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GINLING COLLEGE  
NANKING, CHINA

Excerpts from letter written by Harriet Whitmer  
July 4, 1938 at Ginling College, Nanking, China

We just got the last batch of baggage off in the nick of time. A note had come for me in the morning but wasn't delivered until after 11:00. It was from Cooper saying the American Embassy would take our things to the boat at 11:45. I found the carpenter still packing the typewriter. He had it fastened in well and I think it will go through. Blanche Wu packed the microscope; we had delved to the bottom of the basement that morning and located one. I had collected some books and so by 11:45 we sent what we had ready. There are still a half dozen books, perhaps I can send.

One ought not to have taken time to celebrate the 4th, but we did do a little. I had the big flag spread out in the quadrangle - we had to explain that it didn't mean imminent danger that it was into use. At 4:00 we took a picture of our summer staff (some of them) and students with the great flag in the foreground. The faculty then came up for punch and some of the good biscuit you sent. At 5:30 the Americans gave us a good game of baseball down on the athletic field. By roping in Mr. Jeffery from the British Embassy they had two full teams and an umpire. Miss Sims and I kept score.

I am very much pleased with the improvement the girls are making in keeping their rooms orderly and clean. Last week we posted signs to indicate the rooms that had done the best. Yesterday even though it was Sunday there was much scrubbing and all were prepared to show me they now deserve to be recognized too. The girls do much washing and sunning of bedding whenever the weather permits. I hope our heaviest rains are over.

I think of you every day and wonder how you are going to get everything ready in time. Wang hasn't appeared and I am wondering if he is helping you pack. We are getting along nicely. So far I have had only Chinese food. The Forsters of the Episcopal Mission have moved into Eva's house and they would like to have me eat there, and I can if it gets warm and I need a change. I have the kitchen ready here but have so few supplies and without a cook to go out and hunt up some things that can be bought here I haven't tried to do anything. Han Sa-dz comes every day and helps a out. Shun Sz-fu runs a temperature every day even in the hospital and I am afraid he is not going to be able to work this summer. He feels restless and thinks he can come back and work. He must be on a rest cure and diet. They have plenty of milk at the hospital and he likes it. He is such a nice boy.

The Forsters have put away most of Eva's things. They like it there - said they might be in New Hampshire woods. Such a relief from conditions down in the city. The places down there are beginning to be repaired. I must go before long. Have stayed here so closely because I have had these necessary things to do, and then I haven't wished to see it all. I see Miss Brethoust and Mrs. Gish on Sundays. I take flowers to churches and hospital. I am having the lawn fixed at front of South Hill House; terraced the slope better and think it is going to be satisfactory. I think we are getting the road widened in the quadrangle and I can have the sod to use up here.

We haven't city electric current yet. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ said he would go again today and press the matter. The Embassy people have been very helpful in taking care of baggage. I am getting acquainted with people in this way. I am happy and contented - glad to be busy so I don't have to think too much. Planes are busy overhead - I read newspapers more or less regularly - strange life. I know Minnie is more tired than she realizes. I do hope she has a good rest in Peitaiho.

Etta China  
Smith 1936.

July 27, 1938

Aboard the Train, the night before we arrive in Changsha.  
(Arrived in New York 8/26/38.)

We came from Shanghai to Hongkong on the Empress of Japan in "Open Third" and we all stayed together in one room. The steward was very good to us and the girls had special privileges and a special morning breakfast. The Captain was perfectly grand to us and we visited the navigation bridge and had a bit of education on navigation. The trip from Shanghai was short and comfortable. Some of the Ginling alumnae were at the boat to greet us. We were in Hongkong from the 15th till the 25th of July when we took the train. We shall arrive in Changsha tomorrow morning.

The students of our party were settled in the True Light Primary School on Caine Road in Hongkong. It was a cordial action on the part of the Principal of the school who had heard that we were coming down in a group with possibly no place to stay. Hongkong, as you may know, is very crowded and countless thousands have to spend their nights on the street, so we were indeed fortunate. Moreover the meals we had were good and the girls each paid sixty cents per day HK currency only. During our few days in Hongkong, we visited many places of interest, including Repulse Bay, the Peak, Aberdeen, Kowloon, etc. The girls managed to get in a bicycle trip to Kowloon. We saw Mrs. New at St. Stephen's Girls' School and had tea with Hwang Li-ming's mother who had come down for the summer and was staying at St. Paul's Girls' School. Also the Ginling alumnae invited us to dinner, and the True Light student body gave us a reception and program and the True Light faculty extended us an invitation to dinner.

I understand that there will be thirty deck passages for the students and all the Chinese faculty and there will be three first class for our foreign faculty. This last will enable us to go up frequently for air and to view everything from a higher level. If it rains we shall have to keep ourselves covered. We shall bring our own beds. Our train from Kowloon to Hankow was an international express since there were many members of the American Embassy leaving with us, and so we were comparatively safer than if we had been on one of the ordinary trains. After a delay of three days we finally pulled off from Kowloon. Even at four when the train was supposed to leave we were not actually sure whether we would leave, for three days ago after our good byes had been said and we were just about to pull out, a message came which stopped us from going. Little shacks and watch towers rose before us every now and then, and once in a while we would see the villagers tilling their fields and watering them. I have seen the men treading water and working the water wheels. Also we have passed several of the places where people have suffered from bombardments of the Japanese. One station was partly demolished and the rails torn from their tracks because of the bombs. Some soldiers on guard along the way were mere boys, lads perhaps of fifteen at the most, yet straight and severe and aware of their duty. Our group brought along its own food for the four days trip up to Hankow and we were able to cook noodles on the train also. The group seems to be good sailors as well as travellers and that of course is most fortunate. Two prizes have been offered for the best travelling song for the group either in Chinese or English. The first tunnel was a long one and we were in it for ten minutes or more. It is not very comfortable to remain long within the tunnel because of the carbon monoxide from the smoke of the train. This morning Miss Spicer held morning prayers for the whole group and we plan to meet together every morning at ten during our trip up.

We came second class since it was difficult to reserve passage for sixteen of us on the train. The train was most comfortable, I think, and we all slept fairly well with the exception of the one night when we stopped in Yuchow. We had to provide for our own food for five days and so we had plenty of food along with us. Mrs.

New gave us thirty dollars to be spent for food if necessary. Of that we spent fifteen dollars and we got some grand noodles which tasted exceptionally good especially when we cooked them ourselves on the train. I had brought a pot pan with me and we had the ingredients to make it delicious. Then there was a continuous fire on the platform where our water for drinking was boiled for us and we could use the fire for cooking. Each of the girls at first took turns in doing the cooking, but toward the end of the trip each compartment of girls did their own group cooking. At the present moment, July 27th, we are in the Hanyang station. It is dark so we cannot see much of it except the large station. The stars are out but there is no moon. Last night it was as black as pitch and no moon and it rained somewhat, so that we passed the night safely and continued our way in the daytime safely. Eggs along the way are so cheap. I bought six cooked eggs for one cent Chinese currency. They tasted good too.

Our trip up on the whole was a safe one without much alarm along the way with the exception of one time when there was an air raid warning and we did have to get out of the train and wend our way into the nearby rice fields and lie low till the signal was given to us to come back. After two hours wait, we heard the toot of the whistle and we all went back to the train. One of the snaps shows very well our trek across and back to the train. A few others will show us under cover. We came to the place where the Japanese had bombed the station and railroad track nearby and had also dropped numerous incendiary bombs upon the homes within distance of the station and at a distance even beyond where we had gone for shelter in the rice fields. It is very difficult to tell just how far one must go. Judging from the havoc wrought by the bombs at Yuchow the distance which we had gone in the rice fields would not have been far enough. We were halted at the station for quite some time. In fact we had to remain there over night and it was that night particularly when we felt the heat most. Also the smoky embers blew in on us every now and then. Many of the people did not sleep that night but I did, because I was very tired. At the scene of the bombing, many of us got off and made a trip into the city street leading from the station. It is the first time that the girls have seen the havoc which can be done, I believe. Though many were in Shanghai, I doubt very much that they actually saw the terrible scenes as they did on this trip. Many of the houses for some distance were practically laid flat and embers still burning. There was one house where only the shell of the house was left standing and where the fires had not died down but were still blazing and in some parts smoldering and breaking forth into fresh blaze. People were warned against unexploded bombs that might be in the vicinity. Many families near the station were left homeless and the following day, there were countless numbers that climbed on to the freight trains, a small group here and there with a few of their belongings which they had managed to keep or retrieve, all going out to other villages near Changsha or to Changsha itself where friends or relatives would give them shelter until they were able to set themselves up again. One of the most wonderful things about this whole group was the way they accepted what had happened and kept a cheerful face and optimistic outlook upon everything even in the face of disaster and suffering. I think that this must be the attitude of nearly all the people in China during the present. No greater propaganda for rebellion and resistance could be instigated against the Japanese than the bombs which they have dropped on the innocent who otherwise might have continued their work and living without being aware of the seriousness of the situation.

One of the faculty members of the Chinese staff got off at her home in Changsha to visit her family before she joined us here in Hankow. It was the very next day after our arrival in Hankow that we received a letter from her telling us that her home had been bombed and that her sister was ill from shock. Her family were all safe and with the exception of this one sister all were well. We knew that she had looked forward to seeing her family and home and the welcome she got must have been a shock to her.

The scenery along the way was beautiful. Since I am new in these regions, I marvelled all the more. The mountains, clouds, rivers and streams and rice fields, the villages and homes along the way were all interesting to me. We saw watch towers of the villages and also the well ploughed rice fields. There were water wheels too and people turning the water wheels with their feet. Many times I thought that the trip along the embankments with mountains towering high above and a large stream of water flowing just below were like the trips I have taken in America. One time especially I was reminded of my trip to Yellowstone. China is indeed beautiful and there is more beauty than we can imagine. At one stop there was right above us a small group of cliffs which stood up straight and firm against the sky. I understand that in Kweilin and parts near there the cliffs and mountains shoot straight upward and are jagged and pointed just as they have been painted only many of us have never imagined that such could be possible. But they are there. We arrive in Hankow tomorrow evening. Dr. Wu is now in Hankow. We shall stay in a girls' school while in Hankow.

July 30, 1938  
London Mission School,  
Hankow.

At last we have arrived in Hankow. We really got in early this morning at 1:30 A. M. and got the baggage out of the rooms ourselves and attended to its transportation partly to the ferry wharf of Wuchang. It was so early in the morning that there were very few coolies about, and since we did not know just what might happen, the sooner we got off and to Hankow across the way, the better it would be. There was so much baggage but we finally managed to have it taken to the ferry. It was 4:30 in the morning when we finally got all our baggage on its way to the I Hsun School, where it had already been arranged that we should stay. Rickshas took our luggage and we followed on foot. It was only two-thirds of a mile to the school and since we had been sitting so long in the train we did not mind the walk, but we were really more tired than we thought because the effects of the whole trip began to tell on us as soon as we arrived at the school. A light bite for breakfast or to satisfy our hunger and then a bath, even a cold one at that, but better than none, and we all fell asleep but awakened early. However, in the afternoon practically all of us took a nap and then went to bed early that night. The beds at the school were comfortable and the girls were a bit pleased that they were to be there for ten days before our next stage of the trip. Our passage up to Chungking had been booked for us by Dr. Wu so that we did not have to worry about getting boat passage. We are lucky indeed because I understand that there are about 20,000 people waiting at Ichang for passage up the river.

Miss Sutherland waited four hours at the station to meet us and tell us about everything concerning our lodging and that is quite a wait. Our train had been delayed, due to the lateness of the train which was coming down from Hankow. Another thing I might mention is that it was about 6 A.M. when we all went to bed. There is nothing like seeing Hankow by night and on foot the very first day, but nevertheless it was something which I think none of us would have missed. Regarding our trip so far, I must say that we have had a wonderful group to travel with, a congenial group. Though the situation in China does not look too well, the mixture of the different parts of Chinese groups and spreading of institutions into the interior and the change of policy in education at present to meet the needs of the people are good things.

Tomorrow afternoon and evening we are spending in Wuchang with Miss Sutherland and visiting the campus of Wuhan University. Then we are having supper with her there. At present for our meals during our stay here in Hankow, we are at St. Paul's Cathedral Parish House. There has been no air raid alarm since our arrival

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here in Hankow but one never knows these days when to expect or not to expect. We wait in Hankow till the middle of August till our boat has been repaired.

August 2, 1938.

Our visit to Miss Sutherland in Wuchang was a delightful one. We saw the old and new campus of Hua Chung College, and Wuhan in the distance. It seems very country-like in Wuchang especially where the London Mission is situated, and beyond where we walked and travelled by ricksha. We went through ever so many narrow streets.

Sincerely,

Ettie Chin.

GINLING COLLEGE  
NANKING, CHINA

GINLING'S MIGRATION TO WEST CHINA

SHANGHAI TO HANKOW  
July, 1938  
By Florence Kirk.

Hongkong, July 17, 1938. Our party for the west consists now of the following: Eva and I; four Chinese faculty (Hwang, Chang, Yen, Chin); five students; three girls from other institutions who want to travel with us; and in Hongkong four of our students; I forgot to mention that six people from the Science Society are going from here with us; a man who is a librarian, someone's wife and four half-grown children), so we shall likely have about twenty-four in the party.

Herewith the first installment of one version of "The Trip". We are hearing tomorrow morning at 9:30 whether there are berths tomorrow and if there are not we wait until Thursday. Today came a letter from Dr. Wu confirming her latest telegram - that there are reservations for us all about August first; she says she worried a good deal about us trying to do a long bus trip in summer heat, and now she has the Mr. Gordon, head of Butterfield and Swire, agreeing to see that we get through tickets to Chungking. You can imagine how glad we are. There are always many sides to each decision these days. If we go tomorrow we shall be in Hankow ready. If we wait till Thursday the moon will be much less favorable for bombing at night. Actually we are preparing for either event, and letting the availability of berths decide it for us.

Dr. Wu says she leaves Hankow for Chengtu about the twenty-second.

Esther Tappert visited us today after Church. She looks thinner than I have ever seen her before. She came with the Burgoyne Chapmans from Chungking to Kunming by truck; Esther occupied the seat beside the driver in one truck, and the two Chapmans the seat with the driver of the second truck. It must have been a bumpy ride. The trip took five days. The backs of the trucks were filled with luggage, or almost filled. It was a very expensive way of sending baggage, as it turned out - about 30 cents a pound. Esther is slowed up altogether in her summer plans to go home and make a round-the-world trip all in one. She plans to go back to Chungking next year. School opens for her November 1st. She saw Wu Mou-i at Kweiyang. It is a pity we did not connect with her yesterday so that she could have been at our meeting with alumnae and students last night. She says the Chapmans next year are to be at Kunming. He is to be at the head of the First Christian Middle School or something of the sort. They are now on their way to Australia.

DIARY OF FLORENCE KIRK - "THE TRIP TO CHENG TU".

Tuesday, July 12, Shanghai. Our last day in Shanghai was crowded enough. Mine was complicated with two dentist appointments - a good example of procrastination. The weather man has decided also to remind us that it really is summer weather, and he keeps the thermometer in the upper eighties and nineties, and keeps the air very moist. Perhaps it is as well to be busy, for then there isn't much time to feel how sticky everything is. I went down town with Dr. Morris in the morning, saw Eva about luggage, bought some more films, saw the dentist, made a last call on friends, and was ready to go back in Dr. Morris's car about noon. The dentist told me not to eat for two hours, so I drank some milk while the family ate their lunch. Then I had mine, wrote labels, and finished up packing, ready for the American Express. Then down town again and another siege at the dentist's. Had just time to take a rickshaw and arrive at the

Customs Jetty by four, to see the party off on the 4 o'clock tender. They exclaimed at leaving me on the wharf, but I explained that Dr. Morris had a pass for Hongkew, and would be able to take me direct to the ship in the evening. It was very hot; that anyone should have come to see the group off was a real tribute, but several alumnae and students were there.

Home and finished up my room that now looked more peaceful since my bigger luggage had gone. Lillian came over about 6, and visited. Dinner at 7:30, then some music, and about 9:30 we went down to the boat, through deserted Hongkew and along an almost deserted wharf. The Conte Verde was drawn up alongside the Empress of Japan, both looking quite picturesque with their lights on. I went on board with no ticket, was admitted to my cabin, with no challenge whatever! Eva had the double ticket with her. Surely this was a sign of faith! Lillian and the Morris family left soon, but I waited up till Eva and some of the others should come on the 11 o'clock tender. There was a wonderful moon - but our pleasure in that is mixed, for it is on such nights that bombing thrives. The tender arrived on time, and we went to bed, sleeping fairly well, though the air was fairly hot.

Wednesday. We were under way when I awoke about 7:30, still in the yellow waters of the Yangtze. It was a glorious restful day, with fresh breezes, no duties awaiting me at all. The sea had an occasional whitecap, but they gave way to very calm waters. I visited the library and found an interesting book. Eva had a cold and went to her berth, and when she got up in the afternoon went at letters. I had no such ambitions, and only varied my laziness by a couple of games of deck tennis with two of the students and some people on the boat whom they knew. The meals were good, the table mates an Italian woman from Japan who teaches operatic singing there and was returning for a short holiday to her native country, and a missionary wife from Amoy who on her way back from America was held up in Japan by this war. The Ship is delightfully roomy, and I continually had the feeling that there weren't many people around, though we had a big passenger list. Our girls in "open third" got little sleep the first night but rested during the day and said they felt better. They thought their meals were quite satisfactory.

Thursday. The sea today was like glass, blue as the Mediterranean at times and at others green and clear. I spent the morning at letters, quite surprised at my diligence. There was an invitation to a cocktail party given by the Captain but we did not go. We went to the talkies at 9 - a series of shorts, four Mickey Mouse's and three educational shorts on Ornamental Swimming, in Canada, Canada Sports, and Canadian Locks. I had some more deck tennis. Today quite a change in the temperature, much, much warmer. We thought that air-conditioning would be welcome, and heard tales of two new Empress ships to be built that would be up to date in this respect.

Friday, July 15, 1938. Woke up to the knock of travel service men who wanted to look after our luggage. Some confusion in the corridor as passengers did last minute preparations in getting off. Dressed and breakfasted towards eight in a half empty dining room. We had been in harbor for a couple of hours; from the porthole we had seen the Peak with its massed buildings climbing up the side, and in the harbor the conglomerate craft that is so interesting in Hongkong. The junks are most picturesque of all; they make me want to take their pictures. Just outside our porthole one big junk came to rest but all we could see were the masts. From the dining-room window we could see more boats still.

Quite a fuss about baggage. In a weak moment (to get rid of his importunity) I said we would employ one man. It turned out we should have employed a more intelligent man, preferably the China Travel Service which knows what it is doing. Part of the trouble was that we hardly knew what to do with several varieties of luggage in our cabin; some we wanted with us; other pieces were to be left with the China Travel; other pieces belonged to friends and had to be delivered. When we thought

this was settled we descended to the baggage room and were thrown into mild consternation to find some of our heavy luggage missing; it turned out that it had been taken with the college equipment; some tags of luggage were missing and I had to have one unroped to identify it. But in half an hour we had it arranged, and went for the ferry with Mr. Short who had met Eva and helped with obstreperous coolies who insisted that only they were cheap and reliable. A ten-minute by ferry, with the harbor waters a wonderful green, and the morning hazes breaking over the hills in the distance. Then into a car (with a meter) and whisked up a winding road which made one wonder if the car really could go at that angle. The city reminds me a great deal of Genoa, perched thus on a hill, with every street either ascending or descending, rather tropical vegetation, brick and concrete houses with balconies and semicircular window spaces, and avenues going sharply twisting down to the sea.

We stopped at the Nethersole Hospital to see Miss Ward and find where in the London Mission we were to be a bother. She sent us on up to Miss Shulston's and we found ourselves installed in a roomy house with the glorious view of the harbor spread out before us. Eva and I have a room each, which is very luxurious after the crowded quarters on board ship. Many times today I went through the French doors on to the balcony to gaze below at the changing scene: Kowloon across the bay; hills encircling the horizon; the waters of the bay with the steam tugs, sailing boats, junks, the Empress of Japan at anchor; kites busy, little tiny ones that seem little more than stray bits of colored paper; and nearer at hand, clustering beneath us, the thickly settled buildings of Victoria, with roads at different levels here and there visible; the Union Church quite close by, ringing metallic hours, half-hours and quarter-hours. It is more exhilarating than I can say, and I wish you were here to exult with me. At lunch I was informed a little of the history of this colony. "Hongkong" means "fragrant harbor" and "Kowloon" means "nine dragons" from the surrounding hills. The city this side is really Victoria, but usually Hongkong means both the island and this city. Our hostess brought out a map and showed the extent of the territories leased in 1898. We found that the day had a strange effect on us, that is the weather had, for although we did very little compared with the last days in Shanghai, we were terribly sleepy, so sleepy and limp that we began to wonder if there was something seriously wrong with us. However, it seems that Hongkong affects people like that. Our hostess tells us that no one has a breakdown here, for sleep will have its way even with old-timers.

At lunch we had on the table "wind flowers", white flowers like long-stemmed crocuses. The Chinese call them "wind and rain" flowers and they do appear after wind and rain. At supper we had "mombesia" for table decorations, a brick red graceful flower that lasts in spite of heat and humidity.

That life is all change was particularly true of us today. On the boat this morning came a letter from Dr. Wu, written by Catharine Sutherland in Hankow, July 11. "Dr. Wu wishes me to write you on her behalf to say that it seems best to advise you to come this way. If anything should change her mind within the next few days, she will wire you. Otherwise, you may accept this as final word to come to Hankow." She told us to go on the newly established train direct from Kowloon to Hankow - a distinct improvement on the Kowloon, Canton, Hankow route. She went on: "We are not sure of our tickets here, though it seems more or less possible to get them to Ichang." She also told us that we could be housed without difficulty in Hankow. So that seemed very plain. We thought that at last our problems of route were settled. They were till shortly before noon when another letter arrived from Dr. Wu written by Catharine, dated July 13. "In consultation with Dr. Wu I am writing this in haste to get it in the mail to advise that your group had better not come via Hankow, but take either of the two other routes which seems best. This is because of the great difficulty of getting tickets here, but especially at Ichang, where about 20,000 are reported waiting, and not even government officials can get passage when they want it." That also seemed definite, and meant that when we met the rest of the group at 3 in the afternoon we went ahead with the Wuchow - Kweiyang - Chungking trip, the boat and long bus trip.

There were visas for travelling to the interior (for Eva and me to get), permits from the governors of the three provinces through which we were to travel, a military pass for the group, etc. It seemed that the work done previously to secure buses had been successful, for we thought there were three buses available at Wuchow. We visited the China Travel, considered date of departure for Wuchow and accommodations, sent two wires, one to Dr. Wu about a military pass, and one to the governor of Kwangsi province, and came home feeling one more, "Now it is settled." About 7 o'clock came a telegram from Dr. Wu (July 15) saying something like this: "Urgent. Passages available August first. Come Hankow." That meant sending another telegram to Dr. Wu saying we would come via Hankow, and so we looked at one another and wondered, "Well, when shall we know?" The Hankow route (except for possible bombing on the railway line) seems so much more advisable, that we are glad that this final word of passages secured has been received.

Listened to the night's radio broadcast, and off to bed about 9:30. Hongkong and Kowloon and the bay looked like fairyland with lights.

Saturday, July 16. Woke to a beautiful day, with a new morning view of the harbor. Our first concern was to prevent Hwang Dzün-mei from buying tickets to Wuchow, for as yet she did not know of last night's telegram. We phoned the China Travel and cancelled them and after breakfast went down by bus and talked the whole matter over with Mr. Dunn of the China Travel. The morning went in waiting and considering chiefly: first, should Eva and I make the trip to Canton to get interior visas? If so, when? Now that there is concentration on this bit of the railway line, no one wants to travel to Canton unless it is absolutely necessary. Mr. Dunn strongly advised us to go to Canton - by boat, and back by train. Then we went to the passport office of the Colonial Secretary and he thought that since we had passports in order, we ought to be able to get along if we would get interior visas in Hankow. So we left it there, and now may go on to Hankow on the Monday train.

This afternoon spent in sleeping, tea and then this diary. Now it is a quarter to seven and we are waiting for a taxi.

Sunday Morning, July 17. The gathering of Ginling people last night was most satisfactory. I shall try to enumerate the alumnae who were there: Wang Ging-ting and Hwang Siu-ting of '36; Djung Li-dwan '32; Kuo Ging-tsiu (finished in Shanghai University,) of class of '32; Hsuen Li-tse '34; two two year people; Chen Hsien-ching '32; Li Djo-i '30; Ong Hwei-lan '35; Loh Ai-djen '32; Yang Yu-hwa '34; Yang Li-yung, a two-year girl finishing in '34; five faculty, and about thirteen students either from Shanghai or from Hongkong. After a very good supper, we went to another part of the restaurant and Eva told them about Nanking and its environs, an account to which they listened with real interest. Afterwards the Chengtu-bound group met for a few minutes, and heard the latest pronouncements about our trip. We are all set to go tomorrow if there are reservations available, but we cannot know about them until Monday morning. That should work out alright in either case, for if we are to go, we will have until 4 when the train leaves to lay in a store of food for the trip. We heard of Liu Pei-gin who was calling at True Light yesterday, Hwang Doh-hsing married in Canton, Mrs. Lin in Canton, Li Hwei-lien not in town, Tsen Li-ming gone to teach in Burma, Mrs. Now, recuperating here from her siege of diphtheria, and whom we are to visit this afternoon. Mrs. Hwang, Li-ming's mother, has asked us to tea, and if we cannot get off to Hankow until Thursday we shall go to see her on Tuesday afternoon.

Arrived home, and no telegram waiting us!

This is a misty smoky morning. When I got up there was a blank wall of mist cutting off the view, and only gradually did the boats appear and the city take shape. At breakfast we had a sudden shower that we could hear coming from some distance off. This is a great typhoon (which is in Chinese "big wind") centre, and Miss Shulston

has told us about the various typhoon signals - ten is the climax which means "the storm is upon us, get everything tied fast." Each house has typhoon bars, to fasten across doors. Yesterday, the typhoon bars weren't visible, a sign of lack of caution, and our hostess said she would have to speak to the servant. She told us about the typhoon last September, the most severe on record which lashed the boats fastened to the buoys in a pitiful manner. They have a rhyme which generally holds:

" June, too soon;  
 July, stand by;  
 August, come they must;  
 September, remember;  
 October, all's over."

Sunday Night. We happened to sit right behind Esther Tappert in the Cathedral. She came home to lunch, was full of questions about Nanking and Ginling College, and left in the middle of the afternoon for a trip with Oliver Caldwell who goes home on the Japan.

Ong Hwei-lan and Wang Sing-tsing took Eva, me, Hwang Dzun-mei and Miss Yen out to St. Stephen's to see Mrs. New. The car trip out there was delightful; winding hairpin curving roads, with a fresh view at each turn; far below the clear blue waters of the bay, with the fishing junks looking very small; luxuriant vegetation along the road, pine trees looking very familiar, such flowers out as pink hibiscus, crepe myrtle. We passed Hongkong University, two cemeteries, a large foreign hospital, etc. I was enchanted again with Aberdeen, a fishing village, its bay filled with fishing boats idle - they say the fishing industry has suffered heavily here because of the Japanese firing on junks outside the bay; now boats do not venture far out, and fish has risen in price. Our exclamations came at every turn in the road; the drive was a real inspiration, such a delight after being cooped up in Shanghai all year with sidewalks, roads and traffic and crowds of people as our scenery. Repulse Bay was as lovely as ever, and scores of human heads appeared above the surface of the water near shore. St. Stephen's has a wonderful location, with water visible, with green hills and distant views of mountainous regions. Mrs. New looks like a convalescent, but she talks cheerily. The girls, Peter, and Mrs. Tang's two boys went swimming, but Eva and I stayed and chatted with Mrs. New, and I'm afraid made her tired. She will be at St. Stephen's this fall, likely; she hopes Peter will enjoy being at school there. We had tea and when the swimmers came back, some pie they had brought out with them. About 6:30 we started back home, and came a different way - by Happy Valley.

Monday, July 18. At 9:30 we visited the China Travel, but found that there were no accommodations for today's train, so reserved for Thursday's train. This gave us a feeling of real leisure, but Eva and I decided to do the necessary shopping for Thursday's trip - four days by train, with food such an uncertain quantity that we must provide everything. Hongkong is so much more of a town than Shanghai; its traffic has a leisurely stir, whereas in Shanghai, it is very congested these days. It reminds me of holidays, not that people here don't work, but there is something in the whole atmosphere very different from the workaday atmosphere of Shanghai. Of course the boats in the harbor help this feeling; boats come into Shanghai but we do not see them on the Bund, since they dock in Hongkew. The Saints seem to have their way here in the matter of names for hospitals, schools and the like. The Catholics have strong interests here, Portugese, Italian, French, etc. Then home to lunch, and a lazy afternoon till tea-time. After tea we went on an expedition - took the Peak Tram that goes at starting angles up the side of the Peak, and viewed the country round from the top, then we walked down by a winding path. It was an exhilarating experience, and we had many feasts for our souls at views across the bay to Lan Tao, with fleets of junks out fishing, and as we came home a sunset. We were nearing home when a friend of the others came along and took us for a drive, with still different views of this lovely island.

Tuesday, July 19. There was a new development today when Miss Hwang went to get Thursday's tickets; the train had not arrived from Hankow, and the station master would not sell tickets until the train arrives. It was thought that the trouble was not from bombing, but that likely the train had been commandeered to transport soldiers or supplies. So we are to wait until Wednesday afternoon or Thursday morning to see if tickets are available. One of our group, a stranger travelling with us, was eager to go Monday and had the promise of a ticket, but at the last minute was unable to go, for British Bluejackets took up all the space. So there is nothing to do but wait. Some of the group are doubtful about the wisdom of going to Hankow with the newspaper reports so troublesome.

I spent a lazy morning doing a couple of letters and reading, and had my two-hour nap this afternoon. Certainly the holiday spirit has claimed us here. About four we went to tea at St. Paul's Girls' School with Mrs. Hwang, Li-ming's mother, and her sister Mr. Wu. Afterwards we saw over the school, swimming pool, etc. Dr. Wu, head of the school, I met for the first time. We were glad that Miss Tappert arrived for tea.

Eva and I had dinner with the London Mission group here, and afterwards Eva spoke to them about the Madras Conference, the Chinese delegation, the problems confronting the Christian church in these troubled days in China, what gospel to preach. It was most interesting.

Wednesday, July 20. This morning's papers are distressing: terrible raids over Hankow, with 700 killed as a first estimate, and hundreds of others wounded. There have also been several attacks on railway lines, but no damage recorded. Now, what are we to do, if tickets are available today? We had hoped that such decisions for us were over. It seems very unwise to go to a city that is such a centre of attention from the Japanese planes. We hope that there will be some word from Dr. Wu today. The airmail is discontinued to Hankow, the planes going only to Changsha - I suppose because the airfield in Hankow has such attention paid to it. Therefore only telegrams will be of much use.

Esther Tappert leaves today on a French line, and has been fortunate enough to get her sailing on the "Empress of Japan" out of Shanghai. She has decided against a round-the-world ticket and now has a return on the Empress line. Eva and I shall try to see her on the boat which leaves at noon. Eva has already gone out to speak at Truolight Chapel service this morning and the two of us are to lunch at 1 with Marjorie Mills who is in the American Consulate here. Our temperatures these days are a pleasant surprise, only in the 80's, and where we stay we get all the breezes. Now, at ten o'clock, there is haze and smoke over the bay, with massed stormy looking clouds above. We usually carry umbrellas, for sun or rain which threatens almost every day. There are two or three typhoons in the offing, but they may not come to anything significant for this area. Some who are off on holidays down the coast are watching their developments.

We saw Esther off at noon, and I posted a couple of letters on the boat. It was a little difficult going round the city this morning, for heavy showers of rain came on at intervals, and most people stopped under shelters until the heaviest rains passed. I had difficulty because a new umbrella was found wanting in two ways: the rain came through and the color ran. Then a leisurely lunch. We thought Miss Hwang was to go to the China Travel about tickets, so I waited there to see if I could be of any help. However, she must have gotten her information by phone - that tickets could be gotten Thursday morning - for she did not come. I decided after staying nearly two hours that it was time for me to go home to tea. Eva had left me a pad and pencil, so I filled the time by writing letters. The sun shines wonderfully these days. I enjoy the bus trip home; these winding, up hill and down streets thrill me, for there seems an invitation to explore every branching path. I like the down town district

too, and find it quite easy to find my way around - Queen's Road, De Vooux Road, Ice House Street, Petter Street are the ones we usually need. The coolies here wear bright blue straw hats consisting of a flat brim and a cone set on top, and the peasant women in the streets wear a similar natural colored straw, only more extreme in style. Many more women wear trousers here than in Shanghai. The buses are good, rather small ones, to navigate the twisting streets and sharp turns, but comfortable, and not overcrowded. If a bus is full, the sign on front reads "Bus Full", and there is nothing to do but wait for the next one. The fare is a flat ten cents, which is rather expensive when we do not go long distances.

Since it looks as though we were going tomorrow, Eva and I wrote letters furiously and were proud of the results achieved. We were guests at dinner of Mrs. Hughes and Mr. Sydenham from the hospital in this mission. A letter from Dr. Wu telling us it seemed wise to come to Hankow as soon as we can; Ambassador Johnson so advised since we have tickets up river.

Thursday, July 21. Before joining our group at the China Travel at 10, Eva and I packed food supplies and finished up most of our own work. The news at the China Travel was that still the train had not arrived! It appeared that bombing had held it up. The train was expected during the day, but it seemed unlikely that the train would leave for Hankow until tomorrow. Eva and I shopped for such necessities as a wash basin, long envelopes, etc., and got home towards noon. Word came at noon that the train might arrive at 4, and if so, we could buy tickets tomorrow and go tomorrow! Another unexpected day for us! We had our usual long siesta and then went to tea and a movie. The papers are full of guerilla movements near Shanghai, Hsuechow, Sungkiang, Peiping, and one headline tells of heavy fighting forty miles from Shanghai. We are concerned about the Czech and Manchuria border situations that are big headlines these days. Dr. Y. W. Chen from Shanghai met Eva in the street today; he has just returned from Hankow, and says, "Yes, of course there are air-raids, but that is the way to go; you should not have much trouble." So we are assured from several quarters.

Friday, July 22. Just a week since we arrived here. The nice weather continues, interspersed with sudden and heavy showers. Rain is needed, we are told. The children's tiny kites float high above the houses, and on our lawn there is one that will likely be retrieved by some boy before long. Did I tell you about the spider lilies we have here? They have very long stamens and feathery petals. They are exquisite. Our papers are giving details of the English Royal party in France; the accounts remind us of the glorious processions of the middle ages. Let us hope that the friendship between the two countries is based on real things.

Saturday, July 23. This has been another of those strange days that we specialize in. In the morning the tickets were bought, perishable food such as bread, and fruit obtained, last packing done. It seemed very beforehand, but we were told to be at the station at 1 (three hours before the train was due to go). We took a car from here and went across to Kowloon side on the car ferry, for our original luggage had increased a couple of pieces because of food supplies. We were there at the station just a little after 1 and found our group gathering. The Chinese Customs examination, we were told, would begin at 2. We were a little dismayed to see what a mountain of luggage we had - I had never before seen all of it in one heap. We were told that we might have to open up every piece! But our smiling China Travel man said he thought that would not be necessary. At 2 the Customs Officials did come; the first things we had to do was to move everything inside the barrier; we took charge of the small pieces and the China Travel moved the larger containers. Then there were two consignments of baggage; what had been stored all week in the China Travel, and the hand luggage we had had with us. One Customs man picked out at random three or four articles of the small stuff and had them opened, and another had one box in the other pile opened. After ten or fifteen minutes they chalked it all up, and told us to move it on to the train. Again we acted as coolies for the small stuff and the rest went into the baggage car.

The larger stuff was weighed and we had to settle for the considerable excess baggage.

We found our second class berths, and piled the small stuff inside. Eva hit a snag when she discovered she had to have a license or pass for the radio, and that likely it could not be obtained in Hongkong. So she settled down with her typewriter to do a letter about that, hoping to give it later to Miss Moody who was coming to the train. It was possible, Eva thought, to get the radio taken along by someone she knew proceeding to Hankow next week. The two Miss Moody's appeared, and they and Dr. Sydenham visited with us for half an hour. Two of them departed to get us some ice-cream which was most refreshing. Our train was due to leave at 4, and all the visitors were off, the bell had sounded for our departure, last minute good-byes were said through the screened windows, Dr. Sydenham hurried off to an appointment, thinking we were off, when there went up an astonished and unbelieving cry, "The train isn't going until Monday." At first we refused to believe it. It must be someone with a perverted notion of a joke. Before long, an official came along and said it was true, that bombing had gotten a railway bridge and it meant either waiting here or out in the country somewhere. Then, what to do with all our baggage? Did we have to heave it all out again? Would it have to go through customs again? (Ettie and Alice who saw some of their stuff through Customs after ours had been finished, had not fared so well, for a camera, films, powder, and canned goods had come under the law to the amount of sixty-five dollars mex.) The girls said, "We can't go back to Truelight, for our bedding is all here packed in the baggage car. Can we stay here? The answer came from somewhere, "No, that isn't possible." Our friends on the platform looked most woebegone for our sakes. Then Miss Hwang and Eva went to interview the station master and he said the girls could stay on the train, that they would put on a watchman during the night, but that they could not take full responsibility for things left there. That was all right, so five girls and three faculty decided to stay there. Eva and I put into a bag some necessaries for the week end, telephoned our hostess that we would be back (she was ready to leave for her summer holiday at Dalat, and so we would go back to a house where the servants were in charge), and then started off to be cheered by "A Yank at Oxford". Never before have I been on a train that was ready to go and that still did not go. It gave us a very queer feeling, and we wondered, "Well, shall we ever get off for Hankow?" We got home for dinner to a quiet house.

Sunday, July 24. Before we went down to breakfast Mrs. Hughes was up to visit us and ask us how she could help out in the matter of meals for today. It soon turned out that all our meals were to be at houses in this compound, except tea and breakfast. So we are being royally cared for. After breakfast I went across the bay to the Kowloon station to see our Ginling people there, and I found four there. I sent them up here to have baths. They took along clean clothes and some food for lunch. I waited in the train till others came back from a walk and then I returned, promising these girls they would be relieved in the afternoon and could come up for baths. The bay was lovely; I always like to come across on the ferry, for the junks are most picturesque against the background of the green hills, and the water close at hand is like fluid jade. The first contingent had not found 78 Robinson Road very easily, but when I arrived some of them were already in baths. Everyone finally emerged feeling like different people; the girls who had stayed at Truelight said they had not had such a good bath since coming to Hongkong, for at Truelight there were only basins. They admired our view as much as we do, got hot water to pour over cooked mien, and about 1 we left them to go to our lunch down below. They went back to the train after 2, and after 5 the two girls I had left there in the morning arrived. On their way here they had stopped at a telegraph office, to wire their families they were still in Hongkong. When we went below at 7:15 for dinner, they went back to the train, where they must get back fairly early for there are no lights. After dinner, we went to the Cathedral church and heard Bishop Hall speak on spirituality. Then home and to bed.

Monday, July 25. Not very reassuring news in this morning's paper, for Changsha has

had had bombing raids, and people have been machine-gunned in the streets. The Hankow-Canton railway line was subjected to "routine" bombing, but not much damage reported, save the railway bridge which caused our delay on Saturday. Canton had some bombing, but not much damage caused. These days we have strange thunder showers that start without a minute's warning, and cease as suddenly. This has been dry weather, they say, but almost every day we have these sudden showers, so it isn't safe to issue forth without an umbrella.

It is now 11:10 and Eva has just come back from a trip down town. The China Travel says the train will go, so I suppose we shall have another try at it. When friends say they are coming to see us off, we say, "No, you did your duty nobly on Saturday. Don't come today." So we've ordered another batch of boiled eggs, and on our way to the train shall get more rolls and fruit. I haven't the heart to write any letters saying we're off; those will have to wait until we are on the train. I haven't much to show for this morning; indeed, I'm being most lazy, but cannot seem to see that there's any immediate need for being busy or useful. The holiday spirit has captured me fully, and these days of uncertainty do not make us more vigorous. Let us hope that our plans work out this time without any serious difficulties.

Yes, we did get off. We almost held our breaths at the station, but everyone there seemed quite cheerful and sure the train would start. We had scarcely anyone to see us off, except Hwang Mei-djen (who had considered making the trip with us, but has decided to attend Lingnan in the fall) and Miss Ma, niece of the one time mayor of Nanking. There was great rejoicing as we started off, on time, too. Quite quickly we were in the region of frequent tunnels, and tunnel No. 3 covered us all with soot, and we crept through it at such a snail's pace that we all were choking before it finished; Ettie came through and advised everyone to put water on our handkerchiefs; there was only hot tea but that was satisfactory. Soon we were out in the country, and I breathed a great sigh of relaxation to see once more the lovely countryside which has such infinite moods and appearances. In the New Territories it is exceedingly mountainous, with the valleys sown to rice, and the hillside terraced here and there a little distance, but generally left waste. The vegetation included rice at varying stages: some places the first crop was being cut or harvested; in other places, the second paddy fields were being sown, or water wheels being worked to flood the fields preparatory to transplanting the young plants. The pines were refreshing, though rather a small variety: clumps of bamboo on the hills; accacias, pineapples. The women working in the fields wore straw hats with a black frill fastened to the brim edge about eight inches long. The reddish soil startled us - took me back to my memories of the Devonshire hills. There were occasional concrete formal grave spaces on the sides of hills, and elsewhere single grave stones, quite different from what we see in Nanking and in that region, for the tablets were very clearly outlined, but the actual coffin had the appearance of being covered in the earth, though the growth of grass undoubtedly helped give this impression. A letter was brought along for Eva from the Railway company from the Manager saying that two people in the Ministry of Communications had wired about us; he hoped we would have a good trip; he gave us leave to use the First Class Dining-car.

5 p.M. Country levelling out, but beautiful hills in the distance. In the nearer distance rows of trees that remind us of England, though the trees are much slighter and shorter, and then in the foreground the irregular criss-crossing rice fields. A sedan chair going along the good motor-road; flocks of ducks in farmyards. Just now a very colorful picture: bright emerald green of the rice patches which will soon be transplanted; flooded fields ready for the rice transplanting; ripe rice; mountains; blue sky; at times the reddish rocks stick out; stock of rice, looking queer in comparison with Canadian wheat stocks. The thought came to our minds at one place, when only flooded fields met our eyes; "What if a warning came now?" We had a picture of ourselves floundering in those flooded fields! Of course there are tiny dry paths separating the fields, but in our inexperience we wondered whether there would be time

to consider them.

We have American sailors on our train going to Hankow, and American flags displayed on the first and last coaches.

5:20 - A village with five bandit towers made of grey concrete. These are rectangular towers about 20-30 feet high with small loopholes for shooting at invaders. I have seen similar towers in Shantung, but never so many in one village.

We have passed over a railway bridge just being repaired; several workmen were still on the bridge, we could see some of the damage to one edge of the bridge when we leaned out of the windows. Many of the stations are damaged from bombs, some quite badly. The night has come on dark as pitch which made us thankful, for nearing Canton we were glad of darkness. After the first hour out of Hongkong, we came into Chinese territory, the province of Kwantung. On the train, we had supper at different times, some feeling hungry earlier than others. The Science people wanted to come third, so that left 17 in our party in second class - which we had taken since there were no reservations Third - that meant four compartments, and Miss Yen went with strangers in a fifth because she was leaving in the middle of the trip. The berths were very comfortable covered with straw matting, and provided with a pillow and a bath-towel sort of sheet. There was a fan to each compartment which we later found had a temperament all its own: when we stood still for hours at a time, then the fan stood just as still. The lights were a variable quantity, also refusing to be enthusiastic when we went slowly or stood still. There was a theory that since the length of our journey was such an unknown period of time, these electric resources were husbanded; at first I thought these might be remedied, but they obeyed a rule all their own. We had brought into the compartments all the small luggage since that was free of computation in the amount of baggage. Our own stores of food also complicated our space; we had been told to take everything, since on some trips no food was available for the diner. When we went there for cold drinks, we saw food being served, both Chinese and foreign, but it was not appetizing in appearance.

I think our end of the train car gave the three porters quite a lot of trouble, for there was from us an almost constant demand for water - water for washing, water for bath, water to drink (always boiling) water for dishes. Our compartments needed sweeping out after meals, and so they were kept busy. In our compartment were Eva and I and two students, one Miss Lee Li-chün, an incoming Freshman, and a girl from Mary Farnham travelling along with us.

We arrived at the station on the outskirts of Canton about 9:10 that evening, and we stayed in the dark station for a long while. All along our trip there was no calling out of stations, and it was difficult to get information. Rumors had a good chance to grow. To bed about 10, and the fan soon gave up the struggle making the upper berths hot. I woke up several times in the night; at one place, the peddlers of food were raucous as they called their wares; it seemed to me they ought to be in bed, not spoiling the peace of the night!

Tuesday, July 26. Woke about 7 after a fairly restful night. Lots of soot had come in with the surprisingly refreshing air. The air cleared and the sun came out. The country was rolling, and in the distance a range of mountains freshly green with white clouds hovering on the peaks - really inspiring scenery. This was pasture country with here and there a herd of cattle feeding. Here a small thatched house and a tall tree beside it - what joy that tree must give! Tunnels and still more tunnels! When the air grows suddenly dark, there is an instant cessation of activity, of talk, eating, or reading, and everyone covers one's face to protect from the coal gas fumes, soot and furnace hot air. Quite good breakfast Eva and I had: Fresh fruit, oranges and bananas, rolls, butter, hard boiled egg, marmalade and George Washington coffee.

All attended morning Prayers in Compartment 2 - always the tidiest - at which

Eva led, her subject being God's care for the individual. We made quite a picture, both lower berths filled, and heads appearing from the edge of the upper berths.

About 11:10 reached Ping Shih, at the border of Kwangtung. There was half an hour wait, we were told, so got out, and had such a view of an unusual rock formation, the climax of such black rocks we had seen here and there for the past hour. Just opposite the station was a huge cliff of perpendicular rock about 150 feet high, rising sheer upwards. It would have been an interesting study for a geographer.

All morning we had followed the course of a stream that was very lovely. The water in places was clear green; we saw boats being towed upstream. As hills opened out we had wonderful scenery that reminded Eva and me of the hours our bus followed a similar mountain stream on our way to Hwang Shan in the spring of 1937.

At one station we saw about 15 men repairing a piece of track. It is quite wonderful how this line is kept up in spite of almost daily attacks. Here we saw a shell hole about 20 feet from the train, two train cars reduced to skeletons, one corner of a brick building destroyed, a train shed with only the iron framework left. At the stations such food as pears, small green apples, rice, meat, were for sale, and at one place the girls bought hard boiled eggs, six for ten cents. At one station there were melons for sale, too.

Noon- the province of Hunan - getting into a region of taller pines, and still the brilliant rosy soil. One guard house was a fiery rust red, but most of the thatched houses were merely a brighter brown than ordinary clay. Some fields were beautiful with green crops and the red soil showing through between the rows. In general a more substantial type of building here - brick houses and tile roofs, but giving a different impression than similar houses in the north. The gables curve upward more sharply than in Nanking. Here is a horseshoe shaped town following the contours of the valley, with one bandit tower; from the train, it seems that all the buildings are fastened together; perhaps that is true, for it would be an advantage if bandits came. A palm tree! Bright day with blue sky and big bundles of white clouds. We wonder if there is an air-raid for us today in this clear weather. Here the rice is well grown, three feet high, headed out, and luxuriant. It is good farming country. Here is a red road through green fields!

A contest was announced in the group for travel songs in English and Chinese, the prize to be awarded in Hankow if entrees are of required excellence; the prize is to be cold drinks or ice-cream according to the capacity of the prize-winner.

This is a hot afternoon - just 100 degrees in our compartments which get the afternoon sun, for we are travelling almost due north. The two girls slept in ours but Eva and I sat up and read. About four, we started two rubbers of bridge, and so we forgot the heat. After that with time out for supper, most of us spent hours at the windows of the corridor sitting on typewriters or suitcases watching the unfolding of the interesting scenery and keeping as cool as we could. The fans were on, but the air hot. There was a good deal of merriment about choosing houses for various people, for Alice, Miss Yen, Hwang Dzun-mei, and Ettie. Some thought Miss Yen should have one of the towers that capped a hill - at some places as many as eight could be seen at one time, on all the prominent hills. These towers were circular brick towers, grey in color. About 9 we got off for fresh air at Laiyang, but it was about as hot as on the train. Just before this, as we sat at the corridor windows, we saw a line of motor-cars, a startling sight when we so seldom catch sight of anything resembling a motor-road. We counted, 2, 3, and later as many as 8. They finally came abreast of the train, covered trucks travelling faster than the train. At one place they had to halt until we had gone by. The sky is full of stars. Reached Hanyang at about 10 and stayed there until 12:30. The trip is full of stops which to us are generally incomprehensible. Tonight there stopped opposite us a train of soldiers - one of the many

evidences that we are at war.

Wednesday, July 27th. Day seems strange without any newspaper. People were up and around early, for Miss Yen expected to reach Changsha at 5:30 and she is getting off to visit her home folks. We were delayed and reached there at 9:30. We have seen several examples of camouflage: water-towers painted green, brown and yellow; soldiers straw hats in irregular sectors of the same colors; at one place a truck of soldiers standing up, with green trees held up in their midst. We were slow in our compartment and got cleared up after breakfast about twenty to ten - Wen Tung-gun led in prayers this morning - we are following a faculty, student order. We settled down to read afterwards when one attendant said, "First warning"! We all looked up startled, hardly knowing what to do. Then the word came along through our section of the train, "Wait for the second warning!" - and how word travels in such a circumstance. There was no train signal, but the porters passed along the word from car to car. So Eva and I prepared for a possible excursion into the fields. We got hats and umbrellas ready - it was a very hot bright day - put into a light bag a tin of grapefruit, some oranges, two tins of tomato juice, a can opener and a thermos of hot water, and a book. We changed into stout shoes. Just about that time came "the second warning!" We grabbed our supplies. Ettie had been asleep; one of the girls grabbed her black travelling dress - she happened to be wearing a foreign dress - and took it for her - for the girls were afraid any bright dresses would be inadvisable. We got off, hardly knowing what the procedure ought to be. Already ahead of us a line of passengers had formed, angling across the fields on the narrow footpaths that edge the fields of rice now three feet high and out in head. Just what direction to go, what path to choose to the west, how far to go, no one seemed to know. One of the girls rescued me when one foot slipped over the edge of the narrow path, and pulled me straight again. At that point bean plants bordered the path, and there was a narrow clear margin. There was no sign of aeroplanes overhead as we hurried through the fields, and there was speculation about when and where the planes were. Already the engine had separated from the train and moved on some distance. When one looked around there were 3-4 main processions of people, some with umbrellas, many with small bags. Our athletic prowess came into use when we had to skirt the side of a mudhole by hanging onto roots and trying to get a precarious hold for our feet on the edge of the hole; if we slipped it only meant getting our feet wet and muddy, and most people managed the thing. Our group of half a dozen crossed a stone bridge under which the water ran clear, and we went a little farther on rising ground under tall bamboo and other trees. There we decided to stop our pilgrimage. We seemed to have gone farther than anyone else, and we congratulated ourselves that we would get all the breeze there was. And we had a fine view of the smiling country, and the train on the track. Still no planes, and no one knowing how long we were likely to have to wait, or how we would know when to return. Eva found a fine seat on twisted roots of a tree and took out her book. The rest of us were not so industrious and concentrated on finding the coolest spot. Ettie arrived and took some pictures. About 12:15 we opened up our bag and had drinks, then went to the bridge and bathed our feet in the clear water that surprised us with its warmth. The wind for the time seemed to have deserted us. About 12:45 "someone" said the planes were ahead and there was no danger to this part of the track, and that we would likely be able to return to the train about 1:30. The girls had taken the thermos to the farmhouse nearby, and they called to us that they had found a cool place. (I forgot to tell you that when we arrived at this little oasis, we were in a few minutes surrounded by the inevitable crowd of onlookers, people who lived in the farmhouse a few feet away, over the hill; the spokesman was a man who for 30 years had lived in Shanghai as a wine-seller on Chengtu road, and the girls liked talking to him.) So we went to the house too, were given bamboo seats in the first room, very clean and tidy. One girl spread her coat on a bamboo bed and lay down for a sleep. We discovered afterwards that this girl - not a Ginling College student - had had the misfortune in the morning to shake her shoes out of the window of the moving train and had shaken out fifty dollars she had hidden there - no wonder she felt solemn about it, and naturally didn't want to

talk about it; she wired to the station master at the previous station offering ten dollars reward if the money were found. We got hot water to drink, and were offered cold water to wash. There wasn't much air anywhere. Ettie went on a tour of inspection and found that four families occupied this largish house, and that there was a very clean kitchen.

About 1:30 came an unmistakable call from the train, so we hurried back, and in about 7 minutes had reached the track. The train's whistling became more and more insistent and after we had arrived, the attendant went along our car asking if everyone was back. So we took deep breaths and settled down. When lunch was mentioned about 2, I had no interest in it, but when I started at a bowl of the delicious hot "mien" which was part of Mrs. New's gift, I found I was very hungry. The afternoon was not so hot, just 90 degrees in our compartment. We tried different tactics with our screened windows and curtains and were fairly comfortable. A comparative hush as everyone rested. We had some more bridge about 4. Not at it long when distressing news came about a wait at this point of twelve hours because of damage to line ahead, damage done by the morning raid. So we left our bridge and climbed down; found ourselves in a hot place with a steep out to one side, and the sun to the west. We sat down on a pile of telegraph poles with our fans. Some adventurous passengers went bathing somewhere. The girls brought out typewriter cases and suitcases and we had some bridge. Others went to the diner for cold drinks. We were all at once told we were going to move along a little farther to a place where the stop would be. At six we reached Yochow (Yoyang) and stopped. This was where the damage had been done: platform broken up, one corner of the station in ruins, many bags of wheat under a tarpaulin on the platform scorched, and the street beyond the station in ruins and still smoking, with spurts of flame here and there - fifty killed and wounded - one entire family of six were killed for they had stayed in spite of warnings in their home near the station. Eva told us about a foreign girl in another car; she was a bride being brought to visit her Chinese husband's family in Yochow, and they were on their way west. What a time to arrive, in heat and this destruction!

Many rumors about the future plans of the train, we would stop just 40 minutes; no, we would be here until 11; we would be here until 6 A.M. etc.; we were stopped here because of engine trouble; we were waiting until telegraph communications should be once more established; we were waiting for track ahead to be repaired. In our compartments we had only faint night lights and no fans - our berths were like ovens. Some of the girls took their food outside and picnicked on the platform; Eva and I played hide-and seek with our food with the aid of the flashlight, for when we ate about 7:30 we had no lights on. We washed up dishes and tidied for the night. Outside people propounded a series of riddles. Water was getting scarce; our thermos flasks seemed continually empty, for in this hot weather we drink a great deal. Last night Ettie brought along some ice from a friend; we would have given a good deal for ice to-night, but the train's supply had given out. About 9:30 we got enough cold water for basin baths. About 10 most people went to bed, but it required what Eva calls triumph of mind over matter to keep people there. I stayed until 12:30 then found it too hot; Miss Hu had spread her matting in the corridor, and she was wide awake, so the two of us went outside, and did what we could to sleep on the pile of telephone poles already occupied by a few people. The sky was lit up every few seconds with vivid sheet lightning, and later thunder rumbled through the air. About 1:30 a fresh breeze sprang up and we got really cooled off. A few drops of rain. About 2:15 we went in and found our berths delightfully cool.

Thursday, July 28. A little after five considerable excitement in our car woke us from sound sleep. The skies were overcast, the ground wet, but someone passing through the train said, "If the planes should come now, where could we escape to?" made some think there was a warning. We were urged to get up, so we quickly dressed, and packed some food. Then we found that it was a false alarm, so went outside, and found practically no one else moving. About 6 Eva and I fortified ourselves with breakfast, of which

the high point was George Washington coffee. We went for a walk outside afterwards and by 7 were settled down to read and write in our compartment. Soon it began to pour and we were very glad, for in rain there is no possibility of being visited by the Japanese aeroplanes. About 9 we saw workmen coming from the front of our train armed with picks and shovels, which lent some support to the damaged track rumor. Hwang Dzün-mei led worship this morning, and then we sat around and sang songs for half an hour, keeping in mind suitable tunes for the song contest. Many slept during the morning; it was much cooler so the fans were not missed so much. We went strolling along the station platform - too hot to be more active - read, slept until noon. About this time we heard that Hankow had been bombed and also Hsine Ling, half way between Yochow and Wuchang, so we were being held up until the all-clear signals came to us to proceed. The trains move forward only when telegraphic instructions come through to do so; in this way the train officials are free of decisions. At 4 came the word that we were ready to go on, and as we leaned out of the windows we could see the damage quite near Yochow that undoubtedly had been part of the cause of our delay: a direct hit had been scored on the track which lay crumpled and twisted to one side; we merely crept over the rather uneven new track which had been hastily laid. Eva from her window could see the shell hole.

4 P.M. Word that we are just four hours from Hankow! We can scarcely believe it. Our spirits jumped to positive optimism. At this point I asked each member of our party what at this time was her dominant impression of the trip. I shall here give you their answers:

Shao Si-hwei(an incoming Junior): How poor the people of China are!

Ettie Chin(Physical Education faculty member): (a) What a beautiful country China really is! (b) The perseverance of the Chinese people and their outlook in the face of disaster is exceptional, for instance, at Yochow, a few hours after bombing, the people seemed as unafraid as ever. (c) The similarity of forests, rivers and mountains in China to those in America; I feel I have been in similar country before.

Lu Min-djang(incoming Junior): How many faithful people are working for China.

Pan Ren-tsiu(incoming Junior): Patriotic consciousness is awakened.

Alice Chang (English Department faculty member): The beautiful countryside of China; how much wealthier Central China is than the north.

Hwang Dzün-mei (Chemistry department): The people here are optimistic for the future of China; for instance, at Djuchow they are building houses.

Lung Sien-wen(just finished one semester Freshman): I have been impressed by the typical houses in the interior.

Eva Spicer: Heat and beauty, not to mention a little tension about bombing.

Miss Tsao(not a Ginling girl): The long black tunnels.

Miss Kuo(not a Ginling girl): China is very beautiful.

Ging I-ying(incoming senior): The hot weather and how difficult it is to get water.

Wei Djen-dze(incoming senior): The good earth of China makes me love China more than I ever did before. This is the first time I have ever really travelled in China. I am surprised at the richness of the country, and this makes me have hope.

Wen Tung-gun(incoming senior): The inspiration I got when I saw the high stone cliff at Ping Shih.

Miss Li(incoming freshman): Didn't give her impression, and I forgot to ask her later.

For myself(Florence Kirk): I suppose my chief thought was, "What a wonderful piece of luck that I am here to see these lovely provinces of China? They strengthened my consciousness of the greatness of China's resources, both human and material.

We had thought we might reach Hankow about 9, but there was a wait of two hours at a station until another train should pass us. By this time, I think none of us minded such a wait, for our trip was practically over and we were arriving in the night time. We packed up, and went to bed about ten, or at least some of us did. It was after 1 A.M. when we came to the first Wuchang station, and there was Miss Sutherland to meet us. (She had waited four hours for us!) In the few minutes that the train was there she told us the plans for our stay in Hankow, and left a cook with us to help. She wanted to come across with us, but we said there was no good reason for that, and she was persuaded to go home to bed.

Friday, July 29. We went on to the second Wuchang station and the train stopped. The entire platform was filled with sleeping soldiers to within four or five feet of the edge of the train. We felt sorry to wake them up with all the fuss about baggage. From a dark train we piled the luggage out of the window, stationing some outside to take it from us. When it was all out, it stretched for quite a distance, and there were no coolies! However, one coolie did come, a man with one arm, who did manfully, and after a few minutes he was joined by two others, and later by two or three others. We knew we would have difficulty in settling with them, for which one had carried which suitcase was impossible to keep track of. The girls carried the lighter articles, and we stationed some at the ferry entrance to check up the number of pieces carried. How we would be sure of getting every piece was a problem, so we tried to send one girl with each consignment of luggage to see it reached the right place. Finally the part of the platform was cleared where our luggage had been, and we left the soldiers to go back to sleep.

It was almost dark where the luggage was piled for the ferry - giving an impression of unreality to all our actions. We had the men take the luggage on the waiting ferry, and all of us followed. We travelled Third, and were not asked for any ferry passage! Hwang Dzün-mei had quite a time settling up with the coolies; she wanted to give one man a lump sum and let him see that it was properly divided, but no one would undertake to do as she asked. Finally a ferry man waked from sleep on the deck and his cot surrounded by shouting coolies, intervened and told them to take the money offered, or none at all, and at once quiet was restored. Each person identified her own luggage and everything was there! This meant only the smaller luggage - the bigger stuff was left at the station and would have to be dealt with later.

A different set of coolies took the baggage off the ferry and were paid off and went back on the returning ferry. Then how to I Hsui? Eva went along to the school, and Dzün-mei struck a bargain with some other coolies there. By this time it was about 3 A.M. and many of the girls were very sleepy. As we waited for coolies to take the luggage off, we found that this ferry boat was the Pukow ferry boat! And that this last set of coolies were Nanking men, refugees here! They were jovial and eager to oblige. At last the stuff was taken away and four of us started walking to the school (the rest had gone with other consignments of luggage). It was strange to be walking the quiet streets of Hankow at 3:45 in the morning. We met the luggage richshaws returning, but we had decided to walk. We arrived about 4, got cold drinks in the dining room, were shown to our sleeping quarters by Eva, took our luggage to our rooms, and settled down for the morning, awaking anywhere from 10 o'clock to noon, but still very sleepy.

Hankow, Hupeh, Sunday, July 31. Here we are settled in Miss Moody's house in the London Mission Compound. Eva, Ettie and I have just finished having foreign breakfast, prepared by Miss Moody's cook, and the girls haven't returned from their breakfast. The girls live on the second floor of this house which was Chinese faculty quarters now vacated, and we five faculty live downstairs (the sixth member, Miss Yen, left us at Changsha, to visit her family - we have had word from her since our arrival here, and she got to Changsha to find her home had been seriously damaged by bombs, and her sister ill from shock!) Eva and I eat foreign food all the time, and

Ettie joins us for breakfasts. The girls have been considering various places for their food, and seem to have come to some sort of decision (the difficulty is that the school here is closed on this compound, and no food can be secured here); they have arranged to go to St. Paul's School for lunch and supper (paying the exorbitant rate of 25 cents a day!), and they may try getting their breakfasts here, or get the cook at St. Paul's to bring in specified food for their breakfasts there. This morning their plans for food at St. Paul's didn't work out through some misunderstanding, so the girls went out to a restaurant for their food. When we first arrived, there was still some of Mrs. New's gift left of delicious "mien", so their breakfasts were arranged here.

When shall we get off to Chungking? When we came, the boat was said to be delayed until August 7 or 8; yesterday word came that it is delayed until the 16th. The boat is held up because of some repairs that need to be done, and workmen cannot up to date be found. So we are preparing to settle down here for a couple of weeks. We laugh when we consider our wager with Ruth Chester, that we should get to Chungking in as short a time as she took to get to Maine. Here we are at Hankow at the time specified to reach Chungking! So when she returns to China we are to treat her.

We have been to church this morning, to the Union Church, where Wenona Wilkinson from Hofei, our friend of Tsingtao last year, played the organ; she lives at the Lutheran Home, and is busy in the supply department of the International Red Cross. We have had a short visit with Anna Moffet who goes soon to Shanghai to go on with her mission work there; she does not know who can take up her Red Cross work here. This afternoon we go to visit Miss Sutherland at Wuchang, and have a picnic supper, and perhaps go boating - if no air-raids come. So far, we have been very fortunate for since we came there has been only one warning which very few people heard. All the weather has been in our favor, for it has been only in the 80's and there has been a breeze. How we have all slept!

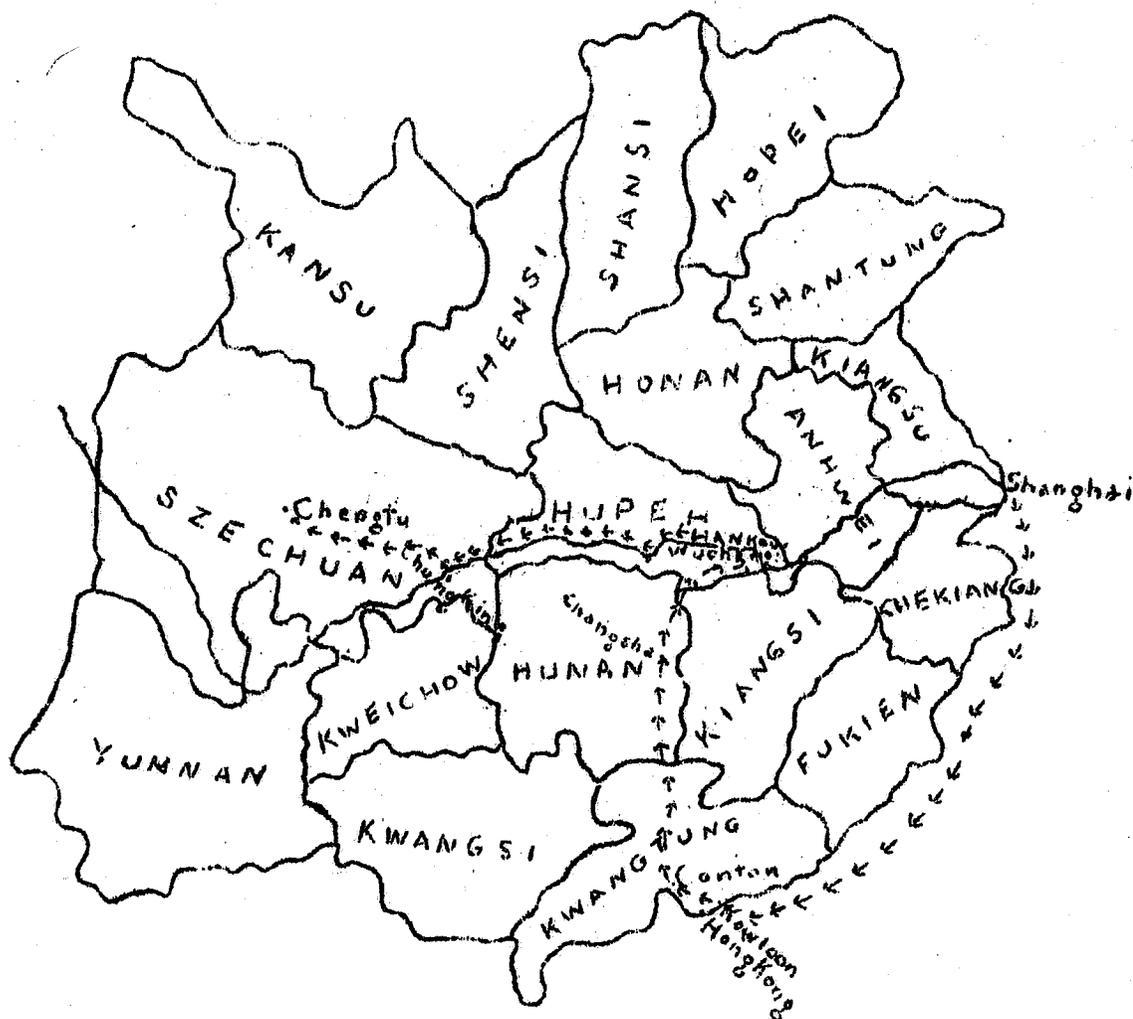
Hankow does not fit into my consciousness as a city so far. As we went to church this morning, for whole blocks we did not see a single Chinese woman, and the occasional one we did see was of the coolie class. All the population seems to consist of men: workmen, educated class, and soldiers everywhere, mostly unarmed in the streets. I suppose large forces are being concentrated here ready for the great attack which is expected in a few months, but not in any immediate future. The soldiers look young and anything but warlike, almost as if they didn't know what it was all about. There are very secure looking barbed wire entanglements at the edge of the French Concession, the supporting poles fastened into the concrete of the pavement - not the movable frames we got accustomed to in Shanghai. It is nasty stuff, and makes traffic by rickshaw or car, or for pedestrians, a precarious affair. Large wooden gates mark off the different sections of the city. The foreigners are hard at work on a Safety Zone scheme, and are considering what must be done before the siege is on them. There is a sense of great leisureliness in this part of the city, and outwardly one is not conscious of tension. Prices of Chinese foods, we are told, rise at the end of each month. Sunkist oranges which in Hongkong were about 13-15 cents mex. each are 50 cents here.

3:30 P. M. It poured rain, so our trip to see Miss Sutherland at Wuchang has been postponed. We wrote letters or read all afternoon, and after supper had evening prayers. We brought from the dining room the baby organ which was not exactly a success. We think that tomorrow night we shall try having it upstairs with the piano for music.

Monday, August 1. About 10 this morning Miss Yen appeared with Lo Hwei-ling (Physical Education - bound for Chengtu with us, a graduate of '37). Miss Yen's family after waiting for three months to get away, finally got off for Kwangsi the day before she left.

At 4 we went across on the ferry to Wuchang to visit Miss Sutherland; 10 minutes walk to the ferry; 25 minutes on the ferry; 20 minutes by rickshaw. She is living alone in Miss Ginger's house. We took rickshaws out to St. Hilda's and had such a nice hour looking over that very pretty campus. Wen Tung-gun of our group is a graduate of this school and speaks so happily of her years there, and especially of how much the Chapel meant to her and to the others. It is a real advantage to have a chapel that is used for nothing else. We need that at Ginling. Then we walked back by Hua Chung, had a view of Wuhan on its hilltop, sat down on the grass in the Hua Chung campus, and returned to Catharine's where the cook had prepared a delicious supper for a very hungry 16 people. By this time it was nearing 8 o'clock. Then by rickshaw to the ferry, and home. In Wuchang we saw some of the bad damage wrecked by the bombs, and the piles of bricks at St. Hilda's reminiscent of their bombs at the front of the campus.

GINLING TREK - August 1938



Total mileage - 2500 to 2600 miles.

Shanghai to Hongkong - Empress  
of Japan.  
Kowloon to Hankow - By train  
Hankow to Chungking - By River  
Boat  
Chungking to Chengtu - By Bus.

## GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

Excerpts from letter of Eva D. Spicer, written  
in Hankow, August 3, 1938.

I think very soon I shall take a vow of poverty and become a Franciscan - with only the clothes I stand up in, it would be just wonderful not to have any luggage, that is the great nightmare when travelling, not bombs nor anything like that.

I feel quite at home here, as we are installed in the London Mission where I lived part time last fall. There was an air raid this morning, but not many wounded, and it was not - from where I was - a very noisy air raid. It was mainly concentrated on the air field, and of course it is not known what damage has been done there.

I am afraid it has been a long time since I wrote any general letter, I think the last one just after I got back from Nanking. The end of term was one function after another. Minnie Vautrin was fortunately able to come down from Nanking in time for all the end of term festivities. We started the final festivities with a Senior Class Day program, which was held on Friday afternoon out at McTeiryre, it was quite simple, but quite effective, and was largely modelled on Smith College Step singing etc. In the evening the Seniors invited the faculty to dinner.

On Saturday morning there were the Commencement exercises - which were held jointly by the Seven Christian Universities and Colleges now operating in Shanghai. It was held in the Grand Theatre, which had been lent for the purpose, and music was provided by the band of the Fourth Marines (American). The faculty and graduating classes of all the institutions processed in. Some people had felt it was rather asking for trouble to have such a large ceremony of purely Chinese colleges - but in spite of the fact that the platform was decorated with the Chinese National flag, and the American flag, as well as the banners of the seven colleges, and that the Chinese National Anthem was played at the beginning, and followed by a patriotic hymn, to the tune of "God Save the King", all passed off peacefully.

After the Commencement was over, we had the Faculty-Senior banquet at the Foreign Y.M.C.A. which was just next door - the room was just large enough for us all, we could hardly have got in another one I think, but you get a greater sense of fellowship when you are a good many in a small room. The subject round which the speeches centered was "Roads", which seemed appropriate to the occasion, as we were all feeling very much on the go, and Liu En-lan made a good toastmistress. That afternoon the Seniors gave a farewell tea to the Sophomores, which I attended.

On Sunday there was a Ginling Alumnae meeting, at which quite a large number turned up, and where Minnie spoke, and showed pictures that Mr. Magee had taken - just the ones of Ginling, not any of the atrocities. It was a good meeting, and Minnie spoke well.

The rest of the time in Shanghai, which was just over a fortnight, was taken up with the continued arrangements over the journey. The day before we were due to get on board - that was July 12th - there was a whole day of conference of the delegates to Madras, so I had to keep that free. It was quite interesting, though I think we rather tried to cover too much ground, and the interest rather lagged in the afternoon, as it was a pretty hot day. We got onto the invariable subject of work in occupied areas - and whether or not Christian schools could really square it with their conscience to have their principals denouncing the Central Government, and upholding the new regime, when one knew their heart was not behind it. It seemed as

though it would be impossible to build up integrity of character under those circumstances, and that it was really a moral not a political issue. I doubt if many Chinese principals in this part of the country would be willing to do it, but in the north things are different, and apparently many of the principals are doing it, for the sake of keeping their schools open, and giving their students the chance of an education, which if they closed down they might not be able to get. It is all a very difficult question, but obviously the Church is in real danger of falling back on the preaching of an other worldly gospel in order to avoid the issues of the present situation. It is extraordinarily difficult to know what is the right thing to do, you don't want to be purely political, and certainly don't want to preach in a kind of ecclesiastical vacuum, which seems something of a danger. I saw a report of a mission of leading Japanese Christians that had been sent over to Peiping to take a look over things, and possibly to start some Christian work from Japan in China. It doesn't seem as though it would be a very good time at which to begin such work, but even the best of the Japanese don't seem to have much idea of how the Chinese feel about it all, and I don't think they can quite rid themselves of the idea that they really do have a perfect right to be in North China.

The Empress of Japan - on which we were going to Hongkong, left early on Wednesday morning, but we had to get on board the night before. I felt quite sad that my time in Shanghai was over, I had settled into a sort of pleasant little routine there, and I enjoyed staying at the hospital with Elsie and Gladys, but the journey had been looming over us for so long, that in a way I was just as glad to get started on it, and the thought of the two days on the boats, when we couldn't possibly make any plans or change of plans was very blissful. Florence and I had tried to get third class bookings, but we couldn't, so we travelled in luxury in Tourist or second class. The Chinese faculty and students were travelling open third, but they were apparently allowed the run of the ship pretty well, and didn't fare so badly, though their cabin - they were all together in one large one - was pretty hot, especially the first night before the ship started.

We are very well off for a place to stay here in Hankow; the faculty are sleeping downstairs in Miss Moody's flat, and the students are upstairs in the flat that has been in use for the women teachers at I Hsun. We have all got beds! There is running water, and it is relatively safe in this part of the city - the houses and the walls are all decorated with the Union Jack - for whatever that is worth, at times it seems as though the British flag was more of a target than a protection.

We began getting busy about our bookings on Friday, and went to see Mr. Hollington Tong - through whom Dr. Wu had got them - on Friday, and he took us round to Butterfield and Swire on Saturday - the places seem all right, three reservations and thirty deck passages - the only trouble is that the boat is laid up for repairs, and owing to shortage of labour they are proceeding very slowly. They originally said the boat would go about August 8th, now they say August 16th, and I don't think there is any guarantee that it will actually go then. However there is nothing to be done about it, I don't think there are any through passages to be had except on Government boats, and we are much better off waiting here than in Ichang, which is crowded to overflowing. All the people that I have talked to seem to think that Hankow is safe for at least another six weeks, and many would put it over two months or more. I am sure that B. & S. will do their best to get the boat repaired, and in the meanwhile I think the only thing for us to do is to wait patiently. There are lots of letters etc. one can write, and I think we shall be able to get some work for the students to do at the Red Cross godown.

June 19 + Aug 24, 1938

GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

Letter from Dr. Cora D. Reeves, Department of Biology  
Written in Szechuan Province, China, Summer of 1938.

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June 19, 1938 - It's interesting that a Yenchiang man who was on the boat with me coming up from Hankow last July and with whom I visited is now the conductor of the party of students who are out at work, doing "patriotic service" in Wenkiang about 40 li from Chengtu. They are living in a school some 40 or 50 of them from West China Union University,, University of Nanking, and Ginling College. They have five divisions in their program:- Propaganda, Agriculture, Health with clinic and doctor, Recreation, Religion.

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Dr. Reeves enclosed a letter written by a Ginling Student who was a part of the project referred to above. The letter is dated August 24, 1938. It illustrates the patriotic zeal of young China and the provincialism of old China in this western region.

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One week has elapsed since I came back from Wenchiang. We arrived there on the 16th of July. We stayed four weeks and two days. The heavy rains made us stay the two extra days. We came back on foot as we went. Treading in the mud and shallow water was really very interesting.

Now let me tell you how we got on in Wenchiang. In the morning we got up at 5:30 as the bell rung; after washing etc. we had the flag raising ceremony, then morning drill followed. We had morning prayer after this. Breakfast was served at 7:10. At 8:00 A.M. all of us started out for work, either in the city, or outside of it. We had four places to work, one five lee away, one eight lee away, one nine lee away, and one is perhaps 15 lee. I joined the Anti-Japanese Aggression Propaganda group. The work of our group was to present patriotic plays, to teach country folks to sing patriotic songs, to give speeches either formally or informally. Sometimes we talked with illustrations, with pictures, cartoons, telling what Japanese have done to us. We pasted many slogans and had very simple wall newspapers. Dr. Reeves, the work was quite hard to do: (1) the difficulty of Szechuan dialect; (2) our too refined literary terms which were too hard for country people to understand; (3) their (the country people) low intelligence and illiteracy; (4) their obstinate conception of us city people, especially university students, especially girl students. None of our members (9 in all) can talk Szechuan dialect well. Though the majority of our audience were convinced by us, but still we really felt very disappointed and discouraged.

Dr. Reeves, the second thing I am going to tell you is that not a single hydra was found. Tomorrow I will be going out again looking for some hydra. If I can still find none, what shall I do?

The mass military training will start on the 1st of September.

GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

Excerpts from the Diary of Catharine Sutherland  
Written in Wuchang, China

July 11, 1938 - Djang Ren-dji, a music student whom I mentioned came to live here, and she and Ren-tse had great fun fixing up their camp cots on the porch, as they like to sleep there, and Wu Suen-i turned up in the afternoon from Changsha. She is going to Chengtu as soon as possible to join the new sociology project there. She and Tsu Yu-dji have both been asked to join the New Life Movement, sponsored by the government, but I am glad she is staying with Ginling. She seems to have caught a vision of the need for slow constructive development, aiding with the more immediate propaganda work that the government is now doing.

Ren-tse and I went over to the Y.W., or next door, where Gen'l. Chiang dji-chiang has been staying, and I had a little chat with him, in my poor Chinese, which is sadly inadequate for intelligent conversation. He is very alert, and thinks much of music study, though he himself never had a chance to study it, but he pointed out the fact that in the early days of China, music was revered as among the first of the arts and studies. He was preaching at a church nearby, so we went along. I was prepared for a long sermon, as we had heard him in Nanking; it lasted about an hour and twenty minutes, and one and a half with the closing prayer included. It was a church where they speak "in tongues", or pray aloud as if in that way, and at the end they did so for about three or four minutes, in a very loud tone of voice, and then subsided as quickly as they had begun. I was impressed with their earnestness, and the little lady next to me prayed with great sincerity, I thought. Gen'l. Chiang kept getting hotter and hotter as he preached and finally a woman gave a large palm leaf fan to a little girl and asked her to go up and fan him. She seemed quite surprised, but smoothed down her dress to be sure she looked alright and went up, fanning with great vigor till I almost wanted to ask her to stop for fear her arm would be lame. The lady evidently felt so too, and sent another girl to replace her, and then another. There were a few smiles at first, the audience being mostly students; I couldn't help thinking what would have been the reaction in the average Sunday School at home, for it really was that more than an adult audience. The Chinese surely do outdo us in grace and "li".

Our pleasant little family of four breakfasted rather late, and then started on our various duties, I to practice a little and look over music, such as is left, most of it having been sent by mail. It is good summer weather today, but even so a nice breeze. Almost all the girls have procured dresses of a black, almost oilcloth appearance for traveling, as they can wash it out easily and it doesn't need to be ironed, and is also very cool. I'm thinking of getting the same, or else one of kahki, like the soldiers, thick enough so it wouldn't need anything underneath and would be like a camping outfit, more or less.

July 15, 1938 - Monday, the 11th, I spent in Hankow, writing letters and doing odd jobs for Dr. Wu, who herself had to attend her meetings most of the day. She had asked Wu Suen-i, Dr. James Yen and me to have lunch with her at the Lutheran Missionary Home, and just before lunch the siren blew, the first air raid in over a month. We went right on with the lunch and heard some distant bombing, which I hoped was the air field, for it means at least less human life taken. It wasn't till late that afternoon that I learned that it had been at Wuchang, the worst that they have had. Some Hofei friends in Hankow were worried about refugee friends of theirs staying with the Christian Missionary Alliance, so I went there first, and saw the Hupeh Provincial Hospital, just next door, which had been almost ruined. Many had been killed, some had been unearthed still alive,

and they kept working at the debris for many hours. One fine young man who had worked in the medicine room was working hard over the wounded, and he came to Mrs. Eckvald, of the C.M.A. and me and beseeched us to write to America to tell them what we had seen. We told him we had often done so, but he was all worked up, and kept insisting that after what we had seen today we would surely write more emphatically.

Many of the wounded had been brought to the London Mission across the street from Miss Ginger's and four died that night. Such a pathetic little girl was following a coffin out just as I came back. I think it had all happened so quickly that she had hardly taken it in; and then when she started away beside the coffin the realization came to her and she was weeping most bitterly.

St. Hilda's School had two bombs, which made two huge holes on the campus, but fortunately no one was killed. It was the first time I had seen a hole made by a bomb, strange to say. In Nanking, after the bombing started, we went out very little, and what there has been here has been rather faraway, except for one occasion. Most of the holes we saw recently were about ten feet square and maybe as deep or deeper. We found Miss Goslin, the American lady who is now at St. Hilda's, counting broken window panes and getting plaster swept up from the walls of their house which was pretty badly hit by the shock. It seems that the windows which are open are seldom broken. Quite a section of their fence was down, and while we were there a group of passing soldiers came in onto the campus. They have orders nowadays not to make themselves obnoxious, and I was interested to see in what a gentlemanly way they took it when Miss G. asked them to leave. They said they were tired after a long march and only wanted to rest. But they left very quickly. The place already being full of refugees, it seems best not to let them in very much.

An Ren-tse and I walked home through the fields and one little village that been pretty badly struck. Miss G. said that a contractor who had worked for them had left his home just before the raid, but his whole family, wife two daughters and one or two others had been instantly killed.

We met a long file of soldiers on the march, and the number of youngsters is pathetic. One little boy, all smiles, was so little that we asked how old he was, and the man behind said "ten". I am quite sure he was the father, for he was carrying the child's gun for him along with his own, one over each shoulder. Such is the nice informality of the Chinese army. And maybe the father and son were both happier to be together. On the whole they were all well clad and had nice appointments, blanket kit, etc. They are fortunate in being accustomed to straw shoes, so in this weather the shoe problem is simple.

I got mixed, though it doesn't matter - the raid was on Tuesday, 12th. An Ren-tse and Djang Ren-dji and the cook and his wife were here alone, and they were pretty "nervy", I guess. So the next morning I suggested that my three girls leave for Hankow, where room has been kept for them in St. Lois' School. Although no spot may be much safer than another these days, it is true that Hankow in the more or less foreign sections, and especially in the French Concession thinks of itself as somewhat secure, so that everybody who can moves there to an extent. The girls didn't want to leave me, and yet I think they realized it might make it harder if I felt a responsibility for them.

I could go to Hankow myself, but a kind of inertia keeps me here, for the peace and quiet of this house is very restful as compared with the city aspect of Hankow, and then the kind of appealing way in which the people here ask you whether you are going to leave is enough to make one glad to stay while one can. I feel sorry enough to be leaving for Chengtu when I think of their helplessness to go - so many of them. We have nice little trench parties - the cook and his wife with a perfectly fascinating fat baby who keeps everybody's attention on him and refuses

to be quiet even when milk is offered, for he's much too fat and well fed. Yesterday a young theological student who is a refugee was in our trench, telling about the preaching he and some of the refugee students had been doing, and who with quite a group of soldiers had become interested in Christianity.

One who had been coming to their early prayer service said he was often tempted by the other soldiers to gamble, but he refused. They rated him for being tight with his money, so he said he would make a contribution if they wished. So he throws in his share when they gamble but won't play himself. I think I have mentioned it often, but I can't help saying again what it means to have the change of morale among the soldiers. One meets them on the road feeling that they are one with the best spirit in China, and that delightful courtesy and hospitality and expanding to take them all unto each other. Of course, you still have plenty of good healthy street fights and quarrels and stealing, but the whole good spirit just kind of makes your heart ache because there is a something real and vital about it.

Well, yesterday two raids, but nothing to Wuchang. Today one while I was in Hankow, but we heard nothing. The paper reports most terrific raids in Canton, which make Hankow's seem nothing by comparison. They are following a definite consistent policy of raiding the place they expect to attack, and that is all that can be said about it.

A very nice letter came from Harriet Meyer, whose husband is now consul in Kuming, a great change from Peiping, but though they felt as if they were being removed way inland, the world has moved to them this year, and even the embassy may be going there soon, since the foreign office may move there. Harriet says the city is quaint and beautiful and intellectually and otherwise asleep, largely due to the great indulgence in opium among the official class, unto two and three generations. She was quite stirred up about the narcotic evil as the close contact with it has made her more aware of its evil, and she feels we must do everything to prevent its spread in other parts of China, as the J seem bent on doing.

July 21, 1938 - On Tuesday we had rather a bad bombing when 27 planes divided in three groups and paid a visit to each of the three cities. A hit came right on the edge of Hua Chung campus and another two just outside Dr. Taylor's house (he is now in Kweiling, we hope), killing 18 people who had tried to hide beneath a tree or in a pool of water. It sometimes seems as if the J make for the American and other flags rather than trying to avoid them; but they always seem to have a plausible objective, if questioned. There was much sad destruction in the west end of Hankow, and they think about 1000 in all were killed. Yesterday, the day after, I went to Hankow and found the streets just lined with fearful people who were taking refuge in the concession hoping to find it more safe. Two days ago, John Foster, a young English teacher of Hua Chung stepped in. He went off to Kuling when vacation started to get a rest and study Chinese. Then when he heard things were getting thick here, he got a ricksha for three days, traveling toward Hankow. Then he "hitch-hiked" on an army truck for four more days till he got here. The first evening of the army truck travel he was kindly entertained in the quarters of the leading man and had a long conversation. Mr. Foster is a great admirer of the 8th Route Army (the Communist army now joined with Gen'l. Chiang) having visited them in the north last winter. He felt that the treatment of the common people by the soldiers was much less admirable here than that which he had seen in the north, so proceeded to tell this young officer (as he thought) how he felt about it. At the end the "young officer" handed him his card, showing him to be the Commander of the 3rd Route Army. But he showed nothing but good will and sent him on his way the next day.

In the evening I went to the Hua Chung Campus to visit Mother Ursula, of the Episcopal Mission, who has moved there with her little troupe of cripples and otherwise helpless people, who had no other place to go. She had also taken in the blind school, not a large group, from another mission, and has as well the eleven babies which Dr. Taylor had tried to foster, before he began to move the University, or help to do so. The babies have a nurse who works steadily with them. They are such cunning things, and, as Mother Ursula said, they are the only ones who crave an air raid, for when one comes, each baby is carried downstairs to a safer place. One of Mother Ursula's children each takes a baby to hold, and it is a splendid distraction during a raid.

Yesterday I went again to Hankow to continue packing Miss Liu's geography books. We got off 77 packages. I had thought that quite a few till I heard from Eva Spicer in Shanghai that they had mailed 300 from there - books which they had got mostly on their visit to Nanking.

Dr. Wu was busy as usual with more committees, consulting a N.Y. Times newspaper reporter, and having lunch with "the Madame". The Madame seems so fond of her, and she always comes back refreshed from such a visit. She will fly back to Chengtu in about two days.

July 27, 1938 - Miss Cox and An Ren-tse came in this evening, Miss Cox having returned back from Kuling a few days ago. She said that they went in sedan chairs down the other side of the mountain from Kuling for 12 hours - a very pretty trip to a place just below, where they spent the night with a Catholic priest, who kindly took them in. Unfortunately he had mosquitoes, too, and they had no nets, as they didn't use them at Kuling. In the morning they started out and walked several li to the place where the track had been out and found that a train had arrived from Nanchang to continue the work of underlining, which they have done daily, so that Miss C thinks they may have torn it up all the way to Nanchang. Each day they would take up a certain amount of track, pile it onto the train and start back. They gave no assurance of when they would leave, but about 12:30 a whistle blew and somebody said the train was starting. There was nothing like a passenger coach, but only iron freight cars, with doors in the middle, which they entered, along with many refugees, all nicely tagged with their names and the place they were headed for, and got a free (but rather sizzling) ride to Nanchang. The Methodist Mission took them in there for the night, and the next day they got the bus for Changsha, which was comparatively an easy ride, except for crowding of people and baggage.

August 2, 1938 - We are having a most welcome lull in air raids, which began last week just as the Paris Conference convened, and it would be hopeful if the two could be put together. Having become realistic in thinking of the J., have conjectured that it may be one of two reasons - we have heard that a much stronger Chinese force has recently come here; or it may be that, having taken Kiukiang, which is only a half hour from here by air, they don't want reciprocal visits from the Chinese planes which would no doubt happen, if they continue steadily bombing here. And they may have their hands full with Nanchang, which is being rapidly evacuated, we hear, and is suffering from raids.

With the "air" quieter, even though we know that the J are gradually making for this point, the whole atmosphere is easier, though people keep moving away more and more, which is wise. There is a group of refugees living on our compound who belong to an "oriental mission", located near Shanghai (they also have work in other centers. Several of them are students in their theological seminary and they are quite musical, singing hymns a large part of the time. This week they have received news of money sent to help them get on their way up to Szechuan, and what with that and the quiet from air raids their hymns have gone up <sup>in</sup> increased vigor and frequency, so that the air has been vibrating with them.

Some good letters from the family and friends at home have just come, after what seemed like quite a long interim, though it may not have been more than two weeks. My future address will be Ginling College, Chengtu, Szechuan, and I'm not sure what the mails will be like, if the J should cut the Hankow Canton R.R. Perhaps mail sent by way of Europe might get there more quickly.

August 6, 1938 - We looked over our little boat, and aside from the cabins which it insists that foreigners take (an old regulation in order to get more money, maybe), our accommodations are "camping out style" and no mistakes. We have 30 "deck passages", and it is a deck passage, merely the aisle around the boat connecting the second class cabins. But we are most grateful for the chance to get on, and will no doubt have lots of fun before we finish. The baggage problem is difficult, and about half of what we have will have to go on another boat, to arrive - who can say when? But what is baggage, says a young freshman, who ran for her life out of Hefei, and has nothing except a small suitcase to bother with.

I have just read that the many orphans who are staying here, hoping to be sent elsewhere have organized "pedestrian corps", about 50 in each, which will start walking to other destinations, because boats are too scarce.

We also heard from Mr. Shepherd the other day that after going with Mme. Chiang to inspect some of the factories where young girls are working, who has been making a definite move to get them transported (30,000 are supposed to be here). Of course the mill owners don't see that they can move, so the gov't. is helping to get a lot of their machinery moved by train up toward the border of Kansu, and presumably the girl workers will follow.

The trouble over the Soviet-Japanese border makes everybody perk up and wonder what next. Even the desire to stay the hands of the J here doesn't make me hope for such a tangle to get started.

August 10, 1938 - Query: "When will the millenium come in?"

Answer: "When there are no more customs, nor more freight, and no more "baggages"!"

Such is the human inclination to grovel in what is just in front of one. You would have been interested in a gathering of the Ginling students and teachers who are now in this vicinity at which we went over at great and carefully articulated length all that we had gathered to date about our forthcoming trip to Szechuan, and the rules and regulations about baggage. Supply and demand is over the controlling factor, and because so many people have tried to move "house and lot", so to speak, the boat companies have had to come down hard on the amount one could carry, as well as coming up "high" on the prices! Because we are traveling on quite a small boat, we have been told that we can take only so much baggage, and the rest will have to go on another boat. That means not only the problem of deciding how to separate one's luggage, but the doubt, in many of the Chinese minds, as to whether they will ever see again the part that they do not carry right with them - for they have had so little experience with checking baggage, and realize, as anyone does in these days, the possibility of long delays and of complete loss of things which are not right under one's eye.

As for customs - well, I'm a free trader now if I never before was! I suppose, the govts. of the different provinces take in nice big piles over their interprovince duties, but it surely tries the patience of the middle men and the folks who are taxed.

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But I must quit seeing just the "sky above my well". Our girls have gotten themselves busy in helping with some Red Cross work, sorting and filing things in the godown. They say it is very interesting, for several large consignments are coming in, from the Lord Mayor's fund in London, a big one from Sweden, etc. Not only medicines, but all sorts of knitted things, baby garments, etc. came in. Also nice old linen sheets, etc. to be used as bandages. Miss Wilkinson said that she had found one old sheet dated 185-, and thought it ought to be raffled off. The girls are also sewing garments, etc. in the Union Church, largely English, certain mornings. They say they like that especially because about 11:00 o'clock they get "elevenses" (tea and wafers). Not long ago a nice Scotch lady said, "I wish I weren't under the tyranny of tea!"

One of my interests in getting started is in arranging to take a little boy 7 or 8, the nephew of Phoebe Ho, one of Ginling's alumnae who has been asked to join the staff in social work next year.

August 20, 1938 - Now I must just add a line to this "intermittent" diary - for we are off! We actually left Hankow yesterday morning, almost on schedule, being slightly delayed while the British shipping agents went around the boat examining tickets and chasing several "stowaways" off the boat. I believe that two were stowed away in boxes. The cabin boys cooperate in this, because it often means a large squeeze for them, so especially at this time, it is difficult to control. We do surely feel for those who are left behind, while we are at the same time glad to be off after so long a wait.

And we have perhaps met more luck than we are entitled to, for having only 4 cabin passages, which are piled high and wide with baggage belonging to every member of our party, the girls who had deck passages found that the deck, merely a passage around the ship, was already piled full with baggage belonging to second class people. A friend or two spoke a good word for us before we left, and we spoke to the other cabin passengers, only 4 besides us, who were very kind; with the results that all of our party of 34 have so far been enjoying the pleasure of staying on the top deck, nicely laid out with deck chairs, etc. sleeping there in cots and on the floor, and going below only for their two meals a day. They slept well last night, and were cooler than we in the cabins, and were up by 5:30, so that by the time the deck was to be washed all their bedding rolls were nicely packed up and the deck looked as neat as when we started. Meanwhile the cabins are used all of the 24 hours for napping, for everybody seems in need of an extra amount of sleep. There is much jollity and fun over it all, and this was the "daily news" distributed early this morning:

Please don't occupy every chair, please don't brush your teeth and hair,  
Out on the open deck!

Please be very clean and neat, don't leaver scraps of things to eat,  
Out on the open deck!

Please use calm and gentle tones, Banish loud or crying moans,  
Out on the open deck!

If you have a stomach ache, Dr. Sung a cure will make,  
Out on the open deck;

Please, each charming Ginling daughter, don't fall into the river water,  
Down from the open deck.

If these rules we all endeavor hard to keep, and be right clever  
Not to stir the Captain's liver, Chances are that he will never  
Frown, but let us live forever, Out on the open deck!

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We are riding peacefully on a very wide and flooded river, which at present is much like some of the "flats" of the Mississippi, and of course the same continual yellow muddiness. And often low hills beyond. The sudden calm and quiet of this journey as compared with the rather disturbed atmosphere of Wuhan is hard to realize, and at first is almost hard to adjust to, but is all too welcome to our comfort-seeking souls. Those from Shanghai had been on the way exactly five weeks when they left yesterday, and will likely travel at least two more.

The week before we left had several rather bad airraids in Wuhan, so that there has been another big exodus out of Wuchang, leaving the city quite empty, they say, though it probably means many hundreds remain. But the more recent word that certain parts of the city which were at first marked out for safety zones are being fortified as places for defense makes everyone feel less certain about safety. What seemed like a miracle happened in the compound of the Episcopal Mission where Mother Ursula and her sisters live. She and Father Wood and several others had been standing near the stairway in their home when the bombs began to drop. They stepped into a small closet under the stairs, and in a second several bombs in the compound brought the house literally falling down about them, but left them intact under the stairs, which was the strongest part of the house. They are the ones who have been caring for their little crippled folk and babies, and now they have all moved to Hankow, which is safer. The Hankow foreign concessions (former ones) which have so far not been attacked, are just seething with people. They swarm in from everywhere early in the morning, sitting on the sidewalks, rows deep all day, waiting till nightfall, when they go home. Two days ago our milk didn't come, and we found that the m.m.'s 7 cows had been taken while he was left standing with a slight scratch.

August 25, 1938 - This is our 7th day out on the river trip from Hankow to Chungking. As we neared Ichang, the first large port, three days away, the hills began to come into view, and there was some beautiful scenery all about Ichang, which itself lay in a valley on the north side of the river.

We decided to leave the boat in relays, in order to protect our space and baggage, so I went with a group in the afternoon, making the Scottish Presbyterian mission our destination, since one of our graduates, Liu Tze-djeng, is the principal, and Miss Moore, a worker of 40 years, had sent several girls to Ginling. Miss Liu was out when we arrived, so we found Miss Moore, who was most cordial and insisted on us three foreigners staying to supper, while several of the Chinese members had supper with another of our graduates who was teaching there. We found the compound noisy with the shouts of several hundred young war orphans, who had been stationed there temporarily, along with their guardians, one to every ten children. There was a nice big open space where they were playing, and later eating their supper, and while we were there, one group returned from a walk. They seemed to be well looked after, and along with several thousand more, were making their way further into Szechuan within a few days. They belong to the project sponsored by Madame Chiang and the govt. to save these children out of the war areas. We have heard that in some cases they are not content and run away, but in one case the ones who had run away had hopped a train to the north to their former home, and they returned within a few days with several more children, wanting them to share the same advantages they themselves were having. I admire very much the patience and spirit of the guardians, usually students or young teachers, many of them also out of the war areas, and receiving a mere pittance assalary.

Ichang is said to have received over two million refugees during the past year, most of whom have passed on into Szechuan. They are the "cream of China's civilian society", many govt. officials, scholars and students, and all sorts of business people and petty craftsmen, all of whom would have had at least a small amount of money in order to allow them to come as far as Ichang. Although I believe it is true that many very poor ones also arrived, for the govt. has given free passage on trains to all refugees. Many of them have come in a state of need, and the mission people, as well as others have been busy supplying them with bedding, garments, etc. I left some of the money which some of you have sent for relief toward helping out this continual need. They say that this next winter will be even harder, likely, as those who come will be even more destitute.

I was interested in this old mission compound, for it seemed so much more like the typical compound I had expected to see before I came to China - it was laid out in sort of scattered fashion, houses of every architecture, all rather spreading and comfortable looking, but a little more leisurely and careless in atmosphere, more tropical, one might say, even to the palm trees, than one often finds in eastern and central China. Everyone in the compound seemed absorbed in her work, and it is fortunate that such fine out-going people can be there at this critical time.

We left early the next morning, and very shortly got into the famous part of the river, where it narrows into the gorges. The hills got higher and reached to sharp peaks, often cut slantwise in a jagged fashion, but green covered and not very jagged for the most part. The earth is brown and the rock mostly a dull gray, except for occasional places where there is a reddish tinge, sometimes tan and sometimes almost purple, but nothing of the brilliance of the grand canyon. On the whole the scenery resembled that of the Canadian Rockies, as one passes through on the train more than any other I have seen. There are three main gorges, of great beauty, about 20 miles each in length (average), where the precipices and crags are steep and high, and the water more stirred and rapid. Our little boat (no very large boats can run here) works so hard and the engine often chugs so that it seems as if we must be scraping the rocks beneath. This has often happened, and sometimes a boat does stick, and some have gone down, but now the water is so high that it is less likely to happen, the greatest care is necessary to find the channel. A Chinese pilot, who knows the river bed by heart (he never has a chart) is hired regularly by the boat company, and the British officers would not attempt to steer without him. The one on our boat is 61 years old, and he says he has been on the job for 50 years. (Likely it is true as he no doubt started out as a boy with his father). They say that it is important not to get into the course of the stream, as it would be so swift that we would make no progress. So we keep zigzagging along, back and forth, sometimes almost hitting the bank, in an effort to find the lazy part of the stream, as well as a place free from rocks. I presume the trip is a prettier one when the water is lower, for we miss much of the rocky formation that makes the rapids. The pictures we saw before coming made us think that the river was even narrower than it is through these gorges, and often in looking back one gets an impression of great shadowy height, and the river narrowing to a small strip between the rocks. Our boat has a nice top deck from which we can see about us in every direction. I slept there one night, our cabin having gotten quite hot, with only the stars above - and a rather hard floor underneath, I will admit, but, as Ellen Terry said, "to really live, one must sleep at least once out in the open, with only the heavens to cover one." The deck was pretty well covered with Chinese men, who weren't supposed to be there any more than I, I presume, but we have a most kindly bunch of officers who close their eyes to a lot.

August 26, 1938 - Yesterday afternoon we came to Wanhsien, a city set on a hill, just at the water's edge, with most charming outline of houses and roofs, with bluffs and hills in tiers beyond. I went off in a little junk with some of the girls to

have a closer view, and we were particularly impressed with the swarms of people at the dock. We landed at a broad stone staircase, about 150 feet wide, filled with people of every description going up and down, as well as with those who were sitting at various levels in nice bamboo "deck chairs", which they likely paid a few cents to occupy. Except for the rickshas and electric lights and numbers of modern shops, the city is no doubt what it has been for hundreds of years. Again and again in these old cities one sees "opera settings" of a typical sort, picturesque sloping roofs, houses with irregular corners darting out at unexpected places, and always the "rabble", the "chorus" present, parading the streets in the same jaunty preoccupied fashion of the stage chorus, pedlars of every description, travelers, beggars, and plenty of individuals from which to choose the hero and heroine.

As we progress, the country seems more and more interesting. The hills have been covered with green, but mostly shrubs and few trees, but lately more of the latter. Every scrap of available land where there isn't rock is planted with corn, nearer Wuchang it seemed to be gaoliang, or Indian corn, later regular sweet corn. The small plots of it are dotted on the sides of the hills, sometimes clear over the top. None of it looks very healthy. Lovely little trickling streams flow into the river at rather short intervals. No doubt they are rushing streams in the early spring. The water is forever yellow, but at times much more reddish. At one town where it was especially red, the sunburned skins of the boatmen, and the boats themselves were about one color with the river. Everyone, even we, are as free from "restrictive coverings" as possible.

August 30, 1938 - And now Chungking. We came in on Saturday evening, the 27th. In Chungking you took 90% of your time getting places, and the other 10% telling how you had got there. Dr. Wu had made careful preparation for us, and thought that everything had been arranged for two bus loads to go to Chengtu almost immediately after our arrival. But sad to say, it now seems to be a matter of shortage of gasoline, so that within the last two weeks the buses have become irregular in their movements. We find that they have also been gradually getting less and less efficient, because of so many accidents on the road, and shortage of new parts with which to send them, so that the number of available buses is increasingly less. China simply isn't "mechanized" yet to the point of being able to handle herself in a modern way, as regards transportation. As one of our young teachers who recently arrived at Chengtu wrote back, "When you start on the bus journey, be sure that the chauffeur has with him plenty of tools for use in repairs and an extra tire!"

Well we are pulling strings and wires at present, and it looks as if the company who had promised us the buses (rather a promise to Dr. Wu) would try to make good by offering the private car of the owner, which may make several trips, taking 8 students each time - the trip being two days to Chengtu. We also have promise of 4 seats on the regular bus line which does run when it can, a seat with Mr. Harmon, of the salt gabelle, two or three seats with Mr. Brace, a govt. engineer (both of whom are staying here in this Canadian mission, and nobly offered help when they heard of our need), and the possible use of the Canadian mission truck, if we can secure gasoline from the govt. We can also go by boat, 5 days to Kiating (Loshan), and then two or three days by ricksha or chair, or possibly bus. So we have plenty of variety ahead. Florence will no doubt go with Mr. Harmon, as they go via a station where her cousin, Miss Sparling, is in mission work. Most of the missionaries about here seem to be Canadian, and Florence's coming has been heralded far and wide. It is good for her to see a few of her own people, as she was the only Canadian in Nanking, I believe.

We can only make comments of newcomers, and some of the viewpoints we hear expressed are also those of the more recent arrivals, so we can't be too sure of the what of things, but there is a something in the air or the atmosphere that makes

all of us "down river" folk feel that the least chance to return there would be snatched at. I believe the weather literally has a great deal to do with one's reaction, for there is a sultriness, and more or less constant grayness and mist, apparently, except in the summer, when there are frequent sunshiny days. The heat is felt more keenly because of the moisture, and from what we hear there is practically never a crisp tang in the air, such as we so often get in Nanking in the fall and winter days. A business man at our table said that he would never think of putting in the same number of working hours here that he does in Shanghai. However a peppy little Canadian missionary just dropped in, whose spirit doesn't seem to have waned any after a stay of several years. And the general physique of the coolies and laborers and people one passes on the streets seems better than those we saw in Wanhsien. It may be partly due to the influx from the lower Yangtze, or to the more prosperous condition of the city. The city is overcrowded with people - Eva thinks there are more here than in Shanghai, so that going out is not much of a pleasure, unless one gives oneself up to being jostled, and decides to enjoy local color.

We have been to attend a Ginling tea given by the alumnae who are here - Ho Wu-hsia (who has been untiring in trying to get bus accommodations for us), Djang Tsung-ying (local Y.W. secy, who has taken in many wayfarers. She said their hostel holds normally about 26, but now has 60). Because of some delay in notes, there were not a large number present - about 27 - but it was a pleasure to see those who were there, and we had a most friendly gathering.

In the evening several of us had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Yeh in a new Chinese restaurant. One of the best parts of the feast - all very tasty and nice - was bottled orange juice, a Szechuan product, not the kind that is mixed with a chemical, but really natural juice. Oranges are one of the redeeming features in this province, and many people seem to can their juice for use out of season. Mr. Yeh is still in the military academy, which soon moves to Chengtu, so he will be near Mrs. Yeh (Music Department) who joins us at Chengtu.

The lack of news here is also trying, especially to one like Eva, who is politically minded, and is especially concerned, as we all are, over the European situation. There is a radio here from which we get Hongkong and Manilla reports, and they are pretty clear at times, with bad static at others.

August 2-Aug 31, 1938

GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

GINLING'S MIGRATION TO WEST CHINA

HANKOW TO CHUNGKING

August, 1938

By Florence Kirk

Hankow, August 16, 1938 - Enclosed find another installment of the diary which will give you the piecemeal happenings of these days in Hankow. Actually we are going to be here three weeks. If we had known that on our arrival, we would have been greatly perturbed, but the delays have come gradually and it would be a shame to fuss about it, when so many thousands will have to wait here and go through all the uncertainties of the coming months. It takes great courage to be undisturbed when every day takes away more and more people from this zone. It is becoming more and more difficult to get passage on train or boat.

We are eager for news from the rest of the world - Shanghai, America, Chengtu. We are hoping for mail at Chengtu.

Chungking, August 31, 1938 - The tragedy of the CNAC plane! We have just discovered that the Mrs. Sidney Yang - or Young - is one of our G.C. girls... Sha Ben Yung, who after two years at Ginling went to PUMC for nurse's training; she and her husband had just returned from their honeymoon in Singapore. This has made the mail problem very uncertain. The whole air service from here to Hongkong is disrupted, and I suppose any air-mail service to the coast must now go by Kunning.

You will see from this rambling diary that we are all well, and happy, and again waiting! At each stage of the journey we thought, "Well, when this is over, we shall be all right." But each stage accomplished has just meant few problems of how to proceed. People here are most kind, and I am finding out more about Canadian news from people whom I know or who know people I know than any time previous in China.

We hear often from Dr. Wu. Apparently the military training for girls is going ahead, but is postponed several times. Yesterday, Ettie Chin and her brother took five of our girls (15 were to go, but it rained) out to see the Central University and the University of Chungking. Dr. Wu was eager for our girls to see how some students lived; so that Ginling girls would be prepared for the discomfort of temporary conditions in Chengtu.

And still the war goes on! Just now we are worried over European conditions which are to come to a crisis this week. We are so grateful for the radio in this house; we listen in eagerly for London or Hongkong news. This lack of a daily paper is exasperating, and will require all our patience working full time not to resent it. The radio is a godsend when one is so far inland.

The sun hesitates to show itself... gray skies with the sun behind managing to make a glaring effect which brings out our dark glasses.

DIARY OF FLORENCE KIRK - "THE TRIP TO CHENGTU" INSTALLMENT II

Tuesday, August 2. This morning five of us went to the Red Cross Godown to help work. We were set at different work there: checking up on a big order from the Canadian Mission Hospital Agency in Chungking, packing the last box, lettering addresses on various finished boxes, etc. It felt good to be busy and helping these very busy people. There was a fan, so we were quite comfortable.

Wednesday, August 3. We sent two working groups this morning - one to the Red Cross godown, and a larger group to the Union Church parish hall where we sewed, turned down hems, tore bandages. We had a mid-morning lunch of hot tea and fresh cookies. The news had come about the Customs Cruiser being sunk and the deaths of Mr. Crawley and two of the crew, machine gunned as they fled from the bombed boat. That group of workers was quite international: a German baroness, several French ladies, one married to an Englishman, an Australian, several Chinese, American, Canadian.

We went to the Lutheran Mission Home tonight for dinner with Miss Wilkinson and Miss Teagarten. Other guests were Hilda Anderson and Miss Coxon. Hilda leaves on Sunday on a French boat.

I forgot to mention that this morning as we sewed we had the first airraid since our arrival. If I had been alone I would not likely have known that anything was happening, for the first warning was very faint; we trooped out to the porch of the Parish Hall to listen and only faintly could we distinguish it; here in Hankow they have sirens in various quarters, so we must have been some distance from a siren. No one seemed to take much notice of the first warning, except that many people stood with eyes on the sky trying to discover how many planes there were and to whom they belonged. Before long we saw two groups of nine planes each, lovely silver machines floating through the clear air at a high altitude. They were Japanese, we were told. Afterwards five came along. From where we were there were no Chinese planes visible, though from other places in the city more than fifty took to the air. Some bombs were dropped - we could hear some anti-aircraft fire - but not a great deal of damage was done, and I think there were few casualties among civilians. How many planes suffered in the fight, no two reports agree upon. One report was that fourteen Japanese and three Chinese. We didn't distinguish any second warning, but all at once the streets cleared miraculously, it seemed, and there was a strange silence over everything. I suppose the all clear signal went about three quarters of an hour after the first warning. Here in Hankow, there is no question of disappearing into dugouts, for the water level is so high. Therefore, when signals go, all one can do is to get under cover, preferably in some hallway or room where there isn't much glass.

Thursday, August 4. Catharine Sutherland was over for lunch today. In the morning she and Eve Spicer went to Butterfield and Swire's about our boat. The office still gives out the 16th as sailing date, but workmen busy at the boat said we might go by the tenth. They asked about freight, and found there was no freight space available - though the pianos are going by previous arrangement. They went to see the boat and found it a dumpy little boat, with very little space for the "deck passengers". In our cabins we can take as much luggage as we can squeeze in and "deck" passengers can take two pieces of baggage with them. This means that we shall have a good deal that will have to go by a later boat "at a nominal charge." Some day soon we shall have to repack a little, now that we know we may be separated from our luggage for a while. On deck no bedding is provided, so the girls will either equip themselves with camp cots or put their bedding on the deck. Eva's and my camp cots are available for two. We hear that the mosquitoes beyond Ichang are

like dragon flies and that they get bigger and better the further we go west.

Eva, Catharine and I went to tea at "Bishop's House", that is, the house where Bishop Roots lived. We were guests of Miss Dexter, but others there casually or because they stay in the house were: Mr. Rees, Mr. Shepherd, Miss Smedley (she and Dr. Roots left almost at once for a Press Conference) Mr. Foster, Mr. Runnolds, and Anna Moffett. There was good conversation over the tea-cups about the future, and what the finest attitude should be, and of course, there was not complete agreement. Mr. Shepherd told of the work the last few days on Mme. Chiang's part to get the 30,000 mill girls in Wuchang to some safe place before the occupation. It is quite an undertaking.

Friday, August 5. Three different kinds of work this morning: Ettie went for the third time next door to act as typist for Mr. Ronald Rees; seven went to another sewing party in the church hall, and Hwang Dzun-mei, to the godown. We felt very foolish for we got lost; Eva had given us very clear instructions, and as final landmarks the German Church and cemetery, neither of which we discovered. By the time we had reached the Japanese concession everyone knew something was wrong; by that time no one knew anything of a German Church, there was no telephone service until noon, so we dismissed our rickshaws and started walking back. We got put on our way at Fuhrmeister's office, where the man showed me a map and made me feel foolish to have made such a mistake. All the blame came on me, for I had been there before and the others hadn't! Anyway, we finally arrived, and started in to sorting and labelling (of which I have real proofs on my fingers). We get brought home in the Red Cross car from the godown, which feels like luxury.

Eva and I went to tea at the Chapman's at the Union Hospital compound. While we were having a real "high" tea on the lawn, the Chinese aeroplanes did fantastic things above us, for this compound is not far from the airfield, but we were assured this was just daily scouting. Then we saw over the hospital which I thought a very fine institution. It was such a sorry sight to see the bomb patients, victims of the terrible bombing a couple of weeks ago. One little girl had been badly burned and cried incessantly while we were there, and her mother also badly burned was not far away. Why should these innocent people suffer such agonies? It is all so terrible. We saw a pilot who had feet wounds. Two generals are there as patients. Then we went for a walk in the park, and enjoyed so much the peewee golf field, with its international aspect: Pyramids, Eiffel Tower, Tower Bridge of London, one of the city-gates in Peiping, Fujiyama, and some we couldn't identify. It ought to be fun to play on that course - like taking a trip around the world. Then we had dinner with Miss Martin and Miss Waddington, and got home about ten.

Saturday, August 6. This morning I went as typist to Mr. Rees next door but found no work to be done. Just about noon we had an air raid with eighteen Japanese aeroplanes distinctly visible, and anti-aircraft fire unpleasantly close to us. I cannot distinguish planes yet, but the pursuit planes of the Chinese are easily spotted, dark squatty looking machines that go at a terrific rate through the sky. Our girls are made of good stuff; they do not make a fuss at air raids at all. Some have been having stomach trouble, part of which may be caused by tension of which we are seldom aware.

Sunday, August 7. No air raid last night, though when we look at the brilliant half moon we wonder if the planes will come. A bright sunshiny morning. We are fortunate in having cooler weather than Hankow usually has at this time. At breakfast there was a letter from Dr. Wu and Miss Priest. Here is Dr. Wu's first paragraph: "I am relieved to know that you are safely in Hankow and comfortably housed for the time. It is distressing to learn of the delay of the boat. If it is doubtful that the Band S. boat will sail on the 16th, you had better go to see Mr. Pan



deal of fun comparing prices in different shops. Many articles now have disappeared from many stores, and stocks are generally getting low and very expensive. Palm-olive soap ranged from 35 cents a cake to 55 cents.

Wednesday, August 10. Eva and I went to the godown this morning, and I went back in the afternoon. In the morning we helped tidy the supply shelves, which seemed to consist in carrying such things as iodine, ligatures, ovaltine, soap, etc. from one shelf to another. They were revising the order on the shelves so as to have more space for the new orders. This was heavy work. In the afternoon I went back and spent three hours helping unpack the dozen or so bales of supplies from the Lord Mayor's order of clothes and bandages and the like. It was fun to unpack neat orders, but when we came to old soiled clothes that wasn't so much fun. Some perfectly new supplies came in; men's shirts, handkerchiefs, baby's dresses. We could not but think of all the thoughts that went into the preparation of these boxes. On the whole, the bales were remarkably well chosen and useful. First of all we sorted the contents into three piles: old Linen for hospitals, summer clothing, winter clothing, new things for the shelves, or for sale. Then when we had a goodly assortment, we put the old linen and summer clothing in separate bales to go out to hospitals and to those in charge of refugee work here - the old clothes would be given out to the refugees to make over into garments or to wear as they were. That took the afternoon. It was the hottest day so far.

Thursday, August 11. Just as we were knocking off work at the godown at noon came the warning, and we raced for them. The Red Cross car brought me and the two Ginling people helping, Alice Chang and Lung Siang Wen. When we went down the outer stairs of the godown, the iron gates were locked, so we went out by the side gate; the big gates are shut to prevent a mob of people coming in to get away from the streets. It seems heartless, doesn't it, but I suppose one must protect property even in air raids. This is the first time I had been on the street after the warning had gone: the traffic had speeded up, and everyone moved with purpose in his eyes. The rickshaw coolies showed most the strain - their faces were drawn, and they were going full speed, anxious to be rid of their fares. The rickshaw coolies going along with empty rickshaws were unmoved. People in vehicles seemed unconcerned, but those on foot were more tense. They have splendid traffic police here, and there are no holdups; cars are allowed to cut corners and so the traffic is speeded up. Here in this area, people have known what bombing does, and they are right to be really afraid. The two girls were taken on in the car to lunch at St. Paul's and I came in home.

It turned out to be one of the worst raids Hankow has experienced, with an estimated 648 casualties, and 124 killed. Inside our house, the amahs and children came in to the hallway where there is little glass, and Eva, Ettie and I sat in the living-room, not feeling much like carrying on at typing or reading for three quarters of an hour that the raid was on. There was bright sunshine today but low clouds had gathered towards noon - ideal conditions for the bombers. We heard the planes very clearly, then the power-diving, the bombs, the splitting anti-aircraft, but from our verandah where we went occasionally there was not a sign of a plane. The sounds affect different people differently: the amah held her fingers to her ears; Eva says she minds most the droning of the planes. I think the anti-aircraft is most trying to me. About a quarter to one the release came. By that time the three of us were at lunch. Not till after dinner did we begin to get accounts of what had really happened: two bombs on the Hwa Chung campus, the Middle School dormitory and Scout Building used last year by St. Hilda's being damaged by direct hits; the first "uchang station-rails badly damaged, but repaired by 4:30 p.m.; many fragile houses collapsed just from concussion; many junks destroyed in the river, and the casualties from these not known. And all this suffering and destruction for what?

In the afternoon we saw Mr. Deeds goes to Town and thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Deeds' sound attitude to life. It was full of fun and seriousness. At the movie, the Chinese National Anthem was played; the audience standing to attention at once.

Friday, August 12. Sewing, typing and Red Cross work again today. About half past ten came the first warning, and before long we were in the midst of a bad raid. From the godown we could see eighteen Japanese planes, and the little fluffs of smoke in the sky showing where the anti-aircraft had burst. Then we had severe bombing and anti-aircraft that was too near to be interesting. The building shook with the reverberations, and there was no thought of anyone working; people in the godown, and coolies from the godown and outside gathered wherever they thought was safest, and waited. Much of the bombing was Wuchang and Hanyang way, but a hit was made on the edge of the Japanese concession and black rolls of smoke make people think an oil place had been hit. We hear that the Hankow station was hit. As we came home about noon, we saw one casualty riding along the Bund in a rickshaw to a Red Cross Station. He sat sideways in the seat, and all one thigh covered with a cloth was red. We saw him stop at the station and expected him to be immediately lifted out and taken in, but for three minutes no one did anything; only a crowd gathered, and some talked with him. It was hard to stand watching him, and he not cared for; I suppose there was some necessary holdup but what it was I do not know. What suffering today for those innocent people! It is terrible to think of.

We were Catharine's guests this evening at a movie and food after at the Navy "Y". We sat outside in the open court and had such a good time. Still no very accurate account of the day's raid, but much damage in Wuchang - the Grey Sisters had their house and chapel destroyed, and they themselves escaped though the house fell round them. Shanghai Sanitarium Clinic was hit, but no lives lost, though two people had to be dug out of debris. The Hankow 10 Kilometre station was hit, and several cars also - some with human contents!

Saturday, August 13. This is the anniversary of the Shanghai terrible Saturday, and many have been afraid that something will disturb the day's peace. We started off early with a raucous air raid warning at 4:30 a.m. I woke from very sound sleep just as the first warning was finishing; sometimes here in Hankow we have trouble distinguishing the warnings from boat whistles, but there was no mistaking this long drawnout wail. After it finished the quiet of the night street became changed to a hurrying rushing sound. At that time it sounded like busy traffic at noon, and with quite a different quality of tenseness and fright. I wandered round this floor of the house, unlocked the door, stepped outside where there was a lovely moon and rather low clouds. It seemed uncanny that aeroplanes should this early morning be coming with destruction. I wondered if I should wake the girls on the second floor; there has been the custom here to come down to the almost glassless hallway during raids. All this while I felt sleepy, almost half-drugged. Then Hwang Dzun-mei appeared, and before long we heard movements upstairs, and the girls came down looking very sleepy. One girl had a tummy ache and didn't like moving downstairs. We put chairs in the hall and waited there. We could hear some heavy sounds but hardly knew whether they represented bombs or anti-aircraft, and then a long silence. The all-clear went some time after five, when the roosters were crowing.

Warmer today. I saw a report of yesterday's temperature: maximum 98, minimum 89. No one went out to work today except Ettie to type. But the Union Hospital had sent us materials for dressings and swabs and that occupied most of the free time of the day, and turned our living-room into a hospital supply room. In the morning Eva and I went at the luggage problem again, rewrapping the koris of our own and those with College supplies. Deng Sz-fu, the gateman, willingly did the roping. About noon came word to him that his Mother had died, and he hurriedly made preparations to get another man who would replace him and to get off on the early afternoon bus to the country. Eva made a trip to Butterfield and Swire's, and they said the boat would not go on Tuesday the 16th, but on the 18th at 6 a.m.,

necessitating us going on board on the 17th. Just another wait in a journey which seems to be chiefly waits! The girls do not seem to worry unduly. However, our Seniors are going to be quite late for the Military Training Camp.

Sunday, August 14. At church found Dwan Yung-djen ('37) whom I had lost track of. She left Changchow in November and has since been with a mobile Red Cross Unit, doing a lot of travelling - Nanking - Nanchang - Changsha (for a couple months), Ichang - and then Hankow. Now she has decided to go with our party to Chungking where she is asked to take charge of a hospital. Ho Pei-fen who was at PUMC with her did not get to Peiping to start her new job there, but is now nursing in some place in Szechwan.

After church our attention was largely taken with the terrible tragedy of the assassination of Lo Hwei-ling's father in Changsha yesterday as he was going in to Changsha from his country home. The report was in the morning Chinese papers. Soon Hwei-ling's cousin and her husband came to tell her, but she was still not at home. After they had gone saying they would come again, she came in and when they returned they told her what the paper had said. She was very much upset, saying her father had been too strict, and so had been killed. She decided to take the 6 p.m. train, and her cousin sent an aide to take her to the train.

The morning's raid did not do much damage; some thought the alarm went to detect spies, and others thought the Japanese aeroplanes were merely passing over on their way to raid Ichang or some place in that direction.

Monday, August 15. When we were at breakfast, a friend of Lo Hwei-ling's brother (she calls him "cousin") came from Changsha. He had wired yesterday but no telegram has yet arrived. We told him she had gone last night, but he said that he had been told that no train left last night. Then where was she? None of us knew her cousin's address; anyway the cousin was to leave for Ichang last night. She came back here late in the morning, but although she waited here for hours, he did not come back. It seemed just bad luck all round. She left a letter for him telling him to meet her at the station. He did come later and went to the train, but telephoned about 8:30 saying that she was not on the train. Some telephoning revealed that she had gone to a different station, so she was on the train and he was here for another day! Hwei-ling's plans are all upset; she will not be able to get back here in time to go with us, and she thinks she will have to take her mother and her 16-year old brother with her. This will mean settling up all kinds of business matters, of which she has no experience. Eva found out from B. and S. that he would try to help us get her three passages from Ichang, for she will go direct from Changsha to Ichang and there have to tranship. Miss Yensays he was a very important man, and important people in China these days have not an easy time.

Eva found out that we are to have to BIG cabins, so we are overjoyed. Now she is busy calculating: if we put three korus under each bed and the baby organs at the foot of the beds, and pile the couch high with suitcases, and put a central aisle of suitcases, how many pieces can we get in? It is literally this kind of estimating. When Eva asked him what about taking a third piano that Catherino is considering purchasing, he just laughed! He has so much that another piano isn't to be thought of. Eva and I had tea at the Lutheran Home with Wenona, and were there for the air raid which sounded bad.

Tonight we (Eva, Catharine and I) were guests at a Chinese meal prepared by the rest of the party. The air raid had held them up, for the cook would not let them go on with the cooking, so we were quite hungry when the food appeared out on our strip of lovely lawn that is such a delight. The food was excellent, each girl or each group being responsible for one dish. We had chicken soup with melon and mushrooms; chiaotze; beh tsai; spiced beef; fried noodles; an egg omelet dish with onions; sweet sour pork; jasmine tea, lotus seed soup, and pears. It meant a lot of work -

getting up at six to go to market, working for a long time over stoves that did not respond, cutting things up very fine, etc. After the dishes were done, most everybody was ready for bed. We had thought of playing a bridge tournament, but there was no enthusiasm for that.

Tuesday, August 16. We were at breakfast when the first and second warnings startled us, but there was not much noise. The coolies jumped over the iron-spiked wall of the Hankow Bank Building opposite, and sat on the steps until it was over. The policemen were powerless to stop them. Again there was the hectic rushing on the streets, and people tried to get to their destination, or moved in to the French Concession. These last days, the bad bombing has brought about another development in refugee life: early in the morning hundreds and thousands of people have moved in to the concessions, there to sit round on the edge of sidewalks until evening, when they go home. This gives a very crowded appearance to the streets near us. Some have their food with them. Others have no belongings of any sort; life is becoming so precious that belongings are of little value.

It was not till near ten that I left for the godown so it was a short morning. I had made plans to stop work early and have lunch with Miss Wilkinson, so at 11:30 we left and had some cold grape juice in the Navy "Y" where we were assailed again, by the warning siren. This was a long raid, from 11:45 to 1 o'clock, and we heard very distinctly the planes, could see some of them and the trail of anti-aircraft missiles. More daring souls went up high to see the fireworks, but we sat in the hall, under the staircase - not a very inspiring place. Lunch was made late, and everyone sat around looking watchful. Hanyang and Wuchang suffered badly - the Post Office at Wuchang was hit, and our dairy lost its seven cows (explaining why no milk was delivered this morning). The reports go into hundreds of casualties! Another morning's work making dressings!

Wednesday, August 17. Books are being wrapped today to be sent to Chengtu - Lo Hwei-ling's and some G.C. books left here from Hwa Chung students who had taken them from Ginling in last summer's holidays. Five girls went sewing for the last time, and I went to the godown for a final bit of work. I spent the morning at sorting old linen. When the Lord Mayor's consignment came in, the old linen was very much old linen, but the Swedish consignment had some considerable number of sheets that were so good we put them on the shelves to be sent out to hospitals for use as new sheets. The Swedish ladies who came to help unpack said they thought the reason was that these good sheets were too short to be the fashion now. Some were hand-woven linen, beautifully laundered, with monograms, or lace insertion. Some people wanted to buy them and those which showed signs of wear were put out for \$1.50 a pound (the price they have to pay for bandage cotton) and \$3.00 for the new goods. The people at the godown are more than busy, trying to get off the floor the cases that have come in and at the same time filling some of the numerous orders that have come in.

As I approached the godown this morning, we saw that hundreds of people were rushing with frantic haste in the direction we had come from. Was there a warning? We had not heard any sound of warning. I think I had never seen more hurried movement; it is not easy to see frightened people. The coolies drawing the rickshaws were going at full speed. We talked to some people on the street, and they said no siren had gone. Others insisted there had been. It turned out that it was all a mistake.

This morning Eva and Hwang Dzun-mei took down the extra luggage that is going by the "Changsha". The baggage committee have been most efficient; they have purchased blue and yellow and pink cotton, and three girls spent a morning writing our address on in Chinese characters. One color goes on the luggage that went off this morning; another goes on the luggage that we take right through with us to Chengtu,

one piece each; the other on the luggage that goes in the truck from Chungking.

Mr. Box and Mr. Rees were in for dinner, and afterwards we went in to their sitting room next door and had an impromptu concert: recitations, a piano solo by Catharine, Gilbert and Sullivan songs by both the men, and two contributions by Mr. Knott when he came in. Mr. Rees told Yorkshire stories, and Mr. Knott obliged by giving us some Cockney sketches.

Thursday, August 18. Our last day in Hankow. After breakfast the "deck passengers" went off with most of the luggage to the boat. We packed, and Catharine did extras such as arranging about a piano and a baby organ. About 11 a visitor came and said that the piano she had just bought had been bought by him, and he wanted it! Just one complication in Catharine's day. The three of us went for lunch with Wang Ying-an to the Y.W.C.A. She has been working in Wuchang and has just moved her office to Hankow. We hear that the government wanted Wuchang evacuated by August 15; more effective than their words have been the awful air-raids taking their toll of hundreds of lives. Now most people leave in the morning, come across, and go back in the evening, a terrible life. This morning when the girls came back from the boat they were quite discouraged, for the boat space was so narrow and so dirty. They put all the big luggage out on deck in a pile and put their two pieces each in our cabins. Seven days in such narrow and unattractive quarters looked pretty bad; we had known how poor it was, but there has been nothing to be done about it. Considering the thousands of people wanting passage, we have been fortunate in getting anything. Perhaps we shall be able to get them rested a little in turns in our cabins. The girls say they are going to be particularly nice to the Captain! We had quite a group for tea: Miss Wilkinson and Miss Teagarden, and two Ginling people - Djang Siu-ting at Ginling only two years, but interested in everyone. She is a graduate of Soochow University; Dwan Yung-djen who has not gotten permission to leave the Red Cross unit, and so cannot join our group. So she is quite disappointed. Naturally nurses are very much needed in the Hankow region and her division may go to the Front before long. Then we went to the Lutheran Home for dinner, and Catharine stopped on the way to try to find out why the baby organ had not arrived. She found out it had been sent to the school in our compound. After dinner we went upstairs to see Miss Coxon's water-colors, and pastels of Chinese folk - a most interesting group of pictures representing the hobby of this retired missionary who is doing more than a full time job here in Hankow. Indeed everyone willing to work in the Hankow area will have more than one job waiting. It seems a pity to leave our friends there to carry on in the difficult days ahead, if not of occupation, at least of almost daily air-raids which are becoming a real nightmare, since they do such awful damage.

Before we left for the boat, some of the girls were back at the house saying that the narrow "deck" space they had paid for was crowded with the luggage of the passengers occupying the first and second class Chinese cabins. Where could they sleep? The situation looked even darker than in the morning. They had come back to sleep the night in their old beds, and would go down to the boat before seven in the morning. Our cabins were full of luggage, but very comfortable, with fans and running water. We had the two cabins and bathroom that made one section of the upper deck, and there was a good breeze. We hoped that tomorrow after the ship started the luggage could be moved, but where? If only the girls could come up and occupy the generous space on our deck! Five new Freshmen came along about 11 and wanted to sleep on board, but there was no space. The Captain was asleep but one of the officials gave permission for them to put their deck beds outside our cabins.

Friday, August 19. When we woke, our girls had all arrived, and were standing outside our cabin. During inspection (to see if there were any passengers on board who had unofficial tickets - a great racket these days when "boys" on board sell sleeping space for a big price, without the company's permission - they found some

and put them off, and there were two stowaways in boxes!) they had to descend to their deck. When the ship started they gradually filtered up, and we tried to keep them as quiet and inconspicuous as possible, but thirty is rather an unmanageable number when it comes to being inconspicuous! If only the powers on this boat would look kindly on them and let them stay up, and better still, let them sleep up here! This was much in our minds all day. We left about 8 o'clock in the midst of rain, and thereafter we kept our beds filled with sleepy girls in shifts.

The girls had food served downstairs at 12:30 and 4, and supplied themselves with fruit besides. They slept in the deck chairs and in our cabins and got some rest. We had prayers after our dinner hour, and by this time - 8:30 - the deck was quite dark, so Eva was merely a voice and a presence as she led. We sang very softly, still hoping that we might be in luck. Eva had spoken to the first officer in this wise. "Do you think it would be all right if the girls stretched out here?" He said, "Oh, yes." So we took this as permission, and after our service the camp cots were brought out and set up, and covers laid on the deck. They got to bed shortly after 9. In the dining room an official came in and asked if the Captain had given permission for them all to sleep here, and Eva said, "The Captain didn't say they might, but one of the officers did." Afterwards Eva wondered if the casual "Yes," of the First officer was enough, but we took it to be so. The boat was moving so this big space where the deck chairs were and the girls beds was dark, and there was no chatting: everyone was too eager to sleep. The girls had wondered what time they ought to be up so as not to interfere with the scrubbing of the decks in the morning, and they decided 5:30. We turned in after ten, feeling that because we are foreigners too much consideration comes our way - but it is turning out that the girls are being benefitted too by our Saloon cabins and the trip made tolerable.

Saturday, August 20. This morning Catharine had ready for the party the following gentle hints about behavior - the idea behind this being to preserve the privileges so far enjoyed:

A Short Series of "Please" (Dedicated to all Ginlingers aboard the good ship "Wan Liu")

1. Please don't occupy every chair,  
Please don't brush your teeth and hair  
Out on the open deck!
  2. Please be very clean and neat,  
Don't leave scraps of things to eat  
Out on the open deck!
  3. Please use calm and gentle tones,  
Banish loud and crying moans  
Out on the open deck!
  4. Please, each charming Ginling  
daughter,  
Don't fall into the river water  
Down from the open deck!
  5. If these rules we all endeavor  
Hard to keep, and be right clever  
Not to stir the Captain's liver,  
Chances are that he will never  
Frown, but let us live forever  
Out on the open deck!
- (Example: Miss Ettie Chin, leading the group in a college cheer: "Now let us all join heartily together in a subdued and tender whisper: 'Rah, rah, rah, Ginling, Ginling, Ginling'".)

This created a good deal of amusement, and brought results in the required directions.

After breakfast we passed around the sleeping slip, for everyone to sign on. Today there was a noticeable difference in their attitude, for not all wanted to sleep. A drawback of the cabins is that the afternoon sun is on the door, and although we draw the curtains and turn on the fan, the cabins are inclined to be stuffy. The air on deck is delightfully fresh. There isn't a great deal to say about the scenery except such things as: the zigzag path we follow up the river, now having a wide space of water to the right of us, now to the left; the increasingly brown aspect of the water; the amazing speed of the water; the occasional junks we pass; fewer still steamers, mostly British, conspicuous with flags these days; the green shores that often resemble English landscapes, green grassy fields, light and dark foliage, great expanse of sky above; water buffaloes here and there, and some foreign cows; a litter or two of pigs scrambling along the dyke, and amazingly white; men on donkeys going along the dyke with their umbrellas up; thatched houses; teepoo-like arrangements of the high grasses along the shores; one monastery on a high hill just at the shore; wonderful rolling white clouds. Today we discovered the upper dock, the top of the boat and got wonderful views of the countryside. There we shall be to view the Gorges, the spectacular part of this whole trip. The fact that so far the scenery isn't unusual, means that we can rest, sleep, read, and not feel that we are missing all of the interesting things.

At noon we had further evidence of the kindly disposition of the officers towards our unwieldy party. When I came up for lunch, only the Chief Officer had arrived, and he said, "Well, I see that your chicks are all up!" I said "Yes." He went on, "I gave orders to the men to wait an hour in the morning - that is to 6:30 before washing down the decks, but the girls were all up at 5:30." So that meant he knew they were sleeping there, and appreciated the fact that the men's work was not slowed up. I must say a little about the officers. We see at lunch the First officer and the Chief Engineer, a Welshman and a Scotchman, both with very blue eyes, pleasant, with their own sense of humour. At dinner the Captain and the Chief Engineer are at meals, the Captain an Englishman, but he says, looking at the Scotchman, "I am Scotchman by absorption."

The little boy who makes up one-half of a passenger's fare is getting along nicely. Catharine was thoughtful and brought along the wherewithal to make beanbags, and the three beanbags have meant all sorts of throwing and relay games (one has gone overboard by now.) Then she has jackstraws for him and other suggestions to make the trip interesting. Wen Tung-gün led in prayers tonight.

Sunday, August 21. We had a morning service about 10:30 on our deck, with Eva as minister, and speaking on the topic of Thankfulness in a most illuminating way. We had a new "morning song", called Thanks for a Day and typed out two other songs on the same topic. One of the students led in prayer, and Hwang Dzün-moi read the scripture from Philippians 4. Besides all our own group - we always have 100% in attendance - a few other passengers listened in.

Towards evening we sighted Shaose, the place where Li Dze-djon's brother doctor and sister are in the Swedish Mission. I have not mentioned that Li Dze-chen in Hwoiyuen has died recently, the word coming to us when in Hankow; it was finally diagnosed as cancer. Not to be able to get her out this year because of the war, and not to be able to go to her must have been particularly trying to the family.

The sunset from the top-deck was a delight - deep pinks splotching the sky, with varied greens of grass and trees, and the browns of the water. We stayed up a long time, and watched, when the ship anchored for the night. The Small boats from the city row rapidly down to us with the stream, come next to us, get some

passengers who wanted to go off for the night, and then with difficulty row against the stream up river. A Mr. Tong, a Reformed Church preacher, took our services tonight.

Monday, August 22. For a few hours today the river was like glass, and the light made it look almost blue. The clouds, the houses on shore, the junks were mirrored in the clear water. We had hoped to reach Ichang in the afternoon, but at noon, the officers said it would be six or seven. Then by five o'clock we knew we were still further delayed because of the freshet which only a few times a year comes suddenly down and makes a temporary rise in the level of the water. We anchored about five in a beautiful spot, with three tiers of blue mountains behind us, fresh foliage on shore quite close to us on the left. It meant staying here or in Ichang, and we were delighted to be in such a lovely place. I should perhaps say "I", for the girls were eager to be off to get some more interesting food supplies, especially fruit, and two parties took sampans to the shore, walked along the towing path to a small village where they got poor tea and 14 cobs of corn. To get to the larger town they would have had to row across the river, and that seemed too big an undertaking. From the upper deck the view was unforgettable.

Tuesday, August 23. About 10 we reached Ichang, rather ugly from the harbor side. Boats of course came out to sell wares and to take in passengers. Our girls went off in different parties, some before lunch, others afterwards. The heat put a check on any great enthusiasm - 97 on board ship. Three Chinese planes were up in the sky. Eva went off about 2:30, but Catharine and I and the two children of the party waited until after tea, hoping it would be cooler. We paid ten cents to the sampan to take us to shore, twice as much as the girls paid, but the boatman thinks foreigners have lots of money. Then we took rickshaws to Iona School, and were shown to Miss Moore's study now located in a one-time schoolroom. Miss Moore (Scottish Mission) is retired, and is now finding time to do some of the work she has always been eager to do. She now works in her Gospel Hall, most interesting work with the inmates of the jail - prisoners have come up now from Hankow, - also most interesting and effective work with some of the estimated two million refugees who have passed through Ichang on their way west. She is looking for great things from Szechuan, for she says the "cream of the intellectual and spiritual power of China" has gone through Ichang. Later on in the evening she and Miss Tyrie told us of the pitiful condition of one particular class of refugees - the Szechuan new recruits. One group being brought down were somehow not provided with water, were very sick men when they reached Ichang - the doctor said they were dehydrated. They had high temperatures, and looked very gray and swollen, and many of them died. Those who lived were given all the water they wanted - an unbelievable amount, she said - glucose, and aspirin and quinine for the fever. The Scottish Mission ladies have earned for themselves an enviable reputation as sisters of mercy, for much of the relief work was donated with no help from the government at all. One group occupied a chapel at Iona School without leave; it was three days before the end term and the chapel was most urgently needed. Miss Tyrie spoke to the officer in charge, and when she gave her name, he said, "Oh, yes, I know you; you helped our men before. We shall move out at once."

Miss Moore took us round the compound. We saw their fine dugout, and the bomb-proof cellar ways to accommodate large numbers of people. On the campus were more than 350 of Madame Chiang's war orphans that are on their way west. These were about 7-15 years of age, and according to Miss Moore, very well behaved. There is a worker of some rank with each ten orphans. That day they looked hot as they wandered around among the boys as they ate their quite good looking supper in the open. After their supper was over, they sat outside, and very normal laughter and shouting came to us. They were bright eager youngsters, and when they sang, they sang with vim.

Special joys of our visit to Iona were seeing Shih Gan-lin ('33) and Liu Dze-djen ('36). Both girls looked too thin, the first having lost 18 pounds and the latter more than 10 pounds. They are helping with refugee work and not getting much holiday. It was very good to see them. They are both spoken of most favorably.

When we came back by sampan, there was some query from the upper deck as to who was there (they are afraid of would-be travellers coming on board without tickets), and the boatmen cried out, "The foreigners, the foreigners." We hurried to bed, to be fresh for the day of days, the day through the famous gorges of the Yangtze. To get up at 4:30 was to be quite an effort for Eva and me who sleep on other mornings to 8! Stella and Tsui Ya-lan will be in Hongkong!

August 24. We started at 4:30 and by 5 we were up on the top deck to get the full view. I shall not try to describe the Gorges, for you must see them yourself to realize what they are like. They are a succession of gorges, chiefly made of limestone, almost all treed to the top which was strange. There is a sense of wonder when one gets in a gorge with cliffs on both sides, and closing behind one. In some cases, the cliffs were just good-sized hills, but in the Witches Mountain Great Gorge the sheer precipices rose to more than a thousand feet. The Yangtze impresses us more with its great strength here, for we go over long stretches of rapids which at high tide are a problem for the pilot, and at low water the rocks need dodging. The chief pilot is a man 61 years of age, and he says that he has been navigating for 50 years! He sits on the bridge, his eyes on the roaring brown water, and indicates by the movement of the hand whether the boat is to go right or left. When going down river it is comparatively simple, for the boat stays in mid-channel generally, but going up stream, the boat goes criss-cross from side to side, often through what seems to be the worst rapids. The captain says it would take him twenty or thirty years to tackle the job of being pilot up this river. The pilot gets a salary of \$300. mex. a month - it is distinctly a job demanding real skill. A certain town, Miao-ho, supplies all the pilots for this route, and the same pilots always accompany a ship; we have a chief pilot, an assistant and an apprentice.

The names of the gorges enchant us: Yellow Cat Gorge, Lampshine Gorge, Ox-Liver Horse-Lung Gorge, and one of the most spectacular, Wind-Box Gorge, where the cliffs are closer together than elsewhere, and the rock fissures most unusual, and the water races threateningly. Some of the rapids are Otter Rapids (in this region the fisherman are said to use otter and cormorants), and Dismount Rapids. The Yellow Cow Cliffs are supposed to resemble Dover Cliffs, but that seemed fiction. The town of the Clouded Sun scrambled over a hill most picturesquely, and we were more interested in the name of the Temple of the Ethereal Bell of a Thousand Ages than in the temple which materialized on our left. Before we started through the Gorges, I had made notes from a guidebook and passed them around, but we found that often we needed an expert guide to tell us when things began and ended.

The life and work on the river are always interesting. The junks and sampans are quite different in appearance from those lower down, and then there is this awful business of towing the boats against the current, sometimes along paths cut in the rock. Lower down there were two or three men on the towing path, the rope taut against their shoulders; now there are fifteen or twenty. At places the towing path is quite visible, then we see it disappear as a steep cliff appears! I suppose here, the men swim and the boatmen use their oars. Some boats have as many as twenty men rowing. At Kweifu the sampans are called gondolas and the city nicknamed the Venice of the Yangtze. Life is hard along the river; the fishermen are here and there on the shore with a hand net, casting for fish, but we say to one another, that we've never yet seen a single fish caught; they perhaps are too small to be seen by us on deck, or the fishermen may have been having bad luck. The thatched (or wooden, or stone) houses perched sometimes very high on the slopes look very lonely;

we have been trying to imagine what life would be like lived in one of those houses. At any rate, these hard-working men have the beauty and strength and wonder of nature about them, and their opponents are wind and storm, and not some of the evils made by civilization, or fostered by it. Occasionally goats cling precariously to hill-sides. At times other commercial boats like our own pass us, and also the graceful native boats made of bright yellow wood.

Thursday, August 25. Last night about 6:30 we anchored at Wushan, a most picturesque town, on a tributary of the Yangtze. We sailed into the small river, where the brown river turned marvellously clear, and men from the boat swam around in a way that made us envy them. From the top deck there was a lovely twilight view; sunset, hills folding into one another, a temple on one hill, a pagoda reared up over the town, the boats busy with passengers going ashore, the boatmen singing as they rowed. Most of the girls went off but we were told that foreigners were 'nt common, and it was wisest not to get off.

Today we have some subdued gorges, and beautiful hilly country, with attempts at larger farms on the slopes, and a more domestic and friendly sort of country. There were some lovely white pagodas, some more trickling waterfalls. We stopped about 5 for the night at Wan Hsien, beautifully situated on hills, with something of the appearance of Hongkong, its lights reflected in the river from the buildings on the hills. Here we looked for the Refuge Cities, fortified hilltops that prominent families built to retire to in case of a crisis. We could make out two or three. The contours of the land made these natural places of retirement, for ever so many hills had a sharp sudden peak just at the top that could very well be guarded against invaders. Almost all our party went off in tiny boats, hugging the shore for quite a way before striking across the river to the town. They returned about 9, enthusiastic about their outing and giving various reports of their impressions of Wan Hsien. The guidebook says that until a few years ago, wide roads were unknown in the city, and the motor roads were literally bored through the city. Catharine said it had the air of a real Chinese city. Everyone went to a very newly made park; and there Ettie met a Yale boy, a friend of her brother's, just on his way down river, a most unexpected meeting. Several of the girls talked about what good noodles they had had to eat!

Friday, August 26. I was up after seven this morning, for last night the Captain said, "If you want to see the Cliff Dwellers' houses, get up about half an hour after we start, or there are some more about an hour and a half on." Since we usually lift anchor about 5 a. m. Eva and I decided we would forego the first Cliff Dwellers. Apparently we missed the most numerous group, but about 7:30 we distinguished a few of them, high up on a cliff of rock, looking really inaccessible. We meant to ask the Captain how they were made. Through his field glasses we had a fine view of them, but whether they were fronted by rock cut smooth or not we did not know. They had regular square window spaces, and looked impregnable. It is a long time since they have been occupied.

Our field meet was held at 4:30 and consisted of contests in knowing the names of our group, beanbag throwing, a sort of fruit basket, etc. Then we had songs, some of them composed during the trip, and some of the old Ginling songs. Before we finished we had quite a group of interested onlookers. The Captain said at dinner, "Yes, I heard you. I thought of coming up to see what was happening, but decided it was all right." He was concerned that our running might have seriously disturbed the people below deck - which we had not thought of. We discussed some of the games, and when our explanations did not make very much sense to him, he said, "Well, we shall have to try these games." We said we would initiate him, and before we left the table came a chorus from the girls outside, "We want the Captain." We want the Chief Officer." "We want the Chief Engineer." The men looked rather sheepish, but

went out and the girls sang to them a song composed by Catharine and Ettie during the day. It goes to the tune, "The Caissons Go Rolling Along."

Over hill, over dale, we shall always hit the trail,  
Ginling College is marching along.  
In and out where'er we stop, Let us all ring out a shout,  
That our College still marches along.  
We know that bombs may drop along the way,  
What does it matter, for we'll say  
Our College spirit never can they sway  
And the College still marches along.

There's a man on the ship, and his name is "Terrible",  
But he's not at all terrible, ----he!  
For he's kind, and he's blind to the errors we commit,  
And he says, "Oh, we'll just let them be."  
His heart is large, and we're glad he is in charge,  
For he's captain of our good ship, "Wan Liu",  
Then here's a cheer, let it echo far and near,  
To the captain and all his brave crew!

On the ship there are two, one named Jones and one Andrew  
Both are gentlemen, we must admit;  
Every day fun and wit dominate the place they sit  
And there's never a moment that's blue;  
They've shared with us, without making any fuss,  
Their cots and their deck and their brow;  
Then give them a cheer, let it echo far and near,  
To the captain and all his brave crew.

Then the captain said a nice little speech, about what a pity it was that we were just getting to know one another when the trip was just about over, etc. Then we tried the two games in question, bean bag snatching, and another bean bag game. Dr. Chen (in the Ministry of Education) and Dr. Sung (newly come to Chungking to practice) and a man from the mint joined in and we had half an hour of real hilarity, with the girls joining in, too. Then we had some stories from the Welshman and the Captain, and Eva told what she called her "one story", and Wen Yung-kwen sang for us.

Afterwards Dr. Chen said he didn't know when he had had such a good time! He said without our group and their surprising activities, the trip would have been quite dull and uninteresting. While we were in the midst of the noisiest game, there came decided thumps of disapproval from below, and two eggs came flying up as visible signs of their disapproval. I heard them and thought, "Well, the officers are here; it's their affair." Eva had not heard them, so perhaps the Captain hadn't either. Little did the people below know the Captain was helping make the hulabaloo!

Saturday, August 27. Our last day on board. While we were at our field meet yesterday, our ship lurched and rolled while we were going through some rapids. Once they were passed, it seemed sure that we would reach Chungking Saturday afternoon - making a trip of almost nine days. During the night we had a violent storm, lightning, thunder and then driving rain. The girls who were sleeping outside had to scamper for shelter from one side of the boat, and several found sleeping space in the dining-room. I think many of us wondered if this would make the river rise so that we would be held up, but that did not happen. The day was rather higgeldy-piggeldy, as is sure to be the case the last day on board: packing, writing letters

that ought to have been done long before, and sleeping. It was still a rainy day, and cool, but their sleep had been broken in the night by the storm. The mists and rain gave us a different kind of scenery; mists like ragged garments hovered over the hill-tops.

We came in sight of Chungking about 5:30, and were busy watching both sides. The north banks presented a lovely appearance, hills rolling into each other, and the river below. The south side was thickly populated, the weather beaten brown frame houses reaching right to the edge of the water, and above some towers and foreign buildings which announced quite a city. Then we saw the small river which joins the Yangtze here and how that further divided the city. The brick was predominantly grey so there is not much color here, but the green hillsides make up for that. We had heard it was an ugly city, but I do not think of it as that at all. The location is remarkable. The craft on the river was most active, mostly tiny boats and strong looking craft for cargoes.

As we drew alongside the wharf, there was Katherine Boeye waiting for us, and before long, down the hill behind the wharf came Hilda Anderson waving to us with her umbrella. The Canadian Mission Agency had sent a man to look after our luggage. Katherine said it had been arranged to house Eva, Catharine and me at the Mission Agency Hotel and the girls and Chinese faculty were to go to her Su Deh School some distance out. So the girls took a minimum of luggage, a little bedding, and in about an hour, 7:30 (i.e., 6:30 Chungking time) got into a boat and went across the river, then to take rickshaws for an hour's ride. It turned out that they did not arrive at their destination until 9:30 Chungking time! We three thought we would wait around to see the luggage safely off - by this time 93 pieces! Around the wharf was a howling mob of coolies, everyone apparently having a heated argument with another - it made one's head ache to hear them. We were glad as we waited that the Captain about 5:30 had sent his compliments and had said our dinner would be served at 6! About 8:30 our luggage was off, piece by piece disappearing into the darkness where the boats waited. Then how were we to get to our destination? Our guide was nowhere to be seen; the weigher at the wharf said in another hour or so a boat would be along. We were in no mood to wait another hour and finally persuaded the boat with about 60 pieces of our luggage to let us sit on top. It was an eerie experience being rowed across the Yangtze late at night with what seemed to be an overloaded boat. The lights shone in the water and we watched the "Wan Liu" disappear in the distance with real regret. We reached the steps leading upward but boats were in front of us and finally we had to step through another boat before landing on the slippery shore steps in most uncertain light. Above us steps and more steps. We took chairs, a most interesting ride through the evening darkness. Our entire journey was up these several flights of stairs and then along the ramp of the city wall. It is a strange feeling to be held up so high above the street, and to feel that one is being carried by human beings. There on our left the city wall, below the river, with the boatmen singing their weird antiphonal songs, quick turns in the road paved with big stone blocks, the strange feeling one had as the chair came to a standstill until the other two carriers should be in a straight line to turn through a small space, glimpses into a funeral service held in a temple off the street, into homes, down narrow alleys. What would this place look like tomorrow morning? Now it was enchanting.

Wednesday, August 31. Now I shall give a resume of the last few days. We have been settled most comfortably in the Mission Hotel, in roomy space on the third floor. Mr. Jones, the man in charge, came down from the hills (about a thousand feet higher than here, three hours away) and helped us considerably in locating ourselves in the city. His wife and perhaps he himself are relatives of mine, he says, but I do not know the exact relationships, nor does he. Katherine Boeye has been a good angel, coming in Sunday morning to discuss with Hwang Dzun-mei and us the possibilities of leaving for Chengtu which seemed most remote. No chance of getting tickets on the

public bus, no chance of chartering bus or truck, etc. We considered the chair ride direct to Chengtu - 10 days - but Mr. Jones says that although that used to be the common mode of travelling, it has not now been done since 1933, and for a caravan of 35 people, it might be well-nigh impossible to get the mon. Also ten nights at inns is not to be lightly taken. Mr. Jones recommended boat to Kiating, then to go to Chengtu, 2 days by rickshaw, three by chair or less than one by bus. The boats do not have a very high reputation, so we were not very keen about 5 or 6 days on one of them, plus the uncertainties after Kiating.

Consequently, much of our time has been spent on the how and when of proceeding. People wait here for months to get places on buses, and accounts of the conditions of the buses do not hearten one. Now, after much visiting of authorities, Hwang Dzun-mei has achieved some real results: 4 seniors to go soon by public bus; two have gotten tickets through friends and are off this morning - the first to go; a whole bus has been promised for next week which will take about 18; Mr. Brace staying here has said he can take two; one is going with a friend - so we have left seven or eight to be provided for, and Miss Hwang thinks she may get them off in twos and threes in the next ten days. Dzun-mei lives out in the general region of the ministries, so she has done all the trotting around. So, perhaps in the next ten days we shall mostly be gone.

We have had several outings; the experience of a bus ride out to Katherine Boeye's school; there is a technique about buses: If you get on near here at the terminus, you are most lucky, so we generally walk to a stop before the last, get on, ride back to the terminus and then proceed. The roads are very rough, and hard on cars. We had a fine visit at her house with a delicious lunch for all the faculty. Then we went to Mrs. Rape's for tea, in the compound where a branch of the Nanking Hwei Wen School is to be located, and where one section of the University of Nanking is (physics, photography, etc.). We have had just opposite that compound a tea given by the alumnae, a very pleasant affair where we had a chance to talk with alumnae. Those present were: Djao Tieh-mei ('26), Chen Hsing-mei and Chen Yuen-mei (Mrs. Han Li-wu), Chen Wen-yao ('31); several of the class of '34 - Pan Tsui-ying, Wang Ren-tse, and our two hostesses, Ho Yu-hsia and Djang Chung-ying. Chen Shih-dzung was the only '36 member. Ho Yu-hsia's son came in to see us, a fine little chap. We have been guests at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Yeh, and have been invited to dinner with the Chens, to see Hilda Anderson at the Methodist Hospital, and today are going to lunch with Jean Stewart of Regina who teaches in the Canadian School here. Riding in a rickshaw here is thrilling - there are steep hills and the coolies go down at a breakneck speed that leaves one gasping.

Summer 1938

THE CHURCH IN THE OCCUPIED AREA  
Using Nanking as an Example  
by Minnie Vautrin

To the non-believer, the unique qualities of Christianity should stand out in bold relief as it passes through periods of persecution and testing. To the believers themselves, they can say with Paul, "For I know whom I have believed and I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Religion indeed becomes a reality that sustains through long days of uncertainty and terror and suffering; an inseparable part of daily life. It is not something to be proved by words, and you no longer discuss or argue about it, but it becomes that which is essential for each hour of each day. Each sentence of familiar passages of the Bible becomes enriched with fuller and deeper meaning, that one was seemingly unable to comprehend in normal times and one understands why the great hymns of the Church have been passed on from generation to generation, and from century to century. Every phrase of the Lord's prayer becomes a passionate desire, a separate prayer as it were which one utters over and over, and one begins to understand why Jesus taught it, above all other petitions to His disciples; while the power of prayer becomes so assured that believers feel themselves doing the impossible; they know they are being guided and sustained by a force that is not their own. Again with Paul they find themselves saying, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." May the message be increasingly true that has recently been brought by a friend from Japan, namely, that a Japanese soldier after his return to his native land bore witness of the power of Christianity for he had seen its fruits in human lives.

The first challenge to the Churches in Nanking.

After the beginning of the hostilities at Lukuoochiao, for a number of weeks there was uncertainty. Surely war was not inevitable! As in the past, surely a way would be found to arrange for a temporary settlement at least. Thoughtful leaders and citizens in the capital knew that the country was not prepared for war, did not want war. After the fighting began in earnest in the Shanghai area, however, these same people began to feel that they must prepare for a long drawn-out struggle against hopeless odds, must even be prepared to sacrifice all, but none could imagine or foresee that the loss of one Japanese soldier would result in the breaking up and scattering of tens of thousands of families, the sad trek westward of millions of civilians, the destruction of billions of dollars of material wealth and the murder of thousands upon thousands of innocent civilians. By the middle of August bombing had begun on Nanking, and soon there were destitute and wounded to care for. The churches quickly awakened to the challenge and immediately formed a union committee which set to work to raise funds and plan for relief work.

By the end of September the Nanking Christian War Relief Committee consisting of leading representatives of all the churches, the Y.M.C.A. and the Union Institutions was selected. This committee had regular three hour Sunday afternoon meetings for almost two months. It was a strong committee, headed by the president of the University of Nanking, and it immediately mobilized Christian forces to meet the need of the refugees who were then passing through the city in a stream of approximately a thousand a day. These refugees from the fighting area down near Shanghai needed food and they needed clothing and shelter. With the repeated and continuous bombing of the city there was also the great need of the wounded civilians and the destitute. Through the efforts of members of the committee an ambulance was secured for the Christian Hospital, and funds were

solicited to help carry on the work of the hospital as its income gradually decreased with the evacuation of the wealthy patients. University students were organized to help bring the wounded after the air raids. During this time the Christian women of the city did more than their share to solicit and make clothing for refugees and wounded soldiers.

By the beginning of November many wounded soldiers from the war area were being brought to the railway station at Nanking, preparatory to sending them to military hospitals in the city or on up the Yangtze. Immediately an energetic sub-committee was appointed to mobilize help and supplies for this work. The members of the American Church Mission which has a church center near the railway station did a most commendable service in the care of those frightfully wounded men who had given their all for their country and were receiving so little in return.

Throughout these discouraging and depressing months, as the air raids on the city continued and the retreating army was slowly drawing nearer to the national capital, services in the local churches continued. The writer attended one such service in October of which she writes in her diary, "This morning very soon after the service began, the warning siren sounded. The pastor announced that we would continue until the 'urgent' signal came. When it sounded in about ten minutes, the pastor said to the audience, 'Shall we continue or go to a dug-out?' One man in the audience replied, 'Continue,' and we did so. Slowly the heavy bombers drew nearer. When the bombing could be plainly heard inside the city wall, the pastor stopped preaching and asked all to pray silently for peace. When the sounds of the bombing ceased and the planes had flown away from the city the service continued. How meaningful were the prayers, the humms, the sermon! Life is real, life is earnest these days."

During this time also daily union prayer meetings were being held, being conducted in turn in the different churches of the city. And from September on, daily at noon, all Christians were urged to unite in silent prayer for peace. Having passed through the great war, and having spent one year of that time on furlough in America, the difference in attitude between the Christians of China and of the West could not but be contrasted. Here prayers were largely petitions for forgiveness for national and personal sins, for wisdom and courage for national leaders, for pity for destitute refugees and wounded, for an awakening of the leaders of Japan to a consciousness of their sins. Personally in all those long weary weeks I never heard a prayer of hatred for the people of Japan, no petition for victory in battle. If there seemed to be a lack of personal sacrifice of money and food and clothing on the part of some of those who had those comforts, for the sake of those who were in such dire need and for the sake of the wounded soldiers, we must remember the tremendous leadership and initiative that it took in the West to put across campaigns for personal self-sacrifice and cooperation.

#### Evacuation and its effect on the Churches.

As the fighting lines neared Nanking in late November and as the Government authorities continued to urge people to leave, saying that the forces defending the capital would fight to the last man, the exodus was tremendous. All who could afford it for themselves and families went westward, many to cities as

remote as Chungking and Chengtu in far Szechuan, some to nearer cities in adjoining provinces, while others could afford only to cross the Yangtze River and seek shelter in the towns and villages off the main highways. This exodus began with the well-to-do whose material wealth was conveyed to the river boats in automobiles and trucks, but it extended down to the poor whose roll of bedding and bundle of clothes were packed into rickshas and pulled by some weary ricksha coolie. Naturally this general exodus included many Christians and not a few pastors. Who could blame them for leaving, for who could foresee what the future had in store? At best the city might be turned over without a struggle within the old wall, but at the worst there might be a long siege, with weeks and months of bombing and finally with fighting within the city itself.

In one mission, all five of the pastors and their families evacuated, three of them still being in Chungking and two in or near Kwei Yang. In another mission eight of the pastors and elders doing work in the city and surrounding country all evacuated, but six are now back and busily at work. The American Church Mission followed the very thoughtful policy of securing four residences in the Safety Zone and in these residences housed almost 600 refugees, among them being many of their own Christians, their clergymen and lay workers. In these residences they were later able to protect not only their own people as well as many others and to carry on regular religious services and Bible classes when such services were tremendously needed, conduct special preaching services for non-Christians, besides having a force of workers at hand ready and willing to hold services in refugee camps and in the Christian hospital.

There were but two regular Churches within the area of the Safety Zone, and in these no Sunday services were omitted. One of these churches for several months sheltered about 200 of the constituents of that church from other parts of the city. In most of the other churches of the city the last regular services were held late in November with but a handful of regular members present and not even a pastor, for by that time all but three of the city pastors had evacuated with their families. Most of these churches did not resume services in their church homes until late in February or in March when people began to leave the shelter of the Safety Zone to go back to their homes. And what motley, unpromising audiences those first ones were! The old, the lame, the halt, the poor, many not members who had come to seek help of one form or another. Courage and fearlessness were their outstanding qualities for only those with such qualities would dare to live outside the Zone even in those days. They were mostly too old and too poor for soldiers to molest so they had ventured back to their homes, or what was left of them, to salvage what little might be still there, leaving the younger members of their families back in the shelter of the Zone. No missionary was optimistic about the future of the church in those days.

#### Christian participation in the International Committee.

The story of the organization of the International Committee and its achievements through the formation of the Safety Zone is a thrilling one. The writer can say this with pride, for no woman was allowed to be a member of the committee. The initiative for its formation came from a missionary and the strong majority of its officers and members were from the missionary community, men who had to be separated from their wives and children for long months, often leaving them in places that were none too safe in order to carry on this humanitarian work

for the poor of this great city. The chairman was a German business man however, who was a true colleague in all things, even to faithful attendance at the Sunday afternoon English service. The predominant fraction of all Chinese who carried heavy responsibilities in the Safety Zone, Refugee camps and relief work were Christians. This fact is doubly significant because so many of the Christian pastors, teachers, doctors and other important laymen had evacuated from the city.

The city fell to the conquering army on December 13, 1937. For perhaps a month, the Safety Zone which was about one eighth the area of the walled city, housed approximately 250,600, a few thousand perhaps remained in their own homes to suffer even more cruelly than within the shelter of the Zone. Seventy thousand were sheltered in the 25 large camps, 2/3 of these being in the 11 camps which were housed in Christian institutions. At the time of greatest danger there were 30,000 refugees at the University of Nanking being housed in academic buildings and residences; 3,600 at the Bible Teacher's Training School, more than 3,000 in the Theological Seminary, and at least ten thousand women and children in the Ginling College buildings. Five months later, five of the remaining six camps still open were in these mission buildings, and they were housing at that time almost five thousand, mostly young women and children. Through the three summer months, the Ginling College camp continued to protect and care for almost 800 young women and girls for whom it was unsafe to return to their homes.

Through the years since their founding these mission institutions have made many worthy contributions to the life of China through the training given to its youth, but the service rendered through the shelter offered to the homeless and destitute and terror stricken during these months of intense danger is worth all they have cost the churches of the West. Walls and woodwork are scarred, paint has been rubbed away by countless feet, locks and hinges are broken and missing, but deep gratitude to the Christian Church of the West exists in the hearts of many who found shelter in the Safety Zone and the mission institutions.

#### The Christian Hospital.

The record of the Christian Hospital is a most worthy one. It courageously met each new crisis that came to it through many months. First it cared for the mutilated civilians after the air raids, then for several months it received the more severely wounded soldiers and officers. After the bombing of the big new government hospital, those patients were all moved over to the Christian Hospital. When its Chinese staff of doctors and nurses left in the general exodus in November, it looked as if it would not be possible to carry on, but again the missionary staff bent to the task and a new force was mobilized. The missionary technician became dietitian as well as treasurer; a missionary evangelist was mobilized to be the business manager and for many months you could see him going from one disbanded hospital and health station to another salvaging medical supplies before they were looted or burned. Two missionary doctors and one Chinese doctor carried the tremendous load until in February, working all hours of the day and the night. The one missionary nurse left on the staff who in peaceful times does not take time to sleep, worked harder than ever. It was not uncommon to see her with a baby in each arm, trying in addition to soothe a third and even a fourth. After weeks of effort a third doctor was permitted to return in February. Chinese nurses were mustered from the highways and byways but they were all of inadequate training and often of doubtful help. Throughout

this period daily chapel services continued at eight each morning in the hospital chapel for staff and patients. Many members of the staff who previously had only been nominal Christians began to take their turn at leading services thus strengthening their own position as Christians and giving public testimony to their deepened faith.

#### Religious work in the camps.

The limited program of Christian work carried on in the beginning in the camps housed in the Christian institutions was gradually expanded. During the early weeks all strength and effort had to be given to protecting the refugees, providing for food and bedding for the destitute and in trying to meet a few of the many other calls for all kinds of help. Several of the men missionaries for weeks during the coldest part of winter worked like slaves actually trucking rice and fuel to the 25 camps, and one dares not think what would have been the tale had not these able-bodied men been at hand to help. Without their presence every truck and group of coolies would have been taken. Christmas came at a time when killing and raping, looting and burning and terror were still rampant in the city. As one missionary expressed it, it was "Christmas in Hell." But even so there were a number of simple Christmas services held for small groups of workers and the message of that day was not forgotten. By January 17, daily religious meetings were started in the Ginling camp, and by means of a laboriously distributed ticket system, each woman in the huge camp who was interested was able to attend one meeting a week. Gradually but slowly as conditions improved in the city and as strength and energy returned to those who had been carrying such tremendous burdens during the first weeks of the occupation, and also as religious workers began to creep back into the city from their hiding places in the country, the religious program in the camps expanded. The eagerness of the people to hear a message of hope, their increased ability to understand the deeper truths of the Christian message greatly encouraged the Christian workers. Regular religious services were increased, Bible classes were started, even work for children and young people somewhat similar to that of primary school was undertaken in some of the camps. Because of the larger number of women workers available, and the fact that it was still not safe for them to go off the campus, about March 1st the program of teaching in the Ginling Camp was enlarged. The services culminating in Holy Week and Easter Sunday in that camp deserve special mention.

For the six weeks before Holy Week, between 600 and 1000 were enrolled in classes studying the Life of Christ. These classes met three times each week and were definitely planned to prepare the young women to understand the great message of Holy Week and Easter. Not only did they study the life of Christ but five afternoons a week there was a preaching service using the teachings of Jesus as themes. Those who expressed a desire to attend the nine services for Holy Week and Easter Sunday regularly were given a special ticket. There was a wonderful responsiveness to the carefully prepared messages of those weeks. Suffering, sorrow, having life shorn of all but the absolute necessities, had made hearts tender and had prepared them to understand the suffering of God in Christ for the sins of humankind. Missionaries now out in the churches say there is a new response and interest in Christianity in the city. Had it been possible during the time this project was being carried on in Ginling to have conducted a similar one for men and boys in some of the other large camps, the response to Christianity would be even more marked.

The Autumn program of the Churches.

During the late spring and all through the summer and autumn, missionaries have been gradually securing permission from the military authorities to return to their work in Nanking. In some of the missions, Chinese workers have also been returning, but from all the Christian centers in the city the pleas are for more trained leaders to meet the unprecedented opportunities. Here are some of the appeals from these missionary workers.

"The opportunities have never been greater, and people's hearts never more open than now. Their old security-religious and material-is gone. The Church has stood through everything and the spirit of Christ has been seen and felt by many. The dispersion of families, and the upheaval of normal family life has weakened, and in many cases removed the barrier which family custom and tradition erected against the acceptance of Christianity. Christ worked in 'occupied territory'. His Holy Spirit is at work mightily among us and we dare not sin against Him by refusing to carry on."

"If ever it was true that 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled,' it is true today in Nanking. One of our members said, 'I used to read stories about the work in Korea and concluded the Koreans were different from the Chinese. Now I think Nanking is in the midst of a genuine religious revival.' We are building new churches today, and the prospects are most encouraging. The Church is the one interest in many lives. Here they find joy and peace of heart and fresh hope for the future. We have more young people coming to all the services than we have ever had before."

"The responsiveness of the people is most remarkable. Failure to keep some of our best trained workers here under present conditions would be gross desertion."

"If ever the people needed help they do now. The soul of a people is in danger and if we can do aught to save it we should do so. The Church needs to stand here in this occupied territory as a constant challenge, all too inefficiently perhaps, but still to stand as a witness and a protest against the evil that has been and is being done here."

"I feel that Christian work probably never had a greater opportunity than at present in Nanking. All doors seem to be flung wide open to receive our message. About 260 enquirers are receiving instruction preparatory to joining one of our three churches in the city. Attendance at Sunday School is better than I have ever known it and students of all ages are responsive to religious teaching. One has a conviction that only the Christian message is adequate to heal and comfort the hearts of these people who have suffered so cruelly. The 'Suffering Christ' and the fact that He lived his life in occupied territory and yet has a triumphant spirit challenge the people to also rise above their sufferings in the spirit of Christ."

"Surely if the people in this area ever needed the help that Christ can bring, and the sustaining power of Christian sympathy and hope, it is now. We must not fail them in this their hour of need."

"The Church seems to be the one trusted and stable institution in the city. Non-Christians even come to it asking that it perform the wedding ceremony for members of their families."

Adaptations are being made to impoverished conditions.

The Churches and other Christian institutions in order to more adequately meet the needs in the city have re-thought their programs for the coming year. Schools that were formerly self-supporting and independent in finances cannot be so any longer. In most of the churches, schools and classes for little children have been opened with a larger attendance than was dreamed of. Tuition for such classes is very low compared with that of former years. Much more emphasis is being placed on activities, industrial work and religious teaching. In five different mission institutions courses for destitute or semi-destitute young women and girls have been opened. The emphasis is being placed on home-training and industrial work in addition to religious teaching. On the campus at Ginling they have a Homecraft Course for destitute women and their little children thus taking care of more than one hundred problem cases. In another institution 53 young women are enrolled in a lay-training course, in which the emphasis is being placed on training for lay-leadership. Since there is no Christian secondary school for boys in the city, three of the churches have opened classes in secondary school subjects and have most encouraging enrollments. At the University of Nanking campus, they have not only a flourishing primary school for children, and tutoring classes for junior high school boys, but also a special agricultural short course in which they make splendid use of their agricultural gardens and farms for teaching purposes. On the Ginling campus they have an experimental course for girls of high school age in which they give much time to practical training. The younger girls who cannot pay full fees, and there are many such, clean classrooms, dining-rooms and wash dishes; older girls are trained to teach in the Homecraft Course. The same cry comes from all missions and mission institutions - for a greater number of trained workers to meet the unprecedented needs and opportunities. Parents are eager to have their children study under Christian auspices.

Changed attitudes and a deepened spiritual life.

Very often one has evidence of changed attitudes on the part of non-Christians, of deepened spiritual life and thought in Christian leaders and layman. Needless to say there is deep appreciation of the fact that Christian workers and missionaries were the main reliance of the people in the hardest experience of their lives. The prejudices and indifference of the past decade seems to have been largely wiped away from eyes and hearts and there seems to be a longing for those things that religion alone can give. A very intelligent and competent young man of excellent education and experience in responsible positions whose father is a leader in one of the other great religions of China, has become deeply interested in Christianity. He says that Christianity demonstrated its supremacy this year, its fitness to meet the most difficult need of modern times. Both in quality and quantity the Christian efforts stood out far in front of that of all other faiths. "Only the Christians really had the spirit to do something worthwhile" were his words in a recent conversation. Such young men need all the faith and courage that the Church has to give for the days ahead are filled with difficulties for them.

The pastors of the city too seem to have a more genuine religious faith than I have ever known them to have before, a deeper conviction that only belief in Jesus Christ as Saviour will bring redemption from the sins that have weakened their own country and that now are in control of the military leaders of Japan - the sins of selfishness and greed. But yesterday in talking to one pastor he told of how one of the city evangelists is now in jail, he thinks for no other reason than that he was doing street preaching. He has tried to get some warm clothing to him, but thus far has failed. In telling me about the case, he said that he was not fearful for the life of his friend for he thinks that he will not be injured, and then his face lighted up as he said, "What a fine opportunity he will have to bear witness for Christ in that jail." They are all finding that they have to be more careful in their choice of illustration in their preaching lest a spy be in the audience, but so far this has not been a serious hindrance to their work.

An interesting account of the experiences of a 74 year old Christian bears repeating. Last autumn when the bombing started in the city, she like many others left for a safer place. Her grand daughter being the wife of a university professor, went west with her husband taking with her three of the great-grand-children. She with three of the great-granddaughters sought safety in a little village in a secluded spot thirty miles from a railway station. But even such a tiny spot was not left unmolested. It too was looted and burned and its women were hunted down. After a time the soldiers deserted what was left of the tiny place and moved on. This past summer when the tiny village was thought to be harboring guerilla troops, it was mercilessly bombed. During the looting, the old lady said that her two pieces of bedding were taken from her, and in the coldest part of the winter, at the point of a bayonet, she was forced to give over her fur inner garment. She told of how for many long cold months, her only bedding was rice straw, both for herself and her little great-granddaughters. Her only food for herself and the little girls was what one fearless old lady of the village would beg from the soldiers. For three months she did not have a bath, and even at her age it was not wise to wash one's face or to comb one's hair too often. When asked how she came through that awful ordeal looking so well and strong and not one day older, she replied, "It was prayer. God gave me strength to protect the little girls." And looking into her radiant and grateful face one could not doubt her answer.

#### Opportunities for reconciliation.

Opportunities to help the Japanese soldiers and officers to understand the real situation in China are not frequent, but nevertheless they do come. The pastors of the city, through the Nanking Church Council, ordered a large number of Bible portions in Japanese and began to distribute them as opportunity offered. They were soon requested to refrain from doing this, the reason given being that it would weaken the fighting spirit of the men. But other opportunities come to turn an enemy of China into a sincere friend as the following incident shows:

The grandson of a Japanese pastor came to Nanking as a soldier this past summer. While here he looked up a friend of his grandfather who is one of the pastors of the city, a radiant, dynamic, friendly man. Through this pastor he came to know and to deeply appreciate two fine Chinese Christian teachers who had returned to the city from long months of sojourn in the country. Both of

these teachers are men of sterling qualities of character and the young soldier was aware of it. One evening this past September the young soldier turned up at the Pastor's home, ill and miserable and homesick. The pastor and his motherly wife put him to bed in a clean fresh bed, killed a chicken and made him some hot delicious broth as only the Chinese cook knows how to make, and tried as best they could to comfort and cure him. His letter of appreciation, uncorrected but with names omitted is given below:

My dear Rev.-----

My heart is full of many many thanks to your kindness you showed and to the friendship your friends showed to me. I shall never forget.

I am sorry to tell that I am going to be sent to Shanghai tomorrow morning. Whether I shall stay in Shanghai until I'm recovered from it or I shall be sent back to Japan I am not sure. But I must tell you that the latter case is possible as many examples show.

If so, I am very sorry not to be able to say goodbye to you and to my intimate friends you introduced. But I believe that we are never divided in the friendship in Jesus, wherever we may be. I shall never stop praying for you, for your church and for your country. I assure you we shall see each other in the near future. Please pray for it.

Has Professor ---- come back to Nanking? I wanted to see and talk with him a little more. I am very happy to have found in him one of my best friends in China. Please tell him of this happiness of mine and of my prayer for him and his family.

My dear Professor ---- has gone to the west. I feel so much sorry for him. I shall pray especially for him. Please give my best regards to his family. Also to Mr. ---

In the end I must mention that you cannot imagine how highly I appreciated that home-like atmosphere you and your folks showed to me the other night.

May God's blessings always be upon you.

Yours in Jesus,

Signed by the Japanese Soldier

As the young soldier says, "We are never divided in the friendship in Jesus." And it is that fellowship alone which will in the end unite China and Japan, East and West. May the Church sacrifice more courageously to extend that fellowship until it unites all mankind into one great human family, one universal brotherhood.

GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

Letters from Eva Spicer  
August 11 - September 3, 1938

August 11, 1938 - We have been trying to do a little useful work while we are here, and I have been to the Red Cross Godown three mornings, where the eighth consignment of the Lord Mayor's Fund has just arrived - we began unpacking that yesterday. (We spent most of yesterday moving drugs from one shelf to another, as they were re-organizing the system.

We had a Chinese meal on Tuesday evening with an alumnae, who is now doing Physical education work with factory girls. Madame Chiang is doing her best to remove both the factory-machinery and all - and the girls too, as she doesn't like the thought of leaving so many young girls here, but out of 2,000 in the factory where our alumnae - Djang Yin feng by name - is working, only 200 were willing to leave their families and go. So I don't know how successful they will be in their endeavor to move industrial enterprises.

Two of the alumnae who were present at this meal had been working with the wounded soldiers in the winter in Nanchang, and the country near, and had very much enjoyed it; they found the soldiers so responsive and so eager to learn.

There is a great difference of opinion in Hankow as to how long it will be held, some say that if the Chinese really put their backs into it, there is no reason why it should ever be lost! Other people seem to expect it to fall in about six weeks, others say October or thereabouts. Of course the trouble with Russia may make a difference. Everybody agrees that if Hankow falls it will create a very serious problem for the Central government - how serious people again differ on - some think that it would mean the end of the Central government, but others think that Chiang could weather even that.

August 17, 1938 - I wrote last during the air raid on Thursday. It turned out to have been quite a bad one. They got among other places the Hwa Chung Compound, a building that was used by the Boy Scouts, just opposite the building where I had my office when I was teaching at Hwa Chung in the fall, also fell quite near St. Hilda's where I visited often when I was here. Of course the worst part of these raids is the tremendous loss of life and the wounded. They dropped the bombs in fairly crowded districts. One of the worst places was along the Han river; apparently they were aiming at some boats which were removing some of the machinery from factories that are being dismantled in Wuhan. They may have got some of the junks, I think they did, but they also got a lot of poor people who live in that district.

On Friday we had another air raid, about the same time - they all mostly seem to come about noon - this one was just as bad as the day before, and as far as Hankow was concerned rather worse, as they dropped bombs in the Japanese concession, and on the Ping Han railways, not the Hankow station itself, but a little way down the line, the numbers killed and wounded were pretty high again, and I think the cities felt decidedly nervous. They thought they were warming up for the worst one of all on Saturday, the day on which the war in Shanghai started last year.

On Monday we started the day quietly and went through the noon hour without anything; however, there was one from 5-6, not a bad one, as they concentrated mainly on the air-field, we were in the Lutheran home at the time, and that is a fairly solid building. On Tuesday we started with a warning just after breakfast, about 9 am, but that time went without any bombs being dropped or guns fired. However,

around noon we had a real one, I think the bombs dropped as near to here as they have ever dropped. We could see the clouds of smoke very clearly. I am afraid it was another bad one as far as human life was concerned.

Life really hasn't been quite as full of air raids as this account sounds, as after all, the longest of them only lasted about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, and you can go on doing other things, though when the deep hush descends over the city after the rush of feet and cars when the siren sounds, and you hear the gentle hum of the aeroplanes growing louder, it seems almost impossible to <sup>go</sup> on typing, because you do want to listen, even though you don't, and the typing makes quite a noise. If I have not something like folding dressings on hand, I have found that playing patience is a very good occupation, there is enough to keep your mind occupied a bit, and yet it doesn't need very much intelligence. All the group are wonderfully good, and there are none of them that show the slightest sign of any lack of self-control, though I don't suppose they like them. No one would.

Florence and I had tried to see Mr. Durdin of the New York Times on Monday, as he wanted to ask us a few questions about Nanking (it was not an interview, just a friendly chat, because he knew people there) but he was busy looking at the air raid just then, however, we went on Tuesday, and chatted pleasantly for an hour.

August 23, 1938 - The official sailing hour of the boat was 7 a.m., but they didn't actually leave until about 8:30, most of the time in between was taken up with the inspection of tickets. They are trying to prevent the boys on the boat from selling places at high prices to people, in an entirely unauthorized manner. So they go as carefully as they can through all the passengers to see if they have an official ticket; if they haven't they try to get the passenger to identify the boy who sold the place, and they arrest the boy. I think they generally let the passenger stay on board. Then there are stowaways and other excitements.

August 27, 1938 - We are due to arrive in Chungking today, sometime this afternoon I think. I must own that I have a lazy nature, and shall be quite sorry to leave the relative comfort and peace of the ship, and take up the strenuous business of seeing to luggage, or rather helping to see to luggage, making inquiries about buses, and generally getting a move on for the next rather tiresome bit of the journey. It is only a two days bus ride to Chengtu, but apparently it is quite a business getting seats on the bus.

The boat left Ichang early next morning, and we were up good and early to see the Gorges. They have Chinese pilots who have been on the river since they were born, and who know nothing but the river. The river was running very fast indeed, and the Captain said that only a very skilled pilot could have brought the boat up. They had to keep clear of the main stream altogether, as otherwise, the boat could have made no headway at all, and that meant hugging the bank wherever possible, and of course that can't always be done because of the rocks, etc. so we did a good bit of tacking from side to side. The pilot is apparently quite <sup>un</sup>able to explain anything, his apprentice learns by doing, but he knows the river almost intuitively. We had apparently another quite difficult day yesterday from Wanshien on up, as the river has risen again, and there was one rapid that they were not quite certain whether they would be able to make or not, however, they did. The captain said that nobody who knew the consequences could have brought the boat safely through, but the pilot just knew the river, and wasn't thinking about the consequences.

Since we have got into Szechuan we have seen a lot of half-timbered houses, that give a very Tudor appearance to the landscape, there are many more trees in Szechuan than in many other parts of China, hence the much greater use of wood for houses.

September 1, 1938 - Well, we didn't get off as soon as we had hoped, Dr. Wu had the promise of a bus from Chunking to Chengtu, but at the last moment they could not make their promise good. So that we were greeted by the word that there was no immediate prospect of leaving Chunking. However, we should hardly know ourselves on this journey if we didn't have to wait.

Katharine Boeye, who used to be in Nanking at the Methodist Girls' School there, met us and very kindly took off all the students and Chinese faculty to her school, which is situated some way outside the town. They got away first, and the three of us (Catharine Sutherland, Florence Kirk and myself) waited until we had seen all of the luggage (93 pieces) off the boat. It was being handled by the Canadian Mission Agency, and I don't know that we really did much good, but anyway we felt as though we were doing something.

Gordon Jones and his wife (he is the Canadian Mission Business manager) live here. It is something in the nature of an hotel for transients, and people drop in for odd meals. There is also a radio, and we have listened eagerly each night to the news from Hong Kong and Manilla, I must own that the news from Europe rather makes my insides turn over within me, but I am still hoping that perhaps Germany will stop and think when she sees the weight of opposition piled up against her. There was a Dutchman in last night, and he seemed to think that they wouldn't fight, but you can't really tell out here. I must own that at times like these one feels frightfully far away in a place like this.

Chunking is the most inconvenient city for getting about that I have yet met. Everything is a long way from everything else; it is so much up and down that the rickshas are very slow, the buses are terribly full, and most irregular, and you more or less can only get on at a station or two before the terminus, ride to the terminus, stay on there for the ride back.

September 2, 1938 - We seem to be making some headway of the transport problem; some of the girls have already got away, and we have the promise of a bus some time within the next week, no one quite knows when.

We have seen quite a lot of people, Florence being a Canadian, and most of the missionaries here being Canadian, people have been anxious to see her. There are also a lot of our alumnae here, and we have been to one alumnae party, had some here and visited some of them. Chunking is just as full as it can be, mainly I think of the rather better class refugees, as the poorer ones do not get as far as here.

September 3, 1938 - We have made better time for getting away from Chunking than I expected to. Most of the party left on a bus this morning, and in view of the fact, that when we arrived Dr. Wu's carefully laid plans had fallen down, and that we were starting more or less from scratch, I think Hwang Dzun-mei has done very well. She has done very well. She has done it all here by sheer dogged sticking to it. She really is a very good person for a trip like this, competent and completely unruffled. I have never known her very well before, and it is interesting to see how many qualities she has.

There are six members of the faculty still left, and one student. There are various reasons why the faculty are bringing up the rear, sufficient, I think, but not worth going into here. We hope to get off in various ways within the next week, though I may have to wait till the beginning of the week after for a seat on the Canadian truck going to Chengtu to take the Canadian children to school, when I should be acting as a chaperone.

One feels terribly far away from things here, and the European situation is of the variety that makes one want to be on the spot. Doubtless one will get accustomed to living by the radio news, and what one can get out of the Chinese newspapers, but I have never lived out of reach of an English daily before this.

FINAL STAGES OF THE TWO MONTHS' TREK

By Miss Sutherland  
Chengtu, September 9, 1938

Having come to the "last stand" of our journey, I must try to fill in a few of the details of these past days. For some of our group (Ginling students and teachers) it has been a trip from Shanghai to Chengtu, via Hongkong and Hankow. Others of us began only at Hankow. I wrote to some of you of the beauties of the boat trip through the Yangtze gorges to Chungking, where we stayed a week before coming the last lap - a two-day bus ride to this city. I could wish for a real "writer's pen" to tell of that bus trip, for it was unique in many respects.

Our experiences from Chungking to Chengtu, as we compare with others, were relatively easy, for we arrived within the two-day schedule, at six the second evening, had rather cool and cloudy weather, no rain to make washouts on the road, no breakdowns; and we stopped overnight on a nice open porch in the bus station, a big courtyard, once a temple, surrounded by buildings on three sides. The inns are never very clean, so we begged the station master to take us, and most of us slept on the floor, not troubled by mosquitoes - marvelous to relate! As for the bus, though we didn't actually break down, it was in pretty shaky condition, and we stopped an hour each day for repairs. Our chauffeur was quite a good little man and he kept pointing out one defect after another to the mechanic, sometimes throwing up his hands in despair, and almost refusing to drive, but in the end the tinkering seemed to be sufficient. He drove rather slowly, as I urged him to do, pleading that the lives of those 18 girls were in my hands, and that we would be so much more tired if he went too fast. Alice Chang, who came two days later, said that the driver of their bus went at a great speed, and finally, just a half hour out of Chengtu, one tire suddenly flew right out into the rice field. Fortunately the car stayed right side up and they were delayed only about three hours waiting for the trouble wagon. The buses carry no extra tires. When we were leaving Chungking and getting last touches put on the car, I talked with several of the men who looked responsible, begging them to put necessary tools and an extra tire on the bus. One or two politely assented, and then the next one said frankly that they were very short on tires and simply didn't have enough extra ones. But at the first station out, I noticed they took on an inner tube and some more tools.

On the whole, the stations along the way seemed very well run, and we had to present our credentials at each one. The stations in every case seemed to occupy deserted temples, and were by far the most sumptuous places in the towns. We stopped always at a little town for meals, and to me it was a supreme pleasure to be able to eat "off of" the little street restaurants, which in the large cities one never has quite the courage to do. The girls were so kind and helped me to get some nice green vegetables, with rice or noodles and poached eggs, as I can't eat much of the oil with which their food is almost always mixed. Except for that, it is all so tasty and interesting. Once we got a very good sweet dish made of lotus seed powder, a delicate pink color, boiled with hot water in a nice brass pan until it was a pasty consistency. With some sugar added, it was delicious. The sugar in this province, from cane, I suppose, is refined by each household, and comes out a light tan color, very good. Salt also, is refined by each household - at least it is so among these families here. Szechuan produces great quantities of salt, and they say it is a self-sufficient province, as far as the necessities of life go.

To finish up the bus ride, the roads were far smoother than I had expected. They were all well laid with broken rocks or pebbles (these made the roughest part), with almost none of the deep holes one finds on mud roads, and which we found as soon as we entered the city of Chengtu; for the last ten minutes we were jostled mercilessly.

The scenery the whole way was interesting; the first and last parts were up and down mountain ranges with wonderful views - quite like those I remember in the Berkshires in Massachusetts. Bamboos of luxuriant growth on the lower levels with rich green foliage, and pines and taller trees above. The farm houses continued to be most picturesque, white plaster with gabled tile roofs, and always the "Shakesperian" beaming going crisscross on the front or sides. This seems to be characteristic throughout the province; I had seen a slight amount of it in and around Shanghai and also in Hunan. The aspect of the country houses is far more prosperous than the drab mud huts one sees in north and central China. And it is so much more green and tropical here. We caught sight of the great plain on which Chengtu is situated long before reaching here, and could see how flat it was, though it is about 1500 feet above sea level. The city itself reminds me more of Peking than any other city I have seen in China, and from the moment we entered there was a sense of rest and repose, which was quite lacking in Chungking. Some people here say that Chungking, the business center, is the Shanghai of the west, while Chengtu is the capitol and cultural center. It is now laid out with good wide streets bordered with trees, which they say a progressive governor built about ten years ago, though now they give the appearance of having always been so. The shops, except for a few high modern ones, are usually two-storied and seemed to fit into the environment in a way that the tall unwieldy ones in Chungking did not.

As for West China Union University and its campus, it is a "paradise", as one of the girls said, and most amazing in its spaciousness and expanse. It covers about 150 acres, and each "college" - representing one of the affiliated mission boards - has been built on its own board property, with large grass plots and athletic fields between. The faculty residences are placed in various parts of the campus, nice comfortable dwellings, usually of grey brick, with plenty of garden space, and huge hedges and tall trees all about. The weather since we have been here has been almost entirely cloudy and cool, a kind of "Vancouver" climate, though more tropical, and a St. Louisan has the feeling of being in a summer resort - the kind where damp coolness prevails. They say that the sun comes out about once a month, and it may rain for days on end. At present we are revelling in the coolness, though we may a little later cry for some warmth, as there is very little heating here, I believe.

Our bus rode right up to the edge of the Women's College, where Dr. Wu, Dr. Reeves, Miss Fosnot (Dean of Women), and numbers of the students came running out to greet us. It was a lovely reunion, seeing the girls who had come a year or six months ago, and being so kindly welcomed by the people here. Elsie Priest took me in for the night in a faculty house she is now occupying on the Methodist compound, just across from the house of Bishop Ward, who came from Nanking last year, and has lent a helping hand so often to his Nanking friends here. He and Mrs. Ward are about to leave for a series of conferences, including Madras, in December. Mrs. Ward has lent her piano to Ginling, for which we are profoundly grateful.

Elsie has been working busily all summer, not only in Nanking and Ginling offices, but has been giving time to West China's accounting as well. It seems to be against her principles to take any definite rest of vacation. Perhaps she feels like some of the rest of us, that, having gotten here, she prefers not to be uprooted for a long while to come. Like many others of our friends, she seems thinner, but she says she is well. Dr. Reeves has lost some of the plumpness she was said to have gained last year, but also seems well and in fine spirits. Dr. Wu is tired and in need of rest; she carries so many burdens. The war situation tells upon her, in spite of her desire to keep cheerful and hopeful. She needs all the help and loyalty we can give her. I am glad that the Madras conference will

take her away for a while.

We found the Ginling dormitory almost complete, with some of the inside finishing still to be done. The girls have already moved in, and some of the faculty are already in. It is an attractive two-story building, white stucco with lattice window finishings of natural colored wood. Wood is much more abundant here, and there is some interior paneling in the faculty rooms that makes them quite attractive. The building is a U shaped, with students living on either side. The central section consists of common living and dining rooms on the first floor and faculty rooms above. Each student room has four students, occupying two double-decker beds. The rooms are not very large, and it is rather a tight squeeze, but everyone realizes that it is "refugee" quarters, and it is far more comfortable in every way than the dormitories in which Central University students and others are living in Chungking. Dr. Wu had sent word to us in Chungking asking that we be sure to have our students visit those schools, so that they might realize what real roughing-it was.

And now our attention has been for the last few days on "military training". The three upper classes left three days ago, after much delay and postponing, for forty days of training, which is supposed to give them some of the fundamentals of simple nursing and lectures on medicine, hygiene, etc. It was suggested that they might have practice in the handling of guns, but apparently that was only a rumor. They were required to prepare a costume composed of a simple black skirt and the Chinese white-top garment above. We are so accustomed to their graceful long gowns that they seemed to turn into little school girls with the new uniforms and looked suddenly very immature and demure. They had heard many reports of the hardships of such a training course, and as one girl said, she felt "as if she were marching to the guillotine". Today several of us went over, carrying large baskets of persimmons for them, and found out something about their condition. They are stationed in a beautiful old imperial palace or yamen, courts within courts, with lovely gateways and beautiful old trees and shrubs, so that the atmosphere, to begin with, is inspiring. As for their living, they are in low one-story buildings, about six girls in a room, two to a cot, which they occupy head to foot and foot to head. They took their own bedding, but each has a nice white spread, and each has a small mosquito net which hangs just over her head and protects that part of her. Their rooms are examined daily and seemed quite spotless, and they told with much pride that Ginling girls had received the best marks for neatness so far. There are about 500 girls at this "camp", representing 8 different colleges, all but one of which, I think has moved here from down river. When we got there they were all standing just outside their dormitories, and in high spirits, for they had received word that they might have the afternoon free to go home, since it is a special day - the anniversary of the taking of Manchuria by the Japanese. Flags were out everywhere today. Baths and good food will be the chief order of the afternoon, no doubt. They say their food is quite all right, but not too palatable, and they are not allowed to talk at meals! Perhaps a hangover of Confucianism, and, one would think, not in keeping with modern hygiene. They get up at 5:30 and have an hour of setting up, then 7 hours of lectures during the day, which they say is somewhat tiring, as they have to sit too long with too little exercise. Later there will likely be some practical nursing, etc. On the whole, it will probably be an excellent experience for them.

We are following the government schedule, which begins classes on November first, for these three upper classes. The freshmen are to begin October first, and we are in the process of trying to decide what we at Ginling will do with relation to an experimental program, which will aim to make the students more conscious of the community and its needs, as well as attempt to deal with these needs

- in other words a more practical program, if possible, that will better prepare them to meet life situations when they leave college. The government curriculum may be too rigid to make this possible; we hear that a definite outline has been prepared for Colleges, but we also hear that the government wishes experimentation as well as emphasis on rural work, so that it may be possible for us to try a new plan. It may be that we will take the freshmen into the country during the month of October, or part of it, giving them first some questions to consider hoping that they may discover for themselves some of the needs, and be ready for later discussion. There has been a feeling at Ginling for some time that the different departments were not thinking enough together toward a definite goal, and this plan is an attempt to rectify this weakness. Many people feel that the needs of China today center in the rural community. We will know better later whether we are on the right track or what the government will approve of.

As for West China people, it seems as if those on the faculty here could not have been kinder or more cordial than they have been to us "guests". They have lent their own rooms, parts of their houses, space for new buildings, as well as much equipment of all sorts. They claim, and perhaps rightfully, that their loss is also their gain, for the influx of outside life has no doubt added stimulus in many ways. A certain superficiality and provincialism is said to be present among students in this part of the country, a natural thing in any place which has been as separated as they have. Our own students feel a slight lack of friendliness on the part of the girl students of West China, which is likely due to their own sense of inferiority. And of course our students have made lots of inconvenience for the others, without a doubt. As for the faculty, it seems as if they sincerely welcome us in every way. They invite us to meet with them in department committees, asking for exchange of opinion about courses, etc., and in some cases we can cooperate so as not to overlap in work given - students in any college being allowed to enter classes of any other.

We feel a good deal cut off from the world, in many respects, and the only English news is a daily news sheet, mimeographed from a radio report by members on the campus here. Recent air attacks on civilian planes has badly interfered with service from Hongkong, so that mail is most irregular. I have had no home mail since arriving, which means no word since the first of August. Elsie Priest says her mail has been most irregular; sometimes mail is two months in transit - other times much quicker. I have decided that perhaps some letters from America which I thought would be here were on the Clipper plane which was lost or on one of the Eurasia planes which were hit by the Japanese. Europe has been as much in our minds as China these last days. Yesterday, September 18, was the anniversary of the Manchurian occupation, and the streets were lined with national flags. One of the prettiest songs of recent years is one in commemoration of this event - a sad, wistful sort of song. Yesterday a small boat went by with two soldiers and an oarsman, one soldier standing in the middle singing this song rather well, and at the very front of the boat the other soldier kneeling, weeping. One couldn't be sure whether this had been planned or was just spontaneous, but it seemed quite significant of the pathos of the present situation.

cc ✓  
Ginling  
(Staff Reports)

Ginling College In China

GINLING ARRIVES IN CHENGTU !

FINAL STAGES OF THE TWO-MONTHS' TREK

By Miss Kirk

September 11-21, 1938

Chungking, September 11. Now Eva and I have been more than two weeks in this city, so we feel that we are getting the atmosphere of the place. You will want to know the whereabouts of the rest of our party: the whole bus materialized much more quickly than we expected and on September 3rd they started out. The night before the faculty had been guests of Mrs. Han Li-wu, Dr. Han and Chen Hsing-mei at the Sun-Sun Restaurant, a famous restaurant situated on the edge of the river - the water was so close that it was easy to imagine we were floating down the river. They all seem well and in good spirits - homesick, of course, for Nanking, but courageously looking forward to the future. After the dinner, Miss Hwang Dzün-mei, Ettie Chin and her two brothers, and Catharine went to the bus station to see if by any chance transportation might be available on Saturday; much to their surprise, a bus was to go early the next day.

It was necessary to pack quickly, got up at 4:45, breakfast at 5, and wait for a car by 5:30 at the top of the 139 steps we had to climb preparatory to going everywhere but across the river. The war was slow in coming and had to be pushed down the slight incline to get started again, but it took us to Su Deh School where the bus was supposed to come. One by one the girls appeared with their baggage, but it soon appeared that all 19 places had girls to fill them. Catharine embarked with her luggage, and Eva went back home with me in the same car we had brought out. We learned afterwards that they got started about 8:30 with Catharine the only faculty member of the group, and had a rather uneventful trip in two days, the medicines and first-aid kit being called for occasionally for car sickness and scratches.

Several girls had gone in small groups before this, and on Monday Dzün-mei, Alice, Ettie, and one new freshman started off by bus. Alice and the freshman were fairly comfortable - as Szechuan buses go - and in two days were in Chengtu, having a near accident on the plain near Chengtu when a tire flew off. They saw an overturned bus, and we have heard that one passenger was killed; too many accidents occur on these buses to make a trip in them altogether enjoyable; the cars are old, more wrecks in appearance, the roads not too good, and we hear that the drivers are not all-efficient. Dzün-mei and Ettie were unfortunate in getting narrow seats in the very back, having a breakdown, finding doubtful hotels, and reached Chengtu the morning of the third day. Miss Yen came back to Chungking to find everyone at the school had gone, and she went in the bus by herself two days later. I don't know why, but mostly everyone had some sort of ailment after reaching Chengtu, due likely to the strenuous trip, and to the sudden drop in temperature that called for woolen sweaters and coats, and heavy blankets at night. Everyone had several days of rest and then became all right.

Chungking is quite a modern city. Eva thinks it might compete with Shanghai for being the most crowded city. Some say, "I can easily pick out the 'down river' people on the street." I thought of that when I was on the street, but did not find it so easy. Of course the Szechuanese are often short people, and a good many of them look sickly - a strange pallor, lack of energy, and signs of malnutrition. It is a very wealthy province, the largest in all China, but there are more very poor people and more very rich people than in any other province - or so I am told.

We 'down river' people have brought problems with us in large quantity. There are ever so many Nanking stores; and competition has not helped the little shopkeeper. When it comes to a new position, frequently the 'down river' person because of his better opportunities for education and training is given the job, thus displacing the native of the province who might have obtained the position. You can see how this is - thousands pouring in from all directions. Of course there is the other side, too; many of the newcomers have lost all their business, their homes, several members of their family (I hear of one family from the east coast who started on the journey westwards with six children; when they arrived at Hankow they had only one child left!) The outspoken criticisms of the newcomers only aggravate a difficult situation; the "we don't do it this way in -----" does not help heal the wounds. Many of the refugees still have money and they appear on the streets in what appears to be extravagant dress, frequent the movies and amusement places, and so get a name for themselves for frivolity. On the other hand, some of the natives hardly realize there is a war, and take little pains to sympathize with the refugees who pour in. Certainly the influx will bring new life to this interior province. Eventually it will result in great things for China.

We have been during these two weeks a good deal around the main streets. Those 139 steps leading up to one main street are most interesting, and one forgets there were quite so many steps, for landings came at intervals. The secret of a pleasant ascent is to become absorbed in conversation, or to observe the life of the homes bordering the stairway. All kinds of loads go up and down those stairs, and it means close figuring to move safely through the crowd. Just at the top is a branch post-office. All kinds of string and rope are made in the streets and just outside No. 13 where we stayed, on the ramp of the city wall, there are usually long lines of thread being twisted for string. I have not discovered a store that makes rope, but peddlars carry it. The markets are bright with green and red peppers, baskets of ginger root, persimmons quite different from those we are accustomed to, pears, long broad beans that are ground up and used for a washing powder instead of soap, purple egg-plant, onions. Grass linen is one of the famous products of this region, and one can buy a bolt (20 yards) of white or colored linen, fine quality, for \$3.50 mex (or say 70¢ gold.) We are told that the colors fade badly, but the shopkeepers insist that they are fast.

The Canadian Mission Agency, a combined hotel and private home, has been a most interesting place to stay. They do a great service by providing good hotel accommodation, chiefly for transients. The dining-room table is a wonder, accommodating at times eighteen. We have heard of the dearth of baking powder but we have had fresh cake almost every day for tea, and coffee three times a day for those who want it. And all this for a most reasonable rate. The guests who gather there are most interesting - a highway adviser to the government, a German; some missionaries; a newspaper man; a League of Nations secretary; etc.

September 14, Chengtu. We arrived yesterday afternoon about 4, just two months after leaving Shanghai! We went to Elsie Priest's house and found only servants there, so we settled down to read the accumulated mail. I found a book sent last fall from Saskatoon - a pleasant surprise, for I thought it had been lost. Before long Elsie arrived, with Catharine, and Alice Chang. They carried us off to a party the Ginling girls were giving to Miss Fosnot, Dean of the Women's College, who is going home on an indefinite furlough to look after her father. It was good to see Dr. Wu and the faculty members we have not seen since the outbreak of the war - Chang Siao-sung, Chen Pin-dji, Wu Suen-i, Dzo Yu-lin, and to meet again Chou Li-chiu

whom I had seen just once before. The Shanghai-Hongkong-Hankow group was cheery, and recovered from their adventurous trips, and the Chengtu unit looked well and quite at home. At last we had arrived, and the first glimpse of the campus was pleasant, large grey buildings in the Chinese style, with only a little color visible, and great areas of grass everywhere, clipped by the cows! I did not pretend to find my way, but was led around and thought I would attempt to be observant by daylight. How chilly it was! We brought out sweaters or borrowed them, and last night I had a thick comforter. I can scarcely believe it. The skies are grey, and Elsie says we may see the sun only once a month here!

I must tell you something of the trip from Chungking. What a panorama unrolled itself for the best part of two days. I have never seen a landscape with such variety of crops and vegetation generally, and Dr. Wei, a plant pathologist, was a veritable encyclopaedia of useful knowledge. He has been in Chengtu for a semester and is acquainted with conditions here. Most of the time we had glimpses of the watch towers which point to one of the long-drawn-out struggles in Szechuan. These were made of mud generally, but often were whitewashed, rectangular, and perhaps twenty foot high. The domestic architecture - whitewashed half timbered houses - took us back to English views, and often we would say, "That might be an English scene." The architecture of temples became increasingly ornate, with fine ironwork, and pointed roofs curving sharply upward, fantastic animals, and figures showing silhouetted against the sky. Much grey brick is used in this part of the country, and helped to give the impression of dullness to any landscape; of course, there was the great array of fresh greens, and here and there chocolate-colored soil or pinkish soil such as we saw in Kwangsi, but fall had come and there were few flowers out. The towns were substantial and well built. We always exclaimed at the more than a score of white pagodas, graceful and slight, nine to thirteen stories high, unlike pagodas in other parts.

The bamboos were different from the kind we know. Someone said there were fifty varieties in this province, and they all seemed of a heavier, coarser-leaved kind, growing so thick together that one had the impression of a very different tree. The orange groves here and there had fruit the size of a small peach. There were loaded pomelo trees; at one bus stop we saw one opened and it looked very dry and unpalatable, but everywhere pomelos are uncertain. The corn crop had been harvested two weeks before, and the stocks of dark brown corn stalks stood like sentinels here and there over the countryside; they looked like mature adults standing independently separate and the tiny rice stocks standing close together appeared like little children huddling in long close lines. It seemed that all the buffaloes in Szechuan were plowing; for hours together, there were visible two or three buffaloes lunging along in water up to their flanks, with a man following holding the handles of his plow; it was a dreary sight, slow, and, to our minds only a pretense of plowing. The land was not being prepared for fall sowing but would lie fallow until next spring; the water had not been drained because it was felt water ought to be conserved.

The other crops we saw were: sorghum ( I had not known before that the "Kaoliang" of North China was sorghum); tobacco; peanuts; sweet potato; the elephant eared taro, a regal plant, the roots used for food, I am told; a little cotton; pumpkins appearing in the leaves of a tree or a melon resting on the thatch of a roof; sesame; mung beans; and sugar-cane, which looked like an excellent crop, twice the height of a man, and extending to large fields of an acre or two! There were small plots of fresh young carrots, a new crop to China. We saw banana trees (they never produce anything edible) and pines in the same landscape, locust trees often bordering the roads, and quite often the fine banyan tree which in this latitude does not grow to the proportions of the southern tree; the branches tended downwards, but it was not easy to see where many had taken root.

We could not forget that China was at war, for we saw columns of soldiers in khaki or greyish blue with the Kuomintang flag leading. Did I tell you how wretched some Szechuan troops look? In Chungking one morning we saw a straggling line of them that would have competed with Falstaff! Ragged fellows; they looked ill, undernourished, miserable. They should have all been in hospitals not sent to fight battles.

The mountain ranges add variety to the scenery. Occasionally there were tiny waterfalls, and clear rivers. We had to cross one river, but it was a quick procedure, for we found a barge waiting and drove directly on, getting across in ten minutes. The approach to Chengtu is charming, a wide plain, many miles wide, visible from the tops of the last mountains. Once on the plain we looked for the city, but low hanging clouds hung over the plain, and in any case the city is visible only when one gets to less than a mile from the wall. We found the worst roads of the trip on our way from the bus station to this campus, bumpy, uneven roads that test all kinds of vehicles.

September 21. This last week has passed quickly though I spent two days in bed with a heavy cold. There have been faculty meetings, nightly prayer meetings, rather like the chapel service but short, and the departure of more than forty girls for military camp in the city. The girls at camp went with a good deal of misgiving, dressed in the required uniform of white Chinese style, long waist and black skirt, but they are now becoming accustomed to the routine of early rising and early going to bed, with lectures for seven hours. Their camp is in lovely grounds of the former Szechuan university. The Ginling rooms, six beds in a room, each one for two girls, have been commended already, so we are hoping this new neatness will be in evidence when they return to our present campus. Several of us went on Sunday, at noon, to visit them, and found them ready to come home for a visit; it was September 18th, a national holiday in memory of the Manchurian Incident, so classes were cancelled. They came home, had baths, went out for supper to get a change of food, and were back before eight. They call our new dormitory "home", and are eager to be back whenever they get permission. We have about 16 in the dormitory, chiefly Freshmen, and I think they will be glad when their work begins October 1.

The new dormitory is nearing completion. The chief hold-up seems to be the electric light; the electric company is being fussy, so they are reduced to candles, lanterns, lamps. The kitchen is now in operation and plans are being made for laundry facilities. Faculty rooms are assigned and some pretty well furnished. The Chinese rope-bottom beds in the faculty rooms seem popular and there has been buying of pads or coconut matting for mattresses. The common rooms - a large dining-room and large living-room which is to be for both faculty and students - are pleasant, brick walls painted white and nice-looking floors just now being finished. We laughed the other day when we saw a man going slowly over the expanse of one with an open charcoal burner in one hand drying out the paint! By the way, we have had one and a half sunny days! I thought we had left air-raid sirens behind, but there are almost daily practice sirens which do not inconvenience anyone on the campus, but make some difference in the city. One night we were in darkness for an hour.

GINLING COLLEGE  
NANKING, CHINA

Letter from Mei-yü Chen, Ginling College, B.A. 1920, Columbia University, M.A. 1928, Dean of Women at Central University and teacher in the Department of Health of Central University. Central University is the government university located in Nanking, China. Letter written in China, September 6--October 13, 1938.

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The dormitory of the Central University was to be closed on the 19th of August. . . . It was about a quarter of six, a few minutes after I got back to my room, when the siren sounded again. All the servants who were leaving the dormitory in an hour or so, came to take leave and beg me to go with them to the basement of the dental school nearby. I bade them to go there, but said that I preferred to stay in my room this time. A student called Miss Chang was correcting the papers of the mass education class. She also said that she would not go this time. I added, "It would not be our turn yet, for the very expensive buildings and military headquarters and other strategic places have not been touched yet. I'll just close my door and windows to avoid stray bullets and shrapnel." I made two glasses of tea, one for Miss Chang and the other for myself and sat down in my room to read the recent report from the F.O.R. When it was too dark to read, I went to the room next to mine to wash my hands. All of a sudden, I was lifted up and thrown forward and hit the wall on the side of my face. On looking up, I saw nothing but red burning sticks about two inches long, shooting in the garden in front of the washroom. My first impulse was to run for the back gate which was at the end of the long covered pathway and through seven Chinese courtyards. I called for Miss Chang to follow me but thought there was not time to go into the reading room and wait for her. When I got to the back gate it was locked and I began to scream. Kao Ma, an amah, . . . rushed out and told me to go to the students' wash room and hide under the heavy wash tables. As we had barely entered the wash room, the whole door with its frame fell on us and hit me on my arm; the plaster from the ceiling hit our heads; the dust blinded our eyes. Strange to say I had no sense of pain. I tried to convince myself that it was not the "San Francisco" film that I had seen some time ago, that it was reality that houses were falling on us. The bottom of the table was only about half a meter from the floor. We rolled in upon the shattered glass and plaster. The sound of machine guns, the firing of the anti-aircraft guns from the neighboring places, estimated altogether about 200 times, the explosion of heavy bombs and the sight of the red shooting lights, seemed like the roaring of the spirits of death all around me, made me feel that my end had come. There came such a longing to communicate with mother and with some friends especially about how I was caught in this place and what conferences I had had with the President. How I blamed him for not listening to me to close the girls dormitory early, because we were the only students that live behind the auditorium and in the campus, and our building was very insecurely built. Then I thought, with all the experiences we had had with the Japanese, their bombing the Eastern library, the commercial press in 1932, the bombing of Nankai University in Tientsin last July, how could the President and myself think that our turn had not come yet. I knew the answer, in Nanking there are more important organizations from the standpoint of war. I blamed myself very painfully that I had not pulled out Miss Chang, for at that time all the other houses had fallen and I was afraid Miss Chang did not have as strong a table for refuge. . . . After a while, finding myself unhurt in the midst of the severe fighting, my hope for life revived and I began to pray, "May the years beyond today be remembered as a free gift and a trust to do good and I must not forget." When the planes left us, Kao Ma tried to go to the front side of the compound and I went to the back garden, for that time there were not any doors to lock me in. Kao Ma could not proceed very far with the fallen beams and all, but she reported that all the houses but my rooms and the reading room stood erect. I knew she was trying to comfort me that Miss Chang had not been killed, for she could not see anything and it was impossible that the reading room should stand erect among the runins. The sound of the

returning planes drove us back to the same hiding place and this time not long after the fight we heard the fire alarm and saw a huge fire not more than ten rooms away from our places. We had to run for our lives even when the planes were low circling above us. We ran through many houses on the north side of the campus till we came to the green house, but to our disappointment we could not find anything strong to hide our heads. Finally we got in the music hall and hid behind the piano. After the siren for clear came, Kao Ma said gratefully that in attempting to save me, she had saved herself. She ran to see her children and I went to the reading room for Miss Chang. On my way I met policemen who told me that Miss Chang was safe under the basement of the library and they helped me with their flash lights to get to the place where once my rooms had stood. A crowd of policemen were digging and calling for me. The head of the police body greeted me and helped me to the rest room in the library where I saw Miss Chang who told me that she had run through the front gate after it had fallen and those who ran before her and after her for the same destination were killed on the road. When my carriage got to Ginling, a crowd was gathered at the slope. I could not see who were there, but I told of the narrow escape and the details of the bombing as I had gathered from the policemen. Before I had time to clean up, the siren came again. This time the Central Political Institute where mayors and other civil workers are being trained, was destroyed.

My experience of August 19th was enough for me, but in comparison with the experiences of others who lost their arms and legs or had to bury their own people with their own hands, my story is very ordinary. The August 19th bombing was not so bad in comparison with the bombing on the 26th of the same month when about 100 bombs were loosened on the densely populated section of the city, when the middle school of Central University and some other schools were bombed and burned. The most dreadful one occurred on the 22nd of September when enemies' planes sent down about 200 bombs on this city. The ones dropped around the Central Hospital and the National Health Administration were about 1600 pounds in weight. A rough estimate was that about 1000 civilians in the city were killed. The dreadful bombing of the refugee trains at South Station of Shanghai, and at Sungkiang and at Pukow stations in each place killed about 300, women and children mostly, and wounded many more. . . .

The Central University is going to move to Chungking for the time being with a reduced program. I am very happy to say that our department of health education will go on as usual with a smaller staff.

My younger brother is in the Red Cross work in Shanghai. Every one is eager to do something for the freedom of the nation. For we know what it will mean if we loose it. The Koreans, Manchurians, Formosans are being forced to fight for Japan and especially as the first attackers. Since the mutiny at Tung chow, the Japanese have the policy of killing all the family members and the two guarantors in case the forced soldier turns against Japan.

There is a great crowd of unemployed in Shachsing, my home town. The workers in the tea business, in the silk industry, in the antimony factory and in the wine business have lost their work because of the difficulty in transportation, very little export from the city. The educational work and the medical men are busier than in normal times, for there are refugees from Ningpo, Hangchow and Shanghai. Shachsing is only comparatively a safe place, for the Japanese planes fly over us nearly every other day and we often had to sit without light at night. So far there were only three bombs dropped outside of the city.

S. S. Kiang An, October 13.

I could hardly keep my tears back when I got back to my beloved Nanking, to see all the nice shops closed as if it were New Year's Day, yet without gay pleasure seekers on the street. The dug-outs lined the two sides of the streets; nearly every family owns one now. Our boat Kiang An docked four times yesterday; she fled three

times when the siren of air raids started; the first time I was on the wharf and later I got on when she docked for the second time. Miss Vautrin and others who are holding on to Ginling told me this is the fifty-eighth time of the air raids. . . .

It is difficult to leave my aged mother now, but she wanted me to leave. She herself feels like going out and doing something more vital than sewing for the soldiers.

*Oct*  
*Ginling*  
*(Staff Reports)*

GINLING COLLEGE  
NANKING, CHINA

Excerpts from letter written by Miss Minnie  
Vautrin dated "The Campus" November 10, 1938  
Received in New York December 5, 1938.

Even now I am not able to write for you and for Dr. Wu the kind of report I want you to have, but am hoping that after the financial report is made out for the months of September and October that I shall be able to get at a write-up on the work we are doing on the campus this autumn. I bravely started out with the hope that I could get to you a weekly newsletter, but long ago I had to give that up for lack of time. Now that work is getting started, I hope that I shall have a little more time.

Am enclosing some hastily written copies of the programs we have planned for the Founders' Day Breakfast on Sunday morning November 13th at the South Hill Faculty Residence, and also of the more formal exercises which we have planned for Sunday afternoon at 4 P.M. There will be twenty-one of us at the Sunday morning service, and perhaps not more than one hundred foreign and Chinese guests at the afternoon service. In addition we shall have the 104 women in the Homecraft Course and the 145 teen age girls in the Experimental Course, together with the staffs of the two courses. There will be no processional or recessional. On the same day there will be a service of remembrance in Shanghai and through a telegram which has just been handed to me I learn that they are having a service at St. Stephen's in Hongkong where Mrs. New is the moving spirit. Am so glad that she feels well enough to plan for it.

Will try to send a copy of an article which I wrote this last week end for Ronald Rees of the National Christian Council. If I do not get it off in this mail, will try to do so in the next. Will you kindly share it with Mrs. Thurston?

We had such a nice visit with Miss Tyler who arrived safely last Saturday afternoon and left at 6 o'clock on Monday morning. Although her visit was very short, yet we had carefully planned it so that she could see the maximum of Ginling and Nanking. Here was her itinerary.

November 5,	3 P.M.	Arrived in Hsia Gwan with Dr. Price.
	3.30	Arrived on Ginling Campus Spent the rest of the afternoon seeing the Campus, also a ball game on the athletic field. (Foreigners in Nanking, diplomatic, missionary, business men, English, American, Chinese.)
	6.30	To the Bates home for supper and a Mission meeting
November 6,	7.30	Breakfast with Harriet and Blanche and Katherine S. Seeing the Poultry Experiment and Gardens
	10	To the Churches of the city - St. Paul's, Christian, Methodist, and Presbyterian, B.T.T.S., Seminary, University.

- 12.30 Dinner party in "400" dormitory with Daniels,  
Mills, Lily Ho's parents, Hwang Li-ming's husband.  
2.30 To the National Park with Mr. Smythe of American  
Embassy and Harriet - - and a J. gendarme.  
Tea at the American Embassy.  
6.30 Supper at South Hill with members of our staff

Katherine and I took her down to Hsia Gwan on Monday morning in a car we had secured from the International Relief Committee. She was so interested in everything which she saw while here and I am sure that her visit was very much worthwhile both from the standpoint of Ginling and her own appreciation of the conditions on the campus and in the city.

All is going on well here, and we have a staff that is cooperating splendidly. You would smile at the people we have been able to gather from the highways and byways. Just last week a young man of 35 who was a former primary school teacher came to the city - utterly destitute. His wife and mother had been killed by bandits, leaving him to take care of his three little sons. In order to help him we have encouraged him to start a neighborhood poor school. He now has more than 120 children enrolled. I must close this now.

Kindly share with Mrs. Thurston. Mrs. Tsen and Harriet and Blanche would want to be remembered to you, if they knew I was writing.

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Invitation and program of Ginling College Founders' Day Breakfast, South Hill Residence, November 13, 1938.

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You are cordially invited to attend

A Service of Intercession  
and  
A Founders' Day Breakfast

on Sunday morning, November the thirteenth,  
nineteen hundred and thirty eight  
at

Seven thirty in the South Hill Faculty Residence.

Please reply.

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Service of Intercession		7:30 A.M.
Leader	Miss Wu Ding-hsien, 1923	
Hymn, "O God, The Rock of Ages"		Number 440
Announcements		
Scripture Reading	Miss Lin Mi-li, 1936	
Thanksgiving and Intercession:		
Thanksgiving for the Blessings of the Past		Miss Moffet
Intercession		
For loyalty and courage for the present		Mrs. Tsen
For vision, strength and steadfastness for the future		-Dr. Bates
For the alumnae		Miss Vautrin
Hymn, "Lead On, O King Eternal"		Number 282
Benediction		Rev. W.P.Mills

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8 A.M. Fellowship Breakfast  
College Songs - Reminiscences

# 1938

NEWS RELEASE

## AT LAST - NANKING!

by

Florence G. Tyler

The little alarm clock under my pillow tells me it's four o'clock and I must be up for this is the day I'm going to Nanking. How many years I've looked forward with a hope that some day I would take this journey. I have thought of that ancient city - its picturesque old walls - Purple Mountain beyond - the Yangtze with its busy harbor - the sampans - even the gunboats - I've pictured the tomb of the great Chinese leader of yesterday, Sun Yat Sen - I've thought of Mme. Chiang and the Generalissimo there and have hoped that some day I might meet these two great Christian statesmen. I've thought of Spirit Valley and all its picnic spots where faculty and students have spent their "days off." And now I'm going to Nanking, but it's all so different. I'm realizing the hope of years, but the joy of a fulfilled hope has crumbled even as the homes, the buildings, and the walls of that ancient city. I'm not even quite sure that I want to go, but my passes have been secured, a traveling companion found, the die is cast and the train is leaving the station at Shanghai. I am on my way to Nanking.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing is simple any more in the cosmopolitan city of Shanghai. One cannot venture into the outer city without a pass and for days we have waited in anxiety wondering whether a wandering foreigner would be permitted to enter the closed gates. At last a friend has intervened in my behalf and the pass has arrived - and so -

This morning when the alarm went off under my pillow I hastened to dress. Fortified by a thermos bottle of tea, with melba toast and marmalade of the night before, I left the comfort provided by a modern hotel - stepped over the hall boy asleep on the floor outside my door, and went down into the dimly lighted lobby where the Sikh policeman was napping in front of the street door, and was soon picked up by my traveling companion and a good friend to see us through the red tape at the station.

The train did not leave till eight but the line formed at five. It was already two blocks long when we arrived and through the twilight of early morning the passengers were hardly distinguishable from their heaps of baggage. By six there were more passengers than the train could possibly hold and when the tickets were sold out the gates were closed and those still outside picked up their baskets, bundles, boxes, and suitcases, and went home - and will come back again tomorrow hoping for better luck.

My task was to watch the baggage while the men bought the tickets. I was surrounded by a human panorama - a mother with a little baby stood in the ticket line leaving three darling little boys to guard three great bundles and innumerable small ones. She came back occasionally to slap them all round to insure their watchfulness! The station is a crude shed for the real station was destroyed, as were the buildings in that whole area for a mile around. But even in such a shambles there is much that is intriguing to small boys. A porter came in with

more bundles than he could carry and they were scattered over the floor. I tried to lure him to come back for our luggage when the train was ready - he never returned. Every train is loaded with soldiers - officers and men - and most of the porters are commandeered for their baggage. But we managed to get our luggage out to the train about 7:30 and when we were ensconced in a comfortable seat were told, "This car for soldiers," Once more we moved our suitcases - a large basket of fruit and a luggage roll filled with butter, coffee, and cheese - and we were soon on our way - at last going to Nanking!

Destruction surrounded us until we were about five miles out and land began to appear. Small garden plots and great rice fields - some in harvest, some in planting, and some in verdant green - men, women, and children all working in the fields - men preparing the soil - women cutting the rice and children doing work too heavy for small backs. A huge sail in the middle of a rice field indicated a stream or canal in the distance - the picturesqueness of the water-carrier - the junk sails - the sampans - the water buffalo plowing - all this is there but the homes are usually in ruins and the family attempting to live on in their midst sheltered by mat sheds or crudely constructed roofs.

We passed village after village in ruins - then the old walled city of Soochow, its station four walls and gaping windows but its beautiful pagoda in the distance inside the city wall - Wusih - and still the sampans, the beautiful blue lakes, the junk sails and the ruins, and dotted over the landscape far and wide ancestral and modern graves looking at this season of the year like hay stacks large and small according to the former standing of their occupants. Occasionally an industrial plant gutted by fire told of the setback received by China in its struggle for modern progress and development. We passed the stations of Changchow and Chinkiang charred and in ruins, and at last pulled into the station at Nanking. How it escaped utter destruction it is hard to see but it is almost intact.

We were lined up for passport and baggage inspection, our luggage was gone through to be sure we carried no firearms or telltale photographs, and our passage to the station was carefully directed. Crossing a strip of matting we suddenly found ourselves being sprayed like an apple tree or a vermin infested dugout and we passed on to meet the young friend from Ginling College awaiting our arrival.

We were bundled into one of the few available taxis and off we dashed through a mile of crumbling ruins already old, on either side of the city streets, but like the Phoenix of old a spark of life is already arising from the ashes and surrounded by the charred fronts of business blocks, little shops have appeared carrying a pitiful array of old supplies mixed with new and Japanese gadgets, and every little way displayed on the pavement are assortments of loot gathered from the looters or the ruins. Farther along a little family of five were raking the bricks and ashes from a tiny courtyard, preparing for one of the gardens of green vegetables which are appearing here and there in the midst of crumbling walls and tumbling ruins. And then at the end of a mile we we turned into a bamboo gateway and came out into a haven of rest in the

midst of a war-torn and weary land - the beautiful campus of Ginling College with its bevy of chrysanthemums and its beautiful Chinese buildings unharmed.

These buildings and covered walks housed more than 10,000 refugees, women and children, during the siege of Nanking and for months following, and now this institution is among the first to help in the rehabilitation of the Chinese womanhood of that area. Its students are in faraway Chengtu, together with a great part of its faculty. But the buildings still echo with the voices of girls together with the laughter of little children for here are being tried out most interesting experiments in rehabilitation and home culture. The genius of this forward looking program is the former dean of the college who has been in residence through this tragic year, and as we walked together over the campus the children clung to her skirts and she was met with a smile from everyone. She stopped for a word of encouragement to the girl whose fire under the community rice kettle was slow to burn, she picked up the child who fell and bumped his head and rubbed it till the smile came, she patted the beautiful chrysanthemums and gave a word of sympathy to the ones that had not done so well. There was a word of friendly greeting for the cook and the gardener, a laugh and story for her fellow workers, and no little human touch which would weld together this heterogeneous group was omitted!

And what was it all about? What could be done on a beautiful college campus like this after most of its 10,000 refugees had been absorbed into a ruined area? The first move was to choose 100 completely destitute women and to see if they could be rehabilitated. An outside kitchen was erected with four huge rice kettles, the work was organized, bedding furnished for those who did not have it. Thirty children came with the women and were provided with a day nursery. The women were given courses in homemaking, hygiene, simple arithmetic, sewing, knitting, care and feeding of children; home industries, Bible and religion, cooking, poultry raising, and gardening. They are already growing their own beh-tsai, piao-er-tsai, and chin-tsai, making their clothing and bedding, and at the end of a year it is hoped they will be equipped to meet the kind of world in which they have to live.

This is the day when we "look to the tasks the times reveal" and so the next project seemed to be, training for life for girls of secondary school age, and 145 girls were soon enrolled. Those who cannot pay at all help with the work. Again the aim is fullness of life in times like these. Secondary school subjects are taught with practical emphasis - biology through gardening and chicken raising, chemistry through soap making, dyeing, etc.

Living is on the very simplest basis, the housekeeping in both projects is immaculate and the girls have great pride in preserving the beauty and order of the buildings. Some of the most capable refugees have been kept for teaching and other work, and life is once more opening out for people for whom otherwise there would be nothing but discouragement.

My days at Nanking were full to overflowing. A visit to Ming Deh School (Presbyterian), to the Union Theological Seminary, Nanking University, the Episcopal Church - only slightly damaged and now repaired, the Methodist Church - gutted by fire but covered with a tin roof and operating

in many departments, the Presbyterian Church in process of building and filled with a large congregation, the University Hospital, a "station meeting" of the United Christian Mission, a Chinese luncheon at the college, a trip with a secretary of the American Embassy accompanied by a Japanese soldier and a friend from the college to the beautiful tomb of Sun Yat Sen now covered with bamboo mats but unharmed, the Ming Tombs where the old stone animals have been painted green and thus protected from air raids, the great stadium overgrown with grass and resembling the pictures of the old Roman Forum, the tomb of Tang Yen Kai and its beautiful memorial hall gradually being stripped of its grandeur. The exquisite pagoda in which fires have been built, tea at the Embassy, a visit to the athletic field where secretaries of the American and British Embassies vied with Baptist, Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian, and Episcopal missionaries, a Catholic priest, a Buddhist doctor, a Chinese professor and others, in the "great American game" and where when there was nothing else to see or do, there was bed, "The most delightful retreat known to man."

And then Monday morning, and the voice of the little alarm clock under my pillow at 5 A.M. - an early breakfast with all the family gathered around, the ticket line, the long lines of soldiers being loaded in our train followed by five hundred wounded in all stages - crutches, canes, plaster casts, and stretchers - one more sickening and disheartening sight, and I left Nanking and the brave friends on the platform who have been through so much and who will go back and cultivate and nurture that emergent life which is so evident to the visitor of Nanking.

And now once again the land has appeared and the farmer and the water buffalo, the women beating out the rice, the men cultivating the land. The rows are straight and beautiful and the "beh-tsai" is green and ready to cut, so - in the midst of a suffering land there is hope.

November 5-8, 1938

GINLING COLLEGE  
NANKING, CHINA

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Vautrin dated "The Campus" November 10, 1938  
Received in New York December 5, 1938.

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and  
A Founders' Day Breakfast

on Sunday morning, November the thirteenth,  
nineteen hundred and thirty eight  
at

Seven thirty in the South Hill Faculty Residence.

Please reply.

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Service of Intercession

7:30 A.M.

Leader

Miss Wu Dzing-hsien, 1923

Hymn, "O God, The Rock of Ages"

Number

440

Announcements

Scripture Reading

Miss Lin Mi-li, 1936

Thanksgiving and Intercession:

Thanksgiving for the Blessings of the Past  
Intercession

Miss Moffet

For loyalty and courage for the present

Mrs. Tsen

For vision, strength and steadfastness for the future

-Dr. Bates

For the alumnae

Miss Vautrin

Hymn, "Lead On, O King Eternal"

Number

282

Benediction

Rev. W.P.Mills

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8 A.M. Fellowship Breakfast

College Songs - Reminiscences

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER WRITTEN BY  
MISS ANNA E. MOFFET TO MRS. LAWRENCE  
THURSTON ON NOVEMBER 25, 1938 in  
NANKING, CHINA

A week ago last Sunday, 13 November 1938, we celebrated Ginling's Founders' Day. We had such a lovely service at 7:30 in the morning in South Hill living room, with all the faculty and those who had connection with the Board present. And after the service such a nice breakfast served on the little tea tables set in a circle in the big dining room - such a pretty breakfast, and so good. Then in the afternoon the Chinese service in the chapel - without the formal College Procession, but with an informal procession of hundreds of blue-cotton-clad girls which filled the room even more full than the college often did in the old days. And - almost unbelievable! - the same order and dignity and "beauty of holiness" that Ginling had achieved, with her college students and their type of friends and relatives, has been achieved here with this group of much simpler, less sophisticated folk. I don't know how they do it.

In our other schools and churches, almost without exception, we are back where we were fifteen or twenty years ago - no sense of the fitness of things, singing which is just shouting, audiences talking aloud and shouting at each other right in the midst of the service, people walking in and out, crude, cheap, tawdry entertainments - a heart-sickening necessity to "start again from the beginning". But not at Ginling. The music was good, both that of the chorus and the congregational singing; the chapel, of course, was beautiful - it could not be otherwise; the service was quiet and dignified and impressive; both Plumer and Minnie spoke very well (Minnie said afterwards she wasn't used to making talks in Chinese and that her knees were weak, but it wasn't apparent to anyone, and we all envied her the ease with which she uses the language.) I found myself just as thrilled as I always have been on these occasions at Ginling. Of course, the thrill had an ache at its roots, and I could hardly get the words to tell Minnie and the others about it past the lump in my throat. But it was there just the same.

. . . . .

Physically, Nanking is livable now, especially for those of us who live in this part of the city and in Mission compounds. Ginling looks almost as it always has - beautiful, clean, orderly, apparently undamaged by her 10,000 refugees. Minnie can point out dirty places on the walls and places where a small boy did some carving on the banisters of the stairs, etc., but I am perfectly amazed at how little the buildings show of the hard usage they have had. I haven't had time to get around to see the worst damaged parts of the city - South City - Tai Ping Road, etc. But I know what to expect for I saw it at Hongkew, both in '32 and now. It is the "Abomination of Desolation." But the material destruction isn't the worst. I know it wouldn't be that that would be hardest on you. You would suffer more in spirit over all the other destruction and oppression and unrighteousness and all the things I can't even name or number. You would not be happy here in Nanking - probably not happy anywhere in China.

GINLING COLLEGE  
NANKING, CHINA

## A HOMECRAFT - INDUSTRIAL COURSE

## A Project in Rehabilitation for Destitute Women and Girls

The Ginling Campus  
1938 - 39

(Written by Miss Vautrin, November 29, 1938)

The Need: Eight months' experience in managing a refugee camp for women and girls brought the realization that the winter of 1938-39 would be a difficult one for many. There would be many women in the city whose husbands or fathers or elder brothers had been killed or taken and would never return, there would be many whose homes had been burned and whose meager possessions looted, there would be many others from homes so poor that rice could not be afforded for all. The conviction gradually came that the large campus must be used to rehabilitate a group of such women and to send them out with new hope and courage for the dark future. By September plans were made to open an industrial-homecraft course for a group of approximately one hundred women and their children.

Selecting the Neediest: The problem of selecting was a most difficult one. Had all been allowed to register who desired to do so there would have been many hundreds. As it was more than two hundred fifty registered, and from this number the one hundred were finally selected. In order to select one hundred of the neediest but most capable women and older girls between the ages of 18 and 30, several weeks were used. Fortunately some very valuable questionnaires were available which had been filled in by the women in the early spring when they had come to the campus to sign a petition for the release of their husbands or sons, and from this large number of questionnaires of more than twelve hundred, a first selection of five hundred was made and then a selection of one hundred. After this selection, each individual case was investigated, either by an investigator from the International Relief Committee staff, or by a trained social worker who is the dean of the new project. Those young women who wanted to enter such a course and who could pay even a little for the training were sent to other institutions in the city which had opened similar work - for the sincere hope was to limit the project on the Ginling campus to those who were destitute, or so very poor that this coming winter would be most difficult for them. The group finally selected is described by the following facts.

- 100 women and girls ranging in ages from 16 to 37, with the large majority, 74, being from 17 to 25 years of age.
- 30 children belonging to the above women. Their range in age is from 1 year to 12 years. Twenty being from 3-6 years of age.
- 5 blind girls who have no place to go and no support.
- 2 children who have been placed in a good Christian home, but are being supported by the project.

Their home and financial conditions are:

- 50 entirely destitute with no income and no support, but are dependent upon others for a mere subsistence. Of these, 17 had their fathers, or brothers, or husbands taken or killed at the time of the capture of the city and 23 of the others are either fatherless or widows.
- 50 come from families whose income ranges from \$3.00 to \$12.00 per month and often the family is one with many children.

The Curriculum: The curriculum consists of three large divisions as follows:

- a. Learning to live together.
- b. Classroom courses in general education and home training.
- c. Training in homecrafts and industrial work.

Learning to Live Together: Under the supervision of Mrs. S. F. Tsen of the College staff, and with the assistance of two former refugees of the Ginling Camp, the women are being taught how to cook for the large family of one hundred and thirty-five and how to take care of their rooms. The one hundred women have been divided into four groups of twenty-five. Each group takes full responsibility for cooking for one month, and those who do not show at the end of the month that they know how to cook well will be given another month of training later. For less than two hundred dollars, four little model kitchens were built and equipped and in these four kitchens the cooking is done. This past week they have been busy washing and salting the vegetables from their own garden. In the autumn they cut their own fuel from some of the college hills. Although their food is very simple, consisting of but one vegetable and rice at each of two meals, with meat perhaps once each week, yet the women have grown sturdy and fat and all look improved in health. Saturday is cleaning and bath day. On that day no regular classes are held, but the women and children have an opportunity to take baths and wash their clothes and bedding, and give their rooms a thorough cleaning. The dormitory rooms which used to accommodate two or three college students are now occupied by four or five of these women. They sleep on the floor as in refugee days and have no chairs or tables in their rooms. Life is very simple but deeply appreciated.

Classroom Courses: The women have been divided into six groups according to educational ability. The highest group is of the 5th and 6th grade ability, the lowest consists of women and girls who have never studied before. Of the former there are 23 and of the latter there are but 8. The courses planned for them consist of Chinese reading and writing, Child, Home and Community Hygiene, Child Training, Singing and Bible. For the advanced classes there is some history and composition. Over in the lecture hall of the Science Building they have chapel five times each week, and one general lecture. Home arithmetic is also studied by all.

A most interesting staff has been assembled and one that is deeply interested in the project. For some of the teachers, the small salary given is a great blessing for some of them were also destitute or badly in need of earning. Three of the teachers are volunteers who donate their services without salary. The dean of the course is a Ginling graduate, a young woman who majored in sociology and had training in social service. The teacher in home arithmetic is the wife of a pastor, a woman who had many years of experience in a primary school. Twenty-six of the students in a secondary education project are doing practice teaching in the Home-craft Course as a means of paying their fees, and these girls are all under the supervision of the dean of the Course.

Training in Homecrafts and Industrial Work. It takes time under ordinary conditions to start any kind of industrial work, but under present conditions it seems painfully slow. However, the end of two months of effort sees the following work started at least:

- a. Sewing and Knitting. These are being supervised by the former head of the college neighborhood day school. Each one of the one hundred women, during the six months' period on the campus will be expected to learn how to do common sewing and knitting. One group of twenty-five will be found each morning learning to knit in the sunny room formerly used as the plant pathology laboratory. They are learning how to make mittens and gloves, socks and stockings, bloomers and

sweaters. As soon as the yarn comes from Shanghai some will learn to weave scarfs. In the afternoon another group of twenty-five can be found upstairs in the former general physics laboratory where they are learning to cut out and to make inner and outer garments for themselves and children, - if they are beginners, they practice first on old cloth, if they have had some experience they work on new materials. Just now the teacher is having two very gay charts made, and on these the names of the women and their grades for each garment are to be written.

- b. Weaving. This has been a most difficult piece of work. We supposed that, having secured the loom, work could begin, but that is far from true, for there are innumerable small fixtures for the looms, besides the great difficulty of getting the raw materials for the weaving. Mrs. Tsen has given weeks of time and thought to this work and now both the towel weaving and the stocking weaving are well started. Four looms have been purchased and set up for the weaving of towels and the half time of a capable weaver of experience has been secured. The women have learned to set up the looms as well as the actual weaving. As soon as possible cloth weaving will be started also. Three machines for the weaving of stockings have been purchased, and the full-time services of a very fine Christian weaver have been secured. The weaver used to have a little factory of his own at Chapei but his factory was burned and all his equipment destroyed so he was glad to come to Nanking to teach in the Homecraft Course. Without the services of one of our alumnae in Shanghai, Miss Dju Yu-bao, 1924, the weaving work would not now be started for she spent many hours searching for the weaver and assisting him in getting all the necessary materials.
- c. Gardening. Fortunately the campus is large and there were a number of unused corners and hillsides. Miss Whitmer of the Biology Department was deeply interested in supervising this work and as mentioned above after a little over two months of work, the women are now eating and salting for winter use the vegetables which they themselves have raised. Regular college gardeners have done the teaching - and with their experience they are excellent teachers, for vegetable and flower raising is not theory with them. Most of the women know nothing of gardening, of the first group of twenty-five only one had ever worked in a garden before. After the first soreness in muscles has worn off, the women are enthusiastic, and they carry water and hoe and dig with joy.

In addition to the above large undertakings, two women are assisting Miss Wu in the raising of poultry, four are learning how to make and sell bean milk under the supervision of Miss Lin, the dean of the course, and eight others are learning how to manage a little cooperative store which has found its home in the two glass cases under the stairs in the Recitation Hall. These women are learning how to keep accurate accounts and at the end of a given period will get experience in dividing profits in true cooperative style. Each person who purchases at the little store will receive a part of the profits.

During the first three months of the six months' course all are expected to learn all types of industrial work, but the hope is that during the last three months there can be some specialization, in which each woman will select the thing that she wishes to do for a living and allowed time to really become adept in that one process as far as possible. During that period the women will also be mentally prepared to want to go out and try out the new skills which they have learned and which has been a generous gift to them.

The Nursery School: One of the brightest and happiest spots on the campus is the little nursery school which is being conducted in the large guest hall in the building given by the students and alumnae of Smith College. The little school is being taught by Miss Gin a young person who had some training as a primary teacher, but it is also being supervised and assisted by Miss Lin and Miss Whitmer. There is much singing and there are games and handwork in addition to the learning of Chinese characters. A number of the students from the secondary education project do practice teaching there also. From eight to nine each morning on these sunshiny days the children can be seen out on the campus playing group games; at nine o'clock they have their first meal, at the time when their mothers eat. Then you will see them at work in the guest hall. They have been taught to change their shoes when they go into the room in order to keep the floor clean, this being a part of their education. In the middle of the day they have an extra meal which their mothers do not have - or rather a lunch which consists of bean milk, a cookie and their daily dose of cod liver oil. After that they go for a rest - two alcoves have been prepared for them in the guest hall. In the afternoon after their nap they have more school work and then they have their last meal - again with their mothers. The children are exceedingly good and very polite. How they will miss the life here on the big campus when the time comes for them to leave us next April.

Financing the Project: A generous gift from a group of Chinese women in Shanghai made possible the starting of the project. This will have to be supplemented by part of the fund given by friends of China in America. The gifts have made it possible for us to put the emphasis on teaching rather than on the effort to make the project self-supporting. It also made it possible for us to select those women who could pay absolutely nothing for the training which they are receiving.

The Future: Already some of us are beginning to think of the year 1939-1940, and are wondering if it will be possible to select a group of the most promising girls from a number of villages and farms and prepare them in every possible way to go back to their villages to bring new life and new hope. Such training might be far-reaching in its influence, and we have faith to believe that if we are prepared to give such training, others will be led to finance it.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER WRITTEN BY MRS. HORTON  
DANIELS TO MRS. LAWRENCE THURSTON IN NOVEMBER,  
1938 from NANKING, CHINA

The work Minnie Vautrin continues to carry on now at Ginling is thrilling. She has taken 100 of the most destitute women between the ages of 20-35 and has them on the campus in what she calls an Opportunity School. About 30 children are with them and a small school is run for them in the lovely social hall. The women live in the NE dormitory, sleeping on the floor. They have courses in cooking in groups of four for a month at a time so they are taught how to prepare good, balanced meals at a minimum cost. Mrs. Tsen is a past master at this. They have been taught gardening and have a fine stand of cabbage. We met a group starting out with their buckets and hoes. They have classes in sewing to teach them to make their own clothes, and one in knitting. They have set up looms and are teaching them weaving and later they hope to make cloth. They also have stocking machines and are knitting these. Minnie is anxious to get any kind of small industry going so that with this all round sort of practical education they can eventually be self supporting. These women are all without any means of support with no male members of their family alive.

Then she has a high school of 145 girls. The only one in the city. It is a practical education along with regular classes. Many are on work scholarships, cleaning their classrooms, etc. They are a fine lot of girls. The Annual Founders' Day exercises were held Sunday November 13, and the service in the lovely chapel combined with our foreign service was a typical Ginling affair, but it wrung my heart to realize all that is gone, while at the same time it was grand to see Ginling carrying on a fine program of real helpfulness here in this needy city, while the real Ginling is out west in cramped and borrowed quarters, now being subjected to air raids. Ming Deh is doing a similar sort of work on a smaller scale under Mrs. Chou Ming I beside the primary school, as all the schools are now doing, each with enrollments of 300 on up to 500. An early morning prayer meeting, followed by breakfast in the South Hill residence was a lovely beginning of the day when some of us who had formerly had connections with Ginling gathered together for prayer and fellowship.

So I could go on, but an end must come. Daily I am impressed by the crowds in the streets, the business and life coming back, the steady courage of these people. They are under control, to be sure, but they must live. Many feel we are aiding in furthering the occupation by being here and helping, but we are serving a needy humanity who ARE HERE and need us.

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