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COLLEGE FILES
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Kirk, Florence
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AUG 12 1932

The Woman's Missionary Society of The United Church of Canada

MRS. ALFREDO TAGLIALATELA
TREASURER

MISS MYRTLE M. BUCK
ASSISTANT TREASURER

412-413 WESLEY BUILDINGS
TORONTO 2

UNITING
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THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
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SECRETARY
CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP AND FINANCE
52 ROWANWOOD AVE.

MRS. E. A. MCCULLOCH
SECRETARY RETIREMENT FUND
165 ST. CLAIR AVE. W.
TORONTO 5

August 11th
1 9 3 2

Miss Minnie V. Sandberg,
152 Madisson Avenue,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Miss Sandberg,-

Your letter of August 9th and wire of August 11th arrived in the office and were opened in Miss Thomas' absence from the city on vacation. She will be in town at the end of the week, but, as the Treasurer's Department of our Society is the one which cares for travel, etc. in connection with our own missionaries, your letters, for the present, were turned over to me.

We are glad to know that Miss Kirk has now been definitely appointed to Ginling College.

A party of our own missionaries are travelling to the East, via "Empress of Canada" sailing August 27th from Vancouver, and we were fortunate in having accommodation for another person in one of the rooms, which was not being utilized. This made it an easy matter, therefore, to book passage tentatively for Miss Kirk, and now that her appointment has been made we shall make this definite.

Also, we shall now secure Miss Kirk's railway ticket from Saskatoon to Vancouver, and supply her with an amount for incidental expenses enroute to China.

In connection with her outfit allowance. I understand there are different amounts according to the length of term of appointment, and as this is not stated in your letter I think, perhaps, it might save time if Mr. Carter were to supply the amount required. However, if it is your wish that all expenses be met by us and included in one bill to Mr. Carter please let us know whether her appointment is for a three or five year term, the amount for the latter, we understand, being \$200.00.

I think this covers all the details of the journey, but if there is anything else you think should receive our attention, please communicate with us as soon as possible.

Sincerely yours,

Myrtle M. Buck
Assistant Treasurer.

B/T

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Ginling College,
Nanking,
April 18, 1934.

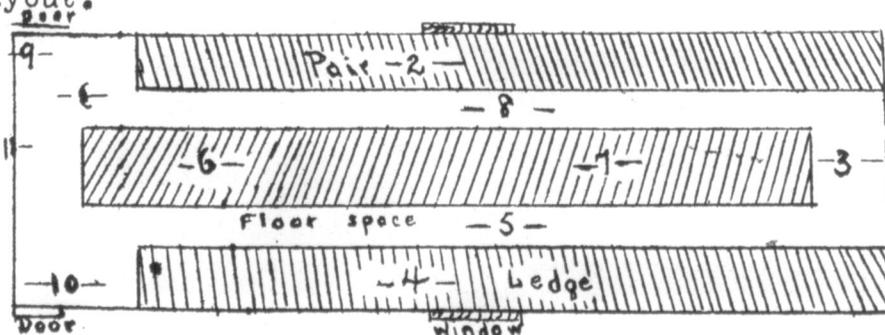
Dear

I want to tell you about our expedition to Tai Shan, the largest and most famous of the five sacred mountains of China. During the two years I have been at Ginling I have heard enthusiastic reports of two previous expeditions that it seemed a thrilling thing to do. We thought for a time that bandits in that area of Shantung would prevent our going but we started off the Monday morning following Easter Sunday.

We got up at the early hour of 5.15, for our bedding roll had to be at a certain door by 6. My sleeping mate and I had packed ours before, but my morning leisure was complicated by the necessity of packing a food basket with foreign food for those of us who did not want to eat Chinese food for the next four days. It almost missed the baggage truck.. but not quite, so then I breathed more easily. It was a sunny day and that made us relieved for we had rainy dull weather for a week...and we had visions of mountain climbing in the rain. By 7.50 we were all piled into trucks, happy and anticipating the adventure. As we drove away and left a row of people on the steps seeing us off, we wondered just what they thought.. "Lucky!" or "I'm glad I'm staying home where I can get a restful holiday!" In our pockets we were supposed to have not more than \$2 and if we valued our wristwatches we were advised to leave them at home. The finances were being looked after by a committee so we travelled with no cares on our shoulders.

"We" were 72 students (I forgot that two of them were mothers of students; two were alumnae and nine of us were teachers) and one man servant. Arrived at the Bund we boarded the old ferry (recently we have acquired a fine train ferry) and there Miss Vautrin who was the "head" of the party told us her story for the morning. Awake before the first morning bell rang, she heard a crying and sobbing and on investigation she found that the noise came from her clothes closet. Opening the door, she found her Tai Shan walking stick crying bitterly, and saying: "Take me back to Tai Shan! Take me back! It's ten years since I've been there!" As Minnie said, such an appeal could not go unanswered and for proof there was her alpenstock, made of walnut with carved dragon head and her own name in Chinese characters carved near the top. This amused the girls and all of us. We did not have much time to see the Yangtze that morning, but there were the usual fishing smacks or rather sailboats and sampans, and the gunboats; and the wind blew coldly, and made us ask ourselves if we had brought a liberal supply of clothing. At ten we boarded what we called variously as our "Third Class Private Car" or "Our Happy Home". An efficient baggage committee had stowed our luggage inside in the four quarters respectively. It looked a pretty big task to get all the bedding down.. but we supposed that might be accomplished, given some thought. We were literally packed in like sardines. In our quarter there were allotted ten pairs of sleepers; we were number 10 and I do not want to go by a number for many of my days.

Now I shall draw a diagram of our section and it will show our layout.



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In one section two adventurous souls climbed into the baggage racks, but it required a lot of courage. After the first night there were varied complaints of the sleeping accommodations (always good-natured ones); NO's 2 and 5 said their covers continually slipped away from them; pairs 6 and 7 had a continual fight to keep their pillows beside the danger of falling off; our chief complaint then and thereafter was lack of length; invariably we would find basins and baskets at our feet. Right behind me was a door and once a night I would wake up feeling cold and find that the sliding doors had jiggled apart several inches; I wondered about the possibility of being lost in transit. I heard no objections voiced by the other pairs, except that one half of No. II could not find enough space to put down her bedding; she was transferred to another part of the "happy home" and I heard rumors to the effect that it took half an hour's planning to get her stowed in.

The first day we were on the train from 10 a.m. to early the next morning. I shall dispose of the day's occupations under headings.

1. We unrolled bedding in order, laid it out and made ourselves comfortable with rugs and cushions. It was a de luxe way of travelling third for the chief fault with "third" is the hardness of the seats.

2. We read, played checkers, or dominoes, or bridge, began diaries, and I gave a lesson in crocheting an afghan and can report most satisfactory progress in my pupil. My "chesterfield" socks caused a good deal of merriment, but they came in handy in traversing the car, because stocking feet was the approved way.

3. At some station we clambered out. At Pengpou we saw the girls buy (four for a dollar) the cooked orange colored fowl (orange from the cooking process); we have similar delicacies here in Nanking they are chocolate colored. At another station we made a scramble for the wicker baskets displayed near the train, and came back laden down. This detail greatly complicated our homeward trip. Here we brought out our cups and got them full of boiling water, the only kind that can be trusted to be pure. Our committee had done some haranguing with a train boy for hot and cold water but he asked a ridiculously high price, so we depended on our servant getting a kettle or two at each station where we stopped for any length of time. Imagine, if you can, cleaning your teeth with hot water!

4. Although we were settled on the floor we did try occasionally to get up and watch how the scenery changed as we went north. Rice fields gave way to wheat fields that were larger in area; the country was flatter and there were fewer and fewer ponds. It was "dry-farming" as some one explained. The wheat was beautifully green. I noticed that much of it was planted in a way that reminded me of the "rowed crops" at home: two rows then a space of 12 to 18 inches left bare. The country though flat was pretty for there were clumps of trees here and there. We saw more wheelbarrows on the roads; the houses were thatched differently and I thought the air seemed drier.

5. We ate. Near us was a suitcase packed with extra "eats" and as we played games on the floor oranges chocolates, raisins and cookies rained down on us. Then meal-time came and we found there were distinct advantages to such ordinary objects as a table, chairs and lack of motion. The girls sat still and a committee passed the food along the line. We who ate foreign food tried to eat, if possible, when the car stopped, but that was not always convenient.

6. The amusement committee had made some songs for us for special occasions so we learned them. One was to be sung when we were going up the mountain, another when we visited the tomb of Confucius.

7. We slept about 2.30 when quiet hour was proclaimed. There was distinctly less noise, though perhaps it never got to the quiet stage and many had a good rest.

8. We talked and got better acquainted with our neighbors. Miss Vautrin read from some books about the places we were going to see.

9. I liked just to survey the scene around me: girls chatting and reading, perched high or low; suspended from the iron crossbeams were coats and sweaters and jackets and pairs of shoes... anything that could be hung. It was a great conglomeration and it reminded me of the peeps I used to get occasionally into "tourist cars" as they came through Saskatchewan. I remembered how I pitied them... and now

I think that no tourist car could be more hectic than this one and yet we enjoyed it!

Tuesday we arrived at Taian, a city of 30,000 people about 5140. We were up before that and when the train stopped we washed out on the platform and ate our breakfast. We heaved a sigh of relief for the sunny augured well for our day's outing. Not far from where our car was stranded were the 72 chairs, flimsy-looking, appearing to be just a few pieces of bamboo lashed together none too securely. However, they were much more comfortable than the more elaborate chairs we used to ascend the mountain at Kuling. To our left as we started was the interesting Pagoda Hill but we had not time to stop to explore that. We formed a long line and we were interested in the way these bearers carried their loads. They shifted the burden in three different positions: so that the strap came around the back of their necks; so that it came over the left shoulder; so that it came over the right shoulder. The timing for these changes was well managed. When the burden came over their shoulders, it meant that we rode with a queer sideways motion that we thought very smooth. At first we all felt like walking but were advised against it since this was easy walking, and carrying... and we would be doing the bearers a kindness if we reserved our energy for steeper places. We foreigners felt we were a heavy burden in comparison with the Chinese girls but someone consoled us by saying that we were no heavier than Chinese men would be. Soon, my two carriers said I was heavy and could I give them extra money. I told them I was not so heavy as the men were and they agreed. As to paying extra tips I explained that it was strictly against the rules. They asked me and the others frequently but we stayed by our bargain. I think Miss Vautrin had the best answer to their insistent "No one will know." She said to them, "I would know and you would know and heaven would know." And they agreed that that was so.

We skirted the city of Taian which seemed to be a city of stone. Courtyards, walls of houses, pavements fences, all seemed made of stone often with no mortar holding the separate blocks together. There was no lack of material for we passed over some of the stoniest country I have ever seen. You may be interested to know how the distance seems to the bearers. It takes about 6 hours to go up, and less than two hours to descend. The bearers say that it is 15 miles up and 5 miles down.

We crossed a flat plain and had a view of Tai Shan. Scholars have called it The Father-in-law Peak, thought to be the oldest of the sacred peaks. It appeared rugged and rocky with little vegetation. We made out a formation of rock in the shape of a man's face in repose. It looked hard and inflexible enough. At first the flights were short and gradual with flat spaces between. The road was splendidly paved with stone and for much of the way a wall of stone skirts one side of the road. Books state variously that there are 5640 or 6000 steps. Our first stop was at a temple just beside the road. We saw there a priest who had been "translated" as he meditated for months at a time. I saw for the first time the alcoves in separate recesses where worshippers spend the night. These alcoves were perhaps 8' by 5' by 4' with rounding concrete roofs. Just outside was a gorgeous pine with flat long branches extending over the road. It is known as the Han Pine, and it is supposed to date back to 200 A.D. Throughout that day we were continually reminded of the long centuries of traditions. Here is a quotation: "Tai Shan was holy ground for at least 2000 years before Christ. Centuries before Moses sought Jehovah on Sinai's heights, pilgrim seekers after God were toiling up thy rocky steeps. Into the flinty granite of thy crags they chiselled deep their votive characters, and the winds and rains of ages have washed them smooth again, but the marks of those ancient loyalties are still in this people's soul. All the kingdoms and civilizations of authentic history have risen and crumbled since worship began upon thy summit, except indeed the race and civilization whence thy pilgrims came of old and still do come to worship..." The road, the temples, the shrines belonged to ancient times... so that it was difficult to realize just how long ago they came into existence.

I enjoyed hearing the names of some of the temples and cliffs along the route. I shall quote some of them here: Heavenly Tempest Tower; Temple of Augmented Happiness; Moon Contemplation Summit; South Facing Grotto where the Clouds Form; The Tablet of a Hundred Thousand Feet; The Mount of Facing Pines; Gateway of the Dragon; Arch of Ascent to the Fairies; Peach Orchard Glen; Cave of the Veil of Spray.

To our left most of the way was a steep gorge and emptying into it smaller gorges from openings in the mountain side. Here and there **giant** pines grew, seemingly out of sheer rock. A feature which interested those who read Chinese was the smoothed faces of rock with inscriptions cut in, written there in stone by pilgrims to commemorate some great blessing.

I shall never forget the beggars, seated on the ground or seated on the low wall at the side, watching their wicker baskets and pleading with us to give them something. At times the chair bearers had to lift the chairs higher to pass over a beggar who crouched right in the middle of the path. Mothers here and there were lustily teaching small children the trade. The children followed us some distance and cried on us to put some coppers into the ragged caps they held out. Part way up I thought of counting the number of beggars but decided that would be a poor way to spend the climb. Most of the men, women and children looked well-fed, though some were in rags; we were told that many of them were not professional beggars but members of the tea-houses along the way of country people come to earn a few cents in a slack season. On April 3, the day we went, there were few pilgrims, so few beggars. On festival days they are literally thousands of beggars. They tell a story of an ingenious old beggar. He had no less than ten separate baskets placed on ten successive flights of steps, and from an almost inaccessible height in the rock above, he kept watch over his baskets and called on the passers-by to take pity on his forlorn condition. A good example of "high-pressure" begging!

We stopped at the "Half-Way House" and the carriers and those who felt fagged got tea or ate the fruit they had brought along. Here we found rubbings on sale, paper impressions taken from stones with the pattern cut away. The rubbings may show artistic characters, or paintings of famous artists. I liked particularly the Confucius and the seasons. One set of seasons represents the seasonal changes by changes in the positions of bamboo trees, and these are hung when mounted with winter at the extreme right and spring, summer and fall to the left. Another set signifies the seasons by four typical flowers.

From here we could see the South Heavenly Gate which was almost ~~our~~ destination, and we gasped as we saw the very long steep flight leading up to this gate, sandwiched in between cliffs of rock. But we had plenty of time to prepare ourselves for the last climb for it was some distance there. The last stretch was breath-taking. There are extravagant stories told in China about the steepness of this part of the climb. One fable tells that as you walk, you lean forward so sharply that you can see only the heels of the person in front of you. It is true that the treads of the steps are extremely narrow and makes imperative the good method which the bearers have of walking not straight ahead but sideways. Arrived at the South Heavenly Gate we had a fairly level mile or more to go. Before starting on the last lap we rested and had tea, and looked down at the imperial yellow tiled temple near the gateway. Then we passed through the the Heavenly Street Village, a group of tea-houses, unusual because of the signs over their doors: a buffalo, a basket, etc- much like the signs over inn-doors in England. Here the thatch-roofs were "weighted down to resist the violent winds that sweep over from the north." Then a few more flights, past a tiny shrine of

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Lao-tse, founder of the Taoist faith to the Temple of the Princess of Tai Shan, where our bearers sat down with many expressions of relief and a renewal of thier demands for extra money.

We looked in at this temple but decided that more important than sight-seeing was getting some food. By this time it was 12.30. So I took my steamer rug from the chair and spread it on a grassy ledge and several of us sat down, opened up our individual brown paper sacks and made a hearty meal. The country around us was rocky and barren but we had still some exploring to do on the heights above us. On the first height was a marvellous jet-black dressed stone with gold characters. On the highest point, Father-in-law Peak, was a pinkish-colored temple surrounded by a wall. Here in the fifteenth century the temple of the Jade Emperor was built. Once arrived at the top we looked at the pink temple and the five huge stones enclosed in the yard just outside; the giant monolith fifteen feet high with bevelled edges (and causing all sorts of conjectures as to how it got there for geologists say it did not originate on the mountain); a Confucian temple just below us in a secluded spot where the "Mother of Tai Shan" reclines; from the Peak where one contemplates the Sun, we stood on the Ancient Altar of Sacrifice, where emperors for centuries have come to offer sacrifice and where people at the present time come to see the sun rise; in the valley below us the Wen river and its tributaries and Taian below us; the "frog", a curious formation of stone like a squatting frog with its nose in the air and its mouth open, near which Confucius is said to have stood and contemplated the landscape and said that the earth was small; the Cliff of the Love of Life, a wall of rock 1000 feet high, where people came to vow that if certain blessings were granted, such as the curing of a member of thier family, that they would come and throw themselves down as a sacrifice; here Miss Vautrin told us a story from her experience, of how she and a Ginling girl had been instrumental in keeping a Chinese soldier from committing suicide; we did not see the point where Confucius is said to have stood and to have seen a white horse at Soochow, something of a phenomenon!

About three we started down, to the satisfaction of the bearers who had been shouting to us for an hour that a storm was coming and we should start back. On the top the wind had risen and we had put on extra wraps, but now as we descended we were again in sunshine. The men raced down and I could understand how some dared not look down when the steep flights were being gone over. Of the way down I remember two things in particular, two purple crocuses lying in the road which took me back to Saskatchewan springs.... and the kites. On the plain at the foot of the mountain were a dozen boys with their kites and other children looking on at this fascinating pastime. They were tiny kites, shaped like a butterfly or a bird or made of circles arranged in geometric pattern. As we passed I thought these boys looked a little pityingly at us, and I did envy them.

We had supper that night (five of us) at the Methodist Mission, and more pleasant still, a bath in soft water. We were only sorry that the rest could not enjoy these luxuries, but they did have a hot meal provided. When we came back at ten, the girls presented a good picture of enjoyment, as they slept in spite of the disturbance of boy scouts in the next car, street lights that shone directly in, and a crowd of noisy coolies outside. We climbed in the door near our beds (At the Mission I had bought 25 pounds of millet and the servant stored that away for us...I had visions of having to use it as a pillow). We got a flashlight and proceeded to make our beds - a thing not feasible before we left. I was afraid we would wake the sleepers, but the general query the next morning was, "When did you get back?" Everyone reported a wonderful sleep, a great improvement on the first night. When we woke we found ourselves again stranded on a side track three hours from our bearer home, at Choufou, the place so closely associated with Confucius. From outside came the morning calls of a score or more of donkeys and mules, a distinctly lonesome sound.

After breakfast on this sunny morning, with just a touch of haze in the distance, we climbed with much laughter into "Peking Carts", two-wheeled, blue-hooded...and springless! One mule was attached to each and two or three occupied one cart. It was an exhilarating experience, and I was reminded of Red River Carts. The country around Choufou is sandy, just the sort of land for a thoroughly successful dust-storm.

We formed a picturesque line as the 25 carts wound along, and my cart-mate and I felt inspired to write a song, a parody on "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". I shall quote it here, not because of its poetical lines, but because it does give a summary of that day's outing:

At eight o'clock on Wednesday we started out to see
The tomb of good Confucius who died some time B.C.;
At first we took a Peking cart and merrily did flee..
Bump, bump, we bumped along.

Chorus: To the tomb of good Confucius (three times)
Bump, bump, we bumped along.

We had had so good a sleep we weren't at all tired;
And since it wasn't raining we just could not be mired;
And with enthusiasm we were all of us inspired;
Bump, bump, we bumped along.

Twenty-five blue-hooded carts all in a lone did go,
We jogged and jogged and jogged along, but oh, it was so slow;
To left and right and front of us, the fresh spring wheat did grow
Bump, bump, we bumped along.

The court-yards of Confucius were filled with scouts galore;
Miss Vautrin told us all she knew of old Confucian love;
We found it all so interesting, we thought it worth the bore,
To bump, bump, bump along.

At seven o'clock we reached our home, where on the track it stood;
We quickly washed away the dust, and scrambled for our food;
Remade our beds and climbed right in and found them very good,
For we'd bumped, bumped bumped along.

That day we did three chief things: visited the tomb of Confucius (as the song does not let you forget); had a hot Chinese meal in the Methodist Mission; visited the Temple of Confucius still farther on. It was a perfect day, in spite of rising wind which made our return trip a dusty one. It was more enjoyable than the day before, I thought. Such an air of peace, and age filled the large enclosure where the tombs of Confucius and his son, his grandson, and all the graves of the many Kungs, his relatives lie! There were many people there, but the 500 years old trees, the tree he planted more than 2000 years ago, the beautiful retiring pavilions of Chien Lung and emperors after him, the tiny bridges over valleys now grassy and dry, it was a fine two house we spent there. And the temple was as lovely as we saw his well; the spot where his house had stood, and we wondered about the days he spent there with his disciples. The temple itself is exquisite with its famous dragon carved pillars and the yellow tiles. I like the interiors of Confucian temples much better than the Buddhist ones; I like the blues and golds and the absence of terrifying guards made of stone or bronze. It was a great place for photographers but that day there were so many there that it was difficult to get any pictures without some people slipping in. And we found that the peasant around liked having their pictures taken, a distinct contrast to Nanking.

Then we spent a day in the train and arrived home, not worn-out, but with many memories of the four exquisite days we had spent.

Florence Kirk

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 SOCIETY
 ASSOCIATION FOR CHRISTIAN
 WORK, SMITH COLLEGE

August 23rd, 1935.

Miss Florence G. Tyler,
Building.

Dear Miss Tyler:

We quote herewith from a letter from Miss Florence A. Kirk, dated August 16th, 1935, from 419 Ninth Street, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada:

"I am planning to take at least two year courses at the University of Saskatchewan in English literature. The university closes in April. Then I expect to go to England for a month or two for summer courses on my way back to China. I hope that it will be possible for me to secure study allowance for the two semesters. Later I can give you more definite information about courses if you require it."

The advice that we had from Miss Priest was to the effect that Miss Kirk had completed a three year term and was entitled to receive the special furlough allowance of 3/5 of the regular salary inasmuch as she is now planning to return to Nanking after this year at home.

Will you kindly take up the question and see whether Miss Kirk is entitled to study allowance and advise Miss Kirk and us as to the decision of the Board.

Very sincerely yours,

Russell Carter
Treasurer.

RC:MS

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COPY TO

→ Miss Hodge
File

August 26, 1935

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
208 South Queen Street
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

My dear Miss Griest:

I have a letter here this morning for Miss Tyler from Mr. Carter. He quotes as follows from a letter from Miss Kirk:

"I am planning to take at least two year-courses at the University of Saskatchewan in English literature. The University closes in April. Then I expect to go to England for a month or two for summer courses on my way back to China. I hope that it will be possible for me to secure study allowance for the two semesters. Later I can give you more definite information about courses if you require it."

Mr. Carter himself then says:

"The advice that we had from Miss Priest was to the effect that Miss Kirk had completed a three year term and was entitled to receive the special furlough allowance of 3/5 of the regular salary inasmuch as she is now planning to return to Nanking after this year at home.

"Will you kindly take up the question and see whether Miss Kirk is entitled to study allowance and advise Miss Kirk and us as the decision of the Board."

I have looked up her contract, which she signed in August 1932. That contract form made no mention of a study allowance.. I am sending a copy of this letter to Miss Hodge thinking that we might save time that way.

Very sincerely yours,

'Secretary to Miss Tyler

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COPY TO
Miss Hodge
File

Flourence Kirk

August 26, 1935

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
208 South Queen Street
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

My dear Miss Griest:

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Mr. Carter himself then says:

"The advice that we had from Miss Priest was to the effect that Miss Kirk had completed a three year term and was entitled to receive the special furlough allowance of $\frac{3}{5}$ of the regular salary inasmuch as she is now planning to return to Nanking after this year at home.

"Will you kindly take up the question and see whether Miss Kirk is entitled to study allowance and advise Miss Kirk and us as the decision of the Board."

I have looked up her contract, which she signed in August 1932. That contract form made no mention of a study allowance.. I am sending a copy of this letter to Miss Hodge thinking that we might save time that way.

Very sincerely yours,

Secretary to Miss Tyler

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208 SOUTH QUEEN STREET
LANCASTER PENNSYLVANIA

Aug. 27, 1930.

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My dear Miss Lawrence:-

Thank you for
your letter of August 26th in regard to Miss
Kirk. I remember very well
getting Miss Kirk's papers ready
in the summer of 1932, but I was
not then responsible for the actual
signing of the contract. Either Mrs.
Sears (who was then Miss Sandberg
of the Baptist Board) or Miss Hodge
herself must have, I think, attended
to the contract. - The contract, however,

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should have been the one like
the one I am enclosing, for as far
as I can remember it ~~was~~ the
contract in use from the time
I began helping in the candidate
work in 1930 until the present
reign of Democracy and Depression.

Miss Hodge and I worked over a new
contract in the summer of 1933 I think.

I fear in neither Miss Mansman's
case nor in Miss Kirk's has the
Board of Directors in Chief recommended
that an educational allowance

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AUG 27 1935

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208 SOUTH QUEEN STREET
LANCASTER PENNSYLVANIA

be granted, but if both girls expect
to study in order to return to Guilford
and if Mr. Carter has any money
in the treasury, my personal
opinion would be that both of
these allowances should be granted.

I would suppose, however, unless
Miss Hodge is willing to assume
responsibility, that this grant
would require approval from
the executive committee. I haven't
as yet heard when that meeting

0382

AUG 27 1935. [47]

will be but it can't be more than
two weeks or so away, so that
even if both Miss Measman
and Miss Kirk have to wait for
for their "educational allowances"
that they will not be held up
very much longer.

Whatever Miss Hoop says
about this of course will be
the way to handle it. - If she (think)
is uncertain I would ^{think} write
Miss Kirk that the matter has
come before the Executive Committee
and that they will meet in September.
Would you send me a copy of this

0383

AUG 27 1935

{57

208 SOUTH QUEEN STREET
LANCASTER PENNSYLVANIA

3

Herbi contract, if it differs from
the enclosed copy, please?

Yours sincerely,

Rebecca Chubb

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Ans. 8/27/35 Wrote Carter suggesting he reply
as we did to Massman. (Per Miss Lawrence)

208 SOUTH QUEEN STREET
LANCASTER PENNSYLVANIA

Re Miss Kirk's [17]
study request
August 27, 1935

My dear Miss Hodge:-

I have been puzzled
today to hear from Miss Lawrence's letter
(sent in duplicate by me and she) that
Miss Kirk's contract contains nothing
about an educational allowance. -
She should have signed the enclosed
contract. - In 1932, when she went
out, the contract was attended
to through "Miss Karsberg's" office, so
I have no definite memory about
it.

0385

'AUG 27 1935 ^{C21}

You may remember how fast we
worked on Miss Kirk. You wrote
the Canadian women about
interviewing her. It was already
July when we started with her -
and I sailed on the 7th of August
that summer for England. - My
part of the job was done before I left,
but I am not sure that her contract
had by that date her contract
was signed. Because of distance
and haste, did she by any
chance sign a contract from
the Canadian women. rather
than our regular one? - I have

0386

AUG 27 1935

(3)
over

208 SOUTH QUEEN STREET
LANCASTER PENNSYLVANIA

2

asked Miss Lawrence & send
me a copy of her contract, if it
differs from the one I am enclosing.

I should feel, if she is
planning to return, that she
should be granted the educational
allowance of \$200.00. This is
returned to us, is it not, if
she does not return? - If so
that should be made clear to her.

In the case of both Miss Lawrence
and Miss Kirk would the allowance
need Executive Committee approval

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AUG 27 1935 (47)

Before it can be printed -

Affectionately,

Rebecca Thorne

P.S. Enclosed Miss Thorne has written

Mr. Carter very definitely about

"furlough salaries". - In that case,

would Mr. Carter go ahead with

Miss Thorne's intended delay?

And it would be well to put

what Miss Thorne wrote Mr. Carter

in regard to Miss Thorne's

allowances? -

R

Contract I should
Supp. Miss Kirk Lynch
Recd Aug. 28, 1935 from Miss Grist

GINLING COLLEGE CONTRACT FOR THREE YEAR TERM

I accept an appointment to Ginling College, Nanking, China, as missionary teacher, for a term of three years on the following basis:

1. Salary of \$864. Gold per annum(1728 Mexican), to be paid by the college; the same to begin upon arrival at Nanking and to cease at departure at end of term.
2. Necessary travel to Nanking and return by the shortest route to be paid by the college, the necessary items of expense incident to travel to be a non-personal charge, and an allowance of \$1.50 per day to be granted for personal expenses.
3. Regular travel allowance and proportionate furlough salary, beginning on arrival home by the most direct route, to be given those who expect to return to the College; one month's retiring allowance to be given to those not expecting to return.
4. An educational allowance not to exceed \$200.00 may be granted during furlough on the recommendation of the Board of Directors, and with the approval of Ginling College Committee, it being understood by the applicant for such allowance that all terms of service except the first are for five years.
5. Medical and surgical expenses to be paid by the college when incurred according to College regulations.
6. A furnished room to be provided by the College.
7. Assignment of work to be made by the faculty, all of whom share in the extra-curriculum activities of the College.
8. In case of resignation before the termination of the contract, for other than ill health, certified to by the College physician and one other missionary physician, a proportional refund on travel shall be made to the College.

Name.

Date.

The Ginling College Committee appoints.

to Ginling College for a term of three years on the above basis.

Chairman.

Date.

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MEMBERS BOARD OF FOUNDERS

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 MRS. CHARLES K. ROYS
 MR. CHARLES H. SEARS
 DR. ROBERT E. SPEER
 MISS LELA E. TAYLOR
 MISS FLORENCE G. TYLER

GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

PRESIDENT
 MISS YI FANG WU, PH. D.

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 ADDRESS, 156 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MISS MARGARET E. HODGE, CHAIRMAN
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DENOMINATIONS - COOPERATING

WOMEN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST
 FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY
 DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN
 MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
 PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL
 CHURCH
 BOARD OF MISSIONS, METHODIST
 EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH
 WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY
 SOCIETY, METHODIST
 EPISCOPAL CHURCH
 BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS,
 PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, U. S. A.
 BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS,
 REFORMED CHURCH IN THE
 U. S.
 UNITED CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY
 SOCIETY
 ASSOCIATION FOR CHRISTIAN
 WORK, SMITH COLLEGE

August 29, 1935

Dear Miss Hodge:

I think the attached is self-explanatory. I shall get the material from the Baptist files and see if there is anything more in it about Miss Kirk.

Enclosed is the notice about the meetings. I hope it is all O.K. Have had a little difficulty with my typing today for I tried to cut my thumb off last night; however I didn't succeed and I reckon it will be all right eventually after it has thoroughly saturated me and my apartment and everybody else with the smell of Iodoform.

A card from Miss Tyler said they were starting for home yesterday. Now I am departing for Knickerbocker Village to sign my lease. They have finally completed their check-up on all references. They certainly do a thorough enough job.

Sincerely yours,

Rhoda B. Lawrence

L

August 29, 1935

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
208 South Queen Street
Lancaster, Pa.

My dear Miss Griest:

I have had a letter from Miss Hodge about Miss Kirk today and I have written Mr. Carter as per the enclosed copy. I am also enclosing a copy of the contract which I have here which was signed by Miss Sandburg. As you see that paragraph is missing.

I am going to get all the material still up in the Baptist office at the first opportunity and see if that has any information about Miss Kirk in it.

Sincerely yours,

Secretary to Miss Tyler

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Encl.

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Copies to:

→ Miss Hodge
Miss Griest
File

August 29, 1935

Mr. Russell Carter
156 Fifth Avenue
New York City

My dear Mr. Carter:

Miss Lawrence has consulted both Miss Griest and me as to the reply for you to make to Miss Kirk's request for study allowance.

Apparently she signed a special contract for as you will see on the attached copy there is no mention of a study allowance. And in Dr. Wu's letter to Miss Tyler she made no mention of Miss Kirk's studying but she did say that they expected her to return to Ginling. I think therefore the only thing that you can do is to tell her that you will have to bring the matter before the Board of Founders at their meeting on September 19. At the same time I would suggest that you ask her if she is planning to go back for the five year term. I am quite willing to endorse the request to the Board of Founders.

Very sincerely yours,

Margaret E. Hodge, Chairman

MEH*L
Encl.

0392

For Mrs. MacMillan

EXCERPT FROM LETTER FROM MISS FLORENCE KIRK TO MISS HODGE
September 13, 1935

Address: 419 Ninth Street, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada

"I should be glad to do whatever speaking I can for Ginling College and about China as I have seen it. It appears that I shall have numerous opportunities to speak; so far invitations have come from W.M.S. groups, Mission Circles, Sunday Schools, and day schools, that I have had some connection with. Regina College, where I taught previously to going to Ginling has asked me to spend a week or two there to visit and help with student Christian work. In this connection I consider the Ginling 'movie' would be an invaluable aid in stimulating young people's interest. Could you find out for me if it would be possible to have the 'movie' sent here for use some time during the year, and if so, when would it be available?

"Many women here speak appreciatively of their contact with Dr. Wu when she visited Saskatoon. Whatever follow-up work I can do with Women's College Club I shall be delighted to do. I feel the W.M.S. of the United Church of Canada is interested in Ginling College and the organization would, I think, become a cooperating board if conditions were a little more prosperous. I doubt the wisdom of pressing it right now, but think anything we can do to strengthen their interest in the work of Ginling will pave the way for the future.

"With cordial wishes for a grand year,

yours sincerely,

(Signed) Florence A. Kirk

0393

RECEIVED

OCT 15 1935

MISS M. E. H

EXCERPT FROM LETTER FROM FLORENCE A. KIRK
419 Ninth Street, Saskatoon, Sask.
September 13, 1935

Miss Margaret E. Hodge
Chairman, Board of Bunders
Ginling College
156 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Miss Hodge:

"This is a belated reply to your letter of welcome and enquiry dated August 19th. I appreciate your thoughtfulness.

"Because my Mother is frail and my sister, during my absence, has had too heavy responsibilities I have decided to spend most of the year here at home. I am planning to take two year courses in English at the University of Saskatchewan in this city - that is, two-fifths of a regular year's work. Then about next May, I want to go to England, and spend what time I can in the British Isles before returning to China by way of the Suez Canal. There I would study, attend lectures, and by travelling, try to get some background for the work I have to do in English Literature."

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SEP 13 1935

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I have to do in English Literature. ^{copy for MacM. and promotion at folder}

I shall be glad to do whatever speaking I can for Grilling College and about China as I have seen it. It appears that I shall have numerous opportunities to speak; so far invitations have come from W.M.S. groups, Mission Circles, Sunday Schools, and day schools that I have had some connection with. Regina College where I taught previously to going to Grilling, has asked me to spend a week or two there to visit and help with student Christian work. In this connection I consider the Grilling "movie" would be an invaluable aid in stimulating young people's interest. Could you find out for me if it would be possible to have the "movie" set here for use some time during the year, and if so, when would it be available?

Many women here speak appreciatively of their contact with D. Wu when she visited Saskatoon. Whatever follow-up work I can do with Women's College

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SEP 13 1935

Club, I shall be delighted to do. I feel the
W.M.S. of the United Church of Canada is
interested in Sirling College, and the
organization would, I think, become a
co-operating hand, if conditions were a
little more prosperous. I doubt the
wisdom of pressing it right now, but
think anything we can do to strengthen
their interest in the work of Sirling
will pave the way for the future.

I almost feel I know you from
your letters. I hope I may really know
you sometime.

With cordial wishes for a good year.

Yours sincerely,

Roscoe A. Kirk

Lawrence Sherston
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Wanting for

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COPIES TO
→ Miss Hodge
File

September 23, 1935

Miss Florence Kirk
419 Ninth Street
Saskatoon
Saskatchewan, Canada

My dear Miss Kirk:

Inasmuch as you are planning to return to Ginling for five years the Board of Founders voted at its recent meeting to grant a study allowance to you ~~you~~ for the coming year's work, the amount of the grant not to exceed \$200 which is the maximum set by the Ginling College Committee for such grants. The exact amount of the grant will have to be fixed after you have corresponded with the Curriculum Advisory Committee regarding courses, etc. This committee is composed of the following members:

Professor S. Ralph Harlow, Chairman. Smith College.
Mrs. Charles K. Roys
Miss Rebecca W. Griest (substituting for Miss MacKinnon).

I would suggest that you write to Miss Tyler or to one of them in her care and the matter will be brought before the committee at once.

We are all so glad that the Board took this action and that you you will be able to ~~do~~ desired studying this winter.

You will be interested to know that Mr. Lobenstine accepted the election to membership on the Board of Founders and seemed much pleased at this opportunity to be of service to Ginling.

The movie film arrived in time for us to show it at the meeting and we are all delighted with it.

Very sincerely yours,

Margaret E. Hodge, Chairman

MEH*L

0399

September 26, 1935

Dear Miss Hodge:

This is a belated reply to your letter of welcome and enquiry dated August 19. I appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Because my mother is frail, and my sister, during my absence, has had too heavy responsibilities, I have decided to spend most of the year here at home. I am planning to take two year courses in English at the University of Saskatchewan in this city--that is, two-fifths of a regular year's work. Then, about next May, I want to go to England, and spend what time I can in the British Isles before returning to China by way of the Suez Canal. There I would study, attend lectures, and by travelling try to get some background for the work I have to do in English Literature.

I shall be glad to do whatever speaking I can for Ginling College and about China as I have seen it. It appears that I shall have numerous opportunities to speak; so far invitations have come from W.M.S. groups, Mission Circles, Sunday Schools, and day schools that I have had some connection with. Regina College, where I taught previously to going to Ginling, has asked me to spend a week or two there to visit and help with student Christian work. In this connection, I consider the Ginling "movies" would be an invaluable aid in stimulating young people's interest. Could you find out for me if it would be possible to have the "movies" sent here for use some time during the year, and if so, when would it be available?

Many women here speak appreciatively of their contact with Dr. Wu when she visited Saskatoon. Whatever follow-up work I can do with Women's College Club I shall be delighted to do. I feel the W.M.S. of the United Church of Canada is interested in Ginling College, and the organization would, I think, become a cooperating hand if conditions were a little more prosperous. I doubt the wisdom of pressing it right now, but think anything we can do to strengthen their interest in the work of Ginling will pave the way for the future.

I almost feel I know you from your letters. I hope I may really know you some time.

With cordial wishes for a good year, I am

Yours sincerely,

(Florence A. Kirk)

0400

October 1st, 1935.

Miss Florence A. Kirk,
419 Ninth Street,
Saskatoon, Saskatawan, Canada.

My dear Miss Kirk:

When I wrote you September 23rd your letter to me about your plans had been sent to a member on Committee on Educational Advice and so I did not have it before me to answer. It has come back to me and is such a nice letter that I wish to thank you for it. A copy of it is being sent to the committee and you will soon hear from them I have no doubt.

I do not wonder that you want to be at home most of the winter. What a joy it will be to you and to your mother to be together. I also know you will want to enjoy the study which you are mapping out. I can see what an advantage it would be for you to be in the British Isles before returning and certainly hope world situations will be so that you can safely go through the Suez Canal.

I am giving to Mrs. MacMillan a copy of what you say about being willing to speak and wanting the movie and she will write to you as she is in charge of that part of the work. She will also tell you how she feels you can best cooperate.

Thank you for your suggestions about the W. M. S. of the United Church of Canada. We will have them on our list of people to be cultivated, sending them interesting information as it comes and hoping it will soon be time to ask them to cooperate financially.

With many thanks for your friendly letter and apologies for not having answered it sooner, believe me,

Cordially yours,

Chairman.

MEM:MEA
Signed in Miss Hodge's absence.

0401

October 1st, 1935.

Miss Florence A. Kirk,
419 Ninth Street,
Saskatoon, Saskatewan, Canada.

My dear Miss Kirk:

When I wrote you September 23rd your letter to me about your plans had been sent to a member of the Committee on Educational Advice and so I did not have it before me to answer. It has come back to me and is such a nice letter that I wish to thank you for it. A copy of it is being sent to the committee and you will soon hear from them I have no doubt.

I do not wonder that you want to be at home most of the winter. What a joy it will be to you and to your mother to be together. I also know you will want to enjoy the study which you are mapping out. I can see what an advantage it would be for you to be in the British Isles before returning and certainly hope world situations will be so that you can safely go through the Suez Canal.

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With many thanks for your friendly letter and apologies for not having answered it sooner, believe me,

Cordially yours,

MEM:MEA
Signed in Miss Hodge's absence.

Chairman.

0402

Miss Griest, may I ask you to
send me back these air-mail
stamps for my collection. Enclose special
stamp on. Many thanks.

Shanghai, January 3, 1937
Apt. A, 321 Ave. Petain

Dear Miss Griest,

The best news we have to report is the safe arrival yesterday of four of our faculty members from Wuchang: Liu En-lan, Wang Ming-djen, Hwang Dzün-mei, and Miss Yen. Liu En-lan will be writing you soon about their thrilling journey... the kind of journey it is more fun to remember than to experience... five days by train, hourly expecting bombing during daylight hours, a broken-down engine... hair-breadth missing of bombings at stations; arrival in Canton a quarter of an hour before a raid; the catching of a boat out of Hongkong the same day they arrived; a five day "deck passage" from Hongkong... etc. As you can imagine no part of the long trip (Dec. 23rd to January 2) was comfortable or pleasant, and when they arrived they said they felt very much like refugees, in need of baths, drink, and a diet more varied than rice. This seemed the best kind of New Year gift we could have wished for. It was a coincidence that at Sunday morning at breakfast, Ruth and I were discussing the probabilities of when these girls might get here, and while we were still eating, there came a telegram from AMOY saying they were leaving Hongkong Tuesday by the "Tsinan". This took some figuring out, for the telegram had been sent from Amoy on the 30th. We phoned and found out that the "Tsinan" was due at noon! So it was lucky that it arrived when it did; on the telegram was the explanation, "Delayed on Chinese lines".

Ruth and I decided there would be no church for us yesterday morning. By 11 o'clock we found the boat was due at one. We had an early lunch and at noon took the bus to the French Bund. We found lots of interest on the wharf, for there were fleets of houseboats near by, a cargo of cotton, groups of lively urchins, peddlars, craft of different sorts, the French gunboat and the Augusta not far away, and three or four times spectacular displays of aerial skill... three Japanese aeroplanes, very fast ones, did stunts that held us spell-bound, such things as turning two somersaults, diving straight down and as sheerly upward, playing tag in the sky. However, we found the boat did not arrive at 1, nor yet at 2, and at 2.20 we decided we had better investigate. Then we found it was due at 3.30. (Actually our friends said they had arrived at Wopsung at 11:30, but had to wait for docks to be cleared.) Then there was a decision to be made: We had declared "open house" for Ginling people the first Sunday of every month, so one of us had to go home to receive any guests who might come. We drew lots, and Ruth went home to act as hostess, and I stayed as the welcome committee. The hour left to wait I spent in the Public Library. The "Tsinan" came in shortly after 3:30 and there were Liu-En-lan and Wang Ming-djen waving to me! Then the long wait until the small boat discharged its hundreds of passengers. My attempt to find them inside proved a failure, so I waited hours it seemed at the gangplank for them to appear. At last the four of them came in sight, rather grimy and travel-worn, and white. They decided to try staying for the time at McTyeire, so we bundled the luggage outside and inside a car and took another for ourselves and off we went. The girls in the rush of business at Hongkong had not been able to arrange about the telegram, so a passenger getting off at Amoy had offered to send it... thus the mystery was solved. They came over here to find Mrs. New, En-lan's majors, and two other students waiting for them. And what a reunion it was, what a bevy of questions everyone had to ask! The four arrivals took turns getting baths, and the others did the entertainment.

0403

JAN 3 1937

-2-

Now that these four faculty have arrived, Ruth, ^{Chester} can much more easily work out plans for next semester, which are gradually taking shape. It is hoped that the various guest institutions may use their own faculty to do Freshman and Sophomore work, at least, and let the upper classmen take advanced work where necessary at St. John's and the University of Shanghai. The presidents of Chefoo, Soochow, Hangchow universities are here and working hard at some sort of workable scheme for this next semester. All three have desks in Mrs. Cressy's old office, and Ruth will likely soon decide to have her desk there too, as that would facilitate their co-operation. The "correlated programme" seems to be in very good spirits this year, and the different institutions are only asking for the opportunity to correlate. A Ginling set of classrooms are in the plans (perhaps in the Y.W.C. building on Yuen Ming Yuen, and a Ginling hostel may become a reality. Indeed, it seems as though we might be a real Ginling - though exiles as yet - here in Shanghai. However, they are as yet only plans, and when they materialize Ruth will write you in detail. But they would be exciting.

Ruth's lab^{oratory} work is proceeding satisfactorily so far. The St. John's people almost daily expect developments which will make their continuance in the Academia Sinica (Did you know that Ruth's these students were in the lab^{oratory} there now, rather than on St. John's campus?) but so far everything is peaceful. Her students are needing less and less oversight, so she will feel freer now to devote herself to the next semester's problems. Wang Ming-djen and Liu En-lan will be especially helpful in shaping up the new programme. We do not know recently how Li-Ming is, for when we went to visit her on "New Year's Day" we could not get any answer at the door. Lillian is now on "days" and so relieved to be able to live on a normal schedule once more. Tomorrow is her "one day in two weeks off" so some of the Nanking people are coming in for tea: Dr. and Mrs. Price; Mrs. Phil Price, Joy Smith and we hope the Jameses. When we go these days to Community Church, it is remarkable how many Nanking people appear: recently Miss Simpson, Ellen Drummond, Miss Hyde. Mrs. Bates is expected early in January. Alice Morris has arrived from Tsingtao, and is now out of work, but at present is doing some library work for St. Mary's. We expect Eva Spicer in about a week's time. The Kuling American School is coming to this American School, so we without any definite information - are anticipating the arrival of Mrs. Plummer Mills, the Thomson's and the Sales's ~~perhaps~~ whom we have lost track of for some time now. Li-Ming's husband has still not come; apparently many people in Hankow tried to discourage our quartette from attempting the hazardous journey, and even Dr. Wu would frequently ask, "Well, have you made up your minds?" Their answer invariably was; "Yes, we are going."

We hear general news in the papers of Nanking, but nothing definite about Ginling. Minnie's ^{last} letter (via Hankow and Hongkong) was dated Dec. 2 and took 23 days to come. The Nanking P.O. staff is here, coming down river on Dec. 9, and bombed - without any casualties - on the way. Mrs. Kepler has had two letters from George Fitch - they were brought by hand - and he told how the men of the community were having as their guests at a ~~*****~~ Christmas Eve dinner party, the Nanking ladies. That sounds reassuring. The recent account in the North China Christmas morning - "from an independent reliable source" is not comforting about conditions in the capital following the entrance of the Japanese army: "hundreds massacred"; "wholesale and semi-regular

0404

looting", "uncontrolled disturbance of private homes including offences against the security of women", dead bodies lying in the streets "about one to a city block".."victims of shooting or bayoneting Dec. 13" some "barbarously cruel" bayonet wounds. "scores of refugees in camps and shelters had money and valuables removed from their slight possessions;" "terror indescribable." We are keeping in touch with the embassies in an attempt to get word to Minnie; we hear that a merchant boat is leaving soon.

Christmas for us was delightful. At Community Church there were three Christmassy concerts; the White Christmas service Dr. James thought was "almost as good as we arrange at Nanking." Then on Christmas EVE we three were Mrs. New's guests at the Children's Party. It was for us a memorable occasion, ~~to thus get~~ a glimpse into the Christmas activities of a Christian Chinese home. There were more than 30 first cousins there, and the respective grown-ups. There was the bringing of the children's gifts for the poor children first, and lighting a red candle at the same time; then carols; then individual items of entertainment by various of the children; Mrs. New explained the significance of the season. The Santa Claus arrived with bags of cookies, candies, etc. for each child. The children soon discovered it was T.T. Zee. The children left us and had their supper and gifts around the tree in Dr. New's operating-room which is to be kept for occasions of this sort with the family. When they were finished we had our informal cafeteria style supper which was most satisfactory. We came home about 9:30 quite filled with the Christmas spirit.

Christmas afternoon the Ginling group (faculty, alumnae, and students) had their Christmas celebration. It was held in the assembly room at 999 Bubbling Well Road, and was planned by the students. Just as the meeting was about to open there came Dr. Wu's letter which cheered everyone up immensely, announced the coming of the faculty, and set forth some of her hopes for the future. We were so glad it arrived. About 60 attended. Lee Kwoh-djen had painted the Smith Building for the platform and so we had a visible Ginling with us. Mrs. New gave the Christmas message of love rather than hate, of good-will rather than revenge. Ruth gave Ginling news of the past months. I led in prayer. Then in the informal part there were refreshments, carols, a game. ~~It was refreshing to meet with the Ginling group;~~ so much of the time we see only scattered individuals that it is a joy to gather together for this joyful fellowship.

We think that Dr. Wu goes by plane to-day to Chengtu.

Dr. Wu wrote us that the parcel containing the pomelo had arrived. It was on Nov. 9 that we put into a suitcase, that the Kungs' were to take to Nanking for us, a bedjacket that Dr. Wu had asked us to get, some biscuits and grapes for Minnie, letters, and a pomelo. The taking of Nantao and the surrounding of Shanghai prevented the parcel going at once to Nanking, and we often laughingly wondered about the condition of the pomelo. Well on Dec. 16 it arrived for Dr. Wu in Hankow. It had been taken some time after Nov. 9 to Nanking, stayed there only half an hour, and then went on to Hankow, and finally was delivered... the pomelo intact. Minnie's biscuits and grapes were by that time a long distance from Minnie, however, so Dr. Wu gave them over to Eva. There could be a great written of the fate of parcels in this war time. Ruth's Chemistry books at last reached here...being more than a month somewhere en route.

Shanghai still has its excitement. When last I wrote you, there was the Victory Parade and the attendant catastrophe. On the afternoon of Dec. 17, there was a celebration here, parallel to that in Nanking, as formal possession of the city became a fact. I was down town teaching that Friday afternoon and from Yuen Ming Yuen Road had a good view of the spectacular stunting of aeroplanes over Soochow Creek and Hongkew. Ordinarily we would pay dollars to see such sights, but here in Shanghai they are quite a common occurrence, and altogether free. We have been excited at the arrival of a succession of boats: the survivors of the "Panay"; the "Ladybird"; the "Capetown" with its skeleton crew; the "Cricket"; the "Sacramento" with the Tsingtao refugees. At the Country Hospital, one of the "Panay" victims died, and more recently one of the "Ladybird" crew had to have an eye removed. Over the weekend there were four "incidents" in the Settlement, and on Sunday morning there appeared a Proclamation in the paper against the carrying or possession of arms and the crime of challenging any "authority" in the Settlement. The Japanese have taken control of Chiao Tung University, a large refugee camp has been placed there, so the hospital part has been ordered out by to-morrow, and I haven't heard whether the refugees who are well will be incorporated into International Red Cross camps or not. The Chiao Tung is to be used as a university we hear. Miss Struthers who is here carrying on work with Miss Legman and Miss Tsai says that the Phonetic method is being used in the camps in the instruction that is being given. The Clothing Committee has moved its quarters to the Y.W.C.A.; it hopes to be able to hand over the work to the Y.W.C.A. as soon as the actual supply of garments is finished; they hope to be finished this month.

Shanghai managed to create some Christmas spirit this year. There were two large lighted Christmas trees. Stores had cotton wool ornaments, Christmas greens, bright lights. Some carried around the inevitable Christmas parcels, but most of the buying was done for refugees... greens to liven their rice diet, half oranges for the sick, and the like.

With the best of wishes to you, Miss Grist, for the New Year, from the Shanghai unit of Ginling,

I am, Yours very sincerely,

Lawrence A. Kirk

R. U. Guest 17

Ginling College, Nanking,
June 20, 1937

My dear friends,

About six weeks ago we had our spring vacation, and those students who weren't unlucky enough to be Seniors behind with theses or in the midst of preparations for their Comprehensive Examination, and those faculty members who were not swamped with work set off for expeditions. They went in three directions: 60 north to Tai Shan and Choufu to visit the sacred mountain and Confucius' birthplace- a trip we did four years ago; about twenty towards Shanghai on a Sociological trip of investigation; 19 to Hwang Shan, to the east, in the neighboring province of Anhwei. Everyone came back with shining faces, and renewed zest to finish the semester, and I think each group was convinced theirs was the most exciting. The TaiShan group had in comparison with four years ago, comparative comfort. The cars provided by the railroad was more comfortable; the baggage racks were wide enough this time to hold sleepers! The trip to Confucius' tomb which we did in bumpy Peking carts was this time accomplished in twenty minutes by bus! It seems that the Peking carts have exchanged their wooden wheels for rubber tires! In comparison, we feel we were pioneers. The reason for the rubber tires is that the wooden wheeled, springless carts were breaking down the roads, so the rubber tires are compulsory. So China moves on;

I want to tell you about the five glorious days we had at Hwang Shan. This mountain-Yellow Mountain- has been until recently quite inaccessible, except to botany hikers and the like. It is about 7000 feet high, very rugged and precipitous. Before we left there were rumours of bandits, and a bus that had not long ago been raided by bandits, and the money confiscated. Then there was the rumour that no foreigner could go; it happened that there were four of us keen on the trip; and on the advice of the British and American consuls here we secured visas for the Interior, and left with a little excited feeling that there might be trouble. Another story went the rounds that one member of a certain party became isolated from the rest, was surrounded with monkeys and killed! We laughed at this, of course, and not all the time we were there, did we so much as catch sight of a monkey.

I joined the expedition quite late .. which is one way, I found, of not having any responsibility! A very efficient committee sent us mimeographed notices about the plan of the trip, the approximate times of arrival and departure, the necessities for food, clean sheets at the monasteries, money, warm clothing for the top of the mountain, etc. and ended with COME IN GOOD SPIRITS AND IN GOOD TIME. We started out on Tuesday evening about 7 o'clock from a Nanking station and that night went by train about 60 miles. There were two groups in the 19 members: three went by private car,

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and the rest of us in one group. The three went ahead that night and arranged for sleeping quarters- no easy matter in a Chinese city. On the way we passed Tsai Shih-chi, a hill historic with associations of Li Tai Po, an ancient poet, and beautiful with its glorious pines, and its view of the Yangtze, and the level country. This is one of my favorite spots in China, and I go a couple times a year if I get the opportunity. Arrived in Wuhu, five of us went to the Episcopal Mission and the others were allotted to two other missions. We had the best report to make in the morning, for we had comfortable beds, no mosquitoes, and excellent breakfasts. There were some who had reported very little sleep.

Two hours by train. We had pleasure in watching the country pass us by. It was the season just between the wheat harvesting and the transplanting of the rice. The rice in this area looked very sickly, for the seed beds, instead of the usual brilliant green, were almost white- due to the too frequent rains this spring. On the highest ground some men were busy cutting the wheat with the sickle. In some places, the wheat had been cut, dried, and threshed, and the land was being plowed for the rice. It was a strange sort of plowing: the water had already been turned on the fields, and now covered all signs of the earth. A man with a water buffalo and a one-furrow plow went round and round the tiny fields, and after they were finished there were only a few clods appearing above the surface as a visible result- an approximate sort of plowing it looked. The buffalo was slow and ungainly in his movements, and both buffalo and man stood knee-deep in water and mud. Here and there we saw the morning's wash being done: in some cases at the edge of a pond a woman or perhaps half a dozen pounded the clothes and swished them in the cold water, and pounded them again. In other places what seemed to me like a dry wash was being done before doors in wooden tubs. At one place it was evidently a holiday, for all roads (main roads, even paths between the fields) were dotted with people dressed in their best clothes. Finally we saw the focus, a hillside already dotted with hundreds of people. Only the plowmen seemed to take no holiday. Apparently it is what is called a temple gathering, partly social, partly religious, perhaps more than either a community semi-political meeting, that is, a New Life Movement gathering to instruct the people in good citizenship. Many of the children and women wore what is called peasant cloth, a material woven in their homes, either blue flowers on a white ground, or vice versa. The scenery was colorful, for now and again we saw uncovered the very red soil, and there were more and more frequent splashes of wild white rose which later on grew more and more luxuriant, with long sprays two or three feet long, and individual flowers a couple inches across. About 9.30 we came into quite a different area, with many pine trees, larger fields, mostly wheat, and hills in the distance.

At 10.13 we reached the end of the train trip. In the station I saw large baskets in two or three layers from which came a peeping.

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When I asked the man, he rather indulgently lifted the lid, and inside were hundreds of newly hatched ducks, a lovely sight.

Then we climbed into a private bus and began an eight or nine-hour journey which made us ravenously hungry and very sleepy. The bus was supposed to hold 23 - just how we were not sure - so we put our baggage on the back seats rather than on top outside, and the sixteen of us found places, and started off. The front seats were decidedly less jolty so we changed off occasionally. The countryside was a picture, and gradually became more and more spectacular: wheat shoulder high; rice plots a vivid green; ranges of mountains in the distance, rising steeply up; yellow mustard being harvested, and dried out by being stood up in a sort of tiny stook with the pods down, the straw up; golden azaleas making a spot of vividness here and there; more and more white roses; a bamboo grove that must have been at least a mile long and half as wide; the startling growth of bamboo, for we could see the newly sprouted shoots anywhere from a foot to six feet high and still no sign of leaves...you can almost see bamboos grow; yellow locust flowers; more wisteria than I have ever before seen, for the bushes followed the course of a creek for miles. The road grew more exciting, for there were sharp hairpin curves, and every turn brought a new unfolding of hills, and plain. We had a little rest when we changed drivers, and the bus was filled up with gas. We explored an interesting old street and some purchased bamboo articles, peanuts, wide-brimmed straw hats. The car developed a loose steering gear very soon after this, and those who sat near the front knew how dangerous it was to drive on these roads; there was nothing to be done, however, so the driver went more slowly, and we had no difficulty. The last part of the journey we followed the course of a roaring mountain stream with sparkling clear water, a roar and a rush that reminded me of the streams in the Canadian Rockies. In our whole trip we always slept within sound of a mountain stream; it was very soothing. There were several old pagodas along the way, and the bridges, single-spanned, even as much as five-spanned, were most picturesque.

We had brought along food for the day, but had a little trouble consuming any liquid foods while the bus rumbled along. Everyone was light-hearted, ready for the adventure, and we felt that hourly our sense of comradeship was growing. Of the sixteen in the bus, three were students, and three were strangers to most of us. However, they soon were known to us, and we had a gay time. Two of the Chinese men wrote poetry as they were inspired by the views, and later left a poem at one of the monasteries as a memento of our trip. Some tried to sleep with their heads on the baggage in the back seat, but this invariably ended in a severe shock as the bus hit a bad spot. The road has not been finished long, and is fair for a new road. We passed dozens of army trucks, often heavily loaded, so they are likely responsible for much of the roughness of the road. A railroad is under construction, and ought to be finished with a year. Then the long bus trip will be no longer necessary. It was strange that we foreigners seemed to gain for the group more than usual courtesy

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rather than causing difficulty. At every sizable town we passed through, a policeman entered the bus, looked round, counted the foreigners, and said something like this: "Your friends' car has just gone through; we have telephoned ahead; they are expecting you." It seems they were under the misapprehension that the American Minister was with us, so this was why we had all the attention showered upon us. Anyway no one asked to see our visa, so that was only a scare.

We reached the foot of the mountain about 8.20 p.m. and were held up half an hour while two bus companies decided whether either one would transport us and our luggage the mile or two up to the China Travel Hotel (The China Travel Service is a rather new, but efficient service bureau which makes travel simple now.) After a while we were put into an ordinary truck and whirled up the winding road that looked frightening in the dark, for we saw only the outlines of great hills on every side from the light cast by the truck. Then hot baths in the sulphur spring water, and sleep on the camp cots. The Committee had a couple hours' work arranging for chairs and the other details as to carriers for the luggage, getting the route decided, etc. We other fortunate ones slept from 9 to 5, when we were awakened for breakfast. We thought we had left the early morning bugle practice behind in Nanking, but found the same tune was being indifferently played on the side of the mountain!

Some took individual chairs, others doubled up and changed off. Two others and I took one together, and I started off, since I was the heaviest - one way of keeping the carriers good-humored, to let them know the heaviest weight first! It was a clear morning, and we started up through heavily wooded paths with peach trees in blossom, red azaleas out, delicate mauve wood violets near our path, luxuriant greenery. It was a thrilling experience. As we came out into more open paths, we caught sight of straight black granite cliffs towering above and beyond, and the mists shifted around the very summits. The pines were the rugged, knotted kind that can grow out of sheer rock, and made unique silhouettes. Although there were nineteen of us (plus three police sent along for protection we noticed they were generally with the men of the party!) we never had the feeling of that many, for it turned out that two, or three or four travelled together, and the groupings varied continually. This was a restful feature of the outing. Certainly our eyes had to "look up." The ascent was generally series of sharp steps with an occasional level stretch, and we all wondered how we would stand the whole climb, unaccustomed as we were to climbing.

One of the joys of the mountains in China is the poetic and suggestive names attached to points of rock and peaks. Our first halt was at the Light of Mercy Temple where we saw the place where the rice pot for a thousand people had stood; then on by 11 o'clock to Half-Way Mountain. Here it rained smartly and our ardour was a little dampened by the way it kept on. It was amusing to hear the differing opinions about the weather; one man said it would stop in

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minutes. We chose to believe him, and he was right. Then at 2 o'clock we had reached the Threshold of Heaven, a lovely valley between two sheer cliffs of rock and so many steps in sight that they frightened one. The adventurous ones decided to climb to Heaven; not wanting to be outdone I started, but went only about two-thirds of the way, and then waited till the rest came down. The less adventurous started up the steps opposite, on their way to the monastery where we were to spend the night. They reached their haven before the rain began again, but the heaven climbers came down soaked through. I had descended, and tried in the downpour to keep dry inside one of the sedan chairs, with all the cameras clutched to me. My feet and the bottom of my trousers got soaked, but when all the rest had come down and there seemed no sign of the rain letting up, we started to the monastery, only to be met with a coolie and a pile of raincoats. We made a quick march to our destination, and completely missed the place where the others had been frightened by precipices on either side. Feeling a little injured, we arrived, and were hustled into dry clothes from our luggage which had likewise arrived dry. Our view outside was just a couple rocks, thick mists, and a rhododendron bush in full bloom. We knew we were 6000 feet up, and it was a queer feeling to be hemmed in by such narrow boundaries. Then supper (vegetarian diet because Buddhists do not eat meat) an hour of story telling, some chat, some time spent around a single charcoal burner in an attempt to dry out the wet garments, then to bed. There were three in our room, a nice clean room lined with fragrant pine. Our beds were four boards put down on wooden horses, and covered by a couple comforters. I did not know boards could be so hard, and my two nights on them did not make me enthusiastic for this aspect of the simple life.

The next morning, there was a hopeful lift to the mists, but not much assurance of good weather. The Scholars' Monastery people told us one group had had to stay there five days! Again there was discussion a-plenty as to our future movements, but at 9.30 the mists cleared a little, and off we started. Our first hour was memorable, for first we descended steps for so long that we wondered if we would soon be at the bottom of the mountain, all the time cloaked in thick mists, rain drops filling the air, and dripping from every bush and tree. One sight I shall not forget was a bush of white magnolias, their huge blossoms outlined against the black granite rock. We were thankful that the steps were of a rough rock that did not get slippery in the rain. Then, once at the bottom, we ascended just as sharply, so sharply that all the mules had to get out and walk. Then we arrived at Lotus Peak, and had glimpses for a few seconds at a time of the magnificent scene around us, that made us exclaim at the beauty and variety of the rock formation. Lunch at Heaven's Level - an abbreviated lunch for our stores were getting low, but everyone spread his supplies out, and all ate heartily. Soon after the sun came out brilliantly, and we were greatly cheered. We went over less rugged country until about 4 o'clock we arrived at the next monastery, The Forest of Lions where we were to stay the night. Once more we saw our wooden beds being made up, and then we made a side trip to West Sea, a wonderful

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panorama of deep caverns, purple shadows, row on row of hills stretching away to the horizon. It was amusing to hear the names given to special formations of rock: boy praying before the Buddha; old man peak, hen and chickens, pair of slippers, etc. At West Sea we saw the Pair of Slippers and the Old Man Peak. Back to a more delicious meal than on the previous night. The abbot was a man of talent, and when we arrived was just finishing painting a scroll. This trip made clear for me the significance of many of the scenic scrolls .. just mountains, with their layers turned up vertically, mists, steps. These scrolls had not meant much to me before. That evening was rare, for we had a sunset over sharp cliffs and a valley spread out below; there were peach trees in blossom around us; the air was clear; our soul had been uplifted all the day.

The next day we descended... past Faith Peak, Peak of the White Swans, Monk's Grave, Snow Villa Pagoda, and stopped for lunch at Cloud Valley Monastery. At one place we saw some historic pines called Gathering Light Pine, Writhing Pine, Connecting and Continuing Pine. We never seemed far from the Hu-hu of an owl that we never caught sight of. He seemed so assured and so calm from his mountain eyrie looking down on us mortals. But what a joy for us to be away from street-calls, honking of horns, pit-pit-pit of machine-gun practice, the noise of aeroplanes. We were in another world. In the afternoon we saw the Nine Dragon Falls, but had some disagreement if there were really nine stretches visible or not. On the way we saw the people busy gathering the tea-leaves into big straw baskets with small necks. They sat as they picked on little seats with one leg, a sharp pointed stick two feet long that stuck into the earth. There were little orchards of Tung Oil trees in blossom, and then the houses began to appear near the foot. We stopped on the plain and had tea. Then there was a two mile climb to the China Travel Hotel, another hot bath, a good supper with some meat dishes which we welcomed, and for me a nine-hour sleep within sound of the rushing water. This last day we had travelled about 12 miles. One girl of the party, one teacher, and all the men had walked the whole distance, and then next day had some sore muscles.

Our bus for nine hours more, a very close catching of the train, and back to Nanking about 10.00 p.m. dusty, tired, but thrilled. It has been one of the big events of the year for 19 of us. It cost us each about \$8.75 gold. Most of the cost was for the bus ride, so when the train goes through it will be a very inexpensive trip.

Now we are just finishing up the school year... with Baccalaureate Sunday, Commencement, Senior Banquet, Senior Class Night, etc. The weather has been most kind, for at nights we need some light blanket, and occasionally sweaters or coats in the mornings. This is very unusual for Nanking. Soon I am off to Tsingfao for the Holiday- a delightful cool place in the north noted for its good beaches. For next year I have the great joy of looking forward to Lillian, my sister, coming out as Dr. Wu's secretary for a year. Isn't that wonderful for me?

With all good wishes to each one of you,

Lawrence A. Kirk

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8/26/37. aca

DR. A. LLOYD ANDERSON
DR. JACK F. C. ANDERSON
DR. CARMAN J. KIRK
SASKATOON
Saskatchewan

August 22^d 1937.

Dear Mrs Sweet :-

Received your letter addressed to my father who is now deceased.

Have heard no word of my sister Florence since July when she was in Tangier. My sister Ildin sailed Aug² for Shanghai on the Empress of Canada. She wrote before sailing that she was having trouble with her visa etc and that the Chinese Consul there could give her no definite information but that she would have to see the Consul at Shanghai. From all reports she will not even be able to land there.

It was very kind of you to write and I would certainly appreciate any news you may receive by cable. I suppose the mails will be greatly delayed.

Yours Very Truly,
C. Kirk.

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14 First Taiping Chuoh Rd. ,
Iltis Huk, Tsingtao,
September 3. 1937

Dear Ginling friends,

From our insatiable desire here to get news, and the latest news, I can appreciate your longing for direct information of what is happening here. We do not, of course, know what you are receiving from other sources, but I know how the days go and no letters written, so perhaps you are not getting much word. Please forgive me if I am just repeating what you already know. These days we often wish for the all-seeing eye and understanding so that we might know the truth of the many reports and half-reports that come to us. I feel we are being made very suspicious in nature, and before long will want even from our friends proof for every statement they make.

First of all you will want to know the whereabouts of the Ginling staff. From our latest reports Dr. Wu (who will not leave, she says unless absolutely necessary) is there carrying on under the especially hard conditions that "these times are like to lay upon us"; Minnie Vautrin and Catherine Sutherland are the two foreign staff- Minnie went from Tsingtao to Ginling about July 21 hoping that she herself might go to Japan to the Educational Conference even though the Chinese delegation could not, and she has been busy with war preparations ever since, as her fine diary will tell those of you who get a look at it, and Catherine on her return from a short holiday at Peitaho found work on the campus to be done and begged to stay although the American Consulate was urging all American women to leave; Wang Ming-djen and five other East Court teachers are there; until recently Chang Siago-sung and Chen Ping-dji were on the campus, but Minnie spoke of them wanting to get a boat up river. There are nine students, and Mrs. Tsen has four of her grandchildren with her. At Tsingtao there are Ruth Chester and I, and my sister Lillian who arrived in the thick of this but who on advice from us got a Japanese boat from Kobe and came over without difficulty; she is now enjoying the lovely life here in this coast town, and getting initiated in many ways. We are so glad she got over so that we can be together. Harriet Whitmer is with the W.F.M.S. group at Gotemba Japan. Ettie Chin (P.E.) and Miss Chang (English) from Honolulu, were on my sister's boat, and went on to Hongkong. I have heard no news of the Heacocks and Esther Rhodes. Dr. Reeves and Esthertappert who were holidaying in Szechuan are apparently planning to stay there for the present, as Mrs. Ward is going up and taking winter clothing for them. Eva Spicer is at Kuling. Louise Shoup was delayed in U.S.A. we gather. Liu En-pan's home is in Tsingtao but we have not seen her for weeks, and must try to get in touch with her soon.

I shall quote from Dr. Wu's letter which arrived to-day about the plans now being made at Ginling. In the middle of the month of August it was still hoped that school would open on time, and then the war broke over Shanghai; at that time the Ministry of Education advised Middle Schools and Colleges to delay opening until September 20,

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Then a few days ago came word from Dr. Wu that we might not open even then if conditions in Nanking continued in their present state. Then to-day comes this news: "Before yesterday were still hoping that there might be the possibility of doing some college work thisfall, but yesterday afternoon 2 officials came from the Ministry of Education to tell us that we should postpone opening college again, and indefinitely. This started us thinking more seriously about what had been vaguely in our minds, that is, where and how we may plan to do some work outside of Nanking. The University of Nanking has been thinking of West China, and through preliminary enquiry the West China University has welcomed them to go there. But it is such a long distance away from where our girls are that I do not know at all if Ginling should also consider going up there. I have asked Miss Wang Ming-djen to make statistics of our students according to summer addresses, and also showing their major subjects. As you can easily imagine, there is no coincidence of the geographical and the academic distributions. One other difficulty is that many girls may have moved away from their original addresses, and we do not know how to reach them at present.

"Besides Chengtu, the other possibilities are Wuchang, Changsha and Shanghai. I understand from Mrs. Tsen that Hwa-chung College campus at Wuchang ~~is~~ is very much crowded, and in Changsha many government institutions are being started. Furthermore the planes have bombarded Hankow and visited Changsha also. If they should aim at disrupting means of communication, then neither Wuchang or Changsha may escape from disturbance.

"As for Shanghai, altho there are quite a number of our own girls there, we are not likely to consider it unless the English proposal of making it a neutral zone carries through.

"Minnie thought of the plan of setting different groups in different places. For instance, getting the Juniors' and Seniors' Sociology majors in one place, and the geography in another; our professors going with them to whatever institutions we may hope to co-operate with.

"All this is merely to show you that we are trying to do some planning, and as soon as something more tangible is worked out, we shall let you know at once. Then you may perhaps look forward to resuming work before very long."

And this from a mimeographed letter of August 28: "During the past 22 years of her history, Ginling has gone through many crises with the wonderful support of faculty, alumnae, students and friends. Now when we face again a difficult period in our national struggle for existence, I have full confidence that Ginling will again have the loyal support and co-operation from each of you, wherever you are."

Catherine writing last week for Dr. Wu says, "Recently there have been air raids at night, with the lovely full moon, and lights have been playing on the planes, so it is quite a sight. We stay inside mostly, though Dr. Wu is hard to keep quiet. She seems absolutely fearless, and the other night when we happened to get caught in the library building during one of the most exciting times, I could hardly get her away from the window, because she was so interested in watching the 'raiders'. Sun Shih-tsun and Diane Yin-fan arrived from Peiping

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on Sunday, having taken just fifteen days to get here, going by way of Tientsin, Yentai, Weihsien and Tsinan." So these bits may illuminate the atmosphere of Nanking, and the general disruption that may occur in communications.

Talking about communications, Mrs. Ward took 19 hours to go from Shanghai to Nanking, and thought that was fast in these days. They (Dr. Mc Candless and Mrs. Ward) had to walk about a mile over the break in the track near Shanghai where a bridge had been blown up. Mrs. Ward had sat at Jessfield station several times trying to get a train, but often there was none." And the telegrams are the most unpredictable of all. One sent by Dr. Wu to me Saturday, August 14 reached here Thursday, August 28; another sent Sunday, August 15 arrived on August 21, taking two weeks and five days respectively! Of course, there is no Air-Mail; the best thing seems straight mail, with a prayer in one's heart that there will be no delay. We get the tiny daily "Tsingtao Times"; the last "North-China Daily" is August 27, but the last few days not even the mimeographed two sheets of the Nanking edition of the "China Press" has been arriving. We listen open-mouthed to the letters which come through from eye-witnesses in Nanking, Shanghai, etc. I shall never forget the scene at the Tsingtao railway station as early as August 1 when there was the mob of Chinese leaving this place. The station was full of people, half of them asleep, heads on some of the conglomerate packages they were taking with them. Inside the Second class carriage the aisles were crowded with bundles, there were several people for each seat, babies were asleep in the wash-rooms and entrances, there were no red-caps. no chance of getting near the baggage-car. Wenona Wilkinson whom we were seeing off wrote of the awfulness of the crowds of frightened people, the babies who died on the platform in Tsinan, the wild cheering of the troop trains they passed, the two days' wait in Tsinan. The radio is a great help; those who have them spend hours each day listening, and welcome all comers. Some people type out the highlights so visitors may read quickly what has transpired. The scores of personal messages make us realize how scattered families in China are, yet how courageous they are. When we hear any news, the first query has to do with "when" it was received, for things happen so fast that the time element is all important.

And we now realize even from this safe vantage-point what the gods of war unleashed may bring. Panic, terror, fear, distress have their victims these days. We hear stories of the trag edies in Shanghai that do not bear repetition, and that every one would like to forget. Possessions mean nothing these days when life is held so cheap. We are thinking what we shall do about warm clothing, now that the tang in the air reminds us of autumn. We have sent word to Ginling to pack us some necessaries and send them by someone coming up if possible, for the railway will not take freight in these uncertain times. Outwardly life goes on very smoothly here; we are settling down to more of a schedule of work since the beginning of September. The sea is glorious and the daily swim a delight. Last night we had a very enjoyable concert of local talent, and found it hard to believe that not very far away there were bombs bursting, and shrapnel taking its toll. We are going for a carriage drive in to the city this afternoon, shopping, and staying for dinner. Now it is time for our swim, so I must say good-bye with the heartiest of all good wishes from Ginling at Tsingtao. I forgot to say Alice Morris lives just across the street, and runs in and out frequently. Yours, Florence Kirk

0416

10/20/37 - a.c.

Tsingtao, Sept. 5, '37.

Dear Rebecca:-

Florence Kirk has just written a letter to Ginling-ers at home to tell them a little of how things are from our Tsingtao angle. Some of it will be repetition of things you have already had from Dr. Wu I presume but some may be new and we are sending you a copy.

Your cable came Friday morning and I am sorry I didn't get the answer off a little more promptly, but it was not convenient to go into town immediately and when I did get there it was delayed another few hours ~~me~~ because I found that neither the usual deferred rate nor the special 25 word message were in force any longer so it was going to be very expensive and I thought it bet-ter to try to send part of it in code and had to hunt up a code book. Expenses are heavy living here and cash is sometimes difficult to get so I was loath to spend any more than necessary on it. I hope it will be clear and will tell you what you want to know. So far Tsingtao has been peaceful except for rumors which have now largely stopped with the completion of the evacuation of all Japanese. Responsible officials, including British and American consuls do not seem to expect trouble here and are not urging people to leave at all. Naturally we much prefer to remain here where we can keep in close touch with Nanking. So we have no evacuation plans whatever. The consuls of course have plans ready in case some unex-pected emergency should arise. In that case we should be taken off on gunboats and should have no choice as to where we would go. They would take us to the nearest ~~pi~~ place they felt it safe to dump us, but I don't know what that would be. In any case home newspapers would then be sure to give the report of where they took us. We consid-er ourselves very fortunate to be here for it is such a beautiful spot and we are perfectly comfortable, living normally and enjoying swimming and other vacation acti-vities as much as it is possible to enjoy anything when one's heart is full of the terrible tragedies that are occurring not far away, and with a completely uncertain future. So unless Dr. Wu sends instructions to do some-thing else we shall probably be here for some time. We are doing some work and if we stay on longer and have no regular teaching or other such work we hope to get in some licks on the language - there is always plenty to do there. Alice Morris is also here, besides Florence and Lillian Kirk, but as all her family are here too I did not think it necessary to include her in the cable.

I have two splendid letters from you in my pile of supposedly unanswered ones, but they are of such an old

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date that I hope it is a mistake and that they really have been answered. But I know I did not get caught up last summer and that I have written almost no letters since then until this summer. I did a few at the beginning of this summer and then rather petered out on my good resolutions and there are still many that ought to be done. So I am afraid it is possible that I have treated you even worse than usual, and my best is pretty bad. I have not been too well for the last year and more and it is very easy to let that be an excuse for more laziness than the condition really warrants.

I am so glad you met my sister. She is a dear and you are quite right that with her and her lovely home open to me I am far from feeling completely bereft in the loss of the old home. I am looking forward very much to being with her next year when I am due to go home. Sometimes I wonder if I may not find myself there sooner than I now expect, for if it proves impossible to carry on any regular work this year I think Dr. Wu may feel it is better for me to take an early furlough. However I am not wanting that and do not expect to suggest it, though I shall be willing to do it if she feels it would be better.

Lillian Kirk came right over from Japan with no trouble at all and in just a few days from her landing in Yokahama she was here. It is fine they can be together.

This is not very much of a letter, but our minds are so completely filled with one thing that everything else seems too unimportant to mention and there is not much use trying to write much about that. I am afraid it is going to be worse before it can be better and it is very hard to sit by and watch it all and feel so helpless and so useless.

I hope you are keeping well and enjoying life. It is a great satisfaction to have you doing so much for Ginling at the home end. My love to you, always,

Ruth.

Florence says to tell you she has a new better camera to replace the lost one, but hasn't had much chance yet to buy it out.

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637 Walden Ave.,
Gainesville, Florida

September 11.

1937

Assoc. Boards for Christian Colleges in China,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Sirs:-

I am wondering if your office could
tell me whether or not Lillian J. Kirk.

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who left Vancouver August 7 on the
Empress of Canada for Hankow to be one of
Dr. Wu's secretaries, arrived in China
or was detained somewhere en route. I
would also be glad to know if Florence
Kirk is remaining at Denby College.

I shall appreciate very much anything
you can tell me about the girls.

yours very sincerely

Bessie Kirk (Mrs. W.G. Kirk)

Suite 903
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York
September 15, 1937

My dear Mrs. Kirk:

We have been deeply concerned about all of the Ginling people in China. We began about the 11th of August to collect all the information that we could concerning them. President Wu of Ginling cabled us that Florence Kirk was at Tsingtao. I wrote to Saskatoon to find out when Lillian Kirk had sailed, and found out that she had gone on the Empress of Canada on the 7th of August. We had on that boat another teacher going to Ginling, and we have had a letter from her written at Yokahama dated August 21st, which reached us yesterday. That letter states that Lillian Kirk left the Empress of Canada at Yokahama and was going on to Tsingtao to be with her sister.

At Tsingtao there are several people who have been spending the summer vacation there. We cabled one of them the 31st of August asking them to let us know the plans of those there and said in the cable, "include Florence, Lillian Kirk." On the fourth of September an answer was received which said, "Kirks, Chester will not go unless it is a case of emergency." Our interpretation of that is that as late as the fourth of September both Florence and Lillian Kirk were in Tsingtao and they intended to stay there unless an emergency in Tsingtao arose. Tsingtao has been considered the safest place in East China during the whole of this terrible experience through which China is going. Of course no one can guarantee how long that will last, but there are apparently at Tsingtao plenty of American naval boats which can be used for quick evacuation if it becomes necessary.

We shall put your name in the family list and send to you any information which the office gets concerning Ginling and its staff. Please do not hesitate to write us at any time any questions which may arise in your mind concerning Florence and Lillian Kirk.

Very sincerely yours,

HWC:GS

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Rec'd 11/8/37

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Apartment A, 321 Ave. Petain,
Shanghai, October 15. 1937

Dear Miss Griest,

This is our first report of what we have been doing in Shanghai for Ginling. ~~We shall try in future to send you the weekly reports you wish for. This morning I have spoken to Mrs. New, and she will see that the first project of Ginling Alumnae in Refugee work is reported. She is starting another which she hopes the Alumnae and undergraduates may do together; this has to do with distribution of clothes and supplies that have come in and are coming in to the refugees. She wants this to be a distinctly Ginling College project, too. We shall try to get any interesting alumnae material we can get to you.~~

Compared with the peace of our campus in Nanking, Shanghai just now is a strange place to begin college work in. Air-raids become almost a matter of course these days; sometimes we have been waked at 5 a.m. by gunning and bombing. Last week it rained almost all the time, so there was a comparative lull in war proceedings. Now we are having sunny weather, with bright blue skies, and the air-battles are more severe than ever. We hear that the Japanese are attempting to put short work to the Shanghai affair, to finish it up with in a week. Yesterday we had very heavy air-raids. When Lillian and I were down town after lunch we stopped several times on Bubbling Well Road to watch the six planes ~~careering~~ ^{circling} around; we could not distinguish the bombs being dropped, but we heard the deafening reports, and see by this morning's paper that bombs ^{were} dropped inside the International Settlement south of Soochow Creek, causing a panic similar to that on the terrible "Bloody Saturday." If we had gone to a store near Soochow Creek that we thought of visiting, we would have been in the thick of it. About 5.45 we went on the roof garden of this apartment house, and watched the heavy columns of smoke from a fire in Chapei, the growing flames of another huge fire, the aeroplanes going at times right over our heads, and then about ~~at~~ the fireworks, consisting of the bursting anti-aircraft shells, the brilliant red tracer bullets, the criss-crossing searchlights trying to discover ~~some~~ planes that were doing damage. The reports from heavy gunning and the bombs were louder than we have heard before. We are learning to identify by sound such aspects of war as power dives, bombs, heavy gunning, anti-aircraft. Chinese planes seldom go up, we are told, there being frequently a lone plane in the evening which arouses heavy firing from the Japanese, use of searchlights, tracer bullets, etc.

I tell you this to let you know some of the elements in life here which distract attention of students and faculty in this distressing time. I think we are all a little uncomfortable when planes go directly overhead, for we have learned that "accidents" are not unusual. Life is not "ten parts" safe when such things happen as happened the day before yesterday.. a two-foot piece of steel rail weighing 22 pounds travelled a mile from the North Station to a point within a block of Nanking Road, all this without wounding a single person. Other drawbacks are:

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crowded living-quarters which make it difficult for the girls to settle down to study: one girl told me there were 47 people in her home, her own immediate family, her grandparents, uncles, their children, etc. Then the girls spend so much time getting to and from classes; buses and trams run regularly, but distances are often very great. Books cause difficulties, or rather the lack of them. Certain books are prescribed for courses, but the universities cannot get at their books, they cannot be bought, so the students have to use one or two reference books for the whole class. They are generous girls, and we are hoping that gradually we can solve some of their problems, and thus make it possible for them to do some good work.

You will want to know what we have accomplished during the three weeks we have been here in Shanghai. Ruth Chester has the rather alarming title of "Acting Dean Shanghai Emergency Unit of Ginling College." Soon after arriving she established herself officially for the time at the International Y.W.C.A., 999 Bubbling Well Road, with office hours from 10 to 12 each morning. The Y.W.C.A. ~~was~~ very sympathetic with us in our difficulties of getting under way, and said that somehow they could arrange to give us space for office hours. [So they said we might use the tea-room, and Mrs. W.S. New with her usual generosity lent us a desk and filing cabinet and chair, I shopped for office supplies on a small scale, and Ruth started interviewing students. Two days after our arrival ~~we had~~ the girls come to a general Ginling meeting to ~~explain to them the~~ plan for the Shanghai Emergency unit. There were forty girls present, and our hearts were cheered to see the group of bright eager girls who outwardly were as we had known them in Nanking, but who had all gone through anxious weeks in Shanghai. The Alumnae and Mrs. New gave us invaluable help in planning that meeting and making the necessary arrangements. Yesterday we had the second meeting of the group, and we feel that almost insuperable difficulties (or what seemed so at first) ~~had~~ have been overcome. Many problems have worked themselves out, and we trust others will find as easy solution. The countless friends and sympathizers of Ginling have made this possible. The girls have decided to meet ^{as a group} regularly once every two weeks, likely on Sunday, ~~as all other~~ days are completely filled; Yesterday a letter from Dr. Wu arrived just before the meeting, and she told us of the date for the Founder's Day celebration, October 30, and urged us to see what can be done to have some special activities here. It is hoped that in the regular meetings the Alumnae may somehow be brought closer in touch with the undergraduates but you will be hearing details of that later on.

The plan here has been to register Ginling girls with three institutions - The University of Shanghai, St. John's University, and the National Conservatory of Music. These institutions have been delightfully cordial in co-operating with Ginling. They are allowing Ginling girls to enter their classes as "guest students"; Ruth has lightened their work by registering the students for them. These universities are working under very special handicaps: the University of Shanghai and St. John's are respectively in down town quarters, Yuen Ming Yuen Road, quite near Soochow Creek, and on Nanking Road. Their quarters are very cramped. Their staff is incomplete, many members having been caught away on holidays and unable to get back, or having been evacuated in August from Shanghai.

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The Univ. of S'hai had not been able to evacuate their books. The Science students are perhaps worst off, for little or nothing of laboratory equipment has been gotten in; St. John's is giving no laboratory science courses, and the Univ. of S'hai ^{has} is doing a few, I believe. St. John's Medical School is carrying on, on the old campus. Ruth got permission for one of our pre-meds to attend there; this student got caught here and was not able to get to P.U.M.C. - but her parents would not give her permission to study in what they thought a dangerous area. Ruth's thesis students can work in the Biochemistry lab. at St. John's, but Ruth is requiring that each Senior gets a signed permission from her parents that she will be allowed to go out. You can see that one result of these war time conditions would be the limitation of courses given in the institutions, so much so, that it is not easy to work out programmes for the girls. St. John's is giving a special rate for six credits or less. However, one girl says she has to go to three universities to get 15 credits. Our Shanghai Curriculum Committee has ruled that unless there is some special reason no girl will be allowed to take a normal load. The future does not seem to be all rosy in the matter of war, and so much time is lost in the day because of the situation. Some girls are having financial troubles, but we hope the International Student Relief can render assistance here; a committee is at work on this in this city, giving help with housing and fees, and the like.

We have registered 40 students to date, 17 at the University of S'hai and 23 at St. John's, and we think we shall have 45 or 50 by to-morrow noon, when registration closes. Some students are coming in from other parts; one girl came from Changshu by bus, and had an anxious time when the bus overturned, and she was pitched out the window as she said, "right into a farm," being the worst sufferer of the group. She added to Ruth, "and all this just for study!" We hope for a small group from Hangchow, but some we expected cannot get the permission of their parents. One is to come from Soochow, another from Changchow. At St. John's they are allowing us to register our incoming Freshmen, and yesterday we had about half a dozen at the meetings, without Freshman week or any of the dozen activities we have at Ginling to make them welcome, ~~it may be difficult to make them belong, but the other students have been urged to be friendly.~~ *St. John's classes are in the morning, Univ. of S'hai in the afternoon! The other half day's used for their respective Middle Schools.*

What faculty are here? Mrs. Chen Hwang Li-ming is here, recovering from her illnesses this summer. Just this week it looked as though she would have to have another operation, but yesterday she reported the fever gone and the danger removed. She is supported by Mrs. Grace Zia-Dju, and they have worked out a possible system of "voluntary Physical Education," in which the girls put in definite hours in games or floor work, and report regularly. They get their half credit for two hours thus spent. Then there are Miss Hu Shih-tsang (Music), Dr. Fung Lai-wing (Physics), Mr. Sung (Chemistry), Ruth and I. Ruth will have three theses to supervise; I have two theses students, and am teaching four credits, besides.

Our next letter will tell you something of our little suite, etc. My sister Lillian starts Monday to nurse in the Country Hospital, so Ruth and I shall be by ourselves. With the best of wishes to you, Miss Griest, I shall close now. I could go on and on, but must remember the air-mail rates. Sincerely yours,

Flora A. Kirk

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Shanghai, Apt. A, 321 Ave. Petain,
October 30, 1937

My dear Miss Griest,

I did consider writing last week after my promise to send you a weekly bulletin, but there seemed too little news to warrant a letter.

This week we have had the wonderful "bright blue weather" that the poet has associated with October: clearest of air, skies for days with seldom a cloud, brilliant sunshine. If we were now at Gihling we should certainly have arranged a "Mountain Day" for one of these glorious days. But Ginling seems such a long way from us these days. The girls are as lonesome as can be for Ginling and the life there. Two of them told me yesterday that life wasn't even fifty percent happy in the hard conditions of these terrible war times; some of the drawbacks are: insufficient text-books; tiny, crowded classrooms; no college life as we know it on the Ginling campus; hallways between classes which resemble packed sardine cans more than anything else; hours on buses or trams every day; classes crammed into an afternoon or a morning; the atmosphere of war, the streets crowded with refugees, the air often noisy with air-raids, and bombardments, and machine-gunning; the difficulties of finding quiet places for study, etc. I go down twice a week to the University of Shanghai to teach a two-credit course to the two English majors in Advanced Composition, and to help them with their thesis work, and each day I have a guilty feeling as I turn out the several students who want so badly to stay in the room and go on quietly with their work; when I do not give them asylum they have to leave their books there, and waste the period. I have thought that a group remaining behind might be unmanageable, but must try it out next Wednesday, and let them remain.

The school activities this week have been crowded into the background somewhat by the happenings in the war zone. On Wednesday morning about 4 a.m. the Chinese forces left Chapei, and from later in the morning for many hours all Chapei seemed to be on fire. At noon Ruth and I ascended to the sixth story of this apartment house to see the fire: it was indeed a spectacle: for a mile or more the dense columns of smoke towered to the sky, billowing into fantastic shapes, now a mountain with deep-sunk caverns, the next moment taking on another contour. This smoke formed all the background of our world in that direction, blotting out some of the largest buildings near the downtown area. It was the largest-scale fire I have ever witnessed. In the afternoon as I was on Yuen Ming-Yuen Road, I looked towards Soochow Creek and all eyes were turned in the same direction: it was strange that we had a south wind (unusual at this time of year, according to the newspaper), so no smoke seemed to hover over the region south of the Creek, but just across was the gigantic wall of shifting smoke, reaching to the zenith - an inspiration for the lover of beauty, if the tragedy of the situation had not dimmed our artistic faculties. Thousands of refugees crossed the Creek into the Settlement to the South, and all relief groups were still further taxed to attempt to cope with the new problem. We were told that the fire was spread by the Chinese to cover up their retreat, and by the Japanese to finish off that part of the chapter, and I think there is truth in both statements. At night we went up again on the roof, now the sky in Chapei, and in another region directly west, in

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Jessfield region, were flame-colored against the night sky; we could guess at the extent and fury of the fires which raged so steadily and with such vigour. To the west, at a distance of two or three miles, we could discern the leaping of the fire, not the actual flames, but the bursting of the light upwards. It might have been an inferno on a grand scale.

Everyone was anxious about the troops of the Chinese. Had they retreated in orderly fashion, or in rout? Had any been caught in the wedge of Hongkew area? The newspapers soon allayed any fears of a disorderly retreat, but we heard with amazement of the 800 Chinese men who refused to leave their places in Hongkew! Did anyone ever hear of such foolhardy persistence? We thought of the "noble six hundred" and similar feats of daring, and thought this could rival any other such tale. Now we know a good deal more of their situation. In one godown are 500 men, and in another 300, and they absolutely refuse to leave their posts unless their commander gives the order. The people of Shanghai have shown their admiration and their sympathy in many ways: there was first of all food to be gotten in to the men, and the men sent word that they wanted 500 pounds of salt, a like quantity of sugar, and 10,000 small cakes. Later we learned that in the goddowns are sacks of beans and wheat, so their food problem is not so acute as we might at first have imagined. Then they had to have a Chinese flag to tell the enemies they were there and still holding on! Yesterday morning it was raised, the only Chinese flag in all Chepei! From the south of the Creek scores of people have breathlessly watched the struggle, as Japanese troops have attempted to surround them and wipe out the gallant battalion. The imagination of the whole city and country has been fired by the deed, and it will raise Chinese morale in a way none of us can estimate. If these men, after weeks of grilling machine-gun fire and bombardment can do this, what cannot the rest of patriotic China do? As buses pass on their usual route about a block from the godown the passengers all cheer, organizations and individuals beseech those in authority to take the men to places of safety, prayers and good wishes are rained upon the patriots. The victory has by their deed been somewhat robbed of its glory!

(Med. - already the order from Hankow has come in them to be dismissed and allowed into the district)

East night Ruth, Lillian and I were guests at Peng Yu-dji's home in the factory district near Ferry Road. Before we had the delicious Chinese supper, she took us to see their Y.W.C.A. centre in the heart of the industrial area. Most of the girls worked in mills, owned chiefly by the Japanese. In normal times the girls work from 6 to 6 with half an hour off for lunch, and then they come for an hour and a half of study to the Centre. Now since the mills are almost all closed, the girls put in hours of study every day. We saw them at their classes, and liked the appearance of the bright girls, who did not yet seem to overcome with the life they are forced to lead. One class was studiously at work on geography and we saw they were using and enjoying the text prepared by Liu En-lan. Another class of rather older girls were bent over newspapers, discussing current events; it was easy to see that this was no set "task" but something that meant a good deal to them. They were smiling and polite when we entered, and stood to attention, but when urged to go on with their work, they settled to it at once, not minding our presence. Most of these girls were refugees, and we saw the tiny rooms that served as their sleeping-quarters: one room which usually housed four girls now has fifteen sleeping there, one close beside the other; another even tinier room held 10, five along each end. On the wall were neatly hung their dresses: their comforters and bedding were neatly piled in one heap; the

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floor was clean; nowhere was there a sign of carelessness. And we learned that these current events girls were to be the fourth Volunteer group of factory girls who go behind the lines, educate the peasants who do not know why life has become so disorganized, who do not know why they are taken from their peaceful farmsteads to dig trenches, carry innumerable things for the army, etc. They also serve as interpreters to the troops from other parts of China at a loss with the Shanghai dialect. When they first went out they were self-supported, or at least supported by the Y.W.; now the army pays them. On the bulletin-board we saw the snapshots of the first three groups, - gay laughing girls in shirts and trousers, and soon the girls upstairs would have their pictures there, too! As we left the "Centre", we talked with some girls busy eating their supper; it was now after eight, and these girls work from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. and were just back from work. We could not but admire their pluck.

On our way to the "Centre" we came upon a boy of about ten or twelve who was crying into his sleeve in a miserable fashion. Miss Deng questioned him, and we found that he was one of the day's refugees from north of Soochow Creek. Miss Deng told him that he would be taken to a refugee camp, but he was unwilling to leave that spot, for fear his parents might not be able to find him if they came hunting him. Whether his parents were alive, no one knew. This is just one example of the too frequent tragedies in the city these days. Miss Deng has a great story of a five-year-old girl who was brought to the Y.W. camp on Route de Sieyes, and knew little or nothing of her name or the whereabouts of her home. It fell to Miss Deng to take her home, or to discover what she could of the family. So she and the girl went to the spot where the little girl had been found, and she asked the child in what direction she lived. The child seemed very vague, and pointed in turn in three different directions. They sat down and waited, wondering if any friends might come by, or if any passers-by would give information. Nothing came of this trip, so they returned to the camp. The little girl's first unhappiness had been relieved, and her new suit, and her doll had made existence worth living. The next day the two went once more to the same spot, and again the child pointed in three directions for her home. Again no information. The third time the same thing happened, but this time the mother came by and with great rejoicings claimed the child. The mother's eyes were red with weeping; she was sure her child would never be recovered. And the strange thing was that the child's home had been in the one direction to which she never pointed! Then the child didn't want to leave the camp! But she was given the suit and doll "for keeps" and finally agreed to go home. The municipal authorities said this was the best-organized "camp" in the city, and the Y.W. were very sorry they had to disband when McTveire Primary School claimed their quarters for school. So that is a glimpse into the service some of our girls are rendering in this emergency situation. If they only had space, Miss Deng says they would start another camp; they are contemplating putting up a mat shelter on a vacant lot near where they live, and starting work again for the refugees.

To-morrow we are having some Founders' Day celebrations. And the story of the adventures of the whole plan would fill quite a space if I could tell it in detail. The committee in charge (Mrs. New, an alumna-Dju Gieh-fang- a student-Lee Kwoh-djen-, Mrs. Chen Hwang Li-ming, Ruth and I) decided that it was quite impracticable to consider having any

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meeting on Saturday evening, for the girls are out on the streets too much just with their class work and their parents would not agree to them going out in the evening. So we decided on a Sunday afternoon meeting, something after the following: a religious service from 3-4, (Bishop W.P. Roberts as speaker), with special Glee Club ~~music~~ and Founders' day music, prayers, responses, etc. Mrs. New was to be in charge. Then from 4 to 4.30 was to be an informal tea, with a short programme afterwards significant for the present situation, and in keeping with Sunday and the previous service. McTyeire seemed the most appropriate place, and there were six of our alumnae there who could take charge of the tea preparations, flowers, seating, etc.

One problem was how to get from Nanking some copies of the Founders' Day music: there was no long distance telephone, no regular train service, and it would be difficult to ask for materials by telegraph. Before we had settled it there came an envelope from Miss Vautrin with just what we needed! One problem solved. The tee infection of our one music faculty member rather involved matters too, and when she had to have an operation, Hwang Li-ming took charge of the Glee Club. The programme committee met and arranged a series of tableaux which might show how the "Spirit of Ginling" had in the past steadily grown, was bright now, and would be in the future. The idea was Li-ming's and was in its simplicity appropriate to the occasion, the burden of the action coming on one person, personifying the "Spirit". (This was to be Yu Bji-ying) When the girls came for their P.E. class at McTyeire on Thursday at 5, Mrs. Chen was going to speak to the girls about costumes, parts, and the rehearsal on Saturday afternoon. Miss Chester with alumnae help tackled the invitation job, and later made out the programme, typed the Scripture responses, and saw these through the mimeographing stages at the Y.W.- no small task, when at Ginling we merely hand it over to Mr. Esia, and know the results will be what we expect! Mr. Roberts promised to speak, and everything seemed plain sailing. Then came the terrible Chapei retreat on Wednesday with the whole Chapei region in flames, and that changed many things. For one thing we wondered if McTyeire was a good location, since the Chinese lines had veered round, and Jessfield area was in more danger. It was decided to go on with the meeting as planned, except to shorten it by cutting out the programme following the tea half-hour. Then there was no P.E. on Thursday, and the Glee Club did not rehearse. So few turned up to-day for the rehearsal that as far as we can see there will be no Glee Club number to-morrow. When was the Glee Club ever absent before at a Founders' Day service? This is 10 o'clock Saturday night, and although this afternoon at 4 we had almost decided to postpone the whole thing indefinitely, and had sent this word to Mr. Roberts, it now stands that we shall go on with the plan at McTyeire, since there has been no material change in the situation since the middle of the week. I think many girls will not come, but it seems best to carry on. Early in the week Dr. Wu wrote that she would not come down as she once contemplated, giving as her reason, a very characteristic one: she did not say it would not be safe for her to travel back and forth which is certainly the case- but that she might get kept here and not be able to return to Ginling...which shows the spirit of our gallant president. We hope that her message, which Mrs. New is to read, will reach here. And so, like the radio-announcers, I shall "sign off" for to-night, adding a postscript to-morrow night after Founders' Day celebrations are over.

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Wednesday Night

The "zero hour" for the Founders' Day was four o'clock Saturday ~~afternoon~~ afternoon when Hwang Li-ming called Ruth and said that to the first rehearsal of the Glee Club only four girls had come, and of those four only one was willing to come on Sunday, the reason being that they considered McTyeire school too close to the new line of fighting. There was enough truth in this for us to realize that no one should be urged to attend if she felt in this way. The question was, "Shall we go ahead, or shall we attempt to postpone it indefinitely?" Ruth talked with Mrs. New over the phone about it, and finally they decided to postpone it. If the girls were not coming, why have a Founders' Day service? When it was thus decided, Ruth felt badly about it all, and while she was contemplating their decision, Mrs. New called, and said that the alumnae president, Dju Gieh-fang, thought we ought to go on with it: no one knew how many would come, a great deal of work had been done to interest alumnae, etc; preparations had been completed at McTyeire even to purchasing tea, arranging flowers, etc. Also, how were we to know that the situation would change within a reasonable time? So Ruth was very glad, for it seemed wrong to change it when the morrow's developments were so much a matter of guesswork.

Sunday dawned dull and rainy, and we prayed for a dull day, so that the bombing might be less. As we sat in church there came punctuating the calm loud reverberations sounding very near by. So, rain or no rain, the war went on. After two Mrs. New sent her car for us; we called at the Y.W. and found just arrived the greeting message from Hwa Chung. Then we called for Lillian and went on to McTyeire. There was no crowd waiting as is the case on our camps, but everyone looked cheerful and in the spirit of the day, in spite of the disasters of each day in China. The assembly room looked very cheery, with chrysanthemums on the platform. The programmes were put around, and shortly after three o'clock we began. Dr. Liu urged Lillian and me to sit in the "Faculty" seats in front; I did not mind, but hated being so conspicuous as that. I thought I would go up when I could catch Hwang Li-ming's eye. But she became the pianist! Apparently the plan was for these seats to be filled by faculty and Board members, but practically none of them had yet arrived. The final crowd consisted of 20 alumnae, 9 ~~ex-faculty~~ ex-faculty and present-faculty, 4 students and about ten guests. The Glee Club was non-existent, but Ruth (having refused early in the week to sing a solo) offered and sang all by herself, an anthem, "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks." Mrs. New showed how versatile she was by playing the Founders' Song, when she had not touched it for twenty years! Mr. Roberts spoke very well: the importance of ideas in any real progress; the unique place education has as the inculcator of the right ideas, etc. While he spoke, there were many reminders that there was a war on: aeroplanes zoomed around so that we could see them, there was dropping of bombs, heavy shelling with all the frills! It was not easy to concentrate on "right ideas" at such a time, and it must have been a real distraction for Mr. Roberts. To cap the climax, the photographers hovering at the back of the room, ready to take pictures sometime during the proceedings and working quietly with lights, must have caused a short circuit, for in the corner of the room we were facing there was suddenly a sharp sound and a big spark. I do not know what came into the minds of others, but I suppose such things as "a shell", and even "a bomb" presented themselves for the first second.

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Mrs. New was in charge of the service and did admirably. Dr. C.L. Hsia gave the long prayer, and it was beautiful. Dr. Wu's message read by Mrs. New was one of the most inspiring parts of the service and more than anything else made us feel we were joined again in unity to the Gibling that now is so scattered. Here is her telegram:

"May Gibling family be worthy of Founders and College ideals by humbly strengthening ourselves and sacrificially sharing in national crisis Romans 8: 35-37"

After the service we had such an attractive tea, donated by the alumnae of Gibling who are now at McTyeire, we had a chance to talk with the alumnae, the guests, our four students, to meet Mr. Sung, Dr. Hsia, many of the McTyeire faculty, Laura Haygood faculty who showed such interest in the service. Then there was the photograph which is good, I hear, and about 5.30 we went off, leaving the alumnae in the midst of a meeting. There had been a genuine spirit of friendliness, and much renewing of the spirit of our Alma Mater, and a feeling that it was good to have been there. Our chief regret of the afternoon was that the students had been so sparsely represented. Now Mrs. New is planning for some sort of a service for the students on a Sunday afternoon before too long.

The St. John's University has been directly involved in this week's war developments, for the whole group have had to evacuate their campus, and Japanese batteries are as close as 100 yards from their property. The Medical School had a week's holiday, but it is now established in the already overcrowded quarters of the university on Nanking Road. The classrooms are tiny so that their Freshmen in the Embryology Class have had to be dropped out. For this course microscopes are brought in, but there will for the present be no chance of lab. work in other courses. The wonderful thing is that in face of these trying and varying difficulties, they keep on at all.

With the very best of good wishes to you, Miss Griest, I must now close. A letter from Miss Carl the other day expressed her appreciation of the news you send her of events out here. My brother appreciates also the direct news he has had of us through your office. Did you know of his change of address? He is now married and lives at the following address:

Dr. C.J. Kirk
No. 1 Willingden Place, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

Ruth sends her love to you,

Yours,

Lawrence A. Kirk

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07

GINLING COLLEGE, NANKING CHINA

Letter from Florence Kirk of the Ginling College Unit in Shanghai to Harriet Whitmer, Ginling College of Biology, who stopped in Japan enroute to China and is temporarily teaching at the Women's Christian College in Tokyo. Written in Shanghai November 4, 1937. Received from Japan in New York December 4, 1937.

How glad we were to get first-hand news of you, and in Minnie's diary today comes word that Dr. Wu has wired you her approval that you stay in your present teaching position. I can just see you busy with your flowers, enjoying life wherever you are. Dr. Wu is glad that the heavy financial load is being lightened by some faculty getting work while there is no work for the college. Alice Morris is teaching in St. Giles' British School in Tsingtao; Lillian, my sister, is at the Country Hospital nursing; Esther Tappert is at the University of Chungking; Dr. Reeves at Chengtu. Recently I have been able to help the exchequer a little by tutoring at quite good pay.

You ask for the whereabouts of people. I shall make a list, thinking that thus I shall not omit anyone:

Wuchang: 38 girls registered; faculty: Chen Ping-dji, Chang Siao-sung, Dzo Yu-lin, Eva Spicer, Catharine Sutherland, a new Sociology person, Wu mou-i (not at Ginling, but at Wuhan), Liu En-lan who writes us the most newsy and personal accounts of the life in which the G.C. girls are "refugee" students.

Lu Shuh-ying - at Chnagsha, in what capacity we do not know.

Nanking: G.C.: Dr. Wu, Minnie Vautrin, Wang Ming-djen, Chen Nai-ying (new Registrar), Blanche Wu, Mrs. Tung, (Librarian), Francis Chen, servants and their families, Elsie Priest. (Anna Moffet will come back if the consul can be appeased.) Community: Searle Bates, Lewis Smythe, Dr. Thomson, Oliver Caldwell, W.P. Mills, Dr. Wilson, and Mr. Brannon, a new English teacher living in Buck's home; elsewhere Messrs. Magee, Marx, McCallum, Miss Hinds, Miss Bowyer, Mrs. Twinem, Joy Smith. The Jameses went back from here "after the summer vacation", but the enraged British consul sent them to Wuhu. Now the Senior Prices have gone back, but we have not heard yet of their arrival.

At Ginling the chrysanthemums have just begun to bloom and Lao Shao is sad that there are so few there to see them. Minnie goes calling, bicycling, and helps much in that way, I am sure.

Here: Hwang Li-ming, Hu Shih-tsang (just had an operation for toe infection), Miss Ellen Koo and her father, Grace Dju, the new Chemistry man, Dr. Sung, Dr. Feng, the new Physics person, Ruth Chester, Lillian and I.

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Miss Golisch and Miss Brethorst are in Manilla, I understand. The Bowens (all three) have gone to America, also Jessie Wolcott; Katherine Boeye is at Chungking. Nellie Murray has arrived back from Hongkong where she carried on Mission business and was busier than usual.

Bessie Hollows and Miss Knox are at 7 Ave. Petain; on the occasion of Bessie's birthday, we went to a Russian place and had such a good time. Mrs. Artau has just come back from Peitaiho, and was in to tea just the other day. Miss Bonnafield lives in the next block; she will be feeling sad for her daughter, Mrs. Wu Lien-teh just died. I called there this morning only to find both her and her other daughter, Mrs. Cheng, from Nanking, out. She is a remarkable woman, and asks so interestedly about you. Ruth sees your friends the Frank Lih's, but I haven't met them yet.

Mr. Fitch is doing Y.M.C.A. war work, perhaps by now at Soochow. His family were to be off home before this, but I am not sure which sailing they have. Mrs. Magee and family, Mrs. Winslett were also due to go. Do ask me about particular people, if your curiosity is still unsatisfied.

Ruth and I are feeling much more at home in our suite that is daily becoming more comfortable. Mrs. Dunlap lent us lovely rugs for the floor, and it seems as though Mrs. Luccock might be lending us some lamps soon. (They are going home for six months' furlough.) Wu Sodsai, wife of the former cook, is our full time servant now, and she is quite satisfactory. Her husband is just this minute out of work; he was cook in Margaret Williamson student dormitory in its new location, but the students were yesterday sent home, because the college is too near the fighting line. She lost her tiny baby this summer, and feels very sad over that. Our cook has no work or very little in Nanking, but Wang is in some Chinese home. St. John's has just now come into the danger area, so they have had to stop medical school work, and are carrying on in an abbreviated form down town.

Love to you ~~both~~ from both of us. Do give special regards to Miriam and welcome her Mother for us. Also remember us to any other of our friends you are in contact with.

Stella writes from Paris, wanting news of everybody. She is studying there for a few months at least. Her letter arrived just this week, mailed in late August.

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Shanghai, December 3, 1937

Received New York. Dec 31, 1937.

My dear Miss Griest,

We are living in stirring times. Our newspapers are exciting reading these days, and there's no temptation to read just the headlines. You will know from my Christmas letter about the swinging round of the war area to Nantao, and the terrible war in that region, the cordon of fires (they are still burning! both fresh ones, and reawakened old ones.. from our roof-top we can still distinguish half a dozen some nights!) The Nantao Neutral Zone for refugees has met with quite remarkable success; everyone gives the greatest praise to fine Father Jacquinot, and his ability to get the co-operation of all kinds of people, and gifts amazing in their extent. The mere organization of the work is stupendous. It led to the petition for a similar zone in Nanking, but an unofficial reply states that the Japanese cannot grant the petition.

Since the Nantao aspect, the Japanese have gradually made known their wishes in the City of Shanghai. They have either done so or announced their intention of taking control of the Post Office, telegraph and telephone, customs, radio, they have banned most Chinese newspapers, suppressed Chinese courts, closed Chinese theatres, ordered suppression of all anti-Japanese activities, and have put enough pressure to bear so that the prominent Chinese living in the French Concession have left for Hongkong and other places. Yesterday there was what our newspaper calls a Japanese Victory parade, of 2,000 infantry, cavalry, and mechanized units from the western district, down Anson Road, Hubling Mall, Yu Ya Ching (Tibet), Nanking Road, The Bund, etc. There was an "incident" during this parade when an Oriental threw a handgrenade wounding several people, and he was promptly shot four times by a Chinese constable, and died later. Also a coolie dropped (whether by accident or not is not made plain) from a third-story building near the intersection of Yu Ya Ching and Nanking Road, was electrocuted by high tension wires, and dropped to the pavement before the advancing parade. There were numerous instances of foreigners who got into difficulties with the Japanese; altogether it was a very serious situation. After the "incident" Nanking Road from Kwangse Road to Honan was militarized, traffic diverted to Avenue Edward VII, and everyone on edge until 3:30 last night when the Japanese withdrew from the area. The tact and speedy action of the Shanghai Municipal police receive the highest commendation to-day. Some ugly results might otherwise have been forthcoming. There were thousands in the streets to see the procession, even side-streets of some areas presenting the appearance of a close-packed mob. I went down about three to teach at the University of Shanghai, and found myself in the traffic jam above Wing-On's, had to take the bus route by Avenue Edward VII and thence to the Bund, so had ample time to observe events and atmosphere. At the University the blockade of noon-day traffic by the parade proper, and the consequent military zone disrupted things generally, and made classes start late throughout the day. Coming home, not realizing the gravity of the situation I attempted to go shopping at Wing-On's, took a rickshaw up Nanking Road (there were no buses), went south to Kiukiang, only to be met at Kwangse with Japanese soldiers with drawn bayonets! So I decided shopping was a minor concern and went home by the nearest route; the buses were more than jammed, and everyone grave. The proposed parade scheduled for this a.m. was not held, partly due to the fact that the French Concession authorities forbade the parade going through the Concession.

What is happening to Ginling in these days? Our bi-weekly meetings have not materialized, for the girls find it burdensome to come out so often. However, we did meet November 21. The Y.W.C.A. had no space for us, and so finally we arranged to meet at the Sun Store on Nanking Road. It gave us a queer feeling (those of us who are used to a Sabbath being observed)

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to go to a Sunday meeting through a crowded busy store, where escalators operated, and business went on as usual. Dr. Feng is a friend of the manager's wife (and lives in their family), and the manager undertook to see we were at home: he fitted up a room especially for us with scrolls, easy chairs, etc., provided a delicious tea of fresh doughnuts, apples and tea, and saw that it was served. The programme was as follows: Ruth told of the celebration for Founders' Day in China, and the regret of these girls in not attending here was very evident: Ruth then gave news of G.C.: Hwang Li-ming described briefly some of the conditions she found existing in some refugee camps and appealed for generous giving of money and time: she urged each girl to give a cotton quilt (later, one girl brought in 12); after this there were 20 answers to the appeal for time teaching the camp children, but so far the educational work is being organized and no teaching has begun. The girls' faces as she talked were a study; they seemed so shocked that such things could be. There was discussion of possible activities- religious and otherwise- among the girls, but so far nothing has been realized as far as we know. A small group want to form a study group and we hope to see this begun before long. The calendars and cards were on display, and we think the sale is going surprisingly well, considering the demands of the situation here. We tried to send consignments of both up river, Nanking, etc. only to find when they were parcelled that the post office would accept no second class freight! The package went off to Hongkong, and for the other centres, we sent, by first class, samples, urging those interested to let us have addresses if they wanted to send any to friends in America or elsewhere. Harriet's order is the only one received up to date.

For some time we have thought of having a gathering in our tiny suite of the G.C. faculty; the weekly developments were of such a character that any sort of festivity seemed to be out of order, but when we asked one member, she said, "Why not have it? It will be good for us to get together." So we did. It was a rainy afternoon, and Dr. Feng was prevented by illness from coming; Mrs. New's brother-in-law had just that morning died, so she could not come; Ellen Koo did not venture out. But the rest came, though Hwang Li-ming did not come till we were at our supper, about 7 p.m. As usual she was at her absorbing refugee work. It was a bit like old times to meet, and exchange varied news, hopes, and fears. Mr. Sun is a friendly chap; his Chemistry books (about a month en route) have still not come; he has managed a blackboard for his classes at the Y.W. Hwang Li-ming has a attack of bronchitis from exposure in a camp the other afternoon; she cannot rest when the need is so great, and now she has to rest a couple of weeks. She has gotten Djang Hwei-lan and her sister (Li-ming's) to replace her. Hu Shih-tsang's infected foot is quite recovered. Grace Dju has left for Hongkong to meet her husband there, and to decide whether she and the children will go at once to Moscow where he is military attache, or to wait a few months. Dr. Feng is a fine person whom we are gradually getting to know. Ruth and I have busy days and wonderful quiet evenings reading and working. Ruth is next week starting with her seniors as they begin lab. work at St. John's. Going through Jessfield Park these brilliantly sunny days is a joy, and St. John's campus is beautiful.

One afternoon the Freshmen (six of the eight) came to tea. They are remarkable in their ability to use English and there were not any of the long awkward pauses that sometimes occur when language is a barrier. We drew for them a plan of G.C. campus. Imagine getting acquainted with Ginling in your freshman year thus! Sunday morning at breakfast we are having some of the alumnae, and feel we have only touched the fringe of contacts we would like to make. With the best of wishes from us both; we appreciated the understanding telegram you sent Dr. Wu (we had it relayed).

Much love, Florence A. Kirk

Florence A. Kirk

0433

Wu file,

[over]

Suite 903
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York
December 22, 1937

My dear Florence and Ruth:

Florence's letter of November 12th and Ruth's of November 19th are both here, as is Minnie's letter of December second to Mrs. Thurston and me, written as she says, "just before the veil falls on Nanking." I am going to send to you in a separate envelope the New York Times account by Durbin of the fall of Nanking. I have no great hope that you will ever receive it, but you will be interested to know what we got here, in case it does reach you. There is the strongest admiration, as there should be, for the nerve and the courage of those who saw the thing through.

We cabled, as you probably know, urging and insisting that our president leave the city. A letter from Hankow written by her on the boat as she was approaching Hankow is still full of calm courage. This week has also brought a letter from Eva Spicer and En-lan's letter to Bishop Roots and her account of the "Wounded in Hankow." The latter is being used here for civilian relief, and there is an effort being made to send to that project a regular monthly gift for six months. This does not come at all to us. I sent the material to several relief organizations here and it was a spontaneous offer. Whether they will be able to raise the money and whether it will reach that city before it is too late to be of help are two questions in my mind.

I am sorry to say that none of the calendars have arrived, either those that Dr. Wu cabled of on October 16th as having started, or the ones Florence wrote about on November 12th. This will probably mean a dead loss as far as sales are concerned, but if they come within the next few weeks, we can send them out as publicity. I am assuming from the difference in the dates between Florence's letter and Dr. Wu's cable that two sets are on the way. The pen and ink sketches--eight cards to a set, 1000 sets in all--are here. We are offering them at fifteen cents a set, but they too came so late that most people had already gotten their Christmas cards. There is no reason, however, why we can't hold them for another year and use them early next fall for church bazaars and college Christmas fairs. Of course if these calendars have a pad, we possibly will be able to change the pads and use them next year also. But there is no

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use crying over things that can't be helped and we will make the best use possible of them if they ever reach us.

I have had from the Simpson's this morning their charming Christmas card with the pictures of the four children. How happy Florence is to have a little daughter.

Mrs. Thurston has just been on a nearly three weeks speaking tour. At the time that she started she could not believe that Nanking could be reached so soon, so that the experience must have been ghastly for her. I tried speaking on a night during one of the worst days and found it almost impossible. The audience is so ready to be entertained by all the gory details, but so unresponsive to the deeper meaning of the whole situation, and peculiarly insensitive to the suffering. We do lack, as a people, imagination of what it means to live in a country which does not have friendly neighbors and which is suffering from war. We have had some very happy reports of Mrs. Thurston's speaking, and one very unhappy one. The last was partly accounted for both by the strain she was under and the great difficulty in reaching her appointment. She was too tired probably for what was an important engagement.

The China Colleges Emergency Campaign for \$250,000 has in pledges something over \$100,000. Of the first \$105,000, \$9000 is assigned to us. The balance of the fund is to be pro rated according to need among the various colleges. Of course this means careful preparation of our statement. I have no feeling at all that we will secure anything like what we need. My own lowest estimate is a total of \$30,000, and we do not yet know the damage done to personal and college property in Nanking. I am, of course, talking in terms of U.S. dollars. In addition to our allotment of \$9000 the furloughed and former staff here have raised \$3280.50. Of this Mrs. Thurston pledged ten months of this year's home allowance. I wish I were a better money raiser. I certainly do work constantly, but I probably don't put the first things first.

Anna Groff, a nurse at St. Luke's and a friend of Miss Falck's, is presumably now on her way back to China. She is to see Ruth when she returns, and if she does not know where you are, will you please look her up as soon as possible? This is important.

I must get off home tonight because my brother's family still has their Christmas in the family home, which is my home. It seems a mockery to be going through all the time old and memory laden preparations. I am thankful, however that I have something else that has to be done, because it will take my mind for a few days off the situation in China.

Thank you so much for Dr. Shaw's prayer. I hope that in some way you both may have happiness at Christmas. I am enclosing a letter from Eva Spicer which reached me yesterday. It is certainly a time when all of us should pray for those in your country.

You will let us know, as opportunity offers, how Ginling is getting along in Shanghai.

With love to both of you,

0435

December 6, Shanghai

Rec'd NY.
12/31/37

1937

Dear Miss Griest,

I want to tell you of the quite wonderful work that our Ginling Alumnae are doing here in Shanghai to help relief. Mrs. New, with her genius for organization, ~~the great respect in which she is held~~ her eagerness to co-operate, has been the prime mover, and whenever we see her, she is full of her work and the interesting aspects which develop. It seems that when there is a responsible post to be filled, she is chosen, for everyone knows her and trusts her judgment.

The work began on Friday, August 13th, the "bloody" or "Dark" Saturday, as it is called. That morning, Mrs. New telephoned Dju Gieh-fang, telling her that the first Emergency Hospital had been established on Piaochow Road; he had heard that they were short of supplies, and she thought they ought to visit it to see if there was any way they personally or the Ginling Alumnae as a group might co-operate. The G.C. Alumnae had met the previous Monday to consider what they might do if war broke out, and they were to meet in a week's time; so Dju Gieh-fang might report to them the need. They decided to go at 2 p.m., and three other G.C. grads. were asked to accompany them: Liu Sun-sz; Mrs. Hung (Liu Lei-djen) both '25, and one weid-lan, '24(?) who happened to be in Shanghai at the time. They started just at the time the anti-aircraft guns burst out in such a frightening way (they knew nothing of the terrible bombing at Thibet and Avenue Ed. VII and Hanking Road which killed about 1300 people). They stopped their car, and looked out; Gieh-fang says the gunfire was really beautiful, for a gigantic column of smoke ascended only to break into several smaller columns. Aeroplanes circled overhead, and there was machine-gunning from them. They held a meeting in the car. To go or not to go? They decided to go ahead. The guns grew more terrible and they stopped again, and again decided to go on. This happened three or four times before they reached the Emergency Hospital.. the first "baptism by fire." Dju Gieh-fang says, "never had we had any experience like that. It was our first impression of modern warfare." There were already fifty wounded soldiers at the hospital, the result of the first hostilities; they slept on bare beds covered with only a mat..very hard for the seriously wounded. There were also other deficiencies. We promised to supply the needs as well as we could. So far as I remember, we, under the name of Ginling Alumnae Association, sent to the China Red Cross Association the following :

Li-yung went to their homes and "literally begged" in their neighborhood for mattresses. In the day they delivered 100 mattresses.

Quilts: more than 100; Towels: 18 dozen; Basins: 9 dozen; Soap, brushes (teeth), cigarettes, etc.
\$32 to employ 2 coolies for 2 months
Volunteer Help: Miss Dju Yueh-shan '36, worked at the emergency hospital as social secretary for more than a month. She went to and from work on a bicycle. Her family did not like the idea of her going out on the streets in such dangerous times, but she persisted. The day of the Sincere Store bombing (August 23), her family forbade her to go, and took the bicycle license, saying she must stop this work. Yueh-shan did stay in one day, but the next morning about 6.30 she slipped out quietly, rode the bicycle without a license, and when she had reached the hospital, telephoned back asking them to send over to her the bicycle license,

We also participated in the refugee camp organized by the Y.W.C.A. and the C.V.C. By personal efforts we supplied the far greater part

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of the fund needed. The camp was started on August 23rd at 420 Route de Sieves, the compound of the second primary school of McTyeire. Miss Liu Yu-sha, '29, was the chairman. Other names which appeared on the list of volunteer workers were: Mrs. New, '19, (supplied all kitchen supplies); Den Yu-tze, '25; Sze Bao-dhen (before they went abroad; Bi Hao-ying '32; Dju Gieh-fang, '34; Dju Mei-sien, '37; Sien Wen-mei, '31; Dju Yueh-shan, '37. This No. 93 camp was considered the best organized and managed under the sponsorship of the Shanghai Relief Committee. School, however, was scheduled, to open on the 20th of October. After a desperate hunt for vacant houses, we were obliged to give up the camp. The 300 refugees were sent to other camps in groups. How they shed bitter tears for having to leave our sincere protection. The camp was closed on October 11th, with Chairman, Liu Yu-sha and ~~me~~ me still on the staff." (Dju Gieh-fang).

About the middle of October 71 bags of old clothes were sent from the Hongkong Branch of the National Women's Relief Assoc'n, and Mrs. New was asked if she would organize a group to see about the distribution. She thought this might be done by the Ginling Alumnae, so she solicited volunteer aid. Dju Gieh-fang has been indispensable for she has given untiringly of time, thought and energy. Hwang Li-ming has been so absorbed with the attempt to try to answer the daily increasing needs of refugees that this week she has had to go to bed, to stay there a couple weeks. She says, "The need is so great; I felt I just could not stop." So the group of a dozen Ginling Alumnae and others used to meet, donned hospital gowns, masks gloves, and sort out the old clothes - into three bundles, for men, women and children. There were 175 shoes to match in the first consignment. Miss Agnes Sung was secretary; one man, Mr. Y.T. Zung, investigated need and distributed. So, from Oct. 18-31, 6787 garments were distributed to 21 groups of people, to such organizations as Salvation Army Refugee Camp, Shanghai Baptist Evacuees, Leprosarium, Children's Hospital, Chapei Policemen's Families, A college professor and students, Kiaochow Refugee Camp, etc.

This piece of work was so successfully carried out, that when the Nantao Refugee Neutral Zone was organized under Rev. Father Jacquinet, Mrs. New was asked if she would serve as leader of the Clothing Committee, under the ~~Shanghai~~ International Red Cross. So now she is tackling a much bigger piece of work, again with the help of Ginling Alumnae. Contributions keep coming from Hongkong-4000 bags have come already- also Shanghai people are generously giving old and new clothing, money etc. The 250,000 refugees in Nantao, the 150,000 in the two foreign areas, represent a need so overwhelming that it staggers the imagination. Winter weather has arrived, and warm padded garments, padded comforters, etc. are so badly needed. Mrs. New kept the workers at work, and they hit on the plan of taking two summer garments (sent from Singapore, Ceylon, and the Malay States) and placing cotton between for padding. Seamstresses who themselves are refugees are hired to do this work, at 25 cents a day! (8 cents gold!) One merchant in Shanghai contributed \$50,000.00 woolen material, and \$30,000.00 cotton material. (When Mrs. New was asked by Father Jacquinet to see to the transportation of this, she figured the cost of transportation would be \$750, and she then asked the men on the committee to deliver it to her, and then she would take charge. An expert cutter has been found who cuts 200 suits a day; he has developed his own technique of mass production, and cuts 20 suits a day, but works with cloth ten layers thick. When the garments are cut they are given to tailors who work at the rate of 18 cents a garment. Just think of it!

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Their usual charge is 20 cents. Father Jacquinet has ordered 30,000 padded garments at once! "He wants six or seven thousand delivered a week! Just what work this involves is hard to imagine until one visits the places where this work is being done.. At the Chinese Medical Association. G.C. girls come to sort clothes still, fill orders, attend to correspondence, etc. Mrs. New insists that everything be done in a business-like way. Sie Yuen-ying has recently become a full time secretary (she is a '27 ~~graduate~~ graduate.) When I went last week to help one morning, I was put at letters, letters acknowledging receipt of hundreds of yards of shirting, warm men's overcoats and vests, another bale from Hongkong, etc. The Clothing Committee has been asked to investigate some removal of quilts from a camp. but the reply went out that we were only a distribution centre, and this did not come within our province. Mrs. New reported to Hongkong and asked that no more summer clothes be sent, but instead if there were available money we needed to buy more cotton and to pay seamstresses. She asked that no more soldiers' padded vests be sent, for now that we are virtually cut off from the interior it is impossible to get them to the soldiers. Those garments on hand are being converted into civilians' top garments, by using one garment to make sleeves to insert into the sleeveless vest, and oversewing the distinguishing stamp. The seamstresses charge 5 cents for doing one garment. Such is the ingenuity of these warm-hearted women! Mrs. New is there every morning and some afternoons; Dju Gieh-fang and Hwang Li-ming are also untiring.

At the Sacred Heart Convent the large part of the cutting is being done, but again this needs supervision. Hwang Li-ming took over a responsible piece of work in connection with the aged in camps. And still the needs grow. There are those who urgently need warm clothing; others who need medical care; others who must have special diets if they are to survive; children to be taught, etc. The women in the camps are sewing, but you can see that this requires careful supervision. The Red Cross is now making a drive, and our attention is drawn to placards in buses, appeals posted in shop-windows everywhere we are reminded of the want of this year. One placard says, "Three dollars will feed a refugee for a month!" Seventy-two camps to plan for! One of the evils in the train of war! But Ginling in these dark days is doing a piece of work of which we have every reason to be proud.

Very sincerely yours, Florence A. Kirk

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