

June 14, 1936

Nanking is getting so militarized that all citizens have to attend military lectures and drill, and this week they have demanded our assembly hall and school campus for these purposes. Helen Djang, our Chinese principal, has run her legs off and talked herself blue in the face trying to persuade them that a girls' school just couldn't give up its buildings and campus for the hordes of men who would be turned loose on us. We do not want to fall back on our rights as foreigners, and ask the Legation to protest such use of our property, especially since the school is registered with the Chinese Government and we foreigners don't want to do anything that would give the school a black eye and perhaps make it very hard for the Chinese principal when she has to have dealings with government offices. So far we have not had any citizenship training classes or drill groups actually marched in upon us, but Miss Djang has spent the entire week running about from the Kuo Min Tang to the Educational Department and various meetings, trying to keep us from having this upsetting of school just at the time when the girls are preparing for the government examinations and commencement. What I fear is that, even though we may keep them out until after school closes, we won't be able to do so this summer when Miss Djang and two of our missionary teachers will not be here, and it will be impossible for us to keep summer school activities going. Of course, I object on principle to all military use of our mission property, but I realize that I am in the great minority on that. I hate the nuisance of it all, the way it interferes with school work and spoils our nice lawns and flower beds, but I have in addition the fundamental objection to letting Christian mission institutions aid and abet preparations for war. I suppose I must speak about war since we seem to be cooking up one, though I get weary hearing about it and being constantly in an upset state because of the possibility. I have tried to forget it and go ahead with the constructive business of life, hoping that war wouldn't come, and that even if it did, perhaps it would have been worthwhile to have kept plugging away at the job of establishing a church and running a good girls' school, and adding my little bit to the amount of international understanding and friendship which there is in this world. I can't do anything except get myself into a state of nerves, if I sit around bewailing the fact that China and Japan are going to fight; or even getting concerned over civil war, which has been the thing that seemed most likely recently. Tonight's headlines say that the Kwangtung troops have been recalled and that the prospects of fighting between these southern brethren and the Central Government is not so likely. It is such a monstrous thing to contemplate that I've never been able to think it could really happen in the face of the Japanese threat; but if the hot-heads in the south decide that it is their patriotic duty to march north and fight Japan in spite of the Central Government, the Government will have to try to prevent them doing it, and that will mean civil war, unless they manage to talk it out instead of fighting it out. Meantime, I made a list of what I would put into my refugee trunk if we had to pull out again - all the precious account books and fixed deposit receipts, insurance papers, deeds, and such treasures! Instead of packing all this into a suitcase, we had a nice party on our lawn this week in honor of our fellow-workers who are leaving on furlough. Our lawn was at its loveliest, with all the flowers in gorgeous bloom, the pond full of water and surrounded with hollyhocks and larkspur, dahlias and yellow cosmos, the grass very velvety and the big paper mulberry trees furnish-

ing shade for the tea tables and guests.

I am taking over the housekeeping now that Miriam is going on furlough. I enjoy doing it, but it does mean putting a little time into planning meals, taking accounts with the cook, and paying a bit of attention to such things as putting the radishes and lettuce through alcohol and seeing that the woman servant doesn't risk a miscarriage by washing all the heavy sheets right up to the very day her baby is expected, when I have told her again and again to send them out to the laundry during these weeks!

August 8, 1936 Vacation in Mokanshan

For once I have seen a moving picture before all of you saw it. I presume the Americans saw "Pasteur" before I did, but apparently I beat the Filipinos. You can see how progressive we are getting. Last Saturday in Shanghai I saw "White Angel"; I've also managed to see "David Copperfield", "Tale Of Two Cities", "House of Rothschild", and a southern mountain feud picture - the first color photography one to be shown in Nanking; all these within my memory. Also a Shirley Temple one, and "Anna Karenina".

Mokanshan offers lots of lovely walks through beautiful bamboo groves and on very pretty mountain paths. The mountains are less rugged than Kuling, and the place is in some ways more beautiful - lovely trees and bamboo everywhere, and not so many houses, or quite so many people filling up all the space as there have come to be lately in Kuling.

REAL WAR COMES TO NANKING

August 18, 1937 En Route to Kuling (we left Nanking on the 16th)

I do hope the Embassy list of evacuees got into the home papers promptly after the news of air raids on Nanking, and that the cablegram Mr. Mills promised to send to the Board on Tuesday morning after we left Monday night got relayed to you soon so that you did not have a long time of anxiety. I could not get any word out of Nanking after the situation there and in Shanghai became too tense, and it all came much more suddenly than any of us expected it to come. This letter will go up to Harkow, and I hope it can get out somehow. It can't go back down the Yangtze because the Yangtze is mined in three places and twenty or more ships have been sunk to block the channel. Even above Nanking our Captain tells us he has had to bring this ship through unusual channels to avoid sunken ships and mines. I've just been laughing with a tourist who was caught in Nanking and came out with our party of refugees, telling her that it isn't real refugeeing to ride from the house to the ship in the Ambassador's private car, as we did, and then to sleep in the ship captain's bed all the way up river as she has done. We are on a British river ship, and the officers have treated us with royal kindness. There are 27 in our party, and the ship is filled to capacity with Chinese refugees. They took us on, and the captain, doctor and other officers turned out of their staterooms and gave us all their space and all the deck space in the officers' part of the ship, and produced cots, towels, soap and food. I've never refugeeed in such comfort, but even so it is a tragic business. There were 1,000 on the ship; some left at Wuhu and Anking, and no doubt more will get off

with us at Kiukiang, and the rest at Hankow, - all of us having left in haste with a few necessary possessions hurriedly thrown into suitcases, and with homes and household goods, friends, and life work and interests all left behind in confusion and danger, fear and uncertainty. We laugh over having forgotten our tooth brushes and our trunk keys, and even our passports; but our hearts are heavy with the tragedy of our adopted country and the friends we love, and the black foreboding that before this is over even more of the world may be involved in the madness which now rages in Shanghai and Nanking. Channing Pollock was right when he said that The Enemy of us all was War.

September 26, 1937 Kuling

Nanking is getting more than its share just now, and our hearts are heavy for our friends there and for the new public buildings, homes, schools, churches, hospitals and modern constructive things which were just getting a good start. Yesterday's bombing was aimed at the electric light plant, the new city water reservoir, the radio broadcasting station. Incidentally, the bombs destroyed several buildings of the Central Hospital, one of them being the pharmaceutical building, where drugs and medical supplies are prepared for hospitals all over the country. We hear that practically all the patients in the big, new Government Hospital have been moved to the Mission Hospital. Western nurses and doctors are staying there in spite of pressure from the Embassy. A few other missionaries are still in Nanking. One of the University professors, whose family is here, said in a telephone conversation with his wife this morning that he is busy organizing teachers and students for first aid work. When the raids are on, of course, no one can do anything but stay in the dugouts and trenches. They say the city is like a rabbit warren: every few yards there are holes in the ground, and when the alarm sounds, everyone goes under ground, except the police and special service corpsmen who take charge of the situation and see to it that all traffic stops and all lights are out, if it is at night. They say the casualties have been heavy among these men because they don't take to cover. Considering the severity and frequency of the bombing, the actual loss of life is comparatively small; but the destruction of buildings all over the city is terrible. So far none of our mission buildings has suffered, but plenty of others in places of less military importance than Nanking have been hit already, and some completely destroyed, including a Disciples Mission Hospital not far from Nanking, and the Methodist Mission single women's house in Nanchang, not so far from here.

One thing I have found to help keep me busy and a bit useful is taking the news broadcast from Hong Kong each day in shorthand and writing it up for posting at various places around the community. Shanghai newspapers are not coming through, and Hankow papers are two or three days late reaching us. So all we get of fresh news comes by radio. It strains my feeble shorthand to get it, as it comes very rapidly and is read by a Britisher, whose accent is sometimes a bit hard to follow. But any news I can get is appreciated.

October 17, 1937 Kuling

Dr. Perkins of the Methodist Hospital in Kiukiang sent an S.O.S. to Kuling when wounded soldiers began to pour into Kiukiang from the Shang-

hai front. The call was for doctors and nurses. I asked whether they could use non-professional help, and the word came back that Dr. Perkins would welcome some help to get off letters to constituency at home telling about the situation out here. I went down for a few days. Dr. Perkins dictated a long letter about the cases that had come to the hospital after the first air raid on Kiukiang. Before he got through dictating, to use Dr. Perkins' words, the "dingle-dongle" sounded, and we were warned that planes were coming again. He took me to the new dormitory in the girls' school, whose basement was the "dugout" for the compound. Kiukiang is on the Yangtze, and its name means "Nine Rivers", which indicates how low-lying it is. It has been flooded all summer in many parts of the city so there is little possibility of anyone having a real dugout, where the certainty of drowning would not be worse than the risk of bombs. But at the girls' school there were three reinforced concrete floors over the basement and the windows and doors had been sand-bagged. I got there right after the first warning, and the school girls and teachers insisted that I come over to the next door building and have dinner with them, since there was no telling how long the raid would last. We had been invited to a wedding anniversary dinner at the home of one of the missionary families that night; but since we never know how soon we can return to normal activities once the "dongle" sounds (the bell in the big French Catholic church next door is used to give the warnings), I decided to go and eat one bowl of rice. That would keep me from starving and not be enough to spoil the wedding feast, should the release come in time to go to that. Just as we got through eating the urgent warning sounded, telling us the planes were very near, and we all scurried from the dining room into the basement. There were no lights, and even our flashlights were covered with a layer or two of dark cloth and only flashed downward toward the floor. One of our household came in just as the second warning sounded. She had been clear across town at the railroad station with a group of nurses and doctors doing dressings for a large group of wounded soldiers on their way through Kiukiang to the big government hospital in Nanchang. She said that when the alarm sounded, there was the greatest hustle and bustle to get all the wounded onto the train, and get the train out of the station. Railroad trains and stations are special targets always for the bombers. They got away before the urgent signal rang and our workers got back to the hospital and to our dugout. We sat there in the dark with some two hundred or more school girls, teachers and servants, listening for the planes and wondering what they would be after this time. Dr. Perkins, in his letter that afternoon, had told of the raid on the cotton factory the first time they came, and had said that on the body of a pilot shot down in Nanchang, there had been a map of Kiukiang with indications of the places to be bombed - among them the cotton factory, the porcelain factory (where the "rice pattern" china comes from), the railroad station, and the Methodist boys' school. He hadn't said in his letter, but one of the other missionaries told me later that the hospital was also marked for bombing. In spite of knowing all this, everyone seemed reasonably calm. Of course, they had had many alarms and only two actual raids. This time we were spared again; no planes came. We heard the next morning that they had gone past us and bombed the railway station in Nanchang. But they didn't get the trainload of wounded men. I suppose when that train got out of the Kiukiang station it stopped in the darkness and waited till the danger was over. When the all-clear sounded, we went back to the house, put on our dinner dresses and went to

the wedding feast. We didn't confess to having had Chinese supper at the school, and managed to do justice to the second dinner. That night a heavy wind blew and it was cloudy and rainy, so we felt safe from any return of the planes. Well, this is just a bit of what life means for people out here these days. We in Kuling don't think it at all likely that we will have raids, though a good many other places of almost as little military importance have not escaped. We get the warnings when the planes come to Kiukiang, Nanchang or Hankow, and while most of us don't run to dugouts, we do put out our lights and lie low till the all-clear sounds.

November, 1937 Lutheran Home, Hankow

Since there was no chance of my getting back to Nanking, I agreed to come to Hankow to work as secretary to an International Red Cross Committee which was being organized here. We hear that all the Red Cross hospitals are moving from Nanking to Hankow, and some of the government departments are also on the way here.

December 5, 1937 Lutheran Home, Hankow

Friends in Kuling have wanted me to come back there for the holidays, but boats are scarce, uncertain and packed with refugees coming up river. Some people are even leaving Kuling. Sometimes the boats are so crowded that they don't even stop at Kiukiang, so though I could get there all right, there would be some question about coming back. If our Red Cross work is pressing here, it won't seem best to take a week or so off. I won't be too lonely, for people here are friendly, we have a nice homey atmosphere in the Lutheran Home, and about nine-tenths of my Nanking friends, especially my Chinese friends, are here. Today the last installment of the University of Nanking group arrived, and even if the faculty and students move farther up river to Chengtu, Elsie Priest, the treasurer, will stay here. She is one of my language school classmates and a good friend, and I shall enjoy having her here. The Chen Lieh-ming family are here, living not far away in a house they managed to rent. There are 22 of them from the old grandparents to the newest baby. Quite a number of Ming Deh teachers are also here, and I'm expecting Mr. Djang, my assistant treasurer, to arrive any time. He has been carrying on in the mission office since I left. A few missionaries and two Legation persons are still in the city. Whether they will be able to get out or not is uncertain. Report has it that the city gates are to be shut, if they have not been already, and it looks as though Nanking were scheduled to be the next front line trench. The foreign group there is attempting to get the Japanese and Chinese military to agree to a Safety Zone. If they are successful there will be some hope for the remnant of people who can't get away.

Yesterday I went across the river to Wuchang to visit one of our Red Cross dressing stations at the railway junction there, - a big receiving station for wounded men, which has been equipped by a wealthy Chinese businessman in Hankow. Right across from this station is the Red Cross place which takes the seriously wounded men. We have a good doctor there and two nurses, with comfortable equipment for 30 men until they can be moved on to real hospitals. There are other places

along the railway and down river where wounded men are unloaded from trains and boats, where conditions are desperately bad. If we can find responsible persons to take charge, we can supply medical personnel, equipment and drugs.

This can't be a very Christmasy letter. I can't feel in much of a holiday mood, but I am comfortably located, busy, and glad to be able to do something worthwhile, sending out a big bunch of publicity material which the men in Nanking have got to us in Hankow, so that we can get it out to Hong Kong to avoid its getting into the hands of the Japanese censors. We are getting little or no mail. We understand that the Shanghai post office people walked out when the Japanese came in. I hate to think of not getting my Christmas mail. But this is what war does to all our precious things. It can't destroy the friendships which the letters represent, for that is one of the things that are unseen and eternal. But it certainly wreaks havoc with all the material things to which our hearts cling. I can't quite say "Merry Christmas" this year; but I'm sure yours will be merry, and mine will have its measure of Peace and Joy which even the world I live in can't take away.

January 23, 1938 Hankow

I'm trying hard to establish communications and get some sort of way to pay salaries and send money to people who are in desperate need; but I'm having little success. I did get word through this week to the treasurer of the Theological Seminary in Nanking, telling him of the needs of the Seminary professors who are refugees in this part of the country, and he sent me a naval wireless message authorizing me to pay them. So I've been able to help that group, though I can't help my own group who are in a part of the country which is entirely cut off now. But being able to help get money to the Seminary group and to all the Presbyterian Stations in Hunan and Anhwei makes me feel as though perhaps it was right for me to have come to Hankow instead of going back to Nanking, when I might have gone the first of November. Nothing I am doing here amounts to anything in comparison to the tremendous things those who stayed in Nanking have done. But this work needs to be done, too, and I know I'm useful here, though not especially heroic. I keep busy going to banks for money, to the post office for money orders, sending money by telegram through the banks, keeping the accounts and writing reports. I often wish I had Mr. Djang here to help out, but I don't want him to come and leave his family in the city where they are living, and I certainly don't want him to bring his family to Hankow. So I keep busy being my own typist and bookkeeper and general coolie.

February 9th

I have a desk full of bookkeeping, and a dozen letters to answer from people in places cut off from most of their communications, who write to me for news of what is going on. Hankow has been in touch with almost everything in Central China and even with Shanghai, though Shanghai has been cut off from some places much nearer to it than Hankow. So my little Corona has been kept busy duplicating personal letters and semi-official reports that come from various places.

I hope mission property in Hwaiyuan has been safe, as some places in the north have been, and I hope Nansuchow will escape. We've just one single woman nurse there, a woman not much over 35, I should guess. She seems like a youngster to me, and my heart sinks when I think of her being the person to go - probably alone - to meet the Japanese when they take over the city and negotiate with them for the safety of the people in the mission compound - thousands of them, no doubt. But, as she says, "God did not let me come back here to fail in what I came to do".

We get air raid alarms - two today which interrupted work, though no planes came. Yesterday some did damage near the air field and killed and wounded people at the railway station. One Japanese plane was brought down not far outside the city, we hear. We seldom get truthful reports of what really happens. Both sides like to minimize their losses and magnify their gains. But at Red Cross we generally hear before long how many broken bodies come into the hospitals to die or to be patched up as best we may do it. I wonder if the world can come to realize from China and from Spain what a ghastly thing a bombing plane is, and maybe (does one dare to hope, even?) decide to give it up, or at least to confine its use to an international police force. When I get your airmail letters in two weeks time, my heart rejoices at the thought of our human world having airplanes to bind us together that way. And then these fiendish bombers roar overhead and drop death and suffering on innocent, helpless folk, and I think it would have been better had such a thing as an airplane never been conceived in the mind of man.

February 13, 1938 Hankow. Group letter to other stations in China.

What really got me started writing this letter was a pitiful appeal which one of the Ginling College teachers made to Mr. Peck in the Embassy here for news. Mr. Peck sent her letter to me, along with his answer telling her that the Embassy's clerical staff was so limited that he was unable to write her such news as she wanted, so was referring her letter to me. If only he could see my clerical staff! (It would help some if I could see it!) And my office facilities - a refugee bedroom in the Lutheran Home where I whack my typewriter up to the very last minute every night which my conscience will permit me to use in such a noisy occupation.

WORK WITH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS

1938, Hankow

I'm afraid that people in other countries have almost got discouraged trying to help through Red Cross and other agencies. The need and distress out here are so tremendous that people feel that nothing they could possibly give or do would be more than a drop in the bucket, and that discourages them from doing anything at all. Having worked for almost a year in the International Red Cross organization in Central China, and having handled a lot of relief funds from church people at home for the Christian group here, I know that the help from America and other countries has been more worthwhile than anyone can ever tell.

Even little gifts of \$5 or \$10 are multiplied far beyond any value those of you at home can possibly see in them. Exchange rates now make \$1 U.S. equal to \$6 Chinese currency, and \$6 will keep two refugees in a camp for a whole month. You in America can't believe that, I know, but that is because Americans, in spite of hard times and unemployment, really don't know what a low standard of living is. We just don't know poverty as the Orient knows it. Ten cents Chinese money a day for food (less than 2 cents U.S.) is more than many refugee camps spend to feed a person. The camps that can spend 10 cents can give not just starvation diet, but enough rice and green vegetables and beans to nourish people. One can't believe it till one sees it.

But more than the financial value of gifts from abroad is the spiritual value they carry - tangible evidence of the friendliness of folk in other countries - proof that brotherhood still exists in our world, even though our nearest neighbors are raining ghastly death on us from the skies, sacking towns and cities and driving hundreds of thousands of people away from their homes in one of the greatest migrations you can imagine. It would be easy to think that friendliness and good will had perished from the earth. And then there comes from a strange country across the seas a great box of fresh, white bandages, cut and folded by women in Holland, and other boxes of towels and hospital clothing from Sweden, and freshly washed old linen and sheets from England. In the corner of one large linen sheet is embroidered a crown and the date 1865, and one cannot help wondering if this sheet, which now wraps a wounded Chinese soldier, once covered England's greatest queen. Volunteer doctors from New Zealand, cases of surgical instruments from America and England, drugs - vaseline, tetanus anti-toxin, ether - with French, German, British, Canadian, American trade marks on the cases. The over-worked missionary doctor and his Chinese colleagues in a far interior station near the fighting line are overcome with emotion as they unpack these things and know that there are still friendliness, sympathy, helpfulness and love left in the world. And money gifts from all these countries and from India and Australia, Hawaii, Belgium and the ends of the earth. We hear that the American Red Cross campaign was a failure, that other drives have cost almost more than they realized, that Americans are discouraged trying to help with their gifts. But hundreds of thousands of wounded men have been helped and healed, refugees have been fed and clothed and transported to places of safety and helped to get back on their own feet again by gifts from friendly folk halfway across the world - strangers, yes, but fellow men, often-times fellow-Christians. Some of the money has gone through my own hands, and I know. Those who gave it will never know how much new life and courage it put into the hearts of those into whose hands I have put their gifts.

(Back to Nanking late in 1938; then a Furlough, and back to China just about in time for "Pearl Harbor." That meant "House Detention" for six months until arrangements were completed for Repatriation. No letters allowed by the Japanese Censor.)

REPATRIATION

June 29, 1942 Shanghai