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UBCHEA ARCHIVES
COLLEGE FILES
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Yenching
Corres.
McBrien, Edwin M 1929

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C O P Y

YENCHING UNIVERSITY

CAMPAIGN OBJECTIVES ADOPTED BY THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

January 11, 1929

- (1) To secure gifts toward the budget of the promotional offices (\$11,562.69 to June 30, 1929).
 - (2) To secure gifts toward deficit in Current Budget for year ending June 30, 1929. (Apparent deficit \$38,121.68; see attached "Current Account Forecast" - "Schedule C")
 - * (3) To secure the amount still needed (approximately \$20,000.) to make up the total of \$50,000. as initial financing of the Department of Journalism for a period of five years.
 - (4) To provide \$25,000. capital amount required for additional power plant installations.
 - (5) To secure gifts for ten new residences as listed in Dr. Stuart's letter of August 11, 1928 as follows:

3	houses (Wiant type)	costing G\$6000 each	Total G\$18,000.
3	"(modified Wiant type)	costing G\$5000 "	" 15,000.
4	"(Li type modified)	costing G\$3000 "	" 12,000.
			Total for 10 housesG\$45,000.
 - (6) To secure \$50,000 in Endowment Funds, the income from which will be used for scholarships and loan fund to assist deserving students.
 - (7) To secure Endowment Funds for \$50,000. each for two professorships.
- * Note: Since January the amount of \$50,000. has been raised, but effort is now being made to procure an additional amount on this account to bring the total to \$60,000., to cover travel costs as well.

0367

CHINA UNION UNIVERSITIES

Fukien Christian University
University of Nanking

Shantung Christian University
Peking University

West China Union University

Cable Address
Nanfushan, New York

CENTRAL OFFICE
150 Fifth Avenue, New York City
B. A. GARSIDE, Secretary

Telephone
WATkins 8703-45

Yenching University

February 8, 1929

Mr. E. M. McBrier, ✓
Dr. Eric M. North,
New York, N.Y.

TRANSFER

My dear Mr. McBrier and Dr. North:

You will remember that the Finance Committee some weeks ago appointed the three of us as a sub-committee to make recommendations on the closing out of certain building accounts in the plant section as the individual buildings are completed and paid for.

I have now received from Dr. Galt a letter dated January 3, 1929 in which he recommends closing out a number of accounts. Six of the accounts which he recommends be now closed out show balances on our books and it should therefore be a simple matter to close out these accounts and make recommendation as to the disposition of the balances on hand. Dr. Galt also asks that we close out certain accounts showing deficits on our New York books. These present more of a problem.

I summarize below the six accounts having balances on hand which the field proposes we close out. In each case I give the figure at which it is proposed the account be closed, and also show the funds received for and assigned to these buildings:

		<u>Fund</u>	<u>Closing Figure</u>	<u>Balance</u>
26d Ninde School of Religion				
	Ninde fund	40,000.		
	Harkness Temporary	13,000	53,000.00	46,030.90
26e Dormitory #1, Finley			46,419.33	6,969.10
26r1 Wheel" 2 Wheeler		50,000.00	46,419.33	3,580.67
26r3 " 4 Forbes		50,000.00	43,982.61	6,017.39
26h1-			39,565.47	10,434.53
				5,840.49
h2 Refectories Nos. 1 & 2 -				
	Anonymous #115 (1/2)	25,000.		
	Finley Estate	10,000.		
	Presbyterian Jubilee	5,000.		
	Buffalo Hall	10,700.		
	Congregational	25,000		
	Weyerhaeuser	15,000.		
		90,700.00		
	Refectory No. 1	35,825.83		
	" 2	36,317.09	72,142.92	18,557.08
		293,700.00	248,141.23	45,558.77

\$22,292.41 add to

Investment for maintenance

or to balance deficits

App'd
M. Galt

0368

2/8/29

The accounts we are asked to close where deficits are now standing on the New York books are as follows:-

	<u>Fund</u>	<u>Closing Figure</u>	<u>Deficit</u>
26r2 Dormitory #3, Gamble	43,756.65	45,811.35	2,054.70
26m C. M. B. First Science Bldg.	77,907.15	80,561.73	2,654.58
26f3 Yenching College "	68,490.00	81,679.97	13,189.97
26f5 " " Other Bldg. Operations	308,438.34	314,255.65	5,817.31
	\$498,592.14	522,308.70	23,716.56

\$4,709.28
from
Ladies.

Dr. Galt also asks us to close out the completed residences at a figure of \$269,316.66, but we have asked him for detailed information as to just what residences are included here. It seems that until this detailed information regarding the numbers of the residences included has been received we will not be able to take any action in this account.

In closing the first six accounts listed on the first page, where balances are shown, we should consider a question of recommendation as to what shall be done with balances. The following possibilities suggest themselves:-

1. In the three Dormitory accounts, particularly the Wheeler and Forbes Dormitories, it appears that the funds were given specifically for these buildings. The logical designation would be therefore to place the balances in a maintenance fund. Since the Finley fund of \$60,000.00 has already been divided between the Finley Dormitory and the Refectories account some further adjustment of the balance remaining on the Finley Dormitory might possibly be made.

2. The Ninde Building fund of \$40,000.00 has been overexpended by \$6,030.90 to complete the Ninde Memorial Building. To meet this overexpenditure the Harkness Temporary fund of \$13,000.00 was designated for this building. The question there arises whether the balance remaining in this Harkness Temporary fund should be designated as a maintenance fund for the Ninde Building, or whether it might be reassigned to some other building account where further funds are needed.

3. A fairly large balance remains in the Refectories account. The question arises whether all this balance should be designated as a maintenance fund for the Refectories, or whether certain funds assigned to the Refectories might now be reassigned to some other account where further funds are needed.

In the accounts we are asked to close out, where a deficit is standing on our New York records, certain factors should be considered:-

1. The Gamble Dormitory fund is the smallest fund of any of the four Dormitories and yet Dormitory No. 3, which has been designated as the Gamble Dormitory, has cost more than either Dormitory No. 2 or Dormitory No. 4. Unless there is some objection to interchanging the designation of Dormitory No. 3 and Dormitory No. 4, this interchange of designations would make it possible to close out both Dormitories with a substantial balance. Dormitory No. 4 cost only \$39,565.47. If it is designated as the Gamble Dormitory, the Gamble fund will meet the cost of the erection and leave a balance of \$4,191.18. The Forbes fund of \$50,000.00 would then be sufficient to cover the cost of Dormitory No. 3, leaving a balance of \$4,188.65.

0369

Mr. McBrier, Dr. North - 3

2/8/29

2. I do not see any way in which the deficit on the China Medical Board Science Building can be cared for, as I understand that the amount of \$77,907.15, paid over by the China Medical Board, represents the full amount of their appropriation for this object.

3. I believe that at this time no final decision can be reached in regard to the Women's College Science Building and the Women's College Other Building Operations. When the Women's College accounts have been turned over to our New York office and have been carefully studied, some solution may appear. I suspect, however, that we may have to get further information from the field in regard to a number of points affecting the Women's College Buildings.

As soon as you have had time to go over these questions we should arrange for a meeting of our sub-committee.

Very sincerely yours,

W. A. Garrison

BAG-H

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McBrier, Mr. E. M.

N. Y. C.

Feb. 11, 1929

\$1,000 in payment of pledge #134 to 1928 Camp.-Undesig.

Gift received	2-11-29
Receipt clip #	2352
Entered on control record	✓
" " class card	✓
" " stencil	✓
Serial No. on L. C. card	134 ✓
Pledge registration	✓
X-file card	
Letter acknowledgment	handed
Checked by O. L.	✓
" " class card	✓
" " stencil	✓

him receipt

0371

YENCHING

Yenching University,

March 12, 199

Mr. E. M. McBrier,
c/o Flamingo Hotel Docks,
Yacht "Nicoya",
Miami Beach, Fla.

RECEIVED

My dear Mr. McBrier:

We were very much pleased to receive this morning your letter of March 9th written on board the "Nicoya". I trust you have had a very pleasant voyage thus far and that you will enjoy the month of March in Florida. We will look forward to your return about the first of April. There will be a number of matters coming up for decision either before the annual meeting of the Trustees on April 11th or at the time of that meeting.

We have not heretofore forwarded any mail to you because we did not know what your address would be. I am, however, enclosing with this letter the following material:-

Personal mail received for you since you left
Dr. Stuart's letter of Jan. 30th which you handed me the day you were leaving, together with a copy of the budget referred to in this letter which reached us after you left

A letter which arrived for you from Yenching this morning
mimeographed copy of a letter from Mrs. Lee which I am at this time sending to all members of the Board of Trustees.

Formal notice of the annual meeting on April 11th.

When you handed me Dr. Stuart's letter of January 30th you asked me to read it over, and stated that you wanted to discuss with me some of the points on which Dr. Stuart writes. However, both of us were so busy during the day you left we did not have an opportunity for any conversation on the matter. Since the questions which Dr. Stuart raises affect somewhat the problem of the Yenching budget for 1929-30 you will, of course, wish to reach a decision quite soon so that the Budget Committee will know what change, if any, will be made in the apparent deficits of the School of Religion. Since I did not have an opportunity to talk with you I do not know what your own thoughts on Dr. Stuart's proposals are. I will, however, venture a few comments:-

- (a) Use of income for support of P.C. Hsu and new teacher in the History and Philosophy of Religion. Whether you would care to use any of the income from the hundred thousand dollar endowment fund for the support of these two men would be determined largely, it seems to me, on whether

0372

3/12/29

~~or not you are willing to have a part of the income from this fund used for~~

or not you are willing to have a part of the income from this fund used for objectives within the regular budget or whether you and Mrs. McBrier desire that all of this income should be used for extra curriculum objectives which seek to deepen and strengthen the spiritual life of the institution. It seems to me that assistance in the support of these two teachers would come as near to meeting the purposes of this endowment as would any of the items which could possibly be chosen from the budget of the School of Religion.

- (b) Scholarships. There is no question that provision of scholarships for students in the School of Religion is a very urgent need in Yenching as in all our theological schools in China. Many of our Chinese students borrow heavily to secure the funds necessary for their university study in the expectation that, after graduation, their increased income will make possible the repayment of these loans. Theological students cannot carry on their study on such a basis, however, because they all realize that the work of a Christian pastor and evangelist in China is so poorly paid that it would be a practical impossibility for them to repay such loans after they entered the Christian ministry. Therefore, theological students must either depend on their own resources or the resources of their family, or else seek aid from scholarships if they are to complete their preparation for this type of Christian service. Many promising Christian young men are unable to prepare themselves for the ministry because of lack of funds.
- (c) Travel of members of the theological staff. There is no doubt that travel of members of the theological staff throughout China to influence prospective students to enter the School of Religion is a most necessary and valuable undertaking. I am somewhat doubtful whether this ties up very closely with the purposes of your endowment fund as I understand your desires for its use.
- (d) Library books. Undoubtedly there is urgent need for a more adequate supply of library books for the School of Religion. Books printed in English are quite expensive and the funds for their purchase are far too small. As yet no special literature in Chinese has been developed in the field of theology and ministerial preparation. Additional funds for strengthening the library would be of great benefit to the entire School of Religion.

I know you will be very much interested in the proposed University budget for 1929-30. The apparent deficits which will have to be faced if the budget is adopted as submitted amount to more than Mex.\$50,000.00. As far as our office is able to ascertain, the field authorities have included practically every item of assured or probable income, so it seems unlikely that the deficit can be reduced to any appreciable extent by further income not known to the field. The Budget Committee, at a preliminary session on the afternoon of March 8th at which time the budget for 1929-30

0373

3/12/29

was given a good deal of careful study. At least one, and probably more, meetings of the Committee will have to be held before the annual meeting of the Board April 11th.

Closely allied with the problem of the budget for next year are the questions raised by Mrs. Lee in her letter of March 4th a copy of which I am sending you at this time. If the Board of Trustees agrees to the proposal of the ladies that all the expense of University administration be borne from general University funds, and that the Women's College be relieved of ~~a~~ share of this expense they have borne in the past it will mean that the deficit for which the Trustees are responsible will be increased by Mex.\$33,724.00, which, added to the present apparent deficit of Mex.\$19,923. will give a total deficit of \$53,647.00.

It is possible that the April meeting of the Finance Committee will give consideration to these budget problems and, in cooperation with the Committee on Budget, will make final recommendations to the Board of Trustees. I sincerely hope you will be able to attend that meeting of the Committee.

I am sure you will be interested in all the comments Mrs. Lee makes in her March 4th letter on the subject of the readjustment of the relationship between Yenching College for Women and the rest of the University. I have hoped that the amendment to the constitution approved by the Trustees last November had succeeded in readjusting this relationship in a way satisfactory to all concerned.

In connection with the formal opening of the University this fall, Mr. Hasemeyer has reported to us that he thinks it may be possible to get missionary discounts for delegates who go to Peking as representatives of the different Mission Boards. He believes it will not be possible to get reduced rates for lay members. I am not sure just what matters in connection with the formal opening you have turned over to Miss Schooley so I have not reported this item of information to her, but will be glad to do so if you think it worth while.

In your letter you ask for the average rate of income and the gain or loss in principal value of our endowment fund from the beginning to March 1, 1929. I therefore summarize below the facts as to the principal amount of the endowment securities, the total gain in principal value, and the average rate of income on the investment at the end of each fiscal year from 1925 to date, and also on February 28, 1929:

	June 30, 1925	June 30, 1926	June 30, 1927	June 30, 1928	Feb. 28, 1929
Principal of endowment funds	\$ 104,059.10	208,829.67	310,383.92	343,225.17	1,343,186.35
Total gain in principal value from sale of se- curities	-	1,310.06	2,889.31	8,696.47	8,138.90
Average rate of income on investment	6.54%	6.22%	5.94%	5.95%	5.76%

0374

McBrier-2

3/12/29

The rate of income is figures on the actual yield on invested funds and does not take into account variations of maturity of the different securities. Our figures for average rate of income to February 28th are based on the yield of securities held by the University and do not take into consideration the \$250,000.00 which is temporarily placed on call. Of course, for the time being this \$250,000.00 is yielding an unusually high rate of interest, but since presumably this is a very temporary arrangement it seemed better not to use this factor in computing the average rate of interest. In our figures for the total amount of investment securities we have included not only the Consolidated Endowment Investments held by the Board of Trustees but have counted also the \$100,000.00 held in trust for us by the American Board. We have not, however, included in the February 28, 1929 figures the \$500,000.00 held in trust for Yenching University by the Harvard-Yenching Institute.

I trust that this lengthy discussion of Yenching affairs will not too seriously interfere with the enjoyment of your rest along the Florida Coast.

With all good wishes, I am

Very cordially yours,

BAG-H

Enc.

0375

Encl 2

CHINA UNION UNIVERSITIES

Fukien Christian University
Lingnan University
University of Nanking

Shantung Christian University
West China Union University
Yenching University

KATHRYN J. LINEHAN, Asst. Secy.
CAROLINE L. LANE, Asst. Treas.

CENTRAL OFFICE
150 Fifth Avenue, New York City
B. A. GARSIDE, Secretary and Treasurer

Telephone: —WATkins 8703-4-5
Cable: —Nanfushan, New York

March 13, 1929.

Mr. E. M. McBrier,
General Delivery,
Palm Beach, Florida. ✓

My dear Mr. McBrier:

On receipt of your telegram to Mr. Garside, the enclosed publicity material concerning Yenching University was assembled in the Campaign Office. For your use, we have copied the schedule of approved campaign objectives adopted by the Finance Committee on January 11th, with an explanatory note concerning the item for the Department of Journalism.

The enclosed picture of McBrier Hall is the last one which the Campaign Office has, and they have therefore requested that you return it to them when it has served your present purpose.

Several items of personal mail arrived to-day; we are holding these items, however, and plan to forward them to you on Friday, with whatever additional items may be received, to the Florence Villa, in accordance with your letter of March 9th.

Very sincerely yours,

Kathryn J. Linehan

Enc.

Registered Mail

0376

March 14, 1929

Dear Mr. McBrier:

I have been thinking for days past that I ought to send you some news but I have simply not done so. I write in a great rush and very briefly.

Dr. Jenney has been getting some money. He secured \$6,010 in Los Angeles. Dr. Finley made another attempt on Mr. Ochs and was successful to the extent of \$5,000. The total pledged for journalism, including a moderate amount which we have secured by mail, has now gone up to a little over \$56,000. We are trying to push it up to \$60,000 so as to bear the entire cost of two years for Nash in America and the whole cost of the campaign. Certain moderate amounts secured recently are left to the discretion of the trustees and can be used for home office expenses.

Dr. Stuart has asked me to find a distinguished minister who can preach the dedicatory sermon in place of President Hibben who is unable to go. I am seeking for a person with the help of Dr. Schell, Dr. North, and Dr. Barton. The last named suggested President Lowell to deliver a dedicatory address if we do not find a sufficiently prominent minister to preach a dedicatory sermon.

We are making a complete list of all persons who have ever contributed to Yenching, with the year and month of the contribution in order to make a very earnest effort to secure a considerable number of periodical - perhaps annual - contributors. The list will shortly be completed and we shall plan a method of approach with all hope of considerable success.

I have almost completed the very difficult task of finding satisfactory teachers for Lingnan University and I expect to be free to do some personal solicitation myself within the next ten days. I have made several attempts to establish a friendship with Eldridge in the hope of renewing his interest in the school of education. Unfortunately he is now out of the city until April first.

I hope you are having a good rest and a

Cordially,

Mr. E. M. McBrier
The Florence Villa
Florence Villa, Chicago

ODW:EB

0377



THE FLORENCE VILLA
FLORENCE VILLA, FLORIDA
REUEL T. NORTON

March 19/29

My dear Mr. Wammaker -

I am glad to get yours of Mch 14 and to hear of Dr. Jenney's success. Am particularly pleased that the Dept of Immunization fund is nearly in hand. This will be a great relief to Mr. Nash. He ought to be so hilarious with joy that he could go out and "club" the last \$4,000 out of the first man he meets.

I am glad you are going to be free from the routine of office and "conferences" work and be able to get out into the field; more for the sake of the change it will give you than for any other reason, though I know it will help our finances. I hope the money Dr. Jenney got in Los Angeles may be applied to our office budget. I am considerably concerned over that item.

BREAKWATER COURT, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE * SAME OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT



THE FLORENCE VILLA
FLORENCE VILLA, FLORIDA
REUEL T. NORTON

Had two weeks on Mr. Lovejoy's fine
house-boat, but it is rather cramped; not
active life enough for me. Found I was
very tired when I got away from things.
Expect to be home ~~the~~ next week.

Sincerely
E. M. McBrier

BREAKWATER COURT, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE / SAME OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT

0379



THE FLORENCE VILLA
FLORENCE VILLA, FLORIDA
REUEL T. NORTON

YENCHING

Nov 20/29

Dear Mr. Garside -

TRANSFER
Please tell Miss Lincham that all the Registered Letters have been recd - 3 of them. She are sent to Miami Beach - enclosing the enclosed letters, and a number of others, arrived tonight.

Please read enclosed letter from A. Stuart dated Feb 9.

These matters referred to we will take up when I see you. I may be able to be in the office next week Friday, - if not, will be there the following Monday.

The budget simply MUST be cut, - I see no hope of our taking on a burden of \$30,000. I cannot quite "get" the need of any program on the field that means a financial deficit. What's the use of trying to do more than we can? If I am to be committed to this sort of method, I am going to

BREAKWATER COURT, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE / SAME OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT



THE FLORENCE VILLA

FLORENCE VILLA, FLORIDA

REUEL T. NORTON

resign from the Board and all connection
with U. U. I don't believe in such
methods. We have altogether too many
a lot of folks out there. It is utterly
silly to project a work on the basis of
keeping us at home in hot water
financially all the time.

I feel satisfied if tomorrow we had
an additional endowment sufficient to
give us \$100,000 more per year, in
less than 6 mos. Their program would
expand to absorb it all and be as
much greater than funds in sight as
now. So there is no use, I'm
getting tired of it. Best thing is for
me to let somebody else get under the
load — it worries me too much.

Sincerely

Emm McBrat

I have just received from the
 University of Chicago a check
 for \$100.00. This is the first
 of a series of checks which
 will be sent to me over the
 next few months. I am
 very glad to hear of this
 success and hope that it will
 be a good omen for the future.
 I am, Sir, very respectfully,
 Yours,
 J. H. Johnson

RECEIVED
 DIVISION OF
 UNIVERSITIES
 MAR 25 1929

YENCHING

TRANSFER

May 7, 1929

My dear Mr. McBrier,

Since you did not come in this afternoon, I am enclosing herewith the three drafts we have prepared of the letter to Mr. Barber. One draft is typed in accordance with your original copy, the second follows the same general lines of your original letter but makes a number of minor changes, and the third is a still more radical departure.

My chief hesitancy in regard to the form of the letter as you drafted it is that I fear it may tend to lessen Mr. Barber's interest and participation in the work of the Finance Committee and may further strain relationships. Frankly, I am alarmed over the state into which our Finance Committee is getting just now. With Mr. Evans leaving us next month, with you and Mr. Stock planning an extended trip to the Orient, and with Mr. Eric North already gone from the Committee, we will have only Mr. Warner, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Merle-Smith and Mr. Barber left. Mr. Merle-Smith is seriously talking of resigning and Mr. Barber has been pretty lukewarm of late. It would be extremely easy to lose both of them, and that would leave only Mr. Warner and Mr. Gamble. And since Mr. Warner is away half the year the prospects are far from bright. I feel therefore that we must try to hold on to Merle-Smith and Barber if at all possible.

Two things in your letter are likely, I think, to still further strain our relations with Mr. Barber:- (1) The emphasis in the first paragraph on the fact that Mr. Barber hasn't been attending meetings lately will give him a good excuse to turn in a resignation because he is too busy to assist with the work of the Committee. (2) I am afraid that pressing his rather unfortunate remark about the supposed discourtesy to Mr. Merle-Smith will bring still further personal elements into prominence, to the disaster of the work and esprit de corps of the Committee. I can quite appreciate your reaction to this comment by Mr. Barber, for I feel it was quite erroneous and unfair, but the further the discussion goes the more heat and the less light there will be. Barber is a mighty valuable member of the Committee, and the best course, it seems to me, is to try to hold him on the job.

You may find both of the suggested revisions of this letter quite unsatisfactory. Don't hesitate to tear them both to pieces if necessary. Extremely sorry I didn't see you this afternoon for I'd like to talk over these matters more fully than can be done by letter.

BAG/G

Cordially,

0383

C O P Y

YENCHING

YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEKING, CHINA

TRANSFER

Office of the President

May 16th, 1929.

Dear Mr. McBrier:

I have your letter of April 17 which has come with Mr. Garside's of the 15th, since my earlier letter to you was dictated. I only have time for a very hurried note but am very strongly of the opinion that it would be unwise to send Mr. Robinson or any other comptroller from America until we have studied the whole problem much more carefully. I am working on another proposition here which is not yet sufficiently ripe to describe in detail, but if things work out as I hope, it would seem to me to cover the important issues which your two letters deal with in a way that will be more satisfactory than for any new man to come out to China. When I return from my present ^{early} trip in June we shall have the necessary information to report for the approval of the Trustees.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. Leighton Stuart.

0384

C O P Y

YENCHING UNIVERSITY

PEKING, CHINA

YENCHING

Office of the President

May 16, 1929.

Mr. E. M. McBrier
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

TRANSFER

Dear Mr. McBrier:

I have your letter of April 10 regarding a change in the form of the resolution controlling the income from the "McBrier Foundation for Biblical Instruction". The revised form is much more specific and detailed than the original and I feel you are quite wise in adopting it. This leaves no doubt whatever as to the intention of the donors and makes it impossible for any harrassed executive officers out here to divert the money from the purpose for which it is intended. I have read the revision very carefully and have no suggested alterations in the clauses describing the instant. I need scarcely add that I am myself heartily in accord with this purpose and am glad for the restraint it puts on myself as well as those who will succeed me. May I however, suggest that since the name "Yenching University" has now been adopted by the New York legislature as well as locally, you alter, the wording so as to omit the words "Peking University" altogether. The new government has officially insisted on the use of Peping which is usually spelt Peiping, although the Post Office uses Peping. Neither of these points is of great importance but I call then to your notice. You might prefer to use the old name for Peping and put the new one in parentheses or vice versa. I am writing hurriedly before leaving the city tomorrow in order to catch the next fast American Mail.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. Leighton Stuart

0385

學大京燕
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
Peping China

ans. 6/21/29

Office of the Treasurer

May 21, 1929

TRANSFER

Mr. E. N. McBrier, Treasurer,
Yenching University,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.,
U. S. A.

My dear Mr. McBrier:

Under date of May 9th, Miss Hague, Secretary to President Stuart, transmitted to me at the President's request, a transcript of part of your letter to him dated April 3rd. In the paragraphs of this letter, you deal with three items, namely, scholarships, travel, and religious books; and indicate your willingness that funds for these items amounting to G\$2,955.00 might be available from the "McBrier Foundation" income; and the extract of your letter before me closes with this sentence:

"The money is in hand to apply as above".

President Stuart is absent for several weeks in Shanghai, and I did not have an opportunity to confer with him on these matters before he went away. I do not know just when he may need to use these funds, but with the supposition that he may want them soon, I am writing to you without waiting for his return in order to save time.

Of course you are fully aware of the regular procedure of this office in drawing funds from New York, namely, the writing of drafts here, based on definite numbered authorizations, sent out by Mr. Garside. It is my supposition that you will wish to follow this same procedure in authorizing the use of the funds referred to above. If so, will you kindly give Mr. Garside the necessary instructions? If you desire to handle these items in any other way, please kindly send the necessary instructions to this office.

We, of the University here on the field, appreciate your generosity in establishing this "McBrier Foundation", of which we have heard from time to time. We are glad that income from this fund may be available to strengthen and develop the

0386

Mr. E. N. McBrier,

-2-

May 21, 1929

distinctly Christian work in Yenching University. As you know, in the atmosphere of these revolutionary times in China, it is not easy to carry on this kind of work, and it seems to be essential that President Stuart and his associates in this work be allowed a good deal of liberty in selecting ways and means for the carrying on of this work. From your earlier experience in China, you will have a bit of the necessary background, and we trust that the plans which you make for the use of these funds will take into consideration the changing conditions in this rapidly changing country.

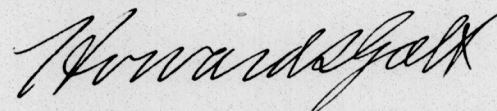
The papers of the last few days are again filled with alarming rumors of further civil war, this time between Chiang and Feng. These rumors depress us very much, for we had begun to have high expectations of a unified government and a peaceful era. We feel that it is still not too late for war to be averted, and we strongly hope that some way may be found of avoiding the catastrophe. Telegraphic dispatches in the papers will keep you informed of the situation long before this letter can reach you.

I hear from time to time that you are one who is deeply interested in organizing the party in America to attend the Formal Opening of the University here next autumn. We sincerely hope that nothing will happen to prevent carrying out these plans, and that we may have the pleasure of meeting yourself, as well as other friends of Yenching here at that time.

In a recent letter to Mr. Garside, I have discussed briefly the questions of comptroller and field treasurer for Yenching. Mr. Garside will no doubt share those letters with you, and presumably President Stuart will be writing on these subjects later.

With cordial regards,

Very sincerely yours,



HOWARD S. GALT, Acting Treasurer

HSG/raa

0387

Excerpt from Exec. Committee Minutes of June 19, 1929.

McBrier
file

E-2623 VOTED That the Executive Committee, on behalf of the Board of Trustees of Yenching University, records the profound gratitude of the University for the generous and wisely planned gift of Mr. and Mrs. E.M. McBrier to be known as the "McBrier Foundation for Biblical Instruction and Christian Work"; and hereby approves the following resolutions:

- "(a) "The Trustees of Peking University (Yenching University) agree to accept this Gift of One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000.00) on the understanding that same is to be known as the "MCBRIER FOUNDATION FOR BIBLICAL INSTRUCTION AND CHRISTIAN WORK," the principal sum to be maintained intact as a permanent fund, and the income therefrom to be used as indicated in the manner hereinafter described. The trustees may, if they so desire, consolidate the investment of this fund with the investment of other endowment funds similarly to be held in perpetuity, but the accounting of this Fund is to be kept and administered separately from the income from other Funds.
- "(b) We understand that the purpose of the donors in creating this Fund is to provide an annual income which is to be used outside of the regular budget items of the University to promote and carry on such types of Christian work and Bible study among the students as will be instrumental in leading them into a personal experience of faith in and obedience to Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Lord; that the object to be attained by the use of the income from this Fund is to make the University more decidedly a Christian Institution by increasing the distinctly Christian work among the students; that no part of said income is to be used for salaries or expenses of the regular teaching staff or the regular curriculum work in any department, but is to be used exclusively for supplementary and special types of distinctly Christian work which the regular teaching staff may not find it possible to undertake; all this in order to enlarge and emphasize the distinctly Christian character of the University.
- "In accepting this gift the Trustees do hereby obligate themselves to insure that the income accruing therefrom be continuously and entirely devoted to the purposes designated by the donors and that definite Christian work be carried on among the student body in the form of evangelistic or other public meetings, lectures, personal evangelism, personal interviews, Bible study and other activities, all of which shall have as their object the relating of individual students to the Lord Jesus Christ and leading them to adopt His program of life; this work to be done by men and women selected because of their special fitness and equipment for this type of service; and that this work shall be conducted in conformity with those beliefs which in the history of the Christian Church have always been recognized as Evangelical, and with the express intention of leading to or strengthening faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the world. It is understood that this action does not commit the University to the defense of any particular school of Bible criticism or of theological thought, but it does provide for the preaching of the gospel and teaching of the Bible upon this Foundation as the abiding source and stimulus of vital Christianity.

0389

"(c) The Trustees agree, that in the event that future conditions should be such, that such work could not be conducted in the Peking University (Yenching University), then the principal of this foundation and any unused income shall be paid over to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York, or to its successors, on the condition that the Board will assume the responsibility of teaching the Bible and conducting such work as is herein described, in any of the fields in which it works, and will conduct such teaching according to the principles and conditions mentioned in this resolution.

"(d) The Trustees further agree to provide a committee of three of their members upon whom shall devolve the responsibility of seeing that the terms and conditions of this trust shall be fulfilled.

Mr. McBrier spoke of his earnest desire that the conditions set forth in the above resolutions be carefully observed at all times. The Committee gave its attention to the appointment of a committee of three as provided by (d) in the above resolutions. It was

E-2624 VOTED to appoint the following as a committee to be responsible for seeing that the terms and conditions of the McBrier Foundation for Biblical Instruction and Christian Work shall be fulfilled: Mr. George T. Scott, Chairman, Dr. Eric M. North, Mr. Sidney D. Gamble.

YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 1

Saturday, July 20, 1929

TRANSFER

We embarked on our journey by taking the Twentieth Century Limited out of New York at 1:45 P.M. standard time. Mr. W.S. Pilling of Philadelphia, who is to be one of our party, met us in the Union News Restaurant in the Grand Central Terminal and lunched with us. We found Mr. Pilling a most delightful gentleman to travel with. He is wonderfully well informed on nearly every subject introduced, is a perfect gentleman of the old school, and has a fund of humor and anecdote to enliven conversation.

We pass a most comfortable day on the best train we have ever traveled on; being held up opposite West Point for over an hour because of some rocks falling on the track where the workmen were blasting.

Sunday, July 21.

Although we were one and one-half hours late at Buffalo, we rolled into Chicago fifteen minutes ahead of schedule time, at 8:30 A.M. Our train, the Overland Limited, leaves at 11:50, so we transfer to the C. & N.W. station. We had been there only a few minutes before Mr. George J. E. Buell of Charles W. Williams & Co. arrived and remained with us until our train started. We greatly appreciated this courtesy on the part of Mr. Buell. He took us out to see some of the near-by new buildings. Chicago has greatly changed since we were there last. We had no time to look about much.

Just before the train started we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Whitford of Buffalo who will travel with us.

We find our train is well appointed, and that we are scheduled to cross the continent in about three and one-quarter days. This is the best time we ever made from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Passing through Iowa, which is certainly one of the finest, if not the finest farming state in the Union. Iowa is said to be the most typically American state, with the highest literary average of any state. It certainly impresses one that all the culture and "things worth while" are not to be found in a few Atlantic coast cities.

We read from "Labor Speaks for Itself" - a very much worthwhile symposium of articles written by prominent labor leaders on the attitude of labor to the Church. This provokes much discussion and expression of opinion; all of which will probably do much to settle the vexed questions of capital and labor and the part the church should have in the matter. At any rate, the book is stimulating and gives one the other fellow's view point, - something we often fail to understand.

Monday, July 22.

Through Nebraska and Wyoming. Different states than Iowa; plenty of out-of-doors not yet occupied, and much of it never will be, for the hills are barren and dry, and most of it never can have water available for irrigation. It is hot and very dusty, not a pleasant day. We get along with a minimum of discomfort. We read from "Labor Speaks for Itself" and enjoy our discussions. The dining car service is excellent.

Tuesday, July 23.

Through Nevada and California. The country is pleasanter than yesterday. We were glad to get into the pine-clad Sierra Nevadas of eastern California; it was a delightful change from the treeless semi-desert regions we passed through yesterday. In the Sacramento valley we encountered the usual high temperature, but it was not too uncomfortable; and when we arrived at San Francisco it was really cool. It is hard for us from the east to realize July is the coolest month of the year in San Francisco, but so the inhabitants aver; and I guess it is so. It is about the only month the dear ladies can find any reasonable excuse for wearing furs; and they must confine themselves to San Francisco and the immediate vicinity if they wear them with comfort, for a few miles out of the city in any direction it is appreciably warmer.

We arrived on time and drove to our hotel, the Clift Hotel, a delightful place to stop. San Francisco is reputed to have more hotels and restaurants for the population than any city in the world, and it seems as though the statement might be true. There are a number of splendid hotels, but in my judgment none better than the Clift. The "eats" are splendid.

Wednesday, July 24.

Typical San Francisco weather; heavy fog at night, gradually clearing off about 9 to 9:30 A.M. when the sun comes out and gives us a pleasant day. About 5 P.M. the fog begins to roll in from the ocean and it gets cold. Ladies bring out their furs and are happy!

We motor down the peninsula, through the beautiful residential sections of Burlingame and Palo Alto; see the home of Mr. Giannini of Bank of Italy fame, - quite unpretentious, - and the home of President Hoover on the grounds of Leland Stanford University. Visit the University, the most complete and architecturally harmonious set of college buildings in the country. They are constructed in the early Spanish Mission style, with large colonnades connecting the buildings, and all built of a beautiful red sandstone. The chapel is a most beautiful and artistic centre-piece, the front being covered with a marvelous mosaic, and the interior richly ornamented with Italian mosaics after the order of some of the finer Italian cathedrals.

It seems strange that our eastern institutions of learning have not built with a view to architectural harmony. Most of them are a hodge-podge of buildings of all sorts and styles of architecture. Of course Stanford has the great advantage of being the creation of one brain, erected by one family according to a well-conceived and harmonious plan.

After motoring through the valley bordering on the Bay, we cross through the tortuous valley of big Mariposa trees to the Pacific shore which we skirt for

twenty miles or more; then again turn east to the sky-top boulevard and motor along the back-bone of the mountains, from which we overlook the fertile valley on the east with San Francisco Bay in the distance, and catch glimpses of the Ocean on the west. We arrive in San Francisco over a new Ocean Boulevard just completed over the sand-dunes. This boulevard was constructed by dumping loads of straw on the sand which had been leveled off, then applying several inches of dirt, then applying the necessary gravel, crushed stone and tar to form the roadway.

We pass the two wind-mills and the little Norwegian schooner "Cjoa" in which Amundsen made the first, and I think the only journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the north-west passage. We then drove through the parks to our hotel,- a most delightful trip.

Thursday, July 25.

The day is an exact duplicate of yesterday so far as weather is concerned. Do some shopping, and arrange for our tickets in the morning. In the afternoon we take a drive to Muir Woods and see the grove of big Sequoia trees. Motor over the mountains through Mill Valley. There has recently been a most disastrous fire in Mill Valley. More than a million dollars worth of homes were destroyed, and for some three miles or more from the valley up the side of Mt. Tamalpais it is one black charred ruin. Scores of chimneys standing stark and naked amid the blackened trunks of dead trees show where homes stood. Already rebuilding has begun. A few years and nature and man will repair the devastated area, but it sure is a ruin today.

We did not care to take the time to go up Mt. Tamalpais. We could see where the fire swept up the mountain to within a very short distance of the hotel at the top of the mountain.

Friday, July 26.

We did odd jobs in the morning. In the afternoon we were taken around the city by Mr. John McCallum, President of the Y.M.C.A. and Dr. Wilson, who has charge of the Methodist Home Mission work among the Chinese and other foreign groups here. Went to the top of Telegraph Hill, Nob Hill, Twin Mountains, through the Presidio, the shore drive, and in fact pretty well all over the city. If there is one adjective that properly characterizes San Francisco, I think it is "ambitious". They want to achieve; and they do in no small measure. It has been about six years since I was here last. The city has grown tremendously, especially in skyscrapers and in new developments in the environs of the city.

I should have started the chronicle of the day by saying that Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd of Philadelphia, the last members of our party, joined us this morning, arriving from Los Angeles where they have been visiting friends for a week. Our party is now complete, and "we are seven",- a perfect number.

Saturday, July 27.

Today we sail! A few last purchases, and we taxi to the steamer, the "MALOLO" ("Flying-fish" in Hawaiian) of the Matson Line. It is a beautiful boat with every modern luxury. Our staterooms are everything we can wish; service and table everything the most exacting could demand. We shall have an enjoyable trip.

We sail at 12 M. and pass the Golden Gate and out on the broad Pacific. It is cool and calm. We read, relax and rest. We're off!

Sunday, July 29.

A perfect day. Church service at 11 A.M. We read from "Labor Speaks for Itself" together; we read, and rest in our deck chairs. Altogether we pass a delightful and restful day. At night we are served a special dinner by the Chief Steward (as though the elaborate menu was insufficient). It is one of the ways they have of showing their interest in their guests; and incidentally of paving the way for a special tip! A beautifully artistic planked steak, garnished with roasted tomatoes, carrots, asparagus, potatoes, etc. formed the "piece-de-resistance" for a number of the party, and broiled spring chickens similarly garnished for those who preferred the lighter meat. Mr. Boyd was the one who conspired with the Chief Steward in this elaborate dinner, and we all enjoyed it.

Something Important Omitted.

How easy it is to omit one of the most important things when one writes such a record!

What would a trip be without appropriate messages from friends and loved ones! And I overlooked recording these in the proper place. Well, it is not too late.

In addition to the "good-bye" parties and remembrances given us before we left home, we received at our hotel telegrams and letters from many dear friends; and on the steamer we were simply showered with gorgeous flowers until our stateroom looks like a florist's shop and at our dining table we have to peep at each other through a labyrinth of flowers. Baskets of fruit and confections and nuts from dear friends add to an already limitless menu. For all of these tokens of affection we are truly grateful.

Monday, July 29.

A perfect day; hardly a ripple on the water. As in the Mediterranean, the color of the ocean is a deep blue. There are plenty of clouds dotted here and there, and almost any time of day one can see two or three small showers in the distance. Once or twice we run into them. They last only a few minutes. The rain is called "liquid sunshine" in Hawaii. It is quite warm. White duck uniforms are worn by the officers.

We have a session of reading from "Labor Speaks for Itself", - very interesting. These articles are the views of prominent labor leaders on what labor thinks of the Church.

The "MALOLO" is a beautiful boat and the service is par-excellence. She sails around 525 miles per day easily.

Tuesday, July 30.

Another day 100% perfect. Warmer than yesterday. Plenty of flying fish can be seen. They do not seem to be so large here as in the Caribbean Sea. While

we were watching, a large fish some two feet long jumped out of the water and sailed through the air for a space of thirty feet or so and then disappeared. Apart from these no signs of life are to be seen. The sea is a big place. Since we left the coast we have sighted only two steamers, both freighters; passed one and overtook the other. The "forum" meets regularly for its daily session of reading.

Wednesday, July 31.

Beautiful blue sea, with small white caps whipped up by the mildest of tropical breezes; sunshine and clouds, an occasional "liquid sunshine" shower; typical Hawaiian weather.

We sight Molokai to the southwest right after breakfast. We pass the forenoon in anticipation. Passengers gather on the front deck to catch the first glimpses of Oahu. At 10:30 we can discern the mountains through the clouds. At 11:30 we are near the shore. We are filled with anticipation as we round Diamond Head, the extinct volcano with its big crater which Uncle Sam has chosen as one of its most important coast defences. The shore line of Waikiki, changed since our visit of 1920 by the addition of the palatial Royal Hawaiian Hotel and other improvements, is before us. We enter the harbor. There is a new tower on the waterfront built since our last visit; they have named it the Aloha Tower.

The surging crowd on the wharf, weighted down with leis, - wreaths of flowers, which will soon be around our necks, the alluring Hawaiian music from the Band, the happy "halloos" from ship to shore as friend recognizes friend, - surely there is no such place in all the world that opens its heart quite so wide to the arriving guest as Honolulu.

If you haven't been there you should go; there is no place like it.

Our Party

Mr. W. S. Pilling of Philadelphia, member of Board of Home Missions of M.E. Church, a veteran traveler. We had met him only once before. He is a wonderful traveling companion.

Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd of Philadelphia. These friends traveled with us in Europe in 1926 when we were working on the Commission of Ten.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Whitford of Buffalo. These are old friends of thirty years intimate relationship. Mr. Whitford has just retired from the Y.M.C.A. Secretaryship at Buffalo. They are choice friends.

Mrs. E. M. McBrier of Montclair, N.J. Words fail me just here. And,

Your humble servant,

E. M. McBrier.

YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 2

TRANSFER

Wednesday, July 31, 1929

The S.S. "Malolo" was scheduled to arrive at 2 o'clock P.M. She arrived on the minute. The usual scene of native boys diving for coins was enjoyed by passengers making the trip for the first time. There has been a marked departure from the days of 1920 when we first visited the Hawaiian Islands. Then the native boats, paddled by the natives with south-sea paddles, met us; this time the outboard motor was in evidence; and we saw one most outrageous combination, - a long native outrigger canoe rigged up with an outboard motor! Gone are the picturesque days of native simplicity and charm; everything is speeded up to the machine-age standard.

We are quickly ashore and motor to our hotel, the new Royal Hawaiian. Words are utterly inadequate to describe the charm and beauty of this hotel. When we were here before we stopped at the Moana, - it was a very nice hotel; the Royal Hawaiian is everything that is elegant. Built in modified Spanish style, more beautiful, rich and gorgeous than Spain ever dreamed of, it really is the finest hotel we ever were in. The table is as fine as the hotel. We were told that the best landscape artists were given a free hand to develop the grounds regardless of expense. With a natural setting of old coconut and date palms, they surely have made a tropical beauty spot of the place. It is impossible to describe or even name the varieties of shrubs and flowers that make the spot a blaze of beauty. Such masses of gorgeous tropical color we never saw before.

Temperature 78, water temperature 79; that is the register today; and the weather never varies more than ten degrees, winter or summer. The trade wind blows softly, there is no chill in the air. Hundreds of bathers on the beach. The fad is to get a dark brown subburn. Some are nearly black. They oil their skin with coconut oil, preventing burn and helping along the tanning process.

We loaf in the afternoon. At 4 o'clock Dr. William H. Fry, Superintendent of the Board of Home Mission work of the M.E. church, conducting work among the Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Filipinos and other groups, and Mr. R.H. Trent, president of the Trent Trust Company, call on us.

Thursday, August 1

In forenoon we visit the Hawaiian Pineapple Canning Factory, largest in the world. Since 1920 this factory and the Del Monte Factory, also the adjacent American Can Company factory have been rebuilt. More cans of pineapple are put up in a day now than they put up in a week then. Practically all the old machinery has been replaced by new machinery. The yearly output of this one factory is 86,000,000 cans. The season for canning is short, only about three months. They turn out 1,500,000 cans per day at peak production.

In the afternoon we motored to the Pali, - the pass through the mountain where the wind always blows so fiercely one can scarcely stand; thence to the

0396

Punch Bowl, an old volcano crater; thence up Mt. Tantalus where many of the wealthy residents of Honolulu maintain a summer home.

At 9:30 P.M. we visit the grounds of the Punahau School to see the Night Blooming Cereus which are in their glory. A few blossoms came out last night and night before, but tonight is the night. Literally thousands of beautiful creamy-white blossoms six to eight inches deep, with centres of yellow. We turn the head-lights of our automobile to see them. Never before did such a sight greet our eyes. The stone wall over which these great vine-like cacti sprawl is about a half a mile long, and you can imagine we were thrilled.

We afterwards visited a Chinese theatre. At the old temple theatres in inland China the actors were all men. Again we see the result of modernizing. Four actors, all women, are on the stage. One on one side, in full view of audience, a Chinese orchestra of three two-stringed instruments like a miniature violin, a brass gong, drums that are unlike any you ever saw, and other instruments I cannot describe kept up a squeaky noisy tune in a minor key. The action was very slow, with great stress given to gestures, which must be "just so"; the speaking was in a high falsetto voice, following the music, a sort of semi-chant, though not sung. The plot was this:- The father of a beautiful damsel pledged her hand to one suitor; the mother favored another; a third was loved by the sister who conspired to capture him; the heroine herself desired a fourth! Some plot!

To simulate her falling in a river and being saved by a boatman, she approached an imaginary line on the stage, a black dressed boatman ran across the stage and locked arms back-to-back with her, deftly drew her up on to his back and carried her across the stage, where she sat down bolt upright in a chair, while her mother and sister wiped imaginary water off her face and clothes, shook the water out of her ears, etc. She recovered!

We waited about half an hour to see some action or to see another actor come on the scene. None came. The "property man" moved about the stage shifting the stage settings in full view while the play was going on. Neither actor nor audience were discomfited by this interruption. It is the usual thing.

The Hotel stages some sort of entertainment every afternoon and evening. Groups of Hawaiian singers in native costume wander over the grounds, singing and strumming ukeleles as they go. During dinner, boy singers with Hawaiian guitars and ukeleles wander singing through the dining room. After dinner and out-of-doors a native or South-Sea dance or song festival is held. Tonight it was a Samoan show.

This afternoon a native climbed coconut trees 80 ft. high, using only hands and feet, and threw down coconuts for the guests. He simply "walked up" the tree. Afterward three native girls gave the hula-hula dance on the lawn. I hope my "movies" of these turn out well.

Friday, August 2.

This A.M. we visited the Bishop museum to see the wonderful collection of implements, tools, handicraft, etc. of the South Sea Islanders. It is one of the most important, if not the most important collection in the world. Models of houses, methods of weaving, of preparing foods, all sorts of food receptacles, baskets, gourds, etc. are shown; also a wonderful collection of corals and sea

shells. The prize of the whole collection is a series of royal robes made of the feathers of birds, red and yellow. Some of these robes are valued at a million dollars each, - a purely fantastic price, as they are irreplaceable. We shall see the larger collection of feather robes later.

We were entertained at luncheon at the Oahu Country Club, beautifully situated at an elevation of several hundred feet up Nuuanu Valley, from the veranda of which we overlooked the city and harbor.

In the evening the entertainment was given by 21 native women. They sang native songs and gave hula-hula dances. These dances haven't a vestige of anything objectionable when given as they should be. It is only the perversion of the hula, done for the benefit of those who are looking for the sensational, that is suggestive. The hula dance is the interpretation of folk-lore, religious in character, accompanied either by a chant or recital of the story and drumming on gourds, or by the story in song; and a more graceful, beautiful and artistic dance could not be conceived. The hands, head, feet and body are in constant movement; the movements are most intricate but always graceful.

The group of singers tonight began their work in the Y.W.C.A. They continued as a choral society and now appear once a week at the Hotel to entertain the guests. We were charmed with their native grace, with the perfection of their dances and their tuneful songs. We talked with some of them after the exhibition. They were refined, well educated women, speaking English perfectly, though mostly full blooded natives. It would be a great loss if, in the clamor for the "new", these beautiful religious and folk-lore songs and dances were lost to the world.

It is to be regretted that in the minds of many occidentals the hula dance is suggestive of vulgarity and obscenity. There is not a movement or a word in the pure original that can be so interpreted. Let me quote from a description in "The Polynesian", a paper printed on the S.S. "Malolo".

"Not far from the palace stood another grass hut, smaller, but quite as sacred - the halau (Hall of the Hula). In charge of the halau was a kumu-hula (Priest of the Dance) who acknowledged no superior save his gods and the King. The hula was a sacred ceremony dedicated especially to Iaka, goddess of poetry and song. Over the door of the halau, expressed in floral symbols, was the Hawaiian equivalent of "Except God be with the workmen, they labor in vain who build the house." Tabus of terrible severity surrounded the hula and all its accessories."

You can see from the above that the Hula dance was religious in origin and anything but what it is often considered.

Saturday, August 3

Mr. Trent and Dr. Fry called for us early to take us around the island. We first motored to Bishop Museum to see the feather robes. The story of their manufacture, their use, their wanderings and recovery is very interesting. We then motored to the Pali, through the windy pass, and down the zig-zag decline into the valley beyond. Geologists say that this valley is an extinct volcano crater; one side of the crater being the semi-circular ridge of sharp mountain peaks from 1500 to 3500 ft. high; the other side of the crater being lower and under the sea, disintegrated by sea action. We took a glass bottom boat over the coral

sea-gardens, quite different from the sea-gardens at Catalina Island. Had a most sumptuous dinner at a country hotel, then motored to Haliewa and back through the fertile upland levels where the immense fields of sugar-cane and pineapples are; back to the Hotel at 5:30, a short siesta, then dinner, at which we entertained Dr. and Mrs. Fry and Mr. Trent.

Sunday, August 4

Tonight at 8 P.M. we sail for a two days visit to the Island of Kauai, so we packed our bags, wrote letters and spent a quiet day.

Monday, August 5

Arrived at Lihue, Island of Kauai at 6 A.M. The steamer is small, but new and very neat and clean. Kauai is said by geologists to be the oldest of the group of Hawaiian Islands. All are of volcanic formation, mountainous, with plenty of craters in evidence. Only Hawaii, the largest of the group, has any active volcanoes now. The rock everywhere is volcanic pumice. Where there is an overburden of earth it is usually a dark red, very fertile, and produces enormous crops of sugar cane and pineapples.

We rode around the southern and western shore. The country is wonderfully developed agriculturally; the only fly in the ointment being that of landlord ownership. We were told that three-fourths of the land on Kauai is owned by one Honolulu corporation. This means a horde of employees who will always be nothing but employees. These folks live mostly in small cottages, very poor, and work for a wage that, while adequate to maintain life, never approaches a condition of economic independence unless it be in exceptional instances.

Tuesday, August 6

We rode on the eastern and northern coast of Kauai this A.M. At noon when we returned from our ride we were happy to be welcomed by Miss Stephania Hartwell of Montclair who is engaged in Y.W.C.A. work here. We were glad to see her, and think she was glad also. She has been here nearly three years.

After a pleasant afternoon we took the steamer at 6 P.M. for Honolulu.

Kauai is naturally a beautiful island. No large city, - Lihue has only 3,500 population; but nothing has been done to make it a tourists' resort, and hence one gets a better idea of what the Islands really are, and what their normal development has been than one can in the Island of Oahu which is so completely dominated by the flourishing and fast growing city of Honolulu.

Wednesday, August 7

Back again to Waikiki and the Royal Hawaiian. Some of our party would fain spend the whole trip here amid these beautiful surroundings; but one does not learn much of the world, or even of these islands by dwelling in a beautiful tourist hotel. So we prepare to take our next jump, to Japan. We shall be busy writing farewell letters and getting all the little odds and ends finished for the trip.

E. M. McBrier

R.A.G.

OUR TRIP ABROAD

ENDING

Letter No. 3

Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1929

TRANSFER

Our last night at Honolulu was most interesting. There has been built on the shore at Waikiki an out-of-doors Natatorium, 100 meters long, surrounded on four sides by tiers of concrete seats capable of seating six thousand people. This Natatorium was erected by the people as a War Memorial. The opening meet of the Senior National A.A.U. Women's Outdoor swimming contests was held on our last evening in Honolulu. It was a brilliant affair. At this cross-roads of the world with many nations represented in the throng, hundreds in their characteristic clothing, there was an exotic coloring that such an event could not have in almost any other locality on earth.

Miss Eleanor Garatti of California broke the world's record of 100 meters in 1:09-4/5. Miss Maehata of Japan broke the American record for women in the 100 meters breast stroke event in 1:30-1/5. Miss Iimura, another Japanese girl, came in second. The mile record was won by Miss Josephine McKim.

There was fancy diving by a number of celebrities and champions; but to us the most thrilling was the beautiful dive of a little seven year old girl from the highest spring-board, 35 feet above the water. With all the unconcern of a professional she made a beautiful dive. The ovation she received was, as you may believe, tremendous.

On Thursday evening at six o'clock we steamed away toward the land of the Rising Sun. We are delighted with our boat, the S.S. "President Pierce" of the Dollar Line. Our staterooms are exceptionally large, with two fine beds, a seven foot couch, closets, chiffoniers, large mirrors, double port-holes and every convenience. The boat is scrupulously clean and a very steady sailer, though so far there has been no occasion to test her sailing qualities much, as the sea has been beautifully calm all the way.

The dining room is very fine and the food everything that could be desired. There is a full list of passengers, but even so no place is ever crowded. Ample reading, writing and recreation rooms give plenty of room for everybody. The decks are spacious. There is never any sense of being crowded.

It has been pretty hot so far. In the breeze it is nice and refreshing; but our staterooms are pretty warm at night even with all port-holes open and the electric fan going.

We hold two sessions of the "Forum" daily, at 11:00 A.M. and 4:30 P.M. We finished our book on Labor and the Church, and have read sundry other articles, and also "JAPAN" in the guide book. We have made up our tentative Japanese itinerary and await our first view of Fuji Yama which ought to greet us early next Monday morning.

Yesterday morning about 5:30 we crossed the 180th degree of longitude, just half way around the world from Greenwich, and Monday was dropped from the calendar. This gave us the unique experience of going to bed Sunday night and waking up to find it Tuesday morning. In traveling from west to east a day is added,

0400

making two Mondays, or Thursdays, or whatever day the 180th degree is crossed. Figure this out for yourself.

Sunday, Aug. 18

There is a motley aggregation of humanity in the steerage; a preponderance of Filipinos, with a large admixture of Chinese, some Japanese, and others that we are uncertain about. There has been considerable intermarrying among the races in these bordering countries of the east and it is frequently hard to trace the nationality by facial appearance.

We are mightily amused by one young Filipino who is returning from a trip to the United States. He is a young chap just through high school. He attended school in the States for a short time. His command of English is limited, but his clothes are a wonder. He appears in two or three outfits a day. His trousers are cut "bell shape" at the bottom, - a regular skirt, - (one of the old fashioned kind that sweeps the floor) and the colors and combinations he wears just screech. All the new cubist effects that one sees in the new Fifth Avenue store fronts are wrought out into the patterns of his clothes. Where he got them is a comundrum; for no sane tailor would ever keep such patterns in stock.

The "steerage" of the boat where the admixture of different nationalities swarm is on the rear end of the boat; and we look down on their activities with interest. There are four gambling tables going constantly, day and night. Enterprising Chinese have set up "banks" to play Fan-tan. It is a simple game, and one that you can lose your spare cash on quickly. A foot square tray sets in the middle of the table; on this tray are thin strips of brass half an inch wide and five inches long; also some black and some white buttons. On the table the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 are chalked on the four sides of the tray. The bets are placed on the number selected. There are various combinations one can play, and these are designated by the use of the brass strips. Lay a brass strip down and place the money on top and you play the number "straight" against the field, and if you win you get three times the amount you bet; place your money on a number and lay one end of the brass strip on top of the money and a different combination is played; likewise the use of the black and white buttons designate different combinations.

A cashier with trays of money before him pays the winnings and gathers in the losses for the bank. At one end of the table sits the "boss", possibly the "croupier"; he has a large pile of ordinary white agate buttons before him, and in one hand a bamboo stock slightly curved at the end. He pushes a handful of buttons out on the table, covering the bunch with a brass cup about the size of a tea cup. Bets are placed on the various numbers. He draws the buttons in the pile toward him by FOURS, until there are only one, two, or three left. If the pile comes out even fours, No. 4 wins; if there is one button left after counting back all the "fours", No. 1 wins, etc. It is very simple but very alluring to the Chinese. They are inveterate gamblers, and the tables are always crowded.

Once in awhile some of the first class passengers go down and take a chance on it. The report is one passenger parted with \$200 in a short time one evening. You may be sure the Bank never loses in the end.

Then there are dice games going, and sundry other devices to lure the cupidity of those who want to "beat the game".

We are more and more delighted with our steamer, the "President Pierce".

0401

We shall all "root" for the Dollar Line. We have met a good number of pleasant and worth-while people. There are quite a number of missionaries going back to their work in Japan and China; some students from China who have been studying or touring in America; some Professors from colleges in the United States who are traveling abroad for study or experience, etc. Last Sunday notice was given out that all interested in missionary, educational or medical work in the east should meet after the service for informal conference. Some thirty-five met. We made a roster of those interested in such work; and on two evenings had a sort of International Forum. Chinese students, missionaries and others gave informal talks on various phases of student life, national conditions in China, inter-racial matters, etc. Many questions were asked and answered and many opinions expressed. Altogether we had very interesting times. It has been fine to meet these people, some with a missionary experience of many years to their credit, others looking forward to the beginning of their life work in the far east. One of the most interesting persons we have met was a young Chinese woman, Miss Grace P. L. Liang from Tientsin who is just returning from more than a year's travel in Europe.. She is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College and speaks English not only volubly but charmingly. Her father has rendered distinguished service to his Government; has been on various important commissions and held high offices. She has invited our party to her home to meet her father, and we are looking forward to an interesting and delightful occasion. I said this young lady had been traveling in Europe; that is only part of the story; she has made the journey alone and unchaperoned, - a commentary on the new China and the new young woman of China. Her splendid contribution to our "Forum" was a talk on the subject - "The new woman of China". She is a most charming example of what the new education and outlook can produce. She warns us, however, that there are many "flappers" in China as there are elsewhere, and that the new freedom has not been devoid of its harmful as well as its beneficent results.

Our calm weather continued like a sunny summer's day until yesterday, when the breeze began to increase. Today the white-caps are in evidence, but the day is glorious, sunny and breezy, and the boat rides beautifully.

Something to keep the passengers interested is staged for every evening. We have had movies three times:- One night they had an Italian dinner to represent a night at a famous old San Francisco restaurant which existed before the fire. Not only were decorations elaborate, but the menu was Italian, and the Chinese "boys" were all decked out as Italians, with painted mustachios on rouged faces; and they were not at all bad looking Italians. Last night the Captain's dinner was held, and prizes awarded for winners of the deck games which have been played off during the week, - chess, cards, tennis, deck golf, races of sundry kinds, etc. There has been "something doing" every minute of the trip. Yesterday they had children's games and contests, - there are quite a number of children on board, - and a special party dinner for them at 6 o'clock. The grown-ups dine at 7. One nice thing they have on this steamer that I never saw before, - there is a splendid play-room for children, just off the deck, with sand-boxes, toys of all kinds, little folks' chairs and tables, etc. etc. The kiddies love it.

On the aft deck there is a big out-doors tank of sea-water about 15 ft. square and 8 ft. deep and there are always plenty of bathers. These boats are equipped in splendid shape to make a trip pleasant. It is now time to go to church. Mr. Whitford is to speak this morning. We hope to awake tomorrow morning with land in sight, and beautiful Fuji Yama lifting her snow covered dome into the blue vault of heaven.

E. M. McBrier

B.A.G.

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 4 + 5

Monday, Aug. 19, 1929

TRANSFER

We awoke at 5 A.M. to find ourselves approaching the harbor of Yokohama. We hustled out on deck for medical inspection, then lined up for passport inspection. This was a more tedious process than usual for the Japanese are very careful to not overlook any detail. After breakfast we were welcomed by Bishop James C. Baker, Dr. Arthur D. Berry and other Methodist friends who came on our steamer as soon as we pulled up to the dock. The process of getting our many pieces of baggage together and through the customs was soon over as we were assisted by our friends. A number of Y.M.C.A. men came on board to greet Mr. and Mrs. Whitford.

We had arranged to have motor cars meet us on the dock to make our first trip. By so doing we save a day. We were soon off to Kamakura to see the Daibutsu, the great bronze Buddha. Kamakura is the principal fashionable sea-side and bathing resort of this part of Japan. From 1180 to 1485 it was the capital of the country, and it was there the feudal system was established which governed the country for many centuries later. It has a very fine sand beach on which the Shoguns used to hold horse races.

We first took a ride through Yokohama. The scars of the great earthquake and fire of 1923 are still in evidence. Considerable sections of the foreign quarter are not yet built up. It is an uninteresting and rather shabby city, so many of the buildings being hastily and cheaply constructed after the devastation. We then started for Kamakura, over a road quite evidently built for small and slow-moving vehicles. The hairpin turns and steep grades made twenty miles per hour a risky ride. The country is lilliputian in every respect. Miniature rice and vegetable fields, sometimes only a few feet wide, extend up miniature valleys in all directions, the valleys separated by miniature "mountains" (hills) with precipitous sides, and all along the way little houses and out-buildings in which these little people live, - it is all so different and so interesting. We saw many fields of lotus plants in full bloom, wonderful blossoms of creamy white and mauvish pink standing up some three to four feet out of the water like giant water lilies. Unlike water-lilies, the lotus leaves and blossoms project out of the water. The leaves are very large like "Elephant Ears". The lotus is cultivated for the roots which are rich in starch, have a delicate flavor and are eaten much as we eat potatoes. Arrow-root flour is made from the root of the lotus plant.

Arriving at Kamakura we visited the Hachiman Shrine or Temple, a Shinto shrine, with its red torii approach. These torii always mark the approach to a Shinto shrine. A famous ginkgo tree over 700 years old is on the left before the approach to the last staircase to the main shrine. The places selected for shrines and temples are always the most beautiful natural settings obtainable, usually surrounded by wonderful old evergreen trees. In 1219 a noted Shogun was killed by an official of the shrine who hid behind this old ginkgo tree and sprang out and attacked him as the Shogun was approaching for his evening devotions. Some fancied wrong was the cause of his act.

The big bronze Buddha or Daibutsu is one of the most noted of the country and world. It was cast in 1252; is 49 ft. 7 in. high. It was formerly covered with a temple, but the temple was destroyed by storm in 1369. Since then

0403

the Buddha has serenely sat in the open and calmly contemplated the passing centuries.

We are impressed with the crowds of people of all classes that seem to be on a picnic. They are never in a hurry. They seem to be enjoying themselves, leisurely sauntering about, looking happy and free from care. There are children galore. Women strap their babies on their backs, and it is not unusual to see little babies with their heads hanging backward, face exposed to the full glare of the hot sun,- it seems as though their necks would twist off. I have not yet heard a baby cry when in such a position. Young girls of ten or under can be seen frequently with a small child tied on their backs. The older child thus cares for the younger.

There is a strange admixture of old Japanese and modern American styles among women and children. A man and woman with four or more children will saunter by; the elders dressed in typical Japanese costume with wood sandals, the children with modern leather shoes and dresses as up-to-date as you will see in New York. More and more the picturesque Japan of earlier days is crowded out. Why has every nation got to conform to the same mold? The charm of these eastern countries is largely because they are different. Let them adopt western styles and they become prosaic and ordinary.

We motored back to Yokohama and were fortunate to run into an "O-Matsuri" festival, in which the gods in the shrine are taken out for a ride in highly gilded and vermilion painted wagons. There were dancers and music, about a dozen of the highly decorated wagons, and many children and young men in costumes drawing the carts by long ropes. Took movies and photos, which I hope turn out well. It was fortunate we happened along just in time to see this very unusual sight. The people were as much interested in us as we were in them. They were very pleasant, with broad smiles on their faces, and seemed to enjoy being photographed.

The Imperial Hotel in Tokyo is the most unique building I ever saw. There is nothing Oriental about it. Built by a noted and peculiar Chicago architect who has his own ideas, everything is different than anything you ever saw, and words fail to describe the place. Every piece of furniture, the fixtures, the china,- all are the product of this one man and his associates.

We had no more than arrived at the hotel than we were informed that the Graf Zeppelin was expected within an hour. We went to the hotel roof. Every roof in sight was thronged with humanity. Soon the siren blew and in a few minutes we saw the flock of airplanes coming high in air. In a few minutes the Zeppelin was seen, and it flew directly over us and on to Yokohama. Soon it returned and again flew over the hotel. It brought us rather near to the Statue of Liberty from whence the round-the-world flight began only a few days ago. It had been only four days on its way from Frederickshafen, Germany. Soon we will be traveling around the world in ten days.

At night we go out on one of the principal business streets to see the throngs of humanity surge by. After the stores close, vendors of all sorts of odds and ends are permitted to bring their temporary stands on the principal business street and set them up on the street edge of the sidewalk and there display their wares. Toys, books, ribbons, second-hand bric-a-brac, notions and small wares, wooden sandals,- thousands of articles are offered for sale.

Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1929

While the party took a motor ride in the A.M. I made arrangements for our Japanese itinerary and got money exchanged. In the P.M. we visited the Japanese Women's Christian College, a senior college, and the Aoyama Gakuin, our Methodist University. In the evening we were entertained at dinner by Dr. Berry. He lives in a Japanese house. We take our shoes off at the door and put on sandals. The floors are covered with soft padded matting. If we were Japanese we would not sit on chairs, but sit on our feet in a kneeling posture; but we use chairs. The Japanese houses are called "paper houses"; they are built very light, the partitions and sides made of movable screens or frames covered with paper.

It is very sultry, though the temperature is not high. We simply ooze perspiration. The nights are trying. We are told it is much cooler since Sunday, that the weather for six weeks has been very hot. We are glad we did not arrive earlier.

Wednesday, Aug. 21

In the A.M. we went to Shiba Park to see the mausoleums of the Shoguns. Seven of the fifteen that usurped the political powers of the Mikados over a period of two and a half centuries lie buried here. The tombs of the 6th, 12th and 14th Shoguns are most beautiful and elaborate. What astonishes us is the size of the great court-yards, one after another, separated by massive and ornate gateways, and the vast number of beautiful stone and bronze Japanese lanterns that are arranged row after row in the courts. Everything shows a lavish expenditure of money.

In the P.M. we motored to Veno Park, visited the Art Museum which was very ordinary (the larger Museum was closed, we only saw the smaller one) and the Asakusa Temple as it is popularly called, or the temple of Kwan-non. The officers of the Graf-Zeppelin were just visiting this place so we shared in the popularity. There was a large and colorful crowd which to us was very interesting. The main temple is closed as it was undergoing repairs.

We visited the spot where 35,000 refugees were gathered in an open space during the earthquake when an eddy of wind blew the heated gases from the conflagration upon them and they all perished in a few moments. A shrine to their memory is being built. At night we were entertained at a Japanese feast in a Japanese home by the president of Aoyama Gakuin. Shall not try to describe the event as you have read descriptions of Japanese feasts. We greatly enjoyed the experience.

We had the honor of entertaining at lunch today the most distinguished Christian leader in Japan, Mr. T. Kagawa. He is Japan's D.L. Moody, and more. Twice imprisoned, three times fined for his activities on behalf of the industrial workers, he has at last been recognized as the great social evangelist and prophet, and has been invited by the Tokio government to cooperate and assist them in solving their social and industrial problems. We found him on the 3rd floor of an old barracks of a building taken over by the city government as headquarters for its social work and invited him to lunch with us. He gladly accepted and we learned much about his work. He is now engaged on "A Million Souls for Jesus" campaign. He preaches in the slums five or six times a day. Last year his converts numbered 17,000 from the working classes. He wears a suit made by a co-operative

0405

industry costing \$2.35. Like St. Francis, he has chosen poverty and cast in his lot with the poor. Author of some 60 books, several of which have been translated into English and have had a large sale in U.S., all his income from sales goes into the work for the poor. The gospel is still the "power of God until salvation".

E. M. McBrier.

Letter No. 5

Thursday, Aug. 22, 1929

We left Tokyo for Nikko at 1 P.M. For about three hours we traveled through one of the most beautiful stretches of country I ever saw. It was very level,- I did not expect to see such a large plain; and as for the agricultural development, the Japanese surely do know how to get the most out of the soil. It was a garden spot everywhere. Every square foot of soil is made to yield the greatest possible return. The country-side is divided into little patches of terraced land, very fertile land it is, and there are small fields of millet, sweet-potatoes, taro, lotus, corn, and very much rice. Many fields of mulberry trees show us that the silk-worm is plentiful. The houses are thatched, and many are scattered through the country. We had expected them to be in villages only, as is usually the custom in the east. We traveled in a second class carriage. It was clean and comfortable. We were told the government is encouraging the elimination of first class carriages. Although ours was an express train there were no first class carriages. We ate in a dining car. The table is placed against the sides of the car, and you sit on stools with your back toward the centre of the car, looking out of the windows. The food is wholesome and very cheap. Had a good omelet, bread and butter, coffee, ice cream, a fine peach and two bottles of charged water, total cost about 80 cents.

The foreign hotels know how to charge high prices as well as in the U.S. but the minute you "do it Japanese way" the price is very moderate. After about three hours travel we changed cars, and immediately began to travel toward the mountains which we could see toward the west. We ascended into the valleys, and it grew rapidly cooler. We paralleled a wonderful road laid out some 280 years ago by a wealthy Daimyo. It extends $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles between Nikko and Utsonomiya. On either side is a row of mammoth cryptomeria trees, an evergreen tree not unlike the giant redwoods of California. Over 18,000 of these trees line this beautiful avenue which leads from the plain to the most famous of Japanese shrines in Nikko.

This city is not large, only about 20,000, and lies in the valleys between steep and heavily wooded mountains. A rushing mountain stream lies at the foot of a steep hill just below the hotel. The steep mountain sides are covered with trees, firs, pines, and groves of giant cryptomerias enclose the temples and shrines and border the beautiful avenues leading to them. It is a charming place, and delightfully cool and refreshing after three weeks of reeking hot weather. We find the hotel very good. We shall enjoy our stay.

Friday, Aug. 23.

Everything is "up and down" here. You descend a steep hill and climb up another, crossing a rushing mountain torrent at the bottom of the ravine. It

poured rain most of the night, but was clear and fine this morning. We started for a forenoon of temple sight-seeing; and, oh,- what temples. These are the most famous of the kind in the country. We first visited a Buddhist temple; then the shrine and tomb of the third Shogun Iemitsu. Such spacious areas, up and up hundreds of stone steps, through the cool shade of towering cryptomerias, through gateway after gateway ornate beyond description, finished in a riot of red and gold and green, all tiled with bronze tile and ornamented with bronzed plates with gilt etching,- all of this incalculable expense lavished to perpetuate the memory of a man who usurped power and ruled in his little day so long ago. Our courier said it took 15,000 workmen twelve years to do the work, and we can well believe it; for a mountain-side was terraced, vast retaining walls of huge stones fitted to a nicety erected, long stone staircases of enormous hewn stones laid out, and a dozen gateways and bell towers erected before we came to the shrine proper.

We can only enter the first room, elegant and expensive beyond description; the "holy of holies" where the tablets repose behind the doors of priceless ornate cabinets is opened only for the family on anniversary ceremonial days. This Shogun was a Buddhist, so priests of this faith are in charge.

We spend the entire forenoon amid the wondrous beauties, natural and man-made; and in the afternoon,--- we go shopping! The ladies must have their sweet way!

The beautiful red lacquer wood is the specialty of this place. We are told that skilled workmen were brought here hundreds of years ago to construct and adorn the beautiful temple gates and shrines; that they settled down, teaching their craft to their apprentices and children; and that the wood-carving and lacquer ware we see everywhere is the result of their skill. The temples are restored frequently,- that is the background of the continuity of this particular craftsmanship.

As I write the temple bell is booming. It began at earliest dawn, its deep sonorous sound reverberating up and down the valleys. Below the window of our spacious room rushes the mountain stream, clear as crystal. Across the narrow valley we see only a forest of vast fir and cryptomerias surrounding the hillsides beneath which are enshrined the wonderful temples. Beyond rise the mountains, tier on tier,- it is grandly beautiful!

Saturday, Aug. 24.

Another beautiful morning, and we motor up the valley to Lake Chuzenji. Nikko lies 2010 ft. above the sea, while Lake Chuzenji, about 10 miles up the valley, is 4194 ft. altitude. The first five miles is up a steady grade, but the last five miles is up the sheer mountain side. Such a succession of hair-pin turns we never saw before. In several places the cars, although they have short wheel-bases, have to stop and back up in order to get around the corners. There is no cessation of the climb until we reach the top. Traffic is permitted only one way at a time.

Just before we reach the lake we stop to view the beautiful Kegon waterfall, 330 ft. This is the place where so many Japanese have committed suicide. We take many pictures. There is a crowd of Japanese; in fact wherever we go to see the natural beauty spots, we are lost in the crowd. The Japanese are great nature lovers and take an incredible amount of time to gaze at the beauty spots, and travel long distances to see them. We saw any number of trampers ascending and descending the mountains; whole families, with both father and mother each carrying a child, and several larger children training along are common sights.

Lake Chuzenji is not unlike Lake George, surrounded by mountains; it is 8 miles long and about 2 miles wide at its widest point. We motored along the bank through solid woods that apparently had been standing for centuries, and went five miles further up the valley to Lake Yumoto. On the way we stopped to see two beautiful waterfalls, Ryusu-no-taki (Dragon's Head Cascade) and Yu-daki (Hot-water fall). This last one of 270 ft. is a beautiful sheet of water flowing as a cascade down the side of a smooth granite rock at an angle of about fifty degrees, a white stream of silvery foam, one of the most beautiful sights we ever saw. We hope our "movies" turn out well.

Lake Yumoto is famous for its hot springs. Hot sulphur water at about 120 to 125 degrees flows from the base of the mountain into the lake. Wooden tanks are set into the ground and stark naked Japanese of both sexes sit in the hot water up to their necks. The Japanese are great believers in hot baths and they take them in incredibly hot water.

We return to our hotel, and thus endeth the day.

Sunday, Aug. 25.

Sunday is much the same as any day here; possibly no more so than in most towns in eastern U.S.A. By law it is a holiday, and many take advantage of it to picnic, but shops are open and business goes on much as usual. We reserved this morning to visit the greatest of the temples, that of IEYASU, the first Shogun. The first three Shoguns were -

1. IEYASU.
2. HIDEYADA, his son, who chose this spot for the shrine in honor of his father.
3. IEMITSU, son of Hideyada, who assisted in the completion of the shrine, and was slain by an assassin in 1651 when visiting Nikko to pay homage at his grandfather's tomb.

Day before yesterday we visited the shrine of the third Shogun. I find I exhausted my store of adjectives; how can I describe the glories of the finest of all the temples of Nikko? Impossible!

On the sacred stable in the first court is to be seen the famous carving of the three monkeys who "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil". We attend a Shinto service, very quiet, very reverent; and kneeling before the shrine we lift our hearts in prayer to the only One and true God whom these dear people are groping after as truly as we are. It may seem strange for me to say, but it was not hard to feel near Him in the solemnity and reverence of the service.

We spent the entire forenoon in the several court yards, and ascended the long flight of granite steps leading to the mausoleum, which is always at the very top, and higher than any of the buildings.

A hurried glance at the Shinto Temple Futuara, severely simple when compared with the ornate temples we have visited, and we return to the hotel for an afternoon of rest.

Tomorrow we return to Tokyo. There is a Japanese adage, - "Until you have been to NIKKO you cannot say KEKKO" - (beautiful). Well, we can surely now say "Kekko", and "Kekko" it is.

E. M. McBrier

B.A.H.

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 6

Monday, Aug. 26, 1929.

TRANSFER

Took the train from Nikko to Tokyo in the A.M. Had four hours in Tokyo to do shopping and prepare for our westward trip through Japan and Korea. The Japanese Tourist Bureau is most efficient. All travel information, tickets and reservations can be had expeditiously and accurately. We left about 4 P.M. for Miyanoshita, located in the mountains of the Fuji Yami country. Left the train at Kozu and motored through the villages along the sea-shore, then up a mountain stream gorge to Miyanoshita, about 1200 ft. above the sea. Found a beautiful hotel built on the steep mountain side with small waterfalls at the rear. Plenty of rushing water, the sound of which fills the air. Lovely trees of many varieties surround the place. The mountain valley is very narrow, a tumbling, rushing mountain stream at the bottom, a crooked winding road threading its tortuous way in and out of coves and over many bridges, beautiful mountains on all sides, - we shall enjoy our four days here in this beautiful place.

Tuesday, Aug. 27.

Our hotel is so comfortable, the views so enchanting we could enjoy a month here. All the comfort and beauty of a Swiss hotel plus the added charm of the picturesque costumes of the people makes the place ideal. This vicinity suffered severely in the earthquake six years ago. For a year there was practically no way through the mountains. The roads were broken up, bridges collapsed, in places landslides had obliterated all traces of the roads, which are only narrow crooked paths cut into the sides of the mountains. Everywhere we can see the scars of huge landslides which show great patches of yellow earth where the surface of the land "slipped". The industrious Japanese have already planted these with trees where trees will grow, and where the places are so steep trees cannot find a foothold, a tough fibrous grass has been planted in little tufts so the roots will tie the ground together.

The Japanese have done a marvelous job of forestration on every available spot that cannot be cultivated. This began some years ago, so that we see many forests where trees are 50 ft. high and more; but the most of it has been done in the last ten years, much of it in the last five years. Conifer trees are mostly used for this purpose. Large portions of untillable land are covered with old forests; but where such forests did not exist trees have been set out methodically in straight rows. The value of these forests will add materially to the resources of the nation in coming years.

We notice the absence of birds. We have only seen a few small birds, evidently sparrows, and a few kites sailing about. Not a chirp or a song do we hear from morning to night; but we do hear the ear-splitting chatter of the cicada, a different and more vigorous species than we ever heard before.

We took an electric train, then a funicular up the mountain side to go to "Big Hell" where the sulphurous stream belches forth in huge clouds like steam from a locomotive exhaust pipe. There are more than a score of openings and the volume of steam is enormous and the noise at certain spots quite loud. We see

plenty of sulphur, as one would expect in such a place. The hot sulphurous water is piped down the mountain for hot sulphur baths.

In our hotel we use natural hot water, non-sulphurous, that comes from a hot spring. These mountains abound in hot springs.

Wednesday, Aug. 28.

This is a red letter day. About nine o'clock we started in automobiles to motor around the base of Fuji, the highest mountain peak in Japan. For days it has been impossible to get a glimpse of Fuji. She has been enveloped in clouds and mist. This morning, after a heavy rain in the night, the air was deliciously cool and clear.

We motored over the winding way cut in the side of the mountain, up and up and up, the beautiful green valley opening wider and wider below us. We pass the golf course of the hotel, - there are only three in Japan, the other two owned by nobility, - and soon catch a view of Lake Hakone lying away to the left and far below us. We see no sign of Fuji. We look ahead and see what appears to be the end of the road; then a turn to the right, and we observe a tunnel has been cut through the crest of the mountain at the pass, called NAGO-TOGE, or "Long Tail Pass". We pass through this tunnel about an eighth of a mile long to the opposite side of the mountain; and --- Oh!! right before us, in the centre of a vast plain some twenty miles in diameter rises Fuji, majestic Fuji. It just bursts on our sight as we emerge from the tunnel. A vast almost perfect cone with a crater at the top, 12,365 ft. high, rising from what seems, from the altitude at which we stand, a level, saucer shaped plain surrounded by a rim of mountains, surely Fuji is a sight to behold. No wonder the Japanese revere their sacred Fuji.

There are only two spots of snow visible; the long hot summer having melted nearly all its crown of glory. Trees cover its sides about two-thirds the way up; above the trees the sides look brown and purple with dashes of dark reddish brown. We take many photos, then begin the descent into the saucer. Way below us lies Gotemba, near which is the Y.M.C.A. summer camp. We go winding our way down into the plain which surrounds Fuji. It is one of the most fertile places we have seen. For miles we pass through fields rich with produce of all kinds. We stop in one village to see the process of raising silk worms. Mulberry trees are everywhere; every home grows silk worms. We see hundreds of trays of cocoons drying in the sun. We pass old-fashioned water-wheels which turn machinery that husks the rice, - primitive methods that have been in use for centuries. In one village a street-juggler is holding the interest of nearly the entire village, and we stop to snap a picture.

We stopped at the Y.M.C.A. camp where Mr. Whitford gave a short talk, and from the applause that was wafted to our ears he must have made a hit, - as he always does.

Our cars begin to climb again. In and out, around hair-pin turns, we squirm our way over another pass; and on a much higher level we see a beautiful lake. We motor past three mountain lakes, through a number of villages, and finally arrive at Lake Shoji, the end of our ride. We here partake of a splendid lunch put up for us by the hotel. We cannot motor entirely around the base of Fuji as the motor roads go only about two-thirds the way around; so we are obliged to return the same way we came. The bottom of the saucer on the farther side where the lakes are located is very volcanic in character, the surface being rough and irregular, and

entirely of volcanic pumice or lava, showing that it was a big lava flow in the dim past. It is mostly overgrown with trees. There is little cultivable land for some fifteen miles or more near the lakes.

Back over the pass, down into the beautiful and rich Gotemba plain, up the mountain on the opposite side, - we pause to take a last look at Fuji, now gray and misty in the late hours of the afternoon, - then through the tunnel at the "Long Tail Pass" and down the winding road of the gorge to our hotel. SOME DAY!

Thursday, Aug. 29.

Another beautiful day. The ladies of our party rested all day. The men took a short ride in the A.M. over the mountain to Lake Hakone, - a beautiful mountain lake. We caught sight of one end of it yesterday. The old Tokaido road, - the royal road leading from Tokyo to Kyoto, the two ancient capitals, passes through the village of Hakone. This road at this place is bordered by the beautiful cryptomerias. Over this famous road the Shoguns of ancient days traveled with their retinues; two-sworded samurai, horsemen and footmen, an imposing array of servants and retainers such as the world will never see again. We saw it pictured on the walls of the museum at Nikko.

At Hakone is one of the summer homes of the Emperor. Our guide says he has never stayed over night in it. It is built on a wooded peninsula which juts out into the lake. We pass through the village and go up to see the beautiful entrance of a Shinto temple, but do not climb the hundred steps leading to the main temple as it is one of the smaller temples; fine enough for this place, but commonplace after Nikko.

Back to the hotel for luncheon, and an afternoon of letter-writing and rest, until we come to "the end of a perfect day".

Friday, Aug. 30

Such beautiful days we are having! Surely this weather was invented for our special benefit.

We are sorry to leave Miyanoshita, and the wonderfully comfortable Fujiya Hotel. The proprietor, Mr. Yamaguchi, is an Oxford graduate, a cultured gentleman, and apparently very successful in his business enterprises. He is brother of the Mr. Kanaya who owns the Kanaya Hotel at Nikko, though just why his name should be different I have not discovered. At any rate they both certainly know how to cater to the comfort of their guests.

We have noticed two things; - first, the enormous number of children, - no race suicide here; second, the scarcity of dogs. Apparently the people had rather raise and feed children than dogs. They show their good sense in this as in so many other things. Up till now I have not noticed more than a half dozen of dogs in all since arriving. But children! Everywhere and always, children! Nearly every woman has one on her back, carrying it in the characteristic Japanese way. Many of the little girls, often of 8 to 10 years of age, has a younger sister or brother on her back. Little wee tots of three to six "play doll" by having a doll strapped to their back.

And the burdens people bear, as they do in every country where the economic standard is low. We see some of it in France, much more in Italy; but

here still more. Big loads of boxes and produce on a two-wheeled cart pushed by a laboring, sweating, straining man or woman; heavy loads of hay, or bundles of fire wood or charcoal on the backs of women toiling up the mountains. Moreover nearly all the cultivation of the soil is done by hand work, a heavy mud-hoe turning over the soil in the place of a plow. Plows are used, but I have not observed one in use yet, but have seen hundreds of workers wielding mud-hoes, a clumsy looking tool with a blade six inches wide and twenty inches long with which they dig up and turn over the soil. Of course this is not the time of the year when much "plowing" is done, - the fields are full of ripening crops, and probably in spring the plows would be more in evidence.

We start for Nagoya on as comfortable a train as we could wish. Our coach is a sort of combination observation coach with easy upholstered wicker chairs, and a chair car with the usual reclining chairs. We had luncheon in the diner, regular price Yen 1.20 (less than 60 cents, U.S.) and had as good a luncheon as one could wish. Our train passed through many tunnels up a steep grade on to the Gotemba plain not far from Fuji, but not a glimpse could we get as we passed, - all but the base was wrapped in dense clouds. Long after we had passed the plain and were skirting the shore of the sea our courier said - "Fuji is saying good-bye to you". We looked out, and far behind the mountain range we had just passed we saw Fuji's head rising clear above the clouds as if in a final farewell.

We arrived at Nagoya about 5 P.M. Every rule has its exceptions. I earlier spoke of the scarcity of dogs. We saw quite a number in Nagoya, but they keep them for use, - they were harnessed to the loads which men and women were pulling through the streets.

We motored for about an hour out of the city to a new and comfortable hotel at Inuyama, built by the business men of Nagoya. The location is on the bank of the river Kiso just as it flows out of the foothills of the mountains. It is called the "Rhine of Japan". They have constructed a Country Club here, a large Japanese style hotel capable of accommodating one hundred guests, laid out a formal park and children's playground, and are endeavoring to make it a resort for the well-to-do of Nagoya. The foreign style hotel is to accommodate foreign visitors. It is a small hotel, but large enough for all the guests they will have. Our party have the hotel to ourselves. The surroundings are very pleasant, much more so than in the city.

In the evening we witnessed the novel and interesting sight of fishing with cormorants. These birds are caught and trained to catch the fish by a rather lengthy schooling. The fishing is done at night. A fisherman and his helper enter a boat prepared for the work. On board is a sizable pile of pine wood to feed a wood torch. The torch is an iron lattice work basket about the size of a bushel. In it a brisk fire of pine wood is kept burning, the basket being swung out over the water on the end of a sort of crane. The fisherman stands in the bow. In his left hand he holds the strong small cords about twenty feet long that extend to the back and neck of each of the twelve cormorants, which comprise his "crem", where they are fastened with a sort of harness around the breast and under the wings. Around each bird's neck is a ring to prevent them swallowing the fish they catch. They push off the bank, the cormorants paddling ahead and along the side, apparently eager for the sport. They occasionally make a raucous "quack", and plunge under the surface of the water and swim thirty to fifty feet or more; then pop up on top of the water, swim a few feet, and go down again. Sometimes they will all be under the water at one time for quite a while. The fisherman's assistant paddles the boat, while he feeds

the fire as needed, deftly manipulates the strongs to keep the birds from getting tangled, and when a cormorant has two or three fish in his gullet, or has a large one that he cannot swallow, he quickly draws him to the boat, makes him disgorge, and throws him back in the water. As the birds are diving and crossing and recrossing each other all the time it takes deft work on the part of the fisherman to keep the lines straight.

Our guide said each bird would bring up 200 to 300 fish on a good night. Where we saw them work the water was shallow and they caught only a few. Once in a while a bird would get a little fish that he could swallow in spite of the ring, though sometimes he would strangle and make a considerable fuss. After they have their night's "catch" they take the rings off and permit the birds to get their meal.

The boat we were in was a guest boat, very gayly decorated with Japanese lanterns along the sides. There were some half dozen such boats on the river, and four fishing boats; and all these boats with their lights reflected in the water made a unique picture.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

We motored to Nagoya to see the ancient feudal castle and fortress, one of the few remaining from the warring past. There is nothing remarkable about it except its distinctly Japanese architecture. The fortress surmounts an extensive walled-in enclosure surrounded by a wide and deep moat.

I believe this is the spot where an American visitor asked an important question. The guide called attention to the moat, then said, "Is there any question you would like to ask?" One of the party replied, - "Yes; you say that is the moat; can you tell me how anybody could get one of them in his eye?"

The apartments in which the Shoguns were entertained when they visited the Castle are beautiful from a Japanese point of view; the paintings on the screens and walls being the work of famous artists; sleeping tigers, bamboo groves, cherry blossoms, storks, pheasants, with the fabled phoenix worked in frequently being the main subjects.

Nagoya is a fast growing commercial city. Smoke-stacks belch forth black smoke, and there is a decided pall of sooty cloud hanging over the city. The population is now nearing a million. The great cloisonne manufactories are here; also china and crockery, electrical goods of all kinds &c. We visited one of the principal cloisonne factories; also an enormous china factory owned by Morimura Bros. of New York from whom I used to buy goods. Mr. F.S. Dean of F.W. Woolworth Co. visits this factory and purchases goods here.

I should have stated that Nagoya is situated on a very fertile plain about half way between the mountains and the sea. Going by auto to our hotel at Inuyama gave us a good opportunity to get a "close-up" of Japanese rural life, as we traveled on an extremely narrow road built for small carts through the rice-fields and villages. It seemed that half the time we were passing through villages. All the people live in villages and go out therefrom to till the fields. The land is very fertile, the crops very heavy. The houses are poor and evidence the low economic standard. Women's wages for 11 - 12 hours' work are 1 yen (48¢) per day.

(Letter No. 6)

-6-

This is for common labor. A man doing the same grade of labor will get two yen.

We entrained for Kyoto at 5 o'clock and at 8:30 were in our fine hotel, the Miyako, situated on an eminence overlooking the city. Kyoto is beautiful for situation, surrounded on three sides by mountains. It is the old capital, and is rich in "places to see". We shall stay here a week.

E. M. McBrier

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OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 7

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1929

TRANSFER

We awoke to look down from our hotel, perched on the side of a hill, on to a typical Japanese city. While there are plenty of evidences of westernization, it is a far different and more Japanese city than Tokyo. The horrible sky-scrapers, particularly out of place in this land, - are not in evidence. We see from our window a monstrous Torii, made of concrete, painted red, the approach to the Heian Jingu Shinto shrine. The Torii is always an emblem of Shintoism; which, briefly, was originally nature worship, onto which was grafted worship of the Emperors, past and present, and also ancestral worship. This particular shrine is modern, built in 1895 for Emperor Kanmu. It is a beautiful temple with a lovely garden at the rear.

The finest palace in Kyoto is the Nijo Castle. Again I find it impossible to describe in any way that would enable you to visualize its size and beauty. It is said to be the most beautiful palace in Japan, the residence of the Shogun Iegasu, the first Shogun of the Tokugawa family. We wandered through an almost endless number of audience rooms, guard rooms, &c, all beautifully decorated in the highest and best Japanese art by famous artists.

The Kinkakuji Temple, or "Gold Pavilion", erected in 1397, is regarded as one of the most artistic Japanese buildings in the country. This building was reproduced for the Japanese Building at the Chicago Fair in 1893 as being a typical and beautiful building. The garden surrounding the temple is regarded as one of the finest landscape gardens in Japan. It was built about 550 years ago by Yoshimitsu, the third Shogun of the Ashikaga clan. It was originally covered with gold leaf decoration, but this has mostly disappeared. It is in a surprisingly good state of preservation for as old a building of wood.

Tuesday, Sept. 3

Monday we shopped, did errands, and arranged for tickets and reservations. It is some job routing seven people, making sleeping car and train reservations, &c.

This morning we attended a Buddhist service in Chion-in Temple, the chief Buddhist monastery of the Jodo sect. Buddhism is split into as many sects and divisions as Protestantism. This temple is one of the largest in Japan. The original temple was built in 1211, but several temples on this spot were destroyed by fire. The one now standing was built in 1639. The big bell cast in 1633 is the second largest in Japan, is 12 ft. high, 9 ft. diameter, and weighs 74 tons. Some bell!

The service was in almost every essential the same as a catholic service; continuous chanting, sometimes by the high priest, sometimes by the subordinate priests; the ringing of bells, the burning incense, the rosary, images, - it is surprising how similar Buddhism and Catholicism are so far as the method of worship is concerned. The high priest chants, sprinkles holy water; by his side incense is burned; he reads the prayers in the same singing voice. The only great difference is that the Buddhists do all this on their knees.

We motored to Lake Biwa in the afternoon, on the way stopping at a private country villa of a Mr. Namikawa, a manufacturer of cloisonne ware. It was

a delightful home, spotlessly clean, pure Japanese style, with a love of a garden with the indispensable pond of water. In the pond were the largest gold fish we ever saw, some as much as eighteen inches long. Lake Biwa is the largest lake in Japan. We motored to the city of Otsu some eight or ten miles away, and climbed up a long flight, or rather several long flights of stairs to a temple from which we had a fine view of the city and lake. Down below us we could hear a band and see an elephant, and our guide said a circus was in town; so of course we had to catch a glimpse of the circus. It was only a glimpse, as the show was nearly over. In the few minutes we were there the performers did some very creditable trapeze work; but the crowd shifted their gaze, to a considerable extent, to the innovation of seeing seven Yankees come stalking in and establishing themselves at the ring-side. Evidently they expected the next stunt would be our entry into the ring. We were a "special treat" for the audience, and they took full advantage by "rubbering" to their heart's content.

I might pause to remark that we are quite as much objects of interest to the Japanese as they are to us. They are amused at our peculiar ways, and giggle at us, never with contempt, but always like little children with the utmost good will. They go out of their way to please us. I don't suppose an American woman would gladly parade up and down the street so that an Italian or Russian might make a movie picture of her and her children; but they have done it for me a dozen times with the utmost good will; and to offer to pay them for their courtesy would be an insult. They are most courteous and likable, and will go to any length to please, and seemingly regard it a pleasure to do so. I hope they get as good an impression of us as we do of them; but I fear our brusque methods are regarded as due to lack of gentle breeding.

Wednesday, Sept. 4.

To Higashi-Hoganji Temple, Buddhist. Founded in 1602; present buildings erected in 1895 at a cost of 7,000,000 Yen (about 50¢ to the Yen). It is said to be the largest building of wood construction in the world. It is 230 ft. long, 195 ft. wide, with a main height of 125 ft. The roof is upheld by ninety-six great Keyaki wood pillars. It is a temple of the Shinsu sect of Buddhists, which is supposed to be the purest type of Buddhism in Japan, and is the richest and strongest. The high priest is married into the royal family.

The money to build this enormous temple was furnished by the common people. It was sixteen years in building. Artisans and artists gave freely of their time. The women of the sect showed their devotion by giving their hair with which to lift the enormous beams into place. Altogether there were fifty-three enormous ropes made of this human hair; twenty nine being worn out in the building of the temple, and twenty-four preserved; four of these are on display, the remaining ones preserved in the temple. The largest rope was 360 ft. long, 15½ inches in circumference, and weighed more than a ton.

The monstrous beams supporting the superstructure have a span of over thirty feet. Such a vast structure is very impressive. Of course the high altar was a wealth of gold and brass and bronze, and the decorations of same very ornate and beautiful. An image of the founder of the sect, Kenshin (posthumous name) is in the high altar of the principal temple, while the image of Buddha decorates the altar in the annexed smaller temple.

In this, as in all Japanese temples the natural wood is left to mellow with age. No paint or stain is used except in inconspicuous places; and there is

much to be said for the method. We cover everything with paint or enamel; the Japanese permit the natural wood to grow grey or brown with age and in time the beautiful grain shows like a work of art. Many of the famous paintings are done on this natural wood, only the spray of flowers or the bird or other object having any paint. Our guide showed us an unpainted panel in one place where he said a famous painter had painted two sparrows that were so life-like they flew away. One cannot help but believe it, for they are not there now! If they didn't fly away, where are they?

In the afternoon we visited Kiyomizu Temple. We went up "Tea Pot Lane" about two city blocks long, a narrow street lined with little shops where all sorts of little china toys, cups, tea sets &c. were sold; then up and up and up an innumerable number of stone steps, - I counted 74 in one straight flight, - and at last we reached the top. This temple is dedicated to Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy who has 11 faces so she can see in all directions and 1000 hands so she may bestow benefits on all. The present temple was erected in 1633. The grounds overlook the city.

At 4 o'clock we all had tea at Miss Denton's. Miss Denton is a noted person in Japan. She came out as a missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in the very early days of the famous Doshisha College to start a work for young women. She started with six girls in 1888, - 41 years ago. Today there are 1600 young women in the school, and the men's department has 3400. Dr. Neeshima was the founder of this wonderful institution. I cannot take time to describe him or his work, only to say if you want to read an entrancing story of a wonderful life you can procure same. To think of this frail woman and her investment of forty-one years of life in the work she loves, of the numberless lives she has influenced for good, is enough to make one feel that Christian martyrs are not all dead. Our guide said - "Miss Denton loves the Japanese and the Japanese love her. She always travels 3rd class so not to spend money; she never goes to a summer resort or spends any money on herself; all her money goes to the school. She raised most of the money to build the girls' school buildings. She is a wonderful woman, and everybody loves her." - This testimony from a Buddhist about a Christian missionary!

Thursday, Sept. 5.

Geisha girls! Of course you have heard about them. There is something alluring in the name, mostly because it is different. As is usually the case there are many misconceptions about these girls; and I cannot here fully explain just what they are except to say that they are the best trained class of women in old Japan. The Japanese lady never went out in public socially. Men had their social gatherings, but wives did not join them. A class of women trained in etiquette, in the formal "tea-service" which was an elaborate ritual, in the dances which portrayed legends and historical events, - far better trained and educated than the wives of even well-to-do men, - these were the Geisha. With their faces heavily enameled white, their lower lip a brilliant carmine, their elaborate coiffeur, their beautiful dresses, they executed in slow rhythmic time the legendary dances with elaborate use of the fan. There is nothing at all exciting about a Geisha dance. It is as formal and unemotional as a funeral. Not a flicker of a smile, not a suggestion of poise is permitted. Every move must be precision itself.

We arranged for a Geisha dance at the most famous tea house in the city. There were two Geishas and three dance-girls, - girls learning to be Geishas. While it was novel, it was not beautiful nor wonderful. The girls were not pretty, it takes more than paint and good clothes to make a girl pretty. To any modern young Americans for whom the Charleston and the Black Bottom is the last word as a

(Letter No. 7)

-4-

"kick" in the dance line, a Geisha dance is about as thrilling as a cake of ice in January.

None except those trained in the historical significance of the dances can appreciate them. They are practically meaningless to an occidental, and awfully dull and slow.

Unfortunately many of these girls, paid entertainers as they are, drift into immorality. On the other hand many of them marry into high and noble families. The name "Geisha" does not always connote impropriety of conduct.

So we saw a Geisha dance, arranged specially in the afternoon so we could get photos, and we hope we have some good "movies" as well as still pictures.

E. M. McBrier

0418

YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 8

TRANSFER

A Word of Explanation and Apology.

I assume that you who receive this have previously received the several "general letters" which I have written. On a trip like this the time for letter writing is limited. Desiring to conserve time as much as possible I decided it might be best to write a general description of our trip in the form of a sort of "daily dozen" and have it multigraphed in my office and sent to members of the family. This would obviate the necessity of repeating the same information in the various letters written to different ones.

When I came to make up the list to whom the letters should be sent, the list was enlarged to include friends whom I thought might be interested to follow us on our trip. If the mailing list includes any who are bored rather than interested, your capacious scrap-basket will no doubt gladly welcome this series of effusions, and no harm be done.

Friday, Sept. 7, 1929.

This morning we started up one of the river gorges that pierce the surrounding mountains to "shoot" the Hozu rapids. Had a beautiful ride through the country which is very hilly, verging into mountainous. We stopped at the Katsura Summer Palace, one of the many places owned by the Emperor, and visited by him once or twice in a lifetime. It was the most beautifully landscaped Japanese garden we have seen. Unfortunately we could take no photographs, - "verboden". This is one country where "verboden" means just that, - no exceptions. To describe a Japanese garden so you can see it just cannot be done. They excel in the things we consider of small importance, even in the things we regard as useless. For instance, if a gnarled, distorted, imperfect shrub or tree grew on my lawn my tendency would be to cut it down and get a "perfect" specimen, - straight, symmetrical. Not so the Japanese, just the opposite. They select the incongruous, the distorted, the unusual, the dwarf; and when they cannot get them they create them by banding, pruning, distorting. Then they work them into a beautiful picture by the most consummate and painstaking care, by placing them where vistas will be created, or a glint of water between the trees, or a stone lantern or some other ornamentation, so that the whole forms a most entrancing picture. There is an absolute lack of the formal, but every curve and stone and shrub and tuft of grass is placed with consummate skill to produce most beautiful effects. One part of this garden was covered by a deep carpet of most wonderful green moss which the Japanese prize far more than we do a beautiful grass lawn. It takes many years to grow a moss covered turf, and it can only be done under trees and with favorable climatic conditions. Even the bare ground where there was no moss had a green mold, and everywhere one was expected to keep to the stepping stones with which rambling paths through the cool shade of beautiful trees were plentifully provided.

The high hills through which we motored were covered with a beautiful growth of evergreens some fifty to seventy feet tall, the result of reforestation. We arrived at the place of embarkation to find ready for us a long, sharp prowed flat bottom boat, easily capable of carrying our party of eight. Three men rowed with one oar each, all on one side of the boat, standing as they rowed. One man

with a long bamboo pole stood in the prow to help guide the boat by pushing it this way and that to keep it from dashing against the rocks. A fourth man stood in the stern and operated a tiller shaped like a very long oar. We sat in the middle on comfortable chairs.

Down the gorge we went, often through narrow passages just escaping huge rocks, more often through placid pools where the oarsmen rowed and the man in the prow "poled" to assist. The water was very low. The bottom of the boat frequently scraped stones, but it was so constructed that no damage was done. For nearly two hours we journeyed down the winding stream surrounded on all sides by beautiful hills, and finally emerged from the hills on to a plain. At the entrance to the plain the Japanese have built several hotels and it is quite a summer resort. Boats can be rowed from the city to these hotels. We saw a number of gay groups of pleasure seekers, and a number of young men taking their best girls for a boat ride, - an impossible and unthinkable thing to do twenty-five years ago.

We enjoyed the trip in God's out-of-doors, not so much for the thrills, there was hardly enough that was dangerous in the journey to provoke an "Oh!" - from anybody, - but because of the change from visiting temples musty with age, and getting away from the city into the purer air of the country.

In the afternoon our party scattered. "Everyone did that which was right in his own eyes." Some went shopping, some rested; and I visited a factory where lacquer ware is made; a silk weaving factory; the beautiful garden of Mr. K. Inabota, president of the Osaka Chamber of Commerce. In the lacquer factory I saw one cabinet about as large as an ordinary bed-room dresser that took seven years to make and cost Yen 25,000 (about \$12,500). The most beautiful gold lacquer work requires infinite care and patience. Everything is done by hand. There are some forty processes required for ordinary lacquer work; and when decorations are added there is no limit to the time that may be spent on a piece.

Saturday - Monday - Sept. 8 - 10.

Saturday was the first rainy day of our trip. Up till now the weather has been wonderfully fine. All we did on Saturday was to motor to Nara, about a two hours auto trip.

Sunday and Monday were both "showery". It did not prevent our visiting several interesting places and doing some interesting things.

Horyu-ji is one of the seven great temples of Nara, built about 1300 years ago; it is the oldest Buddhist temple in Japan and "they say" the buildings are the oldest wooden buildings in the world. It has a beautiful five storied Pagoda 112 feet high.

Yakushi-ji is another noted temple, founded about 680 A.D. It has a peculiar Pagoda 115 ft. high consisting of three "double" stories, erected over 1200 years ago. The architecture of these two temples is decidedly Chinese.

Kasuga Wakamiya is a temple located at the foot of Mt. Mikasa. It is really a group of temples, and to reach it we had to take rickshas and pass through the Nara Park, said to be the largest in Japan, 1250 acres in area. There are 700 "sacred" deer in this part as tame as domestic animals. They followed us about and teased for a sort of cake or biscuit which vendors sell to travelers. They have been trained to make a profound and sober bow before taking the cake from one's hand.

We pass up a long avenue of some 3000 stone and metal lanterns, gifts of believers who claim to have received answers to their prayers at this shrine. These lanterns are all lighted at a Festival held in February of each year. They are also lighted, we are informed, upon the receipt of a "stipulated sum" (about \$10.00) for tourists who desire to see the spectacle of 3000 lighted lanterns.

For the sum of Yen 2.00 we were regaled with a "Kagura Holy Dance" at the Kasuga Wakamiya. It was executed to two much powdered girls, daughters of priests, who very sedately and gravely went through a symbolic dance.

The origin of the "Kagura" is said to be as follows:- One day the Sun-Goddess was displeased by her brother's rudeness and hid herself in a cave. Darkness fell upon the earth. The members of the Goddess' family met before the cave and performed the Kagura dance to entice the Goddess from the cave. On hearing the music the Goddess opened the door a bit to take a peep, when the God of strength saw his chance and forced the door open so the world could have light again.

Such is the legendary setting of Japanese dances. Back of every dance is a legend or story, and the dance is an exposition in rhythm and music. This dance was accompanied by the sing-song chant of a Buddhist priest who kept time by clapping two pieces of wood together. It was slow, stately, graceful, and from the Japanese view-point beautiful and full of meaning.

While we were listening to it a pilgrim, dressed in attenuated garb, with conical straw hat, bamboo staff and a bell tied to his belt came jangling up to a shrine located about ten feet behind where I was sitting. He gave not one glance at what was going on. In front of each shrine hangs a rope which, when given a sharp pull, jangles a bell hung from under the eaves of the roof covering the shrine. The pilgrim gave this bell a yank, which rang the bell and called the attention of the god to the meritorious act which he was about to perform. He threw a copper into the ever-open box reposing before every shrine, clapped his hands again, and then went on his way to another praying place. This is the form of worship we see by the hundred each day. This pilgrim was followed by a young disciple or assistant who followed his superior's program.

Kasuga Shrine is near Kasuga Wakamiya; was founded in 768 A.D.; consists of four main shrines, each dedicated to a separate deity, and a score of various minor shrines. One of the characteristics of this group is the large number of beautiful bronze lanterns suspended by chains from the overhanging roof, - hundreds and hundreds of them, gifts of devotees and worshipers.

Todai-ji, - the "Great Eastern Temple" is next, one of the "big Seven" temples of Nara. Here is the Big Bell, cast A.D. 752. It is the third largest in Japan, but is big enough for ordinary purposes, being 13 ft. 6 in. high, 27 ft. in circumference, and 10 in. thick at the rim and weighing about 48 tons. By paying five Sen (2½ cts.) one is permitted to pull back the enormous wooden beam which is suspended by a rope from the roof and which serves as a "clapper" or hammer to ring the bell, and let it bump against the rim. The old bell gives a resounding and sonorous peal that can be heard a long distance. Three of our party took a turn at bell-ringing, thus adding three-quarters of a dime to the income of the temple and thereby electing themselves to the illustrious band of "Nara Bell Ringers". Bookings for next season's entertainments should be made well in advance, for no doubt there will be many demands made upon their time when it becomes noised abroad that they are open to engagement.

Daibutsu-den was the crowning event of our round of the temples. This is the "Hall of the Great Buddha", a most impressive building, enshrining the largest bronze Buddha in Japan. Dimensions 53 ft. 6 in. high; face, 16 ft. long, 9 ft. 6 in. wide; eye, 3 ft. 11 in. wide; ears, 8 ft. 6 in. long; across shoulders, 28 ft. 7 in.; length of thumb, 4 ft. 6 in. Weight about 500 tons.

The general impression is not as pleasing as that of the Buddha at Kamakura; but it is a notable creation.

Our original program called for stops at two or three places where we would not have foreign style inns and would "go Japanese style". For the sake of the ladies of the party to whom the conveniences of the modern hotel make a mighty appeal, we cut out those towns where foreign style hotels were not available. The men of the party, inured by practice to hard lines, have endured the luxury of the modern hostelry about as long as their hardy natures can suffer such softness. They have been straining at the leash (held by the firm and determined hands of the feminine czarinas of the party) earnestly endeavoring to get away and enjoy some of the hard knocks which their souls crave.

So, after much persuasion, they induced the fair determiners of their fates to release them for a night, and they betook themselves to a Japanese Inn; and of their experience I will now write.

First, you must understand something of the "lay-out" of a Japanese house or inn. You enter a covered veranda or alcove at the ground level; before you are a row of sandals; you take off your shoes and put on sandals. No shoes worn out-of-doors may be worn in a Japanese house. Two steps up from the ground level you step on to a wood floor polished sheen by long use and hand work. A few steps, and you are on Japanese matting in the entering hall or reception room.

All the rooms are floored with soft mats three by six feet. A room is known by the number of mats it will accommodate; a four mat room, (the smallest) an eight mat room, &c. There are no parlors or reception rooms where guests gather and converse or read. We were conducted by a bowing, smiling maid, who met us at the door (I should have said we announced our arrival by a hand-clap at the door which brought a couple of maids kow-towing and smiling) through halls and up steep stairs to the second floor where our rooms, the "most honorable" in the Inn, were shown us.

The outside of the Inn, like all Japanese houses, consisted of a series of sliding screens or windows. In the ordinary houses these are made like a small-paved window sash, with white rice paper pasted over in lieu of glass. In recent years better class houses have substituted glass for paper. These windows slide in grooves, and are all pushed back in the daytime so that one lives practically out-of-doors.

All around the outside, on all sides, these sliding windows or window-screens are found; and just inside them is a hallway about three and one-half feet wide with floor of polished boards; and inside this hall-way are the guest rooms, elevated some two inches above the board floors of the hall-way, and covered with the soft grass mats I have described.

We shuffle through the halls in our sandals; but when we enter our rooms even sandals are left behind in the hall. Nothing but bare feet or stocking feet are permitted on the immaculate soft grass mats. We enter into a "room" about eighteen feet square, a room that looks very bare to us who are accustomed to seeing rooms cluttered up with furniture. Two rooms of about the same size, separated

only by sliding screens, with the sides opening on to the verandas also made of sliding screens, not a lock or catch on any screen, this is the Japanese "paper house". You could throw a shoe through any partition or through the side of the house, - but your shoes are below at the entrance; and, moreover, it would be quite un-Japanese.

We enter the first of the two rooms. We look around and see -- nothing; only on the "honor" end of the room a slightly raised dais about 8 inches off the floor, and a sort of recess about 15 inches deep with a "Kakemono" or Japanese scroll on the wall in the back of the recess, and a stand some six inches high resting on the floor of the dais, with a single spray of flowers in it. Not a chair, table, or other articles of furniture in the room. Mr. Boyd remarked, - "I would like to be a furniture dealer in Japan, it would be such an easy life."

The maid at once brought a basket tray in which there were three cotton Japanese kimonos and belts. We at once took off our clothes, with the exception of our union suits (Japanese guests entirely disrobe in the presence of the maid who is not one whit disconcerted thereby) and don the kimonos. It would be very uncomfortable sitting on the matted floors Japanese style in foreign clothes that "fit"; only the loose Japanese kimonos are suitable for a Japanese home.

The first thing a traveler does is to take a hot bath. We descended to the first floor, entered a disrobing room where we "left everything". The maid is supposed to be present and assist if you desire. We got along without her able assistance and were therefore properly registered as "very foreign" and "mid-Victorian".

The Japanese bath is an institution. The Japanese love to bathe in water that is hot beyond our capacity to endure. In ordinary hotels the bath is a large oval wooden tub built deep enough so when one sits on the bottom the water comes up to the neck. This being a "de-luxe" hotel and very foreign, the bath was of green and white tile, the top being about a foot above the floor level and the bottom some three feet below. Like the wooden tubs the heat is applied by a charcoal stove built in the bottom of one end of the tub. A dozen people may bathe in the same water, but they really bathe or wash first. A brass wash dish with soap and plenty of water is supplied and the guest first thoroughly cleanses the body, then descends into the hot inferno and "soaks" as long as he can endure it; then comes out and dries himself on a small, thin turkish towel about two feet long and one foot wide, slips on his kimono and retires to his room for dinner.

Desiring to enjoy all the privileges of the house I elected to at once take the bath a-la-Japanese, and I must confess it was refreshing. Mr. Boyd deferred his bath until before retiring, thus shocking the sensibilities of the maids; while Mr. Whitford, the third mere man to enjoy this unique experience, having bathed last week and anticipating another bath before the month ends, did not bathe at all, thus being put down by the maids as an utterly lost and hopeless barbarian.

Next comes dinner. It was served in the room adjoining to the one I have described; and the only difference was that it was equipped for the feast with

- 4 floor mats about two feet square and one inch "soft" on which to sit,
- 4 tea tables two by three and one-half feet square and eight inches high,
- 1 low stand-tray two inches high and 12 x 18 inches on which to place extra dishes that could not be accommodated on the "big" tea table,
- 4 arm rests on which to lean, same being about two feet long, padded, and one foot high.

The above preparations were for four dinners, our Japanese guide deigning to eat with us, but he went back to the foreign style hotel for the night. The tea tables and the stand-tray were removed after the meal. The only other furnishings in the room were

- 1 Table ten inches high, size of top two by three and one-half feet, on which rested, - a telephone!
- 1 Stand two feet high in the alcove, on which rested a fine bronze piece.

The vase in the alcove of this room had a small pine branch in lieu of flowers.

We seated ourselves on the cushions tailor fashion. The maid came with trays of food and quickly filled up our trays. Here is the menu:-

KIKUSUI-RO HOTEL

(Chrysanthemum Water Hotel)

- 1. Soup, hot, made of beans, with a one inch square of macaroni on which was a conical mound of grated mountain potato.
- 2. Fish, around which was a layer of glutinous rice, with a centre of spinach; these were fashioned and cut in slices about half an inch thick; very tasty and good.
- 3. Sliced Duck, roast; very palatable.
- 4. Eels, broiled over the charcoal fire and dipped several times in soya bean oil during the cooking process; tasted good, but very rich.
- 5. Sea Eels in a tea-pot with a sort of soup, in which fresh mushrooms had been sliced, and also bits of what the guide called "Japanese celery" for want of a better name. A piece of lime was furnished with this dish. The lime juice was squeezed into the pot, the soup poured into the pot-cover which formed a small cup and drunk, and the eel and mushrooms fished out of the pot with chopsticks and eaten. It was not at all bad but the taste quite different from anything ever before eaten.
- 6. Rice, plain boiled, which we ate with Nos. 2 to 5 above. The Japanese consume several bowls during a meal.
- 7. Chestnuts cooked with sugar.
- 8. Pickles,- assorted cucumber, melon and egg plant.
- 9. Fresh Peaches,- delicious.
- 10. Tea.

Of course we ate with chop sticks, a new pair of which were furnished with each dinner in a sanitary paper wrapper.

This was a "sumptuous" feast. The ordinary Japanese meal consists of much rice and a small amount of vegetables and a much smaller amount of meat. Our dinners cost Yen 3.50 each (\$1.75) and our three bed-rooms Yen 3.00 each (\$1.50). In addition there was "tea money" which in our case, as we were honored guests and had the best rooms, was the generous amount of Yen 5.00 (\$2.50) which evidently was gratefully received; for they brought an illuminated receipt for it and gave each of us a souvenir box with two pairs of fine chop-sticks, one for ourselves and a slightly smaller pair for our respective better two-thirds.

Then for bed. Each one of us had one of the large rooms to ourselves. In each room three mattresses, each about two inches thick were laid in the middle of the floor. Sheets came next, then a heavy, thick cotton-batting cover warm enough for the coldest weather, on the under side of which had been stitched a clean sheet. Such a bed is ample for two people. Over all was suspended from the four

corners of the room a prodigious mosquito net fully 12 by 15 feet, nearly filling the room. The pillow was a small hard affair about twelve by eighteen inches, filled with rice husks, covered with a white slip. It was pretty hard, and about two o'clock in the morning I shifted to one of the cushion seats which more nearly filled the place of the pillow to which I am accustomed. Soon after we were abed the maid came around and closed all the screens of our rooms, also all the screens outside of the hall, - the "outside wall" of the house. Japanese, like most Europeans, shut out all pure air; result, as everywhere, plenty of tuberculosis. I arose and opened the screens and enjoyed the cool fresh night air.

It was very quiet. The only sound I heard in the night was the night watchman going his rounds and beating out the number of the watch on his rattle of two sticks of hard wood. We had a good night's rest. I awoke only once during the night, which was unusual for me as I am a very light sleeper. Mr. Boyd awoke not at all until the maid went her rounds pushing back the shutters. As for Mr. Whitford, what could be expected of a man who had not taken a bath? He was sure to have some untoward experience; and he related how a couple of rats had held a council meeting near the head of his bed, - a "rat story".

The hotel was as clean and wholesome as one could wish; the service, from the Japanese view, perfect; and we greatly enjoyed our experience. The only one thing which might be added to enhance the comfort of the foreigner is running water in the toilets which, being Japanese style, do not require water so much as ours do. They had running water in the lavatories and the bath, - a foreign improvement and unusual in poorer class hotels; they had electric lights in the halls and all rooms, - every smallest shop and residence has them now. Of course the lay-out of Japanese rooms in houses and hotels does not admit of private wash-rooms, baths and toilets; these are almost necessities for Americans now. We suffered no inconvenience whatever. A willingness to adapt ourselves to things Japanese was all that was required to thoroughly enjoy this unique experience of a night in a Japanese inn.

The Nara Hotel at which we are stopping is under the direct management of the Japanese Government Railways. In many ways it is more adapted to the country than any of the hotels we have patronized. There was nothing whatever about the Imperial Hotel at Tokyo, and very little in the Nikko and Miyanoshita and Kyoto hotels that reminded one of the characteristics of Japan; but this hotel is a fine combination of Japanese architecture and modern western conveniences. It is far more beautiful from an architectural standpoint than any hotel we have patronized, and its location, that of an ancient castle on the crest of a beautifully wooded hill below which lies a small lake, is ideal. Although the city is all around us we are above it and separate from it. The service is very good, not quite the equal of Kyoto, however.

We leave Tuesday morning for Kobe, - one night stop; then to Miyajima, - one night stop; then to Shimoneseki where we take the boat to Korea.

E. M. McBrier

0425

YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 9

TRANSFER

Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1929

We took the train for Kobe, one of the principal commercial cities. Did no sight-seeing except to visit the Japanese stores which here have a decidedly foreign atmosphere.

Wednesday, Sept. 11

Took the train for Miyajima, one of the three famous Japanese "show-places". The Japanese are great nature lovers. Every place has its "seven views". Then there are the "seven views" considered the finest in the entire country. From these seven, three have been selected as of very first importance. This is the only one of the three we shall see. Our courier says the selection was made in the early days before the Fuji-yama country was opened up, and that nothing compares with that. We arrived about 5:30 P.M., after an all day ride along the shore of Japan's far-famed Inland Sea, a sea dotted with many islands. The small town of Miyajima is on an island about a mile from shore. It is a mountainous island covered with pine trees. The hotel is in a very pretty wooded nook in a small bay, - a fairly good hotel. The curving shore line with a row of stone lanterns from the hotel to the town, quarter of a mile away, makes a pretty picture. It is here that one sees the famous Shinto Torii in the water, the approach to the Temple which is built over the water when the tide is in, but which loses much of its attractiveness when the tide goes out and leaves both Temple and Torii resting in a bed of mud.

The town is nothing of importance, merely a collection of shops carrying the usual line of souvenir "junk" which is different in kind but similar in value and usefulness to the trash offered by the shops at Atlantic City and hundreds of other vacation resorts. Picture post cards, wood paddles and bowls, pottery in which the famous Torii is shown in relief, celluloid toys in which the Japanese specialize, and all sorts of china souvenirs, - these are the stock-in-trade carried by these stores.

We took a walk to the town in the evening. In one house, closed for the night, we heard the strumming of a Japanese guitar accompanied by a high falsetto voice singing some Japanese song. A bit further along we heard another; then another, and another. One of the party remarked, - "this seems to be a very musical town; when the day's work is over they evidently turn to music." Then we arrived at a shop and heard the same music from a radio set! And we then realized that Japan, like the good old U.S.A. is getting its music via the air.

Thursday, Sept. 12

Took a motor boat ride around the Island in the A.M. We could easily imagine we were motor-boating along the shores of Lake George. Went to the town again in the P.M. and took a few pictures.

Miyajima is a place where one could rest for a week or a month amid beautiful natural surroundings away from the rush. There are a number of people from China and other points here for their vacation. No carts or jinrickshas are permitted on the island, - everybody must walk.

0426

We took the evening train for Shimonoseki, the Japanese port from which the ferry runs to Fusan, Korea (known here as Chosen). We found a well appointed boat scrupulously clean, awaiting our arrival. We sailed at 11 P.M., sea calm, beautiful moon,- a lovely night. Good-bye, Japan!

A tribute to

Mr. Renzo Sano
349 Izumi Kitagata-Cho
Yokohama

This gentleman was our courier and guide. He was recommended to us by Mr. W.A. Rogers of Buffalo, who said he had employed many guides in many lands and that Mr. Sano was the peer of them all. We can add our word of sincere appreciation. He was always seeking our comfort. He took charge of all the hotel arrangements, the baggage, the mail, and was painstaking to the "Nth" degree. Every little detail was anticipated and provided for in advance. He was scrupulously accurate in his accounts.

Mr. Sano worked for Morimura Bros. in New York for several years,- a firm from which I used to purchase merchandise. He has served many noted men, among them Judge Gary, former president of U.S. Steel Corporation. He is an encyclopaedia of information, and it is not "make believe" information that is served out by so many guides. He is not afraid to say "I don't know" when a poser is put to him; but he nearly always does know. Our party all unite in a tribute to Mr. Sano and we are sorry he does not speak Chinese or we would keep him for our trip through China. With regret we say good-bye to him. He is a gentleman.

Friday, Sept. 13

The harbor of Fusan, Chosen (Korea) is before us as we awake. The day is beautiful. Our train is at the wharf, and within an hour we and our many pieces of baggage are on the way to Keijo (Seoul). You can take your choice of several names for Seoul. Foreigners are the only ones that speak of the place as Seoul. The Japanese name is Keijo; the Korean name, something else.

We are in a different country and in a different civilization. The Koreans were far more backward in every way than Japanese or Chinese. Before the Japanese came into control in 1906 the hills were absolutely denuded of every vestige of green, were bare and brown and gullied by the rains. The Japanese have bravely attempted afforestation, and the hills are taking on a covering of living green. Some places have been planted several times, the earth having so little fertility that the new planting can with extreme difficulty survive. Again, the steep gullies have for centuries been so washed out by unhindered torrents of water that landslides are frequent and the new planting is carried away. The Japanese have persevered until conditions are growing better. Some trees are ten to twenty feet high, the first plantings; but most are from a few inches to a foot or two or three high. The roads have also been greatly improved. There is a fairly good motor road paralleling the railroad right through the length of the country and motor cars can travel now between most of the important cities.

Our train is in most respects the best we have traveled on yet. Cars that are so nearly like our Pullmans that we speculate if they were not built by the Pullman Company; fine roadbed, standard gauge with heavy rails and as well ballasted

with crushed rock as any U.S. railroad, good equipment, dining cars and everything, surely we do not suffer any inconvenience here.

The houses are built with mud, one story, heavily thatched with straw. The land is not nearly as productive as in Japan. It shows evidences of soil exhaustion. Japan is doing everything possible to improve farming. We pass a large experimental farm established by them.

The roadbed runs in a valley between two ranges of mountains, and the scenery is beautiful, the fields and villages interesting. At Seoul we were met on the platform by a dozen missionary friends and were whisked away to the Chosen Hotel managed by the Japanese Imperial Railways, - a most comfortable hotel with all the conveniences one could desire, and enjoy the most comfortable bed we have had since we left our native land.

Saturday, Sept. 14

There is not a great deal of interest to see in Seoul so far as the city or buildings are concerned. The first thing the Japanese did upon taking over affairs was to endeavor to build a modern city outside of the South Gate. They constructed a magnificent railroad station, laid out streets, established their military headquarters there and endeavored to make the new city the business centre. Nothing doing. The Koreans boycotted the place. They were compelled to build another station house two or three miles nearer the city, just outside the South Gate. The business centre remains where it always was, but streets have been widened and the place modernized. A perfectly magnificent Governor General's Administration building has been built with a broad avenue fully a mile long cut through the heart of the city leading up to it.

We first ascended to Nanzan Park, a wooded height overlooking the city. Seoul lies in a pocket surrounded by mountains with valley openings to the north and south. We can see the old city wall built on the very crest of the mountains far to the west, with the narrow and famous defile through the mountains, Peking Pass, through which for many centuries passed the long merchandise trains between Peking and Seoul. It was through this pass the nobility traveled as they took tribute to the governing city; and it was here that many a bloody battle took place between the warring factions and countries.

The chief show place of Seoul is the Hall of Audience of the North Palace, - a most ornate building of wood about eighty feet square, built on an imposing platform of stone. We got special permission to see the interior. It is directly back of the Governor-General's Headquarters Building in a large court. All that remains of this palace has now been incorporated in the public buildings plan of the government. In the rear of this Hall of Audience is another famous building of the old palace group, the banqueting hall, which stands on a stone platform surrounded by a lotus pond. This one building is reported to have cost eight million Yen (\$4,000,000) back in the days when money was worth something. The government has utilized this building as the central show-piece for a group of Exhibition Buildings recently opened in commemoration of the 20th year of their occupancy of the country. Charts, maps, graphs, illuminated relief maps, etc. are used to show the improvements made under their benign tutelage. All products of the country and the processes of manufacture, and the improvements made in the last twenty years under Japanese administration are shown. The idea back of it is to demonstrate to the Korean people how the country has developed under the new administration; and the Koreans are responding by boycotting the exhibition. We were

0428

told each village had been "instructed" to collect enough money to send five delegates,- a case of "forcible feeding".

There is no doubt but that there has been more improvement in Korea in the last twenty years than in the previous five centuries; and undoubtedly the Japanese have developed the country far more in the short time they have been here than the Koreans could in a century; but that does not take the sting away, and they show their resentment in every way they can.

The native city where there are no modern improvements, is indescribably dirty and unsanitary. In several places we saw the people washing their clothes and vegetables in the polluted, filthy water of the open sewers, throwing the water back into the flow to be used again by the neighbor next door. Streets are narrow and crooked, buildings have a dilapidated look, and peeps into the rooms and courts show a condition of living on about as low a plane as can be conceived. Still the gentry appear in public in their white gowns and mouse-trap horse-hair hats and lackadaisically march up and down the street fanning themselves as if they had not a care in the world and life was one long sunny summer's day. These gents in their austere dignity and mouse-trap hats are the most laughable joke we have thus far seen.

We visited the grounds of the East Palace where His Highness Prince Li lives in retirement. There was mighty little worth while to see,- a few dilapidated pagodas near scenic beauty-spots, tea houses, rest rooms, etc. Perhaps the most interesting, but by no means the most beautiful building was the court where the reigning monarch formerly kept his concubines. Each one had a small room opening on a rather large court. Probably more than a hundred concubines can be accommodated in the rooms. Over the main door are three Chinese characters announcing to the world that it is the "Eternal Happiness Gate"! Such poetic fancy is hardly permissible even in oriental lands of by-gone days; for it would require a very vivid oriental imagination to regard the intriguing, quarrelsome inmates of a harem as a place of unalloyed bliss.

We were invited to attend a supper at night at the W.F.M.S. home as the guests of Bishop Baker who returned from Japan to Seoul with us. It was splendid to meet the fine body of devoted missionaries, some forty in number, mostly Methodists. They are here in conference from all parts of Seoul, all denominations. As many were invited as the house would hold. We enjoyed a fine meal, a-la-Americaine, topped off with good old PUMPKIN PIE, thank you,- two pieces, please!

Sunday, Sept. 15

Attended a well-filled Korean church service. There are about 6,000 Korean Christians within a five mile radius, and many others of other denominations. Yesterday we saw the out-of-door field athletic exercises of the Methodist Boys' School, 750 well trained boys; and the 350 girls of the girls' school. It was one of the finest sights I ever saw, these boys and girls in perfect time going through their athletics; and, alas! I did not have my movie camera!

We visited the Chosen Christian College, a united work organized by the various missions in 1915-16, three miles outside of the city; the Severance Hospital, also a united work; also the W.F.M.S. Hospital. We were much pleased with the type and character of the missionary work.

Took train for Mukden at 7:20 P.M. and spent our first night on a sleeper as comfortable as on a sleeper at home.

Monday, Sept. 16

Traveling through Manchuria, vast fields of corn, wheat, kaoliang, rice, - an extensive and fertile country. We emerged from the mountains on to plains rich in fertility and growing heavy crops which are now being reaped. As we approached Mukden we left the mountains and emerged on to a broad fertile plain extending as far as the eye can reach. Distances are enormous here, we little realized it before we came. From Mukden to Harbin, 500 miles away, the flat fertile plain stretches; then some five hundred miles beyond Harbin is the place where the little scrap is on between Russia and China. The nearer we get to it the smaller in importance it grows. At the nearest we are about one thousand miles from the frontier; and we see not one sign of excitement or anxiety. Nobody seems to know anything out of the ordinary is going on; but it makes good newspaper headlines in the home papers.

The Japanese have appropriated a concession of about a mile square in Mukden, and in same the streets are wide and well paved, the buildings fine and modern. We went to the Yamato Hotel, owned by the Japanese Imperial Railways, and found as up-to-date a hotel as any U.S. city can boast. Opposite the hotel is a fine hospital built by the Railways for their employees; and a bank, police headquarters and other Japanese buildings near-by are as up-to-date as any New York City modern structures. When one gets outside of the concession it is another story; dusty streets, a conglomerate hit-or-miss construction, some good modern buildings surrounded by shacks, all having the appearance of a frontier town, hastily thrown together to accommodate the fast expanding trade of a rich and lately developed agricultural area. There is the old Chinese city with its imposing walls which have been so far outgrown that the portion that lies outside is far greater than that inside, so the walls are being torn down.

Motored out to the Northern Tombs where, in 1643, was buried the second emperor of the Manchu dynasty. Manchuria is the foreign term, "Three Eastern Provinces", the Chinese term for the vast expanse of fertile country outside the great Chinese wall, from whence came the intrepid band that conquered the great country of China and held the reins of government firmly in their hands for three hundred years. In the southern part of this vast expanse probably eighty percent of the area has been well developed agriculturally; but we were told nearly half the tillable and extremely fertile land of the northern half awaits the coming of the pioneers. Tens of thousands of Chinese from the crowded plains of Shantung and Honan trek northward every year to settle in this land of promise; and as a rule they make good.

At night we took train for Peking, our first experience in a Chinese train. There was only one sleeper and it was overcrowded. After considerable clamor and very much talk a compartment was secured, through the courtesy, I believe, of a young Chinese gentleman we met on the President Pierce who gave up his compartment and bunked in with another person. It is just 24 hours by train from Mukden to Peking and we arrived on time. The train was far from being as comfortable as the Japanese trains. The sleeping compartments are built on the continental style but have hard leather cushions and the rolling stock has not been kept in repair. Poor old China has been fighting so many years all her income has been used up in wars.

0430

We got a good view of the great wall at Shanhaikwan, where the wall skirts the extreme tops of the mountain range. From there to Tientsin and Peking the land flattens out into a broad plain, for many miles only a few feet above high tide. We skirted the west shore of Pehchili Gulf, passing a military camp of the U.S. where "Old Glory" was flying, and it did sure look good to us. From Tientsin to Peking (now Peiping) the land is as flat as a pancake. Our train entered through the city wall and we quickly were deposited in a large airy room at the Grand Hotel de Pekin which reminds us of the Grand Hotel in Paris, has many French ear-marks, but looks considerably worn and needing paint and paper. It is not at all bad, though could not be called modern. Here we "bide a wee".

E. M. McBrier

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0431

B. G. G.

YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 10

TRANSFER

Sept. 18-21, 1929

In Peking four days, and we have done little in the way of sight-seeing. We have visited friends, made contact with our Methodist and Y.M.C.A. and other acquaintances, wandered about the shops a little, mostly for the purpose of purchasing a few needed accessories for our journey as well as to see the sights. Until today we have not attempted sight-seeing.

First, the Grand Hotel de Pekin, - inside the Tartar city. It is a French hotel; same sort of construction as the Grand Hotel, Paris. Our room is 24 x 38 ft.; our bath-room as large as an ordinary American hotel bed room. French windows open out onto two balconies. To the south we look over the wall and over the Chinese city and see the top of the Temple of Heaven in the distance. To the west, only a few rods distant, we see the golden tiled roofs of the Forbidden City.

Just a word about the city, or the several cities. Let us start from the outside, surrounded by the outer wall which is 22 miles in circumference, 50 ft. high and 40 ft. broad at the top. It has two gates on the north, four on the east, three on the south, four on the west.

The southerly one-third is called the "Chinese City". It is separated from the northern two-thirds by a wall which is pierced by three gates opening into the Tartar City. Inside this Tartar City, nearly in the centre, is the Imperial City which is also surrounded by a wall; and inside of the Imperial City is the walled Forbidden City, which for centuries was never trodden by the foot of the rude barbarian. The wall around the Forbidden City and all the buildings therein are tiled with the famous golden tile permitted to be used only for royal residences.

One of our first impressions is the vastness of the place. There are large areas where beautiful and sumptuous homes surrounded by high walls enclosing beautiful gardens predominate; there is the quiet and spacious legation quarter, owned by the governments whose representatives live here (they are here still, though the seat of the new government has been moved to Nanking) and by foreigners who have absorbed the remaining available space and have overflowed in all directions in the Tartar City; and there are thickly crowded Chinese quarters and bazaars where streets are ten feet wide flanked by little shops, thick with all the people and sights and sounds and smells that go to make up an oriental city.

I should hate to be in Peking, - I must change to the new name, Peiping, - and have only a week at my disposal. It is too huge, too important, - there are too many beautiful things to see and interesting places to visit. We have been here four days and have only "got the hang of the place"; we can now begin to see the sights. I shall never be guilty of attempting the impossible task of describing Peiping. You have to see it for yourself. All I shall attempt is to tell you a few of the many things that interest us; and if you want a description of what is to be seen, get a good guide book. It will interest you.

Another impression is, the cheapness of human life. A Mexican dollar

0432

(so-called because in the old days they had no coinage of their own and adopted the Mexican Dollar as their basis of value) is today worth 40% of our money. I hired a jinricksha man for \$7.00 Mex. per week, \$2.80 U.S. Gold. This means \$11.50 per month to pay rent, hire his ricksha, feed and clothe himself and family. He is ready for work at 6 o'clock in the morning if I want him (which I don't) and is on call till any hour of the night.

The streets are watered by men with dippers on long handles sprinkling the water from a tank mounted on wheels and hauled by one or two men. We saw large iron road-rollers 6 ft. in diameter and weighing tons hauled by twelve to fifteen men. Most of the charcoal, vegetables, produce of all kinds, household goods, building material &c are hauled by men. Human life is cheap.

Yesterday I saw a poor ricksha coolie who had fallen in the street. To me he appeared to be dying. His head was gashed. Blood from the gash, or from a hemorrhage of the lungs formed a pool in the dust. He had been lying there for a long time, how long I could not find out, but could tell it had been some time by the pool of coagulated blood. A curious crowd stood around, a policeman who did nothing stood nearby. People joked and laughed. Nobody lifted a finger. I asked my ricksha man why they let him lie there, - why not lift him up and take him where he could get attention. "He has no money" was the answer. Why bother? Nothing in it for anybody, - why go out of the way to help?

It breaks one's heart to realize how cheap life is, to know that in this city there are literally tens of thousands who never know what it is to have a full stomach. Since the capital has been removed to Nanking thousands of shops have closed, - failed, - tens of thousands thrown out of employment; and I hear they expect 800,000 to be jobless another winter. The adjustments during a time of revolution and government upheaval spell disaster to a people that always exist near the hunger line.

Today (Saturday) has been a "propitious day" for weddings as fixed by the astrologers. We have seen a dozen or more, and tonight had the privilege of attending a Christian wedding, strictly Chinese fashion, and of enjoying the sumptuous Chinese feast that followed. A young student in one of the schools took unto himself a bride. It was a love-match, modern fashion, not determined by the parents while the participants are babies. New China is adopting western ideas fast. Sometimes they are comical, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes tragical. To see the bobbed hair and peculiar combinations of Chinese and western attire is comical; to see the use of rouge, powder and lip-stick and the "flapper" styles are ridiculous; and to see them ape certain kinds of western young women and smoke cigarettes and select that which is cheap and tawdry and sensational, believing these things are what make them "up-to-date" and "forward-looking" and are a necessity for the "new age" is tragical. China is paying a high price for the change from the old to the new; and not a small part of the price must be charged up to the west. Education and higher standards of life, and medicine, and improved agricultural methods and modern machinery and appliances are not the only things exported by the west to this old-new land. Would that the Chinese had the power, the wisdom and the will to select the good and reject the harmful.

We went out to the Summer Palace at the foot of the Western Hills. These famous grounds and buildings some twelve or fifteen miles northwest of the city were the summer abode of the Emperors. Beautiful in their day beyond description, they are now falling into disrepair and rapidly crumbling into decay. Since the beginning of the Republic no repairs have been made. The natural beauty of the

setting, the artistic beauty of the stone balustrades, bridges, lions, carvings, &c. beggar description. It is a pity that money is not available to keep the place in repair; for as a national monument to show the beauty of a highly artistic past nothing can be finer. China has been drained of every available dollar for internal wars since 1912 and the end is not yet. Graft and "squeeze" and all the disreputable methods of place-hunters have despoiled the public treasury. It looks as though it would be too late to save this and other priceless heirlooms of the past, as there are yet many weary years to be endured before China will be stabilized and become financially able to undertake the rehabilitation of these wonderful treasures

From the foot of one of the mountains springs forth the "Jade Fountain", a wonderful spring of emerald green water, cold and clear. The landscape artists have utilized this stream to the full. The general plan is a reproduction of the famous West Lake and surrounding grounds in the old capital of the Empire at Hangchow. A large lake has been excavated. The excavated material was used to build hills and terraces. Temples, pagodas, bridges, residences, theatres, tea-houses and all sorts of buildings in rich array surround the lake and the sides of the encircling hills. White marble carved in beautiful oriental designs is lavishly employed everywhere. Bronze and granite and all sorts of materials shaped by the most famous artists of the orient made an earthly paradise for the ruler of "All under Heaven". This was the Summer Palace, now falling into irretrievable ruin.

The wedding was a rather grand affair. It was held at a large Chinese restaurant, a large square open building with two galleries around and a stage at one end. Red silk banners with characters wishing "long life and happiness" and all other good wishes were hung in great profusion around the walls. At the end opposite the stage was a table with accountants at which the guests made their presents in contributions of cash, - a considerable improvement over the system in vogue in countries of a younger civilization. Cash is a commodity that can be duplicated, quadrupled or increased in any amount, and is always usable; but I have known young brides in U.S.A. to be greatly embarrassed at the duplication of fruit plates, or pickle forks, or sugar tongs or what-not at their weddings.

The ceremony was Christian, Dr. Leighton Stuart performing the ceremony; but apart from that, and the display of flowers on the stage, a western custom, the balance was strictly Chinese. After the wedding we had a sumptuous Chinese feast. It consisted of twenty-eight courses, or dishes, and was known as a "Shark's Fin Feast". The most expensive dish names the feast. Here is the menu:-

- 4 Fresh Fruits: Apples, Bananas, Grapes, Pears.
- 4 Dried Fruits: Sultanas, Watermelon Seeds, Preserved Crab Apples, Fruit Jelly (Shan-cha-keo).
- 6 Cold Dishes: Fried fish, 20 year old eggs, bean curd and vegetables, pig's tongue, duck wings, vegetable salad.
- 6 Hot Dishes: Shrimps, mushrooms (fungus) and chicken intestines, fish fritters, chicken and pepper, bamboo pith, pig's kidneys.
- 4 Big Dishes: Bird's nest, meat dumplings, chop suey, cabbage.
- 4 Major Dishes: Lotus seed, roast duck, roast carp entire, sharks fins and sea slugs.

Most of the dishes were very good and we enjoyed them. I had often seen the old eggs on sale, and they looked pretty bad; but one is not killed by what others often eat, so we tried them. They were not bad. The Chinese bury them in lime in the ground, which hardens them. The white turns to a dark purple, the yolk to a mealy black. They look pretty bad, but taste not at all bad, - a sort of pickle taste with a soda flavor. Try them!

0434

After the feast they last of all brought rice which, of course, nobody touched, as to do so would not have been courteous, as it would carry the suggestion that the previous courses had been insufficient to satisfy. The lady guests ate at different tables than the men and occupied an entirely different room during the service, - a "back room". There is a large measure of liberty for women now. No longer are they confined to the houses, but here and there the old customs linger. Naturally people here are not nearly as conservative as in country towns.

Saturday, Sept. 28.

A week has passed, and no writing done. It has been a busy week. Saturday we visited four of our Chinese Methodist Churches to see the work. In the P.M. called on President Stuart at Yenching University and attended church.

Monday we started sight seeing. The first thing we saw was the Altar of Heaven and the Temple of Heaven. It was very impressive. I have endeavored to get the Chinese view of that most moving spectacle, - the Emperor shutting himself apart in the Temple of Abstinence while he fasted and purified his body for presentation before the Lord of Heaven; his proceeding at the close of day as darkness drew on to the Altar of Heaven, an exquisite creation of three white marble terraces with beautifully carved balustrades; his ascension to the top terrace where on the cold marble pavement he knelt alone through the night giving his account to the God who dwelt in heaven, of his record for the year and pleading for his people until the sun arose on the new day, - in all this there is something so majestic and sublime, so simple and direct that one cannot but feel that somehow there was back of it all a great yearning to know God. Long before Buddhism and the other isms came to China, Heaven, the Heavenly Ruler, the Honorable Father in Heaven were terms written in the language and often on the tongues of the people; and as I have read and imagined just what they meant by it I am not so sure but in the early years their worship was quite as simple, direct, and free from man-made rites as much of that which we see today in religious ceremonies that are accepted as being quite the proper and acceptable method of worship to the one true God by certain branches of the Christian church (so-called).

Since the altar was last used by an emperor some twenty years have passed. Time has dealt harshly with this beautiful shrine. The large walled enclosure in the centre of which the altar stands is filled with a vigorous crop of weeds, and the weeds have also sprung up between the marble slabs of the very altar itself. It is a pity. Beautiful beyond description, pointing to the very highest in spiritual attainment of this wonderful nation with a history antedating that of any other people, it would seem that at least this one place should be held in such esteem that it would be kept in repair. War has been the only business during these sad recent years. There has been no money to conserve the beauty of this and other artistic places.

We have visited most of the outstanding sights, and Forbidden City, the so-called Winter Palace, better known to the Chinese as the Northern Sea, the Southern Sea, the cluster of important temples in the northeastern corner of the Tartar City. All show the same deterioration and decay. On the yellow-tiled roofs of the beautiful palaces in the forbidden city the grass and weeds have gained a foothold and in many places the growth has pried the tiles loose. Only in one place has there been any repair undertaken, in the palace occupied by the last Dowager Empress, she of Boxer rebellion unsavory reputation. One of the most interesting things we have seen is the famous collection of bronze astronomical instruments on top of the tartar city wall. These instruments are most beautiful specimens of

handicraft. It was in the days of Kublai Kahn in the thirteenth century that the first observatory was built. It was not so long ago that the western world began to understand the truth about the sciences. In so many things the Chinese were the first to discover what we consider as "modern" inventions; and their knowledge of the sciences not so many centuries ago was quite on a par with that of the western world.

We have made several trips to Yenching University, beautiful for location, - a truly wonderful achievement. I must not attempt to describe it. All I can say is that we are more than satisfied that all the money and labor of the last six years was not in vain. We are very happy over what we found, and the splendid student body of about 800 is certainly an inspiration. Yenching is a great University; and in the coming years will do much to furnish leadership for the new China that is now in the making.

E. M. McBrier

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GRAND HOTEL DE PÉKIN

PÉKIN

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS (PEKINOTEL)

CODES A. B. C. LIEBER & BENTLEY'S

YENCHING

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Sept 30

1929

TRANSFER

My dear Mr. Garside,

I have refrained from writing you as I thought general letters would convey information regarding trips, and special information I had none until now. Two or three important matters should now be mentioned.

Mrs. Blair reported to me yesterday about the perfectly awful time she and her traveling companions had had as a result of booking with Miss Schorley. It seems only I were in the party at the last. She said the Japanese carrier was a crook, treated them shabbily, and finally forsook them entirely at Kyoto without giving them tickets or anything. Dr. Warner said he had heard the story and that there was apparently blame on both sides. I do not presume to know the facts, merely report thus briefly Mrs. Blair's story. They came on from Kobe by boat, paying their own fare. It was very unfortunate. Wanted you to know, and where you get fuller information report to Miss Schorley. I fear she did not handle the matter ~~so~~ competently.

There was one very important matter emerged of which you should be advised. I heard a report that Mrs. F. wrote to the women teachers that if she came back she would come to fight for a separate college and expected them to stand back of her. The first move was to maintain a separate Treasurer and absolutely control their own finances. Dr. Stuart and Mr. Galt were much concerned. In other words, they proposed that, while union had been effected at home, on the

0437

field the situation would remain as before, - just the thing we never could consent to. You can see the sinister aspects of the situation.

There was no way left but to face the issue squarely, which we did. Mrs. Frame, Miss Stahl, Mr. Warner, Mr. Mrs. Boyd, Mr. East and Dr. Shant (part of the time) had a grand conference. Of course the interpretation of the actions taken in New York were left to me; and with my usual straight-from-the-shoulder manner I said my say. I told them no such condition was ever contemplated by the Trustees; that unity could only be had by a united financial arrangement on the field, as fully united as in New York; that the very genius of unity was imperilled by any other course; that never in the thought of the Trustees was there any other idea than that of one treasurer here as well as in N.Y.

They fought for maintaining the separate treasury largely on the ground that they could save money by managing their ~~own~~ own affairs. There was no real reason in anything they said - it was only an argument, a move to maintain a separate relation as in the past.

Of course you are to send no money direct to Morris College and honor red drafts except those of the Treasurer, Mr. East.

There was a complete understanding, - they yielded, hauled down their pirate's flag and I press the matter of the separate treasury on the field is settled. The last words of Mrs. Frame were - "We understand perfectly what the interpretation is and will abide by it."

GRAND HOTEL DE PÉKIN
PÉKIN

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS (PEKINOTEL)
CODES A. B. C. LIEBER & BENTLEY'S

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We found much to our surprise that ^{a few} other Depts
had, up until last year, also maintained their
Treasurer or paymaster, that Mr. Galt had given them
check for lump sum and the paymaster had paid
it out to individuals — a very bad practice.

The process of joining this work into a real
unity, into ONE University has been a slow
process.

Dr. Warner leaves for home right after
the last day of opening. He should make a
full report to the Board.

Sincerely

Edmund T. Davis

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UNIVERSITIES
OCT 28 1929
JOINT OFFICE

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YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 11

TRANSFER

Peiping, Sunday, Sept. 29, 1929

Yenching University dedication fills our time full these days. Meetings of committees, of members of the Board that came to China for the dedication with the Board of Managers here, receptions, a regular succession of events is the order of each day. Today the real ceremony of dedication, a distinctly church ceremony, was held in Bashford Hall. It was very impressive, held partly in Chinese and partly in English.

The campus of the University is, I think, the most beautiful one I ever saw. It ought to be. Formerly it was a palace site. Members of the royal family lived here. The land was originally as level as a floor; but at incredible expense lakes and lagoons were dug and the dirt removed from them was built up into hills and terraces. The work was done in a very artistic and effective manner. There are many fine old trees on the place, something one does not ordinarily see in China; for here like in Korea the land was centuries ago stripped bare of all trees. Water from the Jade Fountain, that beautiful stream that gushes out from the base of the Western Hills not far distant and beautifies the Summer Palace, is brought through the grounds to fill the lagoons and lakes.

The buildings are particularly beautiful. They have blended the best of old Chinese architecture and decoration with modern interior arrangement. We are all very much pleased with the result. The buildings have been placed with great care and a harmonious whole has resulted.

In my last letter I omitted to say a word about our experience at a Chinese theatre. A very popular actor by the name of Mr. Fei is very friendly to Yenching folks, and Dr. Stuart and others brought him to lunch with us. Women's parts in Chinese theatres are taken by men and Mr. Fei takes the part of "leading lady". He makes up as a beautiful lady, - from the Chinese view-point, - and his movements are the very essence of Chinese grace and elegance. A westerner can hardly understand, much less appreciate how much certain positions and movements and attitudes mean to an oriental. Our brusque ways are anathema to them. We go directly at whatever we wish to accomplish; they never approach a piece of work or a project directly. Theirs is the circuitous road. Few westerners understand or appreciate their viewpoint. We are too prone to think ours is the only sensible way and condemn all others. The oriental is very imaginative. To us it seems crude for a couple of men to come on to the stage and wave black flags to represent a storm. To the Chinese it is just as realistic as our flash of lightning and man-made stage thunder. A line on the stage floor with the Chinese imagination at work is as realistic as a river bank as are our stage "waves" of the sea.

The Chinese theatre starts about six o'clock and ends about midnight. We went at 10 o'clock as Mr. Fei began his work at that hour. The theatre, from our viewpoint was very crude and barn-like; no decorations, not even decently clean. We had a box in the first gallery containing six chairs. Before us, as before every other person in the house, was a narrow table on which were displayed eatables; cakes of different sorts, fruit, watermelon seeds, confections. If we ate we paid. We paid anyhow, for here, as everywhere in China one is expected to fee everybody from the chap who insists on showing you the way to a place when you know it perfectly well yourself, to the "boy" that would wait on you if you desired to avail yourself of his services. So we tipped the waiters who didn't wait on us and watched the show

0442

and the main show for us was to see the audience, a crowded house, eat and talk and move about; for in a Chinese theatre it is in perfectly good form to do all of these. Who could be quiet through a straight six hours?

The Chinese know the plays that are acted perfectly well beforehand just as we do the plots of our operas. The action on the stage was similar to that of the Honolulu theatre I described. There was one particularly interesting thing which entertained us; hot wet towels were passed around for the audience to wipe their hands and faces and - necks, &c; and the men that handed out the towels were past-masters at the job. Five or six men were scattered through the audience; they would pass out half a dozen hot towels, then would twist them up into a "club" shaped mass and throw them thirty to fifty feet over the heads of the audience to another man in the rear who manipulated the hot water tank; he would wring them out in hot water and fire them back. There were rolls of towels going through the air almost constantly. I never saw one dropped. We were offered towels, but - we tipped the boys again. About twenty minutes of the show was enough for us. It was not at all interesting from our viewpoint, the action was slow and stilted, the music the same as I previously described in the Honolulu theatre. There is a decided similarity between the Chinese theatre and our operas. Both are old stories or legends; both are slow and long drawn out. If we appreciated Chinese music as we do our own and if the stories were as well known as are ours, we might be interested; but as it is there is nothing in a Chinese theatre that appeals or pleases except to see "how they do it". The costumes are elegant.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.

This has been the last day of the dedication of Yenching University. The formal procession, the speechifying and all that was completed this afternoon. Representatives of the city and provincial governments spoke, as did leading educators and representatives of various colleges and civic bodies.

Wednesday, Oct. 2.

The great wall of China! Who has not been allured by it. When as a boy I saw a picture of the wall in my geography and read the story of its size, its length, its construction, I was fascinated. Of course we must see the great wall. It takes a full day, and even then only by special arrangement can it be easily done. The Y.M.C.A. arranged for a train to take the marines, and we arranged for a special first class car to be added to the train. We invited our Methodist friends as guests. Across the plain to Nankou (Southern Mouth), then a stiff climb up the mountain to the pass; then a walk of a mile or more up a stony ravine and the dry bed of a water-course, and we were at the famous pass. It is a beautiful day and we enjoy every minute of it. We are not disappointed. It is all our fancy painted it. Winding its tortuous way along the very crests of the highest mountains regardless of difficulties of construction, dipping into valleys, doubling back on itself again and again like some huge serpent in order that it may skirt the highest points, it surely was a prodigious undertaking. Lateral walls are constructed at advantageous points. Block houses or forts stand on prominent peaks; every effort was made to hold back the northern hordes. The effort was futile. Men who could conceive and execute such a tremendous undertaking were helpless when a comparative handful of warlike Manchus determined the time had arrived for them to capture and dominate China; and so the Manchu rule began.

Going up the twisting and turning railroad we saw the wall at a dozen or more points. It looked as though there were half a dozen walls. For no great distance is the wall constructed in a straight line. Regardless of expense or

labor, to build on the highest ridge was the chief ambition.

Way to the north stretched the fertile plains of Mongolia; far to the south the level plains surrounding Peiping. We stood on historic ground. It was thrilling!

Friday, Oct. 4.

We took the early morning train for Tientsin. Our stay of seventeen days in Peiping was all too short. We saw the "sights", but back in the narrow crooked Chinese streets, back of the dull gray walls are hidden beauties and interesting corners, not to speak of the real Chinese life, that we have scarcely touched. To be sure our opportunities for getting back of the scenes are a thousand times better than most travelers enjoy, for we have many good friends among the Chinese as well as the missionary body. We have feasted in Chinese homes, shopped in Chinese shops, got somewhat into the background of political life here; but there are abysmal depths that we have only peered into; and the search for the realities is alluring and rewarding. We must come back some day for a real stay; it is the only way to satisfy our desire.

On the way to Tientsin we saw scores of men and boys in the flat fields waving red and vari-colored flags. We learned they were trying to drive the grasshoppers from the fields of grain, - a futile task it seemed. Twice this summer swarms of locusts have completely devoured the crops in places hereabouts; once heavy rains inundated the land and drowned the crop. Poor old China! Struggling impotently against foes external and internal, it grieves our hearts to see it. And the people are so poor. In the country they live mostly in mud houses and ten dollars would buy the entire house-furnishings for a majority of families.

We heard something about the shipment of drugs into Manchuria and north China. It is a pitiful tale of exploitation in which many nations are involved; and we were told that the drugs that enter here for the most part originated in India, were shipped to Scotland for refining and manufacture, were shipped across the United States to Japan, and distributed by Japanese over this poor land. Who cares? China is down and is to be exploited; she is poor and must be made still poorer.

And the Geneva Conference, held year after year, what has it done to stop it, we ask? Not one thing is the answer. Opium smoking is not so rife, but the drug habit is awful. In one province \$55,000,000 of drugs are consumed in a year. In ten years it has increased ten fold. Such is the story told us by one whose word we cannot doubt. Horrible!

"How long, Oh Lord, how long!" And this awful traffic, as was the opium traffic earlier, was fostered by Christian nations! Christian? God save us; there is no such thing. Greed and avarice and unholy profit and traffic in men's bodies and souls for the sake of gain is as heathen as the wilds of Africa; more so, for the people of the nations engaged in this awful traffic know, at least, what is right.

The missionary friends at Tientsin arranged a very nice reception in the Methodist Compound for us, and we greatly enjoyed meeting them; and we also wish to say right here that American women know how to make cake and cookies and coffee and good "eats" as no other women on this round globe; and we did enjoy it!

Saturday, Oct. 5.

We visited the splendid schools established and developed by Dr. Chang Po-ling and his predecessor and benefactor, Dr. Yen. A splendid piece of work is being done and up until now it has been financed entirely by the Chinese. Dr. Chang has recently been obliged to ask help from the United States as so many of his rich and influential Chinese supporters have died or been impoverished by the incessant demands of the changing governments. There are three schools and a University. The largest, the boy's Middle School, has 1,600 pupils. Altogether there are 2,200. Dr. Chang has made it his life work and wields a wide influence in China.

We leave for Tsinanfu tonight.

E. M. McBrier

0445

Shantung Annual Conference

of the
Methodist Episcopal Church

Cable Address: "Methodist Taian"

YENCHING

Taian, Shantung, China.

TAI SHAN

the oldest sacred
mountain in
the world

Oct 10/19
TRANSFER

My dear Garside -

I want you to know we
are here, and went to church last
Sunday AM. at Chefoo.

Went up Tai-Shan yesterday,
Good Trip. Sorry we will not see Confucius's
Tomb - cannot get a train.
Leave tomorrow for Hankow.

Best regards.

E. M. M. Davis

Through five
thousand years,
millions of pilgrims
have worshipped
here.

Confucius
life on the
plains round
about this
mountain.

THIS
IS CHINA'S
HOLY LAND.

MAILED 1929

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Tsinan Union Church

October 6th

5.0 p. m.

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1929

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Order of Worship

Organ Prelude

Call to Worship.

Prayers:— (Minister and people together)

Infinite and gracious Father, giver of all good, to know whom even but in part is to lay hold upon Thine eternal life, grant unto us Thy children the peace, joy, and courage which come to those whose lives are lived in the spirit of the Master of men, and centered and rooted in the thought of Thee. Fix in us each noble hope, each worthy purpose: free our minds from needless fears and cares: confirm our faith in Thine Eternal Righteousness that so, as worthy disciples of Him whose example we would follow, we may go forward striving to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God. Amen.

(Minister and people alternately.)

O God, our true life, in whom and by whom all things live, who by Thy spirit dost command us to seek Thee, and art ever ready to be found: to know Thee is life, to serve Thee is freedom, to praise Thee is the joy and happiness of the soul.

P. - We praise, and bless Thee, and give thanks for Thy great glory.

M. - For seasons of bounty and of beauty, for nights of quiet sleep, for days of health, for the glory of earth and its ministry to our need,

P. - We bless Thy name, O Lord.

M. - For all the generations before us who through effort and pain have wrought so that we might be heirs of liberty, and truth, and peace,

P. - We thank Thee, our Father, and pray that we may enter into this heritage.

M. - For opportunities used and unused, for victories over besetting sins, for the gladness and courage abiding with loyalty,

P. - We praise Thee, O God.

M. - For the discipline that enriches, for the burden that strengthens, for the failure that is true success, and for the sorrow that enlarges the heart,

P. - For these also we rejoice and give Thee thanks.

M. - Keep us, we pray Thee, in Thy love: and in and through the quickening of our spirits make us worthy of sonship with Thee. Be with us in our fulness of joy: be with us in all hours of our solitariness: sanctify to us all goodness, and have compassion upon us in all our evil and fruitless striving.

P. - And to Thee be the honor and glory world without end. Amen.

(Minister and people together.)

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation: but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

M. - Lift up your hearts.

P. - We lift them up unto the Lord.

M. - O Lord, open Thou our eyes.

P. - That we may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.

M. - O Lord, open Thou our lips.

P. - And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

M. - Praise ye the Lord.

P. - The Lord's name be praised.

Hymn 524 *"My God, I thank Thee, who hast made"*

Responsive Reading Selection 48. Ps. 121 and 122.

Gloria

Offertory

Doxology

"He shall feed His flock",- from Handel's Messiah.

Communion Meditation,- (For the children.)

Hymn 334 *"Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face"*
(Congregation seated)

Communion of the Lord's Supper.

Hymn 335 *"Not worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs"*
(Congregation seated.)

Prayer and Benediction

Organ Postlude

The Question

I saw the Son of God go by
Crowned with the crown of Thorn.
"Was it not finished, Lord?" I said,
"And all the anguish borne?"
He turned on me His awful eyes:
"Hast thou not understood?
Lo! Every soul is Calvary,
And every sin a Rood."

Rachel Taylor.

Announcements

For the beautiful linen used at this Communion Service, we are indebted to the "Kekewich Family", aunts of Mr. D. R. Mackintosh. The cloths were prepared at the Royal School of Needlework, London, and are a gift from these friends to the Tsinan Union Church.

The collection last Sunday amounted to \$14.32.

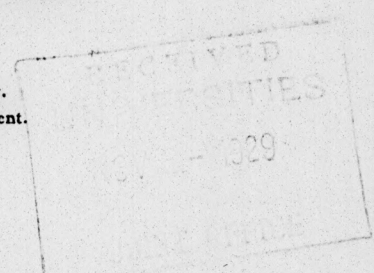
The collection today is for the Hospital Samaritan Fund.

The collection next Sunday will be for Church Maintenance.

The preacher next Sunday, Oct. 13th, will be Rev. S. Lautenschlager.

Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 8.15 in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Heeren; Leader, Mrs. Struthers.

Mrs. J. J. Heeren, Chairman-Secretary.
Mr. E. L. Phillips, S. S. Superintendent.
Dr. J. R. Watson, Treasurer.
Rev. J. W. Hunter, Organist.
Mr. D. R. Mackintosh.
Rev. W. D. Boone.



305
YENCHING

OUR TRIB ABROAD

Letter No. 12

TRANSFER

Sunday, Oct. 6, 1929

We left Tientsin last night in the rain and at 5 o'clock A.M. arrived at Tsinan. We were met on the platform at that early hour by Dr. Shields and other friends of Cheeloo University (Shantung Christian University) and of the Medical School. We were received into hospitable homes and royally entertained. There is one thing that impresses us wherever we go, the loving-kindness of these faithful missionaries. They take no end of pains to serve us. Our large demands on their time and assistance are met with most gracious responses. Their very best is placed at our disposal. They are genuine friends from the start. When they hear of our coming they begin to write letters to us giving us advice and information. Without their assistance a trip through inland China would be a drear affair.

I wish it were possible to convey a picture of the sordidness and limitations of the Chinese as a people, caused largely by the low economic standard, - the average wage of a worker is from 20 cents to 30 cents per day gold, when he can get work, - by the lack of education, which means complete lack of sanitation or of the elemental knowledge of the cause and cure of disease, and by the ancient customs to which they give slavish obedience. The city streets are from 8 to 15 ft. wide, dirty beyond description. Most of the people have only the clothes they have on. Most of them are in dire want from the day they are born until the day they die. There are far too many people for the land to properly support, and by reason of the dense ignorance the land produces far less than it should. The country is so vast, the poor people so imprisoned in their minds that it seems a hopeless task to improve conditions; yet in spots we can see improvement. The missionary centres are the bright spots. They are not only preaching the gospel of salvation from sin, but are helping along the lines of improvement of crops, education, teaching the people the rudiments of health and sanitation, &c.

We went over the grounds of the Cheeloo University where four missions are cooperating in an important work. The Medical Department and Hospital are particularly strong and doing good work. We enjoyed the vesper service in the chapel at which our Lord's death was remembered - "until He comes".

Monday, Oct. 7

Spent the day in going over the work here, becoming acquainted with the missionaries, visiting the business portion of the city and visiting the leper hospital where Dr. Heimburger is doing some interesting experimental work in treating leprosy with native Chinese medicine, with remarkable success. One of the principal ingredients of the medicine is a venomous snake whose body has been dried, powdered, and administered with an admixture of other things in the form of pills; and it works! A considerable percentage of the patients have been permanently cured; all show marked improvement. Only three that have been discharged as cured have had a recurrence of the disease, and these came back for further treatment and in the end were permanently cured.

While leprosy is a dreadful disease, it is not feared by the people nearly so much as is tuberculosis; and rightly so. In the areas of greatest

0452

leprosy infection only one person in 100,000 has it; but nearly half the people are tubercular. Leprosy has caught the popular imagination of the good folks at home and they give more readily to eradicate leprosy than for the elimination of the far more fatal "white plague", which devastates this sad land. The doctors tell us that far too large a percentage of the cases in the hospital are tubercular bone cases requiring long treatment.

Tuesday, Oct. 8

Took a local train for T'ai-an in the forenoon. This is an area where banditry is prevalent, and the fact was evidenced by the armed guard that accompanied the train. It was in this province south of T'ai-an that a train was held up and all the foreign passengers held for ransom. The bandits are for the most part soldiers who have deserted, or have been disbanded and left to forage their way home as best they can. China has been at war almost constantly since 1912, and the "soldiers" have no loyalty to any particular clique. They are in it for their stomach's sake. They desert readily from one army to the other. It is suggestive of the state of affairs that their arm-bands on which their army and regiment are indicated are merely pinned on. Mr. Wang's army meets Mr. Liu's army in mortal conflict; Mr. Wang's army is evidently stronger than Mr. Liu's. There is an awful banging of guns, few casualties (in comparison with real fighting) and soon Mr. Liu's soldiers are "captured", arm-bands changed, and Mr. Wang has a larger army than before. Thus is "war" waged here. (As this was being written we passed a transport on the Yangtse River carrying troops to Hankow. Report has it that war has been declared between President Kiang-kai-shih and Feng-yu-hsiang, the "Christian General".)

The missionary friends at T'ai-an met us at the train and we were quickly conveyed to the Methodist compound. We hoped to visit the grave of Confucius some three hours by train to the south, but the train schedule would not permit it. Although we were advised that we could get a special engine and car to bring us back to T'ai-an after the visit, and Mr. Hanson has been trying to arrange it for a week, his efforts, assisted by a friendly Station Master and the local Magistrate have been unavailing; no engine can be procured. War has stripped the road of rolling stock. So we reluctantly were obliged to give up the trip.

Wednesday, Oct. 9

This was a memorable day, one of the "high water marks" of the trip. We ascended T'ai-shan, the holiest of holy mountains of China.

The base of the mountain is only about a mile from the city. It is about 5,000 feet high above sea level, 4,300 feet above the plain surrounding the city. On its heights for 5000 years men and emperors have worshipped. It is claimed to be the oldest sacred mountain in the world. There is reliable history of many sovereigns who came here to worship. There are altogether 6500 steps from the "First Heavenly Gate" to the "South Heavenly Gate" which is the "saddle" or pass over the mountain. The extreme top is some 500 ft. higher.

All the way up the mountain we pass hundreds of inscriptions cut in the granite, many of them so very old that the characters are entirely different from those in use today. They can be read only by scholars versed in the ancient literature of China. There are any number of shrines, temples, stone tablets resting on the backs of stone turtles, (the turtle is a symbol of longevity) and tea-houses and inns. Miserable beggars living in the most miserable huts

imaginable are found all along the way. Pilgrims are few. We saw only one party of five, - two of them women stumping along on their deformed bound feet. We are impressed everywhere that the Chinese have lost interest in their worship. The temples are neglected and in many cases are in a state of semi-ruin. Only rarely do we see any evidences of repair of temples. The contrast with Japan, where there are always worshipers coming and going, is suggestive. In Japan the government gives grants to the temples and they are usually in good repair; here there is no government, no money for the pressing necessities, let alone grants for temples.

The path up the mountain is about 30 ft. wide, made of granite blocks hewn from solid rock. An enormous amount of grilling labor was required for this undertaking. We were carried in mountain chairs. Two poles about 10 ft. long with a light frame in the form of a chair, over which was stretched a canvas for seat and back, - a sort of reclining camp chair; the ends of the poles connected with a wide strap of rawhide which the carrier passed over one shoulder when going up the steps, or over both shoulders when traveling on the level. When going on the level the carriers traveled in a trot, one ahead of the other, and we faced forward; but when going up and down the stairs we faced sideways and the carriers kept us on an "even keel", taking their steps together. The stairs were very steep, broken by frequent level spaces. Arriving at these level spaces the carriers would shift the chairs around from left to right in a jiffy. It was a very interesting and novel experience. Our party required 58 carriers. The ladies of the mission prepared a sumptuous luncheon to which we did full justice at one of the stopping places about two-thirds up the mountain. It took nearly five hours to ascend, but only two to descend.

The Methodist mission work at T'ai-an consists of a boys' school of some 300 pupils built up by the untiring effort of Rev. Perry O. Hanson; a W.F.M.S. girls' school, and the usual evangelistic work. We were impressed here, as we have been in every station we have visited, with the devotion of these dear people who "count not their lives dear unto themselves", but give them freely that the Kingdom of God may be established in the earth.

Thursday, Oct. 10

Spent the day looking over the mission work, visiting the city, shopping, etc. Today is the anniversary of the founding of the Republic and is the national "4th of July". Banners are flying, bands parading, etc. A public meeting was held in the grounds of the principal Buddhist temple which was cleaned of its images and transformed into a large audience hall. We attended the meeting. It was held in the open court. Some pressure was exerted to get people to attend and when once in the enclosure they were not permitted to go out, - forced patriotism. The people are very apathetic toward such demonstrations. The present government is not popular with the public. We everywhere hear rumors that it will be overthrown; that the present president and a few of his followers are grafters, &c. &c. Doubtless much more than the facts are passed as truth.

In the afternoon we went on wheelbarrows, jinrickshas and mountain chairs, each one selecting the style of conveyance desired, to a village a couple of miles west of the city. We were reminded of the brigands in the vicinity by seeing at the entrance to the village a heavy gate of wood interwoven with masses of thorn branches. This gate was closed at night to keep marauders out. People are making gunpowder in their homes and firing off guns at night to let the bands of marauders know they are armed. We saw one poor chap in the hospital with his face encased in bandages, only his eyes and mouth showing, who had been burned

0454

badly by an explosion when making powder in his home. Fire arms and explosives are not permitted by the government; but the robbers are supplied, having kept their arms when deserting the army. The people in the small villages have banded themselves into bands of a society called "Red Spears" for mutual protection. The trouble is, nobody ever seems to know who the bandits are. We are told certain people may be perfectly good and honorable citizens ninety percent of the time; then turn bandit for a time, then go back to honest and less exciting life. It surely is a much mixed condition.

Friday, Oct. 11

We entrain early in the morning for Nanking. The train, the "Blue Express", has the best cars we have been in since we left U.S.A. The cars were built by the American Car & Foundry Company and are clean and neat. A good diner supplies good food. The country through which we pass is very fertile but the Chinese do not till the ground to the best advantage. Much waste land might be cultivated if more modern methods were used. The contrast between farming methods in Japan and China is marked.

Saturday, Oct. 12

We arrived at Pukow, the station on the north side of the Yangtse River opposite Nanking, nearly three hours late. Good friends had been waiting for us since early morning. The Foreign Relations Department of the government sent a representative and a government launch to convey us and other travelers to the city, - an unusual incident. Mrs. McBrier and her husband were entertained in the home of Rev. Edward James in the Methodist compound. Six demolished houses in the Methodist compound gave eloquent testimony of the trying experiences through which the workers passed two years ago at the time of the riots. Every stick of wood, stairs, floors, door-frames, window-frames, &c. were looted, - wood has a commercial value, - and only the bare brick skeleton of the houses remain. Those were days when men's souls were tried, and not found wanting. The history has been written and I shall not repeat it here, but I shall record that from all sides we hear of the bravery and Christian fortitude of these heroic missionaries who were the object of an insane attack of "reds" who took this means of involving foreign governments for political reasons. In the end their scheme failed, but only after the tragic death of Dr. Williams, great suffering endured by many others, the loss of homes and all belongings by many more. War is no more tragic in China than in Belgium or France; it is much the same everywhere. When did war ever settle anything?

A Chinese dinner at President Ch'en's, of the Nanking University, a visit to the new tomb of Sun Yat Sen, the Washington of the new Chinese Republic (known here as Suen Chong Shan), a journey to the tomb of the first Ming Emperor whose capital was here (the capital was moved to Peking after the reign of the first Ming Emperor), a visit to the large Methodist Church in the Chinese city, to the Gin-ling College (for women), a nice supper in the home of the W.F.M.S. women stationed here, and the day is over.

Sunday, Oct. 13.

We found our stay in Nanking limited to one short day due to the fact that the only Yangtse River steamer available, the KUNG WO, sailed at 7 A.M. So an early day for us began, and we said good-bye to these warm-hearted friends whom we had only just met but by whom we had been so warmly welcomed. The KUNG WO is the finest steamer on the Yangtse. It just "happened" that we are on her, - so

0455

many things just "happen" that we feel the protecting care of a loving Father is over us. We got on the steamer without any reservations,- it was impossible to make any in advance as we could obtain no information of sailings,- only to find every state-room occupied. I saw the chief officer, told him how we came to be aboard and who we were, and he took the matter in hand personally with the result that we secured three fine staterooms to ourselves and Mr. Pilling had a fine berth with another gentleman. How it "happened" we do not know. It merely was done.

A serene, restful day sailing up the majestic Yangtse, majestic in spite of its yellow muddy waters. In the afternoon we passed Wuhu, and in response to a telegram I sent last night from Nanking, Dr. Vaughan of the New York office of the Board of Foreign Missions, who is filling in a year while the physician in charge of our Wuhu Hospital is home on furlough, came down to the boat to meet us and chatted for an hour while the steamer was tied to the wharf. With him came Mr. P. G. Hayes who is also working in Wuhu.

We sit on the deck of a comfortable English steamer and watch China pass by; muddy flats, mountain ranges, villages of mud houses, walled cities, fisherman strung along the banks with their drop nets, junks of all sorts and sizes with their high square sterns, flat prows and peculiar square rigged sails made of many pieces of many colored cloths,- a regular ragged bed-quilt of a sail,- these sights allure us. Here we sit and saunter on the broad decks in luxury while all around us is - China.

Monday, Oct. 14

At 6 A.M. we came to the city of AnKing where I lived for some six months in 1890 studying the Chinese language. Memories crowded fast upon me as I stood alone on the deck in the early morning light. How vividly I recall the arrival, also on an early morning, in March in 1900; of my first impression of China; of the sights and smells and sounds that were new to me; of the tramp through the wet, stony streets to the Mission Training School of the C.I.M.; of the warm brotherly welcome given us by men from England, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, all moved by a common impulse to impart to those less favored something that meant life to them; freely they had received, freely they purposed to give. The bonds which were formed back there so long ago have held through all the years. One, a close companion in travel, suffered martyrdom in the Boxer uprising in 1900; many have gone to their long home; some, after having fought a good fight, are spending their declining years in the homeland; two were taken from the Training School to their graves, the early toll in a land of sudden death; a few, only a few are still scattered through China, bearing witness to a faith that makes life a glorious triumph; while one returns after all these many years to see the pagodas and walls and city gates of centuries old An King looking much as they did that early spring morning nearly forty years ago.

"Backward, turn backward, Oh time, in thy flight:
Make me a child again, just for tonight."

But time never hears; it ruthlessly grinds on and on into the future all unknown.

And now let me say this word; the experience I had in those too short years was one that I would not have missed for anything. It gave me an entirely different outlook on life, an understanding that was appreciative and sympathetic, not only for China but for the people of other lands. We are by nature narrow and provincial. We feel we are better, somehow, than other peoples in other lands.

0456

This "superiority complex" by its very presence separates us from them. I am so glad I learned early in life that people are much the same the world over; that it is not the color of the skin or the position in life that determines the man. A Chinese brought up in an American home, just as an American boy is brought up would have the outlook on life of an American and feel like, and be like an American. He would feel as much away from home if he came to China as would an American boy. That is one of the difficulties which the Chinese educated in America faces upon return. He cannot easily integrate himself into Chinese life. His level is the American level. Too often he lives entirely apart, and fails to pass on the advantages of his education to his own people. This has caused these foreign trained students to be most severely criticized by their own people and by the foreigners who have helped them to get their education. So much so is this the case that most missionaries discourage the Chinese students from going abroad. China has ample facilities for education now and there is really no need for them to go abroad. China's great need is a common school education for the masses. Given that, China's problems will begin to move toward solution.

At Kiukiang Dr. E. C. Perkins of the Methodist Hospital came to the boat to meet us. Dr. Perkins has given his money and his life for the work here in Kiukiang. We were told he had built the hospital mostly with his own money. He is financially independent and spends his money in this way where he believes the most good can be done.

We sail on into the night. Tomorrow noon we arrive at Hankow, about 600 miles from Shanghai, and this is only one-third of the distance traversed by steam navigation on this great river.

E. M. McBrier

0457

YENCHING
TRANSFER

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 13

Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1929

We are surprised at Hankow. Did not expect to see such an array of foreign buildings stretching for a mile or so along the "bund", - the street parallel with the river. One might well think it was a city in France or England so far as the waterfront is concerned. These are the foreign concessions, and the buildings were built by foreign firms. It is these concessions that the Chinese claim were wrung from them by the powers when they were weak, and they resent the fact that there are in many cities these tracts over which they have no control. England has recently surrendered her concession here, also at Chinkiang, probably at other places. A fine building owned and occupied by the National City Bank of New York is prominent among the foreign buildings.

Bishop Roots and Bishop Gilman of the Protestant Episcopal Church (U.S.) called upon us soon after the boat landed. We are to stay on the boat during our stop here, as there is no very good hotel.

Wednesday, October 16

Bishop Gilman conducted us across the river to Wuchang to visit the Central China College. Here, as in many other places, the denominations have united in their educational work. Wuchang has always been a turbulent city and during the recent troubles the work has been much interrupted at times. Matters are progressing more smoothly now, but there is no telling how long it will be quiet, for just now there are thousands of Nationalist soldiers going north through Hankow to fight General Feng, the "Christian General", who is very popular with the people. War has been declared by the Kuo Ming T'ang, (The people's party) with President Chiang at the head; and it looks as though there would be fighting again. We saw several transports filled with troops on the river, and as we started to go over the ferry there were hundreds of soldiers bivouacking on the square in front of the custom house and other hundreds coming across the river from the south as fast as the ferries could carry them.

At night we were invited to the home of Bishop Roots where we met several missionaries.

Thursday, October 17

Visited Chinese shops, which are well stocked with foreign goods of every variety. There are large steel works here, but they are running only part time. So many of the foreign factories are shut down owing to the uncertain conditions. China is paying a heavy toll for her new nationalism. Visited the country club and race track, a beautiful spot, but existing almost solely for gambling, drinking and other "sports". We were told that members and guests were not permitted to play cards unless they gambled so that a percentage of the winnings could go to support the club. Such things "foreign" do not help missionary work.

Friday, October 18

It is a sight to sit on deck and see the never-ending procession of

0458

coolies handle the huge boxes and bales of freight. The daily wage of these human beasts of burden is 60 cents to 70 cents silver, 24 to 28 cents our money. The wharves on the river are mostly hulks of boats moored to the shore. This is because the river rises and falls many feet during the year. Some of them are quite a distance from the shore, as the water is too shallow to permit the boat to approach the shore at low water; so there will be several pontoons from the hulk to the shore connected with planking, and over this way the steamer loads are conveyed by human strength. We saw boxes marked over 500 lbs. carried between two coolies, and the way these poor beasts strain at their tasks is a pity. There are large consignments of cotton and tobacco shipped down the river from this port.

We left in the afternoon for the down river trip. The current is about 6 miles per hour so going down is some 12 miles per hour faster than going up-stream. The central part of China has more pagodas than the north, and their picturesque pinnacles can be often seen on some high promontory near the river bank. They frequently have bushes, and even sizable trees growing from their roofs or clinging to their sides. Everything seems neglected, nobody cares.

Saturday, October 19

Early in the morning we tied up at Wuhu. We heard that a regiment of soldiers had rebelled the night before and started looting. It seems their commanding officer was suspected of sympathy with Gen. Feng, and was arrested. Their loyalty to their commander was greater than loyalty to the cause or country. They said they had not been paid for a long time and started to collect their pay wherever they could get it. Loyal soldiers rounded them up, the Wuhu merchants got together several thousand dollars which they gave them on condition they "got out"; so they "got". This ended the uprising. This is the usual thing, the way "war" is waged.

I had planned to go to Yangchow to see Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, old time friends; so I left the steamer at Chinkiang at 10 o'clock P.M. and found Mr. Burgess of the C.I.M. waiting for me, and spent the night in the Mission home. Mr. Hoste, Director of the China Inland Mission, with whom I had the great privilege of living for about two years when I was in China, came over from Shanghai to meet me and make the trip with me to Yangchow.

Sunday, October 20

Yangchow is only 30 minutes motor ride from the Yangtse River over a fine motor road. It takes about as long to cross the river in a steam launch as it does to make the motor trip. There were three motor bus loads of passengers making the trip. We had a car of our own. Arriving at destination we first had to ferry across the Grand Canal, that wonderful inland waterway constructed hundreds of years ago that connects Hangchow with Peking. All through this part of China there is a perfect net-work of canals and the traffic by canal is heavy.

Yangchow is a very old Chinese city. I never saw such narrow and crooked streets. As it was about church service time, we went direct to the preaching chapel on the corner of two main city thoroughfares. Here Mr. Saunders conducted the service, after which the Lord's Supper was observed.

I was pleased to find our friends located in a comfortable home as neat and cosy as one could wish. We enjoyed a day of fellowship. In the P.M.

we called at the C.I.M. training school for young women missionaries where they spend some six months studying the language before going out to their stations. Met nine young women from U.S. who arrived about ten days ago. They were a bright lot of young women, all trained in Bible Institutes, and were looking forward to their life work with joy and confidence.

Monday, October 21

Had to start very early to catch the first ferry across the Yangtse River; so at five o'clock we were astir, had a farewell meal together, and once more bade each other adieu. I have known Mr. Saunders since I was in China thirty-seven years ago. He was the first man to come to China from America under the C.I.M. and during 42 years has faithfully served God in this land. He has been blind for some years, the result of the awful boxer trials in 1900; but he is living a triumphant life and it is a benediction to meet him.

At Chinkiang I went out to "God's Half Acre" where lie in their last earthly sleep the precious remains of many who came to these foreign shores to preach the gospel, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but gladly gave their all for Him whom they loved. Here lies Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission. He lived at Chinkiang, one of the earliest mission stations of the Mission; and it was his request that his body be buried here in the land he loved. I stood beside the grave of a young woman who was taken only a few short months after she reached these shores. Mr. Burgess told me she was a most beautiful and gifted young lady, only past 21 years old, her father a Federal army officer. When the sad news came back home of her sudden death the father bowed his head in a moment's silence; then lifting it said, - "I have nothing too precious for my Lord Jesus." He had previously made the surrender of his most precious child; whether she was His for China or His for Glory did not much matter.

And it is of such that missionaries are made; those who have counted the cost, and not been afraid to trust all to God. This is the "faith that overcometh".

We took the 11 o'clock train for Shanghai, arriving about 6 P.M., nearly two hours late. Found the rest of the party who had continued direct by the steamer, nicely quartered at the Cathay Hotel, a brand new hotel opened last June, very fine and splendid in every way.

Tuesday, Oct. 22 - Saturday, Oct. 26

Shanghai is the gateway to China in a more real sense, I think, than can be said of any other port in the world. Shang-hai means "On the sea"; yet like so many upside down things in this land it is not "on the sea". None of China's large port cities are so very near the sea; and the reason is quite a "Chinesey" one. Back in the old days (also today) the sea coast was infested with freebooters and pirates. They laid heavy toll on any city or village within easy reach. So the Chinese said, - "We know how to fix those gentlemen! We will show them a trick! We will withdraw all our cities from the sea-coast and build so far inland they cannot reach us!"

And they did, and thus solved the problem, - in quite the usual Chinese manner. So "Upon the Sea" (Shang-hai) is on Whangpoo River which flows into the mighty Yangtse some twenty miles more or less away, and then you have

to navigate a considerable mileage of the Yangtse before the sea is reached. One would never think by the appearance from the waterfront that Shanghai was a Chinese city. It looks more like a prosperous western city with its skyscrapers lining the Bund. In the congested harbor vessels from every quarter of the globe are to be seen; but scurrying in and out between them can be seen sampans and junks and Chinese craft of all sorts and shapes, usually propelled by a number of long ears that hang over the side on a pivot and are pushed back and forth and scull the boat along at a good rate. Soochow creek empties into the Whangpoo at the Bund, and is chock-a-block with house boats which have brought produce of all kinds from the country, and return laden with all sorts of wares.

The minute one steps ashore a new world opens before you. Here is where east meets west for sure. Black whiskered Indians from the Punjab police the concessions; but since the "new nationalism" became assertive they share honors with Chinese police. Here are to be seen folk from every nation under the skies. Through the crowded streets vast quantities of produce are hauled on trucks, Chinese wheelbarrows, carts and modern motor trucks. Ragged rickshaw men, barefooted and with only enough thin cotton to cover their nakedness in spots, surge in swarms where the latest styles of Packards, Rolls-Royces and every other sort of automobile contest the right of way.

In 1842 the Shanghai of today was a mud bank. The treaty made that year named it as a foreign concession. Traders began to settle here. This port is the only deep water harbor along two-thirds of China's coast. Past it flows the Yangtse with steam-boat travel way up into Szechuan, some 1500 miles. There was in the old days an unimportant Chinese walled city here, but the walls are gone and many of the streets have been widened, and nearly all the shops have taken on a foreign atmosphere. If you want to see China, Shanghai gives you not the least opportunity. The new Shanghai has completely surrounded the old Chinese city, has flowed across the Whangpoo where many large factories have been built, and has extended far away into the country. The population? Nobody seems to know. Some say a million and a half, some two million; this morning's paper says 2,750,000 and it is probably near the truth. Everybody says - "in another fifty years it will be the largest city in the world"; and one would be rash to dispute it. As for sight-seeing, there is no such thing, unless one likes a hodge-podge. Everything that is risqué finds its way here; suggestive movies, the scum of the sea-faring world, floaters from the four seas, the white lights and the red lights, - it surely is a place that reveals to the orient that other races and other places are not all they should be.

Bishop Birney gave us a luncheon on Tuesday at which Dr. E.C. Lobenstine, Secretary of the National Christian Council of China outlined generally the trend of Christianity in this country. There is much to encourage, much to confuse, much to discourage. One thing can be said, - since I was here thirty-seven years ago there has come upon the stage a whole generation of fine, well educated able Christian Chinese, and they are surely making themselves felt in this land. Dr. Bowen, former president of Nanking University spoke, as did Bishop Birney. They together gave a comprehensive view of Missions with a look into the future.

Our days have been spent in some sight-seeing, a little shopping, calling on various pieces of missionary work, having interviews with people, &c. Shanghai is a good place to make contacts but a poor place for sight-seeing. It is, however, intensely interesting just because it is a "hasty-pudding" of a place, a regular every-man's-land. About one day is enough to see it, and

if it was entirely missed one would not miss very much.

Monday, October 28

This was one of the most interesting days we have spent in China. We made an early start for Hangchow, five hours by train. Hangchow is a place where one would like to idle away a week or two. We were there five hours only; but a car was waiting for us at the station and we crowded every minute full.

In the first place Hangchow is one of the oldest cities in China. Read what Marco Polo says of it. It is also one of the most modern. In no Chinese city (I do not reckon port cities as "Chinese") does the "new China" show so many improvements. There has been no influx of foreigners, only 15 foreign residents in the place. When the republic came in 1912 the Tartars fled. The considerable portion of the city they occupied was cleaned of its hovels, a new city with broad streets laid out. Nowhere have we seen such fine electric lighting. Nowhere have we seen such a beautiful wide road skirting a water front as extends along the shore of lovely West Lake. Between the road and the lake front a park, filled with trees and flowers is a spot of beauty. Moored along the shore are the picturesque house and pleasure boats which are used by the wealthy inhabitants; for there is much wealth here. When the opposing armies approached the city in the recent northern sweep of the Kuo-ming-tang, the merchants got together and negotiated with the generals of the opposing armies, and paid a sum of money to each side to leave Hangchow alone and not enter the city. Isn't that a commentary on the way war is waged here? It is all a matter of commerce. You buy your protection. The thing they most fear is the awful looting and destruction of property by the soldiers. No matter which side occupies a place, results are the same. The soldiers simply prey on the people; they are soldiers for that particular purpose for the most part.

We motored over the causeway to the beautiful Princess Isle, and walked up the mountain path through a shaded glen with precipitous stone walls where there were scores of Buddhas and idols carved in the face of the rocks, to the Monastery of Lin Yin. This is the most impressive temple we have seen in China; not the largest, but one of the finest; and, wonder of wonders, they are building a mammoth new "gate building" some eighty feet or more high of reinforced concrete, - modern methods applied to the perpetuation of a crumbling religion. In many places old temples have been stripped of idols and the temples used for public meeting places and schools; but not here.

This region is holy ground for China's old faiths. It would take a week at least to make a casual visit to the many temples in the vicinity. There are plenty of mountains in the vicinity; temples cap the pinnacles of some, pagodas adorn the promontories of others. Beautiful villas peep from sheltered bays along the shores of West Lake. Much wealth is evidenced by the country homes maintained by Hangchow's wealthy citizens. We visited Hangchow College, a work of the Presbyterians, - North and South.

With regret we have to leave so soon. We hope some day we may be privileged to return and make an unhurried visit to one of the most enchanting spots we have seen on our travels.

Tuesday, October 29

Back to Shanghai. There is a bit of real China, - as real as it can be under foreign influence, hidden away in old Chinese Shanghai, and we want to visit it. Even a jinricksha could not thread the streets. Such mobs of

people! We meandered through streets from 6 to 10 feet wide, a perfect conglomeration of shops selling all sorts of things. Chinese are great lovers of live pets. We visited the bird and live pet market; cockatoos, larks, jackdaws, doves, pigeons, canaries of more varieties than I ever knew existed, blue birds, red birds, green birds, pink birds, birds of every hue and shade and size and kind in endless variety; rabbits of all sizes, guinea pigs, white mice and white rats, baby porcupines, fighting cocks, turtles, gold fish, - a perfect menagerie of animals. We visited a Mandarin's garden, - an indescribable maze of tea-houses, bridges, verandas, and a rock garden that had the inevitable cave and a path that wound up and down and in and out and through miniature hills built of stone and concrete, - also a lotus pond, - always a lotus pond. Back in the old days it was beautiful; would be now were it only kept up, but like so much of China it is a bit "run down at the heel". The main building is now used as a school, and hundreds of tiny tots were yelling the characters in unison at the top of their voices, - a bit of old Chinese method grafted on to new-old China; for these youngsters sat at desks, not on the floor as of old. We went through one street where the most ornate silk embroidered children's dresses and caps and shoes were sold, - not at all like old China, but the new China grasping for the new foreign styles and choosing the multi-colored and ornate instead of the artistic; yet it fits in, somehow, in a land where there is so much that is drab and gray. The old things are much better than the new. For instance, we looked at pewter ware, a thing in which China excelled centuries ago. The new stuff is just trash. We succeeded in finding a rare old pair of candlesticks in a second-hand shop. It takes time to get anything worth while, and unless one knows what he is buying he "gets sold".

We're off again tomorrow, this time on the President Johnson of the Dollar Line, to Hongkong.

E. M. McBrier

0463

Letter No. 14

YENCHING

TRANSFER

Wednesday, Oct. 30 - Saturday, Nov. 2, 1929

The S.S. "President Johnson", formerly the "Manchuria" before the line was absorbed by the Dollar Line, is a larger boat than the "President Pierce" and the other Dollar boats on which we have traveled; no better, but built on different lines. She is a good sailer and very comfortable. Our experience with the Dollar Line steamer has been everything we could desire in the way of comfort, convenience and service. The food has been uniformly excellent.

After anchoring at the mouth of the Woosung River until the tide rose so we could get over the bar, we slipped out to sea in the dusk of evening. Sea calm, and for the two days at sea we "let down" and rested, enjoying the quiet and calm.

Saturday morning we awoke as we entered the harbor of Hong Kong. Often have we read descriptions of this place, and formed mental pictures of it. Needless to say, the reality is far more than the picture. First, we had no idea the island of Hong Kong was so small. Britain, - you should read the story of how she "acquired" it, - is a tiny speck on the present attitude of China toward Great Britain) scarcely larger than the island of Hainan. It is barely three-quarters of a mile across the narrowest part of the island from the mainland.

Next, the island is more densely populated, more continuous, and larger than the mental picture one has formed. The population is greater than anticipated. On the island there are about 100,000 people, and in Kowloon, the city across the channel, a quarter of a million. Of this total only about one per-cent (10,000) are foreign.

THE ISLAND is named after Victoria, though the name is rarely heard. Victoria is not on the steep sides of the mountains. At the base of the mountains is a fairly level ground before the steep mountain side is reached. On this level ground are the various business enterprises that have been established since the various business interests in the far east have come to the bay of the water along the two sides of the island. The buildings are, however, all the remainder of the island, and are or so stories high, are occupied by Chinese. The Chinese have "flats" occupied by Chinese business interests of all kinds, and the Chinese houses occupying the street floor with "flats" above. Now we see the first time Chinese living in "flats"; and one gets an intimate knowledge of the "real inside" of living conditions as one loiters through the streets. One can get far enough away from the foreign parts of Chinese to get the "flavor", - sights and sounds and smells. I do not think a thousand to Hong Kong ever takes the time to go up and down these Chinese quarters; but it is right in the heart of the orient, not in the usual places where visitors go. I took a long trip in this part of the city and saw the view of how the Chinese do it "foreign style". It is a point of going to the unusual places and seeing the things that we get our greatest "thrills". Though sometimes it is a little bit of imagination.

0464

We motored around the island, some twenty-five miles. It was the most scenic ride I ever experienced. We climbed mountain spurs and dipped into valleys around hair-pin turns by the score. In a space of fifteen minutes we would climb to an altitude of a thousand feet and descend to the shore line. The roadway was absolutely perfect, a marvel of engineering skill and construction. Every foot of the roadway had concrete margins, curbs and drainage. Rain sometimes falls to the extent of 24 inches in twenty-four hours,- an almost incredible story; and to care for such a rainfall and to prevent the roadway from damage requires most adequate protection. The rainfall is preserved for use; but we were told that during the last dry season the supply gave out and water had to be brought in ships to tide them over until the next rainfall,- a rather precarious method for caring for the needs of three-quarters of a million people.

Half way around the island we came to Repulse Bay Hotel, a most elaborate and beautiful hotel on a fine crescent shaped bay where there is a good bathing beach. The Hotel is built on the road a little above the beach. Thickly nestling under the lee of the hill are clustered the thatched bathing cottages. This is the favorite sea-side resort for the foreign residents; but here as everywhere in the east, these luxurious hotels are used by the well-to-do Chinese; and the lip-sticked, rouged, cigarette smoking Chinese young woman with boyish bob and marcelled hair is decidedly in evidence. Her prosaic papa and demure mama are there also, paying the bills (as usual) and "showing off" daughter. Of course she considers them "very Elizabethan", or, possibly here "very Confucian",- the same idea transported to the orient; but she simply has to endure them. When she gets along she will show the world how really up-to-date folks should live. -- It sounds familiar, doesn't it? Just the same in Japan, in China, and I suppose in Africa as it is at home. It has amused us wherever we have been. We have a genuine fellow-feeling for "old foggy" Chinese papa and mama,- we are in the same class.

We had luncheon at the Repulse Bay Hotel, then continued around the island. Roads have been opened to nearly the topmost peak. From this elevation a fine view of the bay, the island, Kowloon, up the Pearl River toward Canton and all over the numberless bays and channels and peaks and coves may be obtained.

KOWLOON is the name of the city on the mainland opposite Victoria. Everything one sees from the water front is as foreign as possible. A Y.M.C.A. building that is as fine as one can see in most American cities and really finer than most, and a simply stupendous Hotel,- The Peninsula, - next door to the Y.M.C.A., ornament the Bund. The British have leased two hundred and ninety square miles of land here for the conventional "ninety-nine years". We stopped at the Peninsula and voted it the best hotel we have seen since we left U.S.A. We were surprised at the large assortment of foreign canned and preserved groceries of every conceivable sort dispensed by a subsidiary company of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Hotels Corporation which operates Hong Kong Hotel, Repulse Bay Hotel, this hotel, and three leading hotels in Shanghai. One can purchase here nearly everything carried in a high grade U.S. grocery.

Sunday, Nov. 3 - Monday, Nov. 4.

We visit Canton, eight hours sail up the Pearl River, leaving at 10 P.M. on a good English boat. The first class quarters are very comfortable, but as on all these lines, the second and third classes are packed solid with Chinese. Here the second class consisted of a large open deck space filled with reclining chairs packed as thickly as possible, every chair filled with one or more Chinese,- men, women and multitudinous children, while every available nook and corner was piled with heaps of luggage, packages of every sort and description, household commodities,

0465

eatables, bird cages, merchandise, produce, - anything and everything migrating Chinese might find useful at the destination to which they were going. In the third class no chairs were provided. Heaped on the floor, a promiscuous mass of humanity competed with the luggage for a few inches of space. Happy was the man or woman who came early and spread the bedding and camped for the night before the mob swarmed aboard. A Chinese can slumber peacefully anywhere. No noise seemingly disturbs them. On the dock by our boat are half a dozen, rolled in the "pu-kai" (wedded quilt) peacefully sleeping while the noise and clamor of the embarking crowds, the ringing of bells and whistle of boats disturbs them not one whit. So on the boat in the crowded lower decks the early comers sleep peacefully while the later arrivals can scarcely find space to crowd their packages and themselves for the night.

Canton is different from northern cities. The people here are smaller in stature than in the north; the city streets are so narrow and tortuous that even rickshas cannot be used. Since the Republic (?) was established (?) there have been quite a number of wide streets opened through the city. These unfortunately are rather crooked, as the old streets could not be entirely ignored; yet they are quite good for automobiles, are well paved, and serve as main arteries of travel. Before they were opened there was not a street, in the entire city of 1,500,000 people, more than twelve feet wide, most of them considerably narrower. We took chairs carried by three bearers, two in front and one behind so spaced that the weight was properly divided, and were carried through the teeming streets. Never did we see such crowds of jostling humanity; never such intimacy of contact with the innermost life of the people. Their homes and shops open on the street. We look in on the every day life of the people. We see them cook and eat and wash, perform the intimacies of their toilets - such as they are -; they are asleep in the gutter or on an ash-tray; here a beggar is picking over a box of garbage to see what he can save from the discarded scraps of a frugality of living that would mean starvation to a New York east-side tenement dweller; there a barber is shaving a man on the crowded street, and nearby a mother is clipping her baby's hair with a pair of hair-clippers made in U.S.A.

We pass through a street where most beautiful furniture is made, - teak and ebony with inlaid mother-of-pearl, and the customary dark-red mahogany; another street where inlaid jewelry is made by the use of the iridescent blues of Kingfisher feathers; another where most beautiful ivory carvings are exhibited; silk street, fan street, dress street, - an endless variety of crafts. These streets are particularly adapted to the climate. They are narrow, paved with stone, hung thickly with sign banners, and from roof to roof of the two, three or four story houses there is spread a canopy of bamboo matting which keeps out the hot sun rays. The open modern streets are unbearably hot in summer in comparison with these shaded narrow streets of old Canton.

One thing we see here that is different than we have seen elsewhere. Anywhere in the Orient, even in progressive Japan, the lot of woman is bad enough. She has the drudgery to do, out-of-doors as well as in, and in addition "carries on" with the prolific child-bearing, and usually with a child strapped to her back. Here, however, she is the veritable beast of burden. In northern China the men do the heavy drudgery of carrying bricks and mortar and stone and dirt, the hauling of carts and trucks. Here the women predominate as drudgery workers. Little girls of tender age, old broken down women, and everything between these extremes are the ones to carry the burdens on their backs. Whole lines of them with the customary bamboo pole over the shoulders and the burdens suspended from each end can be seen everywhere; a half dozen can be seen straining at ropes attached to a heavily

loaded cart. Half of them will have babies on their backs, half of them are prospective mothers; but never for an instant can the work cease, for the wolf is ever just outside the door, and he who works not eats not. The limit was seen by one of our party who spied a blind women with a baby on her back carrying one end of a bamboo pole from which a heavy load was suspended, stumbling along as best she could following the women who carried the front end of the load.

One is forced to ask, what has the many "religions" which this land has, done to help such conditions? They have had full sway here thousands of years. Have they done one thing to elevate the moral consciousness of the people? If so, where are the evidences? Where are the orphans cared for, the sick healed, the burdened relieved? Until Christianity came nothing of this sort was known in this land.

I have often heard the statement made, - "What if Paul had traveled east instead of West, and the blessings of Christianity had gone to India and China while Great Britain and the western nations had been left to their gods"; but it never came home to me until I was threading the streets of Canton, when like a revelation it burst upon me - "what an awful fate to be born in this environment and never know anything different" - and then the thought, - "Europe and America would be like this had Paul traveled east instead of west." By "Like this" I mean, in all that goes to make up real life, our ideals, our appreciation of all that is fine and ennobling, our regard for others, for the needs of the world, sympathy, affection, unselfishness, - all the fruitage of Christianity. We regard these things as ordinary until we are immersed in a world where such sentiments do not exist, where sordid self is the end of all aims and activities; then we better realize our inheritance, - that which has come to us quite apart from our choice, which has become the normal thing because we have received it, have been born in the midst of it; and tracing its source, it all leads back to the values placed upon life by the great Head of the Church who came with His message of salvation into much such an oriental world as we see here.

We visited the half dozen usual "sights" but they were nothing to be compared with the streets and the people. Canton has a population of 1,500,000 of which 500,000 live on boats. These boats are moored by the acre along the water fronts. On these craft, most of them about thirty by eight feet in size, generations are born, grow up, live and die. Most of the boats that ferry people about, and there are hundreds of them, are "manned" by women. The men are ashore at work somewhere; the women earn what they can, do the "house" work, raise the children, &c. Swarms of children live here. The youngest ones are tied with a rope around some part of the body so if they fall overboard they can be hauled back. Likewise there are chickens, ducks, an occasional dog tied by cords to prevent straying. Cooking is done over a little clay fire pot with charcoal or scraps of wood or weeds or grass. How they do not burn up is a wonder. Many stove-pipes, diminutive in size, are pushed through the bamboo matting. The water near the shore is very shallow; when the tide is out acres of black mud are uncovered. In this children wade and dig for some sort of small clam or craw-fish.

There are the "flower boats", so called, where Cantonese revellers congregate at night. I visited some that were moored out some two hundred yards from shore. These are larger boats, double decked, very ornate with mirrors, pictures, many old-style kerosene hanging lamps, with tables for playing chess, checkers, dominoes, mah jongg, &c., places where opium smokers may get a "whiff", where wine is served, "flower girls" may dance, "sing song" girls sing &c. Here the gay white way a-la-Cantonese blares its midnight din. It probably is very

alluring to the young Cantonese youth, but is about as attractive to a foreigner as --- but, I forget the "white ways" of Hankow and Shanghai that allure the foreign youth, so will cease making comparisons. All I can say is that there are some people in every nation that seem to enjoy garbage when they might have good wholesome food.

Tuesday, November 5.

This afternoon we started again on our journey, this time on a French steamer, the "Andre Lebon", which sails from Marseilles to Yokohama. It takes three months to make the round trip. She is a large, fine boat, scrupulously clean, with one whole deck given over to reception, writing and smoking rooms. There are not many passengers, and we feel as though we were on a private yacht. Everything is "very French" and very nice.

Before sailing we visited the "Empress of France" of the C.P.R. which was in port. On this boat we took our first Mediterranean cruise in 1922. It took us back to those delightful days, the last tour on which we enjoyed the company of both of our daughters. On that trip the elder daughter was much of the time alone composing various missives heavily laden with -- well, I suppose information regarding the scenery, which missives were dispatched at every port, costing not a little postage; and strange to say, she was not writing for publication. She even refused to share her dissertations with the rest of the party. Well, that was long ago. Today we find ourselves sending letters to her, her husband and her quarter-of-a-dozen children, assorted. We wish they were all with us this minute. But we would not miss the other daughter, the younger one, who met her "fate" on the next trip we took the following year. We want her, her husband, and her quarter-of-a-dozen, assorted, also! What a jolly time we would have on these spacious decks!

But this is a travel letter, not a family history, nor even an afternoon soliloquy of a doting grandfather. So I'll stop right here; except to say the sea is beautiful, blue, calm, the weather hot-a-plenty. We reach Saigon in the morning, eleven degrees from the equator. We are not looking for any frosty weather for the next month.

E. M. McBrier

YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

TRANSFER

Letter No. 15

French Indo-China comprises five states or countries, each having one or more tribes or peoples, and all under the control of France by "right" of conquest. Here is a country governed by the crack of the whip. The people are very subdued; away from the coast they are exceedingly primitive, for the most part nearly as primitive as in Africa though agriculture is, I believe, considerably more developed here than among the most backward African tribes. At any rate things are pretty crude, and the people by far the least developed of any we ever saw.

The states are Cochin-China, Annam, Cambodia, Laos and Tonquin. The Tonquinese and Laos being nearer China, are more like the Chinese. Of course there has been through the ages much admixture of blood. It is not for me to engage in a discussion as to just what these peoples are, or whence they came. It would take too long; but if you are interested you will be rewarded by looking it up in your encyclopedia.

Let me say we met with some surprises. In this far out-of-the way place (from U.S.A.) we expected to bump into a tropical jungle. We have, but it is different far than we expected. Permit me to chronicle the surprises.

Surprise No. 1. The country is as flat as a pancake. In traveling the 494 kilometers from Saigon to Angkor Wat, we saw only three elevations that could be designated as mountains. One about an hour out of Saigon loomed into sight, - a perfectly "sugar-loaf" about 1200 ft. high. It looked rather sizable rising from a perfectly flat plain; but after traveling directly toward it for about an hour and a half we passed some 30 kilometers to one side and it was not as large as we at first supposed. It was only at the end of our very long day's drive that we saw away some 100 kilometers to the north-west two or three other elevations, while to the north-east there was a slight elevation, a fair sized hill. Apart from these there was not more than a dozen places in the five hundred kilometers where there was a perceptible grade; and in those few places the elevation was only from six to fifteen feet or so.

Surprise No. 2. The roads are for the most part excellent, - thanks to French occupation. Of course there is no engineering problem. For mile after mile the road stretches in a perfectly straight line; then comes a slight turn, and straight away again. We travel at 60 kilometers an hour with ease. The rains last season were exceptionally bad and in places the road has been washed a bit, making it somewhat rough; but everywhere they are repairing the roads and usually they are in fine shape. The roadbed is raised from one foot to six feet above the land level to keep it above the water; usually from one to three feet is ample; in a few places near rivers it is ten to fifteen feet.

Surprise No. 3. Never saw a land covered with water to such an extent. For the first 100 kilometers rice-fields stretched as far as the eye could reach, covered with water of course. Then somewhat drier ground had large rubber plantations and occasional banana groves; then more rice fields. There was plenty of land so low that even rice could not be cultivated. Water holes everywhere, not deep, but water, water, water. There are not many streams. All this water is rain-fall and overflow of the Mekong, - a regular Mississippi, and its tributaries. After the settled "winter" weather is well on its way, - (December, January and

0469

February), this water gradually disappears. Meantime it is doing well its part in producing the rice crop which is the potatoes, bread and meat of these people.

Surprise No. 4 is the temperature. Here we are in the torrid zone. Saigon is eleven degrees from the equator. It is like our early June, with two exceptions; first, if one is in the direct rays of the sun in the five hour period in the middle of the day, the rays are hot; the moment one moves into shade it is delightful; second, the nights do not "cool off" quite as much as with us. It is not "close" or humid. We expected, with so much water everywhere, it would be very humid and are delighted to experience such fine weather. We are told it is even better in December. The weather at home the last two weeks in June and in July before we left was far hotter and more trying than it is here. We fully expected to meet the hot weather somewhere, but Japan, particularly Tokyo, has been our worst experience thus far. It was truly hot and awfully humid there.

Surprise No. 5. We expected bugs and mosquitoes by the billions. Of bugs we have seen practically none, of mosquitoes very few. To be sure we sleep under nets; but I know a place about fifteen miles from New York that has ten thousand mosquitoes for every one we have seen here. We have wandered among the ruins of Angkor where the jungle is everywhere and not a mosquito have we seen. As for bugs of sundry kinds, we have motored up till now over two thousand kilometers and not a single bug has met his doom by crashing against the windshield.

Surprise No. 6. Hotels. The French government has established "bungalows" as they call them, at strategic points. They are clean, comfortable (except the pillows which are as hard as though made of sawdust), baths with every room, rooms large, high and airy, food as good as one might expect. One need not hesitate to visit Indo-China for fear of lack of creature comforts.

With the above generalities we resume our daily record.

Friday, Nov. 8.

We awoke to find our steamer ascending the mighty Mekong River. Saigon is some 50 kilometers from the sea. There are several estuaries to the river, the land is low and marshy and covered with dense tropical growth. Saigon is called the "little Paris of the Orient", the such it is. Riding through the streets one could easily imagine oneself in a French city, so long as one observed buildings only; a glance at the polyglot population quickly dispels the illusion. To enumerate the various nationalities accumulated here would exhaust your patience and my imagination. There are all shades of white, black and yellow in endless profusion.

Saigon has fine public buildings, large department stores, and the sidewalk restaurant life is a replica of Paris. Nothing much of interest except the Horticultural Gardens which are beautiful and have some interesting exhibits of the bird and animal life of the country. We are in a land where big game hunting is prevalent; tiger, leopard, panther, wild cows, wild buffalo, deer, crocodiles, elephants, and a few rhinoceri are to be found. There are considerable stretches of original jungle still unexplored and plenty of land unoccupied.

We made our arrangements with the Anglo-American Tourist Bureau for our automobiles and transport of baggage. The rains have so demolished the roads that we will have to go to Angkor, then back nearly to Saigon to get to Pnom Penh, thence to Battambang, thence to Arayana Prades where we take train for Bangkok. This means fully three times as much motoring as would be necessary six weeks later when the roads are repaired.

Saturday, Nov. 9. - Motored to Angkor, a long hard trip of nearly 500 K.m. Everywhere we see thousands of birds, mostly water birds; white and grey heron, pelican, water hawks of a dozen varieties, cranes of several species, - mostly the long legged, long billed varieties of birds that live on fish and frogs, - and they have plenty to live on. There seems to be fish everywhere. We see hundreds of people fishing in little pools and mud-holes, in the rice fields where water is only three to six inches deep. We see them dishing the water out of one mud hole into another and sifting the mud at the bottom for some sort of shrimp or water slug. Every hundred feet or so there will be a bamboo weir placed in a mud wall separating the fields to catch the fish that would swim through. We see and smell fish and shrimps and slugs drying in the sun, and boys and men carrying strings of fish along the road, some a few inches long and some a few pounds each in weight. The waters evidently teem with life.

The people seem to have two forms of pleasure; wading and working and sporting in the mud and muddy water and sitting humped up, or sprawled full length on the bare back of a water buffalo. Little childish tasks like watching the buffalo feed, wallow in the mud, or simply stand by the hour in a pool of water, while they sit on their backs, fully occupies their thoughtless hours. Never have we met human beings so low in the scale of human living. Nature is profligate. Bananas grow without care. Of clothing there is little need, and little is used, - none until a child is half grown. The most laborious work they do is to plant and harvest their rice crop, and they are obliged to do that or starve; so they do it.

We see practically no temples nor evidences of worship. The people have simply deteriorated in every way. The women chew betel nut which makes their teeth black and lips a bright carmine. They are a hideous looking lot as a whole, very inferior. These remarks apply more particularly to the Cambodians who occupy the north-west two-thirds of the country. The Cochinchina folk and Annamites look more intelligent, and having been more in contact with the world, have "taken on" improvements.

We see Buddhist priests with a long strip of yellow cloth wound round them, one arm and shoulder bare, usually in twos or threes, always with a boy or two "attendants" following them, generally carrying a lemon colored umbrella which they seem to regard as a necessary part of their outfit. A begging bowl completes their paraphernalia.

Nobody wears shoes. One person in a thousand may have a pair of wood sandals. The men's breeches, or more usually a piece of cloth wound around them and forming a sort of skirt, are a study in color combinations. Scotch plaids seem to be in favor. Their clothes are always filthy. They live in little rooms perched on stilts to keep them out of the water. If you saw the moving picture "TANG" you saw the exact type of house of the Cambodians. The picture was made in Siam, so probably the Siamese live in similar houses. These houses are merely bamboo poles covered with palm leaves and thatched, usually one room affairs, reached by a crude ladder. Children are born as fast as nature will permit and an astonishing number survive. There are no "germs" for the Cambodians. We saw a man run up to his middle into a muddy, filthy pool by the roadside, dash a couple of handfuls of water over his shoulders, scoop up a double handful and fill his mouth, squirt it out, then take a cooling draught! How happy the lot of a Cambodian! Not a care, not a fear, no need of clothes, of fire, no germs to "get" you, - oh, boy! --- Still, we are satisfied. We have accumulated such a lot of elegancies that we regard as necessities that it might be hard to get back to nature, - as it is in Cambodia.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.

ANGKOR WAT - the incredible, the impossible. Who were the Khmers that built it? Why for centuries was this wonder lost to the world? What superstitious fear kept the Cambodians from ever giving a hint to the French that the wonder of the world was hidden in their forests? Or, was it hatred of the usurper that locked the secret in their breasts? For they surely knew it, they venerated its shrines; why the secrecy?

The conquest of the east by the white man has not been without its tragedies. I read an article in a travel magazine written by a Hollander about the Dutch East Indies. He told how the fine roads were built 300 years ago. In a matter of fact way he said that the native labor then did not cost anything! That a certain amount of road to be built was set for the day's work; when night came a native was hung to a tree for every yard short of the prescribed stint! Then he remarked that today they had to pay for even labor on the roads! Naive, was it not? Gone are the good old days. Humanitarianism has robbed exploitation of all its grandeur! Well, that is how the "subject peoples" were dealt with; and "for their own good" we are told. It wasn't so long ago that human chattels were sold on the block in enlightened America; not so very long ago that scourgings and whippings were justified by Christian (!) people for tasks poorly done.

Well, humanity has written sorry history, and all the "backwardness" has not been in the east. Most of the west has scarcely emerged from the shadow of the dark ages. But I started to write about ANGKOR WAT; and ANGKOR THOM; and the many wonderful temples and buildings so very recently and as yet only partially recovered from the jungle. Why should I spoil the picture? Why attempt the impossible? Let me instead refer you to a most entrancing book or two. Get them, read them, and be properly astonished. "Two and a Camera in Indo-China" by Princess Murat. "Angkor the Magnificent", by Helen Churchill Candee. "Angkor, Ruins in Cambodia" by P. Jeannerat de Beerski. If you read one, you will wonder; two, and you will dream dreams; all, and you will buy your ticket for Saigon!

Wednesday, Nov. 13-14.

We bade good-bye to Angkor. A week there would keep us wondering still, but we cannot stop a week in every place no matter how enticing. The next point of importance is PHNOM PENH. As we have to go far out of our way on account of one kilometer of impassable road we took a day and a half for it, staying over night at Kompong-Cham, on the bank of the Mekong. Early Thursday morning we cross its turbid waters over a mile wide on a ferry made by attaching a flat platform to two canoes hewn out of big logs, and towed by a wheezy dilapidated tug. We arrived in Phnom Penh for a very late luncheon.

I omitted one interesting item, - SNAKES. The woods are full of them. One morning when we were at Angkor some natives brought in a fine fellow 10 ft. long, his mouth bound round with a withe. Of course the captors collected quite a number of coins from photographers; and better still, they had meat for dinner that night! For they are eaten by everybody in this country, we are told. The skin brings a good price for New York ladies' purses and slippers &c, the heads make very potent medicines, and the meat makes a delectable stew! So no part of the snake is lost.

We also saw our first wild monkeys and baboons around Angkor. Some of the ladies thought them "cute". I always wonder why.

Phnom Penh is the capital of Cambodia. The King lives here. We cross the Mekong on a ferry again, and going across are entertained by a native musician playing a home-made two-stringed fiddle made from a Standard Oil Kerosene tin with a bamboo tail-piece and a fine wire bow. We have seen these S.O. tins used for every conceivable purpose throughout the east, but this caps the climax. We shall next be prepared to see a grand piano made from the can that can't be "canned".

We stopped at the Royal Hotel, a beautiful new hotel just opened. The workmen have not all completed their work. Again we are in a city where French influence is strong. In every one of these countries the King "rules" and the French Resident "advises"; a very effective arrangement! We visit the Museum where are interesting exhibits of old Cambodian pottery, bronzes, jewelry, art, the crown jewels, native hand-craft in silver and woven stuffs &c. There is more than a strain of barbarity in their work,- their art and their buildings. Gilt and glitter, deep reds, bright blues, the yellowest of yellows, livid greens; the craft is not so very fine, the construction far from substantial. We see something akin to the work of the American Indian, akin to the craft of all primitive tribes. There is little that is fine; it is gaudy; but it is mighty impressive and intensely interesting for it is different.

We visit the Royal Palace. What golden splendor! One cannot describe it, it is simply dazzling. Only an oriental monarch could want such a show place. But I recall London Castle and certain Royal Gems there repasing; and the Louvre; and the Castle at Dresden; and Castles all over Europe, with their crowns and maces and robes and wealth of rubies and diamonds and precious gems. Not so great a difference after all! The world is much alike everywhere. Only in poor old U.S.A. is there a difference. We keep ours in the bank!

We visit a few temples, quite different in shape and decoration but with the same incongruous and much gilded Buddhas. There are far more temples about Phnom Penh than we have seen elsewhere. We observed quite a number being constructed.

And, I must confess it, we have run into our first mesquitos! Not too many, but "they satisfy". I should not have boasted about our freedom from pests.

Tomorrow we again move on to Arayana Prades, to Bangkok; one day by motor, one day by train. We leave Cambodia; but the thrill of Angkor with all its mystery, its immensity, its beauty, its unique enchantment will abide. It was worth going around the world to see.

E. M. McBrier

0473

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 16

YENCHING

TRANSFER

Friday, Nov. 15, 1929

Left Phnom Penh at 6 A.M. for our final motor trip in French Indo-China. The country, the people, the roads and everything are just the same as elsewhere. Motoring is very monotonous as there is no variety. Some thirty kilometers from Phnom Penh we passed a high hill where the kings are buried. Their mausoleums and temples, - worship of ancestors who are regarded in much the same reverence as their gods is prevalent here, - stand out against the sky-line. Any elevation seems larger than it really is in a land where everything is so deadly flat. Away to the south-west we discern through a good part of our day's journey low-lying mountains, so-called, but they are really only high hills. The only occurrence of more than passing interest was our luncheon at the bungalow at Battambang which was "impossible". Fortunately we had some eatables with us and managed to live through it.

About 4:00 P.M. we crossed the frontier and were soon at the Bungalow at Arayana Prades, the terminus of the Siam Government Railway. This Bungalow is as clean and neat as the one at Battambang is dirty. It is managed by an Austrian who married a buxom, happy hearted Russian woman. We discovered the Austrian had been employed for several years at the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago. While the bungalow is built in native style, perched on "stilts", is made of native wood, mostly mahogany, never saw paint, everything is as neat and clean as a pin; good beds and mighty good food. Had the best bread we have had for many a day, - real "slices" of good white bread, good butter, jams, and plenty of foreign (i.e. "home") foods. How we did eat! No French cooking in Arayana Prades.

Saturday, Nov. 16.

A fine breakfast, after a cool refreshing night's rest, and we took the Siamese Government train for Bangkok, an all day's ride through a country as flat as we have had for the last week. For the first three hours we traveled through jungle country, sparsely cleared, few people, few patches of cultivated land. Gradually we emerged into a better cultivated country. Away to the north-west we discern high hills or mountains. These fade from sight after an hour and the deadly level of the alluvial plain persists without a break. We see no roads whatever, only narrow paths along the slightly elevated partitions that separate the rice fields. The land yields abundantly. We learn Siam exports one and a half million tons of rice per year, being eighty-five percent of her exports. Mahogany is everywhere in evidence, the most common of woods. It is piled for firewood along the right of way for engine fuel; it is whip-sawed into boards for native houses; the ties on the railroad are mahogany or a similar wood. Mahogany and Teak are largely exported.

The country looks much more productive than French Indo-China. There are canals instead of roads and the houses are built on stilts by the side of the canals. All the produce of the level country in this great valley of the Menana River and its tributaries is conveyed by boats to market.

We arrived at Bangkok at 6:30 and are motored to the Phya Thai Palace Hotel, run by the Government Railways. This Hotel was the former King's palace, is located a bit outside of the City, and reeks with luxury. It is built after

0474

French style, is a fair copy of a modest type of some of the European "palaces", and shows its European origin. "We were told the present King was a modest and economical man and did not care for "show", so turned this palace over for foreign guests. As a matter of fact, the Siamese government is making a big bid for foreign tourists, and the maintenance of this hotel as a part of the railroad administration is no doubt costing them a pretty penny. The rooms are very large and spacious and not particularly adapted for hotel purposes, - too much of spacious hall-ways, open verandas, etc. Only about sixty guests can be accommodated at a time, and for nine months in the year the place is practically devoid of travelers. Beautiful gardens, lagoons, etc. enrich the grounds. It is entirely away from the noise of the city. The food is the best we have had since we left Kowloon.

SIAM

If you can find time to glance at the map you will find SIAM is the buffer state between Indo-China, monopolized by the French on the east, and Burma monopolized by the British on the west. Some thirty years ago a Siamese King, Chulalong Korn, woke up to the fact that if he did not take a hand at "modernizing" his country it would be only a matter of a few short years before some western nation would do it for his people. So he did the unusual. He sent his son, Rama, to Europe to be educated; he called to his aid counsellors from sundry western sources; he "modernized" Bangkok; he began to build an army along western lines; in other words, he started to do his own "civilizing" rather than let some military western power grab his country and exploit its resources. He was one wise sovereign. His successor, the son he had educated for the job, was a worthy son and carried on his father's work; now his younger brother who succeeded him still carries on.

Bangkok is a city with wide avenues, well shaded by many trees, well lighted, showing much French and some Italian influence. This refers to the improved section, what might be called the foreign section, though the word "foreign" does not here designate western peoples. Of these there are comparatively few. Of the three-quarters of a million city's population, more than two-thirds are Chinese. The business of the city is almost entirely in their hands. There are a few western firms in various lines of business; three or four English stores, some German, a few French, but the city is dominantly Chinese. All that part devoted to stores and business has good wide streets, well paved. A new hotel, the Trocadero, was opened a month ago. It looks comfortable and good, but the location is not of the best. The Oriental, situated on the river bank, is older, managed by a Swiss, and fair. Neither will compare with the Phya Thai Palace.

Siam is Buddhist to the core. This does not mean that Protestantism has no missions, for the Presbyterian Church has a thriving work here; but it means that the King promotes Buddhism, that it is the recognized religion, that special grants are made by the government to keep temples in repair, and that religion and government are interwoven. The temples are very ornate and alluring. Through it all is a very oriental type of decoration; much color, much gold, very garish and a strain of the semi-barbaric, nevertheless tremendously interesting and quite different than we have seen anywhere else.

Sunday, Nov. 17 to Tuesday, Nov. 19.

We spent these days "seeing Bangkok". Two most interesting things were, visiting the temples, the Palace and Throne Room (new and old) and taking a launch trip through the river and canals. I have said the canals were the roads in the country; they are also the streets in the native part of the city. For

0475

three hours we passed through canal after canal. The very intimate life of the people stood wide open to view. People live in the open. They love the water, live on it and in it. There are many homes built on two or three boats. It seems queer to see a house moving around. They are mostly moccled, but they do migrate at will. The hucksters travel about in boats with their wares to sell. All sorts of stores or shops are on these floating houses.

The people are very unambitious, have plenty of time to sit in groups and talk. They are a happy lot. Life is a sunny summer's day. Nature conspires to make them indolent. Fruit grows plentifully and luxuriously; bananas, bread-fruit, coconuts, lotus, sugar cane, all require a minimum of care. Rice is almost the only crop that requires work, and the planting and the harvesting are the only operations; no hoeing or weeding or "working" is needed. So the chief occupation seems to be to sit around and chew betel nut, - a most disgusting habit, - and talk, talk, talk. A more happy, contented, care-free people we never saw. There are children galore. No clothes are needed, few are worn.

The Royal Museum is very interesting and is the finest we have seen since Peking. The Throne Room, built some twenty years ago, is the last word in Italian-Greek architecture, built of Italian marbles, very rich and beautiful. It cost more than \$15,000,000 U.S. gold and would be a credit to any country. Money goes five times as far here as with us. Common labor is 30¢ to 40¢ Gold per day.

The principal temples or "Wats" are

Wat Phra Keo, where the Emperor worships. It contains the famous Jade Buddha which is said to have come from Angkor Wat.

Wat Fo, containing a recumbent Buddha 160 ft. long, much the worse for wear. The dagobas are fine, however.

Wat Chang, built 147 years ago, the most unique structure existing. It is a series of dagobas or spiral cones richly ornamented; and what do you suppose was used for ornamentation? English and French and Dutch and Portuguese and Chinese and Siamese crockery, mostly broken with great care in proper shape to make flowers and discs and ornaments. We recognize old patterns of crockery with which we have been conversant for years.

Bhenjama Bhopit is a new temple 30 years old. It is the most brilliantly ornate and beautiful temple of them all. It looks as new as if it was finished last week. While very brilliantly decorated with much gold, it is built of beautiful white marble, and the large court is paved with white polished marble. No expense has been spared. Except around the doors and windows where there is a narrow inlay of colored glass, there is an absence of the "gimcrack" decoration that characterizes so much of the dagobas, pagodas, shrines, gateways and temple buildings.

The weather has been fine; a bit warm part of the time, but not at all depressing. We need a light blanket at night. I was surprised to see woollen scarves and wraps in one of foreign stores. I asked when they used such things; they said - "In the winter, December and January". So it apparently is cooler here then.

We went to see the Government Laboratories where they prepare snake venom for immunizing purposes. They had some 300 cobras and other venomous reptiles. The keeper, who was immune, would handle them as though they were

0476

chickens. They were savage looking beasts. When a cobra would open his hood and prepare to strike, he would slap him on the head with his hand. He was not so familiar with the King cobras, though he handled them with a stick on one end of which was a sort of hook to lift them with.

The institution is very well built and well adapted for its work. They have a large museum showing all the kinds of tropical animals whose bites or stings are dangerous, and believe me there are a lot of them; centipedes, scorpions, vipers, toads, spiders, hornets, gnats and flies of sundry kinds, and snakes of a hundred varieties, some so small they are insignificant in appearance, some fifteen to twenty feet long.

There are recompenses for living where perpetual summer does NOT reign.

E. M. McBrier

0477

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YENCHING

TRANSFER

Yenching University

November 18, 1929

Mr. E. M. McBrier,
C/o Bishop Brenton T. Badley,
Byculla, Bombay, India.

My dear Mr. McBrier:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letters of September 30 written from Peking and that of October 10 written from Tsinan.

We were very sorry to learn of the difficulties encountered by Mrs. Blair and the other ladies in her party during the time they were traveling through Japan. I understood that Miss Schooley was engaging the services of a courier employed by the Japanese Tourist Bureau. Usually the Japanese Tourist Bureau is considered to be quite reliable and I believe their couriers have a very satisfactory reputation. I have noted that from time to time in your travel letters you have spoken in high terms of the Japanese Tourist Bureau, so I had hoped that the ladies would be well cared for. During the summer Professor George B. Barbour suggested to Miss Schooley that he would be glad to consult with some of his Japanese friends and with missionaries in Japan in an effort to locate some reliable courier who would take care of the three ladies. At that time it was Miss Schooley's judgment that better service could be obtained by relying on the Japanese Tourist Bureau rather than a private agency or an unattached individual. We have had no further information regarding the case so I have not as yet made any report to Miss Schooley.

We note the developments in the direction of uniting the Woman's College Treasury on the field with the general treasury of the University. This is certainly a step in the right direction, but if the ladies are taking it unwillingly we may find that it will take some time to convince them that they did the right thing. As a matter of fact, the Woman's College has handled their funds far more judiciously and economically than has the general University. I have long sympathized with the fear of the ladies that placing the Woman's College funds in the hands of the field treasurer of the University may make it difficult for them to handle their finances as economically as has been done in the past. Much depends upon the relationship between the field treasurer's office and the administrative officials of the Woman's College. I have heard no unfavorable comments from any of the ladies but suspect that there is still a possibility that some reaction may be received. In the mail arriving this week we received Dr. Galt's first letters commenting on Woman's College matters. Apparently he had not fully taken over the Woman's College books when he wrote, or at least had not completed his study of the

0478

11-18-29

accounts.

We have just received from Dr. Galt's office a report covering the contract rate of exchange for the rest of the year. They seem to have secured very favorable rates. As a matter of fact, however, the tendency of exchange has continued downward, and if this continues Mex. will be still cheaper in the spring than it is now. No one here in New York is willing to hazard a guess as to the probable trend in exchange during the coming months.

From many sources we have received enthusiastic accounts of the Yenching dedication. I am sure our Yenching Board of Trustees recognize the fact that the presence of so many Trustees on the campus at the time of these ceremonies meant a great deal to the University and will prove of tremendous value in creating better understanding between the field and the home base. I have heard many expressions of gratification at the fact that you were able to make the trip to China to attend these ceremonies.

I appreciate greatly your note written shortly after you were at Cheeloo. The "Order of Worship" of the Tsinan church looked very familiar. Dr. Shields and others at Cheeloo have written expressing their happiness that you and Mrs. McBrier, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, and Mr. Pilling were able to visit the University.

This morning's mail brings from Dr. Stuart the news of a gift of Mex. \$625,000, or C\$250,000, from a Chinese friend of the University to match the \$250,000 offered by the Rockefeller Foundation as an endowment for natural science. Dr. Stuart intimates that there are certain conditions attached to this magnificent gift from our unknown Chinese friend which he will wish to discuss with the Trustees after he arrives in New York. Possibly you learned, while you were in Peking, that this gift was in prospect, and so have fuller information concerning it than has yet reached our office. We all rejoice greatly at this further indication of the way in which the Chinese people are rallying to the support of Yenching.

I do not know how fully you are informed of what the Trustees have been doing during the fall. Mrs. Anderson tells me that she has sent you at least brief information concerning most of the important happenings in connection with our Yenching work. The Finance Committee has continued to be very active. Investment matters have been very much in the foreground during the fall, and Mr. Barber, Mr. Rounds and Mr. Gamble have found themselves unusually busy as members of both the Investment Committee and of the Finance Committee. We have all greatly missed you and Mr. Ernest Evans when investment matters are under consideration. The collapse of the stock market during recent weeks did not have any pronounced effect on the endowment accounts of any of our Universities. Yenching missed its opportunity to dispose of its American Tel. & Tel. Common stock at its peak price, and is still holding on. The price of this stock has remained above the purchase price, except for a day or two at the worst of the depression, and is steadily recovering now. When the Bankers Trust Company turned over the one thousand shares Woolworth stock in connection with the McBrier Foundation for Biblical Instruction and Christian Work the price had fallen slightly below one hundred, so the Investment Committee decided to hold the stock until

0479

Mr. McBrier-3

11-18-29

one hundred or better could be secured.

As a matter of fact the price of Woolworth stock fell off about forty points in two or three weeks time so the University could have sold its thousand shares on October 1 and purchased fifteen hundred with the proceeds a few weeks later. During the last few days Woolworth stock has been recovering steadily and the prospects seem to indicate a continued upward movement.

We have all greatly enjoyed your travel letters. They have given us a vivid and interesting picture of all the stages of your journey. You should have this material published in more permanent form when your journey is completed.

We sincerely hope that the latter half of your journey will be as pleasant as the first part has obviously been. We look forward to seeing you here at 150 Fifth Avenue not many months hence.

Very cordially yours,

BAG-H

0480

OUR TRIP ABROAD

YENCHING

Letter No. 17

TRANSFER

Wednesday, Nov. 20 - Thursday, 21, 1929.

From Bangkok to Penang is a thirty-two hour journey by the Siam Government Railway. We were prepared for a hot, trying ride. The combination of the tropics and low marshy jungle land made us expect same. Happily we were mistaken. It was not so hot as our trip from Chicago to the coast last July; there was not a particle of dust or soot; the train was clean and comfortable, the meals as good as the best hotels in this part of the world; and this means the European "standard" meals. I was very comfortable sitting on the open platform of the car on a camp stool for hours. We are delighted and surprised thus far at the measure of comfort we have had in our travels. Really, the only trying time with weather we have had thus far was in Japan. We came at just the right time to see China, Indo-China, Siam and the Dutch East Indies in comfort. There are only a few months of the year when this trip can be taken in comfort and we planned it just right.

Our memory of Siam will always be a pleasant one. We were there long enough to see enough of it to satisfy and not to tire. For the first three-quarters day of travel there were the never-ending rice fields. Away to the west we finally discerned a mountain range, the "back bone" of the country lying between Siam and Burma. Late in the P.M. we skirted the sea on the east at the narrow part of the peninsula. Then we awoke in the morning we were still on the plain but on both sides from time to time we passed peculiar "faults" in the rock strata where segments of rock from several hundred to several thousands of feet long, from three hundred to a thousand feet high, but comparatively very thin, were set up on edge. These outcropping faults could be traced for miles across the country, or rather "up and down" the peninsula. They looked like the projecting vertebrae of some petrified prehistoric monster who had, in times past, extended his reptilian length from the mainland out over the southern sea, had by some process become ossified, and over whose prostrate remains nature had sown a covering of tropical verdure. In one of these spiny vertebrae some thousand or more feet high and six times as long, there was a large opening a hundred or more feet square forming a sort of natural bridge. The top edges of these uprisings seemed to be only a few feet wide.

We passed hundreds of rubber plantations and coconut groves. Roads began to appear as we reached southern Siam, and an occasional motor car or truck was seen. As we emerged into British controlled territory, the several Malay States known as Straits Settlements, the development became more intensified, indications of British organization became more apparent, the roads were better and everything took on a more homelike air.

We arrived at Penang at 3:00 P.M. and found our Methodist friends had reserved rooms for us at the Runnymede Hotel, most beautifully located on the sea front. The Eastern and Oriental Hotel, known as the "E. & O." competes for first place. We rather think the Runnymede is preferable, though both are very good.

Of course Penang is an English city, though there are comparatively few English here. The name of the city is really Georgetown, the name of the island on which it is situated is Penang. Nobody ever speaks of Georgetown any more than they speak of Victoria, the city on Hong Kong Island. The population of the island is around 200,000, sixty-five percent Chinese. Many of the Chinese are

very wealthy. They live in the most magnificent homes and drive the most expensive automobiles, entertain lavishly and gamble without limit. The houses are elaborate creations, very decorative, and it is impossible to describe them by the employment of any architectural standards we know. Some are very beautiful, some overdone. In addition to the Chinese there is a considerable percentage of East Indians. The Chinese and Indians crowd out the Malays. Malays build their houses on stilts as do the Cambodians and Siamese. Many foreign houses are also built up from the ground some six to ten feet. The houses are cooler and drier when so built. Strange to say, foreigners do not screen either porches or windows and doors, but the beds are protected by mosquito nets.

There are over 500 species of orchids here; many are parasites, others grow as garden plants. Some of the species are in blossom constantly. The Frangipanni is in blossom now, - a tree as large as a big Magnolia, with large waxy dark green leaves and a glorified snow-ball of beautiful white flowers.

Friday, Nov. 22.

We went for a ride about half way around the island. It is a mountainous island, the elevations being some 3,000 feet high. It was a beautiful ride, skirting the shore, around numberless curves, very much like the Hong Kong drive only the palms and foliage are much more beautiful. It is very fine weather; hot if the sun is shining, but reasonably cool most of the time. The hot months are January and February and July and August. These months are dry. From March to June and September to December is what they call monsoon weather, i.e., - rainy, occasional heavy wind and rain storms, hence cooler. The temperature rarely if ever exceeds ninety degrees.

In a previous letter I spoke of betel nut chewing. These nuts grow on a species of palm tree that is exactly like a diminutive coconut palm, the nuts growing in a large bunch in similar manner. The native name of the palm is "Pinang" palm; that is where the name of this city came from, changed in spelling to "Penang".

Penang is a beautiful city; fine streets, plenty of fine homes, beautiful trees and flowers. We motored all over the city and through the suburbs, - excellent asphalt pavement everywhere. There are more nationalities represented here than in any other city we have visited, for here in the Straits Settlements, the very "cross-roads of the East", people from every nation may be seen. The signs on the streets are in four or five languages.

Visited the schools which are under the care of the Methodist missionaries and teachers. The natives, the Malays, have free schools provided by the government, while the "foreigners", - Chinese, Indians, Siamese, &c. have to pay tuition. The missionaries are teachers in the government schools, receive government pay for their work and are permitted to teach Christianity without hindrance. They are doing a fine piece of work. I cannot tax your patience to explain either the arrangement under which they work or the methods of their work, but will say that it is one of the most effective pieces of work we have visited. It is a pity so many Americans visit these lands and never get in touch with the great work being accomplished by these devoted people.

Saturday, Nov. 23.

We visited the Snake Temple some 10 miles from the city, a most eerie and interesting place. Talk of thrills! You have it here. There were scores and

scores of snakes from two to four feet long coiled about everywhere. Two small trees with several branches adorned the altar and on each from a dozen to twenty snakes were knotted and intertwined. On the posts, beams, lanterns, coiled up and extended at full length, on the Buddha himself, on the incense stands, - snakes everywhere, in every conceivable position. They hung down from the beams and rafters above. We had to watch out lest our heads came in contact with them. They are a peculiar species that does not lay eggs; the young are born like mammals, - we are told there are very few species of snakes so born. They seemed stupid in the day time, but were told that at night they all leave the temple and forage forth into the jungle, returning for their daily siesta in the early morn. The priests feed them eggs. Of course they are "sacred" and are "spirits".

We visited Black Water Temple, a most beautiful terraced series of buildings on the mountain side. There was a pool with some hundreds of "sacred" turtles, and one of the most elaborate floral displays we have seen anywhere. The King of Siam gives large donations to this temple and has just presented a pagoda which is not yet desecrated with idols.

An inclined cable-road, the steepest one I ever saw, takes us 2500 feet up the mountain in two lifts. From the summit a most wonderful view is obtainable of the island, the bays and inlets, the main land and the mountain ranges beyond.

At 5:00 P.M. we took the S.S. "Ipoh" for Singapore. She lay over at Port Swettenham for the next day, and we motored over to Kuala Lumpur, 30 miles distant, where we lunched at the very pretentious Railroad Hotel. Our road led through vast rubber plantations all the way. Visited a rubber factory where the latex from the trees is made into sheets of pure white rubber; also visited a tin mining dredge. This is the greatest tin producing district on earth. Forty feet below the surface is a layer of sand in which there is a mixture of black sand containing 16 percent to 30 percent tin. This black sand is washed out of the other sand and the tin is extracted. We saw many dredges; in fact there are so many the business is not so profitable now and the government has limited the extension of the industry.

Visited the very fine museum at Kuala Lumpur; the most beautiful collection of moths and butterflies we ever saw; bugs by the thousands, some as large as frogs; specimens of all animals of the region; implements and native manufactures of the Malays before the white folks came; - a very interesting museum. Returned to Port Swettenham to our boat, which started for Singapore at 5 P.M. arriving at 9 A.M. Monday.

Monday, Nov. 25.

I think Singapore is the most beautiful harbor I ever entered. There are several islands lying off shore, and the boat enters one of the narrow channels into the inner harbor. "They say" there is an average of 3000 boats of all sorts moored here all the time, coming and going to all parts of the earth. "They say" some 600,000 more tons of freight are yearly transported and trans-shipped here than at New York. I shall not count the boats or weigh the freight, but I will say it is some busy place. We stopped at the Adelphi, said to be the only hotel with anything like modern sanitary installations, - the old soil-buckets and tub of water and a dipper for the bath being the usual thing throughout the east.

(Letter No. 17)

-4-

I will say we had the noisiest room I ever experienced; and as this letter is written in the early morning with the autos scooting and hooting all about and motley mobs yelling in a score of languages, - written I say in the early morning as day breaks, due to the fact it is impossible to sleep, you will have to excuse any seeming imbecilities and improper sentences. If you do not get another letter you will know I have gone plumb crazy as a result of Singapore racket. We change our room or move from the Adelphi today, this Nov. 26, 1929. This is Resolution No. 1 for the day.

E. M. McBrier

0484

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YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 18

TRANSFER

JAVA

Monday, Nov. 25 - Friday, Nov. 29

These dates represent our stay in Singapore. We were not "sightseeing" as there were no sights to see, unless a foreign-style city inhabited by fifty-seven varieties of oriental peoples with a seasoning of westerners from all quarters of the world can be so designated. We did motor out to Johore, we saw the Sultan's "palace", and the mosque, but it was all very tame. A narrow strait separates the island on which Singapore is built from the mainland, the southeastern tip of which is Johore.

We were entertained on Thanksgiving eve by the Methodist friends, some thirty-five or more. They served a sumptuous turkey dinner at one of the W.F.M.S. school buildings, with all the "fixings", with mince pie and pumpkin pie as a fitting climax. Before and after dinner we enjoyed games and had a regular old-fashioned party. This is a regular custom of these friends, and we were fortunate enough to be in Singapore and to be invited to enjoy the occasion with them.

We sailed at 4 o'clock on Nov. 29 on the S.S. "Plancius" of the K.P.M., - a Dutch line that operates among the eastern islands. It was a good boat, scrupulously clean, a good table, and we surely did enjoy our short trip to Java. We have glorious sunsets on these eastern seas, the finest we ever beheld. After the sun drops below the horizon, the clouds flame up in the most gorgeous colorings. The sky is usually pretty full of clouds, - this is monsoon time, the rainy season, with frequent showers all around us, - and these clouds reflect the sun's rays. Strange as it may seem, it is not alone in the west, but even in the east the clouds turn a bright pink, golden or purple haze; and as for the clouds in the west, they take on the colors of a conflagration.

Saturday, Nov. 30.

Sailing among islands on a perfectly calm sea all day. There are hundreds of islands in these waters not shown on an ordinary map. A more perfect day at sea is impossible.

Sunday, December 1

Landed at Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia, distant only some six miles. Batavia is the New York of Java, Weltevreden is the Brooklyn and White Plains and Montclair and Oranges, where people live and sleep. As we expected, everything is orderly and managed just as one would expect the Dutch to manage it. The houses, business houses, hotels, are all spread out over spacious grounds with beautiful trees and flowers in luxurious abundance. As for the roads, we never had finer in any country. After reporting to the Tourist Bureau in Weltevreden through which we engaged our motors and hotel accommodations, we motored to Buitenzorg, a short two hours away, where we had luncheon, thence to Bandung where we spent our first night in Java.

At Buitenzorg we walked through the botanical gardens, said to be the finest in the world. This may be true when it comes to the variety of trees, plants and vines, but in places it seemed to lack that nicety of care which we from the west are accustomed to demand. It was beautiful, however. We were particularly

0485

interested in the large variety of palms; in the enormous vines and creepers, many of which go to the very tops of the tallest trees, grow as large around as a big teapot (I am having 4 o'clock tea as I write), have leaves two feet and more long and two-thirds as broad; in the rattan vines which are literally hundreds of feet long, growing along the ground or crawling up the trees; in the enormous orchids, some with slender leaves five and six feet long and bunches of blossoms as large as a pillow; in the enormous crotons; in the gorgeous flowering trees of more kinds than I can name. The Royal Poinciana with its flaming red, the hibiscus, the golden shower, the poinsettia, almost every flowering shrub and plant you ever saw and plenty we do not recognize are here in endless profusion.

Java is mountainous, hence beautiful. Our road ascended 4800 ft. above the sea, then descended to Bandoeng, 2300 ft. elevation. We all agreed this to be the most beautiful country we have seen. On this small island of 50,000 sq. Kilometers, forty million people live. This means every square foot of land is cultivated like a garden. Rice is the principal crop, the "staff of life" here as in most of the east; but as for variety of foods we have been in no place that could compare with Java. Our guide calls it "Paradise"; but we ask, - "Do they have mosquitoes in paradise?" He reminds us that a few visitations are needed to make us appreciate the blessings. Still the mosquitoes are not as bad as in Bangkok.

I made a list of the foods we saw growing, or being carried past us on the everlasting bamboo poles over swarthy shoulders, or displayed for sale in the little markets by the wayside; and for your edification I will impose the list on you.

Foods we grow in northern U.S.

Radishes	Cauliflower	Beets	Rhubarb
Carrots	Cabbage	Leeks	Lettuce
Corn	Onions	Cucumbers	Red Peppers
Potatoes	Egg Plant	Peas	Beans (a dozen kinds)
Sweet Potatoes	String Beans	Tomatoes	Elderberries
	Garlic		

Foods we use, not grown in northern U.S.

Cocoa	Nutmegs	Rice	Alligator Pears
Tea	Cinnamon	Oranges	Pomegranates
Coffee	Cloves	Pineapples	Peanuts
Tapioca	Pepper	Mangoes	Chestnuts
Almonds	Bananas	Cocanuts	Bananas

Foods we do not use.

Jackfruit	Rambutan	Papaia	Dockoe
Breadfruit	Dorian	Brindal	Chico
Mangusteen	Roseapples	Tree Tomatoes	Bamboo Shoots
Koepa	Blimbing	Bitter Gourd	Angular Gourd
	Sapadilla		

and a score of others that I cannot name.

No, these people are in no danger of starving. Please remember, any of these fruits and vegetables can be matured at any season. Everything is growing all the time and growing fast, for the climate is hot and moist and in the mountainous districts there are showers every day.

0486

Monday, Dec. 2.

There are 100 active and inactive volcanoes, none very active now, though we can see old lava flows of considerable size on the sides of several mountains. Bandoeng, a city of 140,000, of which 16,000 are Europeans, lies on a plain surrounded by mountains, a perfectly beautiful location. The city is "snappy" and up-to-date. We visited the market; such a display and variety we cannot believe exists anywhere else on earth. The people are as interesting as the display of merchandise. The native batik cloth, - a hand dyed cloth in rich brown, blue and dark-red combinations in an endless variety of patterns, is worn as a skirt or sarong, a sash, around the head as a cap, suspended from the shoulder as a sling in which to carry the bundle or the baby, made up into pants for the men or more usually just wrapped around the body as an improvised skirt, - the bright colors of yellow and orange and red and pink and every other color of the rainbow worn by men as well as women, with an indescribable variety of combinations of European clothes mixed in with the native things, - all this makes a kaleidoscopic picture of intense interest.

Our hotel, the Grand Hotel Hohman, is the best we have had since Miyanoshta, Japan. The hotels here are built on an entirely different plan than we have met elsewhere. There is a central building with a large open veranda which is a sort of open-air lounge. Here the orchestra plays afternoons from four to six, the towns-people sit at tables, drink and dance. Apart from a reading and writing room, a small reception office, the dining-room with kitchen in the rear, the central building contains no rooms. All the bedrooms, usually on the ground floor, are in separate buildings. Gardens of flowers separate the central building from the bedrooms. All bedrooms have an open veranda furnished with lounging chairs and tables. Breakfast is usually eaten here, and frequently luncheon and dinner. People live much in the open. The bedrooms are large and ceilings very high. It is customary for business to close at 12 or 1 o'clock. Banks do no business after 1 o'clock; other places open again at three or four for a couple of hours, but nearly all business is done from early morning until noon. The well-to-do don pajamas immediately after luncheon and rest until about 4 o'clock. Dinner is served from eight to ten. We find it rather hard to adjust ourselves to a program of life which is necessary in these tropical countries. We are prone to keep going all the time.

We motored to Garoet late in the afternoon. Garoet is a city of about 30,000 lying in a narrow valley surrounded by mountains. Our Hotel, the Ngamplang, is on a high hill overlooking the valley and city, and the luxurious plain. Surrounding us on every side are beautiful mountains. It is a beautiful spot and delightfully cool, one of several mountain resorts in Java.

Tuesday, Dec. 3

We are enjoying the cool atmosphere of Garoet after a few weeks of continuous warm weather. We sit on our private porches and look across the valley and over the town to the beautiful encircling mountains. The forenoons are usually bright and sunny; the afternoons grow cloudy as the day advances, and looking across to the mountains we can usually see a shower somewhere. Occasionally we see a flash of lightning and hear a distant roll of thunder, and about once a day or night we have a slight shower.

There was an interesting event going on in town. A new Regent, a native official, was being installed. He is the son of the previous Regent who is retiring. A Regent is the native "figure-head" ruler. The Dutch President is the real authority; the Regent is the semblance of native authority. The installation was celebrated by a three days' fiesta. Thousands of natives thronged the large

common in front of the Regency. As in our similar fetes, there were numerous hawkers and pedlars of all sorts of gimcracks and edibles. There were native orchestras or bands and dancing, climbing bamboo poles to get sundry prizes suspended from a hoop at the top, and a series of ram fights. This last was particularly interesting. The rams were big, fine looking animals. Two would be brought into a large hollow square and made to stand sidewise about thirty feet apart; then they would be turned to face each other. As soon as they glimpsed each other they would back up a few paces, then rush at each other head-on with a resounding whack. It would seem as though their skulls would be crushed by the impact. They would back up and bang each other again. This was repeated about five or six times, when one or both would appear more or less dazed. I did not learn the "points" on which victory was declared. The rams did not seem to suffer any, and went off the field jauntily enough.

At night we went to the Regent's reception hall to see him installed. A native orchestra was playing, a sort of weird thrumming on brass drums, bamboo drums, a xylophone, fiddle, and other instruments. Three dancing girls, so called, knelt on the floor; one sang in a falsetto voice; all of them went through peculiar movements and twistings of hands and fingers. The retiring Regent danced, the dance consisting of hand and arm motions, leg and feet motions and peculiar postures. It was very slow, very droll. After some fifteen minutes of this, he advanced and handed the batik scarf which he wore around his waist and over his shoulder and the knife he wore in the back of his belt to his successor. With much deliberation they then danced slowly toward each other and as they approached an assistant at the proper moment presented small glasses from which each drank a dark amber liquid that looked very suspicious, coming as it did from a foreign whiskey bottle. Then the new Regent did a dance, and the process was repeated. Then his next officer in line did a similar dance, and as there appeared to be about a dozen officials that would participate and the event would drag on into the night, we decided we had enough of it and bowed ourselves out. It was decidedly unique, - a mixture of the native with touches of the west. A man with a European shirt, collar tie and white duck coat, and a Javanese batik turban on his head, batik skirt and sash and barefooted presents a rather mixed appearance. A few of the officials wore sandals, none had stockings; most of them were barefooted.

Wednesday, Dec. 4

Took a motor ride to some hot sulphur springs where there are baths, and around the country, a most beautiful country. Saw high up on one mountain a steam jet pouring out of a crater. There are a number of them in the island. This is one of the most beautiful spots we ever saw and the weather is perfect.

Thursday, Dec. 5

Took early train to Djokjakarta, a seven hours' ride. We pass from the "delectable mountains" to the fertile plain, and are again not far above sea level. It is much warmer. "Djokja" as it is called for short, has a population of 103,000, -- 3,700 of them Europeans.

Friday, Dec. 6

Inspected the Sultan's palace; not so much of a palace, as palaces go. The Sultan is virtually a prisoner, a mere figurehead. A Dutch sentry stands outside the gate leading to his inner court. His retainers and "guard" hang around, the last word in tatterdemalion. A couple of "nobles" pass by in high black hats, very demure, with followers and half-a-dozen "soldiers" with spears as a guard. One retainer carries his pipe, another his tobacco-pouch, another his cuspidor, &c. The last word in opera-bouffe. If photos tell anything, the Sultan is a pretty weak

party. It is reported that he has some eighty concubines and that parents vie with each other to send their daughters to him. The Dutch government pays him \$200,000 per year to maintain this husk of power; but each time a new Sultan is elevated his income and power are reduced. We visited the so-called "Water Castle", - the ruins of the residency of the reigning Sultan in the middle of the 18th Century. We shopped and bought some pieces of the native "batik" cloth, hand dyed in vegetable colors.

Saturday, Dec. 7.

This forenoon we motored 20 miles in the country to see the famous Borobudur Temple. Had we not seen Angkor Wat this would have been considered one of the high spots; but the boy that has seen the elephant is not much interested in the cat. Yet Borobudur is a wonderful temple; and the story of how Buddhism enveloped Java only to be completely obliterated by the tide of Islamism which swept away every vestige of other religions into the sea is an interesting tale. Either pious devotees to Buddhism or mother nature covered the tremendous pile of Borobudur with a protecting mantle of earth and thus saved it from vandalism, so it is in a pretty good state of preservation.

As we motor through the country we frequently pass herds of ducks, 100 to 250 in a herd. The story of how they live and are cared for is interesting. A man starts out with his flock, a portable bamboo fence 15 to 18 inches high which he rolls up, and his covered bed on a cart. He wanders over the country driving his ducks before him. So well trained are they that they start, stop, turn right and left at the word of command. Wherever rice fields have been recently cut or are not in crop, he is welcome to pasture his ducks; the pests they eat and the fertilization they leave make them desirable guests. The ducks lay eggs which he sells. At night he encloses his flock in the portable bamboo fence, stretches himself on his Pullman berth nearby where he can watch over his flock, and takes his rest. In the morning, after a suitable period of rest for the daily egg deposit to be made, he starts again on his wanderings. His trip during the six or more months the ducks are maturing may take him 100 to 250 miles. When his ducks are grown and the egg crop diminished to the unprofitable stage, he sells his ducks, pockets the proceeds and returns home. Meantime his wife and family have hatched another flock which are ready for the road, and the itinerary begins again. A good duck herder makes a very profitable living.

We leave for Soerabaja tomorrow; go to Tosari in the mountains, 6000 ft. high, for a three days cooling-off, then take the steamer for Bali. Thus endeth the Java letter.

E. M. McBrier

YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROADLetter No. 19**TRANSFER**BALIWednesday, Dec. 11, 1929

We have had three cool, delightful days rest at Tosari, about three and one-half hours motor ride from Soerabaya. Perched on the mountain 6000 feet above the sea we look out across the plain, when drifting clouds permit, and see the checker-board rice fields far below, and beyond them the ocean. There is nothing to see at Tosari, except a trip to Mt. Bromo, and "active" volcano, though not now sufficiently "active" to induce us to make a 3 o'clock A.M. start and ride a horse several hours to view it. Two months ago, however, it spouted smoke and sand in such quantities that it drove all the guests from the hotels and compelled them to close for two weeks. The sand drifted into the rooms and covered everything in spite of closed windows and doors. We have seen several evidences of volcanic activity; one crater on a mountain side at Garoet which emitted smoke and steam; a high active volcano viewed from the train after we left Djokjakarta; and now Bromo which we do not go to see as it is not very active. Java is a volcanic country though the volcanoes are mostly "old" and dead. Any number of old lava flows may be seen on the mountain slopes. We were told by a noted scientific Doctor from Holland, whom we fell in with, that there are almost daily earth tremors or "quakes", small ones; sometimes they are quite pronounced. He is studying earth conditions here; says there is evidence that some of the islands move several feet a year. The earth's crust is in a state of unrest.

One of the peculiar Javanese customs is that of setting up tall bamboo poles near the residence, putting a pulley on a cross-arm and hoisting up bamboo bird-cages to give their birds an airing. The Javanese as well as the Chinese are great lovers of birds and it is not unusual to see as many as a dozen bird cages hanging under the eaves of a house. All over these regions the Chinese do the business, own the stores and manage the financial matters. Here as in the Strait Settlements many have become very wealthy. We took the steamer "Valentyn" for Bali at 5 P.M.

Thursday, Dec. 12.

Arrived at Boeleleng, Bali at 7 A.M. This is the first place on our trip where we disembarked in small boats. There is no real harbor. Sea perfectly calm; but often during January and February especially there are storms that make it impossible to land for a number of days at a time.

Motored to Moendoek, at an altitude of some 2000 ft. where it was cool and we had luncheon and a good view; then on to Den Pasar, the largest town in the island, situated in the southeastern part. Bali is only a small island, less than 100 miles long by 50 wide, area about 2,000 sq. miles, and a million population. The inhabitants in the north have been under the rule of the Dutch for some 75 years, but those in the south have been "subjected" for only about twenty years. Their religion is Hindu, exported from India 1200 years ago when immigrants from India settled here, usurped power, and gave them a line of princes whose reign continued until the Dutch extended their rule and gathered them in. The Arabs overran Java and wiped out every vestige of the Hindu religion. Those who were not "converted" or killed migrated to Bali. It is peculiar that

0490

Mohammedanism did not cross the narrow strait to Bali. While in Java there are mosques, and only in a few places like Borabudur and a few others there remains any ruins of Hinduism or Buddhism, in Bali there are temples galore.

The customs, dress, habits of the people are entirely different than in Java. The women wear no clothes on the upper half of the body. We saw any number of women as well as men bathing in streams, many of them nude. They are a proud people, go about their business in their own way and are not at all disconcerted by the foreign prying eyes that stare at them as they carry on their daily tasks.

Of the million inhabitants three-quarters are women. The women carry the purse, do the bartering, carry the burdens and boss things in general. Here man here finds his rightful place. The markets are conducted by the women. We entered one where we did not see a man anywhere in sight. The houses are of a very low order, made of wood with heavy thatch of palm leaves. We entered several courtyards enclosed by mud or brick walls. There is in every yard a perfect clutter of buildings, shrines, store-houses &c. Conditions are extremely crude and unsanitary. The Balinese live largely in the open, and life is not strenuous. Groups gather by the road-side, some gambling, many training their fighting cocks which they carry about in round topped bamboo crates or baskets, others just gossiping. As we drive through the country it appears to us that only about one person in ten is at work. They are a happy, careless lot. Life is easily maintained and they have no great ambition to accumulate beyond their daily needs. Polygamy is the universal custom. Each wife has a little hut in the family compound. In each courtyard are the family and ancestral shrines. Though Hinduism is the prevailing religion it is shot through with ancestral worship, nature worship, demonology and other cults. There is apparently no "pure" religion of any one cult anywhere in the east. The people themselves do not know where to draw the line between one and another faith.

One of the most interesting practices is the cremation of their dead. As we motored along the road we saw a cremation tower being built. The height and character of same depends on the standing of the family. This was a high class family so they had a seven-story tower. It is built of bamboo some 30 feet high, covered with panels of wood on which mirrors framed with gold and copper and silver tinsel paper, very ornate, showy and decidedly crude. Colored streamers of cloth and paper decorate the frame. The whole structure is gaudy.

A cremation takes place only when the head of the family dies. Any members who die previously are buried temporarily; then when the head of the family dies, the remains of those previously deceased are exhumed and cremated along with his. We entered the court-yard and saw the canopy covering the body of the family leader who had died three months previously. Friends and neighbors had brought rice and other foods and offerings in quantity. They give their labor freely for the erection of the cremation tower, being fed by the family meantime. We were told it had already cost the family 1000 guilders, and would take a month more and cost 1500 guilders more to finish the job. Coffins are hewn from wood, and shaped like bullocks and other animals. On the cremation day the body of the leader, with the remains of those of the family who previously died, are placed in the tower and carried to the cremation place; the bodies are then taken down and placed in the animal caskets; then wood piled around, and the whole burned. Early the next morning the ashes are taken to the sea-shore and cast into the sea.

Thursday, Dec. 12.

The only good hotel in Bali is at Den Pasar. It is owned by the

K.P.M. (Royal Packet Steamship Co.) who have lately begun to make Bali known to the world in order to attract tourists. In 1927 there were 2200 tourists who visited Bali; in 1928 they increased to 4000. From some of the literature I have read it would seem to me that they are in danger of overplaying their hand. So far as flowers and forests, fruit and foliage is concerned, Java is decidedly superior; yet the people of Java are more sophisticated, and if one is looking for people "in the raw" Bali comes a bit nearer the undressed and unwashed than Java, though even the Balinese are by no means savages. Less than five percent have any education, and about ninety-nine percent have no ambition. Still there are evidences of culture. Their temples, while indescribably shabby, ill kept and in a state of constant disrepair, show some very artistic carvings in stone. I visited one high caste family who were all artists, mostly wood-carving, though they did some work in stone. Some of the most beautiful wood-carving I ever saw was being done. All the designs are from Hindu mythology. They work away for months at a piece in a desultory manner. No account is kept of time, there is no standard of value. In the same house I saw a young woman weaving a most intricate pattern on a hand loom. The ingenuity of these people in certain directions is surprising. Here in the heart of Bali an uncultured female was producing a multicolored brocade pattern in silk and producing as perfect a piece of goods as could be turned out by a Jacquard loom. All of the basic ideas were there. The warp and woof were manipulated with the same precision and in exactly the same manner as is done by machinery, yet all she had to work with was bamboo; bamboo shuttles of ingenious design, bambop sticks to separate the threads, a bamboo harness to put around her body to hold the warp taut. She was not making it to sell, but for her husband. "Did she have a finished garment?" She did, - a girdle some three yards long by two feet wide, beautifully woven. "Would she sell it?" Well, yes, if we wanted to purchase. "How much?" "Oh, ten guilders, (\$4.00)." I believe there was more than that value of silk in the piece, saying nothing of the work. They are as liable to ask half what they should or four times what they should, there is no standard of value, merely a guess to start bargaining. Those cleverer people who are accustomed to gather up odds and ends of brass ware, sarongs, carved idols, masks &c. to sell to the foreign travelers and who have had the experience of seeing a foreigner pay ten times as much as a thing was worth, - those people are not so unsophisticated. They ask all the traffic will bear, - and then some.

Friday, Dec. 13

Motored to the sacred springs of Tirta Empoel, where we saw bathing a plenty, and where we had luncheon at a Government Rest House. On the way we visited a couple of temples and the Rock Convent at Tampaksiring, - a cave carved in rock with face of Buddha over the door. At night we were entertained with a Balinese Orchestra and "dance", though the dance was done by two young men who sat on their heels, Balinese style, and whose postures of head, eyes, arms, fingers and body poses constituted the "dance". This sounds very tame in black and white, but I must confess it was extremely interesting, much more so than many "dances" we have seen. The music was similar to the Javanese music I have previously described and the instruments much the same, bells, cymbals, xylophones, gongs, fiddles, but was decidedly superior to any we have heard elsewhere. The time of the music is entirely different from ours. There is a motif or theme running through it which can easily be followed if one is accustomed to watch for it. The scale is quite different from ours. They surely know their music and play in perfect harmony, though it is a harmony far different than we ever heard; and not at all unmusical, though there is the throb and the boom of untamed barbarism surging through it. It is strange, weird, fantastic, appealing; it somehow stirs one deeply, reaching back into the sub-conscious savages we all are deep below the surface.

Saturday, Dec. 14.

In the morning we went to a village a few kilometers away to witness more dancing, this time entirely different. Two little girls not more than nine or ten years old for more than an hour went through a most intricate dance. As all these dances are, this was a story; a "very religious" dance, our guide said; of a prince and princess, of course; and while there were many episodes that night to mar the happiness of the couple, all were safely passed and they "lived happily ever afterward."

Then there was a very interesting "dance" by about sixteen young women and as many young men, who sat around a hollow square, girls on opposite sides and boys on opposite sides. There was again a beautiful princess and a handsome prince, and a ferocious devil who came to devour the prince, but the prince courageously slew the monster with his trusty bow and arrow, and - the usual happy ending. We have seen folk dances in Hawaii, Japan, Cambodia, theatres in China and Java, the installation dance in Garoet, Java; but these Balinese dances are the best we have seen. There is more action, better music, more real art than the others. Of course it is quite possible we did not see the best in the other countries.

We visited the "sacred forest" near Sangeh; a beautiful wood of fine tall trees. Anything unusual is "sacred", be it a rock or tree or spring or anything else. Nowhere in Java or Bali have we seen as fine a forest. The trees are of hard wood, apparently a sort of mahogany or teak or similar wood, straight and smooth for 60 to 80 feet before a limb is reached. The interesting thing is a lot of monkeys which are quite tame. Fed them corn, - some of them so tame they would take it from the hand. The mother monkeys with their young clinging tightly to their stomachs were interesting.

Sunday, Dec. 15.

Had to meet our steamer at Boeleleng, so motored to the top of the pass at Kintamani for luncheon. Beautiful location; can see south to Den Pasar and the ocean, and north to the limit of the island. We look down into a huge old crater of by-gone ages, - the hotel is perched on one rim, - and far below and a mile or more away is a moon-shaped crater lake filling one side of the old crater and partially encircling a huge cinder cone which, like the Vesuvius cone, has been built up from the bottom of the old crater, and which now has a crater of its own. Quarter of the way down its side there is another crater, an active one, emitting smoke in a pretty good volume for a "quiet spell"; for three years ago this crater had a violent eruption; lava poured out and demolished a village of 2000 inhabitants, all of whom fortunately escaped, being warned by the government just in time to get away with their lives and the few things they were able to carry. The black lava flow of this recent eruption smears the southern side of the cinder cone.

In 1917 a tremendous earthquake occurred here. A fissure some six miles long opened up and whole villages collapsed in the vortex or were covered by landslides. At that time 5000 people perished. The entire island felt the tremors.

We had for our guide in Bali, Tan Hok Ban, a Chinese born in the island. He was recommended by Mr. William A. Rogers of Buffalo, and an excellent guide he is. We can heartily recommend him. He is one of the few guides of the Official Tourist Bureau who speaks English fluently. Mr. Tan, or "Hok Ban" as he prefers to be called, (he says a majority of the Chinese on the island have the surname Tan) has the entree to many places not visited by tourists generally and spares no pains to make our trip interesting. A guide is necessary in these lands if one wishes to

get below the casual sights and usual places. It is rather daring, for instance, to film men and women at their bath, or enter the enclosed yard of a family, see where they sleep, cook their food, how they live, &c. One must have a guide to explain, to tell us what we may and may not do, where we may go, ask and answer our hundreds of questions, &c. We never saw any evidence of resentment at our intrusion into the most intimate parts of their homes. They were courteous, answered our questions freely, and did not seem at all perturbed. I asked Mrs. McBrier how we would feel if two motor car loads of Hottentots should stop in front of 203 South Mountain Avenue, walk over the lawn, come into the house unbidden, poke their noses into our dining room, our kitchen, watch the cook at her work, inspect the laundry, the bed rooms, every room in fact, ask the use of every conceivable piece of apparatus they did not understand, inquire the price of things, ask how we lived, what we ate, who the several (quite several here) members of the family were,--- how graciously would we receive them? What is "culture" anyhow? Is it discovered in the possession of an unruffled disposition under trying conditions, a courteous demeanor in the face of irritating circumstances? Or is it only on the outside,- what we wear, how we eat, what customs we employ? Measured by some standards these people have a culture that puts me to shame; measured by others, mostly the superficial things, they are semi-barbaric.

We met a young Holland artist, a painter, who has lived in a Balinese village 25 kilometers from Den Pasar for two years. The Balinese have accepted him as one of themselves. He recently started to build a house. Everybody lent a helping hand,- at no cost or expectation of reward. It is their way. They are kindly, they never quarrel;- the artist says - "it is a Paradise". They surely live in primitive style, they are dirty, they are half naked - or more, they do lots of things which would try our nerves, our patience, our standards,- but I have heard a dozen people say, - "It is a perfect paradise."--Our guides, the learned scientific Doctor who has been honored by the U.S. and many governments, the artist, the hotel keepers, merchants, - what is a "paradise"? Well, they all unite in testifying that this is IT.

And, we are leaving it all! Good-bye Bali! Over a beautiful moonlit sea we sail peacefully away to the west. Soerabaya again in the morning.

Monday, Dec. 15.

It is ALWAYS hot in Soerabaya; and it is always HOT in Soerabaya. Take your choice. We arrive at 7 A.M. and depart at 5 P.M., our coastwise steamer, the "Ophir" of the K.P.M. discharging and taking on cargo during the stop. We motor to the city, some fifteen minutes ride from the splendid docks built in solid Dutch fashion, into a modern Dutch built city with as up-to-date stores as one could wish. We stay no longer than necessary, as it is cooler on the steamer, so hurry back to a first class luncheon on board the "Ophir", and read and write the time away. This is "monsoon weather", with occasional showers, often pretty heavy; after which it is usually cooler and "stickier" than before. We have not been inconvenienced in the least by the rains. Only once in Bali were we in a shower, and it passed in a half hour. We are told that later it will be different, that showers will be more frequent and much heavier. No rain today, but HOT in the sun; cooler when evening draws on.

Sea beautifully calm, full moon, a delightful evening on deck; then a "midsummer night's dream",- in December.

Tuesday, Dec. 16.

Anchored off Semarang on the north coast of Java from 7 A.M. till 1 P.M., then on to Batavia. The weather is not chilly.

From time to time there comes up in conversation items not previously touched upon that may be interesting. I wrote of the long list of fruits and vegetables in Java. There is an equally long list of flowers. Never saw such a profusion of flowers. Royal Poinciana or Flame trees, hibiscus, giant gardenias ten feet high, poinsettias, the most beautiful lantanas, - pink, orange, purple and mixed, - crotons in large varieties, Shasta daisies, fuchias, nasturtiums, oleanders, golden shower trees, heliotrope, bougainvillea, roses in profusion, and nearly all our perennial garden flowers grow wild everywhere. We saw hedges of cacti, bamboo, hibiscus, gardenias, lantanas, and poinsettias in Java. These hedges are by the roadside enclosing fields as well as the yards surrounding the dwellings. In Bali the yards are surrounded by walls and are not nearly as inviting, being usually in a dilapidated state at some point.

The people (all except the very small percentage who constitute the ruling and educated class and who have taken on foreign ways to a certain extent) eat their food with their fingers, usually from a piece of palm leaf. They have no regular home habits as we know them; eat and sleep as fancy determines.

The Balinese women pierce their baby girls' ears when very young, inserting a bamboo roll which has a tendency to expand. By the time they are 15 years old this hole has expanded to about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. They wear in this large opening an "ear cone" made of bamboo or of silver and gold, about 2-1/2 inches long, tapered like the long cork to a champagne bottle. These are pushed in the orifice as far as they will go and kept in place by the elastic grip of the lobe. Frequently this stretching process breaks out the lobe, making a "ragged" ear, and the ear cone has to be tied on. The Balinese young women wear their hair coiled prominently on the left side, held in place by a cloth band; when they marry they shift the coil to the right side. "Hunting in the hair" is a popular activity and natives do not seek the seclusion of the home for the exercise. While there is "caste" among the Balinese it does not prevent communication, friendliness and intermarriage. The "caste" is more due to the honor of a name that has been illustrious in former years. Only rarely did we see a woman who could by any stretch of the imagination be called good-looking, though all Balinese women are muscular, graceful and supple due to the work they do, particularly the carrying of burdens on their heads. Everybody goes barefooted. Their clothes, such as they wear, are sombre; only when they "dress up" is any color in evidence. On the contrary the Javanese wear very colorful native dyed clothes, called "batik" cloth.

Wednesday, Dec. 17.

Arrived at Batavia at 7 A.M. Motored to old Batavia, saw the old Dutch Church, graves bearing dates of around 1720, - long before there was any U.S.A. even thought of; a fine old church, with a fine old fashioned canopied pulpit and box pews ranged around the sides for the important members of the colony. Brass candlesticks along the back of the pews and four large brass candelabra chandeliers with candles ready to light took us back to the days before kerosene oil was known. There is little to see in old Batavia, the Church being the most interesting relic. It is significant that when the Dutch settled the island they started a system of canals just as they were accustomed to in Holland. This was all right for the level plain but hardly suited to mountainous Java.

At 12 noon we sailed for Singapore and Colombo on the S.S. "SIAMAT" of the Rotterdam Lloyd line. The Dutch steamers are surely comfortable. This is our TENTH ocean voyage, sea calm, weather delightful. It seems strange to travel so far on the ocean and not have one stormy day, not even a good "sea" running. There have been a few days when a few white-caps were seen, but nothing approaching a fair wind.

We hope to arrive at Colombo on December 26th.

E. M. McBrier

YENCHING

OUR TRIP ABROAD

Letter No. 20

TRANSFER

SUMATRA

Friday, Dec. 20, 1929

Arrived in Singapore harbor about midnight. Anchored in the harbor, and steamer took on freight from lighters towed alongside until morning, then moored at dock, and we had four hours ashore before sailing at 11 A.M.

Saturday, Dec. 21.

At 11 A.M. we arrived at Belawan Deli, Sumatra, the port of the capital, Medan, distant from the mouth of Belawan River some 23 kilometers. Rev. A.A.Klaus, in charge of Methodist mission work in Sumatra, met us at the dock. Engaged two motor cars for trip to Medan, thence to Brastagi, situated on a plain at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the ocean.

Sumatra has four times the area of Java, but is not nearly as well developed. While Java has 40,000,000 population, Sumatra has only about 5,000,000. There is a dearth of laborers on the big rubber, tea and tobacco plantations. There is considerable emigration from Java to Sumatra, which is encouraged by the Netherlands Government, the former island being overpopulated, and Sumatra needing more population.

Medan is an up-to-date city of 35,000 population with a good number of foreign stores. It is a thrifty looking place. It is the headquarters of a good number of the prosperous tobacco and rubber plantations that spread over the level reaches of coast land. The tea plantations, also centering here, occupy the foothills of the mountains.

We climbed the mountains until we came to the large plain near the centre of the island on which Brastagi, Lake Toba and other resorts are located. It was delightfully cool in Brastagi. There are many bungalows dotting the hills where people come to get away from the humid heat of the lower levels. A good resort hotel and a golf course invited a longer stay that we could give.

We had an opportunity to visit native Batak villages, and inspect their houses, their picturesque places of judgment, and rice-barns. In Brastagi we visited a Batak market where we saw the natives of all grades and kinds. They are surely an unprepossessing appearing lot of people, very dark skinned, very sombre and dirty in appearance; and the condition of their houses and persons led us to believe they were several grades inferior in every way to the inhabitants of Java and Bali. Still they have some good qualities and are capable of improvement. The German Mission has done a notable work among the Batak tribes during the last 75 years and their converts number over quarter of a million. There are yet many that have never so much as seen a white person, living back in the jungles. Some of them were cannibals sixty years ago, some possibly more recently. The Netherlands government has not until recent years been able to reach out much into the interior. They are now opening motor roads, and Sumatra is scheduled for a more intensive development program. Until recently the investment of foreign capital was distinctly discouraged. The Dutch did not have the resources of capital necessary to thoroughly develop the country. Now American and other capital is welcomed, - under conditions, - and development will be accelerated.

0496

Sunday, Dec. 22.

We awoke to find our steamer moored to the dock in the wee bit of a harbor of Sabang, on the westernmost island of the Netherlands East Indies. The Dutch secured this island with the intent of fortifying it, making it a second Singapore, but they abandoned the idea and we are told the island is for sale. Anybody desiring to buy a nice, pretty little island where summer perpetually reigns can here embrace an opportunity. We sailed for Colombo at 7 A.M.

Our wonderfully calm weather continues. This is our eleventh sea voyage in as many different steamers and we have not experienced anything approaching a storm, or even more than a fair breeze. This last lap of our trip from Batavia in the Rotterdam Lloyd S.S. "SIAMAT" was very restful; a beautiful boat and excellent service.

We passed Christmas on board. Santa Claus visited each of our party. A Christmas tree with appropriate decorations occupied the centre of the main saloon, and the half dozen kiddies on board sat around the tree in the late afternoon and sang Christmas carols and received their presents. It is a rather hard test for the grandmothers and grandfathers of the party to be away from their loved children at this season, and we are all pretty lonesome and homesick and wish we could just step in for even a few minutes to see them all; but we have to content ourselves with the resolution that this will be the last as well as the first occasion of a Christmas away from home.

At 9 P.M. Christmas Day we arrived at Colombo. The steamer anchored in the harbor and we took a launch to the dock and went to our hotel, the Galle Face, situated on a beautiful beach.

Thursday, Dec. 26.

Made preparations for journey to Calcutta. Took a ride through the country. Much the same crops raised here as in Java and Straits Settlements; banana, rubber and coconut plantations and rice fields predominate. There is an occasional vanilla and cinnamon plantation, and cloves and spice are raised. On the high elevations there are large tea plantations.

We are interested in the dress of the people. The women wear a basque of white material trimmed with lace around the low neck and at the bottom and around the very short sleeves. This garment is only some eight inches from top to bottom and fails to connect with the lower garment by some three or more inches. One of the party said possibly this space was left "for ventilation". The skirt is merely a length of cloth, frequently of bright color, draped around the body. Everybody goes barefoot. The young dandies effect startling shades of pink, cerise, green and many-hued color combinations for their pants or skirts. The dress of the rank and file is drab enough, and the majority of the working men wear nothing above the waist.

In every stream, no matter how small, in nearly every pond and mud puddle we see men and women bathing. They scoop hands full of foul water and wash their mouths, pour the water over themselves with a dish; but as for cleanliness, bathing does not seem to achieve much in the way of results. Everywhere "head-hunting" seems to be an everlasting occupation. Animal life is evidently prolific in the extreme. It is surely so with the human family.

Ceylon is a most beautiful isle with plenty of beautiful mountains, excellent roads and covered with everlasting green verdure. Beggars are innumerable. Most of them have a scant yard of cloth to cover their nakedness and they are simply hideous. In no place we have visited is there the clamor for money

0497

we have met here. There are always a dozen or more following one around trying to sell something, endeavoring to tell you or show you to some place you do not care to see, and brazenly demanding money for their undesired assistance. No matter how well to do one may be, they have no hesitation in asking for a piece of money. In Kandy I met a well educated doctor who served Ceylonese troops in the world war, spoke English fluently, had visited England, Scotland and the U.S. He attached himself to me as I was taking photographs and "assisted" voluntarily. He followed me to my automobile and as I left, asked if I would not give him a "little something for tea". The sum of nine cents made him extremely happy, - and he was a well dressed, well educated doctor and probably had a good practice.

Travel and carting is done mostly by bullock carts. There are more automobiles here than we have seen elsewhere. The bullocks and cows are branded most horribly; sometimes the brands extend two-thirds the length of their bodies. We saw some that had recently been branded and the sight was sickening. There is not a vestige of pity or feeling in these people apparently. Katharine Mayo in her "Mother India" has covered this point fully. We saw some of the things she describes, - bending the bullocks' tails to make them speed up, &c.

Saturday, Dec. 28

Motored to Kandy, 1600 ft. above the ocean, and surrounded by beautiful mountains. This is a delightful and cool resort. It was the last residence of the King of Ceylon. In the centre of the place is a reservoir or "tank" as they are here called, with a beautiful winding drive around it. Opposite our hotel on the other side of this pretty sheet of water is the famed Maligwa Temple, the "temple of Buddha's tooth". This is a wonderful treasure. There is an authentic legend some sixteen centuries old regarding this tooth. We visited the temple, - a rather musty place, but not without its devout worshipers in numbers, and were conducted through a new reinforced concrete temple now being constructed, to a back door where we had the privilege of paying three Rupees each for the honor of entering. We later found that those who entered the front door paid only half a Rupee each. We were foreigners to be "plucked". We entered the "sacred" enclosure, and were advised we would be obliged to remove our shoes before we could enter the very holy place where the tooth was exhibited. This was not so pleasant. We took our shoes off quite gladly in Japan and put on the slippers they supply visitors, but their temples are clean; but here ----- Yet, we have traveled thousands of miles to get here, and Buddha has few teeth on exhibition, and we have parted with our money; so we swallow our pride, remove our shoes, enter the shrine, ascend a steep staircase, and there on the second floor, guarded by a dozen swarthy Buddhist priests, covered with a glass case and brilliantly lighted with electric lights, is a tusk some one and three-quarters inches long that must have done duty for some wild animal in the long ago. We asked our guide, - "Why so big? Men do not have such large teeth." The answer, - "Oh, men grew bigger those days." Sufficiently illuminating. To the simple everything is plain.

The Peradeniga Botanical Gardens here are the most beautiful we have seen, the arrangement, drives, specimens are much finer than at Buitenzorg. Everything is kept in excellent shape. There are fine avenues lined with Royal, Cabbage and Palmyra Palms, and a wonderful variety of bamboo trees.

Sunday, Dec. 29

A day of rest in beautiful Kandy. We enjoyed the cool, refreshing weather.

Monday, Dec. 30.

Motored to Anuradhapura, stopping enroute to visit the Rock Temple at Dumbulla. We ascend a bare granite rock slope for some one thousand or more feet, then up a series of stairs, then up more granite rock, more stairs (126 in all) until finally we arrive at the huge granite crown of the high hill or young mountain. There is a crescent shaped cave some two hundred feet long, thirty feet high at the centre and extending into the solid granite some eighty feet. Of course such an unusual cavity is "holy"; every unique natural object is sacrosanct; and somebody begins worship by bringing an offering of flowers or rice, and saying a prayer. Others observe and do likewise. Then somebody will build a shrine by the place, or enclose it with a fence; another will add a small temple, or unitedly will erect a dagoba; and thus what in the beginning was a simple animistic reaction on the part of an ignorant peasant becomes a holy shrine, a gorgeous temple, where thousands have said their prayers to their many gods and paid their vows by contributing to the support of the priests of whatever cult may fasten on the place.

Buddhism is prevalent in Ceylon. We are told by one of our guides that Buddha "came to Ceylon" - "through the air" - three times. We asked if they had aeroplanes in those days. "No, all Buddha had to do was sit under his tree, lose himself in contemplation and transport himself to any place." The highest mountain peak in Ceylon is called Adam's peak, and Buddha's footprint is shown there, - some six feet long! We did not climb to see it.

In this cave at Dumbulla the outside opening has been walled up, with several doorways to enter, and the interior contains a collection of Buddhas in characteristic poses. From this elevation there is a fine view in all directions; mountains, divided by deep valleys through which flow tortuous rivers, fertile plains rich with their crops, and in the distance the famous Rock at Sigiriya which rises four-square perpendicularly from the level plain some hundreds of feet high as though giant hands had cut it out from somewhere and dropped it by mistake. Then on to Anuradhapura, the surprising relic of a culture of antiquity it is hard to understand and harder to explain. Founded some 437 years B.C., a city of some 250 square miles with millions of inhabitants, - how was it devastated and its inhabitants decimated and its glory engulfed by the jungle? The history is not dissimilar to that of Angkor Wat in that it was practically lost to the world for centuries. There are three very large Dagobas, - Buddhistic, one of which is said to enshrine one of Buddha's collar bones. These Dagobas are vast mounds of bricks built solidly. Time has crumbled the exterior layers, and a growth of small trees and shrubs cover most of the exteriors. For more than thirty years the Buddhists have been recovering one of these Dagobas with an outside layer of bricks. I should judge the work was about three quarters completed. I ascended the largest of the three, from the top of which an excellent view was obtained of the plain. I could see three large reservoirs that supplied water to the inhabitants, and we were told that some thirty odd miles away there was a larger one that fed those in the city. We rode for two miles or more on the embankment of one of these reservoirs, and possibly were filled with more surprise and admiration at the ingenuity and ability that conceived and constructed such an extensive water-supply system than was evoked by viewing the countless ruins of palaces, bathing tanks, temples, &c. that dotted the plain. Most of the buildings were supported by granite posts eight to twelve inches square and ten to fifteen feet long, and these supporting posts project from the ground at various angles. In some places where a large building stood there are regular forests of these upright stones.

We saw here the very holy Bo Tree planted 2200 years ago from a sprig cut from the Bo Tree under which Buddha sat at Gaya near Benares. This is said to be "unquestionably the oldest historical tree in the world". Anuradhapura

flourished until about the ninth century, and then something happened,- archeologists guess many things,- and the jungle began its work.

About seven miles away is Mihintale, and one of Buddha's chief disciples is said to have visited the place and there began to preach Buddhism. A dagoba and temple crown the high hill, but we did not negotiate the 1600 granite steps to the top to view another temple. The distant view is often more alluring than a close-up,- in India.

Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Motored back to Colombo in the A.M., and at night took train for India. Ceylon is a Crown Colony; British India is "another country". The two are separated by a two hours ferry journey. "Adam's Bridge" is the name by which the series of shoals and islands is known which almost connects Ceylon with the mainland of India.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1930

Time, 5:00 A.M., - "Rap-a-tap-tap-tap" on our compartment door, "Time to get up",- from our "boy", (we have two "boys", ages respectively 49 and -apparently- 60.) "Wish you a Happy New Year",- from A.H.V. in an upper berth. "Same to you" - from three sleepy, dust choked individuals in the remaining three berths. Thus dawned the New Year for us as we neared "Adam's Bridge" pier. A hurried toilet, a hasty "morning tea", and just at sunrise we arrived at the pier. A pleasant crossing-for our party, but, alas, for some not so pleasant,- and we take the train on India's soil for Madura, where we arrive at 3:30 P.M. We were met by Rev. L.C. Guise and Dr. B.E. Stoffer of the American College (A.B.C.F.M.) who entertained three of our party in their homes; Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. McBrier and myself remaining at the rest-rooms at the station. Few foreigners visit these temple cities in south India. We found the rest rooms comfortable enough and the station restaurant very good; but the awful clamor of the mobs of provision hawkers that swarm on the platform on the arrival of every train and the yelling of the people every hour of the night made sleep almost impossible. The orientals have no nerves. Noise never disturbs them. They lie down where they will, draw a cover over their face, and sweetly sleep. Scores sleep on the station platforms; we saw hundreds at sleep in the temples; in the aisles of our car they lie down and spend the night. No matter how dirty, how public, how noisy,- none of those things matter in the least. It is a sad commentary on their low economic status,- they are literally "on the street". And this is tolerated by everybody. Going through the halls of the High Court in Madura we saw scores sprawled on the stone pavements asleep. In front of shops on the street we step over prostrate sleepers. Poor souls, they have no better place. Life is simply terrible under such limitations and conditions.

At night we went to the great temple to see it when the great doorways were illuminated with thousands of tiny oil lamps. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The lofty, dusky corridors, the wheeling bats that frequent the place, the grotesque and tortuously carved gods that leer in the flickering light of smoking torches, elephant-headed gods, monkey faced gods, parrot beaked gods, gods of all sizes, shapes, and kinds innumerable, made black by baths of oil, with staring eyes and sinister facial expressions,- we hold our breath as we peer at them in the semi-darkness. As we come into view of the Door of the Thousand Lamps we are thrilled. We look beyond, doorway after doorway, each outlined with tiny lamps, into the innermost shrine of Siva, before which one single flame incessantly burns, and the mystery of a religion we cannot begin to comprehend grips us as never before. Here in this dusky place, with devotees prostrating themselves flat on the stone floors, bowing in adoration, imploring in a hundred postures,- what is it back of all this

that urges to such blind devotion? Is it selfishness, or fear, or hope, or passion? It never can be love; there is no place for love in this galaxy of hideous imaginations and conjectures of what God may be. But,-- and this appals us, whatever the motive may be these poor souls are devoted with a devotion that is appealing to any thoughtful person. With all their crushing penury, the money they give and spend for offerings, for gifts, the arduous and costly pilgrimages they make, their painful penances,-- if these are the responses due to fear, or selfishness, or some lesser motive, why, we cannot but ask ourselves, does not a purer worship with LOVE as the compelling motive provoke a far greater devotion from the multitudes of more favored Christian lands?

Thursday, Jan. 2.

We visited the temple again twice. This huge temple covers 21 acres. It is surrounded by a solid wall some forty feet high with four main central gateways, one on each side. Over each gateway is a wedge-shaped spire or tower some 150 ft. high or more, covered with hundreds of figures of gods, animals &c. There are inner walls, pierced by gateways, over which other wedge-shaped towers rise similar in style. Altogether there are eight of these "gopurams" or gate towers. It is built of granite; huge granite pillars thirty feet or more in height, from many of which grotesque elephant headed or monkey headed gods are carved; granite ceilings constructed of blocks twenty to thirty feet long extending from the supports crowning the columns. In parts of the temple the natural impressiveness of carved granite has been obliterated by a covering of whitewash. Even if the grime of centuries does smear the walls, there is something impressive about carved granite.

This is a Hindu Temple; no Buddhism here. Simplicity gives way to multiplicity of gods and goddesses. The original religion of these peoples was the worship of the goddess Meenarchi (or Minarchi); and when Hinduism came with its god Siva, they married the two. The marriage ceremony is performed anew every year,-- a great event. They have a hall and tawdry embellished stage where the ceremony is performed. The marriage resulted in two sons, both gods now; and, strange and inconsistent as it may seem, these are both invited to the wedding of their parents! One arrives to celebrate the occasion; the other is delayed, is too late, gets awfully peeved, and holds a fete of his own in the dry bed of the river just outside the city! Strange as it may seem, the fete of the peeved son is more popular than the marriage ceremony of his parents.

We saw (for a consideration,-- a key that apparently unlocks any door) the wonderful jewels with which Siva and Meenarchi are adorned when they make their triumphal journeys during the fetes. Wonderful head-dresses of pearls and precious stones; breastplates of enormous sapphires, rubies, diamonds, sceptres, gloves, stirrups, driving batons, sandals, corsages, coats,-- all of gold with pearls and precious stones of untold value, with which to bedeck these famed idols. When they go forth they ride on the back of gold and silver animals, or in gold palanquins.

We saw these semi-mythological beasts, five to six feet high, made of solid gold and silver, set with precious stones; a horse, a parrot, a swan, an elephant, a dragon, a lion, a bull, a cobra, in all some twenty different conveyances on which they are seated, dressed in the gem-incrusted robes, and carried by frenzied mobs through the street. All the jewels are uncut, but none the less genuine and valuable. We saw sapphires one and one-half inches in diameter, and one enormous one of untold value made into a breastplate fully three inches in diameter. Rubies by the handful, some of the best color, some not so good; and mixed through plenty of semi-precious stones; and, strange to say, on some of these finest pieces, dangling pendants of green glass were wired on! The cheap and tawdry combined with the priceless, just as children would combine them because the colors were bright. One beautiful piece of tapestry, about 6 ft. by 10, embroidered with

literally thousands of pearls and many rubies and other stones is used for the majestic lady to sit on. Visited the King's Palace, a surprisingly beautiful structure, now used for the High Court. This building was erected just about the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. It is as solid and substantial today as though built last year. It is said that the then King employed an Italian architect who beautified the Dravidian motifs. Be that as it may, the plan is certainly fine and the embellishments, while ornate, are not vulgar. The thing that interested us most was the King's bed-room, a huge room some 40 feet high, fifty wide, and eighty long, the larger part of which was occupied by a huge tank, larger than a Y.M.C.A. swimming pool. This was filled with water and the King's bed was suspended above the centre of the tank. This was to discourage assassins from approaching the royal couch; for who would want to wet his feet when valiantly taking the life of a monarch.

The A.B.C.F.M. have a fine work in this city and vicinity; two industrial schools; some three or four primary schools; high schools, a theological school, the American College, Hospitals for men and women, and scattered through the district a large number of common schools to care for the children of their more than 60,000 church members. The churches are mostly united here, a fine thing; for denominationalism of the western varieties should find no place in these eastern lands. We visited their schools and work in two nearby villages and were much pleased and impressed.

Friday, Jan. 3.

We departed for Madras in the afternoon. Our road until dark was through a plain, with mountains on both sides. At one station there were dozens of monkeys that clambered on top of the train pulling out all the water pipe plugs and thrusting their paws down into the tanks for a handful of water. They paraded the platform among the passengers who fed them bananas and tid-bits. They scrambled all over the place, not in the least afraid. They evidently are a nuisance. Nobody ever kills them, - for that matter no animal is ever killed by a Hindu; they might be killing a near relative who, in the transmigration, lived in the body of an animal.

The women here slit or pierce the ears of their girl babies and hang heavy lead earrings on them to draw the ear lobes down. We see plenty of ears elongated so they reach nearly to the shoulders. Later these lead rings are replaced by brass or gold. We see little girls evidently ten to twelve years old with the wedding chains about their necks, showing they are married. In Madura most of the women wear a dark red robe. Madura is famous for its dyeing processes, and Madura red is known far and wide. There is more color in the Madura gowns than we saw in Ceylon.

Saturday, Jan. 4.

Arrived in Madras at 7:15. Were met on platform by Mr. D.F. McClellan, the Y.M.C.A. Secretary. Found the Connemara Hotel had the best table we have had since Java. It is a port city of old Portuguese fame, captured by the British and typically foreign. The most interesting thing is the St. Thomas Cathedral where St. Thomas is reputed to be buried. It is said there is still a Christian church in central India founded by him, and some of the missionary folk here give credence to the story that he preached here and died and was buried here. If so, what a wonderful passion it was that urged him to travel the weary miles from Palestine to this distant land to witness for his Lord, and what a testimony to his faithful life that there exists today a body of Christians in this land that trace their lineage

0502

back to the church founded at the very beginning of the Christian era by one of our Lord's own disciples. "Doubting Thomas", did you say? Faithful Thomas, devoted Thomas, unwearying Thomas, rather; "faithful unto death"--- "I will give thee a crown of life."

Seven miles out of the city on the bank of the river at Adiar is Annie Besant's Theosophical Society, a group of interesting buildings in a beautiful setting. We were interested in their collection of manuscripts and books on every conceivable religion.

We were much impressed with the spacious old estates established by traders who came out a century or more ago, and built themselves fine residences surrounded by magnificent grounds. Those were the days when there was no hurry, when ships infrequently touched at the port, and the arrival or departure of a vessel was made a great affair. Many of these old buildings are much dilapidated and the grounds are not kept up as they used to be. There are still others that are exceedingly fine and up to date.

Sunday, January 5th. A day of rest and recuperation at the Conemarra Hotel, and Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Gray of the Methodist Mission, Dr. K. T. Paul, General Secretary of Y.M.C.A. of India, and Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McClellan, General Secretary of Y.M.C.A. dined with us and we had a nice party.

At 8:30 P.M. we departed for Calcutta, a thirty-eight hour trip, where we arrived on Tuesday, January 7th, and were met at the train by our Methodist friends.

We shall be in Calcutta only a couple of days making arrangements for our trip to Darjeeling, and across Northern India.

E. M. McBrier