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Kirk, Lillian

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GINLING COLLEGE

Letter written by Miss Lillian J. Kirk, now secretary to President Wu Yi-fang, which was attached to her first General Ginling News Letter from the campus in Chengtu, Szechuan China. Dated July 7, 1939 and received in New York July 29, 1939.

I am afraid this first news letter of mine does not convey all I intended it should. Starting in to work after rather a tiresome trip which came after six weeks of night duty in the hospital was not a very good beginning for such things and I hope my next will be more interesting.

Everyone is very friendly and it was not more than a few days before I felt right at home. The campus is really beautiful and is so peaceful. After noisy, crowded, dirty Shanghai it is like a haven of comfort. The inconvenient things such as lack of running water, etc. I put up with gladly in order to have a bit of countryside to look at and go to.

Everyone looks a bit weary now and Dr. Wu a bit more so than the others. I hope that I may be able to do much to relieve her. There is no outward sign that the girls are bothered by the air raid alarms and everything apparently goes on as usual. We hope they will be able to finish the term in peace.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Lillian J. Kirk.

GENERAL NEWS LETTER FROM GINLING COLLEGE - CHENGOTU, SZECHUAN, CHINA
Dated July 4, 1939 - By Miss Lillian J. Kirk

Monthly Citizens' Meeting. These meetings held the first day of each month are organized by the NATIONAL Spiritual Mobilization Movement and the first meeting in all China was held on May 1st. This first meeting took the form of a torch-light procession in the city. The Colleges took no active part in this meeting but they organized before the June 1st meeting and arranged a special ceremony in which the offering for wounded airmen was presented from the various institutions. It was hoped that there would be a 100% contribution from individuals and organizations. The speaker was the Vice-Minister of Education. 90% of Ginling was present at this meeting which was held from seven to eight in the morning in front of the Administration Building. Everyone stood for one and a quarter hours. On July 1st Dr. Frank Price was the speaker. At this meeting, Ginling specified that their offering, covering the holiday period, be used for the Student Service group going to serve the wounded soldiers in transit and road laborers. The girls marched off before seven o'clock in the morning in the rain.

Physical Education Indoor Meet, June 3rd. This was held in our own gymnasium and I was surprised at the number of varied and interesting items presented. Posture Week preceded this demonstration. Posters with such slogans as, "Health Brings Wealth," were displayed in the Common Room and Dining Room. In the gymnasium and dormitory hall were pictures illustrating correct and incorrect posture. The Chinese boxing given by the majors and specials was intensely interesting and drew much applause.

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For the English Folk Dance, the Chinese girls were transformed into English maidens by the addition of a hair bow and large handkerchief over their gymnasium costumes. Fencing, folk and tap dancing formed a part of the program. There was a demonstration of corrective exercises and also exercises for those on restricted exercise. We realized that day the limitations of a small gymnasium. Only a small number of guests could be invited and Ginling faculty stood if any guests were not seated. A double row of stools were arranged around the two sides of the gymnasium for guests and on the other two sides the students sat on the floor leaving a space at one end for the baby organ and directors. Servants formed an interested group of spectators at every available window and I noticed some faces there for the whole performance. The last feature of the program was the crowning of the posture queens with crowns of gardenias. There were ten individual prizes and one member of the faculty, Florence Kirk, was in this group. Prizes were also given to classes, with Sophomores coming first, then Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors. One could not help but think how much more graceful and interesting these exercises were than the stilted unattractive displays of fifteen or twenty years ago.

The Dance Drama scheduled for June 30th and July 1st was postponed when it was decided to shorten the term by ten days.

Joint Reception. On May 27th, Ginling and the West China Women's College held a joint reception for all the graduating girls on the campus. This was held in the gymnasium of the Women's College. The four presidents gave short speeches and it was interesting to have all the graduating girls and the presidents of the different institutions together at one meeting. One item on the program which was much appreciated was a Chinese violin solo by a West China University graduate. She has studied three years with a teacher and two years by herself. The soft, sweet music was so different from the shrill, piercing notes one hears from instruments on the street and one could scarcely believe the two sounds came from the same instrument.

English Club Performance, June 23. Reports on the sectional activities and two speeches by members of the Public Speaking Group were given. A very interesting item was the group poetry reading of Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo." The play, "The Prince who was a Piper," by Harold Brighouse was enthusiastically received by the audience and it was interesting to note that all the women players were Ginling College students. The Club had several requests to repeat the play but the players decided they could not take the time when the examinations were so near. Fifteen of the twenty members of the Club were guests of the advisors at tea on July 1st at the home of Mrs. Kennard.

Music Recital, June 10. The yearly College recital was given in the Administration Assembly Hall which was packed for the occasion. The girls did splendidly. The numbers which won most applause were piano solos by An Ren-tse and Hwang Dse-ling. The Glee Club choruses were much appreciated. The girls wore red flowers on their white dresses and looked very attractive.

On the evenings of June 16th and 17th, the two senior students An Ten-tse and Wen Yun-kuen gave their recitals in a smaller room in the Administration Building. The girls played very well in spite of the preceding days of strain and all the numbers were enjoyed. Each of the girls received two or three dozen beautiful baskets of flowers. Most of the flowers were pink and white lotus, gladioli and jasmine.

University of Nanking Reception. This reception for their own graduating class and the staff and graduating class of Ginling was held on June 30th in Hart College. President

Chen cut the class cake and explained that the cook had been icing the cake when the gin-ban (air-raid alarm) went that afternoon, with the result that the figures 1939 were rather wobbly. Much merriment was created by three University of Nanking students who spoke in several Chinese dialects.

Student Service Groups. One group of students from West China University and Chee-loo University left yesterday for Shenai and Northern Hopoh to do work among the wounded soldiers in transit and road laborers. The University of Nanking and Ginling groups leave after the joint Commencement on July 15th. The uniform for both men and women is olive green blouse and overalls. Over a hundred students from the various institutions are in this group. Three of our women faculty are going and one of our men faculty is acting as director. The last group is travelling in a cattle truck. Another group of students will do publicity work in several hsien in Szechuan. They will give programs consisting of speeches, plays, patriotic songs at the different places. A third group will attend a Christian Ashram at Mt. Omei conducted by a West China University professor, and a group of Ginling students alone go to Jenchow where they will do investigative work amongst the rural families for the rural project there. A few girls leave for their homes so there will not be many in the dormitory during the vacation, but it has been arranged that one or more faculty members will take turns being in charge of the dormitory.

Commencement and Baccalaureate. The joint Baccalaureate service of the University of Nanking and Ginling comes on July 9th with Dr. W. Y. Che, general secretary of the National Christian Council, giving the address. Examinations begin the following day, finishing on Thursday. Then comes Commencement on July 15th, and the present term will be over.

Boxing Demonstration. The Physical Education department arranged a demonstration of boxing, sword and spear gymnastics a few evenings ago. Eight men from the Military Academy and the Bureau of Communications gave the demonstration. One man in the group was seventy-six years old, and was as supple as the rest. Freehand connected boxing, Forever Conquering Sword, Double Sword and Deadrop Spear were some of the items presented. It was fascinating to watch and everyone enjoyed it immensely. Some of the numbers were a modernized version of the old Chinese art of boxing.

Miss Phoebe Hoh is entirely recovered from her attack of para-typhoid and is back again at Jenchow. Cholera has reached Chengtu but so far there have been only isolated cases. The campus is beautiful and so green. Mountain lilies are the flowers of the moment and the huge white blooms have a regal appearance. I do not mean to infer that these are the only flowers we have for the gardens are full of many varieties.

I have been given a desk in a corner of the office which the men faculty use to interview students, leave their books, etc. A desk is being made for me and in the meanwhile I am using one which will later go to the library. This office, like the one at the other end of the corridor, which Dr. Wu, Mr. Ming and Miss Chen Lan-ying use, is just the end of the hall partitioned off. But it is light and airy and serves very well. Cows sometimes graze beneath my window. The basement and upper floors of this building are used as dormitories and we are frequently entertained with solos, both vocal and instrumental.

Just one real air-raid alarm since June 11th, although there have been numerous false ones. Someone would see a policeman chasing a thief and that would be enough to start an alarm. The students are allowed to choose whether they will go to the surrounding fields or to the dugout in the back yard. Many of us think the safest place is where you feel the safest. Now we have an arrangement that definite word of an alarm is sent out from the proper authorities in the city so there is more dread that we may not know when

General Closing News Letter
King Lillian J. Kirk - 7/4/50

A real alarm does come. There is not the least sign of panic on the campus when an alarm comes but I am sorry to say that this cannot be said of the city residents. The city will be being torn down in places to make other cities as people sometimes were compelled to do at the gates in their rush to get to the country. Our unsplashed head in front of the library now bears a crown of protest and it has been suggested that it be put to a useful purpose and a bird bath be made of it.

This goes with my best wishes to you all and I hope to send the next letter more promptly.

/s/ Lillian J. Kirk

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From

MISS LILLIAN KIRK, JULY, 1939 - CHENGTU, SZECHUAN

Monthly Citizens' Meeting. These meetings held the first day of each month are organized by the National Spiritual Mobilization Movement and the first meeting in all China was held on May 1st. This first meeting took the form of a torch-light procession in the city. The Colleges took no active part in this meeting but they organized before the June 1st meeting and arranged a special ceremony in which the offering for wounded airmen was presented from the various institutions. It was hoped that there would be a 100% contribution from individuals and organizations. The speaker was the Vice-Minister of Education. 90% of Ginling was present at this meeting which was held from seven to eight in the morning in front of the Administration Building. Everyone stood for one and a quarter hours. On July 1st Dr. Frank Price was the speaker. At this meeting, Ginling specified that their offering, covering the holiday period, be used for the student service group going to serve the wounded soldiers in transit and road laborers. The girls marched off before seven o'clock in the morning in the rain.

Student Service Groups. One group of students from West China Union University and Cheeloo University left yesterday for Shensi and Northern Hopeh to work among the road laborers and the wounded soldiers in transit. The University of Nanking and Ginling groups leave after the joint Commencement on July 15th. The uniform for both men and women is olive green blouse and overalls. Over a hundred students from the various institutions are in this group. Three of our women faculty are going and one of our men faculty is acting as director. The last group is travelling in a cattle truck. Another group of students will do publicity work in several hsiens in Szechuan. They will give programs consisting of speeches, plays, patriotic songs at the different places. A third group will attend a Christian Ashram at Mt. Omei conducted by a West China University Professor, and a group of Ginling students alone go to Jenshow where they will do investigative work among the rural families for the rural project there. A few girls leave for their homes so there will not be many in the dormitory during the vacation, but it has been arranged that one or more faculty members will take turns being in charge of the dormitory.

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Ginling College,
Chengtu, Szechwan,
September 16, 1939.

Mrs. T. D. Macmillan,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York City,
New York.

Dear Mrs. Macmillan,

I want to thank you for your letter which came two days ago. First of all, I must tell you that I think you are much too generous with praise for after all, it was a very little thing which I did. Now that I have become more acclimatized, both to climate and work, I hope to get my letters off to you more regularly. You shall get the map soon after this letter reaches you for I shall send it off in a day or two.

Yesterday was a very busy day around Vandeman Hall with Registration in progress all day. It was hard on Ruth having to start work immediately she arrived. Dr. Wu was so glad she was here before Registration so that she could attend to the many problems connected with her position as Acting-Dean. It so happens that September 18th, the date set for the opening of schools, is the anniversary of the Mancurian Incident. Ginling has been asked for ten teams of four each to do propaganda work in the city, so it was decided not to start classes until Tuesday, the 19th.

Miss Highbaugh is very busy organizing the Jenshow work for next year and is having daily conferences and meetings. She attended many of the Senior Retreat meetings and was a great help in their discussions. I shall tell you more about this and the Freshman Week in a later letter.

There has been a welcome change in the weather for most of us - it changed suddenly from stifling heat to cool, showery weather. Even though we are enjoying it, we hope there will be another spell of bright days before the long stretch of dull winter weather sets in.

The European war is much in our thoughts these days and we sympathize with those on the campus who have relatives and friends in England. This old world does get into a sorry mess sometimes because of the greediness and quest for power of a few people.

With sincere good wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

Lillian Kirk

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Ginling College,
Chengtu, Szechwan,
September 21, 1939.

Mrs. T. D. MacMillan,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York City,
New York.

Dear Mrs. Macmillan,

Herewith two reports and some snapshots Florence prepared for you. As I mention in the first paragraph of the report from the north-west groups, their work is mainly a repetition of the one sent previously to you, but I send it along anyway. The next letter to you will be one about campus and College happenings.

Dr. Wu has not returned yet from Chungking but is expected in a day or two. It has been dull weather since she left with no bright moonlight so her rest should not have been disturbed with raids. In fact, the only raid during the last ten days or so has been in the Canton region. The Japanese have asked the Municipal Council in Shanghai to hand over the International Settlement to them before the end of a month, and in the meantime are making things uncomfortable for the foreign residents there. Some think that the Japanese will drive right ahead in China now that they do not have to worry about Russia, and it is prophesied that they will reach Chungking before winter. We have learned to take all such rumours with more than a grain of salt and they do not worry us.

Classes are getting underway at last. I sympathize with Ruth and her conflict problems. We hear that there are twenty students, mostly freshmen, in Chungking waiting for bus transportation. We hope that Dr. Wu will be able to arrange something for them.

Yours very sincerely,

Lillian J. Kirk

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LETTER FROM MISS LILLIAN KIRK
SECRETARY TO DR. WU YI-FANG
DATED OCTOBER 2, 1939 - RECEIVED
IN NEW YORK 21 OCTOBER 1939.

Japanese bombers visited Chengtu last night, coming in two groups between two and three o'clock. We saw the first group of six planes very clearly in the beam of a searchlight - a beautiful sight - but no accurate information can be gotten regarding the second. A Chinese officer, up at the time in a plane, said he could not see them, although he had been told they were there and given approximate position. The moonlight was brilliant, but even so, it must be extremely difficult to locate planes.

Two bombs were dropped near the north wall of the city:- one inside, which did very little damage, and one outside which did not explode. Several were dropped a couple of miles south of the campus, I expect they aimed at a military airfield. Twelve people were killed by one bomb which fell in a small village. This raid did very little damage, but it will serve a good purpose if it reminds people who were getting careless about warnings that the Japanese can find Chengtu at Night. - It is surprising how dull one feels after the loss of three or four hours of sleep. - The Generalissimo is expected to visit Chengtu tomorrow and many think the combination of a full moon and his presence is bound to bring us another visitation.

The campus seems to grow more lovely each day. We think it is very quiet and peaceful, but after a walk into the country the other day the campus seemed noisy in comparison. The kweihwa (laurel) is in bloom and gives off a marvellous perfume. Some of the faculty journeyed four hours by rickshaw one day this week to Shintu where there are groves of Kweihwa. They brought back kweihwa, candy and cakes.

The campus is almost bereft of children since the Canadian school moved to Jenshow. Just four or five of the younger children are remaining, and will be taught by parents. We hear that food prices and wages in Jenshow went up immediately on the arrival of the foreigners. Cheeloo University and the University of Nanking are building temporary faculty residences. Mr. Simkin, of the Friends' Mission, showed us a map of their property and buildings, with temporary buildings built in 1909 and 1915 still in use. We think the Ginling dormitory cannot possibly last that long.

Until a couple of days ago the weather had been dull and rainy. Now it is bright and warm. Ruth Chester was beginning to think that we did not have a sun for she was here several days before it put in its appearance.

I am sorry to be sending you such odd-shaped pages in this letter.. Dr. Wu wants me to send it by Clipper, so I immediately have cut off all the edges. The faculty list enclosed is not permanent; there are two or three members still to come. My sister Florence sends the pictures and the description of them. Miss Spicer tells me that her report of the Senior Retreat has already gone to you.

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GINLING COLLEGE

GENERAL NEWS LETTER

Our four-to-us Miss Chester is at her desk there is always a cluster of students around reporting a conflict or some registration of arranging schedules and assigning classrooms when there are not enough to go round. Written by Miss Lillian Kirk, Secretary to President Wu Yi-fang, in Chengtu, October 2, 1939 for one of the servants has acquired a bicycle, and goes into the city twice a day. We think this office is a bit crowded, but compared to the offices Ginling had during the first war year in Shanghai, it is luxurious. It is all very compact and it certainly has one advantage - one does not need to leave one's

REGISTRATION 1939-1940

One hundred and fifty students have registered. There are sixty-five freshmen, thirty second-year students, twenty third-year students, fifteen fourth-year, fourteen for the special two-year physical education course, and six unclassified. There are a few day students. Dr. Frank Price brought two freshmen for Ginling in his truck from Chungking, and we hear that there are still a few waiting there and in Kuming for bus transportation. Tickets are very difficult to secure; those who have friends among the military are the first to get them. Government examination results were announced a few days after Ginling opened.

DORMITORY FACILITIES FOR STUDENTS AND FACULTY

Our dormitory is so full it is almost bursting its walls. It has been necessary to have some of the faculty move out in order to make room for students. Dr. Reeves will stay with Mrs. Small for a few weeks until the young couple they are expecting from Canada arrive. Miss Chester is with Mrs. Leslie Kilborn. Wu Mei-ling and Mrs. Tung (Wu Yuen-ching) have moved into two of the three rooms the Women's College of the West China Union University have kindly let us have. Hu Shih-tsang will occupy the other when she comes. Infirmary space has been reduced from two rooms to one room with two beds. The prayer room may even have to be used temporarily for faculty. Cots have been borrowed for the use of students until the carpenter has finished the beds which were ordered from him. One wing of the dormitory is being kept for freshmen this year.

A few girls who registered have had to go home because of illness. Most of them were suffering from malaria. One girl had news of her mother's death, and had to go home for a time.

The eight-room unit for faculty which is being built on the grounds of the Women's College has not progressed much more than two feet above the ground. The builder will not set even an approximate date when the building will be completed. The carpenter was ill during the summer, and supplies are difficult to secure.

CLASSROOMS AND OFFICES

To make more classroom space, the two tiny offices at either end of the long corridor of Vandeman Hall were combined in one of the smaller classrooms. The two former offices were transformed into a classroom by adding two rows of five desks, and a portable blackboard. There is a space of only about three feet from the front row of desks to the wall. This gives five classrooms in Vandeman Hall instead of four. Two English classes are being held in the Dormitory living-room, and later on three will be held there. The Canadian School has kindly lent the Music Department two small rooms for music and teaching.

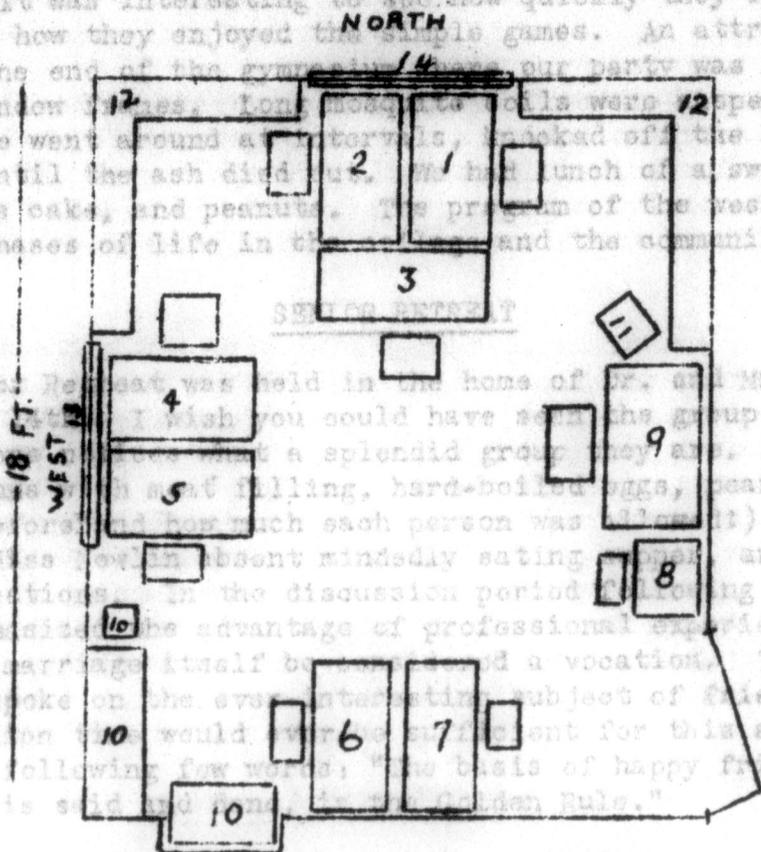
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OCT 2 1939

Our "four-in-one" office presents a busy appearance these days. When Miss Chester is at her desk there is always a cluster of students around reporting a conflict or some registration problem. We do not envy her in her difficult task of arranging schedules and assigning classrooms when there are not enough to go round. There are no desks now for the men faculty and no place where they may confer with students. Our messenger service is improved for one of the servants has acquired a bicycle, and goes into the city twice a day. We think this office is a bit crowded, but compared to the offices Ginling had during the first war year in Shanghai, it is luxurious. The room measures about fifteen by eighteen feet. It is all very compact and it certainly has one advantage - one does not need to leave one's desk to get in touch with any of the other three departments.

FRESHMEN WEEK
GINLING COLLEGE OFFICE IN VANDEMAN HALL

Freshmen Week began Monday evening, September 11th, with a party for all the newcomers which all the faculty attended. Most of the girls look so eager and young. It was interesting to see how quickly they learned some of the College songs, and how they enjoyed the simple games. An attractive table had been arranged at one end of the gymnasium where our party was held. Vines were hung around the window sashes. Long wooden tables were suspended from window sashes, and someone went around at intervals, cracked off the accumulated ash, and waited there until the ash died. A hot lunch of a sweet drink made from ground beans, spice cake, and peanuts. The program of the week included introductions to many phases of life in the college and the community.



The Senior Year was held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parfit on September 13th and 14th. I wish you could have seen the group of alert, bright-eyed girls. Everyone had a splendid group they ate. While eating the simple supper of bread, filling, hard-boiled eggs, pears and tea, (Miss Spicer announced before how much each person was allowed) the girls sat on low stools around Miss Nowlin absent mindedly eating and all the time plying her with questions. In the discussion period following Miss Nowlin's talk, Miss Highbaugh emphasized the advantage of professional experience before marriage, and she urged that marriage itself be considered a vocation. The second afternoon Dr. Dryden Phelps spoke on the ever interesting subject of friendship and marriage. He allotted discussion time for this subject. He summed up his talk in the following few words: "The basis of happy friendship and marriage, when all is said and done, is the Golden Rule."

The two-day program consisted of: (1) How to Make the Best Use of the Senior Year under present conditions. (2) Choice of a Vocation.

Legend

1. Desk of President Wu Yi-fang
2. Desk of Mr. Ming Hsiah-ching, Chinese secretary and Director of Business Affairs.
3. Desk of Miss Ma Bih-ying, Assistant Secretary
4. Desk of Miss Ruth Chester, Acting Dean of Studies
5. Desk of Miss Tan Fan, Registrar
6. Desk of Miss Chang Siao-sung, Dean of Discipline and Guidance
7. Desk of Miss Chang's assistant
8. Office Typewriter
9. Desk of Miss Lillian J. Kirk, English Secretary to President Wu Yi-fang
10. Filing cabinets
11. Miss Wu sits in this chair to give dictation
12. Shelves
- 13&14. Windows

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RURAL PROJECT AT JENSHOW

Three of this year's Sociology graduates are with the Rural Project at Jenshow: Wei Djen-dze is in charge of the educational program; Hsiao Ding-ying of Health; and Feng Gia-sen of Co-operatives. Miss Li, of course, superintends the handwork. Miss Phoebe Ho is in the dormitory at present doing some writing on the investigations of the summer. Miss Highbaugh and all the staff held several conferences here in Chengtu before they started the work for the year.

FRESHMEN WEEK

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SENIOR RETREAT

The Senior Retreat was held in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Parfit on September 13th and 14th. I wish you could have seen the group of alert, bright-eyed girls. Everyone notices what a splendid group they are. While eating the simple supper of buns with meat filling, hard-boiled eggs, pears and tea, (Miss Spicer announced beforehand how much each person was allowed!) the girls sat on low stools around Miss Nowlin absent mindedly eating supper, and all the time plying her with questions. In the discussion period following Miss Nowlin's talk, Miss Highbaugh emphasized the advantage of professional experience before marriage, and she urged that marriage itself be considered a vocation. The second afternoon Dr. Dryden Phelps spoke on the ever-interesting subject of friendship and marriage. No allotted discussion time would ever be sufficient for this subject. He summed up his talk in the following few words: "The basis of happy friendship and marriage, when all is said and done, is the Golden Rule."

The two-day program considered four major topics:- (1) How to Make the Best Use of the Senior Year under present conditions. (2) Choice of a Vocation. (3) How Can the Senior Class Best Serve the College at the Present Time. (4) Relationships in Friendship and Marriage. There were also long discussion periods, and devotional exercises began and closed each day. The luncheons and suppers were eaten together, and everyone found the fellowship very helpful.

WELCOME TO NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

The Women's College of West China Union University, Cheeloo University, and Ginling College are planning a joint tea and reception for new staff members early in October. A similar event last year was a real success.

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ABUNDANT LIFE ASSOCIATION

Last autumn, on arrival in Chengtu, Ginling organized the Abundant Life Association to take charge of all extra-curricula activities. Several organizations, such as the self-government body, the Y. W. C. A., the athletic clubs, and first-aid work were united, and the new organization was given the name of the Abundant Life Association. Some students felt the need of doing work among the neighborhood people, and this was also included. To use Miss Chang Siao-sung's expression, "all these straying activities were brought into one fold."

The organization has four divisions:

1. Religious and moral.
2. Intellectual, including patriotic work and reading clubs.
3. Health: recreation and hygiene.
4. Community life and dormitory life.

Besides the usual offices of chairman, secretary, treasurer, business manager, and chairmen of the four divisions, there are corridor chairmen who see that quiet is observed in the proper periods, lights are turned out at 10:30 p. m., and student rooms kept tidy. All officers are elected by the student body except the corridor chairmen, who are appointed by the residents in the four dormitory corridors.

A recent meeting was held from 2 to 5 p. m. in the sitting-room of Miss Priest's home. It was planned to have tea at the half-way period - 3:30 - but they were so interested they forgot about it, and it was 4:45 before they went out to the dining-room. Dr. Wu is advisor, and now Miss Chang Siao-sung, the Dean of Discipline and Guidance, will also attend. Heads of divisions presented ambitious plans for the year, the constitution was revised, and recommendations were received from individual students and from groups of students. Before work for the year can be started, there must be a mass meeting of students. A time was set, but because of the frequent air-raid alarms it had to be cancelled. Miss Chang tells of the splendid spirit among the members of this association and the open-minded way they discussed the various problems. She feels that much good is bound to come from the work of this earnest group.

MONTHLY CITIZENS' MEETING

October 1st, being a Sunday, the Monthly Citizens' Meeting was held in the regular period reserved for our Memorial Service. The offering from faculty and students was designated to be used to purchase warm clothing for soldiers. Madame Chiang recently sent out an appeal for such garments. One long padded garment costs about twelve dollars. Dr. Wu was the speaker at this first meeting of the new year.

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Lillian J Kirk

Ginling College,
Chengtu, Szechwan,
October 28, 1939.

My Dear Friends,

Some of you may not have heard that I have again changed my place of abode. I left the hospital in Shanghai on May 1st to come to be Dr. Wu's secretary. Right now it would seem that Shanghai was a good place to be away from for there are frequent tense situations caused by the demands of the Japanese. I was sorry to leave friends there, but very glad of the opportunity to see something of real China, and to be at the work I came out from Canada to do two years ago.

I travelled from Shanghai to Haiphong on a British coastal steamer. We stopped for a few hours at Foochow, a desolate-looking city which had been seriously bombed, and two days in beautiful Hong Kong. At Haiphong we boarded the "slow" train for the three-day trip to Kunming in Yunnan. There is a Michelin, or "fast" train which makes the trip in about twenty-four hours, travelling day and night, whereas we stopped at night and had to seek hotel accommodation. For various reasons, such as difficulty of securing tickets, and the limited amount of luggage allowed, we were advised to take the slow train. When I saw the Michelin flying along on narrow-gauge tracks laid on a poor road bed, I was certainly glad I had been so advised. The first set-back came at Lookay, the town on the border between French Indo-China and Yunnan, when I was informed that my Chinese visa should have been renewed before starting out. This meant a three-day wait while I telegraphed the British Consul in Kunming asking him to vouch for me, and Florence in Chengtu to have someone there send a telegram of identification to the Consul. Others were in the same situation, and some were old China hands. Travelling on the slow train gave us a splendid chance to see the gorgeous scenery between Haiphong and Kunming. First there were the beautiful rice fields on the plain near Haiphong and the semi-tropical vegetation which on the second day changed to rough, uncultivated land. Gradually we climbed until on the third day we passed through really mountainous country. We passed, also, through more than a hundred and sixty smoky tunnels in two days (they were numbered so we did not need to keep count). And then came the invigorating, bracing air of Kunming.

I shall always remember Kunming as the place where I was upset from the ricksha. A man ahead of us had a bunch of bananas on each end of his carrying pole. Without his knowledge, a half dozen or so bananas dropped off. A small boy quickly seized them and my ricksha man tried to get them from the boy forgetting all about his load in the struggle. Up went the shafts, and my feet, in the air. Luckily my feet were weighted down with a suitcase or I probably would have turned an undignified somersault. I was none the worse for my experience, and it was the means of giving onlookers a good laugh. If bananas were seen on the street in Chengtu I am afraid there would be a near riot - I have tasted only one since I arrived and that was brought by plane from Hongkong.

Luggage on a plane is limited to fifteen kilograms, so in Kunming I repacked taking the most essential articles. Because it is indefinite when luggage will arrive, I had to prepare for cold weather.

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too. I wore a wool suit over a voile dress (we have heard of one lady wearing as many as seven dresses for this plane trip), and carried a coat and sweater. As it happened trucks were being loaded with supplies for the new hospital in Chengtu, and my luggage was put aboard, and so reached me in record time. The plane left Kunming at an early hour, and because the field we took off from was a military one all window curtains were drawn. Woollen suit, coat, and sweater did not keep me any too warm when we climbed to over 12,000 feet. Chungking had its fourth bombing the one night I stayed there. It was not as serious as previous ones, but some bombs dropped uncomfortably close - within a short city block. It was my first experience in a dugout; I had heard and seen much bombing in Shanghai, but there was no need to seek shelter. Soon after the bombs fell, the air was filled with a thick white dust, and breathing became so difficult that it was necessary to use wet towels over our faces. From Chungking to Chengtu I travelled in a three-passenger plane which was quite different, but more interesting, than the luxurious fourteen-passenger Douglas of the previous day.

It was not long until I was captivated by Chengtu with its tiny old shops from which come exquisite embroideries, silver filigree, and brass and pewter work. In no time at all, I felt quite at home on the campus. It is interesting from morning to night; if one is wakeful in the early morning one may hear the many bugles of the nearby middle schools, then a short time after comes the sound of running feet as students take their exercise. Still later, just about the time I am getting up, one may see a few more sedate campus people walking around the square. During the day small boys make mud balls in the irrigation ditch; tiny ones have punedoes for balls; and others play "marbles" with one dollar and five dollar stamps. On our rare sunshiny days one may see a teacher with his class standing in a circle on the lawn. As the clock strikes the hour the campus becomes a colorful picture as students in gay sweaters change classrooms. Girls are beginning to knit as they walk to and from from work. Great flocks of rooks may be seen morning and evening as they make their noisy way back and forth. And everywhere is a peacefulness not enjoyed by people in many places in this war-torn country, I am afraid.

Our "six-in-one" office is very compact. It measures fifteen by eighteen feet and contains eight desks with filing cabinets, and office typewriter. There are desks for the president, the Chinese secretary and his assistant, the dean of studies, registrar, dean of discipline and her assistant, and my desk. We have not far to go to get information from any of these departments which is a great time-saver. It is not as noisy as I had thought it would be, and really is a pleasant place to work. From the adjoining classroom come such phrases as, "Crimean War," "use of "A" and "An," "Russo-Terman pact," etc.

Travel to and from Mount Omei for holiday this summer was done in three ways which were new to me - river boat, chair and ricksha. Of course I had had short trips by ricksha, but a trip of two very long days is quite a different thing. We started out by river boat for the two-day trip down river to Kaiting. It would have been a very pleasant journey indeed if the weather had been just about the

degrees cooler. Our party numbered six, five women and one man. The central portion of the boat had an arched roof of bamboo matting, the rest of the boat being quite open to the sun and rain except a tiny part at the very rear for the use of the captain and his family. The pilot stood on a narrow platform five feet high overlooking the roof and operated the rudder. Twelve oarsmen, with frequent rests, propelled us on our way. Cots and table were placed lengthwise along each side leaving a corridor about five feet wide down the center. This was inconstant use by one of the many oarsmen or by the captain's children who seemed to delight in disturbing us by walking back and forth. Mosquito nets were fastened to bamboo rafters and string stretched for towels. A packing box served as washstand. Florence's bed was the most comfortable and it was in use continuously. There was little or no privacy yet some of us managed sponge baths in the semi-darkness. Baths for the crew were more easily managed - they just took off their one garment and slipped over the side of the boat. When finished splashing, they climbed up, turned their backs and dressed. We were always glad when the oarsmen started their weird chanting. Tempo and volume increased, and there was much stamping of feet when we neared rapids. Some of the men had fine faces and made real character studies. One camel-backed ^{bridge} we saw had dozens of small porcelain Buddas set between bricks, and in one place two huge Buddas smiled at us from recesses in the rock. Towing the boats up-river seemed to be a laborious process. There is a tow-path on one side, but if the bank is steep the men have to wade the river. For this work they wear aprons, and tie the remainder of their clothes around their necks. The river was beautiful with its many large water wheels and interesting villages close to the water's edge. There was much excitement when mountains were sighted, and after the plain they were a welcome sight.

At Kaiting we boarded, or rather, awkwardly jumped up into chairs. Our carriers were mountain men sent down from Omei to meet us. They are more cheerful and talkative than men from the plain, and delighted in displaying their knowledge of the English language, and were eager to learn more. I must say I liked travelling by chair least of all; I could not seem to accustom myself to the continual sway of the chair. Our chairs were two-carrier ones, but those of us who were hefty had an extra man to relieve the others. At five o'clock of the third day, we began the ascent of the mountain. Rain came down in torrents soon after we started, and despite the protests of the men we stopped only long enough to don rain coats and straw shoes. Even so, darkness caught us some distance from the top but about ten o'clock we were changing into warm, dry clothing at the bungalow of our cousin, Edith Sparling.

The return trip was also three days, one day by chair and two by ricksha. This latter mode of travel was the one I found most enjoyable. We passed field after field of rice with graceful heads heavy with ripe grain, and it was so tall that the narrow pathways between the tiny fields could not be distinguished and made the whole look like one big field. The sound of flailing could be heard long before we approached the scene of operation where two men standing at opposite sides of a low wooden box would alternately beat small bundles of rice stalks against the sides. I saw my first cotton and sesame plants and I learned to recognize peanuts, taro, and sugar cane. Hundreds of ducks were paddling around in bamboo pens set in the water. I think all the buffaloes in the country were wallowing in the mud of the irrigation ditches those hot days. Cotton material, wood, rice, ducks,

ordinary paper, spirit paper (paper with a small semi-circular cut design), and of course pigs tied upside down on wheelbarrows (some with snouts tied) could be seen going to and from market. In the heat of the day the pigs were sprinkled with water. Red peppers, yellow, red and white corn made a colorful picture as they dried on yellow straw mats along the roadside. After dusk the outline of the bamboo trees made beautiful silhouettes against the sky. My ricksha man was a wizard at finding steel ballbearings in the dust of the road. He put them in his mouth, and I thought he must have swallowed them, but he produced them when questioned saying he wanted them for the ricksha wheels. On ricksha man told us he had smoked opium for several years and that he had given it up because it was an expensive proposition - it cost him a dollar a day. He still looked miserably thin and wretched. Sometimes the men would hire boys to relieve them for a time. Two who were called stingy by the others pulled their own loads all the way, thus delaying our progress somewhat. These same two men plucked plain leaves along the roadside and used the leaves instead of tea. The men travelled at a quick walk except when going down hill and then we went at a mad, reckless pace.

I think the tea house deserves a paragraph by itself for it is an institution which does more than anything else to restore the weary traveller. The place has no windows but the whole front is open to the air, and closed at night with boards placed perpendicularly in grooves. Men would sip tea and discuss their affairs for hours at a time. Dogs and chickens search for crumbs on the mud floor. We tried, unsuccessfully, to keep the dogs at a distance for fear there might be a transfer of fleas. We sat on saw-horse and drank the refreshing beverage, burning our tongues at first in our anxiety to quench our thirst. An inner tube from a ricksha wheel may be getting mended right at your elbow. The leak is discovered in the orthodox way but the repair job is done in quite a special way. The area round the leaking place is gathered up and tied with a piece of string. If one of the men does not want to watch his ricksha he just brings it into the shop. Crowds, young and old, gather to watch us, and we do not mind except that they keep the cool breeze from reaching us.

And so we arrive home, refreshed and stimulated by the peace and wonder of the mountains, the fellowship of friends, the happy, patient rural people, and the beauty of river, sky and countryside. It was a holiday long to be remembered. Never have I seen such gorgeous, quick-changing cloud effects as on the mountains this summer. There were clouds above and below, and fragments caught in the clefts of rocks. This may seem an inconsequential letter, and it is purposely so, because you hear enough perhaps from the newspapers and radio of the ills of this world, and not because the serious things are far from my thoughts. May the wars which at present are causing such untold suffering in many countries be wars which will end wars for all time.

My sincere thanks for the many replies from our letter of last year and my very best wishes to each one of you for a blessed Christmas and a happy 1940.

Sincerely yours,

Lillian J. Kirk

Ginling College
150 Fifth Avenue
New York New York
20 November 1949

Dear Miss Kirk:

Your covering notes of September 16, 21, and October 15, are before me, and I must first of all tell you how very valuable is the material which accompanied them, both text and pictures. There is not a wasted word, and we have already put it into the mill for all kinds of uses; material for letters, special brief quotations in speeches and bulletins, and - in the case of the summer projects - re-arrangement of the material to be used almost in full for the inner circle of our close friends. The pictures are helping in many ways. Some of them have been chosen for enlargements, and will be loaned to groups holding meetings on Ginling's behalf, and a special set, done in the size now enclosed in our Ginling portfolio in the Smith Alumnae House, will take their place in that honored setting. I have already been told by many visiting alumnae at Smith that this portfolio attracts plenty of enthusiastic attention. Most of all, of course, we search the Kodak pictures for material for slides and bulletin illustrations. You, yourself, will realize it is only now and then that the really perfect picture for such purposes is caught. The glimpse of the girl taking notes as she interviewed a rural family - the one too dim for reproduction - is of the type for which we search with great eagerness. Will you be so good as to emphasize to your photographic friends the value of the picture in which no one is looking at the camera, and in which a real story is told because of implied action and interest in the task at hand. Of course, the stilted posing of a photograph can be just as obvious when the subjects are not facing the camera, but you know what I am trying to say, namely, that it is two or three figures with a story in the pose which is worth a great deal, whereas rows or groups of smiling faces are just so much wasted film for most purposes. For office records, however, we are very glad to have a few group pictures.

Where, oh where are the 35-millimeter cameras? Has something happened to the one which was doing such valiant service in 1937-38. I have already expressed at length the value of having these cameras used whenever possible because of the lessened expense in the production of our slide equipment. And it is the slides which are the back-bone of much of our present work. When I arranged for Miss Chester to take out the second 35-millimeter camera, I had hoped it would mean that both could be constantly in use - one in colored films and the other in black and white. I was delighted to know that Miss Chester's first experience with the 35-millimeter camera was promising. This emphasis on the two candid cameras is not intended to belittle at all the fine work which the Kirk cameras continue to do. The lenses are good and the operators excellent!

Thank you for everything you are doing.

Gratefully yours,

Mrs. T. D. Macmillan

EEM:e

Miss Lillian Kirk
Ginling College
Chengtu
Szechuan
China

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*... a great friend
... your place and
... block of letter stamps. ...*

December 1, 1939.

Rec'd N.Y. 6 Jan. 40

Dear Mrs. Macmillan,

Late again! This seems to be such a busy place, and our friends are so good to us that it is difficult to get work done. Ruth thought that there could not possibly be so many meetings here as in Nanking, but already she has changed her mind.

A dull, cold day after a beautifully bright warm day yesterday. No raids - and no alarms, for which we are very thankful. Sitting in a dugout these cold nights does not sound too attractive. We are very sorry to hear of the loss of Nanning in south China. Besides disrupting the motor road from Haiphong to Kweilin, it gives the invaders a hold farther into the country. We hear rumours of hundreds of Russian planes arriving in Chengtu, and of three new air fields being built.

Dr. Reeves is fast recovering from her attack of malaria. I am so glad she has a warm comfortable room to recuperate in. Dr. Wu has moved to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Kilborn. Ruth Chester also stays there. They are fine people, and it is a much quieter place than the dormitory. The reason she moved was to give more space for students. The new unit on the grounds of the Woman's College of West China should be ready for occupancy by the beginning of next semester.

A field meet tomorrow afternoon and in the evening a West China - Ginling concert when Stella Graves will tell us how to listen to music.

My very best wishes to you for a Happy Christmas.

Sincerely,

Lillian Kirk

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JAN 6
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"Listening to Music"

The above was the subject of a lecture given by Miss Graves early in December. It was the second in the West China-Ginling College concert lecture series. Many of us went expecting a rather dry, very technical discourse, but it was anything but that. The whole audience were soon laughing and everyone listened intently. Miss Graves told us that it was very important to use some big muscle of the body in order to get the real feel of music, and she had us beating time while Miss Hu Shih-tsang and Miss Wen Yun-kwen "walked" the music. She explained rhythm, tempo, design and other things which go into a composition. The lecture was profusely illustrated with piano, violin and vocal solos.

Annual Field Meet

The field meet was a busy afternoon for all of us. The playing field was like a circus, ~~but more like a ten-rings~~ ^{one} than the proverbial three-ring ~~one~~. Dr. Wu opened the meet by throwing the gaily-covered balls, quoits, etc among the group of students who had formed a huge G.C. on the field. Some one remarked that Dr. Wu was a good sport, but it was easily seen she was not an athlete. Archery drew a big crowd, and it really was lovely to watch the girls doing this. There was the usual crowd of spectators on the walls around the field, but before the games had progressed very far most of them had joined the group inside who had tickets. However, there was lots of room for all. Toward the end of the afternoon when it began to get cold, a few of the guests had fun playing soft ball. When the score was counted it was found that the Sophomore class came first with 160 points with Seniors next with 130. The small silver cup was presented to the president of the Sophomore class by Mrs. Daniel Dye, a member of our Board in Chengtu. Hot tea and toasted meat rolls in the gymnasium afterwards concluded a successful afternoon.

Christmas Happenings.

In preparation for Christmas, Dr. Lautenschlager spoke to faculty and students on Sunday evening, December 17th. This was for Christians and those interested in Christianity. There was a social period first and tea and cakes were served. There were "ho pens" in the living-room and of course we could not refrain from toasting our meat rolls. Dr. Lautenschlager's subject was, "Christmas, and what it means." He speaks simply and directly and his talks are much enjoyed by all. I ~~get~~ ^{understand} practically none of the Chinese, but there is enough English interspersed so that I can follow it fairly well. The week before Christmas there were special chapel services. On two mornings there were special speakers from outside the College and one was devoted entirely to music.

(charcoal braziers)

On Friday evening, December 22nd, we had the student-faculty party in the gymnasium. The first item on the program was a play, "The Toy Shop" by ^{who} the faculty. You perhaps know the story of ~~how~~ a little boy and girl go to sleep in the toy shop on Christmas Eve and at midnight the unwanted toys come to life. In the end the boy and girl who are really brother and sister, the mother (masked doll), and father (Pierot) are united to make a happy family after being separated. Ettie Chin and Tsui Ya-lan were lovely as boy and girl. Dr. Chang Siao-sung as the rag doll with hair braided into tight braids and without glasses was not recognized by the students until she spoke. Dr. Reeves (who ~~made~~ ^{wore} her own costume) as the storekeeper was really priceless. She had wood shavings for hair, a bright red tie and a big fat tummy. There was prolonged applause when the lights flashed on the "live" toys and it was some little time before the show could go on. Following the play the faculty served lunch to the audience and

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then came the pageant "Mothers of the World" by the students. Miss Spicer wrote the outline of the play, ~~(copy enclosed)~~ and the students supplied the dialogue. While the last carol, "Joy to the World" was being sung, the students lit red candles and walked in pairs to the dormitory - still singing. It was a very beautiful picture and the lovely tableau of the Holy Family awaiting us at the dormitory was just the right thing to complete our evening. Our gifts of money were placed in the Manger and a last carol was sung while we ~~lined up~~ ^{stood} around the courtyard..... The money gifts amounted to \$500, \$300 of which is to be sent to flood relief in the north and \$200 to the poor in Nanking.

Handel's Messiah was rendered on December 23rd and 24th by the Choral Society and the Five Universities' Student Choir. The huge reading room of the library was converted into an auditorium and it and the galleries were well filled on both evenings. We were very glad of the opportunity to hear some ^{new} music, ~~of this type~~. One of the members of the Burma Good Will Mission acted as chairman on the first night and later the remainder of the party came in.

On December 24th at the morning service in Hart College two University of Nanking boys and two Ginling girls were baptized. The two girls were Lung Hsiang-wen and Li Gih-ling. Twelve young people had signified their wish to join the church, but when they were examined it was found that they ^{were} not quite ready. It is hoped that they, and others, ~~beside~~ will be baptized at Easter time. ~~Someone said that each Christmas would have rich significance for these four young people.~~

That same morning Ginling College and the University of Nanking had a party for the children of their joint Sunday School. The hundred children were entertained in our gymnasium. There was a short Christmas play by the children and of course food was served. We had hoped to see something of it after the church service, but found the children gone and the students enjoying a lunch when we arrived.

Students in groups of four visited two hundred homes of soldiers on Christmas morning. It had taken six weeks for Miss Liu Shu-yuen to investigate these families ^{which} live between the old and new south gates of the city. She found that one hundred of the families were destitute while the remainder were slightly better off. To the poorest they gave rice tickets and to the others towels and soap. The home for opium addicts and the hospital for wounded soldiers were also visited that morning. Student activities for Christmas were so planned that all students took part in some work for others.

The carollers on Christmas Eve were more than generous this year. They began at 11:30 and I heard a group singing at 5 o'clock in the morning. There were several groups out, and more than one kind host was forced to entertain groups other than those ~~they~~ had invited because a gateman had let them in. Cookies, candy and oranges soon disappeared ~~when handed out to such large groups~~ - one house entertained eighty! [I had grumbled a bit when I heard that I would be wakened to hear the carollers. Several told me how delightful it was to hear them when lying snug and warm in one's bed, but these same people were not so enthusiastic the next day.] ^{omit}

^{had} Christmas breakfast, ^{together} ~~was a joint one for~~ students and faculty, ^{followed by} ~~with~~ carol singing afterwards in the decorated common room. Supper was also eaten together, and it was arranged so that tutors sat with tutees. Very few of the girls have relatives in Chengtu and many of them mentioned what a happy day it had been for them.

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many, many thanks for your generous and thoughtful Christmas gift. When changed into Chinese dollars it made a goodly sum. Mr. Fu and Miss Tse had a dinner before our faculty meeting on January 6th would be the best way to use it. We had such a good meal and a splendid, happy time together. There was a hearty vote of thanks to you for your kindness in remembering us.

I shall have to leave little to do the explaining about the cameras. The pictures I have sent were not from my own camera - I merely collected them and arranged to send them. It is poor weather now for picture taking but when the bright spring days come I will take some with my own camera and will send them along.

My brother in Florida speaks appreciatively of the material sent him from your office.

And please you soon about the Dance Drama which was very successful.

Sincerely yours,

Lillian Kirk

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Jan 1940

In January the students with the assistance of the faculty put on the play "Mu-lan" (the Chinese Joan of Arc). Several of the faculty knowing what a task it would be away from our own campus tried to dissuade the students but to no purpose. They were determined to raise money for relief among families of the soldiers at the front and the total of about \$1200.00 was cleared. The play was entirely in pantomime and acted to Western music. Miss Tsui had written her thesis on the adapting of Western music to Chinese dramas and this was her chance to try it out. A Chinese person remarked that the Chinese are not educated to understand pantomime, but I know the foreigners enjoyed it thoroughly. We heard such exclamations as these: "Ginling has again done an unusual thing;" "This performance was worth putting on even if no money had been made;" "If this performance was put on in London, it would draw crowds for months." It really was beautiful and beautifully done. The costumes, rented from a theater in town, were gorgeous made of beautiful silks and satins and embroidered in exquisite colors. I enjoyed so much watching the "back-stage performance." About a dozen men came from the theater and each one had a special task and the girls were passed on from one to the other like articles made in a factory. One fitted shoes, one located the proper costume for the character, one did hair dressing, and another put on head dresses. The men were so patient and managed some quick changes.

Dr. Wu said that the jobs of the faculty were varied and many and that expressed it exactly. Many of us were very weary when the four days were over. Florence Kirk, the stage manager, took ill the evening of dress rehearsal with a streptococcic throat so Eva Spicer took over. By the third night things were running so well that she could sit down for a few minutes - at the stage door where she kept many curious servants from going in. The faculty pasted colored paper on every day shoes transforming them into dancing shoes, we cajoled, bribed and entertained several very naughty small boys who were watching their chance to slip in (the first night they did crawl under the platform and when the battle was at its height they got alarmed and came out in front of the audience), mended ripped curtains, held candles when the lights went out the second night, kept servants from poking their heads through the curtains where they would be visible to the audience, and each night when it was all over we swept up the orange skins and peanut shells. Of course it did not go smoothly all the time, but people in this country think it more fun when it doesn't. The partition just would not stay up, hats came off, the make-shift stage (which bumped up and down because it could not be nailed down for fear of splitting the planks) was a continual trial, and a girl would be found snug in her bed when it was almost time for her to go on the stage. But taken all in all it was really successful. Someone said that the hard work, complications of various kinds, difficulty of getting a stage and scenery put up would all be forgotten in a short time and only the very beautiful play remembered.

Exerpts from Miss Highbaugh's letter of Jan/ 25, 1940.

"We have several bits of gain to encourage us. The woman at the Li Center who had so persistently refused to allow her daughter-in-law to study (the latter had run away to do it each time) was so moved by the Christmas play our girls did that she has allowed the daughter-in-law to study. She admits the error of her former way to all who will listen to her.

"An epileptic man in the Li Center has begun to make bamboo toys for us. I am sure that Jesus would have compassion on him, and cure the epilepsy and at the same time he would have taught him a trade whereby he could make a better living since he cannot compete with his farmer relatives and neighbors.

"We may be able to delve into local literature for Miss Feng has become acquainted with the book of funeral and wedding songs which they "cry by."

Lillian Kirk

0007

Dear Mrs. Macmillan:

Dr. Wu left for Jenshow this morning, and she asked me to sign this letter for her. She had planned to go by the Canadian Mission bus, but the trip was cancelled, and then this chance came for her to go by private car.

The minutes of the Executive Committee go off today by ordinary mail from Hongkong, and included with it is Ettie Chin's report "Jenshow through the Camera", and copies of the pictures taken there. We are also sending off two color films. The reports of Jenshow and the work there make me anxious to go and see for myself what Ginling is doing.

Today is very warm. Magnolias, jasmine, and roses and sweetpeas are beginning to bloom, and there is a wonderful feeling of spring in the air.

My news letter goes off to you in a day or two.

Sincerely,

(signed)

Lillian Kirk

March 9/40

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150 Fifth Avenue
New York New York
26 March 1940

Dear Miss Kirk:

Your letter and other material, dated March 8th in Chengtu, reached us on March 23rd. The interest of its contents, and the promises of other material which it brought, helped to add joy to my Easter.

You can imagine that we are looking forward with particular interest to the arrival of the story in photographic form of the days at Jenschow during the winter vacation. The pages written by Alice Chang are splendid, and are already on their way to the mimeograph. Please thank all those who are helping so splendidly, and tell them that Ginling continues to occupy a place of leadership in supplying news from the field because of their loyal help.

We are indeed grateful for the list of graduates of Ginling in 1938 and 1939. We are informed that the Ginling College records are in West China, and this may make it easy for you to copy the list of graduates for the years 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, since our full listings ended with that fine printed roster in 1933. It may be that Mrs. Thurston in Nanking has some of these commencement reports.

Mr. Roy Scott, the photographer, tells us that someone gave him a Kodachrome film which was to be sent to Rochester on its way to us. This was lost in the mails between the Chicago post office where he mailed it and the Rochester laboratories. The chance that it will eventually reach us seems slight although a tracing procedure was begun by Mr. Scott some weeks ago. The story is that the identifying tag became detached. This loss will add to the value of the films now on their way to us.

Did the Department of Physical Education ever receive the large and valuable package which I sent from Boston after Miss Elliott at Wellesley had given me that fine lot of gym shoes? The package contained the ski pants for which Ettie Chin was waiting so eagerly, and it was to go forward in Dr. Beech's care.

You will be amused to know how completely I was put on the spot on Saturday afternoon by one of our neighborly editors who is getting out a new digest. He is publishing the magazine monthly from 156 Fifth Avenue, and it is called SERMONS IN BRIEF. The pages are filled with quotations from speeches, and the phraseology must be that of the spoken word. He was eager for speech material from Dr. Wu, and we just could not give it to him. One reason, of course, is the splendid one that she is making herself famous for deeds rather than words, and another reason is that she and all of you have concentrated on sending us facts rather than oratorical statements. There is, however, a real opportunity for further service to Ginling through quotations from speeches, Dr. Wu's first of all. Now and then you send us word that there has been this or that convocation, and that Dr. Wu was the chief speaker. No doubt, these speeches are often made in Chinese, but will you think of our need of having their text, even if it has to be translated? We shall be eager to have this kind of material, either brief or lengthy, and it will often be a reflection of what is going most deeply into the secret springs of the invigorating life of free China today.

With gratitude for all that you are doing for us, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. T. D. Macmillan

EBM:ds

Miss Lillian Kirk
Ginling College
Chengtu Szechuan

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Ginling in West China

NEWS LETTER, April 29, 1940

Broadcast of Mother Chao and Yang Hwei-min

Dr. Wu arrived back on the campus from Chungking at about 2:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, April 21st. Mr. David Griffin, of Station WHO in Des Moines, Iowa, who is in Chengtu making records for broadcast in America had arranged a fifteen-minute program with Mother Chao (Mother of the Guerillas) and a girl guide, Yang Hwei-min, for this afternoon and asked Dr. Wu to interpret for them. Dr. Wu had been plane sick and had not been able to get much lunch because all the kitchen fires were out when she arrived back, but she felt she should not miss the opportunity, particularly since she had not been here for the Dedication Ceremony of the Student Center the day before.

Dedication of the Student Center

The Dedication Service of the Student Center was held on Saturday, April 20th, from two to four o'clock in the afternoon. The opening date was pushed forward because of the presence in Chengtu of Mr. Paul Moritz, ex-chairman of the National Intercollegiate Christian Council in the United States, Mr. Kiang Wen-han, head of the Student Division National Committee Y. M. C. A., and Mr. David Griffin of Station WHO. Mr. Griffin arranged to make three records: one of short speeches of two minutes each given by student representatives of the five universities, one of short speeches by the five presidents, and one of patriotic songs in Chinese. It was a very interesting program. The attractive building of gray brick with red pillars was made possible by contributions from the Student Relief Fund in America and from joint funds from the five universities on the campus. Mr. Paul Moritz cut the red ribbon which hung across the doorway with scissors handed to him by a West China University girl and thus officially opened the building. Long rows of seats were arranged outside the Student Center and the overflow sat on near-by steps of the Administration Building. President Dsang of West China University, President Liu of Cheeloo, President Chen of the University of Nanking, Dr. Cheer of the Medical School of National Central University, and Dr. Chang Siao-sung (for Dr. Wu) gave short speeches. Then came the patriotic songs with a practice first. After the first recording had been produced - to the amazement of some of the audience - Mr. Griffin announced that the altos were too weak so recruits were asked from the audience. Someone asked Mrs. Kwan to help them and she was given a real hand-clap as she went forward. Last of all came the students with the Ginling student, Yin Shan-gu, a junior, fifth on the program. Mr. Griffin was very pleased with Miss Yin's short speech and said it was just what he wanted. These speeches were later reproduced and many told us that Miss Yin's voice came over best of all. The many photographers created much amusement with their attempts to get pictures from all possible angles. One, bolder than the others, got a close-up of President Chen when he was speaking and caused a good laugh.

Following is Dr. Chang Siao-sung's short talk: "It gives me great pleasure to speak here on behalf of Ginling College, although your pleasure would be greater if our president, Dr. Wu, were here in Chengtu now and could speak herself at this memorable occasion, to not only a Chengtu audience, but also to friends in America and the Philippines. The word Ginling is an ancient name of the city of Nanking, where our College was situated for over twenty years till the Japanese invaded China and intruded into our peaceful life, scattering the members of the Ginling family. For the first year, part of the college continued work at Shanghai in East China, part in Wuchang in Central China, and part in Chengtu in West China.

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At the beginning of the second year, realizing the uniqueness of Ginling as the only woman's college in central and west China and the necessity of continuing the training of women leaders in the midst of adversities, the three units came together in Chengtu. It took the Shanghai unit two months to get here by boat, train, steamer, bus, and ricksha.

Here in Chengtu we have been a guest institution of the West China Union University. When a guest comes to a friend's house to stay but does not leave at the end of the first year, nor of the second, nor of the third, he must seem to impose too much on the hostess. That seems to be what kind of guest Ginling College has been. Fortunately, we have a hostess whose generosity is most elastic and whose sympathy is boundless. The Five Universities have been cooperating not only with respect to time and space, but also in spirit.

Now the occasion of the dedication of the Universities' Student Center gives me once more an opportunity to put into words our deep-felt appreciation. To me, the Student Center is a symbol of combined enterprise, of effective cooperation, and of emphasis on university life that is student-centered. It will be a means of bringing about and strengthening intercollegiate friendship and international understanding. May it accomplish what it is constructed for and give new meaning and new horizons to the life of students on this campus."

"My Life as a Refugee Student" by Yin Shan-gu

Recorded for Station WHO, Des Moines, Iowa

I have the honor of representing Ginling College, a woman's college from Nanking.

In the summer of 1937, I left my native city, Hangchow - one of the most beautiful spots in China. I picked up my little bundle and looked back at my home once again, knowing that it might be greatly changed by the Japanese when I came back again. Mother told me to be careful and brave. "Above all," she said, "be cheerful always. It is the way to meet our own difficulties and those of our country." Thus, I began my wandering life over half of this giant China. As the Japanese pushed farther inland, I fled with the refugees.

I wandered for one whole year, doing all kinds of work that I had never dreamed of doing before. I taught the poor refugees in the villages where I stayed, and gave them some medical aid. I joined the Red Cross work when I was in the cities. I helped the newspapers in translating news from abroad. News came of the death of two of my family in one week. Life was very hard. At last, I succeeded in coming back to my own college to study again.

Now I have been here for almost two years. I find my comrades as cheerful as I am. Students in Chengtu have never before worn such old clothes, but we are comfortable enough. Our food is poorer than before, but we are not starved. There are few books, but we copy what we need. In the laboratory, we have no gas, no running water, little apparatus and few chemicals, but we have managed to finish all our experiments. On this campus, many war songs have been composed on worn-out baby organs, and the music students can sing as much as they wish - if they cannot find a piano to play on. We are cheerful because life is hard and we are proving to be capable of meeting it. We are too busy to lament over the personal sorrows brought

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by the war and the national losses that Japan has caused us. We have a great deal to do besides our lessons. We take part in the propaganda work for the farmers, sewing garments for the soldiers, and visiting the families of the soldiers - to look after their needs and cares. War has showed us that we have more ability than we guessed.

Most of all, we are happy because we have faith in our future. O yes, China will win the war, and there will be much for us to do when it is over. We are to reconstruct China! We will laugh and sing and work hard together to fight for the final conquest.

We appreciate very much the opportunity of sharing our experiences with the people of America and the Philippines. We hope you will remain our friends as you have in the past. We thank you.

Ginling faculty and students rushed from the Dedication Ceremony of the Student Center to our gymnasium for the Indoor Meet. It was even more popular than last year - if that is possible - and Westerners, Chinese, servants and coolies alike enjoyed it. We had distinguished guests, too. Among those who came were Mr. MacDonald, representative of the New York Times, Miss Corin Bernfield who is with the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives in Chungking and who is well-known for having driven a truck of supplies from Haiphong to Chungking, Miss Yang Hwei-min, the brave girl who carried the Chinese flag to the Lone Battalion in Shanghai, Mr. David Griffin of Station WHO. From all appearances Mr. Tamara, Mr. Griffin's technician, enjoyed the proceedings as much as anyone. The Fern and Smythe children in front row seats - on the floor - were very vocal in their approval and enjoyment. Someone remarked that there probably would be many bruises and scratches when these four charming young ladies tried to do these same stunts at home. I could see some servants outside moving a ladder from window to window in order to get a view of the performance from all sides. A coolie near us had fleas and was asked to leave by his neighbors which he did very reluctantly. There were rhythms, fundamental gymnastics and stunts by freshman, free-hand boxing, folk dances, fencing, apparatus work, modern dance steps, elementary school rhythms, tap dances by majors, two-year specials and regular college students. An elopement relay race where the students were required to put on and take off all the clothes in two suitcases almost brought the roof down. Students seem better developed and more sturdy than last year and the difference between the freshmen and senior classes is quite marked. In judging the posture of the class as a whole, 1941 came first with 1940 second. Miss Florence Kirk and Miss Hu Shih-tsang were the faculty members chosen to be "Misses Posture." Eight individual students were also chosen as follows: Yang Shu-ru, Lu Ming-djang, Djang Tsai-i, Gin Li-hwa, Djang Shuh-djen, Djang Shu-du, Wang Ren-chang, and Wang Gia-wei. All years were represented among these eight girls.

College Magazine

Miss Ma Bih-ning has just finished mailing 700 copies of the College Magazine.

Dr. T. C. Chao

It has been a very great privilege to hear Dr. T. C. Chao speak on several occasions. The Theological Seminary and the Five Universities invited him to come from Kunming for a few weeks. Dr. Chao has spent his Sabbatical leave in Kunming organizing a student church for students from government organizations and not only has he gotten students interested in this project, but faculty as well.

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He is the outstanding Chinese theologian and is also a well-known poet and philosopher. Most of his lectures are in Chinese, but I have heard him speak on "My Theology," "China's Struggle for Freedom," and "What Life Means." He speaks at the student weekly assembly on May 1st (Monthly Citizens' Day or Spiritual Mobilization Day) on "Spiritual Mobilization in a Religious Sense," and also at the Sunday evening discussion group in the dormitory on "Should China Be Reconstructed on a Christian Basis?" He is now giving a series of lectures for students and faculty on the campus on "Poetry and Religion."

Dr. Wu reports that the April session of the People's Political Council was very encouraging. Attendance was large and discussion was carried on frankly and calmly without demonstration of prejudice in spite of the variety of political views represented. They discussed constitutional government, finances and economics of the nation, national unity.

Lillian J. Kirk

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The following paragraph is taken from a recent letter from Li Djoh-i (1929). Miss Li is working with the Child Protection Section of the Shanghai Municipal Council in connection with the American Community Church under the leadership of Miss Eleanor Winder. She attended the Amsterdam conference a year ago and afterwards stayed one month in England where Miss Margery Fry helped her with a survey of social work. Miss Li has written an article on "My experience and methods in dealing with problem children" for a recent number of the Educational Review.

For the last three months, I have handled police cases in the category of abduction, ill-treatment, slave girls, ^{and} abandoned cases, ~~etc.~~ I have been in contact with police stations, boys' and girls' receiving homes, child welfare institutions, refugee camps and hospitals. Soon I ~~am~~ ^{shall} confine my work to ~~the~~ dealing ^{with} of potential delinquents and actual delinquents. These two groups are in urgent need of help for the restoration of a normal life. Aside from this piece of work, I have also answered calls from hospitals and institutions to deal with problem children.

Excerpt of a letter from Hu Siu-mei (1937) who is a social worker in Hackett Medical College, Canton:

It was interesting to hear about Nanking. I am so glad the place is being kept up. Some day we may go back and drink in the beauty of it all, and yet it is true that character was never developed in ease.

Our campus is not nearly as lovely nor large as Ginling, but, as you say, it is an "oasis" in the desert, and when one has health, living essentials, and days full of service with Him, as well as pleasant ways to spend what leisure one has, one can only lift up one's heart in praise and take each day as He sends it.

My work allows me to render practical help to some of those discharged from Hospital who are far away from home or are destitute enough to need a helping hand. I am so thankful that our hospital includes this department of social service and cooperates in trying to bring His love into the lives of our patients.

News of the Commencement Season, 1940
One of ~~our~~ ^{members} faculty, and one of ~~our~~ ^{members} students ~~has~~ ^{has} each recently heard that ~~they~~ ^{she} have been awarded prizes. Dr. Djang Hsiang-lan entered her thesis entitled "The Adjustment of the Chinese Children to American Culture in China Town, Chicago, and Its Educational Implications," in the National Contest of Pi Lambda Theta and has been notified that she will receive Two Hundred and fifty dollars gold. Liu Kai-yun, a junior this year, received twenty-five dollars gold as first prize in the Mary Carr Curtis Contest for which she wrote an essay "Within the Four Seas." Miss Liu's essay was published in the April number of the "Woman's Missionary Friend," ^{as the winning entry in a contest on the subject of sister colleges.}

Our senior banquet this year took a different form from other years. Knowing what a hard task it would be to borrow cutlery and dishes for a foreign-style meal, the committee decided to have a Chinese feast ~~instead.~~ Six round tables were arranged in a circle in the dormitory common room for the seventy guests. The very good food was ordered from a street restaurant. The room looked very gay and festive. Huge bunches of gladioli were the only flowers used. No one guessed that the particularly nice bunch in front of the fireplace was placed there to hide the smoky bricks or that the map of England on the wall had been elevated a couple of feet to cover the stove pipe hole. Miss Gu Wei-tseng was responsible for the ~~very~~ attractive cutouts on the whitewashed walls representing the theme

of the banquet, "Bursting Bombs." Miss Spicer was chairman. The first speech, "Bombs over Ginling" was given by Miss Lu Ming-djang, president of the graduating class. She told of the many moves her class had made since the end of their first year on the campus in Nanking. Purple Mountain and outlines of two buildings on the campus and lovely green trees were the cutouts on one wall to represent this first part. Dr. Lewis Smythe followed with a talk on "Demolition Bombs" - not only the metal ones which destroy lives and property, but those of greed, selfishness, ^{and other evils} which destroy souls. Very realistic explosions and falling shells decorated the second wall spreading over the face of the clock. Dr. Djang Hsiang-lan spoke on "Bomb-proof Shelters" and two shelters with planes circling overhead on the third wall depicted this part. She built such a shelter with Christ as the corner stone and the twelve graduates as parts of the building. Then came Dr. Wu speaking on "A world without bombs" telling the class how they could help build such a world where war would have no place. On the fourth wall was a cutout plane writing the word "peace" in the sky. Place cards were in the shape of bombs and small aeroplanes decorated the tables. We were happy to have Dr. Claude Thomson with us that evening. It was a very pleasant gathering which sang "We are from Ginling" just before departing.

Baccalaureate and Commencement were also a new departure as far as arrangements went. About the middle of June it was decided to have both as joint affairs for all the institutions on the campus. There were many disappointed girls who felt that the wearing of a cap and gown for these functions was the proper finish to four years of work. West China University did not have enough gowns for their own students and silk was much too high in price to think of having more made. Dr. Wu spoke to our own girls telling them that cooperation was more important than insisting on the outward form of graduation. The big gymnasium of Hart College which has recently had a gallery added made a splendid auditorium for these two occasions. Bishop Shen was the Baccalaureate speaker and gave some very good advice to the students. Mrs. Kwan sang "Open the Gates of the Temple" and did it so beautifully that it will remain with us for a long time. Graduation exercises which began at eight o'clock in the morning were simple but very interesting. Faculty and students entered in procession, an organ and piano being played for the long period of getting seated. The Ginling Glee Club under Mrs. Kwan's direction and a male quartette gave selections and were much appreciated. A total of ~~27~~ ²⁷ students graduated from all the institutions and only a very few lists of graduate students were issued this year - just enough for deans and presidents.

Four service or study groups are taking thirty-two of our students away for the summer. Eight go to Kwanhsien to attend the summer camp of the National Kuomintang Youth Corp; ten go with the Border Service Group organized under the Church of Christ in China for service to the tribes people; six go to the Omei Ashram, and eight to Jenshow. Most of the Jenshow group were interviewed by Miss Highbaugh when she was in Chengtu a few weeks ago. She tried to get girls who were interested in certain lines of work, such as music or recreation, etc. About thirty girls are still in the dormitory.

The Faculty Social Committee arranged that the faculty give two plays for the entertainment of the students. This was planned for a Saturday evening after two days of comprehensive examinations when both students and faculty needed some diversion. I am sure we had as much fun giving them ^{as} the students had in seeing the faculty ~~act~~. The University of Nanking gave a program the same evening in the next building and several people who attended told us the next day that we must have had a grand time for they could hear the frequent gales of laughter coming from the auditorium where we gave ~~our~~

all the colleges on this campus since the war began - whose small store of academic regalia has saved

our plays. We could see girls from other universities slipping in to our concert with our own students but nothing was said for we knew there would be plenty of room. One play was "The Scarecrow" with Miss Spicer as the policeman, Dr. Reeves, the old woman, Ettie Chin her daughter and Lo Hweilin inside the scarecrow. The other was a Russian play, "The Proposal." Dr. Djang Hsiang-lan was the daughter, Dzo Yu-lin the man who came to propose, and I was the father. Phoebe Hoh had rehearsed the part of the father, but at the last minute went out to the country to do some work for Dr. Wu, so I took her place. So successful were the plays that Woman's College asked us to put them on for their faculty and friends. Miss Hoh was here for this later performance and her deep voice and short hair lent just the right touch to the man's part. Much merriment was created by substituting names of Ginling dogs for the names of dogs in the play.

I expect you have all heard of the epidemic of weddings among our faculty. It is very nice for them to get married, but it is a bit hard on Dr. Wu when she has to arrange to replace most of them. Wen Yun-kwen, assistant in the Music department, ^{and} Ma Bih-ning, assistant Chinese secretary, were ^{both} married the last week of June, Dr. Chang Siao-sung on the 4th of July, and Miss Tsui Ya-lan expects to be married this month, but the date is not yet set. Of these Miss Wen has resigned, Miss Ma will continue, Dr. Chang will keep on only with her teaching, and Miss Tsui will help with the P.E. department if she lives in Chengtu.

The primary and middle schools in Chengtu have been ordered to evacuate from the city and its suburbs. There has been a report in both the Chinese and English newspapers that the Five Universities on the campus have also been ordered to evacuate. This is entirely incorrect. The Presidents did meet to consider the problem, but thought it would be impossible to move books and equipment and also to find accomodation for the foreign faculty of West China. Water gongs and bags of sand are being placed outside the city shops, huge cisterns are being built on the streets and people are being urged to evacuate. Temporary homes are being built for the poor people outside the city. Chungking residents spend much of their time in dugouts and a recent visitor from there said the people had regulated their working and sleeping hours to fit into the bombing schedule. The planes have been prevented from reaching Chengtu three times recently because of weather conditions. Each time they got quite near and either rain or wind storms prevented their coming farther.

Because of unsettled conditions in Hongkong, Dr. Wu has cancelled her plane reservation and now expects to go to Omei for August. Dr. Reeves, Miss Chester, Stella Graves, Hu Shih-tsang are at Omei; Ettie Chin is with her brothers in Chungking; Florence is at Behludin; Alice Chang expects to go with a party to southern Sikong; Phoebe Hoh has gone with the group of one hundred and twenty students to serve the border tribes.

Weather keeps very hot, ^{continues} although there is plenty of rain, ^{but it} however the rain does not seem to cool the air. The rice crop is a failure in some ^{parts} and the price of rice has risen to \$135 per dou. ^{localities,}

In the June Field Meet of the Five Universities, Ginling came first in the following: ^{events} discus throw, javelin throw, ball throw, 50 meter, 100 meter, 200 meter race, 80 meter hurdle race and the high jump.

In June we had a step sing led by Mrs. Kwan, ⁽¹⁾ the ^{(2) various} different parties ^{given to} for the senior class, ⁽³⁾ the English Club plays, and ⁽⁴⁾ the College farewell party. Now the year is over and one cannot help wondering what the next year will bring to students, faculty, China, and the world. We hope it will see the end of war and strife and the beginning of a lasting peace.

Lillian J. Kirk

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GINLING COLLEGE IN CHENGTU, SZECHUAN

News of the Commencement Season, 1940

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Lillian J. Kirk,
Secretary to President Wu

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Alumnae Notes

The following paragraph is taken from a recent letter from Li Djoh-i (1929). Miss Li is working with the Child Protection Section of the Shanghai Municipal Council in connection with the American Community Church under the leadership of Miss Eleanor Winder. She attended the Amsterdam conference a year ago and afterwards stayed one month in England where Miss Margery Fry helped her with a survey of social work. Miss Li has written an article on "My Experience and Methods in Dealing with Problem Children" for a recent number of the Educational Review.

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Mr. Garside

6 August 1940

To Members of the Board of Founders, former members of the Ginling faculty, and Ginling alumnae in America:

Into the days of this strangely troubled summer, you will welcome the news letter which arrived in New York on August first from Chengtu. It tells of the successful completion of the third war year, and of the setting out for summer service of several groups of students.

Faculty departures from this country for China during the early summer have included two of the senior members: Catharine Sutherland of the Department of Music, returning after a year of furlough study in America, and Liu En-lan, who carries with her the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Geography from Oxford University, England. Four new appointees have sailed: Alice Settemyer and Li Man-kuei for the Department of English, Yung Hsiao-yun to begin the work in Home Economics, and Esther Rhodes for the Department of Music, Eva Dykes Spicer of the Department of Religion is in the United States, en route to her home in England on furlough.

Eva B. Macmillan
Mrs. T. D. Macmillan
Secretary of the Board

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Received in New York on October 1st, 1940.

From Miss Florence A. Kirk, Instructor in English.

White Deer's Peak, 6,000 feet above sea-level, just within the clouds,
August 19, 1940

Dear Friend,

I think of this

Last night at ~~10~~ to 11 p.m. I arrived home from a trip to White Water River, ~~down~~ on the plain below us. The trip was exciting in the varied scenery and experiences, and we are enthusiastic about the outing. After weeks here, with mists and daily rains as our companions, it was a glorious thing to get into bright sunlight, with sunsets and sunrises and blue skies for daily fare. Also, the moon obligingly supplied us with a glorious full globe and we watched it rise over a temple roof with fish cawing on the ridgepole. I think my enjoyment of ordinary "weather" shows that this damp misty, mouldy weather ~~was~~ ^{is} a little on my nerves. I even ~~had~~ ^{had} getting a mild sunburn. But to see washing actually getting dry, white fleecy clouds etched on the vivid blue of sky, light that made one remember dark glasses and sunhats, and made me forget woollen clothes and sweaters and jackets was a relief.

The weather seemed to take a turn for the better, so on Friday morning ten of us started out. It was quite a caravan for ^{four} "three-days" trip: ~~three~~ bamboo slung chairs (flowery sticks), two men on each; ten men with the bumpy loads on their backs - of camp cots, bedding rolls, food containers, etc., and two men in charge of the 18, one for each group of 9. It is interesting on this mountain, that the "head of the coolies" generally goes along, load free, to manage everything, and one man is normally in charge of ten men. He is chosen by groups of mountain farmers living close together (which isn't close in the ordinary sense, since land is poor), and must have the confidence of his friends. He might take a load or go on one end of the bamboo chairs if he wished, and then would rate double pay. If some of the carriers were ill, or very tired, he took their places for an hour or two; when the men quarrelled, he tried to make peace. For instance, on this trip, two men on a bamboo chair from the very first were unhappy, the cause being that one of the girls took her own chair, and the poles were large and heavier than usual, and it seemed that she had put more things on the chair than was customary (actually a wicker basket with water bottle, Readers' Digest, raincoat, and the like. Also, she had put what looked like a heavy ~~bag~~ pad in the seat! So they were "ornery", and this girl felt quite unhappy at their grumbling. The headman helped them adjust the ropes on the ^{chair} to make it carry more evenly, and tried to coax them into good humor. He walked along in the line somewhere, at one time picking what looked like blue forget-me-nots for one lady riding, and taking an end of a chair for half an hour, etc. The one in charge of us ^{all the way} was a nice chap. He wanted to know if his group of men could take us to Chengtu, etc. We told him our dates and told him to see the people in charge of transportation. We also told him we planned a trip soon to Cave Mountain, and told him to make arrangements to take us.

men carry their loads amounting to sixty or seventy pounds.

The way the carriers ~~leads~~ ^{leads} is interesting, ~~leads amounting to about 60-70 pounds.~~ They have frameworks of wood that fit over palm fibre waistcoats to keep their skin from rubbing, and clamber up steep mountain paths, looking top-heavy with their heads bent, and their towering loads on top. ~~People can ride on top also, but I haven't had the courage yet to try.~~ ^{Passengers are quite busy carried on top of the loads.} So you can picture us, the four ladies riding, ~~to begin with,~~ the men

at the start

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with sticks in their hands striding along, the carriers and headmen here and there. Before long the line stretched out for half a mile; the men on the chairs stopped to eat their first meal of the day, about 10 o'clock, and the load carriers stopped at a different place. In a few minutes we all descended, for the path went down very steeply, and we used sticks to keep us from slipping. We zizzagged around the sharp switchbacks, glorying in the sunlight, and the changing scene: cornfields before long, with thatched farm buildings, the twisting road, the more brightly colored wild hydrangeas, wild lilac, anemones. Then when the road ~~down~~ became more level, we clambered again into the chairs, and rode along, luxuriating in the scene, and no longer with eyes glued on the path. The mists ~~hung~~ ^{hung} on the huge mountain called Heavenly Platform, and the smaller one called Mountain Behind had light fluffy mists over ~~their~~ summits, and White Deer's Peak had its usual garment of cloud, and we were in the sunshine. Before long we heard the sound of rushing water, and from that time, we were never far from roaring mountain streams, or waterfalls..which formed a sort of background to the whole three days.

For the trip I wore blue cotton overalls and yellow blouse, with a huge toadstool shaped straw hat for both sun or rain, dark glasses handy in a wicker basket ~~handy~~, raincoat in the same basket, leather jacket, and the indispensable straw sandals tied securely over good walking shoes. We always have straw sandals for mountain trips to prevent slipping. Coolies, and many children wear them on their bare feet, or with socks, but I like them on top.

The first stop of the chairs was for the men's breakfast, at the farm home of one of the men. They had one or two round cakes about six inches across and a half inch thick; some were made of wheat ground up, and resembled the texture of cracked wheat porridge, but made without yeast or salt. Others were made of ground corn. It did not look a very appetizing breakfast. The men ate, rested, adjusted sandals, fixed slipping ropes on their loads, and chatted and laughed together. We talked with the woman of the family and the three children gathered round. The baby looked delicate.

My two chairmen were young chaps in their early twenties, named Yang and Chen. They were very good, willing, good carriers, cheerful. They wish to get places in foreign homes as coolies. We were interested in their antiphonal calls, as the ~~first~~ front coolie warned about the road ahead. At first when we asked them to repeat their calls, they thought we were laughing at them, but later they said them over to us and were pleased at our interest. Here is one roughly translated:

Front man: "We're about to cross over a bridge;
Back man: This water flows down to the Eastern Sea."

Or another:
Front man: Water on the road, it's slippery;
Back man: Step on the dry places.

Front man: Here are stepping stones across a stream;
Back man: Step on the stone, not on the crack.

Front man: Right hand rub close;
Left hand, hold tight. (when it was a sharp turn).

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When a dog appeared, this is what they said, not mentioning the dog:

Front man: It both kicks and bites;
Back man: Catch it and tie it up.

Their voices rang out clearly and lustily, and sometimes in the high rather cracked tones of the Chinese operatic singers. Late in the afternoon one day there was trouble, when two men nearing home disappeared, and one chair was left without men. The others made some changes, and a different man took the back of my chair. When he answered half-heartedly, the front man didn't like it. I think the man at the back was very tired; he had a good spirit, but didn't seem to have the strength the others had. Coming home, my men wanted to know some English words... for "moon," "hat", "cucumber", "corn," etc.

The high point of the day's trip was perhaps the visit to the bamboo paper mill. We had lunch there, buying some large sheets of paper to cover tables on which we spread out our food. Afterwards we saw the various stages: women using hatchets to mash the green bamboo sticks, then to cut them in 12-14 inch lengths, and tie them in bundles twice the size of a man's wrist; these bundles put in lime solution vats to rot... and from these there was a most unpleasant odor; chopping this rotted bamboo into small pieces and mashing it; mixing it with water and some other substance and making the final bath; then the miracle, when a man put a fine hair screen on top of a wooden board about the size of a kitchen washboard, dipped it into this bath, and there evenly spread on the wire screen was a layer of paper which he turned over on another board, layer on layer until there was a thickness of several inches; ~~dry~~ separating these layers, and counting them; drying them on a smooth concrete surface ~~over~~ fired from inside; piled in neat bundles ready to carry to the towns.

Then on we went, water rushing over boulders into the valley. We wound in and out among the corn, our chairs brushing the corn planted close to the road. It was a double crop, beans planted in each corn hill. On the upper slopes the corn was 12-14 feet high, the beans 2-3 feet; lower down on poorer soil, the corn was 5-6, and the beans shorter. There was no hard climb the rest of the day. About 4 came the big moment when we arrived at an opening in the hills and saw far below us the town of White Water River, our destination. In the afternoon sun, it looked most attractive with its white walls and dark tile roofs. ~~Father~~ Along the "horse road", quite different from the mountain paths, we could see the opening of the great gorge which we were chiefly interested in. Then we slid down the mountain side, using our sticks for support. I got a trouser leg wet when I slipped along a stone as we went barefooted over ~~boulders that water rushed down.~~ ^{wet} Once across, an iron and wood suspension bridge, we felt we had arrived, and fifteen minutes through the corn brought us into the town, picturesque with its varying levels and steps.

We found places to stay in a primary school quartered in an old temple, ~~and where sacrifices were still made.~~ ^{worship still made.} The thing that I liked was the open air theatre, looking over the main court. The roof of the main building showed signs of its former splendor, and the wooden carving around the theatre was well done. Right across the stage, at the other side of the court was the series of idols where each evening

a few people stuck lighted incense sticks before The Goddess of Mercy and other gods. We found empty rooms alongside the court on one side, and set up camp cots. The only trouble was that some of us got badly flea bitten; I had the record for bites, about two hundred, I think! We ate on the theatre platform, on a table made from what had been a big signboard above a doorway. On that we spread paper, used ferns to decorate the table, and then spread out the food. We had a cook along, and he got water boiled, bought hot rice from the street for some meals, ^{and} washed dishes, ~~etc.~~ On the stage we sat around and chatted, sang songs, had morning worship, watched one evening the golden sunset and later the moon rise, and grew ecstatic at the changing lights morning and evening on the mountains round about us.

In the morning we had a leisurely breakfast and then went to the gorge. We had had to get a permit for this, but could not get permission to go as far as the copper mine. A young research worker went as our guide. The scenery got more and more rugged and interesting, and the waterfalls were beautiful. We could at one time count seven waterfalls, but altogether there were more than twenty, the number increased by the heavy rain in the night. The main waterfall was a thing of beauty, the big current of water falling in shimmering mist from one level to another, joining and dividing and interrupted now and again, or so it seemed, by vegetation. The black rock made a lovely background for all that white glory. The road had been blasted out of the mountain side; after big rains, there is danger from landslides. On the way we saw a heap of stone containing copper ore and other salts that made pretty stones; it was waiting to be smelted, but the new plant ~~still~~ wasn't ready. ~~There came the time when~~ ^{finally} we came in sight of the last waterfall, and then we could go no farther. We started back, got a hurried lunch with some dodging of showers of rain, and reached our school about 4.

The only eventful thing of the trip back was a visit to a lovely temple on the hillside where there are unusual colored and black-and-white murals. This Buddhist temple was well kept, the 18 disciples of Buddha newly gilded, the guards at the door freshly painted. The Goddess of Mercy crowned the position in the upper temple, with her four heads and 18 arms each side, and eyes in the ~~at~~ sides of her hands! There we had a Chinese meal. The temple had lovely surroundings; corn fields, hills and valleys, and in the grounds themselves old jinko trees. Outside were braziers for pilgrims to cook their own food. Some of our group spoke about coming back to this temple some time for a quiet week or two.

We were leisurely all day, so much so that we had to make the last climb up to White Deer's Peak in the dark. The moon stayed behind clouds until we arrived and then burst forth in splendor. I arrived near 11 (9 according to Chengtu time), and ~~was~~ ^{was} glad of supper, and the coolness of the mountain top. We had walked, laughed, eaten well, and been inspired by the sunshine, the mountains, the waterfalls. The weather had been perfect.

How you would have loved it all! It is lovely country, and the Chinese people we met, our own carriers, and those along the way were friendly and gracious. It was a three days to remember.

Sincerely, Florence A. Kirk

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Ginling College, Chengtu,
November 25th, 1940.

My dear friends,

A year has passed since we sent our last letter, and it finds us still in West CHINA with the prospect of returning to Nanking seemingly far off. The people of CHINA are facing their fourth winter of the war, but it seems them facing it with high courage in their hearts, and words of hope on their lips. They feel that out of this struggle a new, free China will emerge. A sharp touch of winter which came about a month ago brought the increased hardships which cold weather brings to many people. The high prices of such essential articles as rice, oil, cotton material, vegetables and meat has brought much distress, especially to the lower salaried people. Rice, which was thirty dollars a tou a month ago, came down suddenly to sixteen dollars soon after the ^{new} governor of Szechwan was installed. ~~A tou is, approximately, the amount needed to feed~~

Middle school teachers went on strike for higher wages, and they and teachers on the campus have had to have subsidies to meet the high cost of living.

Missionaries coming from other provinces where they are unable to continue their work because of Japanese interference, have found new doors open in Szechwan. Work with soldiers - sick and well - refugees, orphans, road laborers, and Christians in government and business circles is only part of what is waiting to be done in Szechwan. Building on the campus is proceeding slowly, but houses and buildings of a less substantial nature just outside the campus spring up almost over night. The campus, formerly in the country, is now in the midst of quite a settlement. A leper hospital, just a couple of hundred feet away, was opened during the summer, and the Union Theological College nearby dedicated new buildings this autumn. A doctor is doing research work with bean milk. To supply the lacking calcium in the bean milk, the bones left over after the making of toothbrushes for the dental department are ground in a stone mou-dze and added to the milk. ~~THERE~~ ^{are} study groups on the teachings of Jesus, economic affairs, faculty fellowship meetings, and meetings of the Sino-British and Chinese-American cultural associations to attend as well as the meetings of various sorts within each university. Life is full and busy, and less tense now than during the summer months when alarms and bombings were frequent. News of China and the outside world, received mainly through radio, and relayed to subscribers in a very tiny news sheet, saddens and alarms us.

Ginling has a total registration this year of two hundred and six, with one hundred and ninety-seven in Chengtu and nine taking physical education work with our unit in Shanghai. The enrollment is again above two hundred after the drop in 1937. Students straggled in for weeks after registration, and one faculty member was two months and three days coming from Shanghai. Dormitory accommodations have been taxed to the limit. Faculty offered to double up in small rooms until a section of the hospital

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rented for our Chinese faculty would be ready for occupation. I wish you could see the end of the corridor still allotted to faculty in the dormitory. Kwei-dzi's (cupboards) are lined up outside the rooms because there is space only for two beds, two small tables, and two chairs in the tiny rooms. There is an overflow of three tables from the dining-room into the living room, new washrooms had to be made, and for a time sick rooms and the prayer room had to be used for students. Two of our students lost all their belongings in bombings while waiting in Chungking for transportation. Baggage of the new faculty from America and those returning from furlough is coming through Rangoon then via the Burma Road. We tease one faculty member who is here for a year telling her that her luggage will be here just in time for her to take it back with her. Our office still has its eight desks, and with the natural accumulation of papers and such things, it presents an even more crowded appearance than before. Besides, the last few months there has been three large bamboo baskets containing precious documents sitting ready to be taken to the dugout when an air raid siren sounds.

Florence and I had a holiday at Behludin (White Deer Peak) this summer. It is closer to Chengtu than Mount Omei and took only two short days to make the trip. We went by ricksha the first day and a half, changing to a hwagan (chair) for the trip up the mountain. Behludin is a land of rolling mists, rapidly changing cloud scenery, and rain, with the sun showing its shining face only very rarely. By visiting different bungalows, we could glimpse views of many varieties - ranges of mountain peaks or the many-branched rivers looking like many-fined silver forks when the sun shone. THE COOLNESS was such a relief after the heat of the plain, but all of us - except the true Behludinites - agreed that weather a wee bit warmer would be acceptable. Only occasionally could we don summer dresses, and mostly it was lots of warm woollen clothes. We discovered Hibbard's Cave, scrambled up the Devil's Staircase, climbed to the Bishop's Pulpit, the Lookout, and the Hogsback. The story we heard in regard to how Hibbard's Cave got its name was that Mr. Hibbard proposed there and kept Mrs. Hibbard in the cave until she said yes.

Whether or not, and when, to start on trips was a problem because it rained so much. If the sun showed itself for a few minutes or the rain lessened it was enough to turn the balance in favor of going. We had a glorious trip to Cave Mountain. There were six of us - Dr. and Mrs. Meuser, George Meuser, Alf Day, Florence and myself. We had been on the way only a few minutes when the carriers had to stop to tie on the steel rings over their straw sandals. They put off this task as long as they possibly could, and I can easily imagine they would not be too pleasant to walk on. We climbed up and down innumerable hills, getting out of our chairs at the very steep places and occasionally to give the men a rest. We saw many trees that had been tapped to obtain the "chi" for varnish. There were many fields of indigo plants, and an inspection of the vats where they were making blue dye proved very interesting. Men with long rakes were pulling the leaves off the top of a green-looking mixture in one of the concrete vats. Even after the addition of chloride of lime, the mixture looked green, and we wondered when it would turn blue. We asked this question and we were told that it was

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blue now. I pointed to my dress and said, "This is blue," The only reply we could get was that the dye was blue. We gave up then. We saw charcoal being prepared in large circular ovens - entirely closed in except for very small openings. As we proceeded, waterfalls and rapids became more numerous and we could see caves high up in the sheer cliffs. Clear sparkling rushed out of the first cave we visited, and we were told that the opening went right through the mountain. The carriers assisted us in jumps from rock to rock when we investigated part of the interior.

Rain, in the form of mist or real showers, had fallen at intervals all morning, and a particularly heavy rain at noon made us hurriedly lift our dining table under the straw matting projection in front of the tea house. This, we soon found, was not rain-proof, and we had to push farther into the very crowded, small tea house. Paths soon became very slippery, and when straw sandals (work over leather shoes) became clogged with mud, we just could not keep our feet. I clung to the two poles of the chair, standing between them. This was alright on a straight path, but when the men turned a sharp corner I was left suspended in mid air until I could get my feet on the path again. More than one of us had muddy rears before the end of that trip. We were welcomed by priests at the temple, and then we looked around for a place to put up our cots, only to find a party of boys who had overtaken us on the way already there. They had put up their beds in a corner of one huge room. Florence and I proceeded to put up ours in another corner. Supper was then partaken of (we took a cook with us) and with a boy and a ladder from the temple we went to inspect caves. The ladder was certainly a necessity for the first cave - Toward Heaven Cave - and after clambering down we found the ground at the bottom very slippery. With the aid of flashlights, we proceeded, either crouching or getting down on hands and knees to get through the many low entrances to various parts of the caves. What sounds and sights met our eyes! There was a constant whir of the wings of bats, and when we directed flashlights toward heaven we could see them clinging to the roof in hordes. There were many interesting formations on the roofs of this series of caves.

After quite a walk through the corn fields, we came to the Thunder God Cave (we called it the Cathedral Cave). It was a large round cave with stones jutting out into a clear pool of water. The echoes here were truly wonderful. We sang "Day is done, gone the sun," and came away marvelling at the wonders of nature. It was too dark by this time to visit a third cave, so we went to bed - the boys in one corner, the carriers on piles of straw across one end, Florence and I in another corner with a dozen or two idols as chaperones. On our way back the next morning, we visited the Virtuous Woman Cave. This had been used as a fortress and was less interesting than the others. The return journey was also made in rain, and we arrived home in time for supper - glad to be back but very glad we had gone.

I would like to tell you of the trip from Behludin back to Chengtu. It had rained for several days before we started, and we slid down the side of the mountain in grand style. This time even the carriers were not too sure of their footing. The first real problem came when we neared

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a wide river. We stopped at a small town about three o'clock and waited while two servants went to see ~~if~~ the river was crossable, ~~or not~~. By the time they returned - with word that we could have gotten across - it was too late to attempt it, so we found an inn and settled down for the night. THIS RIVER PRESENTED A REAL PROBLEM the next morning. The bridge had been washed away by the swollen waters, and the ferry wasn't operating. Some of the carriers most used to water waded across holding hands to find the best crossing place. After much discussion, they took two chairs across, and then came back to say they wouldn't take Florence and ~~me~~ across without some extra money. I guess the idea had just occurred to them that this would be a splendid way to make a little extra. It happened that our carriers were the timid ones. They would not venture across with us, and we were not anxious to have them do so. After much wading, and the promise of more money, they condescended to carry us over. We sat and munched cookies while they brought the luggage across, then on we went over roads thoroughly saturated. Coolies along the way were wearing their shaggy palm fiber capes, and some loads had this same kind of covering.

As we neared Penhsien, we saw loads of tobacco, coal and charcoal, potatoes, straw hats, wooden pails and dippers, hides, oil, cotton cloth and thread, and even a load of horse meat going to market. Pigs with their funny (shaped) heads and bowed backs were being taken to market on wheelbarrows and some were led along with a person a few feet in front singing or making clucking sounds to entice the pig along, and make it happy about going to market. On a hot day one can see men taking a huge mouthful of water from a bamboo dipper and with much splutter blowing it out on the pig. Vegetable markets are always attractive, and we passed a lovely one which displayed purple eggplant, red and green peppers, frosty looking melons, a red and white vegetable resembling both radish and turnip, yellow and white bean sprouts, green beans, onions and garlic with dates - half green and half brown - walnuts and pears to finish up with. Children with big tummies ran to the doors to see the strange procession, and women nudged each other as we passed. We soon were back to the land of cicadas, uniforms, bicycles, students, communist towers, graveyards, and best of all the lovely sunshine. Never before did sun feel so good. We rode along after the stars came out, with the ricksha men telling each other stories, and we learned that the Chinese name for the Milky Way is Heavenly River.

I had a very lovely weekend recently. It began Saturday after lunch when I went to Florence's to make candy for her tutees. At 2:30, the tutees, Florence, Alice Settlemyer, and myself started off to see Li Tze-djen's cooperative in the city. It was thrilling to see beautiful embroideries, rugs, yarn and tweed in various colors being made. The women gave Tze-djen a warm welcome which was good to see. Perhaps it is independence and the knowledge that they are helping others that gives these women their clear bright faces. After supper we had a hilarious game of croquinole. A group of about twenty faculty had Sunday dinner with Chang Siao-sung. It was a glorious day, and we did so enjoy the two or three mile ride into the country. Siao-sung's husband is with the Szechwan Agricultural Station. The work they are doing is most interesting-I shall have to tell you about it another time. Back home for tea, then we listened to phonograph records. Later supper around the fire (a la Nanking, I'm told) and to finish the day a fascinating talk on "The street calls of Peiping."

Best wishes and greetings to everyone!

Sincerely yours,

Lillian J. Kirk

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Dear Miss Kirk:

Sunday, 29 December 1940
New York, N. Y.

It is a long time since I wrote you.

This delay has had in my mind a reason, for I have been hoping to report the receipt of the films of the fine intimate life pictures of which prints reached us early in December. We can see that several of these will be very useful, and how we need them! But it is not practicable to "blow up" in enlargement prints as small as this, and, of course, in copying from any print something is lost. So we are in particularly parlous state just now - needing very critically to get into the press another piece of publicity, and not wanting to compose it without some of these pictures. Probably in future it would be better to give mailing precedence to the films. You are quite right to avoid risking both films and prints on the same mail, - but it is the films we need.

Thank you many times for all you have done to get your busy colleagues - including your sister and yourself - to put certain records down on paper and send us copies. We are glad to have every bit you send, and will you be good enough to tell everyone that our gratitude goes beyond any words of thanks we write. I hope you will continue the good work, and be quite merciless in your pursuit. We need more, more, and yet more.

In another way you can serve as our good angaa, and that is in calming down the ruffled feelings and offended tastes of any who may not like what gets into print in the name of publicity. In general everyone can be sure that nothing will appear about which there could be even the slightest implication of indiscretion in judgment. But sometimes there are sins of omission even more irritating to my own feelings than those of commission which you on the field may detect. For instance, in the writing of the script for our studio recording of Ginling service, I wrote in again and again in Dr. Wu's part a reference to Mrs. Thurston, and in Liu En-lan's part a reference to Miss Vautrin. But this particular piece of writing had a stormy time in being carried far afield in the course of its composition. Mrs. Hoskins took it to Washington, where she went over it with Mrs. William Hard, an accomplished platform speaker and something of an expert in popular radio work. Her husband is one of the best newspaper men. One of her comments was, apparently, that names like Mrs. Thurston's and Miss Vautrin's were unnecessary to the hearers who knew the history of Ginling and were meaningless to others. That's not correct, of course, but I had other points to make which I could not abandon, so I did not insist. I tell you this, for transmission to others, because it is merely typical of some of the problems which come up in a cooperative enterprise such as this Anniversary program. And, in general, the answer to weaknesses is more and better information from the field, for the text grows thin in spots where we are trying to make a little go a long way.

In relation to the Kirk sisters, our sense of gratitude is always fresh, because you are so generous in sharing the reports of your good times and your trips to places of interest and beauty.

All of America - and probably some millions in other parts of the world have now only an hour and a half to wait before Mr. Roosevelt will make the radio speech for which all are tuned. Three days ago there was published a most eloquent message to him from such men as Dr. Van Dusen, President Conant of Harvard, and Miss Comstock, asking him to state facts as baldly as possible, and to say - if he believes as they do - that the world can be saved by the help of United States now, while Britain is standing, but that the United States could not accomplish that result later if Britain were to be overthrown. - - Well, we shall hear what we shall hear!

I am sorry to send you such a miserable letter in appearance. The spacing spring on this typewriter has given up the ghost.

May the New Year have opened splendidly for you, and may it bring to all of us more joy than we dare to imagine as possible! Splendid surprises do come, as came to President Neilson as he listened to the inaugural speech of his successor the other day. When the speech was finished and it came time for Mr. Neilson to say a word, it was "I am happier than I thought I could ever be again in this life, for I know that some of the things about which we care the most are in safe keeping." - - We really have a very fine new President at Smith - and to some people there is special cause for rejoicing that he is a regular communicant of the Episcopal Church.

Yours sincerely,

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"For Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." These words were at the top of our special Christmas chapel bulletin. In order that we might enter more wholly into the proper Christmas spirit, the Religious Committee arranged that four chapel services preceeding Christmas be held in the Chapel of Vandeman Hall. Three or four times the usual number of students attended. Palms and the gay red "thousand year" berry branches made beautiful decorations. Mr. Andrew Roy, Dr. Djang Hsiang-lan, Miss Chen Yu-ching (president of student body), and Dr. Lewis Smythe spoke on the following topics: "If Christ had not come", "If Christ were received by our world today", "If Christ were received on our campus today", and "If Christ were received in my own heart today."

Handel's Messiah was given by a combined choir (Community Chorus and student choirs) on Saturday and Sunday evenings preceeding Christmas. A final rehearsal on Friday evening to which Middle school students were especially invited, although anyone could go, found the hall packed long before the rehearsal began. Hundreds of people would have liked admission tickets for the other performances. Hart College gymnasium which has been fitted up as an auditorium was used this year. This seats about eight hundred and the overflow of about three hundred went to Hart College chapel where an amplifier had been fitted up. Those who could not get seats sat out on the grass near the gymnasium. Miss Graves did an excellent piece of work as conductor. Some have said that this was the best performance of Messiah in Chengtu. Collections on the two nights were given to Warphans. It certainly is wonderful to see so many people interested in hearing music such as the Messiah, and the audiences weremost attentive and appreciative.

Our Sunday morning service, regularly held in Hart College chapel, had to be held in the gymnasium, because of the large number of people attending. It was a beautiful service. Miss Graves led the choir in the absence of Miss Settlemyer who was ill with a cold which resulted in an attack of jaundice. It does one's heart good just to hear the singing at any Sunday morning service, but with Christmas carols it is especially lovely. The very best part of the service came at the end when nine students, two of them Ginling girls, were baptized. The little ceremony was made a part of the whole service, and Christmas seemed just the right time for these young people to consecrate their lives for His work. One other Ginling student was baptized a week later at the Sze Tsen Sze church.

The common room and dining room in the student dormitory were beautifully decorated this year. Gu Wei-tseng's cut-out picture of the campus buildings was still on one of the common room walls with two Christmas trees added outside the Central Building. "Merry Christmas" was said in many different ways - with white cotton fluffed up on green paper, white paper cut-outs on red, and in Chinese. The Sociology and English bulletin boards were decorated and another of Miss Gu's artistic drawings adorned one wall. This one was of Bethlehem, angels, shepherds, wise men and Mother and Child. Faculty and students had a gay supper together Christmas Eve. During the meal we learned that some

DEC 1940 [2]

of the students had decorated their rooms and of course we had to go to see them. One group even had phonograph music for us, and all had something to eat, either candies or oranges. After supper we had the program in the Education Building. First a five minute stunt by each class - and the faculty. The faculty stunt showed a few of them at a field meet and cries of "Tennis" "Basket ball" could be heard from the students as they guessed what game the faculty were watching. Then came the play "And the Myrrh", a play by Clarke, translated into Chinese. As students and faculty went out they picked up lighted torches at the door, and as they went back to the dormitory they sang carols. Tea, candy, and oranges were served, and this brought the happy evening to a close.

At eleven o'clock Christmas Eve, the carollers started out. Twenty-three Ginling girls made up one group, while others joined a larger University of Nanking group. In order to be sure each group would be entertained at at least one house, the leaders of the groups sent notes a few days previously asking if they might call at such and such an hour. One groups which came to the foreign faculty house stayed for an hour and played games. It was planned that the groups stop their carolling at one o'clock, but I did not hear if this worked out as planned. Florence and I spent that night at the Prices, and their house being in the Theological College compound we got only the singers from that college at five in the morning.

Christmas morning four groups of Ginling girls visited some of the poor families leaving oranges and rice tickets. The money for this had been contributed by faculty and students and although the total amount was a fair-sized one, it did not seem to go very far this year. There was special food for students and servants for the noon meal on Christmas, and open house at the foreign faculty house and the hospital section for students in the afternoon. Faculty in the hospital section went to considerable work to entertain them. Entrance to their rooms is through a large circular foyer and they called this "The Grand Hotel." Several dressed up in costume and everyone had a very gay time.

Thus ended Christmas at Ginling. I think it was the wish of every heart that before another Christmas dawned there would cease to be war between nations and that many would learn of Christ and the real meaning of Christmas.

Holidays this year were arranged so that we have two days at Christmas - December 24th and 25th - and two at New Years - January 1st and 2nd. Examinations and winter vacation will be upon us before we realize it. Ten students out of twenty-six that applied will be chosen to go to Jenshow for the winter vacation where Miss Highbaugh plans to carry on an exhibit as she did last year. A few faculty may also go. Registration for the new term is on February 8th with classes beginning the following Monday.

Lillian J. Kirk

0913

150 Fifth Avenue
New York New York
21 January 1941

Dear Miss Kirk:

The Christmas letters from you and Florence to your list of 120 friends on this continent have just come to our desks. To be specific, they arrived on the mail of yesterday, January 20. We are very glad to save you time to the extent of having the mimeographing and the mailing done here. The contents is very interesting and informing. It is good that all the wars and alarms are helpless to destroy the zest for life of the Kirk sisters and their keen enjoyment of it. One would say also that your fine physical health, and considerable good sense in taking care of it, must have something to do with zest and enjoyment. More power to you in the days that lie ahead.

We are trying to keep our minds on other things these days than our disappointment in having received no photographic material this college year from Ginling. We are holding the miniature prints which arrived on December 2 and December 16, but were reluctantly compelled to decide not to have these re-photographed because of the loss in sharpness which would result. No doubt the films are on their way, and probably photographic records of autumn events and even Founders' Day, but we have now waited up to the last moment in planning the necessary piece of January publicity, and must proceed without any fresh material. You will long since have received a letter in which I suggest that mailing precedence be in the future given to films rather than prints.

Another note of current regret, and that is our lack of any official report on faculty personnel for 1940-41. I believe that something of this information has reached our Chinese alumnae and faculty members through a news bulletin printed in Chinese. Is this so? In any case, the Founders have had no report on the make-up of this year's faculty, although we have, of course, in our possession a good many scattered bits of information which have come through in letters or have their foundation in our record of the new staff members who went last summer from America to Chengtu. I know that you will be able to set up a procedure which can in future years prevent such a long delay in this faculty report. When it is made up, would you please give academic information about new members: the college of the appointee's first degree, and details of teaching experience and graduate study. If there has been previous service on the Ginling faculty, this is of particular interest.

One other topic of importance has been entirely omitted in our news from the field during this college year. This is the summer service of the Ginling students. We understand that this material also has been covered in Chinese bulletins.

Our omission in recent correspondence of any reference to the withdrawal of foreign personnel from posts in Penetrated China may have seemed strange to you. We have been quite conscious and deliberate in this omission. It has represented no lessening of forthright determination on the part of our organization to preserve its educational program at full effectiveness, and mission policy is also sturdily determined not to abandon any of its centers of strength. Perhaps the one mission whose decisions and acts are difficult for me personally to understand is the Disciples, who appear to be withdrawing single women from somewhat hazardous posts in mid-China and thus following an unusually cautious program for the present. It must be a tremendous disappointment to some of their veterans, and its effect even in this country is disturbing. I have read with deep regret their folder asking for funds to effect this evacuation. In it they speak of China without making it clear that their territory is this unusually exposed portion of the Yangtze Valley, where they do not for the present feel justified in maintaining workers.

With continued gratitude for all your thought of us and your help in our task, I am

Sincerely yours,

EBM:mjt
Miss Lillian J. Kirk
Ginling College
Chengtu Szechuan
China

Mrs. T. D. Macmillan

0914

JAN 31 1941

On December 10th, fifteen of our Chinese women faculty moved into the new hospital section. The spacious rooms and wide halls are a real treat, and we are glad they can have such space after the crowding of the past months. The section our faculty are in is on the second floor, and entrance is through a large circular hall. Wen Hwan-chang and Chang Ping-i share a room as do Dju En-djen and Sie Wen-mei. Alice Chang and Ettie Chin have a room on the north as bedroom and a lovely corner room on the south as a study. We were invited to "Open House" just before Christmas. I heard one of the guests remark, "Imagine refugees in such quarters as these!" They have special names for some of the rooms. Mrs. Kwan's is the tai-tai's room; Dzo Yu-lin's is the bride's because she has it fixed up prettily; Sie Wen-mei's and Dju En-djen's is the twin's room; Liu En-lan's is the student's room; and Djang Hsiang-lan's the dormitory room. En-lan's is a very workmanlike room with an extra big desk where maps can be spread out. She told us that she had never thought of buying curtains until someone mentioned it just that day. Jimmy is rather a fierce watchdog, but he did not prevent thieves getting up to the attic one evening and stealing some garments which were hanging on the line drying.

There are four faculty in the small unit in the Women's College grounds. Tsui Ko-shih, Wu Mei-ling, Swen Yen-djen, and Yuen Gin-hwa are there with rooms saved for Dr. Wu (she is now at the Crawfords) Fan Gwan (expected soon to help in the dean of studies office) and a guest room. Miss Phoebe Hoh, Liu Shu-yuen, Gu Wei-tseng, the nurse and matron are in the student dormitory. Chang Siao-sung has an office in this building and there is one room as a faculty guest room. Dr. Reeves occupied this room for three weeks at Christmas time, and now Dr. Chester is there for a week. It is a good chance to be near one's tutees, and they also feel that it helps the general morale of the students.

Seven Burmese press men have been here on a Good Will Mission tour. They visited the campus on Saturday, and our girls entertained them to an exhibition game of volley ball. They played wonderfully well, and Ettie Chin said she had never been so proud of them. Dr. Wu presented them with colored pictures of Central Building.

We enjoyed very much the two plays put on by the English Club recently. And what a joy to sit in the back seat and hear practically all the performers said! No, we were not late, but seats for any performance on this campus fill up long before the opening hour. "The Locked Chest" directed by Alice Settlemyer, and "The G and Cham Diamond" were the two plays given. All the big chairs had been taken out of the science lecture room in the Education Building, the steps scrubbed and used as seats.

Florence persuaded Billy Phelps and Amber Van to put on their puppet show for Ginling students on January 2nd. We had seen it at Behludin during the summer, and enjoyed it thoroughly. Billy said he had never had as an attentive and appreciative audience. They were still as mice so that they would not miss a word. The main story was "One Eyes, Two Eyes, and Three Eyes", and there was a marvellous act by a clown with twelve strings. The costumes were so pretty, and the whole thing exceptionally well done.

JAN 31 1941

Dr. Liu En-lan had a splendid geography exhibit on a Sunday morning a short time ago. There was much interest in the maps and charts which were very fine. There were a few cartoons interspersed for variety. A very pretty pictorial map showed the areas in China where silk, tung oil, and citrus fruit are produced. Others showed the division of Europe in 1914, 1918, and at the present time. Another gave the petroleum output of different countries, another the exports, and so on. Over five hundred attended the exhibit, and the visitors studied the maps with much interest. The Ministry of Education (the Science branch) have asked En-lan to cooperate with them in preparing photographs of these charts and maps and having them printed along with the explanatory text in book form for the use of higher middle school students. They will provide a person to do the work and wish En-lan to do the supervising.

News in Brief

Miss Irma Highbaugh is in Chengtu for the Methodist Conference having first attended the Evaluation Committee meeting at Tzechow.

We had an air raid on December 30th when three or nine (various reports as to number of planes) Japanese bombers came making for the south air field. Some damage was done to planes in the process of being assembled, and a commercial plane which could not take off when the alarm sounded because it needed repairs was destroyed. There have been several warnings recently, I should say first warnings, but we have not heard what places were visited.

Alice Settlemyer and Florence Kirk plan to go to Jenshow for the second half of the winter vacation project, that is, the country work. Liu En-lan plans to go for the first part, and will do some special work with some of her geography students.

Miss Graves has had a bad time recently with teeth and Dr. Jean Millar, her physician, is taking her into the city for a week to have a real rest.

Faculty are not able to go far away this vacation because travel expenses are so high.

Mid-year student recitals were held on two evenings last week.

Esther Rhodes is arranging to give a class in music appreciation for faculty on Sunday evenings next term. We are looking forward to it very much, and Esther says it will make her read and study in order to be able to give it to us.

Hu Shih-tsang teaches in four different places one morning each week in giving four lessons.

Four students graduate this winter vacation. One, Hsiung Ya-na, is going to Jenshow to help Wei Dzen-dze start a new center at the request of one of the hsien officials.

January 13, 1941

Lillian J. Kirk

0916

June 11, 1942

Re: Miss Lillian Kirk

From a letter from Dr. Wu Yi-fang, President of Ginling College, Chengtu, Szechuan, China, to Mr. C. A. Evans, Treasurer of Ginling College, dated October 16, 1941.

"Miss Alice Settlemyer has kindly offered to help me with letters this morning because Miss Lillian Kirk has been kept from work by illness."

From a letter from Dr. Wu Yi-fang to Mrs. W. S. How, President Wu's personal representative in America, dated January 7, 1942, from Chengtu, Szechuan, China.

"Miss Lillian Kirk is still kept in bed because she is not able to throw off the fever. This means that through this whole term I have had no English secretary. Take for instance this morning, it is the kind offer of Ettie Chin that I am able to dictate some letters. Miss Kirk has another doctor now and I do hope that she may get well in the near future."

From a letter from Dr. Wu Yi-fang to Miss Helen Calder, sister of the former President of Ginling College, dated January 30, 1942, from Chengtu, Szechuan.

"My English secretary (Miss Lillian Kirk) has been sick ever since August 1st."

From a letter from Dr. Wu Yi-fang to Dr. Cora Reeves, former faculty member of Ginling College, dated February 4, 1942, from Chengtu, Szechuan, China.

"Lillian Kirk worked hard through the hot month of July and went to the hospital to have her tonsils out August 1st. Just after getting well from that a temperature started and she hasn't been able to throw it off. It is not high but it is exasperating when the doctors cannot seem to locate the cause. Doctor Lennox is taking care of her since January 1st and he thinks he has found a real clue. We do hope she will be well very soon. She is with the Sparlings."

1941

0917

731 - 4th Avenue (c/o Albert A. Kirk)
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada
August 9, 1943

Dear Friends:

How nice to be saying "Hello" to my friends from this continent! Delays on the trip home were so lengthy and so numerous that I wondered sometimes if I wouldn't have to settle down more or less permanently in one of the countries on the other side of the Pacific. Eight and a half months for the trip home from China is a record as far as I know (Florence made it in a month in 1941), and not being able to work for more than a year previous to my starting out it seems as though I hadn't done anything useful for quite a long time. I am glad to say I gained strength - and a great deal of weight - on my "ocean cruise" and am feeling much better than a year ago.

My memories of the eleven-hour plane trip from Chungking to Calcutta are anything but pleasant except for the magnificent view (from 18,000 feet) of the Himalayas at sunrise with range after range of snow-clad peaks glinting in the sunshine. I believe this was the very "highest" highlight of the whole trip although the ocean in a storm can almost come up to it. Even though it was early November, Calcutta was sweltering and we saw numerous buffalo collapsed in the street. After the rain and cold of Chungking, it seemed pretty awful to us and of course the way we were clad did not help. You no doubt have heard of the layers of clothes people wear on the plane in order to get things in or out of China. I did not have on nineteen layers as one lady I know of did but I did wear a woolen suit and a light coat and carried another coat. Calcutta claimed us for two weeks while visas and passports were attended to but I did not feel equal to doing anything in the way of sightseeing. I must tell you one amusing thing which happened to us while there. When we were settling up at the swank hotel we stopped at until we found a mission which kindly took us in, we discovered that the servant who half-heartedly looked after our needs was a "personal" servant and of course was not satisfied with the ordinary tip we were going to give him. He claimed he told us when we arrived but I have a feeling that not even the heat or exhaustion of going through customs would make us slip up on a thing like that. With the prospect of getting a boat in Bombay the beginning of December, three of us started out by train for Agra, Delhi, and Central India.

I know I am expected to say that the Taj Mahal set in a garden of cypress trees with its screens and panels of pierced marble and inlay of precious stones was the most beautiful thing of the trip but it seemed to me too elaborate, too perfect. I saw it by moonlight too when it is supposed to be most beautiful. The large central dome is encased in bamboo and some protective covering "for the duration". Some people seemed to think me a bit queer when I told them I preferred the old fort. With its red sandstone walls seventy feet high, ramparts one and a half miles long, maze of courtyards, elephant stables, jasmine tower, pearl mosque and rosewater baths, it was a fascinating and intensely interesting place. On the plains of Delhi where seven cities have risen and been destroyed now stands a splendid city with some beautiful modern sections. Much of the country between Delhi and Central India is semi-desert. It was here we saw caravans of camels, thirty or more with heads tied to the tail of the one in front. We were told the reason for the supercilious appearance of the camel. The Indian has ninety-nine names for Mohammed; the camel knows one hundred. No part of India

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has the swept-clean look of China and the people did not seem as thrifty, as cheerful or as patient as the Chinese. We saw a bit of rural India at Ratlam where I visited a few days with Mildred Cates and Florence Gruchy, both University of Saskatchewan graduates. Then on to Bombay where we waited - and waited - and from where we did not like to move for fear a boat should turn up suddenly.

It is difficult to give my impressions of India even after a stay of four months there. Along with its superstitions and caste problems, there seems to be a mental lethargy and certainly progress is slow and there is much unrest. Independence for their country is the thought uppermost in the minds of many Indians and some are quite frank in saying they could not see a workable plan for the future because none of the groups are willing to compromise.

Bombay is a fascinating place with its amazing variety of costumes and headdress. Some of the things which stand out in my memory are the richly-clad Parsees (the women always in silk), the veiled Mohammedan women, the splendid looking Sikhs, the Hindus with their earrings and painted emblems on foreheads, the travelling beggar orchestras in uniform, the sacred cows wandering at will helping themselves to bananas or cabbages or whatever they fancied in the food stalls and only turned away with a gentle slap if they became too demanding (some are led about by women of the sweeper class carrying a handful of grass and to gain special recognition from the gods one buys a wisp of hay and feeds it to the animal), sleek bullocks with gilded horns and hooves and painted spots over their bodies trotting along like ponies with their loaded carts, laundrymen beating their clothes on stone slabs, educated Indians with their beautiful, precise English, tailors squatting cross-legged in front of legless sewing machines, Gandhi's followers recognizable by their coarse white cotton caps, and the cartloads of bananas. I could go on indefinitely but I guess this is a good place to stop. Visits to the Haffkine Institute where the special attraction was seeing snake venom being extracted, an exhibition of Indian dancing, the Towers of Silence - great circular walled places where the Parsees place their dead so the vultures may eat the flesh, and the ritual of a Hindu baby getting its bath were all most interesting.

Mealtimes in India were very peculiar and each place we visited had a different schedule. I will tell you of just one. We had "little breakfast" served on a tray in our bedrooms at seven o'clock consisting of fresh fruit (usually a banana and a custard apple), toast, jam and tea. At ten-thirty we had "big breakfast" with porridge, an egg or fish dish, toast, jam, coffee and fresh fruit. Tea came at four o'clock when we had the usual afternoon tea things along with a salad or stewed fruit and cottage cheese. The last meal of the day was dinner at eight when we had everything from soup to nuts. The bananas, buffalo milk, fish, chicken, coffee, pineapple and other delicacies tasted so good after being so long without them. We had a Christmas afternoon picnic at the beach with the American Methodist group who were so very good to us during our stay in Bombay.

In between shopping and sight-seeing tours we called on shipping companies and most of them told us that freighters were not allowed to take single women and that there was no passenger boat in sight. Some contemplated temporary marriages with men going home and some who had permanents were accused of "setting their caps". Towards the end of February, a Saturday morning about eleven o'clock, word came that one

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Canadian could leave the next morning at eight. Imagine waiting four months and then not having longer than that to do the final packing! I was the fortunate one in getting off on this boat but as it turned out those who started a month later were home one week before me. Our ship had engine trouble. It seemed to be the only one in those waters with women on it and when other ships came near enough the sailors would wave frantically, sometimes using their blankets, and we used anything we could get our hands on to wave back. Passengers numbered ten, four women and six men. The men passengers were all members of the army or navy. The ship was a sort of "International House" with thirteen nationalities, chiefly European. Our captain was an unusual man, a Norwegian born in Greece, educated in Spain, nine months a prisoner in Germany and he wants to become an American citizen. The officers' dining-room where we ate had four tables for four, two chesterfields back to back down the centre and it also served as smoking-room, reading and card room. Fifty times round the deck made a mile. On two sides we had to walk single file and at two corners duck under stairways. When it rained there was not a dry spot anywhere but I made a practice of going out for an hour no matter how bad the storm. Food was plentiful and good. Besides three meals at eight, twelve and five we could have morning and afternoon coffee and we regularly raided the ice-box at night.

In Australia the captain went ashore to arrange for the taking on of supplies and came back about three hours later with word that the ship would have to pull into dock because it was too stormy to bring out eggs. When the surveyors (engineering) got talking matters over, they decided to do some repairs and we stayed three weeks. The Australians told us that being "way down under" they did not see many travelers. Off again and south into cold, stormy weather. We never tired watching the albatross, some with a wing-spread of seventeen feet. Their effortless flight was like a poem and they seemed tireless although we did see them sitting on the water occasionally, having conferences, we said. We just crossed the international date line when our engines stopped completely for several hours. How many of you have had the experience of having two Good Fridays and no Easter Sunday? You perhaps have already guessed that we turned back and you are quite right - to New Zealand where a cookie is a "biscuit" and movies are "flicks" and where the people are so friendly and so healthy-looking. I fell quite in love with the country and can quite understand why so many of the marines want to go back there to live. They have a splendid social security scheme with pensions, free medicines and hospital treatment, a forty-hour week, state designing and building of houses, etc. There are practically no illiterates and it is possible to go from kindergarten through university without paying a penny in fees. Social invitations during our three-week stay became so numerous that we had to be firm and refuse many of them. At last the ship was ready to make a fresh start and we got just across the date line again when our engines stopped. Some thought the bump was too much for the ship! This time we had two Thursdays and no Saturday. Back again to New Zealand and when the captain found we might be held up for some time he suggested that we make arrangements to trans-ship. Four of us, two women and two men, got passage on a naval ship. What a difference in the two ships! We now had to carry life belts with us all day and have them handy at night. There was no leaving them under the bed to be brought out for the occasional Sunday morning drill. We ate cafeteria style from metal trays divided into compartments. What work was done in bedrooms was done by the occupants. Regulations were strict with punishments listed for those who

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disobeyed. It was interesting to have traveled on the two types of ships and the naval ship got us home in a hurry even though it did not always keep to a straight course.

Home at last after spending four months on boats. I think now that I will be content to spend the rest of my life on land. I am enjoying the lovely grass and trees of Evanston, the pretty things in the stores, the new ways of packaging food stuffs and the new materials. So far I have no plans other than visiting my family. When I am ready for work perhaps something will turn up. I have been getting such nice replies from letters I wrote to families of the crew on the freighter. Some had not heard from their sons for more than a year. I hope this letter will make up in part for the way I have neglected you, and please do write. With good wishes to you,

Lillian J. Kirk

Dear Friends, much-neglected:

It is good to have Lillian here, looking remarkably well after her adventurous six years in China and on the high seas. She has spurred me on to add a little to her account of the journey home. For my infrequent letters to you, I have only the old excuse - work.

I am finishing up what have been for me two delightful years of concentrated study, summers included, at Northwestern. One big hurdle - the "orals" - is over: the three-hour oral examination with nine professors to find out what one does not know. My last examination will be on my dissertation in early October. Now I am spending full time trying to get it in order. It has been a most interesting piece of research, a critical edition of The Faithful Shepherdes by John Fletcher (about 1610). If my thesis is accepted, I shall be finished, and my doctorate degree awarded next June. The English Department here has been all that is helpful and inspiring. The fellowships granted for last year and this summer have helped to balance the ever-troublesome budget.

After my dissertation exam., I shall go to Canada for a month - and I hope longer - before starting back to China. The Canadian government has promised me a visa, and our Ginling College Board in New York are working at the problem of getting me a passage, not an easy thing these days. We have cheery accounts of life in Chengtu where I shall be returning, but inflation makes life increasingly difficult. The general price level in May was 62 times normal; that means that a man's suit would cost \$200 in U. S. Currency, and shoes \$45. Our salaries have been adjusted to meet the situation, but there must be many Chinese who cannot get any such adjustment. It is fortunate that Chengtu is on a very fertile plain where most vegetables and fruits are available, but they say everything is very expensive, even if grown at one's door.

Today we expect Gordon from Florida to visit us. He is coming north for a holiday, and to save Lillian a hard trip south to hot damp weather. His Range Experimental Station is making real progress.

With all good wishes,

Lillian J. Kirk

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731 - 4th Avenue
Saskatoon, Canada
May 29, 1944.

Dear Mrs. Mills,

The enclosed letter from Florence came just a few moments ago and I hasten to get it off to you immediately. Apparently the trip has been very pleasant although longer than they anticipated. I hope the wait in Durban will not be a long one. We heard a few days ago of some sixty odd missionaries who chartered a boat to take them to India from Durban when getting passage through regular channels seemed hopeless.

I wish to thank you for sending me the news of giving. I appreciate it very much and I shall be happy to make a contribution to the College when I am able to resume work once more. Getting well is a slow process! I am taking a part-time course in shorthand and typing and if this goes along alright I hope to begin work in earnest by fall.

Please excuse this hasty note.

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Lillian G. Kirk

June 6, 1944

Miss Lillian Kirk
731 - 4th Avenue North
Saskatoon, Sask.
Canada

Dear Miss Kirk:

Thank you for forwarding to me so promptly the letter from Florence. From Mr. Evans I learn that you have had a cable with still later news. I am happy indeed to know that she is at least as far along as Africa, and perhaps by now she may be on her way to India or already there. It will be a happy day when we hear that she is safely on the campus in Chengtu.

I had a letter from Dr. Wu a day or two ago. She wrote cheerfully of conditions at the College, saying that she found things going better than she had dared to hope.

I am glad to know that you are improving in health and sincerely hope that you will be completely well again soon. You have certainly had a long hard pull and I do hope that better days are just ahead.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

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July 6, 1944

Miss Lillian Kirk
731 - 4th Avenue North
Saskatoon, Sask.
Canada

Dear Miss Kirk:

Yesterday we had the following cable from Florence:
"LEAVING SOUTHAFRICA ENJOYED DURBAN BUT GLAD TO BE TRAVELLING
PLEASE LET LILLIAN KNOW BEST WISHES LOVE - FLORENCE KIRK".

It is good news to us to know that she is at last on her way to India. I hope that she will not be unduly delayed there and will be able to reach Chengtu in time to have a bit of rest before college opens. I am sure she has enjoyed the trip since she always gets so much zest out of anything she is doing, but I am also sure that she will be glad to reach her journey's end. We will keep you informed of any news that comes from her.

I hope that all goes well with you and that your strength is returning.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

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February 3, 1945

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Miss Lillian Kirk

Dear Miss Kirk:
We had this most interesting letter from Florence recently and are sending it to the former faculty and alumnae in America. Florence asked particularly that you be sent a copy, which of course we would do in any case.

February 3, 1945

7-11-45

Miss Lillian Kirk
715 Landsdowne Avenue
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

Miss Lillian Kirk
715 Landsdowne Avenue
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

Dear Miss Kirk:

We had this most interesting letter from Florence recently and are sending it to the former faculty and alumnae in America. Florence asked particularly that you be sent a copy, which of course we would do in any case.

We decided to leave one paragraph out of Florence's letter as we did not think it was the best sort of publicity to spread about too generally. For your information, however, I am including it in this letter to you:

"The furor started two or three weeks ago in connection with a mess in one of the Middle Schools in the city. The first I heard of it was when I was eating Chinese lunch in the main ('First') dormitory, and a girl from that Middle School came to talk to our girls to get their support in a situation in which they thought there had been real injustice. It was easy to see that our girls were moved, for they came out of the main dining-room to finish their meal with tears in their eyes. As we sat there, the speakers came into the room where we were, and immediately they were surrounded five deep by our girls who were much agitated. Well, for days, the students in this area were much upset; there were meetings, and processions, and much discussion. A piece of grey brick wall was plastered each day with new posters, on vari-colored paper, green, yellow, orange, blue, speaking very pointedly about the whole situation. What the actual situation was, it was hard to see, but the general feeling seemed to be that injustice had been done. The situation was dealt with with dispatch, and in a few days, the affair quieted down. A significant thing to us was the emotion aroused in the students, and we felt then how good it would be if only we could have some normal outlet for them."

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Miss Lillian Kirk

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February 3, 1945

I hope that you are steadily improving in health and that life goes smoothly and interestingly for you.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

February 3, 1945

Enclosures: Florence Kirk's letter of Sept. 25, 1944 and letter of November 25, 1944.

Miss Lillian Kirk
115 Lombwood Avenue
Buckhorn, Sask., Canada

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We decided to leave one paragraph out of Florence's letter as we did not think it was the best sort of publicity to spread about her generally. For your information, however, I am including it in this letter to you:

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2-715 Lansdowne Avenue
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
March 27th, 1945.

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills
Ginling College Office
150 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

I am very grateful to you for sending me the copies of Florence's letters, the Ginling News and other material about China. It seems as though I just cannot get enough news about what is happening in that part of the world. I have been very tardy in writing to thank you but I do want you to know that any news of China is most welcome. It must be very difficult to carry on with regular work when students are worried about enlisting, staff is so hard to get, prices so high and recently the evacuation problem always in the back of their minds.

I was distressed to hear of Dr. Wu's prolonged illness and I hope that Florence's next letter will give better news of her.

May I ask your assistance in locating two friends of mine, Mary Virginia Price and Lydia Reich? I had been told that Mary Virginia was at Women's College, University of North Carolina but a Christmas letter sent to that address was returned to me. Lydia Reich, formerly of Tsingtao, is a member of the Lutheran Mission. If you would give me the New York addresses of the Lutheran and Southern Presbyterian Missions, I would be greatly obliged.

I was interested to read in the Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury that your daughter had received a scholarship from Columbia University. It is fine that Mr. Mills has reached China safely.

I am very much disappointed at the way I am progressing in the matter of health. I tried half-time work last fall but had to give it up. Perhaps for a week or so I'll feel fairly well and then I have a set-back for no apparent reason. I'm hoping for a real rejuvenation with the spring weather.

Sincerely yours,

Lillian Kirk

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April 5, 1945

Miss Lillian Kirk
2-715 Lansdowne Avenue
Saskatoon, Sask.
Canada

Dear Miss Kirk:

Thank you for your letter of March 27th. We are always glad to hear from you, but are very sorry indeed that this letter brings rather disappointing word about your health. I hope that the summer will be kind to you and that by fall you will really be completely well again.

Florence is certainly a joy to me! The news that she sends from Ginling is invaluable to us, and her good spirits and enthusiasm ~~is~~ always delightful. What a tower of strength she must be on the Chengtu campus!

You will be interested to know, if you have not already heard it, that Dr. Wu is to be one of China's ten representatives at the San Francisco Conference. This is a high honor indeed, and of course Ginling is basking in the reflected glory. We hear that she started from Chungking yesterday, by plane of course, and should therefore be in America before very long. We have heard nothing in detail about her plans, but I am assuming that she will be in New York at least sometime during her stay in America.

Mary Virginia Price is now a junior at William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Va. I am sure that that is all the address you will need for her. We do not have an address for Miss Reich in the office, but I find the New York address for the American Mission U.L. C.A. Board is 231 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

All best wishes,

Cordially yours,

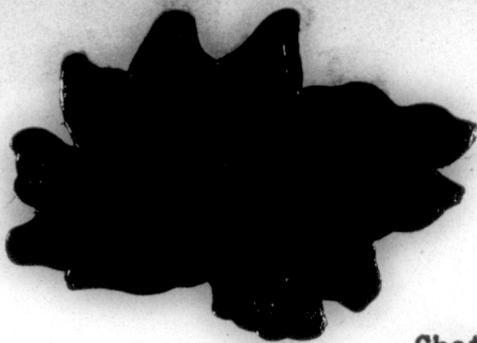
CSM:ef

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

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Kirk
Lillian



Chateau Laurier, Ottawa,
December 19, 1946.

Dear Friend:

Once again I am making use of a mimeographed letter - the method while in China - to send you greetings. I had hoped to write each one of you a personal letter but that plan had to be put aside when I accepted a position with the Hospital Services Planning Commission in Regina. There were just three days in which to pack - the last three days in November - and you will understand it was no easy task when I had to sort articles to take to Regina, to Ottawa, to leave for my successor and to put away in trunks. I had one day in Regina before coming on here to do some coding work with the Dominion Vital Statistics Branch. The work is very interesting and it is good to be back at it even though I am finding it difficult after my long vacation.

Now a little news about members of the family for those of you who know them. Albert moved from Swift Current to Kerrobert in July. He is Agricultural Representative for that district. Gordon and Bessie had a few weeks in Saskatchewan in the summer, making the trip to and from Florida by plane. Florence, when she last wrote early in November, was happy over the arrival of the freight boat from Chengtu. It was started off last February so that it would be in Nanking in plenty of time for school opening! When it didn't arrive, enough texts had to be bought and borrowed to go on with. A suitcase of warm clothing, coffee, soap, etc. I had sent her with folk returning to China had also arrived so she was feeling very rich indeed.

Ottawa is a lovely city, but everyone tells me I am not seeing it at its best, that is, in regard to weather. There is certainly variety - everything from gentle rain right through to a sixty-three mile an hour gale and a howling blizzard.

I will be back in Regina for the New Year and my address there will be 2344 Athol Street.

My very best wishes for Christmas and a Healthy, Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours very sincerely,

Lillian J. Kirk

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