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PRIVATE

April 28, 1927

Dear Faculty members, Alumnae, and Fellow-students:

Greetings:

Things change as the weather. We never can be certain of anything. But,now, things seem to go a little steadier, as to us, as a committee unanimously, that things would stand as they are, and we are not expecting any radical change as long as Chiang Kai-sheh is here. We could not stand to let you poor folks stay in the dark any more, where you are only able to look at us through an opaque glass and see only the shadowns. We dare not say that we feel we can see the thing through, and we do not dare to declare to be prophetesses, yet we thought it only fair to inform you of the whole situation as we see it, and what we think of it at present.

It is absolutely true that Nanking has been threatened by cannonade at Pukow and bombs dropped from the Northern air-plane and also by the rumor that the C. P. is intending to come in. But,you all know, that rumors used to go ten times, a hundred times and even a thousand times worse than the real fact. We are told again and again by different people working in the central council of the government that the question of the Northerners at Pukow is no question at all. Many of them have surrendered, only the Russians are fighting as hard as they can. But as the people have all moved away, they do not seem to have enough to eat. It seems impossible for them to stand it any longer, unless they can get some sort of relief, which seems very improbable. Of course they could not surrender all at the same time, for they are too many, and also the Southerners do not allow the Russians to surrender, so of course they would fight and try to struggle for existence as long as they still have some cannon balls. But their source of supply is cut off; you can imagine how much they may accomplish at the end. As to the bombs from the air-planes, the Northerners only tried it once and it proved to be very unsuccessful. The Southerners also have air-planes. There has been no sign of amy more attempts again.

As to the question of the C.P., they are doing terrible work at Wu-han and Changsha, but to say that they will come to Nanking, it seems they are just taking the moon in water. For Gen. Swen and Djang of the North do hate the C.P. to the core if they are really coming the Northerners would rather support the K.M.P. and as a matter of fact the C.P. really could not come. First, people's hearts are going away from them. They do not have the support of the people. Second, it seems there is a split within their own group already. However we have just heard that they have already arrived at Hwang Chow between Hankow and Kiukiang.

As to the international question, if war develops, it seems we will be in the same sort of fate no matter where we are in China.

As to horrible rumors there are plenty of them, and people do get excited at time, but people always do and they seem to enjoy doing it. Chiang Kai-sheh has declared in the Mass meeting the other day that Nanking must stand as the Capital for it is the place

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where Dr. Sun was aiming at because of its geographical importance and historical background. He would fight for Nanking to the last minute. As to the reliability of this declaration it depends upon individual trusts and individual opinions. To us, as a committee, we believe there is a great deal of truth in what he said. In other words, we believe he meant it. We dare not say Nanking will be a safe place to stay from now on. Threatenings we may have. Allow us to repeat again that we are not prophetesses; we are stating only possibilities. You all know the saying, "Hope for the best;prepare for the worst". There are a great many things that are making us feel rather optimistic and we are encouraged and dare to hope for the best, but of course we would also prepare for the worst, and wish you too would prepare for the worst yet hope for the best in what we are thinking to do for the future.

So much for the general political situation, now let us come down to our College. Winds seem to turn in our favor in these days. When the former group was here what we heard every day was "down, down, down with this and down with that", but since this group came into control the tune has been changed to "support" rather than down. Visitors to our College all show appreciation toward the College and desire to wish the College to carry on. Lecturers and speakers all give us the impression that Ginling is rather looked up to and has the confidence of a great many people. However, the present group seems to trust College people more than they do high school people. They believe education, experience, and age do count. Of course we do not want to flatter ourselves and feel that we will be all right then. And we also realize that we can not absolutely trust the words of the people whom we do not know very well. Some would say there may be other motives behind their friendliness. But we never can suspect other's motives and we really do not have the right to suspect. Why not trust in the goodness of men and have confidence in our own enterprises.

What we fear most is the student Union. It is undergoing a series of changes and reorganizing at present. The government is doing its best to eliminate the C.P. members and other disturbing factors. It is still in the process of making. What will come out of it, we have no way to know. It all depends upon the factors that are the strongest. If we do not come out to have a say or to have a vote at least, in the process of making, while we are trusted and looked up to, I do not see how we have the right to criticize and to complain about its shortcomings later. People are looking forward to the reorganization of the Student Union with zealous anticipation for it is going to take a big place in the hostory of the future. What ought we Ginlingers to do at this critical moment? If we try to be active, of course we would not expect any easy time, but if we let difficulties bar our way to do our duty, it seems most ridiculous.

Moreover, the reasons which have been causing the down-fall of schools are not external ones but internal ones, so far as we know. As you all agree with us, that we the Ginlingers as a group, Foreigners and Chinese, students and faculty, have always been bound together by that loving family spirit which is peculiarly ours. We admit frankly we do have small grievances at times, but that is common to human nature and really never amounts to anything, and the reason of their appearance is always in the fact that we were wishing

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for the best for each other. Don't you all agree with us that we can be spared from this factor for a down-fall? Another factor is the problem of the servants. Things have been going like this for about a month, and our servants have kept steady and faithful even when the radicals were here. Why should we fear any more at present than before?

We are told that the University boys are coming back more and more day by day. They have about two hundred boys at present. We are not using this fact to urge any of our fellow students to come back, yet it certainly assured us that probably Nanking is not in tragic danger. Fellow students there is opportunity opened for us to serve our nation in such a splendid way. Can you afford to miss it? Again, we are not urging you to come back, we are just wondering. Things do seem to turn in our favor only there are only a few of us here. We are weak. We need more physical strength and more brains.

I want to share with you what one of my friends wrote and wonder what you think of it. I hope my friend will forgive me for doing this.

"I do believe that if we act in honesty and sincerity God will guide us through to a fuller understanding than seems possible at first. One of the big troubles in the present situation is that individuals are bound not only by their own sins and shortcomings but by the cooperate sins of the communities and nations to which we bebng -- and from which we can not free ourselves, if we would take any active part in affairs at all; and if we would serve our day and generation we must be active, and not merely passive.

It seems to me that it is just here that being a Christian ought to help us - for Christ accepted responsibilities for that which he personally had no share -- that is sin -- and ~~if we too~~ if we would follow Him we have got to accept responsibilities not only for our own sin (we can not help ourselves there) but for the sins of the group to which we belong; and in which so far as intention goes -- we often have no share. Because if Christ's teaching is true, it is only those who accept responsibility for sin, and who yet do not identify themselves completely with it who can help to get rid of it. To identify yourself with what is wrong is to be a sinner, to stand on one side of the affairs of the world and refuse to have anything to do with them because there is so much wrong there -- is to become an onlooker -- a Pharisee a useless thing. Christ's way is the only way --- but it is the way of the cross."

Dear fellow-students we beg you to understand that we are talking for to-day for we dare not guarantee for the morrow, but as members of the Ginling family and as loyal citizens of China, we certainly do trust you will do what you think is best and right. Let us repeat again that we dare not guarantee safety in Nanking. We do trust you are prepared to do the thing which you consider

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is your duty and the fulfilment of it will make you feel equal to our name as a Chinese citizen and as a true follower of Christ.

In honesty and in sincerity,

The Temporary Administrative Committee at Nanking

(per Liu En-lan) Acting secretary.

P.S. We do hope that this will not sound like a sermon for we do not intend to preach.

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Confidential. Not for publication.

REALITIES IN AN UNREAL WORLD

Extracts from a Journal Kept at Ginling

August 18—September 8, 1927

[Ginling closed her year in quiet triumph over dangers and difficulties on August first when the whole class of 1927 had their Commencement and were given their well-earned diplomas. The student group dropped from 102 who had been working in the summer session to a little group of about 20 college girls who stayed on to hold the college home through the vacation days. Up to the middle of August they were reinforced by the summer school group of Middle School girls and a number of alumnae who had been teaching in this summer school. Then came the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek and disorder threatened to engulf Ginling. There were three attempts in one week to take possession of the buildings and in one case signs were up designating particular buildings for officers, and others for lesser personages. The guardians of the Purple House stood firm, summoned their friends in the government and the danger was averted. A letter written on August 24th gives the report of their victory.—"Again, I want to assure you that Ginling has been living on miracles . . . . Have faith, Ginling will live on miracles in the future. God surely will do what is best and we must be ready to help . . . . I have come to the conclusion that leading a life in this world, the best way is just to go ahead and be doing. When help is needed, help will come by itself. You don't need to calculate and calculate long beforehand for help. There is no use to worry about the world or be distressed by all its wrongs. Just go ahead and do what is best in His sight; our hearts will be at peace though the world is not." The story of these days is told in a Journal and the words of the writer are the text of what follows. Some editorial comments or summaries are indicated by the brackets.]

Conversing with men in uniforms and men in politics about Ginling buildings day after day, eventually there was nothing but these words ringing in our minds: "No, the buildings of a learning institution for women in China must not be destroyed." We have determined not to see the end of these buildings, if we could help.

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Day in and day out, the word "soldier" became a sting on our nerves, the mere sound of the word would make us shiver with pain.

It was at about 2 a.m. in the night of August 18th, half dreaming and half waking I heard Miss Yang coming into my room. "Listen, listen to the soldiers," I heard her say. I jumped out of bed. I held my breath. I dared not look out from the window fearing to see the horrible sight of a campus flooding with soldiers, but insisted asking her, "What, what?" "Listen to the cannonade," she repeated. Ah, now I am waking up. She did not ask me to listen to the soldiers but to listen to the cannonade. Tears of relief rolled down my cheeks while I was following her to the porch in the dark. We listened. The cannonade sounded quite near. We thought that the Northerners would enter the city before day breaking.

[Then follows an account of a hurried effort to put out of the way various documents and emblems of a political character likely to cause trouble if Northern soldiers came in to the city. Some were hidden, others burned. Part of the money in the safe was removed and put in some less obvious place. All preparations were made for looting.]

Breakfast was over. No Northerners arrived yet. Nothing new was developed. I began to feel that all we did in the night was a nightmare. I could not believe myself. But the heap of ashes and the absence of certain possessions affirmed me that the horrible business we have done in the night was real.

Early in the morning, servants were sent to the hospital to carry back a student who has been sick with dysentery for about two weeks. The patients were left alone, the doctors have fled. The houses around the Drum Tower were mostly occupied by defeating soldiers. The Northerners have captured Pu-kow. People seemed to have lost their minds. They all felt that they must leave the place where they are. They all must flee. The streets were full of exciting people running back and forth. Life, then was really very unpleasant indeed.

The 19th was a comparatively quiet day. Besides the cannonade sounded at Hsia-kwan and Pu-kow, there seemed to be no new excitement. We went out in the morning. The slogans written in big characters on white cloths which have been hanging across the streets for days, weeks and months were taken down. No new slogans were found. Nothing new could be seen except soldiers, soldiers and soldiers.

[Going out on the twentieth "coffins—cheap white coffins" are seen and new graves are being made on Wu-tai-shan—pestilence is taking its toll as well as war, for cholera has broken out in the city. Each night brings back the terror.] The night seemed to be endlessly long. . . . At last, the sun rose. We regained our mental equilibrium. Our schemes of flight gradually evaporated with the morning dew.

The 21st was Sunday. "We spent most of the morning with the Victrola and had a Vesper service in the evening in the chapel. Thus the day was gone and the miserable night made her appearance again." [On Monday night, just before time for the lights to go out, the sick girl died. Lights were kept on till 1 a.m. and the last services were rendered by her college sisters and the three alumnae—one of them Dr. Liu.]

The body was washed and dressed. Windows were shut and door locked. We retired. But Oh, the howling wind! the unceasing rain! the cracking windows and doors! the restless curtains! and the wild cannonade! The more I desired to go to sleep, the wider I was awake. I saw the dead, so weak, so thin, so pale. How she suffered! I saw her aged parents and her helpless younger sisters and brothers. How they grieved at their loss! I saw the battlefield. How the men fell after each firing! I saw the wounded, the parentless children, the childless aged parents, the homeless, and the wayfarers who were driven out from their good works. The poverty of the people and the expense of war. One after another these mental pictures tortured me. Suffering upon suffering, what does it mean? Why should men make it so much harder for another man to live? I could not grasp the meaning of any of these pictures. Fear gripped me. I felt as if I was left alone in a wilderness with tigers and lions.

The first question in the morning was the question of the coffin. The next one was that of the burial ground. We did not know what her family would say. Communication is difficult and we did not want to wait for a long time. Some suggested to put the coffin in a temple first, then messengers were sent out to look for a temple. Alas! all the temples were occupied by soldiers. Only one temple said they could take it in spite of the soldiers, provided that we are willing to pay a rent of $12 per month. No, judging from myself, I would hate to be put in a temple if I were dead, so I hate to send another person into one. Fortunately, we got help from our friends that the question was decided in the afternoon that she would go to the Presbyterian cemetery on Tsing-liang Shan, but she would be put above ground in a small room, so in case her family want her to go home, she could be easily removed. There was a memorial service at 3.30 p.m., in which Pastor Li of the Methodist church was the speaker. Some of her friends told us a little of her personal history. Flowers and wreaths were presented by her classmates. After the service we went to the cemetery and chose a very good place for her. The coffin arrived after 5 p.m. Oh, these pall-bearers thought we were horrible. We were piling sin after sin upon the dead by not doing things properly for her. They felt deeply sorry for the dead by being dead away from home and to be neglected by these careless youngsters in many ways. How could she cross the river to Heaven! They were then allowed to have a free hand to do what they thought was proper,

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so that they felt better and we were satisfying our curiosity. The pillow had to be put in a certain way, and there has to be a window on the ceiling which was just a piece of purple cloth under the cover. When all was ready one of us was asked to hit three times on the first nail. I did not understand one thing about it but it was very interesting. By 6 a.m. the next morning out from the gate by the electric plant we sent her up the hill. There she lies, free from harm and worry. What a sweet rest!"

On the 24th some of the students, of whom about twenty had re-remained at the college, decided to leave. The cannonade continued. On the afternoon the next day, August 25th, while the cannonade was roaring wild, the girls left for Nanchang came back again. One of the girls was so frightened that she got sick for two days. For a cannon ball fell into the room where they were having their dinner at noon. Fortunately it fell on a cotton pad on a bed beside them. How narrow was their escape! They told us horrible stories. How the streets are deserted at Hsia-kwan! How people were killed! How women and children were wounded! The cannons on Tsing-liang Shan began to work too at supper time. The earth shook at each firing. What did it mean, we knew not, but we got excited just the same. Some of the girls moved into the faculty house that night, so we may meet our fate together. As I lay in bed pondering at these mysteries, I could not understand one thing about it. I was lost in a sea of doubt and bewilderment. I could not help asking God in my talk to Him, "O God, what do these sufferings mean?" I was not afraid that anything might happen to us for my instinct told me we would be all right. But how about these poor folks who do suffer. I recalled the words of a friend when she was telling me how Christianity is bound up with the belief of the redemptive value of suffering—if that suffering is rightly understood and borne: "It does not explain why there is suffering, but it does show what suffering may accomplish and perhaps that is all we can or need to know." Oh, the question left for us is how to help to understand and to bear the suffering rightly. I am perfectly satisfied not to know why. I think by this time I comprehend—a little of the truth revealed in the lines by Goethe:

> Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
> Who never spent the midnight hours
> Weeping and waiting for the morrow,
> He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

Wang Ching-wei was said to be in the city by the twenty-fourth. But so far we have seen no sign of the presence of the Wu-han government except the dispute going on in the local papers arguing back and forth in regard to the division and reunion of the Wu-han and Nanking government. Again, how disheartening! There is also a dispute between the First and the Seventh Armies,—the former being

under the leadership of Ho Ying-ching and the latter Li Tsung-ren. It was said that the former has already left for Chekiang.

On August, the 26th, the cannons were still roaring. No matter what happens we have decided to hold on. We have no intention to flee. That was settled and we felt quite restful. We began to face that wild noise with an attitude of indifference . . . . [The Northerners were known to be holding Tsi-hsia-shan, a place only twenty minutes away on the railroad. Again, there was the fear of soldiers coming in and looking for signs of sympathy with Nationalists. Lights were out at 8.30 p.m. for aeroplanes were being used. Sleep brought release and morning dawned. A quiet day followed and two of the alumnae went out to see what had happened. There is a description of the streets through which they passed.] How beautiful that walk has been! But now, now, how awful! These wastes! These flies! . . . . Each street is worse off than the one that precedes it. I dared not to look down. Breathing became a bother to me. No wonder there is the epidemic of cholera in the city. Under such circumstances, why not? . . . . We saw the mobilization of soldiers in the city, but they are by no means well organized. [Everyone expected that the city would be turned over to Sun Chuan-fang, the Northern general but people were afraid to talk about the war on the street.] We walked home by the back hill, just for the sake of walking. We passed one new grave after another. I wondered how many people in the city could survive to the last.

[A letter had been written by the Chinese faculty and alumnae asking for protection of foreign teachers if they should return to Nanking in September. On the afternoon of the walk described above, a letter came from the Foreign Office] informing us that they guarantee protection to our foreign faculty when they return to school in September. I wonder by that time who will guarantee protection for them, but still it is very nice of them to write that polite letter. We appreciate it very much.

After supper when everybody is wandering on the campus we used to have a little talk with the servants who happened to be around. We would ask them what news they got or what they think of this or that. We want to follow their attitudes and actions. Of course, we know perfectly well they are very good servants, but still it is better to be careful in these days; and it is better to have the servants get into the same spirit anyhow. One little incident will show how very nice our servants are. One afternoon when the cannonade sounded near and fierce, we asked them what they think about our being bobbed. They clasped their hands, they sighed: "Oh, Siao-dzie, why do you want to bob your hair? If you had not bobbed, you could dress up like farmers' daughters and you could hide any place you want to. But now you have bobbed, no matter what you want to be, they can tell you are students." They felt indeed very sorry for us. The gate-

keeper is having the gate locked all the time. He will not allow anybody to come in unless he is sure what he is coming for. Though sometimes he could not tell. He certainly is doing his best to keep us from the botherings of a good many strolling soldiers who just want to see the college for no better reason than just want to see. Of course, the card left us by that Mr. Djang of the office of Foreign Affairs helps our gate-keeper in his enterprise. All the servants are faithful in keeping us informed of news they get. Occasionally they also offer methods for escape if the Northern troops should try to harm students. The plans always sound very funny, but still it shows their kind heart. Though we take them as a joke, yet we appreciate their earnestness.

Sunday, August 28th, we spent the morning in reading and slept for the most part of the afternoon. We had a family prayer meeting at 5 p.m. in the faculty living room. We enjoyed the Victrola and singing. We told God of our anxieties and of our desires. We prayed in unison and in silence that His Will be done to our college, our families, our friends, the churches and the nations, but not ours. "Use us, O Father, to do Thy Will and make us obey even though we do not understand." We felt much happier and restful after we had disclosed our hearts to God.

The fighting on Monday the 29th was further away, near Tan Yang. Nanking was cut off from Shanghai after the 26th. . . . Train stopped! No boats! No newspapers! No letters! Telegraph wires were cut! Nanking becomes an oasis! How dreadful! We know how intense the anxiety of the Shanghai group and our friends and families must be . . . . We worry much more for them than for ourselves. [Rumors of Northern victory and of Hankow armies approaching Nanking were not very reassuring. Late in the afternoon the servants reported that men were being impressed to carry for the soldiers moving out of the city. The cook in the servants' kitchen had been carried off while he was buying food. Efforts to get him released were of no avail. There appears to be little difference between militarists, north or south. By comparison most Nanking testimony favors the Northerners.] It is too bad that under the disguise of a good name a movement should be so tragically wrong in its methods. It had a good principle but lost sight of the rightful applications. What a perfect tragedy! I wish we could know the truth so as not to judge by rumors.

[In the middle of the night there was more shooting, and everyone was aroused. In the morning (August 30th) they learned that prisoners had attempted escape from the model prison. At noon the postman came to collect letters although he had none to distribute. He seemed anxious, like the servants, about these girls with bobbed hair.] "What is your business here in Nanking at such a time with your hair bobbed? I say you had better get away quick . . . .

Don't laugh. I am serious. You know what it may mean." "But how could I get away now?" "Of course, you could not. The Northerners are fighting at the South Gate today. But be very careful. This is my advice." I am sorry that my short hair should worry the postman.

Rumors do not have legs, but they run as fast as flash. It was said that Northerners were fighting outside of the South Gate, East Gate—the gate to Purple Mountain—and Shen-dzeh Men—the gate to the Twelve Caves. That means the city was surrounded by Northerners. Surely they would enter the city by night. I went into my room to fetch a pen. I found that our Amah was grumbling. "What are you saying?" I asked. "I say, you see, they are coming. Why did you not get away while the train was still running? If you had gone, I would have gone too," she grumbled. "You are afraid, then," I remarked. "Afraid? Why not? You see you folks have your hair bobbed. You cannot tell what may happen." "Never mind, don't you worry" I begged. "Surely, nothing will happen. They would not hurt us. We are too many." "Pooh! But you don't know, you don't know." I am sorry that our short hair should worry our men servants, women servants, and even our postoffice man and I rather suspect our neighbors too. If I knew it beforehand, I would not have bobbed.

The sun went down and darkness found its way. The general feeling was that we had better all be properly dressed for the night. We were all serious toward the imagined problems we were supposed to face. We were afraid of retreating Southern troops. We were afraid of soldiers that might get out of control. We were afraid of the Northern troops. We decided that in case of looting we would all get out of the house; in case of doing personal harm we would all stick together; in case of searching, we would offer ourselves as guides. The house was turned into a madhouse. The atmosphere registered a keen sense of anxiety. Everybody got a dark suit, a pair of black stockings and a pair of black shoes. For one moment I was in the humor of doing what everybody was supposed to do, and for another moment I was quite out of harmony with it. I thought we were just creating more excitement and fear than we had any right to do. But then I was falling into harmony again and followed suit in all. I laid my dark suit on a chair beside my bed and then got into bed, laughed to myself for imagined horrors. My room-mate then broke the spell of amusement by reminding me that I should change my stockings. Thus willingly and unwillingly I got out of bed again and replaced my white stockings with a pair of black ones. Goodness knows what a confusion it was in my mind! I did everything in active willingness, while I despise myself deeply for doing it. Ridiculous, how very ridiculous! I laughed in enjoyment of its charming madness, but at the same time I resented it with intense indignation. Complication!

In these days of complications, one's reasonings, feelings and thoughts get to be more competitively complicated too! Well, well, I have prepared for the worst, and then it was my turn to hope for the best. I plunged myself into bed and went soundly to sleep. When I came out of dreamland, it was again six o'clock in the morning!

Seven o'clock, eight, nine, ten—it was noon, still there was no looting, no retreating soldiers or Northern troops. Not only this but the day was peculiarly quiet. No cannonade, no shooting of any sort. When we came out from the dining room at noon, we saw a man in uniform talking with our servants. What was his business here, we wondered. That uniform of his shot our hearts through and through with horrors. Oh, he is a man from the central branch of the army asking for some buildings for lodging. No, no we do not have any room. Our servants have already told them that students could not go home on account of the lack of means of communications. Moreover, the authorities of this school have not let in the Forty-fourth and Sixth Armies, surely they would not let you in. He departed,—a disappointed man. One o'clock, two, three,—at four the cook of the servants came back. He had been caught to carry bullets for the soldiers to the front. He said that the fighting was going on at Lungtan, when he left the battlefield in the morning—that is a place thirty miles from Nanking. He said that there was a strong drive on the part of the Southerners the day before, and the Northerners have retreated a distance of three miles. He was gone about three days, but he ate nothing but beans. Soldiers and officers eat nothing but beans, too, day after day. In the village where he disposed his bullets, all the villagers have fled. There is a harvest of abundance, but all lay waste in the field. He saw dead people along the road—dead from fatigue, from sickness and from killing and shots. What a life! I am quite lost in it all.

[On September first news comes that General Ho of the First Army is still in Nanking. The University of Nanking is occupied by soldiers—the Administration Building, Chapel, gymnasium, dormitories, basements of science buildings, faculty residences, even the president's office, are all filled with military men, political leaders and Russian returned students. There are 120 University students, more or less shut up in their cramped quarters. The faculty have to get passes to enter some of the buildings. This condition continued through the whole month, but in spite of it, the University opened and made a brave attempt to carry on work. Return of foreign faculty was felt to be impossible under these conditions.

News of the Southern victories was given out on the first of September by the "Public Peace" office.] "They said that they have completely annihilated the Northern Army on this side of the Yangtze. But I am a skeptic; unless the train starts running, *Je ne le croirai pas.*" [The days which follow prove that the danger is over for the

time being. The threat from the North united the Southern armies. Had they united before the Northerners crossed the river, the people night have been spared much suffering. Nanking is changed.] "Yet in the fortunate Ginling valley, there you still have things as they were, quiet and peaceful . . . . But it is a comfort to us that as long as Ginling can stand, she means a joy—a home of warmth and love for the lonely and dreary women of China.

[On September 3rd a friend from the Foreign Office who had helped in keeping the soldiers out paid a visit to the College. His last visit had been on August 19th to say good-bye as he was expecting to follow Chiang Kai-shek. Their first thought was that the train must be running.] Then to our great disappointment he said that he has not left Nanking at all. "I have managed to get news of Ginling every day to learn whether you get soldiers or not," he said. "If I knew you were not safe with soldiers, I would come" . . . . He must have a very kind heart and he is a very helpful friend.

It was a beautiful day and our hearts were at leisure. We went to the garden and picked some roses which were blooming gloriously all the time only we have neglected to appreciate their presence for some time. We went in the afternoon to the cemetery and paid Wang Gwan-san a visit. She had been there for about ten days already now. Standing on the hilltop which is not higher than one hundred feet, I think, I felt as if I were standing on the top of "Tai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy." "Space and the twelve clean winds of heaven." Below my feet was a sea of green "stretching away to blue infinity." Looking west, there was the glorious sunset. One could not help repeating these words from the Psalmist:

> 'The heavens declare the glory of God,
> And the firmament sheweth His handiwork.'

The only thing that is out of tune in this vicinity is man.

Sunday, the 4th and Monday the 5th are quiet days. How strange! As soon as the cannonade has ceased, men in politics appeared on the scene one after another as if they had jumped right out of the earth or fallen off from the heaven. Where have they gone and how did they come? It was quite a mysterious puzzle. Mind you. They want to see the buildings. They would turn you into a professional guide. You would lead them through the buildings politely and with explanations as clearly and as carefully as you could, while secretly in your heart was the fear that the return of your hospitality might be an offer for more companions to share the roofs of these buildings. You could not help heaving a sigh of relief or singing a song of thanksgiving every night that the day has safely passed away. A family evening prayer meeting was started that continued every evening in the faculty living room.

[Cholera was epidemic in the city during this period and deaths were so numerous that the supply of coffins could not meet the demand.]

Several members of the officers from the office of Foreign Affairs came with Mr. Djang asking for a cholera vaccination from Dr. Liu. They said that eight officers from the head office of the labor union were invited to a feast, five got cholera and three died. They were scared. They dared to eat nothing but drink canned milk. Since we do not possess any cholera vaccine in the college, they brought in a big bottle of it. We were all invited to use it. Thus in the afternoon one after another we were vaccinated. But how about Dr. Liu? She ought to be vaccinated too. I suspected it must be my job, and I was willing to go into that adventure. Thus I pricked the needle into her arm and after the half c.c. of vaccine has completely disappeared, the needle was quickly withdrawn. There we are, all vaccinated. We felt quite confident that cholera will not be able to rob us then.

Free from cholera, free from the destruction of soldiers, free from the threats of cannonade, and free from the imprints of the merciless war on the suffering mass, we lead our lives dreamily in this blessed valley from day to day in peace and in quietness, not knowing what to believe and what not to believe. At one time, the confusing news would make us feel that after all the news we got were but rumors, and all the sufferings endured were but sufferings from hallucinations. At another time the confusing news would make us feel that the pain of the wound, the depth of the scar, and the yoke of this mysterious world, are vivid realities. Reality or not reality, I do not know, for we are too much in the situation just then. But I only know that changes do come by leaps and bounds and that we have to swallow each new experience in such haste that there is no time for digestion. My reign in the kingdom of my mind was tempestuous as government problems in China. Tossed by conflicting ideals and influences I lost myself. I found myself incapable of thinking or reasoning. The one dominating question which possessed our minds was the question of communication just then. It was terribly tantalizing not to know what was going on beyond what your eyes can see. Special fire was burning within us, in longing for news from Shanghai. The train was always said to be started on the morrow and like the morrow it never came. The single chorus we sang was, "How long are we destined to take the part of Robinson Crusoe?"

September 7th, the great day. The day the first mail arrived after our two weeks' isolation. Girls run from all over the campus to greet the postoffice man. Train is going. We are looking forward that school will be able to open on time.

Lin Ea-lan

CONFIDENTIAL NOT FOR PUBLICATION

GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

A REVIEW OF THE FIRST MONTH

At the earnest request of some of my friends I am writing out what has happened at Ginling during the first month under the new regime. You must realize that this is only a report from my personal point of view and from my personal accounts. There are lots of things that I could not understand and still there are lots of things I do not know. Please do realize that this is only a report from the angle as I see it. It is by no means in any way near the report of the whole situation.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 23, I spent about three hours in the Biology laboratory preparing laboratory work for my class the next day. At about five o'clock, with all my materials ready, I left the laboratory with a heart light and free, and ready to share my joy on my success in investigating paramicium with the first one I met. I then began to realize the absence of the cannonade, I was told that the Southern Army had entered Nanking and the Northerners were retreating, and our neighbors were coming in as refugees. Then I noticed that the red cross flag was already up at the gate. The red cross sign was also up on the door of our gymnasium. People were running back and forth. Immediately different girls were on duty at their different jobs assigned.

The fear of retreating soldiers was so intense that the faculty met right after supper to see what can be done to safeguard the girls. Friends outside the College advised us through the telephone to concentrate our attention at one place, for stragglers may come during the night. Finally it was decided that all the girls would be asked to sleep on the second floor of the Science building. So within a very short time all the girls were moving their beddings to the Science building in quietness in the dark. When I got into the dormitory practically all the girls were moved out and two foreign faculty members were checking off the name of the last girl left the house. They closed all the windows and doors and then went off to the Science building. I wondered at their good spirit and followed them to the Science building where I found the girls were making their beds on the cement floor in closely packed rows under the faint light of a lantern and a few flash lights. Some of the girls have already lie down but some were still moving around and whispering to each other. I then suddenly got the feeling that something new was created. Something that had never been before in the history of the College. I wanted to have a share in it, I wanted at least to understand the excitement of it. I then moved my beddings over too which I have refused to do at the beginning on my stubbornness that it was all nonsense. I must confess that it was not at all comfortable to sleep on such a hard bed as the cement floor with not very much beddings. But I found it very convenient to sleep with all my clothes on because I can get up quickly at any

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time with out bothering with dressing. At midnight the good news was brought in that we do not need to be afraid any more, the southerners were already in control of the city.

One of our faculty members was keeping watch at the door of the Science building. She was there to receive news and to look and to unlock the door for those faculty members and students who were taking turns in keeping the night watch for our 150 refugees in the Central building. It was about four o'clock in the morning I went down stairs and offered myself to take her place. No, she was so sure that I must not do it. I went back and tried hard to sleep. I was soon awakened by the giggles from the girl slept beside me. At my inquiry she answered, "I was frightened when I first opened my eyes. We are like wounded soldiers lying on each other in the battle field." By this time the whole house was awakened. Students were moving in every directions laughing and talking. It all seemed great fun. I got up quickly and soon was out into the open air joining a crowd who were watching our refugees streaming out from the Central building door.

As I left the dining room, the eight o'clock bell was ringing for morning classes. "Well I've plenty of work to do." thought I. I plunged into my books and in due course emerged again and went mind-wandering to the open air and wondering what did those shots in the city mean. I talked with a friend who was hurrying to her study. While we were yet talking in the hall a servant rushed in and reported that soldiers were shooting the foreigners beyond the hill. I then was sent off to look for the flag. I was told that Dr. Williams was killed. By this time I was thoroughly excited and so were the other girls around. One girl was ringing the bell, while several other girls were running round to tell everyone to assemble in the chapel. Words were sent to the foreign faculty that they must not appear. Delegates were sent to the gate to meet and to welcome the soldiers. The rest were waiting in the chapel to sing a welcome song when they were ushered in. Soon four men in soldiers uniforms arrived. They did not care to go into the chapel. They wanted to know where the foreigners were. They rushed into the Recitation building by themselves. We followed them and offered to show them every room they desired to see. They insisted to ask where our foreigners were. Pretending that we did not understand their Hunannese, we answered "All right, the opposite building is our Science building. Of course we would be glad to let you see it." So we were off toward the Science building. Before we entered the building we caught sight of our beddings which we used the night before flowing out through our side door. Even then I still have confidance in these four military dressed men. "Officer," we cried, "please ask these people to return our beddings." "Shoot shoot!" they shouted with a horrible voice. We were so frightened that they would kill our poor neighbors, we then begun to beg for these rabbles. "Officer, Please don't shoot. Let them go." What fools we were! How could they shoot the people they were using? They then started one shot in the building and begun to take possession of the rest of our beddings and our microscopes. We tried to talk to them but they would not listen. We stood in awe and let them

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off with our things. We looked at each other after they left and wondered if they were Southerners.

About five minutes later, a ricksha ladened with beddings and the rest of our things, was coming in from our gate. We soon learned the story that the soldiers were met by an officer and part of our things were redeemed. They officer is the brother of one of our College students. We eagerly invited him into our guest hall. We brought him water to wash his hands and face and then presented him tea and refreshments. He said he had neither of these for three days. Then he was urgently wanted by the university boys for Dr. Bowen's life was in danger. He went immediately and left a note for us to show to later soldiers. As soon as he was gone, two men in soldiers uniforms rushed down from our side hill and ran straight into our Recitation building. "Kill the foreigner, kill the foreigner." they howled. We all rushed after them. One of the teachers showed them the note the officer left for us. They would not look, and they cried, "Shoot the students." We hold our tongue, our hearts were in our mouths. What could we do? Fortunately we soon learned that our two foreigners who were in the building a minute ago have left the house through the side door. We left the soldiers alone to do what they want in the building. They, accompanied by a fairly large number of rabbles, thus started their work in the offices. They took out all the drawers and covered the floor with books and papers. Learning that one of our servants was off on a bicycle summoning the officer, they came out to fire after him. Our servant was off like an arrow. The looters rushed to the attic and satisfied themselves on four boxes of summer dresses of the high school girls. They vanished.

The officer came with three soldiers-- the very soldiers who have captured Dr. Bowen, we learned afterwards. While we were yet speaking to the officer, a host of soldiers were rushing down from our side hill again. They began to fire at us. "What shall we do? What shall we do? We asked the officer with fear. "Do not be afraid" he said laughing. He then motioned his soldiers to meet the new comers. The officer followed them. He severely reprimanded the soldiers. They all knelt, while he began to discipline them. He wanted to kill them and we began to beg for them that they may be forgiven. The officer consented and commanded them to stay to protect us, and he left us again. We tried our best to win the friendliness of these soldiers. We offered them tea and food. We kept up a conversation with them for how long a time, I do not know, for we then had no sense of time. Three more military men were strolling in from the side door and with them were a host of rabbles who were ready to loot. Our guards fired at them, the rabbles fled, but the soldiers stayed. They wanted to know where our foreigners are. We offered them tea. No, they did not want. We offered them food. No, they did not care. We tried to start a discussion with them. No, they were not interested. At this time another man arrived in a ricksha with a very big shining knife. "Show us your foreigners." He demanded We did not pay any attention to his demand. "Do you have any foreigners here? Tell us where they are." he insisted. "Yes we have foreigners here." we answered. "But we don't know where they are at present. They have legs. They can walk around." "Let us

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look for them." They cried rushing into the Central building. We followed them and offered to lead the way. They went upstairs in a very ferocious manner and asked us to open the door of the Corrective room immediately. We called the servant to send us the key. He was so scared that it took him a much longer time to find it. Our raging guests waited with impatience and looked at us with big eyes saying, "You must have foreigners in here otherwise why don't you open the door." "Wait just one minute more, brothers," said one of the girls. "The servant will be here right away. If he does not come I will break the door for you. Why should we hide any foreigners in here?" Our servant arrived. The door was opened. No foreigners were found. My heart was in my mouth. All my muscles contracted. The saliva in my mouth was tasted very bitter. I could hardly walk. "The end is here." thought I. "The next building will be the faculty house." We were helpless. We were powerless to resist. Others rushed into the faculty house to try to find means of escape for them. I found myself could not move. I then throw myself on the grass and cried to God in my inward heart. Thanks to heaven they did not go to the faculty house next, they went to the student dormitory on the other side of the central building. Just at this critical moment a group of University boys arrived with an officer. After we learned that they were coming to rescue our friends, we told them that there were looters in our student dormitory. While they went to the looters our faculty was informed to be ready to go off immediately. But they knew not where they were going to be led. Several of us followed them for we wanted to see if they were safely off to Bailie Hall. As we approached the building we heard the sounds of trouble within and were kept waiting outside, while the men went to drive out a group of looting soldiers who had attacked the group of foreigners already gathered there for protection. As soon as our faculty went into the house a wild cry was heard from the street. "You foreign slaves, you protect the foreigners." they fired. We were asked to go in too, but we felt we better not. We wanted to get back. The University boys shouted us to run after them. We did. One of the boys offered to hide us in their dormitory. We refused. One of the boys suggested to hide us in their gym, we refused. We insisted to go back as soon as possible for we were anxious about our people in College. We went through the back fields and finally got to the place of our destination. We thanked the boys for accompanying us back and asked them to send us later news about our faculty.

The firing at Bailie Hall continued. We then saw smoke from the burning of Dr. Hutcheson's house which is only located across the street to Bailie Hall. "Well, well," we looked at each other, "Why should we send them there. If they don't die from the shooting, surely they will die through fire." It was about two o'clock, I guess, when the firing sound at its highest in the direction of Bailie Hall, nearly the whole College was sitting in the chapel in silence. Finally the silence was broken by prayers and sobs. "Well the dead have already died. We could not help. But what could we do with the living." The Chinese faculty then met to discuss what could they do to safeguard the girls for the night. Shall we sleep in the Science building again. No, they all knew we have slept there the night before. Shall we go to the basement? No, there is only one door. Shall we send the girls into the huts around us? No, we dare not to trust the people.

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Shall we scatter the girls among the homes of friends in the city? Where could we find so many friends? What could we do? Before we could see any light on this puzzle of escape, cannonade were heard and our windows rattled at each firing. Where did they come from? What were they for we did not know. Girls all gathered together in tears asking what should we do? Some girls lie down on the floors and some hide themselves in the basement, of the Central Building. What could we do? Just at this moment, the father of one of our teachers for his anxiety of his two daughters in the College sent a friend to see how things went with us. He told us not to be afraid of the cannonade for they were fired from the foreign gunboats and Ginling was not in immediate danger. He said he has a friend in the southern army. We asked him to go with our delegates to the general to ask for some guards for the night. He consented and they went. After they left two University boys came and brought us the news that our people at Bailie Hall were all safe. "The critical time was early this afternoon" they said, "If not for the courage of the officer the foreigners there would have all been killed by three o'clock, for he was alone at that time. But now the general has sent us about two hundred soldiers. So we need to worry no more. "Our heart were released. We felt exceedingly thankful and almost joyful. Beddings were then sent to them for the night under the protect of a guard.

At the time of sunset two of our delegates were back in a carriage and brought us the news that we were going to have twenty soldiers for the night. We all waited around the flag in front of the central building. They marched in with our two delegates in the lead and the officer behind on the horse back. We yelled, "Welcome to our patriotic brothers! Welcome to our patriotic brothers! Then we sang the patriotic song together. The officer got off from the horse back and greeted us. He wanted to speak to us. We went to the chapel. He apologized first for what has happened during the day, and wished us to understand that it is not their policy to let their soldiers do things like that. Then he told us something about the party to that we paid all the attention we could collect. After the speech we offered them food and beddings and talked to them for a short time. The whole College retired in one building, sleeping on the floor with all the dresses on, while the sky was reddened by burning of houses at Hsia-Kwan, the Bible Training school and the Nanking University middle school.

I was delegated to send over a few necessities to our friends at Bailie Hall in the morning. As I entered the common room on the fourth floor, I paused a moment to seek for the Ginlingrs. Many people were there: children, women and men, all crowded in the same room. Practically every one of them were out of danger without carrying anything with them. Some looked very tired and sick. They Ginlingers thus communized what they have with their friends. I found them, but I did not feel I could talk to them. I had nothing to say and I wished I were not there. My mind was working in a fog. My nation inspite of her faults and failures, I love. My brothers in spite of their ignorance and sins, I love. My friends kind and true I can not but love why should hatred enter in I can not understand. Why? Why? Why could not the world live in love and peace?

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That is beyond my understanding. I left them with a very heavy heart.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon, one of the girls brought us a note from Bailie Hall. "Our faculty is going to leave us." She bursted into sobs. It took us minutes to understand what she meant, for we were not prepared for the news. Some of the girls and the teachers were very thoughtful. They went immediately to pack a few suitcases for them. But I could not wait. I want to see them. I entered the room among the first ones to arrive. They did not speak at first I looked at them but I could not find any word to say.... They did not want to leave us. But they must not stay. We must part. There was nothing we could do. The family wept together. I could not weep. The sight I saw pierced my heart. Never had I seen so sad a scene. I was not myself. I lost all my feelings. Everything there seemed so remote, that were like stories which I have once read. Even the fact of their departure also appeared to be like something very remote. The people seemed so far away even we were holding each other's hands. What I did. What I said I now have no clear recollection. But one thing I did remember is that I wanted to say some comforting words. I almost turned my brain inside out but still I could not find anything to say, It was indeed painful to see them leaving like that. But we sent them away with hopes mingled with fears.

On our way back from the University we found that all the foreign houses we passed were occupied by soldiers. Some of the soldiers looked at us with sharp eyes saying, "Take care, you 'foreign slaves'". It happened that the University had more soldiers than they wanted that night. Learning that we were worried they sent over to us about twenty soldiers. Unfortunately we were not told about their coming, and they arrived at a time as late as ten o'clock in the night. We wondered what were they here for. They did not appear as gentle as the ones we have had the night before. We were frightened. They looked over everything in the studio. We were scared. We could not imagine what they would do in the night. We wondered what were they looking for. They looked around over the whole campus with a lantern. We wondered what do they do that for. We did not understand them and we were afraid of them. We all crowded into one house again. Four girls volunteered to keep watch in the night and the rest were asked to be ready to get up at any time when called. It was all arranged but nothing happened.

The Chinese faculty met the next day and organized themselves into a committee. By division of labor the work of the College was then distributed. One member was asked especially to deal with-out siders. But we were all in the dark. In our helplessness we turned to the Alummnae for help. Delegates were appointed to call upon the Alummnae in Nanking. Telegraph and express letters were sent to our Shanghai branch where we have the largest group of Alummnae. Meanwhile we went on for about a week or two feeling enthusiastic about everything we came across. Discussion groups for the study of Dr. Sun's three principles were ready to come into existance. We had lectures nearly every morning given by different people from the party. The general program of our morning meetings is this:

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1. Bow to the photo of Dr. Sun
2. Read Dr. Sun's Will
3. Silence for three minutes
4. Chairman stating the purpose of the meeting
5. Speech

It will not be an exaggeration if I say that College was turned into a public park in those first days for every body wanted to see this "palace like" college. Investigators, visitors and wanderers have kept our ushers and delegates busy nearly every minute. It was painful to see our campus made dirty and our grasses spoiled by horses. But still we were glad to show our visitors the best we have.

The students were very active in the city activities. Some girls were asked to help in the office of the "Women's League" at Fu-tung street (The Presbyterian church). Some girls were asked to be secretaries at the central office of the city party committee. Some girls then joined the party and started a sub-district party committee in the college, thus we were connected with the party, and they served as a radio set to receive news and schemes of the party. In the evenings we would all gather in one social room, under the light of a single kerosene lamp, for we no longer have electricity on account of the lack of oil. After hearing the reports from different delegates, we would discuss plans for the next day. Our single aim is that Ginling College must exist. China does not have many educational institutions for women. We must not lose what we have. As to the methods of protection we differ greatly. We differ so much that sometimes we could not understand each others point, and sometimes we almost felt bitter toward each other.

A committee of four was appointed to summarize all the questions that have been asked of us by the investigators. They were requested to make out these questions and answers so that the whole student body may take united action in their conversations with outside people. Of course we want to tell the truth, but we must let everybody know the truth first, since not everybody knows everything of the college, and difference in what we say may cause us unnecessary complications. The report was made.

The first Sunday has meant a great deal to me. I think it deserved special mentioning. All the churches in the city were occupied by soldiers. Some of the University boys were in great distress. They came to the president of our Y. W. C. A. and said, "We have no place to worship. Could you do anything to help us?" The president of the Y. W. then brought the question to the house. "No, we better not have any service today, for if we do we may get into trouble." Some said, "Why not have one? Do what we ought to, but not what we want to". Some then suggested that we would have a very quiet one for ourselves but we must not let others know it. Some said, "Let us invite the University boys to join us. Some said, "We must not." Some then got hot and said, "We are Christians, of course we will keep our Sundays and worship. It is not a debatable question." The debate continued for about half an hour, and finally it was decided that we will invite the boys to join us in our worship. The service was at eleven o'clock in the Science building lecture hall. It was all prayers and no

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singing. We were prepared to invite everybody in. After prayers we had free discussions. The question of helping these Christian sisters and brothers who are now in trouble was brought up. We were sorry to see the Bible Training School girls wandering on the streets with no place to go. We must provide them a home where they could find food and rest. A committee of five was appointed. They were asked to proceed to look up these girls and find a place for them. Ginling College and the Christian girls' school and a few other places were soon opened to refugees. They were welcomed in with very sympathetic and warm hearts.

On Friday morning, April 1st the first Shanghai delegate arrived. He brought us the happy news that every one is well. We know they were deseparately anxious about us in Nanking. We sent messages through this delegate both to our foreign faculty and our graduate sisters. On Sunday morning, April 3rd, we too sent a delegate to Shanghai to meet our people there to see what can be done with the College. On April 4th two more Shanghai delegates arrived. We felt very much comforted for we were assured that we were not alone on this strange battle field. The students invited them to their student meeting in the evening and asked them questions about our faculty our alummnae and their plans of the college to their heart's content.

On Friday afternoon, April 8th a religious meeting was called by the Christian Student Union. Nearly all the Christian students in Nanking were present or represented. Mr. Gao, a friend of Chiang Kai-shek was the speaker. His main point was that the revolution does not come into conflict with the Christian principles. All the Christians should arise and support it. Christians ought to start reformations within the church. He is going to start a Christian self-realization movement in Nanking. He himself is a very religious man. I have a great deal of respect for him, though I do not agree with some of his points. I have never seen a man in a military uniform talking religion as he did. It is too good to be true. How I wish China could have more military men like him.

On the ninth of April the day was dull and gray, but the students were very busy in getting ready for a reception party in the gym for all the military officers in the city. It was the first reception of its kind in the history of the college, so it must be considered with care. The program was very simple yet very attractive It was consisted of one play given by the college servants, one play given by the college girls and its point is to show the history of the emancipation of women; foreign music and Chinese music; and one funnily disguised folk dance. One of the reasons for the success of the enterprise was that the girls were very thoughtful in what they say and were very dignified in what they do. On account of a reception meeting for Marshal Chiang in the city in the afternoon, we did not have more than one hundred and fifty guests. But those who came were certainly pleased with the program and have shown that they do appreciate what Ginling has done for the womenhood of China.

We had heard heaps and heaps of rumours about the dissolution of the city party committee. A committee of two was appointed by the "Women's League" to investigate the truth of the case. It was dis-

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covered that the group has been in power belong to the C. P. (Communist Party) Since Marshal Chiang arrived the day before, the committee was threatened by the labor union, they were dissolved. We were awefully disheartened at this discovery not because we were in sympathy with the C. P. but because of the sad fact that there is such a tragic division within the party. Nothing looked clear and we knew not how to act for some days. We began classes.

On Thursday afternoon, April 14, our Shanghai delegate returned. She brought with her another Shanghai delegate. They reported the plans of our Shanghai group. With those plans in relation to the immediate problems of the College we took the liberty and made a few modifications as it seemed wise to do so to fit into the changing circumstances. For the permanant problems of the college our Shanghai group voted to organize an administrative committee of eleven members: seven from the Alummnae, two from the faculty and two from the student body. This committee is delegated with all the responsibilities of the administrative body of the college. As soon as this committee come into existance, the faculty temporary administrative organization and the student-faculty joint committee were released and dissolved.

As to the religious life of the college is concerned, I am very optimistic about it. Through trials and temptations we only see the Christians strengthened their faith, but not weakened. We kept a prayer meeting at seven thirty every morning. It was on a pure voluntary basis. But to this meeting found not only the Christians but non-Christians too. The Y.W.C.A. people are doing their best to meet the demands of the thirsty souls.

Easter! Happy Easter! It was an exceedingly fine day. We had a very quiet prayer meeting at 7:30 in the morning in the chapel Red egges were presented to us at the breakfast table by the Senior class. It was awefully nice of them to think of doing it. It certainl brought back to us some degree of the united loving family spirit which have been always ours. But we still feel something was missing. Then we had a very inspiring musical program at eleven o'clock. The program was ended with an interpretation of the scene at the door of the tomb during the first Easter morning. The thing which impressed me most was the cross in the scene. Inside the door behind the platform was made dark to be the tomb. As the three women came forth from the back of the chapel, they were surprised to find the tomb was opened. Two angels appeared. They carried out their conversations in singing which was composed by the girls. After they disappeared, the congregation joined in singing the resurrection song together. The curtain dropped. In the dark tomb appeared a cross. It was made by a group of lighted candles. The cross, the symbol of suffering and the light, the symbol of joy, were put together. A deeper sympathy and understanding of the suffering of Christ was made better known to me than before. We had a congregation of more than one hundred---there were some University boys, some high school girls and some evangelistic people of the city. We feel exceedingly thankful for we were the only group in the city who have had a proper Easter service, as far as we know. We entered the dining room. We began to eat. The small bell rang, "What was the matter?" thought I.

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"Why, we cannot be let alone even on Easter." "After winter spring, after death life, read Luke 24 Colossions 3 ----- Thurston" Read the chairman. We almost jumped up together. "Easter greetings from Mrs. Thruston." "Good, good, she has not forgotten us." "Well, they are thinking of us at Shanghai," and so on and so forth all remarks of joy and gratitude. We had a very excited thrilling time indeed. If all the announcements were like this one, certainly we would want to have some more even we have got a thousand of it already.

The Northerners were threatening us in the last few days. Cannonades were heard morning and nights at Pukow and Hsia-kwan. Wild and horrible rumours were spreading in the city. People in the city got excited and were leaving Nanking as soon as they could. The students of course got scared again. Most of them left us and went home. Then we only have not more than forty college girls and eight high school girls. We tried not to be disturbed either by the cannonade or by outside activities. But we were still watching and studying about the situation along with our few classes.

Friday, April the eighth was another exciting day. It was the day a mass meeting was called to celebrate the restoration of the rights of the party, and at the same time to dedicate Nanking to the central government. We were offered an official bus for the day by the political bureau. I have looked forward to the arrival of the bus with zealous anticipation. Not because I was anxious to ride in an official bus, nor because I was expecting any fun from it; but somehow a curious thought seized me that some thing might happen in the meeting and I was anxious to have the day over as soon as possible. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning we arrived at the city public athletic field where the meeting was held. There were thousands and thousands of people. It took us a long time to move into the midst of them, from the rear. The people were so crowded that I was not able to follow the program. At last it was announced that Chiang Kai Shek was going to speak. The people at the rear crowded forward too. Everybody wanted to see Chiang Kai Shek. I was utterly disappointed that being so short, I could not see him. Some girls tried to raise me up but I still could not see. On the realization that if I went farther back I may be able to see. I thus escaped from the crowd with great difficulty and freed myself at the rear where I did see him but could not hear in spite of his raised voice. The mass has voted three things by plebescite. I did not hear at the time what they were, but I learned afterwards that they were voting on these three points: first, they want to welcome the central government to Nanking; second, they want to support Chiang Kai Shek third, down with the communism. Being a little bit raining we went home in our bus instead of joining the parade after the mass meeting. There was also an entertainment held at the theater at south city for the same purpose in the evening. Our girls were asked to repeat their program which they had given at their own reception for the officers. Two buses and one automobile with three guards took them over at six o'clock in the afternoon and were back by half past ten in the night. I did not go myself but I learned that everything was very carefully planned. There was only a very carefully selected group of guests.

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In spite of the cannonade from the north and the dispute between the C. P. and the K. M. T. since Chiang Kai Shek is here in Nanking we do not feel desparately helpless. Moreover we feel assured that our lives and property are safe. He is showing a very sympathetic spirit toward all the educational institutions. We are able to continue our few courses that have teachers here at present. Having been living an abnormal life for so long, our routine works thus were sadly neglected. The labor problem is one of the important elements in the present movement. Our servants need delicate handling too. We began to notice that weeds are growing more prosperously than grasses. The roses need to be trimmed, the buildings need to be cleaned. There are lots of works to be done. The administrative body thus appointed different people to supervise different works. But their success entirely depends upon the cooperation of the servants. Thus a servants meeting was called at 7:30 P.M. on the twentieth in the science building lecture hall. We made known to them how much we appreciate their cooperative spirit during the hard days. We tried hard to explain some of the misunderstanding which has caused strikes in the other institutions. We told them about our arrangement about their wages. We asked them to continue their spirit of cooperation. The next day some of the rooms were cleaned and all works proceeded only they were not enthusiastic in pulling away the weeds. We then announced in the student dining room at noon that those who do not have any classes in the afternoon are invited to pull weeds. In the afternoon it appeared on the campus both teacher and students bending themselves over the ground pulling weeds. The servants saw it was great fun, so they began to work too. By night some parts of our campus looked ten times nicer than it was in the morning. We hope this enthusiasm will not pass away for some time yet.

These are the events happened up to date. What we are going to face next we have no way to know. Now we think we can say that the first battle is over, property and lives are safe. Safe, but she owes thanks to the following people: The one who choosed the location for Ginling the one who designed the buildings, the officers friends and the faculty and students who insisted to have the college open. The second battle is rushing on. It is going to be a much harder one to fight. The spirit of Ginling may lose, may triumph. It all depends. Our friends must help. Friends of Ginling please keep us in mind in your prayers.

559-11

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RECEIVED
JUN 16 1927

Liu En-lan Mrs. June 14, 1927.

Dear Mrs. Thurston,

Your letter with Miss Spicer's letter reached me this morning. I feel I must write you immediately. I have heard that you have sometimes felt discouraged. I do realize what may come yet I see it quite from a different angle. I think I am sure what has happened in Wuchang and Hunan will not happen in Nanking. But, I am not saying that we may have an easier time; things are quite different. It is going to be mighty hard but there are ways to escape the trouble without sacrificing the standard we love, only it needs courage and the courage would not stand the test unless there is united force and you have the feeling that you are backed up by stronger ones, and love is the strongest force of all.

There are constant demands from outside for outside activities. I rather feel the girls have managed it alright. There has been no broken of our daily task. The girls have recently passed a rule in their student meeting in regard to the question of absences from the college. They are strict with themselves and self-governing is really the best way for the force is from within and not from without. Public opinion will accomplish what few persons could not accomplish. Though sometimes one may feel the girls are rather influenced by outside matters, yet as a whole they have behaved very nicely and sensible and to me it is quite a hopeful group. We could not expect anybody to be perfect all the time, the college girls are human beings, they may not be able to see through many things very clearly at times, yet as long as they could get lessons out of past experiences and give evidence that they are striving for the best of the whole in spite of the occasional seeming failures, they are good and nice. We can expect nothing more than people are doing this best for what is good.

The college girls are registering today. The hall is filled with noisy girls and all crowded in front of the schedule as we have crowded at the station to buy tickers for the trains in these days. Only these girls need not to climb into the office thru the windows yet they waited outside of the office door. Thirteen Kuikiang girls arrived yesterday afternoon. Of course, they told us what happened up there. It is all very exciting, yet they do not make us feel we may face dangers in the future. They rather make us feel hopeful. For the people's hearts are away from what is destructive. The common people got tired of them. Both Changsha and Wuhan are much quieter in these days. Tsu Deh-hwa is receiving very encouraging letters from home. After so many people have suffered and so much bitterness tasted, I doubt very much anything of that sort would happen in Nanking. It sounds very irrational unless the central government is acting with a mask at present. But I am inclined to have some confidence in the central government, at least in regard to that question.

Our battle is an unseeing one, not a matter necessary of material struggle but rather one of the spirit and that is what it is a much harder battle to fight. But in any way if we could pull through the days of uncertainty, even life may be seeming to be not normal one. The better time will come at the end there is no doubt about that. If there is no trouble within not outside force could break us up no matter how mighty the force is, I am deadly sure of this. It is up to us whether Ginling could pull through or not, us I mean all of us who have connections with Ginling.

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[No Page 2 - 2/1/94]

6-14-27

We are having about eighty girls tonight and some more are going to arrive tomorrow. Jus think how lively the college appears to be. The High School girls are busy planning their simple class day program besides their heavy load of "making up" or "rushing up" work. They are very jolly and gay about it. It is very nice that they are able to have a good time.....

We have patriotic or memorial meeting on Monday at the usual hour in the science lecture hall and we have our chapel at the usual time,--11.40 a.m. Deng Yu-dji led the first chapel, I the second and Dr. Liu the third, the rest is going to be taken by the summer school teachers and the seniors. The first chapel service has been such a solemn one with so many empty seats that we all had a sense of sadness and the atmosphere appeared to be very serious and lonely indeed. We are beginning to get used to it now.

The religious meeting held its regular meeting on Sunday afternoon. We had a very profitable time. We have a very nice Sunday service too in the morning. They just want to settle the problems. People seem to be very unrestful about the church conditions. After the service the whole body of attendance elected a committee of seven to take charge of the church question of the group concerned. Unfortunately, I am asked to take part too. It is a privilege but I just do not have the nerve to think out anything. It is terrible business to be stupid. Dr. Y.G.Chen is on the committee too and three other men I really do not quite know them. Goi Ginhwa and Swen En-lien are on the committee too. We hope we can think out some concrete and practical plans later.

Yours sincerely,

Liu En-lan

Liu En-lan

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Ginling College
Nanking, September 12, 1927.

Dear Mrs. Thurston; (The Ginling Faculty)

The Nanking conference was held this afternoon in the faculty living room at 4 P.M. Members present were: Dr. Chen YungNkwang, Dean Goh, Miss Wu, a secretary of the central committee of the government, three student representatives, Mr.Tsu, Miss Yu and myself, Mrs. Cha and Mary Chen had their opinions sent us for immediate business has prevented their presence from the meeting.

THE OPENING OF COLLEGE: There is no doubt about that. The unique opinion is to open college as soon as possible for the safety of the buildings and to keep the morale of the students. It is exceedingly hard to keep empty buildings from public use in these days. Especially there is going to be a meeting held by the government on the 15th of September. We were told and everybody knows that they are going to have some new formulas. If we hesitate to open school it means we are intentionally putting ourselves into a hard and embarrassing situation. We are going to put up big signs outside the gate tonight stating that college will be open on the 15th and classes begin by the 22nd. This would make known to the public and reassure them that Ginling is going to open and this will also check those who have the crazy idea to use the Ginling buildings for other uses. If we open school, of course, nobody would think of using these buildings, excepting the soldiers but that can be easily managed.

THE RETURNING OF FOREIGN FACULTY — It is the most complicated question. No one seems to think there is any danger for foreigners to return. It is not a question of safety. But all feel that the lower classes may not see things straight. When foreigners go out they may say nasty things or the ricksha men may act very impolitely and things like that. Foreigners may often feel hurt, the understanding Chinese would feel badly too. Your life here would not be an easy one. It would be one amounted to a life of isolation. That is very hard, indeed.

Then there is the question of administration. Public opinion seems to say it all must be done by Chinese. It means all the works concerning the registration at the opening of college must be carried by Chinese. Everybody admit that we must have foreign teachers. They don't mind having foreign teachers at all. Even the men in the government. Miss Wu found it out from her talks with a great many of the men and I have talked it over with Mr. Djang of the Wan-chiao-pu too. They said that they also invite foreigners to help them. Why should they object to have foreign teachers in the schools? We are not living in the age of "closed door" policy. Of course, we must have mutual help. (In our case, mutual or not mutual is another question). So you see, they are quite open minded in regard to that.

The opinion of the conference is to advise the foreign faculty to wait after the 15th. For this conference of the government on the 15th, surely would bring in some new policies and also some new organizations. The government is going to be reorganized by that date. Now no one can tell anything about the situation. The government is so loosened up, no observation is reliable.

We live by faith; plans must be going ahead

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while we can regardless of what the future will bring forth. If we suspect that it is dangerous to open college at Nanking and open it in Shanghai we just as well close Ginling altogether. It is a rather funny idea. As soon as we are going to build our lives on doubts and hallucinations that is the end of everything. The University of Nanking opened today. They said they are not going to wait for the situation to clear up. There has never been any certainty throughout several years. If we should wait till situation clearing up, and then act, we just better never act at all. Regardless of the small number of students they are going ahead.

Life is full of adventures, the joy of living is in the conquering of difficulties. If one sits down till the path is made smooth then walk, how cowardly and monotonous it must be. Nanking is quiet and peaceful at present, however people are restless about the conference which is going to be on the 15th. But the tendency seems that things are going to be mild. The personnels which are going to be the government are all in the city now. From their speeches and addresses, seen in the local papers, they show no antagonism toward all foreigners. They certainly do distinguish imperialism from all foreigners.

As to the question of safety in general, who could tell? Who has dreamed what had happened on March 24th? Who has predicted what has happened by the end of August? Then who could tell what is going to happen in the future? There we are. We just go to live by faith and go ahead with plans as it should be.

The Chinese faculty members please make move. They must appear. Mr. Chu and Mr. Pan are not seen in Nanking yet. The new Chinese teachers ought to be here before the students. They ought to study the situation a little.

Hurrah! Miss Koo has arrived. I have been alone for three days. I must stop now for I want to talk to her. Shwen-dji's father did not come for her mother is ill.

Yours sincerely,

The Conference Held in Nanking
(per Liu En-lan)

P.S. I have asked Miss Hwang Li-ming too, but she has a cold, so she did not come.

If Nanking is upset, we would move Ginling to Shanghai. If Shanghai is upset, we would move Ginling elsewhere. If all over China is upset, we would move Ginling abroad, aren't we? If we know it beforehand, we should move Ginling immediately after March 24th, shouldn't we?

Ha! Ha! Here comes Dr. Reeves. It is a pity that Miss Koo and Dr. Reeves should miss each other.

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Lii En Lan - aug. 8, 1927

Carriages of girls rolled off the campus for several days in succession. Gone are my friends. "Parting is such sweet sorrow". ~~Ginling~~ However, Ginling is not left desolate, for there are more than twenty who remain for the summer vacation & the summer high school is still carrying on. "How deserting", groaned the home-sick folks. At times I feel we are the left over dolls in the Toy shop on Xmas eve. We are still sticking to our posts. The "Jack-in-the-box" is still saying, "Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, every body."

Alas, why can't the world leave us alone. At sunset on the seventh of August our gate was suddenly guarded by men in uniforms. Big signs were up at the gate which told us that the "Purple House" was going to be the residence for the 4th Army. Ginling has shown a determined face and told them definitely that would not do. The result of a long, long argument was that Ginling said anyhow you must not come in but the other party said that we will move in by 10 o'clock in the morning. The recitation building was reserved for the general, the faculty house for Officers and 70s for the vice-Officers. Big signs were put up. The "imperialists" departed, but left men to keep watch of "their" buildings. Ginling got busy. Messages were sent to her friends in the political world. They came, looked into the problem. They appeared very serious which show the gravity of the question, for the fighting in the front was in the worst condition & these were grave problems within. Any how, all our friends worked hard in cooperating with the Wan-chiao-pio the Ginling buildings were spared.

25 girls were present at the entrance test on Aug. 15th

Tuesday morning carriages loaded with baggage and boxes have carried away my sister, my friends and nearly all my students. . . The train disappeared. My sister, my friends and all my girls disappeard with her. I was left on the platform feeling like a homeless child. . . . I felt my uneasy and start back for Ginling. . . At our gate a flock of soldiers indicated to me that something must be wrong with us. Arriving at the recitation building I found the whole college, (about 20) was then pondering on the question of what to do with the 1000 soldiers who were demanding the buildings from us. Finally with the help of the Wan-chiao-pio and the central Office we were again left alone. Early ~~again~~ this morning the buildings

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... in danger. Agains she is ~~safe~~ saved, but we do not know how long she can be kept out of danger.

At this time the gov. has already fled and the armies are awful. All the guards scattered in the city for protection ... were all called back by the headquarters this afternoon. Our guards got the notice at 2 P.M. and they left us immediately... Eventually something is going to happen. When and what? Who knows? I wish I knew.

We are making a desperate attempt to show that our rooms are fully occupied. Beds were made in the down stairs rooms, and lights are on in some of the upstairs rooms too in the evening. It is such a joke.

Last night at 2 a.m. "Repeat the sounding fire" [cannonading] the concert began. We sat up for nearly the whole night and wonder what would happen next.

Dr. Reeves. Aug. 23.

The booming of the Northerners across the river was pretty loud. Some of the girls who ~~not~~ had not lived with it before were frightened to the limit. They all moved into 6 or and seemed to retreat out back when soldiers come in. They had had to stand at bay about 100 soldiers, and as all the foreign soldiers had wounded soldiers in, ~~them~~ there was no reason for their not taking over Ginling buildings, but they did not. You will recognize who wrote, "We seem to be surrounded by an invisible wall. We are protected. We will be protected. There can no harm come to us... Wang Kwan San died. ... placed her in the Presbyterian Cemetery and now she sleeps undisturbed on the hill overlooking the campus.... En Lan wrote that as she rode to get Pastor Swen and Chen Ah Ming she thought to sleep at peace better, for the cannons roared as she was on her way and there were almost more soldiers than civilians on the streets.

Miss Trundle - Aug. 19 - 50 girls still at Nanking

8-8-27

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For the Office files [illegible] (1945.)

Personal History - Dr. Liu En-lan
Ginling College

Date and Place of Birth: March 27, (Chinese Calendar) 1904, Ankin ( ) Shantung.

Name in Chinese:

Name on Passport: Liu En-lan

Educational Institutions attended, with dates:

Ginling College 1921-1925
Clark University, Worcester, Mass, 1929-1931
University of Chicago, June - Dec. 1930
Oxford University, 1938-1940

Publications: (see separate list.)

Other Activities and Achievements:

1. Lectured at Central University, as an exchange, 1932-34.
2. Taught Geology at the University of Nanking under the plan of cooperation with Ginling, from 1938 to the present.
3. Lectured in the National Northwest Normal College, Lanchow as a loan from Ginling, April to July 1944.
4. Came to Szechuan for field work with the Science Society of China, summer 1933.
5. Went to ~~Southern~~ Kwangsi, Kwangtung and Hunan with the Science Society of China, summer 1934.
6. Went to Southern Kiangsi with the Science Society of China, summer, 1935.
7. Field work in Tsi-ning, Shantung, summer 1936.
8. Field work in the mountains of Szechuan under the auspices of the Ministry of Education and Provincial Government of Szechuan in the summers of 1941, 1942 and 1943.
9. Field work in the Gobi desert, Northwestern Kansu, summer 1944.
10. Trip to Kweiyang for the rescue of refugee children, Dec. 1944.
11. Work as a part time economic geographer with the Foreign Economic Administration of the U.S. Government on the resources of China's northwest, Jan. - March 1945.

Preliminary Plan for Stay in America.

First month after arrival stay in a quiet place, preferably in Worcester, Mass., for orientation and brushing up.

Visiting institutions where there are geography departments to study their work and to share with them recent developments in the study of the geography of China, where such information is desired.

Visiting different types of work carried on by trained geographers who are not in the teaching professions.

Hope for some time for organization of material obtained on various field trips and writing them down. ~~I have~~ Mrs. Liu has in mind the idea and the material for a book on "The Yellow River" after the fasion of the one on "The Yangtse", showing the various cultural regions and developments along its course, and another on "Village Life on the Chengtu Plain"

Make as many contacts as possible for the promotion of mutual understanding between China and the United States.

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Publications of Dr. Liu En-lan
Ginling College

1. A manuscript in English entitled "The Yangtze" about 100,000 words is near completion.

11. Short articles(Note: * indicates it is written in English)

A. On Human Geography(To interpret Man's activities and thoughts in their own setting for the promotion of mutual understanding)

	Subject	Where Published	Date
1.	Land and People of the Black River Valley	Geographical Weekly	May 7, 1942
2.	Land and People of the Szechwan Grasslands	Party Daily News	June, 1942
3.	The Physical Geography of the Upper Min River as related to Man.	Ta Hsioh	July, 1943
4.	Superstitions and Traditions of the Mountain Settlement of Lo-Pei	Cultural Pioneer	1944
5.	The Social Structure of the Peoples in Northwest Szechwan	Ta Hsioh	May, 1943
6.	Past and Present of the Feudal Lord of Watze, Wenchwan	Geographical Weekly	Dec. 28, 1942
* 7.	Tribes of Li-Fan County in Northwest Szechwan	Journal of the West China Border Research Society	Series A 1943
* 8.	The Social Customs of Tribes People as Affected by their Geographical Environment	J. of W.C.B.R.	Series A 1944
* 9.	Trip to Snow Dragon Mountain	Ginling College	1943
* 10.	Calls From Szechwan's Wilderness	New York Pamphlet	
11.	The Close Door Policy of the Mountain Settlement of Tsen Tao, Northwest Szechwan	Central Daily News Kunming	Oct. 1944

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12.	Looking for Minerals Around Hsioh Ka, Northwest Szechwan	Central Daily News Kunming	Sept.14 1944
13.	The Personification of Truth(About Woman in the Borderlands)	Central Daily News Chengtu	Mar. 9 1942
14.	The Borderlands of Northwest Szechwan	Geographical Weekly	July 3, 1942
* 15.	Forgotten Lands of the Szechwan Border	The Geographical Magazine, London	Feb. 1945
16.	The Past and Present of the Wan-tze Tu-tze	Border Weekly	Dec. 28, 1942

B. On General Geography

	Subject	Where Published	Date
1.	Geography and National Defense	Chengtu Broadcast Station Pamphlet	Nov. 1942
2.	Food and War	Party Daily News	Dec. 15,1942
3.	Trip to Wenchwan	Geographical Weekly,	
4.	Geography of North Africa	Central Daily News Paper, Chengtu	Dec. 14-16, 1942
5.	Soil and National Economy	Geographical Weekly	Jan.6, 1943
6.	The Geography of Szechwan	Hsioh Sze	Mar.31, 1943
7.	The Formation of the Red Basin of Szechwan and Its Economic Effects	Ta Hsioh	May 1943
8.	Land Utilization in Western Szechwan	Wen Hwa Hsian Feng (Cultural Pioneer)	
9.	Geography and Citizenship	Central Daily News	April 1, 1943
10.	The Crust of the Earth	Geographical Weekly	Jan.1, 1943
11.	The Importance of Laboratory Work in the Teaching of Geography	Geographical Weekly	April 6, 1943
12.	Tibet and National Defense	For the Promotion of the Study of Geography and History under the Auspices of the Ministry	1943

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* 13.	The Geography of Li-Fan County, Northwest Szechwan	Journal of the West China Border Research Society	Series B 1943 Series B 1
14.	The Problem of Soil Erosion in Li-Fan County	Frontier Affairs	May 1942
15.	The Economic Possibilities of Li-Fan County	Frontier Affairs	Dec. 1942
16.	Geographical Factors behind the First European War	Wen Shi Magazine (Historical Magazine)	June 1941
17.	Natural Resorces and Pacific Affairs	Historical Magazine	Aug. 1941
18.	Discussing the Reconstruction of China's Northwest from the Geographical Point of View	Central Daily News Paper, Chengtu	Jan. 27, 1943
19.	Geography and Reconstruction in China's Northwest	Central Daily News Chengtu	Nov.5, 1944
20.	Geographical Problems of China's Northwest	Central Daily News Chengtu	Oct.19, 1944

C. Climate and Physical Geography

	Subject	Where Published	Date
1.	Rainfall and Agriculture ~~Geography~~	Geography	Vol.1 series Sept. 1941
2.	Micro-climate and Vegetation Growth	Geography	Vol. 1 Series
3.	The Climate of Szechwan	Ta-hsioh	May 1943
4.	A Preliminary Study of the Effective Rainfall of China	Read at the annual meeting of the Science Society of China	July, 1943
5.	A Preliminary Study of the Long Period Fluctuations of the Rainfall of China	The Meteorological Magazine	Nov. 1943
6.	Rainfall Intensities in China	The Meteorological Magazine	July 1944
7.	Climate and Man	Bureau of Education Pub. Sze	June 1944
8.	Winter Fog of the Red Basin of Szechwan	Tien-Chien Magazine	June 1944
9.	Quaternary Glaciation in Szechwan	New China Daily News, Chengtu	Dec.2, 1945

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CHINESE PUZZLE - AN INTERPRETATION

Liu En-lan

Oh, it was such a disappointment! I mean my first impression of a football game. I thought it must be something very interesting because I noticed lots of people were crazy about it. I decided to watch and enjoy it, too. But no, it only appeared like a jumble. The players were running wild, seemingly with no other purpose than to kick each other. To me they were wild and not genteel. No wonder sometimes people get killed. It is bound to be so, thought I. But then after I learned more about it and came to know it better, I realized that their movements are not so chaotic as they appear. There are rules. Their actions are centered around a purpose. Yes, people do get hurt or even killed at times. That is due to accidents when someone loses control of balance or coordination or to other ill-adjusted positions.

This experience often flashes on my mind nowadays whenever I hear people get excited or disgusted over present world conditions including China. They think humanity is going to ruins. Yes, the affairs of this world are very much upset, but it does not help to complain, criticize and condemn. The problems must be studied, understood without prejudice or bias. Then try readjustments and improvements calmly and scientifically.

A community or a nation is like an individual. When a person is sick, he cannot behave normally. The doctor studies his patient systematically and scientifically, then decides upon the treatment according to his findings and analysis. A doctor does not complain and curse his patient nor condemn him to death because he is foolish enough to get unfit for normal work. Politicians and all citizens are doctors to all political, social and economic ills. No one has the right just to complain and condemn emotionally, but everyone has the obligation and responsibility to study, analyze and to find a cure and a better adjustment.

Sent copies to
Dr Hsu & En-Lan
3/1/37. via C.P. Russia.
Victoria, B.C.

CLARK UNIVERSITY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

February 24, 1937

Miss Rebecca Griest
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Griest:

I have read the statement made by Miss Liu En-Lan, regarding Geography in the Chinese colleges with much interest. From a Chinese student who is here at Clark now I learned that there are but twelve well trained geography teachers in the colleges of China and that three of them are from Clark.

We are particularly proud of what Miss Liu is doing. She now anticipates being with us here at Clark next year in order to continue her graduate studies. I think she may be looking forward to a doctor's degree. We have applications from two other Chinese students who wish to study geography with us, in preparation for work in their own country.

I am personally very anxious to revisit China and take part in the educational work in certain of the colleges. I have a number of kind invitations and nothing would delight me more than to find it possible to be away for a semester -- or possibly for a whole year and spend that time in the Orient.

Cordially yours

Wallace W. Atwood

1303

CLARK UNIVERSITY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

April 16, 1937

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
Suite 903, 150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

My dear Miss Griest:

By agreement with the other members of the Association of American Universities we do not send out awards of fellowships or scholarships until April 1st. That means that Miss Liu En-lan has not yet received word from us. She was awarded a scholarship which has a value of $200 and covers the remission of all tuition charges. We fully expect she will be here and it is my sincere hope that nothing will interfere with her coming, but she has had to postpone the expedition several times in the past and it is impossible for me to say now whether she can make all arrangements to be with us.

Miss Shipman and I have worked together on her plans, and I think she understands that she has received a definite invitation to teach at Ginling next year. I know she has gone through with all the preliminary arrangements at Mount Holyoke for a leave of absence, and we are searching for a good substitute to put in her place for next year.

Would it not be well to communicate with President Wu by cable in order that no misunderstandings arise? If not, you could use air letters and save some time.

Cordially yours

Wallace W. Atwood

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CLARK UNIVERSITY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

April 19, 1937

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
Suite 903, 150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Miss Griest:

I wish your interpretation were correct, but we do not have sufficient funds to award so much to Miss Liu. Her award is a scholarship which covers all tuition charges. That means it is worth $200 to one who wishes to attend Clark, but it does not provide for any cash in addition.

For your own information (I would not for the world have Miss Liu know) I am personally responsible for that $200. She was so uncertain as to whether she could come that the Graduate Board was unwilling to award a scholarship for her and deprive someone else, who was virtually certain of coming, of the opportunity. So I took the responsibility personally of guarantying Miss Liu a scholarship, and I am perfectly willing to pay the $200 to help her in that way. If some scholarship becomes available through resignation, of course I shall be relieved of that obligation. The faculty happens to know that I am particularly anxious to help the development of geography in the schools and colleges of China, and they take a little advantage of my own enthusiasm at times.

Sincerely yours

Wallace W. Atwood

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File

GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

Miss En Lan Liu, Chairman of the Department of Geography of Ginling College, taught in the Ginling Unit in Wuchang the first semester of 1937-1938; she will be with the Ginling Unit in Shanghai for the second semester. This is the story of her trip from Wuchang to Shanghai. Miss Liu is Ginling, B. A. 1925; Clark University, M.A. 1930.
This account was written in Shanghai, January 26-28, 1938.

After the withdrawal of Chinese troops from Nanking, the people of Wuhan became more and more restless. The students of the Wuhan National University first petitioned for reduced periods in scheduled work in order to provide time for more war-time work! Then the students of other schools in the city began to organize lecture tours into the country. A number of students were asked by their families to return home. As students were leaving the classrooms for one reason or another, class work was very much disintegrated. Some classes only had twenty per cent of their members left, and some only ten per cent. School morale was greatly upset and it was practically impossible to carry on regular work. Many schools closed without final examinations. Central China College (Hwa-chung College) decided to shorten the term and to close on December 31st. That date, too, was only nominal because actually over two thirds of the students left before the 20th of November. The Ginling girls stuck better, but they too were too excited to do good work as time went on. Every day the air was thundering with rumors of air raids, though actually serious ones only happened occasionally at that time. Serious air raids happened in real fashion after the 23rd.

Our president arrived in Wuchang on December 5th to interview the students in regard to their wishes and plans. Due to the effects of war nearly every family is facing financial readjustment. As a result many of the students are not able to pursue their studies any further. If the College is going to move to Szechwan, a good number would not be able to pay for their expenses. Furthermore many government institutions have already moved into Szechwan. These institutions require little or no tuition. Therefore it would seem the future prospect for Ginling in Szechwan is not great. However in this time of great confusion no one has the prophetic eye to see into the future or to be able to say definitely what should be done. Temporary plans were made for students to take courses as guest students in West China University, so that those who could go to Szechwan could still have the opportunity to continue their studies. A group of six faculty and students left for Ichang on December 21st, and another group of sixteen faculty members and students left for the same destination on the 22nd. Because of low water only a few small boats could go up the river to Chunking. Therefore passengers up river have to disembark at Ichang and wait for smaller boats to go into the gorges and then into the heart of the Red Basin. Up-river boats are booked to the full long before the boat is scheduled to leave. It was very difficult to get tickets. The University of Nanking people had to leave in three installments, while the Ginling people left in two groups. Moreover because of the great influx of population into Szechwan, a law has just been put into effect not to allow any individuals to land at Chungking. Only groups that have already secured permits are allowed to land. So both the University of Nanking and Ginling groups secured before they left permits from the Ministry of Education, stating the number in the groups with the name of the person in charge and the number of pieces of baggage.

. . . Over twenty-five per cent of our Ginling girls are in Shanghai . . . so four of us decided to brave the winds and go to Shanghai with the hope of going to Nanking when possible.

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How to get to Shanghai, That was a big question. It was easy enough before the war. You got on the boat in Hankow; three days later, you landed in Shanghai. But now the route on the river is out of the question. The train route through Chekiang is also out of the question. The only route left is via Hongkong. But to go to Hongkong one has to go by the Hankow-Kowloon Railroad and that was being constantly bombed. We were not afraid of bombs or any possible danger, not if the train was running. We were not able to secure tickets. Then we heard . . . an International train was to leave Wuchang on December 21st with women and children of other nationalities. We tried again to secure tickets on that train. But the plan for the international train fell through and the foreign evacuees were expecting to leave Hankow by a British merchant ship "Wu-Sung" and go down the river under British guards on the 20th. . . . Then we learned the British ship was bottled up by the new boom in Kiukiang. Airplanes to Hongkong? Yes, airplanes go to Hongkong but they are booked full to January 7th; besides, the high cost is beyond the capacity of our purse. How to get to Shanghai? Meanwhile news about Canton was getting worse and worse. Some reports stated that Canton is going through the worst air raids that ever were recorded in history. Some reports said that Japanese soldiers had already landed somewhere near Canton. Some reports informed us that there might be an international clash at Hongkong at any minute. It all sounded as if Canton were a boiling pot; we would surely have ourselves ruined if we insisted on going there. On the top of all this, came the report that even if we should be able to get to Canton, it would be very difficult to get to Hongkong from Canton. The Canton-Kowloon railway was under constant bombing and it was very dangerous to go by boat. We were told that the only way to go through was by private cars which one only can secure at fabulous prices, such as over $200 per car, and we certainly would require more than two. Air mail was sent off to friends in Canton in the morning; then again in the afternoon; then the next day inquiring about conditions in Canton and possibilities of getting to Hongkong from Canton. We wrote and wrote, but we never received any answer, because we left Wuchang before any answer could reach us.

Besides the anxieties as to how to get through to Hongkong, we also received numerous warnings about our entrance into Shanghai. We were told over and over again that we should take nothing with us that would identify us as belonging to the educated class. This meant that we must not take any papers or books with us. So books and papers were classified and packed. Some were sent to friends far away; some were sent by post to Shanghai; and some were packed in boxes to be left in Wuchang and to be sent later, if possible. . . .

Then we received numerous pieces of advice about the trip. First we should dress ourselves in hiking suits because the train might stop at any place due to air raids and we would be obliged to jump off the train to run for places of safety; and then climb on the train again when the affair was over. And then we have to provide food for the whole journey and water, too, if possible, because no one knows what one can get and what one can not when one is travelling under such strange conditions.

At last the good news came on the afternoon of the 22nd of December. Our president told us that there was to be an international train leaving at 9 A.M. the next day for foreign evacuees. This meant that the broken bridge was already repaired. . . . A National train was to leave at 10 A.M. on the same day. She had asked a friend to secure four tickets for us. . . . We decided to travel second class; four of us would occupy one compartment, so that we could lock the door, and so we could flee in case of air raids. At the same time we tried to reduce our baggage to the minimum. That is not easy when one has to bring provisions for the four seasons practically. Luggage was ready. Food provisions were also packed into baskets and bundles. We were ready for the "Ready go," but we had not actually got our tickets.

December 23rd. We got out of bed long before the coming of dawn. The fin-

ishing touches on baskets and bags were done. The sky was hanging low with mist. We left for the station at 7 A. M. though we knew the train would not leave until 10 A. M. Miss Sutherland went with us to the station.

The station house was divided by a wooden fence into two uneven sections. One section is three times larger than the other. The larger section is used as a barracks for soldiers while the smaller section remains the station. The station space falls short of the number of passengers to be accommodated and there was a large flow of baggage and people outside the station in the dripping . . . rain. The wind was chilly and the people looked wretched. Miss Sutherland was keeping watch over one heap of baggage. Two of us were guarding another heap outside. One was guarding at the ticket window and another was guarding and waiting for the tickets for our berths. As I was already suffering from a heavy cold and found the chilly wind was too much for me, I changed my job by deserting my companion and the heap of baggage and became the telephone between our different guards. I began to push in and out of the station with the mad crowd. The crowd was getting larger all the time and the space was getting smaller accordingly. People began to pile on people like a mountain in front of the ticket window. We inquired at the information box for the man from whom we were told to get our reserved tickets. We were informed that he was busy at the other station for the international train, and he would come as soon as the other train left. We waited and pushed and squeezed in the crowd from 7-9 A. M., but the man was not there. At. 9 A.M. the window for third-class tickets was opened and people actually stepped upon people in order to get a chance to buy tickets. It was already after nine and the train was almost packed full of people, but the man had not arrived. One man came up and told us that reserved tickets had lost their meaning at times like this. Tickets or no tickets, whoever sees a vacant place first fills it. He advised us to get on the train first and try to secure our tickets afterwards. We did as we were told. We rushed on the train and occupied one of the two compartments left. Because we had no tickets naturally we could not check any of our baggages, so we moved it piece by piece ourselves into the compartment. Mud, water and over ten pieces of luggage fully occupied the four berths. When the people who came to help us off left, we locked the door and . . . arranged our luggage in every possible space, so as to find space for ourselves. Everything was fixed. The train was about to start. We had not got our tickets.

Our train consisted of fifteen cars. Besides the baggage and officers' cars, there were eight third-class sleeping cars, one second-class car belonging to the Tsin-pu line and another car belonging to the Lunghai line with one section as first class and the other section as a second-class sleeping car, a conglomeration in colors and sources. There were no electric lights at night. Most of the cars were scarred by bombs. Some have wooden windows instead of glass ones. Some were broken here and others were broken there. No one looked really fresh and healthy. However they were all packed full; there was even no space left for people to walk about in the hallway.

Loud thundering at the door. We opened not the door. Men and women shouted for us to open the door. They shouted that they had the tickets for that compartment and they therefore must be the legitimate inhabitants. We had reserved tickets, so we must have a right to occupy a cabin, too. We did not open the door. If we had, no one could have told what would have happened. Fortunately at this moment, the person from whom we should have got our tickets arrived. He had reserved for us cabin no 7. But it had long been occupied by other people. What should be done! Our benefactor talked to our competitors and asked them to enter another cabin. They went into cabin no. 7. The dispute was temporarily settled. Our benefactor told the janitor to take good care of us and also asked him to see the conductor for our tickets. The train started off but we had not tickets.

After the train started, the porter came with a blanket and a pillow. When we opened the door for him, two men rushed in and demanded to see our tickets. We

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told them we were ready to buy tickets. They shouted in a very angry voice and said, "Well then, get. . . See, we have the tickets." Then we know who they were. We told them that since they had consented to swap with us into no. 7, we do not consider it necessary to raise the question again. No, they would not leave. We slept and they sat. Time passed in silence. When we woke up, they were still there, but their anger was about eighty per cent subsided. Finally we were able to settle on friendly terms. They belong to a very big family from Kiukiang. A group of sixteen members were on the train and they only had one and a half cabins. Naturally they do not have enough space. We decided that we would occupy only two berths and leave the other two for three of their young daughters. Before the conductor came, our opponents declared, "We are no longer enemies; we are friends."

The train puffed on and we were due at Changsha early the next morning. However when the train stopped at one of the suburbs of Changsha the inertia seemed to be too great for it to move again. It stayed there for over six hours. We have never been able to find out what the real trouble was. Two shots were heard in the midst of the waiting. Explanations were various; it was difficult to decide which was correct. And the shots remain a mystery even to this day. The train finally began to move again in the afternoon.

The sky was wonderfully cloudy. The train puffed on without interruptions. At night each cabin was given one candle. We saved the candle by going to bed as soon as darkness began to fall. There was also very little facility for drinking water. The porter only had one water pot which he hung with a string over a tiny portable charcoal stove at the doorway to serve over sixty people in his car. He was having a difficult time to meet the continuous demands. Especially when many people were having colds due to the lack of blankets and bedding. The question of hot water supply was a very acute problem indeed.

At 3 P. M. December 24, the train arrived at Ping-shih. Ping-shih is the first railway station inside the border of Kwangtung border. It is situated among many ranges of hills. There are many railway tunnels. In case there is a raid, the cars will be pulled into them for refuge. The train used to stop there till nightfall finish its long distance run into Canton under the protection of the night. When we reached the station, it was only three o'clock in the afternoon. Normally we would have had to wait for four or five hours before the train would have moved forward again. However the sky was beautifully overcast and there was a strong wind. All passengers on board were happy because of the prospect of getting into Canton on Christmas day. The night before in my half of a berth with one suitcase against my head and beside me a big basket for food supplies, I lay in the dark thinking of the many happy Christmas eves of the past years. This one was so different. All was quiet except the puffing of the train. At midnight, all of a sudden, the engine began to shriek like the sound of a siren and the train slowed down. People all got astir and shouted "air raid." The train continued to shriek, yet did not stop for people to get off. Everybody on board was out of their berths and all was in great confusion, but the candle in the hall was still burning. The porter came to inform us that there was no air raid, but the brakes of the engine were out of commission. The train could not stop at the station where it ought to; so it was sending out its S O S. by way of shrieking. Then came the sounds of shots. What could that mean, The train finally halted, yet the shrieks continued. Then we discovered that the train had stopped between Lo-chang and Shaokwan, the danger zone in Kwangtung where the death dropping planes visit every day. I was too tired. I slept. When I woke up the next morning, the train had already pulled back to Lo-chang. At about 8:30 A. M. Christmas morning, the train started on its backward move toward Ping-shih in order to flee from the attacks of planes. Thus we have a chance to see the exquisite scenery along the Peikiang (North River). The valley gives a gorge-like effect. The water has a crystalline green color. All around us was beauty. "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile." That made Christmas day ospecially painful.

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We had one tin of canned sardines and another can of corn beef for our Christmas dinner. . . . After dinner we read together the Christmas message that came with the food. But afterwards we thought our own thoughts. For the beauty of friendship that is still left to us; . . . there is reason for thnksgiving. The mountains around Ping-shih somewhat resemble those of the karst land of Kwangsi. Above all there was not a single air raid while our train was waiting there. At 3 P. M. the train started southward again. The train reached Lo-chang again by 5 P. M. While the train was getting ready for its long night's run, an airplane appeared overhead. It was marked with Chinese sign, yet it held a bomb in its claw. It whirled round and round overhead. Nobody understood what it meant. Most of the people left the train and scattered into the fields. Fortunately nothing happened and the train left by 6:30 P. M.

The moon was clear and bright toward the latter part of the night. Everytime the train slowed down, I stuck my head out of the window and every time I discovered that the sides of the rails were soft with fresh disintegrated limestone. They were places that have been bombed. All the stations south of Shao-Kwan are in ruins. . . . It was a desolate and mournful sight.

We were told that Canton was regularly raided about 7 A. M. every morning. The train usually tries to get in before the raid begins. It was already seven; our train was still one hour's distance from Canton. Some of the passengers got restless. At last when the train pulled into the first small station of Canton, many people got off there instead of waiting to get off at the main station which would bring them much nearer their destination. No air raid. We stayed on. The train got into the main station at 8 A. M. We rushed. We hustled. We hurried. Suitcases, baggage, packages and people all piled into cars. . . . We managed to reach the Y. W. C. A. hostel by 8:20 A. M. Before we moved all our luggage into the hostel, the siren called. The air raid began.

As we were in a new environment we were not quite sure what we should do. We went to see the general secretary, inquiring about dugouts. She was very polite and very enthusiastic about their work. She started us on an inspection tour when we were longing for a bath and a real meal. At last the tour was over. They were having a very interesting Christmas program for their members. We returned to the room assigned to us. The maid came in and announced that baths were ready. We were not sure whether we should go into a bath tub or not while the air raid was on. The maid must know however. The urgent warning came while we were in the tubs. Since there was nothing we could do, we proceeded with what we were doing. After bathing there was still no release. Then we proceeded to the laundry. Release came at 11 A. M. Just when we were ready to go out investigating about going to Hongkong, the siren called again. We had not had any food since our evening meal on the previous day. Urgent warning again. It was 1 P. M.. We were hungry. Cars and busses were running as usual on the streets. We inquired of the maid if it was all right to go out while the warning was on. She said yes, provided we would quickly go to a dugout as soon as we heard sounds of bombs or machine guns. We went out to the busy streets where life was in full activity in spite of warnings for a raid. We went into a restaurant for lunch. The restaurant was teeming with humanity. After lunch we went to the Traveller's Bureau to inquire about means and ways of getting to Hongkong. The man told us that we could go either by boat or by train. The boat leaves for Hongkong every morning at 8 A. M. and a train leaves every afternoon at 5 P. M. We decided to take the train trip. The Traveller's Bureau sells no tickets, because the train might not go if there were raids. We hurried to the office. There was already a long line waiting at the ticket window. Therefore two members of our party stayed in the waiting line for the tickets and the other two went back to the Y. W. to pack up our laundry and what not. We hurried and we rushed again. The release for the air raid came while we were dashing for the train. The train was packed full. After great difficulty we were fortunate enough to get standing space. The train

did not leave until it was getting dark. There was a beautiful fog enveloping the quiet earth. The train safely slid on in the gentle caress of the mild breeze.

The trip took only three hours. The lights of Kowloon were soon in front of us. We crossed over to Hongkong on the ferry and then went to True Light Girls school by car. We were very fortunate in meeting the principal at the gate. True Light Girls . . . too, are refugees in Hongkong. Their living conditions is as crowded as we were in Wuchang. . . . Finally after much telephoning, we went to the Great Eastern hotel for the night. It was already 1:30 A. M. December 27 when we finished our supper.

On December 27, the first thing we did in the morning was to go to the Traveller's Bureau to inquire about sailings to Shanghai. We were told that a boat "Tsinan" was leaving the port at 4:30 P. M. If we missed that boat, we would have to wait in Hongkong till January 8th; so we decided to go. All tickets had been sold out except a few deck tickets. Those we immediately booked. For deck tickets we had to provide our own food supplies. The lady in charge also warned us that we should go to the boat as early as possible in order to be able to secure a space. After a few errands we returned to the hotel to get ready for the boat. A group of Ginling friends from True Light came to see us. In the great confusion of visiting and packing, we did not buy any food supply and we did not telegraph to Shanghai of our coming and at the same time our visitors must have found us "absentminded." These friends helped us to get on the boat and secured the best location possible. The boat left Hongkong at about 5 P. M. By the time the boat started, every space on the boat including the deck was covered by travellers. They lay down at night like sardines against each other. There was hardly space enough for anybody to move around. The sea was rough for the first two days. therefore no food was required. Since we did not have any, it was all right. The boat anchored near Amoy at 6 P. M. December 29th.

Early Thursday morning, December 30, the boat got into the harbor of Amoy. We decided that we would get off the boat and have a square meal. The atmosphere, however, in Amoy seems to be very tense. Nobody was allowed to land without a permit. Lots of traders came on board to sell pomaloes and oranges. They are sweet, delicious and cheap. One dollar for eighty oranges or twelve pomaloes. We bought four hundred oranges and twelve pomaloes. We would have bought more if we had had enough space. In the afternoon when the crowd was dispersing, we went off the boat and took a walk on the Bund and at the same time bought a little food.

There were a number of officers from the Bank of Communications and the Tsin-pu and Nanking-Shanghai railway. We overheard them talking about the danger of carrying into Shanghai any sort of literature, letters or anything that would betray one's identity as belonging to the educated class. Then we started to search our suitcases for "Taboos." Personal cards were torn to pieces. Memorandas of different kinds of social work and of meetings in Wuchang were thrown into the ocean. Diplomas, address books, notebooks and a few books were quickly packed. It was difficult to clean oneself one's upbringing because one never seems to be able to get rid of all the slips which in one way or another would betray one's identity. All the precious packages were trusted to a man who was getting off at Amoy, to be sent to us to Shanghai and some to Hankow and some to friends in Hongkong. We know nothing about that man! We had never met before. We trusted him on his own words because we saw no other way to get rid of our "Taboos" safely. He also consented to send a telegram for us to Shanghai.

December 31, Friday, the boat left Amoy at 7 A. M. We had oranges and pomaloes every meal every day until we were sick of them. We had expected to reach Shanghai by January 1st, but Shanghai was sighted on Sunday morning, January 2nd, instead.

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We were told that the boat would reach Shanghai early in the morning. Yet by 9 A. M. we were still in the wilderness of the ocean. By ten o'clock the boat was slowly steaming up the Whangpoo. People were all quiet and solemn on board. The landscape around is all in mornful black. Houses are all in ruins. Some with roofs torn; some with the front porch gone; some with corners amputated; some have nothing left but heaps of dirt over foundations. The country is desolate. Nobody was seen anywhere except once in a while a truck or two. . . . What fun is there to rule a dead country!

Our boat was expected to dock at the French concession at ten or eleven. As the dock was busy, we waited in the river. As our boat came up near Pootung . . . we saw hundreds, no thousands of people standing closely together on a few small ferries. They shouted while we went by. We could not hear what they said. More and more boats were seen as we came further up the river. We saw more men at arms and more boats. Property along the river front here is not as badly ruined. Only Chinese properties are completely destroyed; those of other nationalities are all right. Then we came face to face with the mouth of the famous Soochow Creek. In front of the Bund were many small ferries fully loaded with humanity. They looked as if they were ready to start off somewhere. The sky was veiled by a multitude of flying flags of all colors. We were met at the dock by Miss Kirk, so we were assured that our unknown friend at Amoy is a real friend indeed. He had sent our telegram. We went to McTyeire and dropped our things there; then we went to the apartment of Miss Chester and Miss Kirk where a small group was waiting for us. A happy reunion with our friends, hot tea, a hot bath and a square meal at the end. We felt as if we had already entered into heaven. We regretted the books and notebooks and all our beloved articles that we had either left behind or sent away on the way. It is a matter of chance because such things occasionally have caused trouble. We have nothing to regret; we only have plenty to be thankful for. So our friends told us and so we thought, too.

We spent our first night in Shanghai at McTyeire School That school is situated near the boundary of the concession; homes are often visited and searched by unwelcome guests . . . and it is far away from the Ginling office. We started to seek for shelter in other parts of the city. We moved the second day into the Y. W. C. A. hostel which is very near to the Ginling office. By staying there for two nights we discovered that the house is no place for working people like us; so we started to search for a more private place to stay. On January 5th we moved into a single room on the third floor of a Terrace house. It is furnished. The monthly rent if fifty-five dollars including light and water. Four of us moved in and there only enough space left for a table in the middle of the room. It is facing south and flooded with sunshine, rather a cheery place. In our present state of affairs, we decided to do our own cooking before school opens in order to be economical. We did it for two days! Handicapped by lack of facilities we felt it had taken more of our time than we were willing to give to it. On January 9th we went to board for our noon and evening meals with a friend and reserve the honor to prepare our own breakfast.

January 9th, Sunday. Mrs. New and Miss Chester invited the Ginling faculty members in Shanghai to a war--time Ginling faculty reunion at the home of Mrs. New. Fifteen members were present including three Board members. We had a devotional period at 11 A. M. in which we shared with each other our attitudes and reactions toward the brutality of this invasion and what we should do as Christian educators. Then we had a delicious lunch together. For the rest of the day we stayed at home receiving callers and friends.

January 10, Monday. The six colleges and universities of East China have a temporary office here in Shanghai. The plan of cooperation between them is now in progress. We were all asked to work out our needs and offerings for our respective departments. All those institutions with their depleted resources must work together.

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The government institutions, Ta-tung and Chiao-tung, are now carrying on in the building of the Science Society of China. They find it very difficult to continue for the next term. The buildings of Chiao-tung are occupied by a Japanese school.

Since our books were left in Nanking, Wuchang and since I came into Shanghai with my hands so cleanly washed from anything associated with the book family, I have to do something before classes begin. So I spent two whole days exploring the libraries in Shanghai. On January 13th I called a meeting of the four Geography majors and arranged conference hours with them for their theses. Each student is to meet with me three times a week. Under the present circumstances topics for theses are limited.

January 14. The first faculty meeting was held. In the meeting a nominating committee was elected for the nomination of standing committees; a hostel committee was also elected for the consideration of student residences. The first letter from Nanking arrived after a dead silence of six weeks since December 2nd. Naning is actually under a reign of terror. Women are raped on the streets and are constantly taken from the refugee camps in the safety zone. Nanking is in ruins. Ginling buildings are among the most fortunate ones in that they practically suffered no damage and they are now sheltering 7 or 8000 refugees and they have been sheltering over 10,000 women and children. Personal property of faculty members has been looted not by refugees but by victors.

January 15th another letter came from Nanking with more news of terror. . .

January 16th. Chen Hwang, Li-ming's husband arrived from Hankow. He left Hankow one week after we did and he arrived in Shanghai two weeks after us. In his train there were no sleeping cars and no water. His train was also delayed by the tragedy of another train's jumping the tracks due to slippery mud conditions on the newly repaired rail tracks. A number of people were killed.

We are now beginning to get busy about announcements and entrance for new students. We work but we have no idea what will come out of it.

January 18th. The outstanding newspapers in Shanghai are now no more. We learn very little from the daily papers now concerning the conditions at large. It is as if one were living in the wilderness of Siberia. . . . I have never heard a thing about the Rest Station for Wounded men in Wuchang. I have heard nothing about the students who are on their way to Chengtu. I have heard nothing from any member of my family since last November. What has become of them, . . . One only lives and works and knows nothing about what is happening. While I was out looking for a hostel for the students, I noticed that something must be happening somewhere. Sandbags are piled up again at street corners. Japanese soldiers are again digging trenches beyond the boundary of the concession. Here and there one hears whispers about the conditions in the occupied areas around Shanghai. I have learned the meaning of the crowds of people we saw on the ferries at our entrance into Shanghai. They are the population of the occupied areas around Shanghai. They were sent back to their ruined homes from the refugee camps because civilians have been permitted to return since January 1st. They have returned to their land, because if they do not return, they will have nothing to live on. Now that they have returned, they still have nothing to live on, and at the same time they have no chance to escape, and they have to do and serve against their free will. There seemed to be a lot of suppressed anxiety in the atmosphere.

The hostel committee is coming against many problems, too. It seems very unwise to have a large group of women living together at the moment. Besides the personal dangers from robbery, and personal attacks from victor's soldiers, a crowd would attract more attention for investigation and observation. Therefore we decided to postpone the search for a hostel and wait till we see things in a little clearer light.

January 19-21st. The Council of Higher Education is having a meeting in the Mission Building on Yuen Ming Yuen Road. In the meeting reports were made by different colleges and universities and the emergency policy was discussed at great length. Dr. Stuart from Yenching University, Peiping was at the meeting and he gave a lot of valuable suggestions and advice from his experiences in Peiping. Many difficulties and complications have arisen in the course of discussion. Emergency policy has to be in accord with the setting in which the different institutions are working. Roughly China is divided into three sections now: the occupied areas; the threatened areas; and the safe zone. Most of the occupied areas are now under the reign of terror. No house is permitted to have their doors closed. Property is taken by victors at any time of the day. Young men are constantly shot for no known reason. Women are raped everywhere. There is no law and order. It is hell for mortals. Work is impossible. For institutions under the protection of other flags in the concession, there is the question of academic freedom. All educational institutions are under close observation. One instance will make this clear. On December 29, the responsible person of St. John's College was called upon by a police detective. He was asked what kind of program he was planning for the New Year. He said, "Nothing." "But you did have something on Christmas Eve?" "Yes, a service at St. Paul's Church and a simple party afterwards." "Yes, you are telling the truth, because I was there."

In the threatened area there is too much unrest for regular work. There has to be a change in the curriculum. Then the refugee problem is serious. Most people are not able to pay fees.

The outcome of three days of discussion is that the six institutions now in Shanghai must cooperate. They have decided to have joint libraries , joint laboratories, joint religious activities and joint planning for physical education. A request for five thousand dollars gold for such equipment was sent to the Associated Boards in the States.

I can not go on to relate all this in detail now because I must run to catch the friend who is leaving for the United States this very afternoon. If I miss her, I have no way to send this out of Shanghai without getting myself into a mess and what not.

I am afraid I have no time to read this over. If it is not clear or if the sentences are so messed up that you can not read, please forgive.

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CLARK UNIVERSITY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

April 1, 1938

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
Suite 903, 150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

My dear Miss Griest:

I have just received a letter from Miss Liu En-lan, in which she indicates that she has suddenly come to the conclusion that it would be best for her to come to this country and go on with her graduate studies in the hope of securing a higher degree. She is now in Shanghai and gives the following address: Room 512, 133 Yuen Ming Yuen Road, Shanghai.

Miss Liu thinks there is very little chance of her college being reestablished for another year and as she can be of very little help to anyone, and perhaps more of a burden than a help, she has written asking whether the gift which was made to help her carry on her studies is still available and what we can do for her here at Clark.

Our fellowship and scholarship awards for next year have now been made. Of course there may be some resignations which would make it possible for us to consider late applications. However, I personally shall be responsible for a fellowship for Miss Liu which will be equivalent to the tuition charge of $200, and I hope you can help her work out plans to be here. Mrs. Atwood and I will do everything we can during the year to make her happy, and I know the other members of our staff and our student body will be very sympathetic. She will be most welcome in our school, and I hope she can move forward rapidly toward the goal she has in mind.

Sincerely yours

Wallace W. Atwood

CLARK UNIVERSITY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

April 4, 1938

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
Room 903, 150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

My dear Miss Griest:

I am pleased that plans are such that Miss Liu En-lan may come to this country and continue her graduate work next year. I am sending an official letter which she can use in securing her passport and having it properly visaed.

Thank you for sending the material regarding China. It has not arrived as yet, but I look forward to reading it although I anticipate, from similar material that has reached me, that it will be horrifying.

Sincerely yours

Wallace W. Atwood

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Pearl Buck (Mrs Walsh)

209 The Manor,
333 E. 43rd Street,
New York City.
June 10, 1938.

Miss Rebecca Griest,
Associated Boards of Christian
Colleges,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Miss Griest:

I appreciate very much your letter of June 3. You may be sure I read Liu En-lan's article with the greatest sympathy and interest, and I gave it also to Richard Walsh who has had a great deal of experience in magazine work and knows nearly all the editors in the city. In addition to that we gave it to another reader whose judgment we trust, the more especially because of her deep sympathy for China. We are all agreed that this is an article which should not be published, because it would tend to turn sympathy away from China. It is, I know, true in every detail, and you and I can understand their mismanagement, the graft, the waste, the seeming callousness of officials, their unpreparedness, but it would do the cause of China no good to print this article at present. I suggest that you give it to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, United Council for Civilian Chinese Relief, 10 E. 40th Street, New York City, and ask him to make such excerpts from it as he feels he can use to aid China.

Sincerely yours,

Pearl S. Walsh a. B.

Pearl S. Walsh.

PSW:AB
(Dictated but not read)

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Ill

CLARK UNIVERSITY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

October 14, 1938

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
Suite 903, 150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

My dear Miss Griest:

Miss Liu sent word to me of her change in plans early in the summer, but I appreciate your letter and your very kind comments.

A year in England will be very restful for her and there are institutions there where she can secure excellent work in geography. She has not told me just where she is going to be located, but I trust she will find the work quite satisfactory there.

Cordially yours

Wallace W. Atwood

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Received New York, August 26, 1940

American President Lines

On Board S.S. Coolidge
August 10, 1940

Dear Mr. Evans:

Thank you for sending on the gown. I'll settle the payment with the Ginling office in Chengtu. I also want to take this opportunity to thank you for all the kindness you have rendered me from time to time.

You must excuse this scribble because my bed is my desk, sitting room, and all. There is no lounge nor writing room for third-class passengers. The only place available is the dining room which is vile and smelly and impossible to stay in longer than absolutely necessary. The advantage of this arrangement is that the majority of the third-class passengers are so sick that it proves to be a profitable scheme for the ship not to have any conveniences for them (the passengers). There are shower baths but there are no curtains; therefore, a bath would mean a public demonstration to a large proportion of the fellow passengers. In the cabins there are white enameled wash basins and convenience for "Boraxo" but when you try it, they are empty. And there is no cup or glass for a drink or even to brush one's teeth with.

Something happened at noon when I went to the Purser for my mail. I offered to take Chen Yu-djen's mail for her (for she is too sick to move). The Purser refused to have me doing it, for the reason he thought she is not on board. I insisted she is. Then I said I would have a "bet" with him. I said if I should produce Chen Yu-djen, he must personally see to it that curtains be hung up in the toilet and baths, all wash basins to be cleaned and boraxo boxes to be filled, all the places cleaned and cups or glasses be provided. Of course I won the bet, and there is actually a new earth and a new heaven now in the process of appearing. It really does not cost them much if they get things clean and pleasing. I suppose they would lose from the food point of view because when passengers are not so sick they might begin to eat. Anyhow, they have to lose now, because the Purser has lost his bet.

On ordinary occasions I would resent the tax on my gown very much. But since it was considerably overdue and it was presumed to be lost, I thought if anything has to go down, I prefer to have my gown rather than myself go down. Now that neither my gown now myself has gone down, I feel it is an occasion for a celebration. So the duty I paid can be well considered as a celebration fee.

All the doors between classes are locked and we are looked after like prisoners. I suppose their line of argument must be that all people who have no money must be criminals. I told the Purser that this capitalistic world needs some hard blows on the head and he wholeheartedly agreed with me. We decided we should all be Socialists. I suppose you, in your position, would disagree. Anyhow, we can all talk and say things as we like, for nothing we say would make any difference to the world we live in.

At any rate it is nice to be on the Pacific for it means nearer home as the hours drag by - home, also a land of adventure and enterprises. One only can look forward to it with the expectation of a child who looks forward to a new day.

With best wishes and many thanks,

Sincerely yours,

s/ Liu En-lan

P.S. Grace Chen wants to be remembered to you, and this paper is stolen for me by Miss Yung and smuggled over to me later, therefore, I suppose she would like to send her greetings, too.

E. L.

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UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

THIS is to certify that it appears by the Register of the Ancient House of Congregation of Doctors and Regent Masters of the University of Oxford that

En-Lan Liu

St. Hilda's College

after having satisfied all the conditions prescribed in that respect by the Statutes of the University, was on the twenty-third *day of* November 1940 *duly* ~~presented and~~ *admitted to the Degree of*

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

As witness my hand this twenty-eighth *day of* November 1940.

S. Calcraft

Assistant Registrar.

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With The Ginling College " Land Army" At Jenshow
Jan. 21 to Feb. 4th. 1941

THE BACKGROUND

The perfect life, as viewed by most modern youth, especially the so-called educated youth, was and is still a round of ease or entertainment, of motion pictures, theaters, parties, of good food and other material luxuries. It is a life of minimum effort and maximum pleasure. In other words " a good time" is their chief concern.

This indolent and undisciplined way of life has sapped many individuals of their vigor and imperiled many communities of their peace and order. Youth today as yesterday needs new supplies of discipline, morality and intelligence. Strange to say, the general education of our day have made but little consistent effort to inculcate these qualities in their educated.

When the Japan war has suddenly broken in upon us in the summer of 1937, many youth found that they have to reorganize their lives under the pressure of war conditions. And they came to realize that they were utterly unprepared to face the storms of life. Even College students were no exceptions.

Therefore during the academic year 1937-1938 there were continuous cries from various walks of life among College students and graduates calling for a modification in the educational program so that those who are educated might feel that they are not only educated to be merely labelled as educated, but also to be educated to enable them to meet life's demands satisfactorily and rightly.

Thus just before the migration of Ginling College into Szechwan, the Ginling College faculty sat over many mind searching and heart-searching meetings in the tiny rented office on the fifth floor of the Y.W.C.A. Building on Yuen Ming Yuen road in Shanghai considering and discussing the ways and means, pros and cons of many "whats" and "hows" as to the College's war time program.

Finally it was decided that the College will carry a Rural Service Station in a rural center outside of Chengtu for the purpose of providing a laboratory for Ginling College students to get knowledge of the social needs of the rural

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population through direct contacts and actual experience by living with the people.

After knowing the needs and moods of the rural population who constitutes the majority of our people, then, through careful observation and scientific study, classification, correlation and interpretation to discover the virtues and vices of the social structure and the real meaning of life. With this ~~background~~ knowledge as a background they may have a better idea of what they want to make of their own lives and what they want to do for others and thereby to give them some sort of a rudder during their College training.

Hence, in the fall of 1938 when the College was settled in Chengtu, Jenshow was chosen as the site of the Rural Service Station of the College.

THE JENSHOW RURAL SERVICE STATION

The work of the station is mainly carried by ~~a~~ eight full time persons ~~of eight~~. They hold the "fort" and organize and execute working plans at all times in works of the following nature:

A. Club work:
   1. Women's club
   2. Teacher's club
   3. School Girls's club
   4. Clubs for Rural Women

B. Home work:
   1. Preparation for home-making
   2. Parent education

C. Industrial art:
   1. Cross stitch and embroidery works
   2. Paper cuttings
   3. Angora Rabbit breeding.

D. Health
   1. Well Baby Clinic
   2. Baby Bathing and teaching program
   3. Medicine boxes

E. Rural center work in the villages
   1 Literacy work
   2. Nursery Group leaders
   3. Club works

But during the vacations a number of students used to go down for practical training in the following:

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1. Studying the needs of the rural women, children and families

2. Learning to meet the needs of the rural population by living and working with them and to understand them.

3. Trying to help them to help themselves by a stirring up of their routine doldrums of life.

JENSHOW, THE SETTING

Jenshow is situated about eighty miles south of Chengtu among hills with a natural landscape of exquisite beauty. But the people of Jenshow are stagnant and the cultural landscape is decadent. It is a place where the human activities have long been adjusted to its natural environment and perfect adaptation has made progress ceased to exist. The minds of the people seem to have stuck into a corner far from the current trends of thoughts just as the place is stuck away among the hills far off from the beaten tracks of trade and commerce. Even now when the whole world is caught in the whirlwind of disturbance and change, life at Jenshow is hardly touched to a depth any deeper than the ripples upon the waters of the Pacific.

It is true that the cost of living has increased to well over ten times than pre-war days, yet the people are just as poor and contented, and their habits of thought, their customs and traditions are pretty as much the same as they were yesterday. The geographical control upon the life and culture of the people are considered in a different paper and here we are mainly concerned with the work of the the " Land Army" of Ginling College

THE WORK OF THE GINLING "LAND ARMY" OF JAN. 21 TO FEB. 4. 1941

Owing to the excellent expenses in travel, the "Land Army" rode half way and walked over the hills to their destination. The aim of this particular campaign into the life of the rural population was to attack into the following " lacks":

1. Lack of ideas in the right use of leisure

2. Lack of organized healthy means of recreation or enjoyment

3. Lack of sense in regard to the value of time

4. Lack of a sense of orderliness

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5. Lack of ability in utilizing to the full extent and best advantages of what their environment and circumstances could offer

6. Lack of public spirit.

The tactics employed are friendship, demon speeches, pictorial illustrations demonstrations, dramas, singing and games.

The program of the work was divided into two parts; the first ten days were spent in Jenshow for the preparation and carrying out of the Exhibit, and three days were spent in visiting the rural centers and held meetings with the women in their homes and another day was spent for the evaluation of the winter work.

The Exhibit was on from January 27 to 29th, 1941. January 27, 1941 was China New Year Day. China New Year at Jenshow is still a great festival ranking in importance with Christmas in the West. That is the only time for the farmers and their wives to come out and to do something different from their daily routines.

The Exhibit was cpmposed mostly of materials sent in by the rural population. They are of the following items:

1. Handcrafts; Cross stitch, embroidery works and home spun cloth

2. Children's clothing and toys

3. Vegetables and poultry.

About eighty families contributed items to the Exhibit and there were over five hundred items which were duly judged and first, second and third class prizes were awarded in the afternoon of the last day of the Exhibit. The Exhibit was opened by ~~Besides the exhibit there was a daily program of singing, tribal dances, Fashion show and games for the children.~~ the governor of the county at 10.00 A.M on the first day of the New Year. He arrived with ~~most of the dignite~~ many other officials of the city . Besides the governor, two other officials also spoke to the ever increasing crowd. The crowd was an untrained crowd who are not disciplined to listen. They moved around and greeted and talked to their friends during the opening ceremony. After the speeches and the singing, the wife of the governor formally opened the Exhibit by cutting the strips of red papers that barred the doors of the Exhibition rooms

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EVALUATION OF THE THREE DAYS EXHIBIT

During the three days of Exhibit, there was a total of about 18,000 visitors of which there were over 6700 men, over 6000 women and of over 5,000 children. For the first two days there were more women than men. The third day was market day, therefore there were more men than women.

The work gives one a sense of satisfaction and joy because the counrtyry folks have not much amusements or entertainments to enjoy themselves during the holidays and ~~spent their~~ they usually spent a large proportion of their earnings in gambling at this time. By coming to the Rural Service Station, they are (1) kept away from gambling not by forcing but by ~~the attract~~ substitution of something better; (2)given a sense of self respect that they are useful and can do something worthwhile for the society; (3) Given them a sense of pride to see their own creations exhibited for show; (4) Given a chance to exchange ideas between themselves and (5) learning something new from others' exhibited articles, pictorial illustrations and dramatic demonstrations.

Of course, we realize that not all the visitors have got the same value out of the same enterprise. What they can understand and appreciate and how much they really learn would not only depend upon their varied backgrounds and needs but also upon the subject matter presented and the methods by which our ideas are communicated.

In working among illiterate people, there are certain basic principles to be constantly kept in mind. Because they are living in a world totally different from our own. There is a deep gap between the two worlds and that has to be bridged before any communications could take place. Since it is difficult for them to ~~understand~~ understand our world, we must try to understand their ways in the light of their environment and all its capabilities and possibilities.

Confidence is the key to friendship. And understanding proceeds confidence, while prejudice proceeds antagonism. In order to secure understanding we must be able to speak their language, I mean the language of the spirit.

Therefore, at Jenshow before the students dispersed into the villages they

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were first instructed as to what to say to greet people and what to say at departure and many other kinds of village courtesies, so that they may be accepted as one of them and open the gates for further friendship.

VISIT TO RURAL CENTERS

Owing to the pecular topography of numerous residual mountains amodotted in between entrenched river courses, the houses are scattered along the river valleys and each valley belongs to a particular clan, and each clan has an ancester hall. Two clans have invited the students to go to their valleys to hold meetings for their women and children. The students were lodged in their Ancestor hall. They had very successful meetings for three days with posters, dramas and speeches to get their ideas across. At the same time the students also learned a great deal of the life of the rural women and homes.

Conclusion.

The joy of learning and of service can not be gotten without paying ~~any~~ price. The Jenshe- students as well as the Jenshow staff have to live in darkened ancestor Halls which have no windows but plenty of cracks to let the winds go through freely. The rooms ~~were~~ are damp, the winds ~~were~~ are strong, the temperature ~~was~~ is low and there was no fire. Moreover their equipments and supplies were scanty and they have to do their o own cooking under handicap. Yet the motto is " Carry on". This is the spirit of our you youth today.

When I think of the many young men and young women who are now burying themselves in the remote corners of the country among rural folks, I wonder why do they want to work there? There are poverty, dirt, deseases and ignorance. People are untrained and undisciplined. ~~Certainly it is not for~~ What makes them so eager to work as ~~the~~ " Land Army" among rural folks. It is a work which at present is without comfort, without wealth and without reward save for the love of country and mankind. Because the definition of a perfect life ~~The watch word~~ of our youth today is " Carry on" and in that lies our hope for ~~to~~ tomorrow.

Liu En-lan

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The Place of Education in a National Awakening.

We are now living and working in a time of emergency. We will realize that after this war the world will never be the same again. We therefore we will not be able to return with all hopping to resume the threads of our interrupted life later. This sense of unity will have to be one to the reason that we have left [illegible] while we are working with zeal to become victorious, but realize the tremendous [illegible] more than we ought to be normal [illegible] again. Politically, economically, socially, the whole [illegible] scene is changing as it has never changed before.

[illegible] the world [illegible] nations, races, [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the

by education? The education which is confined in the covers of books is not a complete education. Because such knowledge alone is not enough to enable the individual to meet life's demands. This can be proved by the many tragic cases that many of the splendid students who have made brilliant records in their academic career have often made a mess of their lives in society. Even though they have made splendid grades in their classes, yet they are not really educated. What is wrong then with our education?

1. In the present scheme of education there is too wide a gap between class room work and real life. Let me illustrate this point with a very simple example. We know that students can not apply what they study in real life. We also know that many of the students have put their books on a shelf and live as if they have never been to school.

2. The teaching and assignment system does not give the students the freedom of expression. Here there is no chance for expression. It means that there is complaining and rumbling. As many cases students are trained to take orders slavishly and they are always used to take the passive part. This also can be seen through our own experience. For instance, whenever there is a so-called discussion group, it really amounts to a lecture because very seldom do the members of the group express any opinion of their own. The fact that the seldom express their opinion is the result of poor training because in no place does the present system attempt to develop the free expression of thoughts.

3. The present system does not help students in reasoning or initiative. Students take many required courses for the sake of credits and not for knowledge. In other words, the system makes study a business while the tutorial system makes study a joy. When one takes one's work in the attitude of a business, it may appear to be a burden, but what it is a joy one seeks for the ways, hows, and whats. Therefore, one uses one's mind and put things together without conscious effort.

Over and over again I have come across students who do not seem to use their reasoning at all. Many times when a student gives me an accurate and good answer, I would ask again, "How do you know?" The answer would be, "You said so", or "The book says so", or "So and so says so", but when asked again, "What to you have to say"? there is usually no answer.

This weakness therefore has its expression in society. Very few people have ideas. People usually borrow others' ideas and think they are their own. People without ideas are dangerous beings in a democracy. Because they know not the real meaning of what they stand for, yet the public opinion they comprise does swing the decision of any policy at stake.

4. The present educational system is not fitted for the training of good citizenship. The system does not encourage extra-curricular activities though it claims to encourage such activities. It is through ext a-curricular activities that students are trained to develop tact in dealing with difficult situations,

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A TALK GIVEN BY LIU EN-[illegible]N AT A COMBINED MEETING OF [illegible] COUNCIL

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4/2/41 - acknlg R. M. Griest & Lucy Embree

Copy

Ginling College, Chengtu,
Feb. 8, 1941.

Dear Miss Griest:

Here at the end of a hectic day I am sitting down to write you a letter to fulfil my promise that I would write about Jenshow after my return. But today is registration day. And moreover, part of the new Chemistry building is done and some of the chemistry people are to move over, so that the rest of us could have a chance to stretch our legs a little. Unfortunately, they have not started to move yet and some of us are thrown out of our tiny holes and now we are without holes.

Dr. Reeves has been very nice to us and last term the whole department of geography has worked in her office. You can well imagine we have been acting like Japan in China. Dr. Reeves had hardly had a chance to use her office all last term. Of course, this term she decided to stand for her right and therefore we are thrown out as homeless dogs. To make the bad situation worse I am having three assistants and therefore we need a place for four tables which makes the place even harder to secure. Therefore I have been begging from office to office for the whole day asking for a place to place our tables.

At the same time Dr. Reeves has not been well during the vacation and she is not feeling very keen about her old office in that rocky attic which seems to be full of working electric fans and which can not be heated. Finally, I secured a little place in a little dark corner behind some shelves in the zoology museum. Dr. Reeves like it better because there she could have a fire and also be near to her specimens, while I like the attic better because there is a larger space for my four tables. Therefore we traded Dr. Reeves is moving down and we are moving up. All's well that ends well!

I went to hurry this letter off to you before classes begin, otherwise it may be delayed for three or four months. The enclosed paper is one that I write for the Chengtu News Bulletin. I do not know if they'll publish it, anyhow I feel people should know students are interested in such kind of works now-a-days. The 13 students and five faculty members who went down are all very enthusiastic about the place, the people and the work. I am writing another paper for the faculty in "The Relationships of the College Departments with the Jenshow rural service Center" besides that I am going to write about the Geographical controls in the region.

If anybody wants to give a small definite gift to Ginling, ask them to give the geography department two little bicycles, one little camping tent and one camera. We'll be much happier to have them than without them. I am thinking to organize a walking tour into the mountains during the spring vacation. Travel expenses now-a-days are prohibitive.

Formerly we pitied and wanted to help the rickshaw men. Now-a-days the rickshaw men are much better off than college professers. It is a very unual thing for a rickshaw man to earn $500 or $600 a month, as college professors we get less than $300 a month. In our house we spend $80 in round numbers for food and miscellaneous expenses, and then for papers, books, entertaining duties and other social obligations, nobody has any money left by the end of the month. You would do well if you do not run into debt by then.

One cotton gown which formerly cost $3.0 now costs $40. One catty (1⅓ lb) of meat which formerly costed $.25 now costs $2.80. Meat is rarely seen at dinner tables of the salary class now, but not so with the laborers and business people. On our way to Jenshow, 9 of us bought a bundle of noodles and simply boiled it in water for breakfast and costed us $4.00 but my richshaw man alone spent $1.40 for his breakfast. We are more calculating and stingy than he is." (Note - money quotations are in Chinese currency.)

Back from Jenshow my richshaw man told me that he spent $20.00 in going to the theater and movies during the New Year and none of us dared to go near the theater for each ticket costs at least $2.00 or $3.00. It is no news to hear of teachers and officers among the junior grades in government offices have resigned from their posts and are earning their living by pulling rickshaws now. It is not a rare thing to find

2/8/41

rickshaw man talking about very intelligent problems because they are people of good training. Educational institutions in China ~~at~~ at present going through a very critical moment. Because many many teachers really do not get enough to support their families, of course they can not be whole-hearted at their work.

Among students, too, there has developed a very strange philosophy. There are many things they would never do before but now they do it without question. I am glad this economic pressure is not weighing too heavily upon the farmers, laborers and business people but the educated. If they should have exchanged places there would be anarchy and confusion which would be bad for China's resistance. As it is now, it is the intellectuals who suffer. They are more disciplined and would not go off the track under the pressure of economy.

Sincerely,

Liu En-lan

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Ginling College,
Chengtu, Szechwan
March 31, 1941

Dear Miss Mann: (Oxford, England)

It is a great joy to get your letter of Jan. 26, which came in yesterday. It is a great comfort to know things are not worse than what we thought. But we all realize it is a most difficult time for you and we also realize that may be our fate are bound together.

However, I am very sorry to hear of your great loss. On the other hand, I do believe that everything works for good for those who love God. It would be rather selfish for us to wish too much for our dear ones to suffer for or with us, if circumstances should pull in other directions. Yet I do understand what it means, and I do hope life is kind to you in other ways.

Actually I think you are having a much worse time than we are. We do not have air raids as frequently as you have, and most of the raids come from 10.30 A.M. to 1.30 P.M. so we can always get our share of sleep at night. Beginning today we have changed the schedule of lectures. Previously we have lectures from 8 - 12 in the morning and 1 - 5 in the afternoon. But now we have it from 7 - 11 and 2 - 6 so that we may not miss too much of the working hours. If there are no raids, one can always work in between times.

Since the closing of the French-Indo-China route and the Burma Road, for a while, we can hardly get anything in. My luggage has just reached here about a month ago. I only came in with 15 pounds of luggage on the place and about two-thirds of that were books (only a few). My winter clothing arrived when spring is in full blosom. Spring is very early here. Wistaria, roses and a host of other flowers are covering the landscape just now. Out in the fields wheat are with ears full of grains and there is a sea of yellow flowers of rape seed. There are at least two hundred kinds of bamboo here. Nature is wonderfully beautiful here. And it constantly reminds me of Oxford.

The only difficulty here is that prices are soaring up high. When one has money one can buy everything one needs, but very few people has the money to buy. For instance what costed about $10 before is now costing more than $300. A pen formerly costed about $12 before now costs $350. But those who work with their hands really earn more now than those who work with their heads. When I went to Jenshow for rural service work during the winter vacation, I heard my richshaw man talking to another. They each earned $200 in ten days. That means on the whole they earn about $600 a month. Their earning power is nearly three times greater than mine and mine is not at the bottom of the scale. It is no exergaration that many professors can not feed their own children. At present we get some subsidy from the government and also some from the college. That means our board is paid in addition our legal salary. Anyhow we have no worry of starvation and at times like this nobody wants to buy anything new, therefore we do not feel the economic pressure very much except in the matter of books. But it is next to impossible to get books in and for personal books one has to pay double duties at times. For instance those books that were held up in French Indo-China last summer are beginning to come in now, but one is charged with storage fees. Unless the book is terribly worthwhile one hesitates to pay such a high cost for it.

The campus is terribly crowded here especially the class rooms. There was no geography department here before I came back and when I arrived, of course, there was no place for me. Last term for the whole term I have to meet my class in all kinds of places: Missionary's verandas, etc. There were many times of trials and annoyances. When we were having our classes in the bleaking wind on the open veranda and watching through the window into the big spacious living room with its cheering fire place and only occupied by a cracky old couple (not really old). I often felt fire was burning in my head. Of course I realized I have no right to ask them to suffer with us, but I always feel that they are out of place here. So much for them.

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3-31-41

This term I have luckily secured a place in the New Chemistry Building. The five universities on the campus are moving into a new building which is still in the process of construction. I got a room at the back. We still have no windows and no light, but holes on the walls. Fortunately the weather is getting warmer, so it does not matter.

April 13, 1941.

You can well see this letter has been delayed for two weeks already. And today is Easter, I have made up my mind to get this letter off in spite of everything. So many things have happened that I simply cannot find time to finish my letter. Life presses on, one simply cannot find any moment for one's self. For the two weeks in between I have to send in two papers for two different magazines who were pressing so hard and also made two public lectures: one to the Society of Natural Science and another to the Geographical Society. I am glad that there is something that people think I can do and help, but I wish there are not so many of them. Besides I have invited an assistant to help me. She left Shanghai by the end of December and only arrived here yesterday. So all this time I have to carry her work for her. Life is very interesting but often it appeared to be too much.

This morning at 6.00 A. M. we had a Sunrise service on the top of a little mound, for we have no hills around here. Students from the various Universities attended. It was a lovely service and very meaningful to me. At 9.00 we are going to have an Easter Service in which about ten students are going to be baptized. We usually have all businesses done in the early morning hours, so that any air raids that are coming would not prove to be too much a bother.

Beginning next Thursday, April 17, we are going to have three days spring holidays. I am going to take a group of 25 students to Kwanhsien where the irrigation system of the Chengtu plain starts. The city is located at the mouth of a valley. In front of the city is one sea of plain. Behind the city mountains rise to thousand feet of height and then continues into the plateau country of interior China. Due to the lack of means of transportation, we are going to go by foot. It is only 40 miles away. We'll take one day to walk there, another day to go into the mountains and two days to come back. The students are looking forward to it with great anticipation.

Some day when better time comes, I do wish you'll come to China for a visit. You will find many interesting things, though very different. It will do us lots of good to have you here even for a little while. I am sure the students will be over joyed. So please remember whenever you want to come to the Far East be sure to let us know. You can always stay with our Western staff (they are having American food instead of English) but that can be easily adjusted, I suppose.

It is difficult to know at such a distance as to what is actually happening in England. It sounds you are having a much worse time than we are. Anyhow, I do hope this war will soon be over.

Please kindly remember me to my various friends and teachers, if you happen to see them. I am sorry to hear that Miss Sessions has not been well, but I hope she is all right now.

I am going to try out how long does a letter take via Clipper mail to U.S.A.

Sincerely yours,

En-lan

P. S. I have not heard from Alice but I hope a letter in on the way.

E. L.

1333

Copy

Ginling College,
Chengtu,
April 13, 1941.

Dear Professor Roxby: (Oxford, England)

This is to write again of Ginling's need for an additional Geography professor beginning this fall (1941). Since I last wrote you by the end of January, the situation is getting more desperate. The demands from all sides are enormous and there is simply nobody to be secured here.

The requirements given by the Ministry of Education are not only heavy, but very varied and the cry for help from the Secondary schools is loud and high. One is living in a world with overwhelming demands.

In case, if it is possible for the University's aid or the Boxer grant to grant us a chair, it would help us to solve an enormous difficulty. Dr. Wu suggests for you to answer by cable since mails are so terribly slow now-a-days.

If it is possible to grant us such a person this fall please wire
"Possible"

If it is possible later but not for this fall, please wire
"Hopeful"

If there is no possibility at all, please wire
"Hopeless"

If there is any alternative or if you have other suggestions to make, please wire
"Letter"

When you write please send it through the Ginling College office in New York and ask them to forward it to Chengtu by Clipper. I think that is the quickest way to send a letter nowadays.

The address of the New York Ginling College office is:

Ginling College,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York.

And the Ginling College cable address is

Ginling, Chengtu.

I am so sorry to trouble you, but at present I do not see any other way out.

Please kindly remember me to Mr. Smith and his family and to other friends who may still remember me and especially Miss Gregory.

I do hope conditions are not worse than what we read in the papers and only better. It is difficult to know what is actually going on there.

With many best wishes to you,

Sincerely yours,

Liu Enlan

1334

Copy

Ginling College,
Chengtu,
April 13, 1941.

Dear Professor Roxby: (Oxford, England)

This is to write again of Ginling's need for an additional Geography professor beginning this fall (1941). Since I last wrote you by the end of January, the situation is getting more desperate. The demands from all sides are enormous and there is simply nobody to be secured here.

The requirements given by the Ministry of Education are not only heavy, but very varied and the cry for help from the Secondary schools is loud and high. One is living in a world with overwhelming demands.

In case, if it is possible for the University's aid or the Boxer grant to grant us a chair, it would help us to solve an enormous difficulty. Dr. Wu suggests for you to answer by cable since mails are so terribly slow now-a-days.

If it is possible to grant us such a person this fall please wire
"Possible"

If it is possible later but not for this fall, please wire
"Hopeful"

If there is no possibility at all, please wire
"Hopeless"

If there is any alternative or if you have other suggestions to make, please wire
"Letter"

When you write please send it through the Ginling College office in New York and ask them to forward it to Chengtu by Clipper. I think that is the quickest way to send a letter nowadays.

The address of the New York Ginling College office is:

Ginling College,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York.

And the Ginling College cable address is

Ginling, Chengtu.

I am so sorry to trouble you, but at present I do not see any other way out.

Please kindly remember me to Mr. Smith and his family and to other friends who may still remember me and especially Miss Gregory.

I do hope conditions are not worse than what we read in the papers and only better. It is difficult to know what is actually going on there.

With many best wishes to you,

Sincerely yours,

Liu En lan

1334

Copy. Original by air mail to Hongkong.

May 5, 1941

Dear Miss Griest,

Dr. Wu asked me to enclose a note in her letter to you explaining what kind of person we need for the Geography department. I am afraid my note will extend into a letter, so I'll keep in mind to restrict myself.

First of all from my letters to Prof. Roxby, which I asked you kindly to forward, you must have learned that we are rather in a desperate situation in trying to get a professor or an instructor.

Recently Dr. Wu and myself have talked the question over again and we felt that maybe it would be more expedient to secure a man from Clark or some other institution in the States. Would you be willing to write to Dr. Atwood about it?

We need somebody who is well trained in Physical Geography, especially in Physiography and Geomorphology or mineralogy. He'll have plenty of chances to scout around in the interior of West China during the vacations. And of course we'll expect him to produce some literature for the College. Besides intellectual qualifications we would like to have somebody who really has ideals and live his life according to principles and not simply to enjoy and to drift like so many other men. Because the infouence of a teacher on the minds of the students is very great.

Furthermore this man has to have initiative and originality and has to be prepared to accomplish something out of nothing. Because books and maps we have only a few, and there is hardly any equipment to talk about, yet we are supposed to fulfill the stiff requirements of the government and to meet the demands of the society, and the quality of the students' ability is not uneffected by war conditions. That means one has to have the skill to rejuvenate sluggish minds. This need not frighten anybody away provided he has the will to do so, and others should see if he has the time to do so. Time, of course, is a big factor in life.

I hope this is not too big an order, and the question of securing this person for this fall is very important. Because a vacancy of this chair may mean the collapse of the Geography department. Because if the department is persistently suffering from undernourishment, I am inclined to murder it in order to save it from misery.

Members of the Geographical Club has suddenly increased from 15 to over 45 and new names are still coming in. Yesterday we had a reception for the new members in our new laboratory (which I have not written you about yet, anyhow part of it belongs to Shantung Christian U. They have not moved in yet, so we used it). We played many geographical games in regard to the present wars --- looking for strategic places on the maps etc. Everybody seemed to have enjoyed it very much and certainly they have learned a lot. It is surprising to know how little the average students know about such questions. Therefore what they read from the papers are hardly real to them. I have jotted their answers down and I am going to analyze the results and to use it as a basis for the entrance examination. The more one gets into contact with the students, the more one realizes the importance of a teacher, but the tragedy is, there are so few good teachers. This is a strange world we live in. I must stop.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ En-lan

1335

[*Reprinted from "The Chinese Recorder" April, 1941*]

THE PLACE OF EDUCATION IN A NATIONAL AWAKENING

LIU EN-LAN (Ginling College)

WE are now living and working in a time of emergency. We all realize that after this war the world will never be the same again. And therefore we will not be able to return with all despatch and resume the threads of our interrupted life later. This disconformity will not be due to the reason that we have laid down our former tools while we are dealing with an irrelevant emergency, but because the threads will not be there when we return to normal life again. Politically, economically, socially, and religiously, the scene is changing as the days roll by.

In order to be of service to the youth of today through the educational tool as we mean to do it, our policy, methods, and technic must grow with the times. In other words, we must seek new ways to meet new demands all the time. On the other hand, growth is a painful experience. We must be prepared for any possible growing pangs.

It is very ironical that the progress of humanity from time to time seems to be indebted to acts of crazy sabotage for the smashing of obstructive crusts of inertia, but this does not suggest that the peaceful effort of seers and saints is futile; and it by no means indicates that good will necessarily emerge from evil. Yet it is true that in the troubling of the waters, the occasion of which can be neither forecast nor commanded, lies a moment of the angels which can be grasped for swifter and more far-reaching healing than all times' normal prescription might offer. Therefore, we must be on the alert to grasp such occasions, even though it may mean great pains in making changes in policy, curriculum, and the technique of pedagogy, if such changes are necessary.

The human society in which we are taking part today is not only suffering from political conflicts, economic conflicts, social conflicts, and the conflicts between age—the old and young. But most important of all it is suffering from the conflicts among youth. The ideal of one group of youth is not the ideal of another group. Broadly speaking, the German youth are fighting the British youth because the German youth believe in Nazism while the British youth believe in democracy. The Japanese youth are fighting the Chinese youth because the Japanese youth believe in world domination while the Chinese youth believe in freedom. The same conflict is shown between other groups of youth, and this lack of coordination, mutual

understanding and a common calling in life is mainly responsible for the disunity and conflicts of yesterday, today, and shall be tomorrow if nothing is done about it.

We all believe education has much to do in dealing with ideas. We are supposedly educators, at least teachers. What should we do through the educational tool? What do we mean by education? The education which is confined in the covers of books is not a complete education. Because such knowledge alone is not enough to enable the individual to meet life's demands. This can be proved by the many tragic cases where many of the splendid students who have made brilliant records in their academic career have often made a mess of their lives in society. Even though they have made splendid grades in their classes, yet they are not really educated. What is wrong then with our education:

1. In the present scheme of education there is too wide a gap between class room work and real living. Let me illustrate this point with a very simple example. We know that students can not apply what they study in real life. We also know that many of the students have put their books on a shelf and live as if they have never been to school.

2. The lecture and assignment system does not give the students much chance for freedom of expression. When there is no channel for expression, it means that there is complaining and grumbling. In many cases students are trained to take orders slavishly and they are always ready to take the passive part. This also can be seen through our own experience. For instance, whenever there is a so-called discussion group, it really amounts to a lecture because very seldom do the members of the group express any opinion of their own. The fact that they seldom express their opinion is the result of their training because in no place does the present system encourage or develop the free expression of thoughts.

3. The present system does not stimulate thinking or reasoning or initiative. Students take many required courses for the sake of credits and not for knowledge. In other words, our system makes study a business while the tutorial system makes study a joy. When one takes one's work in the attitude of a business, it may appear to be a burden, but when it is a joy one seeks for the whys, hows, and whats. Therefore, one uses one's mind and put things together without conscious effort.

Over and over again I have come across students who do not seem to use their reasoning at all. Many times when a student gives

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me an accurate and good answer, I would ask again, "How do you know?" The answer would be, "You said so", or "The book says so", or "So and so says so", but when asked again, "What do *you* have to say"? there is usually no answer.

This weakness therefore has its expression in society. Very few people have ideas. People usually borrow others' ideas and think they are their own. People without ideas are dangerous beings in a democracy. Because they know not the real meaning of what they stand for, yet the public opinion they comprise does swing the decision of any policy at stake.

4. The present educational system is not fitted for the training of good citizenship. The system does not encourage extra-curricular activities though it claims to encourage such activities. It is through extra-curricular activities that students are trained to develop tact in dealing with difficult situations, to develop cooperation, technic and skill in working with people and to learn the real meaning of life.

But the required hours of the present system forbid many students from partaking in such enterprises, and they gradually become indifferent and uninterested. The result of this is very serious. Student leaders often complain of the difficulties in getting group reactions, or actions concerning certain appeals. Public opinion for or against certain problems is exceedingly difficult to create. Therefore as a race it is difficult for us to have unity, and we are almost renowned all over the world for our individualistic characteristics.

5. The present system has too much departmentalization, and as a result our youth are masters of none and at the same time can not be Jack of all Trades. In the eyes of my mind, natural science is the skeleton while social science is the flesh of human knowledge. Without a skeleton, a lump of flesh is an ugly shapeless entity. But without flesh and muscles a skeleton would be a ghostly thing without any positive function. The same is true of natural science and social sciences. A reasonable amount of knowledge about both gives one's mind dignity, beauty, and usefulness. Too much of one and too little of the other dwarfs mental growth and induces deformities.

"Well," we could say "but this is all decided by the Ministry of Education" or some other authority and we have no choice in the matter. It is perfectly true. But there is one point we need to keep in mind, and that is, it is not what the pattern or system is that matters, but the spirit with which we live and work. That is the essential triumph or tragedy of education. Government or any other

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form of authority can only control the form and pattern, but they can not control the personal interaction of teacher and students. But this interaction of teacher and student is of fundamental value and its vital importance should not be overlooked or underestimated because the best qualities in life can not be taught but can only be caught.

Moreover, as Christian teachers, what special contribution can we make besides what can be done by all educators in general? As Christian teachers our religion should be the inspiration that empowers us to grasp and hold the potential advantage of the occasion. Because, when the exhausted nations crouch back to lick their wounds, any gain that might accrue to humanity from a truly Christian peace will be conserved only if, through education, the ideals that Christians should be labouring to realize become the accepted facts and natural environment of the coming generations.

I feel the duty of educators today, especially Christian educators, is to make students *think* about the *whys* of life—the basic unity of mankind must be restored through a knowledge of the dignity and destiny of man and a fair share in the opportunities for development so that he may be ennobled and not enslaved. In every problem concerned, it is man who matters.

This only can be done through a fellowship between the teacher and the taught, a relationship which is more intimate than merely looking at each other in a class room or the teacher doing all the talking when they meet. Moreover, it is essential to realize class room work alone is not all that is meant by education. Tutorial work can be done at any odd moments or in any odd place. Even though we could not adopt the system, I do hope we could further the spirit.

My short paper is meant only to raise a problem and not to offer a solution. I know you must have many Buts, Whats, and Hows in your minds, and if you do, I feel my paper has fulfilled its purpose.

1339

November 9, 1942

Miss M. Catherine Roberts
State Teachers College
Potsdam, New York

Dear Miss Roberts:

In reply to your letter of November 7th, let me say that your friend, Miss Liu En-lan, is now with Ginling in West China. She completed her work for her Doctorate at Cambridge and went back to China in 1940. We have had some letters from Dr. Liu since her arrival in Chengtu, and we know that she is working hard on her geography ddpartment and making a very valuable contribution to the College.

We send all mail to West China by air and address it to: Ginling College, Chengtu, Szechuan Province, China, and mark the envelope plainly "UNOCCUPIED CHINA". The postage is 70 cents a half ounce. Mails go through irregularly, but they do go through. Sometimes they take less than two months and sometimes more than four. I am sure that Dr. Liu would be most happy to hear from you.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1340

Ginling College
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.
March 20, 1943

Miss Liu En-lan
Ginling College
Chengtu, Szechwan
China

Dear Miss Liu:

I have already written to Dr. Wu that we plan to use the story of your trip to the borderlands as publicity for Ginling. We are having it published in a small booklet and illustrating it with some of the pictures you sent. It is in the printer's hands now and I am most eager to see the finished product. Your story of the trip to Snow Dragon Mountain has been published in a number of college and church periodicals, and has aroused the greatest interest. I am sure that "Calls from Szechwan's Wilderness" will be received with the same enthusiasm, and will win many friends for Ginling. I hope you will send us something more soon, on your trips or the work of your department or anything of outstanding interest that Ginling geography students or alumnae are doing. All such material is invaluable to us in our publicity work.

Mrs. New has read both the reports you sent and says that she has told this story mahy times in her talks to college students. Of course, she is keenly interested in anything that comes from Ginling. It would have made you very happy to see her eyes shine as she read your stories and spoke of your work.

I am sure that it has been a great help to you to have Dr. Whittington in your department. It just seemed almost too good to be true that one so badly needed was so comparatively easily available for work at Ginling. We have all rejoiced over this good fortune.

With every best wish,

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

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1341

Ginling College
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

about July 8, 1943.

Dear Dr. Liu,

Thank you for the fascinating story of your trip to the Black River people, and for the report and pictures and map that came with it. This sort of material is invaluable to us in publicity work, and you may be sure we are most grateful. I wish that I could get some good materials out to you. Paper and pens and ink all seem such every day things here, though they are not quite as plentiful as in prewar days. I hate to think of your struggles with inadequate equipment, and long to share with you. But we rejoice in your record of accomplishment in spite of your handicaps. Our salute to you!

I am not sure yet how we will use the story. Dr. Wu and Mrs. Mew are anxious for us to try the National Geographic, but I have not yet approached them. I will keep you posted. I hope you will continue to share your reports with us.

It is wonderful for us to have Dr. Wu here, though I realize that our gain is your loss. The work in Chengtu and the burden of responsibility on the faculty there is very much on her heart, and yet she realizes that she is greatly needed here at this crucial time.

With every best wish to each one of you,

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills.

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1342

Ginling College
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.
Sept. 13, 1943

Dear En-lan:

My good intension of writing you a long letter has delayed me from writing an answer to your letter more promptly. I should have learned my lesson from similar experiences on many occasions! Now before I leave for Washington, I am asking Miss Katherine Schutze to type this short letter to you.

First of all, I want to assure you that Ginling does want to develop department of Geography, both because it is an important subject and because you can build it into a life subject. In regard to the training of younger people for the Department, that was the thing very much on my mind even before you returned from England. That was why I invited Tsui Ko-shih. It was very unfortunate that she did not prove to be the right person. Next, came your own effort of trying Gi Deh-yung, and we were again disappointed. Our next step was thinking of Hwang Siu-tsin and Tsai Deh-chui. The coming of the Grahams and Whittingtons, you know well enough to realize, was my effort to secure adequate staff for the department. It was when I learned that Mr. Graham had not specialized in Geography that I invited Dr. Whittington in addition. You know, how before I left, I had to settle with him that he would stay through at least 1943-44. I wish to get your confidential opinion in regard to his interest and his teaching. If you think Ginling ought to persuade him to stay longer, do please let me know at once. When I talked with him, I did not then know what your decision might be in regard to him, so I did not offer him all the privileges as a permanent member of the faculty.

In a recent letter from Dr. Chester, she mentioned that Hwang Siu-tsin had not replied. From this I know that the invitation must have been sent and I hope she has answered our call and is already there in Chengtu now.

The immediate question is, of course, the securing of someone already well trained to help you now and later, when you have your next sabbatical, so that there will be someone to carry on. I have placed the need in the Department of Geography on the list of faculty vacancies for which we are seeking candidates. I have made inquiries about Chinese, but there are very few majoring in this line and the general attitude of the Chinese students is still that they want to stay here longer and do not wish to go to the interior of China because they have heard enough of the high cost of living. The Personnel Committee has started looking for possible American candidates. Under the present conditions, it is only the missionaries returning to their former work that have received permission to go to China now. However, with the improved conditions in the Pacific, I earnestly hope that travel conditions will improve much during this school year so that travel next spring and summer will be possible for new teachers to leave America.

There may still be time for your reply to come to me before I start homeward. I should like to have your recommendations in regard to the requirements that we should emphasize in the new candidates for the Department of Geography. What I told the Personnel Committee was only that if the candidate is a Westerner, we better look for specialization in Physical Geography. Any information from you will be of much help to me and to the Personnel Committee.

I was very glad to know that you were able to make a summer trip. I do hope that it was again a successful one and that you felt it worthwhile. How did the Whittingtons stand the trip? I am not worried about Dr. Whittington, but I am not sure about the health of his wife - if she was able to stand the type of food available. I do hope that they faired well and were of help to you on the trip.

1343

I heard from Dr. Chester 's recent letter that the Grahams had been called back to India. I wonder if you are able to manage the teaching program of the Department without Mr. Graham. I also hope that the University of Nanking can find satisfactory assistants for its huge geology classes. Really, when I think of the work in Chengtu, I wish I were back with you so that I could help solve the many problems with all of you.

With very best wishes to you and your work, I am

Sincerely yours,

Yi-fang Wu

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
[redacted]
POTSDAM, NEW YORK

November 7, 1943

Mrs. H. D. Mills
Ginling College
150 - 5th. Ave.
New York City.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Lt. Ralph Sweetman of New York City and director of S. C. M. for New York State was visiting with me yesterday. We were discussing the coming visit of Mrs. Hasung New and her connection with Ginling College.

I made the remark that a Chinese friend of mine, from whom I had not heard since the war, was a teacher at Ginling. I have worried about her and said I hoped Mrs. New would give me news of her. He asked if I knew many of the faculty were at Smith College and suggested my friend might be there. He suggested that I write you, and that you might aid me.

My friend's name is Miss En Lan Lu. She was a geographer and came to study at Clark University one of the years I was at Clark. The last I knew En Lan was in England studying for her doctorate. If she is in this country and as near as Smith College I do want to get in touch with her to see if she can't come to Potsdam as my guest for the same conference at which Mrs. New is to be our guest on Nov. 19, 20 and 21st. next.

I shall certainly appreciate any news of my friend that you can give me and especially her present address.

Very respectfully yours,
M. Catherine Roberts.

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Lee-En-Lan

MISS MARY A. NOURSE - 3051 IDAHO AVENUE, N. W. - WASHINGTON, D. C.

1944

Dear Mrs. Mills -

Dr. Wu has elected Dr. Lee En-Lan to become an ~~associate~~ corresponding member of the Society of Woman Geographers. I sent her and Mrs. Wu an application blank to be filled out but they have been in such a rush I think they haven't had time.

I have the little pamphlet written by Lee En-Lan herself which gives some information about her education & present work. I particularly want the names of any books or pamphlets she has

written or anything of any 1944 research work she may have done -

A membership ballot is being taken on January 24 so if could have the information by then I should appreciate it.

Sincerely

Mary A. Morrow

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1347

January 14, 1944

Miss Mary A. Nourse
3051 Idaho Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Nourse:

Dr. Wu has discussed with me the selection of Dr. Liu En-lan as a corresponding member of the Society of Women Geographers. She had prepared the application blanks to be returned to you, but she had the very great misfortune to lose her brief case in a subway station and these blanks were among the casualties. She asked me to write to you, explaining the situation and giving you the information you needed. I was attempting to assemble this information when your letter came.

Dr. Liu En-lan had an article, entitled "Pootu, A Lost Island", published in the April 1937 issue of ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY. In October of the same year, the GEOGRAPHIC REVIEW, published another article of hers, entitled "Further Developments in the Field of Geography in China".

I have no record of the title of her Master's thesis and do not know whether it was ever published. Her thesis for her Doctorate was entitled "The Rainfall Variations of China: Cause and Effect".

We have copies of a number of articles and reports, and even one whole book, by Dr. Liu which have never been published. Dr. Wu tells me that she is constantly publishing articles in the Chinese papers and magazines. These, of course, are in the Chinese language and I have no record of them.

1348

Dr. Wu may not have time to fill in another set of blanks before she leaves, but if you want to send them to Mrs. New, she will be glad to attend to it.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

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Shanghai
May 7, 1946

Dear Mrs. Mills:

May be Dr. Wu has already written you of my coming to the States this summer. I left Chengtu as soon as final examinations were over by the middle of April, while others were going back to Nanking via Bao-chi, I came to Shanghai through Chungking by plane. At present I am waiting for sailing in Shanghai and at the same time taking the opportunity of visiting old Ginling friends.

We had an alumni meeting last Sunday in which about 30 were present. The Shanghai Alumni are busy now in raising funds for the College.

I have no idea when I will be able to leave Shanghai, but I suppose Mr. George Taylor, Office of International Information and Cultural affairs Department of State, Washington 25, D.C. will know as soon as I leave Shanghai. If there is anything to do or anybody I should meet on the West coast

5-7-46.

before I go east, please let me know. Anything in connection with printing, I will be delighted to do.

With best wishes to you,

Sincerely yours

En-Lan Lin

1351

D. S. Stella Sykes
Mid-Pacific
June 18, 1946

Dear Mrs. Mills:

This is to report that I am actually arriving. We are hoping to reach Panama on the 20th and (~~may be~~) getting to New Orleans by the 25th of June. I will let you know my program as soon I have seen Mr. Taylor in Washington. Anything that you want me to do for Ginling I will be delighted to do my part.

Looking forward to seeing you soon,

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours
En-lan

P.S.

Is Mrs. New still in New York? Kindly remember me to her.

E.L.

Mailed from Cristobal - Canal Zone
June 21st
A

1352

ADDRESS OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

In reply refer to
IEP

June 20, 1946

My dear Mrs. Mills:

Your letter of June 7, 1946 addressed to Mr. Taylor has been referred to me.

Dr. Liu En-lan is en route to the United States on the freighter Stella Lykes which is scheduled to dock at New Orleans about June 26. It is expected that Dr. Liu will come directly to Washington upon her arrival. If you wish to address a letter to her in my care I shall be happy to see that it is delivered when she reaches Washington.

Sincerely yours,

Francis J. Colligan

Francis J. Colligan
Acting Assistant Chief
Division of International
Exchange of Persons

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills,
American Office of Ginling College,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York 11, New York.

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1353

June 27, 1946

Dr. Liu En-lan
c/o Mr. Francis J. Colligan
Division of International Exchange of Persons
Department of State
Washington, D. C.

Dear Dr. Liu:

Thank you for your note written on June 18th and mailed from Dristobal. It is indeed good to know that you are at last in America. We are eagerly looking forward to a visit with you and to hearing all of the latest news from China.

I had a note from Mr. Frances J. Colligan saying that you would go first to Washington. This, of course, is what I had expected you to do. When you have a little free time, please let me know something more about your plans and when you can be in New York. I expect to be in the office through August 3rd. After that I will be on vacation until the day after Labor Day. I hope very much that it will be possible to see you before September.

Mrs. New is no longer in New York, having left about a week ago for a series of visits in different parts of the New England states. I am sorry that I do not have an address for her right now. I will give her your message when I find out where she is.

Looking forward to seeing you soon, and with all best wishes,

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1 3 8
2 7 7 3
1354

MLR

Navajo Agency
Window Rock
Arizona
Aug. 23, 1946

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Both New Mexico and Arizona landscape are picturesque and interesting, only they are not productive to the inhabitants for the lack of water. And the Indians live in the worst parts.

I have finished my study with the Pueblo Indians and am in the midst of the Navajos. By Sunday I go to the land of the Hopi Indians.

At the Gallup Inter-tribal Indian Ceremonials, there were Indians from all tribes, coming from all over the country, but it is difficult to know them when they were busy performing.

I am going to be in New York by October 10th to attend the International assembly of Women, but I want to be back in Syracuse later, please let me know when I can be of service to

1355

8-23-46

the Quiling meeting, then I can write Dr. Cressey when I will be in Syracuse. There is no hurry, only I should let him know about ~~end~~ middle of September because he is going to find a place for me to stay.

Enclosed please find a list of addresses. If there are still some publicity material of the College, will you kindly send ~~me~~ them the same? If there are nine copies of the Snow Dragon Mountain account, please include that too.

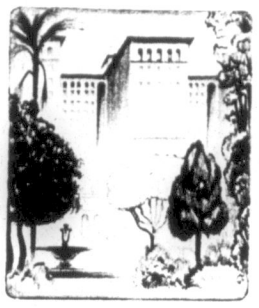
Thank you and best wishes

sincerely yours

En-lan Lin

1356

BARON LONG, PRESIDENT
CHARLES BAAD, MANAGING DIRECTOR
EDWARD S. BERNARD, MANAGER



THE BILTMORE HOTEL
LOS ANGELES 13, CALIFORNIA

Sept. 15, 1946

Dear Mrs. Mills:

As soon as I got to Los Angeles yesterday, I learned that Paul Wang, Qiu Wen-Zhui's husband, is now the Chinese Consul at Los Angeles. Qiu Wen-Zhui is Ginling graduate 1927. Lily Ho Quon, Ginling 1923, is going to have us all at her house this afternoon to have a Ginling reunion.

At Tucson I had a lovely time in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday. All of them wanted to hear about Colleges and Universities in China. They have made me feel I belong there. I also had a very profitable time at the Papago Indian Reservation.

I am afraid the address I gave you for San Francisco has to be changed. It is now C/o Mrs. Jenkins State Department Representative, Federal Office Building, Civic Center, San Francisco. I do leave San Francisco on Sept. 23 and hope to be in New York by Oct. 10th.

Thank you for forwarding my mail,

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours

En-lan

ASSOCIATED HOTEL – U. S. GRANT – SAN DIEGO 12, CALIFORNIA

1357

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WILSON TEACHERS COLLEGE
ELEVENTH AND HARVARD STREETS, N. W.
WASHINGTON 9, D. C.

WALTER E. HAGER
PRESIDENT

October 1, 1946

Dr. Liu, En-Lan
c/o Dr. Colby
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois
My dear Dr. Liu:

I was happy indeed to get your letter of September 20. I am sure you would like to know about the steps I am now taking. I wrote to a number of teachers colleges in the summer telling them about your desire to visit. I have received replies from twelve colleges, all saying that they will be very happy to have you. I am proceeding at once to arrange for your schedule beginning about the first week in January. I shall arrange for you to remain in each college for a period of one week. I shall try to make it possible for you to visit six or seven colleges running through January and the early part of February. I shall add others to the list as soon as I know how long a period you can devoteto visiting teachers colleges.

I trust this procedure will be acceptable to you. I shall be eager to have your further advice, especially with reference to the number of months you desire to spend in visiting teachers colleges.

You have obviously been having a grand experience. Your plans for the fall and winter sound splendid, too. I trust you continue to get maximum benefit from all of your visits.

Cordially yours,

Walter E. Hager
President

WEH:S

1358

Liu En-lan

CLARK UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL OF GEOGRAPHY

WORCESTER 3, MASSACHUSETTS

SAMUEL VAN VALKENBURG, POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY AND CLIMATOLOGY, DIRECTOR
W. ELMER EKBLAW, ANTHROPOGEOGRAPHY AND BIOGEOGRAPHY
RAYMOND E. MURPHY, ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY AND THE PACIFIC AREA
HENRY J. WARMAN, GEOGRAPHY IN EDUCATION AND LATIN AMERICA
RICHARD J. LOUGEE, PHYSIOGRAPHY
GUY H. BURNHAM, CARTOGRAPHY

October 31, 1946

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

My dear Mrs. Mills:

In the absence of Dr. Samuel Van Valkenburg, who is making the circuit of mid-Western Universities in the interest of our Graduate School of Geography, your letter of October 29th advising us of Doctor Liu En-Lan's tragic accident and consequent serious condition, has been referred to me for answer, and I hasten to express to you our shock and deep regret over the news, and our eagerness to be of any help that we can.

As you probably know, she had planned to come to Clark for a prolonged stay this next week-end, and we had made arrangements to entertain her cordially and fittingly. Our students have looked forward with eagerness to meeting her when she came, and they too, join in our sense of tragedy and loss.

We shall all be grateful for further news of developments, and trust that you will keep us advised. We sincerely hope that the consequences of the accident may notprove fatal, though your letter leaves us little ground for that hope. We thank you most sincerely for having written us the sad news.

Sincerely yours,

W. Elmer Ekblaw

W. Elmer Ekblaw

Ek/e

mimeographed note sent 11/1/46

1359

Liu En-lan

GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

GINLING COLLEGE COMMITTEE
of the
UNITED BOARD FOR
CHRISTIAN COLLEGES IN CHINA

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MISS WU YI-FANG, Ph.D., President
AMERICAN OFFICE
150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

November 1, 1946

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UNITED CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

FACULTY, ALUMNAE, AND UNDERGRADUATES OF SMITH COLLEGE

Dear Friends:

You will all rejoice with us that Dr. Liu En-lan is improving. On Monday and Tuesday of this week the news was very bad and the doctors feared the worst. However, late Tuesday evening she showed the first signs of returning to consciousness, and since then has been making progress. She has been completely rational at times, asking intelligible questions, and the nurses assure us that she is really conscious, though much of the time she is still not able to respond. She is still in very serious condition, but the situation is much more hopeful than it was.

She is in Roosevelt Hospital, where she has received every possible care and the most considerate attention. No visitors are allowed as yet.

Sincerely yours,

Cornelia S. Mills

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1360

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600 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Telephone: PLaza 3-4700 Cable Address: Emissarius, New York

November 1, 1946

Mrs. W. S. New
629 West 115th Street
New York 25, New York

Dear Mrs. New:

A few days ago I learned of Dr. Liu En-Lan's serious accident. We are so distressed about it. Before she left for Courtwright she asked if I would keep some papers and her typewriter until her return. Because of your connection with Ginling, Miss Owen thought that perhaps you were the person I should notify about this.

I am again living at the National Board residence, 135 East 52nd Street, telephone Plaza 3-4700, in case you want to get in touch with me.

It would be a pleasure to see you again.

Very sincerely yours,

Elizabeth McFarland

Elizabeth McFarland
National Interpretation and
Support

November 21, 1946

Mr. Walter E. Hager
Wilson Teachers College
Eleventh and Harvard Streets, N.W.
Washington 9, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hager:

Your letter of October 1st, addressed to Dr. Liu En-lan, regarding a program that you were arranging for her beginning the first week in January, has just come to my attention.

You may not have heard that on October 23rd, Dr. Liu was knocked down by a car while crossing a street in New York and received very serious injury. She was unconscious for six and a half days, but over the last two weeks has made marked improvement. She is now recovering her memory and her lucid periods are more frequent and longer. We therefore feel very much encouraged and hope that she will make a complete recovery.

It is perfectly evident, however, that she will not be able to undertake regular appointments by the first week in January, I am letting you know as soon as I found out that you had this arrangement in mind so that you can cancel any appointments already made.

I am sure it will be a great disappointment to Dr. Liu, as well as to you, that she will not be able to carry out the schedule that you have planned for her.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1362

Liu En-lan

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WILSON TEACHERS COLLEGE
ELEVENTH AND HARVARD STREETS, N. W.
WASHINGTON 9, D. C.

WALTER E. HAGER
PRESIDENT

November 22, 1946

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills
Associated Boards for
Christian Colleges in China
150 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, New York

My dear Mrs. Mills:

Thanks much for your letter of November 21 regarding the condition of Dr. Liu, En-Lan.

I learned about Dr. Liu's unfortunate accident within a few days after it occurred. I wrote to her on November 1 at an address which was given to me. I told her how very sorry I was to learn about the accident and I expressed the hope that she might recover in time to make the visits in January and February.

Your letter is the answer I needed. I am writing at once to the teachers colleges which had been scheduled for visits telling them about the distressing turn of events. I am sure they will be disappointed. If Dr. Liu still desires to visit some of the teachers colleges late in the spring I shall be happy indeed to help plan another itinerary.

If you have occasion to see Dr. Liu will you kindly give her my regards and my best wishes for an increasingly rapid recovery.

Cordially yours,

Walter E. Hager

President

WEH:S

1363

MARY HARKNESS HOME
PORT CHESTER, N.Y

Jan. 6, 1947 [1]

Dear Mrs. Mills:

This is a lovely place with large ground and lovely trees But I think one has have to have better health in order to enjoy them. Surely most people here do. They appear to me they are not sick. Is it funny most people love noise. They shout they scream They turn on the radio like thunder they slam the doors with all their might. Some even carry conversation into the night. I feel I am not their equal. Of course they should enjoy and do what they like. It is I who is out of place. I suppose I should have gone to a place where people are fond of dumb-ability. I think a quiet room in a hotel would give me more chance for sleeping

May be when I am farther along I might enjoy the crowd.

The group here is mixed. Three Negros are terribly noisy. and some people who were blind as G I s I suppose they do not need so much sleep as I do, I shouldn't either but I do not know why I am sleepy. Very few people here seem to be of the cultural type as to my idea of culture. They behave in a strange way it seems to me. Anyhow it is different from Roosevelt Hospital

Thank you for taking the trouble to see me off. I think I better leave this place early. May be staying for one week.

1365

No one seems to be interested to talk about anything. They are all up to guns of good commotion except a few. Some are kind out in a very strange way.

May be I better go to Mrs. Thurston home. At least it is quiet there. Or may be I go to New York and stay in the Y. W.

This is a jolly place for people who can enjoy. I am not quite qualified.

With best wishes

En-lan

January 8, 1947

Dr. Liu En-lan
Mary Harkness Home
Kings Street
Port Chester, N. Y.

Dear Dr. Liu:

I hope that by the time you receive this you will have adjusted to life at the Mary Harkness Home and will find that the problems of the first few days have disappeared. I am sure that it will be somewhat difficult at first for you to take up a normal daily routine anywhere after the long weeks in the hospital, where conditions are naturally made as ideal as possible. I am sure that the people at Mary Harkness are much interested in you and will do all in their power to make you comfortable and insure your well-being.

We are now investigating possibilities for your next move, and will let you know as quickly as possible. I hope that we will have some satisfactory arrangement to offer soon. In the meantime please believe that we are deeply concerned for your best good and most speedy recovery, and are doing all in our power to accomplish that end.

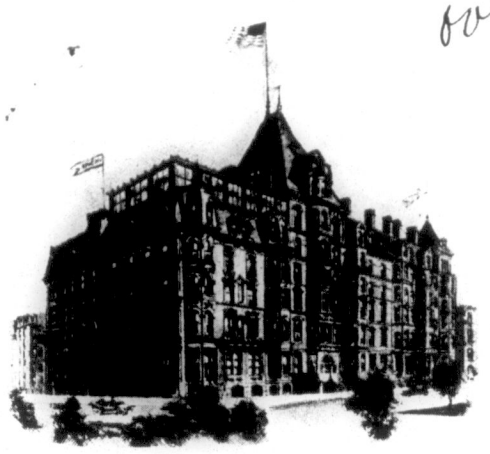
The plans Miss Szetu was making for an apartment were not successful and she has now gone to Philadelphia for a few days. Hotel rooms are difficult to secure and are usually to be had for only five days at a time. Furthermore, in a hotel you would be completely on your own, with no service other than routine cleaning, and there is no guarantee against noise! Frequently quite the contrary. Mrs. New, for instance, found the Astor almost unbearably noisy! The same is true of Y.W.C.A. accommodations, and they are even harder to get. We are therefore still seeking the ideal convalescent home, or other place for you, and will take you to it as speedily as it can be arranged.

Cordially yours,

CSM:ef

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

1367



THE VENDOME
Commonwealth Ave. & Dartmouth Street
BOSTON
EMILE F. COULON & SONS

January 17, 1947

Dear Mrs. Mills,

I have been asked by the President of the Women's Travel Club to try for another report on Dr. Lin. Perhaps you can advise us.

We would like to hold an open meeting, inviting members of the Harvard Travellers Club in April or May. Do you think Dr. Lin would be suitable for such an occasion and will she be physically and mentally equal to it as the chief speaker? Is her English

good and her personality attractive? Do help us if you can. Recently there have been rumors about her that she is utterly incapacited but they are ill founded and your letters have been hopeful.

I feel so very badly for Dr. Din, that she should come to this country full of enthusiasm then to be knocked down and be ill so long away from home.

Should she be able to come to Boston I will do all I can to make her visit a happy one.

Sincerely yours,

Augusta B. Hartt

(Mrs. Arthur W.)

1369

January 20, 1947

Mrs. Arthur W. Hartt
The Vendome
Commonwealth Avenue and Dartmouth Street
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mrs.Hartt:

Your letter of January 17th, inquiring about Dr. Liu En-lan, reached me this morning.

You will be glad to know that Dr. Liu is making satisfactory progress toward complete recovery. She left the hospital about two weeks ago and is at present in a convalescent home in Port Chester. We hope that within the next week or ten days, she will be well enough to go to a friend's home for a visit.

I am somewhat disturbed that there have been rumors that she will be utterly incapacitated, and I should be grateful to you for any information about where these rumors originated. It may be that I could send more accurate information that would relieve some people concerned about Dr. Liu's condition. Naturally she is not yet physically as strong as she was before the accident, but we have every reason to expect her to recover her physical strength and her mental powers completely.

I am afraid that I cannot give you a definite answer about her availability for a meeting of the Harvard Travellers Club in April. Her English is perfect, and I am sure that she would have a most interesting story to tell the Club, but whether she will be strong enough by that time to take such a meeting, I cannot say. If you must have an answer at once, perhaps the safest thing is not to count on her. If you could wait another month or six weeks, it may be possible that by that time we would know if she could be your speaker.

Dr. Liu will be grateful to you for your concern for her well-being. I shall give her your message.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1370

January 25, 1947

Dr. Liu En-lan
Mary Harkness Home
Port Chester, N. Y.

Dear Dr. Liu,

I was very glad to get your note and to know that you are feeling better.

You have doubtless discussed your plan of coming into the city with Miss Simmons, and have also had a note from Mr. Evans on the matter. This will just bring you up to date on the arrangements that we have been able to make here, and give you a suggestion or two for the next move.

In your note to Mr. Evans you mentioned the fact that you wanted to see Dr. Cave again, so we have made an appointment with him for you on Thursday afternoon, January 30th, at three o'clock. Since it will also be wise for you to see Dr. Perkins again we have made an appointment with him for Friday morning at ten o'clock. I have been able togot a room for you at the Prince George Hotel, East 28th Street, from Thursday for two or three days as you require.

Our suggestion is therefore that you come into the city on Thursday and go straight to Dr. Cave's office. Miss Simmons tells us that the station wagon usually gets in by half past one, which will give you plenty of time to make the three o'clock appointment with Dr. Cave.

After you have seen Dr. Perkins on Friday morning you will know whether or not you must have another appointment with him. If that is not necessary, we suggest that youtake the twelve thirty train for Boston, and go for your long delayed visit to Mrs. Thurston. We have talked it over with her, and she has doubtless written to you. She is eager for you to come, and I am sure that nothing would be more pleasant or better for you than a quiet visit with her. If Dr.Perkins feels that he must see you again then you would have to decide the date of your trip to Boston in light of the appointment he gives you. If it is just a matter of getting the prescription filled that could be done in Boston as easily as in New York. We therefore hope that it will work out that you can leave New York next Friday for a visit with Mrs. Thurston.

I made the hotel reservation at the Price George rather that at the Y.W.C.A. as you suggested because there was no vacacncy in the Y.W. Also I

1371

JAN 25
1947

[2]

think that you will be more comfortable in the hotel since there is a dining-room where you can get meals without going out. This is not the case at the Y.W. as you know.

You have probably forgotten that I told you I got the typewriter and package of papers from the Y. W. some time ago. The typewriter has been returned to Mr. Evans, and the papers are in my office awaiting your disposition.

I hope that these appointments and suggestion will meet with your approval.. It is good to know that you have made such splendid progress. We rejoice with you in your returning strength.

Looking forward to see you next Thursday,

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

1372

LIU EN-LAN
10 Maple Road
Auburndale
Mass.
Feb. 2, 1947

Dear Mrs. Mills:

It is surprising that I got to Auburndale less tired than the shorter trip to Port Chester. Both Mrs. Thurston and Miss Calder met me at the station. Miss Calder looks much better than when I left in the summer though she still looks rather thin.

I can not thank you enough for all the helps and kindnesses you have given me. I only hope when I ~~am~~ feel stronger enough I to wish to do something to make you feel happy with the ravaged wreckage. With best wishes En-lan.

1373

10 Maple Road Lin En-lan
Auburndale, Mass.
Feb. 10, 1947

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Thank you for your letter and invitation to come to the Qinling Committee meeting to hear the interesting reports. I am feeling better but I think it is better not to move around too much yet. When I came from Fort Chester, though there was no acute pains in my head yet I constantly have the feeling I was having my being in a high flying airplane. There was noise in my ear and uncertain feeling in my steps. Now I feel at solid ground. But when I get into the street long, the air plane feeling sometimes return. I have been to Boston to get my glasses prescription filled and I discovered that. The man in charge said my glasses is a rather complicated one to fulfil, so it would take longer to get it ready. I have not got it yet. When I get my glasses, I hope to see a different world then.

Very sorry I can not come to the meeting, but I will think of you all and feel grateful to you all,

Sincerely yours
En-lan

1374

February 17, 1947

Dr. Liu En-lan
c/o Mrs. Lawrence Thurston
10 Maple Road
Auburndale 66, Mass.

Dear Dr. Liu:

Thank you for your letter of February 10th. I am glad to know that you are feeling so much better and I hope that by now you have your glasses and that they are satisfactory. I am sure that nothing will add more to your comfort than really adequate glasses.

We have packed up all of your things here in the office in one big box and are sending them by Railway Express. I hope that it will reach you in good condition and without too great delay. It will probably take several days, but you should get it within a week.

I am sorry that you could not be with us last Friday. We had twenty-seven present at the Ginling luncheon and everyone seemed to enjoy the occasion. Ruth Chester and Mrs. Sherman brought us the latest news from the College and several other people added information from letters and other sources. We would have enjoyed having you and I think you would have enjoyed meeting the people. By the time of the annual meetings, you will surely be able to be with us if we have another such gathering.

Best wishes to you always.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W.Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1375

c/o Miss Therese McQueeny
35 Westminster St.,
Worcester, Mass. (17
Feb. 27, 1947

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Thank you for your letter of the 25th which was forwarded by Mrs. Thurston. I came to Clark University on the 24th. The new President, Dr. Jefferson and the new director of the school of Geography are all very nice. This first week is really ~~a week of~~ to try out how much time I could work in a day. The only drawback is my glasses is still not much help. Everything blurs, so I could not work long.

I am going to spend the

1376

2-27-47 [27]

week end with Mrs. Thurston and
May go to Boston on Monday to
check up if any mechanical
adjustment is necessary.

I hope to spend at least three
weeks at Clark and then go to
Syracuse. After that I suppose I
should go to Washington. But I
am going to work in Mt Holyoke,
and fake into my program. I have
made no definite plans yet, except
Worcester and Syracuse.

Thank you for packing my
things. I am sorry to bother you
for all kinds of things.

With best wishes

Sincerely yours
En-lan

1377

Mar. 3, 1947

Dear Mrs. Mills:

The box you sent me arrived in Auburndale before I did on Saturday. Thank you very much. I wish there is something I can do for you.

It has been snowing and raining yesterday. Still snowing a little even now (Monday morning) I am going into Boston to see about adjustments for my glasses, and go straight to Worcester from Boston.

With best wishes

Sincerely yours

En-lan

1378

10 Maple Road LIV
Auburndale, Mass. ENLAN
April 3, 1947

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Now I really feel much better. I do not sleep as plentifully as I need. Just about half an hour after lunch would put me in my feet. Even though my eye sight is still not good, I could keep at reading longer. After two weeks at Worcester, I spent two weeks at Harvard and really enjoyed attending the seminars. The director of Blue Hill Observatory and Professor at Harvard is the man who supervised my thesis. He is awfully helpful to me.

My present plan is to go to South Hadley on the 11th. Dr. J. Rhyiman, Head of Geography department at N.K. Holyoke is making plans for me. On the 15th I go to Syracuse. I hope to go to New York about the 10th of May to see my eye doctor and then proceed to Washington D.C.

Happy Easter!

Sincerely yours
En-lan

1 3 8

2 7 7 3

1379

April 8,1947

Dr. Liu En-lan
c/o Mrs. Lawrence Thurston
10 Maple Road
Auburndale 66, Mass.

Dear Dr. Liu:

Thank you for your letter of April 3rd. I am indeed delighted to know that you are making such good progress, and I hope that even your eyesight is improving. I am glad to know that you have had satisfactory visits at Worcester and at Harvard, and I am much interested in your plan to visit South Hadley and Syracuse. I hope that these will also be profitable and interesting days for you.

You say that you expect to get to New York about May 10th. Couldn't you plan to make it a day or two earlier? The Ginling Committee is having its annual meeting on the afternoon of May 9th and we should be most happy to have you present. Please plan to include that on your schedule if you can. There will be a more formal notice sent somewhat later. This note is just trying to make sure that you will save the day for us.

Ruth Chester is in town for a day or two, speaking at the New York Smith Club this afternoon. Hsiung Ya-na is also here, spending her Easter vacation with a friend in New York. They are all much interested in your recovery and send best wishes to you.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1380

c/o Dr. G. B. Cressey
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N. Y.
April 12, 1947

LIU, EN-LAN
[illegible]

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Thank you for your letter of the 8th. I came to Mt. Holyoke on the 9th First as a guest in Wilder Hall for two nights, where I met a number of the girls and had a great time in studying student activities ~~for two~~ I had a whole day with Dr. Shipman on Geography I am now staying at Dickinson house with Miss Blakely and have an interesting program ahead. Mt. Holyoke is a really nice College

I met quite a number of interesting faculty member at the dinner with Dean Allyn on the

4-12-47

evening of the 9th. This afternoon [2]
the Seniors are having a reception
for the faculty. I am asked to go
too, so I will meet mae faculty
members. It is really interesting to
study their College spirit.

Yes, I mean to write you that
I have changed the date of going to
New York to the 5th instead of the 10th.
Because formerly I thought I would
go to Boston first to fix my teeth.
Now I decided to go south first because
the Colleges might close in June and
I might miss to see their activities
if I am too late.

My eyes are actually better because
the shaking feeling seems to have
gone, but this pair of glasses does not
help much now. I have to see my dentist
in New York.

Sincerely yours
En-Lan

1382

Liu En-lan

April 29, 1947

Dr. Liu En-lan
c/o Dr. G. B. Cressey
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear Dr. Liu:

I was glad to learn from your letter of April 12th that you expect to be in New York for the meeting of the Ginling Committee on May 9th. I hope that you have also received the invitation to the Associated Boards dinner on the evening of May 12th and that you plan to be present at that time.

As I have already written you, the meeting on May 9th is the regular annual meeting of the Ginling Committee. The Committee will consider the usual routine matters that come before such a meeting and in addition they want to hear the latest news from the College and the faculty members. We hope, therefore, that you will be able to give a brief resume of your year in America and of your plans for your future work at Ginling. Any recent news that you have had from the College would also be most welcome.

Since your accident made it impossible for you to meet the Ginling Committee in the fall or in February when Miss Chester spoke to the group, we are all looking forward eagerly to this opportunity of hearing from you.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1383

2410 Wyoming ave
Washington D.C. N.W.
May 15, 1947

Dear Mrs. Mills:

This is to let you know that I have arrived in Washington and have already talked over what I am going to do in the summer with the department.

Thank you for all the your kindneses while I was in New York. Your helps are always a great comfort.

If any letter from Dr. Wu in regard to the order of maps and books please let me know. Thank you,

Sincerely yours
En-lan

1384

Liu En-lan

May 23, 1947

Dr. Liu En-lan
2410 Wyoming Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Dr. Liu:

Thank you for your letter of May 15th, telling me that you had arrived in Washington and talked over your summer plans with the Department. I should like very much to know more about these plans and hope that when you have a little free time, you will tell me just what you are doing and where you are to be. I heard indirectly that you plan to spend at least a part of the summer at McGill University.

I have had no letter from Dr. Wu in regard to an order of maps and books. Were you expecting such an order from Dr. Wu either directly or through the office? We recently had orders for books for chemistry, biology, music, education, guidance, and general reference, but there was no geography order in this lot.

I hope that you continue to improve and that your eyes are giving you less trouble. Let us hear from you from time to time.

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

1385

May 30, 1947 Lin En-lan

[17]

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Thank you for your letter of May 23. I am having a very good and profitable time in Washington only I feel I am not quite equal to my task at times. For instance, the Exchange section in the Library of Congress gave me the permission through the introduction of a friend to go in and pick off the shelves whatever I want and he will ship them to China for me. I discovered the shelves are too high, I can not see the higher ones, I can not kneel, I can not see the lower ones. In the middle belt my eyes also get blurred and I can work with only one arm. It is terrible. And then there are very few books on geography, more on literature history and general reference. I do not know which is needed. I like to have a list of books they want at Yenching. Dr. Akerson promised me when I come back to Washington, he'll give me someone to help me. If there is a list, I should think we can do something.

Yes, I am expecting the geography department to ~~would~~ send in an order. Not to me directly nor through the office to me, because I am not doing the ordering, I only want to know. I know what they have is very little, I like to know what do I have to work with after my return. I just got a letter from Dr. Wu. Evidently they have no one there to make the order list, she expected me to do it, but

I was never told. I have a list made when I was in Syracuse, but I have no idea how much money is available and how long should the list be.

I also have friends who have written me for a list of the need of the Geography department and they want to do something among the geographers. But such long lists, & not only books, some instruments and maps too, I do not have a type-writer, & have not had time to answer them yet.

There are a number of government offices here, they have materials to give away, but some have a rule to have negotiations in China with their Military attache in China and some needs official letters from institutions, so I can not get it done here by myself.

The Library of Congress has shipped some boxes of materials to Ginling ~~not~~ last Oct. 7th but they have not received them over the other end yet. Is not that strange?

I am leaving for Nashville tomorrow, and then go to Knoxville and then Berea. My address in Nashville is Y.W.C.A. 211, 7th Ave. Nashville.

Best wishes, Sincerely yours

P.S. Dr. Wu also answered my question of getting a geographer teaches over here. The person I inquired about is now not available. But Dr. Shipman who was going to Ginling before is now available. I wonder if the office would consider her. Dr. Wu said if any one is secured, cable her.

Err - Lan

1387

[1]

Berea, Ky
June 14, 1947

Dear Ms. Mills:

I am very sorry that my program has been very full for me even to write a letter, so I did not work on the lists.

This afternoon I stayed in specially to work on this a little. Here are my conclusions:

1. Owing to the fact that in geography, not only books are needed, but also wall maps and instruments, so I have ~~limit my book to $200.00~~ book order to $100.00 and leave the other $100.00 for the other needs. Since there are many fields in Geography I have

JUN 14 1947

made my selection in seven different types on seven different sheets. I have been trying to look up prices but the words are too tiny they are very difficult to see, I gave it up. But I figured, ~~two~~ books on the ~~to~~, seven sheets would cost about $100.00. If they should over the limit $100.00 cut from different sheets, but do not leave any sheet completely out.

2. The two typed sheets are of Wall maps ~~and~~ which Dr. Cressey made for two new geography departments in this country. By necessity I have cut it short. If you will kindly ask someone to make a few duplicate copies, I am going

JUN 14 1947

to send to Dr. Atwood and a few of my other Professors for ~~help~~ contribution.

3. I have long lists of books which we would have no money to buy, I would like to have duplicates to send to a number of friends who want to help. Since I am coming to New York soon, I will bring them because they are rather messy, not by classification on my present list.

4. The other $100, I want it for drawing and climatic instruments, but I better wait till I come to New York because I hope to get a little help on my return to Washington.

1390

4 JUN 14 1947

My present program is this:

1. Leaving Berea for Knoxville June 16
2. To Washington June 17
3. To New York June 22

Thank you

Sincerely yours

Lue En-lan

1391

McGill University
Geography Summer School
Stanstead, Quebec
Canada
July 16, 1947

Dear Mrs. Mills and Mr. Evans:

Friday, July 11th was spent in seeing U.S. Immigration and Passport people in New York. Not a single word was put down anywhere. None of them seemed to know what to do.

Saturday, July 12th was spent in running around in getting ticket for Stanstead. No one seemed to know how to get there either. Even the man in the Canadian National R.R. office said "I lived in Montreal for 15 years and never heard of Stanstead." Fortunately the man in the Canadian Pacific office knows of three ways: (1) by B+M, but I must change trains three times during the night. (2) by Montreal Red Straight to Montreal, then change

JUL 16 1947

train twice for Hamstead, (3) by bus. He advised the (3) is the best. I went to the bus station. They have no line to Hamstead. So I took the Montreal Sleed on Saturday night and arrived in Montreal on Sunday morning, Stayed in the Y. W. and went to see the American Consul on Monday.

I spent nearly six hours in that consulate for my Visa. He asked for three photos. I went back to the Y. W. and fetched them. I must pay #2.50 in U.S. money. I have me #10.00 bill and one #5.00 bill. No, they can not change I must go to the street on the change. I run around on the streets finally got the change. Then there was a parade on the street and the man wanted to watch like a child. I waited. Then I got my visa and

JUL 16 1947

was sent
then to the U.S. Immigration Service
where I again waited till five to 3 P.M.
The man looked at it. "It is fine,
you got everything right" which
I had to start with, in New York, why
spent the whole day there?

Then I dashed for the train.
Left for Stanstead at 3.15 P.M. arrived
at Sherbrook to change train again.
Waited from 7.30 P.M. to 10.20 P.M. and
left for Rock Island, I think. But have to
train again at P.P. junction. I
had no idea how long I have
to wait there. I telephoned Professor
Kimble from Sherbrook. He and
his wife met me at P.P. junction
and took me to Stanstead by car.
So I got to the end of this long
waiting trip before 1 A.M July 14.

Now I am busy working
and gave a lecture this morning

1394

4. JUL 16 1947

at 11 A.M. to the Class on Geography of the Orient."

Last night after supper I went out for a walk across the series of villages. It is really one village but named differently.

Stanstead is the Northern part of the village. Down the hill is Rock Island. Across the bridge is Derbyline, Vermont. Up ~~the~~ another ~~hill~~ slope is Newport, Vermont. I stood by the iron post that marks the divide, with one foot on Canada and the other on U.S. To enjoy myself for a while and feeling as if I were the statue of liberty, I can walk any way I want to.

I enjoy the feeling of in control of the situation. If I want to use Canadian stamps I drop

5 JUL 16 1947

my letter on this end of the sheet.
If I want to use U.S. stamps,
I drop my letter at the other
end of the sheet.

This is a lovely country,
I wish I do not have to spend
so much time in sleeping.

Thank you for all your
helps and hoping you are
not too busy.

Sincerely yours

En-Lan

1396

...1,N.Y.

Four Women Puzzle Me'

By WAMBLY BALD

Wearing a maroon silk dress with hand-woven trimming, and looking composed and cheerful as she poured hot green tea, Dr. Liu En-lan offered this observation:

"I think your American women are frivolous."

She poured the tea with exquisite grace, and as she passed the cup with a smile as warm as the tea, she was asked: "Are you sure?"

This question was asked not hopefully exactly, but with a regard for further information. Dr. Liu is a professor of geology at Gingling Women's College, Nanking, and she has been lecturing to college groups in this country.

She laughed, and poured more tea. "Yes," she replied.

That sort of dialogue could have gone on forever, and so her visitor decided to hurry things along. "Why?"

It was now her turn, and the geologist refused to retreat.

"Because American women impress me as always having to be entertained, to be rushing about and doing something.

"I think the average American woman looks lonely and unhappy. She worries too much about her looks, and that puzzles me. She can't sit quietly and enjoy herself, she seems to be afraid to be alone with her own thoughts."

'American Women Should Be Exultant'

Dr. Liu, who is a graduate of Oxford University, said she could not understand why our women aren't exultant.

They are the most privileged women on earth and have a wide choice of careers open to them. When they marry they are sole mistress of the household, with no in-laws forced upon them and with husbands who are considerate and chivalrous.

"In China a woman marries into a family where the husband is the center of life. He gets the best part of the meat at dinner and she can take what's left. And she has been taught that her duty is to please, not compete."

Even in modern China, where there has been some break from old conventions, Dr. Liu went on, the man still comes first. "A Chinese girl is taught from childhood to be considerate, rather than assertive, to think of duty rather than pleasure."

Despite social difficulties, a Chinese woman doesn't feel lonely because she is taught gardening, embroidery, poetry and so on, Dr. Liu pointed out. And she gets no false ideas of romance from the movies and slick magazines. In other words, she knows how she's wanted.

Dr. Liu doesn't like our hurry.

"I think New Yorkers rush for rush's sake. They use up so much energy rushing about, and they seem to be hurrying even to get to a place where they will only sit down.

These views were expressed not in the spirit of criticism. The geologist said there was much about New York life that she likes, and that she had made many friends here.

DR. LIU EN-LAN: Slow down, Americans, can't you?

Post Photo by Boyle

Wanted: Happy Medium Between the Twain

"Really," she said as she poured still more tea, "a happy medium between your way of life and ours would be wonderful."

Stopping at the home of a friend, Grace Chao, who is a Chinese-born journalist, Dr. Liu said she had come to America for geological investigation and that regional folkways interested her too.

Before coming to New York, she spent some time visiting Indian tribes in our Southwest, and drew comparisons between their customs and those of the primitive China regions she has studied.

She was particularly impressed by the ceremonial snake dances of the Hopi, and compared them with the religious dances of the Tibetan highland people.

"In either case, the dance is for fertility, a hope for rain in a barren and rocky country," she said. "There is little difference, with isolation stopping progress."

Dramatically the Chinese professor described the Hopi dance she witnessed in New Mexico, along with a large circle of observing American tourists, while costumed medicine men tossed corn to the writhing snakes. One reptile got out of line and hopped onto the leg of an American coed, giving the girl a panicky moment before the medicine men came to the rescue.

She Prefers Being Single to Marriage

Dr. Liu has kept a diary of her experiences on this American trip and expects to record her data in a book.

Born in Shantung 43 years ago, daughter of a university professor, she was one of eight children. And she has never married. "I don't want to get married," she explained. "I like freedom better."

A scholar from childhood, she studied at Clark University in Worcester, Mass., and the University of Chicago before completing her education at Oxford. Gingling College, where she teaches geology, is one of the colleges in her own country supported by United Service to China.

Explaining her name, Dr. Liu En-lan said:

"The 'En' means thankful, and 'lan' stands for orchid. I was born during a bountiful orchid season, and my father said he was thankful.

"My father, fortunately, had advanced views, representing the new China, and he used to flatter me by deferring to my opinions as well as that of my brothers. He didn't mind my being born a girl."

Chinese Harmonics Do Not Soothe Her

She made a point here that she admired the way American fathers are companions to their children, whereas in China the tendency has always been for a father to regard himself as an aloof and stern judge. That tendency, though, is slowly changing, with fathers in modern Chinese households deciding to climb down from their perches, she added.

In her student days, the geologist was active in basketball, tennis and other sports, and now she enjoys getting in a swim now and then.

She eats sparingly, doesn't drink or smoke or keep late hours, and doesn't care much for the movies. One of her hobbies is collecting coins and stamps; another is reading American magazines. She likes quiet music, hates jazz, hates Chinese singing which she considers too loud.

Evidently preferring the leisurely way of life, she has found the open spaces of America more interesting than the jet-propelled daily schedules of New Yorkers.

"I don't like your skyscrapers," Dr. Liu said. "They cut off the sky for me, and there are too few trees."

She can't cook. She doesn't like that either.

Closeup
August 21, 1944

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AUG 21 1947

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1398

Reid

Ginling College
Oct. 10, 1947

LIU
EN
LAN

10/20/47

Dear Mrs. Mills:

This is to thank you for all your kindness and helps. I have been back in Nanking for three weeks but just begin to feel all right. Because I did not want to stay in Shanghai for another day I came to Nanking by the night train without a sleeper. It was so crowded I could not get out my jacket & sweater and caught cold. I carried my work all right but did not have any energy to do what I must do. I delayed writing but I think of doing so everyday. Today is a holiday, I feel really well too.

At odd moments I have written my first impressions of the College and Nanking bit by bit. A girl typed it for me. Both of us did not do well. I am enclosing it because I am not planning to type it over again. May be it is all old news to you anyhow. If so, just throw it away.

Best wishes

Sincerely yours
En Lan

1399

(7) [1] Rec'd 10-20-47 LIU EN-LAN

PLEASE RETURN

FILE COPY

Impressions of The Return Native

BY LIU EN-LAN

At last! after ten years of 'exile' I am now in Nanking again. The city wall is just as picturisque as ten years ago inspite of the poundings by people who love to destroy. Purple Mountain stands outside the east wall, is just as solid, steady, beautiful and friendly. Though it can not be compared with the grandeur and majesty of the mountains of West China or the Rockies of America, yet it makes me feel at home.

The city of Nanking though witnessed intense sufferings, yet did not strike me in the same way Manila did. Unlike Manila, there are no shattered pieces of cement hanging around walls and gates. All ruined buildings are repaired or replaced. The section between the College and the station appear to have changed its expression, most. The old buildings which I used to be familar with, are gone. New ones are taking their places. The New ones are of cheaper materials but modern not Chinese in style and the streets are somewhat altered both in width, windings and names.

The entrance of the college is now facing east on a street full of peddling crowd, while formerly she was facing north with fields and hadges around her. I looked and did not see our original flag pole, but a small cement structure with a cement railing is holding a flag pole in a different place moved over by the occupiers from some other place. Otherwise the compus appeared more or less like what it was ten years ago. But gradually I discovered the College has done wonders in her recovery to appear so natural now. Inside the gate house are two prison cells with thick wooden bars on the front side. The inside is worse than a dog house. They look like an animal house in a zoo but with less space less air and less light. I was told three A.A.F. men have been imprisoned there, but now they are used as a storage of winter clothes for rural relief when the cold weather arrives. I wonder where are the once imprisoned now. I wish they could come to visit the College now, we will not only let them sleep on something different and eat something different, but also let them see something different and be entertained differently.

The walls of my office are disfigured by the holes of the large clock which the Japanese have left. The office already looks to the adjoining rooms, but they still disfigured the walls to dig two extra holes, right by the original holes. The love for using holes instead of doors from room to room is more than I can comprehend. The desk I am using now is also a museum piece. The desk has a glass cover. The glass is glued on the desk so it can not be removed without breaking the glass. Under the glass is a photograph of a 2nd Lieutinent with his name card and his official title, a calendar sheet and a Japanese landscape scene, I think it is a pity to destroy that nice glass cover, that means this 2nd lieutinent stays too.

The radiators in all the buildings are gone, and the walls are left with holes where the pipes where broken off. Though the holes are now filled and pasted with cement, yet they still can be detected from the slight difference in the color of the cement. The lovely partitions of pearl designed figures in the Social Hall, a gift of Smith College, are torn, broken and gone, only one piece is left, standing as a monument to the memory of its past glory. The beautiful oak floor is broken and saturated with filth beyond scrubbing and polishing because invaders have dug holes down the oak floor as toilets. Now the holes are filled and floor mended but the severe suffering of the archetecture is still noticeable.

In front of the Academic buildings are built cement water tanks four by ten feet in volume for horses. Pipes of the heating system inside the builings are moved outdoors and installed above ground as aqueducts from the reservoir to the water tanks besides some underground conduits. Besides the pipes that were running in a disorderly fashion across the lawn there were also numerous pits. At present the pipes are removed and pits filled but the lawn is still sickly as if it has just recovered from smallpox attack.

The Ginling Campus is not an absolutely flat one. There are small hills that give the landscape suff-cient variation and beauty. The invaders have dug numerous caves in the hills as air raid shelters. Some even have crude huts against the entrance. Around the atheletic field the huts under ground are built of concrete bricks. Some of these huts are now used as servants quarters, storage for atheletic equipments and for the working tools of gardeners, carpenters etc. But the rest are dark holes into the hills which often remind me of the tomb caves of Egypt only they have neither the grandeur nor hold any of the treasures. Here and there many cement tanks in the shape of a staircase or walls of unequal heights. They appear like the ruins of the city of Pompii.

On the South hill of the campus are the faculty residences. The building I am in now was in the process of construction while we left in 1937. The Japanese have finished it after their style. Upstairs are big rooms with tatamirs which naturally spoil the walls, near the floor. The ground floor of the bulding are garages. At present the building is converted

1400

10-20-47

into four apartments in each of the East and West wings and the Central section is a dormitory for younger members on the staff.

I am lucky enough to get an apartment in the east wing. It is quiet. Looking out, from my windows I could see the rolling Landscape and trees. This part of the city was originally a vacant region with cultivated fields, but now it is partly built up. The College hills are still covered by trees and wild flowers. But when examine them carefully, one would notice that trees that have a diameter of 7 inches are not many. This tells the story of the loss of our forest, the present trees are the reincarnation of those that have seen the activities of the College before the years of war.

As far as external appearance is concerned, the atheletic field seems to have altered most. The original tennis courts are now full of weeds and dotted by battalions of pits with an average diameter of three feet and an average depth of three feet. but all of them at present, with their edges collapsed inward and weeds filled. A few new tennis courts are now constructed but they do not appear to be able to compare with the quality of those we played on before the 'exile'.

At the north end of the atheletic field there are now two wooden buildings which the army officers from the Eastern Volcanic hills built for the storage of ammunitions and which are now used as classrooms for our Practice School.

The student dormitories suffered, as the academic buildings, the same loss of radiators and pipes, partitions, and ground floor spoiled with toilet pits. The furniture are all gone but "Tatamis" are added. Now the dormitories are cleaned, "tatamis" taken away. Partitions reconstructed. Four girls with double decker beds are in the rooms which formerly used by two because the present enrollment is nearly twice of that of pre-war days.

The campus population, composed of students, faculty and their families, servants, and the Practice School staff and students, is well over a thousand. The difference from pre-war days is a larger student body besides that married women staff members are taking care of their children and husbands too.

Since the population has increased the telephone also got extensions. One could carry on business between buildings through the phone now. Of that privilege I have enjoyed once and decided not to touch it again, unless absolutely necessary. Because in order to make it work one must shout at the top of one's voice and still the other end could not hear. I shouted ~~shouted~~ when my head was feeling breaking by the vibrations and the other end still say: "Speak louder, I can not hear."

In the evenings the electric lights are like fire-flies. It always remind me of the way by which President Lincoln read in the evenings when he was a boy. But by midnight the light starts to shine. So far I have not taken that advantage by reading after midnight. The College engine room is washed clean of its contents, the college is now using city electricity. The light encourages me to retire early at night and makes me feel justified in doing so. If the lights are good, I would feel guilty to retire so early.

There are also some new conveniences which we did not have before. Everyday at 4 P. M. there is the haunting of the horn of a car. Looking out, you will see an ambulance like sort of a bus driving in. It is the moving post Office. It opens its windows and appear like a real Post Office. Anyone ~~one~~ who has mails could come to have their letters weighed, properly stamped and posted. One can even send telegrams and money orders. It is nice.

Though Deparmental businesses seem to take longer and delayed longer in getting done than before, yet the two new desks in the business office that please me greatly. One belongs to the Bank of Shanghai the other belong to the Travel Service. Since one has to handle thousands and thousands of money now-a-days it is of great convenience to have business transactions done right under one's nose.

My impression of the city as a whole is still limited, because I have not had time yet to tour the city. I have been out for the city twice since my return. Once I was invited to dinner in a Szechwan Restuarant by a former student of mine who is now a news reporter of the Ta Kung Pao (Newspaper) He wanted to know the precent developments in the field of Geography in the ~~St~~ States. During that outing I noticed four things new to Nanking: (1) there are more old cars and jeeps on the streets all running in a wild fashion. (2) There are also more public buses and ~~have~~ regular stations which did not exist before. (3) There are crowds of Pedi-cabs which Nanking did not have before the war. (4) The composition of the population is different. There seems to be a smaller percentage of original Nankiness now and a larger percentage of people from other cities and ~~other~~ Provinces.

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The second outing of mine was to Central University for the Executive Committee meeting of the ~~Nati~~ National Geographic Association. The buildings of Central University were used as a hospital so they suffered less destruction. But their buildings are old and their enrolment has greatly increased, so they have added a new campus not far from Lotus Lake. After the meeting I was invited to supper by a Central University Professor on the newly expanded campus. The University has a bus running between the two campusses by the hour. The new campus is large and the new buildings are built after the style of army landing houses only in two stories and the walls are not insulated.

Passing by the Tsing-hwai river, an ancient canal in the city, and used to be crowed with house boats beautifully carved with decorations for pleasure seekers in the evenings, I noticed how they are not there. The channel is only shallowly filled with dirty and stagnate water. From my window I could see a bit of Hsuan-Wu Lake which is another pleasure ground with Lotus and boats, but now it is nearly dry.

My first meal in Shanghai costed me over $30,000. and the car from the dock to the hotel costed me $100,000. I rushed away from Shanghai as soon as I could manage. But also, Nanking is no better. One egg a day costed me $7,000 a week when I first arrived and now one egg costs $15,000.a week. One piece of baked bread formerly worth 10 cents now worths $500 and smaller in size. In going out the Rickshaw fare begins with tho sands of dollars. One could not go out in a Rickshaw without tens of thousand of dollars in One's bag. It is terrifying but then one knows the Richshaw man must live too. I know, when these figures are translated into U. S. currency it is not much. I get hundreds of thousands per month, now but they are not up to $40,00 in U. S. C. yet. If I should get 100 U. S. a month, I will be a millinare and have nothing to worry. Think of the assistants and lecturers they only get half the figure of mine It is a terrible strain. One has no right to demand too much from them.

However most people appear to be happy and healthy. More families are sending their children to schools. China has changed and in terrific speed too. Even in a period of one brief ~~ye~~ year during my absence I feel I am returning to a different world. I left Chengtu in "Free China" eight months after V-J day for the United States while the Exodus were returning to their homes east in the former "occupied" territories. Eight years of differential fashioning and moulding of habits and moods of thinking directed by foreces of different nature in the occupied and free habitats have naturally created a gulf of misunderstandings between the people. This naturally has created many problems for post war China. They need to make mental adjustments in order to make judgements on the value of particular issues and actions. Furthermore the illadjustments in postwar economical system and pattern are too numbrous to make the return to normality and security easy. Naturally various postwar disorders, due to the sense of insecurity result. Life, after V-J day hasn't been as easy as one might expect. Therefore changes in spiritual and mental attitudes have been tremendous.

At present, economically the average citizens, not to say the poor, are actually suffering from insufficiency. But because their philosophy of life has changed, they appear to be happy and healthy. Some seem to take the attitude of eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow is uncertain. Therefore they spend a larger proportion of their income or even their total income on personal comforts of today rather than conserving for the needs of tomorrow. Some feel that since the worth of money is on the decrease everyday, what is not used to ones advantage today will be lost tomorrow, because the value of money depreciates, why not use it today? Money now corresponds to the value of time, if it is not caught it is gone forever. One must utilize it to its utmost value at the crucial moment. The post war philosophy of life of the majority of the people seem to be concerned with the problems of today than worrying for the problems of tomorrow. This is a titude is a great departure from the traditional Chinese mind.

When I was reading about news of China abroad, I always got the feeling that China is whirling in the center of war and disturbance all the time. I always have the feeling that people are sitting on their door steps ready to flee for their lives. It used to give one a picture of hell and torture. But living in China now the picture is different: Visiters and outsiders may not find any difference from what they see on the surface as the appearance of ~~th~~ Ginling do not show much difference to strangers. By seeing Ginling is in order and the Campus is green with trees, Ginling College is nice and did not change much. But to those who know and love her well can detect differences everywhere and feel differently. To strangers and visitors China may appear to be a land full of problems and disorder and they may feel hopeless. To those who know and love her, would notice lots of changes and are feeling hopeful.

Family is the essential unit ~~of~~ in the foundation of a nation and the mother is the center of the home. Women have a unique place in the ~~construction~~ national program of a nation everywhere. The women of China have suffered long and did not have chance to make their full effort felt in the building of the nation. Since the warthe situation is different, Women are now not

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only released from traditional bondage, ~~to be only consumers,~~ they now are becoming as essential as men in the earning of livelihood for the family. Thus with their economic power comes the power not only ~~to be able~~ to express their minds but also ~~to be able~~ to be heard. Therefore, at present in China the thoughts and ideas of women are forces to be reckoned with, though they still need time ~~to get~~ for a fuller manifestation and be stronger.

Another change is the political attitudes of the people. Formerly ~~the people~~ simply managed their own affairs, cultivating the land to feed the nation and doing other business for the economical life of the nation and they left the political problems and policies to their leaders. Today they themselves are concerned with the political problems and policies of the nation. Though their voices may not be heard, yet they are beginning to organize themselves and often elect delegates, to call on responsible ~~members of~~ governmental officials, ~~to~~ express their opinions and ~~to~~ make themselves felt. Even though the results are still insignificant, yet when the yeast is in, it will work. It is a matter of time.

Furthermore the political philosophy of the people has also departed from the traditional pattern. They are not only feeling concerned with political issues, but also feeling concerned enough to enter into political acticities. Women too are interested and are working to get seats on national and city political councils.

At present the air is hot with activities of men and women who are busy working for election to be delegates on the People's Political Council which is to be held in the near future. From a letter I learned one of my friends is now campaigning in Kiangsi province for election. Another woman I know suddenly came to Nanking and was as busy as a bee. To my inquiry she is also working for her election to be a delegate in the people's conference. A third one whom I know well is now away to Canton to mobilize for her election to be a delegate for the Province of Kwangtung. So it is not only men who are interested in politics women are no less concerned.

The summarized impression of the returned native is that social, economical political and educational trends in China are all turning and changing. Day in and day out, waves and waves of changes are modifying the ways of life. In the present world no nation can live alone anymore. I feel more ~~and more~~ strongly than ever that human relations are not problems to be solved once for all. New understandings are essential and new adjustments are necessary ~~in human relations~~ for constructive and peaceful progress.

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Please kindly send me a list of equipments that have been ordered for the geography department. I must have given Mr. Evans my copies so I do not have one here on file. And also some of them came with equipments of the physics department. Some of the things we both claim, such as the portable Psychrometer. We are using it cooperatively now (we did not quarrel) only I like to make clear who ordered it. It is better to have the order on file, so we would know what to order next year.

E. F.

1403

11/5/47

Ginling College, Nanking
Oct. 29, 1947

LIN EN-LAN

Dear Mrs. Mills:

Thank you for your letter of Oct. 21 and the enclures. Yes, over 50% of the books are here and they are a great help to teaching. Half of the maps are already in Shanghai. We already got the bill of ladding and hope they will arrive in Nanking pretty soon. We are ~~al~~ all looking forward to their arrival.

Yes, after much trouble in looking over ruined papers(fortunately wet on the way down the river, ~~but~~ they did not discard them) We-- we discovered an ordered list of 1944 or 45(the date i is ruined and can not be seen) which correspond to the things arrived in September. We discovered the psychrometer does belong to the Geography department. Besides that the Geography department also ~~re~~ got a Cyclo-Stormograph (already damaged) and a Hygrometer and five portable thermometers. Evidently that lot is from an order sent from Chengtu in 1944 or '45 and arrived in Shanghai in Febuary 1947 and arrived Nanking in September, The Physics department also decides those are from ancient orders. Their mercurial barameter is also broken in the case. On the whole there is considerable damage besides the terrible mixe up, and terrible delay of nearly two years. Of course, this is all due to the war.

Now about the present order list. We got word that a number of the maps, drawing instruments and books are coming. We are very happy over them. The list of instruments rather frightened me. I am afraid it is going to cost mountains of money. Something must be wrong somewhere. Will you please check how do the figures go. (refer to No. of pieces) I have a notion the number go in perenthesis means the company where the instrument can be secured. ~~Be cause~~ Microbaragraph is rather large and delicate , it is expensive , so is Hygrothermograph. Can we afford for two? One of each is a luxury. And then they are easily broken on the way. If they are damaged , it is a great loss of money. In the case of Sling Psychrometers. I think it must mean 10 portable thermometers and 2 sling Psychrometers. Because portable thermometers are greatly in demand for field and laboratory work and sling psychrometers are expensive and could be shared. Portable thermometers are inexpensive. I hope these instruments are not on the way, so we could change and save a little money. If they are already on the way. It is ~~already~~, gladly we surely would enjoy the luxury, at the expense of a rather large sum of money.

There are a great many things interesting about the College and Nanking . I know you will be interested i n knowing them. I want to hurry off this letter quick , ~~in order~~ if these instruments are not ordered yet, it could be changed so I better not stop to go on with my endless descriptions, there is so much to write that whe n I start on a letter, I do not seem to be able to stop.

Nanking is full of activities just now with large number of people running ~~of~~ for their election to be on the People's Political Assembley to be held in December. And then the war has made tremendous ~~bous~~ changes in social and economic thinkings and systems. Prices of commodities are simply crazy by jumping by the doubles from week to week. Life is difficult but it certainly is most interesting.

Please kindly remember me to friends in the office. I know I should write to many people , but at present I feel ~~greatly p~~ a great pressure pressing me to hurry.

With best wishes

Sincerely yours,

En-Lan

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Ginling College
150 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, N. Y.
November 10, 1947

Dr. Liu En-lan
Ginling College
Nanking, China

Dear Dr. Liu:

Your letter of October 29th reached me November 5th, which is very good. It begins to feel almost normal when a letter can go to China and an answer get back in just two weeks' time.

I began at once to check up on the order for instruments for the Geography Department, and I find that although we had started negotiations with Arthur J. Thomas Co., in July, the order had never been placed. This was largely because Thomas could not supply all the articles and in their efforts to get some of the things elsewhere, the whole order got side-tracked. This is one time when such an oversight is going to work out to our advantage. We have started all over again now, and are ordering, as you suggest in your letter:

10 portable thermometers
1 microbaragraph
1 hygrothermograph
2 aneroid barometers.

Mr. Evans suggests that two of the aneroid barometers be ordered rather than one, as they do not seem to be very expensive.

I sincerely hope you will write me more fully about things in Nanking as you see them. I know you are busy, and I hope you are well. I don't like to think about last November! Write when you can.

Affectionate greetings and all best wishes to my friends at Ginling.

Cordially yours,

CSM:ef
Via Air Mail

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

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Voices From Ginling
Nov 26, 1947

[1]

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Rec'd 12/8/47
Please Return

As I wrote before, it is a strange experience to see Ginling College in Nanking again after ten year's of refugee life elsewhere. I find that the College buildings look very much as they were, though rather show sings of worriness by weathering, yet they have just been repaired and windows repainted during the summer and they do not look bad. The internal situation of the buildings, though with plenty of scares of various wounds, is also fairly well repaired and arranged. Of course, the lovely furnitures in the buildings are gone, the floors are dirty beyond scrubing and broken in places. The radiators are gone. The walls are left with holes. Yet the buildings are not entirely vacant, for there are piles of odd pieces of furniture, which some could be mended and put to use while others are odd pieces ~~and~~ do not go together to form anything. What in the world is the reason for taking the trouble to send the original furniture away and brought such odd pieces here to serve their needs ? Where did they collect these odd curios ? Why are they all broken ? There are piles of desk legs without tops, tables without drawers and drawers without tables still up in the attics now. Where are the astray parts of these furniture ? Under one pile of broken legs I discovered a lovely drawing board about 4 by 6 ft in size. On another attic I discovered a map of Manchuria, large and detailed, printed in Tokyo.

The Ginling New Library which ~~###~~ was completed in 1935 has lovely oak wood floors in square blocks. Now, most of these blocks are moveable and they all look they need a thorough wash in gaseline. The office of the librarian must have been used as a toilet. Part of the library seems to have been used as a hospitle or as headquarter of medical supplies. There is still one stretcher for canying the sick, one skeleton model and some broken gauze roles in the library attic. Most of the original library book shelves are still there, only not in their right places. There is an addition of a few cases with glass doors. They look as if they were for medicine storages. And among some broken shelves I discovered a large map of China on one side of a piece of wooden board and on the other side is the map of the province of Chekiang. I also noticed a board with a large model on it but ~~roads and some hills around the city, I checked the position of the city of the~~ covered with dusts and dirt. After a great deal of brushing and cleaning, I discovered three roads and some hills around the city, I checked the position of the city on the model and decided that it was the strategic city of Kwang-feng in eastern Kiangsi. A few days later I had a caller from the National resource board. I noticed from his calling card that he is from Kwang-feng, so I asked him questions according to what I learned from the model. For instance I asked him about the

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the temple outside of the South gate, inquiring about the light conditions in the city because the buildings in Kwang-feng are too close together, and many other questions. He asked me if I had been in Kwang-feng, I said "no" and he wanted to know how is it that I know Kwang-feng so well. I told him that I learned all of this from that relief model I found. It is certainly a grand piece of work.

I feel I could do some more research in the attics yet, if I have time to roam, so far I have not had the courage to go into any basements yet, because some have been used as "water Prisons" I think that is terrible, The very thought frightens me.

In a way the campus looks very nice now. The lawns are in the stage of recovery from their deep wounds. I am glad to find that the trees we planted, during the first Arbor day after we moved on this New Campus in 1923, are still standing along the entrance drive. I can not help but walking to my tree, the one I planted, and petted it hard. Our class tree, the Ginko tree, has grown, and in great glory to my delight. The hills are still green though with secondary growths. The real trouble is that the hills are vacant in hearts due to the large number of dug-outs. The timber inside were taken out and made into dining room tables and seats in the student dormitories. Some day the hills might cave in, though at present they give a historical look as the tomb caves of Egypt. Besides, there are a number of wooden buildings, scattered around and are used for various purposes such as storages and work shops for workmen.

So much for material Ginling. As soon as I entered the Ginling gate on September 19. Du Shi-fu, our gateman shouted Liu Siao-tsia Liu Siao-tsia (means Miss Liu) with a broad smile. He has been serving at Ginling for about twenty years. He used to clean the class rooms, so he knew nearly all the students. His friendly smile and friendly greeting have not only made me feel at home but also did the same to many other graduates who came back for Founder's Day on November 8th, 1947.

Every day on my way up and down the hill between my room and the academic buildings

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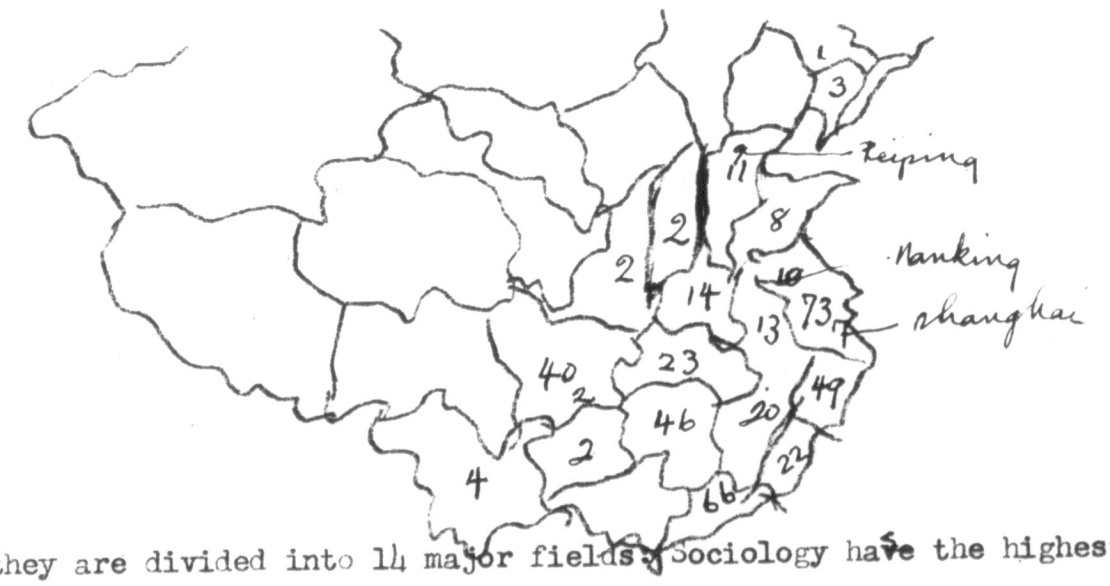
I see three brick shelters half underground by the path on the hillside beside the atheletic field. It took me a long time to adjust the lovely hill to those military remains in my mind. However I meet another old servant who is carrying food up the hill to the faculty residence from the College kitchen every meal, he used to greet me heartly and talk me different stories of Campus changes by the Japanese. The carpenters who are using the dug out shelters as their work shops are also friendly and full of stories to tell. They have helped me to wear off the awkward feelings toward the new environment.

The student body is more than doubled the prewar enrollment. They appear to be much younger than the students of former years. Social conditions in China have been revolutionized by the war. Even though people have financially difficulties yet they are struggling to send their children even their daughters to school and college, ~~including their daughters~~. The families seem to have also adopted an open door policy for the social life of their girls. They do not seem to mind ~~for their~~ girls ~~to~~ having men friends or ~~to~~ going to the movies. As a result the present generation of girls seem to have a lot of outside activities which ~~and their outside interests~~ are no less than their interests in ~~the~~ college. The resulting College spirit is different for ~~what~~ College life used to be, even during ~~from that of~~ refugee years in Chengtu. Naturally the postwar girls in their social environment ~~give them~~ have more social graces and other qualities which girls of former years did not have, but they also miss developments in many other lines.

The home distribution of the present student body is of 18 provinces and 5 municipolities and two foriegn countries

Students home distribution



Academically they are divided into 14 major fields. Sociology have the highest members of majors-97 while geography is the next to the last -only have eight majors.

But I am neither disappointed nor unhappy about it. Because it is a natural consequence due to the general misunderatandings toward the subject. Lots of people are still considering geography as subject of memory, but there is a glimpse of awakening of interest in seeing the new meaning of Geography. I am pleased to discover the eight majors are specially good students. Not only good in their scholastic standing but good in leadership in student activities. One is the president of the senior class, another is student govt officer. Everyone counts. We have reasons to hope a gradual increase quantitatively soon. The National Central University with a student enrollment of 5000 has two geography majors in the freshmen class. Ginling with an enrollment of 440 also has two geography majors in the Freshmen class.

The National Women's organization promoted a competition in Oration among women students of the eight institutions for higher learning in Nanking. The central theme of the oratorial contest on Nov. 6th, was "Before the Present Constitution put into effect what women Should know". Fourteen students from the eight institutions entered into the contest, one Ginling students, a geography major won the banner of first honor.

During the first part of November the ministry of Finance had put up an exposition of National products in Nanking. The Exhibit appeared to be of great value not only to the urban population, but also to the rural population in the vicinity of Nanking who streamed in and out of the city gates and desired to known this and that. One of my former students was in charge of the agricultural section, he told me many interesting questions which the farmers have asked him. All the questions indicate that the farmers are interested in the simple agricultural mechineries which would increase their power of production.

While the Exhibit was on, the Chamber of Commerce sponsored an oratorial contest for all the students in the colleges, universities and Professional schooles. Fourteen men and women students entered into the contest on the subject "Exhibit of National Products and National Reconstruction." Both the first and second honors were carried off by Ginling girls.

Later in December there is going to be another oratorial contest sponsored by the Deans of Students Conselers of the four Institutions of higher learning: University of Nanking, National Central University, Ginling College and the National Political Academy.

Nov. 12 was the day of Atheletic meet of all the schools in Nanking. There were a total of eleven first prizes, Ginling girls took nine. I was rather pleased of the spirit of our girls as remarked by the Pressmen in the papers . Evidently they have

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observed the Ginling girls hung their banners of honor quietly inside their tents, another university hung theirs outside the opening of their tent while another hung their only banner on the top of a high pole. It is nice to know that Ginling girls are still, modest and humble.

Of course, in this supposedly progressive world, one does expect changes. The events of this world roll on like time unceasingly, yet never the same. In the course of growth some old traditions would have to break down while new ones got their birth. Founder's Day celebration is one of the examples. There was the usual alumnae meeting held on Saturday afternoon Nov.8. and the banquet in the evening. The alumnae meeting this year was very well attended and lots of proposals passed in helping to secure funds for the College. Daisy Yen again presented $ 10,000,000.00 for the infirmary.

The banquet started at 7 P.M. in the gym. without the students except the seniors. Because there are too many of them and there is literarily no space because the alumnae has grown. The banquet hall was without the decorations of class banners because they were all lost through the Japanese. Neither are there toasts nor speeches. The program following was also different from that of the old days: The whole pattern is different from what it was before.

Bishop Carson delivered a most fitting and helpful Founder's Day address on Sunday morning, November 9th. He spoke of four educational objectives as : Vocational proficiency, developing intellectual confidence, moral trustworthiness and spiritual appreciation. The manner of presentation, the organization and the ideals are most impressive. It gave great inpetus both to the faculty and the students to do their share.

Recently I have had many students coming to visit me both from Ginling and the University of Nanking. They all seem to express ~~some sentiment~~ the feeling of being lost. They say that they have friends who are feeling so desperate that sometimes they wish to die. Some, of course, are troubled by financial problems, others are upset by ~~future~~ the uncertainties of the future while still others are full of the anxiety of a man standing at a cross-road not knowing which way to turn. What they need is a solid religious faith, ~~and~~ to live in trust and hope, to make up their minds to do the best they can and feel ~~re~~assured that God will take care of the rest.

One may read of student strikes in the newspapers or meet students who ~~may~~ appear ~~to be~~ superficial and trouble-some, but when one really comes to know the youth one ~~would~~ see a totally different picture. ~~The~~ Youth today is struggling for a vision in the dark. They struggle, they kick around and they bump into hard places and get hurt, then

they got more excited and struggle and scream. ~~Rather~~, what they need is a vision and a loving ~~strong~~ and ~~loving~~ caring guiding hand that ~~can gain~~ their confidence, ~~to~~ show them the right way ~~to~~ of achievement.

Some of them complained of exceeding loneliness. "When I have a problem I have no one to go to for consultation or comfort because everybody seems to be deeply involved in their own troubles". One university student told me:"When in Chengtu we ~~go~~ went to the tea house (right outside the University gate), a group of us would drink tea and discuss our problems. Then we felt better. But now there is no tea house around and no social room where we can gather. Life is difficult", ~~he continues~~. Obviously the students miss the student centes they used to have in Chengtu and the tea houses which are really social centers. As I ~~was~~ talking with those students from time to time, I deeply realize the need of such a place as a "Union" where they could get ~~the~~ suitable kinds of recreation, and the chance to meet friends and discuss problems, And ~~even to~~ have debates and lectures on all kinds of intellectual social, national and international problems.

There has been a great deal of student unrest including a number of strikes during the first part of November in Sympathy to the friends of the Checking University student who died in the Military Headquarter before public trial. One can well see that with a little help and a little change in the technique and policy in handling students, much troubles can be saved. The students today are not to be blamed for what they do, but they need sympathy, help and guidance.

Nov. 23, two Fellowdhip groups from Ginling College and the University of Nanking had a joint trip to the Observatory on Purple mountain. Out with nature, they are as happy as larks, and they are seeking for the eternal truth. We had a number of interesting discussions together. From the discussions one can readily see that they are searching for the truth in the Universe that would give them strength and hope to face whatever is their share. Youth is lovely, What they need is loving care and not cold strict discipline. They are seeking for a way out and ~~wrestling~~ wresting for a satisfactory discovery. They can not find. Some get restless. Some get reckless. They need guidance. They need strength from faith and hope.

It is not only the minds in the educational Institutions that are in the process of searching and changing. Everything around me seems to be changing. One afternoon, I decided to visit our neighbors. Farming neighbors whom we used to visit on sunday mornings in previous days and whom we used to invite to come to one of our classrooms on sunday afternoons. Where we used to teach them to read a few characters to tell them stories from the Bible and also

topics on health habits, from time to time, and whom we used to visit them on Christmas morning to act as their St. Claus. To my great surprise, they can no longer be found and their humble houses are no more. A number of modern new buildings have taken their places.

In my great sentimental upset I went on further hoping to see the tree covered earthern hills where we used to go birds watching and listening in the early mornings. But I can not find the places. In my great distress I inquired an old farmer who is cultivating some vegetables for a "great man"(military). He told me the trees were all cut in a lawless fashion. Can you imagine that not a single tree is left in the whole hilly area by the city wall. I wondered why some of the trees on the Ginling Campus are left uncut. Our old gardener told me that the Japanese used Ginling as their military headquarter. They had many military police scattered here and there. Everyone of them wanted to stand beside a tree. In case there was any alarm they all stick close to the tree for protection.

It is not only the absence of trees and addition of modern buildings that have changed the appearance of the landscape. From the College back to the temple on T'sing-ling hill we used to pass a large cemetery with large and rather beautiful tombstones. Sometimes when we were out for a walk in the afternoons I often enjoy reading the epitaph. But that cemetary, too, is no longer to be found, Not a single tomb nor a single tombstone is left. Besides a few new buildings the land is cultivated. The remains of that deceased population is so transplanted that no one knows where they are now, and no one objected. But when Ginling College buildings were built in 1920-23, Ginling has invited various negotiators and spent tremendous amount of money to move away the dry bones. Time certainly has changed.

Along the South edge of the Ginling Compound is a low valley which is a big motor Road called Kwangchow Road. Beyond the road is Wu-tai Shan(hill). The earthen hill was formerly a deserted place with a few desolated historical spots. It is a lonely region where people are afraid to pass in the evenings. But, at present the weeds are gone and the hill is cultivated into vegetable gardons. New houses are build including a shrine built by the Japanese, and at present the buildings of the shrine are partly turned into a museum for war inplements and part of the buildings as the headquarter of the boy scouts. It is no longer a lonely hill.

To the North of the College is formerly a cultivated ~~are~~ area but now it is rather a diplomatic region with the American Embassy quartered in the "royal"residence of the puppet governor, Wang Chin-wei, with secret doors and secret chambers. It is rather

grand in outside appearance but rather rotten in archetectureal strength. There are also a number of other embassies and government offices besides new civilian residences.

The section in the vicinity of the ancient Ming Palace region has also changed its facial expression. The old museum of Ming relics is gone. Its place is taken by an air field. A new museum of Party documents is built near the Central Hospital.

Spirit Valley, Ming Tomb, the Manssoleum of Dr Sun. and the Tang tomb all look nicer than before because the trees have grown and the region is of real scenic beauty. The tstyle of Spirit Valley is a combination of the ancient Beamless Temple and the American Arlington. The Japanese are terribly afraid of ghosts, so they have left the region alone and did no damage.

The former Commertial center of the city has also shifted its place, so is the residencial sections. Sin-Chia Ko now becomes the business center while Shanghai Road and Ninghai Road which were caught by the war at the time of birth are now noisy with old cars, rushing jeeps and shaking peda-cabs. Nanking is certainly different from ten years ago.

The war has not only changed the structure and appearance of Nanking. The war and world contacts through the press, the radio and personal contacts with foriegn personnel in and out of China have not only socialized the thinking of students and business people, but also the ~~man of~~ mass of the people. The habits and thoughts of the community are also changing.

I took one Saturday afternoon to explore Fu-sze Miao, Confucius temple, in the Southern part of the city. It ~~was a place in the nature of~~ used to be a public recreation ground and commertial center for the rank and file of ordinary citizends. It was a lively and busy place. It is still crowded ~~now~~, but the nature of the activities in progress ~~are~~ is different, ~~from before~~. There are still rows and rows of food stands—I mean the moving kitchens where the cooking stove and frying pans are carried on ~~both~~ the ends of a pole and the cook carrys his kitchen around to suit the convenience of the consumers. The food ~~are~~ is just ~~first~~ as good, but there are not as ~~large in~~ many varieties as before, and ~~they~~ it ~~are~~ is terribly expensive. Yet every stand is crowded with insatiable ~~consumers~~ customers.

The big building for Confucius is gone and its place is taken by modern gambling stands, by which I mean ~~some~~ western table games in modified from ~~and~~ used for gambling purposes. Long huts in rows are full of second hand goods for sale.

If Confucius should come back to see his own house now, he could weep his eyes out with saddess if were not for one little broken hut in the midst of the noise and rush, ~~in~~ Here

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which a book seller has put around on rows of rocks stories of various kinds of cheap printed and cheap paper but illustrated with drawings. To be sure they are not all good books but the majority of the books are stories on filial piety, loyalty and good friendship from the great philosophers. Crowds of children are hanging gathering inside reading without lifting their heads to look at the crowd. They simply are deeply buried in their reading. Some one should step out to help the poor book seller to get more good and interesting books. He is doing it for the sake of trade, but he is at the same time doing a piece of splendid educational work. He certainly should get co-operation and help from all those who love children and mankind.

There is another new phenomena, which I must mention before I stop. On Oct.14, 1947. a Lolo chief whom I met before came to call on me. I learned that he is here with a few others petitioning the government for seats on the Sikang Provincial Legislature, and also securing places for Lolo delegates on the Peoples Political Council. Considering the fact that many people still have the notion that the Lolo are wild people, one should meet these Lolo and talk with them. It is not that they are have suddenly turned became highly cultured according to modern standands, but the amount they have developed in the last few years is astounding. The chief came to visit the College three times and each time with a different Lolo. He said he wanted them to learn. They have written Lolo characters to show us their culture. Their philosophy of life is surprisingly deep-rooted.

In November a group of tribes people from Sinkiang is here. They are here in connection with the Youth crops of Three Principles. They are busy demonstrating tribal dances and singings for Intercultural Understanding under the Government Bureau of Border Affairs.

Just now the country is busy with the election of P.P.C. delegates. I cast the first ballot of this kind in my life yesterday, The college and University Professors are voting their own delegates among people of their own profession to the Council, the students cast their votes for regional delegates. These delegates, later, elect the president of the country and revised and pass the National constitution. But the process of election is a new activity naturally the mass lacks the experience and training in casting votes. Therefore it creates lots of problems which I am not going to describe just now because we are still in the midst of it.

Liu En-Lan
Ginling College
Nanking, China
Nov, 26, 1947

LIU EN-LAN

Liu Chronicle # 3.

Ginling College
Nanking, China
Dec, 12, 1947.

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How is the weather with you this winter? Today is the third or fourth cold day in Nanking. The temperature has been around 40 F. Since the first week in Dec. and it has been raining. It is most disagreeable. I have a little apartment of four rooms, big and small, in the faculty residence on the South Hill with my sister who is working in the College Library. I am working at night with a little charcoal fire. To be exact it is a pile of three pieces of charcoal. We made the fire pan ourselves. The outside is a wooden box,,of 1 ft by 1.5 ft in size. The inside is lined with tin sheets straightened out from tin cans. Between the tin lining and the wooden exterior shell is mud. Inside the tin lining is ashes. On the ashes is my char-coal fire. Over the fire is my kettle, heating water for my hot water bottle. I wish you could visit our place. It is not bad. Not hot yet not freezingly cold. I wear a thick paded gown which weighs about three punds of camel's hair. I look bulky but I feel comfortable.

All women professors, and instructors are acting as tutors to about twelve students each assigned by the student counselors. We are responsible for behavior and works of our tutees. Mid-semester examinations have just been over. I got a note from the student Counselors office just before supper to night informing me one of my tutees has done poorly in her exams and I am asked to do something about it. I am now thinking what to do. I wish I have some wisdom. The girl is a Freshman and not a geography major. I have no chance to meet her unless I specially look her up. I have a full load of teaching besides numberless of committee meetings. I do wish the student counselors would handle such problems themselves and spare those who already carry a heavy load. May be I spend too much time for sleep that is why I feel the pressure of time. Well, wisdom is what I need.

Last Sunday Nov. 30 the Geography Department of National Central University invited the Ginling Geography Department to a field trip. They have means of transportation so we travelled with no expense to the vicinity of Tang-shan (about 20 miles, east of Nanking. It used to be a scenic spot in pre-war days. At present it is actually a military station with a hospital for the army and three military schools. Indeed what is connected with man has changed, only nature struggled to be the same. The hot springs which were open to everyone on the sides of the hill are now locked in by walls to the hospital and military schools. The Tangshan settlement has shifted its location too. The prewar buildings were all burned upon the arrival of the Japanese. When the inhabitants returned, they built houses by the roads at the foot of the hill but not in their original places. The original settlement was where the military institutions now are the region is no longer a resort place for the public but a haven for military men.

Lots of cultivated land have gone to waste. Since the region is hilly, with a large portion of trees gone, the soil is badly washed. Now the farmers are trying hard to reclaim these wasted patches by carrying dark debris from the bottom of the ponds into these eroded and bleached patches. Watching these farmers poorly clad and poorly fed, patiently and persistantly carrying this dirt to fertilize the poverized soil. I can not help feeling I should take my hat off in praise of the solidness and worthiness of the Chinese farmers as citizens. Nothing is wrong with them. They are always wronged.

The geological structures of the regions remain the same. A unmber of refugees from regions north of the river is working on the Lungtan coal series and in the lime klims on the hillsides. Though the coal is poor, yet it can be used for making lime. Limestone is rich and plentiful. As a result the population composition in the Tangshan settlement is different now from before. Formerly they were all farmers, now they are families of military men and refugee laborers.

It is the students' first field trip around Nanking, they are learning to see the nature of the physical setting, and natural resources, their distribution and development, and the relationships between habitat, economy and human relations.

I am very glad that we are working together well with people of National Central University and they are interested to do field works together with us. They have university truck, and we as guests have free rides. We hope we are going to do more and more field works together. And also with more cooperation in other phases of our works. Because geography is a necessary subject for bringing forth National Unity. We should begin from ourselves. Chinese geographers need a central philosophy. Furthermore the gap between

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LIU E N. LAN

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Nanking, China
Dec, 12, 1947.

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~~gobrtnarny snf~~ government and mission institutions should be bridged or filled. Next time we are going to Fang-shan, a butte, another prewar popular spot south of the city of Nanking, as a joint field study again. The essential problems at Feng-shan, are the geological formation, and land utilization.

The Natural Science Society of China was formerly composed mostly of the science staff of Central University. Recently since they have repeatedly urged me to act as their foreign corresponding secretary, after long considerations I decided to do my share though I need to start in gradually. Yet I feel the cooperation is good. I hope more people from Ginling will join the society. They have some support for publications from the Ministry of Education.

Another small incident gave me much joy and comfort. Can you imagine . Some rural youth at Shwan-hwa Cheng, where Ginling has the rural service center, on their own requested Miss Tsu, the head of the Ginling Center, to give them some instructions in history and geography. What do they mean by geography is a different question, but our problems are what and how to present them such geographical knowledge that would help them to be better citizens. I have put a girl who is working on "Special problems in Geography " to think about it and to propose a working outline. I am also exploring the British Council and Sino-American cultural organizations for a strip film projector and some film strips, so far I have not met success. The one I brought back is for class room use, it is difficult to carry into the country where is no electricity. I am anxious to see how the project will turn out.

Recently I got a letter from a Provincial Government High School ~~in Nanking~~ of Nantung asking for help to put up a geographical exhibit. We have to think what we could do along that line. It seems that there is an awakening of interest toward the subject of geography in China today.

Students everywhere and of all ages are searching and bumping, but they are not sure of what to find and how to find it. Someone should lead this tremendous force into its right ca channel. If running wild as an uncontrolled flood, the force could do tremendous damage to the nation.

During the war years though the Y.M. and Y.W. have done a great deal for the students in financial relief and social and recreational works through student centers, yet by decree of the Ministry of Education the student organizations were greatly modified. As at Ginling College all the student organizations such as the student self-government, Y.W.C.A and Literary Society and etc were all amalgamated into one, named Hou Seng Dwan, organization of abundant life, the fact is just the negative of the meaning of the name. All former organizations became committees, none could fully express themselves nor work according to any satisfactory fashion. The student Ys were all broken into small Fellowship groups. In spite of the repeated summer and winter conferences and retreats, the Y. programs were no longer the same. Gradually the small Fellowships become differentiated by gradually developing regionalism. The traditional religious structures and functions began to break down. Finally there are a number of so-called "cuts" some groups are more funhental while others are more liberal. Some groups emphasize more the form of worship while others are more idealistic.

Recently there seems to be a move toward readjustments and reorganization among the ~~differ~~ different Fellowship groups in the College to get a more united spirit and a more systematic way of functioning. It is greatly hoped that Christian students could secure their power for work through a greater faith, hope and love in spite of the darkness and confussion of the present time.

It is difficult to over look the fact that the war has greatly socialized or revolutionized social and economical conditions in China. Thousands of dollars, means nothing to most people whether they have it or not. Women certainly to keep on changing their places in and philosophy of life unceasingly. No two days seem to be alike. One always retire with wonder at nights what the morrows are going to bring. I do believe this is a most interesting period in history. It is a privilege as well as an honor to live today, provided one is facing the challenge squarely, honestly and constructively.

With heartiest good wishes for Christmas and the New Year

Sincerely Yours

Liu En-lan

Liu En-lan

It is snowing Today Nature is being decorated with silver trimmings for Christmas. Merry Christmas

Dec. 16, 1947 E.L. Liu

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LIU EN-LAN

Liu Chronicle # 4 Jan, 6th, 1948 File Copy

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With the coming in of December, the weather seems to have determinedly assumed a temper of severity. After a persistant 5°C or lower temperature for ten days, December 16 greeted us with white earth and silver trees. The first snow of winter made its appearance. Fortunately my schedule of that day was in the morning. When the hill path was glazed in the afternoon people have to struggle against falling, I was able to stay in. The three hours in the morning in a classroom facing north standing on a cement floor without a ppeck of heat has made me feel like a soldier braving the discomforts on a battlefield or rather an explorer in the arctic. After all, it is not so bad for the teacher who is standing, lecturing and moving and writing on the board, but it is harder on the poor students who are sitting quietly and only listening.

The next day was even colder, but the path was dusted with ashes and dirt, so there was no more fallin; downs in going up and down the hill. Late in the afternoon my sister came in with her friend, we decided to boil a little hot drink over my lonely but cheerful little fire in my home-made fire-pan. I noticed tears were lancing in the eyes of my guest. I cant't imagine what the reason may be, and was not sure whether I should inquire or not. Finally she stood up and left saying that she has a student in her class still without a padel gown. She wanted to find one of her own to give the student Later I discovered the student did not want to accept help, I also discovered that she is not the only one, there are also other students who have no money and never said a word. Looking at the students in general as one block, they appear to be boisterous and superficial. Yet when one tears them apart and examine them as individuals, one would find them belong to many variations and there are a great number of hard-working, serious minded, long-suffering ones who never made a sound or a complaint, but suffer and work, heard the least and having the least chances in life. This is true among the educated class as well as among the farming class.

Recently days seem to be full of cold and snow. "e have not developed the activities of outdoor sports in the cold and snow in China Yet, because we have not developed the set of clothing facilities to go with such sports. So I invited my tutees to my house for an evening's sitting around and talk" . It is certainly a great joy to me to know my tutees better and they are a very interesting group. Two of them are Mohammodans. They have a most difficult time with their dormitory food supply because they

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do not take pork. Though our college food is not rich in meat, yet it is not the quantity but the quality. They touch nothing that has even a taste of lard. The College is not in the center of the business section of the city, it is rather a problem to get their food sent in from outside.

A scroll hanging in my study written in five languages written and presented to me by a young Tibetan who has a great many Lama connections but has had a little modern education himself in a military training school. The five languages are Tibetan, Manchurian, Chinese, Lolo and tribal Mohammadan in Sinkiang. When the Lolo chief came to call on me, he noticed the part on the words in the Lolo characters which gave us much material to talk about, and he later wrote some more for me. During the visits of my tutees one of the Mohammadan girls noticed the Sinkiang Mohammadan language and told me that she will let me see something the people in the Sinkiang Dancing and singing Demonstration Group who are now in Nanking, have written for her family. Incidently I discovered the ancestry of this tutee of mine is from Sinkiang. Upon my inquiry she said that her family name was not Chow before, she vogualy learned from her family register, but it was rather a long word. She said she was too young when she saw the register, she did not know to study it then. Evidently she belongs to an old cultured family of the northwest who were connected with the royal family which has migrated to Peiping for some centuries.

In the course of conversation another girl Pao also from Peiping said that her family name was not Pao even in her own memory. She is of Manchu descent, yet they are now completely adjusted to the ways of living and thinking of the Chinese on the agricultural plains.

It seems war has done a great deal in the mixing of peoples of different cultural inheritance from various geographical and social settings. When adjustments are well made, this is indeed a rich source for strength and progress.

Christmas appears to be quite a different festival to me this time. There was neither the usual program which was accompaning my former experiences in Nanking, nor my recent experience in the U.S.A. Most students have gone away home or to homes of friends, so there was no Christmas eve program. There were many groups singing corals

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during the night. It looks to me it is a boom in quantity than in quality both in voice and in spirit. We did not act as St. Claus to any rural neighbors as we used to before the war, nor did we have any service for such people because they are no more. Their places are taken by houses of western style and some with guards at the gate. They do not need our service. There is nothing Christmasy on the street. The Churches did have special programs but people from the streets crowd in to look on as if they were at a show. This means we should do some more so that the crowd could be thinned out, then may there can be calmness and quietness for people to catch the Christmas spirit. That is why I feel this Christmas is different. That does not necessarily mean poor, because the special meaning of this Christmas is to see what Christmas should mean.

One day when I happen to look out of my window to the hills beyond, I noticed a man with a ragged cotton pad coming toward our house. Our house is on the top of a hill with a steep cliff about 20 feet south of the house. The fields and slopes are down below the earth cliff. I lost sight of the man due to the cliff. I changed my position. I went out of the house to look but he was not in sight. Later I always saw women cut grass and even cutting our hedges. One afternoon a few of us walked around the campus and we discovered that in the cliff below my window about 20 feet away are big caves and people are living there.

There are 100,000 refugees in Nanking. Some are dying of cold and some of starvation. The police are keeping them outside the city but some gradually filter into the city. We have collected some funds at Christmas and distributed to them in cooperation with the city refugee committee. But that help is only a drop in a ocean, some basic technique of alleviating their distresses must be found.

On the other hand Nanking surely appears to be a prosperous city inspite of the inflation. All war ruins are repaired and new buildings are coming up like grasses in the spring; One notices their growths and expansion daily without effort. Cultural shifts are certainly overtaking us in Nanking. Regardless of professional differences and age there is an increasing percentage of men who seem to consider wealth is god. They grab money in all sorts of ways and then swinging their arms at leisure and have no urge that he should do something worthwhile. Just because he has two houses to rent to Americans and get U.S. dollars in return besides being one of the share-holders of a movie theater. In spite of his education, he takes pride in his

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dollars and pay no attention to the meaning and purpose of life. What he wants is pleasure and the lowest and meanest kinds of pleasure. He divorces his wife who has born him both sons and daughters but she is not beautiful according to his new standard nor is she modern enough to curl her hair or rouge her face nor can she dance with him. He then marry a modern girl with a little education to take around in social circles with a $ 100,000 fresh rose as his glory.

With a population dominated by the qualification mentioned above, the same standardized amusements, the same excitements for providing thrills, the same movie passions, the same jazz music rushed into the city. There is very little place left for the simple human intercourse of the country markets where the farmers sit in the tea houses at their spare moments when they have sold their varied products from the soil they carried in and join in discussion with other of various kinds.

The atmosphere now seems to say that man live by economic power alone and not by prayer and forgiveness. Economic power is exerting more and more control over the life both of individuals and communities. To many, wealth has become the central theme of life and turn themselves into instruments for evil doings, in order to be wealthy. Yet under the term political corruptions and disorders, it is cursed for all that comes to pass of evil. Assuredly political corruptions and disorders are playing a major part in undermining the foundations of economic security and prosperity of the people, but it is a question whether political corruption and disorder controls the economic machinery, or whether political corruptions and disorders themselves are the creations of the economic machine.

Ginling College has been doing extension work in rural reconstruction program for over ten years now. The rural service center is also meant to be a laboratory in which College students from all departments could learn to understand problems of contemporary life and the direction in which the society is moving in order to be practical and scientific in the analysis of existing conditions and their problem so to be intelligent in the making of constructive plans and in the developing of techniques for the realization of the programs of readjustments and reconstruction in postwar national rehabilitation and reconstruction

Since the return of the college to Nanking after V-J Day in 1946, the College Rural Service Center is established at Shwen Hwa Cheng about fifteen miles southeast of Nanking. The work was first quietly started in a rented house. Then with the help of the

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government Burea of social welfare and a special grant from the U.C.R. and a few other sources, the College is able to build a two storied building for the work. The new construction was completed in late fall. The Center has moved in and a Dedication Service for the new building was held on December 13, 1947.

A group of over forty people from the college went to Shwen Hwa Cheng for the occassion. Though the sun was only occassionaly overshadowed by clouds, it was a rather cold day. When the temperature has been around 40°F for days. One could go by the bus line from Nanking to Hushu but the bus is alway crowded to the stage that passengers have to pile upon each other like a human mountain. The College borrowed an open truck. We got in and buried ourselves under blankets and scarfs, and arrived at Shwen Hwa Cheng after an hour's ride at 11.30 A.M.

The whole villege seemed to have turned up for the occassion. Women came in to help with the cooking and washing voluntarily and brought with them their own rice bowls, dishes and chopsticks for us to use because the Center does not have so many equipments to feed firty of us and a few others from the city as the representatives of the CNRRA and the Dean of the College of Agriculture of the Unive sity of Nanking and the country government.

All the local leaders made speeches of gratitude and pledged their whole-hearted support and cooperation. Even the local rural women stand erect in front of hunireds of people and delivered a speech with real dignity and real meaning. The joy of it, is, that the country folks have identified themselves with the social center completely.

I took the chance and made a brief survey of the settlement and discovered many interesting problems and issues. Country life was rooted in the soil. It was founded on agriculture. It knows not the city and the evil city ways. All their customs and beliefs had grown up in the country side amidst the growing crops. They are simple, innocent, friendly and true folks.

The settlement was nearly completely razed by Japanese destruction and the following New Fourth Army. But now a number of humble structures are built as residences. Listening to their stories of their refugee life, they sound like tales from a novel. They are agriculture people who live on their rice and other products from the soil and they do not usually have much cash in hand. When they were fleeing for life they carried rice as their only means of support. Most of them returned when they reached the end of their rice supply. But upon return they found their homes ruined into heaps

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of broken tiles and also the remains of their old folks who stayed behind as watchers.

All of them have to start out anew and they hardly have anything to start with. Yet there are no thieves nor robbers. U.N.R.R.A. did much care and rescue these bruised reeds through the Ginling Social Center in the distribution of food and colthing. That part of the story is not only written in the report of the Chairman of the Ginling Rural Center, Miss Tsu Yu-chi, but also could be seen through the clothing, on the faces and expressions of the people. There is still a great deal to be done to help them to help themselves. I am taking a few grography majors to make a geographical survey of the region and trying to see what can be done in relation to possible resources for possible home manufactures and for possible markets. There is a bad need of raw materials and capital, though there is an abundance of human power.

The country and the city seem to belong to two totally different worlds. In the city people seem to be always on their edges. Central University is having troubles over divergente thoughts on political matters and the Central University students have launched another strike. It happened no other school responded so the ripple is not too serious. People should work out a way for settling differences by sympathetic understanding and friendly talking over and not by conflicts and strikes. I know it is easily said than done and it requires time to comprehend and practice a gentler technique. That is why life is difficult but interesting.

With best wishes for the New Year and may it bring a little more hope for the world than the past one .

Yours very sincerely
C. Lair

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Liu En-lan

January 1948

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PARAGRAPHS FROM LETTERS FROM DR. LIU EN-LAN

Ginling College

"At last after ten years of 'exile' I am now in Nanking again. The city wall is just as picturesque as ten years ago in spite of the poundings by people who love to destroy. Purple Mountain stands outside the east wall and is just as solid, steady, beautiful and friendly as ever. Though it cannot be compared with the grandeur and majesty of the mountains of West China or the Rockies of America, yet it makes me feel at home."

"The walls of my office are disfigured by the filling of two large holes which the Japanese dug. There were already doors to the adjoining rooms, but they still disfigured the walls by digging two extra holes right by the original door. The love of using holes instead of doors from room to room is more than I can comprehend. The desk I am using now is also a museum piece. It has a glass cover. The glass is glued on the desk so it cannot be removed without breaking it. Under the glass is a photograph of a 2nd Lieutenant with his name card and his official title, a calendar sheet and a Japanese landscape scene. I think it is a pity to destroy that nice glass cover; that means this 2nd Lieutenant stays too."

"I noticed four things new to Nanking: (1) There are more old cars and jeeps on the streets, all running in a wild fashion. (2) There are also more public buses and regular stations which did not exist before. (3) There are crowds of pedicabs, which Nanking did not have before the war. (4) The composition of the population is different. There seemsto be a smaller percentage of original Nankingites now and a larger percentage of people from other cities and provinces."

"Family is the essential unit in the foundation of a nation and the mother is the center of the home. Women have a unique place in the constructive program of a nation everywhere. The women of China have suffered long and did not have a chance to make their full effort felt in the building of the nation. Since the war, the situation is different. Women are now not only released from traditional bondage as dependents, but they are becoming as essential as men in the earning of livelihood for the family. Thus with their economic power comes the right not only to express their minds, but also to be heard. Therefore, at present in China, the thoughts and ideas of women are forces to be reckoned with, though they still need time for fuller manifestation and to become stronger."

"Another change is the political attitude of the people. Formerly they simply managed their own affairs, cultivating the land to feed the nation and doing business for the economic life of the nation and they left the political problems and policies to their leaders. Today they themselves are concerned with the political problems and policies of the nation. Though their voices may not be heard, still they are beginning to organize themselves and often elect delegates to call on responsible government officials, expressing their opinions and making themselves felt. Even though the results are still insignificant, yet when the yeast is in, it will work. It is a matter of time."

"Furthermore, the political philosophy of the people has also departed from the traditional pattern. They are not only feeling concerned with political issues, but are also feeling concerned enough to enter into political activities. Women too are interested and are working to get seats on national and city political councils."

"The summarized impression of the 'returned native' is that social, economic, political and educational trends in China are all turning and changing. Day in and

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day out, waves and waves of changes are modifying the ways of life. In the present world no nation can live alone anymore. I feel more strongly than ever that human relations are not problems to be solved once for all. New understandings are essential and new adjustments are necessary for constructive and peaceful progress."

"The student body is more than double the prewar enrollment. They appeal to be much younger than the students of former years. Social conditions in China have been revolutionized by the war. Even though people have financial difficulties, still they are struggling to send their children, even their daughters, to school and college. The families also seem to have adopted an open-door policy for the social life of their girls. They do not seem to mind girls having men friends or going to the movies. As a result, the present generation of girls seem to have a lot of outside activities which are no less interesting than college life. The resulting college spirit is different from what it used to be, even during refugee years in Chengtu. Naturally the postwar girls, in their social environment, have more social graces and other qualities which girls of former years did not have, but they also miss development in many other lines."

"Recently I have had many students coming to visit me from both Ginling and the University of Nanking. They all seem to express the feeling of being lost. They say that they have friends who are feeling so desperate that sometimes they wish to die. Some, of course, are troubled by financial problems, others are upset by the uncertainties of the future, while still others are full of the anxiety of a man standing at a crossroad, not knowing which way to turn. What they need is a solid religious faith, to live in trust and hope, to make up their minds to do the best they can and feel assured that God will take care of the rest."

"One may read of student strikes in the newspapers or meet students who appear superficial and troublesome, but when one really comes to know the youth, one sees a totally different picture. Youth today is struggling for a vision in the dark. They struggle, they kick around and they bump into hard places and get hurt, then they get more excited and struggle and scream. What they need is a vision and a loving and strong guiding hand that will give them confidence, and show them the right way to achievement."

"Some of them complain of exceeding loneliness. 'When I have a problem, I have no one to go to for consultation or comfort because everyone seems to be deeply involved in his own troubles.' One University student told me: 'When in Chengtu, we went to the tea house (right outside the University gate). A group of us would drink tea and discuss our problems. Then we felt better. But now there is no tea house around and no social room where we can gather. Life is difficult.' Obviously the students miss the student centers they used to have in Chengtu and the tea houses which are really social centers. As I talk with those students from time to time, I realize the need of such a place as a 'Union' where they can get suitable kinds of recreation and the chance to meet friends and discuss problems, and have debates and lectures on all kinds of intellectual, social, national and international problems."

"I took one Saturday afternoon to explore Fu-sze Miao, Confucian temple, in the southern part of the city. It used to be a public recreation ground and commercial center for the rank and file of ordinary citizens. It was a lively and busy place. It is still crowded, but the nature of the activities in progress is different. There are still rows and rows of food stands - I mean the moving kitchens where the cooking stove and frying pans are carried on the ends of a pole and the cook carries his kitchen around to suit the convenience of the customers. The food is just as good, but there are not as many varieties as before, and it is terribly expensive. Yet every stand is crowded with insatiable customers."

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"The big building for Confucius is gone and its place is taken by modern gambling stands, by which I mean western table games in modified form used for gambling purposes. Long huts in rows are full of second-hand goods for sale."

"If Confucius should come back to see his own house now, he would weep his eyes out with sadness, if it were not for one little broken hut in the midst of the noise and rush. Here a book-seller has put around on rows of racks stories of various kinds, cheaply printed on cheap paper but illustrated with drawings. To be sure, they are not all good books, but the majority of them are stories on filial piety, loyalty and good friendship from the great philosophers. Crowds of children gather inside, reading without lifting their heads to look at the crowd. They simply are deeply buried in their reading. Someone should help the poor book-seller to get more good and interesting books. He is doing it for the sake of trade, but he is at the same time doing a piece of splendid educational work. He certainly should get cooperation and help from all those who love children and mankind."

"There is another new phenomenon which I must mention before I stop. On October 14, 1947, a Lolo chief whom I had met before came to call on me. I learned that he is here with a few others, petitioning the government for seats on the Sikang Provincial Legislature, and also securing places for Lolo delegates on the Peoples Political Council. Considering the fact that many people still have the notion that the Lolo are wild people, one should meet these Lolo and talk with them. It is not that they have suddenly become highly cultured according to modern standards, but the amount they have developed in the last few years is astounding. The chief came to visit the College three times and each time with a different Lolo. They have written Lolo characters to show us their culture. Their philosophy of life is surprisingly deep-rooted."

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GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

Miss En Lan Liu, Chairman of the Department of Geography of Ginling College, taught in the Ginling Unit in Wuchang the first semester of 1937-1938; she will be with the Ginling Unit in Shanghai for the second semester. This is the story of her trip from Wuchang to Shanghai. Miss Liu is Ginling, B. A. 1925; Clark University, M.A. 1930.
This account was written in Shanghai, January 26-28, 1938.

After the withdrawal of Chinese troops from Nanking, the people of Wuhan became more and more restless. The students of the Wuhan National University first petitioned for reduced periods in scheduled work in order to provide time for more war-time work. Then the students of other schools in the city began to organize lecture tours into the country. A number of students were asked by their families to return home. As students were leaving the classrooms for one reason or another, class work was very much disintegrated. Some classes only had twenty per cent of their members left, and some only ten per cent. School morale was greatly upset and it was practically impossible to carry on regular work. Many schools closed without final examinations. Central China College (Hwa-chung College) decided to shorten the term and to close on December 31st. That date, too, was only nominal because actually over two thirds of the students left before the 20th of November. The Ginling girls stuck better, but they too were too excited to do good work as time went on. Every day the air was thundering with rumors of air raids, though actually serious ones only happened occasionally at that time. Serious air raids happened in real fashion after the 23rd.

Our president arrived in Wuchang on December 5th to interview the students in regard to their wishes and plans. Due to the effects of war nearly every family is facing financial readjustment. As a result many of the students are not able to pursue their studies any further. If the College is going to move to Szechwan, a good number would not be able to pay for their expenses. Furthermore many government institutions have already moved into Szechwan. These institutions require little or no tuition. Therefore it would seem the future prospect for Ginling in Szechwan is not great. However in this time of great confusion no one has the prophetic eye to see into the future or to be able to say definitely what should be done. Temporary plans were made for students to take courses as guest students in West China University, so that those who could go to Szechwan could still have the opportunity to continue their studies. A group of six faculty and students left for Ichang on December 21st, and another group of sixteen faculty members and students left for the same destination on the 22nd. Because of low water only a few small boats could go up the river to Chunking. Therefore passengers up river have to disembark at Ichang and wait for smaller boats to go into the gorges and then into the heart of the Red Basin. Up-river boats are booked to the full long before the boat is scheduled to leave. It was very difficult to get tickets. The University of Nanking people had to leave in three installments, while the Ginling people left in two groups. Moreover because of the great influx of population into Szechwan, a law has just been put into effect not to allow any individuals to land at Chungking. Only groups that have already secured permits are allowed to land. So both the University of Nanking and Ginling groups secured before they left permits from the Ministry of Education, stating the number in the groups with the name of the person in charge and the number of pieces of baggage.

. . . Over twenty-five per cent of our Ginling girls are in Shanghai . . . so four of us decided to brave the winds and go to Shanghai with the hope of going to Nanking when possible.

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How to get to Shanghai, That was a big question. It was easy enough before the war. You got on the boat in Hankow; three days later, you landed in Shanghai. But now the route on the river is out of the question. The train route through Chekiang is also out of the question. The only route left is via Hongkong. But to go to Hongkong one has to go by the Hankow-Kowloon Railroad and that was being constantly bombed. We were not afraid of bombs or any possible danger, not if the train was running. We were not able to secure tickets. Then we heard . . . an International train was to leave Wuchang on December 21st with women and children of other nationalities. We tried again to secure tickets on that train. But the plan for the international train fell through and the foreign evacuees were expecting to leave Hankow by a British merchant ship "Wu-Sung" and go down the river under British guards on the 20th. . . . Then we learned the British ship was bottled up by the new boom in Kiukiang. Airplanes to Hongkong? Yes, airplanes go to Hongkong but they are booked full to January 7th; besides, the high cost is beyond the capacity of our purse. How to get to Shanghai? Meanwhile news about Canton was getting worse and worse. Some reports stated that Canton is going through the worst air raids that ever were recorded in history. Some reports said that Japanese soldiers had already landed somewhere near Canton. Some reports informed us that there might be an international clash at Hongkong at any minute. It all sounded as if Canton were a boiling pot; we would surely have ourselves ruined if we insisted on going there. On the top of all this, came the report that even if we should be able to get to Canton, it would be very difficult to get to Hongkong from Canton. The Canton-Kowloon railway was under constant bombing and it was very dangerous to go by boat. We were told that the only way to go through was by private cars which one only can secure at fabulous prices, such as over $200 per car, and we certainly would require more than two. Air mail was sent off to friends in Canton in the morning; then again in the afternoon; then the next day inquiring about conditions in Canton and possibilities of getting to Hongkong from Canton. We wrote and wrote, but we never received any answer, because we left Wuchang before any answer could reach us.

Besides the anxieties as to how to get through to Hongkong, we also received numerous warnings about our entrance into Shanghai. We were told over and over again that we should take nothing with us that would identify us as belonging to the educated class. This meant that we must not take any papers or books with us. So books and papers were classified and packed. Some were sent to friends far away; some were sent by post to Shanghai; and some were packed in boxes to be left in Wuchang and to be sent later, if possible. . . .

Then we received numerous pieces of advice about the trip. First we should dress ourselves in hiking suits because the train might stop at any place due to air raids and we would be obliged to jump off the train to run for places of safety; and then climb on the train again when the affair was over. And then we have to provide food for the whole journey and water, too, if possible, because no one knows what one can get and what one can not when one is travelling under such strange conditions.

At last the good news came on the afternoon of the 22nd of December. Our president told us that there was to be an international train leaving at 9 A.M. the next day for foreign evacuees. This meant that the broken bridge was already repaired. . . . A National train was to leave at 10 A.M. on the same day. She had asked a friend to secure four tickets for us. . . . We decided to travel second class; four of us would occupy one compartment, so that we could lock the door, and so we could flee in case of air raids. At the same time we tried to reduce our baggage to the minimum. That is not easy when one has to bring provisions for the four seasons practically. Luggage was ready. Food provisions were also packed into baskets and bundles. We were ready for the "Ready go," but we had not actually got our tickets.

December 23rd. We got out of bed long before the coming of dawn. The fin-

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ishing touches on baskets and bags were done. The sky was hanging low with mist. We left for the station at 7 A. M. though we knew the train would not leave until 10 A. M. Miss Sutherland went with us to the station.

The station house was divided by a wooden fence into two uneven sections. One section is three times larger than the other. The larger section is used as a barracks for soldiers while the smaller section remains the station. The station space falls short of the number of passengers to be accommodated and there was a large flow of baggage and people outside the station in the dripping . . . rain. The wind was chilly and the people looked wretched. Miss Sutherland was keeping watch over one heap of baggage. Two of us were guarding another heap outside. One was guarding at the ticket window and another was guarding and waiting for the tickets for our berths. As I was already suffering from a heavy cold and found the chilly wind was too much for me, I changed my job by deserting my companion and the heap of baggage and became the telephone between our different guards. I began to push in and out of the station with the mad crowd. The crowd was getting larger all the time and the space was getting smaller accordingly. People began to pile on people like a mountain in front of the ticket window. We inquired at the information box for the man from whom we were told to get our reserved tickets. We were informed that he was busy at the other station for the international train, and he would come as soon as the other train left. We waited and pushed and squeezed in the crowd from 7-9 A. M., but the man was not there. At. 9 A.M. the window for third-class tickets was opened and people actually stepped upon people in order to get a chance to buy tickets. It was already after nine and the train was almost packed full of people, but the man had not arrived. One man came up and told us that reserved tickets had lost their meaning at times like this. Tickets or no tickets, whoever sees a vacant place first fills it. He advised us to get on the train first and try to secure our tickets afterwards. We did as we were told. We rushed on the train and occupied one of the two compartments left. Because we had no tickets naturally we could not check any of our baggages, so we moved it piece by piece ourselves into the compartment. Mud, water and over ten pieces of luggage fully occupied the four berths. When the people who came to help us off left, we locked the door and . . . arranged our luggage in every possible space, so as to find space for ourselves. Everything was fixed. The train was about to start. We had not got our tickets.

Our train consisted of fifteen cars. Besides the baggage and officers' cars, there were eight third-class sleeping cars, one second-class car belonging to the Tsin-pu line and another car belonging to the Lunghai line with one section as first class and the other section as a second-class sleeping car, a conglomeration in colors and sources. There were no electric lights at night. Most of the cars were scarred by bombs. Some have wooden windows instead of glass ones. Some were broken here and others were broken there. No one looked really fresh and healthy. However they were all packed full; there was even no space left for people to walk about in the hallway.

Loud thundering at the door. We opened not the door. Men and women shouted for us to open the door. They shouted that they had the tickets for that compartment and they therefore must be the legitimate inhabitants. We had reserved tickets, so we must have a right to occupy a cabin, too. We did not open the door. If we had, no one could have told what would have happened. Fortunately at this moment, the person from whom we should have got our tickets arrived. He had reserved for us cabin no 7. But it had long been occupied by other people. What should be done! Our benefactor talked to our competitors and asked them to enter another cabin. They went into cabin no. 7. The dispute was temporarily settled. Our benefactor told the janitor to take good care of us and also asked him to see the conductor for our tickets. The train started off but we had not tickets.

After the train started, the porter came with a blanket and a pillow. When we opened the door for him, two men rushed in and demanded to see our tickets. We

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told them we were ready to buy tickets. They shouted in a very angry voice and said, "Well then, get. . . See, we have the tickets." Then we know who they were. We told them that since they had consented to swap with us into no. 7, we do not consider it necessary to raise the question again. No, they would not leave. We slept and they sat. Time passed in silence. When we woke up, they were still there, but their anger was about eighty per cent subsided. Finally we were able to settle on friendly terms. They belong to a very big family from Kiukiang. A group of sixteen members were on the train and they only had one and a half cabins. Naturally they do not have enough space. We decided that we would occupy only two berths and leave the other two for three of their young daughters. Before the conductor came, our opponents declared, "We are no longer enemies; we are friends."

The train puffed on and we were due at Changsha early the next morning. However when the train stopped at one of the suburbs of Changsha the inertia seemed to be too great for it to move again. It stayed there for over six hours. We have never been able to find out what the real trouble was. Two shots were heard in the midst of the waiting. Explanations were various; it was difficult to decide which was correct. And the shots remain a mystery even to this day. The train finally began to move again in the afternoon.

The sky was wonderfully cloudy. The train puffed on without interruptions. At night each cabin was given one candle. We saved the candle by going to bed as soon as darkness began to fall. There was also very little facility for drinking water. The porter only had one water pot which he hung with a string over a tiny portable charcoal stove at the doorway to serve over sixty people in his car. He was having a difficult time to meet the continuous demands. Especially when many people were having colds due to the lack of blankets and bedding. The question of hot water supply was a very acute problem indeed.

At 3 P. M. December 24, the train arrived at Ping-shih. Ping-shih is the first railway station inside the border of Kwangtung border. It is situated among many ranges of hills. There are many railway tunnels. In case there is a raid, the cars will be pulled into them for refuge. The train used to stop there till nightfall finish its long distance run into Canton under the protection of the night. When we reached the station, it was only three o'clock in the afternoon. Normally we would have had to wait for four or five hours before the train would have moved forward again. However the sky was beautifully overcast and there was a strong wind. All passengers on board were happy because of the prospect of getting into Canton on Christmas day. The night before in my half of a berth with one suitcase against my head and beside me a big basket for food supplies, I lay in the dark thinking of the many happy Christmas eves of the past years. This one was so different. All was quiet except the puffing of the train. At midnight, all of a sudden, the engine began to shriek like the sound of a siren and the train slowed down. People all got astir and shouted "air raid." The train continued to shriek, yet did not stop for people to get off. Everybody on board was out of their berths and all was in great confusion, but the candle in the hall was still burning. The porter came to inform us that there was no air raid, but the brakes of the engine were out of commission. The train could not stop at the station where it ought to; so it was sending out its S O S. by way of shrieking. Then came the sounds of shots. What could that mean, The train finally halted, yet the shrieks continued. Then we discovered that the train had stopped between Lo-chang and Shaokwan, the danger zone in Kwangtung where the death dropping planes visit every day. I was too tired. I slept. When I woke up the next morning, the train had already pulled back to Lo-chang. At about 8:30 A. M. Christmas morning, the train started on its backward move toward Ping-shih in order to flee from the attacks of planes. Thus we have a chance to see the exquisite scenery along the Peikiang (North River). The valley gives a gorge-like effect. The water has a crystalline green color. All around us was beauty. "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile." That made Christmas day ospecially painful.

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We had one tin of canned sardines and another can of corn beef for our Christmas dinner. . . . After dinner we read together the Christmas message that came with the food. But afterwards we thought our own thoughts. For the beauty of friendship that is still left to us; . . . there is reason for thnksgiving. The mountains around Ping-shih somewhat resemble those of the karst land of Kwangsi. Above all there was not a single air raid while our train was waiting there. At 3 P. M. the train started southward again. The train reached Lo-chang again by 5 P. M. While the train was getting ready for its long night's run, an airplane appeared overhead. It was marked with Chinese sign, yet it held a bomb in its claw. It whirled round and round overhead. Nobody understood what it meant. Most of the people left the train and scattered into the fields. Fortunately nothing happened and the train left by 6:30 P. M.

The moon was clear and bright toward the latter part of the night. Everytime the train slowed down, I stuck my head out of the window and every time I discovered that the sides of the rails were soft with fresh disintegrated limestone. They were places that have been bombed. All the stations south of Shao-Kwan are in ruins. . . . It was a desolate and mournful sight.

We were told that Canton was regularly raided about 7 A. M. every morning. The train usually tries to get in before the raid begins. It was already seven; our train was still one hour's distance from Canton. Some of the passengers got restless. At last when the train pulled into the first small station of Canton, many people got off there instead of waiting to get off at the main station which would bring them much nearer their destination. No air raid. We stayed on. The train got into the main station at 8 A. M. We rushed. We hustled. We hurried. Suitcases, baggage, packages and people all piled into cars. . . . We managed to reach the Y. W. C. A. hostel by 8:20 A. M. Before we moved all our luggage into the hostel, the siren called. The air raid began.

As we were in a new environment we were not quite sure what we should do. We went to see the general secretary, inquiring about dugouts. She was very polite and very enthusiastic about their work. She started us on an inspection tour when we were longing for a bath and a real meal. At last the tour was over. They were having a very interesting Christmas program for their members. We returned to the room assigned to us. The maid came in and announced that baths were ready. We were not sure whether we should go into a bath tub or not while the air raid was on. The maid must know however. The urgent warning came while we were in the tubs. Since there was nothing we could do, we proceeded with what we were doing. After bathing there was still no release. Then we proceeded to the laundry. Release came at 11 A. M. Just when we were ready to go out investigating about going to Hongkong, the siren called again. We had not had any food since our evening meal on the previous day. Urgent warning again. It was 1 P. M.. We were hungry. Cars and busses were running as usual on the streets. We inquired of the maid if it was all right to go out while the warning was on. She said yes, provided we would quickly go to a dugout as soon as we heard sounds of bombs or machine guns. We went out to the busy streets where life was in full activity in spite of warnings for a raid. We went into a restaurant for lunch. The restaurant was teeming with humanity. After lunch we went to the Travellers Bureau to inquire about means and ways of getting to Hongkong. The man told us that we could go either by boat or by train. The boat leaves for Hongkong every morning at 8 A. M. and a train leaves every afternoon at 5 P. M. We decided to take the train trip. The Traveller's Bureau sells no tickets, because the train might not go if there were raids. We hurried to the office. There was already a long line waiting at the ticket window. Therefore two members of our party stayed in the waiting line for the tickets and the other two went back to the Y. W. to pack up our laundry and what not. We hurried and we rushed again. The release for the air raid came while we were dashing for the train. The train was packed full. After great difficulty we were fortunate enough to get standing space. The train

did not leave until it was getting dark. There was a beautiful fog enveloping the quiet earth. The train safely slid on in the gentle caress of the mild breeze.

The trip took only three hours. The lights of Kowloon were soon in front of us. We crossed over to Hongkong on the ferry and then went to True Light Girls school by car. We were very fortunate in meeting the principal at the gate. True Light Girls . . . too, are refugees in Hongkong. Their living conditions is as crowded as we were in Wuchang. . . . Finally after much telephoning, we went to the Great Eastern hotel for the night. It was already 1:30 A. M. December 27 when we finished our supper.

On December 27, the first thing we did in the morning was to go to the Traveller's Bureau to inquire about sailings to Shanghai. We were told that a boat "Tsinan" was leaving the port at 4:30 P. M. If we missed that boat, we would have to wait in Hongkong till January 8th; so we decided to go. All tickets had been sold out except a few deck tickets. These we immediately booked. For deck tickets we had to provide our own food supplies. The lady in charge also warned us that we should go to the boat as early as possible in order to be able to secure a space. After a few errands we returned to the hotel to get ready for the boat. A group of Ginling friends from True Light came to see us. In the great confusion of visiting and packing, we did not buy any food supply and we did not telegraph to Shanghai of our coming and at the same time our visitors must have found us "absentminded." These friends helped us to get on the boat and secured the best location possible. The boat left Hongkong at about 5 P. M. By the time the boat started, every space on the boat including the deck was covered by travellers. They lay down at night like sardines against each other. There was hardly space enough for anybody to move around. The sea was rough for the first two days. therefore no food was required. Since we did not have any, it was all right. The boat anchored near Amoy at 6 P. M. December 29th.

Early Thursday morning, December 30, the boat got into the harbor of Amoy. We decided that we would get off the boat and have a square meal. The atmosphere, however, in Amoy seems to be very tense. Nobody was allowed to land without a permit. Lots of traders came on board to sell pomaloes and oranges. They are sweet, delicious and cheap. One dollar for eighty oranges or twelve pomaloes. We bought four hundred oranges and twelve pomaloes. We would have bought more if we had had enough space. In the afternoon when the crowd was dispersing, we went off the boat and took a walk on the Bund and at the same time bought a little food.

There were a number of officers from the Bank of Communications and the Tsin-pu and Nanking-Shanghai railway. We overheard them talking about the danger of carrying into Shanghai any sort of literature, letters or anything that would betray one's identity as belonging to the educated class. Then we started to search our suitcases for "Taboos." Personal cards were torn to pieces. Memorandas of different kinds of social work and of meetings in Wuchang were thrown into the ocean. Diplomas, address books, notebooks and a few books were quickly packed. It was difficult to clean oneself one's upbringing because one never seems to be able to get rid of all the slips which in one way or another would betray one's identity. All the precious packages were trusted to a man who was getting off at Amoy, to be sent to us to Shanghai and some to Hankow and some to friends in Hongkong. We know nothing about that man! We had never met before. We trusted him on his own words because we saw no other way to get rid of our "Taboos" safely. He also consented to send a tolegram for us to Shanghai.

December 31, Friday, the boat left Amoy at 7 A. M. We had oranges and pomaloes every meal every day until we were sick of them. We had expected to reach Shanghai by January 1st, but Shanghai was sighted on Sunday morning, January 2nd, instead.

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We were told that the boat would reach Shanghai early in the morning. Yet by 9 A. M. we were still in the wilderness of the ocean. By ten o'clock the boat was slowly steaming up the Whangpoo. People were all quiet and solemn on board. The landscape around is all in mornful black. Houses are all in ruins. Some with roofs torn; some with the front porch gone; some with corners amputated; some have nothing left but heaps of dirt over foundations. The country is desolate. Nobody was seen anywhere except once in a while a truck or two. . . . What fun is there to rule a dead country!

Our boat was expected to dock at the French concession at ten or eleven. As the dock was busy, we waited in the river. As our boat came up near Pootung . . . we saw hundreds, no thousands of people standing closely together on a few small ferries. They shouted while we went by. We could not hear what they said. More and more boats were seen as we came further up the river. We saw more men at arms and more boats. Property along the river front here is not as badly ruined. Only Chinese properties are completely destroyed; those of other nationalities are all right. Then we came face to face with the mouth of the famous Soochow Creek. In front of the Bund were many small ferries fully loaded with humanity. They looked as if they were ready to start off somewhere. The sky was veiled by a multitude of flying flags of all colors. We were met at the dock by Miss Kirk, so we were assured that our unknown friend at Amoy is a real friend indeed. He had sent our telegram. We went to McTyeire and dropped our things there; then we went to the apartment of Miss Chester and Miss Kirk where a small group was waiting for us. A happy reunion with our friends, hot tea, a hot bath and a square meal at the end. We felt as if we had already entered into heaven. We regretted the books and notebooks and all our beloved articles that we had either left behind or sent away on the way. It is a matter of chance because such things occasionally have caused trouble. We have nothing to regret; we only have plenty to be thankful for. So our friends told us and so we thought, too.

We spent our first night in Shanghai at McTyeire School That school is situated near the boundary of the concession; homes are often visited and searched by unwelcome guests . . . and it is far away from the Ginling office. We started to seek for shelter in other parts of the city. We moved the second day into the Y. W. C. A. hostel which is very near to the Ginling office. By staying there for two nights we discovered that the house is no place for working people like us; so we started to search for a more private place to stay. On January 5th we moved into a single room on the third floor of a Terrace house. It is furnished. The monthly rent if fifty-five dollars including light and water. Four of us moved in and there only enough space left for a table in the middle of the room. It is facing south and flooded with sunshine, rather a cheery place. In our present state of affairs, we decided to do our own cooking before school opens in order to be economical. We did it for two days! Handicapped by lack of facilities we felt it had taken more of our time than we were willing to give to it. On January 9th we went to board for our noon and evening meals with a friend and reserve the honor to prepare our own breakfast.

January 9th, Sunday. Mrs. New and Miss Chester invited the Ginling faculty members in Shanghai to a war--time Ginling faculty reunion at the home of Mrs. New. Fifteen members were present including three Board members. We had a devotional period at 11 A. M. in which we shared with each other our attitudes and reactions toward the brutality of this invasion and what we should do as Christian educators. Then we had a delicious lunch together. For the rest of the day we stayed at home receiving callers and friends.

January 10, Monday. The six colleges and universities of East China have a temporary office here in Shanghai. The plan of cooperation between them is now in progress. We were all asked to work out our needs and offerings for our respective departments. All those institutions with their depleted resources must work together.

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The government institutions, Ta-tung and Chiao-tung, are now carrying on in the building of the Science Society of China. They find it very difficult to continue for the next term. The buildings of Chiao-tung are occupied by a Japanese school.

Since our books were left in Nanking, Wuchang and since I came into Shanghai with my hands so cleanly washed from anything associated with the book family, I have to do something before classes begin. So I spent two whole days exploring the libraries in Shanghai. On January 13th I called a meeting of the four Geography majors and arranged conference hours with them for their theses. Each student is to meet with me three times a week. Under the present circumstances topics for theses are limited.

January 14. The first faculty meeting was held. In the meeting a nominating committee was elected for the nomination of standing committees; a hostel committee was also elected for the consideration of student residences. The first letter from Nanking arrived after a dead silence of six weeks since December 2nd. Nanking is actually under a reign of terror. Women are raped on the streets and are constantly taken from the refugee camps in the safety zone. Nanking is in ruins. Ginling buildings are among the most fortunate ones in that they practically suffered no damage and they are now sheltering 7 or 8000 refugees and they have been sheltering over 10,000 women and children. Personal property of faculty members has been looted not by refugees but by victors.

January 15th another letter came from Nanking with more news of terror. . .

January 16th. Chen Hwang, Li-ming's husband arrived from Hankow. He left Hankow one week after we did and he arrived in Shanghai two weeks after us. In his train there were no sleeping cars and no water. His train was also delayed by the tragedy of another train's jumping the tracks due to slippery mud conditions on the newly repaired rail tracks. A number of people were killed.

We are now beginning to get busy about announcements and entrance for new students. We work but we have no idea what will come out of it.

January 18th. The outstanding newspapers in Shanghai are now no more. We learn very little from the daily papers now concerning the conditions at large. It is as if one were living in the wilderness of Siberia. . . . I have never heard a thing about the Rest Station for Wounded men in Wuchang. I have heard nothing about the students who are on their way to Chengtu. I have heard nothing from any member of my family since last November. What has become of them, . . . One only lives and works and knows nothing about what is happening. While I was out looking for a hostel for the students, I noticed that something must be happening somewhere. Sandbags are piled up again at street corners. Japanese soldiers are again digging trenches beyond the boundary of the concession. Here and there one hears whispers about the conditions in the occupied areas around Shanghai. I have learned the meaning of the crowds of people we saw on the ferries at our entrance into Shanghai. They are the population of the occupied areas around Shanghai. They were sent back to their ruined homes from the refugee camps because civilians have been permitted to return since January 1st. They have returned to their land, because if they do not return, they will have nothing to live on. Now that they have returned, they still have nothing to live on, and at the same time they have no chance to escape, and they have to do and serve against their free will. There seemed to be a lot of suppressed anxiety in the atmosphere.

The hostel committee is coming against many problems, too. It seems very unwise to have a large group of women living together at the moment. Besides the personal dangers from robbery, and personal attacks from victor's soldiers, a crowd would attract more attention for investigation and observation. Therefore we decided to postpone the search for a hostel and wait till we see things in a little clearer light.

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January 19-21st. The Council of Higher Education is having a meeting in the Mission Building on Yuen Ming Yuen Road. In the meeting reports were made by different colleges and universities and the emergency policy was discussed at great length. Dr. Stuart from Yenching University, Peiping was at the meeting and he gave a lot of valuable suggestions and advice from his experiences in Peiping. Many difficulties and complications have arisen in the course of discussion. Emergency policy has to be in accord with the setting in which the different institutions are working. Roughly China is divided into three sections now: the occupied areas; the threatened areas; and the safe zone. Most of the occupied areas are now under the reign of terror. No house is permitted to have their doors closed. Property is taken by victors at any time of the day. Young men are constantly shot for no known reason. Women are raped everywhere. There is no law and order. It is hell for mortals. Work is impossible. For institutions under the protection of other flags in the concession, there is the question of academic freedom. All educational institutions are under close observation. One instance will make this clear. On December 29, the responsible person of St. John's College was called upon by a police detective. He was asked what kind of program he was planning for the New Year. He said, "Nothing." "But you did have something on Christmas Eve?" "Yes, a service at St, Paul's Church and a simple party afterwards." "Yes, you are telling the truth, because I was there."

In the threatened area there is too much unrest for regular work. There has to be a change in the curriculum. Then the refugee problem is serious. Most people are not able to pay fees.

The outcome of three days of discussion is that the six institutions now in Shanghai must cooperate. They have decided to have joint libraries , joint laboratories, joint religious activities and joint planning for physical education. A request for five thousand dollars gold for such equipment was sent to the Associated Boards in the States.

I can not go on to relate all this in detail now because I must run to catch the friend who is leaving for the United States this very afternoon. If I miss her, I have no way to send this out of Shanghai without getting myself into a mess and what not.

I am afraid I have no time to read this over. If it is not clear or if the sentences are so messed up that you can not read, please forgive.

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GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

News from Ginling in Wuchang
Received in New York - January 24, 1938

Letter from Miss Liu En-lan to an American friend
Written December 1, 1937 in Wuchang, China

Thank you for your air mail of November 12th which reached me last night. I am so glad to know that you are well and happy. I wish life would always treat you in such a friendly fashion. At present life is trying to treat us with agony, pain and despair. It is such a comfort to know you and your people are sympathizing with what we are going through here in China. For people who get to know China mainly through newspaper headlines, war in China must seem comfortably remote and impersonal.

In the last ten days the situation has changed from bad to worse. More and more wounded soldiers are going through Wuhan now. It is painful to see boats and trains go by fully loaded with mutilated men with their future shut against them. Most of them are victims of iron pieces from bombs.

Besides the wounded soldiers there is a great influx of refugees from down river cities, since the Japanese conquered Soochow with a total of over two thousand bombs. The streets of Wuhan are now teeming with humanity. The population of the city must be several folds more than it was two weeks ago. The doorways of hotels are piled high with luggage belonging to people who are on the waiting list for entrance. All vacant houses in the city are occupied. Yet every boat coming from down river is still loaded to the brim with refugees. On November 21st, two of our own faculty members, who were among the group holding our fort in Nanking, turned up. There was such an exodus on the docks in Nanking that their luggage was unable to get on the boat. When they left Nanking the weather was warm. When they arrived here the temperature was 38 F. at noon. They came in like paupers each possessing a pocket book and a bad cold. Two more of our Nanking staff came in on the morning of the 28th. Our president is leaving Nanking on December 1st. Some of the college's important books and equipment have already been packed and now are waiting for a chance to be transported. The rest of the property is in charge of a committee of three, who are going to stay to the very last.

Did I write you about the University of Nanking? They opened school in Nanking on October 4th with over two hundred students. When the seat of government began to move, the University also began to dispatch their staff and students up river. But no boat was available for them to leave en masse, so they are leaving in three installments. Two installments have already arrived at Hankow. The last group is still to come. People who came in the first group had only two bowls of rice each in three days and they had hardly anything to drink. Now they are taking shelter in the Hua Chung College gymnasium ...using the floor as one big bed for all...living in true refugee style. At present they are still undecided whether they are going on into Szechwan or remain here in Wuchang to finish up the work of this present term. Even if they decide to go on to Szechwan there is no boat available.

The condition of Ginling is no better. The difference is that we are fewer in number. Now with homes burned or bombed, families dispersed and people lost or dead, students are not only heavily laden with griefs and anxiety, but also find it difficult to get financial supplies. At present conditions are uncertain and school policies vague; everybody is living in the air without knowing what is going to happen, where one is going and what one is going to do. Life is more of a misery than a joy. We are carrying on our work as usual and spend our spare time in helping the wounded

soldiers. But our hearts are heavy laden because all work we do now-a-days seems to be mending only a little what others have badly torn apart, and there is no time or chance to do building up work on your own initiative. Furthermore, life is at stake all the time. Many of my university students came to see me in the last two days. They told me many tragic experiences of their College-mates. Among them two have been in my classes and I know them quite well. One of them was killed in the Soochow station. No trace of him was to be found. The other was killed by a machine gun bullet through the chest from an air raid when he was on his way from Chinkiang to Nanking. Many of the students do not know where their people are at present.

The National Wuhan University is in a state of great unrest. They have over a thousand students. If something should happen they do not know how to manage such a large group, since means of transportation are in urgent and sad need. If they plan to move, they do not know where to go and where to get the money. If they disband, those students who are already homeless would have no place to go. Critical changes in the front lines occur with unexpected suddenness, and throw all organizations of life out of jar. This is not only true with educational institutions, but true in all walks of life. One cannot help feeling that there is a sad lack of organization in many adjustments. Those who do not know the inside pains and strains may condemn the situation as disorderliness. Those who know and understand can only sympathize, tolerate and help.

We are grateful to friends in other lands for their loyalty and good will. I wish the Christmas spirit would move the war material business to feel they would be willing to sacrifice their personal gains for the sake of millions of innocent suffering souls. In this modern world no nation can live alone. What is the world going to do about righteousness and justice?

At present we are all anxiously waiting for the arrival of our president. We want to know what policy the college is going to adopt: To disband or to remain here or to move on to Szechwan. It would be difficult to disband because most of us would not know where to go and there is no money to go anywhere. If we go to Szechwan the College has no money to move; if we remain it is difficult for the College to have the responsibility of the students. The salary of the faculty has been cut to 60%; there is the chance of cutting again.

In my work in connection with the wounded soldiers, I have come to know a merchant in Hankow, a very devoted Christian. He has backed us up in our enterprise in running the rest station for seriously wounded soldiers. He told me last night that he has boats going up to Szechwan. He has a forest there, lots of rice and pigs and a garden. We may be able to take shelter there. One disadvantage in doing that would be that we will not be able to help others. Living a life of personal security and leaving others to suffer alone, does not sound right to me. Each one of us should do our part in this time. Life is full of perplexity and agony.

I am expecting to take the Pinghan Railroad a little to the North on Saturday afternoon to a place called Kinagan. We heard that a large number of wounded soldiers were left there unattended. Miss Wang Yin-an, a Ginling graduate, and myself are going to investigate what is really happening there and what we can do. We are very much encouraged by the ready response from friends in helping such kind of work. I must end this letter. A boat loaded with over five hundred seriously wounded soldiers has just come in. Students are already off to help.

Letter from Miss Liu En-lan , Ginling B.A. 1925, Chairman of the Department of Geography - written November 27th - December 28, 1937.

The one dominating note in life at present is a big question. We do not know where we should go, when we should go and what we should do. Seven members of

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our Ginling group left today for Ichang. They packed up and waited for notice for hours without knowing whether they would be able to get off or not. Another group is supposedly leaving tomorrow, but even now, they still have no word whether they are leaving tomorrow or the day after tomorrow or the following day. Four of us are planning to go to Shanghai, but no boat, no train. We have been trying to get tickets for more than a week now. First no ticket was obtainable; then the line was broken. The river is blockaded. If we wait here in Wuchang for means to go east, we do not know how long we should wait. If we start to go west, we do not know when we could return nor how difficult it would be if we should get bottled up in Szechwan. The one great question for which we long for an answer is where to go, how to go and when to go.

Since the withdrawal of Chinese troops from Shanghai followed by withdrawal from Soochow and the moving of the seat of government from Nanking to Chunking, Wuhan not only has an increase of refugees and wounded soldiers, but also an increased amount of restlessness. At first we tried hard to keep calm and work on as usual. We are helping with a dressing Station for seriously wounded soldiers at Nien Yu Tao; we spend all our spare moments for the welfare of this station.

On November 27th a group of seriously wounded soldiers arrived at noon. They looked much worse off than the group which arrived the day before. The distribution into the hospitals was slow. The number of stretchers was not enough to go around. At 4 P.M. a number were still lying in the boat. I learned that there were neither stretchers nor stretcher bearers available, and telephoned to Hua Chung College. Soon two faculty members came with forty students. Just then the stretchers returned. And the students began to carry those wounded ones from the boat to the Rest Station. As the numbers waiting to be carried were far more than the holding capacity of the station, Dr. Pan was asked to pick out the ones to be carried first. When the students went into the boat with the stretchers, they found it difficult to come out again. Those wounded who are not so terribly off crawled onto the gang-plank. They clutched the stretcher and begged not to be left alone. It was very painful to turn them down because they too needed to be taken care of. The night was closing in and the wind on the river was more than chilly, but as we only have fourteen vacant beds, we only can do what we can. The rest were taken into the Rest House for light cases. The conditions in the boat was misery beyond description moans, yells and smells. Facing a condition like this, one realizes the brutality of war. Those young men who are now carried by others must have been as robust as the ones who are carrying them now. Their lives are wrecked by this war imposed upon China without any seeming reason. Whenever the number of wounded is large, some of them arrive in the most neglected state. Their rags stick to their bodies. Their smell is indescribable. The last few days have been wet and cold. The effect of the weather is shown through coughs, high fever, headaches and a number of cases of diarrhoea. Most of them are really in a state of half consciousness when they are first brought in. But they usually wake up the next morning new persons.

On November 30th a group of over 1,500 lightly wounded soldiers arrived at 2 P.M. A group of our Ginling students went to the station and helped with the change of dressings and the serving of soft rice and bean-milk.

December 3rd. Reports of Japanese massacre of nurses and doctors in the occupied areas and their hatred for the educated class have driven countless people up the Yangtze river. This fear may be only based upon rumors. People are getting more and more restless. More and more students are leaving school. Hua Chung College has called a special faculty meeting in the evening to discuss ways of meeting the present or impending situations. They have decided to shorten the term to December 31st. Students are free to leave before that time with a reduction in credits.

December 4th, Saturday, was a real wintry day. The winds blew hard.

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Miss Wang Ying-an and I went to Kiangan in the afternoon. It is a station only a few miles from Hankow on the Pin-Han line. We saw hundreds of troops marching on the street toward the station shivering from cold, because they have only their summer clothes on. They must be troops from Yunnan or Kweichow. It was a distressing sight. When we arrived at the Kiangan station we saw nothing but men in military uniforms. We inquired for the place for the wounded soldiers. We were told to go here and there and everywhere, but we did not find any wounded ones, only soldiers drilling. The station was piled high with cotton padded garments. We do not understand why they are not used for those who are shivering on the street. Upon our return we learned that some of the International Red Cross people have visited our Rest House. They encouraged us to enlarge the place by an increase of forty beds.

On December 5th, the committee of the Nien Yu Tao Rest Station for Seriously Wounded Soldiers met and drew a definite plan and request to the International Red Cross.

Our president, Dr. Wu, arrived in the morning. We are all excited to know what she is going to do with the College.

On December 6th, Monday, news from Nanking was bad. We had a faculty meeting in the evening. Though no definite policy was announced, yet we know everyone wants to do her part to make the continuation of the College possible.

December 7th, Tuesday, Over half of the Hua Chung students have left. The Ginling students stick better. I took my Geography class out for a field trip in the afternoon. We studied the structure of the mountains around Wuchang. Wuchang is on an alluvial plain; there are really no real hills except the tops of some vertical quartzite strata scattered here and there parallel to each other. No air raid occurred. We had a most delightful and profitable trip.

It seems the whole population of Nanking is being transferred to Wuhan. Everywhere you go you run into Nanking people. It makes me feel Wuchang is more like home now. The streets are getting more familiar and friendly because of the many familiar and friendly faces.

On December 8th, I went with some of the University students to Nien Yu-tao to help in the Rest House for Wounded Soldiers. The new house for the increased forty beds is being repaired and white-washed. One wounded officer in the station has a bullet in his chest. He looked very sick and we tried hard to get him into a hospital three days ago, but he is still lying there. The person in charge misunderstood the arrangement. Another man needs to have his leg amputated right away in order to save his life. So we fussed and phoned and negotiated; finally we got them off to the hospital for seriously wounded.

On December 9th, Thursday, the University of Nanking students made a schedule among themselves. Three people will be on duty at Nien Yu-tao every day to meet all sorts of needs and unexpected demands. I got a telephone call from Nien Yu-tao at 3 P.M. asking for more people to go over to do some cleaning for the house for Light cases. I started toward the Hua Chung gymnasium looking for University boys. The gate was guarded by men in arms. People were allowed to come out but not to enter. I did not know what had happened but I wanted to get in. So I turned around and got in through a small side door. A large crowd was gathered on the athletic field. It was a group of students from the three Wuhan cities who were listening to speeches. The speakers are journalists and novelists who have followed the army in the front lines and who have written diaries and reports of the present war. They are popular figures. Evidently their ideas are too radical for the times, so they are watched. I tried to listen, but I heard nothing, so I went to telephone that I could not send anybody to Nien Yu-tao before the next morning because people

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are attending the lectures. When I came out of the telephone room, the campus was filled with wandering people. The meeting had dispersed because some of the slogans are out of tune. No one was allowed to leave. I got out from a back door. When I turned onto the street, the street was lined with military men . I was afraid that some clash might happen between the students and the guards. They stood face to face at the gate for over one hour. Finally it was settled without a clash.

December 10th marked a big cleaning day for the Nien-Yu-tao station. Over twenty University and Ginling students went over and helped them with the cleaning.

News from Nanking is getting worse and worse. From newspaper reports we learn that both our College and the University of Nanking have opened their doors for refugees in the city. Thousands and thousands are streaming into those academic buildings now the safety zone.

December 11, Saturday, was a day of quiet work. News is getting worse and worse. I went to Nien-Yu-tao in the afternoon to seek for laundry facilities for the wounded soldiers.

December 12, Sunday. I went over to Hankow and dined with Miss Moffet and called on Mary Chen in the afternoon. Their whole family are here from Nanking. All crowded. Everybody looks dejected these days, President Chen is expecting to fly to Chengtu tomorrow.

December 13th. Nor direct news from Nanking. The sinking of the U.S. Panay has flashed on the front page. People were very much shocked by the news. More worries are hanging for the fate of Nanking.

Preparations for the expansion of the Rest House have been completed today. Over thirty wounded soldiers were received in the newly established house,

December 14th, Tuesday. The withdrawal of troops from Nanking has caused more students to leave school. About two-thirds of the Hua Chung students have left. One of the University graduates who is working in the National Agricultural Institute for the Improvement of Rice and Wheat Cultures, and who is now with his staff in Changsha, came today. He said that his group in Changsha is working on the question of food supply for refugees and the army.

On December 15th, Wednesday, the University of Nanking people left for Ichang. As students are continuously leaving, class work is rendered difficult. Our faculty has discussed the matter in great detail. We have split our Ginling group in Wuchang into two groups. One group will go to Chengtu, Szechwan and the other to Shanghai. All boats and trains are booked. No tickets are available.

On December 16th, Thursday, we started to pack up the books that we now are not using and tried to hold classes at the same time! Work is of inferior quality. I have decided to go to Shanghai. There is talk among the foreign community that there might be an International train going to Canton on the 21st. Four of us are trying to get tickets to go to Hongkong via that train.

December 17th, Friday, was a windy day. It is very cold. Classes are still going though without spirit. One of the University graduates who is working in the National Agricultural Institute for the Improvement of Rice and Wheat Cultures and who was ordered to stay in the Nanking office to the last minute, came in at 4 P.M. Their office is outside the city and in front of Purple Mountain. He left Nanking on December 9th. He saw the burning of the villages, the new government buildings, and the modern new residences. The concrete buildings were dynamited.

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The trees were cut down and put across the road to prevent transportation. Even in the city large areas were also burned. It is too sad to listen to the accounts. When he saw his office building set on fire, he knew there was nothing more for him to look after, so he left for the city. The city gate was already closed. He slipped in his certificate beneath the gate; a tiny gate was open for him to crawl in. Even though air planes were raining death overhead people were continuously jamming toward the safety zone. He was planning to take shelter in the safety zone too, but his father and some of the University foreign faculty members urged him to leave right away.

December 18th, Saturday, the plan for the International train has fallen through. The evacuated foreign women and children are expecting to go by a British boat "Wusung" under British guards. We are trying to get tickets to go on any train that is leaving for Hongkong. Unfortunately we learned that the line is broken by bombs, and we now have to wait for the repairing. Before one place is repaired another section is again bombed, so nobody knows when the train will be running again. I went to Nien-Yu-tao in the afternoon to see about the new nurses.

December 19th, Sunday, was a cold day, and I have a bad cold. But Deng Yu-dji and Liu Yu-hsia have just arrived in Hankow by the last through train. I went to see them to learn something about travel from Wuchang to Canton and also about conditions in Canton. They advised us to wear long trousers and some thing like hiking suits because the train might stop at any place on account of air raids and one has to climb out and in the cars numberless times. One needs to dress warmly and conveniently. They also advised us not to carry any books with us, because the educated class is the thorn in Japanese eyes. So now we are planning to enter Shanghai as idiots! Three are going to dress up like frivilous good-for-nothing ladies, and I am going to be their slave girl!

December 20th, Monday, I spent all my spare time sorting papers, notes, diaries and letters. Some are going to be sent to friends abroad to keep for me because I hate to destroy them. Some are going to be sent to Shanghai by post and some are going to be burned.

The British boat "Wusung" did not leave after all because the river was boomed at Kiukiang.

The newspaper reports are not bright about the south. It looks as if Canton is going to be more involved. Sent off several letters to Canton and Hongkong by air inquiring about conditions. Airplanes to Hongkong are booked to January 7th.

December 21st, Tuesday. A group of seven Ginling people have left for Ichang. I had an examination for my geography class in the evening so that some of the course will be closed. I do not like to give lectures to students while their minds are not there.

December 22nd, another group of 13 Ginling people are leaving for Ichang today. We learned the good news that there will be a train going to Canton tomorrow. The other three have gone to buy the tickets. I stayed in to finish these sketchy notes of mine to be sent off in Hongkong. After I get into Shanghai I am afraid I will not be able to write anything that I really want to say.

Hongkong, December 28. We left Wuchang on the morning of December 23 and arrived in Canton on the morning of the 28th in the midst of an air raid. The railroad track was bombed seriously, after our train had just passed several stations. It will take a long time for the next train to come. Now we are busy inquiring about boats to Shanghai, so I do not have time even to read this letter over again. I want to send it before I reach Shanghai.

Letters from Eva D. Spicer - Written in Hankow, January 3rd and 6th, 1938. Received in New York, January 24, 1938.

The middle of the week just before Christmas our Ginling unit in Wuchang began rapidly to melt away. We had already decided upon a policy of moving one unit up to Chengtu, and sending a few faculty, and possibly a student or two back to Shanghai, and during that week they began to go. We got bookings on one boat to Ichang on Tuesday, and seven departed on that boat. Then on Wednesday about fifteen or so got places in the hold of a boat. They didn't leave until Thursday afternoon, but they went on early in order to make sure of their places. They were mostly with University people, so that their company was all right, which was the main thing; but they had to sleep on the floor of course. On Wednesday we also had word that the four members of faculty who had finally decided to go to Shanghai, had tickets on a train that was leaving just after the International train, so they left on Thursday too.

We have heard of the safe arrival of the first group at Ichang, and they are staying quite comfortably with the Scottish Mission, and we have also heard of the safe arrival of the group at Hongkong, though they seemed to think that there was not much advantage in travelling after the International train, as the only effect it seemed to have was that it left them all the old carriages and coaches for their train, and they were not allowed to follow it very closely. We have not yet had word of the arrival of the second party at Ichang, but we take for granted that they got there, as we have not heard that they did not. Quite suddenly Li Dze-djen went with them on that boat to go to her family in Ichang and Shasi.

So our group was considerably lessened, just seven students, Dr. Wu, Miss Sutherland and myself left in the Hostel, and three in the Hwa Chung Women's hostel. Catherine is nobly staying on to close up.

I don't think I have said anything about Christmas - I can't say it was exactly the happiest and merriest Christmas I have ever spent. There was news that day in the papers about the really terrible conditions in Nanking after the Japanese went in. The foreigners responsible for the safety zone were not able to find any responsible officers at all, and the ordinary soldiers were just allowed to run amok, and they did. The whole behavior of the Japanese just makes one's heart sink within one, where is it all going to end? And what will have become of this unhappy country by the time the Japanese army have run amok all over it? And it isn't only the actual time of warfare, that apparently is bad enough, but even when they take over a place relatively peacefully as they did in Peiping, the aftermath is bad. It really seems to be worse than we possibly imagined it could be, and what can stop them? I suppose sufficient faith, and belief in their regeneration - but where in the world at the moment does fa th exist in that degree and force? There seems so little foothold, I am sure there are good and decent people in Japan, but I don't expect a word of all this behavior of their troops reaches them, and yet it really is true, not just wild rumors. The American consul has been trying quite hard to get back into Nanking, and can't, largely I suppose because they want to clear up the shambles before they let any such person in.

Christmas day was quite peaceful. I went to Union Church in the morning, and Mr. Onley prayed very well. Then Moody, Anna Moffett, of Nanking, Elsie Priest, also of Nanking and I crossed over to Wuchang, and had lunch with Miss Bleakley, then some of us went for a bit of a walk, came back to tea, and in the evening Miss Bleakley very kindly had all the Ginling group- students and faculty- in to Christmas dinner and games. There were some others also present, but Ginling predominated. Elsie stayed on to dinner, but Miss Moffett went back. We all stayed the night over there, and Elsie, Moody and I came back next morning.

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The other events of these last two weeks was the arrival of a large contingent of Nanking people from Kuling. They have decided to close the American School there, so there was a large exodus. They came from Kuikiang on the Woosung, and stayed on there during the two days they were in Hankow, as most of them went on by the International train which left here on Thursday December 30th. There were four wives whose husbands were in Nanking, plus children, also two families - the Thomsons and the Bradys complete - for various reasons with husbands. It was very nice seeing so many Nanking people, the wives were rather strained, as they had not heard from their husbands since it was known that there had been more trouble after the newspaper reporters mostly left on Tuesday evening, however, they got a wire next day from their four husbands, which cheered them up quite a bit.

I spent part of Tuesday and Wednesday evening on the boat with them, and they also came to a tea that Harriet Crutchfield and Hilda Andersen gave on Wednesday afternoon. They are mostly headed for Shanghai, in order to get in contact with their husbands.

It is still extraordinarily difficult to get into any communication with Nanking, and we do not feel that we really know at all what has happened to the Chinese faculty both at the University and at Ginling. We know that two Nanking faculty were very nearly shot, but were rescued by foreigners just in time, but as yet we have no general word at all, it is terribly worrying and distressing. Most of the people the Japanese killed would be poor coolies and small business men who didn't have enough money to get out, they say they are not fighting the Chinese people, but only the Chinese government, but I can't say it exactly looks like it, as I don't suppose there was a single official of any importance left inside the city, and of the professional and educated classes there was only a handful compared with the great mass of poor people, and it was mostly they that they murdered.

I keep on asking myself where is the best point of attack, I mean where can you get at the Japanese people to help them see what they are doing, and I just don't see where to begin. The Christian group is fairly open minded, but they are so small, and now one gathers that they have been fed with so many lies about China, and the noble deeds of the Japanese in rescuing the Chinese from Communists and Chinese militarists, that they really do feel that they are raging a righteous war. However, all this doesn't do anybody any good, and is not at all interesting, but one's mind can't help keep on turning and turning this thing over, as it seems as though China is going to be crucified on the cross of Japanese cruelty and her own weakness and shortcomings. It is just awful to see the agany of thoughtful Chinese like Dr. Wu, rendered desperate by the cruelty and stupidity of the Japanese, and yet at the same tine terribly conscious of all the weaknesses of their own government and people - their selfishness, corruption, and lack of responsibility. And yet while acknowledging frankly their own weakness, maddened by the thought that they were beginning to make progress, and that the Japanese aggression has come just at the moment of greatest hope, and has trampled them in the dust, leaving them almost no hope for the immediate future over great areas of China. And where Japanese rule goes, there goes also not only oppression, and a weakening of all educational and progressive forces, but also a deliberate attack on the morals of the people, through the efforts to spread the use of drugs and opium, and also,if Manchuria is any test, by imprisonment and torture of the better educated class of Chinese, which group in Manchuria was mainly Christian. I know the Japanese in their own country have many good points, but they are even less fit it seems to me than the British or any one else - and none of us are fit - to rule over other people.

Last Saturday we had an alumnae meeting to meet Dr. Wu, which was a very pleasant informal affair. I got tickets for the Good Earth, which eight of us went on to see after the meeting w as over. One is very self conscious seeing a production like that in China, and the gestures seem very unChinese, but on the whole I think it

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stands up pretty well.

Thank you very much for your letter of December 21st, which arrived here on January 2nd. Dr. Wu was due to go on the plane to Chengtu on Monday January 3rd, but the plane did not leave that day, so she had an extra 24 hours.

I wish the Ginling group at Ichang could get on without too long a wait. But I guess that is pretty difficult. Dr. Wu hoped that the minister of the new Ministry of Railways and Communications , which has just been formed, might be able to help, and she has written to ask, but it is not easy, as the main difficulty is the lowness of the river and the fewness of the boats, and it is hard for even ministers to do much about that.

We are well scattered, and when and if the Japanese do strike Wuhan, we have not many persons concerned. We still have two men teachers here with their families - Chen Er-chang the treasurer, and Dr. Yuen, who teaches Education. All the girls who are here, with one exception, have their families here. The exception is staying at the moment at the Yen Hostel on the Hwa Chung compound, and she can either stay there - I think they are expecting to keep Dr. Taylor and Mr. Coe on the compound to protect their property - or she can go to one of the other homes. Catherine Sutherland is for the moment staying on here. She is moving into the Yen Hostel, and Dr. Wu has more or less put her under Bishop Roots, to do what their single women do. It seems that foreigners personally are fairly safe, whatever the horrors they may have to go through.

My own plans are uncertain. Dr. Wu first thought she wanted me in Shanghai, and to that end I got a booking on the plane for Hongkong. Now she is not so certain, so I have postponed my booking to January 28 and am hoping to hear both from Ruth in Shanghai, and Dr. Wu in Chengtu before I finally make any move. It is very difficult to make any decision, when there are so many unknown factors in the situation. There seems to be a slight lull in the general situation. There is a general feeling here that Wuhan is likely to be left alone for about two months, and that when they do come, Wuchang will get it worse than Hankow, but of course nobody really knows.

The Christian group here have just taken on the job of looking after 1,000 civilian refugees. They are parking them out in the various mission schools which have closed early for the winter vacation, and will open Heaven and the Japanese alone know when! After the experience in Nanking and other places it seems scarcely possible for schools to risk having large groups of either older boys or girls on their hands, so though they may run some day schools, I doubt if they will open any of the boarding departments, until after the Japanese have come, or until the threat of their coming has gone. Actually now it seems a pity that we didn't go on properly until the end of term, instead of stopping on December 31st. There was a little flare up of left wing trouble just about the time of the fall of Nanking, and the two combined rather got people restless, and on the move. But with the present development of affairs, we look as though we might be quite safe until the end of January.

It was a great relief to get Minnie's telegram from Nanking on Friday, and to know that with the possible exception of one servant they were all safe. If they have got 10,000 women and children on the campus, I should think they would soon be needing a spot of money to feed them. You seem to have had much fuller accounts of what happened in Nanking than have been in the papers here, which is perhaps natural. As though doubtless the Chinese would be quite willing to give full accounts of the misdeeds of the Japanese, they would not want to give too many details which would undermine the morale of civilians in other places - for instance the shooting of all the special police who had been left behind in the safety zone would not exactly encourage other policemen to stick by their duty.

One of the objects in my going to Shanghai was to try and get up to Nanking as soon as possible, to help or relieve Minnie, though of course I should be much less useful than she. But it looks so uncertain when one will be able to get there. However I am rather coming to the conclusion that unless Dr. Wu writes very definitely from Chengtu, wanting me to go on up there, I shall go to Shanghai as I have planned. I am sure I could get back into the interior if necessary. They are opening a new air line direct from Chunking to Hongkong. I expect Dr. Wu will come back that way.

It is extraordinarily difficult to see what is the right decision for the future of Ginling, but I am sure we must keep on, somehow, somewhere, even if in a very small way. It is all part of the great process of helping China keep up her morale. So we have quite a problem.

So far as I know all the Chinese faculty are safe. Dr. Yuen only got out of Wuhu a few days before the trouble began there, and had a quite exciting journey by house-boat from Wuhu to Hankow which took him 24 days in all. The main danger in the country between Wuhu and Kiukiang is being looted by wandering bands of Chinese soldiers, which I daresay is better than being killed by Japanese.

Catherine's address until she leaves here is: Yen Hostel, Hwa Chung University, Wuchang.

I think this will give you the main news of this place up to date. We had two air raids this week, both at lunch time. On Thursday I looked out of the dug out I was in, and there seemed to be simply swarms of Japanese aeroplanes, the papers reported over 30 altogether.

Elsie Priest leaves for Chengtu on the 17th of January.

News from the Ginling Unit in Shanghai. Letter from Florence Kirk written January 2nd, 1938. Received in New York January 24, 1938.

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

Ruth and I decided there would be no church for us yesterday morning. At 11 o'clock we found the boat was due at one. We had an early lunch and at noon took the bus to the French Bund. We found the boat did not arrive at 1, nor yet at 2. Then we found it was due at 3:30. We had declared "open house" for Ginling people on the first Sunday of every month, so one of us had to go home to receive any guests who might come. We drew lots, and Ruth went home to act as hostess and I stayed as the welcome committee. The Tsinan came in shortly after 3:30 and there were Liu En-lan and Wang Ming-djen waving to me! Then the long wait until the small boat discharged

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its hundreds of passengers. I waited hours it seemed at the gangplank for them to appear. At last the four of them came in sight, rather grimy and travel-worn. They decided to try staying for the time at McTyeire, so we bundled the luggage outside and inside a car and took another for ourselves and off we went. The girls in the rush at Hongkong had not been able to arrange about the telegram, so a passenger getting off at Amoy had offered to send it... thus that mystery was solved. They came over here to find Mrs. New, En-lan's majors, and two other students waiting for them. What a reunionit was, what a bevy of questions everyone had to ask! Now that these four have arrived, Ruth Chester can more easily work out plans for next semester. It is hoped that the various guest institutions may use their own faculty to do Freshman and Sophomore work, at least, and let the upper classmen take advanced work at St. John's and the University of Shanghai. The presidents of Cheeloo, Soochow, and Hangchow Universities are here and working hard at some sort of workable scheme for this next semester. All three have desks in Mrs. Cressy's old office, and Ruth will likely soon decide to have her desk there too. The "correlated Programme" seems to be in very good spirits this year, and the different institutions are only asking for the opportunity to correlate! A set of Ginling classrooms are in the plans, and perhaps in the Y.W.C.A. building on Yuen Ming Yuen, and a Ginling Hostel may become a reality. Indeed it seems as though we might be a real Ginling - though exiles - here in Shanghai. They are as yet only plans! When they materialize Ruth will write you in detail.

Ruth's laboratory work is proceeding satisfactorily so far. The St. John's people almost daily expect developments which will make their continuance in the Academia Sinica (Did you know that Ruth's theses students were in the laboratories there now, rather than on St. John's campus?) but so far everything is peaceful. Her students are needing less oversight, so she will have more time to devote herself to the next semester's problems. Wang-Ming-djen and Liu En-lan will be especially helpful in shaping up the new programme. We do not know recently how Li-Ming is, for when we went to visit her on New Year's Day we could not get an answer at the door.

Some of the Nanking people are coming in for tea: Dr. and Mrs. Price; Mrs. Phil Price, Joy Smith and we hope the Jameses. When we go these days to Community Church, it is remarkable how many Nanking people appear: recently Miss Simpson, Ellen Drummond, and Miss Hyde. Mrs. Bates is expected early in January. Alice Morris has arrived from Tsingtao, and is now out of work, but at present is doing some library work for St. Mary's. We expect Eva Spicer in about a week's time. The Kuling American School is coming to this American School, so we, without any definite information, are anticipating the arrival of Mrs. Plummer Mills, The Thomson's and the Gales's whom we have lost trace of for some time now. Li-Ming's husband has still not come; apparently many people in Hankow tried to discourage our quartette from attempting the hazardous journey, and even Dr. Wu would frequently ask, "Well, have you made up your minds?" Their answer invariably was, "Yes, we are going."

We hear general news in the papers of Nanking, but nothing definite about Ginling. Minnie Vautrin's last letter, via Hankow and Hongkong, was dated December 2 and took 23 days to come. The Nanking Post office staff is here, coming down river on December 9, and bombed, without any casualties, on the way. Mrs. Kepler has had two letters from George Fitch - they were brought by hand - and he told her how the men of the community were having as their guests at a Christmas Eve dinner party, the Nanking ladies. That sounds reassuring. The recent account in the North China Christmas morning, "from reliable independent source",is not comforting about conditions in the capital follwwing the entrance of the Japanese army: "hundreds massacred"; "wholesale and semi-regular looting", "uncontrolled disturbance of private homes including offences against the security of women", dead bodies lying in the streets, about one to a city block", victims of shooting or bayoneting December 13", some barbarously cruel" bayonet wounds, "scores of refugees in camps and shelters had money and valuables taken from their slight possessions; terror indescribable." We are keeping in touch with the embassies in an attempt to get word to Minnie; we hear that a merchant

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boat is leaving soon.

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

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

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

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

News from Chungking. A letter from Miss Esther Tappert of the English Department of Ginling College. Miss Tappert is teaching at Chungking University. The letter was written December 12, 1937.

I went over with Chen Mei-yü to see Central University's "lumber camp" today. Eighteen or so shacks have been built encircling a pine-covered hill on the campus, overlooking the Kialin River. The Girls' dormitory is a barn-like shell which houses (sleeps) over a hundred girls. The beds are merely wooden frames with two decks. The girls clothes are hung up on lines, their small articles are put on wooden shelves which they have themselves put up between the bedposts. It was funny to see a line of shoes hung up over the upper story of beds. Yet these girls come from families, some of them, who have money enough to let them fly from Canton, and yet they are willing to come through the war areas and live in conditions like these to carry on their school work.

Chen Mei-yü will have two other teachers living in her room, but she thinks herself lucky because another room in the same building is to have twelve faculty members in it. Her room is at least enclosed, although it is open up to the rafters. The girls in the body of the building haven't even a cloth partition between them.

an American doctor & my acquaintance has
gone to Hunan with a group to take over the
hospital work and these "rest houses" which
Miss Lin speaks of.

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