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To: G.T. Wallace (ESH writing from Chaochowfu, 1926)

From: Ruth Van Kirk, Mary S. Waters

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Dear Far-away Friends,

Tientsin, Shansi, China,
July 11, 1920.

For months, and in case of some of you, years, I have been hoping a time would come when I could sit down and write to all of you. And here I am with five whole weeks here in Shansi and no duties to keep me busy as usual summers bring, so if I don't get a letter off to you, it will be pure laziness. Miss Buell of Tientsin and I made up our minds that we ought not to go home again without getting into Shansi to see the work of Fengsho and Taihu, so here we are, spending our vacation with MARY and JUDITH in the Valley and expecting to get to both cities before we go back.

This last year has been a very satisfying one to me, one I shall always like to think back over, for at last I have had time enough teaching to do so that I have had time to put on the recreation work for my Junior Middle School girls. The club work has always gone rather slowly because most of the Chinese teachers have had no training for such work and consequently found all the ways which a young teen-age girl can place in one's path insurmountable. During the first term discouragement reigned supreme among them. Then Mr. Lutz, our principal, decided that I should give up my own club and spend more time supervising and helping the others. That was a terrible wrench for me, for I had been having the nicest time ever with my cooking club, and we had lots of plans for the next term. We had just had the fun of making candy for all the mothers and taking it to them, then getting a start in brooding over other families. It was our plan to serve teas to them and the mothers of other club girls, so that we could bring them into closer connection with the school. In the club itself there was such good co-operation and club spirit that they, as well as I, hated to have the club broken up. But it had to be, so I went to work to try to plan out as many new things as possible and to try to work up enthusiasm among both girls and teachers. First, a questionnaire showed that the things the girls were particularly interested in were foreign sewing, cooking and the like, so I tried to stress in as far as possible the home-giving, then the things which would help them there. Some of the time a feeling I am sure the Old Woman in the Shop must have had came over me when the LADY WOULD BE RICH and two others would decide that because Miss Yen Kirk had no club of her own, she could just as well fill in the breach, while they did something else. Invariably such times were the days I'd planned to give the whole hour to some other club which seemed to be needing a little boosting to get them to pulling together, and instead I'd have to spend my time dawdling upstairs and downstairs, and trying to get everyone going. But all such days passed, and even if they weren't spent as planned, they were rather enjoyable because one could see independence growing in the girls, which was of course more important than the following out of my own plans. At the close of the term we invited in all the mothers and young ladies and others to show them what we'd been learning during the term. Not so many as we had hoped for came, but those who did seemed to think that we were giving the girls something worthwhile, and were not sparing in their praises.

Perhaps the thing which has meant most to us this last term has been the leadership which has been developing among my girls. The unpreparedness of the teachers to lead the girls has always distressed me not a little, and I have talked much about wishing that college students could get the necessary training. Another thing which had caused me to do much thinking was the fact that practically none of the children of our church families had any connection whatsoever with the church. Not even Sunday School has

been provided for any but the street children. The others were supposed to absorb all their religious training from a meeting of the two primary schools each Sunday morning where an athletic meet, a program of dances, songs, and a "moral story" from which at least one fourth grade child could never get anything but "good-fun" and sometimes not even that, and other similar things took place. Of course there is a reason for such a meeting. Since reentering the schools, regular Sunday Schools is prohibited if one is trying to get all students to attend, so they feel that this bringing them in is better than having them running the streets, and clean sportsmanship should teach them something. BUT it had been bothering me that the little nine-year old who was living with us was getting no Sunday School, so at last I decided to kill many birds with the one old proverbial stone. Why should my girls wait till they were in college to get this training? Forthwith I asked for service volunteers, and was very much pleased with the ~~number who asked to be given something to do.~~ FOUR THINGS I suggested as things with which they might help, a Bluebird Club and Sunday School for the children of the church families, leading the girls of six grades of the primary school in a muchly needed active game hour twice a week, and teaching the servants to read the Thousand Characters. They took their choice and went to work. ~~Your soon-a-see I spend about a half hour with them having a sort of class for them to prepare them for the first three types of work, and then they worked with the children. It wasn't easy at all times to give the necessary time, for they really have very little time they can call their own, but they took the responsibilities with very little crawling out from under, and made me exceedingly proud of them. I was especially happy to have those who are leaving to enter the Senior Middle next fall come to me and ask if they might come back to help again next year.~~

These last two years have shown us that we do not need to have Bible taught in school to win our girls to the church. It had been at least five years since any had joined the church. A year ago before Easter time Mr. P'ang, our pastor, had a discussion group for all interested in knowing more about Christianity. I talked with the girls whom we thought might be interested, and they brought in others. The result was not only that we got a number to the point of wanting to join, but this fall OTHER non-Christian girls came to me asking if Mr. P'ang wasn't going to have a similar group this year. Some second and twelve of those girls, a number of them my above-mentioned leaders, entering the church, and already they have made arrangements with Mr. P'ang themselves for their group to continue next year. Mr. P'ang is as fine a man as we have in our North China Mission, and is reaching our girls in a splendid way.

For the last two years the Y. W. has had a summer conference for Junior Middle girls. Last year being the first and conditions being upset, there were only about fifteen girls in attendance, all from Peking and Bridgman sending only two. This year there were forty-one, Tientsin and T'ungchien sending delegations, and Bridgman swelling the number to goodly proportions with her nineteen young hopefuls. Nine others belonged to our own Kung Li Hui schools of Tientsin and T'ungchien, so we feel that our girls are existing an interest in things religious. Sunday morning the girls were given a time when they might seek out any of the leaders they chose to discuss any of the things which were bothering them. What do you think of these topics for girls of their age to be thinking off?

What is the purpose of life?

Does God look any differently upon those who have been baptized and those who haven't? (This from a girl whose parents are standing out against her doing so.)

Then why should we feel it necessary to be baptized?
That is the difference between the souls of people and animals.
Do people who have gone before know and care about what we are going through
~~how we feel? Can we be sure of their continued love AND HELP?~~
That can we do to help those who understand the Christian teachings but
won't accept Christ?
What can we do as we go home this summer, to help our families to have a
fuller life? What especially can we do to help our mothers?

These were the questions put to me by the five who came to me. Of our nineteen, all but
one paid her own expenses this year, but there were many others who would have like to
have gone, girls supported mostly by our mission schools, if we could have sent them.
Perhaps some of you would like to furnish the three dollars it takes for a girl to attend.
The biggest share of the F. W. funds went to send the Senior Middle girls to the older
students' conference.

We are all rejoicing over the building of a much needed dormitory at the
Senior Middle this summer. Mr. Ross has lived in continual fear since the end of the old
buildings collapsing, but there seemed no way but to use them. The hard thing about it
is that he won't get the vacation which he needs so badly. Now he is going to stand up
under the continued strain of another year without it is a question in our minds.
~~For years he has taken care, and with this last year wouldn't admit that he needed any.~~
The very fact that he does so now, shows how tired out he is. If only some of us had
the ability which would enable us to relieve him! Instead here sit three of us, Miss Lum,
Miss Kelley, and I, in this lovely valley surrounded by trees and the mountains in the
distance giving us of their strength and power.

Perhaps more than the two who have asked in recent letters are wondering about
my listless female children. It would be too big a question to try to answer to tell you
about all of them. Some have fallen by the matrimonial wayside, one having been sold by
her father to the family of a military official for his fourth concubine when this year's
famine pressed so hard he became desperate. That was a pretty big blow, but I didn't know
it until it was all over. Two are in the hospital at Linwang working as nurses' helpers.
A number of them are in Junior Middle School (High School). They write me frequently so
that I know something of what they are doing. Most of them have had a very hard time since
this last year with famine worse than the one eight years ago. Famine in Shantung. There
seems to be no let-up of the famine this summer. Crops are burning up everywhere, so life
isn't going to be easy for them this year. If only no other fathers get desperate, I shall
be thankful.

The first of the week we had American Board Day here, an annual occasion, at
Peitain but one that had never been instituted here. At four o'clock came the children's
game, then a baseball game in which some of the children did most of the playing, and Dr.
Watson pulled away from his work in the city just long enough to partake. When it came
time for supper and we were trying to find the twenty-nine grown-ups as well as the ten
children who hadn't been carried off to an early bed, he had gone back to the city for an
out-call. The evening was spent discussing just what we feel our peculiar contribution as
missionaries should be, and, what in the present situation, would appeal to new recruits.
At the time of adjournment I think everyone felt he had gained something which would
help him in the coming days. (I shall be back and can talk with at least some)

AND as the days of work and rest come and go. Already ~~some~~ ^{four} of my six years
have passed, and before I realize it, I ~~am~~
of you, but I hope that even though I have waited so long before writing, you won't punish
me by making me wait even the two remaining for word from you.

Very sincerely yours,

Paul

Rainbow Hospital,
So. Euclid, Ohio.

August - No! Sept. 1, '37.

Dear Mrs. Aldrett,

Yes, you did write me two notes, but don't feel badly for I loved getting them. How I'd love a good visit, but that being impossible, letters help. You'd never suspect that I enjoy hearing from the pile of unanswered ones I put a rubber band around and labeled to be answered during vacation. Knowing my propensity for doing that & then bringing them all back, I decided to make a little start during my last week on the job.

Of course you are joining the rest of us in being just as boiling mad as a friend in S. China expresses it over what is happening there. Frequent bulletins sent out by the Board in Boston keep us informed regarding the location of our American friends but I find it desperately hard to be satisfied when there's no knowing about my Chinese friends. Some of them live in the Hoehi section of Pootung which was bombed. Laura and Margette are in Shensi, Nan Kelley at Paitaiho, Alice Higgins also in Shensi. Today's bulletin said the three women in Pashow had left there for Saingto. The same bulletin reported that military experts in Shanghai feel that it will last 4-5 months longer & that the Japanese will then be successful at all points. Here's hoping they're wrong. As you sister to Brook Carter, I think his comments on the whole situation are exceedingly wise and to the point.



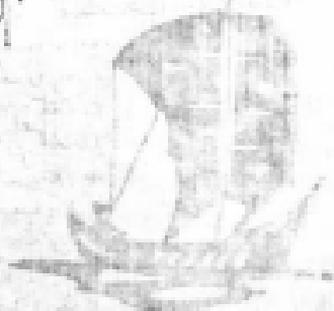
Cuincy had a hot summer and I'm glad for the approach of fall - even this today at nine A. M. our thermometer registers 100° I'm sure fall must be not too far off. The teachers come back next week and that will release me for my vacation. I'm going to my brother's in Chicago for two or three days and then on up to Ripon^{Wis.} and from there to a lovely log cabin set in the woods of Ephraim. Shall be there a week or ten days all by myself - all my friends being at work.

Last night I saw and enjoyed very much "Lost Horizon". Have you seen it? And "The Good Earth"? That is especially well done. I would never have thought any actors could get the Chinese feeling as well as Paul Muni & Louise Rainer did. I don't see many movies but am especially glad to have gotten to these. My big extravagance is sympathy I that I'd not go this year, but have fallen and gotten my season ticket.

Are you liking your new home and work? Your surroundings must be very soul-satisfying. How I hunger for the Western Hills, the ocean, and time to spend with each!

Lovingly,

Ruth!



Return please to R.A.H.

1941

Letter from Ruth Van Kirk, dated July 24, received August thirty.
Address: Canadian Mission, Ssu Shen Ssu, Chengtu, Szechuan, China.

Dear friends:

Some of you have heard from me along the long, long way from North to West China but most of you have had no attention at all in these more than seven months. For your sake I relate the story.

For weeks I chased down dead-end alleys hoping some clue would lead to a way to get here. Both Japanese and U.S. governments do all they can to discourage one. I had far more help from the British; in fact I kept religiously away from the Am. consulates after I read that we were to turn in our old passports for new ones, knowing that if they got it, the new one would come back stamped "Not valid for travel in China." I had to get permission from the British to land in HongKong and Burma and while everyone was saying it couldn't be done, my friend Mr. McLaughlin in Tientsin wangled the permission without the usual information on how and when I was leaving each place. Then the last hectic weeks at the hospital were lived through but I'd never have made it if my Chinese friends hadn't done so much, packing and storing things left behind.

The trip to Shanghai was very pleasant with five Brethern missionaries who had been forced to leave their station in Shansi (such tales of the persecution of their Chinese colleagues as they told) and a business couple from Tientsin. From Shanghai to HongKong I was sole passenger. The captain of the boat had been in West China, didn't want to return, and took much pleasure ragging me about what I was up against. When he found it was my first trip he said: "So that's why you're such a cheerful fool." HongKong was interesting--for a few days. It is such a cozy little settlement I'd not care to live there. I enjoyed meeting Dr. Ting's friends and an old student of her husband, shopping, and seeing the place that was glad when we had been piloted through the nine-stream harbor and were again on our way.

The trip to Rangoon with stops at Singapore and Penang would have been too short if I had not been eager to get started in. Again I had pleasant company, Dr. Logan Roots with his family of three lovely little children. Our Norwegian captain took us sightseeing when in port and entertained us on board, so days went quickly.

We reached Rangoon on March 18th and I was there two weeks, out nearly every day chasing possibilities for getting my baggage into China. It was hot, the mosquitoes "more than any human could locate" and the downtown native section where I had to go unspeakably dirty. When I decided to leave for Lashio from where all traffic starts in, thinking I could arrange better there, it was without regret, thankful not to work there.

Lashio, 180 miles from the China border, must be very much like our Western frontier towns when they mushroomed from nothing to good-sized towns in a few months. Main business is receiving cargo for China--most of it war goods. Again it took me two weeks. I had expected to get out with part of my baggage on a government munitions truck but all Chinese friends, foreigners, and the Burmese headmaster who let me camp in one of his dormitory rooms insisted it was not for a woman to travel so. An Amer. Red Cross man said if I had to wait three months for a safe way I must do so. The truck drivers are reckless and often of such character that they are the talk of the road. Finally one afternoon the head of the Chinese Red Cross brought his brother who was leaving for Kungking next day and would take me along. By four P.M. next day the red tape of clearing Burmese export customs was done and we were off. I had expected a hard trip; all the truck bodies are built at Rangoon, with boards for seats. Imagine my joy when I saw that Mr. Wang was driving an imported Ford with seats as comfortable as a touring car.

We didn't get to the border till noon next day. That afternoon we travelled jungle mountain roads with the most gorgeous scenery. The trees covered with orchids I shall never forget. Tropical foliage and plants, birds of brilliant feather, and the joy of being on my way at last was almost more than I could bear. We came down to earth when we stopped for the night, however. No place to stay but finally one of the Indian drivers (we had four trucks together) found a porch in an otherwise filled truck drivers inn where Mr. Wang, one of the "adopted sons" of Rest Alley, the Co-op man you may have read of in the Sat. Eve. Post, and I bunked. I had my cot but they only the floor.

Going across the border was a thrilling experience. I was back home, albeit a rather strange one. Complications held us there for nearly 48 hours, and one glance at the indescribable border inns told me how fortunate I was to have one of the customs men say he thought he could find a room for me where he lives. A Bank of China young man gave me his room and even the hard Chinese board bed felt good. Chinese food was good again after the peppery rice and curry of Burma and as I had a cold to nurse I didn't mind the delay. Then we began the real trip. We had just finished lunch the first noon when there was a commotion outside and Mr. Wang said, "Air raid alarm. Run for the truck." It was a false alarm but we were glad to clear the town.

Never again do I expect to travel over such a road or see such scenery. Hairpin curves, zigzags, horseshoeing around mountain peaks, driving straight toward what looked to be the beginning of eternity, looking down hundreds of feet over precipices, riding along in and above the clouds. How can a mere mortal describe it all? Each day brought new flowers, trees, and birds. Crossing the Mekong and Salween Rivers made one's heart beat faster too as these are the places the Japanese have had lots of fun dropping bombs. Those suspension bridges are works of engineering art, as is the whole road.

We reached the Mekong about nine Easter Eve and there being no stopping place for some distance spent the night there, I being given the seat in one of the other trucks and three of the men lying on the cargo in our truck whose divided seat was no use for a bed. It rained hard so Easter morning we had a taste of what red clay mountain roads would be like during the rainy season. More than one truck had turned over the precipice. Yet never were the mountains greener, and every gorge and crevice had white fluffy clouds over it.

We often slept in the trucks. Once after our heavier car had trouble and came later than the rest I crawled up and slept—it was 2 A.M.—on the soft side of a bale of cotton. We were off at daybreak, usually, so I was thankful for my G. Washington coffee and instant cocoa. We could always get boiling water and kept our thermos bottles filled. Crackers and eggs that I managed to get boiled for us formed most of our breakfasts. Eggs were 35¢ apiece but even so our brk. was our cheapest meal. Food was very expensive. A small steamed roll was 30¢ and the cheapest dish of vegetables three dollars. Even that was cheap beside food here.

It took eleven days to reach Kunming, where the problem of how to get further awaited me as well as what would happen when I went to the U.S. consulate with my passport, over due a week. There was nothing said but the new one is marked "Not good for travel outside the western hemisphere except in China, and Hongkong and Burma enroute to the U.S." I had no intention of using it that way. They admitted I should never have gotten in again if I had presented it outside for exchange. First efforts to find means of travel weren't promising. Red Cross would gladly take me but the earliest truck would not be going for two weeks and that not certain. The Consulate said people hung around for

a month before getting out. Then at the hotel I met three Chinese young people I had met in Rangoon who had their own truck, loaded to the hilt with their own things and government oil. All trucks going in must carry government supplies. They said if I didn't mind riding on top of the cargo along with the younger brother they would take me as far as Kueiyang. Most of my baggage had been left to be sent by the Red Cross so I added little to their load for I took their offer. So I was in Kuning two days only and spent the next three seeing all the scenery (and there was not a little) from a box seat. We succeeded in getting rooms for two nights in "clean" China Travel Service inns. They were clean in comparison only but in the loading my cot and bedding had been inconveniently packed so I slept in the inn beds. In the first I was told they change the sheets every day so it would be all right not to have my bedding there. The only trouble was that they did not get rid of the bugs every day!

It is between Kuning and Kueiyang that we go up the face of the mountain by way of twenty four hairpin curves. We looked for the place the second day and counted more than thirty curves in going up and down two different mountains so you can see what most of the road is like. But when we got to the real place the others had been as nothing. No long wide curves but such breath taking ones that when the truck stalled going around one and started back over the edge I began to wonder if it would have been worse to die in one of the government trucks!

Much of Kueichow is rocky as well as mountainous. They have a saying that the province doesn't have "three li's (a mile) of flat road, no man in the province has three ounces of silver, and the heavens never know three consecutively clear days". I could believe it from what I saw. Such tumbledown houses, many built of stone and patched up with anything people could lay their hands on.

All along the way the Pao's (Chinese young people I was with) had been saying we might catch up with Br. Embassy trucks who would take me on from Kueiyang. Got in at 10 P.M. and tried to find room at the inn, where we found the Embassy cars were to go next morning! I begged for a place and was given sitting room in the inn! Mr. Pao asked Mr. Bertram to take me and he said yes but they were going very early so I might not be ready. I was ready and road in a real car again.

Not all my adventures were over. All my things except my thermos went in one of the trucks. The last night out that one failed to appear so I spent the night in an inn where I think they changed the sheets about once in three months, with nothing but what I had on. I didn't dare use their wash basin for fear of trachoma so I poured the water from the teapot into my hand and washed that way, after a night sitting on a stool with my head on the table. The truck didn't come on until we had reached Chunking and sent back help so I reached there in my heavy breeches and boots, a shirt worn for two days, and not a thing to make myself more presentable. Fortunately at the Methodist ladies' house where I stayed there was a visiting girl whom I had known in North China, in whose clothes I wasn't completely lost and she outfitted me for two days, until my things came.

Along with having no clothes when I got there I found that Mr. Sun was in Chengtu and my job had vanished into thin air. So I began the five month hunt for a job, which has just ended. There were many things to be done but no money to support the worker. What I have now is a part time teaching job in Hsingling College and another doing recreational work in the Canadian Mission. When I get there and settled I will write about it. As Mr. Brown of the C.M. says it will not do more than keep the wolf from the door but since I had little more than

that in Tientsin I guess I am better suited for that sort of living than most. At least the work is to be full of interest, the associates and the environment promise much, and if one can't have many comforts, why worry?

These three months I've been out in the country with the Sun family. About seven miles over the mountains from the nearest bus stop, we hear planes flying over to bomb Chungking but are out of danger ourselves. I was there at the time of one of the worst raids, five hours in the Methodist cave, which was shaken by the bombing. Silcen had come to see me and was there with me. I asked her if she thought the bombs had landed in the compound and was assured the tremors would have been much worse if they had. Next morning as I was going into the street the brother in law of Tientsin friends called to me and pointed to a wrecked building, all that was left of his place of business. The amount of rebuilding that is done continually shows that the Chinese are confident of the final outcome and determined that it shall be "business as usual" meantime.

I have been enjoying my "family" immensely, especially the little fellow who will be three next month. I have taken over most of his care as his mother was expecting little sister (but it was little brother who came) and he says he is going to Chengtu with me. We hope the family will be moving there during the early winter.

Some of you have been asking what I could use in my work here. The answer is that nothing can come but money, and I imagine I shall find plenty of ways to use that. As I shall have none of my own to give, if you care to help I shall appreciate it greatly. DO NOT SEND ANY DOLLAR BILLS IN LETTERS as you did before. Get a U.S. currency draft on a N.Y. bank and send it to me directly or send to Miss Liebmann as before. I do thank you for the useful packages, one and all: Perhaps after the war they can be sent again, but not now. For me personally, write as often as you can. I had an air mail from Mich. that came through in twenty days, 77¢ postage and the marking "Air mail to the coast, air mail from Hongkong, but not clipper"—otherwise it takes six plus weeks. Ordinary mail goes by way of Burma Road. Magazines would be appreciated and they do come through. Here we burn rape oil in a saucer so one does no evening reading but Chengtu has electricity.

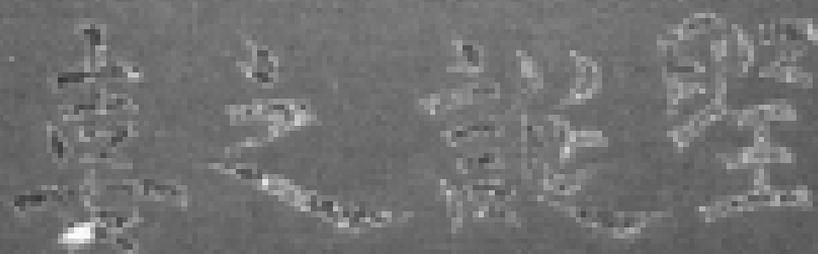
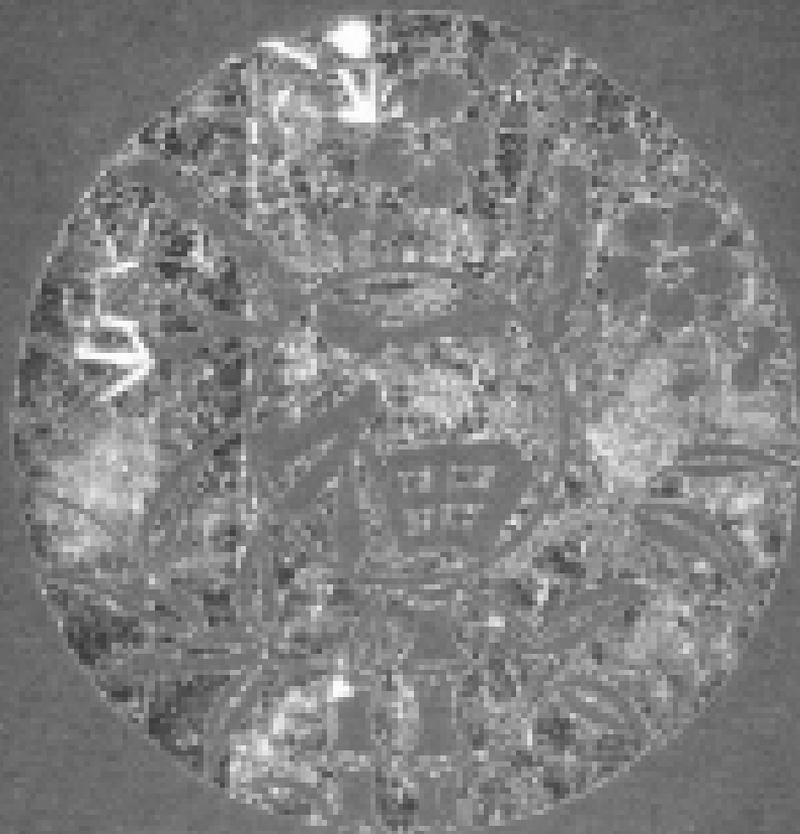
My last trunk has reached Chungking and will be sent on cost not less than a dollar a pound! Food is most expensive—the cheapest rice and vegetables come to \$4 a day, which used to support a Chinese for a month. If I can get tutoring I shall be able to get by, and I am glad to be at work again. I shall travel there via postal truck from the bus stop over the mountain at 3 A.M. and travelling straight into the next night in one of the most uncomfortable seats imaginable.

Love to you all, Ruth.

Note: Funds can be sent to her as follows—or you can send to me by mid-October, when I shall send another draft. Her Chinese account is at Associated Mission Treasurers, in care of Mr. Glenn Miller, A.M.T., 100 Yuen Ming Huen Road Shanghai, China. Mark the remittance for her account and notify her that it has been sent. Ours goes by way of the Chase National Bank, through our local service, and as we are sending this week no response from you could so then. My best greetings to you all, old friends and those whose names only are known to me.

Cordially, Lotta B. Liebmann
3305 Althmont Ave. Cleveland High

Letter from
Beth Van Kise.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To you and best wishes
for much happiness
during the coming year.
Don't you just dread to
look at China news? If
only there were something
we could do about it!

Are you enjoying De Royatta
as much as you anticipated?
It must be a lovely place.
Cordially,
Ruth & Bob Kirk

Chongchoufu, May 26, 1936.

[Fragment]

Dear, beloved G.T.:-

I have the honor to thank you for sending me a reprint from the NCTC, a copy of the English version of the confiscation of the ACC, and several copies of the Chinese version. I should have written some time ago to thank you for the first two, which I read with interest and profit (I was going to say with pleasure and profit, but remembered to think what I was saying, instead of merely ~~pleasure~~ setting down conventional phrases, and "pleasure" is a peculiarly inappropriate word to use in regard to such a matter.

The Chinese version came yesterday, and I took the first opportunity of reading it over with my teacher this morning. This teacher is a young fellow who last year was greatly moved over "imperialism" and kindred topics had the gentle superstition that Gt. Br. in India, and U.S. in the Philippines were extorting huge taxes from the natives, and sending them home so as to reduce the tax burden at home; he persistently preaches that no one ought to rely on unfair treaties to protect the gospel (and dodges the question of what one is to do if he can't get rid of the treaties.) It is hardly necessary to say that he has been very Anti-British; in fact he came very near going violently Anti-Foreign all along the line. And all the times that I have talked the ACC matter with him he has been politely, perhaps somewhat superficially skeptical of the thrust of what I was saying; and of course, like most young educated Chinese, he took the "Chinese" contention at face value.

So I rejoiced to have the opportunity to read the thing over with him. There was no way for him to avoid taking the arguments into his consciousness, for he had to read the whole thing to me and explain it to me so as to be sure that I understood it. I was afraid that I could have talked all day to him ~~about~~ about "Kau-chia" and po-kuan, without piercing his hide; but when he had to explain the differences to me, and explain how the Commissioner lied when he maintained that the original said po-kuan, and that the charge that the two versions were dissimilar was also a lie, etc. I could see that the points were sinking in.

When he had finished reading it, his first "defense mechanism" was to point out that the article was unsigned, and so you took the responsibility for it; I pointed to him your name on the front page of the English version, of which this was a translation, and there was no need of saying anything further about whether you stood back of it or not.

As we read your account of how much money the Mission put in the College, he pointed out that you gave only the totals, and not the details; but he had too much sense to push that point. When we finished it, he again questioned whether the mission actually did put that amount of money into the work, and I told him that if he would undertake to put it in the papers or even to say openly to his friends what he found by inspecting your accounts, then I would bring him down to you and we would ask you to let us look over the accounts together and see for ourselves that the figures were correct. Of course, I made it clear that you wouldn't care to show your books just to satisfy

idle curiosity, and that it wouldn't be fair to ask you to if he was inclined to think that you had faked the books for such inspection. But I know that you would ask nothing better than a chance to show the matter up to a person honest and open-minded who would be willing to testify that he had examined the accounts and found that they supported your contention.

He did not accept the challenge; I fear that the prospect of unpopularity will lead him to think that he had not better intrude himself into the limelight. But I don't think he will make any more remarks about you ~~that~~ that not knowing English, or about its being unfair to make English the ruling version.

He then made some remarks about the confusion of China, and was just getting started to say that they were of course due to the unfair treaties, when I pointed out to him that the greatest obstacle to getting the treaties altered was found in just such things as this affair, and it was the Chinese themselves who were making these obstacles. I said that we who are advocating the alteration of the treaties find it practically impossible to answer such an argument. He expressed a faith or a hope that when the treaties are corrected, the Chinese will come across with some honest officials; but the answer is "if they do this in the green tree, what will they do in the dry". And I have to admit that in over ten years I have never seen an honest official, and it is a severe test to one's faith to believe that the alteration of the treaties will automatically produce honest officials. For the first time, in all the conversations I have had with this man, I talked him down. He had no answer to make to the point ~~made~~

I may say that I still believe that the treaties ought to be corrected; and I think our secretary hit the nail on the head when he said that the Chinese have resolved that they will get their foreign relations put on a more satisfactory basis before giving their attention to correcting internal troubles. So long as the treaties are uncorrected, I fear we shall have a succession of such affairs as ACC. Keying, C.C.C. Wuchow. But I think had educated Christians ought to open his eyes and face the fact that so long as his fellow countrymen commit such affairs as the ACC, that he has no right to say that it is all due to foreign wickedness that the treaties are uncorrected. And I think this fellow has actually looked that proposition in the face. Thank you again for sending up the document which made this possible.

I don't think I have been to Sw. since ~~we~~ we came home from Conf. (shortly after I came and told you about the "paying affair") and I feel entirely out of the world. To be sure, I did make my way hastily from the Kityang launch to the station the other day, but what good did that do? I hope to get down and see you some time in the near future. On Bonefield's recommendation (after B. had got to paying) our consul withdrew his "advice" that the Giffins must leave Keying at once. The situation must be quite relaxed now, for the other day Giffin went down to Sw. and on to Hope, which means leaving all the women alone there for a week or so. I heard a rumor that some of you people were getting discouraged. I hope it isn't true. I have no particular hopeful signs to offer but "the night is darkest when the budding dawn", and this may be just

Wallace, E.

the time. In Northern California, where I lived in the mountains, every day in the year, summer and winter alike, it suddenly turns cold so that you have to pull on another blanket, just about fifteen minutes before dawn. Perhaps this is just those fifteen minutes.

I wish you could have been out with me in the country recently and seen for your own eyes that this agitation is confined very strictly to the port, Ch'ochowfu, and the delta. Of course that is where my churches are (all but two isolated ones) and seven of them have expressed a preference that I shouldn't visit them very much, and especially should not hold communion: Yang lung, Yang lin, Tanghai, Fan ie, An pou Sa leng (northwest of Wupou, near the hills) and Phu-ie (which may be temporary) and Kin Chieh, where the folks are scared to death, but I don't think there is any reason for being so scared: call it six and ten halves.

But Haters has been telling me for months that his field was unaffected. He is busy doing other things, so he asked me to visit three of his churches as his substitute, Kham e (behind Khek-khai, Sou-sin (in Ia-ki, near Tou-ka) and Lou-ling, south of Kityang. I also visited the Presbyterian churches #3 E-tang, Tou-ka, Sun lou Pong kham Phau thai, and Tok-phou (I think that is the name, right near Khai-lai) and our own churches at Khek-khai, Pou tahang, Phau thai and Khai lai. And things seem to me EXACTLY what they were before the agitation. I could not detect the slightest trace of ill feeling; the Christians didn't seem scared; I preached in the street, with no hint of opposition; visiting was normal, folks urged me to come again, and at Phau thai they especially assured me that the heathen were as cordial as ever in welcoming a foreign missionary whenever he came. And all this is not due to the fact that I was an especial pal of the people there. There is nothing personal about it at all. Any other missionary would have been treated the same way (or better). It ~~seems~~ simply means that a large part of the Anti-foreign feeling in the two continents and the delta is due to propaganda, and that where the people are not influenced by propaganda, or only slightly affected, they are as friendly to missionaries as ever. I may mention also, that I was very seldom asked what my nationality was. Occasionally a Presbyterian who didn't recognize my surname would ask which mission I belonged to. I do not recall the common or garden variety of Chinese inquiring my nationality at all.

I do not feel competent to generalize on the matter. But it seems to me that if the agitation does not spread any more widely and if things are settled up within a reasonable length of time, you will find wide sections of the Tse Chiu kua kwei in which the evangelistic opportunity will be just as it was before the cyclone struck us. Probably Douglas told you what a good time he had at Yang Yag. I go over there every once in a while, and find the friendliest feeling there; and the preacher tells me that there is not the slightest Anti-Christian feeling among the people who count, thereabouts.

I hear Gutarie is back. Please give him my salutations. I am curious to know how near to Peking he succeeded in getting, but think I can restrain my curiosity till he gets back.

Wak-chieh.

Feb. 10th 1930.

kindest wishes
I send to you
and all
the family
of your
well-wishers
I hope
you
will
write
soon
myself

We want to thank you for your Christmas card and the personal greetings which came with it.

We have been back just four months exactly, though it seems longer than that. We plunged into the work in less than a week after arrival.

There had never been a time when we came back from furlough that we had such a cordial welcome from missionaries and Chinese alike, as this time. Receptions, dinners and teas were the order of the first few weeks.

The Chinese leaders are much more friendly in every way than before we went home. Missions are on

The same footing on committees, having voting power on all questions, no longer called advisors. Foreigners are on all committees. There is more social life between the Chinese ^{and the} than was before.

Conditions inland are bad. Our six missionaries have been living down here for some months. Bonfield, Giffin, Mrs. Burket and children have not been up since they got back from furlough in September. Mrs. Campbell, Louise and Mr. Whitman came down in November. Now there are soldiers stationed at Kaying, sixty Reds have been executed since October and the city is comparatively quiet. Mr. Whitman & Mr. Giffin went back last Thursday and Louise has gone back. The others are still here. Should the soldiers be withdrawn, as they are likely to be any day, conditions

would be as bad as ever, the missionaries would have to leave again. They came to seize Mr. Whitman twice before he came down, but failed to find him, as he was in hiding elsewhere. That was the local bandits, but they stole or destroyed all of his things and many of Giffin's things also. There has been quite a congestion on the compound. With "Boulder Plot" and the "Rest House" used by Chinese and Mr. Speicher's Swallow House leased for three years, you can see how it has been. The Bonfields and Giffin have lived in Prescott House. Mrs. Campbell, Louise & Dorothy with Mrs. Worley in "East View"; the Burket's in the domestic Science Building, Mr. Whitman with us. The last few days, four members of Back Mission are here - two with Mrs. Worley and two with us. They are on their way to Hongkong. The three

gentlemen of their Mission who have been held by the bandits since the middle of August are expected to be liberated in a few days if all goes well. The first ransom money asked was 3 million dollars but we hear that now they are to be set free for six thousand.

Last week one night, a large robber band (communists) attacked one of the villages of Pi-kia, opposite Tat-shai-jou and looted and destroyed property and carried off a number of people for ransom. That is getting rather near home.

Mr. Page is here and the new church building will soon be begun. The Squibbers are expected the 12th. They will live in the Gorman house. The Babers have been there, but went back to the City last week. I am glad Emily will have foreigners up there with her. I do not think it wise for a

young lady to live alone at a Station.

The Smiths and Hobarts are at Rutyang and Miss Pothan. They have seen some trying times, but now there is a generous thief catcher magistrate there and things are much better. If all the magistrates took an interest, the bandits could be suppressed and the poor people not have to suffer so much.

Miss Polhem has gone down to Suifu to work among the Tie-chin women for a few months. Mr. Baker, H. C. Ling & E. C. Toi are going down in a week or two to look into the matter of co-operation with the Presbyterians in an Institutional Church.

We are looking for Mr. Vebra the middle of March. She will live with us again. We are uncertain as to whether Edna comes with her

is not. Ruth Hall will come in the late summer, we think and take Abbie's place as teacher in the Acad. Every while she is home on furlough, probably. Mr. Burbanck & Child go on furlough also in June.

I think I have given you most of the news. Mr. Watson and I are keeping quite well. He spends most of his time in the Seminary and I have been having three classes daily in the Women's School. Our school opens to-morrow and our Chinese New Year vacation is over. Our other schools open a week later. There are over ten new women coming in this term. The school will have forty students - smaller than four years ago, but people do not like to travel about much when it is so unsafe. Hi-kang Mok and Mok-oy are now General Secretaries