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FUKIEN
Publicity Reports
1942-1943

福建協和大學



1942

INTRODUCTION

Fukien Christian University is located normally near Foochow, and at present is operating 250 miles inland on a refugee campus at Shaowu. The enrollment for 1941-42 was in excess of 400. The staff numbers about 60. The University is chartered by the Board of Regents of the State of New York, and grants a B.A. degree.

The three principal divisions of the University are the School of Arts, the School of Sciences, and the School of Education. There are in addition several special courses and affiliated projects.



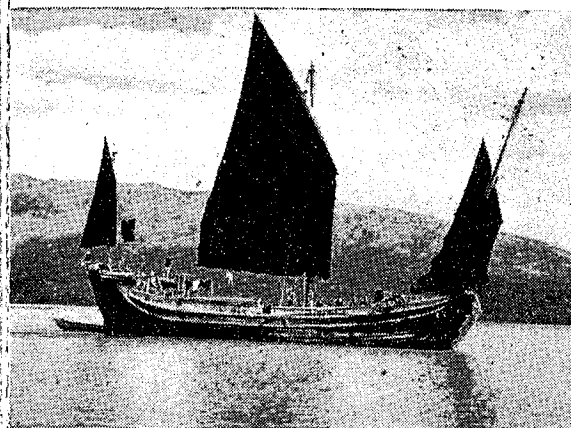
*The Home Campus—The Yankee Tea Clippers
Formerly Anchored Nearby*

FUKIEN PROVINCE

The University serves an isolated area, which might be called an island, separated by water and mountains from the rest of China. The province is a little smaller than New York State, and possesses approximately the same population. It is said that a generation ago the population was as high as 20,000,000. Civil wars, famines, diseases, and emigration have drastically reduced the number of people living in Fukien.

Until recently this was one of the more backward of China's provinces, as regards industrialization and the use of modern methods of transportation. Not only were the people cut off by natural barriers from the rest of China, but they were divided into a number of language groups. Foochow and Amoy are the principal cities, and their dialects are probably the most widely spoken.

In the last decade before the war, great progress was achieved. Rich natural resources began to be developed. The people of Fukien possess a high degree of intelligence, enterprise and determination. They have distinguished themselves wherever they have gone as immigrants, and in recent years large amounts of capital have flowed back into the province, making possible the cultural and economic rebirth of its people. Fukien was becoming one of the most progressive provinces prior to 1937, and since the Japanese invasion of China, the Fukienese have fought heroically, and in general successfully, to maintain their freedom.



An Ocean Junk



Evening on the Min

THE CHURCH IN FUKIEN

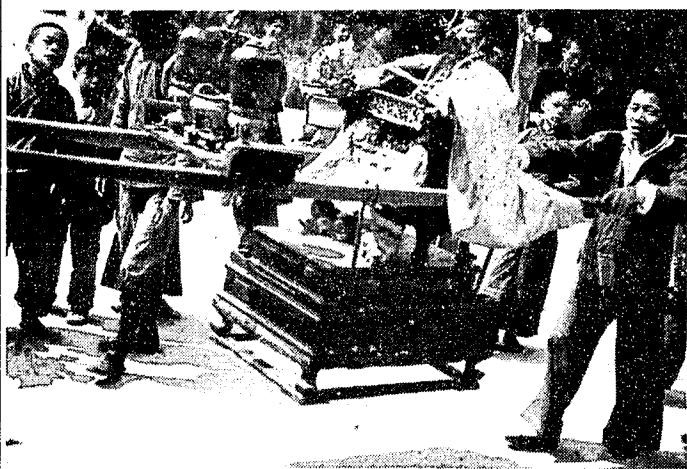
This province is a stronghold of Christianity in China. One reason for this lies in its accessibility from the sea, and another is the former importance of the tea trade. For centuries Europeans visited the ports of Fukien to purchase tea, and Catholic missionaries as early as the sixteen hundreds had secured a foothold.

A hundred years ago the Yankee Tea Clippers made Foochow one of their principal ports of call. These traders were followed by Protestant missionaries, who in the face of great danger and hardship, growing out of a misunderstanding of their purpose in coming to China, succeeded in establishing schools, hospitals and churches.

Missionary work in the beginning must have been extremely discouraging. It is recorded that one of the principal missions was in existence ten years before making a single convert. One reason for the hostility and suspicion of the people was the imperialistic designs of the Western powers which during this era forced opium on the Chinese people, and robbed them of their rights.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century, Protestant missions began to flourish in Fukien. Doubt and suspicion diminished and the missionaries began to be accepted as friends of the Chinese people. Schools were established which won the support of prominent Chinese. Mission hospitals provided the only modern medical service available. Thousands of Chinese found in the Church an answer to their personal problems and hoped in Christianity to find a force which would lead China out of her tribulations.

Fukien Christian University is the outgrowth of years of struggle, and is a manifestation of the strength of Christianity in Fukien, and of the part the Church must play in the social and spiritual reconstruction of the people.



*A Village Carnival —
A Local Deity is
Taken on an
Outing*



*Biology Students
Collecting
Specimens*

THE BEGINNING

Protestant missions in China have emphasized education. By 1910, there existed in the Foochow area a large number of Christian schools of various types, and in Foochow itself there were two institutions which might in modern terminology have been called junior colleges.

It had become increasingly clear that one of China's greatest needs was trained leadership. It was equally clear that the Church also needed properly qualified leaders. Therefore, four Protestant mission boards, representing the Methodist, the Congregational, and the Reformed Churches in the United States, and the Church of England, united to create a union university in Fukien. The higher educational work of several schools was united, and the first class was enrolled in 1916.

A large plot of land was purchased several miles from Foochow on a spur of Drum Mountain overlooking the Min River. Substantial grants were secured in the United States, and in this most picturesque setting a major educational institution was launched.

During the first years of its existence, the University was provincial in character. It emphasized high intellectual standards, and did not seek to attain a large enrollment. A number of its alumni have risen to positions of prominence both in China and abroad.

Until 1927, the administration was primarily in the hands of Westerners. In that year, a very capable Chinese scholar, Dr. C. J. Lin, became president and under his direction, the

University has grown and prospered greatly. Relations with the national and provincial authorities are consistently cordial. The University receives substantial government assistance.

Dr. Lin is assisted in China by a Board of Directors. The endowment of the University in the United States is under the supervision of a Board of Trustees in America consisting of representatives of participating missions, together with co-opted members. This Board not only administers the funds in its charge, but cooperates through the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China in raising additional funds needed for the necessary growth of the University.



Scene Near the Home Campus

THE RURAL PROGRAM



Threshing



Education for Production

This Little Girl Is Being Supported in School by University Students



Students Helping to Clean a Village Street



THE WAR YEARS

In 1937 it was necessary for the University to leave its fine campus, and to reestablish itself temporarily in the interior. There existed in Shaowu, 250 miles from Foochow, a large property owned by the American Board. This was secured for the duration of the war, and the University is now established in a small interior city, from which its influence and its services become each year of greater importance to the Chinese people.

It is interesting to note that whereas the largest enrollment before the war was 169, this number increased in 1941-42 to 403. This growth was not sought by the University, but resulted from the extraordinary number of applications for admission which were received from all parts of China. As a result of the war, the University has become an institution of national significance. It is probable that Fukien Christian University is the most rapidly growing institution of learning in China.

Since Japan declared war on Britain and the United States, several large Christian institutions in Shanghai have been closed. Arrangements have been made to receive on the Shaowu campus several hundred refugees from Shanghai University and Hangchow Christian College. These institutions will cooperate with Fukien while maintaining their own identity. It is expected that at least 1,200 college students will be enrolled in Shaowu for the academic year 1942-43. The resources of the University are strained to the utmost, and it has become the core of one of the most important university centers in free China.

SUMMARY

The Chinese have always looked to the scholar for leadership, and trained men and women are now more needed than ever before. After victory has been achieved, and the University has returned to its home near Foochow, it will find itself with greatly augmented prestige and vastly increased possibilities. Its services to China during the present struggle have won for it the respect of the nation.

*Dedicating
the new
John Gowdy
Library
on the
refugee
campus
at Shaowu*



*Thus
the
University
continues
to grow,
and to
create,
a living
evidence
of
Christian
Faith*

The Organization of
FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
in 1941-42

School of Arts

Chinese Language and Literature
Economics
Fine Arts
History
Philosophy
Political Science
Sociology
Western Languages and Literature

School of Sciences

Biology
Chemistry
Physics and Mathematics

School of Education

Principles and Philosophy of Education
Psychology and Educational Psychology
Educational Administration
Educational Methods

Special Courses

1. Premedical
 - a. Regular four years—B. A.
2. Teacher Training
 - a. Four year course for degree
 - b. Two years normal for certificate

3. Chinese Short Course
 - a. Two years for certificate

Service Projects

1. Rural Extension (With the aid of the Provincial Government)
 - a. Special courses of study
 - b. Experimentation
 - c. Public Health Program
2. Cultural Research
 - a. Historical Studies



Refugee Students in Springtime



*Serene and Indestructible, China
Looks to the Christian
University for
Leadership*



FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

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EXCERPT FROM A LETTER FROM MISS EVA M. ASHER
FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
REFUGEE CAMPUS, SHAOWU, FUKIEN PROVINCE, CHINA

Dated January 20, 1942

"So far we here in Shaowu have not been affected by the new war in any way other than being short of funds. One radio on the campus is still going, so for the present we are getting about the same news as you are I think.

"Final examinations are just over. The spring term begins with classes on February 9. We shall probably not have so many students the coming term as we have had in the fall. Thirteen seniors completed their work with the fall term, and some always drop out of their own accord. In addition to all of this, some will have to drop out on account of the lack of funds. We shall try to make it possible for students to stay in school who need money only for themselves, but when they have to support families, or a relative, we cannot undertake that, naturally. Students whose funds came from the South Seas, and Kulangsu, South Fukien, are now entirely cut off from all support. If you can find any extra money for student relief we could make excellent use of it, say \$1000 - \$2000.

"You may have heard ere this.....that one of the original mission residences here was completely destroyed by fire on December 7, which apparently was caused by a defective flue. The house was occupied by Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Storrs of the Shaowu Mission and Miss Eunice Thomas (F.C.U.). We reported the same to the American Board, Boston, by cable, but have had no reply yet. Insurance was carried on the house through the Boston office at university expense (we pay insurance on all the property here). The plan is to build again on the same site to accommodate the Storrs and Miss Thomas, but in separate apartments this time. The fire occurred on a Sunday morning when the Storrs and Miss Thomas, as well as a number of other faculty members and students, were attending the local church service off the campus. But students on the campus saw smoke pouring from the chimney, or roof, and ran to the scene and sent for help. In a short time more than 40 people were there taking things out from the first floor. We marvel that they got out so much, for they had only ten or fifteen minutes in which to work. Miss Thomas lived on the top floor and thus lost everything except what she wore to church that morning. We here made what contributions we could immediately; people from Foochow and surroundings have sent things so that she is fairly well clothed for the present. The Storrs are temporarily occupying four small rooms in our new administrative building, and Miss Thomas is living with the Scotts by night and with me by day. The Scotts' house is too small to accommodate three streams of students coming and going daily. I am away at the office practically all day, but have no extra place for another bed - so this makeshift combination accommodation for her. She and the Storrs have shown a wonderful spirit through it all. Whatever difficulties we have here we are daily conscious that as compared with a greater part of the world we are fortunate indeed to have this quiet place in which to work and live."

C.I.M. Chapel
Kwangeng Ki
China

June 4, 1942

Dear Friends:

Once again, a large portion of China's millions, are out on the roads and rivers fleeing before the advancing enemy or rumors of its advance. Surging humanity, rushing tragically forward with here and there a swirling backwash, reminding one of floodtime in a river basin.

We hoped that rumors of a spring advance would blow away or that Americans planes would arrive in time to prevent it, and so we tried to believe that the first "evacuation orders" did not mean us. In fact they didn't, we were told. But with that suddenness that characterizes war, they were changed and "evacuation was compulsory". The railroad promised us a car on its Wednesday evening train and we went about preparations to take out most of our things and most of the Hospital equipment and staff, in fact everything that could get packed into a car. But panic struck the city and many would not wait. A flood of humanity, men, women, children with all they possessed swept thru the railroad station, and Tuesday night when the trains which had been delayed by "air-raids" all day came in, they were quickly crowded. No, not such a crowd as you suburbanites are acquainted with on the subways. You do not know the meaning of a crowd. Here it was a life and death struggle to get onto the train and escape and when the trains pulled out towards dawn they were packed from roof to axles, from cowcatcher to rear step. I do not suppose that even another flea could have found space to exist on those trains as they pulled out of the station toward dawn. And with dawn came planes. We who were left at home packing could hear the thud, thud of the exploding bombs and wondered where the bombing was occurring, but we kept on with out work, interrupted frequently by hiding in the dugout or behind the doors in the corner. Our Amah's baby son slept blissfully under the sideboard for a couple of hours after he had been put there during a raid. Her other children had gone on the train the night before. At dusk, when "all clear" had sounded we took our places in the flood pouring in the direction of the railroad station. Just as we reached it we met Mr. Davies returning with the information that there would be no train, as the railroad had been bombed. So we reversed the carriers of our baggage, worked our way against the tide, some of whom would not believe the word that there was no train. More conferences about what next and then to bed, in make-shift beds.

Two hours of good sleep, the sleep of the exhausted, and then voices. Oh, how I hated to wake up! But one must and the news we heard quickly served as a dash of cold water. The whole story of the bombing of the railroad was available - the trains that had left the night before had been bombed and machine-gunned, hundreds had been killed, all the baggage had been burned, the locomotives and cars damaged as well as the railroad so there would be no more trains. "You must go at dawn". But how? We who had wanted to wait for "the last train" were left without there being any "last train" just as there had been "no last boat" from Shanghai in December. A few hours of attempting to sleep, then a repacking so that the baggage which we took out from the house that morning was just what we, two, could carry with the help of a refugee lad who was to accompany us.

What a day that was of praying, conferring, hiding from planes, waiting, wondering, etc! Most of the Christian people had scattered, disappearing from the city, in an amazing fashion. No carrying coolies, no rickshas, no chairs, were available. But by mid-afternoon Mr. Davies had secured a partial promise from the military police that if possible they would furnish us with a commandeered boat that night for we must get out of the city before dawn. We would not know until evening. After evening Pastor Wang, who had returned to his church 8 miles out in the country after a day in the mountains engaging rooms for various Christians, to hear of our plight came in to the city to get us. We must go back with him immediately on foot, and in the morning he would find chairs in the country to help us on over the hills away from danger. But then the Hospital Business Manager came in with two soldiers to escort us to the boat. He said, "It's small and it's leaky and there is but one boatman, but it is the best there is available." A weird lantern lighted the procession we made as we wended our way to the boat, thru the dark streets, deserted, except for soldiers driving people from their homes, and overladen people crying in the darkness as they locked their doors behind them.

All that we had heard about the boat was true but it was our home for six days and nights. That first night we dozed off to the sound of the peck, peck, peck of chisels striking against the stone masonry of the nearby bridge, preparing to place dynamite so it could be hastily destroyed if necessary. At dawn our noble boatman roused himself and us and we began to slowly move away down the river, around the city, right past our own home on the Cheng Mei compound, on, on, on. A favorable wind helped us that first day so that much earlier than we expected to be we were at Lanchi and turning up the river toward Kiangshan. At Lanchi we went ashore to see our church there, but found the city deserted and the church doors already sealed shut. At evening Mr. Davies went ashore again at Yangbu, to leave some money to help in the evacuation from there and the nearby Tangchi church. With dawn we moved on. All day we could see other crowded boats all going in the same direction as we were, and folks hurrying along the banks carrying all they could. Often a child's head peered out from a basket on a carrying pole balanced by all the other family possessions, while others trudged on foot beside their family, each child carrying a couple of bundles. Here and there a child was wailing great distress, lost, separated from his family and friends. At one point while walking on the shore Mr. Davies encountered a crowd of our own Tsch Sing Junior Middle boys with a couple of their teachers, hiking. Others had gone by boat taking most of the baggage. Once we heard someone calling from the bank, and it took a couple of minutes to recognize one of our Kinhwa friends, a Christian and high customs official, in the weary, dirty, limping "beggar" walking along the shore. His wife had been on that ill-fated train and he knew nothing about her, he had secured boats to move the customs archives, etc. and had been reserving one for himself and the few remaining staff members but it had been commandeered by the military so he was on foot, a part of the flooding humanity.

We arrived at Kiangshan, where we had hoped we could stay for a time at least, to find out China Inland Mission friends there all packed ready to move. In fact had they been able to get money from the bank the evening before they would have been gone! Truly "God moves in mysterious ways". So we had a day of rest and a chance to partially dry out our few belongings. It too was a day of prayer and developing plans. God was good again, and we went to bed that night knowing that our baggage was already stowed away on a truck and that our alarm would go off at two in the morning, for we wanted to be at our next destination before daylight might bring the danger of planes. In the early morning we had also the protection of rain, torrents of it as we skidded along thru the mud on the mountain roads in

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an open truck. We were now 8 Americans, Canadians, Australians, and as many more Chinese. But later we learned that in spite of rain that morning Kiangshan received its worst bombing of the year and it has had many severe bombings. So again we felt we had escaped just in time, and were glad that this time it was a few minutes before the panic had struck the city.

And now we are here in Kwangfeng, waiting for God's leading. He has led us so far and we are confident He will continue to do so. He will keep them "under His wings", even when enemy airplane wings are hovering above. That is a comforting thought - His protecting wings are so much stronger than the wings bringing the planes that bring destruction. Will we ever get where the drone of a plane brings joy rather than fear?

Church of England Zenana Mission
Puchong, Fukien, China

June 27, 1942

How long ago and far away that June 4th was when I wrote you from Kwangfeng. Again, not quite still for we have had some hot sunshine, its raining, and again we are waiting, wondering, praying -- when do we go and where to this time? But now we are here and how we are enjoying this big airy house where it seems to be just a part of a day's work for a household to jump in one day from two to fifteen. What bedraggled, weary, dirty folks we were when we came in by twos and threes just over a week ago! How we appreciated the welcome given to us! I know a lot more about evacuating, leaving precious belongings, refugeeing, etc., now than I did when I wrote you last time. "You must leave at once, before daylight at the latest" rings in my ears, and I sincerely hope that we can go before we hear it again! All during the Kwangfeng days we had been preparing for it, trying to find some means of transportation -- a truck, chairs, carts, rickshaws, baggage carriers -- and every hope turned to disappointment, until the afternoon that we heard the "you must go before morning" from the military. They promised Mr. Davies eight of their commandeered baggage carriers and he proudly brought them home to supper, sleep and breakfast. He also had the promise of places for four on a military boat. We were then twelve foreigners and as many Chinese. There were five bicycles in the group. Our destination was seven miles up river, a small village, where the "enemy" wouldn't want to go and we might stay indefinitely." (I might as well confess that I had had a severe case of hives and was still "off feed" so that I feared a seven-mile walk, thus I was accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Davies on the boat, with a hospital coolie who had a bad foot in spite of care and treatment for two years at the hospital since he left the army.

The bicyclists, hikers, and baggage carriers left at daylight, the latter and some of the first returning with them to keep them "safe" for us coming back for second loads. We still hoped it might be possible to secure a truck and get everything through. We who were to go by boat went down to the river and waited -- the next twenty-four hours was to be a lesson in patience for us -- eventually we found ourselves enthroned on salt bags and the boat moving slowly up the river. The river was crossed and recrossed by stone dams to supply water for the mills and water wheels on its banks. This meant frequent rapids to be run against and each meant a struggle for the boatman. Just seven miles how could we believe them when they said they wouldn't get there that day! It was nice to be lazy and lean back and look at the hills, listen to the water rushing over the big rocks, but it wasn't so nice to see the planes come swooping down and hear the boom-boom of bombs, and

- 4 -

the snap-snap of machine guns, out where the road was, (and especially to realize you were on a military boat!) But our group of boats did not seem to be an object for attack that day. And it wasn't nice when darkness settled down to know that you were too far away from your destination to walk in and that you were in the midst of bandit infested country. We had no bedding and had made no plans for so many meals or a night on the boat. But there we spent the night, curled up on the hills and valleys, that were salt bags! The stars were beautiful and the mosquitoes numerous and hungry -- but morning came, same way it always does -- and I have decided since carrying a money bag that I can sleep anywhere if I have enough thousands as my pillow.

As on the day before no amount of coaxing, ordering, bribing could induce our boatman to hurry. In the middle of the forenoon we found some of our Chinese men waiting for us and when we learned that we were but half way and that we couldn't possibly get there by boat that day, we abandoned the boat and took to "shanks horses" and arrived. It was quickly evident that the small dirty place which had been found was too small for the entire group and Mrs. Davies set forth up the street (it was a one street village) in search of a place where we could stay. She found a comparatively new house where we could have a room and a loft, and the use of a kitchen stove. We were quickly established there, objects of friendly curiosity, and feelers were put out for news and to contact people of influence. We found we were in the home of the headman of the street, one of the city fathers so to speak, and it was the usual story. "Stay on here all summer, there is no danger, except from bandits at night and our house is well looked after and we have big dogs." "The only other things we fear are the planes and the soldiers coming to impress men into the service." But again we detected the increasing restlessness and heard the machine guns from the planes by day, and at night from the "bandits" etc., etc.

Two military men came along and wanted to be helpful. "Had you been here five days ago we could have supplied a truck, now we will do the best we can for you." It sounded encouraging but half an hour later other military men were carrying orders from house to house "Get out before daylight for the enemy is almost to Kwangfong." This time it was impossible to get any carriers at all so all the baggage that would not go on the bicycles, or could be carried by ourselves and our Chinese co-travelers, must be left behind. So another hectic night of repacking and discarding what had seemed the last time so essential.

That morning the bridge we must cross in leaving the city had been machine-gunned shortly after daylight, so at 3:30 on Sunday morning, June 14th, our torch light procession merged with the others we had been hearing, and we set forth on our fifteen mile hike! The weirdness of that walk in the dark, the beauty of the dawn, the unending line ahead and behind, after crossing the valley the winding climb of the road up the mountainside -- all stand out as impressions before the first appearance of planes. From then on one was constantly looking ahead to spy out possible protection from them if they should suddenly reappear and the "snap-snap" be along our road.

About noon we had a long rest in one of the deserted houses by the side of the road, an interesting pathetic place. Its newness, decorations, carvings, size, magnificent furniture, everything about it indicated that people of wealth had occupied it, but also that they had heeded the "leave before dawn" command some morning, for drawers were tumbled out, everything was in a terrible mess. For undoubtedly after the owners left, the neighbors, soldiers, and passing refugees had searched carefully for anything of value left behind. Of greatest value to us was the fact that the iron cooking dish had been left on the stove, that meant a good meal could be prepared for us of rice and eggs, which we had with us, with bits of vegetables found in the deserted garden. We had "one broad river to cross" ahead of us and we

wanted for reasons familiar to us (planes) to do it late in the afternoon, after bombing hours. But before we were ready to continue our journey, neighbors came to urge us to go and not think of remaining the night there because of bandits. So we started on.

How I wish I could make you see the scenes on that road that afternoon! Fear of the enemy and its airplanes, fear of bandits drove the panic stricken mob forward. Weary from the long tramp of the day, people were discovering that things considered "essentials" that morning were no longer indispensable and were dropping them by the roadside. Here someone was burning account books and other papers, there books and paper, padded winter garments, etc., etc. had been dropped. To me an old family clock placed tenderly at the foot of a tree high on the roadbank told a sad story. There were half hidden piles of things bought and dumped by trucks that had returned for other loads, hoping that the bridge would be repaired and the goods could be taken forward. And there were trucks broken down, damaged beyond immediate repair by "air activities," more than one burned chassis told the story of a direct hit by an incendiary bomb. Flies swarming about a dead horse. The nearer the river the greater the chaos.

As we slowed down, as the trampers came to a stop on the hill overlooking the river, I remarked to one of our faithful refugee lads with us, "What an odor!" His reply was, "Don't look that way, there are four dead bodies there machine gunned yesterday, they say." So I didn't look to the left but ahead where the crowds were clamoring down the banks struggling for their places in the line crossing on the "bridge," or jumping into the water to wade and swim across. And fifty yards or more ahead on the opposite bank was the same disorder as those who had successfully negotiated the crossing were ascending the steep hill on the opposite bank. My turn came and I stepped boldly forth on to the boat that was the first stop of the bridge then across a plank to another boat and then from three bamboo poles bound together which sagged under water onto another slippery plank, and so on, and on and on, grabbing hold of any convenient person to steady myself when the footing was too slippery. People were going both ways, for many had to make several crossings to get their baggage all over.

Just a few days before there had been a good bridge over which trucks and people could easily pass, but that was before a bomb or several had made direct hits on the bridge. Now it was gone, it was not deep enough for a ferry and too deep to be forded easily, or at all by a truck. On the opposite side we waited until our crowd and our baggage and bicycles were gathered together. Then on to some place for shelter for the night. After walking for a long five li, probably nearer ten, it was found for us in a deserted house. Merrily and wearily we joked about our rooms and their equipment, pretending it was a modern homeside hotel, as we unrolled our bedrolls on doors and planks and hung our mosquito nets above them. Meanwhile the water for which we were famishing was boiled and rice was cooked, and we quietly settled down and slept because we couldn't help it.

Morning came with more rice, beds were rolled up and we set forth again. That we had gone across the difficult river crossing and walked at 45 li in the day, and were thus that much further away from the advancing enemy gave us confidence and courage as we started over the dusty road that morning. Already we felt as if we knew some of the other groups that were walking the same road -- there was that young woman with a baby in her arms and another strapped to her back, that father with the four little boys trudging along in front of him, that father pushing some of his belongings and the tiny boy in an almost broken down bamboo wheelbarrow, that aged sick woman on the cart, that group of students who didn't want to give up their winter coats although it was a hot day, and so with the many bundles tied onto them looked much like dusty grimy Santa Clauses, etc.

Put your right foot forward then your left, you can't stop until you reach that tree yonder, right foot, left foot, keep moving. Oh for something to drink, but the last time the thermos was opened there was but a swallow apiece, when can we get some more water, right foot, left foot. Oh, see those flowers up there on the hillside, is that our road up above them, yes, here is another hairpin curve. But, there are planes, so hide over there in those bushes. They are now out of sight on the other side of the mountain but we can hear the thud, thud. As long as we can't see the planes we must move on. Oh, fine, that group of soldiers is moving on and we can rest here in this deserted house on these doors and planks.

The house next is not deserted. It is the home of an aged widow with her daughters-in-law whose husbands have been pressed into service, had no place to go and so she is staying trying to protect her bit of property. Yes, we can use her stove and boil water and rice. One must eat some rice, how fortunate that we have it with us, so as to get strength to keep right foot, left foot moving. But as I get up from my rest and look about, what is that up there on the ledge across the small stream, is the man asleep or -- and a second look shows that it is just another successful hit from a machine gun from the air.

If only a few of our planes were here they could keep those other planes off easily. That is what we hear whenever we stop to talk, "Why aren't your planes here, when are they coming, we can do nothing without planes." It's an old, old story, and it's a long, long road to tramp. Another thing I will always see when I picture that road, with its scenic beauties, is that universal expression of extreme weariness, hopelessness, "nothing can be done" except that mechanical act of right foot forward then left foot. That must continue, move, keep moving. Where to? That doesn't matter, keep moving, keep ahead of the approaching enemy. So on we go through the heat and the dust, trying to find a smile for the weariest but seldom getting one in reply.

Will we find a place where we can stop in this approaching village which though tiny seems to have life in it? "Mr. Davies, Mr. Davies, I've been watching for you," is heard from that busy group in front of a shelter by the side of the road. It is the head of the transportation division of the finance department, moved over here from Kinkwa. And as we sit down on benches placed for us, between the arrival of cart loads of bags and silk cocoons, we learn that our military friends of two days before have passed here and told of us and asked that if possible arrangements be made to send us on in to Pucheng on trucks. So we have more rice gruel, for our Chinese friends have found a place where they can spend the night, and we sit and wait, will we or won't we, who can tell?

And just as darkness settles down and rains begin to descend, here's a truck and although the occupants object, there is room for two and some baggage. So Mrs. Davies and I ascend up over the tailboard and make places for ourselves on the ammunition boxes and amid our own baggage thrown up to us, and the truck bounces forward and the rains descend. With a sieve-like top to the truck and the open back end we are soaked to the skin in no time. We haven't gone far when the truck stops and the driver says that he can't see the road and must wait until daylight. That word daylight reminds me that while we had been waiting for the truck, soldiers had come in with the "order", "Everyone must move on, move on now;" or, after many had remonstrated, "Move on by daylight." There was a shelter house nearby but it looked far from inviting and it was so hard to get up and down from the truck so we chose to remain. We couldn't get any wetter than we were. So we passed the night on the truck with ammunition boxes for seats and pillows.

- 7 -

Dawn came surprisingly quickly, a clear dawn with no rain. Those who had left the truck returned to it and it lurched forward. How beautiful dawn in the mountains is with the sound of rushing water by the side of the road. On the steep slope of one mountainside the engine stalled, but after some tinkering, and one on the truck was doing some praying for the tinkers, it was going again. The road, none too good at best, probably, was badly washed out by the hard rains of the night before, and by the hard use it had been having those last few weeks as well as the bombings it had received so that progress was none too steady (and somewhat uncertain).

Out in a wide valley, we got into a deep yellow mud rut and getting out was problematical. Our driver, recognizing the danger of planes and the type of cargo he had, insisted on all the "passengers" leaving the truck and going on up the road to where some slight shelter or at least hiding places could be found, in case. But the truck was gotten out of the mud before any planes were heard and we all climbed back aboard it again. But by now it was well into the forenoon, and the fear of planes forced the driver to hasten on at his top speed, so the bumps were taken with less care and we were on the very back end of the truck. Almost within sight of the city one wheel went down into a water filled hole left by a hand grenade, probably thrown from a plane the day before, and -- no, I didn't go out over the tailboard fortunately, thank God, and the soldier who grabbed my shoulder. But now, almost two weeks later, I am just beginning to think that maybe if I am patient my back will be all right again.

Mrs. Davies and I were put down at the cross roads just outside the city gate. A coolie was found to help us with our baggage. "No, he didn't know where the Jesus House was for he had just come from Ainhwa two days before." But he carried our baggage and we all asked along the road and first we came to the street chapel and pastor's home which had been bombed a few days before. But here someone told us how to go back to an alley and follow it, and we would come to the church and the residence of the foreigners. So we followed instructions and climbed up over the debris blocking the alley and on until we saw the cross on the church. We found that three of our China Inland Mission friends had already arrived, as they had gotten places on trucks that drove on through the storm in the night, and so were able to find their ways to the home of these two dear Deaconesses before breakfast.

Never did a hot bath feel so good or a board bed so comfortable as that day. Before the day was over all the other foreigners had come in, as they too had been picked up by trucks if not on bicycles. A household of two was stretched to fifteen! We are having a beautiful fellowship together, Irish, English, Australians, Canadians, and Americans. Foodstuffs are not easy to secure but we can get the essentials or substitutes for them. We do not miss NEWS for there is no radio and no regular Chinese newspaper, but once a week some missionaries further down send up a summary of the week's radio news. The big question is how long can we stay here?

Nanping, Fukien
China

August 7, 1942

This installment of the "Wanderings of the Kinhwaites thru Fukien" is long past due. It will not be as thrilling and exciting as the installment sent from Pucheng. Or at least that was what I thought on July 8th, 9th, and 10th as I stretched out on the floor of the small boat and stared at the mountains ahead and around, watched the clouds and the birds, listened to the quiet lapping of the water against the oars or the swift sounds the river made at the places where there were rocky rapids to be

negotiated. All was quiet and peaceful, except for the very occasional sound of a plane and once the thud of the bombs as attacks were made on troops tramping the not too distant highway. One could just drink in the beauty of the mountains and the river. So often it would seem as if we were coming right up to the end of the river as a high mountain rose ahead of us, and then suddenly the river would wind and a little later one could look back and see the mountain above the head of the boatman at the rear of the boat. Worrying wouldn't help a bit, so I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery. At Kenow I was directed to the Blind School of the C.E.Z.M.S. and as is usual I was cordially welcomed even if unexpected, and while I had a much desired bath, a real bed, not just boards, was prepared for me and it looked so soft and comfortable I could hardly stay awake for supper.

After breakfast, I unrolled my bed roll and spread everything out on an open porch at the back of the house and handed a sizable washing over to the servant and was just settled to read and rest on the BED, when we heard an air-alarm. So I redressed and was ready when the second alarm sounded. That means "hurry up and get where you are going" and it also means remove all bedding from porches and clothes lines, etc. So my bedding was thrown onto a bed on an inner porch and we went down to be near the dugout in front of the house. When we heard the planes we went down and almost immediately we heard the thump-thump of bombs, the pop-pop of machine guns, and the crackle-crackle of splintering wood and fire, we smelled the smoke and gas fumes from incendiary bombs. We knew that some had dropped near us by the noise and the feel.

My servant lad had remained on the Blind School porch but with "business" so prosperous and so near at hand, when he had an opportunity and could see no plane and be seen by none he came down into the dugout. I could see him and so spoke to him quietly and he came to where I stood. I asked about the bombs and he said one had dropped just back of our house and there was some smoke from the corner of our house.

When we thought the planes had left "Judy", my hostess, and I ran up thru the house to where we found the upper porch full of debris, its shutters thrown to the ground, etc. And more important, Judy was hurrying to where her bed was burning on the side porch. I happened to glance down and saw my bedding also in smoke and blazes, so I hurried thru the room to get the reserve of bath water, which proved to be enough to hold the smoldering fires until later after another few minutes in the dugout while the "inspection plane" circled about, more water could be brought. My mosquito net was entirely burned and my quilt about half and the spread was spattered with black stuff that won't wash out. (I had been using this silk-wadded comforter for my mattress, thinking that by winter-time I would be where I could get a cotton pad for that purpose, and the silk wadding would go into a Chinese garment I could wear as a dress by day, and throw over the bed at night as a comforter. It will be thinner now!) This was the nearest that I had come in actual experience to an incendiary bomb and it was interesting to note that damage was no more severe. Apparently the spray would not start a blaze on wood alone but required paper or cloth to start the blaze, and we were near enough at hand to get the fires in bedding, curtains, wall hangings, pillows, etc. put out before the wood could catch on fire from them.

God was very good to us that morning. The bomb dropped in a tree. A few feet to one side it would have hit a poor dugout crowded with Chinese neighbors, a few feet the other would have been a direct hit on the house which would have been most disastrous. But while we were saving what we could, and discovering how much worse our damage might have been, we were conscious of fires blazing all over the city and one particularly close to the chapel. The planes were there but half an hour about nine A.M. but that evening when we went out onto the street that had been demolished, the heat from the fires was still so great we could not go some

places, about one third of the city, and that included the business streets. Smoke poured up over the city all afternoon. There were no places left for my shopping expedition! Tragic stories were told by many during the next few days and also many stories of God's providence and protection.

I do not think that I have ever been in a more impressive worship service than on the Sunday morning in the Anglican Church. Archdeacon Williams preached on "Peace of God" and both he and his interpreter spoke in a wonderful manner. In fact at dinner Mr. Williams told us that the local pastor was very "jih" - sorry no English word includes everything implied by that -- worried, excited, nervous all are included, but when the preacher who did the interpreting came in, he was so calm and quiet and said to the other man, "Why be so afraid?" "God, our Father, still loves us and will care for us." And that was just the spirit with which he gave the message that morning.

There had been no time to talk with anyone or to begin to make plans to come on from the city and the "panic" having hit the city it would take "pull" to secure any tickets. I was happy to have my host from Puchong call and say that they had decided to come on and he had secured a boat and would be glad for me to accompany them again. So on Wednesday morning we made a "crack of dawn" start and that afternoon I arrived here - this haven, which I am always tempted to spell "heaven", where they have real beds, running water, and in some houses electric refrigerators, recently published books and radios.

It is terrifically hot here now, as you well know. I now weigh 20 pounds less. I fortunately have made a good recovery from the truck incident, and so far have not had a bout with malaria, and my dysentery attack did not prove serious, so that I am feeling well, but tired. I look upon going to Shaowu as a place where I will have three lines of work: Am going on invitation of Hanchow University to assist them in English teaching and secretarial work; to be a "student counsellor" to our small group of Shanghai University students who will be taking work there, hoping to preserve them as a nucleus for later University activities; and there, if anywhere, there will be a chance to continue some of the work with the Kinkwa Christian Council which has occupied so much time these last six months. It will mean probably having rooms in the girls' dormitory, a new temporary structure, and leading a simple life, for I have nothing with which to set up "housekeeping" as we lived in the past. I have one napkin, four teaspoons, a paring knife, and a can-opener, but only one can of soup left, to begin "housekeeping"! It's going to be fun seeing how many local things can be adapted and how little one can get along with.

Today a young woman who had been working in the Methodist Institutional Church in Huchow called on one of the missionaries here. She told me that she had gotten out of Huchow thru a hole in the wall at night, had been but a few days in Kinkwa and left there on the 19th on the train that was so badly bombed. When I have seen and experienced the effects of a group of nine enemy bombs, I suppose that it is but a tiny sample of the six hundred or eight hundred we hear about at places in Europe, but it does aid our imaginations to better appreciate what must be going on over there. Oh, that it can soon end and the people of the world prepared to make peace. "This is my Father's World" continues to be one of our favorite hymns both in English and among the Chinese.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed)

Ruth Mather

517

Fukien Christian University
Shaowu, China
August 3, 1942

Dear "F.C.U.ites" Abroad:

I have long intended writing you, but a heavy inertia, procrastination, etc., settled down on me with the beginning of the Pacific war. For a month or more we had no idea how to send letters. Then we learned they could go from Chungking to South Africa by air and on by surface transport. Now I understand they can go all the way by air. But at a price, - \$10.50 for 5 grams. So one letter will have to serve all of you this time. I'll send it to the Suttons and they can route it to the various stops across the continent until it reaches Teddy and he can send it to the Kelloggs. Beeman's letter postmarked September 15, 1941 arrived on November 20. Nothing from Teddy since I wrote him on February 11 and acknowledged all of his letters received to that date. Teddy I sold the \$35 check, notified your Mother through McClure and she said give it to your brother here. I notified him but he has not called for it yet; amounts to \$647.79. No word from Sutton direct since his mail bag message, March 1941. Nothing from Neva except a short letter to C. J., April 1941. Nothing from Kelloggs. July 1, 1941 seems to be the last general letter I sent you. Air mail letters come through fairly well, but almost no ordinary mail letters. No second class mail. Our most recent(?) magazines bear dates in November 1941. So we know next to nothing about how the war is affecting American life, thought, reaction, response or what have you. Radio news is our only source of information from the outside. We get San Francisco, London, Moscow, etc.

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up a Shanghai Headquarters in Kinkwa, Chekiang. His duties were two-fold, first to explore the possibilities of locations, etc., and second to help students and faculty members coming through the lines. At that time it was relatively easy to get through the lines, not as educational people, but as merchants! Dean Koo, representing the Shanghai Universities, and Frank Price from Chengtu, representing the China Christian Educational Association, came here in the latter part of February to see about the possibilities of the Shanghai universities tying up with us in some way. We came to some general understanding that we would welcome the Shanghai universities to Shaowu but would not approve of duplication of work. Their chief ambition was to preserve their identity. Dean Koo returned to Kinkwa and was trying to get students and faculty out of Shanghai as fast as he could, but very few succeeded in getting out before the Chekiang campaign started early in May. President Lee of Hangchow, Dean Koo, and several Soochow University representatives, including the newly appointed Vice-President T. L. Shen, came here early in May to plan more in detail. At that time the general plan was to have two units, F.C.U. as one unit responsible for the Colleges of Arts, Science, Agriculture, and the Shanghai Unit (Hangchow and Soochow) responsible for the Colleges of Law, Commerce, and Engineering and Sciences. They were not to duplicate our science, but could add any departments which we did not have. This was more or less on the basis of the federation of two units which would operate as one institution. I think Hangchow was satisfied, but it did not suit Soochow so well. Then came the Chekiang-Kiangsi campaign which gave Shaowu generally the jitters. The Shanghai group having no roots here could easily pull up and refugee elsewhere. They went to Yenping, though President Lee came back twice. Some of their group much favored moving west of the Hankow-Canton railroad so as to avoid being cut off from Chungking in case Fukien Province should be invaded or surrounded. So the above plan was scrapped and each institution left free to do as it saw fit. A few days later, however, each institution wrote us expressing its desire to come back to Shaowu and start school in the fall, since Shaowu seemed fairly safe now. President Lee of Hangchow stated that Hangchow would be glad to entrust its Arts College entirely to us, and they themselves would run the Colleges of Commerce and Engineering. Vice-President T. L. Shen of Soochow only said they would like to return but gave no indication on what basis. So that is where the matter stands now. Though this morning I heard indirectly that Soochow is going to move to Chengtu. Of course our Shanghai friends have been through a great deal to have lived in occupied territory for several months and then the experience of coming through the lines, etc., etc., so it is not strange that they are not so much in love with Shaowu as we are. Our roots are here and we cannot lightly pull up and leave. They suggested that Hwa Nan and F.C.U. move with them west of the Hankow-Canton railroad, but that did not appeal to us.

You will hear before this letter reaches you probably that Paul Wiant left these parts for America more than a month ago, via India. Guy Thelin is planning to leave soon by about the same route. The Caldwells are leaving Yenping August 16 for Chengtu where Mr. Caldwell expects to have an eye operation. He is fast losing his sight - cataracts.

This sketchy letter will probably provoke more questions than it has answered for you.

Sincerely,

/s/ Eva Asher

(Mimeographed for distribution in the United States by the office of the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

Fukien Christian University
Shaowu, China
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August 3, 1942

up a Shanghai Headquarters in Kinkwa, Chekiang. His duties were two-fold, first to explore the possibilities of locations, etc., and second to help students and faculty members coming through the lines. At that time it was relatively easy to get through the lines, not as educational people, but as merchants! Dean Koo, representing the Shanghai Universities, and Frank Price from Chengtu, representing the China Christian Educational Association, came here in the latter part of February to see about the possibilities of the Shanghai universities tying up with us in some way. We came to some general understanding that we would welcome the Shanghai universities to Shaowu but would not approve of duplication of work. Their chief ambition was to preserve their identity. Dean Koo returned to Kinkwa and was trying to get students and faculty out of Shanghai as fast as he could, but very few succeeded in getting out before the Chekiang campaign started early in May. President Lee of Hangchow, Dean Koo, and several Soochow University representatives, including the newly appointed Vice-President T. L. Shen, came here early in May to plan more in detail. At that time the general plan was to have two units, F.C.U. as one unit responsible for the Colleges of Arts, Science, Agriculture, and the Shanghai Unit (Hangchow and Soochow) responsible for the Colleges of Law, Commerce, and Engineering and Sciences. They were not to duplicate our science, but could add any departments which we did not have. This was more or less on the basis of the federation of two units which would operate as one institution. I think Hangchow was satisfied, but it did not suit Soochow so well. Then came the Chekiang-Kiangsi campaign which gave Shaowu generally the jitters. The Shanghai group having no roots here could easily pull up and refugee elsewhere. They went to Yenping, though President Lee came back twice. Some of their group much favored moving west of the Hankow-Canton railroad so as to avoid being cut off from Chungking in case Fukien Province should be invaded or surrounded. So the above plan was scrapped and each institution left free to do as it saw fit. A few days later, however, each institution wrote us expressing its desire to come back to Shaowu and start school in the fall, since Shaowu seemed fairly safe now. President Lee of Hangchow stated that Hangchow would be glad to entrust its Arts College entirely to us, and they themselves would run the Colleges of Commerce and Engineering. Vice-President T. L. Shen of Soochow only said they would like to return but gave no indication on what basis. So that is where the matter stands now. Though this morning I heard indirectly that Soochow is going to move to Chengtu. Of course our Shanghai friends have been through a great deal to have lived in occupied territory for several months and then the experience of coming through the lines, etc., etc., so it is not strange that they are not so much in love with Shaowu as we are. Our roots are here and we cannot lightly pull up and leave. They suggested that Hwa Nan and F.C.U. move with them west of the Hankow-Canton railroad, but that did not appeal to us.

You will hear before this letter reaches you probably that Paul Wiant left these parts for America more than a month ago, via India. Guy Thelin is planning to leave soon by about the same route. The Caldwells are leaving Yenping August 16 for Chengtu where Mr. Caldwell expects to have an eye operation. He is fast losing his sight - cataracts.

This sketchy letter will probably provoke more questions than it has answered for you.

Sincerely,

/s/ Eva Asher

(Mimeographed for distribution in the United States by the office of the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

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NOTES ON THE OPENING OF THE FALL TERM, 1942

FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
SHAOWU, FUKIEN, CHINA

There were grave doubts in the minds of many who left our campus in June, 1942, that they might expect to see it again. At that time news items from the military campaign in adjoining provinces came with the fateful sequence of the opening chapter of Job. All who could, left the campus and a selection of the most valuable equipment was sent elsewhere for safekeeping. We count it high good fortune to have been able to re-open with a larger student body than last year. Many of these students overcame extremely difficult conditions of travel. Practically all had to make serious adjustments in budgets to meet the rising living costs. But here they are. Each evening the great library reading room shows hundreds of dark heads bent over the precious materials that contain the light and knowledge for the future these youths are going to build.

ENROLIMENT DATA, FALL TERM, 1942

	<u>Women</u>	<u>Men</u>	<u>Totals</u>
Freshman	20	141	161
Sophomore	34	99	133
Junior	23	47	70
Senior	9	25	34
Special	1	7	8
	87	319	406

LISTED BY COLLEGES AND DEPARTMENTS

	<u>Fresh.</u>	<u>Soph.</u>	<u>Jun.</u>	<u>Sen.</u>	<u>Totals</u>	
COLLEGE OF ARTS						128
Chinese	14	3	5	1	23	
History	9	6	3		18	
Western Language	17	20	9	2	48	
Education		14	19	6	39	
COLLEGE OF SCIENCE						118
Physics	12	8	1	4	25	
Chemistry	34	16	5	4	59	
Biology	12	12	7	7	38	
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE						152
Agronomy	6	16	6	2	30	
Horticulture	11	9	2	3	25	
Rural Economics	46	29	13	9	97	
Special						8
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Fukien Christian University is sharing its campus with another refugee institution. That is Hangchow University. By a plan evolved during the spring of 1942 a federated university was projected. One unit was to consist of Soochow University and Hangchow University, the other unit, Fukien Christian University.

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Due to various reasons, Soochow decided to go elsewhere. At the time of decision Shaowu seemed a quite unsafe place in which to initiate a new venture. It finally became possible, however, for Hangchow to plan to move here. The seventy odd students that were able to come to Hangchow share the facilities of Fukien Christian University until such time as their temporary buildings may be ready. Many features of campus life are carried on in common, and there is a working agreement whereby classes in either institution may be utilized by students of the other.

Enrollment data show no Freshmen in the Education Department. The reason is not lack of applicants, in spite of the present financial attractiveness of many other lines of work, the ancient Chinese passion for education produced the usual crop of those desiring to major in that field. The Ministry of Education, however, sent an order to cease receiving new students. This was not due to criticism of the quality of work being done - the department had 68 students and six full professors at the time the order arrived, - but to the government's policy of centering all teacher training in normal colleges and schools conducted directly by the government itself.

Plans are being worked out calling for a Department of Rural Education. Its central purpose would be the development of leaders for the many needed tasks of rural reconstruction, including agricultural education, social work, religious leadership, and like tasks. If the plan is approved by the Ministry the new department will be initiated next year.

With the outbreak of the Pacific war, the stream of magazines and books that keep us in touch with scholarly and cultural progress in other parts of the world was abruptly cut off. Magazines in Chinese are of course still being produced within this country. This serious loss cannot be obviated as long as the war lasts. There are, however, compensations. Research is driven to local problems. There is now occasion for going back to the classics of human thought in the library we are fortunate enough to have. There is now stimulus to write down valuable accretions of experience the busy years may have brought. And we have the radio for which to be thankful daily, and a weekly, mimeographed in Chungking by the American Embassy and often containing reprints from magazines received there by airmail from the States. Intellectual progress, however stymied by the turn of events, is still possible.

One result of high printing costs has been the appearance on many points of the campus of "wallpapers". These are not for decorative but for literary purposes. The term, taken literally from the Chinese, is applied to writings posted in a public place for passers-by to read. It proves possible to carry on vigorous interchange of opinion between representatives of varying points of view. These literary ventures result from the impulse to self-expression that all youth experience and which seems to be especially stimulated when the delicate point of the Chinese brush is dipped in coal-black ink and allowed to flow along the century-old lines of the ideographs that make up the Chinese language. But the ideas expressed are by no means all centuries old.

"How can I make more real friends"? This "interest" was shown in a study made not long since in Chinese schools to be the dominant one of youth, of all levels in school and equally of both sexes. One sure road to friendship is found in the fellowship of kindred minds. The religious program of the current term has pro-

- 3 -

vided for a renewed emphasis on fellowship groups. An hour each Sunday evening is reserved for them. They meet usually in the homes of their respective faculty advisors. There is ample evidence that these intimate groups, centered on fellowship Bible study, and helping each other on the high pilgrimage of the college years, prove a vastly steadying influence to many of those who must meet the impact of shattering political events, control the yeasty ferment of new intellectual insights, find the trail of life when so many of the old beacons have disappeared.

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C
O
P
Y

November 25, 1942

Mr. C. E. Evans,
150 Fifth Avenue,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Evans:

We have received a telegram from Mr. E. H. Cressy, Chungking, asking us to send you the estimates of our 1943-44 budget to reach you before January 31. We are enclosing a copy of our estimated income and expenses. You will note that the income is based on the current year's income, and the expenses are based on the current year's expenses plus a 25% increase in faculty and staff salaries and allowances and a 40% increase in office and departmental expenses. You will note that on this basis we have a deficit of LC\$289,076.10, or approximately US\$16,000.

As you can easily see this proposed increase of 25% and 40%, respectively, for the period in question cannot be other than a pure guess. The rise of the price of things during the last two years has been very great, and during the last few months especially we have experienced considerable hardships. The tendency seems to be a continued rise. What conditions will be in a year and a half from now cannot be predicted. Our proposed percentages of increase are certainly the minimum as we would need that much increase almost right now to give some relief to our members. On the other hand, we do not like to give too large a figure which might discourage our supporters. We are asking therefore that if the average increase to the other Christian educational institutions in China is more than we have proposed that you increase ours proportionately.

Since mail is so uncertain, and we want you to be sure to have this information in good time, we are asking you to kindly cable us if you receive our estimates by or before the middle of January. If you cable "estimates received" we shall understand. If we have not heard from you by the middle of January, we shall cable you as much of this information as we can. But if you can let us know by cable that you have received it it will save us the expense of a long cable while yours will be short.

The university work has been going on quite normally. We are calling the annual meeting of our Board of Managers on December 5 in Foochow, and the proposed budget estimates will be submitted to them for their approval. We are sending the estimates to you first in order that they may reach you in time for your plan, and too because our Board of Managers will probably not make many changes as this is only tentative and none of us can make an accurate guess. We hope very much, however, that our Trustees will seriously study our needs and make plans, particularly on the financial side, to help us carry on the work after the end of the war. It does not seem that prices will go back to those of former days and the demands for Christian Education will certainly be greatly increased by that time. Fukien has been running a very conservative policy of a steady growth rather than phenomenal expansion. As I wrote you sometime ago we could easily have 1000 students if we were willing to sacrifice our present quality of work in both teaching forces and physical accommodations. It means that our budget will probably have to be maintained on the basis of a 25% increase of the present amount, and sufficient regular income should be planned for.

Yours sincerely,

/s/ C. J. Lin

FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
Shaowu, Fukien, China

December 1, 1942

Dear Teachers and Friends:

It is almost six months since I wrote you last May after my return from a visit to Chungking. The peace and safety of Shaowu were threatened in the early summer on account of war in Chekiang and Kiangsi. Gradually the crisis passed and we again think of Shaowu as a safe place.

Mr. Wilkie's visit in early October has left profound impression in the minds of many people in China. He, like missionaries acting as messengers of peace and good-will, has brought America and China closer. In a time like this, we feel keenly the immeasurable value of real Christian fellowship, international good-will and mutual understanding developed through actual living, working and sharing between missionaries and nationals. A new, peaceful, just, and free world should be built on the established foundation of Christian missions. We Christians should be missionaries of the Church of Christ of the world. This war has revealed to us the vision and opportunity for the unfinished task.

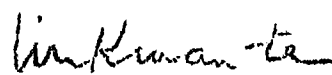
We are experiencing more and more the sting of the war, first through destruction of war and refugeeing life, and now we are going through a state of tight economic pressure. Many factors have sent prices skyrocketing. We figure that \$500 now is worth less than \$15 pre-war time. Economic control and ration are only on the paper. China has no experience in managing wartime economy. Salaried class is placed on the spot. Many students are under-nourished. Beginning from January 1943 High School and college students are being applied conscription law. In the past students were excused from military service. Anyway, we are thankful that we still survive and have the privilege of sharing in the important work at this great time of ours. Cost what it may, our work must be pushed on.

Last July I was asked by the university to go with a group of 35 students to participate in government competitive examinations held at Amoy University, Changting, West Fukien. In Fukien area, seven colleges and universities took part. This is a nationwide examination system for university students. On my return journey, I stopped at Sanyuan (training camp site) to give a series of lectures to a group of 400 college and high school students attending summer camp under the auspices of the Three People Principles Youth Corps.

Gifts you people sent this year have been greatly appreciated and have come to meet pressing, timely and constructive needs. We do also feel that these gifts have come with warm fellowship and friendship.

This will be the 6th Christmas after the war. It seems that this one is more meaningful than previous ones. Delia joins in sending CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. Please remember us to friends far and near.

Sincerely yours,



Lin Kwan-te (David)

"Out of the Strong Came Forth Sweetness"

Fukien Christian University

Shaowu and Foochow

CHINA

In the spring of 1937 Fukien Christian University was known in China as a small institution of high standing whose influence was limited primarily to its own province. The enrollment, purposely restricted to men and women of the highest quality, was only 169.

Today, after nearly five years of bitter and exhausting war, the University is probably the most rapidly growing institution of higher learning in China. Hundreds of applicants, many of them refugees from remote provinces, are seeking admission. In spite of the limitations imposed by a refugee campus, and makeshift facilities, 403 students have found safety in Shaowu, and a chance to prepare for leadership in the China of tomorrow.

This represents a growth in five war years of 238 percent. It is interesting to compare this figure with an average growth of about seven per cent for all the universities of China, and an average increase in enrollment for the thirteen Christian Colleges of 38 per cent.

Enrollment figures in themselves are without great significance. Here they indicate an immense increase in public service, and in Christian prestige, during the darkest hours of the Chinese people. Out of suffering has come new strength.

We are reminded of the hidden truths of Samson's riddle:

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness."



The Student Christian Association meets on a hill top near the war time campus at Shaowu.

We are reprinting the enclosed article with the permission of **School and Society**. Dr. Scott here presents vividly the problems connected with living and teaching in Free China.

By

RODERICK SCOTT
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND
ENGLISH, FUKIEN CHRISTIAN
UNIVERSITY, SHAOWU, CHINA

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR IN A REFUGEE CHINESE COLLEGE

RECONSTRUCTION must accompany defense in China—and for youth, reconstruction is education. Life in the big centers of China is dangerous. Hence there came a general order more than two years ago to move schools to places of relative safety.

When the suggestion was made that Fukien Christian University be moved up country to Shaowu, some 300 miles from Foochow, with part of the way through dangerous rapids, I was one of those who said, "It can't be done!" You might move a *high school* 300 miles to a remote valley on the border of the province, I admitted, *but you can't move a college*. There is not only the problem of transporting or remarking the physical equipment—the library, laboratories, work shops, the houses for students and faculty—I argued, but there is the danger in moving that, when you

unload the trucks at Shaowu, you will find that the "college," that indefinable spirit which comes to be identified with campus and buildings, has been left behind!

But the old rôles have been reversed in China—which shows how far the missionary business has gone there. Formerly, *they* said, "It can't be done," and we did it; now *we* said, "It can't be done," and they did it! And how well!

The Chinese have recovered their long dead pioneering passion; for were they not once inventors of things that changed history for Europe, if not, alas, for themselves—the compass, paper, gunpowder and porcelain?

My colleagues here in refugee Fukien Christian University bear upon their faces the joy of men who have seen their dreams come true. It can not be otherwise with the

DECEMBER 27, 1941

SCHOOL AND SOCIETY

country's leaders in Chungking. That is one reason the Chinese can not be beaten; the pioneer is an irresistible man.

With this passion to master an environment unfavorable to study goes a remarkable absence of complaint such as one does not associate with college faculties in either China or western countries. This sleepy old town, with its cobbled streets and its conservative and slow-moving inhabitants, is so tucked away in the hills as to be, up to the present, inaccessible to the enemy. This same isolation has made it difficult of access for friends, for goods and for ideas.

The crowded quarters, the makeshift apartments, the lack of equipment, the dearth of text-books, poor paper (imagine correcting compositions on semi-porous paper!), the cold, the high cost of living, the things that *can* be had and the things that can not be bought are listed as hardships at Shaowu, *not* by my Chinese colleagues, but by myself. *They* are too busy overcoming them, or ignoring them.

Of course the new pioneers of Shaowu owe much to the old ones—the American Board missionaries, whose vision led them, as far back as 1880, to start building a mission plant in this conservative old town. There are two schools, a hospital and residences belonging to the mission. What a science hall the hospital now makes, with its wards for laboratories and its private rooms for offices! The university has already added eight or ten buildings of its own to the existing plant.

Although we shall be in Shaowu but a short time—"for the duration of the war"—we still must serve and *conserve*, not simply take. So a scientific study of the community, its physical and human resources, has been of high educational value. We used to thrust our graduates into new places without experience in studying the localities they were to serve. The old campus in Foochow was perhaps too socially isolated.

Next comes contact with, and service for, the people. This goes more slowly and not every one realizes that this contact and service is that reconstruction of China that the national motto calls for, namely, "Resist the war but reconstruct the nation."

What we, Mrs. Scott and myself, least expected as we came back to China after furlough was normal college life in this refugee town. We were obsessed with war. Our experiences in Japan, in Shanghai and in running the blockade had done nothing to lessen this feeling. But here on the campus, it is occasionally possible to forget the war. There are plenty of difficulties of course. For example, there are new faculty members who are unfamiliar with traditions. There are students from other provinces who have little sympathy with our aims. The new, often bewildering and far more rigid regulations of the Ministry of Education contribute to these difficulties. Then there is the remoteness of both the nation and the world making it easy to grow stagnant. There is the absence of any place to go, no city, no excitement, few newspapers, no movies.

Yet the students, even more than the faculty, have made their own life. This centers in the growth of activities, such as clubs. The English Club, the largest in our history, boasts a membership larger than any other except the Student Christian Association. The Four School Club unites alumni from rival high schools. The Chemistry Club visits key industries across the border in Kiangsi. The Biology Club takes a trip to Kuatung, near the Bohea hills, which has been called the scientist's paradise because of the abundance and variety of the flora and fauna there. The Fukien Culture Club is working on the archeology of the area.

But its music—that is the great source of entertainment and, indeed, of culture. How valiantly a succession of young instructors, former members of Mrs. Scott's

classes, have tried to maintain her music standards and satisfy the demands for entertainment and expression.

The religious life of the campus is very wholesome. Chapel attendance—which is wholly voluntary—has increased. The services are led in turn by teachers and students, and are deeply devotional in spite of the fact that the only chapel is an outdoor assembly hall which must function as a classroom and a piano practice room at all other hours of the day.

We are celebrating Fukien Christian University's 25th anniversary. A refugee college? Yes, yet Fukien-Christian-University-in-Shaowu is decidedly a going concern. In celebration of this anniversary we are trying to raise money for additional scholarships for the Christian constituency from which half of our students come. This constituency is getting poorer and poorer, but college education means much for their sons and daughters. An American dollar at the present exchange is worth \$17 in Chinese money.

When our college moved up country, Mrs. Scott and I were left behind in Foochow to guard the old campus. Then we went home on our regular furlough. Our return this fall, therefore, was to the new home in Shaowu. "Returns" are always difficult. But this was trebly so. We had never known "life in the country" in China, nor life in the interior, nor the deprivations of life in war time. To be sure we had had a year and a half of war in Foochow.

The journey back to China this time was the longest and the hardest of our four Oriental trips. There was a long delay in Kobe, Japan, too great a hurry in Shanghai and some pretty dire physical experiences. Our 25 to 30 pieces of baggage were a never-ending headache. We had to carry more than ever before since imports are at a low ebb and freighting next to impossible. In

Shanghai, on the way in, most of our two days were spent in a wild race between the boat office, the customs office, the consul's office, the Mission treasurer's office, the docks and the stores. The new exchange, 17 to 1, was a shock. But by the last afternoon I found myself buying a new fountain pen for \$63 without a tremor.

The coastal trip, which included running the blockade, was exciting but somewhat of an ordeal physically. The only cabin we could get was the boatswain's and while it did fairly well inside it was a long distance from everything else. Many times a day we had to thread our way through canyons of cargo and over the guy ropes that held it down and by and among the swarming deck passengers who lived and slept all over the place, even under the dining-room table. But the upper deck was clear, the sea fairly calm, the captain affable and the boat fast.

On the second night we dropped anchor eight miles off shore. Apparently we had escaped detection.

About the third day we disembarked, hired a fishing junk and transported our party and part of the baggage to the local port. There we shifted to a broken-down launch for a slow seven-mile trip up a winding creek where we put in three nights with missionary friends before we could go on to Foochow. The next day I had to go back to the ship for the rest of the baggage and the eight-mile sail was made in a junk which nearly keeled over in a monsoon.

We started at five o'clock one morning for a 20-mile chair ride and a four-hour launch ride to Foochow where we examined the old campus before going on to Shaowu. They had rebuilt the bombed areas in Foochow, but the city was dead. During this stop-over in Foochow we experienced our first real taste of "war diet." For six days we took it "straight on the chin" or rather in the mouth—sugarless, saltless, flourless, butterless, milkless, jamless—

otherwise good. Some of the articles were not impossible to get—only difficult. White sugar is contraband and salt and rice are rationed. Shanghai is the last source of coffee and jam. There is no vinegar and there are no pickles.

When we finally started up the Min River on the last lap of our journey we had a fast boat that laughed at the Min Rapids like a Yangtze steamer going through the gorges. The scenery of the upper Min is superb and we really enjoyed this part of the journey. The second afternoon we went to Yenping, which is an important town on the junction. It looks like a boom town in a Western movie, partly because it is rebuilding from a big fire and partly because it is the last town going eastward in free territory.

We spent two nights here waiting to get bus seats for the Shaowu run. What a trip! The busses have Ford engines but there the resemblance to "travel by Greyhound" ceases. For the first hour we could enjoy the magnificent scenery as the road winds along a mountain stream like a miniature Bear Mountain drive. We tried to imagine the early missionaries painfully poling up that stream, taking ten days to our ten hours.

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We have to refine our own salt and we must somehow secure the day's butter, cream and milk from one quart of milk.

And how we preserve scraps of bond paper—we must not wish for a ten-cent store! These deprivations and inconveniences are "the war" for us in Shaowu. There have been as yet no "visitations" in this quiet valley, but a shelter lies only six steps from our door.

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There are great compensations for this life in a refugee college. One of these was the warm welcome we received from old and new friends when we got back. When President Lin was introducing us to the faculty he said of us, "They are in the university and the university is in them." If, therefore, we learn to "cooperate with the inevitable," transform our necessities into privileges and make the exile an adventure, we shall be doing, without any doubt, a significant thing in this little corner of China's great battlefield.

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Fukien Christian University has long been hampered by inadequate financial resources. It is now facing unparalleled opportunities and obligations. The fine achievements of the past five years are largely a result of the courage and self-sacrifice of the staff.

The war between Japan and America will further complicate problems of communication and supply, and will doubtless impose new hardships. However, it is improbable that the University will suffer direct harm.

The Board of Trustees seeks your help for our friends and representatives in Fukien. To enable the University to continue its work, a minimum of \$23,980.34 must be secured from American sources before the end of this fiscal year.

The nature of the world of our children will be determined by the strength of our loyalty to the constructive agencies of our own time.

The Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China is cooperating with United China Relief. Therefore contributions to Fukien may be sent either direct to Mr. Samuel Thorne, Treasurer, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or in care of United China Relief.

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"Out of the Strong Came Forth Sweetness"

Fukien Christian University

Shaowu and Foochow
CHINA

In the spring of 1937 Fukien Christian University was known in China as a small institution of high standing whose influence was limited primarily to its own province. The enrollment, purposely restricted to men and women of the highest quality, was only 169.

Today, after nearly five years of bitter and exhausting war, the University is probably the most rapidly growing institution of higher learning in China. Hundreds of applicants, many of them refugees from remote provinces, are seeking admission. In spite of the limitations imposed by a refugee campus, and makeshift facilities, 403 students have found safety in Shaowu, and a chance to prepare for leadership in the China of tomorrow.

This represents a growth in five war years of 238 percent. It is interesting to compare this figure with an average growth of about seven per cent for all the universities of China, and an average increase in enrollment for the thirteen Christian Colleges of 38 per cent.

Enrollment figures in themselves are without great significance. Here they indicate an immense increase in public service, and in Christian prestige, during the darkest hours of the Chinese people. Out of suffering has come new strength.

We are reminded of the hidden truths of Samson's riddle:

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness."



The Student Christian Association meets on a hill top near the war time campus at Shaowu.

We are reprinting the enclosed article with the permission of **School and Society**. Dr. Scott here presents vividly the problems connected with living and teaching in Free China.

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR IN A REFUGEE CHINESE COLLEGE

By
RODERICK SCOTT
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND
ENGLISH, FUKIEN CHRISTIAN
UNIVERSITY, SHAOWU, CHINA

RECONSTRUCTION must accompany defense in China—and for youth, reconstruction is education. Life in the big centers of China is dangerous. Hence there came a general order more than two years ago to move schools to places of relative safety.

When the suggestion was made that Fukien Christian University be moved up country to Shaowu, some 300 miles from Foochow, with part of the way through dangerous rapids, I was one of those who said, "It can't be done!" You might move a *high school* 300 miles to a remote valley on the border of the province, I admitted, *but you can't move a college*. There is not only the problem of transporting or remaking the physical equipment—the library, laboratories, work shops, the houses for students and faculty—I argued, but there is the danger in moving that, when you

unload the trucks at Shaowu, you will find that the "college," that indefinable spirit which comes to be identified with campus and buildings, has been left behind!

But the old rôles have been reversed in China—which shows how far the missionary business has gone there. Formerly, *they* said, "It can't be done," and we did it; now *we* said, "It can't be done," and they did it! And how well!

The Chinese have recovered their long dead pioneering passion; for were they not once inventors of things that changed history for Europe, if not, alas, for themselves—the compass, paper, gunpowder and porcelain?

My colleagues here in refugee Fukien Christian University bear upon their faces the joy of men who have seen their dreams come true. It can not be otherwise with the

DECEMBER 27, 1941

SCHOOL AND SOCIETY

country's leaders in Chungking. That is one reason the Chinese can not be beaten; the pioneer is an irresistible man.

With this passion to master an environment unfavorable to study goes a remarkable absence of complaint such as one does not associate with college faculties in either China or western countries. This sleepy old town, with its cobbled streets and its conservative and slow-moving inhabitants, is so tucked away in the hills as to be, up to the present, inaccessible to the enemy. This same isolation has made it difficult of access for friends, for goods and for ideas.

The crowded quarters, the makeshift apartments, the lack of equipment, the dearth of text-books, poor paper (imagine correcting compositions on semi-porous paper!), the cold, the high cost of living, the things that *can* be had and the things that can not be bought are listed as hardships at Shaowu, *not* by my Chinese colleagues, but by myself. *They* are too busy overcoming them, or ignoring them.

Of course the new pioneers of Shaowu owe much to the old ones—the American Board missionaries, whose vision led them, as far back as 1880, to start building a mission plant in this conservative old town. There are two schools, a hospital and residences belonging to the mission. What a science hall the hospital now makes, with its wards for laboratories and its private rooms for offices! The university has already added eight or ten buildings of its own to the existing plant.

Although we shall be in Shaowu but a short time—"for the duration of the war"—we still must serve and *conserve*, not simply take. So a scientific study of the community, its physical and human resources, has been of high educational value. We used to thrust our graduates into new places without experience in studying the localities they were to serve. The old campus in Foochow was perhaps too socially isolated.

Next comes contact with, and service for, the people. This goes more slowly and not every one realizes that this contact and service is that reconstruction of China that the national motto calls for, namely, "Resist the war but reconstruct the nation."

What we, Mrs. Scott and myself, least expected as we came back to China after furlough was normal college life in this refugee town. We were obsessed with war. Our experiences in Japan, in Shanghai and in running the blockade had done nothing to lessen this feeling. But here on the campus, it is occasionally possible to forget the war. There are plenty of difficulties of course. For example, there are new faculty members who are unfamiliar with traditions. There are students from other provinces who have little sympathy with our aims. The new, often bewildering and far more rigid regulations of the Ministry of Education contribute to these difficulties. Then there is the remoteness of both the nation and the world making it easy to grow stagnant. There is the absence of any place to go, no city, no excitement, few newspapers, no movies.

Yet the students, even more than the faculty, have made their own life. This centers in the growth of activities, such as clubs. The English Club, the largest in our history, boasts a membership larger than any other except the Student Christian Association. The Four School Club unites alumni from rival high schools. The Chemistry Club visits key industries across the border in Kiangsi. The Biology Club takes a trip to Kuatung, near the Bohea hills, which has been called the scientist's paradise because of the abundance and variety of the flora and fauna there. The Fukien Culture Club is working on the archeology of the area.

But its music—that is the great source of entertainment and, indeed, of culture. How valiantly a succession of young instructors, former members of Mrs. Scott's

classes, have tried to maintain her music standards and satisfy the demands for entertainment and expression.

The religious life of the campus is very wholesome. Chapel attendance—which is wholly voluntary—has increased. The services are led in turn by teachers and students, and are deeply devotional in spite of the fact that the only chapel is an outdoor assembly hall which must function as a classroom and a piano practice room at all other hours of the day.

We are celebrating Fukien Christian University's 25th anniversary. A refugee college? Yes, yet Fukien-Christian-University-in-Shaowu is decidedly a going concern. In celebration of this anniversary we are trying to raise money for additional scholarships for the Christian constituency from which half of our students come. This constituency is getting poorer and poorer, but college education means much for their sons and daughters. An American dollar at the present exchange is worth \$17 in Chinese money.

When our college moved up country, Mrs. Scott and I were left behind in Foochow to guard the old campus. Then we went home on our regular furlough. Our return this fall, therefore, was to the new home in Shaowu. "Returns" are always difficult. But this was trebly so. We had never known "life in the country" in China, nor life in the interior, nor the deprivations of life in war time. To be sure we had had a year and a half of war in Foochow.

The journey back to China this time was the longest and the hardest of our four Oriental trips. There was a long delay in Kobe, Japan, too great a hurry in Shanghai and some pretty dire physical experiences. Our 25 to 30 pieces of baggage were a never-ending headache. We had to carry more than ever before since imports are at a low ebb and freighting next to impossible. In

Shanghai, on the way in, most of our two days were spent in a wild race between the boat office, the customs office, the consul's office, the Mission treasurer's office, the docks and the stores. The new exchange, 17 to 1, was a shock. But by the last afternoon I found myself buying a new fountain pen for \$63 without a tremor.

The coastal trip, which included running the blockade, was exciting but somewhat of an ordeal physically. The only cabin we could get was the boatswain's and while it did fairly well inside it was a long distance from everything else. Many times a day we had to thread our way through canyons of cargo and over the guy ropes that held it down and by and among the swarming deck passengers who lived and slept all over the place, even under the dining-room table. But the upper deck was clear, the sea fairly calm, the captain affable and the boat fast.

On the second night we dropped anchor eight miles off shore. Apparently we had escaped detection.

About the third day we disembarked, hired a fishing junk and transported our party and part of the baggage to the local port. There we shifted to a broken-down launch for a slow seven-mile trip up a winding creek where we put in three nights with missionary friends before we could go on to Foochow. The next day I had to go back to the ship for the rest of the baggage and the eight-mile sail was made in a junk which nearly keeled over in a monsoon.

We started at five o'clock one morning for a 20-mile chair ride and a four-hour launch ride to Foochow where we examined the old campus before going on to Shaowu. They had rebuilt the bombed areas in Foochow, but the city was dead. During this stop-over in Foochow we experienced our first real taste of "war diet." For six days we took it "straight on the chin" or rather in the mouth—sugarless, saltless, flourless, butterless, milkless, jamless—

otherwise good. Some of the articles were not impossible to get—only difficult. White sugar is contraband and salt and rice are rationed. Shanghai is the last source of coffee and jam. There is no vinegar and there are no pickles.

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Fukien Christian University

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150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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AND ASSISTANT TREASURER

J. I. PARKER, ASSISTANT SECRETARY
AND ASSISTANT TREASURER

January 6, 1943

Dear Friends:

Through the courtesy of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, we are able to share with you the enclosed excerpts from a series of letters written by Miss Ruth Mather. We feel that these letters contain an exceptionally powerful and vivid account of the tragic fate of many of China's war refugees.

Miss Mather is now working on the Shaowu campus of Fukien Christian University. Her experiences and observations emphasize the privations and difficulties being faced by our friends in Free China. They are in need of our continued whole-hearted support.

Sincerely yours,

Oliver J. Caldwell
OLIVER J. CALDWELL

C.I.M. Chapel
Kwangeng Ki
China

June 4, 1942

Dear Friends:

Once again, a large portion of China's millions, are out on the roads and rivers fleeing before the advancing enemy or rumors of its advance. Surging humanity, rushing tragically forward with here and there a swirling backwash, reminding one of floodtime in a river basin.

We hoped that rumors of a spring advance would blow away or that American planes would arrive in time to prevent it, and so we tried to believe that the first "evacuation orders" did not mean us. In fact they didn't; we were told. But with that suddenness that characterizes war, they were changed and "evacuation was compulsory". The railroad promised us a car on its Wednesday evening train and we went about preparations to take out most of our things and most of the Hospital equipment and staff, in fact everything that could get packed into a car. But panic struck the city and many would not wait. A flood of humanity, men, women, children with all they possessed swept thru the railroad station, and Tuesday night when the trains which had been delayed by "air-raids" all day came in, they were quickly crowded. No, not such a crowd as you suburbanites are acquainted with on the subways. You do not know the meaning of a crowd. Here it was a life and death struggle to get onto the train and escape and when the trains pulled out towards dawn they were packed from roof to axles, from cowcatcher to rear step. I do not suppose that even another flea could have found space to exist on those trains as they pulled out of the station toward dawn. And with dawn came planes. We who were left at home packing could hear the thud, thud of the exploding bombs and wondered where the bombing was occurring, but we kept on with out work, interrupted frequently by hiding in the dugout or behind the doors in the corner. Our Amah's baby son slept blissfully under the sideboard for a couple of hours after he had been put there during a raid. Her other children had gone on the train the night before. At dusk, when "all clear" had sounded we took our places in the flood pouring in the direction of the railroad station. Just as we reached it we met Mr. Davies returning with the information that there would be no train, as the railroad had been bombed. So we reversed the carriers of our baggage, worked our way against the tide, some of whom would not believe the word that there was no train. More conferences about what next and then to bed, in make-shift beds.

Two hours of good sleep, the sleep of the exhausted, and then voices. Oh, how I hated to wake up! But one must and the news we heard quickly served as a dash of cold water. The whole story of the bombing of the railroad was available - the trains that had left the night before had been bombed and machine-gunned, hundreds had been killed, all the baggage had been burned, the locomotives and cars damaged as well as the railroad so there would be no more trains. "You must go at dawn". But how? We who had wanted to wait for "the last train" were left without there being any "last train" just as there had been "no last boat" from Shanghai in December. A few hours of attempting to sleep, then a repacking so that the baggage which we took out from the house that morning was just what we, two, could carry with the help of a refugee lad who was to accompany us.

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What a day that was of praying, conferring, hiding from planes, waiting, wondering, etc! Most of the Christian people had scattered, disappearing from the city, in an amazing fashion. No carrying coolies, no rickshas, no chairs, were available. But by mid-afternoon Mr. Davies had secured a partial promise from the military police that if possible they would furnish us with a commandeered boat that night for we must get out of the city before dawn. We would not know until evening. After evening Pastor Wang, who had returned to his church 8 miles out in the country after a day in the mountains engaging rooms for various Christians, to hear of our plight came in to the city to get us. We must go back with him immediately on foot, and in the morning he would find chairs in the country to help us on over the hills away from danger. But then the Hospital Business Manager came in with two soldiers to escort us to the boat. He said, "It's small and it's leaky and there is but one boatman, but it is the best there is available." A weird lantern lighted the procession we made as we wended our way to the boat, thru the dark streets, deserted, except for soldiers driving people from their homes, and overladen people crying in the darkness as they locked their doors behind them.

All that we had heard about the boat was true but it was our home for six days and nights. That first night we dozed off to the sound of the peck, peck, peck of chisels striking against the stone masonry of the nearby bridge, preparing to place dynamite so it could be hastily destroyed if necessary. At dawn our noble boatman roused himself and us and we began to slowly move away down the river, around the city, right past our own home on the Cheng Mei compound, on, on, on. A favorable wind helped us that first day so that much earlier than we expected to be we were at Lanchi and turning up the river toward Kiangshan. At Lanchi we went ashore to see our church there, but found the city deserted and the church doors already sealed shut. At evening Mr. Davies went ashore again at Yangbu, to leave some money to help in the evacuation from there and the nearby Tangchi church. With dawn we moved on. All day we could see other crowded boats all going in the same direction as we were, and folks hurrying along the banks carrying all they could. Often a child's head peered out from a basket on a carrying pole balanced by all the other family possessions, while others trudged on foot beside their family, each child carrying a couple of bundles. Here and there a child was wailing great distress, lost, separated from his family and friends. At one point while walking on the shore Mr. Davies encountered a crowd of our own Tsch Sing Junior Middle boys with a couple of their teachers, hiking. Others had gone by boat taking most of the baggage. Once we heard someone calling from the bank, and it took a couple of minutes to recognize one of our Kihwa friends, a Christian and high customs official, in the weary, dirty, limping "beggar" walking along the shore. His wife had been on that ill-fated train and he knew nothing about her, he had secured boats to move the customs archives, etc. and had been reserving one for himself and the few remaining staff members but it had been commandeered by the military so he was on foot, a part of the flooding humanity.

We arrived at Kiangshan, where we had hoped we could stay for a time at least, to find our China Inland Mission friends there all packed ready to move. In fact had they been able to get money from the bank the evening before they would have been gone! Truly "God moves in mysterious ways". So we had a day of rest and a chance to partially dry out our few belongings. It too was a day of prayer and developing plans. God was good again, and we went to bed that night knowing that our baggage was already stowed away on a truck and that our alarm would go off at two in the morning, for we wanted to be at our next destination before daylight might bring the danger of planes. In the early morning we had also the protection of rain, torrents of it as we skidded along thru the mud on the mountain roads in

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an open truck. We were now 8 Americans, Canadians, Australians, and as many more Chinese. But later we learned that in spite of rain that morning Kiangshan received its worst bombing of the year and it has had many severe bombings. So again we felt we had escaped just in time, and were glad that this time it was a few minutes before the panic had struck the city.

And now we are here in Kwangfeng, waiting for God's leading. He has led us so far and we are confident He will continue to do so. He will keep them "under His wings", even when enemy airplane wings are hovering above. That is a comforting thought - His protecting wings are so much stronger than the wings bringing the planes that bring destruction. Will we ever get where the drone of a plane brings joy rather than fear?

Church of England Zenana Mission
Pucheng, Fukien, China

June 27, 1942

How long ago and far away that June 4th was when I wrote you from Kwangfeng. Again, not quite still for we have had some hot sunshine, its raining, and again we are waiting, wondering, praying -- when do we go and where to this time? But now we are here and how we are enjoying this big airy house where it seems to be just a part of a day's work for a household to jump in one day from two to fifteen. What bedraggled, weary, dirty folks we were when we came in by twos and threes just over a week ago! How we appreciated the welcome given to us! I know a lot more about evacuating, leaving precious belongings, refugeeing, etc., now than I did when I wrote you last time. "You must leave at once, before daylight at the latest" rings in my ears, and I sincerely hope that we can go before we hear it again! All during the Kwangfeng days we had been preparing for it, trying to find some means of transportation -- a truck, chairs, carts, rickshaws, baggage carriers -- and every hope turned to disappointment, until the afternoon that we heard the "you must go before morning" from the military. They promised Mr. Davies eight of their commandeered baggage carriers and he proudly brought them home to supper, sleep and breakfast. He also had the promise of places for four on a military boat. We were then twelve foreigners and as many Chinese. There were five bicycles in the group. Our destination was seven miles up river, a small village, where the enemy wouldn't want to go and we might stay indefinitely." (I might as well confess that I had had a severe case of hives and was still "off feed" so that I feared a seven-mile walk, thus I was accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Davies on the boat, with a hospital coolie who had a bad foot in spite of care and treatment for two years at the hospital since he left the army.

The bicyclists, hikers, and baggage carriers left at daylight, the latter and some of the first returning with them to keep them "safe" for us coming back for second loads. We still hoped it might be possible to secure a truck and get everything through. We who were to go by boat went down to the river and waited -- the next twenty-four hours was to be a lesson in patience for us -- eventually we found ourselves enthroned on salt bags and the boat moving slowly up the river. The river was crossed and recrossed by stone dams to supply water for the mills and water wheels on its banks. This meant frequent rapids to be run against and each meant a struggle for the boatman. Just seven miles how could we believe them when they said they wouldn't get there that day! It was nice to be lazy and lean back and look at the hills, listen to the water rushing over the big rocks, but it wasn't so nice to see the planes come swooping down and hear the boom-boom of bombs, and

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the snap-snap of machine guns, out where the road was, (and especially to realize you were on a military boat!) But our group of boats did not seem to be an object for attack that day. And it wasn't nice when darkness settled down to know that you were too far away from your destination to walk in and that you were in the midst of bandit infested country. We had no bedding and had made no plans for so many meals or a night on the boat. But there we spent the night, curled up on the hills and valleys, that were salt bags! The stars were beautiful and the mosquitoes numerous and hungry -- but morning came, same way it always does -- and I have decided since carrying a money bag that I can sleep anywhere if I have enough thousands as my pillow.

As on the day before no amount of coaxing, ordering, bribing could induce our boatman to hurry. In the middle of the forenoon we found some of our Chinese men waiting for us and when we learned that we were but half way and that we couldn't possibly get there by boat that day, we abandoned the boat and took to "shanks horses" and arrived. It was quickly evident that the small dirty place which had been found was too small for the entire group and Mrs. Davies set forth up the street (it was a one street village) in search of a place where we could stay. She found a comparatively new house where we could have a room and a loft, and the use of a kitchen stove. We were quickly established there, objects of friendly curiosity, and feelers were put out for news and to contact people of influence. We found we were in the home of the headman of the street, one of the city fathers so to speak, and it was the usual story. "Stay on here all summer, there is no danger, except from bandits at night and our house is well looked after and we have big dogs." "The only other things we fear are the planes and the soldiers coming to impress men into the service." But again we detected the increasing restlessness and heard the machine guns from the planes by day, and at night from the "bandits" etc., etc.

Two military men came along and wanted to be helpful. "Had you been here five days ago we could have supplied a truck, now we will do the best we can for you." It sounded encouraging but half an hour later other military men were carrying orders from house to house "Get out before daylight for the enemy is almost to Kwangfong." This time it was impossible to get any carriers at all so all the baggage that would not go on the bicycles, or could be carried by ourselves and our Chinese co-travelers, must be left behind. So another hectic night of repacking and discarding what had seemed the last time so essential.

That morning the bridge we must cross in leaving the city had been machine-gunned shortly after daylight, so at 3:30 on Sunday morning, June 14th, our torch light procession merged with the others we had been hearing, and we set forth on our fifteen mile hike! The weirdness of that walk in the dark, the beauty of the dawn, the unending line ahead and behind, after crossing the valley the winding climb of the road up the mountainside -- all stand out as impressions before the first appearance of planes. From then on one was constantly looking ahead to spy out possible protection from them if they should suddenly reappear and the "snap-snap" be along our road.

About noon we had a long rest in one of the deserted houses by the side of the road, an interesting pathetic place. Its newness, decorations, carvings, size, magnificent furniture, everything about it indicated that people of wealth had occupied it, but also that they had heeded the "leave before dawn" command some morning, for drawers were tumbled out, everything was in a terrible mess. For undoubtedly after the owners left, the neighbors, soldiers, and passing refugees had searched carefully for anything of value left behind. Of greatest value to us was the fact that the iron cooking dish had been left on the stove, that meant a good meal could be prepared for us of rice and eggs, which we had with us, with bits of vegetables found in the deserted garden. We had "one broad river to cross" ahead of us and we

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wanted for reasons familiar to us (planes) to do it late in the afternoon, after bombing hours. But before we were ready to continue our journey, neighbors came to urge us to go and not think of remaining the night there because of bandits. So we started on.

How I wish I could make you see the scenes on that road that afternoon! Fear of the enemy and its airplanes, fear of bandits drove the panic stricken mob forward. Weary from the long tramp of the day, people were discovering that things considered "essentials" that morning were no longer indispensable and were dropping them by the roadside. Here someone was burning account books and other papers, there books and paper, padded winter garments, etc., etc. had been dropped. To me an old family clock placed tenderly at the foot of a tree high on the roadbank told a sad story. There were half hidden piles of things bought and dumped by trucks that had returned for other loads, hoping that the bridge would be repaired and the goods could be taken forward. And there were trucks broken down, damaged beyond immediate repair by "air activities," more than one burned chassis told the story of a direct hit by an incendiary bomb. Flies swarming about a dead horse. The nearer the river the greater the chaos.

As we slowed down, as the trampers came to a stop on the hill overlooking the river, I remarked to one of our faithful refugee lads with us, "What an odor!" His reply was, "Don't look that way, there are four dead bodies there machine gunned yesterday, they say." So I didn't look to the left but ahead where the crowds were clamoring down the banks struggling for their places in the line crossing on the "bridge," or jumping into the water to wade and swim across. And fifty yards or more ahead on the opposite bank was the same disorder as those who had successfully negotiated the crossing were ascending the steep hill on the opposite bank. My turn came and I stepped boldly forth on to the boat that was the first stop of the bridge then across a plank to another boat and then from three bamboo poles bound together which sagged under water onto another slippery plank, and so on, and on and on, grabbing hold of any convenient person to steady myself when the footing was too slippery. People were going both ways, for many had to make several crossings to get their baggage all over.

Just a few days before there had been a good bridge over which trucks and people could easily pass, but that was before a bomb or several had made direct hits on the bridge. Now it was gone, it was not deep enough for a ferry and too deep to be forded easily, or at all by a truck. On the opposite side we waited until our crowd and our baggage and bicycles were gathered together. Then on to some place for shelter for the night. After walking for a long five li, probably nearer ten, it was found for us in a deserted house. Merrily and wearily we joked about our rooms and their equipment, pretending it was a modern homeside hotel, as we unrolled our bedrolls on doors and planks and hung our mosquito nets above them. Meanwhile the water for which we were famishing was boiled and rice was cooked, and we quietly settled down and slept because we couldn't help it.

Morning came with more rice, beds were rolled up and we set forth again. That we had gone across the difficult river crossing and walked at 45 li in the day, and were thus that much further away from the advancing enemy gave us confidence and courage as we started over the dusty road that morning. Already we felt as if we knew some of the other groups that were walking the same road -- there was that young woman with a baby in her arms and another strapped to her back, that father with the four little boys trudging along in front of him, that father pushing some of his belongings and the tiny boy in an almost broken down bamboo wheelbarrow, that aged sick woman on the cart, that group of students who didn't want to give up their winter coats although it was a hot day, and so with the many bundles tied onto them looked much like dusty grimy Santa Clauses, etc.

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Put your right foot forward then your left, you can't stop until you reach that tree yonder, right foot, left foot, keep moving. Oh for something to drink, but the last time the thermos was opened there was but a swallow apiece, when can we get some more water, right foot, left foot. Oh, see those flowers up there on the hillside, is that our road up above them, yes, here is another hairpin curve. But, there are planes, so hide over there in those bushes. They are now out of sight on the other side of the mountain but we can hear the thud, thud. As long as we can't see the planes we must move on. Oh, fine, that group of soldiers is moving on and we can rest here in this deserted house on these doors and planks.

The house next is not deserted. It is the home of an aged widow with her daughters-in-law whose husbands have been pressed into service, had no place to go and so she is staying trying to protect her bit of property. Yes, we can use her stove and boil water and rice. One must eat some rice, how fortunate that we have it with us, so as to get strength to keep right foot, left foot moving. But as I get up from my rest and look about, what is that up there on the ledge across the small stream, is the man asleep or -- and a second look shows that it is just another successful hit from a machine gun from the air.

If only a few of our planes were here they could keep those other planes off easily. That is what we hear whenever we stop to talk, "Why aren't your planes here, when are they coming, we can do nothing without planes." It's an old, old story, and it's a long, long road to tramp. Another thing I will always see when I picture that road, with its scenic beauties, is that universal expression of extreme weariness, hopelessness, "nothing can be done" except that mechanical act of right foot forward then left foot. That must continue, move, keep moving. Where to? That doesn't matter, keep moving, keep ahead of the approaching enemy. So on we go through the heat and the dust, trying to find a smile for the weariest but seldom getting one in reply.

Will we find a place where we can stop in this approaching village which though tiny seems to have life in it? "Mr. Davies, Mr. Davies, I've been watching for you," is heard from that busy group in front of a shelter by the side of the road. It is the head of the transportation division of the finance department, moved over here from Kinkwa. And as we sit down on benches placed for us, between the arrival of cart loads of bags and silk cocoons, we learn that our military friends of two days before have passed here and told of us and asked that if possible arrangements be made to send us on in to Pucheng on trucks. So we have more rice gruel, for our Chinese friends have found a place where they can spend the night, and we sit and wait, will we or won't we, who can tell?

And just as darkness settles down and rains begin to descend, here's a truck and although the occupants object, there is room for two and some baggage. So Mrs. Davies and I ascend up over the tailboard and make places for ourselves on the ammunition boxes and amid our own baggage thrown up to us, and the truck bounces forward and the rains descend. With a sieve-like top to the truck and the open back end we are soaked to the skin in no time. We haven't gone far when the truck stops and the driver says that he can't see the road and must wait until daylight. That word daylight reminds me that while we had been waiting for the truck, soldiers had come in with the "order", "Everyone must move on, move on now;" or, after many had remonstrated, "Move on by daylight." There was a shelter house nearby but it looked far from inviting and it was so hard to get up and down from the truck so we chose to remain. We couldn't get any wetter than we were. So we passed the night on the truck with ammunition boxes for seats and pillows.

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Dawn came surprisingly quickly, a clear dawn with no rain. Those who had left the truck returned to it and it lurched forward. How beautiful dawn in the mountains is with the sound of rushing water by the side of the road. On the steep slope of one mountainside the engine stalled, but after some tinkering, and one on the truck was doing some praying for the tinkers, it was going again. The road, none too good at best, probably, was badly washed out by the hard rains of the night before, and by the hard use it had been having those last few weeks as well as the bombings it had received so that progress was none too steady (and somewhat uncertain).

Out in a wide valley, we got into a deep yellow mud rut and getting out was problematical. Our driver, recognizing the danger of planes and the type of cargo he had, insisted on all the "passengers" leaving the truck and going on up the road to where some slight shelter or at least hiding places could be found, in case. But the truck was gotten out of the mud before any planes were heard and we all climbed back aboard it again. But by now it was well into the forenoon, and the fear of planes forced the driver to hasten on at his top speed, so the bumps were taken with less care and we were on the very back end of the truck. Almost within site of the city one wheel went down into a water filled hole left by a hand grenade, probably thrown from a plane the day before, and -- no, I didn't go out over the tailboard fortunately, thank God, and the soldier who grabbed my shoulder. But now, almost two weeks later, I am just beginning to think that maybe if I am patient my back will be all right again.

Mrs. Davies and I were put down at the cross roads just outside the city gate. A coolie was found to help us with our baggage. "No, he didn't know where the Jesus House was for he had just come from Ainhwa two days before." But he carried our baggage and we all asked along the road and first we came to the street chapel and pastor's home which had been bombed a few days before. But here someone told us how to go back to an alley and follow it, and we would come to the church and the residence of the foreigners. So we followed instructions and climbed up over the debris blocking the alley and on until we saw the cross on the church. We found that three of our China Inland Mission friends had already arrived, as they had gotten places on trucks that drove on through the storm in the night, and so were able to find their ways to the home of these two dear Deaconesses before breakfast.

Never did a hot bath feel so good or a board bed so comfortable as that day. Before the day was over all the other foreigners had come in, as they too had been picked up by trucks if not on bicycles. A household of two was stretched to fifteen! We are having a beautiful fellowship together, Irish, English, Australians, Canadians, and Americans. Foodstuffs are not easy to secure but we can get the essentials or substitutes for them. We do not miss NEWS for there is no radio and no regular Chinese newspaper, but once a week some missionaries further down send up a summary of the week's radio news. The big question is how long can we stay here?

Nanping, Fukien
China

August 7, 1942

This installment of the "Wanderings of the Kinhwaites thru Fukien" is long past due. It will not be as thrilling and exciting as the installment sent from Pucheng. Or at least that was what I thought on July 8th, 9th, and 10th as I stretched out on the floor of the small boat and stared at the mountains ahead and around, watched the clouds and the birds, listened to the quiet lapping of the water against the oars or the swift sounds the river made at the places where there were rocky rapids to be

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negotiated. All was quiet and peaceful, except for the very occasional sound of a plane and once the thud of the bombs as attacks were made on troops tramping the not too distant highway. One could just drink in the beauty of the mountains and the river. So often it would seem as if we were coming right up to the end of the river as a huge mountain rose ahead of us, and then suddenly the river would wind and a little later one could look back and see the mountain above the head of the boatman at the rear of the boat. Worrying wouldn't help a bit, so I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery. At Kenow I was directed to the Blind School of the C.E.Z.M.S. and as is usual I was cordially welcomed even if unexpected, and while I had a much desired bath, a real bed, not just boards, was prepared for me and it looked so soft and comfortable I could hardly stay awake for supper.

After breakfast, I unrolled my bed roll and spread everything out on an open porch at the back of the house and handed a sizable washing over to the servant and was just settled to read and rest on the BED, when we heard an air-alarm. So I redressed and was ready when the second alarm sounded. That means "hurry up and get where you are going" and it also means remove all bedding from porches and clothes lines, etc. So my bedding was thrown onto a bed on an inner porch and we went down to be near the dugout in front of the house. When we heard the planes we went down and almost immediately we heard the thump-thump of bombs, the pop-pop of machine guns, and the crackle-crackle of splintering wood and fire, we smelled the smoke and gas fumes from incendiary bombs. We knew that some had dropped near us by the noise and the feel.

My servant lad had remained on the Blind School porch but with "business" so prosperous and so near at hand, when he had an opportunity and could see no plane and be seen by none he came down into the dugout. I could see him and so spoke to him quietly and he came to where I stood. I asked about the bombs and he said one had dropped just back of our house and there was some smoke from the corner of our house.

When we thought the planes had left "Judy", my hostess, and I ran up thru the house to where we found the upper porch full of debris, its shutters thrown to the ground, etc. And more important, Judy was hurrying to where her bed was burning on the side porch. I happened to glance down and saw my bedding also in smoke and blazes, so I hurried thru the room to get the reserve of bath water, which proved to be enough to hold the smoldering fires until later after another few minutes in the dugout while the "inspection plane" circled about, more water could be brought. My mosquito net was entirely burned and my quilt about half and the spread was spattered with black stuff that won't wash out. (I had been using this silk-wadded comforter for my mattress, thinking that by winter-time I would be where I could get a cotton pad for that purpose, and the silk wadding would go into a Chinese garment I could wear as a dress by day, and throw over the bed at night as a comforter. It will be thinner now!) This was the nearest that I had come in actual experience to an incendiary bomb and it was interesting to note that damage was no more severe. Apparently the spray would not start a blaze on wood alone but required paper or cloth to start the blaze, and we were near enough at hand to get the fires in bedding, curtains, wall hangings, pillows, etc. put out before the wood could catch on fire from them.

God was very good to us that morning. The bomb dropped in a tree. A few feet to one side it would have hit a poor dugout crowded with Chinese neighbors, a few feet the other would have been a direct hit on the house which would have been most disastrous. But while we were saving what we could, and discovering how much worse our damage might have been, we were conscious of fires blazing all over the city and one particularly close to the chapel. The planes were there but half an hour about nine A.M. but that evening when we went out onto the street that had been demolished, the heat from the fires was still so great we could not go some

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places, about one third of the city, and that included the business streets. Smoke poured up over the city all afternoon. There were no places left for my shopping expedition! Tragic stories were told by many during the next few days and also many stories of God's providence and protection.

I do not think that I have ever been in a more impressive worship service than on the Sunday morning in the Anglican Church. Archdeacon Williams preached on "Peace of God" and both he and his interpreter spoke in a wonderful manner. In fact at dinner Mr. Williams told us that the local pastor was very "jih" - sorry no English word includes everything implied by that -- worried, excited, nervous all are included, but when the preacher who did the interpreting came in, he was so calm and quiet and said to the other man, "Why be so afraid?" "God, our Father, still loves us and will care for us." And that was just the spirit with which he gave the message that morning.

There had been no time to talk with anyone or to begin to make plans to come on from the city and the "panic" having hit the city it would take "pull" to secure any tickets. I was happy to have my host from Pucheng call and say that they had decided to come on and he had secured a boat and would be glad for me to accompany them again. So on Wednesday morning we made a "crack of dawn" start and that afternoon I arrived here - this haven, which I am always tempted to spell "heaven", where they have real beds, running water, and in some houses electric refrigerators, recently published books and radios.

It is terrifically hot here now, as you well know. I now weigh 20 pounds less. I fortunately have made a good recovery from the truck incident, and so far have not had a bout with malaria, and my dysentery attack did not prove serious, so that I am feeling well, but tired. I look upon going to Shaowu as a place where I will have three lines of work: Am going on invitation of Hangchow University to assist them in English teaching and secretarial work; to be a "student counsellor" to our small group of Shanghai University students who will be taking work there, hoping to preserve them as a nucleus for later University activities; and there, if anywhere, there will be a chance to continue some of the work with the Kinkwa Christian Council which has occupied so much time these last six months. It will mean probably having rooms in the girls' dormitory, a new temporary structure, and leading a simple life, for I have nothing with which to set up "housekeeping" as we lived in the past. I have one napkin, four teaspoons, a paring knife, and a can-opener, but only one can of soup left, to begin "housekeeping"! It's going to be fun seeing how many local things can be adapted and how little one can get along with.

Today a young woman who had been working in the Methodist Institutional Church in Huchow called on one of the missionaries here. She told me that she had gotten out of Huchow thru a hole in the wall at night, had been but a few days in Kinkwa and left there on the 19th on the train that was so badly bombed. When I have seen and experienced the effects of a group of nine enemy bombs, I suppose that it is but a tiny sample of the six hundred or eight hundred we hear about at places in Europe, but it does aid our imaginations to better appreciate what must be going on over there. Oh, that it can soon end and the people of the world prepared to make peace. "This is my Father's World" continues to be one of our favorite hymns both in English and among the Chinese.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Ruth Mather

NEWS FROM THE CAMPUS OF FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

Collected by Prof. E. M. Stowe
January 12, 1943

Fukien Christian University suffered from a serious loss when in the early morning of January 5, 1943, a large brick residence that housed five staff and faculty families burned to the ground. The families affected were those of Prof. and Mrs. H. C. Lin, Prof. and Mrs. Fu Chia-lin, Mr. and Mrs. Li Hsueh-shih, Dean and Mrs. T. H. Cheng, and Prof. and Mrs. E. M. Stowe.

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NEWS FROM THE CAMPUS OF FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

Collected by Prof. E. M. Stowe

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CHRISTIAN LIFE ON A CHINESE COLLEGE WAR-TIME CAMPUS

by

Dr. E. M. Stowe

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These paragraphs give an answer in terms of one campus, that of Fukien Christian University. This institution was moved to its refugee campus at Shaowu in the spring of 1938. For nearly five years all its institutional life has centered on that campus. A pen portrait of activities here may help make more vivid to those insulated by great distance what actually goes on on such a campus.

Preliminary to description of Christian activities as such, however, the reader should know something of general environing conditions.

I

Plain living has become a necessary virtue in this new campus. Accompanying it is at least the possibility of high thinking. Goethe said that talent is developed in solitude. Before these youth are catapulted into the stream of the world's life they find here ample opportunity for the development of talent. Communion with the visible forms of nature is here an ever-present possibility. Much that is best in Chinese culture is drawn from the love of nature. There are among her literary figures many kindred spirits to the Hebrew poet who wrote "I lift mine eyes unto the hills". Here is assuredly an environment superior to that of some pre-war campuses where the latest movies, fashions or dances took the center of the stage.

The war years have taught valuable lessons about thrift. Threadbare and patched garments and hose become more common than any other kind. In some instances the adaption has been an heroic one. For example three years ago a student came to us from Singapore. He flew most of the way by airplane. He arrived in a natty gray suit that was the last word in cut and material. Now he cheerfully wears darned cotton garments and native cloth shoes. Not that the normal hunger of youth for color and beauty have been eliminated. This was well proven when our book store recently offered for sale some ten cent store paper napkins that had been exhumed from old stores. They were snapped up in a flash, - not for plebian uses but to add a dash of color to drab rooms. But the necessary limitations of a war-time campus are accepted without griping.

Further, students living in the interior have had to become resourceful in providing their own means of richer living. They no longer sit on the sidelines, merely passive observers of movies, games or the performances of others. Their club activities, carried on under the respective academic departments, call forth initiative and responsibility; posters announcing club meetings would make a notable collection of poster art. Literary effort is not stymied by abnormal printing costs; bulletin boards blossom out in profusion with productions of opinion and literary effort and are models of industry, calligraphy and neatness. Gardening, for many, furnishes exercise once gained in the more aristocratic tennis, with tangible

dividends to supplement the all too scanty table fare. Manual labor of varied kinds is carried on by students.

A last one of these general features is, for this campus, comparative insulation from the war. To be sure there have been occasions when the enemy troops were only a comparatively few miles away. And recurrent air-raid alarms make the paths to air-raid shelters fairly well trodden. Also students are now subject to draft along with other citizens. Exemption is possible for most of them, however. And on reflection that for each one of those in college there are 10,000 of his fellows who never have and never will see the inside of a college library or laboratory, the wisdom of the policy that has prevented these few from becoming front-line casualties is confirmed. Knowing that they are bought with a price leads these students to add to the intensity of their application to lessons.

These are some of the background factors that have much potential significance for the Christian purposes of a University.

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"When is a college Christian?" This question has been explored at much length by religious leaders and educators. Now the laws of spiritual living are such that no claims by an institution that it is not as others can be accepted as convincing. For whatever spiritual progress is achieved by individual or institution produces a sensitivity to failures and instead of assuming credit all that can be said is "Lord, be merciful". We report here, factually, some of the activities that go on toward the end of a Christian campus.

1. Chapel services. The furnishing of the Chapel are of the simplest - pine seats, pulpit, lectern, Communion Table and cross. But something seems to happen to those who frequent the services which are held in the quiet of this room. None but religious services are held in the Chapel. While it lacks the dim religious light of stained glass it still possesses other conditions for worship in spirit and in truth. Many of those who attend have known the chastisement of perplexities almost unto despair. The service, a brief one of from 20 to 25 minutes three times weekly, in mid-morning, is long enough to realize anew the power available when those of like faith assemble themselves together.

2. University Church. Twice monthly a Sunday morning worship service is held in the university Chapel. A robed choir contributes to the dignity of the service with its processional and recessional. There is a carefully worked-out ritual service; the leader of the service is a student. The message of the service is delivered by a faculty member, as a rule, a responsibility that is taken with much seriousness.

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3. Fellowship groups. Not even the most pleasing of formal services can answer all the needs of the spirit. Spontaneity in religious living is furnished by fellowship groups. There are two kinds:

a. The Sunday Morning Fellowship. This resembles most nearly an old-style Quaker service. Their characteristic provision is made for the moving of the Spirit. There is no leader nor formal program. The group is not afraid of silence; rather it finds it fruitful. Song, scripture, prayer - whatever expresses the need of the

individual concerned is called for or expressed. There are remarks on defeats, problems, victories. That the service contains some spiritual vitamins is evidenced by its continuing vitality and spontaneity. It meets before the Church services.

b. The Christian Association on Fellowships. This current semester about 150 students are participating in these groups. They are student led, though each has a faculty adviser. Study, service, sheer fun - these are all features of the group life. One worked out for a guide a four-square code (no relation to Sister Aimee) based on Luke 2:52. Other fellowships found it worth adopting. One group took it on itself to buy, cook and serve a Christmas dinner to 75 "warphans". "This has been my happiest Christmas" concluded one freshman member of that group. It is an achievement to have that said after six years of war.

4. The Student Christian Association. The capable president of this organization selected as a central purpose this year the opening of as many doors of service as possible, for as many students as possible. He has succeeded well. The cabinet of 21 members, about equally divided between men and women, conducts multifarious Christian activities. These range from visiting those in jail and ministering to orphans, through planning retreats and recreational gatherings, to arranging round table discussions on current pressing problems and conducting a live bulletin board. On that board appear translated excerpts from air-mailed copies of magazines like the Christian Century and Christianity and Crisis, transmitted to us through the Newsletter of the National Christian Council.

There is still more that might be said. For example: participation in activities of the near-by East Gate Church through choir and through Sunday-school teachers, aiding Christian Associations in the four middle schools of Shaowu through the more mature leadership which our students can give, occasional choral festivals in which are sung the distinctive treasures of this Christian art.

There is a scene in Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" in which two travellers came upon a priest going through his genuflections before his altar to God. "But doesn't he know that God is dead"? inquires Zarathustra. If he is, this campus has not yet been so informed. Nietzsche's obituary seems to have been a bit premature. Fukien Christian University conceives her service to the soul of China incomplete until that soul finds its altar. As a nation China seems to fit the description given by Sabatier to St. Francis in the period before his spiritual discoveries: "The loneliness of a great soul without an altar".

There are many problems yet unsolved on the campus. What, for example, of the increasing numbers of students who come to us without any previous Christian contacts? How secure a faculty whose academic competence is matched by zeal for matters of the spirit? How help meet the growing insistence of material needs of nutrition and medicine for bodies that temple the spirit? How replace the 19th century patterns of thought about science and religion with conceptions in line with recent progress in thought? How balance the progress of technology with progress in the purposes for which scientific control can be used? How provide for the student body as a whole growth in religious intelligence comparable with growth in other forms of knowledge? How maintain faith when in a world brimming with the inhumanities in which Christendom finds itself forced to participate? To ask questions like these is to make clear that, whatever satisfaction may be taken in present achievements, the task ahead is still such as to make complacency impossible.

III

The Christian Colleges of China have before them tremendous challenges. Chinese culture is rich with discoveries, made during long millenia, of moral laws involved in living in mutual harmony. In a world where intimate association is inescapable due to the neighborhood which modern science has brought about these moral discoveries become of great moment. The college world can conserve, interpret and transmit this spiritual heritage of China as can no other agency.

But this spiritual heritage, for all its grandeur, lacks precisely that which Christianity has shown itself able to give, the dynamic which can transform the lives of both the high and the humble. The Christian college in China in the days of reconstruction to come has for a distinctive part of its great mission the uniting of the two great resources of the spiritual heritage of this civilization and the living power of the spirit which has been released for humanity through Christ's revelation of God.

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individual concerned is called for or expressed. There are remarks on defeats, problems, victories. That the service contains some spiritual vitamins is evidenced by its continuing vitality and spontaneity. It meets before the Church services.

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4. The Student Christian Association. The capable president of this organization selected as a central purpose this year the opening of as many doors of service as possible, for as many students as possible. He has succeeded well. The cabinet of 21 members, about equally divided between men and women, conducts multifarious Christian activities. These range from visiting those in jail and ministering to orphans, through planning retreats and recreational gatherings, to arranging round table discussions on current pressing problems and conducting a live bulletin board. On that board appear translated excerpts from air-mailed copies of magazines like the Christian Century and Christianity and Crisis, transmitted to us through the Newsletter of the National Christian Council.

There is still more that might be said. For example: participation in activities of the near-by East Gate Church through choir and through Sunday-school teachers, aiding Christian Associations in the four middle schools of Shaowu through the more mature leadership which our students can give, occasional choral festivals in which are sung the distinctive treasures of this Christian art.

There is a scene in Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" in which two travellers came upon a priest going through his genuflections before his altar to God. "But doesn't he know that God is dead?" inquires Zarathustra. If he is, this campus has not yet been so informed. Nietzsche's obituary seems to have been a bit premature. Fukien Christian University conceives her service to the soul of China incomplete until that soul finds its altar. As a nation China seems to fit the description given by Sabatier to St. Francis in the period before his spiritual discoveries: "The loneliness of a great soul without an altar".

There are many problems yet unsolved on the campus. What, for example, of the increasing numbers of students who come to us without any previous Christian contacts? How secure a faculty whose academic competence is matched by zeal for matters of the spirit? How help meet the growing insistence of material needs of nutrition and medicine for bodies that temple the spirit? How replace the 19th century patterns of thought about science and religion with conceptions in line with recent progress in thought? How balance the progress of technology with progress in the purposes for which scientific control can be used? How provide for the student body as a whole growth in religious intelligence comparable with growth in other forms of knowledge? How maintain faith when in a world brimming with the inhumanities in which Christendom finds itself forced to participate? To ask questions like these is to make clear that, whatever satisfaction may be taken in present achievements, the task ahead is still such as to make complacency impossible.

III

The Christian Colleges of China have before them tremendous challenges. Chinese culture is rich with discoveries, made during long millenia, of moral laws involved in living in mutual harmony. In a world where intimate association is inescapable due to the neighborhood which modern science has brought about these moral discoveries become of great moment. The college world can conserve, interpret and transmit this spiritual heritage of China as can no other agency.

But this spiritual heritage, for all its grandeur, lacks precisely that which Christianity has shown itself able to give, the dynamic which can transform the lives of both the high and the humble. The Christian college in China in the days of reconstruction to come has for a distinctive part of its great mission the uniting of the two great resources of the spiritual heritage of this civilization and the living power of the spirit which has been released for humanity through Christ's revelation of God.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE CAMPUS OF

FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

(E. M. Stowe)

February 20, 1943

The second semester of the academic year of 1942-1943 opened in Shaowu when classes were resumed February 8th. Enrollment figures are as follows:

	<u>Total</u>	<u>Men</u>	<u>Women</u>
Seniors	38	28	10
Juniors	65	44	21
Sophomores	127	95	32
Freshmen	121	109	12
Special	<u>7</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>2</u>
	358	281	77

Enrollment by departments is as follows:

Chinese	21	19	2
History	15	12	3
Western Lang.	44	35	9
Education	36	20	16
Physics	21	18	3
Chemistry	49	36	13
Biology	30	19	11
Agronomy	25	25	
Horticulture	25	20	5
Rural Econ.	85	72	13
Special	<u>7</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>2</u>

* * * * *

Recently a new flag pole was erected on the F.C.U. campus. This item deserves mention for two reasons: (1) We have been here in the interior long enough to wear out one flag pole. (2) The students who gather before that mast each morning in the flag-raising ceremony salute the flag of 'white sun in a clear sky' symbol of a China determined to remain free at whatever cost. After nearly six years of war that flag waves over millions of Chinese who have not yet seen one of their would-be invaders.

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Through a new radio-photo service between the United States and China, pictures of the signing of the treaty abolishing extra-territorial rights between the two countries were on our campus in a little over a month from the time signatures were affixed. In the intervening month the picture had been transmitted printed, and sent over many hundreds of miles of difficult road. Other pictorial and printed material is becoming available to enable our campus to maintain closer touch with events and thoughts of the world.

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The Board of Education made available during the first semester of the current year over \$43,000, national currency, to aid needy students continue their studies. Further aid came through the National Student Relief Committee which transmitted over \$31,000, national currency, for that same semester. These forms of aid are granted to students under specified categories. The University added further help through aidships and scholarships. By such means students have been able for the most part to continue their all-essential preparation, in spite of rising living costs.

Students receiving aid from government and National Student Relief sources are expected to contribute a certain number of hours of service per week for the public good. Just at present that work takes the form of clearing up debris from a recent campus fire.

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Hangchow University continues its work on the campus of Fukien Christian University. There are 92 students enrolled with that institution during the current term. According to the original plan, building was to be done by Hangchow on a site immediately adjoining the F.C.U. campus. Due to the certainty of tedious delays in grave removals, however, the authorities decided to go to a new site altogether. It is across the Shaowu River; there work is already in progress on two dormitories and an administration building.

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By government regulation, each student expecting to graduate from College or University is required to present a senior thesis in partial fulfillment of conditions for graduation. The embarrassment met in the selection of topics is not that experienced often by candidates for degrees in the West, who find difficulty in locating unexplored fields of work. Here the embarrassment is to make a choice in the virgin wilderness of problems needing exploration.

That senior thesis topics often have a strongly utilitarian flavor is natural. Following are a few samples from the most recently graduated class, those leaving at the conclusion of the first semester of the current year: Chemical Analysis of Total and Exchangable Bases of Shaowu Soil, by Lin Fei-len; Fish of the Shaowu River, by Liao Siang-hua; Removing Persimmon Pucker, by Li Fang-chou; A Study of the Rural Economics of Hsiang-fong-hsiang, Lin Feng-hsiang; Industrial Cooperatives in China, by Tai Yun-shan.

A graduate from the Education Department of two years ago, Mr. Yeh Min-hsun, has had his senior thesis, "The Formation of Public Opinion," selected for publication and distribution by a government agency.

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The Agricultural Vocational High-school attached to F.C.U. is fortunate in having as its principal an alumnus who has made himself one of the outstanding tea experts of China. His name is Chang Tien-fu. Besides his efficient direction of that school, he is able to carry on class and laboratory work in tea culture. His students will participate in processing about 800 pounds of tea during the season of this present year. The raw materials, in the form of the freshly plucked leaves, are to be had from this region. The rich experience needed for expert care of the leaves for producing various forms of delicate flavor will come from Mr. Chang's knowledge of that lore, gained through extensive study

Minutes of Annual Meeting
Fukien Christian University

Appendix A - pg 3

and practical experience. Fresh leaves cost about \$2 per pound; the finished products command about \$30 per lb. at present.

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By recent government order, students who are graduated this spring from Senior High Schools will be asked to give six months of service in some aspect of social or political work. Full details are not yet announced. This work will serve the double purpose of relieving need for personnel, and inducting students into first-hand experience of social work. If carried out as announced, there will be no entering Freshman class until the second semester, 1943-1944.

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A church organization is being set up on the combined campuses of Fukien Christian University and Hangchow University. The purpose is to effect closer relationships between students and faculty members and workmen who may be, or may wish to become, members of a church. It is expected to be instituted during the present semester. A constitution and a statement of faith are being worked out at this writing.

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President C. J. Lin hopes to attend the Council of Higher Education and the Meeting of the National Christian Council, to be held in Szechuen in May of this year.

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Publicity material, F.C.U. to Associated Boards of Christian Colleges in China, March 29, 1943.

Bishop W. Y. Chen was a recent visitor to the campus of F.C.U. His former colleagues were rejoiced at an opportunity to renew a valued friendship. And students found his messages, several of which were packed into a short stay, unfailingly inspiring. His reputation for platform ability, deep scholarship and warm religious experience all were amply confirmed. It was perhaps a revelation to some students without previous Christian contacts to find one of his caliber happy to be devoting his life to the leadership of the Church.

High printing costs put out of the question the publications once the pride of student clubs. But the impulse has been sublimated into another form. The pathway in front of and around the side of Gowdy Memorial Library might well be dubbed Wall-paper Avenue. Student groups vie with each other in producing a paper that will capture interest through its artistic illustrations, neatness, calligraphy, and content. "What's so interesting about this issue?" a student was asked who was part of a group around a fresh edition. "Its taste is sour" was the expressive Chinese idiom in reply. Voltaire would have understood what was meant.

Another form of education to the public is provided by an exhibit case sponsored by the Natural History Club. Recently a small aquarium was placed in it, containing a cluster of frog eggs in the process of evolving into tadpoles. After they were launched on their career, a Cecropia moth was there for admiration of its startling beauty. This week it is a life-like exhibit of species of the praying mantis. Even the most confirmed bookworm can hardly remain in entire ignorance of the marvels in surrounding nature when thus put where he who runs may read.

* * * * *

To enter the library of F.C.U. at night and see from 350 to 400 dark heads bent over books and notes under the green-shaded electric lights is to witness a fairly intense application to cerebration. But not so intense that time out cannot be taken to inquire on the why and wherefore of the whole process. Recently the San Min Youth Corps sponsored a round table discussion on "The Function of Higher Education in Post-war China." After three faculty members expressed their views to initiate discussion, students followed with their ideas. That the meeting lasted three hours attests something else than the comfort of the seats, for they were not comfortable. Of the dissatisfactions expressed by students, perhaps the chief one concerned the mechanical nature of much present work, with its "trivium" of assignments, notebooks, and examinations. The perennial problem of a sufficient quantity of qualified teachers was also recognized as becoming acute. Had the participants been familiar with the dissertation written by Prof. H. E. Chen, former Dean of F.C.U. on "Developing Patterns of the College Curriculum in the United States" they might have had suggestions of further possibilities of improvement in higher education.

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Prof. Wang Ching-ho is continuing on the F.C.U. Experimental Station studies of varieties of wheat which he began some time ago. The study began with over 600 varieties, collected from various regions

of both China and the rest of the world. That number has now been reduced to something over 100. The purpose is to find what varieties promise maximum yield under soil and climatic conditions of these latitudes.

Prof. Chang T'ien-fu, principal of F.C.U.'s Middle School, a nationally recognized tea expert, plans this spring to process about 800 pounds of tea. He will induct his classes into some of the tea lore which his studies and experience have so thoroughly taught him. The fresh tea leaves will be secured from this region that for long years was synonymous with the highest obtainable quality of tea. Thackery had only to use the term "Bohea", a region just beyond our horizon, to be understood to mean the best of all teas.

Prof. Chang's teaching does not interfere with efficient conducting of the Agricultural High School. Besides classroom work, each student in the school has three vegetable plots to cultivate. They bring to the student from \$20-\$30 monthly, and to the school about \$1,000 monthly as a total. What they bring to the students in experience is registered not in account books but in synopses and long memories.

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The annual crop of senior theses will soon be ready for harvest in F.C.U. The topics of investigation of this term's seniors are noted below.

Name	Department	Topic
Chang Tsung-jen	Chinese	A Study of the Novel of the Tang Dynasty.
Hsieh Pin-kang	English	Translation of "The Christ I know"
Shih I-chien	Education	Tasks of the County Education Bureau
Chen Ai-ching	"	A Project as Visiting Teaching
Cheng Chu-ching	"	Functions of the Personnel Officer, Secondary Schools
Su Ken-hsin	"	Preparing Study Material for Shaowu Adult Education
Chen Wei-hsin	"	Knowing the Bible: A unit of curriculum material for Middle School Students.
Chiang Han	Physics	Precise Measurement of the Frequency of Locally-made Tuning Forks
Lin Hua-chang	"	Hysteresis Loss of Several Metals
Kuo Wen-ching	"	Variable Change of Voltage of Locally made Standard Electric Cell
Wu Chih-hsun	Biology	Anatomy of the One-eyed Carp.
Chuang I-hsin	"	Secondary Sex Characteristics of the Male Damsel Fly of North Fukien
Chen Ping-lu	Agronomy	Advanced Experiments in Rice-growth.
Chen Chu-ming	"	The Effect of Sulphur on Rice-growth.
Chang Hsien-ta	Horticulture	The Control of Tomato Wilt
Chiang Fu-tan	Rural Economics	Production and Marketing of Shaowu Paper.
Lin Wen-chen	"	Production and Marketing of Rice in Kienning and Taining Counties.
Lin Kang	"	Fiscal Systems of Chinese Cooperatives

Chang Chun-ching	Rural Economics	A Comparative study of long-term Credit Systems of Agriculture: Germany, Italy, United States, Japan and China.
Feng Chen-fu	" "	Price Fixing in Theory and Practice.
Huang Hsi-ho	" "	History of Foreign Marketing of Chinese.
Yang Ho	" "	The Farm Tenancy System of China.

* * * * *

Plans for initiating a Union Church for the communities of Hangchow University and Fukien Christian University are being completed. A constitution has been drawn up, and arrangements made for starting the new congregation during the current term. The aims include

1. To provide guidance in religious knowledge and living.
2. To provide a place of membership for those deciding to enter the way.
3. To provide a church home for those already members elsewhere.
4. To provide the traditional aids to Christian living, as worship, sacraments, etc.
5. To see that members leaving this place be introduced to local churches in their new place of residence.
6. To engage in needed service activities in cooperation with other church groups.

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7/72 J. C. S.

Brief Report of Fukien Christian University, Shaowu, Fukien

I. NAME: Fukien Christian University

II. DESCRIPTION:

Home campus, Foochow; Refugee campus, Shaowu since 1938

Founded in 1915

Purpose of Founders "To provide higher education for youth in China under such influences as will develop Christian character and leadership to meet the deeper needs of society.

Participating mission boards are Methodist, Congregational Church, the Reformed Church of America, and the Anglican Church.

The governing body on the field is the Board of Managers made up of representatives from the official bodies of the respective denominations as organized in Fukien Province

The governing body in America is the Board of Trustees made up of representatives from the participating mission boards in America and England.

Now operates three colleges, namely, College of Arts, College of Science, and College of Agriculture, with ten departments:- Arts: Departments of Chinese, Western Languages, History, Education; Science: Departments of Biology, Chemistry, Physics; Agriculture: Departments of Agricultural Economics, Horticulture, Agronomy.

Projects:

1. In the Arts College

- a. Chinese Cultural Studies (financed by the Harvard-Yenching Institute)
Fukien Culture is emphasized through research work and the collection of material, the results of which is published in our quarterly, "Fukien Culture".

2. In the Agricultural College

a. Agricultural Economics Department

- 1) Collecting materials and data of economic value in Fukien Province as a contribution towards reconstruction.

b. Agronomy: Research is carried on in

- 1) Rice breeding, the purpose of which is to find varieties suitable for North Fukien which will yield more per acre. Two new varieties have been discovered which will yield 40% more than the native local variety.
- 2) Wheat breeding, the aim of which is to find what varieties promise the maximum yield for the climatic conditions of these latitudes and the best disease resistant variety. During the progress of the experiment many varieties have proved to be unsuitable and have been discarded. The plantings of this season were of over 100 varieties
- 3) Tea manufacturing. Fukien is not only one of the best tea-producing regions in all China, but is also world famous for the quality of tea produced. F.C.U. is now manufacturing tea under a nationally famous tea expert, the process of which serves as the laboratory of a class in tea.

c. Horticulture Experiment Station.

- 1) Citrus fruit - improvement in citrus fruit in this locality, especially the native tangerine.
- 2) Vegetables - raising vegetable seeds with a view to introducing to this region better seed and some new vegetables, cabbage, Irish potatoes, and tomatoes, for example, which were not raised here before the university moved to Shaowu. Special attention is given to producing disease resistant varieties, particularly with reference to potatoes and tomatoes which are often attacked by wilt at about the time of flowering of the plants.

4/16/43

d. Animal Husbandry:

- 1) Ducks, Chickens, rabbits. Besides breeding better stock, both from the standpoint of layers and for table use in the case of ducks and chickens, much experimental work is carried on with a view to finding out the best and most economic feed for fowls and rabbits.

e. Forestry

- 1) Plantings of pine and tung oil seedlings four years ago on the bare hillsides have proved successful. Results to date confirm our belief that the project will prove to be of economic and financial value.

3. In the Science Collegea. Biology -

- 1) Engaged in making a survey of Fukien vertebrate fauna. A preliminary survey shows that Fukien possesses more than 40% of vertebrate animals recorded in all China.
- 2) Economic value of Fukien birds. Seven species have been studied with respect to their relationship to agriculture.
- 3) Hybridization of frogs in Fukien, particularly with reference to experimental parthenogenesis.
- 4) A survey of Shaowu mosquitoes and means of biological control.
- 5) Life-history studies of blood flukes and lung flukes found in Fukien. (About 50 scientific reports have been published on the above).

b. Chemistry

- 1) War-time scarcity and high cost of alcohol forced the department to make its own alcohol for the last four years, using unpolished rice. Special attention is given to how to make it so as to get the best yield.
- 2) War-time shortage of photographic materials induced a young instructor to do research work on negatives of the roll film type, with fair results to date.
- 3) The discovery that crude oil and a gasoline substitute could be made from old pine roots was made in the Chemistry laboratory by one of our young instructors several years ago. Upon hearing of this the Fukien Transportation Company made arrangements with the university to release the instructor to make experiment on a larger scale at government expense. At the end of a year long-run tests were made by the Transportation Company, since which time the government has been financing the project on a commercial basis to help meet the fuel shortage.
- 4) Soil analysis in a district (Kutien) where salt is used as fertilizer in an effort to find the explanation of the same.

- c. Physics - Much valuable apparatus has been made in the Physics Work Shop during these years of isolation due to the effective blockade.

III. COST : CNC\$1,889,701.12

Source of Income: Sustaining Fund US\$57,000 @ 18 (budget)	CNC\$1,026,000.00
Trustees (New York)	428,371.12
Field	435,330.00
	<u>CNC\$1,889,701.12</u>
	<u>6</u>

IV. NUMBER OF PERSONS INVOLVED:

a. Faculty, including assistants, men 49, women 18 =	67	
b. Clerical force, including technicians	38	
c. Workmen, including Agricultural College	80	185
d. Students		406
TOTAL, not including staff families which would		591
would bring the number up to at least 1000.		

Publicity Material to Associated Boards, April 19, 1943

Campus Events

On April 6th the members of the Chemistry Society of Fukien Christian University took occasion to pay their respects to the head of the Department of Chemistry, Prof. T. H. Wang. The event commemorated the close of five years of work in Shaowu. Prof. Wang has been intimately associated with the life of the institution in its new environment. It was he who was sent to supervise the rehabilitation of the campus and buildings before the move was made. He accompanied the first group that made the long and difficult trek. In the subsequent years he has steadily and quietly carried on his teaching, administrative, and other duties as head of the Department of Chemistry, head of the School of Science, and as part of the administrative organization.

Tribute to his services was paid by Pres. Lin, who commented on a devotion to his tasks through these years both before and after moving that is priceless. Students joined with a tribute to his teaching and research abilities, and not less to the friendly guidance and sound advice always available to all students. It was made abundantly clear that "T.H." is one of the pillars without whom the institution would be irreparably weakened.

The celebration closed in lighter vein with a program of demonstrations of "chemical magic", music, and a dramatic presentation. At all of these the members of the Chemistry Society proved themselves equally adept.

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Dean T. H. Cheng, head of the Department of Biology, has received recognition from the Ministry of Education for his outstanding work in ornithology. The recognition came in the form of substantial financial grants made by the Ministry to enable him to continue his research, collecting and writing. Dean Cheng has been tireless in pursuing his observations during the years in Shaowu, and has assembled a large amount of data on species of birds to be found here, their habits of migration, and has collected and mounted specimens and their nests.

The F.C.U. Weekly that reports the Ministry's citation notes that during these years Dean Cheng has written 37 articles totaling over 100,000 characters. He has produced six publications in the field of biological science and has three more at present in course of preparation. These altogether total over a million characters. These tasks have been carried on in addition to classroom teaching, directing of laboratory work, and the efficient carrying on of the work of the office of the Dean of Studies.

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As a recognition of the sustained carrying on of professional tasks in the field of Higher Education, the Ministry of Education has made financial awards to persons in Fukien Christian University who have been related to higher education here or elsewhere for ten years or longer. Grants were made as a token of recognition to the following:

Longer than 20 years: Profs. Claude Kellogg and Roderick Scott.
 Longer than 10 years in F.C.U.: Pres. C. J. Lin, Prof. W. J. Sutton, E. M. Stowe, T. H. Cheng, T. H. Wang, Y. C. Lin.
 Longer than 10 years in this and other institutions: Profs. Chen Hsing-yueh, Chiang Yun-sheng, Lin Hsi-chien, Chen Hsi-tsu, Mrs. E. M. Stowe, Miss Eva Asher.

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A number of public debates and round-table discussions have lately been sponsored on the campus by various organizations. The History Club, for example, sponsored a round-table discussion on the possibility of permanent peace after this war. The Student Christian Association promoted a discussion on the place of Christianity in post-war reconstruction. Another organization was responsible for a debate on whether or not present-day college students should allow themselves to fall in love. So far no debate has been announced on the probability of the sun's rising.

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Some interesting figures occur in a thesis being written by Mr. Chen Wei-hsin. The subject, a curriculum unit on "Knowing the Bible" for Senior Middle School students, involved discovering how present-day students feel about the Bible, and what relation this may have with home and other backgrounds. Below are reproduced some facts of some interest.

	Buddhism		Christian		Confucian		Mohammedism		None	
	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%
Religion of family	233	36	215	30	55	8.5	1	.1	145	20
Personal religion	24	3.6	375	59	33	4.6	0	0	201	30.4

The schools from which the data were secured were Christian schools. "Christianity or nothing" seems a valid conclusion as far as these students are concerned. Incidentally there is a renewed awareness abroad of how important strong Christian middle schools are for the future of Christianity in the colleges and universities, both government and private.

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Not long ago the Self-Government Association of the student body put on a play, through its drama group. The objective, apart from the dramatic impulse itself, was the raising of funds for the benefit of wounded soldiers now stationed in this city. For the latter purpose, a sum of about \$5,000 was realized. Of no less significance was the subject-matter of the play. It concerned the problem of marriage and family life of a girl with modern education, and the contrasts of the freedom of school days with the restrictions involved in playing a part as a unit in a family system. "Some of the girls cried afterward" was one testimony, but it came from a mere man, with some discount perhaps due. It seems not unlikely that the women students of this generation will do their share in fighting for a fifth freedom, that of women.

* * * * *

Prof. Huang Yu Shu of the Department of Education finds deep interest in close study of China's ancient Classics, and developing relationships between their teachings and those of a Christian outlook on life. Of late he has given careful study to one of China's most ancient and difficult literary treasures, the Yi Ching, or Book of Changes. He plans to publish in due course his reflections on its inner meanings. In the meantime, he shares his thoughts in occasional addresses on the subject, to the very great interest of his student hearers.

* * * * *

One direct contribution to economic needs and to war effort has come out of the Chemistry Laboratory of F.C.U. A professor there developed a process of distilling gasoline and lubricating oil from resinous pine roots, of which great quantities occur in this wooded region. Long-run tests have shown his products eminently usable, and capable of meeting crucial transportation needs. The details may need to wait until after the war for full reporting.

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ASSOCIATED BOARDS FOR CHRISTIAN COLLEGES IN CHINA

OFFICE OF THE FIELD SECRETARY
HOUSE 106, HWASIPA
CHENGDU, Szechwan

*See letter Ack, dated 8-19-43
to Dr. Tann*

REPORT ON FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

(This report is based on a two-day visit to Shaowu during the middle of March, a visit later in the month to the Foochow campus, and conversations with the university administration and with other people in Fukien. In view of the fact that F.C.U. has kept the home office better informed than most institutions, I shall not describe the work of the university in detail but shall limit myself to a discussion of certain phases and problems of its work.)

LOCATION AND BUILDINGS:

Shaowu, Fukien Christian University's home for the past five years, is a small city in northern Fukien, a relatively backward region where there has never before been a university. Shaowu is connected by motor road with northern Kiangsi, and by river and motor road with Nanping and Foochow. It is one or two days by road from Nanping, which is one or two days by boat from Foochow.

The city is a little too near to Chekiang and northern Kiangsi to make it free from danger of Japanese invasion. The Japanese occupation of Chekiang a year ago caused considerable apprehension in northern Fukien, and a certain amount of fear is always present. However, there appears to be no immediate danger.

Probably the chief advantage of the site is the fact that Shaowu contained a considerable number of mission buildings - hospital, school, residences - which were not in regular use and so available for the university. Indeed, the university can be considered as exceptionally fortunate, as these buildings provided it with better refugee quarters than have been available for any refugee institution except perhaps Hwanan.

In spite of these buildings, however, the university has made considerable additions during the past five years, especially in the form of residences and dormitories. These are all simple but attractive and usable. Some are of wood, but later ones have been built of pounded earth, which provides greater strength and better insulation. This process of building was still going on when I arrived.

Pres. Lin assured me that the end had been reached. That there be no change in this decision seems to me very important in view of what one can see of the future. Most of the building has been the result of the expansion of the university discussed below. Whether or not this has been justifiable is open to question; but certainly any further building would be most hard to justify. I presented this point as clearly and as forcefully as I could.

An interesting feature of the campus is the electric light plant, the current being produced by an old Ford engine driving a Japanese generator! Efficient use seems to have been made of the limited equipment available.

EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES:

The presence of river communication all the way from Foochow to Shaowu, with consequent cheap transportation, and the fact that F.C.U. moved early in the war made it possible to bring along almost all the equipment and supplies owned in Foochow.

The library is, without much question, the best library in any refugee Christian college; it may even be the best in any Christian college in Free China. Though it has not been possible to add Western books recently, important additions have been made to the Chinese collection. The collections

are adequately, though not too conveniently, housed.

Science equipment, while not entirely adequate for the load of teaching now necessary, is satisfactory and far better than that of institutions which moved under less favorable circumstances. Chemicals are running low, but there is probably enough of most things to last a year or two longer. Some new collections have been started, and the collection of birds of Northern Fukien will contribute to the completeness of the fine collection left behind in Foochow. Good use is being made of what equipment is available, and the manufacture of equipment in a small machine shop is particularly praiseworthy.

FACULTY:

I was impressed by the spirit of the university faculty; President Lin appears to have the loyal cooperation of all his staff. Particularly evident is the enthusiasm of the group, not only for F.C.U. but also for rendering service to community and country. I was not in Shaowu long enough to judge with great accuracy, but my impression was that the Christian character of the faculty was being fairly well maintained.

On the other hand, there is a certain youthfulness in the faculty that suggests either that F.C.U. has not been able to retain its older men or that it has been growing too fast. President Lin stated that he is having difficulty persuading well-trained and experienced men to join the staff because of the location of the institution. There is far greater readiness to go West than for those in West China to go East, for Fukien still seems isolated - if not part of the front lines. This enthusiasm is a valuable and contagious thing, but needs to be balanced.

Relations between Chinese and Western members of the staff are definitely above the average. This is in part due to greater uniformity of treatment, particularly in regard to housing.

Salaries seemed to me low. While living costs in Shaowu are relatively low, they are rising rapidly and there seems real need for increase. I urged some improvement and was informed that a 20% increase of the basic was being considered. This seems quite justifiable. The salary scale for professors in March was as follows:

Basic Salary	NC\$370 - 440
Subsidy for Self	120 - 120
Subsidy for Family of 3 (\$20 per month)	90 - 90
20% of above	116 - 130
TOTAL	NC\$696 - 780
Proposed 20%	74 - 85
PROPOSED TOTAL	NC\$770 - 865

STUDENTS:

I did not have much opportunity to see the students and their life, beyond visiting dormitories and speaking to the student body. I judge, however, that they are still living better than their ~~Western~~ West-China fellows. The men's dormitories are comparable to those of refugee institutions elsewhere; the girls' are better. So far, lower costs have enabled them to live better than students in West China. \$100.00 a month was securing eggs, bean milk, and meat, all of which were out of the reach of students in Chengtu paying nearly twice as much. This is not to suggest that they are living too well. And living costs will soon cut down these rations.

I was impressed by the unpaid work being done by students in improving the appearance of the campus.

FINANCES:

The F.C.U. budget seems to me to belong to that small group of honest

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and realistic budgets. Mr. Robert McClure and Miss Eva Asher are evidently doing a good job.

The addition of US\$12,000.00 to sustaining funds, which I was able to report while in Shaowu, should enable the university to balance its 1942-43 budget.

The 1943-44 budget does not appear excessive for the activities involved. Indeed, I believe some estimates too low, particularly that of 25% increase for living. I suggested a higher figure while pointing out that Founders and sustaining funds could not be counted on for any more. I believe this increase can be taken care of through greater local income. The Ministry of Education grant of NC\$60,000 should be at least doubled; and the alumni ought to be called on at this time. Granted the program, there does not seem to be much room for criticism of the budget, except that there does not appear to be any likelihood of balancing it without retrenchment or finding additional sources of income.

That is the problem facing F.C.U. Has all the expansion that has taken place been justifiable in view of the financial situation, and is there to be any further expansion? The doubling of the student body and the increase of activities in the College of Agriculture have laid the foundation for a serious problem when prices start to rocket. I urged as strongly as I could that all thought of expansion in numbers or activities be dropped so far as next year is concerned; and I recommended that consideration be given to possible retrenchment.

THE POST-WAR FUTURE:

The question of cooperation or amalgamation with Hwanan has been covered in my report on the latter institution. It is hardly necessary to remark that F.C.U. views possible amalgamation much more favorably than does Hwanan.

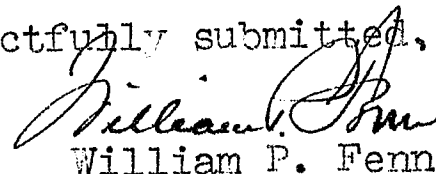
My inspection of the Foochow campus confirmed my impression that the expansion at Shaowu may result in serious complications when the time comes to return to Foochow. It is obvious that a campus designed for 200 students is not going to be adequate for 400-500. Mr. McClure, who is in charge of the Foochow property, informs me that F.C.U. was already finding classrooms and dormitories stretched to the limit. Is there any likelihood that F.C.U. will be able to find funds for expansion at a time when other institutions are struggling to rehabilitate themselves?

The buildings at Shaowu also offer something of a problem. The facilities of a place which, before the war, was practically unoccupied, have now been doubled. Who is to use these buildings when the university returns to its real home? President Lin says that he is planning to leave his new Agricultural Middle School behind, a plan for which there is much to be said. But in that program lie certain dangers. With so much space into which to expand, that school is likely to develop far more rapidly than it should, adding measurably to an already strained budget. Or the existence of empty buildings is likely to lead to the starting of new enterprises simply to make use of the buildings.

In general, I should say that there are forces in the university which are likely to attempt too much unless restrained. There is need for consolidating the position already attained before spreading over wider areas.

IN CONCLUSION: No report would be complete without reference to the splendid Christian leadership being provided by President Lin. I am confident that he would welcome a cooperative rethinking of the situation in Christian higher education in China and would himself cooperate in any ~~provincial~~ national rather than provincial program.

Respectfully submitted,


William P. Fenn

Chengtu, Szechwan
May 20, 1943

PUBLICITY MATERIAL FROM FUKIEN CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

June 23, 1943

Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Stowe left Shaowu on June 7 by the Friends Ambulance Unit truck on the first lap of their long trek to India and thence to America. The hazardous trip is being undertaken at this time both because of a delayed furlough and the need of medical attention for Mrs. Stowe. The absence of the Stowes from the campus is keenly felt by students, faculty and administration alike. Besides carrying a full teaching schedule they were active in all phases of campus life. Dr. Stowe served as pastor of the newly established Union Church and was a member of a number of the important administrative committees. He has made a distinct contribution to the life of Fukien Christian University during his fifteen years of devoted and untiring service and can truly be called one of the "pillars" of the institution.

The school year came to an end with the show of caps and gowns and hoods on June 14. It was an honor to have as a visitor to the campus Bishop C. B. R. Sargent, a member of the Fukien Board of Managers, during the closing days of the school year, June 11 - 15. Bishop Sargent preached the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 13, bringing to the graduating class and others present a message of hope and encouragement based on John 1:35-46: "What seek ye?"; "Come and See"; "We have found." Mr. Ting Chao Wu, also a member of the Fukien Board of Managers, gave the commencement address. The graduating class consisted of 32 members, 9 of whom completed their work in January and are already at their various posts of service. The members who completed their work in June are flooded with offers from all walks of life, - school, church, government and public offices. Distribution of graduates by departments is:

Chinese	1	Biology	3
Western Languages	2	Agronomy	2
Education	4	Horticulture	3
Physics	4	Agricultural Economics	9
Chemistry	4		

Thirty-four students were graduated from the F.C.U. Agricultural High School at the same time.

Mr. Yen Min Hsun ('40) and Mr. Wen Shao Er ('41) left Shaowu on June 18 for graduate study in the University of Nanking, Chengtu. They were each granted a fellowship by F.C.U. as an award for faithful and efficient service. Mr. Yen rendered unique service in the Dean of Personnel Office as Director of Student Life. Mr. Wen as an assistant in the Department of Agricultural Economics has in addition to his work on the campus done considerable traveling in Fukien collecting data on the outstanding products of the province as a contribution to reconstruction. The project was financed by Mr. C. A. Yang, Commissioner of Reconstruction, Kiangsi Province. Mr. Yen will specialize in Social Welfare Administration and Mr. Wen in Cooperatives and Prices. This is a more arduous undertaking than cold type indicates. These young men started off with barely enough funds for the \$15,000 (or more) trek to Chengtu. But representing the age-old Chinese tradition of respect and admiration for learning, the spirit of youth in a country on the eve of great development, they are willing to undergo the hardships of such a trip, as is well expressed in their own words after the first lap of the journey: "We are willing to struggle for a higher ideal. Suffering means nothing to us. We feel very honored to be sent."

Publicity Material from
Fukien Christian University

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June 23, 1943

On account of the difficulties and expense of travel and the higher cost of rice in Foochow and further south about one half of the student body will stay here during the summer. Students from occupied territory and overseas are granted government loans to cover summer board, estimated at \$500. The university is trying to plan work for needy students who do not come under either of these categories. The price of rice in Shaowu doubled within a week during the Foochow "rice crisis" in May, and is steadily increasing, the price being \$800 for 150 catties at present. This in turn affects the price of all daily commodities, all of which will affect student fees in the fall - UPWARD! For the spring semester \$1000 was estimated as a minimum for a student practicing the strictest economy, including fees, school supplies and incidentals only. The majority of the students, however, found it necessary to spend more. It is impossible to say now what might be considered as a minimum for the fall semester, but it is fairly safe to say that it will be around \$2000.

Faculty members also find travel expensive and difficult. As a result only those having business in Foochow are contemplating a visit to that city. Among the Americans Dr. and Mrs. R. Schett and Dr. S. H. Leger find themselves in that category.

The first entrance examinations for candidates for the freshman class in the fall were given the latter part of May in five provinces: Fukien, Chekiang, Kiangsi, Anhwei, and Kwangtung. Around 700 applicants took the examinations. Another examination will be given the latter part of July. All indications are that we shall have a record freshman class.

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December 21, 1943

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Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Stowe left Shaowu on June 7 by the Friends Ambulance Unit truck on the first lap of their long trek to India and thence to America. The hazardous trip is being undertaken at this time both because of a delayed furlough and the need of medical attention for Mrs. Stowe. The absence of the Stowes from the campus is keenly felt by students, faculty and administration alike. Besides carrying a full teaching schedule they were active in all phases of campus life. Dr. Stowe served as pastor of the newly established Union Church and was a member of a number of the important administrative committees. He has made a distinct contribution to the life of Fukien Christian University during his fifteen years of devoted and untiring service and can truly be called one of the "pillars" of the institution.

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