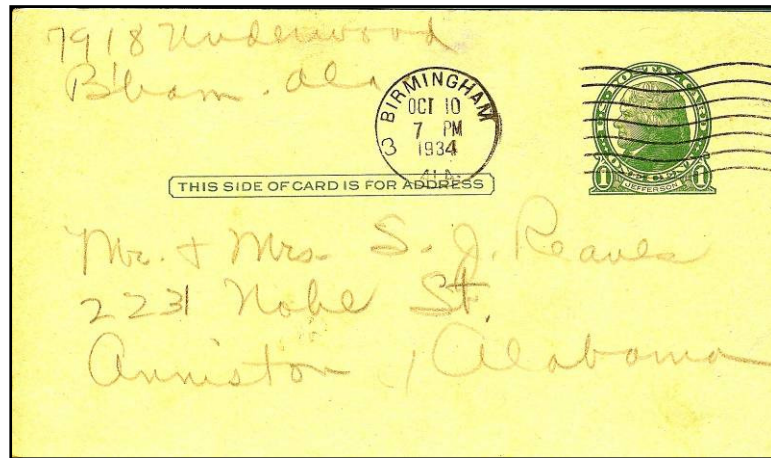
They are blasphemy, refusing the call of the Holy Spirit, and procrastination. First, when Jesus cast out the evil spirits from the demon-possessed, the Scribes and Pharisees accused Him of casting them out by Belzebul, the prince of Devils. This was blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

Second, when a man feels in his heart and knows that God is telling him through His Holy spirit that Christ died for him and he deliberately ignores that call, he quenches the Spirit. ‘My Spirit shall not always strive with man.’ As long as a man has any feeling about the matter of his soul and feels God’s call, he has not sinned this unpardonable sin. But if he does not heed the Spirit’s call he may cross the deadline and never hear the voice of God again. Third, procrastinating men simply neglect to come to Christ for salvation. They put off the most important decision of their lives, not expecting to be lost. Here again there is grave danger. The Holy Spirit is the third person of the Adorable Trinity and where man sins away his day of grace and sins this sin against the Holy Ghost, his last ray of hope is gone and the last light goes out on the road to hell.”



*From Julia's scrapbook "Me & Caldwell [Broome]"*

Her parent's frequent moves from place to place disconcerted Julia. In later years she mentioned not only that the family moved fairly often but that "*she never knew if she was coming through the front or the back door*" because of her father's penchant for re-arranging furniture. Sidney also changed jobs fairly often. The family seems to have lived for all or most of Julia's high school years at 32 West 14th Street. In 1931 the Broome family moved to 24 West 14th Street from the adjoining county and their son, Caldwell, slightly older than Julia, was her classmate senior year.



*Notice the misspelling of "Noble"*

Interestingly, one of the questions asked in the 1930 census was whether a household owned a radio, which very few did. It is doubtful that the Reaves even would have owned a telephone. They relied on newspapers for their news and communicated through penny postcards, letters, or telegrams. One can almost see Sidney pressing a few penny postcards into Julia's hand as he boards her on the bus for college and saying "*Sugar, you write, now, you hear?*" The above penny postcard written October 10, 1934, during Julia's sophomore year, is the first example of Julia's cards and letters, and she sounds frantic writing to her parent's new address on Noble street as she says:

*Dearest Parents,*

*Why don't you write?!*

*I am planning to come home on Bus – Leave here at 10:30 Fri. Get there about 12:30, I guess.*

*I'll stop at Mrs. Broomes to see if you've moved if I don't hear from you –*

*See you Fri.*



We don't know what Julia did, exactly, to cause the organization full of ministerial students to elect her as President. We do know that Julia excelled at public speaking. In 1929, when Julia was a freshman in high school, the Civitan club ran an ad in The Anniston Star announcing an oratorical contest. The winner would receive a gold medal and go on to the state contest. Julia dutifully cut out the ad and pasted it in her scrapbook as she set her sights on winning. . We don't know how many of the contests she entered through the years but we do know that she became state champion winning a Civitan bronze medal as well as a gold one.

Julia did not mind trying out for plays, entering speaking contests, singing a solo, duet, or giving "readings" at every opportunity. Not only was she a superb team player taking on positions of responsibility, she could think on her feet and she could deliver.

The news of the upset made the hometown paper not once, but twice, as well as the Howard College and Birmingham papers. On December 2, 1934, The Anniston Star writes: "The Baptist Student Union at Howard College broke a precedent last week when it elected Miss Julia Reaves of Anniston president. This was the first time in the organization's history a co-ed had been named president. Miss Eloise Denton was named co-first vice president at the same meeting by the B.S. U. Council.

Miss Reaves, a junior, was elected to fill the vacancy created recently by the resignation of Henry Allen Parker, who was named president of the Alabama B.S.U. at the recent Southern Baptist student conference in Memphis. She is a past president of the Ruhama College Girls Sunday School class and is an active worker in the Y.W.C.A.

Miss Reaves is the W.M.U. scholarship student at Howard College."



*From Julia's scrapbook*

And again, a small article appeared in The Anniston Star on December 23, 1934 which said: "Miss Julia Reaves of Anniston, a scholarship pupil at Howard College in Birmingham, is the first girl ever elected as president of Howard Baptist Student Union. Miss Reaves is a graduate of the Anniston High School and was active in all campus activities and was a member of the local dramatic club. She is considered one of the outstanding young women at Howard College and has claimed a number of honors besides being made president of the Student Union."

Julia's coup of becoming the first "girl" president of a college Baptist Student Union *anywhere* made quite a splash. It must have filled some hearts with pride as well as apprehension as seen by this letter from the young Reverent Davis Woolley, eight years her senior and past President of Howard College BSU.

Henderson Kentucky  
December 13  
1934

My dear Julia Reeves,

After hearing all the wonderful things that Mrs. Merrill told about you I am really not at all surprised...am just sure there was no one at Howard better fitted for the place...Therefore I take this means of offering you congratulations as the first girl (that's the honor) to be elected B.S.U. president at Howard.

I have peculiar sensation toward all those who have served in such capacity, and that sensation often results in heartfelt prayer for the one in office.

There is not a shadow of a doubt but that you will make a grand success in it all ----so I just wish for you that you will have the very best of cooperation on the part of all the other officers.

It has done me much good to see Howard listed among the First Magnitude Unions...that was an unreachd goal when I served as BSU president there. I joy in all the good news I hear from Howard.

I suppose there are so very few at Howard other than faculty members that I need not say, "give all my friends my regards"...you can remember me to Gussie H. tho, and any others I MAY know.

And very best regards to you,

Sincerely,  
Davis Woolley

Although Julia had grown up in her great uncle Lewis Claxton's First Baptist Church, since she had left for college her mother had begun attending services at the Tabernacle Baptist Church. Ralph Howe, Tabernacle's pastor, writes to Julia after her 1934 term break. His allusion to Rom 2: 28 is verse 28 of Paul's 2nd letter to the Romans which says: *"God works all things together for good."* Philippians, chapter 4, verse 6 says: *"Do not worry about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus."*

Anniston, Ala.

Jan 8, 35

Dear Julia –

I shall start a letter having no idea what the result will be. First let me tell my troubles. I had two teeth pulled Fri morning and it took two Drs three days to stop the blood, so there.

But Rom 8.28 has not been repeated so I look forward with a great deal of anticipation (did I spell that word right?) to the outcome. I am trying to be good but you know that is a great big job after being in [*pain*]almost continually for three weeks. "pray for me".

We remember your being with us Christmas with much happiness and look forward to your next visit.

Willie has had her tonsils removed is doing nicely, Well my mind has gone blank I must hurry and sign my name,

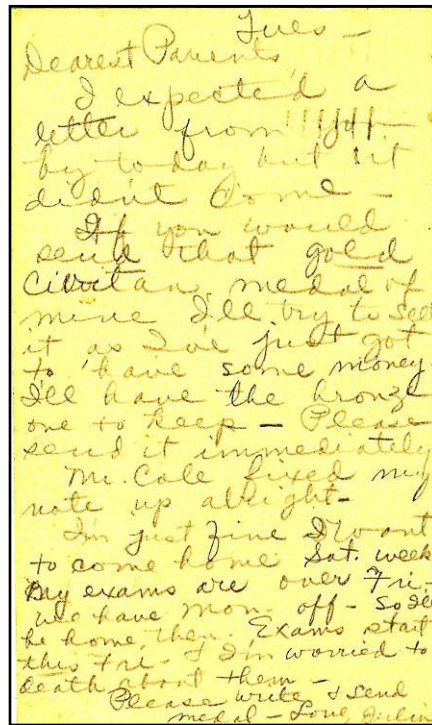
Lovingly, Yours truly,

Ralph

Phil 4.6



On January, 15, 1935 Julia writes a desperate penny post card to her parents. It was semester exams time and she needs money. But the other worry was that her parents did not write to her, a rather common situation which distressed her. She asked them to send the gold medal she had won in her Civitan oratorical contest.



Tues,

Dearest Parents,

I expected a letter from you by today but it didn't come—

If you would send that gold civitan medal of mine I'll try to sell it as I've just got to have some money. I'll have the bronze one to keep – Please send it immediately.

Mr. Cole fixed my note up all right—

I'm just fine & want to come home Sat. week. My exams are over Fri – We Have Mon off – So I'll be home then. Exams start this Fri. I'm worried to death about them—

Please write & send medal – love, Julia



*Julia wearing dark shoes*

Beginning Monday  
July 8th

**ALL WHITE SHOES**

at

**REDUCED PRICES**

Come While We Have  
Your Size

**The CARRE Co.**  
11th and Noble St.

On January 17th, her eagerly awaited letter is received and Julia responds with a much calmer tone. The question of her shoes is an interesting one. This was the term that Julia was president of the Baptist Student Union, a very prestigious role which tossed her into several arenas. As Julia's family was poor, clothes and spending money were a problem. At the time wearing light shoes in the summer (after Memorial Day) and dark shoes in the winter was *de rigueur*. People of limited means usually dyed their

light shoes in the fall, but it was not possible to do the reverse. A picture of Julia (looking uncomfortable) with all of her classmates wearing appropriate white

shoes while she is the only one wearing dark shoes - and shoes which she might have dyed black at that, brings home Julia's financial situation.

**SHOE RENEWING**  
Making New Friends Every Day

LAMAO PROCESS . . . It renews shoes with scarcely a sign of repairs . . . continues to make friends. Why don't you try it?

**GAMEL'S**  
**SHOE SHOP**  
22 E. 10th St.

**PHONE NOW**

**107**

*The Sentinel Star ad, December 1, 1935*

Thursday Morning

My dearest Parents:

Received your letter this morning and was very glad to hear from you.

I had to have taps put on my shoes - 30 cents (I dyed those Aunt Lula gave me). My oxfords have come out at the side and my "best" ones are bottomless, so I wear these that I dyed. They look real good.

Our exams start tomorrow. I have one Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and I'm coming home Saturday to stay till Monday. I just can't wait!

I'll have to buy blue books to take my exams, pay for shoe taps, etc., but I'll still have enough to come home on.

We have to get Examination permits before we can take an exam. If your account is not settled they won't give you one. Mr. Cole OK'ed mine, so everything is alright as far as I know. They have written for my scholarship money from Montgomery. When it comes I'll register. I'll have \$12.50 left. I'll pay that on my

note which will leave it \$60. The reason I'll need money from some other source is for books. I'll have to have 4 new books. Even if Gussie and I get them together, it will be pretty expensive.

You don't know how it hurts me to have to bother you all with money matters, but if the Lord is willing, I'll pay all of it back someday and more, too. I have always \_ been used to so little that when I get to teaching I'll have most of my money to do for others with.

Gussie and I are very worried over exams. We don't know much, and get so sleepy at nite I can't study.

I wanted to come to Anniston so badly today or tomorrow to the S.S. Convention, but I just couldn't leave those Exams!

I must close and get to studying. I've got so much to do I'll never see daylight.

Hope I answered the note question alright. If I can just get some money when I'm home for my books, I'll be OK.

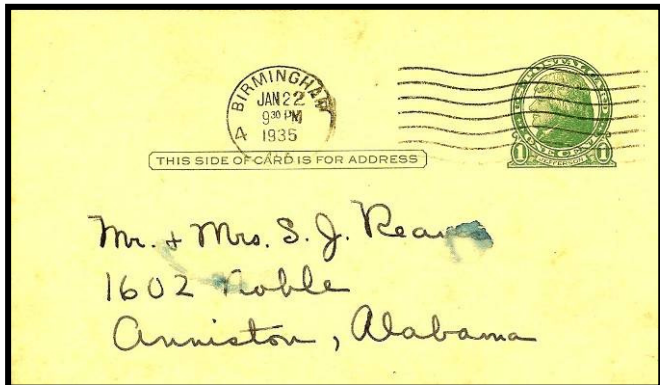
Please write soon and tell me how you are and what you are doing.

Again, I love YOU and appreciate all you do for me.

Mama, how are you feeling? Couldn't you write a little note sometimes?

Much love

Julia



Tuesday

Dearest Parents,

Exams have not been so bad as yet! I still have to take Education & Bible.

Gussie may come home tomorrow. If she doesn't she will come Thurs. I'll stay on till Sun. a.m. I'm coming with Howard [Bryant]. I'll come back Mon. or Tues. I'd like to come home sooner but one of us has to stay to work & I get thro with my exams later than she does.

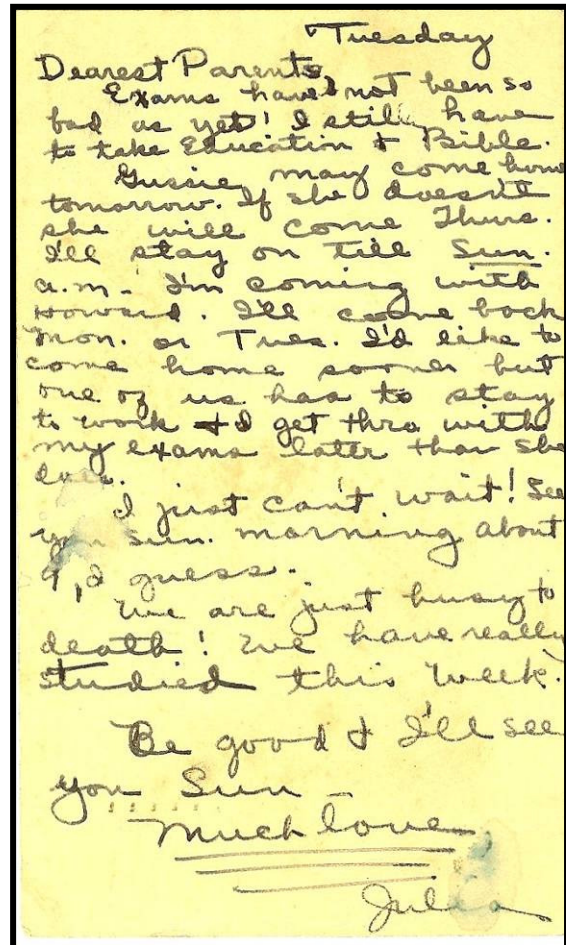
I just can't wait! See you Sun morning about 9, I guess.

We are just busy to death! We have really studied this week.

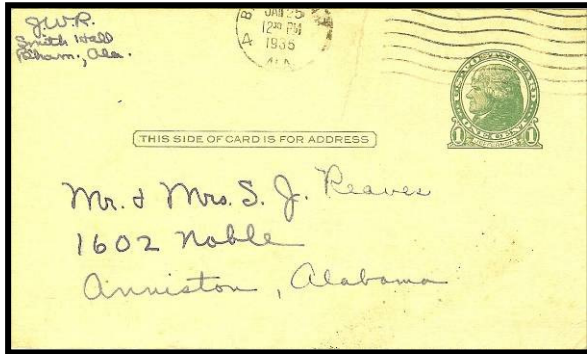
Be good & I'll see you Sun -

Much love;

Julia







Friday Morn—

Dearest "Nuts"—

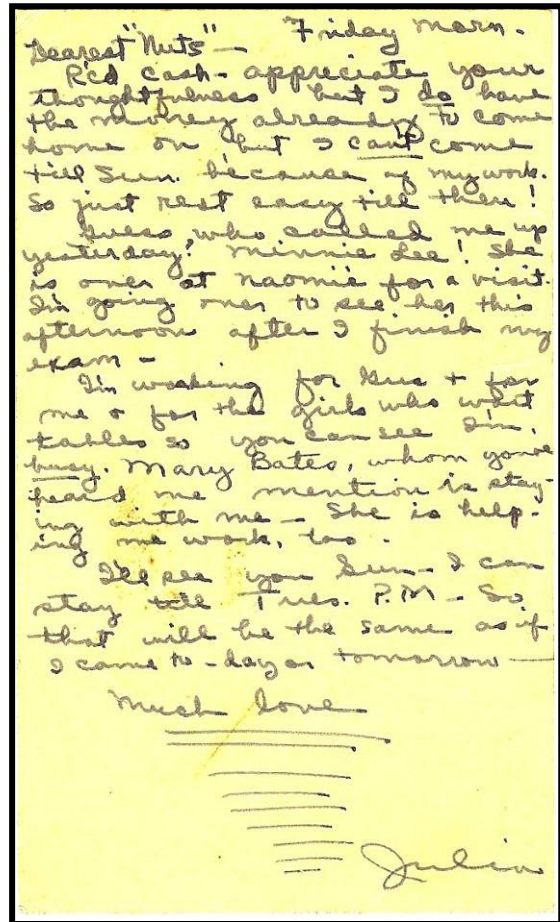
Rc'd cash—appreciate your thoughtfulness but I do have the money already to come home on, but I can't come till Sun. because of my work. So just rest easy till then.

I'm working\* for Gus & for me & for the girls who wait talbe so you can see I'm busy. Mary Bates, whom you've heard me mention is staying with me— She is helping me work, too.

I'll see you Sun - I can stay till Tues. P.M.—So that will be the same as if I came to-day or tomorrow—

Much love

Julia



\* The WMU scholarship was contingent on Julia cleaning the dorm. Gussie was also a scholarship student.



Wed. A.M.

Dearest Ma & Pa,

The Revival is getting better & better. We are having the parson to dinner tonite. I didn't go to school yesterday as I was slightly under the weather.

Haven't been able to wear my new dress yet - I'm so mad. I think it will be more, tho, before the last of the week. How is everything at home? One of Fay's friends, Mrs. Knowles at Dothan sent up a box of candy - It was grand!

Must close - Write—  
Love, Julia

Wed. A.M.  
Dearest Ma & Pa,  
The Revival is getting better & better. We are having the parson to dinner tonite. I didn't go to school yesterday as I was slightly under the weather.  
Haven't been able to wear my new dress yet - I'm so mad. I think it will be more, tho, before the last of the week. How is everything at home? One of Fay's friends, Mrs. Knowles at Dothan sent up a box of candy - It was grand!  
Must close - Write—  
Love, Julia



*Fay Askew, 1936 Entre Nous class picture*

By the tone of the card with a reference to "*Fay's friend Mrs. Knowles at Dothan*" it is obvious that Fay and Julia were an item when she wrote the card in April of 1934 which would have been her junior year.

However, we don't know the details of just how Fay and Julia paired up. Fay Askew was from Dothan, fairly removed from Anniston, and it is unlikely that he would have attended the camp at Mentone. Although they were the same age, Fay began college as a freshman Julia's sophomore year. From the blurb regarding Henry Allen Parker and the BSU, we know that they would have worked together in the Baptist Student Union Council. Sometime during Julia's senior year the couple became engaged and were married after Fay graduated, in 1937.

Julia was circumspect about having had other male friendships. Her heart was set on being a missionary and it was important to her to choose a husband who had the same desires and ambitions. But, from the anonymous, typewritten, undated letter it is obvious that she had other admirers and since there is reference to 2 years the letter was probably written once it was evident that Julia had made Fay her choice.

Dear Julia:

It will be silly to you for me to write you if you think of who I am where I am and how often we see each other. And it may anyway, but it wont be so bad, I hope, if you will forget that and twist your imagination a great deal and consider me a friend a great distance away and that you are anxious to hear from me. That will be task, but otherwise the more you read the worse it will get.

Now I come to the cross roads of choosing what to write about; the weather - well I am no weather prophet, no poet either, so you can get more from observation than I can write you on a subject like that. Then books -goodness knows I want to forget them for a few days; neither do I know enough about one to write anything interesting. Well what then? Love? I have told you that, so you can see what a dilimma (sic.) I am in.

Maybe tho, I can say in writing some things that will sound better going through your yes, if you are imagining the aforesaid, than it would through your ears. I must confess that every thing I do and say at work is not an outward expression of an inward feeling. I don't talk about you to your back as I do your face. I can't do, tho, as you requested; that is not mention your name. I can't keep from brining in occasionally,

when we boy are talking about our girl friends, a few things about you. But I don't take your name in vain.

With all seriousness, I wouldn't swap the two years that I have known and worked with you and Gussie for any other ten years of my life save the year I was converted and called to preach. Both of you have made me appreciate more my ideals in regards to the girls with whom I associate than any other experience I have ever had. Then in addition to that Gussie's quiet easy going way has been a lesson to me. And you, you will never know how much you have filled in with your sense of wit and humor where I am lacking. May I say that you have put a joy in my soul that will remain there forever.

Well I almost choose to write about the thing that I intended to pass up for this time. Here's hoping this will be accepted as it is sent: a flower while you live and something to think about for a few moments while your room mate is away.

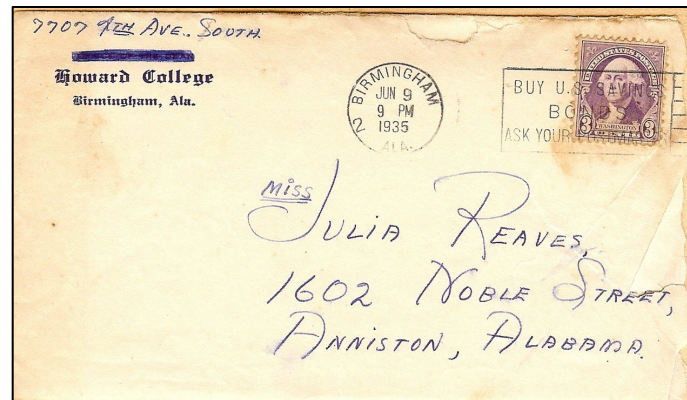
( I )

W.R.H.

After combing Julia's scrapbooks and Entre Nous annual for the possible identity of "W.R.H." and not finding it, it still remains as secret as the writer intended.



Hugh Frank Smith spent 6 weeks at Summer School and he writes:



Sunday [July 7, 1935]

Good p.m., Jule:

It was very great of you to respond to my card so promptly and I assure you most stoutly that I was deeply gratified. Honestly, this has been a week of almost morbid mental suffering.... No one to talk to, no one to call, no one to see completely ostracized, as it were. But I've gone through seven days of it now, and I'm praying that the other some 28 won't be so bad.... At least, I'm not going to study – I've justt finished “Marble Faun”—its all right after the first 150 pages.) Now I've got to swim through that horrible “Satanstoe” Then Emerson's Essays – and heaven help me!.... I'm spending most of my time sleeping.... The only way I'll be able to make A's, as you suggested will be on my Crimsonian reputation – I certainly won't deserve them –

Am tickled a gloriously dark lavender that you are contemplating wending your way to the Magic City [*Birmingham*] Friday night week. That will be something to look forward to avidly for us both....(Far be it from my intentions for that to sound like concert) And, when you go back, we can perhaps go over together. I'll be through either Friday, July 5, or Saturday morning, July 6. Maybe our connections will coincide....(I hate writing letters in long hand. I can never do

any good. I'm so used to a typewriter; I don't like to sign my name with a pen anymore. A typewriter has utterly ruined my handwriting, as you can obviously detect.)It's very fine that you're helping the vacation Bible school. Knowledge of which I acquired through them Anniston Stars (such a comforting word from home is the Star!)...You're really (let's shift over to you for awhile) not having an inactive vacation, so it seems. Are you planning a round of activities in July and August, too? Thanks for the invitation to come up and be your guest for a Charlie Bell sermon. We will have to do that, by all means as I would like to hear Anniston's celebrated Mr. Bell. And I know my fran Napier would. However, I wrote him (Napier) a note the other day, asking if he could come then instead of in June, but haven't heard from him. Probably won't because he such an absent-minded specimen of stupidity.

It's Sunday afternoon and a most sad one. Yesterday I threatened to pack my suitcase and return to "Smith Hill"...today my spirits got elevated a trifle. Tomorrow I'll launch into another lethargy of more pitiable characteristics... Whoops! Three weeks from Friday!

You will just have to write me right away....Avoid popsicles for stamps. A cheery note from you at frequent intervals will help me immeasurably to sustain a bare existence.

I think you're pretty grand for being the victim of all this and it was most comforting to hear from you — Shall I expect a second epistle about Wednesday, providing I respond poste haste? Yes?

Fondly, BugeS

\* \* \*

Dr. A. Y. Napier, returned missionary to China and his son, Mr. Davie Napier, were the guests yesterday of Mr. Hugh Frank Smith at his home at Munford.

\* \* \*

Thursday. 21. 35

Dear Julia :-  
Bless your heart, I just read your  
kind letter and I couldn't refrain from telling you  
how much we appreciate it, it really helped very  
much. remember our home is always open to you  
and Fay, and others like you.

Your friend  
Waiting for "The Son from Heaven" TIMES

Ralph

*Note from Ralph Howe to Julia*

Ralph Howe's father had recently died and Julia had cut out the notice to paste in her scrap book. She must have sent a note of condolences to Ralph, and he responds letting her know how much he appreciates her thoughtfulness.

This attention to the protocol of social connections or obligations was characteristic of Julia, never forgetting to send a birthday card or present, or acknowledge someone's life events such as the birth of a child, a marriage, or death in the family.

He ends his note with a quote from I Thessalonians, 1: 10 which says: "*And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come*".

There are two extant letters from 1936. Of one postmarked April 19, 1936, only the second page remains. *Beulah Caudell* was a senior at Howard when Julia was a Freshman who was teaching English at Falkville, Alabama.

...and send them to Miss Beulah Caudell Falkville, Alabama. I think they are in my trunk with some other play books. She may want to give one of these for the Senior class play at Falkville. She wants to order this week so if you will send them immediately I'll appreciate it muchy!

We thought we were going to teach (Gus, Henry Parker & I) a BYPU study course at Robert Lankford's church this week, but it has been called off, and I am so glad. Exams are 2 weeks from Wed. We get out of school Fri & Sat 29-30. I can get a rid to Robin's but I just don't know what to do about going. I want to come home. I guess I will cause its so far to Poppy's. Then she may come up to Commencement, anyway. March 31 is All-Preacher's Day and Fay may come to Anniston to preach at Northside. He'd like to come there he said. He would come over with Howard Bryant on sun morn & come back Sun. nite with him. I'll come home either Thurs nite or Fri morn on Bus.

I enjoyed your letter Friday. It was newsy. For a while you just wrote mere notes. Please give me all the news you can for I never have time to go to library & read the paper.

Please send the plays to Beulah. She wanted to (send) me postage, but I wouldn't take it cause she had already done so much for me. It won't take much. Drop a card & tell me if you found the plays & sent them and if you can send me sone money & when. I do love you both so much and more and more each day.

Love you always

Julia

[May 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1936]  
Sunday Afternoon  
A-wishing it was last Sunday!

Dearest Parents:

I wonder what you two Pop-Eyes are doing this gorgeous afternoon? I am a sitting here at my desk trying to study but not doing it very well.

I have really been busy all week. I've studied from morning till 12 at night - Gone to church 2 nights.

Had my shoes fixed Monday. Only cost 75 cents. Mrs. Hamrick gave Gus and me a lovely pair of hose (79 cent ones) yesterday. Wasn't that sweet? So I wondered if since I won't have to have hose next week could you send me a dollar next Friday, and I'll keep the one you sent me yesterday, ( I have a few stamps and don't know of anything I'll need money for this week) and get me a pair of white shoes. I think I can get some for \$2. I really need some before school is out to wear with my light dresses. These black ones hurt anyway. What do you think of doing that? Or could you send \$1.00? I know I could get some for \$2.49. I'll keep my dollar anyway. If you think I ought to try to get along without any till school is out since I have to have that \$10 dip? Just tell me what you think best.

I'm so tired of working! It is just a grind from now till 3 weeks from last Saturday when I have my comprehensive. Old Gus is really working on her thesis.

So Ralph [Howe] isn't going to Texas [To a Baptist meeting]. Is Uncle Lewis [Claxton]? One of the boys here in school really wanted to go with him if he did.

I'm going to write to Ralph and Sallie [Howe] as soon as I have a minute to spare. Tell them how much we appreciate them keeping the son!

Next Sunday is Mr. Askew's birthday, and I want to send him something - at least a card. If I can I'm going to send him a box of candy. Fay said this morning that he would just be simply thrilled to-death for the family does neglect him. He is



always tired at night, and goes to bed right after supper and so is never with his family at all. I love him a lot and would really like to make him a little candy and send him.

The meeting out at Lakewood is fine - 11 additions Friday night. Uncle Walter is really a fine preacher, I think. Fay and I want to go next week, but it won't be much because I have so much work to do. I enjoyed my S.S. class this a.m. I have about 6 sweet little girls who come regularly. Mrs. Tucker is Superintendent of the Juniors.

I hear (unofficially) that there may be some openings at the Ind. school. I pray that there will be.

Must close and try to study a little more. Fay is coming at 6 to eat with us and then go to church.

Write me a card before Friday, please. Tell me what to do about shoes.

Fay and Gus send their love and I send a heart full!

Love, JR

*Gussie adds a note to the letter:*

My dearest Miss Jimmie Lou and Mr. Sidney:

Julia was so glad to get your letter; she thought you were both dead. We are quite relieved to find otherwise. What are you doing these days? We have so much studying to do that my brain is already tired at the thought. Do pray for us for we surely need it. I feel that it will surely be by prayer and fasting if I ever get thru these tests. Jules is having a little trouble with her stomach – you make her get some milk of mag. When she gets home. I'll be home next Thurs, perhaps. I'll see you.

Lots & lots of love, Gus

Howard College  
Birmingham, Ala.



Miss Julia Reaves  
Memie Mell Smith Hall  
Howard College  
B'ham, Alabama

May 19, 1936

Notice to Seniors:

Commencement exercises will begin Sunday May 24th. It is expected that all Seniors will attend the exercises in cap and gowns Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday.

Caps and gowns may be obtained in the business office of the college between 1:00 o'clock and 5:00 o'clock Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 21st, 22nd, and 23rd. A deposit of \$2.50 is required for the cap and gown. \$1.25 of the amount will be refunded upon return of the cap and gown after commencement exercises Tuesday.

Seniors will assemble in the Sunday school rooms of Ruhama Baptist Church at 10:30 Sunday morning, May 24th, and form a procession for the Commencement Sermon.

On Monday Seniors will assemble in caps and gowns in front of the Arch at 10:00 A.M. At 11:00 o'clock the class will march into the college auditorium for the joint program of the Senior Class and the Alumni. The major part of the program will be given to recognition of Dean Burns's twenty-five years of service to the college as a member of the faculty. Members of the Senior Class who are teachers in service may be excused from the Monday program.

At 9:30 o'clock Tuesday Seniors will assemble in front of Renfro Hall. The procession to Ruhama Church for graduation exercises will move at 9:45 o'clock. ATTENDANCE AT THE GRADUATING EXERCISES IS REQUIRED OF ALL WHO EXPECT TO RECEIVE DIPLOMAS.

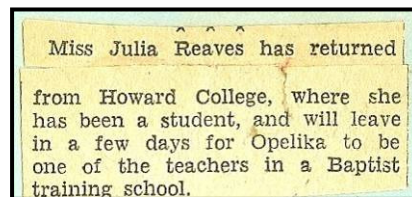
EVERY ONE IS REQUESTED TO BE PUNCTUAL IN ATTENDANCE AT ALL THE EXERCISES.

Oscar S. Causey  
Registrar

At this point Julia and Fay are engaged to be married. Julia wants to teach, but she has not yet found a job, thus the reference to the job in Ind. school. The previous June (1935) Jabez Askew, Fay's father, had accidentally injured a brother-in-law. Tragically, he died of his injuries and Jabez was accused of manslaughter. There was a trial, and then an appeal process after which he was convicted. As Julia writes this letter, he was being detained at a work camp near Dothan, Alabama, Fay's home town. Mr. Askew's birthday was May 10th.

This completes the extant letters either found in her scrapbook or saved by her parents while Julia was in College.

\*\*\*\*\*



Miss Julia Reaves has returned  
from Howard College, where she  
has been a student, and will leave  
in a few days for Opelika to be  
one of the teachers in a Baptist  
training school.

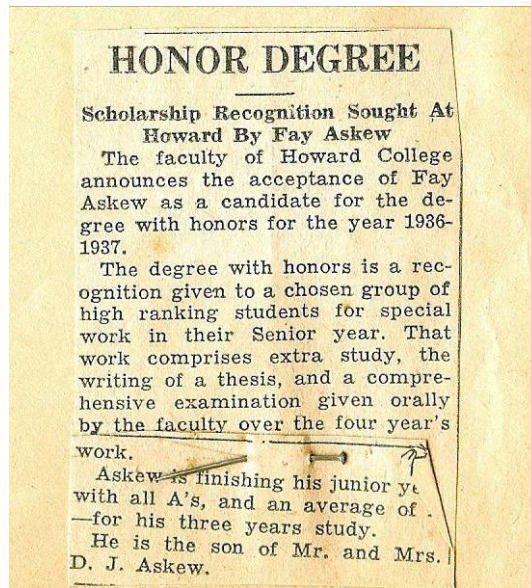
Julia returned to Anniston and soon set off to nearby towns busying herself with Baptist activities. She had received a teacher's certificate from the State of Alabama allowing her to teach English, French, and Social Studies. She took a job about 50 miles away in Collinsville, Alabama, which paid \$65.00 a month.

She and Fay kept up a long distance relationship. He was spending his summer in his home town of Dothan, Alabama, working for the Columbian Baptist Association, a paid job, as an itinerant pastor and Training Union work.



JULIA

DREAMS COME TRUE



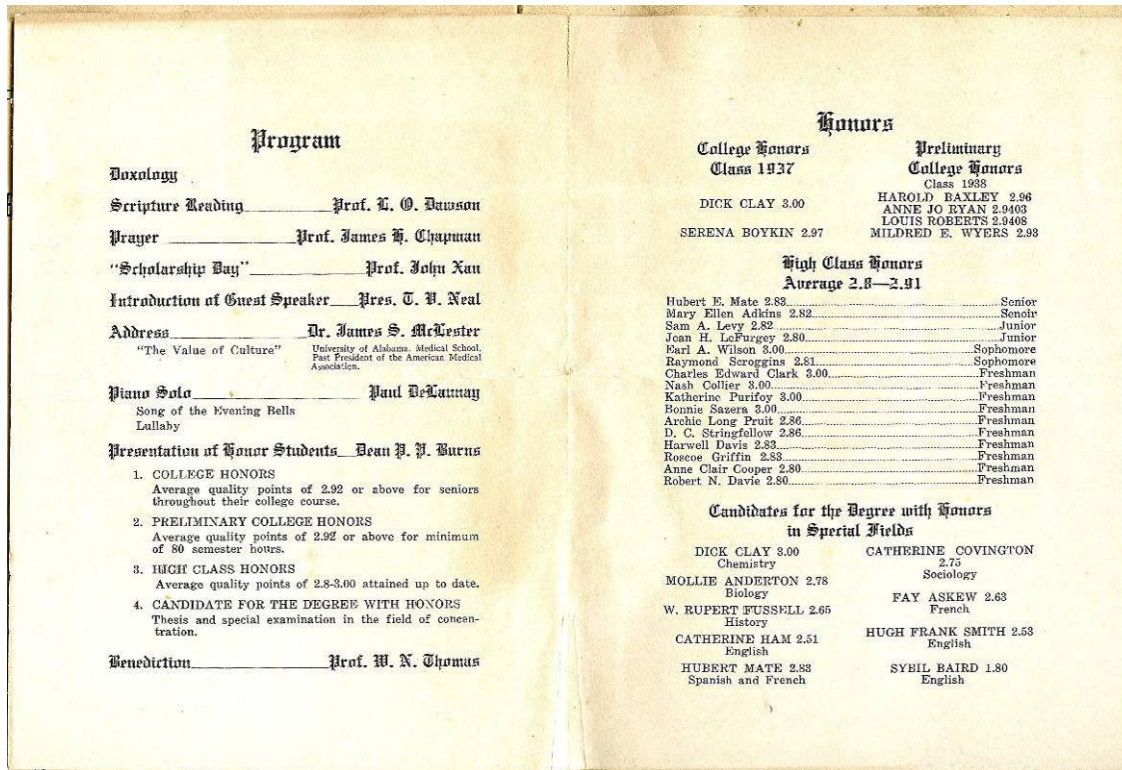
*From Julia's scrapbook*

Although Fay participated in college associations such as BSU and YMCA (Young Men Christian Association) just as Julia had, he did not throw himself into these activities nor engage in the politics of the ministerial students. His main focus in college was to study and learn. As seen in the above clip, his work "comprised extra study, the writing of a thesis, and a comprehensive examination given orally by the faculty over the four years work." Theirs was a relationship that complemented each other with the outgoing Julia and the more introverted, introspective Fay.

Not that they had nothing in common, such as their love of music and singing. They both played musical instruments, Julia the piano and Fay the trombone. Fay also had his fun loving side as seen in this photograph taken during a surprise snowstorm in Birmingham in the winter of 1936.







*From Julia's Scrapbook*

While Julia taught in Collinsville and Fay remained at Howard they corresponded often. They also met in Anniston periodically. Fay, as a senior ministerial student, was often invited to preach in the various Anniston Baptist churches. In the winter of 1936, they spent Christmas together in Anniston, but had not officially announced their engagement.

Fay graduated with Honors on May 11, 1937, and I am certain that it was with a double measure of pride that Julia returned to Howard to participate in the ceremonies as her good friend Hugh Frank Smith was also honored in his field. Hugh Frank was an English major who would go on to study journalism at the University of Missouri. Fay's field was French.

Atlanta. \* \* \*  
 Misses Julia Reaves and Sara  
 Simpson are spending some time  
 in South Alabama doing field work  
 for the Baptist Women's Mission-  
 ary Union of Alabama. \* \* \*

**Missions School  
 At White Plains**

The White Plains school of mis-  
 sions will open at 9:30 o'clock  
 Wednesday morning at the Bap-  
 tist Church. Mrs. Luther Brann  
 will speak on "Palestina  
 Missions" before the W. M. U.  
 group. Miss Julia Reaves will  
 speak on "A Beloved Physician" to  
 the Y. W. A., the Rev. W. M. Fuller  
 will be in charge of the R. A. In-  
 struction. "Wandering Jew in  
 Brazil" will be discussed by  
 Gussie Helfner for the G. A. and  
 "Little Black Sunday" will be dis-  
 cussed by Mrs. C. Broom speaking  
 to the S. B. B.

\* \* \*  
**ASKEW-REAVES  
 ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED**  
 Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Jackson  
 Reaves announce the engagement  
 of their daughter, Julia, to Mr. Fay  
 Askev of Dothan, the marriage to  
 take place in September.  
 \* \* \*

The couple spent the summer apart, each in their own home towns. Fay with a paid job working for the Columbian Baptist Association which was comprised of churches in Houston County of which Dothan is the county seat. Julia participated in Vacation Bible Schools in and around Anniston, as well as in other church related programs.

The couple's engagement was announced in the July 14th issue of The Anniston Star, the date of which would not have been lost on Fay in particular as it was Bastille Day. Fay had been lucky in his desire to learn French as Howard had a particularly strong program lead by a very distinguished, multi-talented French born professor, Dr. Paul DeLaney. The immediate Howard College past president had also spent time in France and was then head of the Romance Language department at the University of Alabama. Under their guidance Fay became fluent in French and Julia knowledgeable enough in the language as the young couple planned to ultimately pursue a career as missionaries in a French speaking country.

Julia planned her wedding, surrounded by family and friends. There were parties and showers with out of town relatives on both sides of the families sending gifts and words of congratulation and encouragement.

Sadly, Gussie's father who lived in Oxford, a short distance away, died on July 18th. He was only 53 years old. His obituary mentions that he had only been ill a week and that he had worked at the Monsanto Chemical plant for 16 years. It must have been with a heavy heart that Gussie participated in Julia's festivities but also have served as a positive distraction from her grief. Interestingly, years later it would become evident that the chemicals produced by the Monsanto corporation were extremely toxic and residents of Anniston began the long process of levying lawsuits on the company as they tried to undo the damage that had been inflicted on their "Model City" created with such idealism by Noble and Tyler with cottages for workers, schools, churches, and parks as a safe, comfortable place to work. In 2003 the class action suit brought against Monsanto by the citizens of Anniston was settled with 700 million dollars awarded for the cleanup, with other lawsuits pending for further compensation for the damage caused.

As was customary at the time, the hometown newspaper ran several articles about Fay and Julia's wedding and we are very lucky to be able to read these firsthand accounts.

Preceded by the headline "Askew-Reaves Wedding Arrangements Announced" The Anniston Star ran the following article in their Society Section on August 29th, 1937.

" Wedding plans of Miss Julia Reaves of Anniston and Mr. Fay Askew of Dothan were announced Saturday. The event will take place Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the First Baptist Church, with the Rev. L.N. Claxton and the Rev. Ralph Howe officiating.

Preceding the ceremony a program of music will be presented by Miss Minnie Lee Powell, pianist; Mr. Guy Taylor, violinist; Mrs. Joseph Harris [*Lena Mae Claxton*] and Miss Gussie Heifner, who will sing "At Dawning," and Mr. Hugh Webb, who will play "Oh Love that wilt Not Let Me Go."

The bride will be given in marriage by her father; Miss Gussie Heifner will act as maid of honor and Mr. Carroll Carter of Mobile will be best man. The ushers will be Mr. L.N. Claxton, Jr., and Mr. Hugh Frank Smith.

The bride-elect is being entertained at a number of parties. At his home at Munford Tuesday evening, Mr. Hugh Frank Smith, classmate of the bride and bridegroom at Howard College, will honor the wedding party with a dinner preceding the rehearsal. After the rehearsal the bride's parents will entertain.

The wedding will unite two outstanding honor graduates of Howard College. Miss Reaves set a precedent by being the first co-ed in history to be elected president of the Baptist Student Union. Mr. Askew figured prominently in student activities and president of the Y.M.C.A."

The Anniston Star was an afternoon paper and it was not unusual for transpiring events of the day to be reported by evening. The August 31 ran:

"Reception Tonight For Wedding Party": At their home on Marvin Hill this evening, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Reaves will entertain with a reception in honor of their daughter, Miss Julia Reaves, and Mr. Fay Askew of Dothan, whose marriage will be solemnized tomorrow.

The event will follow the rehearsal at the church.

Prior to the rehearsal a dinner will be given by Mr. Hugh Frank Smith, which will include the wedding party.

A number of parties have been given in honor of the bride-to-be during her pre-nuptial days, including a garden party, which was a courtesy from Miss Minnie Lee Powell, and a shower given jointly by Mrs. Lois Hill and Mrs. W. L. Webb at the home of the latter on Leighton Avenue.



*From left to right, Fay, Julia, Carroll Carter, and Gussie Heifner*

Julia and Fay were married at 10 o'clock but by the afternoon the event was replayed in the afternoon issue of *The Anniston Star* of September 1, 1937:

**Miss Julia Reaves Becomes Mrs. Askew:** Culminating a courtship that began during their undergraduate days at Howard College, Miss Julia Reaves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Reaves of Anniston, and Fay Askew, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Askew of Dothan, were married at ten O'clock this morning at the first Baptist Church. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. L.N. Claxton and the Rev. Ralph Howe.

An improvised altar of ferns and palms with floor baskets of dahlias formed the setting for the bridal party. Miss Minnie Lee Powell, pianist, and Mr. Guy Taylor, violinist, played "Schuberts Serenade" and Mrs. Joseph Harris [*Lena Mae Claxton*] and



Gussie Heifner sang "At Dawning". Miss Powell and Mr. Taylor played "Berceuse" and Mr. Hugh Webb sang "Oh love that Wilt Not Let Me Go."

To the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin, Miss Gussie Heifner, roommate of the bride at Howard, entered as maid of honor. Her dress, modeled along princess lines, was of ashes-of-roses silk wool, with black accessories. She carried a French bouquet of snapdragons and roses.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a traveling dress of beige crepe, with luggage tan accessories. Her hat was an off-the-face model with sheer veil and she carried a beige satin Testament with shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley.

Mr. Carroll Carter of Mobile was best man and the ushers were Mr. L.N. Claxton, Jr. and Mr. Hugh Frank Smith of Munford.

At Howard where both were graduated with high honors, the bride and bridegroom were outstanding in extra-curricular activities as well as in scholarship.

Graduating at Anniston High School, where she was especially active in dramatics, Mrs. Askew won a state W.M.S. scholarship at Howard College and there became the first co-ed in history to be chosen president of the Baptist Student Union. She also was president of the Young Women's Christian Association, president of the college Sunday School class and a member of the dormitory council. For the last year she has been a member of the Collinsville High School faculty.

Descended from a prominent South Alabama family, Mr. Askew graduated from Howard in June with high honors in French. He was president of the Y.M.C.A and at graduation received the Paul de Launay medal for special distinction in art. During the summer he has been doing associational missionary work in Houston County.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Askew left for a wedding trip to South Alabama and Florida. After September tenth they will be at home at 1230 Sixth Street in New Orleans. Both will do graduate work at the New Orleans Bible Institute.

Among the out-of town guests were Dr. and Mrs. G.V. Irons, the Rev. and Mrs. J. Fred Cola and Mrs. A. W. Embry, all of Birmingham; W. D. Smith, Munford; Dr. and Mrs. E. K Hanby, Attala; Miss Vera Swindal, Gadsden, and Mrs. Mary Warren, Miss Roberta Howell and Miss Elizabeth Howell, all of Hanceville.

Preceding the wedding rehearsal Tuesday evening, Mr. Hugh Frank Smith entertained with a dinner at his country home near Munford. Mr. Smith attended college with the bride and bridegroom.

Present were Miss Reaves, Mr. Askew, Miss Gussie Heifner of Oxford, Mr. Carroll Carter of Mobile, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Smith and Miss Margaret Wright.

Following the rehearsal, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Reaves, parents of the bride, entertained at a reception for the wedding party, out-of-town guests and others.

Presiding at the punch bowl were Miss Gussie Heifner, Miss Evelyn Howe and Miss Winnelle [*Lanelle*]Claxton.



A very faint photograph of Julia and her parents included only to notice how much taller Julia's mother, Jimmie Lou, was than Julia!



*Julia and Fay in, Florida*

The small paragraph included in the wedding write up *"Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Askew left for a wedding trip to South Alabama and Florida. After September tenth they will be at home at 1230 Sixth Street in New Orleans. Both will do graduate work at the New Orleans Bible Institute."* bears repeating. Although from cards that Julia saved in her scrapbook about her wedding, it is clear that the Askew family sent appropriate gifts and regards, there is no evidence of their attendance. Julia and Fay would make their way from Anniston and travel south to Fay's home town of Dothan, presumably by car. Dothan is but a few miles from Florida, and the young couple would have passed through Pensacola and Mobile on their way to New Orleans. The above photograph from Julia's scrapbook is undated and could possibly have been taken on the couple's honeymoon or when, as a letter recounts later, on a trip to Panama City, Florida, with Julia's parents during the couple's courtship.

Ten days after their wedding Julia and Fay would be settled in an apartment on Sixth Street in the Garden District of New Orleans.

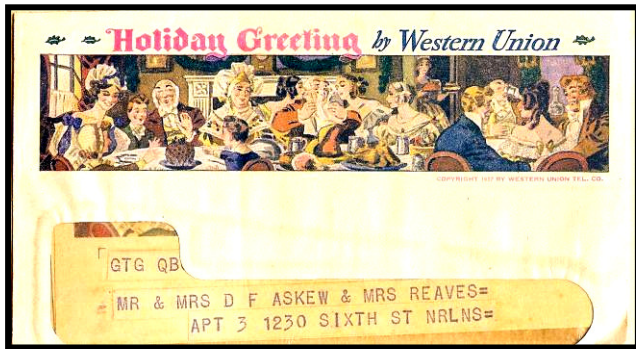
The sophisticated, diverse city with French, Spanish, Italian, Irish, Creole, African, and English population was a perfect setting for young Baptist men and women from small towns across the South to be exposed to a very different, foreign culture. Since 1912, the Editor of *The Mississippi Baptist Record* had been urging the Convention to establish a seminary in New Orleans to train missionaries headed to South America. When the Southern Baptist Convention met in that city in 1917, the members voted to establish the Baptist Bible Institute (BBI) which became the Convention's third seminary (the other two were in Fort Worth, Texas, and in Lexington, Kentucky). It opened its doors in the Garden District in 1918 and operated under the name BBI until 1946 when the seminary became the New Orleans Theological Seminary.

BBI emphasized evangelism and ministry and led students throughout the city for street preaching and witnessing among the diverse population.



*The Baptist Bible Institute in the Garden District of New Orleans*

There were no saved letters between 1936 and 1939, but we do have bits and pieces of information from newspaper clippings and mementos as well as stories related by Julia. The couple settled a few blocks from BBI which was on Washington Avenue in the Sixth Street apartment which would have been part of an older house in the Garden District.



The usual method of quick communication or to express congratulations on a special occasion used in 1937 was to send a telegram by Western Union. In the example

addressed to Julia and Fay as well as to "Mrs. Reaves", Sidney was expressing "wish I was there with you" to his daughter and wife. In a previous telegram which Julia also saved in her scrapbook, Jimmie Lou had let Julia know of her arrival (presumably by bus) a few days earlier.

Julia enrolled at BBI as a special student. She was not pursuing a formal course of study towards a degree as she was planning to have a baby right away and then be part of a missionary team as a wife, but not in her own right.

8

NAME Mrs. Julia R. Askew ADMISSION 20221  
 COURSE Special ENROLLMENT 74

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

HOURS	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	
8:30 to 9:30	Ev. (1) Har. & M. F. (2) Jr. Heb. (2) N. T. (3) Sr. Gr. (3)	Reg. Gr. R. E. (1) Jr. Heb. (2) N. T. (3)	Ev. (1) H. K. (2) Har. & M. F. (2) Jr. Heb. (2) Sr. Gr. (3)	Reg. Gr. R. E. (1) N. T. (3) Sr. Gr. (3)	Saturday 8:30 to 9:30 Reg. Gr. P. D. (2)
9:10 to 10:30	N. T. (1) O. T. (2) P. of C. (3) N. T. Ch. Or & M. (3)	O. T. (1) N. T. (2) Ad. Mis. St. (3)	N. T. (1) O. T. (2) P. of C. (3) N. T. Ch. Or & M. (3)	O. T. (1) N. T. (2) Ad. Mis. St. (3)	
10:10-10:45	Chapel	Chapel	Chapel	Chapel	
10:45-11:00 to 12:00	C. P. (1) Jr. Gr. (2) S. & E. (3) Ad. Con. (3)	Report Hour (All 1 & 2) Sr. Ch. H. (3)	C. P. (1) Jr. Gr. (2) S. & E. (3) Ad. Con (3)	Jr. Gr. (2) Sr. Ch. H. (3)	Monday Night 7:00 to 8:00 H. of Mis. (2, 3)
11:45-12:45 to 1:00	Mu. Th. & Con. (1) Th. (2) Sr. Heb. (3)	B. I. (1) W. M. U. (1) Hom. (2) Sr. Heb. (3)	Mu. Th. & Con. (1) Th. (2) H. of Mis. (2, 3)	B. I. (1) W. M. U. (1) Th. (2) Sr. Heb. (3)	8:00 to 9:00 R. E. (5)
2:30 to 3:30	H. & P. C. M. (2, 3)	Jr. Ch. H. (1, 2)	H. & P. C. M. (2, 3)	Jr. Ch. H. (1, 2)	
3:30 to 4:30	English O. T. (3)	Ch. Wk.	English O. T. (3)	English Hom. (2) O. T. (3)	



Julia often remarked how their first apartment did not allow children so they passed it along to their friends and fellow seminarians Howard and Inez Benson and moved around the corner to an apartment on Chestnut Tree.

Julia and Fay had continued to nurture their associations with their respective local churches. That was imperative as local churches took an interest in their own who had gone on to college or the seminary. There was financial support to be solicited as well as help with establishing and maintaining congregations as the churches sponsored missions.

Seen from an article in The Anniston Star dated March 23, 1938, Ralph Howe used his influence to provide support for Fay and Julia to establish a mission in Franklin, Louisiana, the seat of St. Mary's parish - a small city about 100 miles southwest of New Orleans,. The plan was to open up a mission for French (Cajun) speaking townspeople.

Local Tabernacle Sponsors Mission Unit In Louisiana - The Baptist Tabernacle of this city of which the Rev. Ralph Howe is pastor is sponsoring a mission which has been established at Franklin, La. It was announced today, the Rev. and Mrs. Fay Askew (Julia Reaves) are in charge of the mission.

In making the announcement the Rev. Mr. Howe stated:

“The membership of the Baptist Tabernacle is rejoicing that God has made it possible for them to establish a mission at Franklin, La. The Rev. and Mrs. Fay Askew are directing the work. Mrs. Askew will be remembered as Miss Julia Reaves of this city. This work is designed to reach the French and Italian people of that section where practically nothing is being done toward carrying the gospel to them. Mr. Askew is prepared to speak to them in their native tongue and the blessings of God are already being manifested.

“The first communication from this work will be read at the tabernacle Thursday night in connection with a baptismal service. The public is invited to this service.”

Fay traveled back and forth on the weekends to Franklin and then the couple spent the summers of 1938 and 1939 there. As a representative from Foreign Mission Board states in a letter in 2008, the work among the Acadians, to whom Fay preached in French, was "their mission practicum".

Fay and Julia returned to New Orleans for the 1938-39 school year but since the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Anniston sponsored the couple's mission work there was opportunity to travel back and forth to Alabama to report on missions as well as giving Ralph Howe a reason to travel to Louisiana.

A baby girl was born on September 19, 1938, and was named Anne Wistar Askew in honor of William Wistar Hamilton, Sr., president of BBI at the time Julia and Fay were there. There are no photographs available of Anne as an infant.

A friend from her college days at Howard writes in response from a birth announcement. It is interesting to note only a week had transpired since the birth. The other salient fact is that from the letter it is clear that Julia is still in the hospital:

917 9th Court West  
B'ham, Ala.  
Sept 26, 1938

Dearest Julia:

The announcement of Anne's arrival came yesterday and was a very happy surprise. Congratulations and thank you for telling me. So often do I think of you, but all the time I imagined you were hard at work there trying to convert those heathens. Julia, you are going to be a wonderful mother and I'd walk to N.O. [*New Orleans*] to see you and that baby if I could. I'm sure Fay is a proud father, but does he know how to manage the baby? I know you do. Well, here is wishing everything good. You have a complete family now.

I hope you are in the Southern Bap Hospital. How are your parents? Have they been to see you? My mother's health has been lots better since her operation. I am about up to par again too. Well, I can't brag much today because I have the cramps, but I went to S.S. [*Sunday School*] and Church. Dr. Slaughter, our new pastor, is fine.

How is Gussie? I have often heard Uncle Ed speak of her and he is the same. I moved away from East Lake because I had to ride the street car going to school from there.

Russell Jensen\* married Eloise Harris, a girl from Alexandria City last Aug. and they are living in my home. Can you beat that? She finished her first year at Howard last year. Russell is preaching and Teaching. They all like him fine and she is very smart and sweet.

Please write. I love you, Sara Lula Gunn

\*\*\*\*\*



In March of 1939 Julia writes to her parents and from the tone of her letter she has a lot on her mind. For starters, she had a birthday card for her mother's birthday which was March 12th, but is afraid the card would not get there in time. She

pastes 4 more 3 cents stamps on the envelope and sends it Special Delivery. She over reacts which was not at all like her.

She has a fretful baby on her hands, she is pressed for money, has just gotten over being sick, and is focusing on gossiping about other people's problems which leads one to think that she felt rather helpless. She gives an update on

*Mildred*, a seminarian's wife and her son, *Talmadge*, who probably have an adjacent apartment as Julia lived in an older house which had been subdivided. She mentions Aunt Ella, who apparently lives in a nearby town. There is a reference to Carrie's visit to Jimmie Lou's - probably in celebration of Jimmie Lou's birthday. Although Julia is in no position to travel with a six month old baby and no money, Fay is planning a trip "back home" and reading between the lines, to add to all of Julia's discomfort, she seems very homesick.

[*March 3, 1939*]  
Friday Afternoon

Dearest Mother and Dad,

I failed to mail your card till too late for you to get it tomorrow, so I'm sending this special for I know I hate to miss hearing from you two dolls.

We are all well now, thank goodness. Anne is little fretful at times with her gums.

This has been Home Coming Week. Fay hasn't gone till about 9:30 or 10 every morn so we've been enjoying a little leisure. I've been to a few meetings and enjoyed them. Fay will keep Anne tonite and I'm going to the musical program.

Mildred has been in bed all day with an infected breast. Talmadge is part bottle now and thrives on it, so she is about to decide to wean him from breast and make it all bottle. Poor thing - she has had such a terrible time with her breasts. When Eva [Askew] was here she got T[*almadge*] a pretty pair of blue rompers to match Anne's little blue dress. Today Tis [*Irma Askew, Fay's sister*] sent Anne a darling "little girl" dress - blue, shade of her eyes, sheer material with tiny polka dots, white collar, trimmed in tiny rick-rack. It has a sash and is so cute, but I feel

that I'm losing my baby when I see her in her "little-girl" dresses. This one is 1 1/2 year size and just fits!

Aunt Ella spent Wednesday with us. She bragged on everything. She thinks I'm a good cook. She still talks about your good cooking, Ma.

Fay thinks now that he will go home the middle of this month. I don't know whether he can come to Anniston or not. He wants to visit the Dothan churches and ask them to help the work at Franklin. Since he will be away a week and is away every weekend anyway, we are wondering if I shouldn't come home now. Say about 15th and stay 3 weeks at least. Maybe I could come again in late summer. You see, we will have to move to Franklin just as soon as school closes, and that would not be a good time for me to plan to go home - I'll be needed at Franklin. Then, too, I imagine the trip would be easier now on Anne than to wait till it got hot. What do you think? It would be such a long trip from Franklin (125 miles plus what it is from here) for Anne later.

Now, the most important item - money? I hate to ask but could you contribute to my expenses? You know it takes all we can get now for living expenses. Paul Word (Eva's brother) is going to send Fay the money for him to go to Dothan on. Let me know what you think of the above.

I feel so sorry for Uncle Jimmie's folks. Poor Uncle Walter. He is to be pitied for his shallowness! [*Uncles Jimmie and Walter are Sydney's brothers*]

Glad Aunt Carrie and they came. When I come I want them to come over there to see us. Also Uncle Virgil and Aunt Minnie's families.

Must go now. It is time to feed Anne and get her to bed. She is getting so mannish. She really likes attention.

We all love you both. J.A.



Fay did manage to go to Anniston on his fund raising trip to Alabama and on March 15, 1939 the following small article appeared in The Anniston Star,

"Mission Worker To Speak Tonight" The Rev. Fay Askew, student of the Baptist Bible Institute in New Orleans, who is doing missionary work in Franklin, La, for the Baptist Tabernacle, will speak at the prayer services at the tabernacle at 7:30 o'clock Thursday night.

The Rev. Mr. Askew has established a Baptist church among the French and Indians in Franklin. The first there since the War Between the States. It is supported largely by the Baptist Tabernacle mission fund.

Mrs. Askew formerly was Miss Julia Reaves of Anniston."

In her March letter Julia had suggested spending *three weeks at least* visiting her parents in April and on Monday, April 24, in much better spirits she writes:

Monday, April of 1939

My dearest Family:

I'm an awful child not to have written before now, but you just can't imagine how busy I've been - and didn't feel good, either.

Anne and I are sitting on our front porch. She in walker picking ferns from the porch box. We went to Cousin Ella's Saturday and came back yesterday p.m. Mrs. Barlow spent the night with us.

I didn't get to Cousin E's till late Saturday a.m., so I didn't make my dress. I think I'll get Mrs. Lewis to make it for me, if she has time.

Well, if nothing happens we are Franklin-bound Friday of this week. Someone moved in our \$18.50 house because the man couldn't hold it for us. Miss Emma Shipp, the pianist, has a 2-room apt. that she will let us use as long as we want it, so we'll go down this Friday night on 9:40 p.m. train and stay there till we can get a house. Houses are so scarce - you have to be on hand to hear of vacancies

and move right in. The church voted to pay for moving our furniture. I'm glad of that.

We are going to town tomorrow to get me some white shoes and white hat. I'm going to try to have my wedding shoes fixed, too. We'll stay down town for supper. Miss Lottie, one of the dorm girls, will keep Anne for us.

Roy and Mildred took a crazy notion to leave last Thursday, so off they went. Poor Mildred. She was going to have to drive all way. Roy is still so weak he can't lift the baby! He was a joke. It had been 3 weeks since his operation (appendix only), and he acted worse than if he had had a baby. You know I told you about Roy bringing all that meal back. He tried to sell it and couldn't, so they had to leave a 50 pound drum full and say "help yourselves". It nearly killed them - they are so tight. She finally said "thank you" for the powder I gave her. Poor things. They won't be back next year - plans to go to college.

I'd love to have time to write on and on, but I've got to go see Mrs. Lewis about the dress and go to store.

Mildred took the negatives to the pictures I have and I have the ones to her 4, and we'll swap. I'll have you some made of these. Please return these, tho. I'm sorry our pictures of baby were not good. I like the one of you all and of Minnie Lee, too. Thanks for it.

Must go now. I want to tell you how good it was to be home, and how much I love you both.

All our love, F., I, and A.

Our lights and gas are just \$1.87 this month. We surely did enjoy Susie's visit - just sorry she had to leave so quickly.

In 1939 Julia and Fay again spent the summer in Franklin tending to their mission there. Their landlady, Miss Emma Shipp, was a 50 year old spinster who lived on 2nd Street in Franklin, two blocks down from river Teche.

In September the process of applying to the Southern Baptist Mission Board for a post as a missionary began in earnest. A report written in 2008 regarding the process we find that Fay seemed an exemplary candidate. The report says in part that :

"Fay was also well spoken and a linguist, speaking or writing French, Hebrew and Greek with facility. One can tell that he was an A grade candidate. He was a prospect as an evangelist and/or as an academic professor. He confessed to a love of Syrians and Hebrews. At BBI, they had preliminary interviews with a Mr. Jones and a Miss Ford, and after passing these examinations and filling out the requisite forms of faith, Dr. Maddry came to New Orleans on his circuit rounds to interview Fay personally in September, 1939. References and examination of academic merit also proved to be satisfactory to the Board. Fay's references were from his mentors: Reverend AB Zbinden (Dothan), Dean PP Burns (Howard), and his friends Robert Carlyle, OP Moore, OO Tolleson (Dothan) and Graves Knowles (Dothan). The references highlighted Fay's belief in the efficacy of prayer and his certitude of faith.

Fay had worked with the French community in Louisiana and with the ethnic Syrian people of Dothan. While he wanted a European posting, he was, thus, well qualified for work in Syria (Lebanon) or Palestine (Israel) where he could utilize his mastery in French. By October, 1939, this was to be their assignment."

In 1939 Julia and Fay spent Christmas holidays in Anniston. Again, Julia's thoughtfulness, thoroughness and common sense come through in the chatty letter that follows as we see that she has advised her parents by telegram of her safe

return home, her comment of taking the opportunity to rest while little Anne (16 months) is sleeping, and her advice to her mother to visit her doctor regarding her menopause:

Tuesday 2:30 P.M.

January 2, 1940

My dearest Mama and Daddy,

I guess you understood from the telegram that that was our way of saying we had arrived safely. I thought of sending that greeting since it was so much cheaper!

I'll tell you about our trip first. We had no trouble at all and reached here before 5 o'clock. Anne slept till 7 a.m. - by that time we were in Bessemer [*80 miles from Anniston*]. Then by the time we reached Tuscaloosa [*50 miles more*], she was ready to sleep some more and slept all the way to Meridian [*Mississippi, a distance of 100 miles*]. We reached Laurel [*60 miles from Meridian*] at 12 o'clock, so we stopped for lunch. We were both disappointed in it - we'd been used to Ma's good cooking for a week and are spoiled, I guess. Anne made quite a show by straining till she was red in the face, trying to do No.2. I took her to the rest room and she got relief. It was so warm all afternoon. I dressed Anne just before we stopped for lunch. The car was warm enough for her to play on the back seat the rest of the way. She took another nap during the afternoon. I gave her oil last night [*castor oil for her constipation*] and her cold seems to be more loose, but she's still full of it. I'm going to keep her in till she is completely well, if possible. It is really cold here today. Not as cold as there, but real cold for New Orleans.

I've spent all day putting things away. How grateful we are for every item. The little circus is now established on one end of the living room mantel and looks darling. Anne can say all of the names of the animals already. She certainly has developed in speech since we left here. We are both so proud of Fay's bag. It is so nice. Anne has driven her babies in her little buggy all morning.

I don't know what all you will find of ours. I believe my wine striped dress is there and my fingernail polish. You can send those to me when you can - don't rush - but don't bother with anything that you think I could do without - for instance diapers. If I left any you needn't send them.

We found Robert Carlisle [*a fellow seminarian*] in bed when we got here - had been in hospital from last Wednesday till yesterday with an infected boil. It is in his nose and he almost had blood poison. He is much better now. Another student, Mr. Meadows, went to Franklin for Robert [*went in place of Robert*]. He said they had a good day. He reported that Miss Emma [Shipp] is sick with the flu.

We didn't stop and see the Hawkins in Birmingham. We didn't want to lose time. You ought to write to him, Dad. Get Horace H. or someone to invite him to preach somewhere sometime.

I'm so deeply grateful for all you did to make our visit so enjoyable. I'm just sorry we didn't have longer to stay. And, Mother, I'm so sorry that you didn't come back with us. I hope we won't have such a mix-up again. I hope you are feeling better, too. I'm worried about your nerves. You go to see Dr. Morton. There are shots you get for troubles during the menopause.

I hope to go to Dr. Sanders tomorrow or Thursday. Fay is going to get an appointment for me and take me out.

We are enjoying the hard candy. You shouldn't have given us all of it. I opened my preserves that Aunt Minnie gave me, and they just melt in your mouth.

Be sure to let me know how Sadie [Howe] gets along. They said she had an awful cold, and they were worried about that.

I must close and finish straightening up. I'm going to lie down first tho, I believe, and rest while Anne is asleep. She just dropped off. I had to come out to the kitchen while she went to sleep.



I wanted to write you last night but there was no pick-up at the corner because of the holiday. Please write soon both of you.

All our love,  
Julia, Fay, and Anne

January 26, 1940  
Friday P.M.

Dearest Ones:

We are still at 25 degrees. I got Anne W[*istar*] 2 pair of coveralls today. She looks adorable in them.

Fay got off at 3 p.m. 22 degrees is predicted for tonight, so I'm really glad I didn't try to go to Franklin.

We have really enjoyed Ralph's [Howe] being here. He has been no trouble at all. I sent my washing out, didn't do any ironing so I had an easy week. We had a good, heavy meal in the middle of the day, and didn't bother with much supper, so the meals haven't been a burden.

You all be sure to take care of yourselves during this cold.

We are asking Sallie [Howe, Ralph's wife] and Buddy down for a week (week after next) for Mardi Gras. I hope they will come. You insist that they do - also encourage Ralph to come, as I think he will be helped by it. He likes Dr. Hamilton [*BBI's President*] a lot, he says.

Does Mary Lou[*Claxton*] still like the little house? Has anyone taken the upstairs apt? That little mess of a granddaughter of yours poured out my powder again today. I told Fay that you'd have to send me a box a week at this rate. She calls me to come see when she does something. She is a mess, I mean.

Must close - Ralph is about to get ready to go. Wish he could put me in his suitcase and bring me along. Send a note back by Ralph.

Pray for us and remember that we love you so much.

I love you dearly,

Julia

Although Fay and Julia were tentatively "in" the vetting and accepting Fay into the Southern Baptist Mission Board continued.

"After studying his candidacy closely, Fay seemed just right and was presented to the Administrative Committee at their meeting March 13, 1940, with 21 other candidates. A week later all were accepted! They came to Richmond formally on April 6-7, 1940 for their final hurdle - the physical and to meet the Board formally (all expenses paid). There was, however, to be no salary until they actually "put to sail" on a ship for mission lands. Hence, the urgency for other means of employment when a candidate was land-locked by war.

By April the Board had come to a decision and plans were made. They were set to sail on the SS Excambion for a Beirut, Lebanon career assignment (then part of greater Syria)."

The couple returned to Alabama visiting Anniston and then Dothan. Their activity was recorded in the local newspapers.

The Dothan Eagle ran this byline on May 24, 1940: **Mission Post At Beirut, Syria Assigned Young Dothan Minister like Germany's armies racing to reach the English Channel, the Rev. Fay Askew is racing against time to reach Beirut, Syria – but for exactly the opposite purpose.**

Assigned to the Syrian post as a missionary, he's anxious to arrive at Beirut before Italy enters the war as Premier Mussolini has threatened.

A Dothan young man, the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Askew, he plans to stay in



REV. ASKEW

Syria for the rest of his life, returning to the States to visit his friends only once every seven years when he is given a year's vacation. His wife, the former Miss Julia Reaves of Anniston, has also been appointed as a missionary to Syria. The couple and their 20 months old daughter, Anne Wister Askew, plan to sail from New York June 22.

If the Mediterranean is ablaze with war in the next few weeks, it means the Rev. Askew, his wife and daughter must go around via Cape Horn. War or no war, he plans to take over his post in Syria, that is, unless the Baptist Mission board decides it is too dangerous or the government intervenes and refuses to let him and his family sail.

As Syria is a French protectorate there are many French-speaking people there and Hebrew and Arabic are also spoken. Both the Rev. Askew and his wife can speak French fluently and the Rev. Askew mastered Hebrew in college. For their first two years at Beirut they plan to study Arabic at the American University.

He already has a church post waiting for him in Beirut and plans to assist in the pastorate work in Jerusalem, Palestine, and nearby cities.

The Rev. Mr. Askew is a graduate of Dothan High school and was graduated from Howard College in 1937 with honors. While at Howard he was assistant pastor of Lakewood Baptist church, Birmingham, and pastor of the Baptist church at Alpine, Ala.

In 1936 and 1937 he did missionary work in the Columbia Baptist Association, located in this area, serving 40 churches in the association.

He was graduated from the Baptist Bible Institute, New Orleans, this year after studying there for three years. While attending the bible Institute, he and his wife did

missionary work among the French-speaking people in South Louisiana and was pastor of the Baptist Church at Franklin, La.

Seven years ago he applied for a mission post in Syria and since that time has been preparing himself for the work. His wife, who is also a graduate of Howard College, has likewise been preparing along with her husband for work in Syria. They received their appointment to Beirut April 10, while attending a meeting of the Foreign mission board of the Southern Baptist Missionary Association at Richmond, Va.

The Rev. Mr. Askew will occupy the pulpit at both services at First Baptist church on June 2. Next Sunday he will occupy the pulpit at his wife's home, Anniston, where he will take part in a farewell service.

On June 9 he will deliver two farewell addresses here. At the morning service he will preach at Headland Avenue Baptist church and at the night service he will make a short address at First Baptist church.

The Rev. Askew will leave Dothan shortly after June 9<sup>th</sup> to attend the Southern Baptist convention at Baltimore, where he and his wife will be presented.

And from The Anniston Star, dated May 26, 1940, we learn that "The Rev. Fay Askew, graduate of Howard College and the Baptist Bible Institute in New Orleans, will speak at the Parker Memorial Baptist church Sunday night at 8 o'clock.

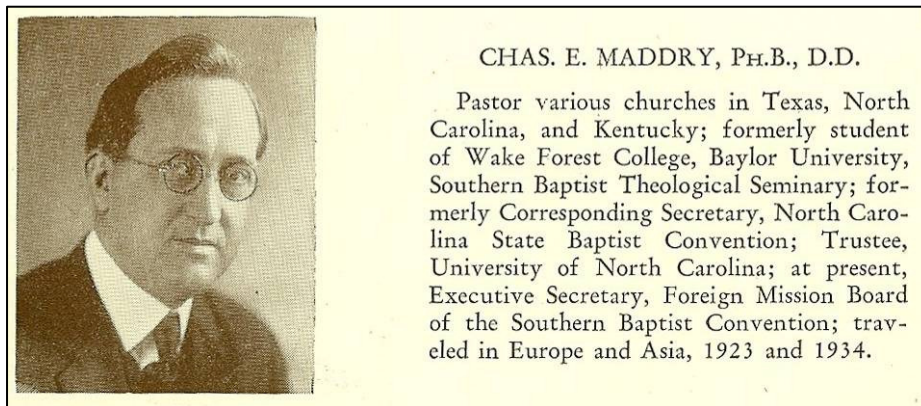
The Rev. Mr. Askew, who married an Anniston girl, Julia Reaves, a few years ago, will leave the United States with his wife for Palestine the middle of June to serve as missionary"

And, again on May 30<sup>th</sup>, we learn through The Anniston Star, that "the Rev. and Mrs. Fay Askew (Julia Reaves) have left for a visit of two weeks in Dothan and Panama City, Fla. They will return to Anniston for a few days then to Baltimore to attend the Southern Baptist Convention. On July twenty-second they will sail from New York for their mission field in Palestine."

But on the very next day things took a very different turn. According to the Foreign Mission Board, "Their belongings were sent to New York and then had

visas for stops in England, Napoli, Genoa, Alexandria and Palestine. This plan was cancelled on May 31<sup>st</sup> when Board missionaries evacuated the Middle East. Mr. Maddry wanted them to move to Spain to take over the work of missionary Bengtson who had just died. This proved agreeable as the Askew's had a good friend, Mauricia, in Lisbon and as well, had no fear of war or Franco's declaration of hostilities against Britain. The Board had reservations, however, counter-offering Fay on July 15<sup>th</sup> with a choice of posts in Chile, Argentina or Uruguay, instead. Fay declined this on July 17<sup>th</sup> again asking for Spain to which the Board half agreed suggesting an indefinite term of language study in Mexico City until Spain could be at peace.

On July 26<sup>th</sup> Britain blockaded Iberia and Dr. Maddry offered a post at the Seminary in Buenos Aires. Fay described this period as a time where they were caught between "Scylla and Cherybdis".



Julia had met Dr. Maddry in 1934 as he was the keynote speaker when she and Gussie traveled to Memphis for the All Southern Baptist Student Conference.

It was against this backdrop of uncertainty that the couple spent the summer of 1940 busying themselves with events at various churches in Anniston and Dothan.





*Anne in Anniston, summer of 1940*

In August we find Julia and Fay in Panama City, Florida, in the home of Fay's parents who had recently moved there from Dothan. Julia writes:

Saturday P.M.

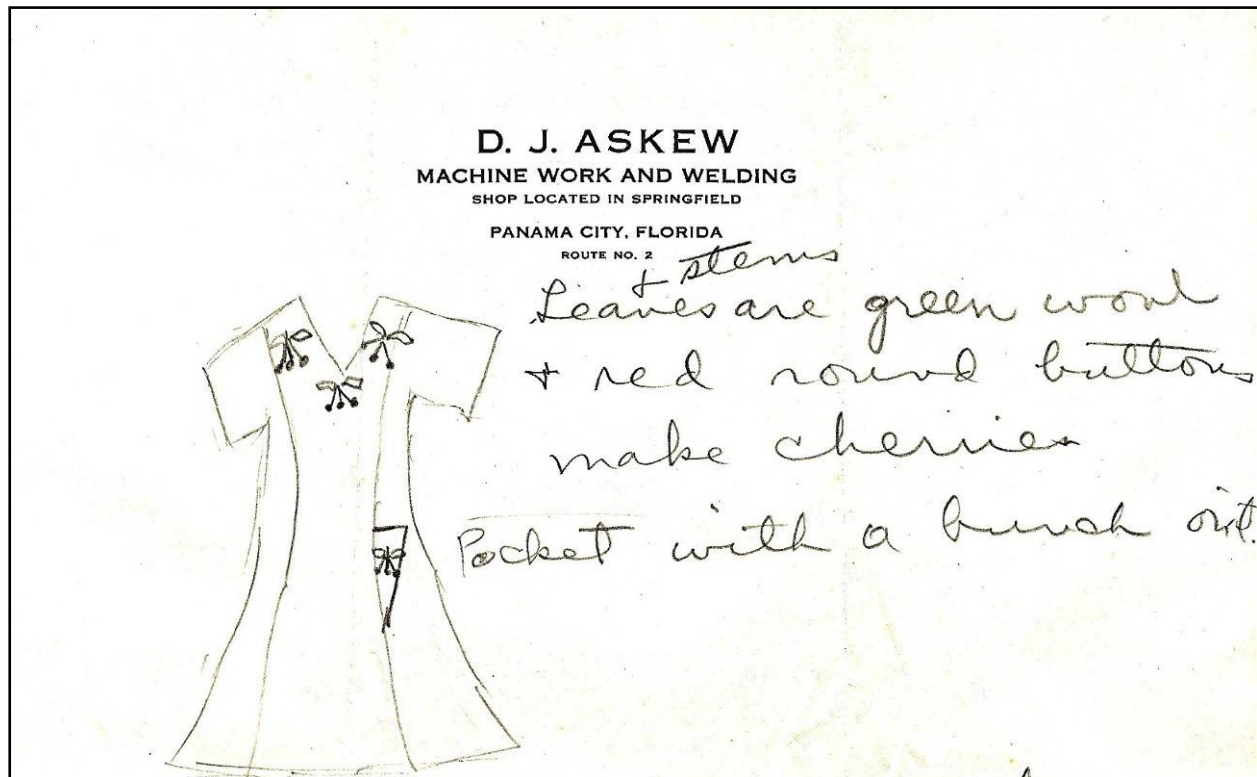
August 17, 1940

Dearest Ones:

Know you've been wondering why I didn't write. Well, just thought every day I'd have something definite to write and haven't. We had a letter from Dr. Maddry's secretary today, and she said she had cabled the Immigration Department and also one of the missionaries there to go plead our case. We hope to hear by Monday at the latest.

Will write or wire immediately.

Appreciate your sweet letter. Hope you will both take things easier. Have done nothing but sew. Made me a white pique dress that is a doll! It is made princess style and has red buttons on it fixed like cherries. Leaves and stems are green wool and red round buttons make cherries. There is a pocket with a bunch on it. I think it is mighty cute.



Anne is just as adorable as ever. She has a story every night before she goes to bed and her prayers. They've made her some cute pinafores and are going to make some dresses next week.

It is hot as fire, but a good cool breeze makes it bearable.

This crazy household is as crazy as ever! Tis [Fay's older sister, Irma] and Eva [Fay's mother] have gone to Dothan today to get Hilda [Fay's sister]. Tis fusses at Fay all the time - makes us all miserable. Fay doesn't like it all anymore than I do!

Must close. Will write more next time. It is so hot I'm just unable to write! Do write us often now. Anne sends a kiss and so do I.

Much, much love, Julia

Fay writes:

Saturday P.M.

Dear Folks: We are still wondering when we shall leave. I wired the Consul Thursday and on his suggestion asked Dr. Maddry to cable Buenos Aires and ask for our permit. Maybe we will hear on Monday or Tuesday. If we miss our boat, I guess we will sail on September 5. If we don't hear until Tuesday, I will wire Sidney to send the trunk by express. Keep the trunk until I wire. We do hope that we will hear by Monday.

Surely enjoyed being with you. Sorry that I was so smart-aleck and mean while I was there to make things uncomfortable for you all. Though I was so cantankerous, I did enjoy being there. I will miss those good dinners from now on.

We still have not settled about the car. Hilda will be down this afternoon, and we might settle it. Today, I have been thinking about swapping it for a lot\* here. I don't know yet what I shall do about it.

We have been attending a meeting here. Do hope that you will have a great meeting at the Tabernacle. Have heard about the Chatt[anooga] preacher. We shall remember you all in prayer.

We'll let you know the moment we hear about sailing.

Love, Fay

\* The Askew family had recently bought several lots on the bay, at Parker, the next town a few miles from Springfield, and Fay is contemplating getting a lot for himself with the money that he would get from selling his car.

Although from Fay's letter we know that their assignment to Argentina had been made, on August 24th Julia writes again from Panama City still full of uncertainty. They planned to return to New Orleans for an indefinite period, as her reference to renting an apartment on Chestnut tree attests.

Saturday  
August 24, 1940

Dearest Ones:

Fay was his usual "crazy" self yesterday in the P.O. He had to get some change to send the dollar and in the excitement of getting mail, stamps, and change, he failed to put the dollar in.

We didn't hear today but plan to go on Monday. Appreciate your letter. Hope you will understand about our not coming. We'd love to, but just don't think it is advisable. The trip would be so hard. I plan to rest when I get to New Orleans, and I'm going to get someone to help keep Anne. The good-byes would be just as hard later. Please be sympathetic.

Glad to hear that Avon business is good. [*Jimmie Lou had recently begun selling Avon products to her friends and neighbors*]

Yes, we got all packages. The one from Fayette [*Louisiana, near Franklin*] was a pair of pants and a pretty slip for me. The W.M.U. has given us about \$100 in cash. Miss Thomason sent us \$10. Her sister died the 8th of August and she is back in Montgomery.

What do you think of Ruth [*Carlisle*] having that baby so soon? It wasn't due till the 30th, though..

We are looking forward to seeing them. We hope to get a furnished apt. right back of where we were on Chestnut Street.

Will write you every day till we see what we are doing.

All my love, Julia, Anne sends a kiss.

Wednesday P.M.  
September 18, 1940

Dearest Dolls:

Just want to hear your voices again before we leave. Just talked to Eva over phone. So you all call us station to station at Jackson 3912 - J Friday night at 9:00 p.m. (Central Standard Time), and we'll all be here to talk - Anne, too.

A bushel of love, Fay, Julia, and Anne

P.S. Just remembered about that pair of black suede shoes I left there. I haven't seen them in our things. Please look for them and let me know if they are there, and I'll tell you then what to do.

Love, JA

September 20, 1940

Dearest Ones:

Since I'd like for any who would and could to write us air mail, I'll just send the little slip along telling our addresses. I'd allow 10 days for an air mail, and about 4 weeks by boat. When we get started writing it won't seem bad. We will write every week and you can, too.

Miss Emma [Shipp] is coming today to see us off tomorrow. Will write long letter from the boat.

My heart is yours, Julia

Pictures coming under separate cover.

Schedule

September 21 - New Orleans

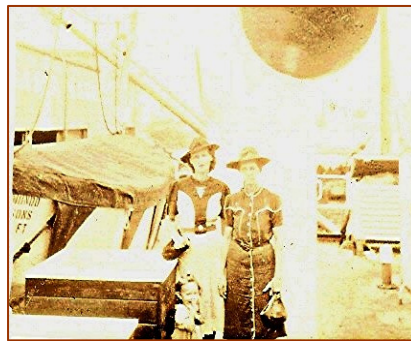
October 9 - Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. First stop - guess we'll be glad to get on land again. October 10- Santos, Brazil

October 14 - Montevideo, Uruguay - where the Carlisle's will be



We'd like for you to write us at Rio. The address is: American S.S. Agencies, Inc., Avenue Rio Branco, 2. Write on thin onion skin paper and write small. It will cost 40 cents. Then write us an ordinary letter to: [*The Baptist Seminary*] Bolaños 262, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Mail the air mail by October 1 as the planes only go twice a week, and it takes 5 days to go.

Write the other letter by October 5th and then write every week as we'll want one on every boat. You see there will be boats going from New York, too.



*Irma & Eva Askew with Anne on the deck*

Eva and Irma Askew bought a new car and motored down to New Orleans to see them off. They are seen here on the Del Mundo with Anne.

Julia asked her to write to her parents giving them a firsthand account of the sendoff which, from Eva's letter was quite a production:

September 29, 1940

Dear Jimmie Lou and Sidney:

Well, I went to see our children sail. It was sad, but there was something sweet about their going. All the B.B.I. folks were there and gave them a send off. They sang for over half an hour. They sang everything in their hymn books, such as "I Will Go Where You Want Me to Go" and "God Be with You Till We Meet

Again". You know, those songs touch you anyway, and it just about got me. They were on deck, and we were on the deck close to them. Fay held Anne up where she could see us and she was so sweet. She asked them to sing "Jesus Loves Me" and they did. And you know that got me. Anne knew that they were leaving. Before we left the boat she put her arms around Irma and said, "Tis don't leave". That just got Irma. There were about 200 there to see them off. And they were the only ones that had anybody to see them off. They were the only ones that were leaving from there. The others were from other places and came there to sail, so they had no one to see them off. But when those people had the song service, it brought everybody on the boat out. Anne waved to us as far as she could see.

Julia looked so sweet, and it hurt me for her to leave. I love Julia. Fay could not have given me a daughter-in-law that I could have loved more than I do Julia. I am not just telling you this - I love Julia. She is a good wife for Fay and a sweet mother and a sweet daughter to me. I hope you two don't grieve. I know they will be all right and their lives belong to the Lord. And I feel that they are doing what the Lord wants them to.

Julia had a lot of new clothes and she looked so sweet on the boat. We stayed on the boat 2 1/2 hours with them, and they had a nice room and the boat was nice, with nice people on it. There were 4 other missionaries on the boat. I know they will have a good time, and I trust the Lord that they have a safe trip. Did you get your pictures? I know you will love them. I paid \$5 while I was down there for 3 pictures in a gold frame of Anne.

We rode all night to get there. I was so glad that I went - it was sad but it would have been sad for them to sail and have none of us to see them off.

I told Julia that I would write you, and would have sooner, but I was worn out when I got back. I went down at night and came back at night, so I rode two nights all night. They sailed at 1:45, and we got right out, but it took us all night to

get home. I bought me a new car to go over there. I told Julia since I had the new car I would try to go up to see you all some time.

Write me some time -love to you both.

Mrs. D.J. Askew

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The Delmundo was a merchant ship belonging to the Mississippi Shipping Company's, Delta Line, a freighter which also had facilities for a few passengers.

The ship line operated several ships going back and forth to South America carrying freight and passengers.





It was in one of the return trips that the Delmundo was torpedoed by German submarines off the coast of Florida in August of 1942. Sadly, Captain Harry Smith was injured as he was helping a passenger get into a lifeboat and died of his injuries in Key West.

Fay kept a diary during the voyage making several carbon copies. He writes:

Dear All:

Every day, I shall try to write you something about our trip. Since I can't make so many copies of this letter, pass it around to those interested.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1940

After we left the dock, we went down to dinner. The boat whistled about three times during the meal and scared Anne to death, but not for long. Spent all afternoon long writing many letters to be dropped by the pilot. For awhile I watched the shore along the river. Dropping the pilots was thrilling. We let the

first one off some hundred miles below the city. He took off our mail and another pilot got on from the oyster boat that came out with him. About nine o'clock, we crossed the bay at the little floating town of Pilot Town [*Pilottown, Louisiana*]. When we reached the Gulf you could really tell a difference. The boat began swaying then because of the wind and waves. When our pilot got off, the boat that came out for him was larger than for the first pilot. A man had to leave it in a row boat to get to our hip. The swells really tossed that dory. Julia began to be seasick as soon as we reached the Gulf.

Sunday, Sept. 22

Julia was sick as she could be all the morning. We all ate too much, but you just can't help it since they feed so well on the boat. They serve breakfast at eight, but the time advances 20 minutes every day, so breakfast is always earlier. Lunch is at 12:30, but at eleven the deck steward serves bouillon and crackers. At four they serve tea and cookies, and at six thirty dinner is served. After dinner, they put a bowl of fruit in your room. It was the boat's rocking that made Julia sick though. She is only sick when she gets out of bed. We had service at eleven o'clock and I preached. We had three Assembly of God missionaries going to Rio, and the man of the three led the singing.

Nearly everybody came in for the services. Sunday afternoon we just lolled around the deck.

Monday, Sept. 23

Today we started playing games to pass away the time. We set aside much time for Spanish lessons and practice with those on board who speak the language. The passengers are very amiable. There are the four missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Store with a seven month old boy, Miss Strahl, Mrs. Dunstan and Mrs. Goldfich's mother, Mrs. McCaw, besides ourselves. There are some Lutherans aboard, the Petersons with two boys 14 and 4. Anne calls the little one her playmate, and do they kick up a stir playing together! Mr. Ward works for International Harvester as does Mr. Peterson. Mr. Lloyd is a representative of American companies in B.A. There is a dowager from Wash. D. C. who is deaf, Mrs. Rochette. There is a young widow from St. Louis with a girl 19 and a boy 17 who is off for a years vacation in Rio and B.A. There is a handsome Argentine aboard who is 24 and comes by way of Mexico and Spain. There is a German aboard from California, a young man named Smith, a Brazilian who finished V.P.I. this Spring and is a planter in Santos. Last of all, there is a Russian. All of them are so very friendly. We play deck golf, shuffleboard, and Chinese checkers. All of us have deck chairs. The trouble with the ship is that one





day long since we saw lights last night, we have been passing the coast of Cuba. Saturday we made 155 miles, Sunday 290, and Monday 290. That puts us off Cuba and near the deepest water in the world. All day long we have been seeing beautiful light houses, sailing boats, palms, and mountains in the distance. Yesterday we saw a huge U.S. battleship and a submarine. Today, we passed a large cruiser very close. We have enjoyed watching the coastline and the boats around us. On our left, we passed an island of Bahama this morning with a peppermint light house that was so picturesque.

Wednesday, Sept. 25

When we got up early this morning, we were passing the British Island, Inagua. The boat was very close to shore so that I could see two people in bathing with my glasses. We saw a village with a radio tower and another lighthouse. We are passing out of the Gulf and Bahama Straights.

Thursday, Sept. 26

When we waked up this morning we were very close to Haiti. A large mountain dipped right in the water and our boat was passing real close by it. It was on the starboard, or right side, and we could see it from our porthole. Julia, Anne, and I jumped off our bed to see it. All day long we passed beautiful mountains in

Haiti and Santo Domingo. Then we were going in the Mona passage between those two islands and Porto Rico. All night then we could see lighthouses along the shoreline.

Friday, Sept. 27

Today we saw the strange sight of a coral reef way out in the Caribbean by itself. This reef, probably the top of a submerged mountain, extended some few feet out of the water. It was not as big as an acre of land and was a roosting place for birds. Usually it is out of the water and boats shy off from it. Since we were passing in the daytime, the captain steered us near it so as to take pictures. We could see the wreckage of an ill-fated ship that hit it once. We were all glad to pass it by. This is the only day we spend in the Caribbean. So far, every day has been perfect. The water had had few white and is calmer than St. Andrews Bay.

Saturday, Sept. 28

This morning as we waked at seven, we looked out our stateroom and saw the prettiest sight yet; the island of St. Lucia. The most beautiful mountain you ever saw was falling right down in the water. We had passed the French island of Martinique; the volcano Pelee killed 60,000 people in 1903, about four in the

morning. Due to the war, there were no lights on that French Island and we had to steer blind around it. The captain surely was mad about it. St. Lucia is a British island. We have been out of the Caribbean for awhile and are passing today clear out into the Atlantic. At two this afternoon, we passed the last land we will see for over a week, the island of Barbados. We passed real close and could see everything on the island, house, palm trees, roads, and farms.

Sunday, Sept. 29

The highlight for today was our service. There are three Holiness missionaries aboard, and against my vote, one of the women was asked to speak. Nearly everybody came up for the service. The water is green now instead of blue because of the influence of the Amazon River.

Monday, Sept. 30

We have been going slower in the Atlantic due to the current and a strong headwind. We still have beautiful weather. All the passengers gather out on the deck every night before dinner to see the sun set. The sky is so pretty out here in the late afternoon. As I have always heard, there is little twilight near the Equator. It is light, comes a short sun set, and

pronto, it is night. We are nearing the equator, and as we do, the twilights get shorter. It is surprisingly cool in spite of our position. Today we are off French Guiana. In two days, we will cross the Equator. I guess that we will be initiated by King Neptune since we have never crossed it before.

Tuesday, Oct. 1

This morning at seven, the sun had an almost total eclipse. I wonder if you saw it in the States. We watched it get darker and darker as the moon covered all but just a small crescent of the sun. Then the moon moved away and the sun was more in view. This eclipse was almost total and was a sight to see out here on the water. We made 331 miles yesterday and hope to get into Rio a day early. We get news posted every morning and position and mileage per day is posted on a map of our proposed journey.

Wednesday, Oct. 2

As we are nearing the equator, the sea is getting rough with huge swells. They tell us that the sea is always rough around the equator. We made only 278 miles today. The boat pitches forward until the waves cover the prow of the ship. The water is mighty pretty though with the huge waves breaking over the prow.

Thursday, Oct. 3

We are still being slowed down by the swells and will not pass the equator until early in the morning. Since I started writing this daily letter, we have all found out that the man I thought was a Dutchman is a Russian. He is a Nazi, a Fifth columnist, a spy, and everything else. He and the German are both secret German agents, and they are not very secret. The Russian is very outspoken for Nazism and German domination of the world. The captain is mad as fire that they are on the boat. All of us are concerned about them. They are all you have read or heard about German spies. We are sure that they have been run out of the U.S.

A tradition which is observed in naval as well as merchant and passenger ships is the ceremony of initiation for those who have never crossed the Equator. They are called "Pollywogs" and as with most initiations, pollywogs are made to do disgusting things, as Fay describes, but of course, all in jest.

Friday, Oct. 4

We crossed the equator before day this morning, so late this afternoon we had the initiation for those who have never crossed the line. The ceremony was a scream.





Neptune, the Queen, and  
their child held court.  
Each of us was tried  
before them and punished  
with all sorts of tricks  
like duckings, eating hot

sauce, getting smeared with soapy mop, etc. Tonight at  
dinner we received a beautiful certificate that we have  
successfully crossed the equator.

Saturday, Oct. 5

Every Saturday we have been having a fire drill. A  
bell rings loudly and everybody on the boat has to rush  
up on deck with a life preserver on. Believe me things  
do hum while all the crew practices getting the life  
boats swung over the sides. All the passengers and  
crew have certain stations where all are to work or  
wait to get into a boat. So far we have had three  
drills. You ought to see Anne in her life preserver.  
The ship has small preservers for children, so she has  
one. It fits her like a dress. She likes to get into  
it and go up on deck, but all the bells and whistles  
scare her.

Sunday, October 6

It is hard to believe that another week has passed and it is Sunday again. All of us have been so lazy that the days just pass by without our knowing it. We had our service at eleven and Bro. Store, the Pentecostal missionary, preached a good sermon. The Captain's dinner, the only social event on the boat, came off tonight to the surprise of all. Julia wore her evening dress for the first time and looked so nice. We just ate longer than usual and those who wanted it had wine. After supper we all went up to the lounge a few minutes, then we left for our room.

Monday, Oct. 7

We all got up mad this morning because the drinking crowd last night kept up such a racket until 1 AM upstairs that none of us could sleep. Last night they sang and cut up until 3:15 AM and we like to have never gone to sleep. All of us tried to sleep today to make up for last night.

Tuesday, Oct. 8

We have turned our course for the last few days since we rounded the big hump of South America, and have been going south instead of South East. Yesterday we were going more S.W. The result is that we have the

wind on our tail and are making better time. We made 313 miles yesterday and 314 today. At noon today, we were just 348 miles from Rio de Janeiro. I guess that we will be in Rio tomorrow about four and will leave the next day about noon. Guess we will get off the boat and be taken over the city by missionaries there.

Wednesday, Oct. 9

Before we went to bed last night, we really did see a sight. As I was sitting on the deck, I suddenly looked up and there about 200 yards was a ship passing us with no lights. We finally found out, in spite of the fact that it would answer no signals, that it was an English gun boat. All of us got up early to see the coast around Rio. We passed Cape Frio (Cold Cape), and it really was cold. It is a freak of nature that this area and its counterpart in Africa straight across, are always cold. In a heavy fog, we passed close to that cape, which was a promontory way in the water that seemed sky high. It was a veritable mountain of rock jutting out. On the highest peak was a watch tower and on a lower peak near the edge was the most picturesque lighthouse that you ever saw. The water was very rough and the waves hit the rock mountains and dashed perhaps 30 feet in the air or more. All the morning we passed mountain after mountain. Most of them had palm trees on them. About three o'clock, we began to enter the

harbor of Rio. I just can describe its beauty. Mountains guard the entrance to the harbor and all of them have quaint ancient Portuguese fortresses manning them. Sugar Loaf Mountain guards the entry proper and all around the bay are many different forts. Towering over all mountains is one extremely high surmounted by a statue supposedly of Christ that is so high that it can be seen forty miles at sea on a clear day. At night it is lighted and can be seen from any place in the city of Rio or in the harbor. We were just breathless at the sight of Rio in spite of the pouring rain and heavy fog. We had to wait about an hour out in the harbor riding anchor while five boat loads of inspectors came on board. As usual, all of them are loaded with cigarettes and wine so we could get in with little red tape. Finally we docked about five thirty. Some missionaries came to meet Mrs. Dunstan, but non for us. We hired a taxi for a dollar an hour and let him take us over the city for two hours. The baby got sleepy, in spite of the sights, so we came in early. The stevedores worked all night to unload us, so we are due to sail at nine in the morning.

Thursday, Oct. 10

We got up early this morning so we could walk over to Avenida Rio Branca, near the boat and see the sights by day. Julia and Mrs. McCaw did not go on with me down to the curio shops, so I went alone to knock around awhile. When I got back to the ship some missionaries, Mrs. Minnie Landrum, Mrs. Watson, and Bro. Stover, were there to visit with us. Our boat was late sailing, but finally we pulled off. Nine of our passengers got off, including the German spies. We were glad to get rid of them. Most of the people who got on at Rio are English. There are two English women in one party with a little girl name Corina. Then there is another couple, man and wife, who have English citizenship, but were born in SA. There are three Spanish speaking people, a mother and two small girls. Anne is so happy to have them aboard. There is one Portuguese and a woman who speaks only French. Last of all, there is a Danish couple who are of middle age. Today, we have been getting acquainted.

Friday, Oct. 11

This morning when we awaked at six we looked out our portholes to see the mountains around the harbor of Santos. Julia thinks that Santos is prettier than Rio (that is, the harbor). To our amazement, the town part of Santos is far different from that of Rio. We ate

breakfast early and started out to town to see the sights. We were just screams in Santos. We visited the shops, had my watch fixed, bought flowers (four orchids), had lunch in a coffee shop, and bargained in the stores all the morning. After lunch, we took a trolley and took an hours ride out to the beach. The city is very quaint and is all that one might think a squalid little foreign town could be. Santos has about 150,000 people and is the port of Sao Paulo some 50 miles away. Anne took all the town in with us. You would have died laughing at us, who know no Portuguese, trying to make out wishes for rest rooms, etc., known. We will laugh for years to come over our experiences there.

Saturday, Oct. 12

We left Santos at 10 last night and immediately went into rough water. All day the boat has been rolling and rolling. We have discharged much of our load and the boat is lighter. Many of the passengers are sick, but non of us. It is cold, raining and weary weather.

Saturday, Oct. 13

Since most of the people are confined to their cabins due to the motion of the boat, we did not have a service this morning. Julia and I remained in bed all



day to keep from being sea sick and we had a good time reading our Bibles. In the afternoon we went up on deck to sit in the sun and wind. After dinner, we sang hymns with Mrs. McCaw. We just couldn't think of passing a Sunday without singing.

Monday, October 14

All we can think of today is that we have been on the boat 23 days, and want so bad to get to B.A. The boat has settled down a bit and we don't think that we will be delayed much. We are racing with the Del Plata ship in Montevideo with the missionaries there.



*The scuttled Admiral Graf Spee of the coast of Uruguay*

Britain depended on its merchant ship fleet to provide it with badly needed grain, meat, and fuel. Germany knew this. Therefore, as soon as England declared war on Germany in 1939, the Admiral Graf Spee was given as its mission to search

and destroy ships bringing that valuable cargo to Britain. The ship was swift and state-of-the-art and its captain, Hans Wilhelm Langsdorff, unusually talented. By November of 1939, it had already sunk 9 vessels. The race was on, then, to search and destroy the Graf Spee in return.

Four British ships, lead by H.M.S. Exeter were instructed to find the Graf Spee. It was finally spotted off the coast of Uruguay, which was a neutral country during WWII. What ensued was "*The Battle of the River Plate*" on December 14th, 1939, engaging the H.M.S. Exeter, Ajax, and Achilles. It was a resounding victory for the British as the Graf Spee suffered severe damage to its kitchen and to its desalination facilities rendering it unfit to navigate.

The Buenos Aires British Hospital had already been alerted that they would be needing 100 beds to take care of the wounded. The British authorities knew that there was going to be a battle, but they had no way of knowing exactly what was going to happen. In the battle, British suffered damages to their ships and reported 60 casualties whom they disposed at sea taking the wounded not to the British Hospital as planned, but to a hospital which had been prepared in the Falkland Islands. Nurses from the Buenos Aires British Hospital were sent down to help with the wounded.

The casualties of the Graf Spee numbered 37. Captain Langsdorff made certain that they would be buried under full military honors in Montevideo and that his wounded men would be transferred to hospitals. Hitler himself gave the order that the Graf Spee should be scuttled rather than given over to the Uruguayan authorities. The ship was taken out to international waters within sight of 20,000 curious onlookers who waited anxiously at the shore wondering what was going to happen. With a few members of his crew in assistance, Captain Langsdorff set time explosives to scuttle the ship to everyone's amazement as no one had known exactly what his intentions were when he went out to his ship. It was only clear

that *something* needed to be done about the ship in the harbor. The Captain had previously evacuated the 800 seamen he had taken prisoners from the 9 ships he had sunk, as well as his crew, and had taken the men to safety in Montevideo or sent them to Argentina. Captain Langsdorff then was taken by boat to Buenos Aires where he checked into the Naval Hotel.

A flag flown by a ship at sea is an *ensign*. Since Captain Langsdorff did not go down with his ship the way honor dictated, he did the next to best thing by lying on the ensign of his ship and shooting himself, committing suicide.

The story of the short *Battle of the River Plate* was well known in the U.S. as it was the first naval battle of World War II and had made the newspapers and magazines at the time. Julia and Fay who were avid reader of Time and Life Magazines, had most surely read all about it.



Coincidentally, Captain "Harry" Smith of the *Delmundo* had passed the *Graf Spee* on the eve of the scuttling, and had taken its picture, dutifully writing the date of December 16, 1939 on the back. I am certain that as Captain Smith pointed out the scuttled ship to Fay and the other passengers, he was delighted to retell the story of his spotting the ship the night prior the battle. It was not until 2004 that salvage of the wreck was begun!

Tuesday, Oct. 15

We passed the best day today of all. Bright and early we got into Montevideo. We had to wait two hours, from 4 till 6, to get into the harbor. The Goldfinches, Mrs. McCaw's folks, came to meet us. The Orricks, the Taylors, and a native pastor, Bro. Alvarez came too. We all went out to the Goldfinches for breakfast and lunch. First we men stopped at a coffee shop and went on by bus while the women went in the Orricks car. After breakfast, we went with the Orricks to see their house and to go over the town. They showed us such a good time. We were taken all over the city and up on the mountain to get a general view of the land. We were shocked to find such an up to date modern city as Montevideo. The buildings are beautiful, of Portuguese and Modernistic designs. After lunch, we went to see the capitol building and to shop in town. By that time it was nearly sailing time, so we all hiked of to the boat to treat the Americans with a real Coco Cola. After the boat sailed at six pm, we stood on deck to see the remains of the Graf Spee which we passed very closely.

Wednesday, Oct. 16 after 26 days at sea.

This morning at four o'clock we dropped anchor outside Buenos Aires to wait to get into the harbor. We made the overnight run from Montevideo in good time. We have to wait out here some 20 miles from the city, which we can see, until the authorities are through with us. All the passengers and crew have to be examined as to health and papers. We waited from four until about four thirty for the authorities to come aboard. We were all called up to show our passports. I guess that they were bribed as usual, for we were not detained much longer. Now, at ten AM, we are on our way into the dock. I don't know how long we will be held up in customs, but guess that after lunch, we will be free to go our way in B.A.[Buenos Aires] You just don't know how glad we are to be here. We thank God for His care and His bringing us here.

Love to all, Fay



# JULIA

THE BUENOS AIRES YEARS  
1940-1942



We have only 3 extant letters between September of 1940 and January of 1942, but what we have is wonderful. There is a chatty "Round Robin letter", as Julia would call it, from Susie Webb which gives us a glimpse of how much support Julia received from her friends "back home" keeping her abreast of changes which were occurring in "The States" as well as gossip about mutual friends. As we read more of Julia's letters we will see references to these Round Robins which were written principally by three women: Susie Webb, a family friend and neighbor, Minnie Lee Powell, who was her piano teacher as well as her aunt Julia Reaves half sister, and Ruth Sinard, a friend from her teaching days in Collinsville who had recently moved to Anniston.

The writer of the first letter is Susie Webb. Julia often mentioned "Susie Webb" but never explained the relationship. Susie had given Julia a wedding shower and her son, Hugh Webb, had sung at Julia's wedding ceremony. But where did Susie's deep commitment to Julia stem from? From census record we know that Jimmie Lou's step father and Susie were neighbors and it is possible that the friendship between Jimmie Lou and Susie dated as far back as their teenage years. One thing that would have bonded them was the fact that they had both lost their mothers at about the same time, an event which prompted Jimmie Lou's step father to move to Anniston in the first place. Susie was married to Walter Webb, a railroad employee, and had only one son, Hugh, a couple of years younger than Julia. Her close friendship with Jimmie Lou probably made her view Julia as the daughter she never had.

In this first Round Robin Susie invites Bessie Mae Johnson to participate in the correspondence. Bessie Mae was Susie's neighbor on Leighton Avenue, a spinster who was also in her early 50's. She was an accountant at a local department store.

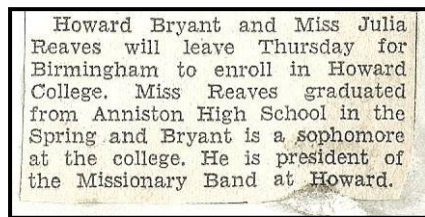
The second letter is written on stationary from the ship *Del Mundo* and it is from this frugal use of purloined letterhead that we discovered the identity of the ship on which Julia had traveled to Buenos Aires. In the letter Julia describes their new home, the routines of their daily lives, and work at the Seminary. The Seminary was staffed by American missionaries and it educated young men for the ministry. On part of the Seminary grounds there was a Girls School called the *Instituto*, or Institute, also which educated young women for church work. Martha Ellis was the director of the *Instituto*.

Julia writes: "*Another boat came into port today. On the 7th another comes*" and one is struck by a couple of things. One is the awareness of her letters journey and the other is the question of how Julia knew the comings and goings of the ships which would send her letters and packages back and forth the United States and Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires is a port city, its citizens are "porteños" and its life blood is the Río de la Plata, which is not a river at all but a huge estuary formed by the Paraná and the Uruguay rivers. *Plata* means silver in Spanish. The river was named "The Silver River" by Spanish explorers who were hopeful that navigating it would lead them to silver mines. The English anglicized the name calling it The River Plate.

As was brought home by the Battle of the River Plate in 1939, England desperately needed the goods which Uruguay, Argentina, and Brazil could provide. The ships of those neutral countries as well as American ships braved on in spite of the war. But life at sea was hazardous and every ship entering port something to be noted and to be thankful for. The ships arrivals and departures were reported in the newspapers. Since Julia and Fay had recently spent the last three years in the port city of New Orleans awareness of shipping activity was not new to them.

Another thing to notice in the Julia's letter is her reference to people with whom her parents were familiar. Although they were far from home and in a country in which they had not anticipated to serve, they were among friends. Martha Ellis, the director of the Girls School, was an Alabamian and undoubtedly familiar by reputation to her parents if not by actual acquaintance which is a possibility as Julia and she might have met in Birmingham, Martha's home town, during Julia's college years. Ruth and Robert Carlisle were classmates from BBI. She mentions a missionary couple by the name of Quarles who were Virginians but well known to her parents because on furlough they spent time in Alabama as well as the Hawkins, missionaries to Argentina who spent 1940 in Birmingham.



*The Anniston Star, 1932*

Julia also refers to "Howard and Sarah". Howard Bryant, from Anniston, was a life long friend and classmate who was now a missionary in Chile.

The third letter is from 1941. By then the Askews had been in "B.A." six months and settled into their routine. Fay reports to the Reverend A.B. Zbinden, pastor of his home church of Headland in Dothan, Alabama. Because their name started with the letter Z, the Zbinden family called themselves "the Zippers". Fay sends along a picture of himself at an open air meeting. We learn about this type of meeting from an annual report to the Foreign Mission Board by Martha Ellis.

*"In The Open Air* : This is a type of preaching that is receiving more and more attention. Many of our churches use their young people effectively in open-air meetings each week. The Seminary and Training School of Buenos Aires have had wonderful experiences in their open-air meetings this year. When it is possible

to have the use of a loud speaker in connection with the open-air meeting, the results are even more gratifying. Not only those who are interested enough to come and listen, but the many, who fear what their more Catholic neighbors may say or do, as well as those very Catholic neighbors, have the true gospel preached to them. Frequently these have become interested in the gospel by means of open-air meetings that are broadcast."



*Crowd gathered to hear the street preaching - 1941*

Fay describes the couple's professional life. They were assigned to the Baptist Theological Seminary in Buenos Aires which was in the city's western section in the Floresta neighborhood occupying a large tract of land at the corner of Ramón Falcón and Bolaños streets. The grounds included facilities for young men who were attending the seminary and young women who were attending what Julia refers to as "The Girl School" which was run by Martha Ellis, a missionary from Alabama. Both Julia and Fay were expected to teach classes and participate in the life of the school. The first house they lived in on Rafaela street was located a few blocks away, but a year later they moved to an apartment on Bolaños street owned by the Seminary and in 1943 they moved again to Rafaela street - this time a little closer to the Seminary which owned the house.

Besides his teaching duties, Fay also preached, as he describes in his first letter to his home church. Missionaries would take turns preaching to various congregations throughout the city, but they would also do "street preaching", as described by Martha Ellis in her annual report. Fay was assigned to establish a mission in the township of Hurlingham which was about 20 miles away from the Seminary proper. The mission began with street preaching, but a year or two later a place was rented in which to hold services and a church was established which is still in going strong today.



*Hurlingham Baptist Church today*

1609 Leighton Ave.  
Anniston, Ala.  
Oct 2, 1940

Dearest Julia

Your expression of interest in my health and happiness was duly received and highly appreciated. I am improving slowly but steadily. I wish I had words at my command to convey to you my appreciation of such friend as you. Some think that friends come just by chance, perhaps they do; but I am sure the wind was fair, the sky was blue, that four leaf clovers strewn by path when I met you.

Regrets exceedingly that I didn't see you and yours again before you left the States. I love you dearly and pray God's richest blessings on you as you go into a foreign land to tell the wonderful story of Jesus and His love. What a glorious privilege to live for Him who freely shed his blood on Calvary that we who believe might have life eternal.

My sincerest love and best wishes for a pleasant trip and happy landing. May each white-capped crest on the ocean's blue beam out a repeated wish - happy voyage to you.

Devotedly,  
Bessie Mae Johnson

Dearest Julie - Your father gave the paper I passed it on to Miss B[essie]. I thought you'd like to hear from all of us. I made a nice long visit with your mother this afternoon, Your Dad went out to sell. We are having fall-ish weather still in med [sic] of rain. Our meeting [Revival meeting] closed Sunday night. I think we got 9 members. I believe the membership was revived a little. Our missionary society is doing much better since we divided into circles. Attendance is much better. Buddy Howe has been sick something like colitis I think he is about alright now. Sally [Howe] has rented Evelyn's [The Howes' daughter] room to a man who

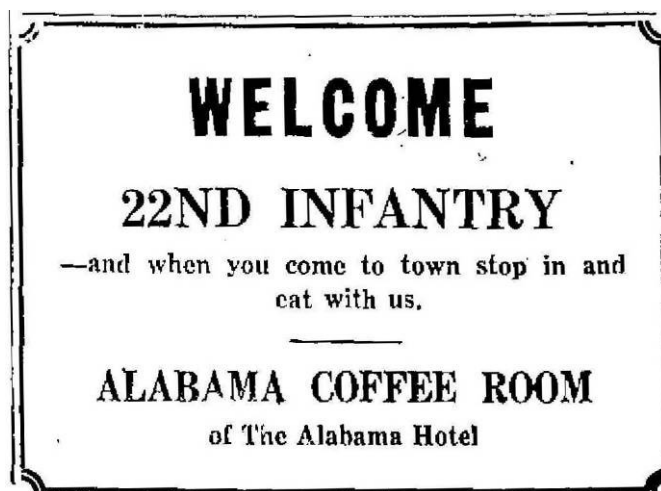


works at Monsanto. Is getting a good price for it. Hugh [*Webb, Susie's son*] left Monday for Opelika. Is working at radio station. Is to be there for six weeks then will be decided whether he is to stay longer. I surely do miss him so very lonesome for him. I suppose he will come home to register on the 16, don't imagine they can use him tho' you can tell there may be something they think they can use him for. Ruth, Sis, & two children and Frances and husband came over Saturday night a week ago. Only spent the night. Had to go back Sunday morn. Ruth & Sis are planning to give her a shower. Will invite the Tabernacle ladies. Myrtle Stedham is getting fat as a pig. Is going to Dr. Owens now. She has not gained strength fast, tho. Walter is better than when I wrote you last but he is far from being a well man. He needs a vacation and I hope he can soon take one & go to visit in my brother's home.



*The picture of Anne Julia sent her folks*

Julia I saw the picture you sent your folks. The large one of Ann [sic] just looked like she ought to speak. I have never seen better work; the family group was very good too. I'm just hoping that you have not been sick any of you and that you have been having a very pleasant voyage in every way. I know Ann has been the center of attraction. Did she get you to "the Captain's table" if not he's just not very nice. You must tell us all about your trip, we shall be so anxious to hear from you



The excitement around here now is about the thousand of soldiers who are to come here around the 1st of Nov. I suppose from N. Y. Houses rents going up, new houses being built. Dr Morgan has been "black listed". We hear he has asked the Jacksons poor next door

neighbors to move. He is planning to furnish the home. I think he is planning to furnish the apts. back of us. I saw refrigerators being put back there yesterday. I heard today that Dr. Salter had rented his home for \$ 200.00 per mo. and moved to old Dr. McCurry home on east-12th & Wilmer. I went to see Cassie yesterday. She is expecting the stork any minute now. There is a tent revival at 14th street. I havent been yet. A man and wife both of them preach. I have heard that the woman healer from Gadsen is coming here. I don't know if it is true.

Believe I've told all I know and it won't be easy to read written on both sides. [*Susie had written on very thin air mail paper and on both sides*]

We hope our letter will be waiting for you when you reach your first stop. A hug for Ann[e] Your Susie

MISSISSIPPI SHIPPING CO., INC.

DELTA



LINE

S. S. DELMUNDO

Rafaela 3576

Buenos Aires

November 5, 1940

Dearest Mother and Daddy.

How we did enjoy and welcome your letter of yesterday. Another boat came into port today. On the 7<sup>th</sup> another comes so we hope for much mail this week. There was no boat last week so that is why I didn't write.

I've much to tell! Wish I could type so I could say more in less space. We enjoyed our stay at the Girl's School. We love Martha Ellis, the Director. The grounds are beautiful. Anne just loves to play there.

On Friday after we came on Wed. we found this house & decided on it. The owner was having some redecoration done and would let us move in as soon as that was finished. To our amazement it took a week - so it was the next Friday before we got moved. In the meantime, however, we bought our furniture so no time was lost, really.

Let me describe the house. We have 5 rooms & maid's room. The living room is on left as you enter. In it we have a beautiful suit of Louis XV furniture - you know that pretty gold kind - this is upholstered in dusty rose. We found a beautiful gold table with a marble top & a lovely little cabinet with shelves where I put my pitcher collection & the tea-set. All in set cost only \$20. (Second hand) There are 4 straight chairs, 2 big arm chairs and a pretty little settee. Across the foyer is the library. There we have my machine,

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Buenos Aires  
November 5, 1940

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trunk in it, also a little cabinet with marble top (3 drawers, cost 75 cents). The lavatory has a big mirror over it, so we use it for a dressing room. Next room is the Dining Room. We bought a big wardrobe for \$20 - shelves on 2 side and hanging space in the middle- a table and four chairs upholstered in red leather; the big packing trunk (covered with afghan); another cute little cabinet with 5 drawers and marble top (\$1.00); Anne's bed. The kitchen is my special love. The landlady furnishes stoves - I have 3! A nice wood range that supplies us with hot water, an electric range, and a tile charcoal one. I use the charcoal one for a table. On the other side of the kitchen I have a nice cabinet. Fay built it. It is long and has 3 shelves for small dishes and glasses. I also have a little cabinet that I bought for \$1.00, and Fay painted to match the other things (red and white). I also have a refrigerator.

The maid's room is on the roof. It is very nice. We bought a single bed from Miss Ellis for \$2 - had a mattress made - made her a dressing table, and she uses one of our wardrobe trunks. Mrs. Marshall in Alabama gave me 4 nice pairs of heavy screen curtains, and I made curtains for all the doors - we just have windows in the front two rooms. The rest of the rooms have tall doors that open like windows and come all the way to the floor and have blinds too (which is wonderful in this siesta country. We all take a long nap every day as the climate is rather enervating). In the library we use the pretty red draperies that we had in New Orleans. In the living room we splurged and got beautiful blue silk drapes. They cost \$5 (American), but the rest of the furniture for the "'sala" (living room) was so cheap we felt like we could.

I must tell you of food. We go each day to the Ferrier, which is an open air market just 4 blocks away. They sell meat, vegetables, fruit, fish, etc. The market is held in the middle of the street in dozens of little canvas-covered stalls, side by side for 2 blocks. The prices will astound you. I'll tell you in American money, as it



is easier to understand. (Kilo is measure for general use - a little over 2 pounds). Butter is 20 cents a pound, steak for 10 cents a pound! Fancy! All greens are 5 cents a dozen bunches lettuce is 5 cents a dozen. Snap beans are 10 cents a pound. Pasteurized milk is 5 cents a quart. We get 2 a day and thick cream for whipping is only 7 cents a half pint. Bread is 7 cents for 2 pounds, which is 4 small loaves. So you can see food is very, very cheap. But clothes are high. Oh yes, cheese is cheap - 5 or 10 cents a pound.

Next I must tell you of our "sirvienta". We got her through the YWCA. She is French-Swiss, 54, widow and very lovely. She is not especially Catholic. Her parents were Evangelicals, but she was orphaned and reared in a Catholic school. She speaks French and when we can't tell her things in Spanish, we sometimes can think of a word or 2 in French and that helps. She is lovely with Anne - Anne calls her "my nuss". She doesn't cook, but cleans house, keeps Anne, and does dishes and waits on table. She is happy here with us, and we surely love her. A white servant is a new thing. She knows opera, composers, music, etc., as well as kitchen terms. Martha [Ellis] says she speaks good Spanish, too. Her name is Doña Maria Josephine Le Saje - we call her Doña Maria. (Doña is a title that is used with first name, which means Mrs. - I am Doña Julia, which is pronounced Hulia in Spanish.)

Last Saturday we entered Berlitz Language School. We go down town to classes 3 days a week - Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 10 a.m. They teach the conversational way - using no English. We are doing pretty well, I guess. We can understand a lot now.

The Carlisle's land today. I know they are thrilled. We had an air mail from them yesterday, and they could hardly wait. They wrote from Pernambuco, Brazil. A girl from here is over there this week, so I'll write her today to get my shoes and



bring them for me. We hope to see them soon. It costs about \$10 American for 1 of us to go roundtrip, so we won't go often, I guess!

In Bed with Cramps  
Wednesday evening...

Back to the house again. All floors except kitchen and bath are hardwood and polished. Kitchen and bath have tile. The house has new paper throughout and newly painted woodwork. The rent is \$7 .50 American. It is 1 block from the bus we catch to go to town. It is 2 blocks from Rivadavia Avenue, a long business street like Magazine Street in New Orleans.

Your other letter came today, October 10, after you had my air mail - so glad to get it. Sorry about Mary Davis [*One of her Aunt Minnie's daughters*]. Fay said he was so sorry about it. I'm glad he is nice. Daddy, you are a nut. Why didn't you read Mildred's letter- you know I wouldn't care. Yes, Anne is a lot cuter, I think!

We've had 2 letters from Mrs. Askew on this boat, and she mentioned that she had written you and hadn't heard from you. Why don't you write?

Last Tuesday we had such a good time. We went with the girls and boys from the 2 schools on an all day picnic. The word here is Paseo (e sounds like long "a"). They rented a bus for a day, and we drove about an hour out to a big ranch. It was a gorgeous place. They barbecued 2 lambs. Later we had tea, played games and lounged all day. Anne had the best time of all. All the girls and boys love her.

The people here are lovely to us. The other missionaries have been cordial. The nationals (word we use instead of natives) have been most gracious. We are going to visit all the churches, but will probably go to the one that Brother Quarles is pastor of. It is near. Fay will probably start a mission as soon as he gets the language. He hopes to teach when school starts in April.

It is beginning to warm up some. They have long springs and falls and short summers and winters.

We've made a lot of pictures and will send you many as soon as we get time to develop them.

Oh yes, I want to tell you about the funniest thing. The bathroom has a little thing right next to the commode that looks like another commode without a top. It has a little shower that comes up from the middle. It is for "Ladies Only" - a Number 1 washer! Isn't that funny! All of the toilets here have them.

You know our little radio would not get The States, so we turned it in on another one. It is a big 8 tube R.C.A. We get the States as easy as pie. Fay has been listening a lot to the political doings. We got Bob Bums and Major Bowes last Thursday night. Hope to get Fibber McGhee next Tuesday. Are they still on Tuesday? Roll up an old Radio Guide and send it to us sometime - like a tube, you know. Mark it as printed matter - ask at P.O. about how to do it. Also a bundle of newspapers would be appreciated. I know I need to subscribe to one as they are old anyway when we get them.

Here the light fixtures do not come with the house. We bought right nice ones for all the house. The plain ones we got were 5 pesos, and we got a pretty chandelier for the living room for 27 pesos. We bought our radio there. He gave us 100 pesos for our old one. The new cost 425 pesos - we have 15 months to pay. We felt like we'd just have to have a radio that we could get the States with.

We had company for lunch. Brother Quarles and his brother and his wife from Mendoza are visiting here. I had good broiled steaks, carrots, and peas, snap beans and potatoes, green salad, strawberries and whipped cream. I got nervous trying to get everything ready. After lunch I discovered why I was so nervous, so I decided to go to bed with a hot water bottle and write.

We had a nice letter from Howard and Sarah [*Bryant*]. Haven't heard from many at home yet. Tell all our new address to write us.



Must close now and get up and get ready for supper. Enjoyed your 2 letters so much. Write every week and so will we.

All my love to you two dearest darlings. My heart is full of love and appreciation for you.

Fay sends his love. Anne talks about you every day. Will write down all cute things she says. She is so happy to be at home with her toys. She sends a kiss.

All my love,

Julia

*Sarah and Howard Bryant, in Chile*

P.S. I had such a happy birthday. Had your card, one from Minnie L[*ee Powell*], and Fay gave me a pretty watch. Mrs. Quarles gave me a silver bud vase, and Martha [*Ellis*] and Georgia Mae Ogburn at T[*heological*] Seminary gave me a silver dish for bonbons.

P.S.2 We got Anne a cute white Pomeranian puppy yesterday - \$3 - at a pet shop. She loves it, already named Chiquito, which means "little thing"

April 21, 1941

### NEWS FROM ARGENTINA:

The big news from the Askews is that we are hard at work. After six months of language study we have at last started regular services. Don't think that those six months have been easy! We have had many things besides the language to learn. In this preliminary period through which missionaries go, we have to learn a great deal about the language, the people, the country, the Baptist work, and the affairs of the Mission. It takes time to let those things soak in. We realize that we will be studying them all our lives. In our last six months we set the goal of passing our first language requirements, making friends with the Nationals, and getting into the work as fast as we could. We rejoice that the lord has given us some progress. It has been no trouble to learn to love the country and the people. We covet every chance we can get to mix with the people, work with them, and have them in our home. The Lord has blessed us with many warm friends not only from the churches, but in our neighborhood where we live. We have even learned to take the National drink, "Yerba Mate". It really means something to us to love and be loved by the "Criollos".

Learning the language has not come quite as easily as learning the people and customs. We determined from the start to begin speaking as quickly as possible and

have tried to do so. We studied for four months in the Berlitz School in town where the conversation method is taught. Anne Wistar has remained at home with her nurse when we were at school and has been able to pick up the language in her own way. Now, she speaks with about equal ease Spanish and English. For three months I have been preaching nearly every week. Now I have charge of a new mission in the suburb of Hurlingham, so I have a regular preaching place all my own. Julia has been active in WMS work since our arrival. We have asked the language committee to prepare our preliminary exam so we can get it off and be relieved of it. This doesn't mean that we will quit studying the language. We intend to keep right on studying with a teacher for another year at least because we have the very difficult two-year exam to pass after this one which counts for a year's work. Besides, it will take a life time of study to learn even a part of what there is to learn of Spanish.

Our big interest now is our work. School opened last week, and we are both on the faculty. Julia teaches English and also has charge of leading the Instituto YWA. [*The instituto was what Julia called "The girl school"*] I have four students in Hebrew and the advance English class. But teaching is the minor interest for me. I have charge of our now Practical Activities department. The two schools have instituted this department so as

to lead our 31 students in not only learning but also practicing evangelism during the school term. We have organized our department very much on the line of those of the seminaries at home. We have planned many activities to keep our young people busy working for Christ in this great city where so little of the Bible is known. We hope literally to sow the Word of God in all parts of this metropolis by the use of our students and faculty.

There are four street preaching groups organized to do regular weekly preaching. All of our 31 students are at work leading or helping in mission stations in the city and suburbs. The boys preach, do personal visitation, and lead street meetings. The young women do regular personal visitation in homes in the afternoons, distribute tracts, and try to have personal interviews for soul winning. Just now, we are working in 12 mission stations and expect to open four more soon. Pray for this department. Pray that God may lead the director and that it may make evangelists out of every one of our students. We want to be missionaries and do mission work in the very sense of the word.

Two weeks ago we went to the city of Rosario, some 200 miles from Buenos Aires, for our river Plate Baptist Convention. Delegates representing some 6,000 Baptists came from our three countries of Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay. During the Easter week, while



business is demoralized her in Catholic Argentina on account of the numerous fiestas of the roman Church, Baptists dedicated the whole week to conventions. On Monday began our Pastor's conference. Missionary Carlisle from Montevideo came over to visit us a few days before the conventions, so he was here to go with me to Rosario. We went up on the train with a delegation of the Buenos Aires pastors. We had a splendid time living, eating, and having close fellowship with our National brethren during those three days of the conference. It helped us a great deal, not only with our Spanish, but with our learning of the customs and thinking of the people, to be thrown so close to them. We all slept in a chalet overlooking the river Paraná, and had our meals and meetings in a tent put up four blocks away on the bluff. The pastors were especially nice to us two newer missionaries. We left that retreat loving our brethren more and appreciating more their points of view. On Wednesday Julia and Anne Wistar came up with Mrs. Donde, a National friend of ours. Mrs. Donde and Julia were delegates to the WMS convention on Thursday and I to the Young People's Convention the same day in another church. We both attended both meetings to learn from both. On Friday we all went to the General convention. Delegates from nearly 90 churches gathered in the Arroyito (Little Branch) Church with great spirit.

Needless to say, our visit to those conventions was helpful to us in every way. Wish that I had more space to record for you some of the splendid impressions we received from the people and their work. Now, we believe more and more in the opportunities and advantages that Baptists have in the river Plate.

I think that the Baptist work in Buenos Aires is most interesting from an Ethnological point of view especially. The variety of languages and churches here connected with preaching the Good News as we know it serves to illustrate how cosmopolitan is this "Paris of the New World." As immigrants came over here in droves from Germany, Poland, France, Switzerland, Sweden, Russia, Armenia, Syria, and other places, they brought their Baptists interest with them. Unlike the North Americans who came to South America and go to other foreign lands, their have been careful to retain their Christian and Baptist identity here. Since being here I have preached in Armenian, German, Polish, and Russian churches through interpreters. All of those groups have organized Baptist churches which carry on in their native tongues. All have pastors from the old countries and do splendid aggressive work. There are two German churches in the city and quite a few in the country district. I received a letter from one of the German pastors in the city today in which he poured out his heart to me urging my prayers that his church and

others would reach the 50,000 Germans who live here in the city of B.A. besides the thousands in the other provinces. The two Armenian churches are not Baptist, but are Baptist in work and principle. We have two Jewish Baptist missionaries here in the city and lately they have organized a Hebrew Baptist church. We have a young Jew from that church attending our seminary now. The pastor of the large Russian Baptist church in B. A. is a graduate of Southwestern Seminary. His church has an A Capella choir that is well known throughout Buenos Aires. It was a thrilling privilege I had of preaching to his splendid audience some time back. We have a young lady and young man from the Russian group also in our schools. Four fine young women represent our German churches in the instituto . Pray for us that we may PREACH THE WORD. We can preach to men of all nations and in all tongues here in this one great city. Pray that our students may have a great part in this evangelization. Be sure to write to us! We would like to get a personal word from you. Pray for us. We feel mighty humble in face of the great task that is before our mission of evangelizing the River Plate Area.

Yours in Christ,

With Regards from Fay Askew



*Fay standing far left with light raincoat*



*Beatrice Glass and Julia in front of the Seminary, July 1942*

1942

We know that Julia wrote her parents dutifully once a week sending either a "boat letter" in which she enclosed pictures, or "airmail letters" which she knew would arrive quicker. Likewise, she received both types of correspondence from home. Only 13 letters remain from 1942 - Two to her parents, and then 10 to Sidney after her mother's death in February. One long, chatty letter is addressed as a "Round Robin" to Susie, Minnie Lee, and Ruth Sinard which Minnie Lee must have forwarded to Sidney. It was not uncommon for letters home to be shared among friends and relatives which might explain why not all letters were saved. That letter was written in September while Julia was in the British Hospital having her appendix out.

The British Hospital in Buenos Aires was started in 1840 as a charity hospital to serve the needs of British sailors and had grown over the years. By 1940, its hundredth year, it had undergone its fourth renovation and expansion with a huge facility serving the medical needs of British and American citizens. It was staffed by British and Argentine doctors. By 1941, there were 100 nurses on staff which included English speaking British nurses as well as Argentine nurses who had been trained in its Nursing School. In the latest expansion a maternity wing had been added.

Unfortunately there were no letters saved in 1941. We pick up Julia's story in early December of 1941 when they moved from their little house on Rafaela Street, a few blocks from the Seminary to a Seminary owned apartment just across the street at 115 Bolaños. Julia often told the story of that move. She said that it took a truck several trips to take their furniture those few blocks, and it was on one of those trips to and fro the two addresses that she asked the driver to take her to the British Hospital as, a little sooner than she had anticipated, her labor had started. It was at the British Hospital, under the care of English speaking nurses

that Julia's second little girl was born on December 3rd, 1941, forming part of the 200 babies born in the new maternity wing of the hospital its first year of operation.

Although up to that time America had not been at war, the nursing staff at the British Hospital was keenly aware of the war that Britain had been engaged in for over two years. They had lost many of their nurses who had returned to England to serve - some of them not making it home as their ships were torpedoed and sunk while trying to make the journey. The English speaking British nurses had acclimated to the realities of war and its implications and were able to give solace and comfort to Julia when, on Sunday, December 7th, four days after the birth of her baby, the terrible news of the Pearl Harbor attack and the United States entering the war made itself known.

There was plenty of reason for Julia to be sad and depressed and although she tried not to be, the multiple reasons for her discomfort were unavoidable. She returned to a new home, an apartment that, for some reason, a young seminarian (Nestor Quintero) also shared. There was a lack of privacy, for one thing, and a new baby to get used to. The new baby was not entirely freakishly ugly, but certainly different. Anne had been a blond bald headed baby and this second baby was born with a shock full of dark hair. On the back of a photograph introducing the baby to her parents she was careful to write that "she is prettier than she looks in pictures".

But a beautiful little baby would not have made much difference. There was another worry. Jimmie Lou, her mother, had been ill for some time. The diagnosis was breast cancer, and to make matters worse, Jimmie Lou stubbornly refused any treatment for it. Her religious faith gave her the comfort to put the matter in "The Master's Hands" and let it go at that. Julia must have roiled in anguish and anger at



her mother's stubborn refusal of medical help, which might explain her willingness to seek help when she felt she needed it for herself or her family.



*Jimmie Lou, fall of 1941*

The letter that Julia writes on January 29th, 1942, is chatty and newsy although she knows of her mother's situation. She writes again on February 1st, this time obviously worried and concerned, but still trying to sound upbeat.

On February 2, 1942, Jimmie Lou died at home. She had two brothers, Virgil Johns, who lived in LaGrange, and Grady Loftin, who lived in nearby Auburn. Her two sisters, Minnie and Carrie lived in LaGrange. It is doubtful that any of her siblings would have been able to come to her funeral under short notice. Sidney's siblings did not live in town either and awareness of this must have distressed Julia as she tried to bear under the strain of her loss.

In addition to her brothers and sisters, Jimmie Lou had step siblings. Soon after her father died leaving her mother a widow, her grandmother's youngest sister, Edna, died which left her husband, Robert Loftin, a widower. As families were numerous at the time, it was not uncommon for an aunt or uncle to have nieces and nephews about the same age. It was thus that Jimmie Lou's mother, Mamie, and her aunt were only two years apart in age. Both had married and had children about the same time. In 1898, when Jimmie Lou was 7 years old, her mother and Robert Loftin were married. He had four children and Mamie had five. His children were Mamie's cousins and her children's cousins once removed. They were family.

Not much is known about the living arrangement that were made and why, but what we do know is that Mamie's four younger children remained in Heard County with their maternal grandmother, Edna's big sister, and Mamie, Robert Loftin, his four children, and Mamie's oldest daughter, Myrtice, moved to Carrollton, Georgia, about 40 miles away. When Jimmie Lou was 12 years old her mother died of tuberculosis and the Loftin family, along with Myrtice, moved to Anniston where they lived on Leighton Avenue for several years (until Robert Loftin again married a widow and moved to Griffin, Georgia, where he began another family).

Although Jimmie Lou's blended family did not live together all the time, they must have visited often. One of the Loftin children was a girl named Bessie who was only two weeks younger than Jimmie Lou. There is no anecdotal information about how close they were, but, it was Bessie, Jimmie Lou's half sister, who came to the rescue after she died and helped Sidney sort out his belonging.

Sidney moved out of the house on Moore Ave. and on to an address on Leighton Avenue. He then moved to an address on Noble Street while he decided what he would do next. By April he had moved to his big brother's house in Little

Rock, Arkansas. "Uncle Jimmy" was 10 years older than Sidney, married to "Aunt Zella" and had been a farmer and a lay Baptist preacher. Besides receiving help from Jimmie Lou's step sister, Minnie Lee, Susie, and various other friends took charge and helped Sidney and Julia through that difficult time. Minnie Lee in particular did what she could to inform all of Julia's friends of her mother's recent death thus making it possible for Julia to receive the outpouring of sympathy which helped her immensely to bear her grief. Not only did Julia have friends in Anniston and Birmingham who would have read about her mother's death in local



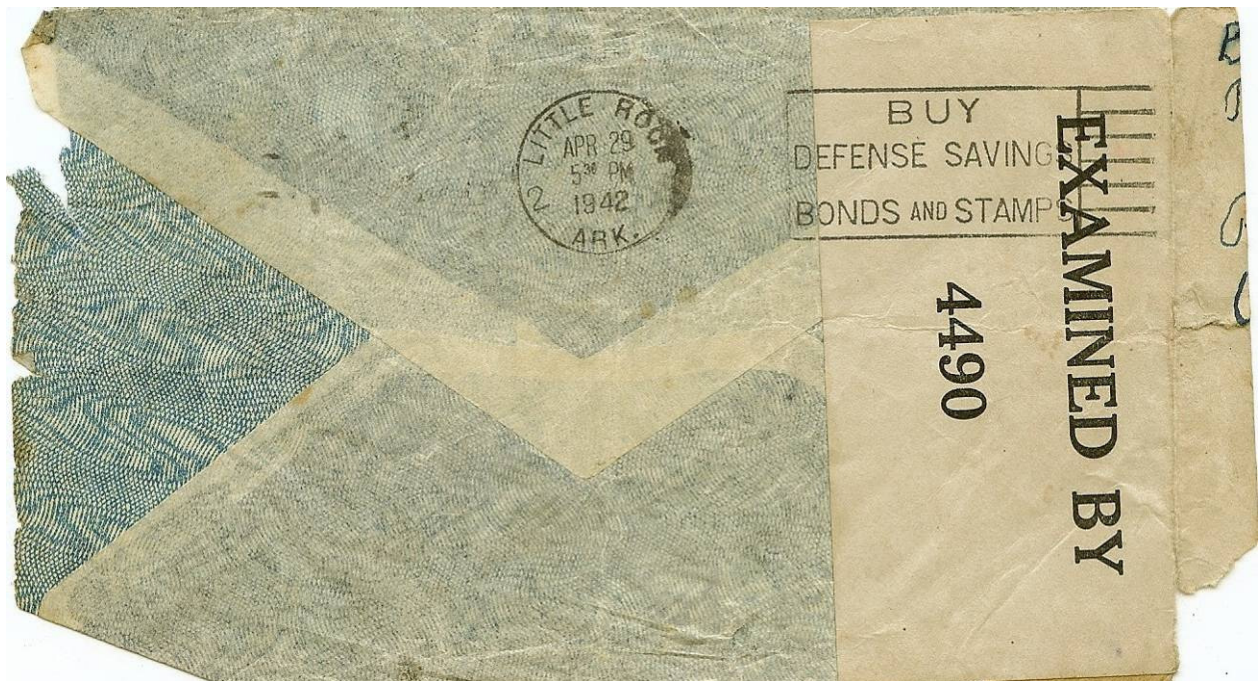
newspapers, but she had lived for a time in Collinsville and New Orleans and had made good friends there too. Her landlady in Franklin, Miss Shipp, had been a good friend as had Martha Hamilton at BBI.

William Wistar Hamilton, Sr. had been president of BBI during Fay and Julia's stay there and their son, Wistar Hamilton, Jr., was a professor of Greek. Martha, his wife, was twenty years older than Julia. They had struck up a friendship which would become a life long affair. Anne's middle name had been chosen in Dr. Hamilton's honor, and now Julia's second child had been named after his daughter in law.

Wistar Hamilton, Jr. spent the war years as a chaplain in England leaving Martha Hamilton to need a friend as much as Julia did during those difficult years and it is thus that we will see several references to Martha sending packages as focusing on the young missionaries must have given her a cause and a purpose while her husband was in harm's way in England.

With America in the war several things changed regarding correspondence. American ships had been able to sail under a neutral flag without too much danger of being torpedoed by German ships and submarines. But now American ships

were in danger. For the duration of the war if packages and letters were to go by boat they would have to go on Argentine ships since Argentina was a neutral country during World War II. There would be no more American ships coming to Buenos Aires either. All letters were to be sent by air and not only that, they were to be read and examined by censors. Of course, correspondence would be delayed. For example, the envelope below arrived April 29th to Little Rock although it had been sent on March 28th - a delay of over a month. It had been examined by censor # 4490.



But life seems to have gone on pretty much as usual for Julia and Fay in 1942. He continued with establishing a congregation in the outskirts of Buenos Aires in the township of Hurlingham, about 20 miles away. Julia played the organ during the services when she could get out there. Julia busied herself with her new baby and a toddler who was soon becoming a little girl. She had help. There was always a "sirvienta" which Julia was forever loath to translate as "servant". There were also seminarians who shared the Seminary owned apartment. Nestor

Quintero lived with them most of the time as well as Olga, a young woman from the Girls School. She was in charge of the children in the Hurlingham congregation. Although Julia loved a crowd, she tired of the lack of privacy and found it stressful at times prompting her to have migraines.

Julia writes of her being able to receive radio programs for the U.S. and some products such as Coca-Cola which were to be consumed occasionally as an antidote to homesickness. There were English speaking missionaries to invite for dinner, and out of town visitors. One visitor mentioned is a Mrs. Alexander from Waco, Texas. According to records in the Southern Baptist Mission Board, the 1930's were very difficult financial times indeed for The Southern Baptist Convention but the work begun continued with the help of donors who had the resources to sponsor specific programs. It was thus that Mrs. Alexander volunteered to donate the money to pay the salary for 15 missionary families and took the extraordinary step to travel during wartime to visit some of them.

Besides radio programs and visitors to keep them abreast of developments in the United States, Julia and Fay were avid subscribers and readers of Time and Life Magazines, as well as The Saturday Evening Post, never missing pouring over every issue. There they would read an article from time to time about Argentina from the American perspective. Great would have been their surprise then when they opened the Life Magazine issue of June 23, 1941, to see a pictorial essay on the sinking of the Zamzam, a ship carrying Protestant and Catholic missionaries to Africa, sighing a sigh of relief that they had been able to arrive at their destination safely. But more about that from a letter written by Julia in 1943.





*Julia and Martha Witt, January 15, 1942*

Thurs. P.M. January 29

My Dearest Ones:

Was so glad to get your letter of Jan. 19. Hope this finds you both feeling better.

Am so bothered that you can't get someone to stay with you. I do pray that by this time you have someone. Fay is away this week in his Preacher's School, so you know how lonesome I am. He will be back on Saturday. Anne says more cute things. She wakes up every afternoon from her nap wet with perspiration. She says, "Mama, I'm full of 'desperation'." She went with them to the Bible School several days. She learned the pledge to the flags, some songs, and various books of the Bible. The other day she told me I "un-barrassed" her by calling her name so much to correct her. She is too smart. The baby gets sweeter every day. She has had a little cold but is about well of it now, for which I'm thankful. Miss [*Martha*] Ellis will leave next week. She will be in Birmingham around March 10, so I'm sending a birthday present for Mother by her. It will be something easy to carry, for she is taking things for everybody. We're having cooler days now - it is very pleasant. Last Saturday Mrs. Peterson from Rosario came to see me. She is the lady who

came down on the same boat we did. Her husband works for International Harvester. She is a lovely person and has been very nice to me. I enjoyed her visit. We have some more pictures of Martita that I'll send in a boat letter. Am trying to study Spanish these days. I'm ashamed of how little I know, really, tho everyone says we've both done very well. I'll start teaching a S.S. class in February. Am already working on my classes for next year. I've got to get a servant to run the house, so I'll have more time for my children and teaching. How are all there? Give my love to all the Claxton's and Aunt Reva and Minnie Lee. Olga and Nestor send greetings. They are always interested in you both, especially how Mother is. Do take care of yourself, my Darling Mother. I can't realize that you two have been married 28 years, nor that I'm 27! Time flies! And I realize with the passing of each day how dear you are to me, and what you've meant to me, always. I hope I can do as well by my children as I was done by! It is late so I'd better stop and try to get some rest. It seems that my strength is not sufficient for the day. I find so much I want to do. I need to sew, etc., but do so little! Please write every week. It worries me so much when I don't hear. Good night and God bless you.

Yours, Julia



*Martha Witt Askew, January 15, 1942*



Feb. 1, 1942 Sun p.m.

My darling Ones:

Received your letter today and hasten to reply. Fay returned at noon yesterday and there was much rejoicing in the household. They've all gone to Hurlingham now. This is just a note with the pictures. Fay will go tomorrow to bank for check. Sorry can't send it in this letter, but you will get it in a few days. Am so sorry the lady who was with you had to leave. I hope Aunt Minnie or some one is with you now. We are thinking of you constantly and are much in prayer. May God give you strength during these days. We are all fine. Martha Witt continues to grow and develop each day. She is much more serious than Anne. She laughs very little, but is beginning to more and more. Fay has decided that he won't go to the Convention, but will stay with me. I'll be eagerly and anxiously awaiting a reply. Do write soon. A big kiss for my darling Mother. A bear hug for the daddy. We all love you and pray for you constantly.

Always your, Julia

***The Anniston Star***

Sunday, February 1, 1942  
Page 5 –Personals

Mrs. Sidney Reaves is quite ill at her home.

***The Anniston Star***

Sunday, February 1, 1942  
Page 6 – Women's Section

Rev. and Mrs. Fay Askew (Julia Reaves) who are now making their home in Buenos Aires have named their little daughter, Martha Witt Askew.

*The Anniston Star*

February 2, 1942

**Services Tomorrow For Mrs. S. J. Reaves** Mrs. S. J. Reaves, 51 year old resident of 1501 Moore Avenue, died at her home Sunday at noon following an illness of several months.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 10:30 o'clock at the First Baptist Church with the Rev. G. D. Waits officiating. Interment will be in Edgemont. Jones in charge.

Pallbearers will be Hoyt Hayes, L. A. Haynes, W. G. Mange, O.M. Casey, G. B. Snoddy, and Virgil Brooks.

The men's Bible Class of the Baptist Tabernacle will serve as honorary pallbearers.

Mrs. Reaves is survived by her husband, S. J. Reaves of this city; one daughter, Mrs. D. F. Askew of Buenos Aires, Argentina; one brother, V. S. Johns of LaGrange, Ga; one half-brother, Grady Loftin of Auburn; and two sisters, Mrs. Jeff Moore of LaGrange and Mrs. R. L. Davis of Franklin, Ga.

*The Anniston Star*

February 3, 1942

**Services Conducted For Mrs. S. J. Reaves** Last rites were held this morning for Mrs. S. J. Reaves, 51, who died at her home, 1501 Moore Avenue Sunday following a long illness.

Services began at 10:30 o'clock at the First Baptist Church with Rev. G. D. Waits officiating.

Interment was in Edgemont with Jones in charge.

Pallbearers were Hoyt Hayes, L. A. Haynes, W. G. Mange, O.M. Casey, G. B. Snoddy, and Virgil Brooks.

The Men's Bible Class of the Baptist Tabernacle served as honorary pallbearers.

Sunday Feb., 22, 1942

My darling Daddy

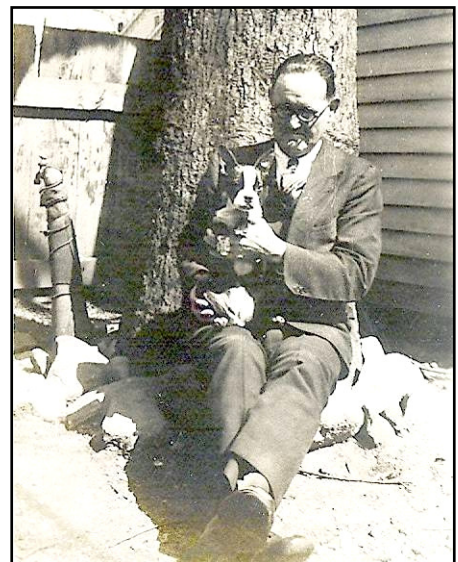
I wrote you a letter yesterday, and before I mailed it your letter came, so I'm writing another one. Was so glad to hear from you. We had expected a letter every day. Lena's [*Lena Claxon, her cousin*] letter came in 12 days, Susie's [*Susie Webb*] 12, and yours 11. Yours was not censored, but theirs was. That delays them usually. You didn't say whether or not you are working. Are you? And the furniture, etc. what did you do about all that? Yes, I'd like the pictures. There are no more boats coming, our papers say, so please write me an air mail every week, and I'll do the same. It seems like a dream to me yet Mother's going. Yes, she was a great woman, Darling. I've come to appreciate her more each day since I've been a mother. I know you've always been such a strong character, and I know your dependence on the Lord, and I know He will give you the needed strength and comfort now. Oh, how I wish we could be together, Dear. Maybe when the war is over we can. I'm so glad that Aunt Bessie [*Loftin, Jimmie Lou's step sister*] came over. Write me all you can think of about her last days, etc. Did you have insurance? How are you financially? Wish we could help you more. Am sending \$20 in this letter. I'm sure there are extra burdens right now that you can use it for. Fay was going to send it the day we got the cable, but the treasurer was out of town, and we just got it. We are trying to get ready for school to open in just 6 weeks. I'll have 3 classes, so I want to get a good servant to help me run the house, etc. The school is just across the street from us, so I can easily run over there to my classes and not have to leave Martha Witt long. She is growing and getting prettier every day. Anne is as big as a 5- year old and just as bad! She is so smart that she keeps us busy trying to keep her out of mischief. She is really a darling. She is all Askew, but M[*artha*]. Witt is a Reaves! I can tell already. Her eyes and forehead are yours exactly - looking at the picture of you and Uncle Walter when you were

little. Do you plan to stay on in Anniston? Susie sent me the clipping from the Star. Tell Minnie [Lee] to write me a long letter, too, please. She does so well on details. How is her mother? I wish you'd write Mrs. W.W. Hamilton, Jr., 1239 Washington Ave, New Orleans; Miss Emma Shipp, Franklin, LA; and tell them of Mother's going. It will be so expensive for me to write air mail letters to all, and it seems that boat mail is so uncertain nowadays. [Nestor] Quintero is away in Mendoza on his vacation; he is not well, so is taking a month off. I think Olga is going to stay in Hurlingham in a few months, and we'll be by ourselves again. It is nice to have people, and yet it is nice to be by ourselves, too. We may have to have a servant to live in. Please thank Lena and Susie for their letters. I'm writing them a boat letter and sending them pictures of the baby. I'm so grateful for their letters. Be sure to tell them. Fay sends his deepest love and says write every week. Be sure to answer all the questions in this letter. Must stop and feed M. Witt. She is crying for her "biggy dinner". I love you so much, my darling. May God bless and keep you and give you an abundance of His peace. Your Baby always, Julia

Sunday night Feb. 28, 1942

Dear Daddy,

It is late but I at least want to start a letter to you tonight. I was so glad to get your letter of Feb. 16. I am grateful for the pictures. They are sweet. The flowers are lovely and Jollie [*the Boston terrier, photograph right*] looks just as usual. We had a lovely letter from Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton today. Minnie Lee wrote them they said. Mrs. H[amilton]. has just had a major operation. Do



take care of yourself, Darling. Have a thorough medical examination at least once a year. Take the medicine your dr. gave you. Get out in the afternoons and stay in the open all you can. I wish you could get out of the mill. Be sure to write me always how you are feeling. I hope you are telling me or will tell me what you did about the household things. I wish I had brought all of my books. I can't even remember how many I have there. If you'd like to box them up maybe we could have someone bring them to me sometime. I do remember some English books that I'd like to have for Anne when she is bigger. She is growing so. She looks like a 5 year old. She couldn't understand why I was sad if Mother had gone to be with Jesus. She talks so sweetly and intelligently about spiritual things. Do join us in prayer that early she may come to know Jesus as Savior and give her life to His service. She has the Askew temperament which scares me. I can't stand to think that she'd ever be hard like Irma. Little Martha Witt laughed aloud today for the first time. She gets sweeter every day. We'll send you some new pictures soon as we are having some made for her 3 mo. birthday. It is 11: 15 so I'll have to finish this tomorrow. Good night! - Now, it is another day. Hope you are feeling good today. I've been sewing all day. I have a new servant. She is 17 today. She is Argentine of German parentage and lives 5 blocks away. She is very good with Anne and the baby. She will do all the work except cook. I think we'll be happy with her. She has a good disposition, I think, which means a lot. Quintero will come in tonight. Fay has gone to meet him. A letter came from Maddry today. He said M.L. [*Minnie Lee*] had written him. Tell M.L. I'm so grateful. Am waiting to write her until I hear from her as I expect a letter every day. I have 12 letters I'm trying to get off by tomorrow! We have a faculty meeting tomorrow. School starts April 4. I think we'll have full houses in both schools. I'll have 3 classes. Two are Missionary Education, and one is on Home Economics and Child Care. I am to teach a book in a W.M.S. where Olga works next Friday. Mrs. Alexander, who

pays our salary as well as about 15 other missionaries, is arriving Thursday by air to visit the field here. We'll have a big meeting of all Baptists one night. Then we'll have another meeting of just missionaries and pastors and wives. The Ramsour's know her well. She is from Waco, Texas. We are looking forward to her visit. Really, Daddy, I can't believe Mother' is gone. Somehow it is so hard for me to realize as I was not there to see any of her suffering or the funeral. As Mrs. Hamilton says this is the only thing I could begin to count as sacrifice - to be so far away from you now. But as she says, you nor I would have it otherwise as I feel so surely, more than ever before, that this is my place of service. But it is hard to be away now. We can feel a nearness to each other as we go to our Heavenly Father in prayer. May He give you much comfort and peace these days .. Try to find new interests and get outside a lot. Fay joins me in sending much love. Anne and M. Witt send kisses.

Always your loving baby, Julia

Sunday, March 15, 1942

Dearest Darling,

I was so happy to receive your letter today – just a week en route. It makes me feel so close to you. I'm happier than I can say about the new job. I think you know how much it hurt me for you to have to be there in the mill. I'm glad that you are finally out and with more money and easier work. I'm truly grateful to our Heavenly Father for His many blessings to us. We took a little vacation of 2 days last week. I enjoyed it and it helped me a lot because I needed a change, if even for a few days. We had the pictures of Anne and M. Witt made this week and they are both good. Will get them next week may send you one by air, but will send one of each by boat. Am glad you could sell some of the things and glad you furnished



your room. You didn't by any chance see Fay's and my college diplomas did you? They are lost, and it seems to me I left them at home after our first year at B.B.I. Your eldest granddaughter has just gotten up after 2 1/2 hours in bed without sleeping. She says she gets so "nervous" she just can't sleep. She is a little red-headed hussy, but a darling one. I'll take her and Martha Witt out now and finish this when I return.



Monday night

Minnie told me of your new overcoat. I'm so glad for you. I'm glad of the new suit and hat from Lena and Joe [*Lena Claxton & her husband, Joe Harris*]. They have certainly been sweet, I think. I'm so grateful to all of the friends and relatives who helped you all. We've had two real cold days. I'm trying to get warm clothes made for the little girls and a dress for me. Also am trying to get my school work lined up, too. Tomorrow I'm going to take Martha Witt to the doctor to get directions about giving her the bottle. My milk is just gone. It just breaks my heart to have to give her the bottle, but she is hungry. I give her cow's milk. Change of

climate, sadness of Mother's illness and passing, and return of menstruation all are responsible for failure of milk, I think. I feel fine now. The two days' rest helped me a lot. In 3 weeks, Nestor will be in the seminary to eat and I won't have the responsibility of him and with my good servant, I'll get along fine, I think. I hope to accomplish a lot this year with my class work. I do hope you are going to be happy in your new job. Where are you going to church? Do take care of yourself, my dearest dear. May God give you strength for every day. I know we'll love the baby book. We had boat mail today dated Feb. 3, so I guess we can expect it in about a month. Do hope you are well of your cold. Stay outside lots and do take care of yourself.

Much love from all 4 to you Your Baby,  
Julia

Dear Sidney,

Thanks so much for the information in your last letter. We were so glad to hear that you weren't left with loads of debt, but that you found yourself about even. Wish that we could have done more all along to help you all out. We are thrilled with you over the new job. Rincturn on the new overcoat. The work in Hurlingham went slowly after our campaign. Now we are praying for a quickening all around. People here are so unstable. Still, we are hopeful about most of those who have made profession of faith. Today, I spoke to the pastors of B.A. about a systematic effort to evangelize this great city. I proposed that each pastor mark off his neighborhood and earnestly sow the Word in it. Our students can help a great deal in the effort. Do hope that something comes of the speech. Have so much to do

in preparation for school. Write us about your church life.

Warmest regards, Fay

March 28, 1942

Dearest Daddy,

I sent you a lovely picture of Martha Witt and Anne Wistar this week by boat, and hope they will arrive soon. We received quite a bit of mail by boat this week, for which we are very glad. The boats come so irregularly now. I received several notes and cards of sympathy, which always open the wound. I appreciate them all, but still it makes it harder, doesn't it? I had a long letter from Ruth Sinard. It had been a long time since she wrote to me. Did Minnie Lee write to her about Mother's passing?

We are having a real cold spell. I spent all day yesterday and today getting out winter clothes. The houses here are so cold we have to wrap up well. Martha has to wear outing and flannel dresses and knitted suits all the time. The baby is such an adorable thing. Now that she gets plenty of milk she is much happier and plays and smiles a lot. She loves to be cuddled and loved. Anne is still very independent and willful, but a darling. Today when she had to be spanked for pouring the clothespins out of the bag onto the floor on the roof, she said, "I was just born to be bad. Why did God born me bad?" Then when I put her to bed she said tearfully, "I want to be close to God." She is so old in some ways. She gets into so much badness. Recently she has poured out my expensive soap powder, poured out dog's water, put the iron in water to "heat it", put water in the - electric heater, etc.,etc. She certainly is smart. We want her to go to kindergarten next year. She is much smarter than her years.

I'm so glad you could hear Martha [*Ellis, who is on furlough*] speak. She is very Sweet. I hope she does come over for the study course. We are busy getting ready for the opening of school. I have two missions classes and 1 class in Domestic Science. I shall enjoy contact with the students, I know.

Our new girl to help us is so fine. We are all in love with her. She is so sweet to the baby. When I have to leave her I know that she will be taken care of as well as I would. She has a good disposition, too, which is a great help.

This week we have a meeting of the Executive Comm., and all the out-of-town missionaries in the committee come. Mr. Orrick of Montevideo will stay with us. We are crazy about him and his wife. They are middle-aged and have no children, but are so fine. The Carlisle's are so grateful for them. They've been so sweet to the Carlisle's.

I'm so sorry about your hand. Do be careful, Darling. And I don't like your colds! Please do take care of yourself. Get out in the afternoons after you finish work. Don't go home and sit in your room. Do you see the Claxton's often? I'm so ashamed that I haven't written them. I will do it soon. I have a stack of letters to answer. I have so little time to write. I have to study, cook, sew, look after children, etc. I really stay busy. I get nervous sometime over so much to do and so little time to do it in, but I try to keep calm and depend on the Lord to give me strength for all the tasks that He wants me to do. I have certainly learned to' rely on Him more and more. I have felt a deepening of my own character lately because of our loss. I need you so sometime, Daddy. With many problems that I have I feel that you are the only one who could understand me. Oh, how I thank the Father for you, dearest of Dears. May He give you comfort in these days as we both realize that it is all in His will. Romans 8:28 [*And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose.*]

Always your baby, Julia

May 20, 1942

Dearest Daddy,

I am ashamed that I'm just now answering your good letter of May 3. I had to speak in chapel yesterday and so had spent every possible moment for a week studying. I had a hard time deciding what to speak on. Finally decided to try to do a chalk talk on "The Ninety and Nine". I told the parable, made the application that Jesus is the shepherd, we the "99", and the lost one represents the lost world. As I drew the picture of the shepherd receiving a lamb, Bill Cooper sang beautifully "The Ninety and Nine". Everyone seemed to enjoy it. I'm glad it's over as it was a real nervous strain for me. To answer your letter: will be glad to hear which job you decided to take. I rather like the security of the job at the hospital, but I'm sure whatever you decided will be the right one for you. I'm so glad the pictures got there safely. We'll be making some more soon and will send you some. You



wouldn't know the baby now, however. She is getting much more milk and is so fat now and quite well. Her spell of diarrhea was a real set back, but she is OK now, I think. She has 2 teeth, is beginning to pull up and can sit alone- all that and is not 6 months old yet. She loves me better than anyone, it seems, for she holds out her hands to come to me no matter who holds her. She has such a sunny disposition these days.

Oh! it is cold here. We have daylight saving time and the sun doesn't rise till 7:45. It is so hard to get up these cold mornings. Fay has an 8:30 class every morning so we have to do it.

I had a long letter from Minnie L[ee], with one from Susi and Ruth Sinard in the same letter. Ruth told me of her beau. I certainly am disappointed. I hope she doesn't marry the man - a divorcee- imagine. Minnie told me about Gussie's

coming to the house to visit you and Mother. You have never mentioned it. I was so glad to hear of it and that she said she was trying to serve the Lord. I've never written to her as I felt I didn't know what to say - she has never written me a word, either; I don't know why- maybe she felt as I - a little strained and didn't know what to say. I want to write to her now, though. Did I write to of our Mother's Day here? It was May 12. It was mighty sad for me. Fay gave me a gorgeous bouquet of white chrysanthemums and a box of candy. I try not to think about it, but sometimes when I realize suddenly that she's not here any more it hurts me so keenly; I know it is even harder for you.

I'm afraid we'll have to count the baby book as lost. I'm so sorry. I hope you've been able to order the Weave It Booklet for me and if possible send it by air - if it isn't too big. I want to weave a sweater for my suit. I don't know how to make it. Everything is really going up here. I don't know of a single article that doesn't cost more now than when we came. We'll be having Mission Meeting in July - the Carlisle's will be with us. We are really looking forward to it. I certainly echo what you said about our being together, Darling. I feel the need of your advice and your sweet understanding nature so many times. Anne is a difficult child to deal with, and I think so often of how you'd know just what to say or do. I feel so incompetent of the task I have. Do pray for me that I shall be a wise, understanding mother. May God bless and keep you during these trying times. I hope you are feeling well. Get those teeth out and your plates in while you are there. Love to Uncle Jimmie and family. Fay sends much love. He always wants to write, but stays so busy. He has ~classes to prepare for and studies Spanish 3 times a week. Must close - all my love to my dearest Darling,

Your Julia

Wed. A.M. August 5, 1942

Dearest Darling,

Your last two letters have come so promptly - this last one even came on Monday p.m. after you had mailed it the Monday before. I wanted to write yesterday, but had so much to do I just couldn't get to it, as much as I wanted to do it.

Monday I sewed. Anne needed clothes so badly I bought her a little knitted dress on Saturday, and then Monday I made her a cute suit from a pair of pants of Fay's. I have another pair to use to make her a little coat. Yesterday began the new term and I had a lot of papers to grade and lessons to prepare, etc. We had exams all last week. I'm teaching "All the World in All the Word" to one of my classes. It is very deep.

You never did comment on your birthday letter. I hope it reached you OK. I sent it in plenty of time to arrive by your birthday [*July 6th*].

So sorry you had the blues, my dear One. I hope you feel better now. You just must try to be happy there. I feel that you'd be very dissatisfied in Anniston if you went back, Darling. As hard as it seems, I believe you just must try to get interested in a new life there. Your job is ideal as to the physical part, because you can be outside. I think it is good that you can be near your family - brother, etc. It hurts me so that we can't be together, but we'll just have to do the best we can and trust in the Lord for grace. I know it is a real testing time for you, but I know you'll always have the victory!

The Blairs had dinner with us Sunday, and I used that as an excuse to have chicken and dressing. It was certainly good. They seemed to enjoy it a lot.





We had Martha Witt's picture made today, and plan to sent you one by them. They will go to Jacksonville, Florida and stay awhile, then will go to Waco, Texas to spend the year. If they come through Little Rock there will see you. If not, some time while they are at home, they will see you, I know.

Little old Witt is so cute now. She is as fat as can be and so sweet. She sleeps from 7 p.m. to 7:30 a.m. without a feeding and is such a good baby. We all just love her to death.

Next week they are having a big North American get together - showing newsreels of the war, singing, etc. Miss Glass and we plan to go.

Oh, they sell Coca-Cola here now. It was announced in the papers Sunday. Fay called the company today, and we hope to get some. We'll really enjoy one. Are Virgil Jr. and Gene [*Johns, her cousins*]both in the Army by the way? I guess many that we know are in by now.

Anne is as sassy as ever.. She is developing so. She can recount the Sunday School lesson word for word on Sunday now. She loves her little class.

I have to write a number of letters to the missionary ladies, so guess I'd better start. I love you so much, dear heart, and I thank God daily for all that you have meant to me and continue to mean. May God bless and keep you is my earnest prayer. Much love to Aunt Belle, Uncle Jimmie, and family, and so, so much for you.

Your Julia

British Hospital Sept. 18, 1942

Dearest Minnie, Susie, and Ruth,

I want to say thank you again and again for your wonderful Round-Robin. I had planned to write a long letter to each of you, but since I'm in bed, I'll write to all together. For about 2 months now I've been bothered with a bad appendix. I had an x-ray 2 months ago, and it showed up chronic appendicitis. I hadn't planned to have the operation right now, but on last Saturday, I had my worst attack. I was in bed 3 days with an ice bag. When Dr. Gladish saw me on Tuesday, he said, "Please come into hospital and get them out." My good girl, whom I'd had 7 months, left me a week ago because her mother was quite ill, so I had no help. I told the Dr. that as soon as I could arrange my household I'd come. Well, the Lord really blessed us as we got 2 the very next day. One is a young married woman and comes to clean, wash, iron, etc., and stays half day. The other girl will see after children and get meals. She is German, sister of the Institute dietitian and very capable. The operation will be tomorrow a.m. Will save some space for Fay to write how I stood the operation. Of course, I miss my babies. Can you realize that Anne baby will be 4 years old tomorrow? Miss Mac had already planned a party for her, for which am glad as I can't give her one.

Sun. a.m. The operation was yesterday. Don't know how long I'll hold out will try a little. Everybody says, "Appendicitis is nothing," but I don't agree. I had a lot of nausea yesterday and last night. Today I've had none so far - drank a cup of tea for breakfast.

Mon p.m. Was a little too ambitious yesterday. They tell me the 2nd day is the worse. I felt miserable all day. Today I feel much better. I rested better last night. Fay brought me the Moody Monthly, and I enjoyed reading it so much. We feel so indebted to Susie for her subscription, then to Minnie. Thanks a million. And will you please say to Lucy that we are so grateful to her. We had a notice the

other week that she is sending it to us for 6 months. There are so many good articles in it that we can use to get ideas for talks, etc. I translate them. Thanks to each of you for it.

My darling little baby has started to walk since her Ma is in the hospital. She took 10 steps yesterday. Fay says all goes well at home. Both the servants do well. I shall keep the girl who does the work. The other will get other work in these days. Beatrice has taken my classes for the rest of the year. We decided that since I'd have to miss several weeks, it would be better for her to take over. That will relieve me of a lot of responsibility. I'll have more time for my little family and W.M.U. work, etc.



We are having gorgeous spring days. It is quite warm and spring here is so pretty - it just takes your breath.

Fay, Olga, Quintero, Anne, Miss Mac, and Beatrice came to see me yesterday.

Beatrice and Miss Mac brought sweet peas and a pretty pot plant - pink cyclamen. Have had a little food. I'm not very enthusiastic over English food. Till later. ..

Thursday noon ... The doctor just came in to see me - says I can't get up till Saturday, and go home on Monday. I had hoped to go home Saturday, but I guess he knows best. With my "fatness" it is best to be careful, he says. He took out the stitches. The food is so unattractive. I want to get home to have something good to eat! Am awful, no!

We are looking for a new location in Hurlingham The work goes on about the same. Olga's work goes well. She started a kindergarten in Sept. with 14 little ones - 3 mornings a week. Anne went with her one day and loved it.

Ruth, I'm so glad you are still in Anniston - having heard no more, I was wondering. Don't work so hard and try to go to church more. Susie, that was such a darling letter from Nancy. Bless her heart. Give her my love. All your "blessed events" were interesting. I'll be so glad to hear when the little ones arrive. Minnie, you have gotten my letter there now, no? I'm ashamed that I haven't written sooner. Fay is planning a big summer. He'll have the Preacher's school in Rosario in January, go to convention at Montevideo in February, beside the regular work in Hurlingham and other points. Being Secretary of the Mission keeps him flying. He has a lot of correspondence to do always.

Wed. p.m. How I long to write these few lines! Am now at home and feel pretty well. Yesterday I suffered a lot from gas pains, but today I don't have them and feel fine. Am taking it very slowly as I don't want to have to go back to that hospital!! All is well at home. The baby is a sight. Anne is so glad to have her Ma at home. Fay is' working hard getting ready to go to Montevideo on Mon. for the Pastors' Retreat. I'll certainly miss him - with I could go along, but, of course, I can't. Thank you each again for the nice letter. Will write a long letter soon that won't be so full of appendix!! Much, much love to each of you, your families and all the dear ones there and in C'ville [*Collinsville*]. Write soon - for I love you dearly, Julia

October 26, 1942, Mon. night

My dearest Darling Pa,

Was so glad to have your letter today. It came in record time, didn't it? You mailed it the 19th. I am feeling fine and am really taking care of myself. Tomorrow I go to the Dr. for another check-up. I've lost several pounds since I got sick, and am so glad. Now I'm going to try to leave bread and gravies, etc., and try not to put it on again because I had really gotten shamefully fat. I'm not really going to diet, just leave off starches, eat more fruits and salads. We had strawberries yesterday for dessert. There are good prospects for the fruit crop this summer, they say, and I'm so glad. I hope to preserve more than last year. We finished our last "homemade" today, and I had to buy some grape jelly. It is fairly cheap and very good. We had an invitation today to go up to Salto, Uruguay, after the Convention in Montevideo in February and conduct a series of meetings in their new work.

The Goldfinches[*missionaries*] are there. You remember that her mother,



Mrs. McCaw, came down on the boat with us. They have 2 little boys, both younger than Anne. I guess we'll go. I'd certainly like to. I like them a lot, and I'd love to see the new work in that section. It is on the river, and we'd come back to Buenos Aires

on the river boat. They say it is a lovely trip. We plan to visit the Carlisle's, too, before the Convention. Yes, I think it was nice of you to send Martha [*Ellis*] a present. She is in Mexico studying at the University of Mexico - will be there through December, I guess. Your little chickens sound nice. I wish we lived in a place where Anne could have some pets. She loves all animals so. Today she

tickled us so. She hates the bed in the day time, and we usually have to spank her once or twice during her. would-be nap. Today Fay and I were in the parlor, I lying down on the couch - a knock at the door - "Pase" ("come in") I say and in walks Anne looking very serious. She walks up to me, sticks out her hand and says, "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Askew?!" She had been in bed about 30 minutes, but she was so cunning, I couldn't make her go back. A little later she said, "Is it all right that I get up?" Isn't she a sight! This afternoon Olga, Anne, Martha Witt and I went down to the park just 3 blocks away and took sandwiches and tea. Witt and Anne both played in the dirt and came home looking awful, but very happy for their outing.

On Monday and Friday nights one of the English stores has a radio program, and they have just had a medley of Hillbilly song. They sounded mighty familiar. Fay is studying the visions of Daniel for one of his classes tomorrow, and he says they don't mix so well. I made a cute little dress for Anne Friday and Saturday. This week I want to make a little print dress and also a little silk one that I have material for. Some New Testament Mission missionaries came out here on an Argentine boat - arrived Sat. Mrs. Hamilton knew just one day before they sailed that they were coming, and was sick so she couldn't get to town, but she sent us some used clothes for the children, 2 patterns, and a lovely book for the little girls. A boy is sailing on Sat., son of some Russian missionaries, but we didn't know in time to write you to send us something by him. We had hoped so but the father told Fay yesterday that he is to sail Nov. 1, so there is no hope - we are sorry. I think it is reasonably safe to send a few things if you ever want to because Argentine boats go regularly. By the way, do, by all means, let Aunt Belle use the household goods. The dishes I'd love to have, for sentiment; but you let her use the other things - sheets, towels, etc. as I have plenty to last till we come home, and then I'll get new

ones. I can't imagine Agnes with a beau and going to New York to see the family. I think I wrote you that Ruhama Church in Anniston sent me a cable -

"Remembering you at the throne of grace in your hour of trial". It came the night Fay left for Montevideo, and I was so grateful for it. Lincoln Newman, pastor, is a college friend of ours. I must write to him and express my thanks.

Hope you are feeling well. About the annuals, books, etc., it would be better to keep all those things till we come home as they would weigh a lot, and, too, might get lost. Am so glad you have all the things there, however. I'm glad you can be in a measure contented and am so happy that you can be with Uncle Jimmie and family. I'm taking care of myself, don't you worry a minute! I have a good servant, and I don't do anything. I wear a girdle all the time and feel fine - only my legs still get weak. Many mornings I have breakfast in bed and play at being a "Gran Señora" (great lady)! Went to church yesterday. Write often and always I'm your baby, and I love you.

Julia

November 4, 1942

My dearest Daddy,

I'm a meanie to wait till Thursday to write, but last week I was late getting your letter mailed. We had 8 air mails ready to go, since we were financially embarrassed till the first, we didn't get them off till about them. Then on Tuesday, we had our annual "paseo" (picnic), and we are behind schedule with all things. Please forgive me. Your letter of Oct. 25 arrived on Monday. The last few weeks the letter you write on Sunday reaches me the next Monday, for which I'm very glad. Sunday I was able to go to S.S. and teach my class. This Sunday we plan to go to one of the oldest churches here Constitution, is its name. Mr. Rodriguez is our Spanish teacher and the pastor there. He is a jewel. I look forward to his



weekly lessons. He invited Fay to preach so he, Anne, and I plan to go. I had another letter from Ruth today insisting that I come over to Montevideo now for a visit. I can't decide what to do. The National Convention will be held there in February, and I'd like to plan to go then, in a way, but that would be a poor time to rest as Ruth will have a house full. We have an invitation to Salto, Uruguay for Fay to preach - to go right after the Convention. I'd like to go, but a trip like that in the middle of the summer would be terrible with the baby. I hate to be away from Fay, though, to go now. so I can't decide. If I can make up my mind, I'll probably go over for the first 2 weeks of Dec.

I must tell you of the picnic. We left at 9 a.m. in a big bus that they call a "bañadera" (bath tub). We went to the same place that we went the first year we were here. It is a beautiful woodsy place by a creek bank. We took 2 1/2 lambs to barbecue. The day passed all too rapidly. We talked and lazed about before lunch. Then ate the good meat with potato salad and fruit for dessert. Then in the afternoon we had tea and cookies. We didn't leave till 6:30; it was 7:30 when we arrived home. Martha Witt had missed us so much that she hadn't slept hardly any all day. She had clung to Matilda. She is a sight.

I've been sewing yesterday and today. I'm making myself a dress, and 1 for Anne and am almost finished. I want to get all my sewing done this month in case I do decide to go to Uruguay in Dec. One of the Seminary boys is the pastor of Floresta [*a suburb of Buenos Aires*] now that Mr. Quarles is away. He does so well. His sermons are so deep, yet simple. Fay and I are both crazy about him. We have only 1 week more of classes. I'll really be glad when this school year ends. Fay works so hard. I'll be happy to get the knitting books and the newspapers, too. You are thoughtful and sweet to send them. We had a letter from Martha Ellis yesterday. She is studying in Mexico, you know. I guess she will be there till January. She has been mighty busy, she says, ever since she got home. We plan to

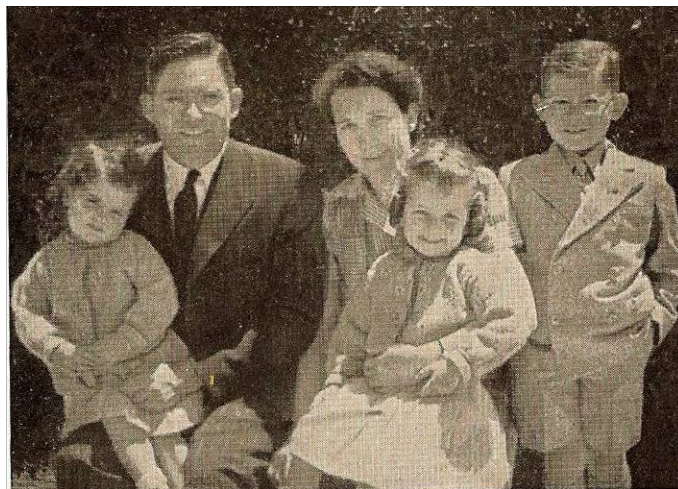
wash, clean, and put away winter clothes tomorrow, and get out the summer ones. I think summer has really come. I made strawberry preserves tonight. It turned out very well. I have 4 pints, and it looks so good. The fruit is pretty high yet, but I was afraid that it would all come and go without getting any cheaper, so I bought a box today - 3 kilos- about 6 pounds. Did I tell you that I've lost quite a bit since my sickness? I'm so glad as I was a "fatty bread". The children are fine. We hope to make a phonopostal soon. We'll sing in Spanish for you. The Hamilton's have a phonograph and want us to send them another, so we'll try to go real soon and do it. Must say Goodnight, my love. May God bless and keep you is my prayer. I love you so and am ever grateful to the Father that He saw fit to give you to me as a father.

Your baby, Julia

November 21, 1942

My Dearest Daddy:

I'm writing from the very interesting old city of Montevideo.



*Robert & Ruth Carslile & children*

I came over last Friday night and have enjoyed the week of change and rest so very much. Ruth and Bob are so very nice to me. They have a nice little house with quite a bit of yard. Anne and Betty (who will be 4 next Friday) play so well together. Martha Witt is amazed at all the children. She has cut a tooth since we came, and so had upset bowels for a few days. She is all right now but wants to be very spoiled. Can't wait to see what it is you've sent her.

I'm going to teach a study course in one of the churches here next week at night. Will teach "How to Pray" in Spanish, of course. I'm not sure whether I'll go back on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday night; of course, I'm eager to see Fay and to get back home, but it will be a little hard for them to help me get off on Sat. or Sun. nights, and I hate to stay till Monday. The boat leaves here at 10 p.m. and gets there at 8 a.m. Quintero is staying with Fay while I'm here. They are very companionable. Fay plans to call me tomorrow night.

A friend of Mrs. Hamilton's is married to a man in the Consulate who was in China, and 3 weeks ago they arrived here. She is very nice. They have a little boy 2 years old. She had been at home 1 1/2 years, but he had come out of China in August. You remember that Dr. Sowell's son, Ben, is in the Consulate here now. Also Mrs. McCaw, Mrs. Goldfinch's mother who came down on the same boat we did, is working there as a Secretary.

Like all "mommies" I'll be glad to get back home. I know I needed the rest, but still I miss home. We plan to go out to a park tomorrow and take lunch, I think. This week we didn't do much as I wanted a complete rest. Ruth is a good cook, and I enjoy the food a lot.

Hope your work still goes well and how I do hope that you will be satisfied to stay on there. Has anyone written you that Henry and Virginia are expecting a baby? Minnie wrote me, but I can't remember when it will be due. Did I ever write you that Tis [*Irma Askew*] is expecting in March? She is quite happy over it. We

had a letter from her husband the other day. It was the first time that he had written to us. One of our college friends is pastor of the church where all of them attend. Hilda is at home and working in an air field office. She is in love with a boy from Mississippi who is in Panama City in a Training Camp. Eva mentions it. How are your chickens? I wish we had some~ We ate fried chicken the other day at Mrs. Orrick's [*The Orricks were missionaries in Uruguay*]here. Fay is still hoping that we can move out to Hurlingham for the summer, at least. It would surely be nice for the children. They do so well here. They play outside all day. Hope you are feeling fine. Do take care of yourself, my sweet one. Don't get a cold, if you can help it. Will be writing next weekend, too. Am sending this in a letter to Fay to send as air mail rates are cheaper from Buenos Aires than here, and he already has the stamp ready.

A heart of love for you always, Julia

December 21, 1942

My Dearest Darling:

This is a Christmas letter tho it won't reach by Xmas Day. It is to say how much I love you not at only at his season, but every day. You are the most precious daddy a girl could ever have. When I recall the multiple sacrifices that you, as well as Mother always made for me, I hang my head in shame. It is certainly true that one has to be a parent to appreciate one's parents. Every day I realize more what you have meant in my life.

We have bought dolls for the girls, a little suitcase, jumping-rope, a boat. I will get a few little cheap toys for Martha Witt, too. We are not to have any company for dinner on Xmas Day, but in the afternoon all of us who are here of the missionaries will meet for ice cream and cake at the Seminary. It is so nice and pleasant there these days. It is in the middle of a big lot so it is always pleasant.

We haven't gotten any Christmas mail yet. We had a general letter from Howard and Sarah Bryant this week. They are expecting a baby in February. I'd like to send her some baby clothes but don't know whether I can or not because of customs duty in Chile.

We just don't know Martha Witt these days. She is into everything - tries to talk and is so mischievous. Anne said a cute thing today. The man who comes occasionally to wax our floors is a "Brethren" - when Anne was trying to understand about his church she said, "Oh, yes - I have a brother (Nestor), and I go to church with him sometime." That made her a "Brethren". She has just gotten up from her nap, which she didn't take, and says she didn't sleep because she was nervous of her sickness. And, too, she says her lunch stayed in her throat! Isn't she a sight!

Am making this a little shorter than usual to send the picture that I mentioned of Quiroga (pronounced like Kee-ro-ga) and Manela. They are so happy over their prospects of going to Uruguay as missionaries.

Hope you have a good Christmas. Remember that we are thinking of you and loving you so much. May God lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace\* is our prayer for you.

Your always, Julia

*\* This phrase comes from The Old Testament and is found in the book of Numbers, chapter 6, verse 26.*



JULIA

THE BUENOS AIRES YEARS

1943

We have a bounty of letters written in 1943 - thirty letters saved! This seems quite remarkable given the fact that Sidney was so much on the move. But the letters, coming at a pace of two or three a month provides us with more continuity in Julia's narrative than in any other period.

The year begins with the family restless for change. The school year ended in December and by January Julia and Fay were thinking of possibilities for the new school term. Fay's work in Hurlingham had taken hold and soon they would be renting a meeting place. One possibility was to move out to Hurlingham, a suburb of downtown Buenos Aires. Another possibility was moving into the Seminary grounds and being house parents to the young seminarians.

As the young couple were mulling over their options something occurred which decided their course of action for them. In the January 10th letter to her father Julia mentions that Anne is sick with chicken pox and strep throat, *escarlatina* in Spanish. Julia heard the "ina" suffix which is used in diminutive words in Spanish and thought that whatever Anne had was benign. Efforts were made to isolate the 13 month Martha Witt, but by her January 20th letter Julia says that Anne, obviously doing much better, was up and about and the two little girls were sharing a bath in the patio.

By the February 1st letter we know that the baby was beginning to be sick and this time Julia to her great embarrassment was disabused of her perception of *escarlatina* being a harmless childhood illness with little Martha Witt's condition going from bad to worse as the helpless parents battled every sequelae possible with pleurisy, pneumonia and finally nephritis. It was not until a month later that Julia reports that the baby's fever had finally subsided and things were beginning to be hopeful although Fay reported that "her convalescence will be long".

Having undergone the trauma of almost losing their baby and knowing that she would require a lot of future medical attention the question of what to do next



was decided. They would not move out to Hurlingham or take over as house parents at the Seminary. Instead they would focus on the family and in March they moved back to Rafaela street, a few blocks down from where they had lived in 1941, where they would finish out the 1943 year.

Coincidentally Sidney also moved. He and his brother Jimmy moved to Berkeley, California to work at the Kaiser Permanente Shipyards building ships for the war effort.



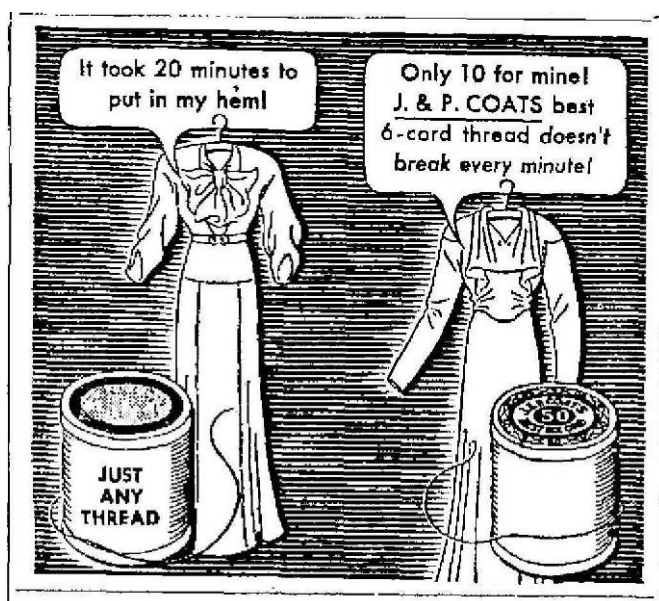
*Kaiser Permanente Shipyards*

There is no information of what made Sidney decide to move or where the two brothers lived initially but he appears to have stayed with Nerine, a young

cousin couple of years older than Julia who had recently moved to Berkeley. As was his habit, he moved several times while at Berkeley but seems to have stayed put for quite a while as he and his brother set up housekeeping.

The new house was bigger than the apartment that Fay and Julia had lived in across the street from the Seminary, and had a little yard with fruit trees and enough room for Julia's little girls to play in. They were near a park and near Rivadavia street, a large boulevard which Julia had described to her parents in her first letter as being "like Magazine street" in New Orleans. There was a school for Anne within walking distance, and the Seminary was only a couple of streets away. They were comfortable.

Life went on. Two older women, Doña María, the French widow they had engaged when they lived on Rafaela street before, and Doña Graciana worked for the family cooking, cleaning, and keeping the little girls. Julia was busy with her classes at the Girl School and at home she cooked and did a lot of sewing.



Ready made clothes were not so easily available. It was not uncommon at the time for women to sew clothes for the family. Many houses had small "sewing rooms" where housewives sewed or engaged someone to come in for regular sewing sessions. Julia received patterns and sewing supplies regularly from friend and family

back home which she enjoyed very much, as her letters mention.

As life settled into a very hectic routine Julia suffered, as her mother had before her, from "sick headaches" which were debilitating migraines. Ever the problem solver Julia was determined to beat her headaches trying to pinpoint what triggered them and assiduously following doctor's orders to try and mitigate them through change in diet. At one point she confesses that they were worse when she was under stress and tired, which was often. Nestor Quintero lived with them as did a little 12 year old orphan and various other Girl School young women which gave Julia little time to relax and take it easy.

American friends and acquaintances were frequent guests. One interesting mention is visiting missionaries who were not part of their Mission Board. These missionaries were passing through on their way to Africa or India. It must have been with great emotion that Julia heard one of these missionary couples speak at Chapel in May of 1943.

The missionary couple was on its way back to Africa after having made their first attempted journey in 1941 on the Zamzam. The story regarding the Zamzam ship was common knowledge as it had appeared in a Life Magazine spread in June of 1941. One of the passengers on the ship was a Life Magazine photographer who had been able to capture the drama in pictures and then written an account of the drama for the magazine.

The story concerned a ship which was transporting Protestant and Catholic missionaries as well as ambulance drivers to Africa which had been torpedoed by a German ship and sunk. Although most of the 144 missionaries and their family on board were not sponsored by the Southern Baptist Mission Board, Julia and Fay were very familiar with one of the young couples. They were Paul and Meta O'Neal, Southern Baptist, Alabamians, Howard College alumni, who were on their way to Africa as medical missionaries. Julia and Fay had met the O'Neals in Richmond during their 1940 vetting as missionaries.

Julia's heart must have gone out to her friends the O'Neals on hearing the story of what happened to their little girl. During the sinking of the Zamzam and the rescue at sea she had been miraculously saved by her father, but the next year she became very ill on a train trip between Ohio and Birmingham, Alabama, and died of pneumonia - the same illness suffered by Martha Witt just a couple of months before.



*The Zamzam passengers being lowered to lifeboats*

By November Fay and Julia had a new assignment which they had been thinking about for a time. They would leave the capital and move into the interior of the country to the province of Entre Ríos where Fay would be responsible for Santa Fe province as well. But first they would take their first real vacation in Argentina to the mountains northwest of Buenos Aires in Córdoba province.

Buenos Aires, Jan. 5, 1943

My dearest Daddy:

Your very welcome letter came on Thursday of last week. It is taking them a little longer to come now than it did for awhile. We have been having so many "fiestas". Last Friday, Manuela and Quiroga had lunch with us. They are the couple whom I wrote to you about who are going as missionaries to Uruguay. Then late in the afternoon we went down to the Seminary and had tea (sandwiches and Coca-Cola) with all the missionaries who are in town. Mrs. Ramsour was expecting to go to the hospital that night as she had had a few pains. She went that night and the baby came Saturday afternoon. A little girl was born. They are so happy as they had hoped for a girl. They have a little boy who was 2 in December who is so cute. They have moved a little nearer to us, so we see each other more often now. Tomorrow is "Reyes" or Three Kings Day. The children put out their shoes, and the Three Wise Men leave presents in them. Anne wants to "believe" in them, too, she says. She talks a lot about what we believe and what our customs are. She is a sight.

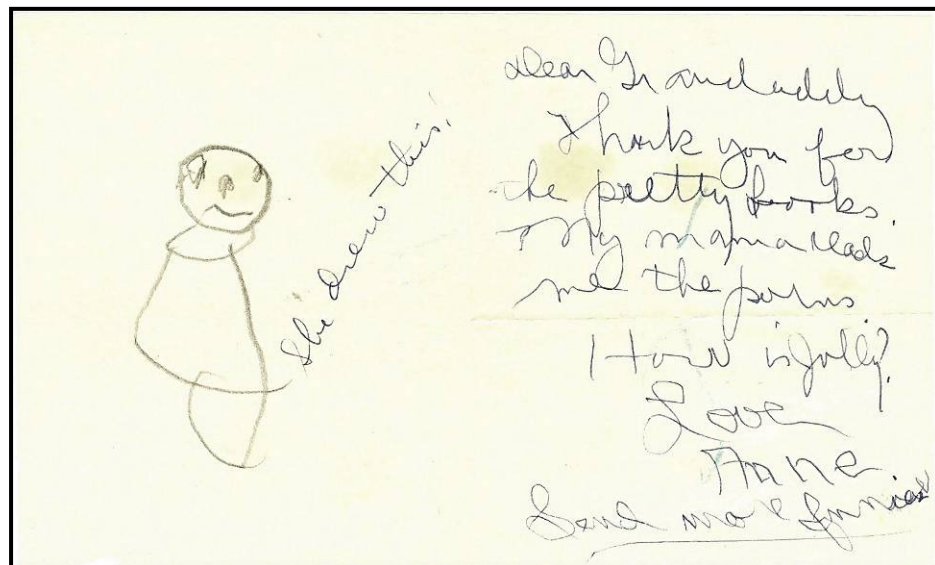
How are the teeth? The last letter said all but 6 are out. Guess it is all over by now. Hope you will feel better now and am sure you will.

Oh, the main thing of news interest is: The package came! we were so thrilled. Anne loved her books. Fay took one of the little books and handed it to M[*artha*] Witt, and told her it was for her. Well, she started to chew a corner, and Anne wouldn't let her. Then the battle was on. For three days Witt would just scream for the book every time she saw Anne with it because it was hers, she thought. Fay and I read every paper that same night. The knitting books are just grand. I'm so grateful for them. We surely did enjoy the newspapers. I think you'd be safe in sending books, papers, magazines, etc. just any time. The Argentine



boats go regularly. The package arrived Dec. 31 - two months and 1 day! -but it did arrive, that is the good part. We are thinking about moving to Hurlingham where our work is. It is pure country there and would be so much healthier for us. But it is hard to get a house, and we are so conveniently located here - just across the street from the schools. I don't know what we'll do yet. Am still trying to sew. It takes so long. I made myself a dress last week. Am working one for Anne now. Am thankful to report that Witt has enough clothes. Minnie L[ee]. and Susie wrote to me. M.L. told me about Naomi [*she is Minnie Lee's younger sister*]. I really am shocked. She is so prissy. We've had such hot weather these last few weeks, and so dry. But today we had a hard rain, and it is so pleasant now. Wish you and I could take a walk together. But we can someday, so let's content ourselves looking forward! A tight hug, a big kiss, and much love.

Julia



*Anne's note to Sidney*

Sun. Afternoon, Jan. 10, 1943

My Dearest Daddy:

Your Xmas letter came Friday. It is taking longer for the letters to come now. I figure it was because of Xmas and more mails, etc. My, you had a lot of nice presents. I'm so glad. Am glad you phoned Mary Lou [*Claxton*]. I wish we could have talked, too. Anne has a sore throat and upset tummy today, so I didn't go to Hurlingham. Fay has gone to Ciudad to the organization of a church there, and later will go to Caballito and preach. Nestor went alone to Hurlingham. They will have no one to play the organ, but I just couldn't leave Anne, as she is quite a mama's girl when she is sick, tho a very good little patient. Tomorrow I plan to take her to the doctor.

The Ramsour's are so proud of their little baby girl who came Jan. 2. They will come home this afternoon. I've offered to go bathe the baby every day, so will have that little extra duty for about a week, I guess.

Well, we have rented a hall in Hurlingham, and are so proud of it. It is a right good size and very well located. We'll pay 50 pesos monthly. We are still hunting a house for us to live in. It just didn't work out to have the hall and our house together. We plan to have a tent meeting beginning next Friday or Saturday. We may go out and stay in a boarding house for the two weeks as I'll be needed to play.

Well, this is blue Monday ... It was so hot yesterday that we welcomed the rain that greeted us this a.m. Anne began to have a breaking out yesterday p.m., so I called the Dr. He failed to appear last night so I called him again early this a.m., and he came by at noon. He had tried to come last night and had gone to the wrong street. He pronounced Anne's sickness scarlatina, a very light case, but she has to be isolated. That will be the hard part. We've put her in the living room on the sofa bed. It is the first room in the house and that gives Martha Witt two bedrooms, the



kitchen, and patio to run in. Anne feels fine today - she doesn't have much fever and is not very broken out. But this ruins our plans to go to Hurlingham for the meeting. I'm so sorry as we had looked forward to going.

I think I told you in my last letter that we had been asked to go into the Seminary.

Well, we've just about decided not to as it would be such a responsibility - to try to be family to 16 boys as well as our own is quite a problem. While our children are small it seems that they are our first duty. Then we feel that we could do so much more if we lived out there in Hurlingham, so if we can get a house, we may move out there. There is a good school that Anne can attend.

I'm glad you like your work - sorry you have to work on Sunday, tho. Do send the papers on as I'm sure they will get here OK. We enjoyed the others so much. Anne loves her little books, and I love my knitting books. I've seen several things I want to make. Well, Fay will write a few words, so I'll say .. J love you,

Julia.

Wed. a.m., Jan 20, 1943

My dearest One:

I have meant to write every day to tell you of Anne as I'm sure you have worried and needlessly, as she is quite all right. She had the lightest case that you can imagine had fever only 3 days and has no scabs from the breaking out. She

is up now, and tho there is contagion for a few more days, perhaps, she is fine. She looks pale and a little weak, but feels good, she says.

Fay is staying in Hurlingham in the tent nearly every night. On Monday and last night, some friends spent the night here. Their name is Ostermann - he is pastor of a church in Canchillas, across the river in Uruguay. They were en route to Córdoba [*a province north of Buenos Aires, in the mountains*] and stayed here with me. Then, I sewed all day for 2 days and made pear preserves. So with all I was trying to get done, plus the visitors, I had my hands full.

I have had some extra help with the housework this week. The house was so dirty I couldn't stand it - because while Anne had to be in bed, I had to look after her a lot, and didn't do much house keeping.

It has been quite a rest for me not to have my two "men persons" (as Mildred Shaw at BBI always said) to cook for. With just gals in the house, we've "knick-knacked" and enjoyed it.

The tent meeting goes pretty well. There are not as many people as we'd like to see attend, but it is in a different section where the people are not so humble and are, of course, harder to reach and interest.

Martha Witt is having her bath in the patio. Anne is the administrator so you can fancy what a time they are having. Must get Tita to bed.

I finally have been getting some letters off. I wrote to Claxton's (they sent us a Xmas card air mail), Minnie, Susie, Miss Emma Shipp, and others. It is so hard for me to keep up a decent correspondence with all the people I'd like to.

We are so undecided about moving. I'm not very enthusiastic about buying. We get rent allowance, you know, and could make the payments each month with that. But it would take a long time to pay for one and the house in question is not new and not so desirable.

Fay is mighty busy now with mission business. He has to get tax exemption on all the church and mission property. That means many trips to town in this terrific heat. Monday was the hottest day we've had - 40 degrees Centigrade, which is about 106 degrees F!!! We nearly passed away. The mosquitoes have been awful. We all have to sleep under a net which is so uncomfortable.

Want to get this off so will close to go to P.O. before it gets too hot.

Am feeling fine - am resting or at least have a change of work in these days.

Think of you daily. I love you so. Your baby, Julia

Feb.1,1943

Dearest Darling Daddy:

I've thought of you all day and felt so sad and longed to be with you - to hold you close to my heart and try to make up a little the loss that you have felt.

Sometimes it seems so hard that we have to be apart, but our Heavenly Father know best. When we think of what Jesus left to come to us, anything we have is not good enough for Him.

I'm late writing to you because Martha Witt became ill last Tuesday with *escarlatina*. She has not been very sick, but very fretful. My little half-day servant got sick last Friday, and I've had quite a busy time with the house and Tita sick. Fay came home today, and I'm so glad he is back. He will have only this week at home, then he is off to Rosario for the Preachers' Institute on next Monday till Saturday. Then we will begin to make plans to move to the Seminary, I guess. We've been asked to go in. In a way, we are happy to do it, but, in a way, it is a great sacrifice, as one's family life is interfered with a great deal. However, you must not worry about me because as far as physical works goes, I'll be much better off. There are 2 good servants there, and I plan to get a nurse for the girls. I'll have my classes as last year, so I want some one to help me with them. We hope to get

Doña Maria, the first one we had to help us. She is a marvel with children. She has been a teacher, so she could teach Anne in French, as well as Spanish. She could help me keep our clothes darned, pressed, etc. My job could be planning the meals, and helping the boys with their problems, try to teach them manners, etc. It will be a privilege to live in the building there. It is in the middle of a big lot - a 1/2 block wide and a block long. It will be wonderful for Anne and Tita. We couldn't buy the house in Hurlingham, so it seems that the Lord is directing us to the Seminary.

I want you to know that the W.M.U. at First Church Anniston sent me 50 dollars for Manuela and Quiroga. I was overwhelmed, and they were speechless! So, if you had planned to send something, do it later for another boy. Quintero, the boy who lives with us, is eager to get married, but can't because of finances. So maybe you'd like to send him a little sometime. A check on any New York bank will be OK - don't send bills as they are not negotiable. The reason the baby book was lost was that it was on a U.S. boat. Now, all mail comes on Argentine boats, and we don't lose any, anymore.

The knitting books are lovely. I'm enjoying planning some things from them.

The annual Convention is Mar. 5 in Montevideo. I'm getting excited over going.

I hadn't planned to since I had been once this year, but Ruth insists that I come, so I guess I will. We'll get special rates for the Convention, so it won't cost much, and Fay will go.

Think of you daily and love you more every day, my darling. Your love is one of the sweetest things in my life. Thank you for the beautiful poem you sent. It is so sweet.

Love to all there. Take care of yourself and write soon.

Always your Baby, Julia

Feb. 10, 1943 Tuesday night

My Dearest Darling Daddy:

I received your letter today and so glad to hear from you, but was sorry to hear that you were not feeling well, and, too, that you thought of going to California. I hate see you do it, as I have said so many times before, I feel that you are in so much better condition to be with someone of your family. However, you know the situation there better than I, and perhaps it is for the best to go. I'm afraid I don't know how to advise you. If it is best for you to go, then I wish you God's guidance and protection, but I hope you can get work there and feel more settled. Always I've wanted you to have security and "roots". I don't like to think of you all alone there in a big city like Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Wed a.m ....

Martha Witt has been so uncomfortable. She has continued to have fever and has had some nausea. The doctor says, however, that she is quite all right - the many times *escarlatina* attacks only the throat and that is the kind Witt has. It makes me so sad to see her so uncomfortable.

Fay got off Mon. a.m. You'd have died laughing at him. You know how nervous he gets when he is about to go on a trip. Well, he asked me about a thousand times, "Do have everything?" This was at 5 a.m.! Then when he was all ready, he couldn't find his watch. Well, he turned the house upside down looking for it. He made me get up and help him. We looked in every imaginable place. Finally after he was gone I found where he had put it on the bedspread, and the spread had fallen on the floor, and it was rolled up in the spread. He won't be back till Sat. I miss him so.

One of the Institute girls came to me last Friday asking me to keep her sister who had come here to get work and couldn't. She has been with us since then. She

is 16 and is very nice. She helps me in the house and with the sewing I'm doing. I don't know whether I'll keep her, or whether she will get work somewhere else.

I'm sewing "up a storm"! I've made dresses for Anne - am making spreads for Anne's bed - covering a chair, etc.

I plan to go to the Convention March 3-9 in Montevideo. Ruth invited us again and I felt that I really didn't get my visit out when I was there before. I can attend the Convention some, but the visit will be the main thing for me.

I guess we'll go into the Seminary . We still feel that if there is anyone else, we'd rather wait until we are a bit older, in years as well as experience.

Must close - am getting this off by Quintero as he goes to P.O.

So be sweet and remember how very much we love you. May God bless, keep, and guide you is my prayer.

Your baby, Julia

Tuesday, March 2, 1943

My dearest Daddy:

This is my first letter since you are in California. If you are all settled and happy there, then I'm glad you went. I'm glad Uncle Jimmie is with you. That way you won't get so lonesome. I hope you have gotten my letter telling of Witt's illness by now. She is ever so much better now. She has not had fever for 3 days. She plays in her bed, eats well, and sleeps all night without waking. We have really seen the hand of the Lord in these days. All the people here have been wonderful to us. They've called and come and above all, prayed for her.

I wrote you that we've changed our minds about going to the Seminary. We'll need all our attention for Martha W. The Ramsour's will go in our place, and we'll probably take their house. It is much nicer than ours - has more rooms, built-in closets, some ground and two upstairs rooms that will be nice for winter if it gets damp in the house downstairs. Of course, Witt will need a lot of care for a long time.

The rest of the family is fine. The same day that Witt took pneumonia, Doña Graciana came by and offered to stay that night, and now has agreed to stay on as our servant. She is middle-aged, widowed, and was cook at the Seminary for 8 years and then 2 years with the Quarles. She is a good cook, cleans well, and does all the ironing. She is very sweet to the children. Witt is especially in love with her.

We plan to start Anne to kindergarten. There is a very nice one near. She is thrilled to go. She went several days to a teacher who was helping Quintero, and she just loved it. She is so big. We must make some pictures as soon as Tita can be up. She had her bed in the patio awhile today. She is so much better it is just a joy to watch her play. After we've seen her at death's door, we can really appreciate how dear she is. The Lord has certainly drawn us all closer to Him.

Sorry not to have gotten this off yesterday, but we had a steady stream of visitors, and I couldn't do it. Hope you are feeling good and can gain some weight - 146 pounds is awful! Much love from us all.

I love you, Julia

Dear Sidney:

We are rejoicing over how the Lord saved Martha Witt. Know that you along with us are praising His name for His wondrous works. She is coming right along now



we think. Continue to pray for her and for us because her convalescence shall be long.

You are seeing country that Jack recently saw. He was there is San Francisco for some time you know before he sailed. He, too, was carried away with the scenery and all. Be sure to write us all about yourself and how you are liking it out there. Hope that you can get yourself something permanent and settle down out there if that is your wish. Folks at home fine. Tis [*Irma Askew*] is expecting this next month. Looks like Jack [*Askew*] as well as Hilda [*Askew*] both have beaux and are serious about getting married. Of course Jack will have to wait until the war is over and guess Hilda will too, for the fellow is a soldier. We, too, except for Witt, are well and are getting ready for the opening of school. We send you all our love,

Fay

March 9, 1943

My Dearest Daddy:

So glad to have your letter of several days ago in which you spoke of getting your own meals. I hope it is a satisfactory arrangement. I know everything is terribly high, if you board or if you get it yourself. Things are going up here. We've had terrible drought. Two months without rain. We always have a joke .. if the price of something has gone up (for instance eggs went from 70 cents to \$1.10 in a week), we ask, "es la guerra o la seca" - "the war or the drought?" So many things

here are imported so they can always use the war as an excuse! You couldn't guess what I've done today! Made 20 little jars of "sweet pepper relish". I thought of poor mother all the time I was trying to make it. I still have her recipe that she wrote for me.

We are so happy over Martha Witt's condition. She is feeling so well. But, the poor thing chose this moment to cut 4 jaw teeth!!

She has been so cross and had a lot of pain with 2. She can walk a little. (I mean, she has permission to be up some!) The dr. is so proud of her. He keeps saying, "We've certainly been fortunate." Witt just hated him for a few days, but now he comes in and plays with her, and she seems to like him all right now.

Well, we are in the throes of moving. We are going to spend Thursday and Thurs. night at the Seminary to fumigate here. I guess we'll move next Tuesday. I'll write you later the exact number. It is all right to continue with this address as we'll have the same postman.

I went Saturday to enroll Anne in kindergarten. She is thrilled spitless. It is a nice place where she will go. It will be about 2 blocks from the new house. 50 children go. I wanted to send her in the mornings, but there is not a vacancy, so I'll have to take her in the afternoons. She will go from 12:45 to 3:45. All the children wear little white aprons - long sleeves, button down back- and they look so cute going to school. I've bought Anne one already, and she is so happy over it.

We get along fine with Doña Graciana. She is a good worker and so nice. She cooks well, too. It will be so good to be without someone living-in next year. We get so tired of having someone besides family with us - which makes me sad right now! Save up those pennies and come along! How marvelous it would be if you could. Do you know that there are Argentine boats from San Francisco? You could watch the papers for the sailing date of one, and send us some papers. So

we'll be looking for you. By the way, some missionaries are coming out in June. I'll send their names and addresses later if they come by boat. Hope you are feeling good. Do take care of yourself, my darling Daddy-Boy. I love you so good, and hope the days will not be many before we can be together. We are going to make and send you some pictures soon.

Always your Baby, Julia

Sunday Night

March 28 –

My Dearest Daddy:

I'm so sorry not to have written sooner but I've had an awful cold & have worked so hard with the moving. We are trying hard to get the house all settled before school starts. We have to paint the furniture in the children's room, and I have to make curtains, etc., so I've been pretty busy. We moved Thursday a week ago. On Saturday it rained, and I was out in it a good bit, so I took a cold. Fay got one on Monday, so we had a time all week doctoring our colds.

Anne starts to school tomorrow, and she is so excited. She goes in the afternoons only - 12:45 to 3:45. We plan to have lunch at 12 each day, and then one of us walk her down - it is just 2 blocks from here. We wanted to take pictures of her and Witt today, but had no films; will try to soon. She will wear a little white dress - uniform, it is, really.

How are you feeling? I hope you feel good and take care of yourself. The California climate should be marvelous.

We had a long letter from the Askew's today. Jack is still in China. Tis is expecting in the first weeks of April. Hilda is in love with a soldier who is

stationed near there. You know she works at home now. They all seem to be doing well.

We are having a little fall weather, and it is mighty nice, as we've had such a hot summer.

I took Witt to the doctor on Friday for another checkup, and he found her all right.

She is taking 3 tonics. She is developing so rapidly. You know I've always told you she is so babyish. Well, now she wants to do things for herself. Today she wouldn't even let me feed her. She is getting up such cute little mannerisms. She and Anne are beginning to enjoy playing together. Anne loves an audience, and Witt just laughs her head off at everything Anne does. They have a playroom now, and they really are sights.

The house is so much more comfortable than any we've had before. There is a big house and garden (square block) at our back, so we get all the fresh air that one could want from there. We sleep upstairs. There are 2 nice rooms, so we have both bedrooms up there. We get a lot of air and sun there. We are enjoying those rooms immensely. We also have a tiny yard at the back. We have a lemon tree and also a tangerine one. The Ramsour's left a nice sand pile for our gals, too.

I had a good letter from Minnie Lee and Ruth Sinard the other day. Also had a long boat letter from Susie which I appreciated. I could hardly read Minnie Lee's letter. Isn't her writing awful?

Give my greetings to your landlady. That was cute about the baby's coming.

Love to Uncle Jimmie.

Well, my paper is up, so will have to say "adios". Please forgive me for not writing sooner, won't you dear heart? We are all well, so don't worry about us. I love you so very much. My Daddy Boy – Yours, Julia

Sunday P.M.

[April 11, 1943]

My Dearest Daddy:

I'm calling myself all kinds of bad things for not writing to my darling all last week but... so busy! We had the Opening Exercises on Tues. & I had invited a girl from Hurlingham to attend, so was busy with entertaining her. Then Mrs. Freeman was our house guest for a week (left on Wednesday), and you know what company in the house means. My first class was Wednesday. I have one on Wednesday and Friday at 3 p.m., and on Thursday and Saturday at 11:15 a.m. We have to take Anne to school at 12:30 and go get her at 3:30, so we have a full schedule. Fay has enrolled at the University here to get a Doctor's degree, so when he comes home in 2 1/2 years from now, you'll have to say Dr. Askew, eh!

Such a good letter from you - so much news. I must write to Mary Davis [*her aunt Minnie's daughter*]. So sorry about little Ralph Lewis' [*Mary's son*] finger. We mashed Tita's thumb yesterday. She cried so pitifully. She stuck it in the door as Anne and Fay tried to close it.

Well, we splurged yesterday and bought a chicken for 2.60 pesos, which isn't even a dollar, but seems like a lot to us. We hadn't had one in nearly a year. I made dressing and good giblet gravy, and we ate relish with it. The dinner reminded us of home, Mother and you, and I almost couldn't go on eating. You are so brave, my Darling and so sweet! How I wish you could be with us. Do plan to come several months before our furlough time, and we'll make the trip back

together. Or, perhaps you can come back with us if you can't come before. Our first term is over half over - can you believe it?

We have our first baptizing in Hurlingham today - will have 5 candidates. Anne has gone with Fay, and Tita is eating her crackers and milk while I write. Then we'll walk over to the P.O. and get this in the mail. Mrs. Zbinden sent Tita a silver spoon and fork and a pretty baby book. The Askews sent a package in January that has finally arrived. It had one used dress in it for me, so it had to be fumigated, and Fay will get it tomorrow. We've had several boats lately - got a lot of boat mail and a stack of magazines.

Tita was so pot-bellied! When the doctor saw her Monday he said, "Oh, we'll have to change her diet." We took away all bottles - give her three meals a day and tea at 4 p.m. So she looks better, sleeps better, and behaves better. She drinks from a cup well - refuses to let us feed her. She has suddenly gotten very "grown-up" in some ways.

How are you feeling? Hope you are taking care of yourself. Love to Uncle Jimmie. My paper is up. All my love, a tight hug, a hard kiss.

Your baby, Julia

Sat. Night, April 25, 1943

Dearest Darling,

Received your today of April 12. I am more than ashamed that I've let the days by and haven't written promptly. Well, on last Saturday, Tita took sick suddenly. She vomited her breakfast and continued to vomit during the day. You can imagine how upset we were - she also had fever. We called the Dr., and he said it was just upset tummy. On Monday I took her to her other Dr. and he said the same thing. On Tuesday we found 4 new teeth - stomach and eye ones, they are; so that it explained it. Until Thursday, she was like a little tiger. She hated Doña

Graciana and everybody else would have only her Ma. Thursday night at 12 o'clock, Anne waked me up vomiting! She felt mighty bad yesterday in bed all day. Thank Goodness Tita was a little better, tho, even yet she is cross. I haven't been to a one of my classes this week. I managed to get off to Hurlingham on Tuesday because Fay was here with Tita and Anne.

I had a lady here to sew the first days of the week. She made me a nice little linen suit and helped with several things for the children.

I was so surprised to see that Uncle Lewis was with Uncle Walter. [*Both were Baptist ministers, but Uncle Lewis was her mother's uncle and Uncle Walter was her father's brother*] Minnie Lee had written me that Aaron was enlisting. It certainly makes me sad to think of boys like him being used as cannon fodder. Imagine Gussie a **W.A.C.C!!!!** Yes, we read up on all those things in the Life Magazine.

Surely I remember Nerine [*Nerine Reaves, Sidney's cousin who was 3 years older than Julia*]. I used to see her often at Richard's Cafe. I hope you can stay there. Give my love to her. [*Nerine had recently moved to Berkeley*]

Oh, besides my two sick gals, I've had Fay in bed one day with a cold. Yesterday Doña G. came, but had to go back home to bed, as she had an attack with her liver trouble. Half the people here suffer from the liver, I think. I've had a straight skirt all week! Ever since we've been moved Anne has a complex about being out of my sight. Tita is always at my side. But Anne just will not play away from me. That means that I get very little done except look after them. But I'm happy doing it. Dona G. is a good cook, and she does all the cleaning. I wash in the machine once a week, and she does a little every day, too. She does mighty well to be 65.

I have my S.S. [*Sunday School*] class in Floresta still. I enjoy it a lot. On Thursday a week ago I had the Devotional at School. I used I Corinthians 13. It



helped me a lot to prepare it. It made me realize anew how important love is. I pray for more in my own life. [*Paul writes about the importance of love in a letter to the congregation in Corinth. He begins by saying "I may speak in tongues of men or of angels, but if I am without love, I am a sounding gong or a clanging cymbal" the discourse ends with this: "In a word, there are three things that last for ever: faith, hope, and love; but the greatest of them all is love."*]

We've had several interesting visitors lately. One man is with YMCA Baptist, en route to Africa. Two Baptist Missionaries (other Boards) also came en route to Africa. The YMCA man had tea with us week before last, and the missionaries ate dinner last Sunday with us and went to Hurlingham with Fay.

Tis has a boy! He was born Tuesday. They sent us a cable. We wrote them about losing ours. Over six months have passed, but it still hurts to think of it. But, Fay and I were saying this week, the Lord gave Tita back to us when she was really more with Him than with us, and that helps ease the pain of losing the boy. I've wanted to bring a little boy home with us, tho, when we come, if the Lord sees fit to trust us with one. We are nearing 30, and I want us to get our family before we get too old.

I've been feeling good to be so busy. I hope to let up a little now. We have a girl to work in Hurlingham ow & that will help me some. I've been having the women's meeting every Tues. Then I've been going to the Dr. often with Tita.

Bueno, forgive me again, my dear darling, for delaying in writing. I love you so. You are still my ideal. Time does not dim nor distance mar my cherished thoughts of my brave father. I hope I can be a worthy daughter of so god a father,  
your

Julia

Fay send love.

Saturday Night, May 1, 1943

Dearest Daddy:

I meant to write you sooner in the week, but we've had such a time! On Sunday Fay and I ate stuffed eggs which we had boiled on Saturday. Early Mon. a.m., Fay waked me up vomiting. I followed him at 7 with the same thing. Then we both started with the "back doors" - and oh! how sick we were. It was real ptomaine poisoning, I think. We ate nothing all day. Then on Tuesday I ate meat (Doña Graciana's advice) and got upset again. Took medicine, then got constipated - all in all, I've had a terrible week. Last night we gave a party for the students, and I've been so tired out today.

On Tuesday I went to get the pictures and wanted to mail them to you that day, but as I've just recounted, I've had a bad time of it this week. They are right cute. Will send you another pose later as can only send these without paying extra postage.

We've had 3 holidays this week, and 1 rainy day, so Anne went to school on 2 days. Since some of their time is spent out of doors, they don't have classes when it rains. They took school census one day. Today was "Labor Day" here. All the working people took the day off. I spent the day of rest (?) by walking in union parades, etc. are you feeling? I'm sorry you are having to work on Sunday a.m.



Glad you like your work.

I've just finished Tita's little velvet dress. We plan to take her and Anne's picture with their little velvet dresses that Eva sent them. I mean have one made at the studio.

*Picture with the velvet dress, Tita age 18 months.*

Can't write so much this time, as the pictures

weigh. Good night, my love; God bless you and-keep you. Fay says much love. He is as busy as ever. The gals, too, send love. Tita has such a temper. We are trying to calm her down. Remember to pray for us.

Your Julia

Tuesday, a.m.[May 11, 1943]

My Dearest Darling

Instead of getting my weekly epistle off on Sun. as usual, here it is Tues. I went a to Hurlingham Sunday afternoon with Fay and these two brats of ours. Yesterday I went to the doctor and washed, so I didn't get to write yesterday .. When we got home Sunday night, I had a sick headache, so thought I'd better go to the doctor, and see if I can't get something to help me. They come more often now than before, and I don't want to suffer all my life as Mother did with sick headaches. Did you ever decide what really caused them? I have them when I'm nervous or tired. The doctor is giving me injections of Vitamin B and some capsules. He says an insufficiency of liver causes them. After 10 days I have to go back to him. He is Witt's doctor.

Thanks for the clippings. It just occurred to me that instead of sending whole Stars, why don't you send clippings because we get the Dothan Eagle regularly. The two papers have the same syndicates. So that way I could get Anniston news, and it would be less trouble for you. A boat is expected today so maybe the papers you sent me will be on it.

So sorry about Miss Julia Jolly. There will be many missing when we come back, I imagine.

Fay and the children gave me something that I greatly wanted for Mother's Day a little rocking chair where I can sit to hold the baby, sew, etc. The day was right sad for me. They had a program at Floresta.

We are having some visiting missionaries to tea tomorrow. They are en route to China. There are 2 women doctors, one nurse, and a man who is in evangelistic work. They are N.[*Northern*] Baptists and very nice. The National Convention had a big celebration last week for them.

Anne has been in bed all day with her tonsils. I'm afraid she is going to have a lot of trouble this winter. We may have to have them removed. Fay had to have his out at 6 years of age.

She still loves school. Seems to get along well, too. Tita is still a mama baby.

She is slow to talk. Perhaps the 2 languages retard her or her sickness. But she is not nearly so developed as Anne at 17 months. I remember we were at home and Anne was asking you to sing "Take my stool and rest in the shade" again. Tita says only a few things. But she is a darling. She is all baby, not grown up like Anne was.

We stay as busy - my classes keep me on the run. What with a little sewing etc., I keep always flying.

Fay still enjoys his classes at the University. He goes 3 times a week. Hope you are feeling good. Do take care of yourself.

You all are beginning spring. We are having lovely fall weather - no real cold yet. Write often and forgive me that I'm a little late this week.

A heart of love for my Daddy boy.

Yours, Julia

Saturday Night

May 15

My Dearest Darling Daddy:

I don't want to delay writing as I did last week so after getting my 2 brats to bed I set myself & take my pen in hand to write a few words to you. Such a day as I've had!! Anne got up "loaded for bear" - she didn't behave well this a.m. at all - then at noon she went to school. Sometimes her teacher brings her home, as she passes by here anyway. So today she brought her. The teacher had to go into a bakery to use the phone, so Anne asked her to buy her some candy. When Anne walked in and told it, you can imagine how embarrassed we were! She had sand in her shoes, and I sent her into the yard to clean them, and she stepped in Jack's [*the dog*] number 2! When she went upstairs to get another dress, used the pot that she found up there, then stepped in and spilled the contents! The last straw was to leave her glass of milk near the edge of the table, and Tita poured it out. I've never seen such a series of misbehavior. Did I ever act like that?? She is so full of life. Since Tita has been sick, she has gotten so much more attention than Anne, so maybe she is suffering from that some, too, I imagine.

We are looking forward to something interesting tomorrow. There is a young man of 28 years who is a converted priest who will preach at our church tomorrow night. I've invited him and the pastor to supper after the meeting. Mr. Rodriguez, my Spanish teacher, is the one who led him to Christ. He is a Spaniard and very nice, says Mr. R[*odriguez*]. We are looking forward to knowing him.

May 25 is Independence Day here, and we'll have a holiday. Anne is learning a number of poems in honor of the day, and they will have a big celebration on that day.

On Thursday we took Tita to her doctor. He wants her to have some analysis for the allergies. She has little eruptions all over her body. It is some food that she

is "allergic" to so on Monday a.m., we plan to take her to the Children's Hospital for these analysis.

I'm taking my injections of Vitamin B everyday. I don't know whether it will help my headaches or not.

We've been having such nice notes with the church bulletin from Eva Munroe from Leighton Avenue Church, Anniston.

Minnie L. and Susie both owe me letters. M.L. said in her last letter that the Charlie Bell's are expecting!

We still haven't heard anything from Eva [*Askew*] since the cable came. We are very eager to hear and are hoping that all is well.

I'm listening to a program called "Saludos, Amigos" (Hello, Friends) that comes from the States every Saturday night. It sounds mighty good to us.

Am sorry you are having to work on Sundays. I know you miss having the day off.

All those missionaries whom I've written you of plan to sail on Tuesday, and we hope to see them off. Some are going to Africa, then India, and finally to China, then field. A couple who were on the Zam-Zam spoke in Chapel Friday. They told us all about Paul and Meta O'Neal.

Well, I'd better study my S.S. lesson some more. I still teach the Women's class and enjoy it a lot.

Write often, my very dear one.

Think of you constantly, and pray God's protection over you.

Your baby, Julia

June 8, 1943

My Dearest Daddy Boy:

I guess you'll think I'm crazy but for the life of me I can't remember if I wrote to you last week. It seems that I remember writing all I said, etc - & yet I

can't make up my mind that I did. I know I mailed you the 2 pictures but don't remember of last week - Well, anyway I can tell you about the flue!! On the day I mailed the letter with the pictures I took it. My, how awful it is! It was my first experience with it & I certainly found it trying. I was in bed 5 or 6 days I am still wobbly & have a chest cold. I went to my doctor yesterday & he gave me 4 new remedies so I feel better today. The babies are both all right - have had colds but are better. Fay is still complaining of a pain in the back. Minnie Lee wrote us last week. I had asked her to go to the city Hall in Anniston & ask for a wedding certificate for us since we one in our Wedding book. She said she mentioned it to Uncle Lewis [*Claxton*] & he offered to go get it for us & did.

The papers you sent came last week, & we surely enjoyed them. Anne especially enjoyed the funnies. If you could send us just the Sunday funnies of a bigger paper sometime - one with Blondie, Jiggs, etc. We don't ever see them anymore. I guess you've seen in the paper about our "Revolution". Well, Fay wrote this page about it for you & his family in case you are wondering just what went on.

We are hoping to get a package off to you by way of the Askews. The packages sent from here have to be put in burlap & sealed so it is easier to send all in one & then ask them to send yours on to you. I doubt if it will arrive in time for your birthday but perhaps soon after. Well I must close. Write soon. Hope you are well. I love you. J.A.

I am sure that you are wondering about the "Revolution" that we had down here last week. In the first place, there was not much of a revolution so far as shooting and a grand upheaval as one might think. What took place was a "coup d'état" by high army



officers. So far as the normal running of business, offices, schools, etc., is concerned, things are going right along. Just now the government is in the process of organizing itself. Except for one instance there was no resistance to the change of government. Of course, there was a lot of excitement in the center of town in the hours when it was all taking place. Soon, however, the police and the soldiers had everything quieted down.

Of course, since it was my first revolution, I was interested. Out where we live there was no indication that anything was happening in the "Pink House" (as the Argentine President's house is called). By mid-afternoon it was announced over the radio that we had a change of presidents and that the "movement" was all over. I had to go to town that afternoon but didn't much want to. When I arrived I found that "it was all over but the shouting". It seemed that everyone was in town to celebrate what had happened. In fact there were so many people there to see what was going on that the police had a time keeping order. I stayed as far away from the police lines as I could and soon left the center [*oftown*]. I did see the soldiers, cannons, machine guns, et. but there was no shooting at all. The papers at home have already commented on what happened so there is no use in my trying to explain it.

I just want you to know that we are perfectly safe. Far from being very dangerous, it seems that such movements are quiet and the people really seem to enjoy the excitement. Don't worry about us at all.

Argentina is a great country. Without trying to brag, we can say that it is by far the best of all South America. One is impressed by the dignity of the country, in the government, business, and even in the make up of the people. They don't seem to have any race prejudice at all and manage in a splendid way to mix their nationalism with an appreciation for other nations. They really love peace and want to stay away from war. Even though the people in general side with the allies, they don't want to go to war. All institutions make much of the great principles of freedom, liberty, and justice on which the Constitution is founded. As you might know, Argentina has almost the same constitution of the United States. All through school the children are taught the principles laid down by Moreno, Sarmiento, Mitre, and others of their great leaders. you should hear Anne Wistar talk about these "Fathers of the Country". She can recite pieces about them all. Their teachings are as noble, as challenging, as sterling, and those of Jefferson, Washington, or Lincoln. In fact, they are about the same. But, that which Argentina sadly lacks, is

popular reading of the Bible and universal preaching of the Gospel to link these good theories with a personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. The aforementioned leaders recognized that and Sarmiento pleased for "Gospel" teaching and living instead of insufficient R.C. [*Roman Catholic*] dominance and failure to present the "Truth".

We hope that you too can learn to know, to appreciate, and to love Argentina. Pray with us that multitudes of these great people might come to know Him whom to know is life everlasting.

June 16, 1943

My dearest Daddy:

Greetings my very dear one! I'm lazy bones again and it is Wed. when I'm writing to you. I put myself to sew early Mon. a.m. & have been hard at it. Made Fay a pr. of pyjamas, Anne a pr., a slip, Tita a pair of "drawers", & did a lot of darning on the machine. Am also working on my wool dress & on one for Anne of the same green wool. Today I bought a pretty plaid to make a little jacket to wear with it. Also enough for Anne.

We are so lazy that we haven't gotten the box off yet but hope to tomorrow. It is a hard package to do up because we are sending rugs - sheep skins - one for you & one for Eva, & Tis - also a little change purse for you of "nonato" (un-born calf - it means "not-born") We'd like to send more but will send another pkg later & then plan to bring a lot of souvenirs when we come. You'll enjoy the rug by your bed it gets cool. I'm sure it won't reach you for your bday - but you know I'll

be thinking of you just the same. We are sending it all to Eva with each pkg. marked so she will send your rug & purse on to you.

Is Jollie there by now - If so, give her a hug for me. Poor darling - she certainly has made a big place in your heart, hasn't she?

On Thurs. we took Tita to hospital for her last analysis for her allergy. The dr. gave me a prescription for her. I took her to her Dr. yesterday - Dr. Salaberry, & he found her all right. But to be sure of her getting enough sun, etc., we are going to give her 15 violet ray treatments. To see her you'd never know she'd been sick. She runs, jumps, shouts, & plays all day. She is very talkative. She says very few things but is so winsome. We really know what she wants. Now she has a doll fever, & Anne does, too. They play sweetly together. Anne loves her kindergarten so much. You'd love to hear her say her verses in Spanish.

We are O.K. finally from our awful flue! We really had a bad time for a while.

The dr. has given me a diet to see if we can avoid the awful sick headaches. I have to eat a lot of fruit, vegetables, & salad (lettuce, tomato, etc), broiled meat, cheese, some bread, & milk. This is the first day & I feel much better. I get along all right without starches if I can have bread (brown bread).

How are you feeling? Have you gained any weight? Have you found a Baptist Church? We see in The Commission [Baptist magazine] that our Board has a Chinese Language School there in Berkley. Have you ever heard of it? Why don't you subscribe to The Commission? Write to Foreign Miss. Board, Richmond, Va. You'd enjoy the articles.

I love you so much, my darling, and thank you daily for all you have been, are, & shall be to me & mine. May God bless & keep thee, dearest one, J.A.

June 21, 1943

Dearest Daddy:

Rc'd yours of June 6 Sat. & I was so glad to get it. Your new set-up sounds good. I hate for you to have to get your own meals but maybe it wont be so bad. I'm glad you like your job. It sounds might good. Hope you can manage to save some. We have a hard time trying to save. There is always something. Prices on everything have gone up & the dollar has gone down. We get 4 pesos & before it was 4.20. But we really have an abundance of all the necessary things. It just bothers me that we spend so much, tho.

Well, I am thrilled to death over my diet the doctor gave to cure my sick headaches. I have felt better than I have in years in just these few days I've tried it. I may have: 1 qt. milk, 4 to 6 raw fruits, 2 pieces of broiled meat, butter, whole wheat bread, fresh cheese, egg, salad, & boiled veg. You see he took away all starches, sweets, & gravies etc. I feel grand & hope I'll be free of headaches. I was having one almost every week. And I always felt stuffed even if I didn't eat much. It was the starches, I guess. When I saw the diet I thought I'd have indigestion all the time with such things, but I have had the slightest bit & feel wonderful.

The children are so-so. Anne has had tonsillitis since Fri. & has been in bed. Tita has a slight cold. I started the Violet ray treatments on Thurs. They are supposed to help her general condition. I am busy sewing. Am making a grey wool dress for Anne & me & also a plaid short coat to go with it - one for us both. I don't know when I'll finish them.

Fay is as busy as can be. He works too hard. As Secy. of the Mission he has a lot to do.

Fay writes:

I wrote you a couple of weeks ago about the revolution that we had down here. Things are all settled down now. As Julia says, I stay so busy with all these irons I have in the fire that I don't get much time to write you or my other folks. We enjoy your letters a lot, especially when they indicate that you are satisfied with what you are doing. Am sure that you see a lot of activity there on the Wet Coast. The folks write that P.C. [*Panama City, Florida*] is really on the boom with the shipyards. When are you going to write us what you are doing?

I preached last night in one of our oldest churches, right in the center of town. It is in a section like the French Quarter in N.O. [New Orleans] The pastor is the president of the Seminary. In spite of my trying to study at the University I hope to help open another mission station on the north side of the city soon. The class work is steady at the Seminary.

We are not getting to do much street meeting though due to the rain, cold, and other things. The work in Hurlingham goes slowly but surely. The boy who works out there reported a good crowd yesterday. We'd like to see it organized into a church.

Winter has come in with cold and more rain today. Wish we had some of your spring and summer. Am sure that California is pretty. Jack was in S. Francisco for a year you know. He liked northern California very

much. Write us about what you see. We think of you much & pray the Lord's blessings on you, Love, Fay



*Sidney's birthday was July 8th*

July 1, 1943

My Dearest Dad:

I was so glad to get your letter telling all the Georgia news and that you are in a tent!! It is so cold here today that I can hardly imagine a tent being comfortable anywhere in the world, tho I realize that you are in mid-summer there.

I must write to the Georgia folks. It has been a long time since I wrote them.



We have had such bad weather for a whole month, now - rain, cold, rain, cold.

For 9 days it rained constantly. We almost mildewed! Anne doesn't have school when it rains, so you can imagine what a time we've had with both children in the house all day. I've managed to sew a lot. I've almost finished our dresses, still have the coats to make.

The package is still here. It is big - and with all the rainy days we've had, it has been impossible to get off to town with it.

I like the idea of your settling down on 'a farm after the war. You're always wanted that, and I think it is such a healthful life. We will be home in a little more than 2 years now. It hardly seems possible that we've spent almost 3 here.

I'm sure you've received the pictures by now. Eva received hers the 16th of June, and you wrote the 14th, so I'm sure they came in a few days. I haven't heard from Minnie Lee lately, but wrote to her.

The Freeman's, our missionaries in Tucuman, are here on a little visit before they fly next Friday. They have only 1 child, Louise, who is in the States in College. They are quite thrilled over going, of course.

Our Mission Conference is August 3-5. The Carlisle's will be our guests. We can hardly wait to see them as well as all the others.

Hope you are feeling good and that the home-cooked food will help you. Give my love to Nerine as well as Uncle Jimmy and family. Hug Jollie for me!

Fay sends love, and so do the gal babies.

Write soon and know that I love you more dearly everyday.

Always your baby, Julia

July 6, 1943

Happy Birthday, Dearest Daddy:

How I wish could be greeting you in person but since I can't I make this a very hearty "saludo" to you on your 53rd. May God grant you daily strength and many more useful years in His service.

I am a little concerned about the picture that I sent. Eva got hers June 14. You wrote the 20th & still had not rc'd. them I can't understand. I do hope the letter was not lost. I can't remember if I sent it to Spruce or Walnut. Why don't you trace it? It left here May 26. I remember well the day because I came home from P.O. & went to bed with flue.

We had 2 Seminary boys to eat with us Sun. They both had birthdays on Sat. so we invited them to lunch on Sun. They happen to be 2 of our favorites.

We are expecting 2 single girls & 1 single man as new missionaries to arrive soon. Our Mission Conference will be Aug. 3-5. We are looking forward to the Carlisle's coming. They will be with us again.

Doña María has gone to stay with her sister for awhile. We just can't afford 2 servants & she is getting a little old to be patient with children. Or, rather, she had a complex about Anne's hurting Tita. She wouldn't even let them play for fear that the baby would hurt herself! Doña Graciana does well with the housework & cooking.

I had a wine colored suit knitted for Tita with a little straight cap, with a point. She looks like one of the little seven dwarfs. She is a doll. I'm still taking her for Violet rays. She is so fat, she is really in an excellent condition, I think. Anne does well at Kindergarten. She is very smart and so enthusiastic about everything. She can certainly ask hard questions sometime.

Fay doesn't have classes at the University this month so he is a bit freer. We enjoy his being at home a little more [*classes at the University were suspended during the "revolution"*]

Where do you go to church? I wish you could find a good, spiritual place to attend. I know you miss that from home.

How is tent life by now? I hope you'll enjoy it. I'd love to see that Jollie!

We are having many good things started by the new president.[ *Pedro Pablo Ramirez*] All rent has to come down. Food prices are lowering a little. Some companies are increasing salaries, also. There is a lot of dire poverty here.

Well, my dearest, must say Goodnight. WE are huddled around the fire so can't imagine you are very hot there. May God bless and keep you. You know we love you dearly. The gals send love as well as Fay. Love to Nerine and the others.

I am always your baby, Julia

July 19, 1943

Dearest Daddy,

I was so glad to get your letter today. But I am so worried about the pictures I sent to you. Go back to Walnut and Spruce Street or to P.O. and ask about them - as I sent them May 26, and you should have received them by now. I sent a picture of Tita by herself, and one of me with both girls. I surely hope it isn't lost. If so, I'll send you some more.

Well, we are busy now thinking about the Conference. We are trying to plan where we can put the Carlisle's. How we do enjoy our house - especially our upstairs bedrooms. They are so full of air and sun. I've described before how all the houses are built close together - for instance, our patio wall is the wall of the house next door, etc. So we think our rooms upstairs with windows, etc. are extra nice.

We've had gorgeous weather for over a week now. It has been almost as hot as summer time and such pretty sunshiny days.

Sunday a week ago we went to Hurlingham, and we enjoyed it so much. We are having such good services. The owner of the hall where we have the services has been saved, as well as a lady and her daughter who have been coming regularly for quite awhile.

I finally finished our dresses and coats for Anne and me. We wore them Sunday.

Fay took our pictures so I'll send you one when they are developed.

I wrote the Askew's of your change of address so they will send the package to 8th Street. I hope you will be comfortably settled there.

Witt is feeling good these days. Anne still loves her school. She has a boyfriend now. He is a little boy from her school. She says that they are going to marry, and that "we'll have a brunette baby like him, and a blonde one like me!" How about that for 4 1/2 years, or almost 5! I should say! Can you realize that we have a child almost 5 years old! I can't!

Fay is so busy. He has so much to do as Secretary of the Mission. We are thinking and praying about moving into the interior. There are so many needs. There are great ones here in the city, but somehow we feel the urge to go into the interior. We may not do it yet - pray with us about it.

I'm glad you found a good Church near. Be sure to go every Sunday. I'm glad you like your work. Do take care of yourself.

I haven't heard from any Anniston folks lately.

Must close and write to Ruth Carlisle about their coming over.

Be good to yourself and always know how very much I love you, my darling one.

Your Julia

Sunday July 25, 1943

My Dearest Darling:

Yours of July 11 arrived yesterday, and we were utterly swamped. Fay had the pleasure of opening the letter, as I was at school. My! what a wonderful surprise - But really, you shouldn't do it, Dad. Are you sure you could spare it? It certainly came at a good time. We were in debt for doctor bills for 100 pesos, and we'll have a lot of extra expense next month with Conference on. Fay wants me to buy myself a good dress. This week the best store here, Gath and Chaves (an English store), is having their winter sale, and I can take advantage of it, and get really nice things at a great reduction. So we certainly are grateful. You know that \$50 brings 200 pesos, so really it amounts to a wonderful gift. We've wanted to get Anne a doll for a long time, but we also hated to spend the money, so we'll get her and Tita both a doll and also some much needed winter clothes. Tita has to wear sweater and pants all the time. The ones I bought in the fall are getting too little from so much washings. So you can see how much we are going to enjoy all those pesos, that your \$50 bring. Of course, I'll tithe it, so I'll have 20 pesos to use in the work.

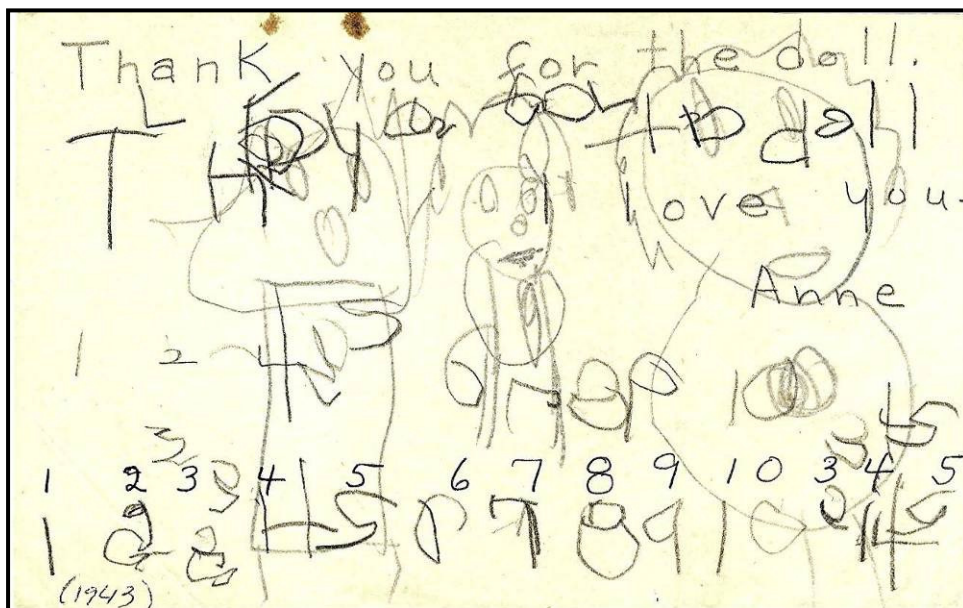
Well, if it isn't one thing, it is 2 with us! You know I've told you about Fay's headaches. He has had 2 "number 2" analysis, and the 2nd one revealed that he has 2 kinds of parasites in his intestines that cause what is known as amebic dysentery. He has 4 and 5 bowel movements a day, and is always very thin because of so much elimination. The doctor is giving him several medicines and injections, so he hopes to get rid of them. He feels fairly well - gets a little nervous sometime because of irritation. Don't worry about him as he will soon be all right, I know.

A week from tomorrow the Carlisle's arrive, 5 strong. I am entertaining all the ladies of the Mission on Monday afternoon at our annual meeting. The

Conference lasts Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The Carlisle's will stay over for a few days after the meeting.

If you didn't get the pictures that I mailed May 26, please let me know so I can send you some more and registered so you'll be sure to get it.

I haven't heard from anyone from Anniston in a long time.



Anne wants to write to you and show you how she can make numbers. She is so thrilled over the doll. We hope to get them tomorrow.

Thank you again, my dearest One, and I hope you are feeling well and happy.

Remember to pray for us, and love us as we love you.

Julia

August 8, 1943

My dearest Daddy:

Just a note as I want to send you the pictures again, as they weigh so much I'll have to send only a few lines.

We surely enjoyed getting the things that your \$50 brought. Thank you again, my dear.

I'm so sorry that the pictures were lost the other time, but I'll send these registered and hope they arrive safely.

Well, we had a very good mission meeting. The Carlisle's are staying over for a few days to visit. Betty and Jean have both been sick, and Ruth has been rather tied down. It has been a strain with meetings all day long and all the care of the house. As usual, we'll be glad to get back to normal. School begins (or rather the last semester) on Tuesday, and I'll be busy, busy.

How sweet your last letter was. Am so glad you are finding a good church home.

One of the girls here in the block is interested in the gospel and went to church with us this morning. Pray with us for her. I feel that I do so little of real witnessing. Pray for me that my life may be more fruitful.

Well I'll stop here and write a long letter in a few days as I didn't write last week. Thanks again for the money and hope you enjoy the pictures.

Much, much love, Julia

August 19, 1943

My Dearest Darling Daddy,

Such a time as we have had! I don't remember how many Carlisle's were sick when I wrote to you last, but Jean, Ray and Robert got sick on Sunday, August 8. Then on Tuesday, Bobby and Anne went to bed. We had a real hospital. It was hard on all of us. I don't see how Ruth managed to wait on all 4 of hers so faithfully. Jean and her daddy had an infected throat and flu. Bob had sick stomach spell - vomited for 2 days! Anne had tonsillitis. They couldn't go until Sunday (supposed to leave on Tuesday). Finally, they managed to get off even in a down pour of rain. It was too much to expect that we would escape. My throat started hurting on Sunday night. Monday Tita had sore throat and fever. The doctor came to see us on Tuesday and put us to bed. He said we had flu, but a milder case than



before. Tita still feels below par, but I'm up and about. Fay is all right physically, but so overworked. He was named Secretary of the Mission again, and he has had a lot to do. You can imagine how we've been these days with ~ guests, and 4 -of them sick!!

We've taken a little girl (orphan) with us for awhile until she can go to live her sister. She is a sweet little girl - 12 years old and helps me out with the children. She was living with a young girl who works as a servant, and the girl couldn't keep her with her in the place she is working now.

We are all thrilled over the prospects of buying an electric ice box cheap. A couple is returning to the States, and will sell one for 300 pesos. Ice is so high, and we just have to use it as it is so hot in summer. We don't have it yet, but I hope we can get it. We can cook for more than 1 day at the time, etc.

I certainly hope the pictures arrived all right. I sent them last week (August 9) by Fay to mail, and he forgot to register the letter. I was so mad at him, but there was nothing to be done. I hope they arrive, tho, without being registered.

The papers and magazines came OK last week, and thank you so much. We enjoyed them a lot, and Anne was so thrilled over the funnies.

I hope you make the trip with the Boy Scouts. I think that would be wonderful.

We just love boat travel. We may take an excursion trip to Paraguay in the spring. You can get good rates on the boat, and it would be a very restful trip, and we'd like to see something of the work there.

We'll be happy to receive the picture you've had made. Anne has a cute one of her school group that we'll try to send you. Of course, we think she is the cutest one of all! She is a smart little miss. Anne and her classmates.

*Standing, second row, middle*



Well, I'd better get busy. I have so many things piled up since Conference time.

I'm going to speak at a Y.W.A. meeting Saturday afternoon and have to prepare my talk. Do pray for us as we try to serve here. May God bless and keep you ever near His precious side.

Fay sends love as well as the girls.

Yours, Julia

S

september 6, 1943

My Dearest Daddy:

(Am sending picture of Anne's school group by boat.) How glad I am that you finally got the pictures, and am glad you liked them. We had the one of Tita enlarged, and it is so cute. Yes, those are the suits I made for Anne and me.

Well, my dear, I guess you are wondering about why I haven't written! We've all been sick again. The day the Carlisle's left, Tita and I got sick with flu of the throat. Fay followed us on Thursday. Then Anne had trouble with her tonsils continually during August. Tita developed a terrible bronchitis last Tuesday, and gave us a scare. The doctor really gave her the medicine and got her OK in a few days. Yesterday was the first day that she came downstairs for a week. Doña Graciana has been sick with a bad case of grippe [*flue*] for 10 days. Will probably come back to work tomorrow. It was really a struggle with no help and Tita upstairs sick. I nearly ran my duck legs off I've had trouble with hay fever this month, too. But, thank Goodness, we are all better now.

You know last Wednesday was our Anniversary, and we spent it in the sick room, just as we did last year. You remember I had my attack of appendicitis. Fay's birthday is next Sunday and Anne's the next. Miss McIlroy is going to take Fay and me to tea at a swanky tea shop for our birthdays on next Monday.

I'm grateful for the little news of the Georgia folks, and am glad that Minnie [*Minnie Lee Powell*] is going to write to me. She has not written us for a long time.

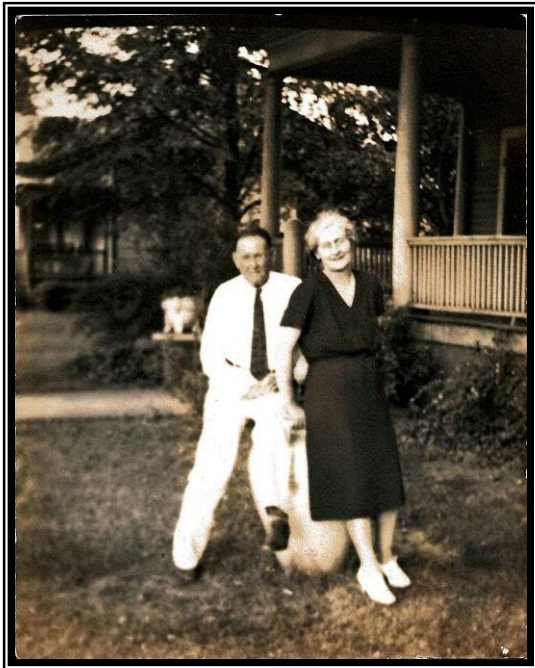
Tomorrow afternoon I hope to go to Hurlingham to the W.M.S. meeting. The work is going nicely now. We hope to spend some time out there this summer.

After severe cold, a terrible heat wave, a cloudburst of rain for a day and night, we have a gorgeous day. It is sunny and just cold enough to be invigorating. I'd love for us to go out a little while, but guess we'd better keep Tita in a few more days.

Our neighbor girl, Aida, and I went to church last night where Dr. de la Tane is pastor. He preached a wonderful sermon. Aida is very interested in the gospel. She is 20 and has never liked the Catholic religion, and is so enthusiastic about the Bible lessons in S.S.[*Sunday School*], etc.

Yes, I've heard of Appleman, tho I've never heard him preach. Fay is so busy as always. He has the work of 2 men, really.

Tita is so bad and spoiled since she has been sick. She is a sight - still slow



to talk. I have the picture of you and mother in a frame together and in our bedroom. Every day when she is in our room she says over and over "Daddy-Mama", and I try to explain what daddy and mama it is.

Well, my darling, I hope you are feeling good and have a good vacation. Do take care of yourself. I think of you every day and love you, oh, so very much. It passed the Censor that you work for Kayser!

Always yours, Julia

September 14, 1943

My dearest Pappa-Daddy:

Thank you so much for your nice letter of last week with Minnie's letter in it, the clippings and the picture of you and Jolly. I want to write to Virgil and Gene and Rozzy [*her cousins - Virgil John's children*]. Hope you are feeling good. We are all well of colds for the first time in weeks.

Last week we had several really hot days then Saturday a brusque change and now it is very cold. This is our March, and you know how changeable the weather can be.

I went to Hurlingham this evening to the W.M.S. meeting, and tonight we are having a little meeting here at the house with all the missionaries to celebrate Miss Mae's birthday and also her 20th anniversary in Argentina. She has been such a sweet friend to us. She is a fine person.

Doña Graciana returned last Friday after a 2 weeks absence, and I'm really glad to have her. The house is so big and scattered that by the time I cleaned it and got the meals, I was whipped down. And I had no time to do the things that I'd like to do.

We are making friends with the neighbor girl, and she is so interested in the services. She is mighty fine. Her name is Aida.

There are several students who want to get married when school is out, and I'm going to be very shameless and ask every one at home to send me money for them. School closes in November, so save up some pennies and send me a contribution when you can. They just have nothing, and it takes a lot to get married here. Nestor, "our boy", hopes to get married in the summer, and I especially want to help him.

Can you realize that our little old red-head will be 5 years old Sunday? I'm having a party for her on Saturday night. She is so thrilled over it. Fay's was last Sunday. I didn't do much for him as he is not so strong on observing "days and seasons".

We are thinking already of our vacation. I guess we'll go some where. The doctor wants us to go to Cordoba (in the mountains) and spend a month, at least. But we hate the 12 hour trip to get there, etc. I don't know exactly what we'll do. We didn't go anywhere last year, and we really would profit by a change.

Fay is still enjoying his studies at the University.

I want to write Minnie a long letter also the Hamilton's as we haven't written to them in ages.

Did someone write you that Julia Heathcock's husband died in July? He had 2 operations close together and didn't recover. She is expecting another baby in November. Minnie said she was mighty brave - but isn't that sad. Poor girl. I wrote her a note of sympathy. [*Julia Heathcock was a high school friend*]

Well, guess I'd better close and study a bit. There is always a job waiting for me.

I'm giving my class an exam tomorrow and have to write the questions.

Hope this finds you feeling good. Do take care of yourself and remember each day how very much we love our dearest Daddy.

Your baby, Julia

Sun. Night, Sept. 26, 1943

My dearest Daddy:

Thank you so much for your letter that came Friday. For several weeks now they have arrived on Friday, which is pretty good, thinking of the distance.

Well, we've had another very busy week. Tuesday was a holiday, "Students Day", [*In Argentina schools close the 21st of September and students have a holiday*] so we took the day off and went to Hurlingham. We rarely take Tita out on a trip, so we decided to take her along! She enjoyed it immensely. We visited a bit, and then went to a restaurant for lunch where there were tables outside, and had a very restful hour there. Then after a few more visits, we returned home. On Wednesday, Mrs. Ramsour and I went to see Mrs. McDonald, missionary among the Jews, who has a new baby. On Thursday and Friday, I went to the doctor's office, and Saturday we went to visit the Marteris who work with the Salvation

Army. So you can see it was a full week. I told Doña Graciana that I wasn't going out a time this week!

Miss McIlroy, my faithful friend, has moved out of this neighborhood and did me the favor (?) to leave her boarder with me. She is Lida Salnicov, the girl who works in Floresta Church. She will only be with us temporarily, as she hopes to be married soon. She is a very fine girl and is marrying one of the best Seminary boys. They will go to the South to work. They have nothing on which to get married, but hope to be able to, somehow.

I was going to the doctor for the children. I've wanted to give the Anti-Diphtheria shots to Tita for a long time, so finally was able to this week. Then, we've decided to have Anne's tonsils out as they have bothered her a lot this winter, and the tonsils are enlarged. The Mutualist Association of Evangelicals has good doctors. We pay 5 pesos a month and get service of all kinds of doctors. The ear, nose and throat specialist is very good, and will charge us only 25 pesos (instead of his usual 100 pesos!) because he is of the Association. She is taking calcium and will have to have a blood test, then, we'll set the date. The doctor's office is near, and he will do the operation there. I hate to have them out with her so little, but she keeps on having trouble, and the doctor says they should come out. Fay had his out when he was 6.

We had such a sad experience yesterday. They phoned from Rosario (5 hours from here) saying that Mr. Hawkins, our missionary there, had had a very serious operation for ulcerated stomach and was not expected to live. We talked among ourselves here and agreed that one of us should go, and Fay was the one who happened to have no preaching engagements for the weekend, so he went. He phoned me this evening and said Mr. H. is holding his own, and there seems to be a little hope. Miss Willis, our new missionary is a nurse, so she caught the train



today and went up to help nurse him. Fay will come home tomorrow, he said. I always miss him so when he is away.

You'd laugh at Tita's temper. She is a little spitfire. She has every bad little habit that babies have ever been known to have. She spits, pulls hair, and bites! How about that? Anne was just not ever babyish, and Tita is a wonder to us all. Tita is as sweet as sugar when she wants to be and very sensitive, but that temper! (She is very much like her ma - ha!ha!)

After waiting for about 7 months, we finally have a telephone. We are so thrilled over it. Our number is 67-2146 if you ever want to call us. I wish it didn't cost so much to phone home, but it is terribly expensive.

Well, -I'm as sleepy as a nigger, as you would say, as I didn't sleep so well last night, so I think I'll try to rest a bit. Thanks for all the news in Lucy's letter. Hope you are feeling good. Do take care of yourself and know how hard I love you every minute. May God bless and keep you, my own dear.

Julia

Sun. p.m., Oct. 10, 1943

My dearest Darling Daddy,

I hope you are fine this beautiful day, and that you are having as pretty a day as we. It rained all last week! Yes, today was the first pretty day, and so we are reveling in the sun today.

On Thursday we had Anne's tonsils out. It was such an ordeal. They didn't put her to sleep - gave her cocaine (in the throat, not even an injection). Of course, it was a terrible nervous shock to Anne. She didn't lose much blood and has felt pretty well since. Of course her throat is still sore. Today is the first day up. She behaves well. I wish you could see her tonsil! The doctor said they looked like a grown person's, and it is true. They were huge. Next year she will have to cross town in the school bus to go to school, and I wanted them out now so she wouldn't

have to miss so much. It was hard on the parents, too, to have to hear Anne scream. It was more from fright than pain, but it was bad.

Well, Fay is threatening to leave me! For a long time he has wanted to tour the north, and now Bill Cooper is going and wants Fay to go with him. I'm glad he can go with someone. I'd love to go, but it would be very hard with 2 little gals. They will probably go about November 10, and be gone 3 or 4 weeks. It gets too hot later for travel in the north. We still hope to go away on a vacation, too. Probably in January or February. I want to make preserves, etc. at the first of the summer. Doña Graciana has consented to stay in our house if we want to go on a vacation.

I'm trying to sew. I made cute robes for the girls this week. I bought pajamas ready made for Anne - size 7- and it is a perfect fit. Can you imagine that? We had a very sad letter from Hilda today about Jabie. He is quite sick with kidney poison. He can't eat at all and has sinking spells. They are quite concerned about him. Remember him in your prayers.

On Tuesday we have a big meeting planned. All the S.S.'s [*Sunday Schools*] in town will meet in the afternoon in a big hall. I'm sorry that Anne can't go, but she'll have to be in a few more days. -

I finally wrote to Minnie Lee after so long a time. We want to go get out a general letter for Xmas.

On the 16th we shall have been here 3 years. How the time has flown. How many changes we've experienced, no? The on coming 2 years will pass by very rapidly. We'll be there before you know. What big grandchildren you'll have, Grandpa! Anne is such a big ole girl. Tita gets cuter every day. She goes to S.S. now and doesn't act too wild. She still doesn't bother to talk. She is a cutie. Today Anne said, "When I get big I'm going to get married and have a daughter. .. but not one like Tita. If I had one like Tita, I'd spank her."

Carlotta will be with us until December, as well as Lida. We enjoy helping others, but get rather tired of having so many people in the house.

Hope you are feeling good and that your work goes well. Keep well, take care of yourself.

We think of you constantly and love you so dearly. May God bless and keep you, my dear One.

Yours, Julia

Sat. a.m., October 23, 1943

My dearest Daddy:

I hate to have to begin with apologies but: I wrote week before last (or last week really), and gave it to Fay to mail. He carried it in his pocket for 2 or 3 days, and then told me he hadn't mailed it. With one thing or another, it wasn't mailed until Monday, so I'm terribly sorry that you will miss a week without a letter. On Monday a week ago, Manuela Quiroga, one of the students who married at the end of school last year, came over from Uruguay. She had written me and asked if she could stay here a few days, as she was coming here to meet her 15-year-old sister to take her to Uruguay to live with her. I said yes, of course, tho we already had a house full, thinking it would be for 2 or 3 days. Well, she is still here! She had some trouble getting permission to take her sister, as the sister is a minor. They hope to leave Monday. The sister came Wednesday, but she is staying in the Institute. You know how much confusion there is with a house full! She and Lida, the girl who is living with us till next month, are good friends so they sit around a lot and talk, so we've been half-crazy with the confusion.

On Sunday we took the 2 new missionary girls to Hurlingham. It was a hot day, and we nearly fell out before we returned because we took Tita, Anita, and Carlotta, our 12-year-old orphan girl!

On Monday Fay took Anne and me to town to lunch to celebrate Anne's birthday, mine, and our anniversary of landing here (October 16). We enjoyed the day. Later we shopped. We passed a window full of little chickens and ducks so I bought 3 chickens and 2 ducks for the children. They are thrilled to death to look after them. We have a little yard and a good enough way to raise them up to frying size, anyway.

I have been sewing a lot this week and have a lot more to do. I found some bargains in remnants and bought them for the children.

The bundle of papers came last week. We enjoyed them a lot. Thank you for them!

Eva wrote last week that the package had come, so I guess you'll be getting your rug soon. She wrote that Jabie is much better. But his trouble is his heart, and he has to be in bed 6 months. They say he is taking it very well. He has always been so active it will be hard on him, I know.

Minnie, Ruth S[*sinard*], Mrs. Powell, and Susie sent me \$20 for my birthday which I appreciated very much.

Did I write you about our missionary in Rosario, Mr. Hawkins, being very ill? He had an operation for ulcerated stomach and is still in a very delicate condition. He is missionary for 3 big provinces (states) and can't even leave the city now. So we are faced with the problem of sending someone to take his place. The Ramsour's and we have both offered. Since the R's are in the Seminary, and do that job so well, we hope that the mission here will vote for us to go. It would mean moving to Parana, a beautiful city in the state of "Entre Rios" (Between the Rivers). It is one of the oldest sections of Argentina and just across the river from Buenos Aires. The work in the interior is suffering so for lack of workers. Of course, we are needed here, too, so we'll wait on the Lord. If we should go it would be summer before we make the move.

For once, we are planning a real vacation. There is a wonderful YMCA (Fay is a member here) Camp at Sierra de las Ventanas, just a 9 hour trip to the South. It is not so high, and we have never taken a vacation, and the doctor wants Tita to have a complete change for at least a month - preferably in the mountains.

Well, your letter just came of October 11 - 12 days - that's pretty good, no?

Last Saturday was our 3rd Anniversary here. The 2 new missionaries brought us a beautiful silver cake plate. Fay gave me a pretty silver tray for my birthday. Our neighbor girl, Aida, brought me a lovely bunch of flowers. Our cook gave me a big package of cookies, Lisa a box of candy, another friend a bunch of flowers, and Anne and Tita a little pitcher apiece. I have a lovely collection of little pitchers.

I want to write to Aunt Minnie and all of them, but it seems so hard to find time. Anne will be thrilled to get the book.

The Hamilton's daughter, Zula, has a baby boy, born in September. We are going to have a revival meeting in Hurlingham next week. The work goes along rather slowly, but surely, we hope.

We expect the Quarles' just any day, now. They are supposed to have left New Orleans the 16th of October. The Gillis' will return soon, too.

Well, it is time for me to go to class, so will close. Fay is up to his neck in work, or he would write. He sends much love, as well as the 2 brats!

Much, much love to the sweetest daddy a girl ever had.

Your own, Julia

Tues. Night, Nov. 9, 1943

My dearest Dad:

I had a letter from you on Friday and another yesterday. It seems that the letter of Friday was delayed quite a bit. The one yesterday was of October 25. I'm

late again writing, and I'm so sorry. Last week we had the full Executive Comm., and Bob Carlisle was with us several days. Then Fay went to the doctor, and he sent him to another, who is a specialist in hemorrhoids. He found that Fay's trouble is internal hemorrhoids. You know he has been under treatment for parasites for 4 months. It seems that the drastic treatment for that has caused the hemorrhoids. The doctor now is giving Fay injections in his rectum to dry up the hemorrhoids. He wants him to have rest, so I'm helping with Fay's classes in the Seminary. As soon as he finishes the treatment, the doctor wants Fay to go to Cordoba to rest. So, I guess we'll go. We shall go around the 22nd of this month and stay until the middle of December. But Doña Graciana will stay here and will send our mail, so you just write here, as usual. It will help us all to go away for a little rest and change.



*The Hawkins*

Well we have some interesting news. I wrote you of Mr. Hawkins' serious illness. Well, he has been responsible for 3 large states, and now he can't even go out of the city of Rosario. He begged the Mission to send someone to one of these

fields. Since the Ramsour's are doing so well in the Seminary, and the Cooper's have a furlough due in April, we seem to be the logical ones to go. And, too, we have felt for a long time that we'd be happier if we were on a field and had closer contact. So we'll probably move in February or March to a city in the state of Entre Ríos, perhaps Paraná. I believe I wrote you something in my last letter about this, but it wasn't official. The Executive Comm. voted on it last week. We are eager to get moved, but the thoughts of actually moving all our junk makes me weary! We'll have to try to buy a car - I dread that. We have 2,000 pesos that we have borrowed here to use in the work in Hurlingham which we can use. We hope to get a Willep. Perhaps we can buy one for 4,000 pesos, Fay says.

I am to speak at the Anniversary meeting of the W.M.U. in La Nus on Thursday.

I am going to speak on "The Ninety and Nine", then as one of the Institute girls sings "The Ninety and Nine", I shall draw that picture of the shepherd reaching down to pick up the sheep. -

I'm busy these days trying to help Fay with his classes and have my own, too.

Tomorrow night we are having guests for supper. A boy from North Carolina is studying here in the University, and Fay has invited him out.

Lida is leaving on Monday to go to her home to get married in December. They are going to Bahía Blanca [*A city in Buenos Aires province, to the south*] to work.

We'll certainly hate not to have Carlotta with us any longer. She is a sweet little girl. We hope that her brother will take her to live with him.

We had a sweet letter from Jabie [*Fay's father*]. He is taking it mighty well about his having to be in bed. They are all so sad that Irma's husband has TB. She writes very nobly about it. She (Eva) said in her last letter that she hadn't been able



to send you the rug yet, but planned to soon. I hope you'll have it by the time this letter reaches you.

Goodnight, my dearest darling. I hope this finds you feeling fine. Do take care of yourself. Know I love you, oh, so dearly, and thank God daily for the privilege of calling you father.

The babies and Fay send love.

Your baby, Julia

Fay writes:

Nov. 9, 1943

Dear Sidney:

It is all settled now about our moving. We wrote you about our possible change.

We had a full meeting of the Executive Committee of the Mission last Tuesday, and it was voted then that we take up the work in the two provinces of Santa Fe and Entre Rios. All of the brethren were sympathetic about the needs on those fields, and were glad that we felt the call to go and try to fill some of those needs. We asked the Board of Education that governs the Seminary and Training School to free us of our obligation to them so that we could make plans to go. They have given us their kind consent, and now it is all settled but the moving. The faculty is going to give us a "Going Away" service on Friday and also a function of some sort another day.

There are quite a few things to be done yet before going. The first thing is that I have to get well of my

parasites. Just now am taking a treatment for hemorrhoids that will continue for some two or three weeks. After then we hope to get away to Cordoba for a rest of about three weeks. When I last visited my doctor about my trouble with the intestinal parasites, he told me to go to a specialist on intestines, etc. They both think that the "bugs" are dead, but that they damaged my "innards" somewhat. Dr. Urcaray, the same one who treated Martha Witt, is the specialist. He is giving me injections in the colon to cure the hemorrhoids. This treatment ought to clear up all my intestinal trouble he says. Then, just as soon as he gives us the "all clear", we are packing up for Cordoba. We are all just so tired. It would be foolish to try to undertake anything as important as our new move without recuperating somewhat from this last year's strenuous work. We hope to get moved sometime in January to the field.

Just now, we don't know where we are going to move. We should like to move to the city of Paraná in the province of Entre Rios. Paraná is the capital of the province, and is a



lovely city of 80,000, situated on a high bluff overlooking the broad river of the same name that flows on down and joins the river Uruguay at Buenos Aires to form the Rio de la Plata. The church in Parana needs some help. From that town one can work out in the province with the idea of extending the work as time and opportunity permit. It isn't settled that we shall go there though. We might seek a place in one of the towns on this same side of the river. We doubt if we could find a better place to live than Parana though. That city is about 350 miles north of B.A. It isn't in semi-tropical territory, though just above it that part begins. We should be in a very modern city which has excellent schools.

We shall need a car. Though we expect to have some work in the place where we live, we want to travel throughout the two states as much as we can. There are about 10 churches already established in the section and much promise of new work. We shall want to visit those churches, hold study courses, revival meetings, etc., as well as penetrate new towns with the gospel. I should like to have a loud speaker attached to an automobile, so as to preach in the open air in these new towns. Pray for us that we may be prepared physically and spiritually for these great tasks that lie before us. We feel mighty unworthy of being ambassadors for Christ in those extensive fields. We

need your prayers and interest. Though we leave some things behind that are precious to us, like the work in Hurlingham and the student evangelism, we believe that the Lord is going to fill our time with just as precious activity for Him in the months to come.

Don't forget to write us often. We'll keep you informed of what we are doing in these days.

We love you very much, Fay

November 17, 1943

My dearest darling:

What a week we've had! Last Thursday I had a meeting of the Women Missionaries to vote on the workers among the Institute girls. In the afternoon I went way out to La Nus to a W.M.S. 6th Anniversary meeting, and I spoke - gave a chalk talk on the "90 and 9". Then on Friday morning the students gave us a farewell service, and Friday evening I went to the dentist. Monday I had another meeting, and yesterday the faculty gave us a farewell service at the YMCA building. We hope to go to Cordoba next week and stay 2 or 3 weeks. Fay needs a rest and the doctor says Tita needs the mountain air. It is a tiresome trip, but once there everyone says it is marvelous. We'll stay in a house the Cooper's have. There is a nice creek right by the house and all kinds of ways for the children to have a good time. I know we'll enjoy the rest. Then perhaps we'll move the first part of January. Parana is a beautiful place everyone tells us.

We've bought Anne's Xmas doll. It is very pretty - 16 pesos it cost. I bought it in a doll factory near. We'll get a small one for Tita, as this one is big and too heavy for her.

You should hear Tita talk now. She talks a lot in Spanish, but understands everything in English and speaks it quite a bit, too. She is such a little bad girl.

When she does something she shouldn't, she comes straight to me and loves me and says "*linda mama*" (pretty mama). Yesterday she "stole" a piece of orange peel, put it behind her, and with the other hand loved Doña Graciana and said, "*linda Ana*". She is a little sight.

We haven't heard anything from home lately. The Askew's don't write so regularly now with Jabie sick and also Tis' husband. They have a heavy load. Eva runs the shop. Their address is Mrs. DJ. Askew, Route 2, Box 113, Panama City, Florida.

After lunch ....

Your letter of November 2 came this morning, and I was so glad to hear from you. I hardly know what to advise about the trip to Alabama. It certainly seems like a lot of money for so short a trip. I want you to save your money and come to see us after the war is over. Especially since we'll be in the interior- you'd really enjoy being with us. We hope to have a place on the outskirts of town, and have a garden and chickens, if possible.

We had some boat mail today. Zula Hamilton was telling us about her baby - it is a boy - born September 26. She is in Charlottesville, Virginia. Her husband is in the Army and stationed in Missouri.

The Gillis', who are on their way back from their furlough, are in Lima, Peru. I don't know when they can get on down here. They are coming by plane, and it is hard to get passage straight through. We hope they'll take our house. It is so nice and convenient that we really hate to give it up.

Well, it is almost time for me to go to school. I have to give exams for Fay and also one for me. He is going to the University to take one this afternoon.

Hope you are feeling good. We love you dearly and pray God's comforting Hand upon you.

Always your baby, Julia

November 23, 1943



My dearest Daddy:

Can you really believe that we are in Cordoba?! We are in Carlos Paz, Province of Cordoba, some 30 kilometers from the city proper.

I had never wanted to come, because everybody had always told me how awful the dust was on the train. They don't have screens, and the train trip is 12 hours through pure dust. So you can imagine. Happily, it rained on Sunday, and all the way to Cordoba there was no dust. Weren't we fortunate? The children behaved well, too. Tita slept a little in the afternoon. At Cordoba we took a bus on to here. It is lovely. The mountains begin just out of Cordoba. This morning we'll go on to Rio Icho Cruz in taxi, about 15 k. from here, to a house the Cooper's have. Cooper is a missionary. He is from Mississippi, but has been pastor in Alabama. They have 4 children. They will come up in about 2 weeks from now. I know we'll have a good time. There is a creek on the place with a nice sandy beach for the children. They will love it.

You should see how country we look. We have 2 big suitcases, blankets, 3 little bags, several packages, and a big box of food stuff. But everyone here goes like that.

We spent last night in hotel here in Carlos Paz rather than try to make all the trip in one day. We'll leave now right after breakfast for Icho Cruz.

They have all kinds of pretty woven things for tourists. I want us to buy up a few things to take home with us. Can you believe that in less than 2 years we'll be going home? It hardly seems possible.

We plan to return by Paraná to look over the field and to find a house, if it is possible. We hope to move in January.

Well, this is just a note to say that we are here. You just write to us in Buenos Aires, as Doña Graciana will send our mail on to us.

Bye-bye - Hope you are fine. Take care of yourself, Daddy Boy. The gals and Fay send love and kisses.

Always your Julia

Dec. 1, 1943

My Dearest Darling:

*In the Mountains of Cordoba*

We received mail yesterday forwarded by Doña Graciana, but none came from you. Perhaps tomorrow one will arrive. Mail comes only 3 times a week here! We can send it out every day, but it comes only on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

We had a beautiful ride out to here last Monday by taxi. When we arrived at the Village (store, P.O., etc.) they met us with the encouraging news that the road was impassable, and we'd have to walk the last mile (with 4 suitcases, 20 lb. potatoes, 3 boxes of foodstuffs, a blanket roll, and the 2 kids)! We started out very bravely. Even Tita carried a little bag. At the tip of a high mountain we could see a house in the distance and thought that to be our destination. But, to our surprise, we gave a little turn, and there in the valley below lay hidden a lovely house. We have the East Wing and are very comfortably situated. The Cooper's arrive next week, and we'll leave soon after they come, as we have a lot to do to get ready to move. We plan to return by Parana, and, if possible, get a house. We've written the pastor there to look for one for us. We hope to live on the outskirts of town and have a pony, cat, chickens, etc. for the children. They are utterly wild over all the animals here. The cow has a baby calf not 2 weeks old, and there are horses, a dog with puppies, and a cat. Tita entertains herself all day long with them. The river is



marvelous. It is right below the hill and lovely for the children. It is not even knee deep, sandy bottom, crystal-clear, and huge rocks all about. There is a beautiful white sandy beach. I've thought so much of our trip to Panama City that 4th of July and how mother loved the beach and shells.

. You should see Fay on the old pot-bellied nag with Tita in front and Anne behind. Tita hollers every time her Pa looks at the horse, so afraid he will leave without her. We've all browned well.

We walk over to the village nearly every day for exercise and for entertainment.

There is such beautiful scenery all around.

We had a long letter from Eva and Tis yesterday. Jabie is taking it easy. He is up some and just lounges about. Tis' husband won't go to bed till January. Isn't it sad that he has TB? We hope and pray that she nor the baby ever get it.

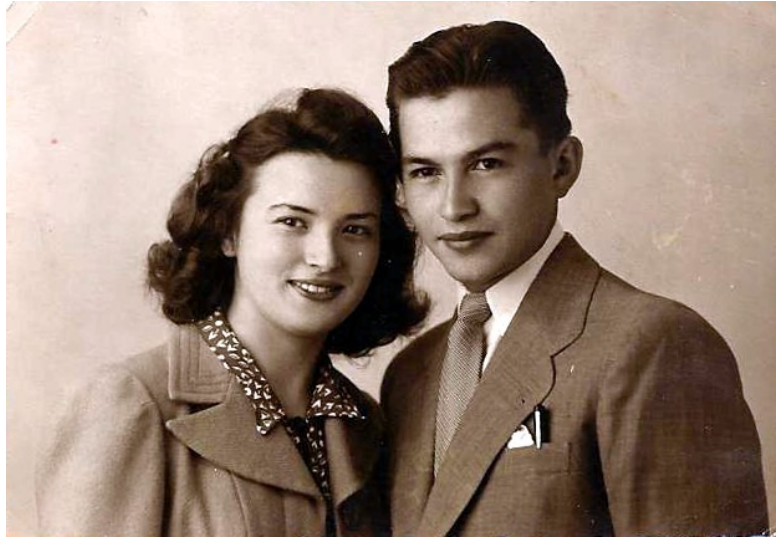
Fay is feeling much better now. I hope the treatments have cured him. He'll have to have another expensive analysis when we return to be sure the parasites are dead ..

We are looking forward to moving so. We'll be in more direct evangelistic work, and will be more to ourselves. The students and the other many contacts in Buenos Aires had us always on the go. We'll enjoy a more intimate family life. I'm sure we'll miss Buenos Aires a lot, especially at first, but it will really be fine, I know. I know that I need a less nerve-wracking life. I don't like to live in a rush.

Well, here ends my page. It's about time for us to make our daily trip. So, hasta luego.

Much, much love my dear darling One.

Julia



*Nellie and Nestor Quintero*

Sunday Dec. 19, 1943

My dearest Daddy:

I know this won't reach you for Xmas, and I'm so sorry. I had all intentions of getting it off sooner, but just didn't. We've had such full days since our return. We are packing, getting off 100 letters (by boat), having some farewell gatherings, getting ready for Xmas, and have a wedding to plan for on top of everything else. Nestor [*Quintero*] is marrying the 3rd. He is staying with us till then. They have exactly nothing, so we are trying to help them all we can. They will work at Paudo, Uruguay. That is near Montevideo.

It makes me sad to think that you would cash in a bond to send us money, my darling. Why would you do it? I realize that even tho your salary sounds high, expenses are greatly increased. The 50 dollars you sent awhile ago is a lot. You shouldn't cash in your bonds. The Quarles have been telling us a lot of the high cost of living at home.

We are trying to buy up some things to bring home with us. You know we'll be home in less than 2 years. We want you to save your money so you can come

back with us. You'd love it here. There is a big Cement Plant (Portland) in Paraná, and if you'd like to work you could probably get a job there. If you wanted to "retire" you could just do so! So many men retire at 45 and 50. They get a small pension and prefer not to work and live on a little amount. It would be wonderful to have you with us. So keep that in your mind. I'd give anything for you to have the joy of the children while they are small. It would mean so much to me to have you near. You are always one of the most beautiful things of my life.

Anne is getting a big doll for Xmas. Tita will get a smaller one. We aren't getting them so much as we are moving.

Monday a.m.....

Had to quit last night as we had visitors. One of the graduates of the Institute who works in Uruguay came by. Nestor came in late for supper, too. He had preached at Floresta.

Fay is better of his parasites, but they have left his intestines in such a state. He has injections for hemorrhoids that are terrible painful. He has diarrhea, too. But he hopes to get well by the time we leave. He is nervous because of the hemorrhoids.

On Christmas day we are having the 2 new single missionaries to dinner. We are eating our ducks that day. In the afternoon all the missionaries are getting together at the Seminary. I wish we could be together that day.

Before we leave we want to have a phonopostal made. I don't know how Tita will do, but she certainly is talking a lot now. It is largely Spanish, but she talks some in English and understands all. She and Anne are sights. They play together much better as Anne gets older. Anne is the leader. Tita love to do as

Anne says, but she also has a mind of her own! They had a Xmas tree at Anne's school Saturday night, and she got a nigger doll and was so thrilled.

Well, must close and go get this mailed. Hope you are feeling good, my dear.

May you have a blessed Xmas Day and a joyous New Year. Your cards came, and we appreciated them so much. May God bless and keep you and make His face to shine upon you.\*

Always your Baby with a heart of love, Julia

New Address:

Calle Cura Alvarez 216, Paraná, Entre Rios, Argentina

*\*[ the quote is from the priestly blessing in the Old Testament book of Numbers 6:22-26 and says: Lord said to Moses,<sup>23</sup> Tell Aaron and his sons, 'This is how you are to bless the Israelites. Say to them:<sup>24</sup> "The Lord bless you and keep you;<sup>25</sup> the Lord make his face shine on you and be gracious to you;<sup>26</sup> the Lord turn his face toward you and give you peace." ]*

December 27, 1943

My dearest Darling:

If our plans work out we'll move on Wednesday or Thursday of this week. I hope you've already recorded our address: (Street) (Priest) Calle Cura Alvarez 216, Parana, Entre Rios Argentina

That is the church address. We'll have to get our mail there for a while until we are known because the house we rented is in the suburbs, and there are no numbers.

We had a very nice Christmas. The children loved all their toys. The Hamiltons sent a box, which arrived the 23rd! There were books, dress material,

patterns, etc. We were thrilled, of course, to get the box. Tita broke the head of Anne's doll, so I took it to the factory today to get a new one. Anne is such a little mother with her doll. Tita realizes that Anne's is prettier, and she is jealous. I bought her a cloth doll.

We are head over heels with moving and so much to do. I can write only a note.

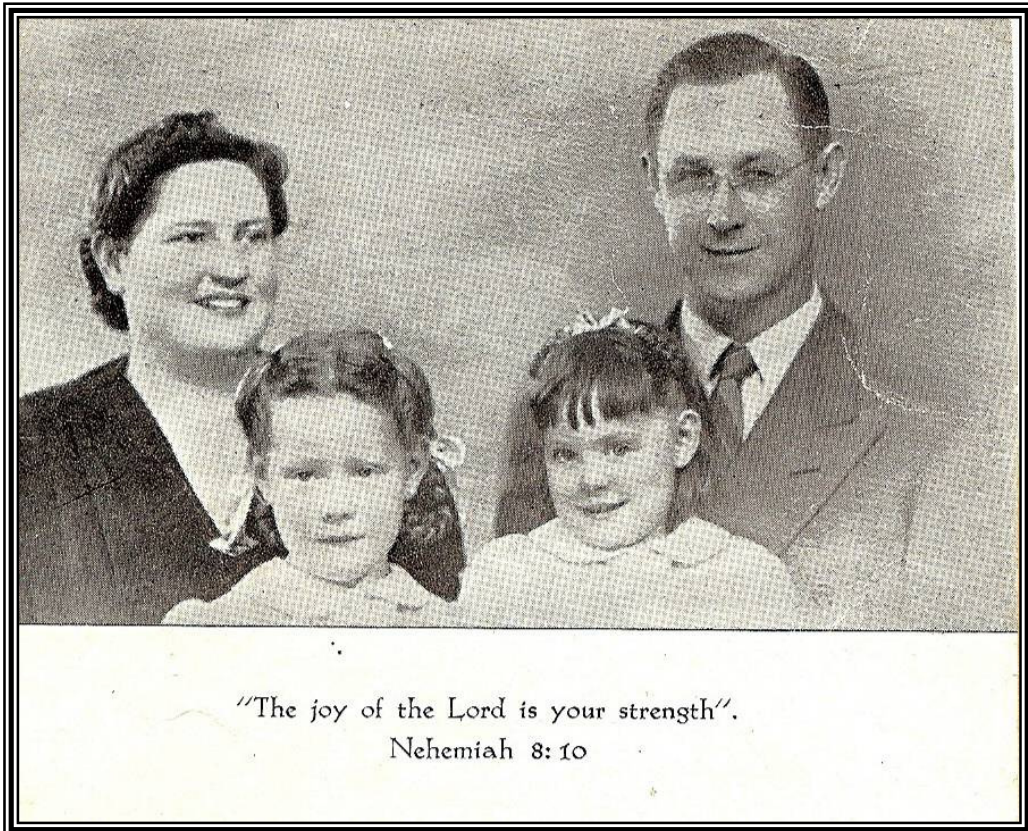
Will you please put the enclosed letter in an envelope and send it Air Mail to the address given? It will save us a peso. Will be grateful. Will write again soon. Hope you are well, Darling.

Much, much love, Julia



*Paraná City Street - 1940's postcard reproduction*



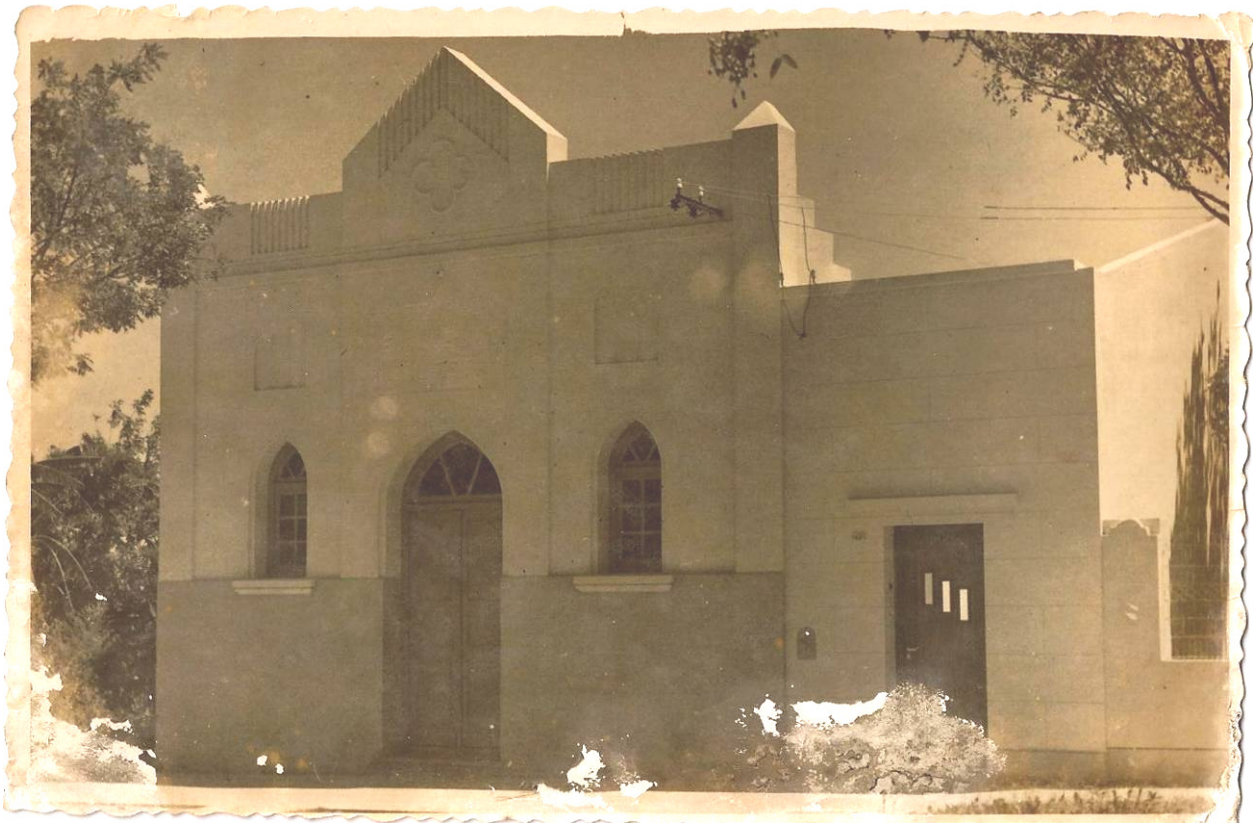


# JULIA

THE PARANÁ YEARS

1944-1945

Julia was eager for letters from home and as she had done prior to her trip to Buenos Aires, she let her father know what her new address would be. Letters could be sent to the church's address at "Cura Alvarez". Ironically the Baptist church was on what could be loosely translated as "Father Alvarez" street as *Cura* is the word for priest in Spanish.



*The Baptist Church at Cura Alvarez street*

In Paraná the couple rented a house called "Villa Blosak" which was in the outskirts of Paraná proper.





*Front and side view of "Villa Blosak"( 1988 photograph)*

Julia and Fay settled in at "Villa Blosak". In the outskirts of the city houses did not have numbers, but names. The street in front of their house was paved - it lead to an Air Force base. The rest of the neighborhood streets were not paved. There were grocery stores within walking distance, a school, and a lovely park. People were friendly and helpful. Most of the residents were second generation immigrants. Julia and Fay had planned to buy a car, but they also bought a horse and cart with which to go into the countryside as streets became very muddy when it rained.

Julia continued with her church work and traveled to nearby Uruguay and Paraguay to visit with other missionaries. Fay was busy with his large territory of two provinces [*Entre Ríos and Santa Fe*]visiting churches.

In March Julia writes her father that she had had a miscarriage of three months. There had been a baby lost in Buenos Aires during 1942. That had been what was then called "an abortive pregnancy" with a fetus born which today would probably have had a chance of survival. Julie knew that it had been "a little boy" as she said, and had hoped to have another little boy, but it was not to be. All told Julia suffered three miscarriages as well as the abortive birth of her "little boy" in 1942 for whom she would always mourn.

The 1944 letters end May 7th. Fay writes a public letter on September 19th, 1944 in which Julia writes a paragraph, and then there is one letter written by Julia in January of 1945.



*The main town square, 1940's*

January 3, 1944

My dearest Daddy:

We left Buenos Aires earlier than we had planned. The Gillis' were in a big hurry to move so we got out as soon as we could. We packed on Thursday, took a train at 5 p.m., with sleeper, and arrived at Santa Fe [ *Capital of Santa Fe province, right across the river from Paraná*] at 5:30 Friday a.m. There we ate breakfast, crossed on the ferry boat and arrived at Paraná about 10. The truck of furniture met us in Santa Fe so we all crossed together. We had the misfortune to arrive in rain, but it didn't damage the furniture, I don't think.

You can imagine the terrible task we've had. However we've managed to get everything more or less straight. Tomorrow a girl is coming to see me about working for us. She will live in.

You can't imagine how swanky we are with our electric refrigerator. My, but we are enjoying it. We are also buying a new stove. We have the dining room with the kitchen, so we want it to be as nice as can be. You'd love our back yard. We have 6 chinaberry trees, besides orange, mandarin [*tangerine*], lemon, apple, chestnut and plum. We plan to have a small garden and also a few chickens. The neighbor lady in the other yard has chickens to sell. She also has a lot of ducks. The girls love to go to the fence and watch the chickens and ducks. She gave us a kitten today. There is another one, too, so the Mother crosses him over and serves lunch to both of them. The children have played with them all day.

We are going to like it here a lot, I think. There is such a lovely breeze all the time. The climate will be about like Buenos Aires, but more pleasant because we are in the suburbs.

I hope you are well. I had a letter about Dec. 22, and you said you'd write the next day, and I haven't received another letter. They are going to forward mail from Buenos Aires, so it will take several days for it to arrive. You said in the last

letter I had that you had had the flu, so I've been concerned about you since I didn't hear. Do write at once. I pray that you are all well by now.

Tita has just awakened so I'll have to get her up. Remember to pray for us in these days of new activity and new responsibility. May the Lord smile upon you and bless you and keep you, my very dear one.

Fay and the children send much love.

Always your very own, Julia

*[In with Julia's letters to Sidney there was the following letter from Mary Lou and Lula Claxton]*

Anniston, Ala-  
January 18, 1944

Dear Sidney:

We all received our Christmas gifts and were awfully glad to get them. It was so sweet of you to remember us so nicely. Dad especially told me to let you know how much he appreciated his money. I have to do all his writing for him.

We are all well and enjoying this pretty weather we have had for three days.

You said something about Julia and Fay moving. Where are they moving? Minnie didn't seem to know anything about it.

I'm glad you are getting fat around the edges and you need some fall all over. I got a notice that the Christian Digest got my order for you except had it Mrs. S. J. Reaves. You can drop them a card and tell them you happen to be Mr. Reaves. I don't know why they got it wrong. Write and tell me how you like the Christian Digest. We like it fine here. I sent it to Ruth Shoemaker for eight months and she liked it fine. Billy Mane is leaving soon for the Army. Doesn't seem possible that all the kids are old enough to go to the Army.

Do you still take the Anniston Star? If you do you will see how many deaths we have had lately. People dying with heart trouble so many of them.

Come on with that photograph (if you did not break the camera) I'm anxious to see it.

Lots of love,

Mary Lou

(over)

Dear Sidney –

I appreciated your nice gift. I do like the handkerchief. I do think of you so often and Julia and those children. Would like so much to see them. Tell Julia I pray for them and their work.

Love –

Aunt Lula



*The downtown post office where Julia and Fay rented a "casilla"*



*"Casilla" is "little house" it means a Post Office box*

*Casilla 815*

Paraná entre Ríos

January 18, 1944

My dearest Darling:

You can't imagine how glad we were to get your letter of Jan. 3 yesterday. About Dec. 20 I had your last letter! In it you said you had the flu and had had high fever, etc .. You also said, "If I'm able I'll go to town tomorrow and send you a check ... " Well, nothing came until yesterday, so I've just been worried to death. I interpreted the silence to mean that you were sick still since I've never missed over 10 days hearing from you. I have written every week. I wrote about Dec. 15, then Dec. 22, then the 29th, and here I mailed one around Jan. 3, and another last week! We hadn't heard from Eva for about a month, and I haven't heard from Minnie Lee since my birthday, so all in all, we've been really worried about everyone at home. It was such a relief to hear from you and to know that you were not sick. Eva said they were all well, too. Except Irma's husband has TB, you know, and they think he may have to go to the hospital for a while. Jabie is about the same, [*he had had*

*problems with his kidneys*] I think.



Well, we are still liking Parana. I hope you can come to be with us here. You'd love our country home. It is lovely. We've bought 25 chickens, we have another dog whom we've christened "Jolly" (a little black female), and a mother Angora cat, Perla, with her baby child, "Misifú". We have quite an establishment. A man is going to give the children a pony, and Fay plans to buy them a little cart.



This is the little cart. It was named "Happy Days". The pictures were taken in 1946, and in 1947. Anne, "Tita", and John Askew



We were very fortunate in finding a servant just a week after we arrived. She is of German descent, lives near, and is 17. I didn't much like to have one to live in all the time. She comes to stay with me when Fay goes away. He went over to El Trebol [*A town in the Santa Fe province*]and about from Wednesday till Friday night of last week. On Friday he is leaving to be gone a week. Of course, I miss him a lot, but I'm glad for him to be out in the work.

I've been sewing some for the children. They get so dirty here because they play in the yard a lot. Anne is about well from her infected mosquito bites. She scratches them, and they don't dry up as they should. I doctor them twice a day.

They are making me President of the W.M.S. in the church here, which I appreciate. I'll enjoy working with the women. Two of them live near us. They are sisters of the-pastor' s wife. He is a boy who finished the Seminary the first year we were here. He married a local girl, and she is very sweet.

Your trip sounds wonderful. I'm so glad you could go. I hope you are completely well of your flu. You can't imagine how concerned I was. Perhaps mail



has been lost. I can't imagine why I didn't hear for so long. And I do write every week. Perhaps with the heavy Xmas mails we each had letters lost.

Have you heard from the Georgia folks or the Anniston ones lately?

Do write soon, my very dear. It was such a relief to know that you are well. Is this your 30th Wedding Anniversary? Much love from Fay and girls.

Always, a heart of love for my dearest Dad, Julia

Casilla 815  
Paraná Entre Rios  
Jan. 23, 1944

My Dearest Daddy:

On Wednesday I had a long letter from Minnie which I was happy to get. She had been visiting Naomi [*Minnie Lee's younger sister*] in Birmingham. Naomi hadn't been so well so they had spent Xmas in Birmingham instead of Naomi going to Anniston. She told me that Gussie was home for Xmas, and that Lola Bright talked with her. I must write to Gussie.

Fay left Friday to be gone until Wednesday. I miss him so much when he is away. But, I'm glad for him to go as that is his service for the Lord.

They have elected me W.M.S. President here. I'll enjoy working with the women. Fay plans to buy a pony for the girls. They love horses so. When we were in Cordoba they went riding with Fay. He wants to get a little cart for them. He says we can all go riding in it.



*The Caselton family, August 4, 1945*

There is one other North American family here in town. They came here from Brazil. Her husband works with the Portland Cement Company here. They have 2 little boys. I plan to go to see her on Wednesday. She seems to be very nice. She is from Indiana. There is an English school where we plan to send Anne. They'll also send their little boy who is 6.

Anne is such a big girl. Tita is a great big thing, too. She talks well now. They are both turning into country girls. They enjoy the yard. I show them your picture and talk of you. I was thinking last night of that time when you were shaving and sang, "I'm going to be an old maid" for Anne, and she'd say, "Sing it again," every time you finished.

Have you heard anything from the Georgia folks? I wrote them a boat letter.

Less than 2 years till our furlough. I home we can come by boat. We'd like to go by Chile, come up the West coast, and go on to California, if you are still out there.

Not much news but I just wanted to get this weekly epistle off. Guess you read about the earthquake. It was certainly a tragedy. It is a long way from here - near the Andes Mountains.



*View of the earthquake damage San Juan which destroyed the city*

Write soon. Your letters mean so much, my dearest. Take good care of yourself. Love to Uncle Jimmie and Aunt Belle and the boys [*Sidney's older brother, James Hendrix Reaves had moved out to California with his whole family*].

All my love, Julia

Casilla 815  
Parana – Entre Rios  
February 7, 1944

My Dearest Daddy boy:

Received your letter Jan 16 last Monday. So glad to hear from you. Sorry you couldn't enclose the clipping, as I'd love to know more about Hugh Frank's being married. [*Hugh Frank Smith, her college friend*]



*Fay at the Mission Meeting, seated 3rd from left*

Fay went to Buenos Aires last Monday for the meeting of the Ex[ecutive]. Comm[ittee]. of the Mission. He came back on Thursday with presents for all. He brought us some magazines, candy for the children, etc. and a lot of Buenos Aires news, which we loved to hear. The convention meets in B.A. in April, and we both want to go. I don't know whether we'll be able to or not.

The two new missionary girls are coming to visit us the latter part of this month while Fay has to be away again.

I've been sewing - made aprons for the girls, and a cute little cool dress for me. It is so hot here. We've had a heat wave of tropical air for more than a week. It is just hotter than you can imagine. Today there is a little bit of breeze, but we have really suffered!

They've made me W.M.S. President, and I hope to do some visiting this p.m. in interest of the W.M.S. There are a fine group of women who belong.

The Orrick's are leaving for home the 10th and are going to California. I'll write you their address, and I'm writing them to look you up if they go near Berkeley.

Your letter of Jan. 24th just came - so sorry about Jollie! Isn't she a shameful one! Hope she won't have a hard time with her "pregnancy".

Fay and I have a good time in our country home. We have chickens and get 3 or 4 eggs a day. He loves to water flowers, etc., and hopes to make a fall garden. From the crop of weeds we had, I know the ground is fertile.

We, too, are counting the days till we go home. We'll just have 1 more Xmas here. The other one we'll spend in the good old USA. We plan to make the trip with the Carlisle's.

Write every week, my dearest Daddy. Love from the girls and Fay, and a heart full from

Your Baby

February 21, 1944

My dearest Daddy boy:

Last night when I went to church, Mrs. Patrón, the pastor's wife, gave me your letter of Feb. 7. Perhaps you haven't received the letter I wrote saying that our address is Casilla 815. That is a P.O. box. Sometimes the ones in the P.O. put it in the box even though it has Cura Alvarez, but other times they don't remember and send it on there. We go to the P.O. every day, so be sure to send it to Casilla 815.

I hope Minnie has received my letter by now. I wrote to her 2 days after I got the check. I wrote her a long letter. Will you please write to her at once and tell her I received the money, and I'll write to her soon. Perhaps she will get the letter even yet. I hope so as it was a long one I wrote.

Well, we've had a house party!! The 2 new missionary girls had planned to come up to see us this month. So along came Mrs. Margrett, the director of our Institute in Rosario, a widow, and Mrs. Goldfinch, wife of a missionary in Salto, Uruguay. All four arrived Friday night. Mrs. Margrett left this a.m., and the other 3 will go tomorrow. I've enjoyed them so much. Fay left Thursday a.m. to be away till Wednesday of this week, so they've kept me company.

Last Monday we moved the bedrooms over to the other side of the house, and now we have so much room It is really a little too much, but better to have too much than too little, no? We want to get a couple to live in if we can find a good one to keep me company when Fay is away to help look after all our "stock"!

Which leads me to the big news item - we have a pony. She is a 1 year 4 month old, and so gentle. Her name is Muñeca, ("Doll"), and she is a lovely little beast. The children love her so. We've bought a little cart so as soon as we teach her to pull, we'll have a nice way of getting about.

I'm sure I've mentioned the Orrick's to you. They are veteran missionaries in Montevideo and such fine people. They have gone home - left the 10th. They went to Madisonville, Texas, but soon plan to go to California to visit Mrs. Orrick's father. They've promised to try to see you. Their address in California will be: 3710 Donald Avenue, Arlington, CA. I don't know whether it is near or not to Berkeley, but why don't you write to them and try to see them. They are just about the finest folks I know of. They have no children.

This is Carnival (Mardi Gras), and they really celebrate here. It is all so foolish but that shows the ways of unregenerated mankind. Are you still going to

the Baptist Church you mentioned? I hope you find a good church home and find some time to enjoy spiritual contacts and fellowship there.

I hope to go to our Convention in April in Buenos Aires. If Fay and I can work it out, I have a part on the program, "Jesus, as a Missionary".

Hilda and her husband have made a trip to Texas to visit her in-laws. Irma's husband who has TB is better. Jabie is also better. They are expecting Jack home for a furlough soon. He has been in foreign service over 2 years.

Well, must close. Did you get my letter asking about how you'd like to live here in Parana with us? Save up your pennies and come down when the war is over. We can't wait to come home. Write often. Hope you are feeling good. Pray for us as we for you. May God bless and keep you, dear Heart.

All my love, Julia

February 29, 1944

My dearest Daddy:

Received yours today of Feb. 13. I am so glad to know that you are well. We are all feeling good these days, too. I tell you, this country life is wonderful! We have our garden plowed and ready to plant Friday. We plan to have turnip greens, onions, lettuce, carrots, parsley and some beans. We'll probably have to kill off all our little chickens as they insist on getting out of their yard.

Today was our W.M.S. meeting, and we had such a good one. I enjoy working with the women. Next Tuesday we are going to have the meeting here in our house. First, we plan to have a Bible Study, from a Schofield leaflet. Then we'll have a social half hour and give the pastor's wife a stork shower.

On Thursday we are having the Caselton's, the North Americans who work in Cement Factory here, and the Anderson's, Swedish but speak English, who



work there, too, out to tea. They are very fine people. The Caselton's have a little boy, 6, who will go to a private English school with Anne.

On the 17th the whole family is going over to Las Rosas [*in the Santa Fe province*] to a meeting of all the churches of the Association. I want to make a dress for Tita and one for Anne to wear on the trip. I'm weaving a little sweater for Tita.

Fay was away for the weekend in Rafaela [*Santa Fe province*]. He had a good trip. Our servant girl stays with me when Fay is away. She is very sweet. We have two good dogs so I feel very safe.

Next day ...

You'd love our pony and cart. Fay is having to teach her to pull the cart.

We are having a hard rain and we really need it. It will be fine to prepare the ground for our garden. I do hope you can be with us and enjoy all these good things. The Lord is just too good to us. We have so much, really. The only sad thing is that we are so far away from the dear ones at home.

We are making plans for our trip home. We hope we and the Carlisle's can go together.

I've got to cook - we are going to have fried chicken - wish you could drop in. Take care of yourself. May God bless and keep you, my dearest Dear.

Julia

Dear Sidney:

Am enjoying my work as "country missionary" fine. Wish you could make some of the trips with me. I am hoping to visit some colonies of Jews soon. There are many of them here who live in towns that are completely Jewish. I hope to travel throughout all this province

and, if it is the Lord's will, open some new work in at least a few towns.

We love our home and have a good time with the chickens and horse. You would like Parana. We think of you so much and long to see you.

Love, Fay

If nothing happens we hope to bring you another little Argentine when we come home - a boy, if possible. It is due in September. Am feeling fine. Pray with us that all will go well, if it is His will.

Love, Julia

March 13, 44

My dearest Daddy

I don't know how the days slip by so! I realized Sat that a whole week had gone by & I hadn't written. We had complained of not having company - well, when it rains it pours. The son of the pastor in Rafaela spent the week-end with us & a girl who is native missionary in Uruguay also ha here one night & day - Then on Tues. I gave a stork shower for Mrs. Patrón, our pastor's wife & had a lot to do getting ready for that. Then, I had done too much & ended up the week with a terrible sick headache. Fay has to go over to Rafaela (just 3 hrs. away) tomorrow just for a day.

We've been awfully busy, too, trying to find a school for Anne. There are several which teach Eng. but who don't teach 1st grade. Mrs. Caselton, the other N. American lady here is trying, too, for her little boy who is 6. We may have to get a private Argentine teachr & I give them both lessons in Eng. They can't go to Arg. school because they don't receive children under 7.

You should see our pony and cart! They have finally taught Muñeca to pull & it is too cute. We want to take a picture of it & send you. We are really a "cart" full when we all pile in.

I can't imagine Uncle Virgil [*Johns, her mother's brother*] married again, can you? I hope they'll be happy.

Did Minnie ever get my letter? I must write to her again.

I am making a dress for Anne & me & one for Tita. I had planned for all of us to go over to Las Rosas next week-end but expect it will be better for me to stay here. This is my third month & since I've had one miscarriage I want to avoid another. If it is a boy we've thought about the name of John Newton (Fay's grandpaw) & a girl Fay wants it to be Felicia Winnelle. We could call her "Fe"(Fay). I'd like to name a boy Sidney but they don't allow Eng. names - only names that can be translated, so I'll plan to get me a little boy "on a furlough"

The children send much love to their granddaddy. Fay does too.

By the way, did you get a letter from me with a letter to the Saturday Evening Post asking them to change our address?

Must close - forgive me that I didn't write sooner -

All my love, Julia

Monday, March 21 1944

My dearest Daddy!

I have sad news. On Friday I lost the baby- or had a miscarriage of 3 months. The doctor says my womb is weak from the experience after I was operated on. I had felt so well, tho, and was so sure of having no trouble after, hemorrhage, etc. I feel well, for so soon after. The dr. wants me to wait a year before getting pregnant again, and thinks that by taking vitamins, etc. I can have

another baby. We are so sad about it as we wanted a little boy so badly, or a little girl, either! But we have learned to trust in the Lord explicitly, even in things like this. In general I'm as strong as can be and feel fine. It is just that the womb is weak.

We had a letter today from the Peterson's from Rosario. You remember they came down on the same boat with us and he works for International Harvester. They are coming up to see us next weekend. We plan to kill off our 2 ducks in their honor.

I was glad to get the clippings about Gussie and Uncle Lewis. Can you imagine Gussie saying all those things she was quoted as saying? I really can't fancy her as a W.A.A.C. I wrote to her not long ago.

*The following is a clipping is from The Rock Hill Herald (South Carolina) and appeared on April 4, which features Gussie: It says: " WACS CAN PICK BRANCH OF ARMY -Recruiter Here today To Interview Local Girls on Service.*

Women who enlist in the "Women Army Corps" now have the advantage of selecting their branch of service, initial post of assignment and specific job. *Lt. Gussie Heifner* who heads a recruiting group of four WACs now on duty at the Rock Hill post office, pointed out today.

Lt Heifner and her aides arrived yesterday from Charlotte and were to remain on duty at the post office all day today to interview applicants interested in joining the WAC. The WAC recruit joining the forces now may choose the army air forces as her branch of service Lt. Heifner said.

"In the army air forces a WAC helps train the men who fly the nation's fighting planes. WACs are radio operators, link trainer instructors, and parachute packers. They make weather observations, dispatch planes repair bombsights, and make aerial maps" she pointed out.

“In the army ground forces, a WAC is on duty at the big training centers and schools for the infantry, cavalry, artillery, and armored forces.

In the army services a WAC helps in the transportation of fighting men and their supplies wherever they are needed”

*Julia continues:*

Yes, we sent out the letter, [*this is in reference to 100 Christmas letters she had mailed and mentions in her Dec. 19, 1943 letter*]but I'm afraid the fishes are eating it, as we've not heard from anyone who received one as yet. We mailed them the latter part of Dec. I do hope they finally get there, tho, because it is so much work to get out over 100 letters.

Anne went to her private teacher today for the first time. She liked it but had rather play than work! But as soon as she gets accustomed she'll like to learn, I hope. The teacher said that perhaps she'll be reading within a month. .

This afternoon Anne and her pa went out in the little cart. The horse even acts like she likes to go out now! At first she didn't want to learn to pull. But once she was dominated, she does well. Anne just loves to go with her daddy. I don't let Tita get in it without the girl to hold her. I never rode in the cart because of my "condition", but I can go now.

The doctor in Buenos Aires had told me that I should take injections when I became pregnant. So I immediately went to the Doctor here. For 2 months he gave me 3 series (costing about 50 pesos!). Then the Dr. had to come several times when I was threatened (losing blood)- he was in hopes that I could keep it. He even said, "How sad after spending so much and wanting a baby so - to lose it", and as we said - those who don't want them can't get rid of them sometimes, and those who want them so badly can't get them. But we won't question the wisdom of our

Lord. It does hurt, tho, - I'd love so to have another baby before going home. You know I'll be 30 in Oct.! Can you imagine?

We, too, are thrilled over going home. I only hope the war will have ended and we can go by boat.

Glad you went to church on Sunday. It is really much better than getting a sermon by radio, no? Well, it is getting late, and I'd better get to bed. I wanted to let you know right away about our loss. Pray for us.

We love you so. Every night we talk to the children about you, and they, too, remember you in their little prayers. May God bless and keep you.

Always your Baby, Julia

March 27, 1944

Dearest Daddy:

Had your letter on Saturday, and was so glad to hear again. I am feeling fine. I stayed in bed several days and then after I got up I went in to see the doctor. He examined me and found that I was OK, but very irritated inside. He gave me 4 suppositories for the vagina, and after using them I feel much better now. I know I must not overtax myself for awhile because I'm nervous and will be. However, I feel much better than I expected to.

The Peterson's came up on Saturday p.m. and stayed till yesterday. They seemed to enjoy everything so much. They have an apartment in town in Rosario, and so this was just real country for them. We ate the 2 ducks for dinner yesterday, and we are so happy to be rid of their "quack-quack". Now we have only hens besides 3 roosters, that we plan to eat. Fay took the Peterson's to SS [*Sunday School*] in the little cart. I didn't feel up to going. They left at 6:30, and we went with them to the port. I was rather tired last night as I hadn't slept so well on Sat. night. Today I've rested a lot, so I feel better.

I'm so disappointed that I can't go to the Convention. Fay will leave on Sat. (April 1) to be gone a week. But I still won't be strong enough, and it would be so hard to take the children.

Anne just loves her school. She can write one word already. It is "ojo" (eye - pronounced "o-ho"). She practices her letters every day. Tita sits by her and says the letters that Anne writes!

How cute that you dreamed of them. It is my fondest wish that you come back with us. It would mean so much to the children to have their granddaddy around, as well as to Fay and me.

I hope Jollie gets along all right. I guess she'll be quite a case with her babies.

Hope she gets along OK.

We just heard Lum 'N Abner on the Mail Call program on the Radio. We always listen to the Los Angeles programs. Fay is going over to Rafaela (3 hours away) tomorrow for a few days [*Rafaela is a town in Santa Fe province*]. I always miss him so. The servant girl, Irma, stays with us when he is away.

Will leave some space for Fay. Good night, my love. Hope you are well.

Always much love, Julia

Dear Sidney:

How would you like to return with us for our next term? We have been thinking about how much we would like to have you, and how much you would enjoy it here. You begin to plan to return with us (if they will let you in the country). You make up your mind, and I can visit the Immigration Office to try to get you in. You



can rest assured that our home is yours, and you will be happy with us.

Thanks for the papers and letters. Glad you like California. I should like to visit it. If you are still there we might return by the West Coast if the War is over also.

Pray for us, as we do for you.

Love, Fay

April 8, 1944

My darling Father:



Happy Easter Greetings to the dearest daddy in the world. I'm sorry I didn't get a letter off the first of the week. On Saturday we went with Fay to get a boat for Buenos Aires to attend the convention. On Sunday we spent the day with the Grinovero's. *[Seated on the right is the "nonno" Grinovero, or "Granpa" called that by all of the congregation as he was the pastor's father in law. Two of his daughters lived near Julia in the Gazzano neighborhood.]*

It was late when we got home, and I was worn out after a day of visiting. On Monday, Anne awakened with a cold and felt too bad to get up, so I had her in bed all day. Late in the afternoon I went to see my doctor to pay him and for him to see me again. He found me all right. I'm still weak and nervous, but much better than I expected to be just 3 weeks after the miscarriage.

We've missed our Daddy so. He is always so gay and cheerful - he is really the life of the household. I've sewed a lot, got winter clothes ready to use. Winter is

really setting in. Yesterday was hot, but early this a.m. it began to rain, and it is now cold and windy.

Everyone here makes so much of these days preceding Easter. Yesterday was the big feast day. No meat was sold at all. They bake little pastries with fish and vegetables and eat those instead of meat.

I can't imagine Gussie's loving the WAAC's so, can you? She is some Gus! I'm glad she got my letter. You didn't ever get our general boat letter, no? We are sorry. It is discouraging to get out a letter and then know that they never arrive. I know we'll find everything so changed. I, too, hope the war ends so we can go by boat.

We plan to go to the boat tomorrow to wait for Fay. I want to go to church tomorrow night. There won't be S.S. here in Grinoveros. When it rains it is impossible as there is only a dirt road that is awful mud when it rains. It is amusing to us that in all the section, they have no meetings when it rains, but when you see the mud you don't wonder. We have a paved highway in front of our house and take the bus right at our door, so we can go and come without getting muddy, for which we are glad.

I'm so sorry about Jollie. Poor little thing, but I know you are glad it is over. I was worried about Jollie since she was so old. Have you heard about the quintuplets here? They were 8 months old before they were discovered. The parents are wealthy and didn't want publicity. They are cute looking. It is B.A. where they live.

When the Peterson's were here, they took 2 pictures of the children in the cart and pony, so I'll be sending you one as soon as we get them from them.

We are having a kerosene shortage here. I have to use charcoal nearly all together, and it makes me so sad. It is hard to keep a good steady fire, and too, it is so dirty. But, when there is nothing better, I have to be contented.

Well, guess I'd better be signing off. 'Scuse please that I didn't write sooner. I'm really truly sorry the days slip by so fast and are so busy. However, that is no excuse really, and I'm sorry. I hope you haven't been worried about me. Don't worry. I'm strong and am feeling good. The doctor thinks I should wait a year before getting pregnant, so I guess I won't have any more till we come home because it is just 1 year and 5 months till we come. We've always said we wanted one on a "furlough" so we'll have to get us a little Sidney there in the good ole USA.

Much, much love, Julia

April 26, 1944

My dearest One:

So glad to get your letter yesterday. We are leaving today for 4 days trip in Santa Fe Province. We're taking the children, so I'm snowed under getting all ready. But I wanted to drop you a word before we get off.

We are all well. The trailer sounds interesting, but will you like living alone? It sounded like a bargain.

We had 6 women from Santa Fe yesterday in a women's meeting. Had a very good meeting.

Must fly now - sorry not to write a decent letter, but just want you to know we are all well.

Ever, ever lovingly, Yours, Julia

Casilla 815  
Paraná Entre Rios  
May 7, 1944

Dearest Daddy:

Fay wrote such a clever, interesting letter (to Eva) about our trip. I was busy when he started it, and didn't think about his making a carbon copy. So, he asked

them to send it on to you. If they do, I wish you'd send it to Minnie after you read it.

Well, we had a wonderful trip, really, tho the return almost got us! May 1 is Labor Day here in Argentina, and the one day when buses, taxis, etc. don't run, so we had quite a few troubles before we finally reached our abode.

It was a joyful experience for me to visit the churches of North Santa Fe Province. I plan to go back sometime later on a teaching tour. Today we had planned to go out to Ramirez (1 1/2 hours from here) to a big German church to spend the day. But we've had steady rain for 3 days so the roads are impassable. We'll plan to go another Sunday soon. On Wednesday I plan to go to Rafaela [*Santa Fe province*] for a 3 day study course with the women.

The children are fine. Tita has developed so much lately. We hope to get our pictures made soon. Since we can't get films we have to resort to the photographer.

Wish you could have been with us for lunch. We had baked ham, fresh greens from our garden, hominy, egg noodles (homemade by my neighbor, Mrs. Basso), cake and coffee. Oh, and good hot biscuits. I have a good little oven. The only trouble is getting kerosene. Yesterday we managed to get 5 quarts.

Fay is feeling better. He has had a series of injections for parasites, and now is taking liver shots for anemia. He loves to work in his garden, and take his little pony and cart out. He loves it better than the children!

Later.. .. At the above juncture I stopped to go to church. We have night service now at 8 p.m. We went to P.O. before meeting and to my joy found a long letter from Minnie Lee and from Ruth Sinnard. She mentioned that the boat letter came 3 months after we sent it [*the 100 Christmas letters*]. I'm so glad. I hope all of them arrive safely.

We hope you will be saving your money and have plenty "laid by" to come back with us. Don't buy a trailer - when I watched the children playing with the father of the young pastor in EI Trebol, I could imagine how wonderful it would be for the children to have you, and more for us. I just can't leave my babies with servants (overnight, I mean) and there are times when we do need to make trips, etc. It would mean so much to us to have you with us, dear heart. We always want a big house and yard so we can have garden and chickens. You'll enjoy that, too.

Minnie says Aunt Mat [*Aunt Mattie Claxton, who lived with the Lewis Claxton family in Anniston died on January 9, 1945*] is not well. Poor, old soul. I guess she won't be there when we go home. This year will really pass quickly. I do pray that we can go by boat. We are trying to buy up some trinkets to take to all the friends. It will be so much fun to go the rounds of relatives and friends. What do you hear of Uncle Walter? Where is Orba Lee [*his brother James' daughter*]? How are Henry and Virginia, Catherine, [*Virgil Johns' children*] and Margrett?

Want to save Anne a little room for her to write something. Write soon. Fay sends love.

All my love, Julia

Casilla 815  
Paraná, E. R.  
Argentina  
Sept. 19, 1944

Dear Friends:

It hardly seems possible that we shall be going home to the States just a year from now. Since we are finishing four years of service in Argentina this month we still have only one to go before completing our first term. Though we shall be so very glad to see our families and friends in so short a time we are not too

busy making plans for our return trip. Rather, we are trying to put all our prayer and energy in making this year the best year of all in witnessing and living for Christ in Argentina.

Since we left the Seminary and moved to Paraná to have charge of the North Santa Fe and Entre Ríos provinces, we have had more blessings than we can count. We found a house in the suburbs that has proven to be a great blessing so far as giving us the fresh air, rest, and quiet that we needed after living more than 3 years in Buenos Aires. All of us are in the best of health now. Wish we could send a picture of our horse and cart which we use to visit the members of the mission station near our house who live in the country. The enclosed picture will give you an idea of how we look. Martha Witt is new to you. Anne celebrates her sixth birthday today and can read both English and Spanish. She is in first grade this year in Argentine school.

Our first work on taking over these two fields was to visit all the churches. How we have enjoyed visiting the churches of Santa Fe, Rafaela, El Trebol, Carlos Pelligrini, San Jorge, María Susana, Las Rosas in Santa Fe province and Concordia, Paraná, and Ramirez in Entre Ríos. All our family has been to visit these churches various times. We have learned much of the life in the "camp" [*campo*] as it is called here. In Santa

Fe most of the people are of northern Italian descent, being tall and very blond. In Entre Ríos most of the people are of German-Russian descent or are creoles. Among the blessings we have had in the work are these:...Several young men of the Sta. Fe church have answered the call to preach and are offering themselves as workers. One was ordained last Sunday to go to El Trébol [*Santa Fe province*]. The debt has been paid on the Paraná bld. and we are busy now remodeling the old house that had served as a temple. all the churches are making a serious effort towards self support. We had good summer evangelistic campaigns and a new work was begun in Piamonte [*Santa Fe province*]. We hope to open more new work this year.

**Julia writes a paragraph which Fay transcribes and inserts in the letter. She describes a trip to Uruguay, and then Fay continues the letter:**

I, Julia, have just returned from a 2 weeks trip to Uruguay. I was able to visit all the churches in Montevideo, Pando, Salto, and Belén. It was an inspiration to be with the workers and believers in this neighboring country. In several places I met new converts and felt with them the joy of their salvation. I am grateful for the opportunities I had to witness while there. My heart was made to burn within me as I saw the terrible results of sin, broken homes, couples living together without benefit of wedlock, illegitimate children without number, want such as I'd



never seen before. Surely the Gospel Message is needed in these fields.

I, Fay, saw many of the same things while on my trip to Paraguay in July. Besides visiting the work in the Chaco and in the province of Corrientes, I made a boat trip to Asunción, Paraguay. It was a real privilege too to go about 50 miles in the interior to visit the Mura family. Pray with us that the new work we are planning in our Mission for Paraguay will prosper. Just now Misses Willis and Counselman are there investigating the possibilities. The Goldfinches, who are in the States, will accompany them on this new project. We still have large sections in Argentina where we should send missionaries and other workers. Though the Gospel is preached in the larger cities, it is the interior, or country sections that suffers for the lack of the "Living Water".

Pray for the spiritual needs of the River Plate countries: Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay. Pray for us, that we may be "chosen workman" and win many to Christ in this our last year before going home on furlough. Be sure to write us. We know you have to write to those in service, but remember too those in His service,

Your in Christ,  
The Askews

January, 1945 Tuesday P.M.

My dearest Daddy:

I didn't have a letter from you for 2 weeks, and as I kept waiting to hear from you, I let the days slip by without getting a letter off to you. Too, we've had the Bible School and I've been awfully busy. Last Monday the 2 Chito girls came over from Santa Fe and we started to work. We visited all the families around here and invited the children. On Wednesday we began with 23 children. We got up to 32 one day. But we averaged from 25 to 27. The children show a lot of interest and are well behaved. But it is quite a job with the girls here; it seems that we don't finish eating till it is time to start another meal!

Well, the Qunitero's (Nestor) have a little girl born the 11th of January. We hope they can come next month to see us before they go west to Mendoza where Nestor has a pastorate. They are with Nelly's family in Buenos Aires now.



Fay has been feeling mighty bad for a week. I guess his parasites are bothering him again. He complains of his tummy and upset condition in the intestines. He'll have to go the doctor if he isn't better soon.

Tita is quite well again, but so bad. We've had to punish her a lot since she is better because she wants to be spoiled and self-willed.

Yesterday we all went to the beach. It was hot in the sun but there was a nice breeze. The girls liked to play in the water.

I haven't heard from any Anniston folks in so long. Do you guess Gussie has gone overseas? She said she wanted to.

The time is certainly short now until we'll be going home. We are trying to buy up clothes now. Fay is getting a new suit, and I'm going to have a tailor made suit in the same shop.

We are in a terrible drought. It has rained only twice in 4 months, and we passed a 6 month drought during the winter. The crops (corn and wheat) are already lost. Since I began this letter it has clouded and it looks as tho we might have a rain. I hope so. All the grass is dead and everything is so sad looking. We don't have any garden now. We are waiting till it rains to plant another. We are eating a lot of chicken as we'll have to liquidate them before we go home.

Do you have a birth certificate? You'll need one to get a passport. You should begin now to get documents as it takes months. If you don't have a birth certificate, you'll have to have someone swear you were born where and when.

Hilda is at home again. She is afraid her husband will have to go over. But, he has very bad sinus trouble, and they hope that will save him from going over. The Askew's have really a built a fine house. I guess we'll be there for headquarters. It would cost a terrible amount to set up housekeeping in the states now. By the way, how much household things do you have? Sheets, dishes, etc.?

Will you please write to the Saturday Evening Post Curtis Publishing Co. Independence Square, Philadelphia, P A for a RENEWAL of subscription for Rev. D.F. Askew, Cura Alvarez 216, Parana, Argentina. For two years the price is \$6. I hate to ask you to pay it since you just sent us money, but if we don't renew now, we'll be taken off the list. They have our address as C. Alvarez. Will close.

Much love, Julia

There are no more saved letters by Julia to her parents or to her father after January of 1945. Perhaps Sidney had left California and was making his way back to Alabama, this time with a purpose which was to come as a shock to Julia.



# EPILOGUE

1945-1957

It is interesting to note that the time during Fay and Julia's first term on the mission field coincided with the years of World War II, of which they must have been exquisitely aware as their original post to the Middle East had been changed because of the War. On their trip down to Argentina they were on a ship with "German spies" whose voyage was cut short by Captain Harry Smith in Brazil. Then, as they were leaving Montevideo the drama of the first naval battle of the war, "The Battle of the River Plate", was certainly brought home to the young missionary couple as they saw first hand the scuttled German ship pointed out by the very Captain Smith who had photographed the ship the eve of its being scuttled.

Once America had entered the World War, American ships could no longer freely operate under neutral flag as they had before. Every letter that came to Julia with CENSORED marked on it, made even more personal with the censor's identification number stamped on it, brought home that fact. Packages were lost, magazines were late in coming, missionaries to Africa and India stopped by to re-fuel and wait out danger. Goods were scarce and news from home mentioned friends and neighbors who were missing in action.



Through all of this, Argentina stayed neutral. On the 26 of January of 1944 it finally broke diplomatic relations with the Axis powers but it wasn't until March 27, 1945 that it declared war on Germany.

Julia found herself as she would say, "with child" in March of 1945. She had already had an aborted pregnancy - in those days that is what the loss of an identifiable fetus was called. When it happened, she was far enough along in her pregnancy to know the sex of the fetus, but other than knowing that, not much else is known. She had also suffered what was known as "miscarriages". Therefore, when she passed the first trimester and felt that this time perhaps she could carry the baby to term, she petitioned the Foreign Mission Board to return to the United States a little before they were originally due to return so that the baby would be born in the United States.

Arrangements were made, the family traveling to Buenos Aires where they were joined by one of the Hawkins daughters who was on her way back to attend college. They were planning to return with their friends the Carlises, as Julia stated in one of her letters to her father, but because they were returning a little early they did not do that.



The ship they took was the "Rio Jachal". The ship was constructed in Newcastle, England for the Societé Général de Transport Maritimes de Marseille, a French company, in 1929, and was baptized "Campana" operating as a passenger ship until it found itself interned in Argentine waters in 1940, unable to operate because of the World War. There it languished until it was acquired by the Argentine government in July of 1943 and made part of its mercantile fleet. It was baptized Río Jachal - [*the Jachal river* in Spanish - named after a river in San Juan province]. It held 1,308 passengers and crew and was 175 yards in length.



The course the ship followed was south from Buenos Aires to Punta Arena, Chile, and then crossing the Straits of Magellan. Coming up the western side of South America it stopped at Viña del Mar, Chile, and then in Callao, Peru.

Germany had surrendered to the Allies on May 8th, 1945, about two months before. As they made their way through the Panama Canal from the Pacific to the Caribbean side, they encountered Aussie soldiers who passed by on ships leaving the Caribbean side towards the Pacific side on their way home. American ships also passed them full of soldiers who were leaving the European theatre for Japan.

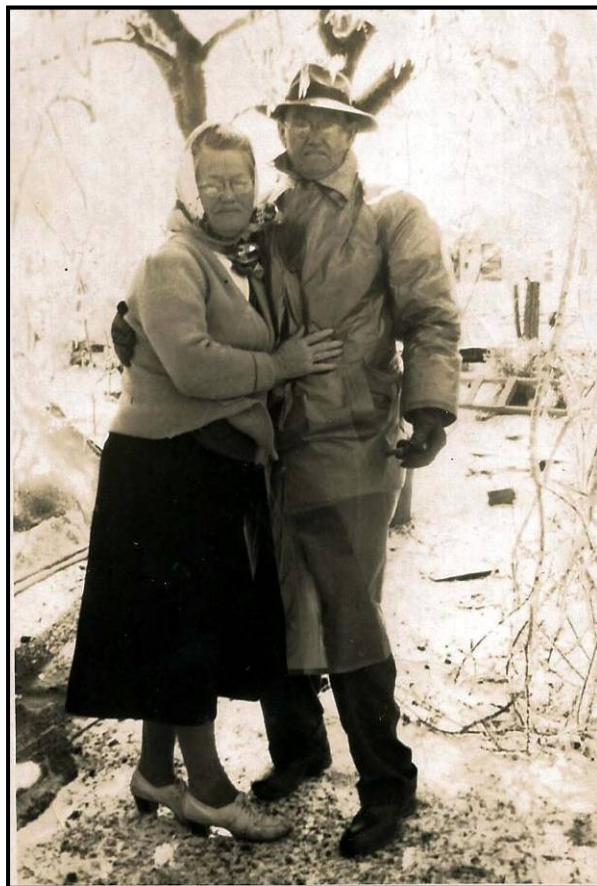
Going through the Canal they arrived at the Caribbean coast city of Colón where they stayed a few days, then on to Tampico, Mexico, before reaching New Orleans on July 11, 1945. After visiting a few days with the Hamiltons, their friends from BBI, they took a sleeper train to Cottondale, Florida, where they were met by the same duo who had seen them off in New Orleans almost five years before, Fay's mother Eva and his sister, Irma. The couple planned to make Panama City their headquarters during their furlough.

Fay's family had built a home on a bay in Parker, Florida, a suburb of Panama City. There were adjacent lots and Fay's aunts Tannie and Dola each bought one and built small vacation homes. The family had gathered for the return of "the children" and both of Fay's aunts were there to greet them as was Sidney who had returned from California. It is poignant to have read Julia's letters to her father suggesting that he could return with them to Argentina because, unbeknownst to her, he was planning to get married and start a new life with none other than Fay's aunt Dola.

Dola Askew Leith had been a widow since 1934. From memorabilia in Julia's scrapbook, we know that Dola had visited Anniston and thus Sidney and she

had known each other for over a decade. Now they were both widowed, and the same age. Sidney must have thought of 'the widow Dola' as an available companion as he settled into his own widowhood.

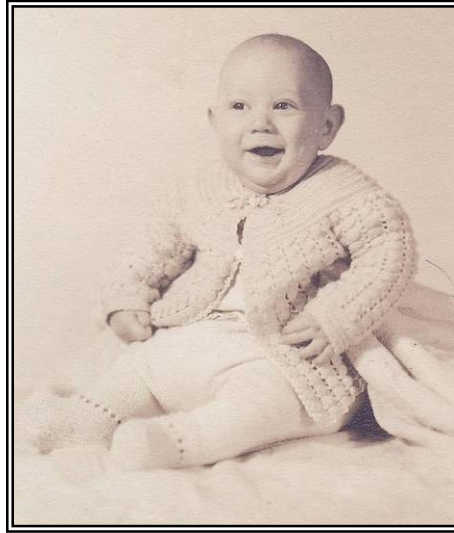
Sidney consulted Julia regarding his decision ironically asking her permission to re-marry. It meant that he would not be going back with her to Argentina and be part of her family's life as she had hoped. Julia was quite taken aback in surprise but of course she was not going to deny her father the comfort and support of a wife. The hopes she had harbored for the past three years were crushed, but she was gracious about it and welcomed Dola into the Reaves family.



*Dola and Sidney, January 1, 1951*

Sidney and Dola were married on July 28, 1945 with Fay officiating and Dola's sister Tannie and her brother in law, Peter Partrick, acting as witnesses.

On October 9, 1945, on the first cold day of fall, Julia gave birth in Panama City, Florida, to the little boy that she had so wanted.



*John photographed in leggings and sweater knitted by Julia*



*The Askew family with the new baby, November, 1945*

During their furlough, Fay and Julia traveled to Anniston and to Dothan to visit family and to speak at local churches. Sadly, in November of 1945, a fire destroyed The First Baptist Church building where Julia had grown up and where

her uncle Lewis Claxton was pastor. The congregation was forced to meet in various venues around town until the church building was re-built, so Julia did not return to her home church to report on her missionary activities.

Missionary Circles had been named in her honor her in home town as well as in other churches and chapters of the Royal Ambassadors, the Baptist young boys clubs, had been named for Fay Askew as well. Unfortunately, there are no records available of newspaper accounts of the programs that the couple gave during this furlough. Fay had brought a full *gaucho* outfit which he put on sometimes during his talks for dramatic effect.



*Fay in 1944 in his gaucho suit holding a maté*

In February, 1946 Fay and Julia with Anne, Martha, and little John William, 4 months old, boarded a Brazilian ship in New Orleans. They left the ship in Recife, Brazil, and flew to Rio de Janeiro where they stayed a week visiting

missionaries stationed there and then flew on to Buenos Aires. They were eager to get back to Paraná so that their 7 year old daughter Anne could begin the school year on time which began in March.

* * *	A part mer Alle Mun the Nobl
Rev. and Mrs. Fay Askew and baby left yesterday for New Orleans and will sail from there to Argentina, where Rev. Askew will continue his work as a missionary.	
* * *	

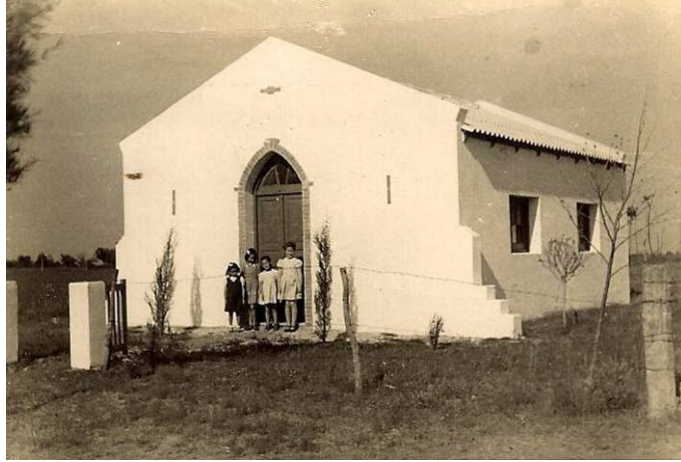
The next six years would be busy and productive ones. On August 8 of 1947 another baby was born, Felicia Winnele. The work begun in Paraná continued and as was the custom, the family sent out Christmas Cards.



*The Askew family in 1947*

The family continued to attend services in town at the Cura Alvarez *templo*, but in the neighborhood where they lived in the outskirts of the city the Foreign Mission Board bought property and a *capilla* [*chapel*] was built as well as a house where the Askews lived until their return to the United States.





*The "capilla"(chapel) built in 1949*



*The family in front of their home on the chapel grounds, May, 1950*

In 1951 the family returned to the United States. Again, both Fay and Julia visited congregations in Florida and Alabama with Fay preaching and meeting with men's groups as well as with Royal Ambassador groups and Julia giving "talks" at WMU meeting. On this furlough there are several newspaper accounts available of the couple's activities.



As teenagers, Julia and Fay had both been attracted to visiting missionaries on furlough who had put on programs in their church. Now it was their turn to "show and tell" as the following article which appeared in The Anniston Star on November 29, 1951 attests.

The article goes on to say: "Much of the work of spreading Christianity in central Argentina for the past several years has been directed by a former Anniston girl.

Mrs. Fay Askew and her husband, the Rev. Mr. Askew, have completed their seventh year in the interior of the sprawling South American country where they have directed the field missionary work. Mrs. Askew is the former Julia Reaves of Anniston.

Serving the 35 preaching points around Paraná, the capital city of the Entre Rios "between the rivers" section of Argentina, the young Baptist minister and his capable wife travel among the natives, carrying the message of Christianity, as well as advice for a more comfortable well-being.

It's "A Melting Pot"- their own church in Paraná is more than 30 years old and serves people of ten nationalities. "It's really a melting pot," explains Mrs. Askew, "and has given us an excellent experience of working with European people which we asked for in the first place."

Upon graduation from the New Orleans Seminary, the young couple applied for a European or a Far Eastern assignment.



They dreamed of someday going to Syria for missionary work but rumors of a second World War were increasing and couple was needed in South America and they were sent there by the Southern Baptist Board.

They are the only ones from North America in a city of 90,000 population.

They went at first to Buenos Aires, where they served as professors in the seminary - Mrs. Askew teaching English and her husband conducting courses in the Old Testament. Three years later they were assigned to Paraná.

Husband from Dothan Mrs. Askew met her husband, who is a native of Dothan, while the two were students at Howard College. She grew up in Anniston, graduated from Anniston High School with honors, and was active in the First Baptist Church here "for as long as I can remember." She is related to Mts. L. N. Claxton, wife of the former beloved pastor of the church.

During their year in the United States, the Rev. and Mrs. Askew will fill hundreds of speaking engagements, and hope to spend at least a month in Anniston after the first of the year. Their four children are now enrolled in school at Panama City, Fla., the home of their paternal grandparents.

The two younger children are learning to speak English, and one of the outstanding events of young Johnny's first week in school here was writing his name in English for the first time, his mother says. "The last name was harder for him, and he simply wrote Ask-Q," she smiled.

Houses are built "almost touching each other" in Paraná, Mrs. Askew stated, "and are mostly of cement and brick, except the grass and adobe huts in the outlying regions." The traffic is very light in their section, since very few own automobiles.

Industries are few and far between, and the largest in their area is a huge cement plant owned by Danish and Swiss industrialists. An American firm has the mining contract now, however, and last year, sent one of their representatives there

for prospecting."It was the first American we had seen in ages, and enjoyed ever minute with him." Mrs. Askew points out.

She and her husband had a close-up look at President Peron and his wife [*Evita*] when they visited Paraná two years ago during the celebration of Independence Day on May 25.

The young Baptist minister and his wife have an undying love for their work on the mission field. "One year, we even cut our leave home short by two months ...we were so anxious to get back." Mrs. Askew exclaimed.

One of the highlights of her visit during the coming months will be visiting the many Julia Askew missionary circles in various churches in the South which have been named in her honor.

And of course, we will love every minute we have in Anniston."



Julia not only spoke at First Baptist, where she had grown up and had belonged "since forever", she also spoke at other local churches and schools. The little figure she has in her hand is that of a woman on a donkey with cans of water for sale at either side. Julia had taken a trip to Paraguay a short time before and had been fascinated with the fact that Asunción at the time did not have running water available and relied on vendors for their water.

The water maid were colorful tourist "curios" which people could purchase and Julia bought a couple of them. The figure on the left is one that she had bought, probably keeping in mind that she could use it as a visual in her church presentations.

Both Fay and Julia had graduated from high school in 1932 and with Fay as a returning personality to Dothan, the class decided to have a 30 year class reunion which Fay and Julia attended as honored guests.



The family returned to Argentina where they continued with their activities as established. With the help of the Southern Baptist Mission Board, property was bought in a choice lot in the city for 12,000 pesos - The lot was at a point where several streets intersected called "*Cinco Esquinas*" or "Five corners". Work was begun to build a church building in the style of Baptist Churches in the United States with an educational wing being completed first and then a main church sanctuary. Fay was responsible for buying the lot, a great coup, he felt, and also

for acting as the general contractor. The Building effort cost \$40,000 which the church paid back to the Mission Board over a period of years.



The church building during construction at "Cinco Esquinas" in Paraná

A picture of the church building today. It is a landmark in the city with a pre-school run in the educational wing.



In July of 1956 the Askew family returned to the United States, again on furlough. After a good deal of soul searching a decision was made to resign their mission post. Fay accepted a pastorate in Manchester, Georgia.

In 1957 Julia returned to the classroom teaching Spanish and English at Woodbury High School and when the family moved to Florida in 1961 she continued her teaching career at Rutherford High School until she retired.





# THE FOREIGN MISSION BOARD

*of the Southern Baptist Convention*

BAKER J. CAUTHEN, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

FRANK K. MEANS  
SECRETARY FOR LATIN AMERICA

2037 MONUMENT AVE. • P. O. BOX 5148 • RICHMOND 20, VA.

April 12, 1957

Rev. and Mrs. D. Fay Askew  
5 Spring Street  
Manchester, Georgia

Dear Friends:

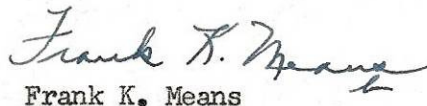
The Foreign Mission Board at its April meeting approved the following recommendation of the Latin American Committee: "That the Board accept with regret the resignation of Rev. and Mrs. D. Fay Askew of Argentina, effective as of March 16, 1957. Mr. Askew has accepted a pastorate in Georgia."

When we received your letter asking about the money deposited to your credit in Argentina, I sent a cable to Campbell immediately. Your letter of April 5 clears up the difficulty, and it is good to know that you are not going to suffer from an excessive loss due to exchange fluctuation.

We pray God's richest blessings upon you and yours. If there are additional ways in which we can be of service, please let us know. The members of the Latin American Committee spoke with genuine appreciation of your 17 years of service in Argentina.

With cordial good wishes, I am

Sincerely,

  
Frank K. Means

FKM/tsb

cc: Rev. Hugo H. Culpepper





# THE ARGENTINE MISSION

*of the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board*

RAMON FALCON 4080 - BUENOS AIRES

April 10, 1957

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Askew  
Pine Circle  
La Grange, Ga.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Askew:

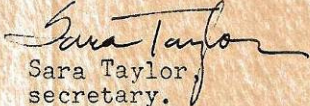
We received your letter in answer to our request that you reconsider your decision not to return to Argentina. We are sorry that you won't be coming back, but feel sure that you are following the Lord's guidance in the matter.

We hope that the family is doing well and that the children will all finish out successfully this school year.

I am here in Paraná this week for the Teachers' Training School. We are having splendid classes, and everything is going along nicely. Bill Graves is directing and also teaching the adult class. I have the Nursery teachers. Chris is teaching the Young People's teachers. The Ceredas, Evi Loero and David Gilles are also teaching. We are visiting every afternoon, hoping to break all records with next Sunday's attendance.

Give my regards to the children. Let us hear from you.

In His service,

  
Sara Taylor,  
secretary.

Julia kept up with the many friends she had made throughout the years and in 1977 she writes to Martha Hamilton:

November 3, 1977

Dear Mrs. Hamilton:

For several months I've tried to write this letter, but for one reason or another, I have delayed.

In February I began to notice a swelling in my abdomen. By mid-March, it was quite evident that something was wrong. I went into the hospital on March 20; after various tests that revealed nothing, they decided to do exploratory surgery. So on March 24, I discovered I was another statistic: cancer in the abdominal cavity. It was diagnosed as carcinoma and no treatment recommended, as it had spread to the entire area. The origin was not able to be identified.

We passed some bleak hours. However, later, my surgeon, Dr. Smallwood, agreed that we could at least try chemotherapy. So I began weekly injections of 5FU, one of the highly recommended drugs for my kind of cancer.

In July we went for consultation with cancer specialists at the University of Florida teaching hospital, Shands. In October we went to Tallahassee for evaluation with another group of specialists. They all concurred with the original diagnosis. The doctor there, however, did recommend doubling the dose, which we have done for three weeks now.

In spite of all the above, it is hard to believe that I have anything wrong! My color is good, my appetite excellent. I carry on my usual activities: keeping house, sewing projects, etc. I do tire more readily than before, but otherwise have



experienced no side effects of the injections and never any pain at all. So I feel very blessed indeed.

It was incredible the way my friends and family responded and showered me with love and interest. In all modesty let me say, my hospital room looked more like a florist shop. When I went home, John took leave and stayed 10 days; he is a real chef so he prepared delicious meals for me. Felicia came when he left and stayed a week. Tita flew up for a few days despite her advanced pregnancy (Julia Maria came June 2), and Anita came from Puerto Rico and spent six days at Easter time. My friends continued to visit me and made my days more entertaining.

I have tried to keep an optimistic attitude throughout. Fay has been my mainstay.

He is helpful around the house, has arranged permission to adjust his school schedule to my needs (doctor's, etc.).

I had one little "down" spot. After 6 months with no fluid, I found that I had to be punctured and "tubed" for a week. But, I'm fine now.

I have delayed writing about my "CA", but I feel that you would like to know so you can remember me in prayer. We have really felt God's grace and power in my efforts to combat this awful thing called cancer!

**Julia passed away on June 26, 1978**