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January 26, 1944

Miss Grace M. Boynton
Yenching University
Chengtou, Szechwan, CHINA

Dear Miss Boynton:

I have been trying to get opportunity to write you ever since the GRIPSHOLM arrived. The month of December, however, disappeared into meetings, together with a final rush to get off four of our Chinese colleagues to West China. They are:

Yung Ch'ing Wei
David S. K. Dai
Kan-fan Chen
Ruh-tsuin T'sui

It was great to have the people from North China with us again and for more than a week they were around New York.

We had a meeting of the Board of Trustees at the Parkside Hotel which turned out to be something of a reception. Dr. Galt and Miss Speer were spokesmen for the group, but all were willing to answer questions. Augusta Wagner is taking a vacation with some speaking on the side; whereas, Miss Boring has started teaching immediately up at the Columbia Medical School. Shirley Duncan has gone West to Prescott, Arizona to be with her mother for a while; while Wolfersz is in town and Dr. Adolph is in Ithaca, New York. Dr. Galt and Dr. Stanley Wilson along with Earl Wilson have all gone to California. The latter was very poorly when he arrived, but is reported to be much better now. Mr. E. K. Smith is also going to California to join Mrs. Smith. Dorothea Hanwell will stay in the East for a while as her sister is in Boston. Mary Hutchison has gone with the China Defense Organization in Washington, D. C., and Mary Cookingham is coming into our office next month to help us on Yenching accounts. Miss Speer is planning on doing some personal work among the Yenching constituency during February. Otherwise, she is staying with her parents at Lakeville, Connecticut. They were all grateful that you passed on to our office the messages which were received through your good offices and which we greatly appreciated. I find that these letters, however, were not acknowledged although we did use them to good effect among the Trustees here in America. We also used your April 27th letter in like manner as that gave us intimate pictures of the conditions existing at that time.

Your article, "Now Where is My Home" was printed in the WOMAN'S PRESS of the Y. W. C. A. and has been widely read. We are also distributing it with the January issue of the YENCHING NEWS. If you feel able to produce anything more along this line we can find definite use for it.

Occasionally I have conversations with your brother in Scarsdale as, of course, he is anxious for news from you aside from such personal letters which come to him through other sources.

We are making some effort to get some of the other Mission Boards to

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Miss Boynton

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January 26, 1944

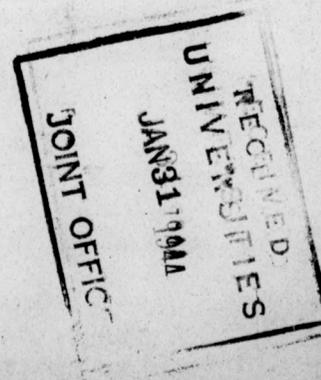
send personnel to West China and hope that this can be accomplished later on.

Most sincerely yours,

C. A. EVANS

CAE/B

Via China Clipper
c.s. via next Clipper



06 14

YENCHING UNIVERSITY IN CHENGTU

CHENGTU, CHINA

Off the Record

C O P Y

March 19, 1944

Dear Mrs. Moore,

In a week or ten days the room we have been equipping for Infirmary use will be open and receiving patients; and when that is an accomplished fact, I shall be sending a full report to you and your Committee concerning the use which has been made of the "Wellesley Fund" as your gift is called here. But I want you and those associated with you to have a somewhat more intimate picture of the predicament of our young Chinese staff, and since my general letter will be read by everyone here interested in the use of the Wellesley Fund, I am sending this "off the record" account ahead of the other, with the request that you will not file it, nor refer specifically to it in letters to me. And, of course, please do not use it in publicity.

When your letter came to me last summer, I was gravely concerned over our situation which had first become clear in connection with one of our most loyal and gifted people - a Ph.D. returned student from Bryn Mawr whom we call Agnes. She was on the campus in the north when the Japanese closed the University, and following that she went to Shanghai whence, after several months she made her escape with a young relative who was a Yenching graduate from Home Economics, whom we call Kwang. Both girls had to sleep without nets on the journey and both contracted malaria, so that during their first winter here in Chengtu they had frequent attacks of the fever. They belong to a prosperous Hongkong family, but after the fall of that city they found themselves responsible for many of the younger members of a very numerous tribe who made their way to Free China. In Agnes' case there were two young boys dependent upon her slender income which was insufficient to give her proper food. I watched her growing thinner and whiter and noticed that as her condition deteriorated the malarial attacks grew more frequent. Then one day I found her in terrible distress and insisted on knowing what was the matter. She told me that she had two younger sisters in Peking who had been writing her about coming to Free China. Agnes had been desperaté. She had told them she had no way to pay for their journey and did not see how she could support them in addition to the two boys already on her hands. When I found her she had just received word that the sisters had managed to borrow some money and had reached Free China on the way to Chengtu.

They arrived in due course, and stayed a month in the Yenching dormitory, one slept with Agnes and one with Kwang. Their elder sister sold winter clothes and her American handbag to feed them and finally got them into a government Middle School where their food and lodging were given free while Agnes was still responsible for incidentals like books, bedding, clothes, etc. But her own health continued to decline, and she was ill a good part of the summer.

Then there were other cases - one older woman had an aged mother to provide for. The mother had been in the home of relatives, but now the arrangement could not be continued and the mother must come to Chengtu and be provided with rent and food and a servant. Our librarian is a widow with a ten year old daughter and some of the other Chinese told me the child ate the whole of her mother's income for breakfast, since she was given milk, eggs and fruit; another young teacher was in such a position in Occupied Territory that she was obliged to use many thousands of dollars to secure protection which got her safely across the lines, and

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she came to us owing a debt of alarming size for this reason.

When the Wellesley money came, and Dr. Mei allowed Dean Wang Min-I and myself full discretion, we made grants to the women in such straits as these grants which have saved them from illness and worry and possible breakdown. I do not think their good fortune has been bad for any of them. When the second installment came, Agnes had taken the place of Dean Wang, and she at once made out a budget for community benefit and for supplementary food for the students (who had received this from the first installment as well.) I knew that Kwang had come back to Yenching with her malaria worse than ever last autumn and so she had received a subsidy for milk from the first Wellesley money; but I heard that she was at the end of that money and had cancelled her order to the dairy, so I told Agnes I thought Kwang should have another milk subsidy. She immediately told me that we had two young assistants just out of hospital where they had had typhus and she thought they needed milk more than Kwang. It was possible to give it to all three, and when I took Kwang's cheque to her she was with Agnes. I gave it to her saying "Please don't delay your order for milk." She looked at it a moment and then gave a curious little moan, and threw herself on her knees before Agnes weeping and saying something in Cantonese. Agnes nodded to me to leave the room and later she came to say "Kwang is too sensitive; it is hard for her to be fed in this way. But she is very grateful too."

And now Agnes points out to me that the three younger assistants no longer have chins so sharp that they seem about to prick through the skin but are displaying faces more filled out, and color which is more natural. Agnes herself has had no malarial attacks since better food improved her general condition. And the mental burdens which have been lifted mean even more relief to these women than the physical improvement.

I have been telling Jane Dye these personal things as they have come up and she has approved each step. I do believe we have not been unwise, and I wish you could all of you know how much you have done for us here.

I shall be grateful if you can let us know whether this fund can be continued another year. Presumably we now have all the refugees from the north who intend to come; we have set up a faculty dining-room and a room for infirmary use, and these are the extraordinary needs which are met and now finished. The hospitalization of women students (especially T.B. cases) will continue and the need for supplementary food will also continue. Could you let us know what your committee proposes? It is quite understandable, of course, that with Augusta Wagner at home you may be considering other uses for the money which has helped us so very greatly this year.

With deep appreciation, I am

Very sincerely yours,

/s/ Grace M. Boynton

Paragraphs from Grace Boynton's Letter of August 5

1944

Mrs Evans

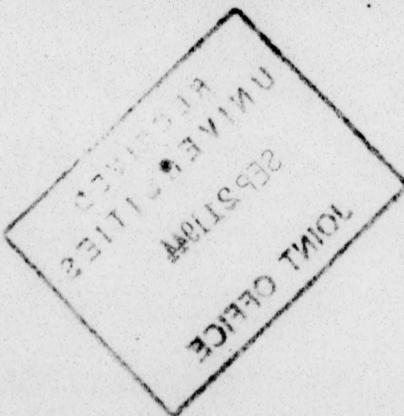
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Robert Chao and Meng Yu are in Cheng Tu; he has a very gilt-edged job in the employ of our forces, and both he and she and the children are in good health although the journey was hard on them. Robert left Peking just in time to avoid getting caught in the Fu Jen arrests of which you had heard when you wrote your June letter. He was warned what was coming, and speeded up his plans for departure. He bribed his way out, and says he had no trouble with arrests or detention en route, because he used plenty of money. He knew that the J.C.s were thinking of coming--that is J.C. and perhaps two boys; but they waited too long; and now with the Japanese move into Honan the route is cut and there will be no further possibility of such a plan for an indefinite period.

His most important news concerned JLS. In fact he came to see me at once when he reached Cheng Tu to explain that the financial situation was very unsatisfactory and was becoming worse. It seems that Leighton's needs have been met by loans collected from Chinese friends these people are themselves growing short of money and it is increasingly difficult to find anybody with spare cash. Dr. H. has been provided for by a regular arrangement through the Swiss authorities, and Robert felt that Leighton's precarious support was both unnecessary and undignified. Why could Yenching not manage the same arrangement for him as P.U.M.C. had negotiated for their people? Why indeed! I sent him to Y.P. and Y.P. at once cabled our Yenching office asking that this be done. After sometime he got a return cable saying he was advised to "check on his reports" about JLS because from official sources they were informed that everything was satisfactory. (I can't quote the cable itself, but the inference was clear that they saw no reason to move in the matter.) Y.P. showed this to Robert who was naturally not pleased to find that he was a source of information to be "checked." Y.P. said he felt he could not do anything further. I don't know whether he has referred to the matter in correspondence, but I feel someone in New York might explain to us just what their feelings of satisfaction are based upon, in case Yenching has not taken the same steps to provide for Leighton which the P.U.M.C. has taken for Dr. H. Robert says that even if New York does nothing Leighton will not actually suffer, since Dora and Ruth Chou are sending his feed to him, and will naturally find some way to continue to do so. But it leaves his friends in a difficult--and he himself in an embarrassing--situation.

Philip F. has been a devoted son to JLS. He is the one who works hardest on the collecting of money--his position makes it possible for him to do what would be very dangerous for some others. He has twice made the journey to Nanking to beg WCW to release JLS. WCW has wavered but ended by preferring the latter's captivity chiefly on account of considerations connected with peace table talk. I did not realize that WCW was a factor in the situation.

Our Yenching folk are all living as quietly as possible and eating far too little for their healths, but have not been molested.



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Grace Boynton
As from
Yenching University
Cheng Tu, West China
August 16, 1944

Dear Friends,

This letter is headed with the usual address, but I am writing from a mountain resort three days' journey from Cheng Tu. I am 6000 feet up in the air, and I look out over a magnificent range which piles up higher and higher before the eye until it catches the glint of the snow-fields on the peaks which we call "The three sisters," and which are the beginning of the true Himalayas. The slopes of this mountain where the summer community lives, are covered with evergreens and great masses of hydrangea which bloom with a soft intense blue like that of a Maxfield Parrish painting; there are "Easter lilies" growing wild, and many other flowers. But most important of all is the mountain air, which is sweet and fresh, and cool, cool, cool. The torture of damp heat on the Cheng Tu plain is only a bad dream here, and there are about thirty of us missionaries who are predominantly thin, and wrinkled and yellow-faced and gray-haired, and then a varying number of our boys who are just out of hospital or suffering from one result or another of their service, but who are predominantly fresh and humorous (if not too homesick) and whose hair has not yet acquired those "mournful messengers of grey."

Now, wouldn't you wonder how missionaries get along with G. Is? From the missionary side I can bear witness in good United States that we get along just swell. The boys were rather doubtful about whether they could possibly stand the strain; as one of them confided to me, "We didn't know what to do about you-- how to take you folks." But that was a boy suffering from nervous shock, and he was made welcome in a family where there were two children, six and eight years old, the prettiest little girls you ever saw; and I think that family has greatly eased the malady of that troubled boy.

At the moment I am writing on the porch of our "Home for Single Ladies" built by the Methodist Mission, and hospitable to some of us who are not Methodists. We have the community library here, and two of the boys have wandered up to draw books and have remained for conversation. One good Methodist woman is telling them how in her school the girls sleep in "double triple-decker beds," in rooms so small that they cannot all get out of bed at once because there is not room enough for them to "put their feet down" simultaneously; and the boys are telling her how they can't stand fried eggs when the mess boy uses unrefined rape seed oil in the cooking. We have also seen two planes which our guests have pronounced to be harmless, and we have told the story of the bombing of Cheng Tu four years ago. So, you see, we find some points in common, and while there may be headaches on the score of discipline in some places invaded by our compatriots, we know nothing about such things here.

This is my first vacation in three years, and one pleasant thing about it is that I can get a few letters written. I have decided to be influenced by the holiday atmosphere, and make this letter a presentation of "the missionary at home." Usually, of course, one is expected to tell about "the missionary at work," and until now that has been all one could do in connection with

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American Board people in West China, because for some time we didn't have any home. But this spring we acquired a residence on the campus, and I think perhaps you would like to know what it is like and how we live in it.

The house is a comfortable square one standing among green lawns and great trees, and directly opposite the spot where a house was bombed to bits in 1941. Since we live in refugee conditions we do not occupy the whole of it. There are three rooms on the ground floor which have been turned into a flat for a student in West China University. His papa is an important personage with more money than is good for said son, and so the latter began to worry papa with prodigal practices. Therefore papa demanded that the marriage which he had arranged when son was five or six, should immediately take place; and papa brought pressure to bear upon son's University to furnish a place where son could remain at home with his pretty bride. The Methodist Mission was in turn pressed to receive the young couple in this house and allow a kitchen and servants' quarters to be constructed in the back garden. All of which was done; there is now a most delightful baby in the flat, and its parents give pleasant little parties to their friends, and I assume that son has settled into the desired domesticity. Of course, it does occur to the crude mind of a refugee, that there are several members of the West China faculty who live in conditions fit to drive them to drink; and whether it is strictly ethical for a professor to be driven to drink in order that gilded youth may be rescued from the same, is a question I leave to those more concerned to work out. Anyhow this is education in Szechuan.

But when the Prodigal's flat has been deducted, it leaves on the ground floor a living room, dining room, hall and kitchen, which have accommodated the Community Thanksgivings--people squeezed in very tight. Upstairs there are four chambers and a bathroom (but no plumbing; plumbing is "not done" in Cheng Tu)--and a porch running all the way around. Now, since our Mission already has Harold Robinson, Albert Hausske, Ruth Van Kirk, and myself at work here, you might feel that here we have a room apiece and that newcomers like Alice Reed, Margaret Dow and Helen Smith, with Jim Hunter on a visit from Si An might have difficulty in finding accommodation with us. But how little you know! For in addition to the American Board folk already enumerated we have in our midst the Lapwood family, Father-Ralph, Mother-Nancy, and Child-Peter, aged 18 months. Father Ralph is Dean of Science and Professor of Mathematics in Yenching, and he and Nancy are English Congregationalists, and members of the London Mission. They share expenses with us and have the "Master bedroom" with Peter on the porch outside their windows. It was my idea to get Nancy to say she would "housekeep" for the lot of us; she is that pattern of virtue "which looketh well to the ways of her household." What that involves when every drop of oil and crumb of bread, and grain of sugar and salt is worth dollars, you may imagine. We ABers are devoted to the whole family and find ourselves a most congenial household.

As I said, the Lapwoods have the front bedroom; then on one side of the house we have a men's dormitory consisting of a commodious sleeping porch which can house three missionaries and three G.I.s

simultaneously, a portion of back porch converted into a men's dressing room, and a chamber which does duty as study for the two men who are here all the time. On the other side of the house we have a women's dormitory like the men's, with a chamber which I use for my studying, etc, and a wash room where all the inhabitants of the women's sleeping porch can hang their towels and powder their noses; and then behind that is the chamber we call the guest room which we keep busy in a number of ways.

This all makes possible a very elastic use of the house. Let me hark back to a week in June before I came here, also before Alice and Margaret arrived, and give you a notion of what was going on in our midst. Each section of our household, single men, single women, and married couples had a program which was proceeding at the same time with all the rest. To itemize:

Single men: Albert Hausske was suffering from a cracked ankle and an attack of dysentery and was in bed in the men's suite. (One reason why I am so thankful to have this house is that now American Boarders can be ill on their own premises!) Harold Robinson was entertaining a chaplain and two G. Is in the spare cots, but as these guests were not around very much except when asleep they did not disturb Albert too much.

Married Couple: The Lapwoods were having an Oxford Group Houseparty. This meant that thirty Yenching students had brought mattresses and nets and were sleeping in our basement, and eating on the downstairs front porch. They had their parties and meetings in the living room and dining room. In one corner of the porch was a young couple who have been working in the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives (the wife is a Yenching graduate) under such conditions that they were emaciated and exhausted, and needed a place to recuperate. Therefore, curtains were hung up and cots provided, and these two were resting and eating themselves back to normal condition.

Single women: I was getting over an infection which had laid me low before the houseparty began, but which, thanks to the new sulpha drugs, cleared up rapidly. The beds on my porch were occupied on different nights, by different members of our Yenching faculty. One night it was the young Dean of Women who had got worn to sleeplessness and came for a respite from dormitory responsibility. Another night it was an attractive teacher with a "date." I could give her a place to dress for a campus function and a latchkey to use, which obviates embarrassing situations in the girls' dormitory where she lives, where young undergraduates are not encouraged to be out late. Another night it was a newly-arrived assistant who has found refugee living very rough after being the spoiled darling of a wealthy Hongkong family.

During this week, the guest room was occupied by my great friend Winifred Galbraith, who is a YWCA secretary and constantly travelling, which in China means being in constant jeopardy and never getting proper food and rest. Winifred is the author of a book called The Chinese which is the best general account for newcomers to this country which we know, and which has gone into a Penguin edition which we are giving to such men in the forces as care to read about the strange environment in which they find themselves. Her presence in the house for a week was the greatest delight which I have had in many a long day, and we talked and read together

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undisturbed by all the other things which were happening in the house.

So, you see, three programmes were running along all together, and wonderful Nancy kept everything going smoothly. All those who were not in the Group meetings met at meals over the long table which was generally set for ten or twelve and Albert had his upstairs; and though the thirty Oxford Groupers ate food sent out from their school kitchen, I felt that we observed the Biblical injunction to be "given to hospitality."

Since I came up here, Margaret Dow and Alice Reed have arrived and Jim Hunter has returned from the hospital where he went for a check-up. I learned this from Helen Smith of Fukien who has just come refugeeing to Szechuan. She says Margaret was nearly dead when she arrived and I can well believe it. It has taken her and Alice Reed almost a year to make the journey from America. I suppose you all know of the tragic loss to them and to us in India. Mary McClure is missed by us all; but I suppose she is most deeply mourned by the Chinese refugees from Shansi who were awaiting her with an affection which was most moving.

But to return to Cheng Tu. There are at present in our house six American Board people, and Nancy writes, three G. Is who have their scanty time for leave to spend on the campus; and in the guest room Mrs. L. and her five weeks old baby. Mrs. L. is one of our Yenching staff, and she and her husband manage very well in two tiny rooms under a low roof in the cool weather. But the place in summer is a furnace, so Nancy invited Mrs. L. to come to us directly from the hospital after the baby's birth and stay until cool weather begins. Nancy is supposed to be taking a little rest because Peter is going to have a small brother or sister early in September. But even so, Nancy has two Yenching students from the Home Economics Department conducting a Nursery School for the children of servants in our compound, and this goes on in the house when it's too hot or rains-- on the lawn when the weather is favorable and inculcates many hygienic habits as well as gives fourteen small Celestials the time of their lives, to the relief of over-burdened mothers.

Perhaps I have chattered enough about the American Board at home. There is, in our midst a thankfulness, a harmony in our relationships, an eagerness to share in every way we can our benefits with those who need them, which is unique in my missionary experience in China. And that will be twenty-five years in September.

With warmest greetings to you all, I am

Yours very cordially,

/s/ Grace M. Boynton

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Grace M. Boynton letter

undisturbed by all the other things which were happening in the house.

So, you see, these programs were running along all together and wonderful things kept happening every day. All those who were not in the Group meetings met at meals over the long table which was generally set for ten or twelve and Albert had his upstairs; and through the Oxford Groupers the food sent out from their school kitchen, I felt there was a special invitation to be given to hospitality.

Since I came to this Margaret Row and Alice had been arrived and the house was returned from the Oxford Group where he went for a short time. I felt this from Margaret and Alice who had been in the house for some time. The house was very quiet and the atmosphere was very peaceful. I felt that the house was a very special place and I was very glad to be there. The house was very quiet and the atmosphere was very peaceful. I felt that the house was a very special place and I was very glad to be there. The house was very quiet and the atmosphere was very peaceful. I felt that the house was a very special place and I was very glad to be there.

Therefore I have shared about the American Board at home. There is a great deal of work to be done in every way we can out here. With these two last years, which is a very important experience in China, and that will be twenty-five years in September.

With warmest wishes to you all, I am
Yours very cordially,
Grace M. Boynton

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As from
Yenching University
Cheng Tu, West China
August 19, 1944

Dear Charles, (Corbett)

It was most kind of you to write me on December 9, so soon after the arrival of the Gripsholm party, and of course every detail of their condition and reception at home was of immense interest here. It is all ancient history now, but even so late I must send my appreciation of your letter.

The year in Yenching has gone as well as we could expect, and with the June Commencement we gave degrees to the majority of the students who came to us as refugees from the north. There are now a few, but very few left in our midst, and our task now is to carry on Yenching ideals and traditions with students who never saw our campus and never knew Dr. Stuart. In this we are like all our sister institutions (except Hua Hsi.) We must hold our continuity and fight to maintain standards of scholarship and conduct.

Wei Lung Ching is a great reinforcement, and I am most thankful he could join us, especially since it now seems unlikely that we can expect anyone of our repatriated staff in the near future. I entirely understand the reasons which are keeping Ran Sailer and Margaret Speer at home; and I know that it will be difficult for Alice Boring to leave the country even though she is less bound by home responsibilities than the others. I lament our lack of our senior staff; but I feel, on the other hand, that the necessity to take and carry responsibility cannot help but be a cause of development of our young Chinese, and if they are not crushed by it they will grow in it.

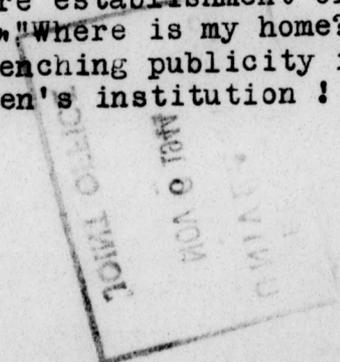
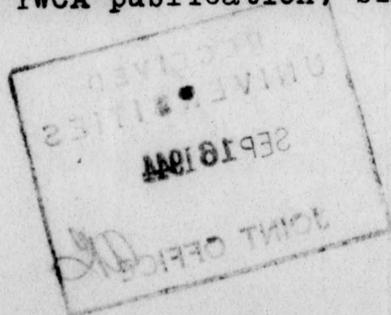
I should like to put on record my appreciation of Dr. Mei. I do not think you ever knew him, so it may not be amiss to bear witness to my experience of these two refugee years. No one could work harder than he; no one could carry responsibility more conscientiously; and in force of character and sagacity I think he compares very favorably with any Chinese educator I know. He has made mistakes of course; but I believe he learns from his mistakes. I have an increasing respect and affection for both Dr. Mei and his wife and am very glad to be associated with them in refugee Yenching. Their courtesy to me and patience with my limitations arouse my deep gratitude, and I wish to express this to our New York office.

I am writing you from Behluting the mountain resort where people from the West China campus have been going for thirty years. This is my first vacation since I reached Free China in 1941 and I am greatly enjoying it. I hope you and Minnie have had some respite this summer. Please give her my love.

With cordial greetings to you both, I am
Very sincerely yours,

Grace M. Boynton

P.S. I am glad you found a use for my account of the re establishment of Yenching. I particularly like the title which was chosen "Where is my home?" I fancy my colleagues here are not very thrilled over Yenching publicity in a YWCA publication, since we are definitely not a women's institution!



0623

over bills

As from
Yenching University
Cheng Tu, West China
August 25, 1944

Bayntan

Dear Mrs. Moore,

Herewith I enclose a statement of the expenditure of the Wellesley Fund to date. It is incomplete, because the last installment has not yet been exchanged. It arrived when hopes were high for very favorable rates, and Mr. Hauscke, our Yenching Controller thought it better to hold the remittance in gold and to advance us what local currency we immediately needed. Then, suddenly, there was no market for American money! and we certainly did not want to exchange at the government rate of only forty to one. Therefore, when I came away from Cheng-Tu to the mountains where I am now writing, we did not know how much the last installment will amount to, and Jane Balderston Dye will not be forwarding her statement until we get things going again in the autumn. I hear now that prospects for a good rate are bright again, and I certainly hope so; but I can write you a general letter without waiting for those who manipulate the market to decide whether we get forty or two hundred plus of local collars for one of "real money".

I think I have warned you that I am no good about money---and perhaps the reports of this Fund may bewilder you a bit. What I enclose is Dean Ch'en's account of money expended by her; what Jane Dye will finally send will be the statement of her dealings with the banks and the sums issued by her to our Dean of Women: what I say is just general comment.

My first remark must be that it seems to me Agnes Ch'en dealt very sensibly with the Fund. She divided each installment as it came into budgets for different uses and left a good big contingency item each time to tide us over our payments of food subsidies in case of delays in further remittances. Last year I cabled you twice for installments of money, because our office seemed too busy to communicate with us promptly and I knew you would see that money came out as promised. Thank you so much for your responses to my messages.

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But this coming year/seems to me, we need not spend money in cables saying "more please". Miss Cookingham in our office would surely undertake to see that the Wellesley money comes through in amounts and at intervals agreed upon. It is wise to send it "in pieces". You never can tell about exchange and money is safer in America than here until it is needed for use. Could you let us know, once more by cable, when the New York office will send money and how much at a time in this next academic year? I must leave you to imagine our happiness when we had your word that the Fund is assured for 1944-45. Agnes Ch'en said to me "you will thank them for us, won't you?"; and if this letter seems too long and full of minor matters please consider it my attempt to convey the gratitude which we all feel.

Agnes Ch'en, a Bryn Mawr PhD in Political Science, has been an admirable Dean, but her health has been wretched; she has spent about one week in every three in bed with malaria, sinus trouble and nervous conditions all in combinations. In the spring she had a very heavy responsibility of a disciplinary nature (I have written some details to Margaret Speer) which was very difficult, very delicate, and since it is connected with the powerful secret societies, very dangerous. She succeeded in carrying all her points; but the strain was terrific, and when it was over, she fainted dead away in the college courtyard as she was going to her room. In view of her condition and her gallant service "under fire" I supported her plea to be relieved of the deanship for a time; and in the autumn, Miss Hui-Ch'ing Lu takes over.

It seems to me I am always having to describe a new incumbent in the office

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of Dean of Women; but until we had Margie Speer this was a fairly normal situation for us in the North, so I now introduce Hui-Ch'ing; we never use any English first name for her--but she is familiarly known as "Lulu" from her surname. She is Wellesley P. E. somewhere around '37--dates are my bete noir--and has her M. A.

Lulu had already begun to function in some ways before I left, and the first thing she did with the Wellesley Fund money was to acquire a Bed Bug Exterminator. This could not be bought; it had to be made to order, since it has just been invented. (Szechuan, from the Creation to the present has regarded vermin as just one of those things which are inevitable.) Our Dean-Elect got the pattern of the contraption: it is a little charcoal stove which is movable and has a kettle and something that provides pressure and a piece of tubing through which live steam can be forced INTO cracks and THROUGH bedding. This was made for us under Lulu's personal supervision by the workmen who have made her P. E., equipment, and when it was done, she went into action.

I was told our girls had been sleeping in the halls of the dormitory after the warm weather began this year because they simply could not contend with the armies that invaded their beds. "Lulu" had every bed and every stitch of bedding cleaned with the live steam; she steamed every crack in every room and then had them puttied up with a mixture of lime and T'ung oil; and I hear the results are very gratifying. She then departed for the mens' dormitories which are in the side buildings of a local Confucian temple. Here the boys had been worse off than the girls--had been quarrelling for sleeping spaces on their dining room tables and lying on the stones of the court yard. Lulu and the steam kettle cleaned them up too, and it's the best investment of about \$10,000 of the Wellesley money that I can think of.

Well, well--this is the wrong end of the stick; I started out to comment on the report I enclose.

There is a bit more than meets the eye. One item in particular has saved us from a very awkward situation. You will note a loan of \$12,000 to Miss Chou Kuo Ping. This is much more than has been given anyone else. Miss Chou is original Yenching staff and reached Cheng Tu late in December 1943. The University has a regular subsidy for the travel of our people from the north to Cheng Tu, and this was given to Miss Chou but it left her \$18,000 in debt. Now the reasons for this debt were known to me, but it was expedient that no one else should have any responsibility in the matter; and it was very fortunate for all concerned that I could place that debt on the Wellesley Fund and so avoid a situation full of unpleasant possibilities. The privacy with which the Fund is handled made it possible. Jane Dye and I knew what we were doing, and no general discussion of the matter was necessary. Six thousand was made an outright grant to match the sum given to others; twelve thousand was a "Long Time Loan".

Having made this comment I must now confess one of our failures, for I think it is only fair to try to show both sides of a picture.

In the expenditures for health subsidies you will find \$2500 given to Miss Shen Ying Shen. In our future statements you will find that Miss Shen appears as a T. B. patient whose monthly bill will be an item of several thousands. Miss Shen came from the north (she is our graduate) accompanied by a girl student who wanted to enter Yenching. Miss Shen did not know what she would do in Free China, but was determined to get out of Occupied areas. On the trip she contracted typhus and upon arrival in Cheng Tu was in hospital for some time. When she recovered, her resources were exhausted and she needed work. We took her on/a typist, and the girl entered as a student, so the two continued their companionship. We saw that Miss Shen needed the supplementary food and gave her the allowance for it; but in the spring she broke down with active T. B. and we discovered (a) that she had used a good deal of money to support the girl student, and (b) that she had not taken the

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Fluoroscope examination which is required of all our staff. Our machinery broke down, you see, in two places with this sad result; but I have told our young administrators that they cannot have their eyes everywhere all the time and that we are especially fortunate to have the means to care for Miss Shen. She comes of a wealthy family and when money can be transferred from the north we expect the Wellesley Fund to be reimbursed for the loans we are making her.

As against this collapse of one member of our staff I am proud to report that since the Wellesley Fund subsidies for food began, not a single woman student has come down with T. B.

The students we have hospitalized have all made good and quick recoveries because we could afford to give them first class care and food (Hou Kwei Ju is our star example, for she came out of hospital in record time). When you consider the sad plight of Cheng Tu students in general in relation to T. B. on even the figures for it among our men students, this record of no new cases in the women's dormitory is splendid, and great credit to Dean Ch'en.

But my most important comment must be an account of the "Wellesley Infirmary". I hoped to have pictures to send you, and we took photographs on the opening day; but the weather was dull (as it usually is!) and all the negatives were bad, so please accept a word picture for the present and later we will try again for the fruits of the camera.

The words "The Wellesley Infirmary" are painted over the door of an ordinary dormitory room, a slice of space just large enough to hold two beds, a night table, a desk for the nurse, three stools and a wall cabinet for medicines and supplies. You may think that there must be very little to say about such a small matter, but there was a great deal of heart spent on scheming and planning, on drawing designs for furniture, on standing over slipshod workmen to see that everything was properly made, on hunting up a metal worker who would undertake to do a bedpan, on finding out the government official who would help us to buy cotton for our sheets at less than street prices (as it is you see our sheets cost \$13000). If I were to tell all this I could certainly write at length.

It is a Chinese instinct to see that everything is done decently and in order, and when everything was ready Agnes Ch'en issued invitations for the Opening. Her guests were Dr. and Mrs. Mei, the dormitory nurse and matron, Chou Kuo Ping who had been treasurer of the money set aside for this especial use, Mrs. Dye and myself. We met for tea and the reports in the Mei living room and then adjourned to the dormitory courtyard where the students were waiting for us. One room on the ground floor had fresh paint (blue!) on its door and window frames, and white sash curtains across the two small windows. Across the door way open into the court was stretched a red cord. This Jane Dye ceremoniously cut and announced the Wellesley Infirmary open for use. We went in and found the floor freshly painted (paint is not produced locally and is something we haven't afforded anywhere else but it makes for cleanliness so it was used here) and the walls newly white-washed. The beds were single-deckers and made hospital height; and the bed trays were set forth in state one upon each bed. The bedding was all clean and warm, and new although it looked a bit coarse to me--or did until I reflected upon the thousands of dollars it had cost. On the wall was a Wellesley cushion cover with the seal and the motto on it; this Lu Hui-Ch'ing had produced from her refugee luggage and it was most decorative.

When we came out the students poured in for their turn and evidently found a great deal to chatter about. As Jane and I walked away we spoke of Simpson "Cottage" in Wellesley, a fully equipped private hospital; and I told her about our Yenching Women's College Infirmary in the north, with its H-H shaped blocks of rooms connected by the glass corridor overlooking a little garden with a brick terrace--and I expatiated upon the doctor's suite and the two wards for the students, and the private

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room and bath for faculty use and the lacquered red of the paint--and the view of the Western hills. But in spite of such recollections we returned to our gratitude for this one clean room replete with all Szechuan conveniences.

We are increasingly grateful. From the day Jane cut the red cord there have been only four when the Infirmary has not been in use. Before the advent of Lulu's Exterminator, girls used to beg for a night's rest there to be free of bugs; but most of the time it has served the purpose for which Agnes Ch'en wanted it----to keep minor illnesses under observation, to enable the sick to be fed and tended conveniently and to provide a place for people just out of hospital. The men are planning such a room for the Confucian Temple.

I am sending this in August hoping it will be in your hands by the time committees are meeting in New York. Do accept for yourself and all those who have helped us, our deepest appreciation.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace M. Boynton

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September 19, 1944

Miss Grace Boynton
Yenching University
Chengtou, Szechwan, China

Re: Dr. Stuart

Dear Grace:

It is always a joy to see any letters which you write. Our publicity department, in the person of Mrs. Mills, feels the same way, perhaps even more emphatically on the basis of long familiarity with what you have been sending to the Yenching people and has come under her attention.

Yesterday afternoon I had a call from Alice Boring and last night William Adolph was the first supper guest whom Thelma and I have had in the little apartment which we have been occupying since the first of July, and which is by no means yet in such presentable shape as we hope it may be. Incidentally, there were a lot of days in July and August when we could sympathize in the original sense of that word with you people in West China. At any rate I do not remember any summer days spent in either Peking or Tientsin that were any more uncomfortable as to heat and humidity. (Even so we picked the two hottest weeks of the summer for our absence on the coast of Maine and in Vermont.)

Well, what I started to say was that Miss Boring loaned me your letter of August 5 to read and to share with Thelma and Dr. Adolph. She was of course particularly concerned, and rightly so, with the paragraphs on Page 2 regarding Dr. Stuart. I felt at the time that there was more to the story than had reached your ears, having heard of the earlier correspondence and something of what the office had already done, but with the approach of senility I find it increasingly difficult to be absolutely sure where my memory leaves off and my imagination begins. Hence I have checked carefully this morning with Mr. Evans and Miss Ferguson.

Out of consideration to some of the people and organizations concerned it still does not seem desirable to give the details in complete fullness. I know how irritating that sort of statement may sound, but can mitigate the irritation by saying Dr. Loucks is leaving now before long for China on a special commission, which sooner or later will bring him to Chengtu. Miss Ferguson suggests that you can then secure from him a complete statement as to just what measures were taken.

Meanwhile I can assure you that what was done both in Peking and in your province was done strictly in private capacities and in no way involved officials or "authorities" in their capacities as such! Furthermore, and probably of greater importance in this connection, what was done was in each and every case done for the benefit of all three men, with no distinction or discrimination of any kind at any time. The people who made the arrangements have been checked and again checked, and there is no shadow of doubt whatever on this point. To be more specific, Dr. Stuart was to be provided for, and the Yenching office here did and has done everything for him that could be done just so far as people in China and in the United States in closest touch with the situation have told us was possible. Consequently, we are convinced that there must be misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the facts on the part of your informants.

Of course this does not preclude the possibility that arrangements failed to work out or that possibly some of those concerned in carrying out the arrangements have proved unreliable. Until we know at this end exactly where such difficulty has arisen--and probably not even then--we cannot do anything about it. There are, however, people who will be checking up as much as possible there in Free China on one of the two main sources of help which have been relied upon. These people are anxious, and are authorized, to take whatever further steps may seem desirable.

(over)

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Letter to Miss Grace Boynton--9/19/1944

To sum it up, the people here who have every reason to think they know what has been going on have no reason to believe that the reports which have reached you are accurate. I should merely add that this last statement is not intended in any way as a reflection upon the good will or veracity of your informants.

Since I began writing this letter some very interesting mimeographed material has come in from Boston. One of the documents is a report of the discussion you folks held there in Chengtu on June 29th and July 10th, after the arrival of Li Ch'ing-hsien and Ch'i Shou-yü. They made me fairly homesick, as I know of nothing much more interesting than a good lively Kunglihui discussion, and are you people looking with courage into the future! Really it fairly takes my breath away sometimes to hear the expansive hopes that so many folks are daring to put into words as to how the churches in this country can help their brothers in China. It is just a bit suggestive at times of some of the talk I heard when plans for the Interchurch World movement were in process of formation--but I have not breathed this before to anybody, and I am ~~am~~ firmly convinced that we should always, certainly right now, take counsel of our hopes rather than of our fears.

If Ching-hsien and Shou-yü are still around, please give them my very heartiest greetings. I had a brief personal note from them several days ago, but it was a bit cryptic in one place, and I shall have to make inquiry of Mrs. Ch'i I think before I know quite what it means. One thing about the report of the meeting on July 10th disturbed me a bit: in Paragraph "1" of the summary of points brought out in discussion, it was urged that young people should be given "free reign." Was this an evidence of the anti-moralistic trend of the meeting or of the modern age in which the equestrian arts have fallen into desuetude?

Just yesterday there came Alice Reed's report of her flight over the hump and arrival in Chungking. She was booked on a postal truck for Chengtu on August 5th. I am still terribly skittish at the thought of flying, being strongly in agreement with the Negro who believed in terra firma, and the more the firma the less the terra. But Alice's description was as enticing as anything I have read. I can also imagine how you people visited (shall I say chattered?) when you all got together, including the "small letter secretary," M.D. I hope Jim and Harold and Albert were around for a lot of the talk that ensued.

We have learned that Rowland reached the West Coast. He was headed for the Mayos, and I have heard others express the hope that he would be well enough to participate in at least one of the China Post War Planning Conferences, which are now being held at some ten scattered points all over the country, Elgin, Illinois, and Minneapolis being two of them.

With heartiest greetings to you all,

Very sincerely yours,

Earle H. Ballou

VIA CHINA CLIPPER
c.c. via next clipper
EHB/mec



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YENCHING UNIVERSITY IN CHENGTU, CHINA

FORTNIGHTLY LETTER

Miss Grace M. Boynton - who needs no introduction

October 16, 1944

Dear Colleagues and Friends:

The bi-weekly letters are beginning again, by which we try to keep you in touch with affairs in our refugee incarnation of the Yenching which you knew. We heard from Mary Brandt Wang in India that she had received Ralph Lapwood's account of us, written sometime last spring and sent her by the New York Office; and she promptly wrote "over the Hump" to ask for more news. Her husband is stationed in a hospital which has both American and Chinese army personnel, and Mary and her two children live near by and are well and happy after serious experiences before they reached India.

I did not mean to start out with personal items, which should come, of course, rather apologetically included in the rear of solemnly important subjects such as Registration, statistics, additions to staff, the Ten Million Dollar Campaign fund, etc. etc. But I have a rather scrappy style of thinking and writing which insists upon being anecdotal - tsei pu chi!

Perhaps I will begin by mentioning a few of the Yenching vacation activities. Lin Yueh Hua and Jao Yu Su had a small daughter born to them in June; and as soon as mother and daughter were getting on comfortably, papa dashed off to measure skulls in Tibet - which it seems was expected of him by some Foundation or other. He is just back, very tanned and fit, and is sending imposing academic monographs to his friends all about profound anthropological matters. Ralph Lapwood organized a tramping trip into the mountains which lie to the west of Chengtu, and came back with a correct map of the region, which had been done only sketchily and with some inaccuracies before. He and Dr. Whittington of Ginling College also collected fossils which are of great interest; Dr. Whittington being geologist, science will benefit from this vacation excursion. There are probably other activities of interest to report for the Yenching summer but I mention these as an indication that even in vacation hours something is being accomplished.

There was a gratifying enrollment for our entrance examinations, and we were pleased to find a good number of mature students wishing to transfer to Yenching. Registration for the fall semester had to be held open until Oct. 10 in order to give students a chance to manage transportation. On account of the Japanese drive, trucks were taken from this region and sent down to Kweilin to facilitate refugeeing-China's weary old problem. Therefore students were massed in Chungking and Chiating with no way to proceed to Chengtu. Just one of those things! But now we have closed our lists with a total of 377.

No sooner had students reached us than most of the faculty in Sociology and Home Economics streamed over to Chungking to attend a Conference on Child Welfare. From all I can gather, the Conference was really a Yenching get-together. Six out of eight papers were read by ourselves, and one-third of those attending were our graduates! It seems we must count for something in the future of Chinese children.

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But dear me! I should have proceeded from Registration to New Arrivals and will hastily resume the proper theme of a biweekly communication.

We have a new set-up in the Registrar's Office, and great improvement in its functioning. We have been desperate for a Registrar and last summer we heard that Jen Yung-kang (Yenching 1936) was in Sian. We telegraphed him to come, and he picked up his family and came without ifs, ands, or buts. I feel very proud (and also somewhat mystified) that Western Language Training should produce a successful Registrar, but it seems to be true that in this refugee world wonders will never cease!

As we met for our first FEC there was a bustle at the door and Cheng Lin-chuang ushered in Dr. Hsu Yung-shun just back from the States. It is most fortunate that he has arrived, since Dean Redfield of the University of Chicago is due to spend some time in West China looking into the fields of Social Science, and Hsu Yung-shun is to accompany him in his investigation.

I think in mentioning additions to our community we should not leave out the babies born to Yenching families. Dr. Ch'en Shang-yi has a son, his fifth child. I have already mentioned Dr. Lin's little girl. We have been greatly distressed about the child who developed an ugly case of blood poisoning necessitating two operations. The little thing's life was probably saved by the penicillin used for her, and this was brought as a gift from the American people by Vice-President Wallace when he was here and left with the hospital where the baby was cared for. We hope she is now out of danger.

I should next report on the Ten Million Dollar Fund. A great deal of it has been promised and some of it actually paid in. Statistics never were my strong point but I'll get Hsiung Te Yuan to tell you the facts in a postscript. What has interested me has been little things like these:

Our Librarian, Liang Szu-chuang, whom we know as "Florence", has, as most of you remember, a little daughter whose pet name is Boo-Boo. She came from the north with her mother and the two have felt the pinch of life in West China, to the full. When Boo-Boo heard about the campaign she approached the collector with one hundred dollars which she proposed to contribute. The collector was a little shy of taking that amount from a child and suggested that she first ask her mother. But Boo-Boo was insulted. "This", said she "is my own money, and I wish to give it to Yenching and my mother has nothing to say."

One of the servants insisted upon contributing fifty dollars, and other servants have also come with their touching screws of grimy paper dollars. All of which seems as important to me as the news that Dr. McConaughey of the UCR has expressed approval of an institution which can help itself in the midst of the present stress.

My final item must be the visit of Mrs. W. T. Wu, whom most of us know as Hsieh Wan Ying. She had an opportunity to come from Chungking in Dr. Balfour's private car (Dr. Balfour is the Rockefeller Foundation man) and as I have been begging for a visit ever since I last saw her which was in 1941, she packed a bag and came almost without notice. She stayed with me, and I was able to talk with her late at night and early in the mornings, but the rest of the time she was busy

November 4, 1944

Miss Grace Boynton
Yenching University
Chengtou, Szechwan, China

Re: Y.P. Mei, Kung, McConaughy, Cressey,
Stillwell.

Dear Grace:

Your letter of August 19, which arrived on September 16, should have been acknowledged more promptly. I am very glad to know that you were able to have a vacation this summer, for I am sure you have earned it many times over. I imagine the mountains in West China are far more lofty and impressive than the western hills around Peking, and some day I should like to see them.

Your testimony to the high quality of Dr. Y. P. Mei was very interesting. I never knew him but I was quite intimate with his brother, Y. C. Mei, as we were both physicists. I wonder if the two brothers resemble each other.

The dinner which was given in August by the Yenching Alumni in honor of Dr. H. H. Kung was a very interesting affair and impressed the three trustees who were present very deeply indeed. They were Mr. Arthur V. Davis, Mr. E. M. McBrier, and Dr. Eric North. Dr. Kung was very much moved when he talked of Leighton Stuart, and it was this deep feeling of sympathy which he expressed that impressed his hearers.

Last week the Associated Boards sponsored a luncheon to Dr. Kung, and once more he spoke in a very intimate vein. Wynn Fairfield, his old colleague at Taiku, presided, and Earle Ballou gave the address of welcome. Between them they managed to start him off in a reminiscent mood. He told about many things I have never heard before: how his family happened to settle down in Shansi, and how he came in contact with missionaries in his boyhood because of his poor health and need for foreign medical attention, leading on into his experiences in the Boxer years and his coming to America, at which stage I first became acquainted with him. I shall not attempt here to give you any more of the speech but merely add that it made an excellent impression on the hundred and ten people gathered to honor him.

Last night Minnie and I had as our guests the following friends: Dwight and Mary Edwards, Lewis and Katherine Wolferz, Sam and Mary Mills, Mabel Roys, and my wife's sister. We had a buffet supper and then a feast of conversation in which were mingled reminiscences of the good old days in China along with many inquiries from Dwight Edwards as to the present situation. I wish you could have been present, for it was a very enjoyable occasion.

Dr. McConaughy has come back from China tremendously impressed with what he saw there. He has gained a high opinion of the work of the universities at Chengtu. Though as President of Wesleyan he was in close touch with West China Union University through Chancellor Joseph Beech, he apparently formed no adequate conception of the extent of the campus or the significance of the pioneering work being done there. Now he upbraids Dr. Beech for not telling him more. It is fine to have a man in his strategic position so thoroughly in sympathy with our work. He will be a much more valuable member of the Planning Committee than he has hitherto been.

We have had several opportunities for listening to Professor George Cressey tell about his observations during his visits to about thirty Chinese educational institutions. As you know, he presents his ideas in a very attractive way, speaks clearly and with considerable vivacity. I only wish he would delve down beneath the surface a little more. I feel that he has reported mainly the obvious and superficial facts. These are useful of course, but their value is limited.

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To Grace Boynton, 11/4/44,

Page 2.

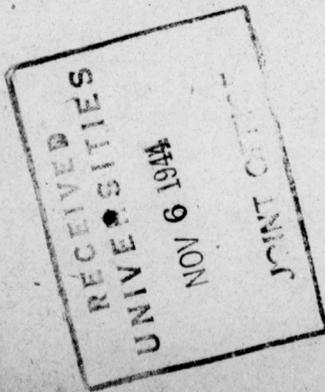
We are all glad that the election campaign is coming to an end because the general level of the speeches and debates has been rapidly deteriorating. The idea seems to be that those who listen to radio speeches are chiefly morons with the intellect of ten-year-olds. There has been considerable flurry about the recall of General Stillwell. With Congressman Walter Judd speaking in defence of the Chinese point of view as against the tendency of the White House to cast all the blame on China. The fact that Judd has just come back from China makes people listen to his remarks much more attentively than they would otherwise do.

With very kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

Charles H. Corbett

Via air mail--China clipper.
c.c. via regular mail.
CHC/mec



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Yenching University
Cheng Tu, West China
November 9, 1944

ack 1/25/45

Mr. C.A. Evans
150 5th Ave.
New York City

Dear Mr. Evans,

Your letters of January 26 and July 21 are both still in my drawer and therefore heavily on my conscience! And since I know how many communications you make yourself responsible for, let me hasten to say that this one requires no reply. It is by way of thanking you for the many kindnesses you have shown me, ever since those hot days in 1941 when you gave up your few vacation days to help me get off to West China.

In your January letter you speak of "the final rush" in getting off the four Chinese; evidently people are always leaving in a rush! I know you and Mr. McBrier would be very happy if you could see the contribution Wei Yung Ch'ing is making here. We asked him to take over the administration of the Men's Dormitory which is in a Confucian Temple. The place, of course was never meant as living accommodation for a large number of people, and there have been appalling problems of sanitation to deal with as well as many other matters which do not form a part of a man's theological training! But Wei Yung Ching has worked valiantly at any and all puzzles and the men appreciate his efforts since through him their living conditions are being greatly improved. He has also to act as disciplinary officer and that office almost always makes the unfortunate incumbent unpopular; but I am told by the men students that Wei is very much liked and respected, and the administration of the men has gone much better since he has been here. He has also thrown himself heart and soul into the Christian Fellowship which has taken on a new lease of life. Many thanks for all the efforts which have resulted in so great a reinforcement of the Christian life in Yenching. I should also add that Wei Yung Ching seems to be standing West China very well physically. He has lost a bit of weight, but he is still hale and hearty, and his smile is a beaconlight of good cheer.

You have heard, perhaps, that I am coming home in 1945. I hope to see you and the many friends in our Associated Boards office where I am happy to know Mary Cookingham and Earle Ballou are to be found. I hope they do something to lighten your load which I know is much too heavy.

Is it too early to close with good wishes for Christmas and the New Year? I think we can all look forward to better days in 1945 than this poor old world has seen since 1938.

With renewed appreciation and all best wishes, I am
Yours very sincerely

Grace M. Brynston

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JAN 25 1945
JOINT OFFICE

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Yenching University
Cheng Tu, West China.
December 26, 1944.

Dear Mr. Evans,

On December 11, Mrs. Hauske gave me the sum of U.S. \$19.00 (nineteen dollars) sent through you from the Cherry Creek Baptist church. The locality of this church does not appear on the memorandum, so I am wondering if you would be so kind as to consult your records and send my acknowledgment and gratitude to this church?

The money has been used to supplement the food of one of our Yenching faculty family children. We have set up

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a supplementary feeding program² in
an attempt to diminish the incidence
of T.B. in our group. Many families
can afford to pay for only one out of
several children (the charge is \$5.00
a month for one meal a day) I am
using all the extra money which
comes into my hands to get yearling
children eating. I am sure the church
folk who sent this money will approve of
this use of it.

I should like to write more in detail
about this Supplementary Feeding
Program but strength does not per-
mit, and I hope that before long I
shall be reporting to the yearling
office in person about this and
many other matters. For I am leaving
for America very soon now.

For over a month I have been in
bed, and the doctors have decided that
it is necessary for me to have some

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care on the journey. Miss Myra Sawyer, formerly an
American Board nurse at Teclow and now affiliated
with the Methodist Mission, is leaving Chungking very
soon - perhaps within a few days, and it is arranged
that she is to take me with her. The doctors have taken
steps to make my journey home as comfortable and
as expeditious as possible, but I believe it will not
be possible to communicate with anyone at home
until we actually arrive.

I am therefore sending this general information to
the family and the Board, and to you at the office
as all that you are likely to know about my
movements. I am full of gratitude for all that
is being done for me, and I believe the sea voyage
will help me to arrive in New York in much better
condition than I am at present. And even now
I am better than I was for the first three weeks in
bed, and can be up around the house for a few

hours each day, so that I am equal
to the journey.

I am sorry to trouble you with a
personal matter like this and I am
very sad that my usefulness in
Genealogy has come to such an inglorious
end, but such appears to be the case!

With best wishes for the New Year

I am
Very sincerely yours

Grace M. Proctor

A kind letter has come in from
Charles Corbett for which I send my
thanks.

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(Miss Boynton is on her way home)

January 25, 1945

Miss Grace M. Boynton
Yenching University
Chengtu, Szechwan, CHINA

Dear Miss Boynton:

Your letter of November 9th might well be taken as a reply and requiring no further comment. However, I want you to know that I do so appreciate your writing.

It certainly has done our hearts good to learn of the valiant work being accomplished by Dr. Yung Ch'ing Wei. We were all greatly impressed with his sincerity and spiritual insight. We felt that he had real material upon which we could bank, with assurance that any investment would bring rich dividends. Our prayer is that such will be the case.

We have been greatly distressed to learn of your illness and trust that conditions will be such that you can make arrangements for return home at an early date. We shall be thinking of you constantly in our prayers.

Most sincerely yours,

C. A. EVANS

CAE/B

Via China Clipper
c.c. via next mail

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Miss Grace Boynton

April 9, 1945

Dear Grace,

I was so happy to have a report from Mr. Ballou and hear that you were looking quite like yourself inspite of the hard trip you had just taken. I am sorry that I was unable to visit you last Wednesday but a dentist appointment kept me occupied that afternoon.

When you are able to give some thought to Yenching affairs I hope you will give me answers to a few questions. Possibly someone else has made inquiries but if so the information has not yet reached this office.

First - have the vitamins which Mr. Cameron sent from this office reached Yenching? Three packages were sent (1000 in each package) on September 26, October 26 and November 29.

The Wellesley-Yenching Group are prepared to spend up to \$2500 for Yenching people in Chengtu as soon as we hear how the money can be spent to the best advantage. Three suggestions were made. That money be sent to Chengtu to be spent there, that vitamins be bought here and sent and that magazines and books be sent out. Which of these do you think most desirable and if all are desirable about how much money would you recommend spending on each?

It is nice to know that you are here and I hope we will have an opportunity to chat soon.

My love to you,

Mary Cookingham

0641

File

ONE HEATHCOTE ROAD
SCARSDALE, NEW YORK

April 10, 1945

Miss Mary Cookingham
150 Fifth Avenue
Yenching University Office
New York, New York

Dear "Cookie",

Your note sent on by Mr. Ballou has just come to me; and, of course, it was precious to have the greeting which arrived among the first after I came home. I cannot remember whether I sent you a "Happy Easter;" I hope I did, but the activities of the first days after I came home are rather vague in my mind. Now, owing to the graciousness of a dear niece who knows shorthand and typing I have some latitude.

Of course, I am longing to see you, and since your dentist appointment interfered with the first possibility, I am hoping you will be able to come and see me when I am in the New York Hospital which is not so far from you as Scarsdale. My doctor has put me down on the hospital list, and I am waiting to hear when they can take me. My idea is that you and Alice be regarded as family, and that I do not see people in general. This will not be very arduous for you because I do not expect to be in New York more than a week or possibly a few days more.

In general, I am not supposed to talk Yenching business, but your questions in the letter can be briefly answered. First, so far as I know, the vitamins sent to Yenching in September, October, and November had not arrived when I left on January 8.

About the \$2500, the Wellesley-Yenching group is generously hoping to spend in Cheng-Tu: I suggest that as YP is coming to America the use of the sum be left until we can confer with him. You know I have the world's worst head for business, and at present it is worse than ever, and so I

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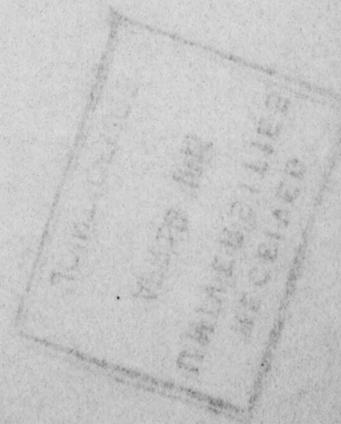
April 10, 1945

ONE HEATHCOTE ROAD
SCARSDALE, NEW YORK

think probably when you come to see me in the hospital we can talk about lots of other things, because I have been and still am Yenching's best gossip, and after the doctors get through with me I shall know how far to push my mind in matters which do not come naturally to it.

I shall send you word when I enter the hospital, and the bright spot in that guinea-pig picture will be seeing you.

With love,

Grace Boynton

0643

April 10, 1946

ONE HEATHCOTE ROAD
ROXBURY, NEW YORK

I think probably when you came to see me in the hospital I was
still about lost of other things, because I have been and still
as Yehoshua's best friend, and after the doctors got through with
me I shall know how far to push myself in matters which do not
come naturally to me.

I shall send you word when I enter the hospital, and the
bright spot in that matter will be ready for you.

With love,

RECEIVED
UNIVERSITIES
APR 21 1946
JOINT OFFICE

0644

June 11, 1946

Miss Grace Boynton
1 Heathcote Road
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Miss Boynton:

Thank you for your contribution to the Yenching News which is now in the hands of the printer. I did not include the full minutes as you wrote them, but excerpts from them, in combination with a letter from Dr. Mei, will make up this issue of Yenching News. I hope you will approve of the editing as I have done it.

I had a telephone conversation with Mrs. Moore a few days ago, in which she raised the question of the best form in which to send any additional contribution from the Wellesley-Yenching Committee. The \$5,000 for this year has gone, and also an extra \$1,000 was sent about the first of June. I would like to talk this over with you sometime. If you plan to be in the city any time soon, I hope you will be good enough to come into the office to see me. Perhaps we could have luncheon together if convenient for you.

Mrs. Moore is very anxious to know more about the machine for the extermination of bedbugs. I suppose it is too much to hope that you have a picture of it - or could draw a diagram illustrating how it works. Did you bring any pictures with you that you could share with us? Our appetites along that line are insatiable.

I shall look forward to seeing you soon.

Cordially yours,

CSM:GC

0645

Lakeville, Conn.
July 31, 1946

Dear Elizabeth,

This was supposed to be a strictly business letter, typewriter and all that, but after the wonderful time we had at lunch yesterday, I just have to mention it. You can't imagine what a lovely time I had. Everything was so beautiful, and I did appreciate it all. I especially enjoyed having a chance to talk with your mother and all the ~~people~~ reminiscing over the old Hwai Yuen days and Frau Netz. It was such fun to see the Morrises. I could see how Jack succeeds in resisting the Moral Re-armament business!

I am sending you an outline of the program for the Western Language Dept. This is certainly ambitious, but there is no reason why it could not be carried out if different people would take an interest in it and help with certain projects of the program. None of the items listed would be paid for in the regular budget in the university, which only undertakes to provide for the actual class room teaching. Besides, I am afraid that it will become harder and harder to secure an adequate Western staff under the regular university budget, because the university will not pay salaries which any Western person of any ability could accept for long. But, as Kipling says, that is another story.

I should think that the Wellesley might very well be interested in some of the projects suggested in this program. In the first place, because of her interest in English literature, and because of her famous English Department, I should think that Wellesley might like to back up the Western Language Dept. in the way Princeton has taken some responsibility for the Sociology Dept. I gathered from the talk we had with Miss Mills that it is hard to raise money for endowment or for any long range program. But although this money might actually go towards regular expenses of the program, the money could always be raised by telling vivid, personal stories of some work of the Department. For instance, I have often thought that a scene, written in drama form, of a morning in an English office, and all the excursions and alarms ~~would/make~~ would make very amusing reading. Or if we could ~~just~~ just tell the story of such people as Henry Liu, our first man to get the special diploma in teaching English for a short, year course, it might make a most exciting kind of publicity.

Or, second, Wellesley might be interested in some "five year plan" to get one of the projects suggested in the program started. Although it may seem easier to raise a lump sum to be spent right away and "wan la", yet in any job in China there is never a dull moment, so plenty of money raising material flows in every day.

As you will see in looking over the program, most of the projects depend on each other, so if one gets started, all the rest will be helped. You will also see that what we need to start the ball rolling is a competent secretary to attend to the business details which the average absent minded professor has no time and no ability to manage. Princeton has provided two such secretaries for the Sec. Dept., and they were able to perform wonders. Also you will see that it will be necessary to free a member of the staff from his duties sufficiently so that he will have time to direct these projects. With these two in hand, any number of birds will immediately be found in the bush.

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I do hope the Wellesley Committee will find some of these things interesting.

Thank you again so much for everything.

Yours gratefully

231 E. 9th Street
Plainfield, New Jersey

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0647

Yenching University
Peip'ing
North China
January 20, 1947

ack
5/4/47

(Copy in jewelry office)

Dear Friends,

It was my plan to wait a little before writing home, since I did not think the bare news of arrival would be as interesting as some account of things in this part of the world, and it takes a bit of time to collect juicy items for home consumption. (Also, considering the postal rates, I felt the items should be really juicy, perhaps even weighty--to justify a letter.) But when I was brought from the airfield to the University residence which is a haven for us single women teachers, I found such a pile of mail with really only one idea in the whole of it--said idea being "dew tell"--that I've decided to be like General MacArthur and inform my special world--I have returned!

I came by air from Shanghai on January 15, last Wednesday. I travelled by Army plane through the courtesy of the American Ambassador, with four others in our Yenching party. How helpful the American Ambassador can unconsciously be was borne in on me as we stood in the Shanghai office of the ATC at five o'clock on a very raw cold winter morning. The sergeant in charge announced that we Yenching women would be taken to the Flying Field in the staff car, while the other passengers would ride humbly and shiveringly in an open truck. At once I heard a plea made in an undertone for a seat in the closed car for a very pretty young Army Major, feminine gender, and I also heard the sergeant's reply: "Yeah, I know; but this bunch of old women gotta be locked after!"

We felt well cared for especially in view of the fact that the whole fleet of Chinese planes had been grounded on account of a succession of tragic accidents; and the day after our flight, the "Lutheran plane" carrying four of my American Board colleagues got into ice, and after one of the two engines had "died" was obliged to throw out precious luggage in order to save the lives of the passengers. This was accomplished with difficulty by a very expert pilot. It is marvellous to have Shanghai only three and a half hours away, but flying hazards in China are still very serious, unless you are travelling under the aegis of Uncle Sam.

The voyage out on the Marine Lynx was in no sense a pleasure trip, but I do not feel that it involved hardship except for the mothers of little children and those who were sea-sick. We had two encounters with rough weather, and the stewardesses were laid low, so those of us who were good sailors had a chance to make ourselves useful. There were great numbers of little children, and the papas were sicker than anybody else, so the load upon the mammas was dreadful. I marvelled at the courage of women who would travel to the Orient these days with two or three toddlers, and an infant in arms.

We find Yenching finishing examinations and about to recess until March 1 to save coal. Just at the moment the campus is buried under a fall of snow which loads the curving roofs and makes such pictures as Chinese artists love to paint. I was able to bring plenty of warm things, and am arrayed in correct Yenching indoor costume: long underwear, two pairs of wool stockings, two sweaters, wool slacks and a tweed coat. In this outfit I can type in comfort; but the very idea of nylon stockings gives me the symptoms of influenza.

Welcome from Chinese friends is heartwarming. Their plight under the inflation is serious, but the spirit of mutual aid is strong and things are not as bad as I had feared. We are exchanging accounts of experiences and rejoicing at being once more united.

And so, I, about to live again, salute you.

Revivingly yours,

Grace M. Bryntun

0648

Raymond

Yenching University
Peip'ing West
North China
June 2, 1947

Dear Friends:

The good New England poet inquired, "For what is so rare as a day in June?" and I could echo him. But my scene is my own village house with its lilacs and yellow roses grown as tall as the little box-like rooms in the seven years I have been away, and the fruit trees in the garden ready to bear now, and the wisteria I left a mere sprig now so heavy that we have had to build a trellis for it. But many things are the same: my great catalpa trees, survivors of the grand residence which used to be on this land before the foreign soldiers burned this countryside in 1866 to teach the emperor not to doublecross His Britannic Majesty - those trees are their gray stately selves; and the view from my garden is the same stretch of purple-shadowed Western hills against which the white marble shape of the Jade Fountain Pagoda stands as exquisitely as ever.

Within doors, I could not guess the passage of seven years and a major war. Pastor Ch'i of whose church I am a member, took charge of my wicker chairs and wooden tables, of my mother's china, and the picture of my father in his LL.D. robes, of my candlesticks and mattresses, and hid them away in his own none-too-extensive house. And when I came back he produced everything - even to the waffle iron which last was hidden in the roof - and my home is restored to me exactly as I left it. This is true of no one else on the campus, and I feel almost shy about being the recipient of such good fortune. Pastor Ch'i had a desperate experience himself - the Japanese imprisoned him, and the puppets persecuted him, and the poverty of the war years wore down his health. But he held together the little church and the church school - which was the only school for our village children - and now that the bad time is over and we face another of perhaps equal gravity, he simply says, "God was my helper. I am not afraid what man can do to me."

Yes, in spite of June and its fresh beauty, we have to think of another ordeal. There are no classes at Yenching today. The gates are shut, and outside our walls there are soldiers and police in considerable numbers, ordered to see that our students do not demonstrate. Last week they marched through the streets of Peking with banners and slogans demanding the resumption of peace negotiations, and crying out that the misery of the people could no longer be borne. I have never felt such sympathy with a student strike - and I have seen a good many of them. They say they are "anti-war and anti-hunger." There were "incidents" in connection with their demonstration. Some demonstrators were hurt. And so the students announced that on June 2nd they would march again. The government ordered them to refrain, and ordered the police and military to see to it that nothing happens today. So far, things have been quiet. But hunger and civil war are not things which encourage permanent quiet. We often hear the firing in the Western Hills where we know Communist troops are skirmishing with Nationalist forces - only a few miles from us. Every now and again the Communists raid into our vicinity. They haven't come in as near Peking as we are, yet, but the talk on the village street is anxious. When they do come, everyone will suffer.

I wrote a general letter two days ago with an account of what has happened to some of our missionaries and mission stations this

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spring; but upon reading it over, I decided not to send it. It reflected too clearly my own depression and its facts are secondhand. I think it is better to tell tragic stories at first rather than second hand; and until our turn comes, I believe I shall not send any home. And as for the depression, that is not a constant quantity, and I won't write letters again when I am conscious that the sense of the load is greater than the sense of the way to lift it.

I am teaching a generation of students that has been in adult life in the midst of their academic training. They say things like this: "My education has been poor and rough because my mind never felt peaceful and calm" - "The war made the hearts of the young change to old" - "I was an interpreter with the U.S. soldiers. I was in the retreat from Kweilin in 1944. I saw much and learned much which inspired in me a hatred for the corrupt government. I decided to find a way to solve my country's problem" - "The war made us poor and miserable but brought us simultaneously the truth. From my painful experience I learn that the individual has extremely close relation with the society and that man is so tender he must cooperate to build a society on the basis of love" - "In Yenching we inhale the atmosphere of peace."

You hear about the poverty of our students and members of the faculty. It is here, but it is not on the surface. There are many efforts at relief and many cases of need are met. Others, I fear, escape us, and the continuing inflation will mean that many must drop out of the university altogether. If they do so we will help to find employment for them, and later maybe they can resume their studies. This has already happened in the cases of two young men I taught in Cheng Tu. One taught in a middle school for two years, but was waiting for me when I returned to Yenching. I arrived in time to direct his senior thesis and he will take his degree this June. The other drifted clear out to Kansu where he taught in pioneer country until he had enough to pay for his travel and a year at Yenching. He started four months before the opening of the semester, but conditions were so bad that he reached Shanghai on the last day of registration, and sent me a frantic note. "Miss Boynton, you get me a janitor job or something. No matter what, I am going to be in Yenching!" Fortunately it was not necessary to hunt a janitor job for him. He was allowed to register late, and is now the most persistent of those who borrow my books.

"And what is so rare as a day in June..." Things seem a bit mixed as to the kind of rareness this June of 1947 in North China is producing, but I am thankful to be here.

Yours, determined not to be downhearted,

GRACE M. BOYNTON.

Distributed by the Missions Council, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Notification of change of address should also mention name of missionary.

0650

letter copied & sent out (Oct. 1947)
(except front cover)

Ed. Evans

學大京燕
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

Received 9/24/47
Ack'd By col. 9/29/47
September 10, 1947

Dear Yenchinians,

Here we begin again! We were poignantly reminded of our great good fortune on August 29, when after a gala procession all around the lake behind a festively decorated "chair" carrying the pien for Alumnae Gate (marching to the strains of Chinese music) we gathered at the Gate itself for the unveiling ceremony. Dr. Adolph reminded us that we were celebrating the second anniversary of our liberation from Japanese occupation. Then Dr. Stuart who had flown up from Nanking to get a little relaxation (~~in the dentist's chair~~) after the arduous days he had during the Wedemeyer Mission--made a speech of delightful reminiscence--recalling the "marriage" of the Women's College to the University, and many other family affairs. Following the speech he very nimbly climbed the ladder set up for the workmen and tore the yellow paper off the pien and we saw the golden characters, ^{new Chinese characters} on the blue ground just as we saw them before the war. All this was done to the accompaniment of firecrackers set off with great glee by the Business Office. Nothing could have made a more propitious beginning for our forthcoming session.

That pin, by the way is the identical one we had before the Japanese took over. We thought it was gone forever; but when repairs on a footbridge in the Lang Jun Yuan were begun early in the summer, the floor boards ~~pr~~ proved to be the pien turned face downwards! Now it is refurbished and exalted in its proper place.

There are as many freshmen this year as we can cope with--in fact I heard Miss Stahl wondering anxiously how the Women's dormitories can accommodate all who were admitted. (Perhaps I will leave a little blank here for official numbers of people in the class of 1951.)

(300 women students - about 70 freshmen girls)
We have lost some of our faculty to other fields of study and service. The Hsu Peng Chen family (Mrs. Hsu is Kung Lan Chen you all remember) are to be in Washington; Rudolph Lowenthal has gone to take a post in Cornell, and there are other gaps in the ranks. But The Kenneth Ch'ens are back (Mrs. Ch'en was T'an Ch'ao Ying). Dr. Ch'en comes under Harvard Yenching auspices; and Miss Pai Ho I has returned from America to rejoice the Department of Home Economics. (The Western Language Department has almost a regiment of vigorous young men from home who have offered themselves for the required teaching. Most of them are no drain on the University budget, and the year in English ought to be most hilarious. The P.U.M.C. has now announced that it is setting the date for its first examination of candidates and so Yenching is admitting pre medical students once more. Dr. Wilson announced to the freshmen at their party last night that he had at last "persuaded" Miss Boring to be their advisor! This little pleasantry about needing to persuade Alice Boring to do this particular job was relished more in the faculty seats than among the newcomers, I suspect... and was enjoyed by no one more than by A.M.B. herself.)

Of course you have heard that we are hard hit financially but you should also know how fortunate we are in the wisdom and the human kindness with which Dr. Adolph, our Acting President is working with his Chinese advisors on the bitter business of necessary cuts. We face the new year in good heart, and trust that all of you, wherever you are, can say the same.

Grace M. Boring

0651

YENCHING UNIVERSITY

PEIPING, CHINA

January 4, 1948

Dear Elizabeth:

Your cable dated December 30, duly arrived, and as I look up my file I wonder whether you had received mine of November 9, in which I enclosed pictures and some "coloring matter" which I hoped might be useful in your next publicity. I hope so, because it doesn't seem to me that I have very much of absorbing interest to add--only small change about the loans. I picked up a bug of some sort during the Christmas festivities, and probably my style will be more like sneezes than heart throbs, but I will tell you what I can as well as I can.

To begin with; the first loans made in August, to families living on the campus have come back splendidly. The Committee in Peking regarded it as practically a salary subsidy, and doubted very much whether people could repay; but they have, and I shall have great pride in presenting the result to Mary Ferguson, Jean Lyon, Harriet Mills and Jerry Striker at our next meeting on January 24, which will be reported to you in due course. As a result of this good showing, the Sub-Committee on campus (does your head reel with these various committees?) voted to go ahead and lend out another thousand, this time to the lower bracket people--the junior teaching staff and the clerks. We added two members to our group..one a MAN ...the extremely efficient secretary in the President's Office who knew all the clerks. We had a list of ninety-six names, and these were divided out among the committee members for personal visits to ask if loans were desired and to collect applications. It was bitter weather when we started on our visits, and we saw plenty of courage, plenty of need, and encountered a most amazing appreciation. The work we did on this loan brought members of the Yenching Community together who don't ordinarily see much of each other. One clerk in the Biology Department went to Alice Boring to get her help in writing his application in English and she reports that he said "They are doing a wonderful thing. It's not only the money. I can use that, of course, but Mrs. Luh came herself in the dark and the cold to visit my house and see what I need. To know that the upper staff cares about us lower staff is what means most."

I myself had some eye-openers. The first family I went to, consisted of ten children (one feeble minded) and another on the way, presided over by a mother who was as sweet and smiling as if she sat in the parlor and sewed a fine seam. Our Committee case-worker and doctor murmured "Birth control" when I reported on that family, and maybe something can be done. We sent over extra bedding there at once. In another family there was a new baby and a cousin just arrived as a refugee from Ch'ing Ho not fifteen miles away. He reported a raid which had driven him off his farm. It made the civil war seem mighty near. We sent bedding there too. It was just time for the evening meal as I went around, and I was glad to get an idea of the food. If it was enough, it wasn't very nice. But I was glad to see evidences of the earnest effort the University has made to care for all our people.

Other Committee members found worse conditions than I did. In two cases the clerks were old members of our Yenching Staff and had been tortured and imprisoned by the Japanese so that health was ruined and they were just crawling to work and needing extra help very badly. We got our checks out before Christmas so that wherever I went during the season I was greeted with the gratitude which makes me feel such a fraud. If only the people who give the money could see what it does!

0653

There is one history to give you which I doubt if you can use in publicity. It's so old-fashioned and Charles-Dickensy that nobody (including myself) can easily believe it. But I'll tell you and let you rub your twentieth century eye--or lift said twentieth century eyebrow.

There is a clerk in one of our offices--let us call him Mr. X who had a daughter who was raped by a Japanese soldier. She gave birth to a girl and died. The man was very poor and he hated the poor little half-Jap child. His wife did the best she could, but he hated her too, and when I first heard about the family last summer, it appeared that in the winter the child (now three years old) got frozen feet from exposure, had no padded clothes was always cold and hungry and dirty. The man had forbidden the wife to come into his bedroom except to bring his food which was much better than he gave his two dependents, and he was gambling and spending his wages on a woman in a neighboring village. I thought the whole picture so disgraceful that I wondered why the man was allowed to stay on the Yenching payroll.

Enter the Wellesley-Yenching Fund. The woman and child got winter bedding and full suits of winter clothes, soap and a chance to get weekly baths. I wondered if the unspeakable Mr. X would take the things away and sell them, but Dr. Lillian Li, their near neighbor, reported Mr. X as astonished and "rather too touched." Then came the time for the loans to clerks. Mr. X along with the rest was allowed to draw his two million. Dr. Li reported that he had taken up family life again, given his poor wife money for good food for herself and the child, and finally had begun to attend a prayer meeting which Dr. Li holds at her house. He explained to her that he had had disillusioning experiences with Christians and had turned away from religion for many years, but now he had decided there is some Christian love in the world after all! And he has stopped gambling and visiting that outlying village. The happiness of Mrs. X is a good Christmas present. Well, this change is only a month old, and as I say it's rather overwhelming, but Dr. Lillian Li is a level headed scientific person and this is what she says has happened. Wouldn't it be nice if ten dollars gold (about what the clerk got) had this power of life transformation in more instances.

Before I conclude this letter I want to ask if there is any progress on the long term project? Caroline Ch'en showed me her request for support for Home Economics (which is already given substantial help by the University of Washington State Agricultural College) and I have read with interest of Lu Hui Ch'ing's project for establishing a training center for Physical Education and wondered if that would be anything to consider. But most of all I am concerned over the plight of our Western Language Department and hoping we can make a case which will be worthy of enthusiastic support. Nancy remarked the other day that our budget for books amounts to twelve dollars gold this year. It was supposed to be fifty, but it was exchanged at the wrong time! Nancy has so many head aches this semester that she sometimes feels very sunk. I do hope we can secure the continuation of her program.

A Happy New Year to you. You are putting quantities of happiness into Yenching.

As ever

Grace M. Boynton

Grace M. Boynton
Yenching University
Pei'ping West, North China
January 10, 1948

Dear Friends:

On New Year's Day Mr. Wang called. He found only myself and the sun at home, but on such occasions I feel that the company I offer has its points. My village house fronts directly south, and is walled with white paper lattice from the level of my waistline to the ceiling, so that on a mild clear winter day, such as we had on January first, my living-dining-studying-room is sheathed and soaked with sun. It outlined the spicy pine wreaths hung against each section of lattice; it lay warmly on the gray brick floor; it reflected from the polished brass hinges of the Chinese chests - solid and homely affairs where my mother's trousseau china is stowed away; it picked out the titles of the books which are ranged on top of the chest of drawers where the household linen is kept; and it made the geranium and poinsettia in the windowglasses set in the paper lattice, brave with Christmas red. I tell you this about the things the sun does when it keeps house with me, because I like this little village room of mine, and the glory of light is perhaps the main reason.

I asked Mr. Wang if he had had a good Christmas. He is a clerk in the English Department, and has too little money and too many children as most people in China do these days. His face lighted up as he replied in his best English, "This year I got it. For ten years I didn't get; but now I got it, Christmas, again." He went on to tell me the dismal story of the years of Japanese occupation, and then he ended by saying that the day after Christmas this year a brother had arrived from his home farm in Shantung to report the occupation of the Reds, all the family property gone and the members killed or scattered. He explained Communist technique as his family has encountered it: "The first time they come they take money; the second time they take things; the third time they take life." It was a grim aftermath to Christmas, but the point was that before these bad tidings broke, he did have a season of freedom from fear and want, and a good bit of comfort and mirth as well.

As I think of this New Year's call I find myself echoing Mr. Wang, for I, too, for ten years missed the Yenching Christmas, and this time I got it again. And I set down a little for some of you at home who had your holiday and may be interested in mine. --Holiday, did I say? That's not the word for us since we can have no recess from our regular work except on Christmas Day itself. But of festivity there was no lack even though it had to be combined with classes and committees. Everything centered around Leighton Stuart, so I shall begin, continue, and end with his share in our proceedings. He flew up from Nanking on the 23rd in a plane so loaded with Christmas that it's a wonder it didn't crash. He brought candies and gifts for 120 Yenching children who always are invited to his house on Christmas afternoon; he brought three twelve-pound turkeys, one of which I admired that very same night when it was served at the dinner given for the group of old friends who gather to help trim the great tree in the President's house. That turkey, with its snowy side laid open, looked to me like one of the Snow Mountains I used to see in Cheng Tu in Yenching's days of exile. I had a good chance to view it, since I sat in the place of honor beside the host near a grand fire of logs, and he had provided that Alice Boring should display her skill in carving opposite us at the other end of the table. Surely no Christmas could be more appropriately begun than with hearth fire, home-side turkey, the decorating of the great reception room with its wreaths and festoons and the tree with its tinsels and lights, and the whole with its warmth of old friendships renewed after the strange dislocations of war.

The next night was Christmas Eve, and the University gathered in Ninde Chapel for the Candlelight Service which was our time of worship, never more heartfelt, it seemed to me. The service consisted of nine lessons and nine carols and is the traditional form which has been used in King's Chapel, Oxford, since some time in the Middle Ages. It has been transplanted to Yenching by Martin Hughes, an Oxford recruit in the School of Religion. The lessons are read by representatives of the different groups of the community, and we began with a reading by old Ma Yeh, the janitor of the building where I have my office. Last of all...

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lighted the great taper in front of the cross before the final prayers. The night was mild, and a glorious full moon provided an especially glamorous whiteness for the carollers. Bliss Wiant, just back from furlough, conducted the wandering singers to every nook of our expansive campus; he had a small cart big enough for a "baby organ" and a donkey big enough to pull Bliss, the cart and the organ, and so the singing and wandering went on until late at night, with a warm reception from the Ambassador when they sang for him rather earlier than for some others. One carol they sang is one of only three Chinese Christmas carols known to exist. It was written by a Yenching boy on a similar moonlight night years ago and set to a tinkling, bell-like Chinese tune which seems to me unique and beautiful.

Christmas Day the Yenching community met to sing carols in the morning and to pay a visit to Leighton who kept open house. He was providing every Yenching student with a good Christmas dinner that day, and I heard him say later that the whole cost amounted to only \$148 gold (for 900!). In the afternoon he had the children's party which is a never-ending delight to all concerned, and in the evening he was "at home" to the hundreds of students who went from one faculty home to another wishing all concerned a Merry Christmas. And then there were, of course, the private celebrations. I had dinner in my little village house. I spread my table with a linsheet woven by my New England ancestress who could never have guessed how convenient her handiwork would prove in a house where the Japanese looted all the tablecloths! My guests were all connected with Yenching history. There was my old student Han Ya Yon and her two children. Before Pearl Harbor, she used to have Christmas dinner with me, and we were together as refugees in West China. Then there was Wu Hsing Hua, most brilliant of all the remarkable Chinese I have taught, who broke down with T.B. last spring as a result of malnutrition and is now slowly convalescing. Then there was Myfanwy Wood (of the London Mission) who was in China long before I was, and is one of my dearest friends; and finally Edith Czech von Rechtensee, the Austrian baroness, who so devotedly saved my library from the Japanese. We could all eat our Christmas feast with deep thankfulness of heart.

The next day there was a beautiful fall of snow. At teatime Leighton came on foot to my gate to spend an hour talking over his Memoirs which a publishing company in New York wants him to write. He is so immersed in active life that he hasn't a scrap of interest in doing Memoirs just now; but he has suggested that I make some contributions to the work - in fact his first suggestion was that I write it myself! - and he likes to chat about it. And so that was a very pleasant after-Christmas talk with him. He did not return to Nanking as soon as he had expected, and I enjoyed two more evenings in some dinner parties consisting of his old inner circle of friends - so I have good reason to connect the festivity of this Christmas with him.

Perhaps the most satisfying thing about the whole of this Christmas was the pleasure of sending out ninety-seven million-dollar checks to the lower bracket salaried Yenching staff. This was possible because of the Wellesley Yenching relief program which I have been asked to carry out. And what is one million dollars? Answer, five dollars gold! But it would make a great difference to the clerks and technicians and assistants who get it. And so this Yenching Christmas was compounded of the renewal of old ties, of worship, of music, or Christmas cheer in many forms, and over all the marvelous beauty of moonlight and snowfall on our Chinese garden campus. And so we could forget the guns in the Hills which are going pretty often. (We are told officially that what we hear is "practice," but few of us are convinced that Chinese get up in the middle of winter nights just to improve markmanship!) and I believe that on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day we didn't hear the guns. Perhaps the angel song was too clearly in our ears...it will carry us through 1948, whatever happens.

GRACE M. BOYNTON.

Distributed by the Missions Council, 14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.
Notification of change of address should also mention name of missionary.

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學大京燕
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

February 27-1948

Dear Mrs. Mills,

Your kind letter of December 31 has remained unanswered through sheer embarrassment. I send Elizabeth Moore all the details I can think of in connection with the Wellesley fund which might make useful publicity; and I write to the Board as I always have. And I just don't know how else to feed the need for promotion material. But I will try and think! I found many Coppingham's pictures are the right kind of thing. Enjoy Harriet immensely. She has been here

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twice recently and will be out again next week. I should
love to "domesticate" her! I know how absorbing life in
Ceking is and do not expect to lure her away very
often. But she is most welcome when she comes.

We are grateful for the great effort which has been
made for us in the emergency campaign... how
exhausting the pressure must have been for you all.
We shall do our best out here to be worthy of your
exertions on our behalf.

Cordially yours

Grace M. Boynton

P.S. If you can show any courtesy to Edith Czech as she
passes through N.Y. I shall be grateful. She was on our staff
before Pearl Harbor. She is of the Austrian nobility and helped us all
with her Axis passport. I saved my library at great risk. She
was always bitterly anti-Nazi & suffered greatly on her way
back to Austria.



Grace M. Beynton
Yenching University
Peking West
North China
July 29, 1949

Dear Friends at Home:

My last general letter was written on March 31 and described our situation immediately after liberation. I was then living on campus, and beginning work under the control of the new order. I was already aware that Yenching was probably to receive very favorable treatment, and now that six months have passed since the Siege of Peking, I can bear witness to a continuation of the experience which aroused surprise and gratitude at its beginning. Yenching went through to Commencement on July 2 without incident. After graduation, our students went on to take the course in political indoctrination which is required of everyone before beginning work. No one can get a job who has not been in attendance upon the government program of instruction, although no one, so far as I know is under pressure to accept the views expounded. Here on our campus, the members of the faculty are organizing themselves into study-groups and are reading and discussing the speeches of Mao Tze Tung and certain materials from the writings of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. I am myself beginning with the study group for foreigners, and perhaps in my next letter I can tell you more about my impressions of the theoretical side of our new regime. In this letter I believe I shall tell you what I can about concrete details connected with it.

A new spirit is abroad and is especially noticeable among students. It is calling upon them for the complete sacrifice of their physical comfort, personal security and above all for the giving up of their prestige as educated people. The government is in great need of workers who will follow the armies and educate the people and help in the organization of the new society. They called for volunteers to be trained for such work and hundreds responded, among them about seventy Yenching students. Their training began with sleeping on the floor of the dormitory where they were housed, with eating only two meals a day.. nourishing but monotonous, and being given eight hours of intensive book work, the remainder of their day organized in recreation and exercise. The whole time they were under a very strict discipline. And they have accepted the regime with joy. Today they were marched to the railroad station to wait for a train which is to take them south; it began to rain, and the train did not arrive. They remained without shelter in the wet, for the station has no train shed and the little platform could not begin to protect the hundreds in ranks. I was told that they must remain where they were..even sleep by the tracks.. I don't know when they finally got off, but the students who were not chosen to go are envious of those who are subjected to this sort of ordeal. In the past I have known individuals who were prepared to make such sacrifices, but I have never before seen hundreds imbued with such devotion. The look in the young faces is a thing to ponder...and as I look, I feel that much good must come from it. Whether there must also come a bitter disillusionment, no one can say.

It is this new devotion, this willingness to suffer in service to the people which is constantly before me, and which I should like to keep before you as I go on with the small events of my personal experience, which may be of interest to you. I told you that one of our own graduates, a dear former student of mine, came to me as soon as the siege was over. She is among those who have been members of the Party for many years. In 1938, when she was in dangerous underground work, she sent her little four-year-old daughter to live with me in my village house. The child was in my care for two years until I returned to America on furlough in 1940, and I had never seen her again. I learned from her mother that she was in a school in Harbin, but would soon come to Peking, where perhaps she might go on with her education. We discussed having her return to my care, and having her study in Yenching Practice Classes under the supervision of our Department of Education. And so, one day a few weeks later, I saw my little girl again. Now she is fifteen years

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old...taller than I am, rosy-faced, and very sweet and gentle in her manner. (I had been afraid of finding a young heyden coming out of her very adventurous and wild experience in the intervening years!) I was charmed, and she remembered me with affection. But when it came to the idea of living in the big campus house with me, and of studying in our safe and quiet world, this child of the revolution mildly but decidedly refused. Her reason? She does not wish to be secure and comfortable. No ivory tower for her! She wished to return to her very harsh living in Harbin and go on to a mastery of the Russian language which she already speaks well. And I? I applauded her, in spite of misgivings on many points... much to the relief of her mother who had a questioning eye upon me. And perhaps my turn will come later. There are no Universities, I believe, in Harbin.

I was sorry to be found by my little girl and her mother in the big campus house and returned, as soon as I could, to my village home. It was not long before Communist soldiers in great numbers began to move into my part of Haitien and all the people around me had to take them in. At first no one came to my gate, but finally a very polite young officer asked to see me, and said he needed two of my rooms. Everyone else was giving up space, so it seemed fair that I should not be an exception, and after my young officer had installed himself and his office desk and his telephone in my living room, (he registered great approval of a good foreign bed of mine and has that in his working apartment) I found he was in command of all the troops in the vicinity. His young boy-soldier servant has moved into another room, and I accommodate the cook next to my own quarters. So now we have the young Communists and the old missionary going on very peacefully in the same courtyard. My gate is open all day, and many people I don't know come and go; but I can still be quiet in my garden. So far there has been no impertinent intrusion and no meddling with my personal affairs although I am told I am constantly watched. They also add that it doesn't matter what I do; no one takes offence. This seems quite remarkable since my country is increasingly unpopular and regarded as an ally of the Kuo Min Tang. I am the only member of the Yenching faculty living alone outside the campus so I am the only one who has been called upon so far to entertain the comrades. I feel quite distinguished and so far, I am entirely comfortable and happy in the arrangement.

But am I comfortable and happy in viewing the situation as a whole? That is a different matter. My students, who are ready to endure hardships for the sake of teaching the people their new message, are taking them something which is very far from the gospel of Jesus Christ. One girl who turned away from religion in order to join the Party wrote a statement which she entitled "I have found a meaning for my life." And this meaning, while it was full of idealism in many ways, made sorry reading for her missionary friend. I have much searching of soul to do, and I believe the New Order proposes to take a very vigorous hand in the searching. But my problem is not mine alone; it confronts the layman in America as well as the missionary in China. We must do something about it together.

Yours very soberly,

Grace M. Boynton

Miss Boynton is a missionary of the North China Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, stationed in Peiping where she is a teacher at the Yenching University Women's College.

This letter was distributed by the Missions Council, 14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass. Notification of change of address should also mention Miss Boynton's name.

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Boynton

Grace Boynton
Kobe College
Okadayama
Nishinomiya, Japan
April 1, 1951



Dear Friends,

My last letter, written after I reached Japan, necessarily betrayed the sag of the spirit which resulted from my disappointment over being unable to return to China, and the resulting wrench of dislocation in life and work. Some of you sent me most helpful messages which touched me very deeply, and which did me good. Now I must try to write more cheerfully and retrieve the impression of being a backward looker! It is the present and the future which concern me, and you and all of us who care for the coming of the Kingdom in this suffering world.

My present is the full glory of cherry blossom season on our college hill top with azalea spraying color through the ravines which are deeply wooded and provide the easy paths leading to us. Along the roads and in the quadrangle of this perfectly planned institution are other flowering tree and shrubs--the quince and magnolia and plum, so that I have no need to journey to Kyoto or any other famous spot to see the loveliness of spring in Japan. We have just passed through the Lenten days; Good Friday service was in our Searle Memorial Chapel. On Easter Sunday I went to church in a village at the foot of our "mountain" where our Kobe College president serves as pastor although one would think he had burdens enough in his administrative responsibilities. His passion is preaching, and he has a "gift" as I could understand from the faces of his listeners, although Japanese is not one of my accomplishments.

I found the church a very Japanese affair with a rack at the entrance for the street shoes of the congregation. I had been warned of this and had warm wool socks in my pocket to use on the clean smooth floors of the interior, but as I made the change, I reflected that one item of training for life in Japan should be the ability to stand on one foot while shifting gear! Of course the Japanese can just step out of their wooden clogs and step into their straw slippers with perfect ease and grace, but the process is more complicated for us from the west! However, I soon forgot my struggles in the service which followed, in a crowded church. I saw all types of people there...more men than women, more young than old, a pretty even division of well dressed and shabby, of modern and traditional garb. Children were provided for elsewhere so there were no very little ones at the service which included the sermon and then The Lord's Supper. There was deep devotion in that Easter morning gathering of Japanese Christians. The worshipper next to me was a young man...probably a student...poorly dressed and very thin...and he was completely absorbed. I wondered what hardships and what experience of God lay behind his rapt attention to things unseen.

And speaking of hardships, the sight which has moved me most in Japan is the appearance on the streets of soldiers maimed in the war. Theirs is the most dignified begging I have ever seen. They wear coarse white mourning clothes and stand or kneel beside a big white box prepared to receive contributions to their needs. They keep their heads down and when something is put in the box they bow deeply and murmur thanks. I look at them and remember their arrogance and cruelty in China, and somehow this makes their present plight more pitiful.

I am waiting now for the new academic year to start on April 16. Then I shall undertake a full schedule and perhaps come to know some of the Japanese girls I have come to serve. And when I have that privilege you will be hearing from me again.

Faithfully yours,

Grace M. Boynton

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Grace M. Boynton

46 POWDER HOUSE ROAD
MEDFORD 55, MASSACHUSETTS

TELEPHONE: MYSTIC 8-0059

Boynton material in Folder 4718
Box 304

May 18, 1956

Dear Y.P.,

It's good to hear from you and very good to know that you (and NOT GMB !) will be doing the account of Yenching in Cheng Tu!

I have mailed you all the material I happen to have left in my own files from our refugee days. I believe I sent a good deal to the N.Y. office in 1952 when I went through my own accumulations. Why the sheets that are on the way to you were not included I can't remember except that I wanted to have V.K.'s nutrition pictures on hand for possible speaking. Now I don't do much of any speaking so I send them along, in spite of my assumption that V.K. must have them in her files. ..in case she got files out of China.

You ask for student accounts of their journeys to us in Szechuan. I am sorry I never had any of that material in my hands. Of the people in this country who did go through the ordeal, I suppose Hui Ch'ing is the best bet for human interest. If I remember she headed a party that had its difficulties in reaching us. Lo Hsiu Chen and Feng Pao Ching are both within our reach...Hsiu Chen in Formosa and Pao Ching in Hongkong. Also, of course Professor Ma in Hongkong ought to be able to supply a good deal of human interest material from memory. But you doubtless have thought of all these people and many other sources from which you can draw.

You must have had a grand time with Harold and Marnie and Augusta! It is sad news from Lillian Porter. Lucius wrote me about it around Christmas time, I should say; and certainly he has sent no encouraging word recently.

I shan't get to Washington for the 80th birthday of JLS, but I have been there this spring and had a good three hours of talk with him. I found him more like his old self than I have known him to be since his stroke. I was most happy to learn from Philip that the vexed question of Leighton's support has at last been settled, and settled to Philip's satisfaction!

I look over your letter again and I see you ask me to list the points of our work in Cheng Tu which seem to me most important. Of course I think I lean heavily upon the intangible values since our holding of the line academically and institutionally has been made to seem like water over the dam by the things that have happened since. But surely the fact that we did train several hundred young people who are supposedly still using their training in China is still important! Surely the sacrifices which went into that effort...including your back, my dear YP!..have not been made in vain. But you will know best how to evaluate our work there and I shall eagerly await your ChengTu Chapter. I shall be glad if my letters turn out to be of any use; but I remember that I was never as strong on facts as I was on feelings...so you better check!

With affectionate greetings to you and V.K.

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