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COLLEGE FILES
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Boynton, Grace 1933-1937

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January 9, 1933

Miss Grace M. Boynton
46 Powder House Road
Medford, Massachusetts

Dear Miss Boynton

Your letter of January 5 came a day or two ago and found me very busy with Mr. Faucett making visits with a view of trying to secure support of his work to get him back to the Orient. There are some difficulties in the way, but I believe that it will be possible to overcome these, and I am very hopeful that we may secure at least a partial support for his work.

Dr. Faucett was in this morning on his way to Chicago, and I understand that he is to leave at a very early date for England with a view to reading the proofs of his books there. He hopes to be back by the 1st of March at the latest.

I see no reason whatever why you should not visit Dr. Faucett and express any opinions which you may deem suitable. So far as I understand it, Dr. Stuart's cable indicates that they have decided to ask Mr. Faucett to return to Yenching. We are vigorously trying now to raise the money to take care of his support.

May I accept your invitation for myself and Mr. Thompson, who will be traveling with me, tentatively with the understanding that we will let you know just as soon as possible whether or not a change of date is necessary. Dr. Stuart now plans to arrive on the Pacific Coast on the 21st of February instead of the 1st of March, and this may make it necessary to change materially our present itinerary.

Looking forward to seeing you at an early date, I am

Very sincerely yours

N. Gist Gee
Vice-President

NGG:MS

0396

GRACE M. BOYNTON
46 POWDER HOUSE RD.
MEDFORD, MASS.

February 1, 1933

Dear Mr. Lee,

It was most delightful to see
you and I am already looking forward
to other occasions when your charming interests

may bring you this way.

You asked me about the lecture on
Chinese Gardens, and I enclose my

only one bit of publicity for your

information. and I also enclose

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the addresses which, to my great confusion
I couldn't produce the other night. I
am to have a long quiet time at the
Munn's this week when I hope to re-
new my Wellesley acquaintance with
Mrs. Munn and generally educate
her and her husband about geology.

I understand Dr. Bowing is all set
on the advisory Board! May I
trouble you to tell me whether you have
some one by the name of Allen in Cambridge
on that Board, and if so who and what
he is? I have a letter from his
sister who heard me lecture, and
who says "we all feel so personally

GRACE M. BOYNTON
46 POWDER HOUSE RD.
MEDFORD, MASS.

interested in knowing now that our
brother is on the Advisory Board." The
address she gives is 5 Concord Avenue.
I should like to seem properly informed
when I respond to Miss Allen's kind
letter.

Please remember me to Mrs. Thompson.
It was a great pleasure to meet her.

Very sincerely yours
Grace M. Boynton

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I have given the Garden lecture at Wellesley College, before Garden clubs and church groups, at the Women's City Club, before the Massachusetts Parent-Teacher Association before the Horticultural Society of Worcester and the Boston Twentieth Century Club. You see all sorts of people seem interested

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN CHINA?

If you are, perhaps the talks described on the following pages to be given by Grace M. Boynton have something for you.

Miss Boynton, a graduate of Wellesley College, went to Peking in 1919 to join the faculty of the then newly-established Yenching University. Since that time she has made China her home. She has studied the language and has used her leisure in visits to the Temples and Palaces she describes. She has made a translation of a book of modern verse which is said to be the first rendering in English of contemporary Chinese poetry.

When Yenching University moved to its present site outside of Peking Miss Boynton's home was within the walls of an imperial garden, and it was through the daily experience of its beauty that her interest in the history and landscaping of Chinese gardens arose.

Chinese friends have made available to her material and criticism not at the command of the casual visitor to China, and what she can offer to an American audience is due in very large degree to their courtesy and help.

For terms, references and appointments, please communicate with

Miss Grace M. Boynton
46 Powder House Road
Medford, Massachusetts

Telephone
Mystic 0059

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OLD CHINESE GARDENS

Illustrated with about fifty slides, half of which are reproductions of the work of a famous landscape painter of the Ming Dynasty, whose subject was ~~the~~ famous garden in Soochow, and who accompanied each painting with a poem explaining the feelings and sentiments which the scene he painted aroused in him. The other slides are from photographs of the Lang Jün Yuan, the "Garden of Moonlit Fertility" as it exists today.

Material from novels, poetry and the Classics is utilized to give an interpretation of the philosophy of life which was held by the scholar poets who frequented these gardens.

PILGRIM TRAILS OF THE WESTERN HILLS

The talk begins with some of the well-known places of worship within the walls of Peking, such as the Temple of Heaven; it continues with an account of the holy places reached by hill-paths and inaccessible to transient visitors. Some are connected with imperial tradition, like the Monastery of the Pool and Oak which existed before Peking itself; some are popular shrines like the Temple of the Mountain Peak to which we go at the time of the spring pilgrimage when hundreds of thousands take the mountain trails on foot. All are of great antiquity and beauty and, although they are worthy of a place beside the famous temples of Japan and India, they are very little known.

TEMPLE, PALACE and GARDEN IN OLD PEKING

This talk is planned for audiences of high school age, and is a rapid review of the material in the first two talks which would be of especial interest to younger people. It can be given with the slides or without them.

YENCHING UNIVERSITY, and experiment in international good will.

The account of the development of this unique institution, of its contribution to mutual understandings between the cultures and races of China and the West, of the life within its gates today, of individuals among its students and faculty, is illustrated with sixty slides.

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February 3, 1933.

Miss Grace M. Boynton
46 Powder House Road
Medford, Mass.

Dear Miss Boynton:

Thank you for your letter of February 1st enclosing the two addresses and the information concerning your lectures. As I have opportunity I shall be glad to mention the fact that you are interested in Chinese gardens and might consider giving lectures on this topic before suitable groups. I am starting West, however, within the next few days, and I shall probably not be seeing many people in this part of the country between now and then. Reports of these lectures from several sources have been most congratulatory.

We called on Dr. Boring and I think finally settled the doubts in his mind, and he has consented to become a member of the Advisory Council. He seemed to be a man of very high nervous tension but was most gracious and we enjoyed exceedingly our talk with him. We left him a Yenching lion.

Yes, we have a Mr. Allen, (Glover M.) of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, on our list for Cambridge. He is a specialist and is very much interested in the mammals of China. We are glad that his interest in Yenching is already spreading at least as far as his family. I have corresponded with Mr. Allen for a number of years and have found him to be very much interested in things Chinese, especially in the animal life of that country. He has never visited China, however.

We sent you, a day or two ago, some Sepia pictures which we hope will be satisfactory for reproduction and will enable you to write the article concerning which we talked during our visit to Boston.

We wish to thank you again very heartily for your kind

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Miss Grace M. Boynton

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Feb. 3, 1933.

hospitality and we recall most pleasantly our delightful visit with you.

With all good wishes, I am,

Very sincerely,

HGG.A

H. Gist Gee.

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February 21, 1933

Miss Grace M. Boynton
46 Powder House Road
Medford, Mass.

Dear Miss Boynton:

The enclosed note from Mrs. Speer comes in this morning's mail. I think her idea of your showing your films to the Yenching Committee is fine. I fear there would hardly be time for that during the forenoon of April 20 which is all that we are allowing for our Yenching Committee meeting. But I am venturing to ask Mrs. Speer whether it would be possible for her to entertain the Committee the evening of the 19th, that we might see your pictures then. Is it too much to ask you to take the pictures and could you arrange to reach New York by the late afternoon of April 19? You know, I think, that the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China is to meet on the 18th and 19th. You would be very welcome at any or all of the sessions of that body, if you cared to be present. Please let me know first whether you could arrange to show your pictures and secondly whether the evening of Wednesday, the 19th, would be a satisfactory time to you in case that is convenient for Mrs. Speer. I will in the meantime ask her as to the convenience of Wednesday evening from her point of view. Please also let me know or write directly to Mrs. Speer answering her question as to the type of projector that is needed for showing your pictures.

I have now cut down Miss Ssu-tu's letter and sent the abbreviated form to Mrs. Franklin suggesting that we use it as a news letter for the whole Yenching mailing list. There should probably be a brief explanatory word from the Committee at the beginning. If you should in the immediate future receive any especially interesting items of news from Yenching, we might include that.

Always affectionately yours,

Lsb

(Mrs. Lucius O. Lee)

0406

February 24, 1933

Miss Grace M. Boynton
46 Powder House Road
Medford, Mass.

Dear Grace:

A letter, a copy of which I
enclose, comes this morning from Mrs. Speer.
Please let me know as soon as you can whether
you can be present with your pictures on
Wednesday evening, also whether you approve
of her inviting Mr. Clark as an additional
speaker. It seems an admirable idea and I
am grateful to Mrs. Speer for suggesting
making this a real "occasion." If it is
easier for you to reply by telephone, please
do so.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs. Lucius O. Lee)

L:b
Enc.

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FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

MAR 1 1933

GRACE M. BOYNTON
46 POWDER HOUSE RD.
MEDFORD, MASS.

February 28-1933

MR. _____

Dear Mrs. Lee,

Mrs. Spier's suggestion is delightful. Mr. Clark is an old friend of mine and a very interesting speaker. There can be no objection on my part to any of Mrs. Spier's plans and I have put the date in my book - Wednesday evening the 19th.

Very sincerely and affectionately

Grace M. Boynton

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March 1, 1933

Miss Grace M. Boynton
46 Powder House Road
Medford, Massachusetts

Dear Grace:

Thank you for your note in response to mine about Mr. Clark.

I write this time to ask you a question which Mr. Garside has put to me. He is bringing the question of approval of the use of an additional amount, approximating local currency \$4,000, from the Woman's College Building Funds for the proposed infirmary to the Yenching Finance Committee. He says that the Finance Committee always wants to know of the location of a building because of the relation of each building to others on the campus. I find myself unable to tell him exactly where it is proposed to put the new infirmary.

I enclose the plan of the Yenching buildings which he has sent to me. Will you indicate on this the place where the infirmary ought to be and return the plan to me, or, better still, send it directly to Mr. Garside, as soon as you can?

Ever yours,

L:br

(Mrs. Lucius O. Lee)

Enclosures

0409

YENCHING COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN

GRACE M. BOYNTON
46 POWDER HOUSE RD.
MEDFORD, MASS.

March 3, 1933
ack 3-4-33

INDEXED

Dear Mr. Garside,

Mrs. Lee asks me to indicate on this map the proposed infirmary for the Women's College. I have no letters at hand to confirm my impression, but I believe the new infirmary is to be built on the site of the quarters they were using temporarily, which were church buildings standing when we bought the campus. I have indicated the position of those buildings in

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pencil as nearly as I can.

Very sincerely yours

Grace W. Boynton

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UNIVERSITIES

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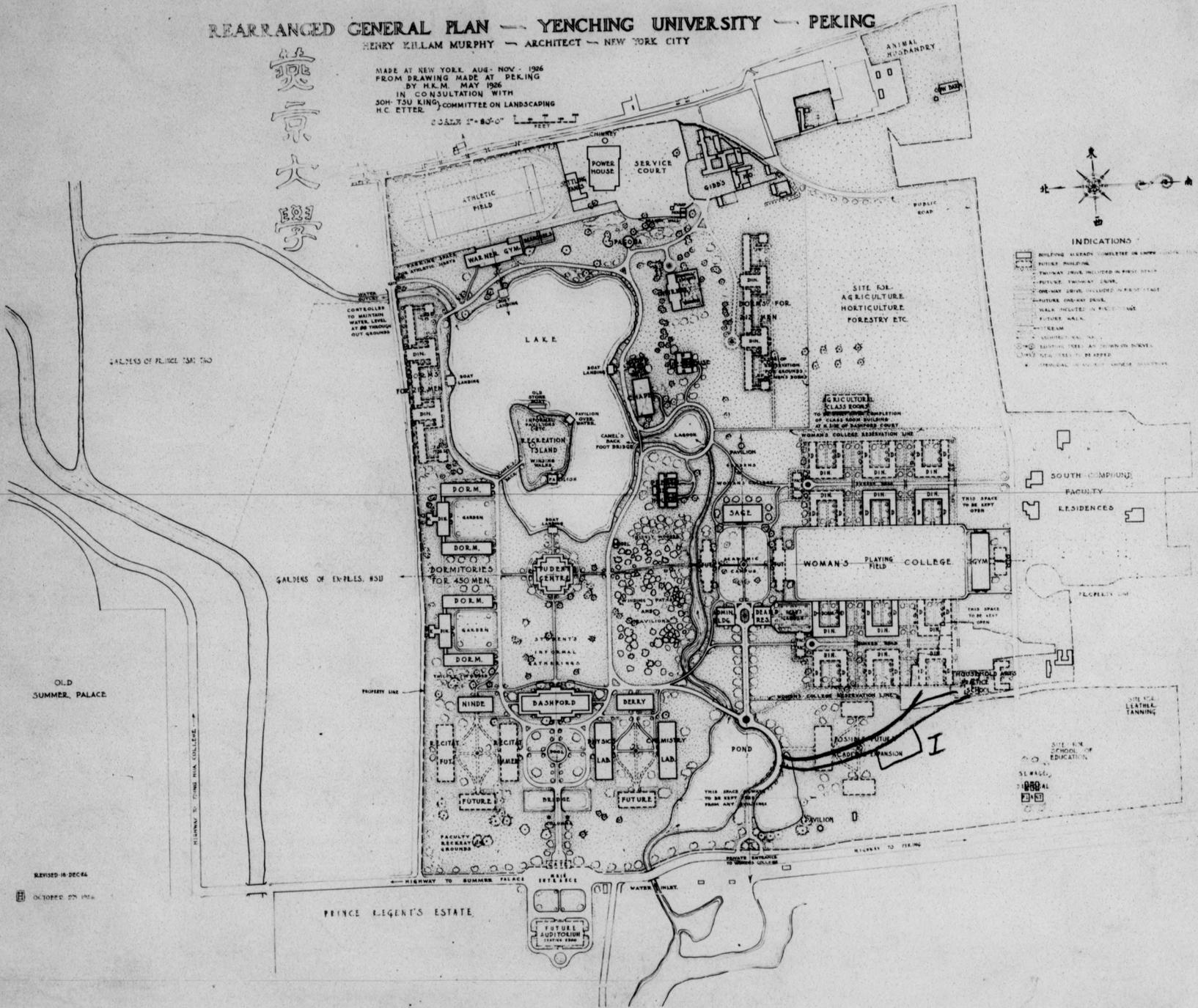
REARRANGED GENERAL PLAN — YENCHING UNIVERSITY — PEKING

HENRY KILLAM MURPHY — ARCHITECT — NEW YORK CITY

MADE AT NEW YORK, AUG - NOV - 1926
FROM DRAWING MADE AT PEKING
BY H.K.M. MAY 1926
IN CONSULTATION WITH
30H-TSU KING, COMMITTEE ON LANDSCAPING
H.C. ETTER

SCALE 1" = 80'-0" FEET

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REVISED IN DECEMBER
OCTOBER 27 1926

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YENCHING COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN

Yenching University

March 4, 1955.

Miss Grace M. Boynton
46 Powder House Road
Medford, Mass.

My dear Miss Boynton:

We are very grateful to you for your letter of yesterday in regard to the location of the Women's College Infirmary.

I am not intimately enough acquainted with the actual conditions now existing on our Yenching campus, to have any very accurate picture as to just how the Women's College Infirmary will blend into the general architectural scheme in the location you indicate. But at first glance it would appear that a building located as you indicate would be rather badly out of harmony with the whole layout of the campus. We have all taken a great deal of pride in the beautiful and orderly plan of the Yenching campus, and everyone would be greatly distressed if we inadvertently ~~ruined~~ ^{marred} this arrangement through the unfortunate location of the ~~new~~ building.

On matters of this kind the authorities on the field are in a far better position to make wise judgments than is any group here in North America. I am wondering, however, whether it might not be wise for us to have this question of location for the infirmary studied pretty carefully before construction is actually begun. What do you think?

Very cordially yours,

BAG:PW

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GRACE M. BOYNTON
46 POWDER HOUSE RD.
MEDFORD, MASS.

March 8, 1933

YENCHING COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN

ack 3-9-33

Dear Mr. Gasside,

INDEXED

In response to your note of
the 4th I want to emphasize that in
indicating the site upon which I suppose
it is proposed to build the new infirmary
I could not refer to any definite site.
I must in writing that the site of
the temporary infirmary is to be that
of the new one. I may be wrong on
that point - it should be checked.

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I quite agree that it will be wise
to consider carefully the whole layout
of building and of proposed building
^{which} would be most advantageous from the
aesthetic point of view, and I think
it quite possible that considerations
of economy, and convenience have
interfered with giving the matter
much attention on the field. If
the matter is gone into now, it
will appear that there are some
complications, for I suppose it would
be necessary to go into the question

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GRACE M. BOYNTON
46 POWDER HOUSE RD.
MEDFORD, MASS.

of the use to be made of the entire tract
within our walls which lies south east
of the tract where the Women's College
stands. When I came away, I believe
the University did not absolutely con-
trol the whole; there were one or two
farmers who held small patches and
would not sell although they were
enclosed in our walls. The proper
position of the Women's College driveway
might be complicated if that
situation still obtains. I mention

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this as one of the factors. I'm no doubt
there are plenty of others!

Sincerely yours

Grace M. Bryntow

RECEIVED
UNIVERSITIES

MAR 9 - 1933

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YENCHING COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN

Yenching University

March 10, 1933.

Miss Grace Boynton
46 Powder House Road
Medford, Mass.

My dear Miss Boynton:

Let me thank you for your letter of March 8th, commenting further on the site of the new infirmary.

We presume that Dr. Stuart arrived in Seattle on March 7th, so I wrote him for more explicit information as to the location of this building. It is possible, of course, that he will not have definite information on this subject, and in that case it may be necessary for us to cable the field in order to have the matter clear before construction is actually begun.

I am sure that the probabilities are all in favor of the assumption that the question of location in harmony with the general plan of the University has been thoroughly discussed on the field, and has been decided in accord with our general architectural layout. But it is wiser to be quite sure.

Very cordially yours,

BAG:PW

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April 7, 1933.

Miss Grace Boynton
46 Powder house Road
Medford, Mass.

Dear Miss Boynton:

I know you will be shocked and saddened as we were by the receipt yesterday of the following cablegram:

"Deeply regret to convey the sad news of death of Mrs. DeVargas Today, April 6. Cause as follows: Pneumonia and miscarriage."

This tells all we know. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to Dr. DeVargas and his little motherless Isabelle.

We have sent word of the cablegram to the office in New York and asked Mr. Garside to inform Dr. Stuart.

Ever yours,

(Mrs. Lucius O. Lee.)

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Sept. 11, 1933

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YENCHING CARRIES ON

All last spring I waited in suspense in America, to know whether a return to Yenching would be possible at all. Would there be hostilities so near the campus that artillery fire would destroy our plant? Would the Japanese come into power and make our existence impossible? Would students continue to come to a University in a sort of borderland under the shadow of a constant menace? Could the faculty which had carried such a gruelling responsibility once, and been through the panic to which the danger gave rise, be ready to continue the academic life to which new students were to come if they came at all? What would be the situation when I arrived after two years of speculations and agitations born of the columns in western newspapers?

There would, I knew, be an excellent opportunity to judge how far morale was disturbed, for once a year the Yenching faculty goes apart by itself, before the multitude of demands incident to the beginning of the academic year begin, and takes account of its situation. This custom is known as the Pre-Sessional Conference, which opened in September in 1933 with a gathering at the President's House which was addressed by the new Chancellor, the distinguished educator, government official, and public-spirited citizen, Dr. Y.T. Tsur. The staff, gathered to hear the Chancellor, had reason to think well of itself. It had, in spite of a panic which demoralized government institutions, held a large body of students and a complete roster of faculty steadily on the job in the danger zone, while Japanese planes zoomed overhead and trenches were dug a bare mile away; and it had held a Commencement,—and was one of two universities in the whole of the Peiping area to do so. But if we expected congratulations upon our achievement and compliments upon the past from Chancellor Tsur we were disappointed. The Chancellor was gracious in his approach to his faculty, but he was not occupied with the past. Indeed, he did not once refer to the tremendous experience of the preceding spring. His eyes were on the future and his admonition was almost severe. There was too big a gap, he told us, between academic life and the life of the nation. Our business was to see to it that our students were trained in personal character and in skills which could be utilized by society. College graduates must be "employable."

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These were the two themes which the meetings on the days that followed, reiterated. We came together in the Wei Hsiu Yuan, an old garden recently acquired for residence by the University, and in the early hours of devotion, Dr. P. C. Hsü began the meditation upon personal devotion to the task of reaching the moral and spiritual consciousness of each one in our student body. It is easy to let intellectual and administrative activities so absorb us that many a young life may feel with bitterness, "No man cares for my soul." If Yenching is faithful to its convictions in the coming year, there will be less of that in our midst than ever before.

We had a striking answer to the anxiety lest students should be lacking, in the report of our registration. There were a thousand applicants for admission to Yenching this year. Of this number, 465 were admitted, and of 777 applications for the freshman class, 337 were successful. This is our largest enrolment and therefore our greatest challenge. We were also comforted somewhat on the score of the "employability" of our graduates when we were told that of the 170 graduates of last June, only 11 are known to be looking for work.

But this problem of the gap between the comfort and peace within our walls, and the bitter lives of the people at large, was approached on the second morning by a concentration upon the relation of the University to rural life. All types of people in China, President Stuart reminded us, are aroused to an interest in rural life. Numbers of our own faculty are full of enthusiasm for the part which such an institution as Yenching can take in contributing to the advancement of rural life. No program for us as a whole is yet formulated, although departments such as Sociology have already begun interesting experiments.

It was a young member of that department, Mr. Chang Hung-chun, who has done remarkable work in rehabilitating a rural community not far from the University, by the introduction of schools, industries and medical care, who gave evidence of the power with which the plight of the "man in the field" has laid hold upon some of our staff. "Yenching," he said, "is a Christian University and as such it must give students a passion for social betterment."

Discussions of how this is to be done occupied the remainder of the Pre-Sessional Conference. I sat in a state of divided attention.

The whole group was concerned with this next step. I heard their speeches with a surface of my mind under which I was fumbling with amazement. There had been no word at all of the perils which had threatened individual and corporate life last spring. There was no hint that anyone was thinking of what might come upon us again.

When we broke up and took luncheon and tea together, the same thing was true. Nobody began "When the Japanese were knocking at our doors"—nobody told me that the Yenching group was different because it had been through the fire. As far as I could see it was a little more sober, a little less exalted perhaps than I had known it sometimes, but above all, it was a steady group, bent upon the thing which could be done at the moment,—a group characterized by a sober determination.

It was on Sunday at the vesper service, with the windows open to the purple and gold of sunset in the western Hills, that we heard at last the words Manchuria and Japan. Mr. Barker, who was long one of us and is now doing evangelistic work with his mission in Mukden, spoke the words and told us the present chapter in that grievous history. The faces of those who listened were revelations of anguish and of righteous wrath, and, above all, of that grim determination which cannot be moved by any power on this earth. But there was no anger and no excitement in the words we heard. There was devotion to the ideals of right and of brotherhood, and there was counsel which had no use for violence, but much for a determined resistance in peaceful penetration.

And as we worshipped together the words came to me, "Now therefore endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." It was, after all, the soldierly attitude which had puzzled me. The soldier neither counts his wounds, nor anticipates his perils. He lives in the duty of the moment. It is so that Yenching carries on.

September 11, 1933

Grace M. Boynton

file Grace Boynton

EXCERPT FROM LETTER OF May 1, 1934
Mary D' Uline, Congl. Board to LMc.

- - - -

RE CONNECTION OF GRACE BOYNTON WITH
MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE

" Before Miss Boynton went to China she taught at Milwaukee-Downer College, or perhaps it was in the Seminary. At any rate at the time she went to Peking she was a missionary under the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, and a share of her support was allocated to Milwaukee-Downer College. For a number of years the contributions were quite large. Then they fell off, partly because the present generation of students did not know Miss Boynton. When she was at home on her last furlough she renewed her contacts and several contributions have come from Milwaukee-Downer to the Board through the State Conference office toward Miss Boynton's support. Superintendent Faville cooperates nicely with the Project Department in distributing letters and other material about missionaries supported by Wisconsin. His address is : Supt. Theodore R. Faville, 315 Beaver Bldg., Madison, Wisconsin. I am sure that he would be very glad to have his name put on your mailing list. The president of Milwaukee-Downer is Miss Lucia Russell Briggs, a daughter of the former Dean Briggs of Harvard, who died last week. "

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June 1st, 1934

Miss Grace M. Boynton,
Yenching University
Peiping, China.

Dear Miss Boynton:-

"That Baby" went over in fine style and has been reprinted in "Five Continents" and doubtless elsewhere. People liked it very much. Now let us have some more "human interest" stories of student life at Yenching. I wish you could let us have at least two stories during the year, one now just as soon as possible and another around the Christmas season. We will be able to use them either in our own publications or we will get them into other papers, either the church papers or in missionary periodicals. We may use them in our mail matter simply mimeographing them and sending them out in letters or having them printed in a little folder for use.

It is wonderful how these stories of true life take hold of the imagination of people and stir them up to an interest which does not come from other things. All kinds of things appeal to all kinds of folk, but something with human interest appeals to all the groups. I am sure that you have a good deal of material which could be worked up into real effective stories. Keep us constantly in mind and help us to get other stories from time to time.

I am sending a copy of this to Miss Cummings and she will keep in touch with you so that we may have these things all come through some one person and so that she may know just what is coming in and when it is getting here.

Thanking you most heartily for what you have done and will do for us in this line, I am

Very sincerely,

N. Gist Gee.

C to Miss Cummings

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December 19, 1934

Miss Grace Boynton
Yenching University
Peiping, China

Dear Miss Boynton:

I am sending you under separate cover one-half dozen of the little pamphlets which we are printing concerning Miss Wu. Your article has made a strong appeal and the Presbyterian Mission Board is printing quite a large number of these for sale. We have had some additional ones with our imprint prepared. I am sending you one of the Presbyterian Press issue in order that you may see the difference between the two.

The lovely human interest stories which you are writing for us have received wide and favorable comment and we will be very glad indeed to have such additional material as you may be able to send us from time to time.

During a recent visit to Milwaukee-Downer College I learned of their contribution of a given sum each year to the American Board toward your salary. I am sending a copy of your booklet on to Miss Eganwalt for their bulletin board and would also suggest that, if you have the time, it would be wise to send them an article concerning Yenching and your work there to help cultivate their interest. It was indicated to me that the college publication would be delighted to have such a contribution from you. If you have contacts there already you might send it direct; if not we would be glad to act as middle-man in getting contributions to them for their college periodical.

Assuring you of our appreciation of your cooperation, I am,

Very sincerely,

H. Gist Gee

HGG:d

0425

December 20, 1935

My dear Grace:

This will be a brief note, adhering strictly to the line of business, though I could wish for an opportunity to talk with you in this way informally and at length.

Last year Doris Cummings and I had considerable conversation in regard to the necessity of having on our records here names and addresses of personal friends in America which are now recorded only in the private archives of our colleagues in China. The point is, as you no doubt realize, that unless a name is here in our files labelled for Yenching, that some other college may present a claim to it, and prove its right to exclusive use in the matter of appeal for funds. Moreover, the recording of a name on our files need not mean indiscriminate appeal, since we abide strictly by any requests which are made for limited use or use for information only. These observations do not, as far as I know, relate to any list of friends which you may have in your possession, since the Yenching records contain frequent notes of your experiences in America and considerable evidence of your cordial cooperation with the New York office. I do, however, plead for your influence with your colleagues in persuading them to forward to us any lists which are not already in the office.

Now I come to the real reason for this note. What are we to do with Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Proctor of Boston? Our information seems to indicate that it is Mrs. Proctor, rather than her husband, who might give richly to Yenching, and our records show no gift except a small one years ago through the Old South. Mrs. Proctor successfully resisted my attempts to see her last spring in Boston and at the Shore, and it was equally impossible during our recent two weeks in Boston to arrange for Mr. Stuart to see her. When I first told her of Mr. Stuart's presence in Boston she responded very cordially and asked me to call again to arrange a time when she might see him. On this second call, however, she had again become the gun-shy lady which is apparently her almost continuous role. Our records show that she received you cordially when you were giving your garden lecture. I shall be grateful for any hints you can give us for our future guidance in attempts to reach Mrs. Proctor.

A real beginning has been made in reviving Yenching giving, not specifically related to Mr. Stuart's presence but as evidence of a real turn in the tide of affairs in this hard-pressed world. If there occur to you now, or at any time, hints of activities which we may be neglecting, send them along and we will do our best to carry out your advice.

Affectionately yours,

Miss Grace M. Boynton
Yenching University
Peiping, China

Mrs. T. D. Macmillan

0426

— C J — US
— Mrs. Procter
— C J — Procter

GRACE M. BOYNTON
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING WEST

January 27, 1936.

Dear Eva,

So good to hear from you. You ask about the prospect of reaching Mrs. Procter. I'm afraid it isn't very good. She asked me to give the Garden talk twice - once at her house at the shore and once in town, but she did not display any very great interest in Yenching. I think I was a convenient method of entertaining friends at the shore, and then she had to do some thing for the church in Boston and again I was it. She was very kind and courteous to me

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personally, but I did not feel any great interest in generalizing
as the reason for it.

My only suggestion about approaching her, is to contact
Mrs. Jenkins who really is very
devoted to the missionary cause, and is a friend of
Mrs. Proctor's. If Mrs. Jenkins thinks she can do something
you might at least manage an interview. This is all
I can offer.

I hear the President may be returning shortly after you
receive this. You have probably seen the reports of the
student strike which people have been writing him. At
present we seem quiet and are hoping to begin work
again next week.

always affectionately
Kear

Yenching University

July 6, 1936

My dear Grace:

I have just this morning caught up with a penciled memorandum which has been in my desk folder for some weeks. This is to record the suggestion I had scrawled on this bit of paper. It seems to me today no less important than it did when it first occurred to me. Will you not write down for us your experiences in living under semi-native conditions, a blissful state which I understand has been a part of your plan during these last two or three years. Something which I saw in a magazine gave me the idea of urging this upon you because I know you could do so much better than the article which was before me.

When you have written this story, accompanied by as much photography as possible, I should like to see us put it in attractive typographical format and use it possibly as a holiday greeting to Yenching friends. We have our moments of intelligence in this office and one of our convictions is that factual material with very little moral attached to it, is often the best argument for such a project as that which Yenching is carrying on. Such a good adjustment, personal and material, as you have made to the Chinese scene and Chinese neighbors is a case in point.

And now quite another matter. An impersonal report without names attached has just come to my desk as a description of a few conspicuous workers in social service in China. One of these bears all the marks of being a description of Wu Yu-chen, and concludes with a mention of a plan of marriage between her and a male colleague previously supplied with a wife. If this is a part of Miss Wu's program for the future, I shall be grateful if you will comment upon it when you write to me, merely that I may answer questions that will inevitably be asked.

I hope that you are already at Chin Hsien~~an~~ or some other salubrious spot of blessed memory and present beauty.

Affectionately yours,

Mrs. T. D. Macmillan

Miss Grace M. Boynton
Yenching University
Peiping, China

0429

Yenching University

July 30, 1936

Dear Friends,

I remember a kindergarten song which discoursed about a grasshopper to the following encouraging effect :

It's hoppity, skippity high and low
Summer's the time for fun.

For me, summer's the time for attacking piles of unanswered letters, and while that is fun for a person like myself who am an inveterate letter writer, the hoppity skippity exhilaration disappears when I contemplate the size of the job. So this summer, I'm going to write a general letter with personal addenda, and see how you all like it, and incidentally how I like it myself. If I find you regard it as nothing to answer I shan't like it at all. And so first of all about the Job, and then about the House, and the then about the scraps which may remain.

THE JOB

The year has been a combination of Gilbert and Sullivan, Alice in Wonderland, and the Purgatorio, with threats, which as yet have not been realized, of the Inferno. It looks like an odd assortment of literature but I assure you the experiences we have had are to be so classified. For what could one think of but Gilbert and Sullivan, when during a strike which threatened to close the University permanently and was declared by the students for patriotic reasons, one saw the girl pickets at the gate all busy sewing, and upon inquiry discovered that they were all "embroidering handkerchiefs for the soldiers" as an answer to critics of their patriotism? And what but Alice would come to mind in watching the student organizations in their orders to the students who temporarily accepted the control of their leaders instead of the usual academic authority, and who were not allowed to leave their dormitories, or exercise, or study or do anything but brood over the tense political situation, and attend meetings twice a day where very often they were not allowed to voice their sentiments but had simply to listen to statements which they knew were untrue, but which must be acquiesced in so that face might be saved all around? Also when strike leaders wished to end the strike and reproached the University administration for not being clever enough to think up a way in which this could be done without loss of face for the said leaders, one felt the Wonderland touch. As for the Purgatorio—well just listen. This element has out-distanced the others.

We have had a disturbed year. For all who have the welfare of China at heart mental suffering has been severe. Activities considered by students to be patriotic have been bewildering to the uninitiated and causes for great uneasiness to those "in the know." And yet the most thoughtful, and probably the most anguished among us have worn the steadiest exteriors; the most responsible and the best informed have at times seemed possessed by a strange optimism. The year has been one long suspense, but it closed without serious catastrophe.

Very early in November, of 1935, political events began to indicate that students would protest the assumption that North China welcomes control from without, whether

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directly or indirectly exercised. In December, we went to our classes one morning to find the Campus empty. Yenching had marched away to demonstrate in Peking against unwelcome developments. Some of us could remember a student demonstration in 1926 when one of our girls came back to us dead of bayonet wounds. We heard that many of the marchers this time, had left letters to be forwarded in case a similar fate should overtake them. For two hours we had no news from the faculty scouts who had gone with the ranks of demonstrators. Then we heard that the city gates were closed and our students could not get into city streets where the chief danger was. Four of us went to the West Gate by car to see if any one was exhausted or frost bitten, for it was a bitter winter day with a high wind, and students are not accustomed to exposure.

It was impressive to see the organization of the young patriots that day. Hundreds of them (our neighbor Tsing Hua University had joined Yenching) were drawn up in ranks outside the great city gates, demanding entrance. The leaders were perfectly obeyed. The ranks were marched back and forth shouting slogans and listening to speeches. The police were goodnatured and sensible and there was no violence. By four o'clock when it appeared that no negotiations could open the gates, the word was given to return to Yenching. Some of the weaker ones were packed into cars and the University truck, and the rest tramped back by the light of a superb sunset.

The demonstration was followed by a strike. The University gates were picketed because there was fear of police raids, and students were placed under an iron discipline by their own organization. There was no agitation against the faculty, many of whom were in sympathy with the aims of this first demonstration, but there was continual political activity. Students throughout China followed the lead of those in Peking and rose in strikes and demonstrations. There was communication between the leaders, but these latter, clothed with a little brief authority, did not handle their followers democratically.

Then followed a weary year of interrupted work and futile and perilous student unrest. By late spring several Yenching undergraduates were in jail, among them three girls. These were not the leaders who were responsible, but those among the sheep-like demonstrators who were too slow to get away from the police. The University Administration was constantly confronted with situations which might have resulted in closing the the institution for good and all. June came at last. The imprisoned students were released; Commencement was pushed on to July 3, but it was held. The year in which the existence of Yenching had been at stake more than once, was finished.

And what could I do at a time when students were too busy with public affairs to give more than incidental attention to books? What happened was salutary; my usual procedure was reversed. People came and talked. I listened. In the office, by the fire at home or, if the weather was milder, in the garden, I heard many things from many lips. It is not only the students who need the relief of an auditor. Sometimes the village folk among whom I live, came in and told me about unemployment. Sometimes the minister of the village church shared a few of the burdens on his mind. When I said to him once "What bitter suffering there is all around us!" he answered "There are no words to tell how bitter."

Sometimes my visitors were from the ranks of clerks and secretaries and janitors in the University who look upon demonstration and strikes and patriotism from a much more realistic angle than that of the students. Sometimes it is a colleague who views the dilemma with disillusionment. But most of the time it is young men and women who face not only the inevitable inner tumults of youth, but all about them a world gone wrong. In this they share the burden of their generation. Youth in Europe and America as well as youth in the Orient faces a grim future. One wonders whether universal suffering may not bring more fellow feeling.

The Catholic confessional and the office of the psychiatrist are evidence that listening has a value in itself quite apart from what wisdom the listener may have to offer. There is a certain relief in speaking into a passive ear. That is all I can offer at times like these—but I hope that it may be a wise passiveness. At any rate, when work breaks down, that is what I do. I listen.

I suppose at this point you would like me to tell you a story or two about what I hear. It is natural for you who are interested in the work which goes on through your generosity to want to feel close to it. But "human interest stories" which find their way into print, amount to a betrayal of confidence, and are only too often sources of pain and disillusionment in quarters which a few years ago could have been kept in ignorance of what appears in English periodicals. And I have not much heart to tell what I hear. It seems as though it is hardly decent to expose this kind of suffering. In happier times I can use anecdotes. Now I find it impossible to write them down.

I do not mean to give the impression that I am like a doctor with a crowded consultation schedule day after day. There were long stretches of time when I was rather isolated from the world in chaos and went about my own small affairs—usually trying to get a little more Chinese or do some studying which cannot be accomplished in normal term time. But since I have lived in China now for 17 years, my Chinese acquaintances are numerous and the opportunities to be quiet while they speak are not few.

THE HOUSE

The year which has been so upset in general has been one in which I personally have been settling down. In October of 1935 I moved into the place in which I hope to live for the rest of my sojourn in China, however long or short it may prove to be. This house is not on the campus but in the neighboring market town of Haitien, and consists of nine Chinese *chien* which is the building unit in China, and does not necessarily mean room. (One room may be several *chien* in size). My home has a row of five *chien* on the north of the courtyard, and little houses of two *chien* each on the east and west sides. The south side is closed by the neighbor's wall. To the west of the court there is a considerable stretch of emptiness which we in America would call a vacant lot. But this emptiness fronts on a magnificent rise of the Western Hills and it was possible to cut one window in the west *chien*, which looked out upon their glories. The view is my reason for choosing this particular village house.

This represents my third excursion into Chinese surroundings. It is therefore the result of the trial and error method. I pause over it to consider just what my experiment has turned into. The first attempt was more or less of an accident. I went into the country to study language and lived in three *chien* in the courtyard of an outstation pastor. I expected to be miserable, and instead, had the most joyous of my years in China up to that time. I discovered the liberation which comes as a result of a return to the primitive which permits one much less care for the morrow than is possible with highly mechanized living. The three *chien* establishment did not quite meet the health requirement, however. When I fell ill I could not recover there, and had to be moved to a missionary's home in T'ung Chou. Consequently, the next move, made after some years on the Yenching campus, was to a house of six *chien* with plenty of light and air. This house was adequate except in one respect—the lack of an outward look to the hills. Haitien is so situated that one can lift up one's eyes to the Hills from many points, and yet a courtyard with a view is a rare thing. But this outward look was the element of beauty which was for me the one thing needful; I gave up the six *chien* house and moved to this nine *chien* court and here I hope to stay.

For some of you who have not known about my experiments with living in Chinese houses and wonder why I do it instead of remaining in those provided by the Mission or the University where one may have all the home side comforts, I might briefly summarize my reasons. I learned really by accident, how happy I am when "things" disappear from the picture as they did during my year of language study in the country. That year I learned, too, how much closer my relations with Chinese could be if they met me in such conditions. I had some insight into the spiritual values which develop in the midst of such simplicity. Still, I went back into campus life for four years after the first experiment, intending to return to village life sometime, but not sure when it would be. Circumstances gave me another opportunity in the winter of 1930-31. This time it was entirely clear that that my work is done best in a village house and that my own joy in living deepens when I am here. There have been very definite religious experiences in connection with my experimentations, which have not been worked out according to logical reasons but have been the result of insistent initial impulses, combined with the actual experiences—both instinctive rather than rational processes. Therefore I do not advocate my way for anyone else. I do not think, for example, that missionary families should do their work under the circumstances in which I have chosen to do mine. I do not think that an institution intended for hundreds of years of existence would be wise to house its staff as I am housed for these next few years. But I do rejoice in my freedom to deepen the satisfactions of life in changing my ways from the mechanized to the primitive, in a country where almost everyone must live in the primitive manner.

And of course what I have finally achieved is a compromise. The nine *chien* court does contain concessions to University standards which were not dreamed of in the three *chien* house where I got my first illumination.

What I have finally done is to adapt a typical Chinese house to modern demands for sanitation and comfort, by using materials and devices which are within the reach of

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any Chinese above the coolie class. I have also brought harmony and beauty into the house by the simple expedient of leaving out foreign superfluities, which when one comes to reflect upon them are seldom beautiful. The garden and the view are my luxuries, which are also in greater or less degree within reach of anybody who cares for them.

The house was ugly to begin with. The architecture is of the pill-box variety, and not even the roofs are good, but are chopped off abruptly at the eaves. The only thing to do about it is to smother the whole botch in creepers and shrubs, which will take time. But there are some compensations. The rooms are new and stoutly built and will not leak nor harbor vermin. There is an air space under the tiles which makes the north rooms tolerable in summer. The main things to be done were to provide heat in winter and a substitute for a flush toilet, since neither furnaces nor plumbing are to be had in China outside of port cities.

I found there were agencies already at work upon problems of this sort, and I emerged with a Presbyterian wall stove and a Mass Education dirt toilet. I am so delighted with these adaptations of modern hygiene to Chinese conditions that I fear I discourse upon them, especially upon the latter, with a freedom which is startling to unaccustomed minds. The stove is considered a triumph by the Home Economics Department which comes to see it en masse because its initial cost is small, and it is reasonable in its consumption of fuel even from the Chinese point of view. I regard it with complacency because it kept me cozy warm all last winter, and because I have hidden it successfully behind a screen made of some old doors which were kindly given me by friends.

The dirt toilet (a delicate matter but important) is out of sight at the end of the vacant lot and round a little corner. One is not conscious of it as one contemplates the rise of the purple slopes, cloud-shadowed or moon-visited as the case may be. But the toilet is there, a little cement hut, clean and decent, and of course, screened. The place is literally without odor, even in summer. This is because the Mass Education people have worked out a simple drain which permits cleaning with boiling water and disinfectants which were useless in the old-style hole. In the country, they say these sanitary toilets can be made for two dollars. Mine cost thirty Mex—but who has a clean and decent toilet for ten gold dollars? And I forgot to mention the modest price of the Presbyterian stove—twenty gold dollars covered that. Do not most furnaces cost hundreds?

The furnishing of the house has been managed with the intention of using materials and articles obtainable in China. Furniture was locally made. A good part of it is of straw, the product of the students in a Blind School. The floors are of stone and are uncovered, and the windows are of paper with insets of glass, as is now generally the case in Chinese houses. Wherever space allows there are books; and the windows are kept filled with flowering plants which supply the only decoration. There are no curtains, rugs pictures or nick-nacks, and the brilliant colors and delicate shapes of the flowers are much more in evidence against the plain surfaces than in rooms where there is a jumble of ornamental designs and objects. After all, the flood of North China sunlight is all that a room needs to make it homelike, and this, my study-living-dining room has all day long.

My compromise with University standards is, nevertheless, pretty considerable. I am obliged to have a telephone. I have put in electricity because it turns out to be cheaper than oil and candles, and I have a pipe of pure water running in the kitchen. Villagers buy well water and get tape worm. I tried well water (presumably boiled) and got tape worm too, during experiment number two. Hence pure water. But my chief concession is a good cook who can produce a foreign meal. I have found that in this matter one must conform to community standards or else see nothing of one's associates. These compromises are considerable, but I think they are final. I shall make no more and can make no less.

In addition to my compromises, which I regret, I have my inconsistencies in which I rejoice. It is a delight to use the china, silver and linen which were my mother's when she started housekeeping in a New England parsonage sixty years ago. And since the room to the west which has the lovely view had absolutely no Chinese element about it, not a paper window nor a tiled roof, I turned it into a New England sitting room, with as close a reproduction of the austerity and freshness of such places as I can manage. A dear Chinese friend who called my parents "her American father and mother", gave me the fireplace which is the centre of the room. We papered in white, used matting and a hooked hearth rug on the floor, hung up white ruffled curtains, found plain chairs and a gatelegged tea-table, and behold my "period room"—Colonial New England! To be sure, sometimes I long for white corner cupboards; but when I look out of the west window and see the range shining in mist at sunset or solemn under the stars, I really have not a wish in the world.

So here I am for as long as the Japanese will let me stay! What will next year be like? Probably like the one just gone—with its freight of suffering and of beauty, of pain for those around me, of joy for myself. But as I write, it looks distinctly more hopeful politically. We have reason to believe that the program of annexation of North China has been checked by events in Japan. Perhaps it is only a check, but time is an important element in Chiang K'ai Shek's policies, and if Japan is really so occupied with developments at home that economic penetration is the most she can manage here for the present, then such an institution as Yenching may continue for some time without fears of the sort which have confronted us for the last two years. I presume that some of you saw in the papers (I believe it was even in the newsmagazine *Time*) that all universities and colleges in Peking were planning to move, in case Japan came into control, and Yenching, too, contemplated such a necessity. During the winter, before the menace had lifted, our trustees published a statement saying that Yenching is established to serve the people of North China, that education would have to go on no matter what happened politically, and that their policy would be to stay on the present site and fight for academic freedom. We are therefore committed to remain here. As I write it looks as though the coming year would be easier than the one which has just passed.

With good wishes to each one of you and in eager desire to hear from you I am,

Yours in China

Grace M. Bryntun

Things at this had gone long ago!
Happy New Year.

9. 11. 13.

T'ien Ying
The Child from Heaven

Something for
Christmas?

In what world am I now ?
Ah Heavenly Father
How may I, Thy smallest child, praise Thee ?
Give me, in the majesty of silent night
A spirit still; a thankful heart at peace.
Come, let me hymn the new-born Child from Heaven.

In what world am I now ?
Behold and see !
Amidst the starry host
Afar in the deep deep night
A multitude of angels sing
Throughout a pure earth and a holy sky
The birth of the Child from Heaven.

How can He sleep in His manger bed ?
Brood over Him, O Sky !
In silence hear the shepherd's wonderings.
He is the King's Son;
He is the Burdened One;
He is Redemption.

How can He sleep in His manger bed ?
Shudder and freeze O sky !
The song pours forth like a trumpet call,
To summon him here as the Lord of all;
But my blood flows fast and the pearl tears fall.

Hasten--behold the Cross!
The Crown of Thorns behold and see.
In all His life comes peace again ?
O deep deep Night,
O Star of Heaven,
He comes to bear ~~the~~ load of pain.

It is the day He takes His destiny upon Him:
And can I make of this a season of praise ?
Yes--praise.
Boundlessly suffering, illimitably piteous
He summons me to enter the measureless mercies of Heaven.

In what world am I now ?
Ah God !

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T'ien Ying

Multitudes of stars in the sky
Enfolded in deep deep night;
And I, Thy little child, here raise

A thankful spirit

A silent wondering heart
To hymn the birth of the Child from Heaven.

Written by

Hsieh Wan Ying
the first Christmas after her baptism.

English form by
GMB

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0437

GRACE M. BOYNTON
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING WEST

August 14-1936.

Dear Eva,

It is always good to hear from you, and I have been meditating upon the reply which should go to your last letter for some days.

about Wu Yu-chun, yes - the report is true that she and a married man on our staff are in love with each other, and he is contemplating divorce. It is a shocking situation, and of course has the whole misery of these transition times concentrated in it. The man - Chang

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Hung Chen, was married in youth to an illiterate wife - has made valiant efforts to build up a common life with her, and has succeeded in helping her to make a place for herself in yeuching so that we all bow her like her and pity her. But there is no community of interests possible between the married couple and the marriage has been only in name for some time.

Yu Chen and Hung Chen worked together - and Yu Chen had life sometimes lands one in unexpected complications. Neither of them intended harm - both of them fell madly in love. This was three years ago. They separated at once; they have tried time and absence. It seems to make no difference to their feelings and

GRACE M. BOYNTON
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING WEST

and now what? It's a serious predicament for the University but it is part of transition moves, of course. I don't know what line the president will take. Even if there is a divorce I am not sure there will be another marriage. There is quite as likely to be a suicide. Yu-chien is very high strung and sensitive and has been under the strain a long time - too long.

Well, as Margaret Speer says, whatever attitude the University decides upon, we stand to suffer either way. Those of us who believe in renunciation as

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the Christian way out of this, wish the two in question would see it too. But that would not make a marriage out of the change situation. I must express my admiration for all parties in the triangle. They all want to do right. What happens eventually - no matter what it is - will seem all wrong to a great many people. Aren't you glad you don't have to settle it?

I appreciate greatly your request for an account of my house, and I am writing one for a general letter to personal friends which I will send you. I can't, however, allow you to make the use of it which you propose, and this is the reason: our good friend

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GRACE M. BOYNTON
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING WEST

Alice Boring will be with you for the rest of the year, and would dissent from accepting my account as true. She is convinced that my excursions into village life (I have now experimented three times) are motivated by an itch for self-advertisement, and the appearance of a notice of my second try-out of a Chinese house on a modest scale, in a book called Ventures in Simple Living by D. J. Fleming, although it made no mention of my name and was published without my

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knowledge or consent made her extremely angry. if you
were to circulate my present account as genuine
publicly, it would be like waving a red rag at a bull,
or, since Alice is a lady, we might change the
metaphor and say it would be handling a hornet's
nest to a heifer! Of course there is no sense in doing
that in the genuine connection. My own friends
and my Mission are my own affair. I will send you
the general letter, and you can write Alice's comment.
Since you must not use my house as material, why
not appeal to Alice herself to supply something
suitable? Why not her memoirs of the President's

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GRACE M. BOYNTON
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING WEST

sixtieth birthday? Or, if you think village living is especially timely, get Alice to write you an account of Lucy Burt's house. She lives in the place where I made my second experiment and is now my neighbour just over the way. Alice respects her mother's and approves of her way of life, and so do I, most heartily. Lucy is more consistent than I am, and I am learning from her all the time. She dislikes publicity, but has, of course, informed

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her own mission board and clientele quite fully of
what she is doing. I think she would forgive Alice
if the latter wrote something for you.

September 3

We are starting up this week - had the Presessional Reception
last night with Nancy and the deVergases back.

It's always good to hear from you, Eva.

affectionately

Grace.

P.S. I have heard from three well informed sources that
our chances for a political rest are very good. Perhaps
this year will be much less disturbed than last.

0445

Hotel Bellevue, Boston
3 April 1937

Dear Grace:

Very, very often do my thoughts go toward you in the surroundings which I know so well and love so dearly. It is not infrequently that I meet people who know you well, as it happened this morning when I was talking with Miss Caroline Bill. Miss Bill is seriously considering a small capital gift to Yenching, and I am so hoping her decision may be favorable on this question. She is under considerable pressure to do all her giving nearer home, and her own church is in rather a desperate way, but she is definitely drawn to take a part in the endowment of the Yenching Women's College, and I will try to give her just the right kind of encouragement.

You will be surprised to know that a childhood acquaintance of mine -- people who lived for a few years in the town where I was born, in Michigan -- have now linked me up with your nice cousin, Mrs. Gilbert Hodges. These people hailed from Lynn, and have always known your cousin. Through their good offices, I may meet her before this Boston residence of mine is over.

I have entered very thoroughly indeed, your experiences in achieving your present living arrangements. I am very grateful to you for sharing them with me as one of your many friends. When next, my dear, you write a July letter, I wonder if you would mind mailing it to me before February! I could have done with that letter long before it reached me.

We are told that your friend, Mrs. Proctor of Boston, is in the Orient, but I have not had the time to search out the person who can tell me exactly where she is. Perhaps by this time you have had the pleasure of entertaining her; and in any case, I have no doubt she had her plans well laid when she left Boston, which was before my arrival here this spring.

Affectionately yours,

Miss Grace M. Boynton
Yenching University
Peiping West, China

E. B. Hooper

0446

Copies in Cabinet

At Yenching University, August, 1937

A letter from Grace M. Boynton, Wellesley 1912, a member of the Department of English at Yenching.

From the Garden Over Against the Hills
Haitien, Peiping West, China
August 7, 1937



DEAR FRIENDS:

This July was to be the opportunity to stay in the village house I have written about before, with its garden looking west to a rise of hills, and to write a general letter of the sort I sent out last year. I was wondering a little, what particular aspect of a smoothly prosperous academic year I should choose to talk about, for Yenching's career from

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0447

September, 1936 to June, 1937 was like that of the nations which have no history. But beginning with July 8 when the Marco Polo Bridge incident took place, up to the present day when a young patriot has just left me to try to hide from arrest, there has not been a dull moment; and I have no doubt that this troubled summer rather than that quiet prospering year, is what must be talked about.

I have no information to add to what your newspapers have already furnished you. I have no interpretations of what is going on to place before you. I have no very thrilling personal experiences to unfold. Mr. Hunter and Mr. Martin in Tungchow lived through two weeks of violence and chaos with the responsibility for thousands of refugees, and for the Mission property on their shoulders; theirs will be a heroic story, however modestly told. I can only give you an account of trivial insignificant things, such as happen to women and children in a war area, who have not been subjected to the full horrors of the war. And as I look at these little things it is borne in upon me how insistently normal life struggles to go on; how there are births when airplanes are dropping bombs, weddings when the Japanese flag is being saluted by the conquerors in Peiping and a child's birthday party when Yenching has rifle fire crackling around its walls—how there are even candles on that birthday cake! And perhaps these are good things to remember—at least I find a great comfort in them. These things are what go on, after all, in the long run, when the convulsions and the sufferings have worn themselves out. All the same, it feels like years since the night of July 7.

I was sleeping in the garden, which is a marvellous thing to do on a hot night, when you have the heavens and their glory for a bedroom ceiling and the Western Hills marching around you for chamber walls. I was wakened by shots. They had the crashing sound of noises in sleep, and I sat up in bed; but as I came fully awake I realized they were



The Courtyard

at some distance, and after a bit they ceased. The morning papers said our Haitien police had had a running battle with "plain clothes men." I had heard that "plain clothes men" were Chinese ruffians hired by the Japanese to make trouble, but their activities had never worried my garden world. The next night I was wakened by more firing. This time it seemed to be heavy guns and far away. But the morning paper had nothing about it, and I went off to my seven o'clock class in the summer session at the University and found the students present as usual and buses running from the city on schedule, so I forgot all about it.

On returning to the garden I found my godchild, Grace, eating a leisurely breakfast and waiting to discuss the day's program with me. Godchild Grace must be properly introduced, for as far as I am concerned, she is the most important part of the war. Thirteen years ago, Katherine and Timothy Lew named their only child for me, and the little

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girl has been brought up with the knowledge that on the edges of the family, which is an extremely conventional Chinese institution, there has been a foreign woman with a deep interest in all that is planned for her. When Father Timothy was to attend meetings in Oxford and Edinburgh this summer, and Mother Katherine was to be a delegate to an Educational Conference in Japan, Godmother rose up and said, "Let Grace come and spend some weeks with me; and we will increase her English and give her some ideas of foreign ways of life, and let her godmother get really well acquainted with her."

So it was arranged, and when the guns began to go off at night, Grace had already made herself at home in the village house, and was proving the most charming companion any devoted godmother could ask. Today it appeared that she wanted to go with two others to a moving picture in Peiping, and since I had guests coming to luncheon it was decided that she should go without me. By five o'clock my guests were gone, and I was clipping mignonette when a servant came and said "Pao Chiaoshih, the gates have been shut. There is trouble in the city." And godmother Grace minus godchild for the first time since our alliance! Hat, gloves, and money, and a flight to the nearest garage to get a car and somehow through the gates into the city. But as the guilty godmother waited for the men to bring out a car, the Yenching bus trundled in as usual, and in it was a slim little figure in a blue Chinese gown with a little round hat on the top of the whole, and there was godchild Grace with philosophic calm unbroken. Yes. There was something going on in the city. The gates did shut. But then they opened again for the bus. So here she was.

Later I went to call on a neighbor, Dr. Brown, who has a radio from which more can be learned at times than from the newspapers. Here I first heard about events at Marco Polo Bridge, which is about as far southwest of Peiping as Yenching is northwest.

The Japanese military had been manoeuvring in that vicinity in the night. Why manoeuvring? And why at night? Echo answers why! And some one heard a shot. And some one was supposed to be lost. So the Japanese wanted to search a walled town. And the Chinese said "But everybody is asleep." And the Japanese said, "We search or we fight." To which the Chinese replied, "Very good. You fight." And they did. In the meantime the missing soldier had turned up, but it was necessary to "clash" just the same.

This Tweedle-Dee-and-Tweedle-Dumish proceeding made everybody very nervous because it was obvious that there were those in the picture who had, like the two heroes just mentioned, resolved to have a battle. But there were others on both sides who professed to be anxious to "localize the incident." One gathered that this meant that the loss of one soldier who was not lost after all, was considered not quite sufficient cause to start off a major war. Hence Negotiations. And more Negotiations.

July 10 was Saturday. I made a rapid excursion to the dentist in the city, and found the great city gates with one leaf open and the other leaf reinforced by sandbags. But everyone was saying the Negotiations were successful—all was agreed. Yet again that night it was necessary to sit up in the garden and listen to heavy firing. The next morning we heard there had been another "clash." Now plenty of signs of trouble appeared.

Airplanes, airplanes. Why must they buzz between my garden and the peaceful slopes of my Western Hills? The answer to that was that the Hsi Yuan, a great barracks big enough to house thousands of troops, is just a mile to the west of Yenching. At this particular date, there were very few professional soldiers there, but the barracks held a camp of 3000 middle school boys and college sophomores who were reported to be wretchedly scared at their predicament. Poor fellows, they have had no training for war in their scholarly ideas, and they are likely to get more than training

now. In fact when the camp was dismissed, as it was without attack, many of the students went voluntarily to join the troops at Nanyuan and died with them in the great battle that came a few days later.

Locally there were other signs of trouble. The Haitien police notified householders that they could no longer furnish protection from "plain clothes men," so Haitien began organizing citizen vigilantes. Trenches were being dug for the protection of the Hsi Yuan, and each shop had to furnish a man to dig trenches. We were notified of a possible food shortage.

At this point I called a meeting of my household. There was my old servant Ch'iu P'u, or Autumn Vegetable Garden, who went through a civil war with me when we were off in the country some twelve years ago. Then there was Teacher Mother Chou who is the Bible woman in the Haitien Church and lives with me. She can remember Boxer year. There was also the young cook, not yet twenty, who had not been tried out in emergencies but who is strong and faithful.

We took account of the situation together. We agreed that we were not going away. We would see troubled times through where we were. We also agreed that Grace must no longer spend her nights outside the walls of the University. Fortunately she could sleep in her own house in the South Compound with two of the Lew servants to look after her. She could still spend her days in Haitien. We decided on laying in a month's supply of food for each member of the household—this food not to be touched as long as we could buy as usual in the shops. We also were to lay in a good supply of oil and candles, for use in case the electric light plant failed. Water could be obtained from good wells near by if anything cut off the supply through the University Power House. These were ordinary preparations for emergency and were made on July 12.

On July 13 the British Embassy sent for my neighbor, Stanley Bennett. He is a cripple, and the cautious Embassy was taking care of him very early, but his departure meant that the situation looked ominous. He came to say good-bye in deep distress at leaving his neighbors, but realizing that, with his handicap, it was the only thing to do. We sat in my garden, sweet in late afternoon sunlight, with its masses of bloom-delicate petunia, blue delphinium, gladoli, and pale yellow lilies. It was all silence, a shining peace.

"It seems impossible," he said. "But something is boiling up in Peiping—"

Yes. Something was boiling up to interrupt the quiet ways of gardens and studies and classrooms.

July 14. Dr. Brown is my neighbor with the radio. She is over seventy years of age and after serving through the Great War with various relief organizations she came to give more years to China. She is not connected with any Mission Board, but she has resources of her own, and has set up a little Maternity Clinic two doors away from me, where the village women can have pre-delivery care and a clean confinement. She is not going into the city to shelter in the Embassy if things get dangerous. There was a fine look in her eyes when she said to me, "I have only a few years more anyway. It doesn't matter how the end comes. And these women will need me more than ever if we actually get war conditions. So I'm staying."

Her radio reported such serious fighting to the east of Peiping today that I took my next emergency step and packed up my few treasures to store in the attic of a campus building.

And the next matter to be considered was refugees. We know that as soon as disturbances begin the local people will come flocking to the Church and the University for protection. The University plans were in the hands of a committee, but I sent for Pastor Ch'i of the Haitien Church and we had a council of war together. He said sadly, "It is

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ten years since we have had war. Now we must go through it again." But then he added, "We are not as afraid as we have been. We have suffered so much from terror of the unknown that now the danger confronts us we are almost relieved. And also, now we trust our government."

Other foreigners observe that there is not nearly so much panic among the villagers as we have seen in times of civil war.

July 15. This evening President Stuart called together all the foreigners left on campus. The President reported that the Ambassador expects war, and had recommended that "ladies" from Yenching go into the city for safety. Dr. Galt remarked that in this situation there is less danger of looting and disorder, than there is in time of civil war, and most of us agreed with him, and felt that our places were here with our institution and the students who are still with us.

July 20. The day following my last entry, reports came that the Powers were taking a hand trying to avert a major war. So again Negotiations, Negotiations, this time in Tokyo and Nanking, Washington and London. All we humble folk know is, that fear of sudden destruction is slacked off, and we breathe more easily.

Grace has taken all our alarms with calmness, and she even displays a sweetness and gaiety which are a boon to her godmother. We talk the situation over together, and to her query, "Will the war come?" the answer has to be, "Perhaps it will." Very often at night we hear firing, but neither of us lies awake over it.

But rumors fly about, and rumors are disquieting until one takes up a very firm attitude. This, Grace has proceeded to do, in an unexpected manner. I have found her reading her New Testament with great industry after the amah has chattered unwisely and too much at length. And so, in the hot hours of the day, I am likely to find a slender, dark-haired figure sprawled in a cool cane chair in the shade of the garden trees, and a little dark head bent over the Chi-

nese version of Mark, while these rumors of sinister import occupy the attention of the rest of the household. Perhaps this is as good a place as any, to put in an example of what happens to reports of simple fact.

A Japanese military commander, for whom even his Chinese adversaries had a high regard, died suddenly in Peiping early this month. Here are the reports which I heard about his demise:

1. He died of a disease he has had for some time which was aggravated by the strain of political developments. (This is the truth of the matter.)
2. He was murdered by younger men of his own command who wanted to press "direct action."
3. He committed hara-kiri.
4. Upon attempting to commit hara-kiri he was deprived of all sharp instruments, and so he died in a hunger strike of protest at not being permitted to commit hara-kiri.
5. He demanded foreign food and committed hara-kiri with the dinner knife.

Godchild and Godmother have formed an anti-rumor league, and one demonstration of the fallability of report seems to have been enough for us. Since the beginning of "clashes" I have taken Grace every night to sleep inside the campus walls, but have returned to my own house. The distance is only a five minute walk. Tonight when I took her home, she begged me to stay with her.

"The cook says," she told me, "That the war will come tonight at nine o'clock."

"But," I said, "how do you suppose the cook knows? And if I leave my house now, and come to sleep in yours, a great many poor people will be frightened and troubled."

"Because they think a foreigner will know," Grace supplied, and she let me go home with no more objection. When at nine o'clock no war broke out, the cook's prestige as an authority was shattered, and we agreed that we would

depend on President Stuart rather than on the servants for our views of the situation in the future.

And the President has had to think for everybody. Nothing, it seems to me, shows more clearly the family spirit which characterizes Yenching, than the freedom with which the whole group from the least to the greatest have referred their cares with implicit confidence to him.

July 21. This day the tension got tighter and tighter. Radio, newspaper, and rumor all indicated that hostilities were about to break out again in the Peiping area. The fighting has hitherto been south or east of the city and we fear that the next logical move will be against the Hsi Yuan near us. The city gates are shut and our world holds its breath.

Word came on the radio that a Japanese ultimatum to the Chinese forces expired at noon and was to be followed by "drastic action." I took Grace inside the University walls and asked Mrs. Galt to have a friendly eye on her. Then I returned to my garden, and waited to hear bombs and canon begin. The whole afternoon has been utterly silent. The flower colors and perfumes have never been more exquisite. The sun has gone down in faint clouds of rose, and the hills have outlined themselves against night blue and stars. Silence and beauty—but they do not spell peace.

Mr. Shih has just called me on the telephone. There are armed bandits in the vicinity. If I hear shooting I am not to be alarmed; these gentry are not yet bold enough to raid. They just wish to add to the general panic. Well, there's nothing new about that.

July 22. In the night some heavy firing, but very far away. No bandits materialized.

And still I teach my summer school class, and still I marvel that Chinese students can pay attention to things academic. We raised the question today as to whether classes should continue, and the students voted to go on. Many of them have left the campus, but those who remain insist upon

work as usual. What has happened about yesterday's ultimatum? Evidently the Chinese have capitulated. But to what extent?

Noon. Word has come that no drastic action followed the ultimatum, because the commanders of the Chinese forces submitted to the demands and all Chinese troops are to be withdrawn from this area. Stanley Bennett telephoned from the British Embassy, "The local situation is a shade easier, but the conditions at Nanking could not be worse." Which means that Chiang Kai-shek is going to resist. Stanley asked most urgently that all British women here take refuge in the Embassy. None of them seem inclined to do so.

July 23. I took advantage of the slackening of tension to go to town. Everything seemed returning to normal, and when I came home it seemed safe to move Grace back into her bedroom in the village house. The situation has "collapsed." No one expects fighting here now. The demands of the Japanese will be met, and we shall go on quietly. Still we hear of Japanese troops coming. I can't help asking myself whether all Chinese forces are so completely out of the way that there will not be "clashes."

July 26. I thought I had come to the end of this tension-relief, tension-relief narrative which never seems to come to a climax in proper dramatic fashion. It makes me think of the line from the *Hunting of the Snark*: "And holding our breaths for weeks and weeks." In our case it is literal fact!

There has been terrific fighting at a railroad station to the east of Peiping with many dead on both sides. And, ominous news, there is now no communication with Tientsin. The wires are cut.

July 27. Fighting in Peiping itself last night. Stanley Bennett telephoned to say that the Japanese have seized all entrances to the Legation Quarter. Foreigners in the city have largely taken refuge with their Embassies. Our American premises have a tent camp and marvelous organization and people seem to be taking the affair in a picnic mood.

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The British are less light-hearted, but they are older hands at the game.

And this morning the definite danger signal for us. A notice from the President's office that the Embassy calls all Americans into the city and preferably into the Embassy for safety; and a telephone message from a good friend on watch that "plain clothes men" are loafing into Haitien. I took Grace inside University walls without waiting to pack her clothes, and then consulted with the American Board group. We all agreed that we are going to stay where we are. We each have responsibilities and we are not going to leave President Stuart and the students. We also know that Peiping may suffer more heavily than environs like Yenching, though I suppose the Embassy Quarter itself will be neither bombed nor looted.



The Living Room

I spent the rest of the day preparing the village house for refugees. This was a simple matter and again I rejoiced that I live in Chinese style. Ch'iu P'u and the cook moved my desk and dining table out of the study-dining-living room,

and we took away the spring cots in order that there need be no argument about sleeping accommodation, and everybody would use his own bedding and sleep on mats on the floor, which is not very different from sleeping on a brick k'ang. Then I cleared away the few personal things on the tables and bookcases, and I was ready to house twenty people if need be. But when night came, I packed a bag and went to stay with Grace. I felt a quitter to be leaving the village, but she is my first responsibility and there is at present no other way to take care of her.

We are all acutely conscious of the troops in the Hsi Yuan. Tonight I hear that they are quietly moving out and taking their equipment with them. They are scattering in small groups over the Old Summer Palace so that an air raid will not do them much harm. But why have they not been moved out if all Chinese troops are supposed to have been evacuated from Peiping?

July 28. Aiyah! as the Chinese say.

Early in the morning I was jerked into consciousness by heavy explosions, one after another. I jumped up, and went into Grace's room, to find her tumbling out from under her mosquito net. The crashes continued, the house shook, and our ears were deafened with the roar of the bombing planes circling overhead and flying low. We went down stairs and the whole household collected in the cellar where we sat in complete silence for a few moments counting the explosions. They were all to the west, and when I realized that they were bombing the empty barracks I went out into the campus to have a look. There were eight planes and in order to get into position over the Hsi Yuan they were flying over us. I saw the red suns, emblem of Japan, under their wings, and the rows of pestiferous black bombs they were carrying. The roar of their engines was as terrifying as the explosions; it seemed such vast, impersonal, inhuman wrath that was being vented from the air. When one was in position over the Hsi Yuan, the plane would dip, and I could see the bombs fall. The Chinese call it "laying eggs." Thirty-

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eight of them were laid in less than half an hour—from 5.45 to 6.15.

Everyone in my establishment behaved well. Grace was quiet and obedient, and the servants made no fuss. My poor little cook who had come along with me was wild-eyed, but he pluckily went on with his work even when it meant leaving the campus to buy supplies. It was obvious, of course, that Yenching was not being attacked; but no one enjoyed that half hour while the planes were roaring overhead. When they flew away, we dressed and had breakfast and I inquired of godchild Grace what she was going to do through the day.

"I think," she replied, "that I shall trace embroidery patterns."

"A good way to keep busy," I agreed. "I hope you will be able to do a good many."

Grace took a meditative spoonful of porridge and replied in a matter-of-fact tone, "I don't expect to do very many. You see, those bombing planes will probably come back and then I shall have to run down cellar, which will take a lot of time."

Godmother Grace departed for the recitation building where she was meeting her seven o'clock class, praying that she might equal the aplomb of her thirteen-year-old charge.

On the way I passed the girls' dormitory and found the President coming out from a visit of inspection.

"Everything is safe here," he said as we walked along together. "The girls are behaving well. Miss Stahl spent the night and was here when the bombing began." Then he added, "I don't see how this can be called anything but war."

At Sage Hall, I found one student on the steps. He explained that he was a scout sent to find out whether the instructor would turn up, and since I was there he would go and fetch the class. Sixteen out of my twenty-three came, and I taught as usual, while machine-gun fire and

artillery punctuated my lecture. The shooting seemed to come from the direction of the Old Summer Palace, and so, when my teaching was over and I received word that the Refugee Association was holding a meeting in Haitien which lies in the opposite direction, I went down into the town to attend it.

The shops were shut and the whole place had burst out with Japanese flags. No one had ordered the people to put them up, but they seemed to argue that the flags were a sign of submission. Fortunately they are easy to make, and I saw pathetic little squares of white paper, with a red paper circle pasted in the centre, over the houses of the very poor.

On our church premises a big committee was at work. They were adopting a constitution and giving out Association flags and arm-bands. These carry the red cross and Chinese characters which mean the Christian Refugee Association. Women and children were already flocking into the church building and being assigned seats to sleep on. Dr. Galt and I were the foreigners at the meeting, and it was decided that if dealings with the Japanese were called for, he should undertake them. We went back to the campus together, and saw no troops on either side of the way. The fighting was all in the fields to the north west.

I looked in on Dr. Brown and found that she had delivered a woman in her maternity centre while the bombing was going on.

"A fine boy," she beamed. Then she added pityingly, "Too bad you are away from home. You would have had a wonderful view of the bombing from your garden."

The refugee flag is over my gate but no one has yet come in.

The rest of the day was a weary business of heat and anxiety, and nothing much to be done about it. Refugees came crowding into the campus, We still had communication with Peiping, and learned that soldiers of the puppet

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government, which has called itself autonomous and has existed for two years with headquarters at Tungchow, had revolted and captured Yin Ju-keng, a Chinese, who has been the head of the puppet regime. There were also fantastic reports of Chinese successes.

The gunfire went on and on. The hours of heat and strain seemed interminable. I was in Constantinople in 1914-15, and I was alone in the country through a lively period of civil war in 1925, but I have never before encountered bombing planes. They are something different. They set up little vibrations in your spinal column just at the base of your neck, and those nerve centres go on whirring and whirring. In the afternoon one of the women students who is an especial friend of mine, came to see me, and we talked together about how a Christian meets fear. We went to a quiet place high on one of the campus hills and spent an hour in prayer. We realized that if we went step by step we could find that grace which is sufficient. The thing which we could not do was to carry the load of the future.

It was a marvelous thing to see the evening sky spread over one—empty of death.

July 29. I was awake, of course, before the zero hour of 5.45 this morning, and I heard the bombing planes as they came the second time, before they were in sight. I dressed and somehow managed to eat breakfast while they ground about overhead, and then I went out and watched the falling of the bombs. This time they dropped very few, and most of them flew off, leaving only one plane circling overhead.

I went to my early class, but found the building deserted. The janitor reported that the students had telephoned to say that there was going to be a gas attack and they would not cross the campus from their dormitory. I went on to the President's house to have a word with him.

He said the situation had again "collapsed." Sung Chih-

yuan, the Chinese defender of Peiping, had left in the night with his entire army, and the Japanese were in undisputed power. No fighting was expected. The gas, of course, was a myth. Then why the bombing planes again? Swank, he thought, and intimidation.

This was a long, long day. Again it was hot and humid. Again the bomber returned and dropped things over the Hsi Yuan. I made a tour of the refugees in the morning and found that people had begun to come into my house. In the afternoon I tried to amuse Grace. Some superior souls went on with study and such pursuits. I salute them, for I could not concentrate to the point of taking in a printed page although I was still able to identify a Jack of diamonds. After the planes had been gone a while, great guns began pounding to the southwest. (Later I learned that this began the great battle of Nanyuan in which thousands were killed. This day, in point of my own experience, was the worst.)

July 30. I went to my early class and found an ungassed assembly of students entirely ready to pursue the academic. Upon my return the godchild's uncle rang me up. Would I go to his family in another compound, and help his wife move over to us? She had suffered so much from fright that he was afraid she would break down, and he had decided she and their five children would be better off in the big house where Grace and I were staying. It was nearer the University, and they would feel safer although in all probability his own compound was just as safe.

I took Grace with me in order to have her welcome her aunt and cousins, and we walked the half mile to the campus east gate, and through the streets of the village of Chengfu and so to the East Compound. Grace's aunt, whom I call Mary, was a student of mine, and I am very fond of her, and the uncle, familiarly known as "C. W.," is one of the most brilliant of our Yenching faculty. I was most happy that they were coming to be with us.

I found Mary packed for the move, but in a tangle of servants, coolies, and children, and just at my arrival struggling with a telephone call. As I listened I understood that she was talking to a determined young man who proposed to be married on Sunday and wanted Mary to undertake the decorations. Even Chinese courtesy had a struggle to be patient under the circumstances, but Mary finally disposed of the decorations, and we arranged that I was to take the children along with me at once. I took seven-year-old Starlight by the hand and Grace and the boys went ahead, while a ricksha full of luggage brought up the rear of the procession.

We had just started down the village street when artillery fire and machine guns broke out so near that I thought they must be actually in the street itself. We saw the University gates swing shut as the crowd of villagers rushed to get inside our walls. The children remained perfectly quiet. They looked at me and I indicated that we must go on to the gates. We did not run. When we came up, the village people allowed us to pass, which I thought was extraordinary, considering how those guns were crackling and crashing behind us. The small door in the big gate was open a crack, and I passed the children in, only to find as I stepped through myself that one child was missing. I sent the others along with Grace, telling her to go straight home and then was going out after the other when he appeared on the top of the gate which he quite coolly clambered over. Why the frantic people outside didn't come tumbling in on us in the same way, was more than I could see; but they only begged to have the gates opened, and when this was not done, stayed outside. The University was sheltering over a thousand people already, and had of course to protect these refugees from the nondescript riff-raff who were constantly seeking ways to disturb the peace. We were receiving the poor, but they had to be identifiable poor and not people who rush gates.

Lucius Porter and C. W. came up at this moment, Lucius to handle the crowd and C. W. to go after his wife and property. I reported the children in, and before long Mary and her husband joined us in the South Compound. C. W. could explain the firing. He gave the news very rapidly.

"There has been serious fighting at Tientsin. Bombs were dropped on the Chinese city. Nankai University has been destroyed. A big battle south of Peiping last night. A whole regiment wiped out."

"What about this firing?"

He replied that evidently a remnant of the 29th Army was in our neighborhood.

"But they haven't a chance. What's the use of fighting? Why don't they surrender?"

"No orders to surrender," said C. W. briefly and grimly.

We fell silent and heard the spitting of the machine-guns, spitting out the lives of the poor fellows who had been left behind in the retreat, and now had no recourse but death. This within hearing, and we sitting at lunch. Nobody wanted that meal.

August 1. The day on which Mary and C. W. brought their family to stay with Grace and me was a day of battle all about us. Yenching was an island in the fighting, where silent anxious people waited helplessly. But some could not wait. Mary's oldest boy developed a case of acute appendicitis, and the doctor said he must get to a surgeon at once. The President ordered his car and a big American flag was draped over the radiator. Dr. Stuart and Mary and the sick boy took the letter saying "surgical emergency" and started for the city gates. Would they get through? The guns were not so near now; sometimes there was a respite in the firing. Before dark the car returned. The President had met a Japanese column on the road and it had been touch and go that he would not be permitted to pass; but the flag and the presence of an American did the trick. He got the mother and boy to the hospital through gates opened by his influence,

and he got back again. He looked as though a light burned behind his face, strained, white, but triumphant.

The next day was one of torrential rains. Guns and bombing planes were still. The refugees sat crowded under the roofs of the university buildings, and I began to hear the doctors' apprehensions. These hordes of people were unacquainted with the uses of the flush toilets and they were unwilling to go out in the rains. The condition of our buildings was a menace already. The doctors warned us that they had very little medical material on hand, and if epidemics broke out the situation would be serious.

Today, Sunday, the sun has come out, and the wedding has just taken place. Two of our students decided long ago to be married today and in spite of tragedy all around us they carried out their plans. The few members of the faculty who were here, and the few students, gathered at the President's house, wrote their names in the book and received little red velvet "happiness characters" with a touch of gilt paper on them to make a spot of brightness. We stood on either side of a long room, the men on one side and the women on the other and I took note that some one had banked the fireplace with fern and marigolds—obviously not Mary with her sick boy in the city. The groom, a very slender, gentle-looking creature, took his place with his best man, both wearing the long scholar's gown. The President appeared in his Geneva robe. Miss Stahl struck up the wedding march and "Little Brother Mei", the ring-bearer, came down the room lifting up his small feet and putting them down in precise time to the music as if they had been tiny flatirons. Then came the bride.

As she went down to her place before the President I looked at the faces of the guests and the moment seemed inexpressibly sad. Goodwill for the young couple was easy to mark, but along with it foreboding for their future. One young matron—most exquisite and gifted of all our community, stood apart in a corner, with her hand over her

trembling lips, and her eyes filled with tears. Her third child will be born in four months. What sort of a world is China now, for marrying and giving in marriage, or for children and family life?



Sheltered More Than a Dozen Refugees

After the wedding I went away to the village and found my house full of refugees. I found two mothers and four children in the large room; a mother and two children had their bedding neatly piled in the west room; the cook's wife was ensconced with Teacher Mother Chou, and in the garden house, a tiny affair with a thatched roof, was a grandmother and a month-old baby.

The garden house would not do for a permanent residence, but it is water tight, its latticed windows have mosquito bars, and it stands under a great tree and gets the breezes from the hills, so as a temporary refuge it is not bad. The baby had been born in Dr. Brown's maternity centre, and was as sweet and clean as a baby could be. A set of freshly

washed little socks and trousers were hanging on the shrub by the door. I had never imagined month-old trousers, and I found them comical, microscopic, heart-catching garments.

I went in, and the grandmother looked at me while the mother fanned the baby.

"When I speak, can you understand my words?" the old woman wanted to know.

I said yes, and she told me their story.

She belongs to a respectable family in Hwang Tsun which is the south end of Haitien. Her husband is away from home, and she has three daughters, two unmarried and the other this young mother, whose husband works in another province and sent his wife back to her mother when it came time for the baby to come. This was done so that she could have the care which valiant Dr. Brown gives at the Maternity Centre. The baby was born, and all was going nicely when the war came. On Wednesday there was the battle between the Japanese and the remnants of the 29th Army. Shooting took place on the roads all around her. She and her daughter stayed inside their house, and toward the end of the afternoon three soldiers broke in and took all her money and valuables. As soon as night came, the women got safely into our Haitien Church refuge. But with hundreds of people sleeping on the benches it was not a convenient place for the baby, so the older women and the child were sent on to me.

I said I hoped they would be at peace in my garden, and the old woman looked at the American flag which we have raised and said, "Of course the soldiers will not dare to break in here. But who can protect himself if they shoot with cannon and begin to lay eggs?"

Apropos of that American flag, I was very loath to use it, for it has been the policy of our mission to rely on the Chinese to protect us, and never to emphasize extra-territorial privilege. But Dr. Stuart advised me to use the flag, and so after the second bombing we put it up, and it floats high over



Miss Boynton and Two Friends at the Garden House

the garden. As I look up at it from the shade where I am writing, it seems the most beautiful thing in sight.

It is only right to say something at this point about the Japanese troops and their behavior so far. The discipline has been excellent. I have heard reports from the village people and our refugees, and it is agreed that in general the troops are paying for what they use and are not maltreating the people. One must qualify the statement by the phrase "in general" for there are a few instances of ugly behavior on the part of stragglers. But I have not yet heard of any disorder in which a Japanese officer was concerned. It seems to me this is a very remarkable record. It has not yet taken away the terror which the people feel whenever the Japanese come, and there have been the usual crop of rumors. And of course the end is not yet. The Japanese have been too

busy fighting to take a hand in our everyday life.

August 7. Another week has passed, a week of occasional alarm and of uneasiness because normal communication with Peiping is not restored. Full knowledge of the horrors of Tungchow and Tientsin make us realize that we have had a very slight taste of the war. Our refugees have gone home, and it is possible to buy food. The Japanese army was today reviewed in Peiping, and a proclamation was issued saying that the troops are here to promote peace and order, that citizens may go about their lawful occasions, and that they are not to circulate rumors.

It all sounds as if we could settle down and go on quietly with our academic life. But one statement has been made to the effect that education must be reformed and that everything prejudicial to friendly relations between China and Japan must be eliminated! So there are plenty of our young intellectuals who do not "rest their hearts," and if we are to have the experience of Korea and "Manchukuo" there is a black time ahead.

But Yenching is going on. The government universities announced that they will hold no examinations in the same paper in which Yenching advertised the time and place of ours. Seven hundred candidates sat for those examinations in Peiping alone. We do not know how many will dare to come to us, or what will happen when we do open, but we are to go on until we are forced to stop.*

So I am still in my garden, but I do not venture to bring godchild Grace back as yet, nor can my crippled neighbor Stanley Bennett return from the Embassy. A Japanese scouting plane is circling around and around above the garden as I write and a squad of Japanese soldiers are just outside our University gates. There is now a new chapter to be written for Yenching.

Love and greetings to you all.

Yours faithfully,

GRACE M. BOYNTON

*Note: The University opened late in September with 500 students.

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By the middle of last August, North China was behind the Japanese lines. Nankai University in Tientsin had been destroyed by bombs; Chinese intellectuals were many of them in hiding; Tsing Hua University, our near neighbor, and all the Peking government Universities had announced that they could not open in the autumn. Students were being arrested as they travelled, and imprisoned. The Japanese military who were in complete control of Peking were said to regard Yenching with especial disfavor. The situation could be summed up rather conclusively: Local military and political authorities would not permit us to open. Even if they did, Chinese staff would not feel free to teach; even if they taught, students would either not dare to come, or would find travelling conditions such that it would be impossible to get here. Obviously, Yenching could not open.

The case seemed so complete that one member of the faculty resident here this summer, experienced a distinct shock, when she was told that entrance examinations would be held in Peking in August and September. About a thousand students sat for them, and were not interfered with while writing their papers. Then the usual entrance machinery was kept in motion "just as if we were going to open," we said. "But"--we said, and waited. While we waited, the countryside began to experience bandit raids, due to the withdrawal of arms from the police, which, if continued, would mean that when students got here we could not protect them from robbery and kidnapping--another grave obstacle to our opening.

In spite of all this, preparations continued. There had been on our campus all summer a nucleus of our Chinese faculty, who include some of the most distinguished of our men. It became clear that they were ready to teach, let the consequences be what they might. It seemed likely that some of the students admitted by Peking examinations would venture to come. Yet there remained that other question of the final attitude of our new masters. I, for one, had no faith whatever that they would permit Yenching to go on.

The story of how that opening was accomplished includes some very astonishing chapters. The only person who can tell that story completely is not likely to stress the achievements of the main actor in the drama. The process involved the cooperation of Christian Japanese, the courtesy of the Japanese Embassy, the pacification of old style Chinese politicians who are not sympathetic to modern education, and last and most important, the non-interference of the military authorities.

It was the determination of the President which brought about all this. The days of registration came. A few of the bravest students ventured out to us. Then, as no raids and no arrests took place, and as Japanese authorities even facilitated the journey of students from Tientsin to Yenching, more and more appeared until now our numbers are close to 480. As soon as the students were here, the President pressed for adequate police protection, and the whole countryside has been delivered from a reign of bandit terror.

Yenching has actually begun the academic year of 1937-38, and we who have been here through the summer can only say of these doings that they are marvellous in our eyes.

G. M. Boynton

Hotel Bellevue
Boston

*See
copy in*

2 December 1937

Dear Polly:

We have just today received from the printer, a very short diary written by Miss Grace Boynton of Yenching University, during the troubled days of the summer. It occurs to me that some of your students who show a real interest in international affairs may be glad to have this charming and very human document to add to their information about the Peiping of the present. I am taking pleasure in sending you under separate cover, a few copies of this diary, and can supply additional copies within any moderate request you may wish to make. I hope that you personally will enjoy this story of adjustment which the individuals of the Yenching University community were so suddenly and unexpectedly forced to make this summer.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs. T. D. Macmillan)

Miss Polly Tompkins, President
International Relations Club
Fine Manor Junior College
Wellesley, Mass.

Above letter sent same day also to:

to be added
to be added
President Katharine Denworth, Bradford Junior College, Bradford, Mass.
Miss Eleanor Wilson, Secretary, The May School, 270 Beacon St., Boston
Dean Lucy Jenkins Franklin, 146 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Mme. I. C. Tomanoff, The Beaver Country Day School, Inc., Chestnut Hill,
Dean Miriam F. Carpenter, Wheaton College, Norton
Miss Eleanor Kitchin, Sargent College, 9 Everett St., Cambridge
Miss Marguerite Hearsey, Principal Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

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