Yenching
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Newsletters, 1941-1942
news releases

YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

Use come once in as often - may interest you - no need to return

January 27, 1941

American Office
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

nevertheless you might wish it.

To the Yenching Trustees
and Other Friends

Dear Friends,

Enclosed herewith is another confidential letter from Yenching. Please guard the source of this information carefully, although you are free to make use of it in any way that will not cause embarrassment to Yenching or to Dr. Stuart.

Sincerely yours,

B. A. Garside

Secretary

BAG:MS
Enclosure

Confidential

December 16, 1940

To the Board of Trustees:

In one of the ancient classics of China, the Tao Te Ching, there is a sentence, "No calamity is greater than the underestimation of your enemy." I have often had this in mind during these years of anxious suspense when the fate of this University and all that it represents were dependent upon the outcome of the struggle between Japanese armed aggression and the forces resisting it. My hopes have been based chiefly on the spirit of the Chinese leaders and their popular support, the rightness of their cause, and assistance from other freedom-loving countries, especially our own, rather than upon material or military factors, in most of which from long preparation her enemy has had an enormous advantage.

It may be pertinent, however, to report to you some of the signs of internal weakness within Japan which are beginning to be more apparent and should have some bearing on the trend of events. I shall not comment on those of an economic nature, which are serious but are doubtless being brought to your attention through other sources.

There is increasingly sharp division of opinion among Japanese leaders which may in time have a disruptive effect. That between the Army and Navy is well-known and is more acute than ever over foreign policy in general. But there are factional differences within the army of occupation in China. General Itagaki, resident in Nanking, leads the so-called Reform Party which is now dominant and is attempting to claim credit for ending the "China Affair". He is chiefly responsible for establishing the Wang Ching-wei puppet device and really hoped through it to force an agreement with Chiang Kai-shek with whom he has more recently been trying to get into direct contact. He would then discard Wang without the slightest compunction. Meanwhile the much more moderate Control Party, now powerless, is waiting for the frustration of Itagaki's schemes in order to regain authority. These rivalries are deflecting all concerned from the pure devotion to Emperor and Nation which have characterized their military leaders in the past. They are settling down now to exploiting their respective territorial seizures, with every form of graft and of vicious racketeering, quite in the tradition of the worst of the old Chinese war-lords, but with the aid of mechanized force and more brutally callous. Wang Ching-wei and his following, aware now that any hopes of glory from having achieved a peaceful settlement are fatuous, are making similar use of their power under Japanese protection and no longer want the ending of the war, for that means the loss of their share of the profitable racket as well as danger to their lives. It is not a pretty picture.

In Japan itself, Prince Konoye attempted his New Structure on totalitarian models in order to include the fighting services along with all other elements and thus bring these under control. But the army especially refuses to be thus throttled and is resisting the scheme. The secretary who worked out the details, a certain Arima, was recently wounded in an attempt on his life, because the fascist extremists regarded the organization as based on Communist principles. There is wide-spread dissatisfaction with the present Cabinet, but even those who feel this most hesitate to overthrow it as the Diet is about to open. Individual Ministers are therefore being attacked.

The case of Mr. Matsuoka is a somewhat pathetic instance. He is relatively liberal and with his American background has really tried to modify the more recklessly violent plans for further aggression, but has had to

guard against offending the all-powerful military clique. At the Imperial Conference on November thirteenth he succeeded in gaining assent for direct official negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek which he felt to be quite an achievement. He at once sent the chief of the East Asia Division of his own Ministry to Hongkong where he was joined by two other Japanese diplomats and three Chinese reluctantly pressed into service. These latter tried to open the way to Chungking but failed completely, as any one who knew General Chiang's attitude could have confidently predicted. Mr. Matsuoka is reported to be quite disconsolate. Immediately following this fiasco, the Wang Ching-wei "government" was recognized by Japan and the terms of the agreement published. The recognition was made, despite the obvious hindrance this would be to any further hopes of reaching Chiang Kai-shek, because after deferring this since March they had promised Wang not to delay again beyond November 30. The terms are conclusive evidence of the Japanese lack of intention to permit any real Chinese independence and virtually to annex North China. If any explanation is required as to General Chiang's refusal to treat with any Japanese this disclosure of their aims is sufficient. Returning to Mr. Matsuoka, he is being attacked as not sufficiently pro-Nazi, as opposing the southward drive, as too pro-England-and-America, while Walter Lippman seems to be voicing American indignation over his latest pronouncement. Nothing could more vividly dramatize the conflicting currents within Japan, as they try to extricate themselves without loss of prestige and plunder from their indefensible adventure in China and from the consequences of their badly miscalculated gamble in joining with the Axis powers and in thus arousing Great Britain and the United States more positively and unitedly against them.

They have been trying hard to come to an understanding with Soviet Russia, in order to be freed from this threat against Manchuria, before beginning their southward expansion. Three months ago they planned to send a military mission to Berlin to secure Hitler's assistance in bringing sufficient pressure. But not daring to have the delegation travel via either the Mediterranean or North America, and failing to secure permission to make the journey across Siberia the project has been abandoned. They were thus cleverly foiled by the Soviets who probably have no illusions as to the Japanese attitude toward themselves. Russia will apparently maintain her consistent policy of avoiding all alliances or attacks, while allowing others to fight one another and to seek her favor. She will continue to aid China with military supplies.

The appointment of Admiral Nomura as Ambassador to Washington was partly because of his past friendly relationships with our country, partly his technical qualifications for securing much desired naval information. If after several months he fails to alter American policy - or in their own phrasing to enable Americans to "understand" their aims - the extremists will insist on going ahead toward Singapore and the Dutch East Indies regardless of our interference. If they do, conflict between the two countries would seem inevitable.

Most of what has been reported in the preceding paragraphs has come to me from Chinese who are in the confidence of Japanese military leaders and is therefore authentic. This very fact is itself another evidence of internal weakness, for these men - by no means unprincipled traitors, but defeatists, opportunists, most of them educated in Japan and with long personal ties there - are more or less disgusted with a Japanese savagery in war which they would never have expected, and are awakening to the possibility that Japan may not win after all.

The liberal element in Japan, to which I have made reference in previous communications, is still struggling earnestly but against heavy odds. If you read of a cabinet change with Ugaki as Premier you may assume that it has at least temporarily won.

This narrative may seem to be gloating over Japanese misfortunes. If so, it is only because of the vastly greater misfortunes they have brought unprovoked and purely for their own self aggrandisement upon the Chinese people. Over two weeks ago a Japanese officer was killed while riding on horseback in the city and a second one wounded. Since then the whole city has been in constant turmoil and the gates have been guarded so that entrance and exit have been with great difficulty, ostensibly in order that they might search for the assassin. Evidence is accumulating that the deed was instigated by the officer's subordinates who resented his attempts to stop the traffic in narcotics in which most of them are concerned. In any case the entire population has been put to indescribable inconvenience and large numbers have suffered serious hardships because one Japanese officer has been killed - most probably by another. Our university work has been seriously deranged, and we have daily problems affecting emergency medical cases, teachers or students caught in the city, etc., to say nothing of minor annoyances. An added reason for the present restrictions is supposed to be the mutiny of two or three thousand Chinese soldiers recruited by them who killed a number of Japanese officers and men in making good their escape, carrying off also what equipment they could. This happened about the same time as the assassination, and has helped to make the local Japanese extremely jittery.

I describe this episode from which we are now suffering because it is an epitome of what is happening all over China. It gives an indication of the sullen hatred they are provoking by the ineptitude of their dealings with the local population everywhere, their total lack of consideration for any rights or interests other than their own, the frustration which attends alike their military and political attempts to subjugate this nation and the misery resulting from their stupidly brutal tactics. A few days ago a gateman of ours was seized on his way home by the neighboring Japanese gendarmerie, probably because of a grudge against him by some Chinese who had turned informer. He was tortured by allowing a German police dog to bite his legs, which are said to be badly lacerated. I had my competent young secretary for dealing with Japanese affairs tell two of the gendarmes who called on him today that I was horrified at such inhumane treatment of a fellow-man and regarded it as an affront to our whole institution. He had the courage to deliver the message and they promised to report it to their superior and make an inquiry. Incidentally the two gendarmes were here to follow up an offer they had made earlier to help our students caught in the city to resume their studies. The real reason came out today when they asked Mr. Hsiao (the secretary referred to) to give them a list of our students living in the city and their home addresses, ostensibly to facilitate their movements, but actually no doubt to trail them and gain a hold over them or their families for some nefarious purpose in the future. These things are happening around us all the time and wherever else they penetrate in China.

As to University policy, it would seem that if the Japanese extremists, further stimulated by Nazi insistence, force their Government into the southward drive, this will occur before you read these pages. In this event we shall have to meet the changed situation as best we can. But it is far more probable that the saner elements will argue for a delay of several months while Nomura is given his chance to win America over to inaction. Meanwhile his failure to do so, developments in Europe unfavorable to themselves, strengthening Chinese resistance, and aggravated internal troubles will very probably combine to make them less inclined next spring to so dangerous a venture. We can be making our plans in the light of all such trends, and shall carry on in the hope that we may not in the end be interrupted.

YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

American Office
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

February 14, 1941

To the Yenching Trustees
and Other Friends

Dear Friends,

Enclosed is another confidential letter from Yenching, under date of January 14.

We cannot repeat too often or too strongly the importance of keeping the source of the information in these letters strictly confidential.

Sincerely yours,

B. A. Garside

BAG:MS
Enclosure

Secretary

Confidential

January 14, 1941

To the Board of Trustees:

Life on our campus continues outwardly tranquil. The routine of class-room and office, of library and laboratory, proceeds as usual. So of social, religious, musical, athletic and all other normal features. We have lectures by learned scholars and amateur dramatics. A few afternoons ago there was a farewell reception at my home for the 28 graduates finishing this term, their studies having been deranged by the war. We felt that anything in the nature of a formal Commencement would be unsuitable at such a time, so we had this simple ceremony, at which the Deans and I made brief speeches to which one of their number responded, a photograph was taken, and light refreshments were served. Tomorrow my home will be the scene of the wedding of two graduates of last year, one of many such romances.

But under the surface - and often breaking through - the tension is becoming more acute. This shows itself, for instance, in the rumors circulating now among us to the effect that we cannot open for the second semester (February 6), that we are planning to close next March or April, and others incredibly fantastic. One evening last week there was a lecture open to the faculty and their families on "Recent Political Trends in Japan", an objective and rather philosophical description of internal developments in that country as being not very different from similar phenomena in several others, including our own. My large reception room was packed, chiefly with Chinese vainly hoping to learn something that might bear upon the outcome of the present conflict. It had also been announced that I would make a statement on university policy. As emphatically as language permits I announced again our intention to carry on as hitherto and for as long as possible, indicating my reasons for believing that more probably we would be able to do so, and appealing to the group to help in steadying the morale especially of students and to be ready to face whatever might happen to us worthily of the ideals which we had always tried to express. To my dismay I have been hearing that this has been the source of a fresh crop of excited rumors. I have also posted an official notice to the same purport in an endeavor to allay student forebodings as they prepare for examinations and return home for the winter vacation.

Some of these rumors seem to be deliberately concocted by Japanese or Chinese agents, or by some of the many Germans now pouring into North China. Others are distorted reflections of actual threats to our safety. Thus, after finishing the first few sentences of this letter to you, I was called on the telephone by Mr. Hsian, my alert young lieutenant for dealing with Japanese issues, to report his errands of the day in the city. Among these items was one concerned with the attempt of a Japanese bureau chief to coerce the newly appointed "Minister of Education" in the local puppet organization, Mr. Chou Tso-jen, into making certain demands on us, and of Mr. Chou's firm refusal. Almost every letter which comes from former students in Free China has a reference to disconcerting rumors reaching them about our fate. To add to the humor of all this, we have recently been receiving inquiries from students in St. John's University, Shanghai, who wish to transfer here because of reports that this elder sister of ours may soon close!

The main reason for these latest anxieties is of course the rapidly increasing possibility of war between the United States and Japan.

Personally I am so delighted with the policy our Government seems at last to have adopted, and its support in public opinion, that the consequences to Yenching become relatively unimportant, or more correctly put, are only one more item in the vast loss and suffering incurred in freeing humanity from enslavement by these three aggressor nations. If, as I have argued for in previous communications, American disapproval will take the form of aiding China and of ceasing to aid Japan this reduces the likelihood of our being directly involved in war, while securing the same essential objective of China's integrity and independence. Perhaps the method least costly to us and most effective in bringing the Japanese to terms would be to supply China with airplanes already obsolete for use in Europe. It would add greatly if these could be accompanied by a few experienced pilots and mechanics. I am writing only of Eastern Asia, although recent happenings have made convincingly clear the ineluctable calamities to all mankind following from war for imperialistic conquest anywhere in the world of today.

In this connection the appointment of Admiral Nomura as the new Japanese Ambassador to Washington has an especial interest. He has been making a hasty trip through Manchuria and China, spending barely two days in Peiping. On one of these it was arranged that I should call on him and we had a friendly enough conversation. My impression was, however, by no means reassuring. His first question was whether I could speak Chinese, but when his secretary pointed out that I had brought my own Japanese-speaking interpreter he conversed entirely in that language. His next question was as to why America prolonged the war by aiding China, to which I replied that many had been asking why we did so by selling war materials to Japan. The next question was as to the attitude of our Government to Communism. One would have expected him to be eager to learn all that was possible of actual Chinese conditions instead of wasting time over questions that could as well be discussed in Tokyo or Washington. But apparently his time here and elsewhere on this tour was chiefly spent with the Japanese military leaders and in formal functions.

A few days later a man who is to accompany him to the States as "Adviser" asked to come out to see me and spent some time in an amazingly frank discussion of the problems of ending the war in China and of averting conflict with America. He had studied in the University of Oregon and in Columbia. He also objected to the idea of American aid to China and stressed the communist argument. The former of these no longer seems to need any defense from those of us living in this country. As to the latter I pointed out that there should be a carefully drawn distinction between (1) Russia as a military and governmental entity, (2) Communism as a political or social philosophy, and (3) Chinese Communists. These last were first of all Chinese and only incidentally and in a diluted or modified form Communists. The National Government, freed from the menace of Japanese aggression, could and would deal with them as a domestic issue, most probably by political measures, by force if necessary and only as a last resort.

I also told him what I know of the successful negotiations General Chiang Kai-shek had quite recently been conducting with their leaders after a recrudescence of this unfortunate tension between them and the Kuomintang, and of my confidence that despite all rumors there would be no break between them while the war lasted. If the Generalissimo survived, he

was quite determined to cope with this internal danger once peace was restored; otherwise it might spread not only over China but into Japan as well. I earnestly hope that the American public will not be misled by Japanese insinuations on this topic. The general effect on me of these two interviews was that Nomura's mission has been dictated by reactionary military policy in an effort to deter our Government from "interfering" with their "New Order".

Chinese who have been associated with Japanese military leaders and their civilian agents are becoming more disillusioned and some among them repentant. Most of them were at the outbreak of the war opportunists or defeatists, very rarely did they have any genuine belief in Japanese good intentions. Not many among them are conscious traitors. Last week I had lunch with Mr. Wang Yi-tang, successor to my friend of many years, Mr. Wang K'e-min as head of the local puppet organization, the latter having resigned for reasons which do him credit. The present incumbent is regarded as the extreme type of "Yes-man", yet he and his very intelligent assistant talked as freely with me of Japanese failings and of their own hopes for a Chinese victory as any of my patriotic acquaintances. Since then I have had a call from the uncle of the so-called "Emperor of Manchoukuo"(the last of the Manchu dynasty) who owns a lovely garden adjoining our campus which we have leased. There was a matter of business which was soon dispatched and then he gave vent to his feelings over the invaders and their abominations with expressive grimaces and epithets which one would scarcely expect from such a source.

I could give many similar instances from people of all social types illustrating what I have often urged before, that the Japanese political attempts to win Chinese support for their thinly disguised policy of self-aggrandizement have failed more completely than those by military force. I have deliberately maintained friendly relations with many of these men in the various puppet organizations who are popularly denounced as traitors, partly to encourage them in their basic national loyalties, partly as a possible source of protection for the University. As I have often commented to you before, and apart from all their savagery and self-seeking, the Japanese are more and more proving themselves incompetent for governing a people as intelligent and cultured as the Chinese, and are becoming themselves demoralized in the process. They have also let loose the worst elements of both countries to prey with impunity upon the helpless population.

Despite the anxious forebodings now haunting our whole community, and the indubitably well-founded reasons for these, yet I still incline to my conviction that more probably the Japanese will not precipitate armed conflict with our country by carrying out in the near future their long-heralded southward expansion. If the fate of England should divert our energies entirely to Europe, if Hitler could secure a guarantee from Russia not to threaten Manchuria, if peace could somehow be concluded with Chiang Kai-shek, then beyond all doubt they would start their oceanic or southward move. Otherwise they will procrastinate. But none of these contingencies seems imminent at this writing. Therefore, as it looks to me, war with our country is not an immediate threat. This rash prediction may, however, be disproven before it reaches you.

Meanwhile it is only the stubborn Chinese resistance and the fear of America that are enabling us to carry on. We have frequent warnings

of their malevolent designs against us and all other western interests wherever their power extends. Four hundred special agents are reported to have arrived recently in this city whose duty it is to track down Chinese associated in one or another way with western enterprises and ascertain what procedure had best be followed with each individual in order to induce him to sever this relationship. The intended result is to leave us desolate and thus to compel our withdrawal. Another function is to list those who are guilty of "dangerous thoughts" and arrest them at the proper time. They require Japanese language study in primary and secondary schools and have reduced that of English. Pupils are warned against entering Yenching. Yenching graduates are debarred from employment.

Last evening a student got into a foolish altercation with the clerk in a dry-cleaning shop outside our east gate and then called upon two others to help in the squabble that followed. The local police came promptly on the scene and the quarrel would soon have been promptly brought to our attention and disposed of. But it happened that the owner was one of the many spies hired by the Japanese to watch our doings and he telephoned the nearby army police headquarters that 70 or more students were attacking his shop in an anti-Japanese demonstration. Soon a military truck with several armed soldiers arrived on the scene and carried off the three culprits together with five unfortunate onlookers, all handcuffed as common criminals. Mr. Hsian has spent a large part of today negotiating with the officers with whom he makes a point of maintaining friendly contact and perhaps the eight boys will be released after a few days of fright and of further patience and finesse by Mr. Hsiao. But the ordinary process in all such episodes would be the torture of the victims in the hope of learning anything useful to them about Yenching and - perhaps weeks or months later - releasing them on some guarantee that they will hereafter serve as their agents with dire threats if they reveal what happened to them. The incidents I am relating are all in themselves trivial but suggest the shadows lurking all around us and the sureness of their encroachments as rapidly as they dare. Incidentally they also give an idea of how Mr. Hsiao spends his days.

The really big issues are implicit in these minor happenings of the past few days. Should the Japanese succeed, North China at least will follow Manchuria and Korea into a darkness and chaos in which Yenching and all else that contributes to progress and human welfare will be systematically extinguished.

The new American program would seem, however, to ensure a Chinese victory, the speed and completeness of which will depend largely upon the vigor with which we now proceed. In the peace that will follow China can be counted on to advance rapidly in all phases of reform and progress, thus becoming a potent ally of ours in further efforts toward security in the Pacific and a righteous international order, with strong, mutually beneficial friendship between the two countries. Japan also might well be expected to repudiate her present military dictators and join in an alliance based on the promotion of peaceful ideals. But the peace must be one that completely frees China at any rate from Japanese military domination. General Itagaki and others responsible for starting the war are feverishly trying now to find an approach to General Chiang and bargain or bluster over some compromise settlement, but he will not listen to any such proposals. He is magnificent in his moral integrity and in his capable dealing with the Japanese issue as well as with the enormous internal difficulties. He and the people who now almost unanimously recognize in him the embodiment of their highest aspirations deserve the utmost help we can give.

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Mrs. Johnson

Yenching University
Peking West.
China. via U.S.A.
July 10th 1941

Dear Friends,

Six months ago on New Years Eve I began to write a journal letter to you and before the end of January 250 copies had been printed and sent off to England and America. Many I am afraid went to the bottom of the Atlantic but some reached England, for during the last two or three weeks I have received several answers. That gives a very fair picture of our postal facilities these days. In good spells as during the last two months letters may get through from England in eight or nine weeks, but they aften take twelve and sometimes fifteen, so five months for an answer from England is fairly normal. But what a marvel it is that letters come through at all and as regularly as they do. A copy of the *Friend* dated May 5th reached me yesterday and since last July only five or six copies have failed to appear A slight complication about postage from this end arises from the political situation. We naturally have to obey the instructions of the present regime in stamping our letters but these instructions are not always recognised by the international postal authorities so if at any time you find yourselves having to pay postage due charges on letters from North China I am afraid there is nothing to be done about it but to refuse to accept the letter or to pay at your end till the political situation improves.

Since the last letter was sent off we have completed another semester and have proudly and with deep gratitude graduated 192 students, our first wholly war time class, but the term has been a heavy one as the political situation has grown steadily darker and letters from friends outside occupied territory have been more than ever welcome. This is an attempt to send if not answers to those letters, at least thanks to you all for thought and sympathy expressed in so many ways.

Thank you so much for your Xmas card

Some of you have been asking for more details of my personal doings. In a general way I am very shy of writing about myself, as I suppose we all are, but this time I will make the attempt partly because it is foolish to try to estimate political probabilities when no one has any idea what will have happened in Russia by the time this letter reaches you, but much more because the ever increasing uncertainty as to our future and the knowledge that at almost any moment our experiment here may be brought to a close, is giving a new significance and value to the most ordinary everyday happenings. A year ago, my last evening in London I spent alone, walking slowly through the streets and squares around Friends House and the British Museum, not in sadness at what I knew must be a last farewell to those old familiar buildings but in joy and thankfulness for the richness of experience which is forever associated with them in my life. The joy and thankfulness of that evening is still with me as news comes of the bombings and it is extending now to this new home of my middle age.

On our beautiful campus where most of my official working days are spent, from 7.30 in the morning to 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening, in all the familiar routine of lecturing, essay work, coachings, committees, there are moments which stand out unforgettably, as when a student this winter, after discussing with me at some length differing conceptions of chronology, suddenly said "Miss Burtt, if I study western history I shall become a different kind of person, in fact I am different already!" Blessings on him! It isn't often an

undergraduate student here is so philosophically minded. I hastened to point out to him I had no intention of denationalising him but that he was quite correct in his estimate of the serious effects of reading the history of any country. Then there was a youth of shining eyes and almost helplessly inadequate language, who, after expounding at length his great concern at the recent spread of militant nationalism, ended most unexpectedly with a radiant "But isn't it wonderful to be alive now when so much is happening and so much is being made new." Beside my own there are two other chairs in my office, all three very hard and straight. To the end of my days, teaching in Yenching will be associated with countless memories of the occupants of those chairs, students and colleagues, and their generosity in sharing their interests and experience with me.

Then there is all the work in the Christian Fellowship, more difficult not only because so much of it is in Chinese but because it is so hard to face up to and acknowledge our many weaknesses and failures as Christians. And yet, as Philip de Vargas was pointing out last week, in a magnificent address to a summer conference of the Fellowship, those weaknesses are not a cause for discouragement but become an essential part of our Christian message. We know that God loves us, even us, prodigals as we are—there lies the wonder of it all. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us" is no theological abstraction but a plain statement of fact. Love is like that; and God does not abandon this world he has made because we are so slow in understanding, often so wilful in our lack of obedience. More encouraging than work on Fellowship committees and much more interesting, is our work with small groups. These are very popular among students in China just now and their activities in the Fellowship range from being little more than social clubs, to serious attempts at Bible study and the cultivation of the life of prayer. I am especially interested in these and have gained a very great deal myself during the past year from the responsibility for leading a Faculty group, in English mercifully, in the study of the Fourth Gospel and the first Epistle of St John. Then there are our Sunday services of worship and the small international group in the city, of which I wrote in my last letter, which is experimenting in the practice of corporate worship "after the manner of the Society of Friends" Such meetings vary here as in the west in depth of spiritual experience and I was very happy that a meeting which Hope and Kenneth Lee attended, while they were here, was a particularly good one.

Much of our work in the Christian Fellowship is very closely associated with our homes and the little Chinese village house and the large garden which the Friends Service Council so generously rents for me, is becoming more and more the centre of my work. As I see it, most Christian work in a modern student community must arise from personal friendship and as a means of meeting and getting in touch with young folk of all kinds the rather grim experiment of living technically alone outside the campus has developed, during this last year especially, in most encouraging fashion, In the winter time it is the fire on the hearth, its glow caught up and reflected in red candles and curtains, which draws people into friendliness and now in summer time, the garden with its tangle of gay flowers, freshened by the daily evening watering, and later, as the darkness falls, bringing relief from the blazing heat of the day, the stars looking down on us through the trees, or the moonlight throwing deep shadows across the paths. One evening last week as we sat quietly talking and drinking tea in the moonlight, a young Chinese colleague from the History Department, looking round on the other members of the group, a German Jewish boy, a Chinese girl brought up in Russia, an American and myself,

laughingly remarked "I think we had better call this Community House" These informal groups of people, varying in number from one or two to fourteen or fifteen, are the centre of my work at home but there are house guests too, for a guest bed is always kept ready made up and all sorts of people come to use it; old students of Yenching who are now busy women teachers or young doctors in the city, and who need a rest in the country, missionary colleagues, girl friends and relatives of the men students who have missed the last bus to the city and find our crowded dormitories no longer have guest rooms for visitors. The cook takes all this with admirable calm although he sometimes enquires a little anxiously when he has seen me with a group in the garden at night "How many people did you say there would be for breakfast tomorrow?" for my bedroom space is elastic and the hostess perhaps best described as casual in her methods.

Then there is the cooks family who live in a small house in the back garden; the cook himself, dignified, kindly and really fond of children, which is a mercy considering the the number of youngsters who rub sticky fingers over the furniture, need bones taken out of fish, or upset their unfamiliar glasses of water, I always serve foreign food to my Chinese friends and it is expected now even by one charming small creature of two and a half who comes in every week with her Mother to lunch, insists on drinking cold water out of a glass and enquires what has happened to the butter (really very poor margarine) if she finds her bread spread only with jam. What would she do in a rationed country? The cook's wife is a chronic nervous problem, his second son a deaf mute, who fortunately loves gardening and spends all his school holidays experimenting with my flowers, and there are two younger ones, a boy and a girl both at school, for whose benefit we raise chickens and kittens and sometimes goldfish and grow in the garden quantities of tomatoes and beans.

Beyond the garden is the village, where by this time the English woman with the curly hair and clumsy Chinese is a well known character, called on or in quite constantly to advise and help on leaking roofs, broken mud walls, pawned bedding and winter clothes, pressure from money lenders, wedding trousseaux, school outfits and often quite simply sheer lack of food. An elderly American doctor now retired from Yenching is running a maternity centre in our village and lives not very far from me so we cooperate on many village problems and laugh over the uniform nature of our conversation, very literally of the village pump variety, for cleanliness of water supply is a major interest with us and the pumps which our devoted Christian Pastor has succeeded in getting established in Haitien are a symbol of deep concern for social welfare.

As I am officially a full time University lecturer, responsible for three courses in western history and a good deal of administration, you won't be surprised to hear that I don't get much time for writing the learned articles, or even letters, expected from scholars. It is difficult even to find time to read much beyond preparation for lecture courses and the Bible study work. I miss very much the books friends used to be able to send from England after reading them themselves But some new books still come and American colleagues lend generously from their uncensored supply so I have found recreation this year in several delightful *Penguins*—how we do enjoy good novels of the English countryside!—and such sheer gifts for war time reading as *I Married Adventure* and *The Yearling*. Then there is the steady interest of periodicals from the west, *The Friend*, British and American, *The Christian News Letter*, *History*, and occasionally *the Listener*, loaned by a British colleague.

What an unsatisfactory missionary letter this must seem, all so normal and ordinary, but students are much alike and village people too, all the world over, and even in the worst spells of war time you know yourselves how strangely familiar and ordinary patches of experience can be. Life here in North China is just about as normal these days as it is in Holland or Norway or any other occupied territory. Under present conditions we cannot write down and we don't want to speak or even think about the darker side of the picture. You know in England how one refrains from commenting on one's sensations each time the screw is given another sharp turn, and there have been a good many twists recently. The policy of the American Government and Mission Boards in withdrawing so many of their people from North China, inevitably has had rather a depressing effect. Practically all my friends in the American Board Mission have had to leave and although from Yenching itself only mothers with children have gone, week by week we feel more like the one island left uncovered by the still rising tide. We are all quite calm, even happy and don't want to suggest anything melodramatic about our doings but when we are honest with ourselves we know that in the last six months the tide has not shown the slightest signs of turning. This letter I think will get out and with luck will reach some of you, but noone knows what we shall be doing by that time or when I shall be able to get another journal printed and posted.

It is because of that uncertainty that I want you to know, especially those of you, and there are so many, who have helped to send me here, how good it has all been and still is. There is a quotation from St John of the Cross "God passes through the thicket of the world and wherever His glance falls He turns all things to beauty." Isn't that just what Wilfrid Littleboy was saying in that beautiful article of his in the *Friend* a few weeks ago when he wrote or the new consciousness of the constant presence of God brought by the bitterness of experience in air raids. We have been spared the weariness of broken nights and the horrors of bombing in our immediate neighbourhood but there is not much Europe can tell us about the ways of armies of occupation and the activities of a Gestapo. Yet these four years have brought also such a deepening and enrichment of experience, such opening up of opportunities for Christian work, we cannot believe that internment or whatever fate may be in store for us will bring to an end the service of God which has been the source of all our comradeship and the inspiration of life.

And so we can rejoice day by day in the summer holidays which have begun this week and from the green coolness of the hills, in a courtyard of the Temple of the Sleeping Buddha—the sleep not of indolence but of infinite tranquillity—I have taken these first few days to prepare this letter for you and send it to you all in tranquillity and joy, the joy of being alive and iu comradeship now, when so much is being made new.

Your friend

Lucy M. Burtt

P. S. Please do not stop writing to us on account of political uncertainties. This address will find us as long as it is any way possible for us to keep going.

YENCHING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

YENCHING UNIVERSITY

PEIPING, CHINA

October 7, 1941

Dear Friends:

Up to October third, in spite of all the problems, the total number of students registered for the present session was 1157. We opened the session with a real thanksgiving in our hearts. Among the numbers, 347 are women; therefore our dormitories are quite full. Miss Speer had a hard time finding places for all the girls in the limited dormitories. We have been hoping to build a new dormitory for girls, but it is not a good time right now. It seems to me most of the students dress very economically this year. Nowadays it is rather difficult for the parents to send their children to College. Every single student feels very happy because she had the opportunity of getting higher education, especially in Yenching University. There are many, many young people who would love to get this education but there are no places for them.

Even in our kindergarten we had a little trouble about admitting pupils. You remember the campus kindergarten was built for twenty-five children, but more than thirty had registered for this fall, so we had to give a simple test to choose which should be admitted first. We asked them twenty different questions. One of the questions was:"If you feel cold what would you do?" One child answered "Run into the house." Another said, "Put more clothes on." But one child said "If I feel cold, I should just let my father stand behind me." I think it is a very interesting answer. How we hate to refuse some of the children. I still believe the happiest position in the wide world is to work with children. You learn a lot from them.

Another interesting event I am sure you would like to hear about is Dr. Galt's 69th Birthday Party. Before the fifteenth of September, Dr. Chou gave him a slight hint and Dr. Galt said that we should not make it into a big affair. We all know him and he would never want people to spend any money on him. So Dr. Chou had to promise him that just the faculty of the Department of Education would have dinner together in the evening. I happened to run the show that evening. Dr. Galt, his brother, and his son, were the guests of honor. We also invited Dr. Stuart and Mr. Wu Lei-ch'uan. We were nineteen altogether at the table.

Dr. Chou had written to Dr. Galt's brother a few days beforehand and we did not know why he had not come. Right in the middle of the dinner suddenly he walked in; we were all so surprised but very glad. His train had been delayed. We had a good dinner at Dr. Chou's home. Mrs. Chou is always willing to help. She took all the trouble helping us to get the dinner ready. Before we finished the last course, all the students of the Education Department were standing outside Dr. Chou's home and singing "Happy Birthday" to Dr. Galt; also each student held a red lantern. It was a pretty sight. Finally they put the lanterns together into a Chinese word "Long Life". Dr. Galt would not keep them waiting, so he did not quite finish his dinner but went out to welcome all the students. After we were all seated in the yard the program began. Several people had been asked to say a few words and also Dr. Galt's brother was requested to say something about the Galts' younger days. But he said "I am younger than my brother, how can I say anything about him? He came to China before I did." Finally he told several nice things about his brother.

We all liked to hear this speech. After the speeches we had more refreshments and then had some Chinese fire-crackers. It was quite a Je Nao! as we say in China. About ten o'clock all the guests tried to find the chairman to show their appreciation but they could not find her. Do you know where she had gone? She had gone home to lock her chicken-house because she was afraid something might happen to her precious chickens. Can you guess who that chairman was?

One Sunday the Christian Fellowship had a special service for all the new members who had just joined the Fellowship. There were (altogether) 275 new members. We are so glad. The Chapel was very full, even the balcony.

This afternoon a detachment of P.U.M.C. nurses and doctors and medical students came out to the campus to play our Yenching champion tennis players. So you see we are not neglecting our athletics. Many of these guests were our own old students which made it all the more fun. They stayed and played till it really was too dark to see, but we won!!

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Tseng Hsiu-hsiang

Miss Tseng, or Tseng-ti, needs no introduction to most of you. She was a student in the special kindergarten course of the North China Union Women's College in the early days. She has since attended Ginling College in Nanking and Teacher's College, Columbia University. Since 1928 she has been a member of the Department of Education at Yenching, in charge of the Kindergarten - Primary Training Course. For a number of years she has been the senior Chinese member of the Women's College Faculty.

YENCHING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

YENCHING UNIVERSITY

PEIPING, CHINA

October 8, 1941

Dear Fortnightly Readers:

I am afraid I have fallen woefully far from the good example we set last year of getting the first Fortnightly off during the first week of classes. This is two weeks behind the Fortnightly schedule which we posted at the first faculty meeting of the year, and Miss Tseng has already written the next letter, so we will just send out both letters together and there will be a tidy little saving in postage.

By this time you must have grown accustomed to having the first letters tell you all about a "record" enrollment, but we are still setting records. You will remember that we always used to think of 800 as the maximum for the whole university - there are now 810 boys alone, with a few vacant spaces still to spare in the attics of the men's dormitories, and we have registered 347 girls who, I assure you, fill every bed we have crammed into the women's dormitories and who have to sit so close to each other in the dining rooms that they have to have very good manners indeed not to poke each other in the ear with their chopsticks. Of the 335 who are actually living in the dormitories (the others are living outside or in the Home Management House) only 150, - considerably less than half, - have the comparative luxury of having only two in a room; all the rest are in rooms where double-decker beds have made it possible to squeeze in three or four or even six (in the case of the four former faculty suite living-rooms). None of us on the faculty are at all happy about such crowding but the girls do not complain and it seems to be the lesser of two evils until a new dormitory becomes a possibility. We had the plans all drawn for the fifth dormitory to be built just south of the first one and actually thought there was a chance of starting work this fall until the freezing regulations froze our hopes along with out building funds!

Those same freezing regulations have caused us plenty of excitement at intervals ever since the end of July. I came back from Peitaiho just after they were announced and while in the enthusiasm of the moment they were being interpreted as freezing the luggage of all travellers who unwittingly checked any possessions. They of course had an immediate effect on the price of gasoline which has in turn had the pleasant effect of cutting down some of the breakneck traffic of trucks on Peking streets but also the less pleasant effect of cutting down our bus service to one round trip a day on weekdays and three daily trips at weekends. Bicycles have become more popular than ever (more expensive too in case you didn't have one before and are just thinking of buying one now). The new bicycle-rickshas, which first appeared on Peking streets last year and which we all spurned as unnecessary and dangerous innovations, are now very popular as a fairly rapid means of communication between Haitien and the East City. You can guess at some of the other effects of the freezing order. Our favorite joke of the moment is the young wife in the last New Yorker saying to her husband at the breakfast table, "Wouldn't it be a smart idea, dear, for us to lay in a little supply of money?" Those who had had that smart idea found themselves only a very little better off than those who hadn't. But gradually things are getting straightened out and though the university hasn't yet got its license from the State Department to transfer funds from New York, we still have hopes of getting it before we are completely broke.

One sad result of the whole complicated economic and political situation is that the work of all the kung-ch'angs has had to be brought to an end. The committee of faculty wives that has supervised this work with such devotion and such success for many years had been forced to the reluctant conclusion that supplies of linen and thread would be definitely cut off and that there was no longer a market for their fine cross-stitch. The closing of the workshops was a harrowing business but our Relief Committee will do its best to take care of the neediest families who had breadwinners among the kung-ch'ang workers.

Probably most of you have heard before this of the death on August 16th of Mrs. Frame, the cherished friend of us all. We are grateful that she was spared a longer time of suffering and we are thankful for all the proud and happy memories we have of her here at Yenching. She was her usual gay and gallant self when she came for a last weekend here in March and when we waved goodbye to her a few days later from the Chien Men Station. A few of the many things we would like to say about our debt to her we will try to put into the little leaflet we are preparing for the memorial service to be held in Ninde Chapel on October 29th, her birthday. We hope to send each one of you a copy.

The last mail has brought word of the death of Miss Florence Starr who will be remembered by everyone who was at the T'ungfu during the last few years before the university moved out to the new campus.

There are many bits of personal news which will interest some of you although they may no longer be news to many others. Kit-king Lei was married to Yen Ching-yueh this summer and they are now living in Shanghai in the model jail of which he is warden. Pai Ho-i had all plans made to go to America this summer on a scholarship from the Home Economics Association but was held up by the red tape of the new visa regulations. She has just had word today that her clearance from Washington has come at last, so she will try to get to Kansas by the beginning of the second semester. Fang Chi is due here tomorrow after many delays along the way. Grace Boynton, to our loss but the University of Nanking's gain, is to be in Chengtu this winter since the State Department refused to allow her to come back to Peking. We hope she will send us word from Chungking about Hsieh Wen-ying, about whom we have heard disturbing reports of another seige of illness. Hilda Hague was due back from Canada last month but the boat she had passage on was cancelled and we have had no word when we may expect her. On the whole there have been fewer changes than usual in our faculty this year. Wu T'ien-min of the Psychology Department and Sun Tseng-min of the Department of Home Economics have left us. Fang Chi and Hilda Holland, lent for a year to the English Department by the Anglican Mission, are our only new recruits.

You will be sad to hear of the death of Lucile K'uang whom many of you will remember - one of Fong Sec's daughters, who was in our class of 1935, a girl whom everyone loved. She was happily married about a year ago to one of her classmates but died suddenly from meningitis about two weeks ago. During those days we are all also sharing in sorrow over the death of Norman Hanwell, whose wife, Dorothea Smith, is the daughter of the E. K. Smiths, who have been part of our community for so long. He died on Sunday from a heart infection after five months of illness and great pain, and our hearts go out to gallant, young Dorothea and her father, all the more because Mrs. Smith went to America in the spring for her other daughter's wedding and has not been able to get back here to be with them.

There are a hundred and one more things I would like to tell you about Yenching, but I must leave some of them for future letter writers. More and more of our students are in serious financial need - nearly a quarter have scholarships

of some sort and more than a quarter have applied for self-help work. We are growing used to the formerly unaccustomed sight of girls cutting grass on the campus with workman-like strokes of their sickles and of boys piling rocks in our beautiful new garden, the Ching Ch'un Yuan.

On the whole life goes on with a smoothness for which we are very thankful even while we recognize it as an entirely undeserved blessing. We feel guilty to be living in such comfort while many of you are in constant danger.

This letter brings you warm affection from every one of us here.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Margaret Bailey Speer

Kay

New York City
February 10, 1942

A copy of this letter from Miss Cochran has just arrived today in the Yenching office, almost four months after it was written.

YENCHING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

October 19, 1941

Dear Fortnightly Readers,

It seems rather futile to be writing a fortnightly just at this juncture, but, as it says in an Anglo-Saxon poem, "Those other troubles passed away; so may this". Some of us feel a little like the man who committed suicide by jumping out of a tenth story window, and decided at the fifth story that he'd rather not; but others of us are still eager to find out what will happen when we hit.

We were all very much saddened two weeks ago by the death of Norman Hanwell, Dorothea Smith's husband. He has been sick for almost six months, during which Dorothea and Mr. E. K. Smith have done everything in the world for him, but it has been a hopeless case almost from the beginning. Still, however, even though it is expected, the end is an awful shock, and leaves those who have been doing the nursing very lonely.

As usual in China, such a time of sadness shows how kind everyone is, and it doesn't seem so hard when everything is done by friends. It is particularly sad for Dorothea and Mr. Smith with Mrs. Smith in America.

Last weekend was the weekend of the double-tenth, which this year came on a Friday, so that we were given Saturday for a holiday as well. You will all remember how such an arrangement always brings forth a burst of hill-trips. Of course this year we couldn't sally forth, as in older times, to Miao Feng Shan, Chieh T'ai Ssu and Mt. Connelley, but there were three large parties to Wo Fu Ssu, and some even became so bold as to go to T'ien T'ai Shan.

Again, we could not, as in the old days, waste our precious gas by going out in trucks, and the stylish in cars. Nowadays, all that can have taken to bicycles, and them that wobble as yet goes by ricksha.

Even Marnie and Augusta are contemplating bicycling. Marnie has gone so far as to purchase Barbara Hayes' very old bicycle, with an exceedingly high seat upon which she tools with dignity about the campus. Augusta, however, has only, as yet, had one practice run on my bicycle, with Sheffy Galt manning the gunwales. I was not there on this historic occasion, but interested witnesses declare that, although a great deal of lung-action was evinced on Augusta's part, the leg-action was entirely on the part of Sheffy, and both participants emerged from the encounter red-faced and puffing.

But to return to the hill trips. The party to T'ien T'ai Shan went out in extremely expensive rickshas, ($4.00 apiece to Pa Ta Ch') or walking while one soul rode a bicycle. The parties to Wo Fu Ssu also rode bicycles or hired less expensive rickshas ($2.30 and 20¢ "chiu Ch'ien").

Imagine the horror of us all when Friday appeared, dark and cloudy and Saturday dawned a "demmed, damp, moist, unpleasant day". Never before in my fifteen years experience has there been such a double-tenth, but we all enjoyed it. We

haven't had enough rain this year, and there is a wonderful, sheltered feeling lying in bed in the portico of a temple listening to the rain drip outside. It is particularly pleasant to the lazy, who can not possibly be "up and doing with a heart for any fate", and so can spend the day sleeping, reading, eating, and playing games with a clear conscience. Sunday, however, was a glorious day - what we used to call a "mountain day" in the Adirondacks - one of those clear, crisp, brilliant days when the feeblest is inspired to walk miles without feeling it. We dashed up hills like young mountain goats, and even Bi Lao Yeh and Marnie and Augusta walked all the way back to Yenching from T'ien T'ai Ssu without feeling anything but a slight stiffness in the lower limbs.

We were told not to write about the weather in our fortnightlies, but I defy even the most spiritual minded of you to describe a rainy hill-trip without mentioning the weather.

We were all thrilled last week to get Lucius Porter, Sherm Wilson, and Fang Chi back again. Lucius is on the crest of the wave, and his accounts of America fairly make our mouths water. Sherm looks very well, and Fang Chi is so pretty and stylish that the rest of us cower in our three year old sporting models of hats, coats, and dresses, a prey to green-eyed jealousy.

Well, further than that there ain't no news that's fit to print.

With all best wishes to everybody from,

/s/ Nancy Cochran

Miss Kao

Please return to

ATC

C O P Y

Yenching University
Peking, China
November 11, 1941

Dear Friends and Relations,

You won't mind having this sort of a Christmas card again this year, will you? An apparently impersonal printed sheet seems to be the only way to tell you all at least once a year that I'm thinking of you and would like you to know how things have been going on this side of the Pacific. You will understand that this is not a report on political and economic conditions in the Far East, nor is it an account of academic or missionary life in Peking. It is simply a few of the personal highlights of the year, put down with the hope that you will fill in the background of university classes and committees that take up most of one's days and the setting of North China in which these days are lived.

When I opened my typewriter to begin this letter, I felt enormously proud of myself for being so much more prompt than in other years but I am afraid even this is far too late, for the scarcity of shipping on the Pacific has slowed down all mails so that we are beginning to consider it remarkable if letters get through in less than two months.

DECEMBER - If this monthly log is to tell you what has really happened, I must revise the chronology of previous letters and begin with December of a year ago instead of starting with January and ending with a prophecy of the December that has not yet come. When I wrote at the end of November last year I had no notion that the next few days would bring us a most delightful small guest whose presence in the house for six weeks was the highest high-spot of the year. He was ten-year-old Johnny Tachibana, half-American, half-Japanese, whose mother had brought him with her when she came to Peking from Japan for medical treatment. Augusta happened to meet her in the hospital and when she discovered that small Johnny had no place to stay during his mother's slow recuperation after an operation, she invited him to come to us. You can imagine the agitated objections of a few short-sighted and unimaginative friends- "A small boy! who doesn't speak English!" But his irresistible charm won all hearts, not only ours which were predisposed in his favor but those of all our friends and neighbors. His departure in January left us convinced that it is a very poor household that is without a ten-year-old. Other events of the month were: the closing of the city gates followed by temporary restrictions on free passage in and out of the city; discussion of the desperate need for a new women's dormitory; Christmas, with all its attendant festivities including Christmas dinner for eighteen people of five nationalities and an evening "Open House" during which four hundred students managed to squeeze in and out of our living-room; and, of course, church services, pageants, and carol singing.

JANUARY - A journey to Paotingfu for a meeting of our Mission Executive Committee. The mission compound there seemed very empty without the children and with half of its houses closed. Examinations and mid-winter vacation. A bewildered freshman's attempt at suicide fortunately unsuccessful. Faculty decision that the new women's dormitory should be begun at the earliest possible moment. Students joined in discussing improvements in the present dormitory plans and making suggestions to the architect. Worked with a senior on his thesis topic of vocabulary selection for middle school teaching. Helped Louise Sailer to pack and to start for home with her three boys, but everyone delighted when an attack of flu in Tientsin made them miss their boat and they decided cheerfully to postpone evacuation.

FEBRUARY - Another wave of "evacuation fever" caused the American community in Peking to shrink still further but second semester registration brought no noticeable shrinkage in our student body. Busy with meetings and study groups of the Peking Association of University Women. Worked on the new dormitory blueprints although

construction obviously out of the question until the fall and even then would depend on many factors outside our control. Led chapel services at the beginning of Lent.

MARCH - Celebration of our good friend Dr. Ferguson's seventh-fifth birthday. Mrs. Frame, who laid many of the strong foundations for the present-day Yenching came for a last weekend visit and we later waved goodby at Ch'ien Men Station as she and Rosamond started for America, knowing that the friends of thirty-five years in China would not be seeing her again. Spoke to the seniors at a number of girls' middle schools. Meetings with the Christian Fellowship group to which I am adviser (and cookie-provider!). A brief visit from Ruth Woodsmall brought first-hand news from Europe. Whenever long sessions of the Appointments Committee over the inevitably difficult questions of promotions became too tiresome, found that stirring marmalade and sawing up dead branches in the garden were excellent relaxations.

APRIL - Easter brought the usual beauty to the campus but also brought the final departure of Louise Sailer and the boys which had been postponed in January. Long meetings of the Scholarship Committee to consider the list of applicants for financial help of whom there are more every year. News of the Balkans and Greece very grim. Reluctantly decided to give up my plan for a flying visit home this summer as hope for a visa for any woman to return from America to North China faded away.

MAY - Interviews with seniors about jobs for next fall. End-of-the-term occasions came thick and fast - Honors Day, Alumni Home Coming Day, Field Day, graduation recitals of music students, English majors' production of She Stoops to Conquer. Adoption after long discussion of an improved freshman curriculum. Mission Meeting at Paotingfu and a chance to see church and hospital at work in a wider world than a university campus. Half a day spent sitting outside the police station in a nearby village in order to get our dogs inoculated was an entertaining experience with interesting sidelights on the patience of our village neighbors and the variety of local pets.

JUNE - The days before and after Commencement filled with efforts to help students out of difficulties that seemed to be without exception the fault of their parents. Weddings of seniors, alumnae, and faculty; particular excitement caused by the unexpected engagement and marriage of one of our young British professors to one of our senior girls. At one party for two brides and grooms the guests were neglected when the radio announced the first news of the Nazi-Russian break. The inconvenience of getting travel permits almost sufficient to discourage one from vacations entirely.

JULY - Travel inconveniences forgotten in the peace and coolness of four weeks at Peitaiho, where a houseful of guests provided good company and the weather was perfect, but where the roads and beaches seemed strangely empty without the children of other years. The freezing regulations brought unexpected results and provided good training in ingenuity and patience.

AUGUST - Back at home in the thick of admissions problems. Uncomfortable and incongruous combination of hot days, frozen funds, and the need for laying in the winter's supply of coal. Word of Mrs. Frame's death brought sorrow to her hundreds of friends here. Working hours spent in planning how to accommodate an entering freshman class three times larger than the senior class that has just graduated. Leisure hours spent in reading I Saw England, England's Hour, and a number of other books about the magnificent people of the British Isles. We hung over the radio for reports of the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting and acquired the Far Eastern radio habit of listening on Sunday evenings to the Mailbag Program from San Francisco. (Please take note that messages of not more than thirty words sent before Thursday of each week to the Mailbag Program, General Electric Station KGEI, Hotel Fairmount, San Francisco, will be read to us out here in the Sunday broadcast. It costs you nothing,

saves six weeks' time, and just think of the fun it is for us! If you live in San Francisco and can face getting up at four in the morning you can go to the studio and give us the pleasure of hearing your own voice for a minute and a half.)

SEPTEMBER - You may be tired of hearing each year of a "record enrollment" but I can assure you those prosaic words give hardly a hint of the adjustments that had to be made in order to squeeze into the dormitories ten per cent more students than we housed last year and a total of seventy per cent more than the dormitories were built for. All hope of a new dormitory vanished for the present. Usual details of room-choosing, registration, requests for self-help work; unusual details of complications over rising prices and shrinking supplies of rice and flour for student consumption. Coxed the victorious faculty crew in a surprising boat race with students on the Summer Palace lake. Inspired by good weather and gasoline shortage to take to bicycling again.

OCTOBER - University worried over financial delays and losses caused by continued freezing. Eight of us seized an unusual weekend holiday as a chance for the first overnight trip since 1937 to an off-the-beaten-track temple in the hills. Scotch mists and a howling gale alternated with October sunshine, but the colors of autumn leaves and brown grassy hillsides were beautiful in every light. All saddened by the death of a young neighbor, a writer and student of Far Eastern affairs, Norman Hanwell, whose wife grew up in this community and is now a part-time member of our faculty. A memorial service for Mrs. Frame brought together alumnae, faculty, students, old college servants, and many friends, in an act of thanksgiving for her life of great accomplishment and courage.

NOVEMBER - University financial outlook improved, though shortage of gasoline, flour, and coal has caused radical adjustments in almost everyone's life in Peking. Difficulties of transfer of funds from America causing inconvenient shrinkage (optimistically considered temporary) in many missionary salaries. Everyone has a fellow feeling for the moronic beauty in the New Yorker cartoon saying to her husband, "Wouldn't it be a smart idea, darling, for us to lay in a supply of money?" Another evacuation wave, but affecting only a few of the remaining foreign women in Peking and not any of the Yenching faculty. Making plans for celebration of the first and presumably the last occasion when Thanksgiving Day will coincide with my birthday.

It is now nearly midnight and the University lights are out, but as I finish this letter the voice of a radio announcer by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington says that after a minute of silence we shall hear the President's voice and I stop tapping on the typewriter to listen and to think of what he has to say in America where it is still this morning. How stupid of us not to stop our tapping oftener to listen to a wiser Voice telling us how men can work together and with Him to bring morning again to the darkness of this mad world.

There is much more that should be said, but you will understand what is left unsaid, and you will know that Christmas and the New Year bring you my lasting affection.

Ever yours,

/s/ Marnie Speer

Please return

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS
14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Information Service

China

MARY D. ULINE,
Secretary

December 17, 1941

NOTE: This remarkable letter from Grace Boynton came by registered mail a few days ago. It was covered with stamps, numbers, and labels of censors. However, nothing was struck out. In a note to me Grace said, "It seems good to remember that Boston is on the same globe with me, if not on the same continent. I am sending my first general letter, and I am sorry that it cannot be typed. My typewriter will have to travel the Burma Road and goodness knows whether it will arrive at all."

Several of Grace's friends have asked whether she will remain in China now that Japan and the United states are at war. Since Chengtu is in Free China and because it has no strategic importance, the risk of its being bombed is greatly reduced. At the present time there is no thought of any missionaries leaving there.

Mary D. Uline

Nanking University
Chengtu
Szechuan, West China
October 26, 1941
(Received in Boston
December 12.)

Dear Friends at Home:

Here I am, next door to Thibet, happily at work on a great campus that stretches a mile and a half from gate to gate and has over two thousand students, and the flag over us here is the flag of Free China. I wake every morning to the bugle reveille, and then I hear the soldiers singing the National Anthem. They sing in tune and in good time, whereas in the old days in North China, military choruses usually included six keys and several tempos and produced a somewhat scrambled effect upon the attentive ear. I believe the harmony of my morning music may be taken as a symbol of the national unity which is slowly and painfully coming into being. And it is a great joy to me that I am permitted to be, for a time at least, in the midst of this new scheme of things. I have always felt rather wistful when I have read the letters of missionaries who "followed the flag"--and now I am one of them.

What does Free China seem like? I must confess that it makes me dizzy! One moment I am in the machine age; the next, I am behaving as they do in the epoch prior to Noah. Free China seems like a cultural crazy quilt. For instance:-

From Hongkong to Chungking, I came by air, and from the plane I stepped on board a sampan, a craft rather more archaic and unwieldy than the Ark! The night of my arrival I met a Mr. Owens of the Canadian Mission. The next day he was drowned in the river when his sampan struck a rock and collapsed in mid-current.

Or again:-
I have read in Asia about the great feat of the Chinese in building modern roads at a sacrifice of life comparable to that demanded by the building of the Great Wall. In Chungking I met one of my dearest friends who is known to the public as "Icy Heart" the poet. She told me that her uncle was an engineer in charge of repairs on the Burma Road when the Japanese began to bomb it. He literally worked himself to death, rushing from place to place to get the breaks mended so that supplies could continue to feed Chungking. In his dying delirium, although he was the most filial of sons and the most tender of fathers, he never once spoke of his family. His mutterings were all "Hurry! Hurry! Repair! Repair!"

There is a triumph of spirit that is timeless, and as a result of such spirit the modern world marches over the mountains of West China.

Yesterday a great truck with a canvas hood drew up under my office window marked with the Red Cross and also with a brass plate reading "General Electric Motors." At once a group of fine-looking young men swarmed over it. I learned that there are students from our famous Congregational Oberlin-in-Shansi (now in Szechuan!) School, who will shortly go off in that truck to join a Friends Ambulance Unit. The roads are modern; the trucks are American. Some few drivers are like these students. But:-

Trucks upset, I hear! Not spasmodically or only when the driver is drunk, but so persistently that upsetting is spoken of as a matter of course. They are dreadfully over loaded; they are ridden by so many at a time that people fall off and are killed. And they are often driven by people who belong to the Age of Jehu and have as little understanding as he might have of the machinery they handle. They have not learned to honk at corners or to keep on their side of the road. But, like Jehu, they drive furiously. My predecessor, going out by way of the Burma Road, was killed when her truck was forced off the road by a Jehu coming around a corner from the opposite direction. Yes, there is the present pattern - modern roads, American trucks, Chinese heros - but Jehus to drive.

Another thing:-
West China Union University on whose campus my own institution (my newly adopted institution) Nanking University is a guest, is famous for its fine hospitals. One of them, I have been a little startled to learn, is a leper hospital, and cases of leprosy turn up among the students. In fact, illnesses of all sorts seem rampant in the moisture of this fertile tropical plain, despite all modern science can do. Our missionary sick list is startling to me, but is accepted here without comment. Our folk are pulled down by malaria and dysentery, by typhoid and diphtheria and tuberculosis. Yes, there is much food for thought where the Modern World impinges upon the Ancient Orient.

Perhaps not all of you have heard how it happened that I am here rather than in Yenching University in the North, which is home in China for me. When my furlough was nearing its end, my application to the State Department for a passport to return to Yenching was refused. The New York office of Nanking University knew of a need for an English teacher and applied to Washington for permission to send me out. The passport was secured.(I got it exactly twenty-four hours before I sailed!) I left America on August 26, and by October 2 I was here, next door to Thibet. I shall never forget the wall of snow peaks leaning out of the West which I saw from the plane as we came from Chungking. Do you remember Stevenson's line "And jab my spirit broad awake"? That's what the Snow Mountains did to me. At their bases lay a thickened atmosphere(very distinct from the height of the plane) which prevents one from seeing these wonders every day from the campus. Only after rain, or on strangely clear days, do these shining, awesome shapes reveal themselves. But I go about my work conscious that they are there, although my eyes cannot probe to them. They stand to me as the eternal Verities of God which forever are, whether or not the atom that is human intelligence acknowledges the hidden heights.

Travelling by air is a new experience of this coming to China for my fourth term of service. Many of you who read this use the planes at home as a matter of course, and you may be interested in how it is done out here and in the various concomitants. I quote two diary entries regarding the Hongkong to Chungking flight:-

September 20 (Hongkong)

The first impression of my projected journey by air came off in the American Express office today when I booked my seat on the plane. Mr. M., a fellow traveller, spoke to the booking agent about wanting to find the widow of a Chinese pilot of the C.N.A.C. (China National Aviation Corporation), the line by which we were going. Mr. M. said the pilot had lost his life by happening to arrive in Kunming at the same time as the Japanese bombing planes.

I noticed with some amusement, the embarrassment of the booking agent. It is not good business to admit that Japanese bombers, planes forced down, and dead pilots and passengers are all possibilities when you take to flying in these promiscuous parts. But of course they are!

September 26 (Chungking)

Last night I was too busy to go to bed. I weighed in at the C.N.A.C. office in the afternoon in a scene of high comedy. Two of my old students, one now an officer in the Chinese Navy (did you know they had one? This boy says he has no ship but still he is in the navy!) and the other an instructor in Sociology in an American University (believe it or not!) went with me. It was a hot day, but I was arrayed in a winter suit and a tweed coat, was wearing stout hiking boots, and had an extra pair of shoes tied by their laces to my belt and hidden by my English Burberry which I folded with a steamer rug over my arm. All this was my desperate attempt to get enough clothing along on the plane to carry me through Szechuan cold weather, which is very penetrating and raw, so I am warned. The baggage allowance,including all the excess they will let you pay for, is only fifty pounds and I found it difficult to provide for the months before my heavy baggage by the Burma Road can be expected to arrive. A note from Chengtu warns me that some folks have already been waiting a year

for theirs.

Well, as I surged into the weighing room looking several times as wide as I was tall, the attendant coolies took up the proper cry: "Oh, this won't do! Look at her big rug. She's got things in her pockets too!"

The Navel Officer and the Sociology Instructor,who brought up the rear with my bags, grinned at each other.

"Watch Miss Boynton put on an act!" one murmured to the other. And then they came up,one on each side of me, and we three faced Authority behind the desk.

I stepped on the bathroom scales provided for the fatal test. "One hundred and fifty-five," announced the attendant coolie in shocked tones. (Fortunately everyone was talking Mandarin; so I could understan..) Upon the publication of such a scandalous weight the coolies all shook their heads as if they were beauty specialists and cried, "Pu shing! Pu shing! It won't do, it won't do!"

"Plenty of people weigh 155," said the Instructor of Sociology with sweet reasonableness.

The Naval officer explained how I was going to teach in Free China. The C.N.A.C. should be chivalrous to a lady - or Chinese to that effect.

Authority behind the desk was young and courteous and not really hard boiled for his job.

"I am sorry," he said in English. "We have to take only your own weight. You can't have your rug."

I thought it better to relinquish the rug. My Burberry still hung over the extra shoes.

"And," said Authority -

"She's got things in her pockets," chorused the coolies.

The Instructor waved off coolie hands and fishing in the pocket nearest him produced a wool scarf which I had crammed in there when the zipper bag just would not close upon it.

"A scarf!" said he holding it up for general inspection. "Can't a lady have a wool scarf on an airplane?"

The Naval Officer waved off the coolies on his side, dug into the pocket nearest him and produced a pair of rubbers compressed into the smallest possible ball.

"Rubbers!" said he eying Authority sternly. "Do you mean to object to rubbers?"

Authority was getting embarrassed. He seemed terrified of what feminine possessions he would have to sit in judgment on next.

"Oh, ladies' odds and ends are of no importance," he said. Then he appealed to me.

"You have got something more in your pockets, haven't you?"

"Yes," I confessed. "I've got a pound of good coffee done up in four quarter-pound packages for presentsto Chinese friends who haven't tasted coffee for months."

At this the Sociology Instructor exhibited one of the dingy little parcels (which he had felt before and had avoided) and Authority looked so softened that the coolie chorus did not render another number.

My bags were weighed, and my sum total, minus the rug, was declared to be three*kilos over the allowance, but Authority decided to let me pay for that; and I retired gasping to a corner where I could remove the tweed coat, the winter suit and the hiking shoes, do them up in a cloth bundle, and then emerge on the Hongkong scene in the travelling costume on top of which I had imposed the suffocating load. After which the Naval Officer most tactfully proposed an iced drink, and we all went and had it.

But then there was final repacking, a visit to the H's in the early evening, and other things which took up the time until we started for the airfield in the wee small hours which are best suited for departures these days. Turbaned Sihk police made very sure that no one without tickets was allowed on the airfield.

I watched our plane being warmed up, and discovered that our pilots were two big Americans. (I later learned that most of the capital in C.N.A.C. is American and many of the pilots are compatriots.) At last we were told to climb in, and I found myself the only woman aboard. I got a seat by a window as the door was closed on us. We taxied down the field, wheeled about, and then we lifted free. Hongkong Harbor lay below us and then its Mount, belted and clustered with lights. Above was the great stretch of stars.

I had been warned of discomforts from air pockets, of perils in crossing the Japanese lines, of a landing crash only the day before, and I expected to be nervous; but I found myself relaxing in my seat in complete satisfaction. As we left Hongkong behind us, our own lights were extinguished. I laid my tweed coat over my knees and expected to sleep, but I couldn't sleep any more than I could shiver. The beauty and the strangeness of the night flight, the joy of the return to China merged into a desire for prayer too insistent for sleep. I spent most of the shining dark hours in a spiritual elation that was carried on the power of the engines and the swiftness of the flight.

Then dawn began to come. We must have been very high (I have heard we soared 20000 feet) for it became bitter cold. There was a streak of cold gray below us as the stars grew faint. As soon as the earth was at all visible I looked down, wanting the sight of Chinese soil. We were above a ceiling of cloud, but at times through ragged openings, I began to see bare mountains flecked with mist. By full daylight we were passing over trememdous peaks and narrow valleys. The land was strange and solemn. It was empty, dark, and wild. But it was China, free of Japan.

* Six pounds.

We landed in Chungking at about eleven. The airport is a desolate island that sticks out of the river below Chungking, hardly more than a platter of pebbles. Very hot with no shelter from the sun for sleepy travellers! We were met by a note, telling us what to do in case of an air raid. I felt it a great journeying's mercy that we didn't have to cope with bombs at the same time we were stumbling through customs on that gridiron.

We crossed the river in the pre-Noah sampan, climbed two hundred steps to street level and were in Chungking, this shabby battered city with filth and desolation all around us. The people are thin, their clothes are ragged, their eyes are strained. Not a hint of China's traditional beauty. Not a curve of a temple roof, not a store front carving. Everywhere shoddy foreign style buildings -- knocked into toothpicks -- everywhere holes and piles of rubble, everywhere blackened ruins from fires. Chungking is in part a scarecrow city, in part a spectre city. It would need Dante and Milton and Cervantes to write about her. All of these men would salute the mighty determination and the victorious patience that lives in this abomination of desolation.

. . . .

In Chungking I saw more old students and heard their very matter-of-fact accounts of their incredible lives - a teacher, a newspaper man, an official in high place. As we say in America, I had to hand it to them. One of them has been bombed out five times. The last time he had a little two-room lathe and plaster hut built for his bride. The day before the wedding it was reduced to powder. The marriage took place, but the bride fell ill and has to remain in the safety zone across the river while the young husband carries on. Nobody fusses. Nobody complains. Joy Homer has a grand word: she speaks of "the indestructible Chinese." And was I proud!

What part has Christian education played in Free China? It's too late to begin on that in this letter and I am too new to have much to say about it yet. But I don't think we have done Free China any harm, and my official friend in commenting made one remark I remember:

"The best contribution the Christian Schools have made to us is Dr. I-fang Wu," said he.

*Dr. Wu is the President of Gin Ling College which is here on this campus, and as I have acquaintance with that college and with Dr. Wu, I think my official friend said a Chinese mouthful. Maybe he would say some more if given an opportunity.

And so finally I got to Chengtu. Here I am much more comfortable than I expected to be, and I am rather too new in my surroundings to launch into comments on them. There are only two things I want to add.

I said, when I left America, that I was going from "peace and plenty to scare and scarcity" and that is not such a bad summing up of two aspects of life here. The bombing raids have not been as numerous as in Chungking, but in one way they have been more horrible, for there

*Dr. Wu is not only a distinguished educator but one of the leading women of China.

are no dugouts here. If you go down two or three feet you come to water. So, when the planes are signalled the population streams out into the country. Before the people learned to scatter, the raids resulted in human shambles. (I hear that in my house the technique is to go sit in the cellar. I haven't had to sit there yet.)

The scarcity is worse than the scare. People cannot get enough to eat. There is the stark fact. The reason why? Again that matter of the modern world impinging on the Ancient Orient. The modern Chinese government cannot as yet solve a problem which isn't too well solved anywhere else.

The Christian Institutions on this campus will do their best. The bill for rice alone for this current year will be one million eight hundred thousand dollars of Chinese money. And that amount won't buy enough,according to normal consumption. So what?

.....

Perhaps this letter will reach you in time to carry my Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year. I wonder if the New Year may bring more war and, therefore, more of all we call most evil into the world? It certainly looks possible. But I am being constantly put in mind of a word of Jesus as I look and listen here in China. The word is, Overcome Evil with Good. Actually it is being done.

Yours-in-China

Grace M. Boynton

Letter from Grace 10/26/41

THE OFFICE OF YENCHING UNIVERSITY

150 Fifth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

December 22, 1941

To the Trustees of Yenching University

Dear Friends:

After telephoning to a number of our trustees this morning, I find that relatively few saw the Associated Press news dispatch from Chungking on December 20th which appeared in the SUN on Saturday and in three Sunday papers. It reads as follows:

> "Word was received today that the American-endowed Yenching University in Peiping, in Japanese-occupied China, was forced to close soon after the outbreak of war between the United States and Japan and that its president, John Leighton Stuart is reported under 'honorable confinement'".

This is nothing more than we had surmised from dispatches received from Shanghai indicating conditions there. Also it has been reported that the China Inland Mission received a cable from Shanghai saying: OCCUPIED CENTERS NORMAL. RECEIVING CONSIDERATE TREATMENT. This is understood to mean that the American people in North China are being treated with circumspection.

As other news becomes available it will be forwarded to the friends of Yenching at once.

Very truly yours,

C. A. Evans

C. A. Evans
Assistant Secretary

CAE:FG

Please return - L

January 27, 1942

Trustees and Friends of
Yenching University

Dear Friends:

The following message addressed to the Trustees of Yenching University was relayed through the Washington Red Cross Headquarters, under date of January 26, 1942.

"INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS GENEVA ADVISES QUOTE UNIVERSITY CLOSED SALARIES PAID DECEMBER BRITISH AMERICANS REMAIN IN RESIDENCES WELL TREATED INFORM FAMILIES GALT UNQUOTE"

This is the first direct word we have received from the Yenching campus and indicates for the time being that the staff is safe. It might be interpreted as meaning that Dr. Galt is in charge of the campus and that Dr. Stuart is detained at the American Legation, as formerly reported.

While the above message brings no different word than that previously secured through telegraphic dispatches from Chungking, yet it confirms those previous news items, and indicates that it is possible to get messages through by using the International Red Cross.

Any further news which comes to hand will be sent out at once. Apparently the prayers of friends "Availeth much".

Very truly yours,

C. A. Evans

CAE:MM

C. A. Evans

Acting Executive Secy.

Was so glad to see these —

K.

To Salem - please return.

February 9, 1942

Trustees and Friends of
Yenching University

Dear Friends:

The following message, furnished us by the Chinese News Service, was broadcast through station XGOY, Chungking, under date of February 7th.

"It is definitely ascertained that eight professors, including one American, of Yenching University, in Peiping, have been detained by the Japanese, who took over the campus of the American university on December 8, 1941. This is according to additional information received in Chungking today (February 7th.)

Those in detention are Dr. C. W. Luh, Dean of the Graduate School; Mr. Gideon Chen, Dean of the College of Public Affairs; Dr. Stanley D. Wilson, Dean of the School of Science; Dr. T. C. Chao, Dean of the School of Religion; Dr. Chao Cheng-hsin, Chairman of the Department of Sociology; Dr. William Hung, Director of Harvard-Yenching; Mr. Teng Chih-cheng, professor of History. Also detained by the Japanese are Mr. Stephen Tsai, Treasurer, Dr. Yuan Wen-pu, lecturer in the Department of Economics, Mr. Tai Ai-chen, director of Admissions, Mr. Hsiao Cheng-yi, secretary to Dr. J. Leighton Stuart. Dr. Stuart has been incarcerated by the Japanese at the American Marine Barracks in the Legation Quarter."

The foregoing is an amplification of previous dispatches and confirms the published United Press dispatch from Chungking of February 6th, which was along the same lines.

No further news has been received from Chengtu regarding the possible opening of a Yenching unit in Free China.

Reports submitted this morning to the Far East Committee of the Foreign Missions Conference indicated that no progress was being made toward transmitting subsistence funds to Americans in occupied territory.

"For the Lord is mindful of His own."

Very sincerely,

C. A. Evans

Acting Executive Secretary

CAE:FG

To Salem - please return.

February 10, 1942

Members of the Associated Boards
and Friends

Dear Friends:

The following cable dated February 9th, from Hengyang, Hunnan, China:

"STUART INTERNED TIENTSIN, FACULTY COMPOUNDED, SHANTUNGITES COMPOUNDED, HONGKONGITES HOTELED, CANTONITES RELEASED, PEIPINGITES, NANKINGITES, HANGCHOWITES, SHANGHAITES UNMOLESTED, ATTEMPTING FINANCING"

The cable is signed by Dr. Paul Abbott, executive secretary of the Presbyterian Hunnan Mission and recently designated as Presbyterian Board Agent.

The cable would seem to mean that Dr. J. Leighton Stuart of Yenching is interned in Tientsin, while the Yenching faculty is detained on the compound.

The faculty of the Shantung Christian University likewise is retained on its compound, while the Americans in Hong Kong are confined to hotels. Those in Canton apparently have been released while people in Peiping proper, Nanking, Hangchow and Shanghai are continuing without interference.

Dr. Abbott is also making the effort to finance these people and we await this attempt with keen interest.

Surely we can all be grateful for such good news as may be gleaned from the foregoing.

Very truly yours,

C. A. Evans

C. A. EVANS
Acting Executive Sec'y.

CAE:MM

Send to Kok & please return.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS
14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Information Service

China

MARY D. ULINE,
Secretary

March 30, 1942

NOTE: This letter came via air mail. On the envelope were the following directions: "By British Overseas Air ways to Lagos Nigeria, via Calcutta and thence by P.A.A. (Pan American Air Ways) to destination."
In a personal paragraph Miss Boynton said, "This letter is very general and not very significant, I fear, but there are reasons for both unsatisfactory qualities... When the atmosphere is grim, one may overdo the bright smile! We have a lot to be thankful for here and we are doing our best to improve the shining opportunities, for we don't know how long they may last. The news from Singapore is full of significance for Rangoon, and if that falls, and the Burma Road is cut, the result may be a different picture here on this campus. One thinks about many things one does not say. I am very thankful over the news from North China which in general is more favorable than I dared to hope."

Miss Boynton's letter of October 26, 1941, was widely distributed. We hope that some of the replies have reached her, for letters are a great source of help and strength to our missionaries at this time.
Mary D. Uline.

The University of Nanking
Cheng Tu, Szechuan
February 8, 1942
(Received March 27, 1942)

Dear Friends,

This Szechuan--translated Four Rivers--has me all mixed up. Consider now. This is February, the season of hot water bags and running noses and Washington's birthday, etc., but I am sitting out of doors without a coat in wine-warm sunshine. I see a great branch of pink double plum blossoms stretched against blue sky, and all full of jewel butterflies with black and gold and coral-spotted wings. And soon it will be China New Year,- not Washington's birthday at all. And furthermore, I believe I am the only person in my house who is glad to see the sun. Szechuan winter months are very cloudy and misty, and people here are thankful for the dull low-hanging skies, because then the Japanese planes cannot find us. Just as soon as we have a fine day, faces look anxious.

Wouldn't anyone be mixed up about a world where we cringe when the sun shines?

My last letter concluded with my arrival here. Now I have finished my first semester's work and can write some more. I feel rather pleased with myself when I reflect how neatly I passed Honolulu and Manila and Hongkong before the Japanese arrived. In Yenching, the students always referred to the Japs as "the visiting team," and they seem now to be playing around all over the place. Before this reaches you, I suppose the fate of Singapore will have been decided. One British Tommy in a hospital in Singapore is reported as saying, "One Britisher is a match for ten Japs, but unfortunately there are eleven Japs hanging around just now." And so it seems.

And what is life in Free China like? It is very much more enjoyable than I had expected. All the things which are different are, as far as they touch me, a bit humorous. I teach in a class room which was built to be a hospital laundry; I live in a house in which a good many panes of glass have been shattered by bombs, and in which the electric lights won't turn on because a transformer was too heavily loaded and blew out and there doesn't seem to be another this side of Rangoon. Result, I use at night a little clay lamp with three holes and three wicks (made of an old undershirt which is vastly superior to the native wicks) and which burns a native vegetable oil which is smoky and lurid as to light, and quite vile as to smell; but this lamp is exactly like the pictures of lamps which I associate with the Bible stories about the Wise and Foolish Virgins. You see, (and here I am not being humorous) candles cost four dollars and fifty cents apiece,* and kerosene is so precious that you have to get the government's permission to buy it, which is the same as saying that you don't buy it at all. I roam the campus grasping my one American fountain pen with a desperate clutch even though it is perfectly safe in the depths of my coat pocket, because I heard a day or two ago that a man found a second-hand Parker fountain pen in a shop and when he tried to buy it was asked fifteen hundred dollars! And when my American shoe soles began to wear out, I found the proper thing to do was to have rubber soles cut from worn automobile tires; they have irregularities of surface, and you feel rather as if you were on rockers when you wear them, but they are all the rage among us refugees. As for the ways in which warm under things to wear in winter are contrived, I should really blush to tell you the stories which circulate among missionary wives! But all these things are food for good stories. The whole thing is summed up I think by the gay young colleague who said to me as she mended her five-year old stocking, "You know, last night I dreamed I had got to Heaven and when I looked around it turned out to be Woolworth's Five and Ten on the Main Street at Home."

When I first took up my teaching in Nanking University I asked my students what their major subjects were, and was told that they were about evenly divided between the Department of Horticulture and

*All figures are in Chinese dollars. A Chinese dollar is worth about five cents in U.S.A. currency today.

the Department of Agricultural Economics. The last was something I had never heard of before, but I find that there is a greater demand for graduates of this course of study than of any other. I was glad to discover that now I am teaching students who are going to make very practical contributions to the management of The Good Earth in China. I asked if my pupils were really going to farm, and was told that very few of them would do that. But they will be bringing modern science in both the social and physical fields of knowledge, into Chinese rural life. Nanking was the first institution to see the need of this training, and she has a distinguished record in supplying it. She has seven Agricultural Experiment Stations scattered all over China, from which improved seed and improved methods are given to the farmers; she is pushing improved products and better living conditions. Her standards for personal conduct are very high. She has received a Government award for her moral tone and fine discipline. And she cannot begin to take the students who want to come. We have just given entrance examination to twelve hundred students, from whom we have room for only one hundred and fifty. Nanking's brave record in holding on in Nanking under bombing and all the distractions of war, and then the courage and good order in which she made her retreat to Szechuan and the determination with which she carries on here,- all this makes her seem a heroic institution, and I am proud that she has a place for me and that there is something I can do for Free China through her.

Of course this all makes me think of Yenching, of which I was speaking to you last year. I was telling you that Yenching carried on under the perils of the Occupation. And now, I can tell you, she carried on to the morning of December 8. Then the Japanese came, and closed her doors. They have shown some kindness to western teachers who are concentrated in one of our Residence Compounds and are allowed to have heat, light, water and service. But they arrested the most prominent of our Chinese professors and some of our students, and those people are still in prison so far as we here in the west can discover. The letters which come to me from Yenching all say, "We are so glad that you are free to go on working." You can imagine that my thoughts as I work, are very full of my fellow-workers who are now in the hands of an enemy.

I think I must tell you a little story about one of my boys here as I close, though it is not a story you would usually find in a letter like this! You have heard of the American Volunteer pilots and engineers on the Burma Road. Well how do you suppose those boys get along with no Chinese language? How, indeed, but by having Nanking University students act as interpreters! The Government has recently issued a call and one of my pupils came to see me to tell me that he was leaving for this service. He is a quiet, modest sort, rather formal in manner and rather elegant in his tastes, and I felt misgivings as to how he would get along with my "he-men" compatriots. So I tried to warn him a little--to tell him that American words and ways might be brusque but hearts were usually kind and he must try not to be troubled by differences of manners as long as the necessary work was accomplished. A little note came back from him. It says, "My Kind Teacher, I am interpreter for Lieut. L. He is with good heart and loud speaker. In first five minute conversation he remarked Godamit thrice. I understand your meanings." Well, well East and West are now meeting with a vengeance

3/30/42

on the Burma Road.

This didn't get posted--for posting an air mail letter is a more complicated business than you might think, and not to be entered into unless you have plenty of time, patience, extra "stick" for the stamps, and eighteen dollars and seventy cents (over 90 cents) for postage, all at hand simultaneously. I don't always get everything organized when I should.

Well, I'm more mixed than ever, for promptly after I wrote that lyric bit about plum blossoms etc. the sky darkened, and it came on the snow and it has snowed now for four days! This is supposed to be the first of such grand liberality since Nature exerted herself eight years ago in a similar way; but I could now be lyric all over again about bright red quince buds outlined in snow, and Chinese roof shapes ditto, but I don't think I will!

I should like, instead to have you glimpse with me, the way in which this refugee community is carrying on the various Christian interests which the war breaks up; these interests seem to be the exact opposite of Humpty Dumpty who couldn't be put together again. It's rather inspiring to see the putting together happen. First of all, the people here were mostly dependent for money on either Hongkong or Shanghai. Now, of course, they are cut off from support from those financial centers; and yet everybody is provided for; the machinery is too complicated for me to understand, but the devoted souls here and at home who manage Mission funds have seen to it, that somehow people are cared for. Our missionaries, themselves, have looked after the Orphaned Missions of the continent of Europe, and now they are carried in their time of emergency. It does seem marvelous to me. And then there are the many Christian organizations which were based on Shanghai. Some, like the Y.W.C.A. moved in time, and had their National Headquarters all set up here in Cheng Tu before the War of the Pacific began; but others like The Church of Christ in China got caught, and is reorganizing on an emergency basis out here. The short term for this is the C.C.C., and I am going to work for them a little this spring, so perhaps by and by I can tell you more about them. They are the body which includes the vast majority of the Christian Communions in China, and they were founded on a word of one of our own American Board Chinese who said, "We must agree to differ, and resolve to love."

With warmest greetings to you all, I am

Yours very sincerely,

GRACE M. BOYNTON.

To Salem Please return

學 大 京 燕
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

American Office
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

April 9, 1942

CONFIDENTIAL

To Friends of Yenching:

The following cable was received this afternoon from the Department of State; the information it contains is not for publication:

"DEPARTMENT HAS RECEIVED TELEGRAM DATED APRIL 3, 1942 FROM AMERICAN EMBASSY CHUNGKING CHINA STATING THAT CHINESE FACULTY MEMBERS OF YENCHING UNIVERSITY REPORT FOLLOWING INFORMATION. PRESIDENT OF YENCHING DR. JOHN LEIGHTON STUART IS CONFINED TO HOUSE OF DR. HENRY S. HOUGHTON DIRECTOR OF PEIPING UNION MEDICAL COLLEGE AT PEIPING FROM WHICH HE IS NOT ALLOWED TO DEPART. AMERICAN MEMBERS OF YENCHING UNIVERSITY FACULTY ARE PERMITTED TO MOVE ABOUT WITHIN A RADIUS OF SIX KILOMETERS OF THE SOUTH COMPOUND OF THE YENCHING CAMPUS WHERE THEY ARE LIVING AND IF THEY HAVE A PASS THEY MAY GO INTO THE CITY.

SUMNER WELLES ACTING SECRETARY OF STATE"

Many of you have made inquiries concerning the safety and welfare of our friends in Yenching. It is clear that they are being sustained by the prayers of their well-wishers everywhere.

Very truly yours,

C. A. Evans

C. A. EVANS
Acting Executive Secretary

To Salem. Please return - after Commencement!

燕京大學
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

American Office
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

May 12, 1942

Dear Friends:

We wish to share with you the following message from Peking, China, received through the American Red Cross by Mrs. R. C. Sailer:

"SAILER WESTERNERS FINE NOTIFY FAMILIES LONGING REUNION.
RANDOLPH."

This is reassuring news, and we rejoice with the families of those interned in North China.

The following is an excerpt from a letter recently received from one of our staff members now in America.

> "We like the spirit of prayer that each of your letters breathes. Prayer is a part of our daily help for those that we know in China, both missionaries and students. Among our students and graduates are many fine Christians who need every bit of help that we can give them at this time. We wish you could know these students in person as we do and that you could know their life stories as we have come to know some of them. Our greatest longing is to get back to them."

We are including this paragraph because it indicates the spirit of our staff, a spirit which has built Yenching. We also are happy that our letters are appreciated. They have sounded many a responsive chord. These days offer a challenge which calls forth loyalty and courage, and demands a strong faith in the ultimate victory of the goodness of God.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Evans

C. A. EVANS

To Salem. Please return. This is the best news yet

燕京大學
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

American Office
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

July 10, 1942

Dear Friends:

The following is a copy of a post-card from Dr. Howard Galt which Mrs. Galt received on July 7th. As Mrs. Galt says in her letter, "on the whole, it reports conditions much as we have been imagining them to be."

"Yenching University, Peking, March 15, 1942.

"Now one more effort to get a letter to you. I have written a serial letter of more than 30 pages which I have not dared to send. I have posted you several typewritten letters, hoping that somehow they would get through, but perhaps not.

"The University was closed December 8. J.L.S. was absent in Tientsin and I had to act for him in many ways; very busy for about one month; now much leisure. About 50 foreigners residing here, partially interned, mostly in the South Compound, a few in East Compound. Chinese nearly all moved away. We may remain here as far as we can now see. We pooled our finances, reduced living expenses to a minimum, and have funds enough to last through April. After that expect Japanese authorities will support us, as they are supporting some, (L.C. $200 per month per individual) in Peking now.

"I am chairman of our local organization, *Payne and **Cookie treasurers. We keep well and physically are comfortable. Can go and come through the campus gates with gate passes - always recorded. Special passes necessary to go to the City. Today Shef and I took a ride to the Western Hills. Beautiful day. Finest half of March I have seen.

"I have much time for my researches, and most of material needed is at hand, although library not open of course. Am now writing on the T'ang dynasty. #Shef continues his vocation and has reached page 124 in the Mission History. Shef and other young men doing much work, moved coal, furniture, etc. Paddle tennis for sport. Tuesday discussions. Enlarged comprehensive shop club. Wish we could get word of Lawrence and Wendell. Are they in the service?"

Signed Howard S. Galt

We are happy to share with you this report, and we believe that we can rely on its major details. It was received through the headquarters of the American Board.

Very sincerely yours,

C. A. Evans

C. A. EVANS

CAE/P

*Howard Payne is Assistant Controller of Yenching University.
**"Cookie" is Miss Cookingham, Assistant Bursar at the University.
#"Shef" Galt, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Howard Galt, has been printing the history of the American Board Mission.

For John - Please return - Li

September 4, 1942

A REVIEW OF CONDITIONS AT YENCHING UNIVERSITY, PEKING, CHINA.

The SS. Gripsholm brought a large contingent of Americans, some of whom had close contact through correspondence or personally with the Yenching campus, and personnel. Those who brought first hand news were Mr. J. B. Wolfe of the diplomatic staff in Peking and Mr. John Goette of the International News Service at Peking. Those who have received news through correspondence were Mrs. Lawrence Thurston of Ginling, who was located at Nanking, Miss Katharine Russell of the Shantung Christian University staff, who saw Miss Hilda Hague in Shanghai. Of course, the most complete story is told by Mr. Goette because of his intimate associations with the Yenching staff and of his freedom to interview people in Peking. These interviews, however, were arranged very largely through dental appointments. It appears that the Americans in Peking have had more dental work done in the past year than the combined work throughout the rest of their lives. In June the conditions were about as follows:-

J.B. talked Lucius Porter

In the very beginning the buildings were seized and sealed. The university staff was interned on the campus, but later moved to the South Compound. Dr. Stuart was in Tientsin on December 8th but was brought back to Peking, and later taken to the campus where he spent a day with the staff conversing freely. Then he was returned to Peking with additional clothing and a considerable quantity of books. He was confined to the P.U.M.C. compound together with Dr. Houghton. The Chinese heads of departments of the university were interned but after about a month they were released, not having experienced any undue hardship. It is known that Dr. Wu Ch'i-yu of the Department of Political Science has gone west along with Miss Lu Hui-ch'ing of the Physical Education Department and Miss Agnes Chen of the Home Economics Department. It is also understood that Professor Cheng Lin-chuang of the Sociology Department is enroute to Chengtu with his wife and child. It is reported that William Band and Michael Lindsay escaped from the campus early on the morning of December 8th in the President's car and found refuge in the Western Hills but have not been heard from since. It appears that sometime in January Dr. Stuart and Dr. Houghton were removed to the Henning Building, Yei-chia Pu Street, adjacent to a noisy Chinese cabaret. Mr. Bowen and Dr. and Mrs. Snapper of P.U.M.C. accompanied them and they have been living in these quarters ever since. It seems that they have been fairly comfortable with sufficient food and opportunity for daily exercise under guard. The foreign faculty at Yenching from the very beginning, pooled funds and as soon as possible they started a vegetable garden which has been of great use.

The picture Mr. Goette paints of the Yenching campus was gleaned largely through contacts with Dr. Lucius Porter. Dr. Porter desires to remain and be the "first to hoist the American flag over Yenching" after the war is over. Dr. Porter stated that the Library and Science buildings had not been looted up to June 13th but the food supply in the water tower had been taken by the Japanese. The teachers on the campus were living comfortably and although prices were high, food stuffs were fairly plentiful. Miss Speer was living in her own home and Miss Wagner contributed to the morale of the staff through her ability to turn adverse circumstances into humorous incidents. In the past, Yenching students have looked down upon the Catholic University in Peking, yet Father Fyfle, the head of the university and a German Catholic, was heard in a vigorous appeal to the Japanese authorities seeking the release of Dr. Stuart and Dr. Houghton. A few Yenching students have been taken into the Catholic University, although they were forbidden to do so by the Japanese. The story that a Peking-Yenching University was to be founded, grew out of the insistence of the Japanese that the Yenching

students register with the Peking authorities. After much deliberation the greater number followed these instructions and were placed in various government schools. There is no such thing as a Yenching University in operation at Peking. More specifically, Stephen Tsai, Gideon Chen, Henry Chou and William Hung are all free.

Mr. Goette voices the personal opinion that those so inclined should stay on in North China, as it provides a spearhead for educational occupation. The conditions are not unbearable and while the Japanese with the gun and sword is still a dangerous foe, yet there is an inferiority complex which restrains absolute violence to Americans.

Dr. Stuart seems to stand the situation very well indeed and looks about as usual. Contrary to reports recently heard that he had been greatly maltreated, a cable through the Swiss Government and received in America on August 27th, states that Dr. Stuart is fairly well and continues to be under detention, together with Dr. Henry S. Houghton and Trevor Bowen of the Peking Union Medical College.

OFFICIAL LISTENING POST
of
BOARD OF INFORMATION
REPUBLIC OF CHINA

The following was transmitted by the Chinese International Broadcasting Station XGOY, Chungking, China,
Recorded and transcribed by Dr. Charles E. Stuart, 461 E. Main Street, Ventura, Calif.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1942 - 1430 GMT - 7.30 A.M., PWT - 9635 K.C.

NOTE:- THE FOLLOWING IS AN ARTICLE FOR THE MAGAZINE "CHINA AT WAR." THE ARTICLE IS ENTITLED "YENCHING UNIVERSITY TO REOPEN IN CHENGTU." - BY C. Y. HSU.

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CLOSED DOWN BY THE JAPANESE FOLLOWING THE OUTBREAK OF THE PACIFIC WAR LAST DECEMBER YENCHING UNIVERSITY IN PEIPING WILL BE REOPENED IN CHENGTU, SZECHWAN PROVINCIAL CAPITAL, IN SEPTEMBER. THE GROUND WORK FOR REOPENING THE UNIVERSITY HAS BEEN COMPLETED BY THE OFFICE ON PREPARATIONS. TEMPORARY PREMISES HAVE BEEN CHOSEN, INITIAL AND ANNUAL MAINTENANCE HAVE BEEN LARGELY SECURED, CO-OPERATION WITH OTHER CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITIES IN CHENGTU HAS BEEN ARRANGED, A PART OF THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS HAVE ARRIVED FROM PEIPING AND ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS WITH A RECORD NUMBER OF CANDIDATES HAVE BEEN HELD.

APPROVAL FOR REOPENING THE UNIVERSITY HAS BEEN OBTAINED FROM THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES IN NEW YORK AND THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION AND SUPPORT AND ASSISTANCE HAVE BEEN PROMISED BY THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES, THE YENCHING ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD AND OTHER INTERESTED ORGANIZATIONS AND INDIVIDUALS BESIDES THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY AND INTERESTED FOUNDATIONS IN AMERICA. THE PROJECT OF REOPENING YENCHING IN FREE CHINA WAS FIRST DISCUSSED AT AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE CHUNGKING-YENCHING ALUMNI ASSOCIATION SHORTLY AFTER THE PACIFIC WAR BROKE OUT. SENTIMENTS WERE STRONG AND A VOTE WAS TAKEN FOR REOPENING THE ALMA MATER IN FREE CHINA. DURING THE SUBSEQUENT WEEKS FACULTY MEMBERS AND THE ALUMNI COMMITTEE MET SEVERAL TIMES. SIMILAR EXPRESSIONS AND REQUESTS FOR REOPENING THE ALMA MATER WERE RECEIVED FROM ALUMNI GROUPS IN LANCHOW, KWEILIN, CHENGTU AND OTHER CITIES. THE MATTER WAS FINALLY PRESENTED TO DR. H. H. KUNG, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE UNIVERSITY. IN SPITE OF HIS INDISPOSITION AND GREAT PRESSURE OF STATE AFFAIRS

HE CALLED A MEETING OF THE MEMBERS AND FORMER MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS RESIDENT IN CHUNGKING. THE EMERGENCY BOARD AT THIS MEETING TOOK ACTION TO PROCEED WITH THE MATTER OF REOPENING THE UNIVERSITY IN FREE CHINA. IT APPOINTED A COMMITTEE ON REOPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY WITH SEVERAL MEMBERS.

THE PURPOSE FOR REOPENING THE UNIVERSITY AS OUTLINED BY MEMBERS OF THE EMERGENCY BOARD IS FOUR-FOLD: ONE - TO MAINTAIN THE CONTINUOUS AND UNBROKEN RECORD OF THE UNIVERSITY; TWO - TO CLARIFY THE POSITION OF THE UNIVERSITY WITH REGARD TO THE JAPANESE REGIME AND TO FORESTALL THE POSSIBILITY OF A BOGUS "YENCHING UNIVERSITY" BEING OPERATED IN PEIPING; THREE - TO ENABLE FACULTY MEMBERS AND STUDENTS WHO ARE EXPECTED TO BE ARRIVING IN FREE CHINA TO CONTINUE THEIR UNIVERSITY LIFE UNDER THE SPIRIT AND IDEALS OF YENCHING; AND FOUR - TO SUPPLY THE MUCH NEEDED PERSONNEL WITH THE PROPER SPIRIT OF SERVICE FOR THE NATIONWIDE RECONSTRUCTION AND BUILDING UP OF A NEW CHINA.

WITH REGARD TO EDUCATIONAL POLICY MEMBERS OF THE EMERGENCY BOARD ARE OF THE OPINION THAT BESIDES MAINTAINING THE GENERALLY HIGH ACADEMIC STANDARD THAT CHARACTERIZES YENCHING EMPHASIS SHOULD BE PLACED ON CHARACTER BUILDING AND DEVELOPMENT OF SPIRIT OF SERVICE AND UNDERSTANDING OF THE PRESENT EPOCH IN CHINA'S HISTORY AND OF CHINA'S ROLE IN THE NEW WORLD ORDER.

IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THE EDUCATIONAL SPIRIT AND STANDARD OF THE UNIVERSITY IT WAS DECIDED THAT THE FACULTY BE COMPOSED OF MEMBERS ACCORDING TO THE FOLLOWING PREFERENTIAL ORDER: MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT FACULTY WHO HAVE OR WILL COME OUT TO FREE CHINA; FOREIGN MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY WHO ARE NOW IN FREE CHINA; ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY WHOSE FURTHER STUDY AND EXPERIENCE QUALIFY THEM FOR APPOINTMENT ON THE FACULTY AND A LIMITED NUMBER OF OUTSTANDING SCHOLARS TO BE INVITED TO JOIN THE FACULTY FOR SPECIFIC NEEDS AND PURPOSES. THE STUDENT BODY WILL BE LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED FIFTY OR THREE HUNDRED STUDENTS ABOUT HALF OF WHOM SHOULD BE PRESENT STUDENTS WHO HAVE OR WILL COME OUT FROM PEIPING.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER ITS ORGANIZATION THE OFFICE ON PREPARATIONS TOOK STEPS TO TRANSMIT THE NEWS OF THE REOPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY TO TEACHERS AND STUDENTS IN

NORTH CHINA SO AS TO ENCOURAGE THEM TO COME. RESPONSES TO THE APPEAL FOR FUNDS TO HELP THE FACULTY MEMBERS AND STUDENTS COMING OUT FROM PEIPING AND TO COVER EXPENSES ON PREPARATIONS WERE INSTANTANEOUS. DR. H. H. KUNG WAS THE FIRST DONOR, GIVING TEN THOUSAND CHINESE DOLLARS FOR PREPARATION EXPENSES. HE ALSO TELEGRAPHED THE COMMANDERS IN CHIEF IN DIFFERENT WAR ZONES ASKING THEM TO ACCORD FULL FACILITIES TO YENCHING FACULTY MEMBERS AND STUDENTS COMING TO FREE CHINA. THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES IN NEW YORK REMITTED TEN THOUSAND UNITED STATES DOLLARS.

NOT LONG AFTER THE ENEMY'S CLOSING DOWN OF THE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS BEGAN TO TRICKLE OUT TO FREE CHINA. THESE FIRST GROUPS HAD NO KNOWLEDGE AT ALL OF PREPARATIONS BEING MADE FOR REOPENING THE UNIVERSITY IN FREE CHINA. THEY TOOK FLIGHT FROM PEIPING PRINCIPALLY BECAUSE THEY WERE SICKENED AT THE OPPRESSIVE AIR AND GLOOMY PROSPECTS OF LIFE UNDER ENEMY CONTROL. ARRIVING IN LOYANG THEY WERE OVERJOYED BY THE NEWS OF THE PROBABLE REOPENING OF THEIR UNIVERSITY AND THE PREPARATIONS THAT HAD BEEN ARRANGED BY THE OFFICE ON PREPARATIONS. TWO OF THEM VOLUNTEERED TO GO BACK AND SPREAD THE NEWS. THE MISSIONS OF BOTH STUDENTS HAVE CARRIED EFFECT. UP UNTIL NOW SOME EIGHTY STUDENTS HAVE ARRIVED IN FREE CHINA AND SCORES ARE ON THE WAY.

MANY INTERESTING AND THRILLING STORIES ABOUT THE FLIGHT OF THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY MEMBERS FROM PEIPING TO FREE CHINA MAY NOW BE TOLD. ONE GROUP OF SEVEN OR EIGHT STUDENTS WHO TOOK A TRAIN FROM LOYANG TO SIAN FOUND AN UNCLAIMED PIECE OF LUGGAGE, A BEDDING ROLL. THEY HAD LITTLE MONEY AND NO BEDDING OF THEIR OWN. HOWEVER, HONESTY PROMPTED THEM TO TURN THE PIECE OF LUGGAGE OVER TO THE LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT OF THE Y.M.C.A. IN SIAN. TO MEET THEIR FINANCIAL NEED THEY BORROWED AN AGGREGATE SUM OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM THE Y.M.C.A. ON THE UNDERSTANDING THAT THE MONEY WOULD BE RETURNED BY THE OFFICE ON PREPARATIONS. RECENTLY THE OFFICE RECEIVED WORD THAT IT WAS NOT NECESSARY TO RETURN THE MONEY AS A MERCHANT WHO CLAIMED THE LUGGAGE WILLINGLY PAID TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS TO COVER THE STUDENTS' DEBT AS A REWARD FOR RECOVERING HIS LUGGAGE WHICH HE REVEALED CONTAINED SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

ANOTHER GROUP OF NINE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM JAPANESE TROOPS. ON THE EVENING OF THEIR ARRIVAL AT TACHWANG, WHICH LIES BETWEEN HANGCHOW AND FUYANG IN SOUTHEASTERN CHINA, JAPANESE TROOPS SURROUNDED THE VILLAGE TO MAKE A HOUSE TO HOUSE SEARCH FOR CHINESE GUERRILLAS. CLIMAXING THE EXCITEMENT THE JAPANESE WERE HEARD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE WHERE THEY WERE HIDING. THE LANDLORD TRIED TO DELAY OPENING THE DOOR FOR IF THE JAPANESE SHOULD ENTER THE NINE STRANGERS WOULD CERTAINLY BE ARRESTED. THEN TO THEIR RELIEF RIFLE FIRING FROM OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE WAS HEARD FOR GUERRILLAS WERE CLOSING IN TO ATTACK THE ENEMY IN THE VILLAGE. THE LATTER IMMEDIATELY WENT OUT TO MEET THE ATTACK. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION THE YENCHING STUDENTS ESCAPED ACTUALLY UNDER TWO FIRES.

THE CHOICE OF A SITE FOR THE NEW UNIVERSITY INCURRED MUCH HEATED DISCUSSION. ALUMNI IN CHUNGKING, CHENGTU, KWEILIN AND LANCHOW ALL THOUGHT THAT THE UNIVERSITY SHOULD BE REOPENED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE CITIES BUT AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION IT WAS FINALLY DECIDED TO REOPEN IT IN CHENGTU TO BE NEAR THE WEST CHINA UNION UNIVERSITY AND THREE OTHER CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITIES - THE UNIVERSITY OF NANKING, THE GINLING COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE FOR GIRLS, AND CHEELOO UNIVERSITY.

FOLLOWING THE DECISION TO REOPEN THE UNIVERSITY IN CHENGTU TEMPORARY PREMISES WERE SECURED AT A MIDDLE SCHOOL AND TWO PRIMARY SCHOOL COMPOUNDS IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE CITY A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE FOUR CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITIES. GOVERNOR CHANG CHUN OF SZECHWAN CONSIDERS IT AN HONOR TO HAVE YENCHING UNIVERSITY COME TO CHENGTU AND HE HAS MADE AVAILABLE TO THE UNIVERSITY THE PREMISES OF ONE OF THE PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

YENCHING STUDENTS AND FACULTY MEMBERS WHO HAVE COME FROM PEIPING TO REJOIN THE UNIVERSITY IN CHENGTU DO NOT FIND THEMSELVES IN A COMPLETELY STRANGE PLACE. NICKNAMED 'LITTLE PEIPING' CHENGTU BEARS MANY SIMILARITIES TO THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE NORTH, NOTABLY IN THE STYLE OF ITS BUILDINGS, ITS STREETS AND LANES, ITS SHOPS AND ITS CUSTOMS AND MANNERS.

AT A TIME OF DISTRESS OF THE UNIVERSITY MANY FACULTY MEMBERS VOLUNTARILY

REJOINED WHILE NOT A FEW ALUMNI HAVE OFFERED THEIR SERVICES. SPECIAL MENTION SHOULD BE MADE OF DR. Y. P. MEI, FORMERLY DEAN OF THE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS OF THE UNIVERSITY, WHO WAS ONCE CONNECTED WITH THE CHINESE INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVES AND DECIDED TO DEVOTE HIS WHOLE TIME AND ENERGY TO THE REVIVAL OF THE UNIVERSITY. ALSO MISS GRACE BOYNTON SHOULD BE MENTIONED WHO HAS RETURNED AFTER HAVING BEEN TEACHING IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NANKING ON A TEMPORARY BASIS AND PROFESSOR MA KIAM, FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF CHINESE OF THE UNIVERSITY AND UNTIL THE FALL OF HONGKONG PROFESSOR OF CHINESE OF HONGKONG UNIVERSITY. WITH SOME MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT FACULTY WHO ESCAPED FROM PEIPING, SOME FORMER MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY WHO REJOINED THE UNIVERSITY, SOME ALUMNI WHOSE FURTHER STUDY AND EXPERIENCE QUALIFY THEM FOR APPOINTMENT AND A LIMITED NUMBER OF OUTSTANDING SCHOLARS A BASIC FACULTY HAS BEEN ORGANIZED. THIS WILL BE AUGMENTED AS FURTHER NEEDS ARISE.

THE HIGH PRESTIGE WHICH YENCHING UNIVERSITY MAINTAINS AND THE WELCOME IT RECEIVES IN FREE CHINA IS INDICATED BY THE LARGE NUMBER OF STUDENTS TAKING ITS ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS HELD SIMULTANEOUSLY IN CHENGTU AND CHUNGKING. WITHIN THE THREE DAYS OF REGISTRATION DURING AUGUST THERE WERE AS MANY AS THREE THOUSAND CANDIDATES, OVER EIGHTEEN IN CHENGTU AND ELEVEN HUNDRED IN CHUNGKING. THIS IS A RECORD HIGH FOR ANY MISSIONARY COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY AT ANY TIME AND CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT OWING TO THE LIMITATION OF FACULTIES ONLY ABOUT ONE HUNDRED THIRTY TO ONE HUNDRED FIFTY FROM THE APPROXIMATELY THREE THOUSAND OR ONE FROM EVERY TWENTY TWO WILL BE ADMITTED, AN EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH STANDARD FOR ADMISSION IS SET.

THE SWARM OF CANDIDATES TOOK THE UNIVERSITY AUTHORITIES COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE. ORIGINALLY ONLY FIFTEEN HUNDRED COPIES OF EXAMINATION PAPERS WERE PRINTED. OF THESE ABOUT ONE THOUSAND WERE KEPT IN CHENGTU AND FIVE HUNDRED TAKEN TO CHUNGKING. IN BOTH PLACES MORE COPIES HAD TO BE PRINTED IN GREAT HASTE. IN CHUNGKING EVEN THE LOCATION OF EXAMINATION HALLS HAD TO BE CHANGED IN ORDER TO ACCOMMODATE THE EXCESSIVE NUMBER OF CANDIDATES. THE ASSISTANCE OF MANY ALUMNI HAD TO BE ENLISTED IN GIVING THE EXAMINATION.

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學 大 京 燕
YENCHING UNIVERSITY
PEIPING, CHINA

American Office
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

February 20, 1943

Dear Friends:

Through the courtesy of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, we are permitted to share with you the following reports on conditions in Peiping.

The following radio message was received from Rev. W. H. Gleysteen, Chairman for missionary and other groups and individuals in Peiping (Peking) totalling 225 Americans.

> "Through good offices of the International Red Cross the Japanese authorities finally permitted the acceptance of the offer made by the Japanese Red Cross for the recording of this message, for of necessity we have been virtually cut off from correspondence. We are all most heartily grateful for this favor and wish publicly to express our sincere thanks to the Japanese Red Cross and to the Japanese authorities."

> "Do not worry about us. Living conditions are favorable; for the most part, we are in our own homes. The first half of the year we received loans made by the Japanese Government and more recently by our own Government through the Swiss authorities. We receive good medical attention when necessary. We are allowed, with very few exceptions, freedom within the city walls and occasionally outside, if sufficient reason is given. Our children are free to attend their classes, being taught in English by teachers of our own choice. A few of us may even continue our former professions and businesses. The Roman Catholic missionaries continue their former activities. We are permitted freedom of worship. We have church services, prayer meetings, Sunday School. We may attend our groups, visit our friends, go about our business and indulge in our favorite sports. Most of us are awaiting repatriation. We have received many acts of kindness at the hands of the Japanese authorities. We would indeed be lacking in gratitude if we did not express our thanks to the Japanese Government for our privileges and their generous treatment of us."

It must be remembered that this recording made in Peiping and rebroadcast from Tokyo, while on the whole reassuring, could only contain information acceptable to the Japanese authorities.

During the past few days, we have received letters which add some additional information about our missionaries in North China. We are quoting significant paragraphs from these letters.

Peking, October 8, 1942.

"The repatriation plans were set up for September 4, but four days before we learned that the ship would not sail so we are waiting for news of the ship.

"Of our group here John D. Hayes, William H. Gleysteen, Miss Orhpa Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dean plan to stay if that is possible. The Deans look after the Embassy property and by so doing are reasonably assured of an income, also they will be near their Susie and that was a big factor in their taking up this work. The houses there are fairly well filled with fifty to sixty Americans, mostly from the group outside the city. John Hayes plans to be near his aged and infirm parents. Their health is not good but no adverse news has come from them. Mr. Gleysteen hopes to be useful by remaining and his family are willing to go without him. All others in Peking plan to go and are fully packed awaiting word.

"Miss Daisy Atterbury, Dr. Hinkhouse and Miss Witmer have continued at their work in Paoting with great freedom and with all courtesy shown. We rather expect the three will go to the United States if and when we all go. We are fine here, enjoy full freedom in the city, are free to have service at Union Church." (R. L. C.)

Peking, October 15, 1942.

"These days, meeting people, we do not say, like the Chinese, 'Have you had your meal?' but, 'Have you heard from your loved ones?' As the day for departure was given at very short notice, the rush to get ready was terrible. Packing, disposing of belongings, storing furniture, receiving innumerable visits, etc., etc!! The chaos was very confusing and exhausting. Mr. Leynse is not too well. We are getting along nicely as far as political and economical conditions allow. We have to be very careful with our money. It is not easy, but it is a good lesson. We had a picnic at the Temple of Heaven the other day with twenty-nine redbands attending."

(Mrs. James P. Leynse)

Peiping, November 1, 1942

"On the morning of October 27, 1942, William Gleysteen, Eugene Huebener, John Hayes and Elroy Johnson got up early to meet the 7 a. m. train from Shuntch, which brought at last the three from there - Lillian Jenness, John Bickford, and Dr. Ralph C. Lewis. All were find, and the men were brown from sun baths."

(R. L. Creighton)

In Peiping (Peking) and Shanghai, all enemy aliens wear red armbands, with the number of the national and the abbreviation of the country, A for America, Ho for Holland and so on.

The Peking American School has been allowed to open in the American-Oriental Mission property with a distinguished faculty. Miss Moore is principal; Miss Nancy Cochran teaches English; Dr. Stanley Wilson, Chemistry; Rev. John D. Hayes, Latin; Dr. L. E. Wolferz, German and French. British children also attend. The enrollment is twenty-nine, fourteen Americans and fifteen British or European.

Another letter has been received from the American Board, but the information largely duplicates the foregoing.

Most sincerely yours,

C. A. Evans

CAE:MM

C O P Y

Yenching University
Chengtu, Szechuan, China
December 16, 1942

Dear Friends:

If I should make any excuse for this long period of silence, I would have to say that it was because of the lack of a typewriter. This letter should have been sent out three months ago, when I arrived in Chengtu.

It is exactly one year now since the Japanese forcibly took over Yenching, following her treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor. It has been a very thrilling and adventurous year for us all. It is not easy to make a long story short, but I still had better start from the very beginning in order to give you a more complete picture.

At 8.45 on the morning of December 8th, last year, a few trucks full of Japanese soldiers and policemen drove into the Yenching campus. All four of our gates were heavily guarded and we were not allowed to go in or out. We were ordered to remain where we were, and to await their orders. That evening all dormitories and faculty houses were searched, and twelve students and seven faculty members were arrested. We didn't sleep much that night. The next morning the students were told that they could go home, but nothing was said about the faculty. There was a general exodus of students at ten o'clock. You can imagine our campus at that moment, - over 1000 boys and girls moving out of their dormitories at the same time. No one had any help, or any means of transportation inside the campus. The girls rolled and kicked their baggage around in order to bring them to the West Gate to be searched. Thousands of pieces of baggage were put on the lawn in front of the Administration Building, just inside of the West Gate. Hundreds of rickshas, carts, and coolies waited outside of the gate, hoping for good luck in business. They had good business all right, for they charged sky-high prices for a trip to the city. The students were quick to move and the great rush and noise died down inside of three hours. Many of the students left things behind without knowing when or how they could come back for them again. All faculty members except the unmarried men and women stayed on.

Now to come back to myself, I certainly got enough exercise that day. The two servants in our home, the two gym men, and I, carried things continously for five hours. It is about a ten minute walk from my house to the gate. We carried mother out on a chair, since she could not walk very far. We stayed in the village near the campus with one of my friends, but after a few days, I managed to find a small place in the city and we moved in.

Every one of us tried to find some way out, but no one could get anywhere. We were not wanted in any institution because Yenching people were considered dangerous. Of course, we had no income and most of us had to worry about where our next meal was coming from. As time went on, I managed to sell most of my things and in this way got enough money to take the family down to Shanghai, with my brother's approval. I left my nephew in Tientsin with a relative and sent him to school there.

My mother, my sister, a servant and I started for Shanghai with some other Yenching people on March 14th. We all arrived safely, including my bicycle, on the 17th. It took us six weeks to get settled, and then I started inland on April 30th. Three Physical Education major students, one of our faculty members, five other Yenching alumni and I travelled with a group of other people - 36 altogether. We went through Japanese occupied territory and guerilla areas. We started from Shanghai to Hangchow, the "Switzerland of China", by train; then we went on our really perilous journey, full of hair-raising experiences.

In order to start our overland trek, we had to cross the mighty Chientang River, the river on which the famous Hangchow Bore can be seen. We were quartered in a

dingy inn on the Hangchow side, waiting for the coast to clear. Then, in the darkness of the night, we made a dash across the river in a sampan, risking Japanese fire on the opposite shore. Our guides knew every inch of the territory, though, and once on the other side, we began our "Long March".

The first few days we spent travelling in house boats, the most popular form of conveyance in that part of the country, where a maze of waterways exists. Later on, we hiked until we reached the railroad at Kinhua - which has now become the focus of the Sino-Japanese struggle on the East China front. The Japanese were literally on our heels, for no sooner had we reached Kinhua than the Japanese started their gigantic offensive in East China in an attempt to capture all the Chinese air bases there so as to minimize the danger of future American bombings of Japan proper. General Doolittle and his men certainly gave the Japs a bad jolt on April 18th. The Japanese were right behind us wherever we went, but by hook or crook, we managed to shake them loose and were always a jump ahead of them. However, towns that we had passed fell into their hands one after another, and, though we were glad to have escaped alive, we were grieved to learn that what were once peaceful and prosperous towns had been trampled under the invader's feet. The only consolation for us, after we had safely arrived in Chungking, was that the Chinese forces had counter-attacked and successfully recovered most of the towns through which we had passed - except Kinhua.

The toughest stretch of our travel - not counting the Japanese menace - was between Yingtan and Hungyang. For fourteen days we rocked and swayed in a charcoal-powered bus in which we were packed like sardines. In that bus there were 75 pieces of luggage and 25 passengers. At night we stopped off in small inns along the roadside, which were infested with bed-bugs. There we engaged in a two-dimensional war - the bed-bugs crawling around like tanks and the mosquitoes swooping down like dive-bombers!

Travelling in wartime China was certainly an experience, yet in a way I was glad I had a taste of it. It has helped make me understand conditions in the interior much better and to appreciate the problems which our country has been facing the last five years of hardship and which she must continue to face. For me it was an eye-opener, for I had continued to enjoy the modern comforts of life until I was compelled to leave Yenching.

Finally, my students and I arrived in Chungking on a truck one hot dusty summer day, after covering a distance of some 5000 kilometers (roughly, 2000 miles). We had spent four months on the road and I am glad to say we fared none the worse for the strenuous travelling conditions. As a matter of fact, we actually thrived on the hardship and acquired, among other things, a deep coat of tan!

In Chungking I contacted Yenching alumni and some of the faculty members and students who had escaped from Yenching and arrived ahead of me. I got definite news then that Yenching was going to reopen in Chengtu, under unpretentious circumstances of course, but none the less carrying on the traditions of the school. I compared notes with other refugees and obtained information about the fate of Yenching and of the Peiping Union Medical College - the Rockefeller endowed institution. The fifteen blacklisted faculty members and twelve student leaders detained by the Japanese were released after repeated Japanese failure to coerce them to work in Japanese-operated colleges and institutions. Dr. J. L. Stuart, President of Yenching, is still under detention. Many people would like to get away from Peiping if they had the means to do so, but it is an expensive trip, costing several thousand Chinese dollars. Those who came with me had to spend $8,000 (Chinese) to get to Chungking, because of the many delays.

In spite of the heat, I stayed in Chungking five weeks, partly because of the difficulty in securing transportation and partly because I was sick three times. Finally I arrived in Chengtu on September 2nd.

Yenching has managed to keep its flag flying in Chengtu. We started school on October 1st. Up to this time we have a student body of 296 and over 40 full-time members and around 30 part-time members on the staff and faculty. Among the faculty and student body, 15 and 96 respectively came from Peiping. Through the kindness of the Methodist Mission, we are now using the old campus of Hua Mei Academy. On account of air raids during the last few years, Hua Mei moved out of the city. Many old temples are used as middle school campuses now. We are just hoping that the air raids will not come again, because this campus is considered as a dangerous zone.

On this campus there is one big three-storied building, consisting of 21 rooms, some quite big, some small. We are making use of the hallways, porches and any corners we can possibly find. All the classrooms and offices are concentrated in this one building. Behind this building is another two-storied building with 22 rooms, 8' x 10', on each floor. This is used as a girls' dormitory, and the ground floor is our dining room. In front of the girls' dormitory is a field 200 feet long and about 50 feet wide, which is being used as the girls' athletic field. On the right side of the girls' dormitory is a small two-storied building. Unfortunately we can only have half of this, and it is used for a nursery school run by the Yenching Home Economics Department and the local Y.W.C.A. So we have to share our athletic ground with the nursery school children. On the left side of the dormitory are bath rooms and in the back is a kitchen. Each faculty woman has a room in the girls' dormitory, and the girls are sleeping two in a room on double-deckers. Oh! There is a cement tennis court in front of the big building. We have now changed it to a combination basketball and volleyball court, and it is here that most of our games take place. The boys and faculty men live in a Confucius temple which is 15 minutes walk from the campus. Next to this campus there are two small buildings, formerly used for an elementary school, now used for faculty residences.

Perhaps you may have heard about the famous West China Union University. It is on the west side of the city and about 20 minutes walk from our campus. Because we lack laboratory and library facilities, teachers, and classrooms, we are cooperating with the West China Union colleges in many ways. Our teachers go over there to offer some courses and many of our students go there to take courses, so most of us are having plenty of exercise every day, walking back and forth. Huahsipa, the campus of the West China Union University, is a big place, beautiful, and with many nice buildings. It makes us feel homesick for Yenching. Chengtu is also known as the "Small Peiping", but still there is no comparison.

On December 8, 1942 we took this one-year anniversary for the formal reopening of Yenching. Over 100 alumni came back for the occasion. Because of the limited space we could invite only representatives from the institutions and missions and some government officials. We had over 400 guests that day. The whole affair went through very smoothly.

So much for the story. Now I'd better say something about myself. Since Physical Education teachers are so few in this country, many professional schools got after me for my services. With the reopening of my own Alma Mater, I cannot very well walk away. When I first arrived here, I was single-handed and had to set up everything for our Physical Education program. From the digging of the ground, dealing with carpenters, making apparatus, and buying all sorts of things in the strange town - all this was done by myself. On top of that, I teach half-time (8 hours) in the Department of Physical Education at Ginling. Naturally, we don't

have a department in Yenching, so my only major student is taking all her courses in Ginling. You can imagine how much work has to be done when a school is newly started, but everyone of us is working like the dickens, so I cannot be an exception.

******A man Physical Education teacher arrived in November, soon after I got all the classes arranged and a minimum amount of equipment ready. In November, one member of our department arrived on the 29th, and two telegrams were received saying that two more were on the way. Suddenly we have a department of five members instead of one. While we were in Yenching our department had 16 members and we were trying to carry out a grand program. Although five of us are here now, I am feeling sad for the rest of the members who are still in Peiping and cannot come here and breathe fresh air and join us in our program.

Speaking of life in Free China - it is hard, there's no denying that. We are almost completely blocked off from the rest of China by the Japanese, and there is a dearth of commodities. Prices in general have risen almost fifty times since the war and the hardest hit are those of the "white-collar" class whose salaries can hardly catch up with the skyrocketing prices. We have to learn to do without a lot of things we once thought were necessary. Rice costs $3.50 up; white sugar $25; pork $14; beef $9; lard $18 per catty. (A catty is equivalent to 16 ozs.) Shoes cost from $400 up, and any ordinary type of cloth costs over $20 per ft. We are getting only enough for food and nothing else. Those who do not have good jobs or who have children do not even earn enough for food. Running a school now-a-days is more expensive than at any other period in history, for students not only depend upon the school for their mental and spiritual food, but also for their meals and clothing. Practically every student is doing self-help work, which we are offering at $3 per hour; otherwise they don't have a cent for pocket-money. To counteract all these difficulties, we try to lower our standard of living, and some times tighten our belts.

In spite of all the hardships, I can truthfully tell you that there is unbounded cheerfulness and optimism here. We Chinese are essentially fatalistic. We realize that we have to see this war to the finish, that there is no halfway measure, and that either we win the victory or the Japanese will enslave us the rest of our lives and that of other generations to come.

Wellesley graduates were thrilled to hear of the appointment of President McAfee as Commander of the WAVES. We can just imagine how nicely President McAfee is fitted for this job. The news was "played up" in the Chinese papers and created quite an impression among the Chinese women who have followed the wartime activities of the Allied Nations with great interest.

I cannot close this "chop suey" letter without telling you that the Chinese people hold the American people very dear to their hearts. Sino-American relations have never been more cordial than they are today. By giving material and moral support to China, America has proved herself to China as a "friend in need". With the United States and China now fighting a common enemy, there has developed a closer kinship between the two nations. We are grateful to the Americans for all they have done for China and we look confidently to the future when our two peoples can work hand in hand for the construction of a new world order.

By the time this letter reaches you, 1943 will have begun. May I greet you with a Happy New Year just the same. Let us hope that "peace on earth and good will toward men" preached by the Prince of Peace, will materialize soon and that we may all really contribute a share toward making the world a better place for us all to live in.

With warmest seasonal greetings, I am

Signed - Lu Hui-ching