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Yenching
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Kramer, Martha M. 1937-1947

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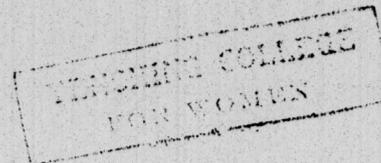
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KANSAS STATE COLLEGE
OF AGRICULTURE AND APPLIED SCIENCE
DEPARTMENT OF FOOD ECONOMICS AND NUTRITION

MANHATTAN, KANSAS

June 22, 1937



Mr. B. A. Garside,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Garside:

I am glad to have your letter, which arrived while I was in Kansas City for the American Home Economics Association, now holding the annual meeting. I returned for some necessary work in the animal laboratory and will see Dean Justin in the city again tomorrow. I must depend on her for details, as I have not traveled in the Orient. Meanwhile, I must ask for some further information.

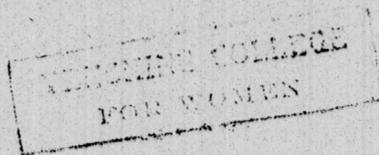
My leave here is being arranged with the understanding that I visit various institutions where women are educated. The University of Hawaii is on this list, where I am to see the laboratories of Professor Carey Miller, an acquaintance of ours. I understood Dean Justin to say that my passage should be on the Dollar Line from San Francisco. She mentioned that the rate might be higher than from other ports, but well worth the extra which I would pay. Would you be in a position to locate passage for me by this route?

Dean Justin has also mapped out several visits for me in Japan. Should my time prove too short, might I be able to return to Japan at some vacation time, without overly large expense?

I suspect I should engage passage around the world, especially if there are inviting rates, as you mention. I could pay for the whole ticket at this time, if you think it desirable to do so. It might be more convenient to do so, avoiding transfer of funds later.

The dates in your letter, giving a suggested itinerary^{an}, were staggering to me, as I had no previous hint that I would go on duty the first of September. As you know, I answered the questions in the many blanks forwarded by Miss Calder, and thought that you must know all details, past, present and future! However, you probably do not know that my position here is on the 12 month basis. Summer session holds here until the first of August. I am entitled to one month of vacation each year, a portion of

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which is already accounted for. Thus you see I cannot claim August as my own and plan to depart when summer session is over, although I should be able to finish my work here before the end of the first week of the month. Some business and family claims will require attention before I can leave the country for a stay of some months. The leave of absence which the college is arranging for me begins September 1, 1937.

I am eager to cooperate in every way, for I wish to be of most help to Yenching. Will the San Francisco sailing help? I will do all I can to push the work here for which I am responsible. However, the hot months are upon us so that it is difficult to work at the pace demanded by our regular loads, without extras.

I am sorry that the schedule leaves me cramped for time. I had a hazy idea that Yenching might open near the end of September so that I would have ample time for a pleasant week in Japan. A friend of mine is to be in Tokio during September and I believe also during October and most of November. I had thought it might be well to see Japan with her.

I will write you again after talking to Dean Justin, and will be most grateful for any assistance you can offer.

Yours truly

Martha M. Kramer

Martha M. Kramer

RECEIVED
UNIVERSITY OF
JUN 24 1937
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1937 AUG 9 PM 2 17

V A GARSIDE, YENCHING UNIVERSITY=
150 FIFTH AVE=

WIRE AND LETTER RECEIVED DEPLORE YENCHING SITUATION BUT STILL
DESIRE CONTACTS IN CHINA HAVE YOU SUGGESTIONS AS VISITING
ANOTHER COLLEGE FOR MONTH PLEASE CANCEL SAILING LATER
PASSAGE DESIRED THROUGH SANFRANCISCO AND HONOLULU IF
POSSIBLE REMAINING TWINLAKES TO DEVELOP NEW PLANS FOR YEAR
ON LEAVE LETTER FOLLOWS=

MARTHA KRAMER.



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Return
to Yenching
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Kramer

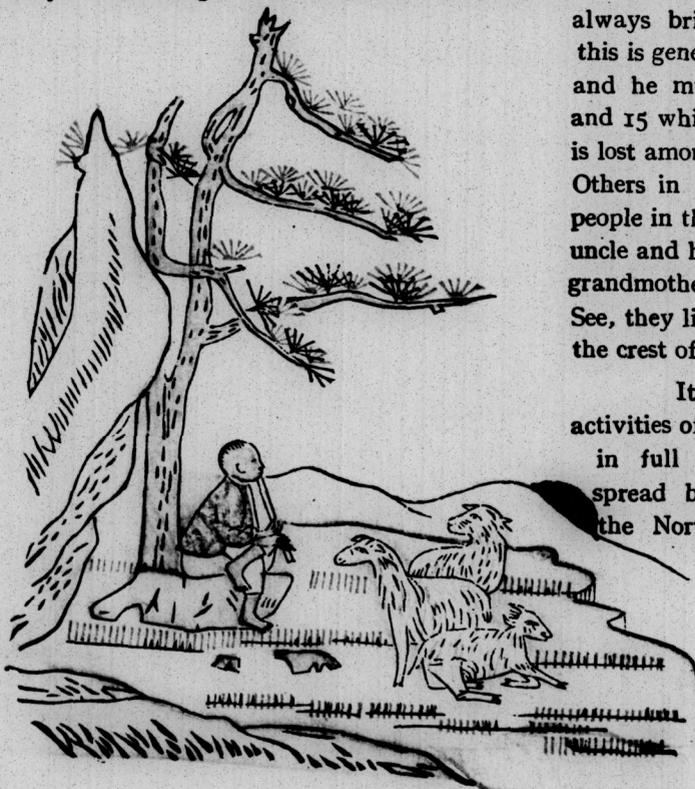
Lang Jun Yuan, Yenching University,
Peking, China.
November 1940

燕京大學
朗潤園

Dear Friends :

We are just back from a little trip to the hills, another of the places you should see. We leave our bicycles near the Green Dragon Bridge 青龍橋 in one of the village repair shops, establishments essential as service stations at home. Walking, we cross a clear stream where chatting women bend to the business of washing clothes, with much rubbing and beating on the worn stone slabs along the bank. No wonder strong cotton cloth is popular here. The path goes up and up, to the edge of the hills. We really want a view of the plain below and stop lazily on a broken parapet crowning a rugged spur, among ruins which are most impressive from a distance, for they were battlements designed for manoeuvres of troops of the 18th Century Emperors. On close approach the great pile is like a shabby old blind man basking in the sun, for the doors and windows are false, the masonry is crumbling and goats quietly nibble the grassy lawn at the foot of the walls. The little goat herd edges our way, pretending that he pays no attention to us as he shouts loudly at the stragglers, or directs them with the aid of a few well-aimed stones. Finally he decides that we must be harmless, climbs right up on our tower, squats back on his heels and waits for developments. He is open to advances, and we soon learn that he is Hsiao-san, 小三 or Small Third, that his eldest brother has gone far away to work and that the second is apprenticed in a shop where he earns his board and a bit of a tip at festival time. Therefore Small Third must look after the goats. He is 13 years old (probably more nearly 11 according to our count) and says that he is much too busy to go to school. He

always brings the goats to this hill, for this is generally understood to be his area and he must count them often, 13 black and 15 white ones, to make sure that none is lost among the rugged rocks and ravines. Others in this family? Yes, plenty of people in the house—two little sisters—the uncle and his wife and children—an old grandmother who makes shoes for them. See, they live in that village just beyond the crest of the hill.



It is a still, clear day and the activities of the country folk are obviously in full swing on all the little farms spread below, like a giant stage with the North Mountains as background.

Two carters, with donkeys hitched tandem, approach along the willow-shaded road from the North, creaking towards the city with towering

loads of vegetables. They stop to rest their animals on the grade and to gossip with a friend passing in the opposite direction. Some traffic turns off the main road to avoid the hill, and we see slow eddies of fine dust rise as carts trundle along the well-worn deep sunken road. We hear the comfortable country sounds. The beating of bundles of ripened rice against big stones, on the threshing floor over near those little houses, where the men are separating the grain from the straw. Hammering on metal, where some one is repairing farm implements. Two farmers calling to one another, as they carry great bundles of newly cut kao-liang, like kaffir corn.

This must be an unusually propitious day, for we see no less than four wedding processions during the morning. The date for a wedding is determined long in advance by a skilled necromancer, who selects only those days sure to bring abundant good luck to the family. But we have heard that these wise men now usually find Saturdays and Sundays excellent days—and apt to fit in with the schedules of modern working folk. The first wedding we see, near our own gates, has lurid aspects. The pernicious influence of foreigners, do you think? For is not the bride to ride in a little horse-drawn carriage with glass doors (like an ancient hack of pre-Ford days) all decorated with red tassels, streamers and paper roses. But the crowning glory—and of course the family paid well for it—is a brass band. Believe it or not, they give a local adaptation of "Pomp and Circumstance". But really, should one mix Ming and Ching and Ringling Brothers?

The others are real country weddings, with the typical bearers and the traditional sedan chair for the bride, embroidered thick red silk curtains protecting her from the gaze of the public. One procession is jogging along the road which skirts the east side of the Summer Palace. We watch for a long time, attendants in green rented liveries, the men bearing huge lacquer gift boxes swung from long decorated poles, the red chair of the bride, the musicians and relatives bringing up the rear. The last are in their best clothes, with artificial red peonies pinned to dress or hair to indicate the nature of the festivity. We are amused to watch some of the musicians, making no attempt to be formal, but stopping to talk with people along the road. They stop to mop their foreheads, for they are warm. They must have started in the cold grey dawn, with winter clothing, including round wool hats, the rented uniforms worn over all. Now, in the clear, bright winter sunshine, they are overheated and tired. Their hats are the best touch, red-tasseled and bell shaped, perched on top of the thick winter ones.

Summer vacation permitted something more than these little trips which we have at the week-end, about the country side. We went to Shantung, where Dr. Lois Witham entertained Gertrude and me in her delightful house beside the city wall in Tsinan. Mary K. Russell included us in the party she had planned for her mother, to visit the Holy Mountain, T'ai Shan 泰山, and on to the birthplace of Confucius. Taian, only a few hours from Tsinan by train, came up to all expectations, and you must know that we had been reading "Moment in Peking"! Mr. Hanson was on the train and took us to his home, where we were to stay. Bearers arrived—Mohammedans all—and we started, equipped with bottles of water, lunch, coolie hats, and a volume of "T'ai Shan" by Barker, to read along the way. As a matter of fact, Mary K. and I walked most of the way, for the worn stone steps were easy, although more than 6,000 in all. Think of the women with bound feet, unaccustomed to mountain trips, who come this way on pilgrimages, and the more devout, who actually crawl up on their knees, to gain additional merit! The bearers said that we might have visited the mountain a hundred times and never have seen it so beautiful, for a rain the night before had cleared the air and turned the little streams into rushing torrents with dashing rapids and

falls. We stopped to admire all sorts of temples and memorial arches along the way and to study mossy tablets where Emperors of past dynasties had caused their sentiments to be carved upon the cliffs. At a little stall under the dark pines we purchased black and white paper rubbings made from some of the old stones. Our bearers began to think that we would never reach the top, but we viewed the stones on the summit, where people came to worship centuries before records begin. We even had time for a bit of tea on the terrace in front of the impressive Princess Temple, before descending. Chü-fu, home of Confucius, we reached by train and Peking cart. But that is all a whole story story in itself. These places are all so old, known and visited long before the Christian era, that we gained a startling new sense of the meaning of time. I must remind you of one thing—Dean Justin knows it already—there is no one like Mary K. to show you Shantung.

We have more students than ever in Yenching and the Department of Home Economics is thriving, we are pleased to say. Dr. Kung is back from America, full of new ideas. Soon she will move into her new house, with her small daughter and her sister. She expects her husband from Cornell next summer. Miss Sun is obliged to have a full-time assistant in the campus nursery school and she is more than busy with this and the supervision of the village nursery school. Mrs. Consten and I carry on as usual, and Miss Pai efficiently manages the food service in the College for Women in spite of rising food costs. More of this later.

I have moved since Alice and the Russells were here and am this December in my own little Chinese house which looks just like a Christmas card. Red pillars and red and blue beams are reflected in the water of the lotus pond to the south. A tall clipped hedge surrounds the garden and the big old weeping willows are still green, so we have the proper color scheme. There is even a chimney big enough for Santa Claus, for a fireplace was once put into the little living room. The place is really an ancient tea house or studio in our Ming garden, the Lang Jun Yuan or Garden of Clear Water. In former years high born scholars spent leisurely summer days here, with the view of the Western Hills far away across the lake, the nearer flowers and trees, inspiring them to the production of verse following classical tradition. Now we have modern plumbing and a phone, and the cook presiding over his courtyard across the path where are the kitchen, the laundry, the store room, the bicycle shed, the coal room and even a little grey brick fox-fairy temple, which looks like a dog house, but seems to be used to store kindling. From the big bay window we see the same tall old pines, the flat stones beside the bridge. And as in the long ago, a servant will come from the house of the old scholar across the bridge, to pick a lotus leaf for covering her jar of soy sauce.

Like the old Chinese ballad of the Western Island in the North Country (translation by Waley)

As she plucks the lotus on the southern dyke in autumn,

The lotus flowers stand higher than a man's head.

She bends down-and plays with the lotus seeds,

The lotus seeds are green like the lake water.

May I thank you for all your kind notes and letters and for your interest in us here in Yenching? It is very welcome, you know, each contact with my old friends. My best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Yours truly

Martha M. Kramer

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Kramer

北京燕京大學

Yenching University
Peiping, China
Saturday, May 3, 1941.

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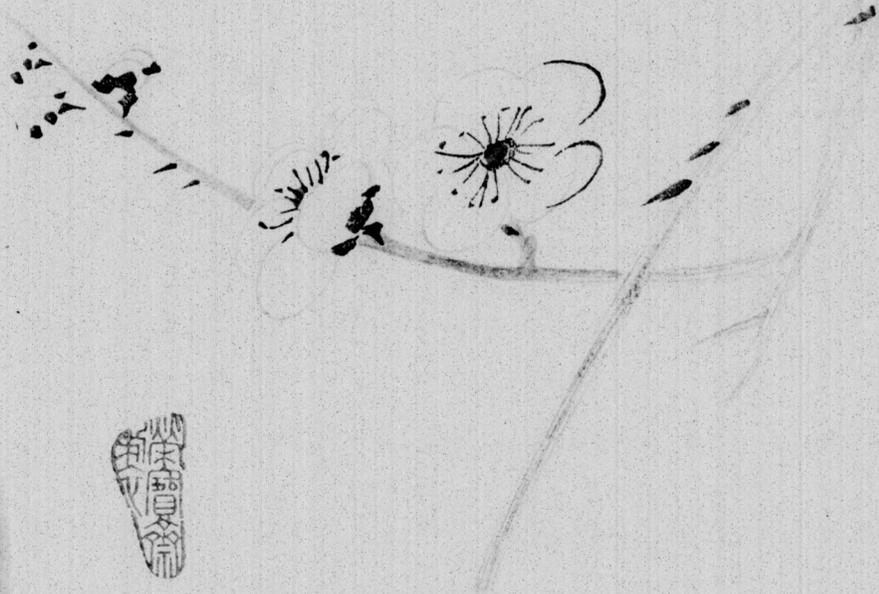
Dear Friends :

I meant to write at Easter, and now here it is, past May Day. In fact, our May party for the P. A. U. W. is just finished and we have been talking and watching the shadows cross the water as we waited for the men to carry away the last of the wicker chairs and cushions and little tables. This date was selected long ago, and set down in the printed program, which made it seem so final. And we had the temerity to plan for tea at the wisteria t'ing-tzu, in the Lang Jun Yuan! But it worked out alright, am happy to say.

The visitors went first to Boyd Gymnasium, where the students of Lu Hui-ching, Dorothea Hanwell and Ruth Chou repeated some of the popular numbers from their programs of a few weeks ago. The guests then crossed the campus, where the weather man and the landscape committee had been cooperating to provide a fetching color scheme! White lilacs, fall rose bushes with sweeping yellow sprays, blue-violet Temple of Heaven flowers (prosaic souls insist that this is a kind of radish!) and dwarf lupine, carpeting the campus here and there, were just right with our wisteria. Does this sound like a calendar picture which mama promptly banishes to the back hall? Anyhow, the gates at the dormitories were smothered with flowers, the thick wisteria just west of my house had hundreds of heavy blossoms, and the many old vines here and there about the Lang Jun Yuan lakes were plumes of color.

We spent a part of spring vacation in the hills, a party arranged by friends of ours who have taken a pleasant temple courtyard for the season. There are some complications to such an outing, you must know. For instance, the bus out was so crowded that we could

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scarcely wedge ourselves inside. And then the catch on the one door refused to open, when we stopped at Green Dragon Bridge to let off two village women. The girl collecting tickets tried her hand at it, a country woman loaned an enormous wire hairpin and one of our party produced a Boy Scout knife! But to no avail. We began to think that we must spend the day sweating in the hot bus, when a young passenger jumped from a window, borrowed a screw driver from a bicycle shop and proceeded to remove the offending latch. I think he liked doing it—the entire crowd beamed at him approvingly—surely he had had some mechanical training before he was sent to these parts! After that, we jolted along, the door swinging giddily, the crowd thinning out a bit.

We walked up the cart track to the hills, but found the courtyard gate locked, so had to hunt for the caretaker to get the duplicate keys. But presently the cook of our hostess arrived by bicycle, reporting tire trouble along the way. He was followed by a ricksha loaded with packages of food. We crossed the front court, with enormous spreading pines about the square pool, which is spanned by a moss-grown marble bridge. Then our destination at last, a cool gate house, more pines, a row of 'white lilacs in front of the terrace, the rocky foot-hills just beyond the walls. To be sure, the houses had to be opened and beds made. But soon we had long chairs on the brick walk and lunch was ready.

We spent sunny days following country foot-paths. A little south was an imposing burial plot with rows of twisted cedars outside a high circular wall. You would be surprised to see the front, with the three high gates, for there the care-takers had followed local custom and established a farm yard. Runty pigs were scrambling among the dry weeds and a dusty looking donkey plodded faithfully in his worn circle, turning the stone roller for grinding meal. Two little girls, still in winter trousers and jackets, stared at us while an old woman carried twigs to the brick stove in the corner of the clay-plastered house, which leaned crazily against the great central gate. The caretaker himself was mixing yellow clay for coal balls.

"Yes" they said, "this is the tomb of the second prince." Which prince? Well, we did not learn. Some hundreds of years ago, for the giant pines we saw in rows inside the walls are notoriously slow-growing. But had we heard about the grave robbery? They could give plenty of details. Just at the time of the incident, when unsettled conditions tempted the lawless element, did not some bold fellows arrive and set about breaking into the big central grave mound, where the prince himself must be buried! These grave mounds, covered with sod, are deceptively unsubstantial looking; inside, the robbers were checked by thick walls of concrete, which defied their best efforts for two whole days. Finally, they tried the back and were at last able to break thru. Loot? The old man did not know about that. He and his family had to be careful to keep out of sight, he said. No telling what might have happened to them had they been too inquisitive! Of course they returned to put things in order after those bad characters departed! Now how is that for tact and caution?

Then to a real Chinese graden, in the valley above our temple, across the stream on a high stone bridge, up steps cut into the huge boulders, to the wisteria-draped gate. The wrinkled head-gardner smiled and bowed, for he knew he could count on us for small tips. Inside we heard the pleasant sound of water splashing in stone runnels, arranged for irrigation. Beyond the bed of flourishing tree peonies, water tumbled from the channel on the level above, into a basin, and thence into the gutter at our feet. Next we came onto a clump of rustling bamboos, sufficiently rare in this climate to be admired and cherished. Some curious-shaped stones had been placed to give the effect found in Chinese paintings. Now which is it, the garden made to look like a painting, or a painting to depict a garden scene? On along neat paths, up steps, each terrace brought surprises. Higher, we saw one of the houses occupied by the family of the owner, on rare visits; tile-roofed, a veranda across the front, wide views of the terraced garden, the valley below and the rocky ridges opposite. Here again, the water was trickling thru the irrigation channels. Two stone tables, each with four marble drum seats, showed that some contemplation of the view was in the mind of the builder. The

stone tables were part of ancient tablets, showing famous calligraphy, we were told. Adding to the symmetrical arrangement right here, were two small pines, two beds of tree peonies and two blossoming pear trees! We went on, watched men working about the persimmon and apricot trees in the terraced orchard, and finally let ourselves out thru the upper gate. This led to the spring which supplies water to all this valley and to the temple as well. Now you know where our time goes, on trips to the hills?

I wish you could see a set of pictures the seniors have just brought over, taken in the home management house by one of their friends. He is clever and caught nice impressions of the house, the residents and their activities. Our seniors seem to be finding something useful to do after they finish here. Two who completed the requirements for their degrees at the end of the first semester are teaching in middle schools in Tientsin, one at her alma mater, Keen School. Some seniors have appointments for dietary training at the Peiping Union Medical College Hospital, and at least one more will be accepted if she can pass the physical examination. Another enterprising senior is undertaking work which promises great things, a kind of adult education project.

Sun Tseng-min now has all her students in child training spending their laboratory hours in the village nursery school. As Reberta knows, it is fine to have the two schools, with children from two distinct types of homes, because health reasons prevent mixing. The students see more clearly the needs of the underprivileged, which we hope will interest and concern them long after they leave us. And, may we add, we think our girls will not behave like those depicted in the New Yorker!

The cook and I are getting on famously with gardening in space about my paved terrace. Each morning he brings buckets of water up from the lake, for the seedlings and potted plants. And he has been making a scalloped border for the flower beds, using pieces of old glazed roof tiles, amethyst, turquoise, yellow and black. These come from the temple, being made over for Ralph and Nancy; I collect a few every time we take a walk in the Spring Mirrored Garden. I also had a chance at some bright painted temple gods for my house, but have no place to put them. Made of clay, they melt away in the rain if left outside and I have no space inside. But Mr. Payne did bestow another item which you likely would not touch with a 10 foot pole! A carved stand, decorated with red and gold lacquer, but at the moment covered with layers and layers of dust and cobwebs. Dangling from the cross-bar are dozens of the pairs of eyes, made of white muslin, padded, eye balls and eye lashes painted on in black, which people make and bring to a temple when they seek to have their eye troubles cured. In the middle of the stand a bell once hung, I suspect, and the priest no doubt struck it once or twice for each small coin presented by the poor earnest supplicant. Well, this affair has now been sunned and aired for some days. Who wants a pair of eyes?

In front of the house now stand big pots of English violets, one on each side of the stone steps, with jars of pansies just below. I remember that Doris arranged something of the sort each spring, but I seemed never to see the flower men. At last I found them lingering at the gate of my neighbor, Alice Boring, and lured them over. The cook keeps telling me what to expect in the garden, but there is this about an inherited establishment—you must wait for surprises. Yellows and white and blue I had in mind, but am accepting gratefully anything which appears. You come by some day, to see. I will offer you Gertrude's long chair, or one which Doris or Lily left me, and give you tea or lunch on the terrace, where you can see the willows drooping into the water, and the three white geese drifting by. How about it?

Of the future, you likely know more than we. But I want you to know that we are here at the moment, and hoping to proceed as usual.

Yours truly
Martha M. Kramer.

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From THE KANSAS STATE COLLEGIAN Jan. 6, 1944

Former Instructor In China to Faculty

**Dr. M. M. Kramer
Interned Since 1941**

Dr. Martha M. Kramer, a former member of the staff of the Department of Food Economics and Nutrition at Kansas State, has been appointed professor of food economics and nutrition in the home economics section of the Agricultural Experiment Station, according to an announcement from the President's office. Dr. Kramer's appointment was effective January 1.

The home economist, recently arrived in the United States on the exchange ship Gripsholm, was interned by the Japanese in China since Pearl Harbor. Dr. Kramer took a leave of absence from Kansas State in 1937 to teach at Yenching University in Peiping. She remained there as head of the Department of Home Economics.

From December 8, 1941, until July 29, 1942, she was allowed to remain at the University. Then she was transferred to the residence belonging to the U. S. Embassy in the San Kuan Miao property. From March 25, 1942, until the time she boarded the Gripsholm, Dr. Kramer lived in a Civilian Assembly Center at Wei Hsien, Shantung. She started the homeward journey September 15. Dr. Kramer was on the faculty at Kansas State 15 years prior to 1937.

Other faculty changes announced by the President's office include the resignation of Dr. F. E. Nelson, associate professor in the Department of Bacteriology, effective December 18. Effective December 1, John McCoy was employed as temporary research assistant in agricultural economics to work on industrial research project No. 5, Economics of the Kansas Meat Packing Industry.

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PEIPING, CHINA

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0807

Manhattan, Kansas,
December 30, 1947

Mr. C. A. Evans,
Yenching University,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York 11, N. Y.

Received 1/5/48
Ack'd By _____

Dear Mr. Evans:

Enclosed find my check for \$50.00, a contribution to the Bevan Memorial Fund which Mary and Augusta wrote me about. I would like this to count as a contribution from Dora M. L. Bent, Ethel M. Hancock, Miss K'uang Jui-fang Y.U. 1941, Miss Pai Ho-I Y.U. 1934 and myself. These persons knew Mr. Bevan, enjoyed his personality, and appreciated his contribution to Yenching University. The others are in no position just now to make any cash contributions. Therefore I like to do it for all.

Miss Cookingham has written to thank us for arranging about the cost of Miss Pai's return trip to China. Thank you so much for taking care of that matter.

I need a little information about the possibility of work in China for a young Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, and his wife, who is a teacher of art and particularly good at crafts. The young man, a Swiss, should graduate here in one more year. The wife, a New York girl, is teaching here in the Art Department. The two of them are Jewish, and much interested in international problems. They take an active part in the campus Cosmopolitan Club and in U.N.E.S.C.O. meetings, and have a desirable point of view, really. While they are obliged to make their own way, they are more concerned with doing useful work than in making huge salaries. They have been acquainted with Chinese students on this campus, and think that they should go to China in another year.

I know them quite well, but have been asked for suggestions only indirectly. I fear that they are unaware of the fact that China had a huge influx of Jewish people fleeing Hitler as well as some from Russia. Could you give me some addresses of organizations which might wish to employ a clever young D.V.M.? Joe will be qualified to do meat inspection - animal disease control - or even teaching. Do you know whether or not there are colleges offering courses of this type? In Nanking University, in connection with the agricultural program, perhaps?

I will be more than grateful for any help you may give me. I think that this young couple might make a real contribution - if well located. They would be popular with students - and would make friends - I feel sure.

Yours truly

Max H. Kramer

January 9, 1948

Miss Martha M. Kramer
Kansas State College
Manhattan, Kansas

Dear Miss Kramer:

I am acknowledging your letter of December 30 enclosing check for \$50 for the Bevan Memorial Fund. You will note from the enclosed receipt that we have extended credit as outlined in your letter. This is very gracious on your part and there should be some way of letting these people know that contributions have been made in their behalf.

Your statement regarding the young veterinarian and his wife has been read with great interest. I talked with Dr. John Reisner of the Agricultural Mission Foundation the other day, and he had nothing to say on this suggestion. It is quite possible that he will have some recommendations within the next few days, although there is no place among the group of colleges for a person of this calibre. The call is so definitely for personnel in the major lines of teaching, and money is of so little value that the colleges are endeavoring to get through even with depleted staffs.

Another recommendation which may be followed through is with the China Institute, 125 East 65th Street, New York, as Dr. Paul Meng may be able to give valuable information.

I wish I could be more helpful on this question, but right at the present minute it seems to be out of line with the requests from China. With the Season's Greetings to you, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. A. EVANS

CAE/RHT

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Made in United States of America

Reprinted from JOURNAL OF HOME ECONOMICS
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NORTH CHINA DIETS—THEN AND NOW
MARTHA M. KRAMER AND CLARA NUTTING

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North China Diets—Then and Now

MARTHA M. KRAMER and CLARA NUTTING

Dr. Kramer and Dr. Nutting wrote this article aboard the Grips-holm last November, interviewing many a North China doctor and nurse among other repatriates, as well as drawing upon their own rich experience. Dr. Kramer left her nutrition research and teaching at Kansas State College in 1937 to teach in Yen-ching University, Peiping. Dr. Nutting spent two decades in medical mission work in North China, the last eight years in Hupei villages, near where the Great Wall comes down to the sea. Both were interned after the Pearl Harbor attack and held until September '43, when they and other evacuees started for the USA.

FOOD has always been a major problem in North China—a problem pressing more and more heavily on the masses in this, the fifth, decade of the century.

In Prewar Days

In good times working families spent 50, even 75, per cent of their incomes for food. At that, overweight and obesity were seldom seen. In fact, a pleasantly plump Chinese citizen would provoke the flattering comment from passers-by: *Fa fu lai!*—"He has been blessed!" The worker's energy requirement was high, his wages usually in inverse proportion to his physical effort, so that he was driven to seek the cheapest sources of calories, food which would "fill him up" or as he said, *Ch'ih pao*.

Grains: Those with and without Prestige

For centuries these industrious people have relied upon grains and grain products for most of their energy requirement. Although a variety of grains was available, white rice and white flour were considered most suitable for persons of position and of educational attainment, real or fancied. As a result the student of humble origin repudiated his whole grains when he attained university standing. The country family shifted from corn and millet meal to white flour, after moving to the city with a small official appointment.

Country and working-class diets had for a basis corn, millet, and *kao-liang* (literally,

"tall grain"—a type of sorghum—all common grains, requiring only moderate cooking periods. Cooking time is important on account of relative scarcity of fuels. Cracked wheat was once sent by a foreign relief agency that was astonished at the poor reception of their gift. Little did the donors realize that the extra fuel needed for satisfactory cooking of cracked wheat could not be obtained by relief families.

Observers differ as to the seriousness with which they view the large quantity of cellulose, inevitable when whole grains are major items in the diet. Some physicians of long experience in the area believe that working people used to eating large amounts of whole-grain products get along well. Others say that there is often enlargement of the stomach and report some cases of enteritis from grains insufficiently cooked because of fuel shortage.

Meats for Feasts and Seasoning

China's masses usually ate meat only at feasts, as weddings, funerals, and at *man yueh* (literally "full month"), the celebration when the infant is one month old. Meat was always relatively expensive and not thought necessary for its nutritive value.

Pork lent itself to many methods of preparation; even a small piece, fried and seasoned, provided a delicious base for vegetable dishes. In peaceful times pork was the most economically produced of Chinese meats, as pigs were

used as scavengers and raised on every farm and in many village yards.

Beef was seldom available outside the larger cities. Dairy products were not used in ordinary Chinese diets; cows were commonly beasts of burden. Good mutton was available in winter, particularly in Mohammedan neighborhoods. Sea-food dishes were relished for feasts but were little used by North China folk, unless near sea or river.

Fats, Soybeans, and Other Legumes

Even in normal times, the fat content of the North China diet was low—in something like direct proportion to the smallness of the income. Some families had little fat except that present in grains. However, fat—usually one of plant origin like peanut oil, hemp oil, or cottonseed oil—was much valued for seasoning.

Legumes in great variety have long been popular in the Orient. The Chinese used enormous quantities of mixed soybean and corn and/or millet meals for cheap, substantial bread and the like. Bean curd, *tou fu*, precipitated with gypsum, was usually cheap enough for regular use by most families. It supplied protein and minerals, including calcium from the gypsum. Americans could learn much from the Chinese about preparation of tasty and nutritious bean products.

Peanuts, introduced into China in the 17th century, came to be used by rich and poor, usually for between-meal snacks. Anywhere—in the market town, on the street outside the village school, at city fairs—the peanut man was ready for business, arranging his wares into penny piles. North China families have not learned to use peanuts in regular meals. In Shanghai, salted peanuts are served as an accompaniment to the unsalted thin rice porridge served at breakfast—a thrifty, nutritious, and pleasing addition.

The Vegetables

Chinese gardeners through the centuries have developed many varieties of useful vegetables a surprising number of which were common in prewar days in the diet of the masses.

Excellent storage procedures were also used, so that Chinese cabbage, fall spinach, turnips, and the like were available at reasonable prices throughout the winter.

Chinese markets offered many popular leafy vegetables, admirable protective foods, normally cheap in season. Chinese cabbage was thought a little dear in the fall of 1937, when only 450 pounds were to be had for the equivalent of \$1, U. S. currency. It came to the market in the fall and was available until about Easter, when spring spinach appeared. The spinach was grown outdoors, in carefully tended plots, protected from north winds by clever screens made of corn stalks, and from chilly nights with thick straw mats. Also, summer cabbage and Chinese unbleached celery have usually been within the reach of the masses.

Other valuable protective foods grown were carrots and excellent local varieties of radishes and turnips. For example, there was the *shui lo po* or water radish, big and round, pale green on the outside, delicately pink inside. Any mild winter day found the radish man on the village street, with one basket of scrubbed vegetables, another with a display of slices for the convenience of customers. School children, passing workmen, stopped for colorful radish sections, strolled off crunching happily. A lull in business provided opportunity for a little artistic endeavor. The one tool, a sharp knife, was used to cut fancy shapes instead of plain sections—the colors of the vegetable lending themselves to flower and leaf arrangements.

In the markets, strings of garlic were as common as in an Italian district. Discriminating cooks used it sparingly; those with more robust tastes fairly reveled in it. Besides, there were tender spring leeks, used in vegetable dishes, and taller leek-like Chinese onions, eaten raw, or put into soup or combined with other vegetables, the entire top used if fresh.

Sweet potatoes, introduced into North China in the 17th century, are now an essential part of the autumn scene: farmers across the plain, harvesting their *hung shu* or red tuber; peddlers with a big basket of sweet potatoes at

either end of the shoulder pole going from door to door along the village paths; street vendors presiding over low stoves, offering their steaming wares at accustomed corners; scampering children, school boys, coal men, all stopping for hot potatoes to eat at once without ceremony. Ordinarily so cheap as to be considered quite unsuitable to offer a guest, sweet potatoes have been a main article of fall and winter diets in certain sections.

White potatoes are used in the cities but have seldom been cheap and have not been common in the diet of the masses.

Some of the most delicious melons produced in North China were introduced from Persia about the time of Kubla Khan and have been long relished by the masses. Squash and pumpkin in great variety were available through a long season and usually cheap enough for general consumption. Some varieties make excellent soups; others can be used in vegetable dishes or be added to the daily porridge. Cucumbers were used freely, raw, and also in various soups and vegetable dishes. Eggplant was plentiful and popular; no portion was discarded, for even if the vegetable was peeled before cooking, the peeling was hung in the sun to be dried for winter use.

Vegetable Cookery

Moreover, the Chinese have developed cooking methods commendable for vitamin and mineral conservation. Brief cooking, with a minimum of water, is the rule for leafy vegetables, string beans, and the like. Cooking water is served with the vegetable, or made into some sort of sauce. Yet the Chinese cook is guilty of a few undesirable practices, simmering turnip soup hour after hour, shredding cabbage or slicing radishes in spare moments before lunch even though he will not be cooking them until evening.

Fruits for Gifts, Special Treats

The modern dietary suggestion to use vegetables and/or fruits, as circumstances permit, has unwittingly been carried out in North China where vegetables were desired for every

meal, but fruits were treated as distinct extras—for gifts, treats for children, feast courses.

During short seasons, fruits have contributed to the protective value of the diet. Price permitting, people bought them on the street for between-meal eating. In the good old days, glossy yellow persimmons heaped wayside stalls in fall and winter, delicious fruits to be had for about one-half cent each.

Cities and country towns all had their fruit vendors offering small pears, persimmons, apricots, local dried dates in season. Here the children spent cherished small coins—as their contemporaries in the USA did for ice-cream cones, gum, or candy bars. In the past, the Chinese used little sugar, but in the more modern cities they have been fast acquiring a desire for sweets.

The Pig Went to Market

The best and most valuable of North Chinese farm products were always sold. The pig was not butchered at home for winter use. He went to market—by wheelbarrow, or hung by the feet from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men, or grunting in a basket tied on the back of his master's bicycle. Later, if the family felt affluent, they might have purchased eight ounces of pork for the New Year feast. Such a purchase of meat would be happily advertised, because the buyer would carry it proudly home, dangling on a bit of string. The bearer of a sizeable piece of pork would be congratulated all along the street: *Chieh ch'i ch'ih ta jo*—"A feast! Big meat [pork] to eat!"

With poultry, eggs, many other food products, it was the same story, the best always carried away to be sold. Much educational effort has been needed to convince ordinary families that invalids, pregnant and lactating mothers, and sick children should have the benefit of their home-produced eggs.

Chinese Medical Association Standards

For years, the Chinese Medical Association has been concerned about dietary standards and recommendations, practical yet consistent with modern knowledge of nutrition. Its

Committee on Nutrition, the Council on Public Health, finally formulated the minimum nutritional requirement for China¹ and suggested that the working man secure the following daily:

Daily diet recommended for North China families

FOODS	WEIGHT	CALORIES	PROTEIN	CALCIUM
	grams		grams	grams
Protective Foods				
Green leafy vegetables.	500	75	6	0.50
Soybean products.....	60	264	24	0.06
Tubers, as sweet potatoes.....	400	284	5	—
Supplementary Foods				
Cereals.....	500	1765	43	0.47
Total*		2388	78	1.03

* Meat should also be used occasionally; oil, salted vegetables, soy sauce, in certain amounts, should be included.

For the Westerner, who gets about half of his protein from foods of animal origin, the daily requirement of the adult has been suggested as one gram of protein per kilogram of body weight or about 2 ounces for a woman weighing 123 pounds (56 kilograms). The Chinese, consuming mostly foods of plant origin, should have more. For an adult of 121 pounds (55 kilograms) about 3 ounces (80 grams) of protein per day, or 1.5 grams per kilogram, was thought sufficient.

Of the minerals, calcium was most likely to be low, as only the wisest selection of leafy vegetables, grains, and bean products could provide anything like adequate dietary calcium. Investigators in China, therefore, have made extensive studies of calcium to determine total intake, possible sources, and results of deficiencies. Bone meal, cheap but effective, came to be used in a few centers in China as a way of making up this dietary lack.

Food dollar distribution in China in normal times, as compared with that long recommended by the Association for Improving the

¹ Minimum nutritional requirement for China. *Chinese Med. J.* 55, No. 4 (April 1939), pp. 301-323.

Condition of the Poor in New York City, has been about as follows:

Food dollar distribution

FOODS	USA	NORTH CHINA FAMILIES		
	AICP	Middle Class	Laboring	Poor or Relief
Vegetables and/or fruit.....	\$0.20±	\$0.10	\$0.08	—
Milk, cheese.....	.20+	—	—	—
Meat, fish, eggs..	.20—	.20	.02	—
Bread, cereals*..	.20+	.65	.85	\$0.98
Fats, sugar, other groceries.....	.20—	.05	.05	.02

* Whole-grain products where possible.

Deficiency Diseases in Prewar Days

Deficiency diseases were not often seen in North China. Occasionally clinicians reported cases of vitamin A deficiency, or a case of beriberi, perhaps an infant artificially fed with mixtures of rice flour or patent flour sweetened with malt sugar. Scurvy, rickets, and pellagra were seldom seen in normal times.

But tuberculosis, connected with dietary inadequacies, was common among all classes in North China. Poor nutrition may not be half the story, but it is doubtless an important predisposing factor, and curative measures always included improving the diet.

Since 1937

Periods of famine and war always aggravated these situations. Early after military occupation of North China, observers again noted the danger signals. Food was shipped out of the country, land was requisitioned by the military for nonfood crops (poppies, cotton), and food prices began to soar. In 1938 in one center about 2.2 pounds of white flour could be had for around 24 cents in local currency; in May 1942, for \$1.46; and in May 1943, for \$7.46. In the same period, peanut oil, most commonly used, cost 30 cents, then 75 cents, and eventually \$1.70 per bottle. In Tientsin's grain shops rice could not be bought for many months. Incomes and wages did not increase in proportion to the advance in food costs, so that people were appalled at the new price levels.

In the past in time of desperate need, oil press cake from peanut or soybean, sold for fertilizer or stock food, has been useful. It is dirty, contains nut shells, and has had fat removed, but can be used in soup. The shells come to the top, the dirt is left in the bottom of the kettle, and a product of good protein and mineral content results. But by late spring of 1943, press cake cost \$3.40 for about 2.2 pounds. Two years before it had cost 12 cents.

These frightening food shortages, affecting particularly the necessary grains and legumes, were due in part to: abnormally low rainfall in 1942, reduced cultivated area, labor shortage because of workmen being drafted for military projects or "removed" otherwise, grain shipments from the North and East being cut off, military requisitioning of foods, and paralyzing meat regulations.

The inflation of local currency, food hoarding, and hysterical buying accelerated the rapidly mounting food costs. Those with cash, anxious to dispose of quantities of the depreciating currency, were not deterred even by the ever-present danger of house-to-house inspection and requisitioning of extra food.

China has been faced with emergencies before, but many of the older folk have told us: "Conditions now are worse and more widespread than we ever saw in famine or in previous wars." A few—too few—have had means to lay in a store of precious grains. One of our Chinese friends was happy to be able to dispose of a cherished room-size Peking rug worth hundreds of dollars for sufficient money to purchase a bag of rice, about 190 pounds.

There has been rationing, but the issues of food were irregular and of mixed lots so that rice or flour could be purchased only if the shopper would take with it a quantity of high-priced but frozen potatoes or an adulterated gritty meal. Some issues would seem so dear that many would pass them up. Further, rationing often disregarded young children, counted small school children and persons over 60 years at half rate, and failed to provide for the real needs of active workers.

Deficiency Diseases, Deaths

By 1941 deficiency diseases were appearing in some clinics. Scurvy and eye disturbances were seen among city shop apprentices, who were provided with bed and board, according to ancient custom. Patients with peripheral nerve disturbances, never before prevalent in that area, increased in numbers probably as early manifestations of thiamin shortage.

Another clinic reported among farmers many cases of apparent riboflavin deficiency with cracking of the skin at the corner of the mouth and even some increased pigmentation about the nose. Subjects improved after eating peanuts in quantity. These men were accustomed to a diet made up largely of the soybean-corn meal but had likely been getting an inferior mixture with far less than the usual 20 per cent of soybean. As none of them had any evidences of thiamin shortage, whole corn probably has reasonable amounts of thiamin.

Extreme weather conditions always take a toll of dead from beggars on the city streets, but the winter of 1942-43 was more than usually ruthless, for people had not their customary resistance. Coolies, particularly ricksha-pullers, collapsed in their tracks and died almost at once. They showed no marked symptoms of deficiency diseases, but their diet had likely been so inadequate in almost every respect that they were too weakened for the demands of the job. There were countless tragedies not nice to hear about: a family suicide pact, a mother and children dispatched by the desperate father who could not bring them the food for which they cried.

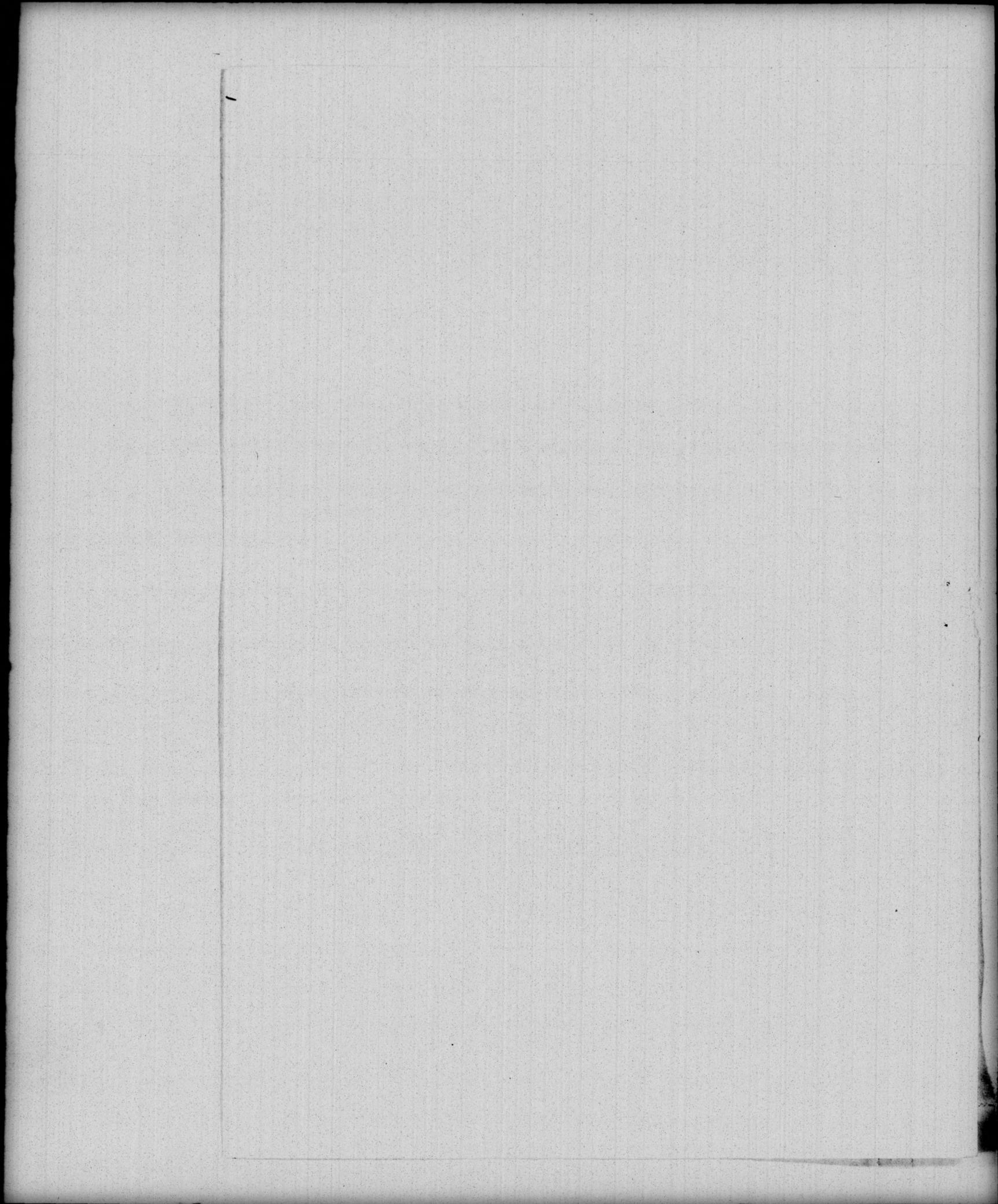
When Peace Comes

If or when "normal conditions" are restored after the war, there will be a painful period of adjustment of food supplies in an impoverished and weakened nation. Education in food selection and in improved methods of food production and handling can play a part without too drastic changes in age-old food habits and the agricultural economy. Science and education may help to develop a food situation much better than in the "good old days."



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NORTH CHINA DIETS - THEN AND NOW

BY

MARTHA KRAMER SENT TO THE FOLLOWING:

Ambrose, Miss Edna
Atkinson, Mrs. G. D.
Avann, Mrs. J. M.
Baker, Mrs. Frank E.
Beebe, Mrs. Albert E.
Bourne, Mrs. Helen
Bragg, Mrs. J. D.
Brittingham, Miss Bettie S.
Burlingham, Mrs. R. G.
Burton, Miss Margaret E.
Calder, Miss Helen B.
Carscallen, Mrs. C. R.
Cavert, Mrs. Samuel McCrea
Cecil, Mrs. J. K.
Clements, Mrs. Rex S.
Congdon, Miss Elisabeth
Corbett, Mrs. Charles H.
Cushman, Mrs. James S.
Decker, Mrs. J. W.
Diefendorf, Mrs. Dorr
Diffendorfer, Mrs. Ralph E.
Doan, Mrs. Robert A.
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Fulton, Mrs. Ina Davis
Gibson, Miss Henrietta
Graham, Miss Frances
Griest, Miss Rebecca W.
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Horton, Mrs. Douglas
Hoskins, Mrs. Harold B.
Hough, Mrs. Lynn Harold
Hughson, Mrs. Frank C.
Hunt, Mrs. Horace H.
James, Mrs. Harry E.
Johnston, Miss Mary E.
Kittredge, Miss Helen
Kresge, Mrs. Anna
Lee, Miss Elizabeth M.
Levering, Mrs. Eugene
McConnell, Mrs. Francis J.
MacKinnon, Miss Sallie Lou
Masland, Mrs. J. Wesley
Mills, Mrs. J. W.
Moore, Mrs. Maurice T.
Morrow, Mrs. Dwight W.
Nicholson, Mrs. Thomas
Nickels, Mrs. Frank C.
North, Mrs. Erice M.

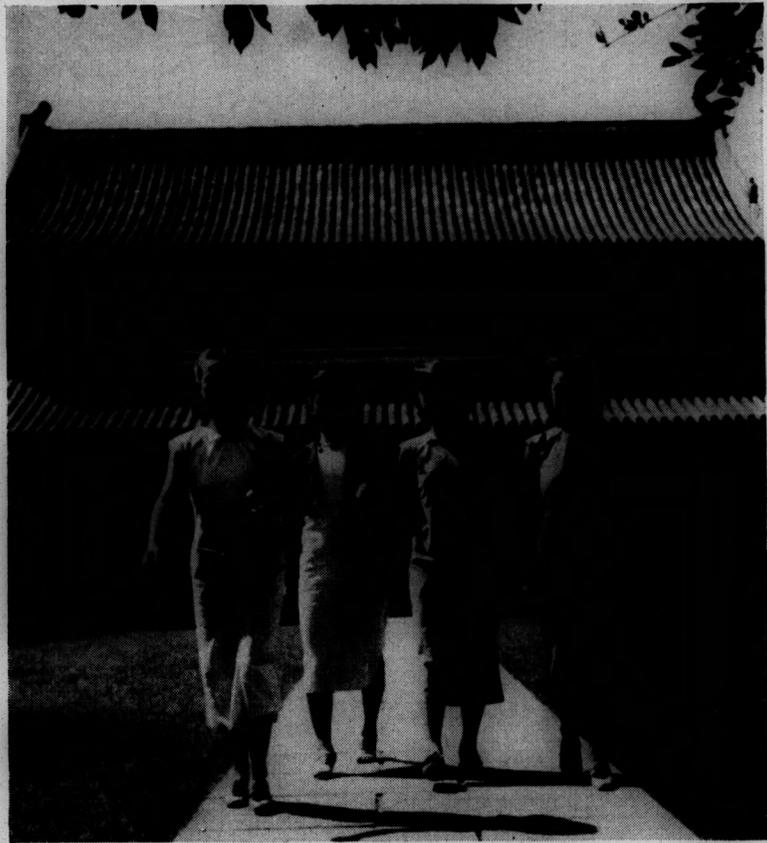
Parker, Mrs. Albert G.
Parlin, Mrs. Charles C.
Peel, Mrs. Leon Roy
Perry, Mrs. J. W.
Pfeiffer, Mrs. Henry
Pfeiffer, Mrs. Timothy N.
Phillips, Mrs. Ellis L.
Porter, Miss Hilda
Pratt, Mrs. Clifford C.
Rathbone, Miss Josephine L.
Robinson, Miss Faye
Rockwell, Mrs. William W.
Rosenberger, Mrs. S. W.
Ross, Mrs. Emory
Roys, Mrs. Charles K.
Scott, Mrs. George T.
Sears, Mrs. Charles Hatch
Shank, Miss Hazel F.
Sherman, Mrs. Arthur M.
Sibley, Mrs. Harper
Slade, Mrs. F. Louis
Speer, Mrs. Robert E.
Swain, Mrs. Leslie E.
Sweeny, Miss Mary E.
Taylor, Mrs. Hugh D.
Taylor, Mrs. W. R.
Treston, Mrs. William C.
Turner, Mrs. W. A.
Tyler, Miss Florence G.
Welcher, Miss Amy Ogden
White, Miss Blanche Sydnor
Woolever, Mrs. H. E.

Home Management House, Chinese Style

Martha Kramer
Kansas State College

Miss Kramer was chairman of the department of home economics at Yenching University, five miles outside Peiping (Peking) from 1937 until the Japanese occupied the campus a few hours after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

She and other American faculty members were held in internment camps until they were exchanged for Japanese held in the USA. Many of the Chinese faculty members and the students escaped and eventually made their way to Chengtu, far away in the interior, where a refugee university was set up. Of AHEA's 28 foreign fellows, 6 had studied in Yenching. Two of this year's fellows, Wen-Yuen Fong and Mrs. Yu-Chieh Yang Yung, are Yenching graduates.



Yenching coeds leaving "the dorm" on a Pre-Pearl-Harbor morning

IN NORTH CHINA careful management of the home is esteemed by every good *t'ai-t'ai*, or mistress. And the bigger and richer the establishment—the larger the group to be housed, fed, and clothed—the heavier is the responsibility resting on the trim little shoulders of the *t'ai-t'ai*.

The fiction reader may think of Chinese women as exotic, almond-eyed persons adorned with priceless silks and jades. But most of us Americans who have been privileged to have Chinese women friends, remember them as practical, thrifty, and energetic, directing or carrying out necessary household tasks. The Chinese homemaker may wear silks, but she wears over those silks a neat blue cotton dress to show that she is bent on business, not glamour.

Students in the Yenching Univer-

sity home management house followed the traditional Chinese pattern, modified somewhat by modern improvements.

The House

Could I have taken you down the campus drive to that home management house and rung the bell beside the red door, we would have waited until the woman servant arrived to admit us and to explain perhaps that the resident instructor was in class, that two of the students had gone to the village to do the marketing, and that the others were in the laboratory.

A widowed countrywoman, clad in neat black jacket and trousers, her duties were to watch the gate and to keep the home fires burning—this last most literally.

The living quarters were heated by

the usual quota of little iron stoves, each needing regular attention, and the kitchen was equipped with a coal ball stove, which if carefully tended can behave beautifully or can act like a sulky monster, smoking, exuding the dread carbon monoxide, or even expiring entirely.

The house, according to Chinese tradition, had windows arranged to make the most of the bright winter sun. Weeping willows leaned over the garden walls. The red-pillared, tiled veranda was cool in hot weather. In autumn yellow and bronze chrysanthemums bordered the courtyard walks.

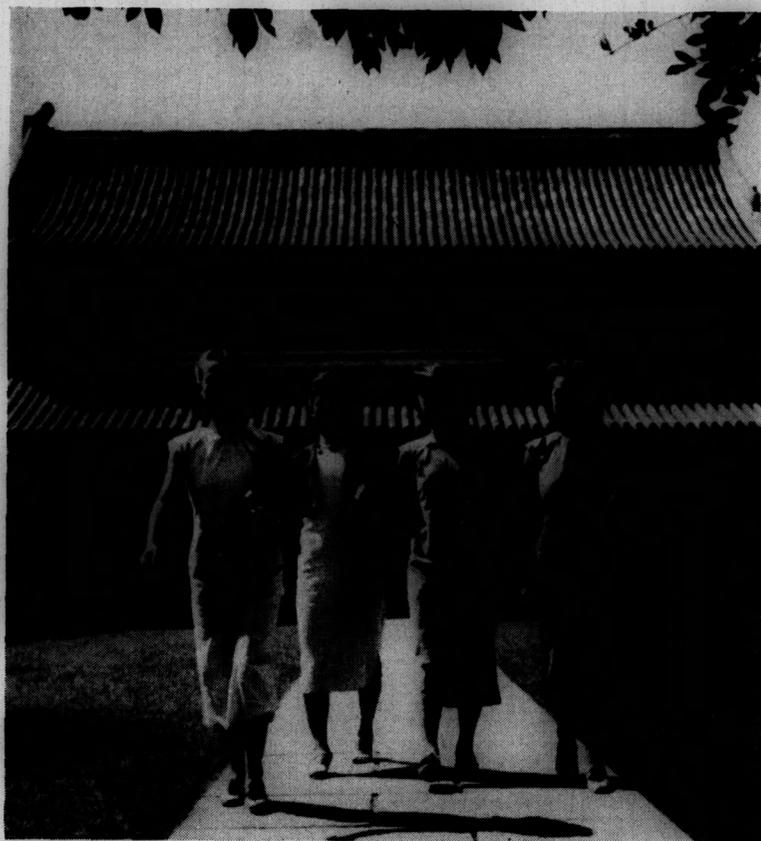
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Home management house activities at Yenching were much like those on campuses of the USA. But there were extras. The students had a modern bathroom to use and care for, but

they had also to remember country ways because country-style toilet facilities were available to the servant. If the girls are to serve their country in the great newly-awakened provinces, they must be resourceful and adapt primitive facilities to modern needs.

Perhaps Wei-Fan, coed manager this week, would hurry through the gate pushing her bicycle and begin to tell of her problem: the scavenger had missed a day and had not cleaned the servant's toilet!

"What about the flies?" says she. "Warm weather is coming on. We must improve that *ma-fang*."

Cherished Possessions

Largely because of the personalities of the Chinese resident instructors, the home management house had a strong hold on home economics students and they loved to entertain in it. Perhaps two sophomores would drop into the office to ask: "Could you all come to our home economics house on Friday evening? We are having a party for the freshmen." And on Friday the guests would enjoy games or skits, and then tea, with excellent cookies from the Mohammedan cake shop in the village.

A Last Farewell!

My last visit to the house made me sad. Some months after Pearl Harbor, one of the Japanese gendarmes unlocked the place to help me locate a piece of furniture lent for student use. The wind had heaped fallen leaves about the stone steps. Uninhabited rooms, filmed with Gobi dust blown down during late winter storms, were so different from the well-kept place we had known, bustling with life.

But the long line of students who have laughed and worked there together are carrying on.

Work of Alumnae

The pretty class valedictorian whose bedroom walls used to be hung with four handsome scroll paintings of the beloved bamboo at the four seasons, real treasures inherited from

a distinguished father—she now manages the home for her husband and child in one of China's great cities.

The tall girl from Soo-Chow, described by my artist friend as a "T'ang type of beauty"—after studying hospital dietetics, she too is managing the home for her husband and small son.

Another home economics student, the daughter of a famous scholar, had two long braids of shining hair when I first knew her. Now, she does valuable professional work.

Another, the charming daughter of an able official, now serves her Alma Mater on its make-shift campus in a western province.

An attractive Peiping girl whose calligraphy brought praise even from her instructors and who used to be teased by her housemates for the long letters she wrote to a young officer far away—she took over the food service in a big hospital in the West. Then there was Sue, a leader in campus affairs—she and her young husband took up educational work in an important center.

These and many other girls who once lived in our Chinese home management house are carrying on. Therefore, we shall not grieve too much if the house itself is empty and forlorn or if the floors are trod by alien feet.

For Spanish Students

A home economics teacher in Cuba has sent us the names of five of her students who want to correspond with American high school or college students. They suggest that our girls write in Spanish and they say they will answer in English.

All of the quintet live in Habana, Cuba. The names and street addresses follow: Srta. Teresa Ordóñez, Majola 14, altos; Srta. Carmen Balms Vives, Cárdenas 60, 2° piso; Srta. Mirta Llangé Rons, Domínguez 215, entre, Cerro y Sta. Catalina; Srta. Lydia Marrero Oliva, Luyanó 309, Apartamento 302; Srta. Guadalupe González, Padre Varela 465, 5° piso, Edificio "Recarey."

Arkansas' Betty Lamp



*Joyce Larson Meyers
and the Betty Lamp*

Would you like to have a pottery Betty lamp like the one Joyce is admiring?

Thanks to club girls in Arkansas you can get one for 50 cents in any one of eight colors: turquoise, sea-foam green, ivory, light yellow, lupin blue, dubonnet, delphinium blue, and peach.

Order from Miss Frances Bailey, Arkansas Department of Education, Little Rock, Arkansas. Miss Bailey, you remember, is national chairman of the AHEA home economics student clubs. She and the Camden high school club adviser arranged with an Arkansas pottery to make the lamps.

Joyce was a member of the Iowa State College home economics club until her graduation in December 1942; then she taught in the high school at Old Saybrook, Connecticut, until she married Engineer Robert Meyers, a college classmate, who is in naval ordnance work. And now she is helping us at AHEA headquarters.

The Chinese Child Care Study Group

Yu-Chieh Yang Yung

Home economics student clubs which contributed to the AHEA's foreign fellowship fund last year helped make it possible for Mrs. Yung to study at Columbia University this year. Through her, the clubs will soon be helping to bring the children of our brave ally China back to normal, happy living. If enough funds are raised this year, we can send home economics trained foreign girls to every continent of this earth to help with the tremendous tasks of a war-shattered world. Surely no club will fail to do its part!



YU-CHIEH YANG YUNG

FOURTEEN Chinese students from different colleges in the USA enrolled at the Vassar Summer Institute for Child Care Services in War-time last July. This group of students worked under the guidance of Mrs. Mary S. Fisher of Vassar College and the sponsorship of the China Aid Council.

They found their work in the basic science of human growth and development interesting and valuable not only here in America but also in China, where problems of family living and child care have been multiplied by the war. Because they wished to make effective contributions toward the betterment of family living and child care in China, they organized the Chinese Child Care Study Group at the end of the session.

Its main purpose is to foster the growth and development of all China's children by helping the masses to understand the principles of child care. Specific objectives are: to study the art and science of human growth and development; to prepare for service in child care work, some

as professional workers, and all as workers in community organizations in China; to make selected basic materials available to people in China who are engaged in child care work; and to prepare abstracts in Chinese of the most useful literature.

Our Officers, Our Work

Mrs. Mary S. Fisher and Mrs. Way-Sung New were elected advisers, and I was made chairman of the group. Our address is 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, in care of the China Aid Council.

The first task of our study group is to get information about present conditions in China and ascertain what phases of child care deserve our special study while we are in America. We have started correspondence with the National Health Administration of China, National Association for Refugee Children, Ministry of Social Affairs, Committee on New Life Movement, Ministry of Education, and other independent educational, social, and religious organizations in China concerned with

family-living programs and child welfare. Reports from China reveal the urgent need for health and nutritional care of children, better educational materials and equipment for child care, extension work with adults, and the training of personnel for leadership.

The members of our group are therefore adjusting their study programs in order to prepare themselves to meet the emerging needs of this kind of service in China. We have arranged with various organizations that deal with children's work in America to get a bird's-eye view of what they are doing and to secure opportunities for practical training.

Reports of what each member is undertaking and of information and materials collected, are being circulated among the group. Since the members are located at different points in the USA, each one has the opportunity to inform other Chinese students now here of the imperative importance of work for modern child care in China so that the future build-

(Continued on page 19)

Chinese Study Group

(Continued from page 8)

ers of China will grow up healthy and happy, attaining the maximum of their possibilities.

Transportation conditions unfortunately make it impossible for us to send to China just now our collection of educational materials and books, the initial contributions to which were generously made by faculty members of the Vassar Summer Institute. In spite of the difficulties involved, a few members of our study group are hoping to get home and begin active service in child welfare work in the near future.

Our plans call for transplanting the Child Care Study Group to China as soon as possible so that its program can be promoted effectively at the Chinese end. The group existing here will also be continued so as to co-operate with and keep those in

Lieutenant Rosser graduated from Kansas State College in 1934 and received her M.A. in clothing and textiles from Columbia University in 1942.

Food Service Problems

In the Office of the Quartermaster General in Washington we find First Lieutenant Helen H. Horlacher, who says that her undergraduate work at the University of Kentucky and her graduate studies at the University of Wisconsin have served as a splendid basis for her WAC assignments; as mess officer of a WAC training mess at Fort Des Moines and later as instructor in mess management at Officer Candidate School; as regimental mess officer and chief of the Bakers and Cooks School at Camp Polk, Louisiana; as inspector of WAC detachments, assigned to WAC headquarters, Field Inspection Division; as student and then staff officer in

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of

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