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YENCHING

MORE FRAGMENTS FROM CHINA

Yenching University
Oct. 9, 1936

1. *Japan vs. China*

The situation is tense but hopeful. And that is new and significant. Until recently Japan jumped at any excuse to wave the big sword and rush more gun boats and land marines. For some reason she seems much more inclined to negotiate. If Japan will be half as reasonable as China, we will pull out again without war.

I think the recent killing of Japanese citizens by Chinese was a plot of Chinese radicals who hoped to precipitate war. I think the Chinese government is wisely playing a waiting game to avoid war, at least, until later. Time is on the side of China, Russia and I hope of more peace and influence from the West. Japan is now at her full strength and beyond her strength financially.

I wish somebody would laugh at Japan loud enough for her to hear and learn. She says quite seriously that if China doesn't curb Anti-Japanese feeling in China she will have to come in and control it. That is, I punch you in the nose and then say that if you don't control your feelings and feel kindly toward me I'll have to knock your head off. And nobody in Japan seems to see the joke. But then the military mind is doing Japan's thinking for her and neither statesmanship nor humor ever percolated into a military mind.

2. *Vacation*

Mrs. Rugh and I spent the hot summer weeks on Tai Shan, China's most famous sacred mountain, in Eastern Shantung. The steady

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stream of peasants and more prosperous citizens making the long hard climb to the sacred peak and back gives you confidence that the supposed materialistic Chinese mind is genuinely religious. We had hoped to do much mountain climbing. But Mrs. Rugh had two weeks of protein poisoning and a narrow escape from sun stroke which has had her in the hospital for a month. I turned a somersault off the mountain and broke a shoulder. So our health record rather cramped our style as mountain climbers. However I am "ten points good" again as we say in Chinese and I hope Mrs. Rugh will soon be the same.

3. *Our Servant*

I wrote once about Mrs. Ma who is our cook, maid, laundress or whatever you need. I write of her again because she is so very Chinese-culture, ability, graciousness. And she is as honest as two Presbyterian elders. When she pays $1\frac{3}{5}$ cents for the week's supply of cucumbers she could report and collect from us the 4 cents which we would pay if we bought them, and double her income. But she reports always " $1\frac{3}{5}$ cents for cucumbers."

This week she is companion and cook for Mrs. Rugh while she rests in Bob Gailey's cottage in the Western Hills. She is "much more than a slave-a sister beloved".

And how tragically she does need education. One day she was suddenly taken with terrific pain. Was it cholera or appendicitis? In spite of Chinese self control she writhed on the floor in pain. We called Dr. Lee our fine American trained University Physician. She met him courteously but refused to let him do anything for her. She said she must go home and that she would die at midnight. We took her home. They called a native doctor. He said "It is yang mao ding." That is, he said, a hair in her back had grown under her skin but he could dig it out before midnight so she would live. Which is exactly what happened.

In spite of a gouged back, she recovered from a terrific case of colic. It gets under your skin when a lovely friend like that just skirts the edge of death and you can do nothing, because of the silly superstitions of the masses.

4. *The Days Work*

I am teaching three courses in the University which I greatly enjoy—"Luke's Life of Christ" "Problems of Religion" and "Methods of Studying and Teaching the Bible". An American Church paper lists Yenching as a dangerous school because I, a radical modernist, teach New Testament here. Don't let that worry you.

This last week-end fifty members of the faculty spent two days in a retreat planning the enrichment of the religious life of the University. One result is a faculty Bible Class which they have given me the privilege of leading. I guess that is because I led Chapel the first two weeks of the term and spoke daily on the Bible in our modern life. Next Monday I speak to the Christian Pastors of Peking on how to interest youth in religion.

5. *Advertisement No. 2*

That little book "Letters From Palestine" is getting a surprisingly happy reception. I'd much rather you would give copies of it to your friends for Christmas than to have it lie on the shelves. Get it from the Association Press, 347 Madison Ave. 25 cents, less than cost, with reduction for quantities.

Which reminds me. We have a good library of religious books here in the University. But since the depression it is out of date. There are no funds for new books. It takes nerve but I have more nerve than we have books. If you would send us one good recent book and a number of my friends would do the same we would soon have an up to date library. And we do badly need to be up to date on religious

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thinking. I was never good in mathematics but I think if everybody sent two books we would have twice as many as if you send only one.

6. *A suggested outline for your letter to me.*

(a) Personal news.

(b) Prediction of America 1937-1941 under the next President.

(c) Recent religious trends in America.

(d) What light can I throw on the situation in China for you when I reply.

If you can't get it on two pages use three. I'm never in a hurry reading home mail.

Cordially and Gratefully,

Arthur Rugh

P. S. Books which you have read and marked and with your name in them will be quite as useful as new ones. Whatever you send will be eagerly read by many students.

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December 1936

Christmas at Yenching

Christmas morning dawned with dark clouds hanging low over the land. General Chiang Kai-shek was captive in the hands of dangerous rebels. Nobody was sure he was alive. If he was alive, little of any progress toward his release was apparent.

When in all of China's long history would the capture of one man have meant so much? By recent bold strokes of statesmanship he had united China and given it a fighting chance to live on, when evil forces were plotting its end. But the really critical days were just ahead. We knew we were merging into a life and death struggle for national existence. We never needed our leader so badly as just now and he was captive or dead. The poignant longings and anxieties of decades were crowded into those few days.

Students and faculty woke Christmas morning with heavy forebodings but went into the day's program with quiet enthusiasm. The day began with open house by President Stuart. For two hours a steady stream of students and friends poured in and out of the home of the President, wishing him and each other a merry Christmas. Occasionally an eager student would ask the President what news he had from Sian. Or one student would say to another "Do you think he is alive?"

Christmas dinner all over the campus. From four to six in the afternoon the children of the campus, Chinese and western, some 170 of them had a Christmas party at the President's house. There the West was East and the East was West and many races mingled and played as one family. Our President is an American, born in China, unconscious of race and gifted in helping any group to forget race and division. It is easy, in his home, to be one family.

At these same hours students and faculty were absorbed in athletic contests, mostly on the ice on our beautiful lake. Old Chinese philosophy has led away from athletic skill but our students have a skill and grace on the ice which is beautiful indeed. It was a perfect day, almost warm and hundreds of students and friends skimmed over the ice in races or hockey or just fun. And under his breath I think many a student said to himself "Whatever strength I have or can develop here I dedicate to my country until she is forever free."

At 6:30 the students of the School of Religion invited the faculty of the School to a Chinese feast in our beautiful School of Religion building. A Chinese dinner with its utter friendliness just fits for Christmas. And anxious as we were, we were a happy group, with a confidence in the future of China, as Christians, which I think no other group on the campus possessed. But all around the long table you saw students and teachers forgetting their dinner and looking far away - "What if he is dead?" "Will Japan's army swoop down over us and end our dream of national freedom and peace?" "If he is dead is there any other leader who might step into his place and save us."

At 7:45 we left the table to join the students of the University for a community sing on the island in the lake. We were in the hall putting on our coats when Dr. Lew who had been called to the 'phone came out of the telephone booth and said "What a Christmas gift!"

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He reached Loyang at five o'clock this afternoon!" Nobody said anything. "There are songs in the heart too deep for words." Only somebody asked Dr. Lew if he felt sure that it was more than report. He said the report was confirmed and we could believe it. - So the house that had been tottering wasn't going to fall - the flood that threatened us would be stayed. We could work on, work hard and dedicate life anew to the freedom and building up our great land. How dark the morning had been! How very bright was the night!

We went along in silence to the island in the lake. Around the island on the ice skimmed scores of skaters carrying gaily colored lanterns. By the pavilion was gathered perhaps two hundred students. We were composed mostly of two groups - Christians come to sing Christmas carols and "Dare to Dies" - heroic students who meet there every Friday night to sing their dedication to their country.

There is all over China, and strong here in Yenching, an impression that Christian and patriots are always two groups. That a Christian loves the world more and his country less and you can not be both patriot and Christian at once.

Eight songs had been printed and distributed in the crowd. David Cheng a grand Christian graduate student with a well trained tenor voice stood upon the steps of the pavilion and led the crowd singing "Holy night, Peaceful night, Jesus the Savior is born." Then a leader of the "Dare to Dies" who has evidently been trained as a music director took the leadership and we sang our pledge of loyalty to China against all enemies, to the death. Four carols, four flaming songs of patriotism, the skaters circling on the ice below, a profound sense of unity and good will and we went away to our homes.

From 9-10 p.m. faculty homes were open to any students who cared to call. And hundreds of students went to the homes of their teachers to say good night, not as teacher and student but as friends forever. Into our little Chinese cottage came scattered friends whom we were so glad to see - then the baseball squad in a group and just before the day ended twenty students from the School of Religion.

The shepherds heard that he would bring Peace on earth, good will to men. The red candles on the mantel had burned low when the last students had gone and we knew of a surety that what the shepherds heard is true.

But Christmas had not ended. Sabbath morning at our regular Sunday morning Church service three students - a freshman a junior and a senior stood among the poinsettias and evergreens, were baptised and admitted to his Church by Dean Chao. The one that made us happiest was the girl who came here with no Christian background in home or school. Nobody besieged her to be a Christian. She is a burning patriot. She was quite sure that being a Christian dims your patriotism. But she watched the life of a Christian teacher. She roomed with a Christian girl whose religion made her life triumphant and on Christmas Sunday she publicly gave her life to the Christ of Bethlehem, radiantly sure that for her and for her patriotism new power had come into life.

There were evergreens, and childrens laughter, and gifts, and red candles, the flash of skates on the ice, heavy hearts made very glad, loving friendships and dedication of life to God and to our country on Christmas day in Yenching.

Arthur Rugh

December 1936

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MORE FRAGMENTS FROM CHINA

Yenching University
Peiping, China
April 29, 1937

1. *Japan vs. China.*

The struggle is now in Japan. If the Japanese Army and Government should pull together they will either crush China or treat her right, depending upon which party gains supremacy in Japan. China can resist a divided Japan, afraid of Russia. But if Japan unites and is fool enough to risk a double-barrelled war against China and Russia then we are in for it, and in the long run poor Japan is doomed.

Meantime politically, economically, militarily China is stronger than she has ever been.

Even so the situation is tragic enough. You become much attached to one of your students. He came from a fine Christian background, has the religion of Jesus all through his bones. He has brains, charm, leadership, devotion. You can see one large place in the much needed Christian leadership of China filled grandly when he gets out to work.

And then prayerfully he decides that he must go into the army and help his country. Then your dream of seeing a great Christian leader transform some city fades out and in its place you see his war-hardened face distorted with hate and rage as he plunges his bayonet into a high school boy from Kobe.

War is insane not only on the battlefield. It is insane as soon as it makes men or nations military minded. It would have paid the world to go a long way to retain China as peace loving as she wants to be.

2. *Easter Day at Yenching.*

You would have enjoyed our Easter morning service. There were beautiful lilies, fine music and a great sermon just like at home. But there were unusual touches. It was a University audience—teachers, students, and employees, Ph. Ds and gatemen. President Stuart preached and conducted the service assisted by Dean T. C. Chao. Mr. and Mrs. Ma brought their baby to be baptised. Mr. Ma is Janitor in one of the buildings. An eleven-year old American girl, pretty as a picture, was admitted to this Chinese Church. Then seven fine Chinese students were baptized and received into the Church.

The one standing at this end is Mr. Liu—tall and handsome as a Prince. He is a graduate student getting his doctor's degree in history.

He came here knowing little of Christianity. No one besieged him to be a Christian.

His history Professor is a brilliant convinced Christian. He had dinner alone with President Stuart and you can catch a lot of Christianity in that climate. He worked enthusiastically in a survey we are making of the religious life of Yenching.

One day he came into my office and said "I hear there is a chance to be a Christian on Easter and I want to be." Now he says that since he is a Christian he is able again to sleep soundly all night and that he has a deep assurance of the future of his country. He is very glad he is a Christian. So are we.

3. Base Ball

I have always wanted to manage a Big League team. I have managed the Pittsburgh Pirates for years, *In absentia*. They don't always listen to me. That's why they lose. But I get some satisfaction out of being coach of the best college team in China. At least it was that when I took it over from the former coach - our son Douglas. What it will be at the end of this season is something like the future of the Supreme Court. We will have one tough series with the Catholic University. We will beat the American School, be beaten by the American Marines and move China forward a bit toward her later part in a World Series.

4. Philosophy

I have one class in the department of Philosophy on "Problems of Religion". We spent the first semester on the usual perplexities of belief. You remember the American Theologian who divided his first sermon into three parts. First "God" second "The Universe" Third "Some Supplementary Remarks". We covered all that ground.

This semester we are trying to see what religion has to say to China in her possibilities and problems. Just now we are working out the essential elements in the curriculum of a Chinese College as far as religion is concerned. Next we tackle the relation of religion to raising the economic level of the masses. We are aiming at the stars. We may hit the moon.

5. Y.M.C.A. Student Work

Once Fletcher Brockman asked me to be secretary for the Association's work in China's Colleges and High Schools. He said "we have a strong student committee to work with". I do not remember all the members. I do remember Dr. H. H. Kung, China's representative at the Coronation, Dr. Wang Chung-hui, China's new Minister of

Foreign Affairs and Dr. C. T. Wang, the new Minister to Washington. No wonder the Y.M.C.A. gave so much direction and momentum to the young Christian movement in China.

6. *During Lent*

There is a fine Union Church in Peiping under the direction of our old Oberlin friend Rev. Steve Pyle. He asked me to preach three sermons during Lent.

We planned to try to state our Christian message to interest modern youth and the non-missionary community. In the Embassies and Legations and in professional and commercial life, Peiping has an unusually fine group of citizens, most of whom do not think religion in conventional terms.

The Church was full each night and more than full on Easter. It can be done. This generation is economically nervous, politically muddled and theologically cruising. But they will find in Christ the answer to life's puzzle if we do not hide him under a lot of interpretation and controversy.

7. *Humble Heroes*

Did this picture reach the American Press? The Mongol and Manchurian invaders backed by Japan were defeated and driven back out of Suiyuan Province. This was more than just a victory. It was the first clash after China had decided that no more of her territory should be stolen. The country went wild with patriotism.

When the victory was certain the heroes of the victory were called up to receive honors.—Generals and under officers of course.

Then a humble driver of a tank. His tank had been demolished. He escaped though with one arm smashed. He found another tank in tact but its driver dead and no other driver available. He took the tank drove it with one hand and captured a point which turned the tide of battle. He earned the medal presented to him.

Then a farmer, a scared humble rice farmer who owns three acres of land. The enemy offered him a year's income if he would stand on a hill and give a certain signal at a certain moment. He refused the money, reported to the Chinese Army what the signal would be, gave the signal for which the Chinese Army was set, and the decisive battle of the campaign was won. You can't enslave a race of men like that.

8. *Being a Millionaire*

Not if you mean money. But "speaking of friends". I'm sending these fragments to a hundred or more of you. If I could cash in on what any two or three of you mean to me I could buy everything between the Atlantic and the Miss. And when I think of Jerusalem and

Shanghai and the ricksha men that wait for work at the East gate and these grand students !

And Dad Elliots were here. And Turners of Valparaiso, Chili are coming to lunch tomorrow and then Crackels from Jerusalem. And some of you who can't come write the best letters. And some of the best of you never write any.

My balance in the Kincheng bank was \$11.32 before I gave that \$10.00 check to the coal man. But speaking of friends I could pay off Roosevelt's national debt and not know it.

9. *Personal*

We plan to stay on here another year. Any man who has the privilege of investing any life or money in this University gets returns far beyond any legal rate. It is "bitting on all six" in helping to make this a Christian nation. We wish we were Quintuplets. Then we could work on here and in Jerusalem and in America.

When I read of some of the heroic advances being made in the Churches, in the Colleges in our Y.M.C.A. movement in America, I regret being out of it all. And if there is some Y.M.C.A. or School or Church that needs a fellow to teach Bible classes and play second base on the base ball team, please drop me a card. And then there are seven Rughs living in two apts at 414 West 121 New York. "Billy" and "Betsy" we have never seen.—Now I'd better get off that subject if I'm to work on contentedly here.

Gertrude has put a lot into a very successful year's program of the Yenching Faculty Women's Association where she is Chairman of the program Committee. Just at present she is quite absorbed in working on the discovery that she can do oil portraits that "look just like you".

It worked pretty well once when I suggested an outline for your reply when you write. I'll try it again :

1. Personal news.
2. What factors decided the Supreme Court Issue ?
3. What specially good books have you read recently ?
4. What do you wish I had included in these fragments and didn't ?
5. What is the modern substitute for the "Evangelism" of other days ?

If you write today you're not so likely to forget it. Thank you so much.

Arthur Rugh

November 22, 1937

Dean Ava B. Milan
School of Home Economics
Oregon State Agricultural College
Corvallis, Oregon

My dear Dean Milan:

I am writing to inform you of the plans of Mr. Arthur Rugh to do financial work for Yenching beginning in the Pacific northwest and probably going down the coast and across the continent. You will doubtless hear from our New York office regarding more definite plans, but with this warning you will no doubt be glad to help in such arrangements as you are especially able to make in Portland and other nearby places. Mr. Rugh was for some years a student Y M C A secretary in China, and then worked for a number of years for the Association in American financial promotion. After reaching the retirement age, he spent a year helping the Association in Jerusalem, and with his wife has since then been with us. He was attending a student conference at Kuling during the exciting days that you were in Peking. Knowing of our emergency needs created by the outbreak of hostilities, he generously offered to use his experience on our behalf, and needless to say, I promptly and gladly took advantage of his offer. I am sure that he will prove an interesting and winsomely delightful public speaker. The same will be true of any social gatherings planned for him. It may be that you will have suggestions as to using him for the Home Economics Department.

Thanking you in advance for whatever assistance you can give to Yenching through him,

Very sincerely yours,

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November 22, 1937

Mr. Leon Ecker
1017 Second Avenue
Seattle, Washington

My dear Leon:

Let me thank you for all you did for the Chinese students who went through Seattle. The two referred to in your letter of October 6 were delayed in leaving here by the interrupted communications. C. L. Tan got away soon after and Gerald Tien is hoping to do so before long.

I am writing now to ask your good offices once more on behalf of Yenching. Mr. Arthur Rugh whom you may have known in Shanghai, is leaving here next month to help in our financial efforts. He was one of the Y. C. A. student secretaries in China for some years, and then for a number of years was kept in America to raise money for the Association. He has now retired and has been staying at Yenching helping with rare effectiveness in our religious work. He was generous enough to offer to use his past experience in helping to meet the emergency needs created by the present hostilities, while at the same time interpreting the outlook for Yenching and the enlarging opportunity that has come to it because of recent happenings. He and Mrs. Rugh will sail by the Empress of Canada about the end of next month. They plan to arrive in Tacoma for the birthday of their son Douglas who was on our faculty for two years, and is now in the College of Puget Sound. Beginning about the middle of January, Mr. Rugh will start on a program to be worked out for him by our Trustees. This will probably take the form of a trip down the Pacific coast, commencing with Seattle. You will doubtless learn more definite details from our New York office. I am writing to let you know of the general purpose and to suggest that with the help of the Hiltners, the Figgerstaffs, and other Yenching friends, you all keep the project in mind. Daniel Lew will probably have reached his home and his uncle and father should be counted on to help. Mr. Rugh is well qualified as a public speaker and can be depended on to report about the Sino-Japanese issue with frankness and due caution. I am sure that you will enjoy knowing him and listening to his account of what we have been going through.

Very sincerely yours,

jls c

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January 7, 1938

Mr. Arthur Rugh
c/o Mr. Douglas Rugh
College of Puget Sound
Tacoma, Washington

My dear Mr. Rugh:

I have been hoping to be able to meet you on the coast and do some campaign work with you for at least a month. I have, however, been under the doctor's care for over two months, and only on Monday of this week did I decide that it was unwise for me to attempt the journey at this time. My treatments are still continuing and are undertaken in order to avoid a worse complication.

It is a keen disappointment to me that I shall not have the pleasure of welcoming you in person and also a great disappointment that I shall not have the pleasure of working with you. I have been looking forward to doing this ever since we received word from Dr. Stuart that you had in mind making this visit.

Mr. B. H. Hedrick, who is in charge of all our campaign work, has had an assistant, Mr. Roy E. Bendell, working on the Pacific Coast for some weeks. To him has been sent a complete list of the Pacific Coast prospects and givers to Yenching University, also all other Universities.

Of course you will be more particularly interested and should give your time almost exclusively to Yenching prospects, but will, of course, be glad to render any service to interest larger groups of friends who are interested in the other Christian Colleges in China. All of our promotional work is united under the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China. Yenching and Lingnan have the largest number of interested friends in that territory. Perhaps some of the other Colleges also have a few givers.

I am enclosing a copy of our Yenching objectives for the year 1937-38. As soon as same are tabulated, I will send you a revised copy of this, with the last four columns filled out.

Our first year's objective is the \$21,500 needed for current budget. I believe this will all be taken care of in the effort that is now being made for the Associated Boards. Yenching has already received

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Mr. Arthur Rugh

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January 7, 1938

over \$12,000, applying against their year's objective.

As for Item 2-b,- School of Religion - as you will note at the bottom of the page, \$50,000 of this amount is being raised in the Frank D. Gamswell Professorship of Religion. This \$50,000 is all in sight with the exception of \$4,500. I hope you know Dr. Gamswell. He was the outstanding Methodist missionary in North China, and you undoubtedly have met him. Some Methodist friends out there may be interested in contributing toward the \$4,500 which is lacking for this fund. Contributions toward same would be gladly received.

The remaining \$25,000 in our Ultimate Total Objective for the School of Religion will, we hope, be given by a Foundation to which we have made application. We are not therefore asking any money for the School of Religion except the balance of \$4,500 for the Gamswell Fund. The thing we are particularly desirous of securing is gifts for the Women's College Endowment, a total of \$75,000 needed. Some smaller gifts have already been received.

There is also the item of Unallocated Residences which have been built but have never been taken by donors. We frequently find donors who like to have their names perpetuated, and one of the best ways to accomplish this is for them to take one of these residences. I am herewith enclosing you a list of same, and if it is possible to secure sponsors for any one of these residences, it would be greatly appreciated. If anyone is interested in making a gift for a residence, we can send you photographs of most of the residences, as indicated on the enclosed sheet.

We have not been paying much attention to endowment funds or other capital needs this year. The pressure has all been for cash for emergency needs. You will of course co-operate with Mr. Bendall for the Emergency Fund, but we are particularly interested in securing endowment for the Women's College, as only when we get \$75,000 more for this fund will our Women's College work be stabilized.

Then there is the Item 2-c - General University - Endowment needed, \$385,000. Our year's objective was \$100,000. As a matter of fact, we have made no attempt to get General University endowment because before the campaign season opened on September 1st, China was at war.

You will understand that these objectives were selected in May of last year, at which time we had no thought of the war which now engulfs China.

I will write you later concerning individual names, making notes that may be of assistance as you meet certain people whom you will want to see in the interests of Yenching.

Sincerely yours,

EMMcB.A
Encs.

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January 14, 1938

Mr. Arthur Rugh
c/o A. Douglas Rugh
College of Puget Sound
Tacoma, Washington

Dear Mr. Rugh:

I am enclosing information concerning two important friends of Yenching. I hope you will be able to see them. Mr. Lloyd is a very busy man but that is no reason why he should not give his time and his money. Mr. Lloyd promised Dr. Stuart a substantial gift and at Dr. Stuart's request we elected him as trustee. He has not of course been able to attend any of the meetings because he is never in the east. He is a very prominent man as you can see by the copies of the letters herewith enclosed.

It is just too bad that a man has so much money to give, that he cannot give some of it away. I hope you will be able to bring home to him in a very definite way the needs of Yenching at the present time.

I am herewith enclosing our 1937-38 objectives, and the progress we have made on same thus far this year. We shall without doubt, get the \$30,000 for our current emergency needs from the campaign which the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, is conducting on behalf of all the colleges.

More important in some ways is the needs for endowment. We were hoping that Mr. Marston might capitalize his gift of \$1,000 per year and extend some in perpetuity by making a capital gift of \$25,000. If you can possibly find the opportunity of talking this over with him, I will appreciate it. Such an approach cannot well be made in a letter, but Mr. Garside has done his best to put it up to him in that form.

We should also like to get a few substantial gifts to be allocated to the Women's College endowment. It is the next great need. Then we have a number of unallocated residences suitable for memorial gifts. If we could secure gifts for one or two or three of these residences it would be of very great help.

Mr. Arthur Rugh

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January 14, 1938

The situation is like this. We were obliged to use unallocated funds from other sources in order to build these residences to accommodate our teaching staff. We wish to restore these sums which have been spent on these buildings to the general fund from which same was borrowed. A number of Yenching friends have taken these buildings for memorial gifts.

We can furnish you with the pictures of any of these residences with the exception of number one. I am hoping that you will be able to get one or two donors interested in these residences. You know all about them and can speak convincingly.

I regret more than I can express, my inability to meet you on the coast and work with you.

Sincerely yours,

E. M. McBrier

E. M. McBrier
Encls.

Copies of letters to Ralph B. Lloyd dated
November 16, 1937, October 18, 1937 and September 8, 1937
Objectives for 1937-38 Campaign
List of unallocated Residences.

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Yen. Pro.

February 8, 1938

Mr. Arthur Rugh
New Hudson Hotels
Fifth & Main Streets
Los Angeles, California

My dear Rugh:

I received a letter from Mr. Lloyd and an answering same as per copy herewith. Since he wrote, yours of February 3rd to Mr. Garside indicates that you have gotten Mr. Lloyd's subscription of \$1,000. This is fine.

I told Mr. Garside that I feared you would think that you had about four bosses in this office, as there were four of us writing you. Mr. Hedrick, who has general charge of our promotional work, has probably written you and furnished you with lists of names, etc., etc., either directly or through Mr. Bendell.

Mr. Evans, who has charge of the finances, who send you checks for expenses and to whom you make your reports, attends to that end of the business.

Mr. Garside is, of course, in touch with all phases of the work, and I am going to ask him to be "chief speaker" hereafter and thus clarify everything.

As for the "little boss", he is going to pass out of the picture for a while. I expect to leave on Saturday for a trip to Florida. I shall be back for a week in early March but shall soon thereafter depart again, I hope, for another three weeks' vacation.

I have not been feeling quite up to par recently and probably the reason why this cold has had such a grip on me is because I have not had the physical resistance that I usually have. After I get away and rested up a bit, I think I will feel more like plunging into affairs.

I suppose you are equipped with pledge cards and everything else that is necessary. I have one great regret, that is that I am not there with you. I should very much like to be associated with you in your work.

Sincerely yours,

EM:OB.A
Enc.

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Mrs. Macmillan

COPY

Yenching University
October 3, 1938

My dear Friends:

950 students crowd every class and dormitory room on this campus beyond "the saturation point". That is 130 above the previous "high". And there are enough stories of heroism and triumph over difficulties in any one of these crowded class rooms to make a front page thriller.

The whole University is a miracle. I could give you 57 varieties of reasons why the University can't go on. But it does, and it is going to go on. The dedicated genius of President Stuart, the Chinese temperament of the students, a great faculty teaching with a sense of mission, is a combination which just carries on regardless. And of course it just must carry on. These hundreds of leaders of China's tomorrow just must be trained for their work and just where would they get it if Yenching were not here? So here we are and having a grand time. I remember Paul wrote to some of his friends in Ephesus: "A great door is open" - and that is accurate.

When I came back to this finest campus I ever saw, - and I've seen 200 college campuses, - the first thing I saw was painters painting the buildings, the beautiful red and green combination - plans for a bright future.

Nearly 200 students and teachers have registered to sing in our college chorus. When they render the "Messiah" at Christmas it will be, again, the main musical event of the year in Asia. Chapel was full at vespers yesterday.

We were worried about China and Japan and Europe with reason. But whatever comes, in the long run the right does win. I had my first experience Sunday being searched for a gun or red literature. I passed.

One of the reassuring facts for the Orient is that with a war raging that threatens national life students go on to college and dig away into plans to improve agriculture, school systems, public health, religious life, international cooperation.

Daily experiences stab your soul; but daily experiences also give you new confidence in large sections of humanity.

One of our English teachers asked a girl in Freshman English how she would direct a guest to the East gate in English. She said, "I'd tell her to go out on the walk and wait till some boys come by who are going to East gate and to follow them." That is good English and good sense.

Our Chinese faculty work under some perplexing situations. But you should see Professor Gideon Chen's eyes flash when he was telling me today about what our College of Public Affairs is doing in Rural Reconstruction. Especially when he said, "And our girls are teaching the farmers wives, sanitation and health, patriotism and simple plans of improving their economic conditions."

If you were here beside me you would hear the coach in the Men's Gymnasium directing a basket ball game; two senior men out on the walk laughing heartily about something; an airplane fading away in the west; a class

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in "the history of Europe since 1918" adjourning in the next room, and the foot steps of my class in Marks gospel as they come along the hall into the room. Just a minute.

I'd rather be having a part in giving Christian education to China now, than anything I ever heard of since 1875. And if I couldn't be in China helping, I'd help from America to the last ounce of my ability: for it is getting right at the root of what life is going to be like for our children and their children - and all children everywhere.

All right. "Good morning students, why do you think Jesus called fishermen instead of colleges students to help him?"

Cordially yours,

ARTHUR RUCH

JPY

October 19, 1938

Dr. Paul Hutchinson
440 South Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Dr.

If Europe and America leave you with breath to speak any more for China, we on the field want to help you say the needful word.

I am writing under the stress of the hurricane drive against Canton and South China and may be seeing blue or red. But these look like countable results from the war so far.

1. China has astonished the world with her defense. What was listed as a disintegrated divided mass with no national life or leadership has stood up to a force which was supposed to beat it into bits in three months.

2. She has done it at heavy cost of men and food and all life's necessities, and there is a limit to her strength. If culture counted against brute force, she would be all right. In a street brawl the bully usually beats up the gentleman. This fine old race of peace and learning may be ending its history.

3. If so, America knows her part in it. It was bombs and air planes from America that murdered the largest oldest cultured race on earth.

4. The world has discovered Japan. We know now that the Japanese soldier standing at the shop window absorbed in the beauty of the embroideries there will go down the street half a block and run his bayonet through the professor of sociology at the university so that he may be unhindered in raping the professor's daughter. He is not a moronic exception. He is the Japanese soldier. He is not doing wrong. He doesn't do wrong. He is the servant of the Son of Heaven.

America and Britain could have saved the professor of sociology and his daughter. But then bombs bring a high price in the war market.

5. If this process goes on to its logical end, then the great Chinese Christian church which the American missionary helped to start to build is replaced by a Shinto shrine and a Japanese brothel. But then quite a few American citizens made a lot of money. You can make 50% profit on some things in war times.

6. The hope of China and the West that they can exhaust Japan economically is bosh. You can print paper money with no reserve back of it, force a large population to use it and finance an army indefinitely. If that doesn't bring in enough, you can decide that the six most valuable buildings in the city belonged to a Chinese man once connected with the army and confiscate them - that works fine.

7. And so a long process begins by which the race which has stood for culture and peace longer than any living race trades its philosophy for cheap tooth brushes and finally decides that life is better that way. That is a heavy price for civilization to pay. But then a number of Americans have sold enough bombs and gas to become millionaires. So there is some gain.

Cordially yours,

8/- Arthur R. ...

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Mrs Macmillan
10/38

May you never go through this with friends you love.

We are celebrating the fall of Hankow. This old city is more gay with banners of joy than it has ever been.

It is like this - suppose bandits had broken into your home to rob you and rape your daughters. You fought them valiantly, and your fine big son - your first born - fought valiantly with you until he was killed and you were conquered.

And then your conquerors said, "Now rise and rejoice greatly - your son is dead - see his red warm blood run along the floor. Shout and rejoice, he is dead. And bow in gratitude to me. I killed him - bow there! or you too will die. Shout your gratitude to me. I killed your son. See the bayonet through his heart. I did that. Call your neighbors and shout for joy and sing my praise."

Great victory arches are built across the streets in flaming red - the Chinese color of joy - that say, "We Chinese shout for joy, our son is dead." On the arches great characters shout, "Japan did it sing praise to Japan." Above the city sails a great balloon trailing a long streamer from which none can hide their eyes. It says, "Japan killed your son. This is a day of joy."

On the roof of the Japanese store below my window a man is stringing a row of flags to the street - first the Japanese flag, then the American. It shouts from the house tops, "See Japan has killed your brave son and all your neighbors rejoice with you."

In front of the big new Japanese brothel next door is an eight feet sign with the Japanese flag at the top. It says, "Come in and rejoice with us. Hankow has fallen. We have killed your son." The seven other new Japanese brothels in this block have similar signs out.

It is the most hellish torture ever devised by the mind of man and it is as dumb as it is cruel. Your mind stands dumb and dead before a race or nation who could devise it.

It is not an accident or a sudden impulse. It is Shanghai and Nanking and Pao Ting Fu repeated. It is the way Japan's army thinks and acts. If God is not dead somebody will reap the whirl-wind.

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Miss Van Deyn
Greetings
M.V.

FRAGMENTS FROM CHINA

Peking, Jan. 17, 1939

Yenching is having a grand year. 900 students crowding equipment planned for a maximum of 800. Faculty and students conscious of a large mission in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of China, work with heroic devotion. Every week there are situations which, if duplicated in an American university, everybody would turn white and stand to take the blow. But Christian statesmanship and spiritual insight work, and Yenching functions according to the Yenching standard. It is a miracle.

* * * * *

We had a busy Christmas at Peking Union Medical College. A beautifully done pageant of the Nativity; over 100 voices singing carols in the twelve wards in the hospital; two Christian parties for 750 children of the poor; two college Christmas services with an overflow meeting and three Christmas parties for as many of our 1,200 employees as could come in shifts.

* * * * *

Our P.U.M.C. Relief Bureau, conducted by our Committee on Religious and Social Work, is serving as many as possible of the destitute in our section of Peking. We try especially to save fine cultured families who have lost everything, including often the bread winner in the family, through the war. We have investigated and brought relief to over 600 families. We can carry an average family of five or six "on a subsistence level" for about ten cents gold per day.

One of our cases is a gentleman 47 years old with his mother and brother. He is graduate of a Christian High School, three years in a Bible School, seven years in the ministry, eleven years a policeman, now pulling a ricksha, which is hard for him with one stiff ankle. His brother was a musician, now has T. B. His mother gathers coal out of ash cans. She's a jolly old soul. They rent a room 5x10 for ten cents a month when they can pay it. We got the brother into the hospital, got the man a job in a Christian Church and they are happy.

* * * * *

China's musical event was better than ever this year. Yenching's chorus of 200 voices sang Handel's Messiah twice. I heard them in the Peking Hotel Ball Room. Every one of 600 seats sold and the aisles stood full of Pekings finest citizens listening in reverent silence for nearly three hours to the story of the Babe who will yet bring peace on earth. In a land of rushing army trucks and roaring airplanes to hear 200 Chinese voices, with fine harmony, sing the Hallelujah Chorus, rekindles flickering faith to a fine flame.

* * * * *

A Japanese Christian pastor was just leaving the office of my Chinese friend as I came in. My Chinese friend said "You will be interested in what he wanted and doesn't want. He doesn't want you. He came to say how anxious Japanese Christians are to work with Chinese Christians. But the Chinese Christians must first dismiss the western missionaries. I said 'But these missionaries have always helped us kindly we can not put them out now' and he said 'Well I'm telling you as a friend to get rid of these missionaries and accept the new order. If you don't do it at my friendly suggestion the Japanese army may do something ugly.'" and my Chinese friend added "And so where do you and I go from here?"

* * * * *

We invited anybody in P.U.M.C. interested in our religious program to spend Friday evening with us discussing plans. We set chairs for twenty around a table and when 130 came we had to enlarge the circle.

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Our Chinese cook is a fine Christian woman. When she was not our cook she did not have enough "rice" for the whole family so she apprenticed her eldest son 13 to a tailor shop. He worked from 7 a.m. until 2 a.m. next morning for his rice and a board bunk in the shop. After four years he would begin to get wages. He is a brilliant boy. We got him out of the shop and put him in a Christian school at \$1.00 gold per month. I haven't counted yet what rate that is on investment.

* * * * *

Mrs. Rugh is in New York recuperating from her part in the war but we hope she will be home soon. Meantime I have had the prize package living with me. Mr. Kennedy, son of our grand friends the Kennedys of Calcutta spent the semester teaching here in Yenching waiting until he can get into Shansi to the Oberlin School there. The School has moved across the mountains into Kansu. He thinks he can get through now via Hongkong and Chengtu. I can not win all the arguments on Christianity but when Christian civilization produces such charm of personality, brains, artistic and athletic ability, such delicate fun and then the devotion to get through somehow to beleaguered students whom he never met but who need him, then I can say "Well look there how it works, beat that if you can."

* * * * *

It is a great privilege they give me at P.U.M.C. To have a chance every Sunday morning to preach to the students and faculty and fine Peking friends in our beautiful auditorium is more than an ordinary retired Y.M.C.A. secretary would ask. This year we are taking the high peaks in Jesus life and studying what they mean to us now in the storm.

Don't tell any Theological Professor that I "preach." I don't know the rules of Homiletics from the formula for Listerine. We just try to think out our experience, or both, what Jesus means in life and then say so. If anybody thinks differently we learn from him.

We have beautiful music. When Dr. Chang, our organist, has played "Reverie" as a prelude you want to just close the service there and go home and try to be a Christian until next Sunday.

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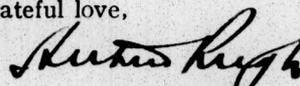
Yes I know you want to know what we think of the future. So do we. We sleep better than we did but not soundly. We are not sure that culture can survive against brute force or that one man will help his fellow man in need unless he gains thereby. We are sure that some men in Christian lands will wax rich on the sorrows of others and we believe that some day, maybe far away, the scales will return to level or beyond.

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It's a very rare privilege to be in China now working in two great Christian colleges. They are indeed beacon lights on a focky fog bound coast. But when I think of you folks at home I resent the Pacific Ocean. I want to see you right now, so I do.

With grateful love,



Arthur Rugh

P. S. It would help greatly if I had a letter from you soon covering these points.

1. The news about you and yours.
2. If you were choosing the next president of the U.S., who would it be and why?
3. Is there enough intestinal stamina in America to say to the few profiteer dealers who are waxing rich on China's sorrow "stop it or else"? No?
4. Miscellaneous.

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Use any of this you wish without giving the source.

Wish I could give you a coherent inside impression of the outlook. It is anybody's guess. I thought it was a race between China's morale and Japan's finances. This morning I asked an experienced American Press Correspondent his guess on these two factors. He said he saw no signs of a break at either point. He says China's morale has been much stabilized by America's and Britain's decision to trust China with loans. And he says Japan can print paper money for a long time unless the Japanese finance lords see themselves going under a military dictatorship and upset the boat.

China is now divided thus: Nine western provinces in Chiang's hands; the railroads and big cities of the coast provinces in Japan's hands; a narrow strip along these railroads and around the big cities in Japan's hands; about one fifth of the counties in the coast provinces also in Japan's hands as long as they keep a garrison there; the other four fifths of the counties of the coast provinces are in Chinese hands and loyal to the China national government. The idea that Japan controls the coast back as far as Hankow is quite false.

If China or Japan does not collapse then probably the question is of Japan's colonizing ability. She controls a lot of China's resources by holding the port cities and railroads. She has planted eternal hate in the heart of the masses of China. Does she have statesmanship and police force enough to control and then win China as a colony? The evidence is about five to one against her success. But meantime she can keep China in hell.

Last week Japanese soldiers searching citizens in Peking picked up one of our P.U.M.C. Chinese doctors out on night calls took him to their police station, beat him up, and gave him a sermonette "We have cowed the peasants until they are ready to obey us; now we will begin on the white collars like you. Don't get arrogant just because you work with Americans. They will all be driven out of China. So better decide to surrender to us." Well that might work. I doubt it.

One thing is sure; the advent of Japan in China brings an epidemic of rotten immorality. The brazen brothel is the outstanding institution introduced wherever Japan goes.

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There is much to admire in the Japanese people. We friends of Japan will be accurate only when we face fairly the moral degeneracy wherever she goes. Eight flaming Japanese brothels in the half block from here to the main street.

There is a bright side to the story I've had the luck the last three days to meet three young missionaries who are working in the territory held by the Chinese so called Red Army. When you hear their story of heroism, far-sighted plans, educational program, world mindedness, appreciation of Christianity you wish all China were that kind of Red.

One of these missionaries a little nurse weighing about 100 pounds hasn't heard of the change of styles since 1912. When you meet her the fun in her eyes makes you forget everything else. She says "We need doctors and nurses and teachers badly. One old farmer 70 years old saw a Japanese soldier and ran; of course the soldier shot him because he ran. I had to carry him sixty miles to a hospital but we saved him."

And the bravery, devotion and skill with which China has resisted one of the great modern military machines is one of the glorious pages of human history. Maybe a greater China will yet be born out of tragedy. If China lives she will be much greater than ever.

But that does not justify the tragedy. If there be justice in the universe then those who have plotted and carried out this war will suffer terribly for their sin. They will live in eternal night for what they have done.

It is ours to see, if we can, that man shall no more so sin.

Miss Van Sciver

More Fragments from China

Peiping, Oct. 1939

Enroute Again

We leave here soon for America. We are headed for New York where we want to help the China Christian Colleges Board promote its educational finance campaign on behalf of the Christian colleges of China.

I want to stop off awhile in Tacoma to see whether I fit in as pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church. It is a splendid Church in a community of solid folk a mile from any other Church and near the College of Puget Sound where our son Douglas teaches journalism. Just how long I will stop there will be decided later.

Farewell China?

Having once known China intimately you can not really leave it. You can go to America but your heart stays here and the hope of returning never dies out. There are more people here worth knowing and worth working with, to the square mile, than any place I know of on earth. So it may be only wishful thinking but we cling to the hope that we are only going on furlough and will return to China. However we are packing our fortune - which consists of some furniture - for shipment, in case we do not return.

In Retrospect

We came to China first 36 years ago. 36 years is an exceedingly small space of time, but how swift have been the feet of history during these years! We saw old China emerging from the ancient Manchu monarchy. We watched the Republic struggling to be born. We watched young, educated China throw off the grave clothes of a dead past and wrestle heroically to build a new, modern nation. By the inherent greatness of the race, by persistent, dogged determination, by fullness of devotion they were succeeding. Then hell.

War

War is war and we can not lay all the blame on Japan. Here is an aggressive, limitedly gifted race emerging from crude medievalism, living under severe economic strain. We taught them modern war. We brought them the example of western grabbing imperialism. We waxed rich by selling them war supplies. They are an adolescent race. They are like a fifteen year old boy who has learned to shoot and has an urge to kill. It is fair to Japan to divide her population into three groups—first the Japanese women who are gentle, delightful folk; second the typical Japanese citizen who is friendly, mechanically gifted, mentally immature, artistic and crude, and third the Japanese soldier who is now on record by two years of demonstration as the most cruel, the most vulgar soldier of modern history. There are exceptions of course among the soldiery as there are in the other groups but we have lived with them long enough to know the type. They are crude animals to whom women are animals and force is the right. They torture and kill the innocent with enthusiasm if "the captain asks it". They revealed their mentality in a typical case. At 6 a. m. they arrested a friend of mine, a noted Chinese Christian woman educator. They took her to the police station, had her watch them torture and beat a Chinese citizen while the citizen's little son also watched the procedure. Then they gave her a lecture on how important it was for her to be friendly to Japan and to teach her students to honor Japan. Then they told her she must report at the police station whenever they called for her. If that is not zero point in human intelligence, then I have no idea what intelligence means. This morning's Japanese press reports that 1350 Japanese children had been brought to the Shrine in Tokyo that they might pray to the deified souls of their fathers who had died as soldiers in the China incident. Let the world beware of a race who expects deification for the citizen who dies in an effort to murder the innocent citizens of a neighbor land. If they are to supplant the cultured Chinese gentleman and brutalise him, it is the worst cultural tragedy in history.

The trouble with the enclosed story is that its name is legion. No man will ever number that host of innocent Chinese children, women and men who have been done to death or worse with an arrogant flourish. I have no desire to add to the injury which Japan's army has done to Japan. We thought the Japanese were a picturesque, friendly, modern, civilized people. For two years they have stamped across the stage of history a crude, ferocious, vulgar race. This is not all of Japan. But it is a dominating part of Japan for which her worthy leaders and friends must blush and try to make amends to an outraged world for generations following.

The Japanese have a strange incapacity to be interested in the truth. You make due allowance for war reports. When Domei reports 500 Soviet planes shot down with one Japanese plane missing, you do not try to believe it. It is just a much bigger lie than most war reports. But when Japan's statesman repeats with a straight face, that Japan has no designs on China's territory or sovereignty and that in any case there will be no adverse effect on western business interests you are stunned at their childish confidence that anybody will believe anything they say. The Japanese statesman can look a mountain of facts in the face, say it isn't there and look as if he expects you to believe him. Such a naive blindness to the truth I think exists in no other race. It is a quality with which the

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world must reckon in all dealings with Japan.

The world must hurry to help Japan and China. They both need money, markets, education, friends, religion. If the western world wants to treat Asia as a field of economic exploitation while withholding the Christian culture which has made our life different, and then if the western world finds itself threatened with destruction by a modernized, unChristian military Asia - well then let the west take its medicine. It sowed to the wind. If it reaps a whirl wind it can blame no one but its own folly. Is America blind or dumb or just inefficient that it can find no way to stop providing Japan with the instruments of mass-murder?

Exchange

An American dollar is normally worth about three Chinese dollars. This morning the rate is Bryanesque 16 to 1. This is tragedy for many but it does give the west a grand chance to help China. Two dear old friends, living on relief in America found a way to save \$1.00 American money and sent it to me. I changed it for \$15.00. I've eased up the economic strain in eight families and have seven more to go.

We are leaving our Chinese cook Mrs. Ma with a family to support. They have been living five of them, in two very small, rented rooms. So Mrs. Rugh took what we might spend in America for a comfortable chair and bought her a well built tile roof, seven room brick house which Ma Nai Nai says "Thank our heavenly Father this will be my home and my children's home for many generations."

The Years Work

I've had a happy year at Peking Union Medical College. It is a high grade community of 350 students and faculty, with 1200 employees in the College and hospital. We opened a social center for recreational, educational and religious work with the 1200 employees. We investigated, carefully, nearly 500 families of Peking's war poor. We raised \$30,000 local currency to help in their relief. Our College Service in English has had its largest attendance of recent years. We organized a regular Sunday College Service in Chinese with a committee of fifty Christians to promote it. We had Bible classes, sacred concerts, picnics, a grand Sunday school and we left undone a long list of essential things which we should have done and didn't.

I've just published a 200 page collection of twelve addresses which I worked out with my medical student friends and gave at the English College Service. If you are interested in what we thought here were some urgent religious problems for modern youth and the Christian solution for these problems send \$1.00 to Association Press, 347 Madison Ave, New York, for "Can Christianity Win".

Conclusion

S'pose I could do it over again - these thirty five years - what would I do? I'd be a Christian missionary to the youth of China and I'd look the world straight in the eye with confidence that nobody on earth had a more worth while job. To bring Christ - the solution of every essential life problem - to the future leaders of the largest and one of the very finest nations on earth in the hour of her travail - you can't beat that as a satisfying job.

If you do yield to that impulse to write me soon send it to General Delivery, Tacoma, Washington and here's hoping our paths may cross before many moons.

Cordially
Arthur Rugh

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One China "Incident"

Wang Loh Loh liked his new hat. It was made of fine black silk. It fitted his head so gently. The button on the top of it was the one his father's father had worn when he was a much honored scholar in Peking. And besides, his wife Wang An Ming had embroidered his name on the inside in beautiful Chinese characters. The other teachers on the faculty had taken to wearing American style hats made in Tientsin and Wang Loh Loh had one too, but he liked best this new, old style Chinese hat. He smoothed the silk gently with his fine fingers, fitted it on his head just so and was happy.

Wang Loh Loh was a happy man anyway. He was dean of the mission high school which he proudly considered one of the best high schools in Central China. He had graduated from a Christian high school in Shanghai, had studied two years in Tokyo in education, one year in Columbia and now had this permanent position with a fine faculty associated with him.

But Wang Loh Loh's chief reason for being happy was Wang An Ming. She was one of the first woman graduates of Canton Christian College. She was not only Mrs. Wang, wife of the Dean. She taught music and some domestic science courses in the school and was the joy of the whole school. She, like Wang Loh Loh, was a mixture of the old and the new. She always wore Chinese dress, combed her hair "old fashion" and loved old embroidery. And she was accepted tennis champion among the women in the community. Only San Yü her own superb sixteen year old daughter challenged her supremacy on the courts.

Mr. and Mrs. Wang had five children — two had not lived long. Hwa Yun the oldest boy finished his Jr. year in Yenching University but was now in the Chinese Army, not entirely with his father's approval. San Yü, their only daughter had finished one year at Ginling College and was not at home. Mrs. Cartwright, wife of their much loved American associate in the school had taken San Yü with her to Kuling. Of course the war probably would not reach Kwei San but if it should, there would be too much risk for San Yü to stay there. San Yü was a second edition of her mother — the most gifted, the most gracious girl in the class of 1941 with the most original gift of fun and humor. She had better not stand in the path of the Japanese Army.

And Henry — he insisted on having a foreign name — he was fourteen with two years more in high school. Mrs. Cartwright urged them to let Henry go to Kuling, too, but he said, "None of the kids are going away. I'll stay here with them."

Henry was a character. He never studied much but he was always high up in his class. He wasn't as good an athlete as his big sister. She could beat him at tennis and yet everybody in school liked him best of all the students. He was a handsome lad and as unconscious of himself as he was uninterested in grades. He was primarily a friend. He liked everything, including the six big white geese that lived on the pond just back of the Wang home.

Mr. Wang's aged father and mother lived with them or almost with them. Their home was in the three rooms on the east side of the court. The old grandfather was a feeble but irrepressible character. Henry was like him. The old grandmother was an invalid and near the end of her days.

The Wang family was anxious. To be sure the war was still over a hundred miles away but it was coming toward them. Mr. Cartwright came in and asked if they had not better move into the mission compound, or all of them go to Kuling for safety. But the old grandmother could not move. The old grandfather would not move, so they stayed on.

Late in July a town only twenty miles east of them was bombed by Japanese air planes. Their cousin Wang Hsieh Chen was in the Post Office in that town and they were anxious for news from him. Early in August two towns north of them were suddenly captured by the Japanese army and war was very near. Many of their neighbors moved away to live with relatives or friends in the country. But the Wangs could not move and besides, Mr. Wang had studied in Japan, had many Japanese friends. He was sure no harm would come to them.

Then one morning Mr. Wang was over in his office in the school making some plans for next term. Mrs. Wang was resting in bed after a brief siege of malaria. Mr. Wang heard an airplane coming over from the east. In fact it sounded like several planes. Yes they might be bombers. But the school was not near any military buildings. He was on the campus with the American flag and their home was just across the street.

He was talking with a young student about next year, but as the planes drew nearer they went out onto the campus to watch them. There they came, six of them in two groups of three each. They circled around the town and suddenly in quick succession there were three heavy "booms" that shook the earth and Mr. Wang knew they were in for it.

He started for his home, then ran back into the school building for some papers and just as he ran out the door the earth turned a somersault. The air was full of flying dirt and debris, glass was cracking and falling. Mr. Wang was knocked to his knees but was quickly up and, half blinded by the explosion he ran out the gate and across to his home. An Ming met him in the court her face livid with fear. "Where is Henry" she cried and ran past Mr. Wang to look up and down the street. Three more terrific booms shook the earth as bombs dropped not far away.

Henry was not in the home or on the street. Mr. Wang remembered he had seen Henry going back to the pond with their neighbour's boy just after breakfast. He ran through the court and

out the back gate to the pond. There he saw where the bomb had struck. Just at the edge of the pond a great jagged hole was torn in the ground. A tree had been broken off and was lying over in the pond. A little way along the pond he saw their neighbor boy, Henry's pal, struggling to rise to his feet and evidently unable to rise and then just beyond the old elm tree he saw one foot of someone sticking out from a heap of dirt and stones that had been thrown up by the bomb. Mrs. Wang had followed him. He turned to tell her that she had better go back and see if the old grandmother was all right. But she had seen too. They ran together to the elm tree and there he was, only partly buried, their glorious Henry, everybody's friend, mangled and dead.

They saw some neighbors carrying Henry's pal away and two neighbors came running to help them. Three bombers flew low over them and machine guns rattled death all around them but none of them were injured.

They tried to lift Henry out of the debris. Mrs. Wang called to him frantically "Dee Dee my Dee Dee speak to me." But Dee Dee did not answer. The left side of his head was gone and as they tried to raise his body, his warm brains ran out over his mother's hand. One of the other faculty members came and asked Mrs. Wang to go with him into the house but she could not go. Mr. Wang and his faculty friend cleared away the debris and gently carried Henry — everybody's friend — into the house. As they carried him through the gate Mr. Wang saw something sticking in the wall just by the gate. He recognized it. It was Henry's right arm from just above the elbow. The exposed bone was driven into the wall, the arm sticking out, with three fingers gone.

They laid him on the long seat in the guest room. Mrs. Wang fell on her knees beside him, her body shaking in uncontrollable grief. Mr. Wang saw something sticking in Henry's breast half buried just below his heart. Gently he pulled it out as if it might still hurt the boy. It was a broken piece of iron jagged and rusty. He recognized it as a plate off the frame of an old bicycle just like the one on his, and on it was printed "Made in Detroit". It was American scrap iron sticking in Henry's breast.

Pastor Chi came and they planned Henry's funeral. There were many dead in the town; sixteen members of the Church had been killed. There would be a service in the Church tomorrow in their memory. But if Mrs. Wang wished, they would have a service for Henry here in their house where grandfather and grandmother could attend and where Henry and his pals had played so happily.

What was left of Henry's fine body was lying in a Chinese coffin in Mr. Wang's study. Two of his boy pals sat by him, taking turns keeping watch. Flowers and scrolls were everywhere. All was quiet in the house save only an occasional smothered sob from Mrs. Wang's room.

Mr. Wang was sitting in the guest room exhausted and dazed, maybe it was all a dream, maybe he would wake up and find all well.

There was a noise at the front gate. Some one shouting. But nobody should shout now. Henry was asleep in the study. Everybody had been quiet all day.

The shouting grew louder. The old gate man came running. He shouted "Japanese soldiers" and ran back to the gate. Mr. Wang resented the noise. Why should anybody shout when Henry was lying asleep in the study.

Mr. Wang went to the door and saw three Japanese soldiers tramping across the court with guns and bayonets. The gateman, faithful old Ah San was lying on the ground twisted in agony; his red blood running from his ripped abdomen along the stones in the walk. The small one of the three soldiers was wiping his bent, bloody bayonet on the grass.

Mr. Wang spoke to them in Japanese asking them what they wanted. They stopped, surprised at hearing their own language. They said "Who are you?" Mr. Wang said "I'm a humble teacher in this school." They said "You're a foreign dog. You eat the foreigners rice." We need money and we take what we want. Get out of the way." And they tramped into the room. Mr. Wang tried being polite with them, told them he had studied in their honorable country, had many dear friends in Japan. He would give them what money he could if they would go quietly away for "Henry is sleeping in the study."

Then the big soldier with the black beard said "We want women. Where are yours?"

Mr. Wang didn't understand them and said "What is it?" The big soldier said "We want women and we take what we want. Where are yours?"

One of the soldiers opened the door into Mrs. Wang's room and laughed a hellish, fiendish laugh. Mr. Wang sprang to the door, pushed the soldier away and stood in front of the door. The soldier struck him heavily with his gun. Mr. Wang turned to defend himself and felt something sharp against his right side and then he collapsed, a bayonet through his body. The soldier who had first opened Mrs. Wang's door caught Mr. Wang by the hair and pitched him on his face in the middle of the room. He was still conscious. He heard them go into Mrs. Wang's room. He heard her scream. He heard a thud which he knew was the thud of a brutes fist in Mrs. Wang's beautiful face. He was unconscious a moment then he heard one of the Japanese — he recognized his voice as the voice of the big one with the black beard. The Japanese soldier said "Get away from here damn you, I have her first."

Then it got very dark. Mr. Wang could not see anything clearly. He could not hear any thing more. Mr. Wang Loh Loh was dead.

December 27, 1939

My dear Arthur:

I have not bothered you with correspondence since your arrival. I wrote a letter to welcome you upon your return and I hope you received same. If you did not charge it up to Jim Farley. He has had seven years of collecting money from all sorts of sources and has probably a big balance now and can probably pay the bill.

I am glad that you are going to arrive here soon and will be delighted to see you. Right now I want to invite you to come out to my home for a night or two so we can have a little unhurried visit away from this busy office. I shall be here until after the China Colleges meeting on the 25th, and immediately thereafter start for Florida to get away from the winter weather. I am glad to see from your printed news letter which has recently come to my desk, that before you left China you had determined to join our band in getting funds for the colleges. We are tremendously sorry that you did not find conditions in California as good as when you left there; but I was fearful that nobody could take up the threads of your work and carry same on as successfully as you had done. You will bear me witness that I did my best to keep you on the job there; but you are quite a hand to jump around and so you went back to China for a year. As a result the work in California "crumbled". I was afraid of just this thing, but we could not know in advance that your successor would not do the job exactly as you did it. You doubtless got the story from Mrs. Charles Rugh. She has been our main-stay and the one dependable contact through the year.

I have not bothered you with letters because I think it is a mistake to "butt in" to the work of the field force. I simply write in order that you may understand that I want to be of any help that I can be in California.

I hope to go out there about March 10th or before and shall be there for a time; and if I can cooperate there, I shall be glad to help in any way possible. Hoping to see you here soon, I am

Most sincerely yours,

F. M. McBrier

Mr. Arthur Rugh
2808 N. Puget Sound Avenue
Tacoma, Washington

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MINISTERS
PAUL COVEY JOHNSTON, D.D.
JOHN CHENEY WHITE, M.A., M.R.E.

Ack. 3/8/40 AR

MINISTER EMERITUS
ANDREW GILLIES, D.D.

Third Presbyterian Church
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

CHURCH OFFICE AND MINISTERS' STUDIES
IN THE PARISH HOUSE, 4 MEIGS STREET

Feb. 29, 1940

my dear Mr. Rugh—

What a pleasure it was to have a note from you! And today "Letters from Palestine" came. I've already read enough to realize how thoroughly I'll enjoy them and how much they'll help me in my work. You are indeed most gracious and thoughtful.

Your kindness adds to my burden of debt for what you, and your colleagues, did that day you were with us. How could we be anything but most appreciative! An attitude your generous spirit interprets as inspiration was in reality only a reflection of what you brought us.

For the sake of continuing as much

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of the good work and spirit as
we can, may I ask one more
favor? Can you let me know, or
have your office let me know
how the \$125⁰⁰ we sent to the
China College Association for relief
work at Yenching may be used?
Our church responded to your
spirit so spontaneously and so
generously, I feel we ought to
build on that foundation all we
can.

With deep appreciation for your
kind note, and for the book, I am,

Cordially,
John C. White

RECEIVED
MAY 11 1941
JOHN C. WHITE

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MINISTER'S STUDY

The Third Presbyterian Church
Rochester, New York

Mar 4, 1940

x^{ck} 3/8/40

Dear Arthur Tugh — Your kind and very
gracious letter has been received; also, your
gift of "Can Christianity Win." I treasure
both! You did us a world of good
while you were here — more than you realize.
And we thank you for it, trusting that full
health may return for you, that you may
go and do likewise for many other groups.

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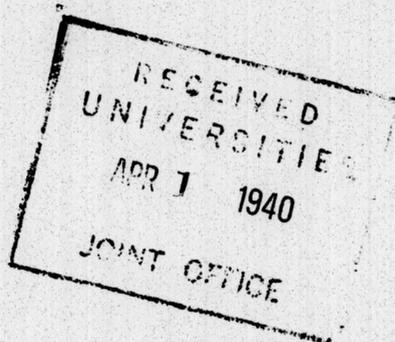
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of Church folk who deeply need you and
your message.

With heartiest regards—

Cordially yours—

Paul Johnston.



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March 8, 1940

Rev. John C. White
Third Presbyterian Church
4 Meigs Street
Rochester, New York

My dear Mr. White:

Pardon my delay in replying to your letter about what use will be made at Yenching of your gracious gift to its relief program. I will ask them to write you exactly what they do with it, but in general I can tell you this.

Most of their relief is done in one village and one town which border on the campus. The town, Hai Tien, is famous for two things. First, because it was the home of many officials in the old Manchu regime; and secondly, it held out longer than any other town in Northern China against Christianity. Both this town and the village on the other side of the campus have suffered terribly during the war. At one time the Japanese forced every person in the town to go out about four miles and work on the roads. It was a tragic situation - old women seventy years of age with bound feet walking four miles in the morning, working all day, and walking home in the evening. It will be in these two communities that your money will be spent.

I do not have your letter with me, but I think you mentioned \$125.00. That will change, at present, into about \$1700.00 Chinese money. The work is done with the cooperation of the Sociology Department and is very scientifically done, so that they are able to carry a person for a month for 18¢ American money. That means that your gift would carry 1700 families for a month, or 300 families through the five hard months of the winter. I know many of these families personally, and it is much easier for me to picture what that means than for you to merely read about it.

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For instance, there are ten men just outside the East Gate of the College who pull rickshaws for a living. Under normal conditions they earn perhaps a dollar and a half a month. Most of them have families to support. Under present conditions their income is cut down more than half. They are all old friends of mine, and I hope they will get a part of your relief.

I hope this will give you some general idea; meanwhile, I will write Yenching to ask that they let you know specifically as to the use of your gift.

Cordially yours,

Arthur Rugh

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