

任江履昇女士二三事 Remembering Mrs. May Jen, with a Few Memories

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在林麥、和業務部各組相較之下，會計部門是個負責公司大事但編制較小的部門；直接對任夫人 - 任江履昇女士 - 負責。

任夫人的才華、賢伉儷的相互扶持、德才兼備、識人會用人、都是有目共睹，也有諸多記載。我只想講些小故事，表達深深懷念之情。

普踏出校門、很幸運的能進入林麥公司會計部，認真的學習工作。第一次踏進老板夫人漂亮的辦公室一眼望去、坐在辦公桌後面、那位雙眼銳利、瞧著你、但嘴角稍微笑的高尚女士、令你有點膽怯。接著、她親切開朗的與你交談，應對中就做了她想要的面試吧！

會計部當年是在樓下辦公，業務部門在新大樓辦公。任夫人一通電話，我們主任王小姐就得快步到大樓討論或接下指示事宜。王小姐不在時、就由我們這些小兵上陣、通常是對帳目等會計事宜。

任夫人把公司的帳目管理的一絲不苟、井井有條。帳目清清楚楚、和她對過帳的人都知道、馬虎不得。有一次、我們年終帳目就差幾毛錢、合不了帳、會計部門全體徹夜抓帳、弄到過了半夜、終於理清。任夫人事先交待、別忘了給大家買熟食宵夜。

有一年被指派去銀行領錢、當年都是現金發薪水。那是年末加上獎金、應該算是一大筆錢。我和陳司機倆人上銀行、我抱了個大紙袋、猶記得是購物袋那型、從銀行大大方方走出來、上了陳司機的車、平安回到公司。然後、大家一起把薪水袋無誤的算清。現在想想、當年膽子也夠大、真是沒想過『怕』字。一轉心、任夫人也敢把這重責交付小女生。慢慢年長些、好感謝她當年的鍛鍊、信任你。你就去作。

一直留著長髮、都把長髮用心梳理。好多次見到面、任夫人都會留意：“今天變髮型了。嗯、這樣弄很好看。”等等關心之語。好多次她說：『喂！哪一天你想要剪短、可要告訴我、我帶你去剪。』現在想起來、眼眶還會紅、當年生澀的無知、竟然不敢請她帶去剪。負了她的一片愛心

一個人住在台北、離家 200 公里路、無法像其他人天天回溫暖的家。晚上就去上各種課程。那時好迷插花、所謂花道。安排時間去學、插呀插的。自己覺得還不錯時、第 2 天會放在任夫人的辦公室。遠遠望去、自覺她的辦公室多了點更好的視覺。有一次任夫人說：“花是妳買的啊！”“是。我去學習插花、想您

可能也喜歡、就送您了。”“好！不要花你的錢。以後買花的錢從帳上支出。”心中不知不覺滿腔熱血、眼眶又紅了。任夫人的觀察是多麼的高貴、她的心胸是多麼細緻、多麼體諒他人的情懷。錢數不多、但是、對她的種種愛心、我是感激不盡、卻是無以為報。

民國 61 年、任夫人特別准許把辦公室空出來、給一位員工開婚禮茶會、事後還包了個大紅包、給新娘子。這個新娘在美國生 3 個娃娃、任夫人想、這些留學生也不簡單、要唸書、要養孩子。特別買了好多娃娃衣服、內夾一片金鎖片、給那遠方的遊子。遊子享受了如母愛似的親情。我、能不懷念她嗎？還有好多好多您 - 任夫人 - 好令我們懷念的大小事。

那年去新加坡農業部參觀、在機場、給您撥了電話。您還說要派司機接我。沒機會再聆聽您的教導、是心中一大憾事。如今、這美好的、紀念您的獎學金設立、造福學子、再為社會增添一樁美事。好像又看到您那微笑的神態、正看著大家：加油，好好努力！

In Linmark, compared to other business departments, the accounting section was small, yet with large responsibilities, and directly reporting to Mrs. Jen.

Mrs. Jen was a very talented lady of highest integrity, always accompanying and supporting her beloved husband in spotting and training young talents for Linmark. Everyone knows these facts and there are many written stories in these respects about her. Here I just want to relate some small stories to express my deep nostalgia.

As soon as I stepped out of school, I was very lucky to enter Linmark accounting department. I learned a lot and worked hard during my time there. The first time I walked into Mrs. Jen's beautiful office was for a job interview. When I glanced over, I found a noble lady with sharp eyes, sitting behind a desk, and looking at me with a small smile. This immediately made me a little nervous, but she talked to me kindly and cheerfully and completed her interview on me during our warm conversation.

Our accounting section was then located at the lower floor of an old building, while other business sections including Mrs. Jen's office were on the 10th floor of a new building next door. As soon as Mrs. Jen called, our accounting chief Miss Wang immediately went over there to discuss issues or receive instructions. If Miss Wang was not in the office, then one of us little soldiers would fill her shoes, usually it was about some accounting chores.

Mrs. Jen managed the company's accounting meticulously, in perfect order, and every account was clearly recorded. Anyone worked with her knew that it could not be sloppy. One year, we had a few cents difference at year-end in our accounts and could not close the books. We checked every account in the accounting section through the night. It had already passed over the midnight when we finally sorted out the difference. Mrs. Jen did not want us to get hungry and had requested in advance to purchase hot meals for the midnight snacks.

One year end, I was assigned to pick up the cash from the bank. At that time, all the employees' salaries were paid in cash. It was a lot of money, because it included the monthly salary plus the year-end bonus. The driver Chen and I went to the bank. I held a big shopping paper bag containing the money, came out from the bank, got into driver Chen's car and safely returned to the office. Then everyone in the accounting section correctly counted the cash and put it into each employee's salary envelope. Now, when I recall that errand, I always wonder why my courage was ever so great, as if I had then no idea about "fear". Just with a twist of mind, Mrs. Jen dared to put this heavy responsibility on this little girl's shoulders. As I am getting older, I greatly appreciate the training and trust from her. She had confidence in me and let me do such a big job.

At that time I still kept my long hair and thus every day I carefully combed my hair. Mrs. Jen would pay attention to me and say in caring tone: "You change your hairstyle today. Ah, this style looks good on you." She told me many times: "Hey! One day if you decide to cut your hair short, you'd better tell me, I'll take you to have your hair cut." Even now when I think about it, I still get tears in my eyes. At that time I was ignorant and maybe a little afraid to have her accompany me to have a haircut. To this day, I regret not being able to reciprocate her love.

I lived in Taipei by myself. I could not go back to my warm sweet home daily because it was 200 km away. Therefore, I had leisure time to take various evening courses. At that time, I was a fan of ikebana—the Japanese art of flower arrangement. I took time to learn and practice it. Every time when I felt my ikebana practice-work look okay, the next morning it would be placed in the office of Mrs. Jen. I felt her office looked better with it from a distance. She once asked me: "Did you buy the flowers?" I replied: "Yes. I am learning the Japanese art of flower arrangement. I think you may also like it. So, I give it to you." She said: "Good! I do not want you to spend your own money, charge the flower money to the company account." My heart was spontaneously filled with blood and my eyes turned red. She was very noble in her

observations and she was considerate of other's feelings. It was not much of money, but no word can describe the warmth I felt in my heart.

In 1972 , Mrs. Jen's kindly opened her office to hold a tea party to celebrate a staff's wedding. After the party, Mrs. Jen gave a big red envelope to the bride. This bride had three healthy children in the United States. Mrs. Jen thought that it was not easy for a young woman to study abroad and raise children at the same time. So, Mrs. Jen bought a lot of baby clothes, packed with a piece of "Gold Lock Plate", blessings from Mrs. Jen for the newborn, and sent to the mother cum student. This traveler enjoyed such a maternal affection from Mrs. Jen. How can I not miss her? We all miss Mrs. Jen very dearly from memories of things both large and small.

One Year I was invited to visit the Singaporean Ministry of Agriculture. When arrived at Singapore, I called you from the airport, and you said that you were going to send a driver to pick me up. I deeply regret that there is no chance to listen to your teaching anymore. Now, this magnificent memorial scholarship is established to commemorate you. It will surely benefit some specific disadvantaged students and make the prospect of the society at large ever more brighter. It looks like that we see your smiling demeanor again and you are looking at everyone: keep refueling, keep working hard!