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COLLEGE FILES
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Hwa Nan
Corres.

Reed, Laura M.
Reik, Elsie J.
Robinson, Faye
Wallace, Ethel

1936
1938-1941
1941
1939-1942

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

ASSOCIATION OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
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SECRETARY, GENERAL OFFICE
MISS RUTH RANSOM
ROOM 710, 150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
CABLE ADDRESS, FORMIS, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE WATKINS 9-7090

SECRETARY, FOREIGN DEPARTMENT
MRS. FRANKLIN REED
619 CARLTON ROAD, WESTFIELD, N. J.

SECRETARY, HOME DEPARTMENT
MRS. F. H. SHEETS
1930 SHERIDAN ROAD, EVANSTON, ILL.

June 30, 1936

Act 7/3/36

Mr. B. A. Garside
Associated Boards for
Christian Colleges in China
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Garside:

Mrs. Peel has sent her reply to me for the reason which she has stated in her letter to you.

From the notes taken, which she also enclosed, I think there is no doubt but that the majority of our women wish to have Hwa Nan College retain its membership in the Associated Boards, and that its askings are \$10,000. It is my understanding as per our conversation on Thursday, that the Committee on Finance has the power to scale this amount down to a proportion fair to the other colleges concerned. This action, I think, you stated in the letter which went to Mrs. Peel from our office.

I am very happy to put this information into your hands by July 1st.

Very sincerely,

Laura M. Reed

Mrs. Franklin Reed

mag

Reed, Lama M

1936

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[when copying] and in
file.

ASSOCIATED
BOARDS

July 3, 1936

My dear Mrs. Reed,

Thank you for your letter of June 30th, and for your kindness in forwarding so promptly the letter from Mrs. Peel concerning Hwa Nan matters.

The decisions set forth in Mrs. Peel's letter are of course very gratifying. It seems to me that they outline a course which should prove advantageous both to Hwa Nan and to the whole enterprise of Christian higher education in China. I trust that during the coming year we can make much more concrete progress than has as yet been possible.

While we regret that the special sub-committee wasn't able to include the full amount Hwa Nan asked in this year's list of preferred items, we are glad that it at least included somewhat more than was at first suggested. Now the important thing is for all of us together to help secure this \$6,000 for Hwa Nan.

We are grateful for all the assistance you have given in these matters, and for the tact and patience with which you have carried these questions through to a solution.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Franklin Reed,
619 Carlton Road,
Westfield, N. J.

B A GARSIDE

BAG/G

galk

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OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**

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TREASURER, MISS FLORENCE HOOPER
30 MARYLAND LIFE BUILDING, BALTIMORE, MD.



GENERAL OFFICE SECRETARY
MISS AMY G. LEWIS
ROOM 710, 150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
CABLE: "FORMIS, NEW YORK"

SECRETARY FOREIGN DEPARTMENT
MRS. LEWIS L. TOWNLEY
323 BEECH AVENUE, WYOMING, OHIO

SECRETARY HOME DEPARTMENT
MRS. F. H. SHEETS
1930 SHERIDAN ROAD, EVANSTON, ILL.

September 19 - 36

Hwa Nam
Ack 10/14/36

My dear Mr. Garside:

I am returning the enclosed card filled out as best I can at this date.

The month of October is absolutely impossible as I must go to Albany the first week and to Muncie, Indiana the last three.

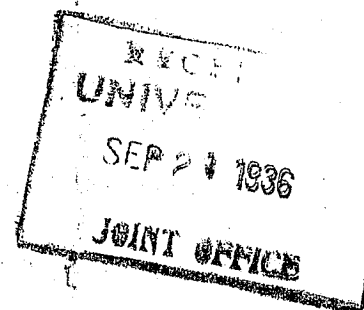
If there is any matter concerning *Hwa Nam* which is not entirely settled, ^{and} in a satisfactory way so far as the Associated Boards is concerned, I will do everything in my power to get action on the matter at Muncie. I shall see Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. Peel at that time. I realize that this one college has perhaps caused you some extra work and that you have been most gracious and patient always in your

attitude toward our Board. While I personally have no responsibility for Hua Nam and her interests, yet it is only business like and proper to make your task as easy as possible and to determine ^{early} our position in this case, that we may begin to receive the benefits our association with the Associated Boards may bring. Let me help you if you think of anything I can do.

Very sincerely
Laura Reed

(Mrs. Franklin Reed.)

SEP 19 1936



Hwa Na
Folde

ASSOCIATED
BOARDS

October 14, 1936

Mrs. Franklin L. Reed
Hotel Roberts
Muncie, Indiana

My dear Mrs. Reed:

I should have acknowledged before this your letter of September 19th in which you ask whether there is any matter concerning the relationship of the Hwa Nan Trustees to the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China which might require special attention at the meeting in Muncie. I hoped that I would see you before you left for Muncie, and so neglected to reply earlier.

I do not know of anything in the Hwa Nan relationship to our Associated Boards which needs special attention. We are grateful to the Hwa Nan Trustees for paying their pro rata share of the administrative and promotional budgets for 1935-36. The only direct appropriation asked from the Hwa Nan Trustees for 1936-37 is \$50 to assist with our administrative budget. I suppose this was approved at your meeting last spring and that no action is necessary now.

We sincerely hope that during the coming year the Hwa Nan Trustees will find it possible to cooperate in many ways with the promotional work we are trying to do on behalf of Hwa Nan and the other ten Colleges. We realize that it is difficult for the Hwa Nan Trustees to work in just the same way as some of our other Boards because the members are scattered so widely over the United States. This should, however, have some advantages, for it means that you have representatives in every section of the country. Just how this work of promotion can best be carried on is a question which I hope the Board will think through very carefully. It is possible that Mrs. Macmillan will be able to get to Muncie, and if so, she can give some valuable assistance in discussing these matters.

With all good wishes for the success of the meetings of the N.F.M.S., I am

Very sincerely yours,

B A GARSIDE

BAG:MP

Elsie Reik

1938-1941

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Yenping, China, Dec. 29, 1938

Dear Mrs. Peel:

An evacuee' Christmas! Early in December we wondered just how we could keep Christmas ~~in~~ away from home on a borrowed campus. We must make the keeping of the season a holy time, a happy time, a time of fellowship together as a Hwa Nan family, a time in Van Dyke's words "when you are thinking not of what to get out of life, but of what to give to it." Would it be possible this year for every staff member, for every student to say with Van Dyke, "I am willing to believe that Love is the strongest thing in the world - stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death - and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem is the image of the Eternal Love!" That is not easy to say when war rages in our land, when we are away from home because of the threatened invasion, when many of our fellow citizens have been ruthlessly killed in war!

May I share with you in this letter some of the things we did to make time holy? Chapel the week before Christmas helped us to understand to enter into the fullness of the meaning of Christmas. Mrs. Bankhardt led us as we thought together of Christmas in the home; Miss Schaeffli led our thought as she told of Christmas in Switzerland; Carol Chen brought us down to China today in our keeping of the season; on the last day Miss Wallace led us in our worship as we brought our white gifts; to Ing Ang (our own Chinese missionary project); to the refugees; to the poor looked after by our two churches (our home church in Foochow and our adopted church here in Yenping). We worshipped together again as a school, staff and students, on Sunday morning at our Bible study period in a service planned and led by our YWCA Bible study student chairman. Our pageant we gave twice, first for our own group and Yenping guests, second, for our church congregation. Our hearts were stirred by the beautiful carols and the reverent portrayal of the matchless story of the birth of our Savior. Will the young girl who took the part of Mary ever forget her experience? Will the freshmen angels ever forget their song of joy? Will the students who were wise-men ever forget their song of praise? We who watched and listened may forget, but those who took part will always have the experience as one of life's precious happenings. It rained hard Christmas evening, to our great joy, for that meant that the pageant at the church would not be the exciting, noisy service that the morning Sabbath school program had been, but a quiet reverent service to which came only those who came to worship. Teaching people to worship is one of our greatest tasks as we bring our messages. To make our Chinese folk understand that Christmas, our greatest Christian festival, is not an exciting time, but a holy time is one of the things we strive for each year.

Did we have a happy time? I wish you had seen us round our tree in our chapel on Christmas Eve - all sitting on the floor, all except our guests. I wish you might have heard our merry carols! Might have seen our jolly Santa! Might have seen our simple gifts! No gift must cost more than ten cents (that is two cents in home currency). The senior college and the first year high gifts were the most ingenious. The college girls had decorated egg shells making them into attractive lanterns for us. The middle school girls had made tiny red candles (which I at first thought were fire-crackers) for each one of us. Clever ideas and more clever fingers! I wish you might have seen our servants as they told Christmas stories and played games round our family tree, seen their politeness as they refused the food we urged upon them. The first years I was here, the servants' parties troubled me a great deal because the students treated the songs and program numbers not quite seriously. In an old country like China, the sense of class is strong and learning is not the prerogative of servants. Their music is not

harmonious, of course, for old women who have never sung, do make horrible noises instead of being able to sing melodiously. Now, the YWCA committee group of students who work with the servants take their work as seriously as they take all of their mass education tasks. This year, the servants' worship service was devout and dignified, their play with Dr. Carol leading some of it was very hilarious. I suppose the carolling at 4:30 on Christmas morning was part of our Christmas fun; it was for those of us who carolled. I know, for I was one of those who sang Silent Night under the windows of the mission homes in Yenping. There is no feeling quite like the one of being wakened out of a sound sleep by beautiful young voices on Christmas morn. On Monday morning staff and students played together. Five faculty residences kept open house for five student groups. Games for 20 minutes in each home; then a picnic lunch out on one of the lawns. (We live in the tropics). It was snappy enough and I was just hungry enough so that it seemed I never ate better food in my life than the steaming hot

egg noodles
 rice flour noodles
 hard boiled eggs
 tangerines Nor did I ever have sweeter
 tangerines nor more fragrant
 Jasmine tea.

What fellowship did we have together? I have written of our worshipping together, of our playing together. We also worked together and "gave" together. Our homes and rooms have never before been so attractive as they were this year. Would you had seen the posters the students made! The tiny cedar tree mounted, telling of our white gifts! The posters made with old Christmas cards you had sent, the cards mounted on red and silver backgrounds or green and silver, decorated with beautiful Chinese characters. You would never have known your own cards! The Chinese woman's staff home was dressed up by the Home Decoration class of the Home Economics department: red and white crepe paper curtains, a tiny table tree, a manger scene brought from home by Miss McBee for the staff, vines and pine about the pictures, huge red Chinese candles over the fire place—all that makes a home look festive.

What of the gifts? I have told you of the lanterns and the candles. The YWCA had advised that we spend nothing on each other except for these tiny tree gifts; that all our money go into the white gifts for others. We were to visit the hospitals and the leprosarium bringing to those patients some of the cheer of Christmas. Would you like to know what my own mission gifts were to see how simple we kept our giving? A sixty cent bag (made by the blind school) for our senior missionary; a sixty-five cent Chinese seal for the other two staff members; a home side prophylactic tooth brush for the baby "mish". My one extravagance was my gift of a home book to each of my Yenping hostesses. You might not call the gift of a Methodist hymnal an extravagance, but it becomes so when exchange is even so low as our WMS makes it, 3.88 for \$1.

All of those of you who are the heads of homes, who make the plans for the festivities of Christmas, know that there must have been much planning, much committee work, in order to make Christmas for our 82 students, our 14 servants, and our 20 some staff people, so happy a time. Since our President was away this year, planning to go to the Madras conference, the organization of our work was left to Dr. Carol Chen and our two deans, Dean Hsu and Dean Dang. They worked with faculty and students, planning every activity, planning work and worship and play. There is no fellowship quite like that of working and playing and worshipping together. During this year of sorrow and of continuous anxiety wondering what lies in store for us in the immediate months ahead, we have had an unparalleled spirit of comradeship. Could I choose, I would be nowhere else on earth, but right here, shouldering with this splendid staff and these fine students, the hardships and triumphs that makes up our little work world of learning together what life means for us as Christian individuals and as a Christian school. Cordially and gratefully

Later --

There were two things about our Christmas this year that made it happier than usual. We had children at both our school and our mission celebration, Arthur has a little boy; two of our students are married. One is a widow, very ambitious and efficient; the other a woman whose husband is studying in America; she wants to be his real partner when he returns, intelligently trained, ready to help him shoulder his responsibilities when he gets back. Their children added much to our joy. The other detail was that there are so many here of German extraction, who keep Christmas as so many of you dear Milwaukee folks do. Christmas cookies, Christmas wreaths, Christmas candles, Christmas songs. We sang Tannenbaum and Stille Nacht and O Du Frohliche "auf Deutsch" around the tree. I had a tinge of homesickness, as I always do at Christmas. It never seems quite right to have no children. I will never forget my first Christmas in Shanghai two days after we landed, when I was only one of our sailing party who remained there. I was at the WEMS home there with never a chick or a child. I left the breakfast table in tears and was not really happy until a high school girl came to spend the day; she restored me to normal living.

I always love my Christmas teaching - am always especially glad that I teach English at this time of year. I did not know how I would get along without the accumulated treasures of years - the poems and songs and pictures I have in Foochow - but I borrowed all I could from my hostesses and sent for three beautiful books we have at school; Christmas Annuals, published by a Lutheran publishing company in Minneapolis. I used my borrowed pictures for every imaginable purpose - for servants meetings, for classroom work, to give to girls, for them to make posters with and for them in turn to give to others. How these cards and pictures are used! Our Yenping friends got some greetings from some of their country folks which these folks had re-made from their last year's greetings. I shall always be sorry that Grandma never saw the thrift of these folks; they use and use things till there is not a shred left. Please next year send me any lovely pictures you have, not expensive ones, just bright magazines. All home magazines have such gorgeous pictures; I get no picture magazines except the Geographic, which I bind and cannot cut to pieces. I do not mean Christmas pictures alone, but any pictures. You can send them as printed matter, so the sending will not be expensive.

Probably for the first time in my life, I did not send greetings to you. I did not plan well; there were no cards to be bought here in Yenping and I never thought of Christmas when I left Foochow in October. Christmas did not come as early this year as it does other years; last year I addressed all my cards in August in Portland; most years I spend a whole day early in November with you home folks when I address my greetings to you. Forgive me; I will do better next year, either as an evacuee or back in my home in Foochow.

Did I have time in all of this for a thought of home; in American slang - "you bet your life I did." As I went calling on Christmas morning here, I thought of how Father always takes me in his car to greet many of you. How I wished for him! How I wished for the children! Aunt Clara was here, much as she may be surprised by this statement. Her package was delivered to me after our early morning service on Christmas morning. I did not go to the celebration of the Sunday school program at the church, but stayed home to open her package and to make tiny packages for the children and the staff here. American candy is always a treat. Only a woman can know what fun it was to sort over her bright orange jelly beans and mix them with chocolate buds and colored gum drops to tie up attractively in paper napkins with bright red string to give to the dear friends here.

12-29-38

What were the most precious gifts I had? A basket of oranges from my faculty German class; some beautifully colored post cards of Switzerland from Trudy; Aunt Clara's box; and a pencil from a Chinese girl I helped to send off to America. I still do not have Fan's home letter, nor any word from Royal or Milton, nor Winnie's fat letter with a note by each of her dear family. How I love my Christmas mail, because folks take time to write their love and the friends from all through the years do write. My letters from Alma and from Elsie Heiden have come; those are among the very oldest of my friends. There are letters from Oregon, from California, from Florida and from New Port. How good life is when it is rich in friends and in blessed work. How good it has been to visit with you these three days while I have been writing the pages of this long letter to you! My love has found you out at this beautiful time; love has triumphed over conditions of war and of havoc, for I have for the time being forgotten they existed.

Elsie Reik

COPY

[]

Hwa Nan College,
Yenping, Fukien, China
May 21, 1939

Dear Mrs. Peel:

I think I have not written since last semester, but it is not because there has been nothing to write nor because I live less systematically nor because I have thought I should not be writing. Living as uncertainly as we do, spending so much of our time trying to plan for our next move makes letters very difficult. I do so few of the things that I really consider necessary like letters and like reading. By the time I have taught my classes and kept my books and done my committee work, bed time comes. It is wonderfully good to be here to be having a share in the fellowship of these days. Fellowship of joy is precious, but nothing quite compares with the fellowship of sorrow and trouble shared with others. The hard things shared bind in a fellowship that is stronger than any other that comes to us.

We have been here in Yenping almost a year now; it has been a good year, filled with regular work, uninterrupted by sirens until these last weeks. Now, since our bombing of the 8th of May, the old uncertainty has returned. Shall we move on? Can we work with sirens coming daily? The government is urging us to leave Yenping, because of its strategic importance; at a time like this, one ought to do as one is told. But where to go? No place is safe from planes. What is more serious: planes here or lack of food, water, health risks, bandit risks in a small village? Our academic standard cannot be kept up in a village. We foreigners probably would not move again for many reasons: we would be more of a liability than an asset because of our living, because of our attraction to bandits; our Consul would not wish us to go. No apparatus could be moved, so Physics, Chemistry, and Music could not be adequately taught. What is one to do?

Foochow has been having very terrible punishment with planes daily for several weeks; every day brings boatloads of fleeing people, business people, school people, ordinary folks. The country places up here seem to absorb them all; they stay one night in Yenping; then scatter out all over the vicinity. They go by boat up either branch of the river, they go by bus up either one of the roads, or they walk. Friends of ours come through daily; the family here keeps a hostel for foreign friends bound either for Shawu where F.C.U. is or for Yan Kau where A. C. C. is. Other schools that have come through like Trinity have not had enough of a foreign staff to move. Some folks must stay in Foochow for emergencies there: to keep the property, to care for refugees. Periodically for the time we have been here, there has been this mass movement up river; whenever the bombing has been particularly bad, another large migration takes place.

It has been a wonderful life to have Marion Cole come back and to have Margaret Seeck here. Marion is right under her schedule and is making continued progress with her language study; she found a teacher in Foochow who is taking her right along. Margaret has been disappointed for we are so very disorganized for her type of work. At first, we were quarantined because of meningitis; no girl could go into the city; now, ~~xx~~ the bombing has prevented any sort of gathering in the city. She is finding much to do; is working Dr. Downie's hospital and is working with the group of children upon the hill. These latter are not the underprivileged ones she wishes to touch but they are a practice school for our students.

Edith McBee's having to leave Foochow has been a great blow to us; she is blaming herself very bitterly, but not being able to stand bombing is not a question of

5-21-39

character at all; she was worn out with the strain of caring for Mary Shaw before she went home, so went to pieces under the shock of the planes. We have been troubled as to how to plan for her with Bishop Gowdy gone, but Roxy and I who formed her family are urging her to find some place outside of China in which to spend the rest of her term: Manila or Singapore or Malaya. Dr. Tucker says she ought not to come back into China where all of us have to live under continuous strain.

Up to now the bombing in Foochow has not been done on the island where our work is concentrated, so we foreigners have been comparatively safe; many of our Christian constituency live on the island also. But here in Yenping the whole city is built compactly along the river, very narrow and very long with the missions and schools up on the hilltops. Any bomb that hits the heart of the city shakes the whole place and sends shrapnel over the whole place. We have built caves for shelters so that we are comparatively safe. Machine-gunning accompanied our bombing. ~~Tow~~ government schools, the yamen, the barracks, and one of the banks were hit the day the planes came. That 45 minutes was the longest I seemed ever to live. We were all paralyzed. I felt just as I do in a typhoon-this big physical brute force against which puny man is helpless. One can attack spiritual evil but one is powerless in the face of superior force of this type.

We were greatly heartened by the Associated Boards money which came in February; that will give us something to go on should an immediate emergency come to us. We are also getting out government money periodically. It is often late, but it does come. It seems very remarkable to me that it does despite all the turmoil. With all this additional money and all the additional reports that must be made, I feel we just must have a trained treasurer; it is too much to ask of me, this keeping accounts for such sums when I never ~~had~~ have had a bit of training except what I have picked up on the field. We have a Chinese girl who is excellent, whom we want to send home for study; I will ~~tcarry~~ carry on till then, but hope it may not be too long. I do want my last two terms to be able to do more with my teaching and with personal work. I am not happy to be spending these endless hours and days getting reports ready - time I want to spend with students. Do help President Wang when her plans mature for sending Ho Seuk Ing (or Helen Ho, her English name) home for training.

Lucy has had to be away much of the term; she has been in Hongkong for the meeting of Christian college presidents; and is now in the provincial capital for a two weeks' conference. That has meant that much of their administrative work has had to be carried by Dean Hsu. She is very efficient and very conscientious, but it puts a very heavy load on her. Carol Chen has sometimes done it, but ought not to be asked to do it continuously when she has her regular responsibilities also. Arthur Chen is a great addition to our staff. He is a Christian gentleman, a fine scholar, and an inspiration wherever he is. He has preached for us a number of times; he never misses chapel; he is giving dignity and worth to the department which he is initiating-the department which studies the needs of his own people intelligently.

I could write on and on, but must now write your individual pages and not worry you further. I love to write letters and mind very much having so little time for it. Our holidays have been so brief that I have not been able to spend even my play time with letters. I hope this summer holiday will be a longer one so that I may make my peace with my home friends.

Elsie Reik.

[1]

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS FROM
HWA NAN STAFF MEMBERS

Yenping, China

1940

From Miss Elsie I. Reik

Things have been quiet with us here in Yenping. We had only 3 bombings last year; one on May 8, another on July 12, the last on September 22. All of them were very close to us and we were very grateful for our dugouts. I shall never again, it seems to me, hear a motor without unconsciously shrinking. One lives very much more through the ear at times when planes are a menace. We have a siren about once in two weeks now, but have had no actual planes since February 16th. That day was a difficult one for we were in the dugouts for over two hours; first 3 planes dived and circled very low over us, then went on farther into the interior; then, 2 more came, again flying low and diving so that from our caves we were sure bombs were coming; then, the first 3 returned and went down river. We live under a strain when we know a Japanese airplane carrier is lying at Amoy or at the mouth of our river.

We are feeling the war very much in our price levels. Rice, which used to be bought for 11 and 14 measures for a dollar, now can be bought for only $4\frac{1}{2}$ for the same amount of money. All of us are rationed; there has been no day when we here have had no rice, but our friends in Foochow - the servants and the staff left there - have had days with none. Meat, too, is impossible to get; there is such a high tax on any animal killed that none are killed. Our students and staff are paying \$7.50 as compared with \$5 for their monthly board. They voted to eat soft rice or congee three times a day instead of having the much more filling and more nourishing dry rice they are used to. We have had to have a new housekeeper who personally looks after all the shopping and all the distributing of food supplies.

School goes on normally daily. The government has given us recognition in a number of ways; we are to train music teachers for the province; we are to train middle school graduates to go out to all villages to teach hygiene, child care, food values. The social service project is getting under way under the leadership of Dr. Carol Chen and Miss Mae Ding of Home Economics. There seems to be no immediate prospect of getting back to our own plant; we are putting up emergency buildings all over these two compounds. The middle school is far less crowded than it was; a music practice hall is going up. Our library is an impossible place - it really is only a stack room. The president is in the same office with the dean and three secretaries so can never have a private interview. When she has official guests, some one of us just gives up a classroom to them. The president also has no private place in which to live; it troubles us a great deal that she must live in a room with two other faculty members. This term we have been able to have quiet faculty meetings for we have them in the Bankhardt home, but normally we have them with students all about us, literally above, below, behind, before, and on all sides of us.

Our own cost of living has not yet risen a great deal; what we lack is stationery and clothes and toilet articles. Living in the interior as we do, there is no opportunity to buy anything. The Yenping missionaries have been very good providers and have had a good store room for years. Now, that our time of need has come, we are profiting by the good planning.

President Wang is touring the Christian middle school stations with a committee which is to make recommendations to the Commissioner and Board of Education of the province. The government is putting a great deal of money and a great deal of planning into education during these war days. I have just had a letter from one of our graduates who is working in Great Central University that had to move from Nanking to Chungking early in the war; her letter telling of the moving was an epic. The most interesting part of it was the story of moving the cattle from the experimental farm. I suppose the chief test of a school is the character of its graduates and not the numbers of its students or the amount of money in its budget. Our Christian schools have been strong in producing character in the students; we must continue to do that and we shall keep our place and make our own contribution.

From Miss Ethel Wallace

In addition to all the ordinary events of the term there were two unprecedented happy occasions. Our President, Lucy Wang, and Dr. Carol Chen made the discovery that in December 1889 Aunt Lydia* left her home to come to China. They decided to try to get her to come up to Yenping where they might celebrate this fiftieth anniversary. They showered her with messages by post and wire inviting her to come up for Christmas and finally she consented, making the trip with Beth Richey. On Tuesday, following the short Christmas vacation - another holiday was declared for this celebration. At 10:00 A.M. President Lucy Wang conducted Aunt Lydia down a long avenue of students who lined the way from our W.F.M.S. home to the Yenping school chapel. Beautiful flowers, gay red candles, and great red characters announcing the purpose of the gathering made everything appear very festive. The program was delightful. Our President gave a speech full of reminiscences of the days when she was a student under Aunt Lydia's administration. Miss Mamie Glassburner and Miss Esther Ling, Dean of the Yenping High School were the other speakers. All three paid rare tribute to Aunt Lydia, each in her own distinctive way.

*Miss Lydia Trimble, Founder and first President of Hwa Nan College, now making her home in retirement with Dr. Ruby Sia.

JULY 12, 1941

July 12 1941 from Elsie Reik, on faculty of Hwa Nan College

The summer is not too easy, few girls have been able to go home. All down river girls have been cut off from home funds so we have had to provide work or charity for these.

September 28, 1941 - Elsie Reik How wonderful it has been to be quiet this month. We had two bombings in August one of 3 one of 17 bombs and sirens daily., so that we spent hours at the caves or in them. I read parts of two books at our caves. We are trying to do another bit of building here and there. The middle school is the most crowded. We do not have a day and night shift yet but I keep thinking we may. The biggest need on the middle school side is for faculty space. Irene Wei lived all last year in a room with never a bit of sunshine. This year we have put two teachers into that room. Food is so terrific a problem also ^{How} who can one continue to work when one is so undernourished. This means Chinese staff and students.

June 4 1942 Elsie Reik also June 28 School is out and we did get thru the term according to schedule in spite of minor crisis on June 7th. Most of the girls have gone home, since none went last summer we are asking all to go this year. We have had 8 bombings in the 4 years and one time of terrifying low flying. That is enough to last me forever. There are sirens and sirens now-a-days but no actual visitors. We had six graduates from college, 4 from the two year music course 46 from Middle School. Food problems are not too bad tho there are problems. We have been using peanut butter since milk is always such a problem, now peanuts are gone so we will eat what jam we have and then rejoice in dry bread.

Faye Robinson
1941

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Dr. Garside

BOARD OF MISSIONS AND CHURCH EXTENSION
OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

150 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N.Y.

February 10, 1941

Memo to

Dr. Garside, China Colleges
Dr. Cartwright, Foreign Dept. Board of Missions
Miss Ransom, Personnel Secretary

The following cable has just been received:

ACCIDENTAL FIRE DESTROYED PAYNE HALL

HWANANS CENTRAL BUILDING INFORM AMOUNT

INSURANCE NOTIFY PEEL.

GOWDY

Mrs. Moore has sent the telegram to Mrs.
Peel and requested more information regarding
contents of building.

Lays O. Robinson

Ethel Wallace

1939- 1942

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Received 31 July 1939

Hwa Nan College, Foochow
May 30, 1939

Dear Friends:

I do not know how much space is being devoted to China News these days, as we are nearing the end of the second year of this devastating, undeclared war. I notice that our Shanghai Evening Post, May 16, reports a discussion in the British Parliament of "The wholesale massacre of civilian population in China", particularly mentioning the recent slaughter in Chungking and the casualties resulting from the raids of April 25th and 28th in Foochow. It was in April, when I came down to Foochow for several important reasons that it was decided the need for me in Foochow was greater than in Yenping. The situation had grown very tense, the government was bringing pressure to get the civilian population moved out of Foochow and once more the great question was whether the day of occupation was imminent. That still lies in the future, pray God it may never come.

A friend, Mr. Munson of the National Committee of the Y.M.C.A. whose work takes him over great sections of China, was here in April and his prediction that Foochow would probably now be subjected to "routine bombing", has been fulfilled. These last weeks have been "a burden and a sorrow" to our Foochow people. On April 24th I made a trip to Sharp Peak to see Miss McBee of our Hwa Nan Staff off for Hongkong. She had been temporarily loaned for other work in Foochow and had come under rather severe strain, so her physician ordered that she go to a hospital in Hongkong for a rest.

Communications are so difficult now with the barrier near the mouth of the river. The launch which took us down did not return till the next day so I spent the night on the British steamer. The next morning April 25th, planes began to pass us on the way to Foochow. On our return trip we witnessed the severe bombing of the forts some distance from the mouth of the river. As we saw pillars of smoke rising with the fall of each bomb, we knew they were doing their best to demolish the forts. As we neared Foochow, we saw that our Modern Paper Mill had been hit. When we reached the jetty at Foochow, a British lady met us full of anxious concern for the poor people just across the river who had been unmercifully bombed in hotels and adjacent buildings. It was supposed that some military man had spent the night there, but he was gone. I went over later and saw the ruins of the hotels and big modern shops near the head of our long bridge. I saw the building in which one of our best opticians carried on business, a mass of ruins. Only four days before the bombing I had taken my glasses there to be mended.

Since then we have had days of successive warning sirens, bombing, machine-gunning which are hard to bear when one hears about the horrible aftermath. Occasionally they seem to be aiming at military objectives or Government offices, but recently they have been trying to destroy various industries. They have continued their bombing of the paper mill, and the saw mills, more recently they attempted to destroy several tea hong's. Sometimes a large home is struck and on the river the helpless people in their little sampans are machine-gunned. The closest it has come to us personally was yesterday when the third sister of one of the Chinese members of our Staff was on a launch returning to a village where she is teaching in a

Government school. One bomb dropped near them, then this sea-plane came down on the water and circling this passenger launch, machine-gunned the helpless passengers. There were three or four un-armed soldiers in the front who had been to Foochow to make purchases, the rest were civilians. Sixteen men, eleven women, and five children were killed. The third sister received three wounds in her back and a slight one in her head. Nineteen cases were brought to the Foochow Union Hospital where the surgical staff worked through the night till seven o'clock this morning. Altogether thirty-two were admitted to hospitals. Out of a total passenger list of probably from seventy to eighty sixty-seven were killed or wounded.

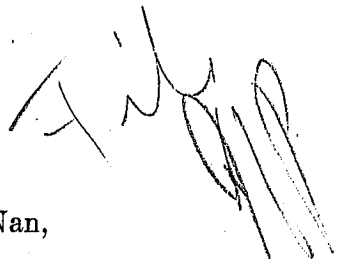
The first week of May I made a hurried trip to Yenping to plan for my work and pack my things preparatory to moving down to Foochow, so I was there when Yenping had its first trying experience on May 8th. From our Hwa Nan hill we look down on the ruins of the Government School just opposite. The planes flew very low over our heads and the reverberations from the surrounding hills of the machine-gunning were so loud as to be very terrifying to some. Emily Wong Ding, wife of Dr. James Ding, President of the Anglo Chinese College, was in a basement with some who were having their first experience of bombing, and her quiet calm spirit was a real tower of strength. Emily had just arrived in Yenping with her youngest daughter and son and in the midst of the frightened mothers and children, it was good to see how Emily's children through their many experiences in Foochow had caught their mother's spirit of fearlessness. The next morning Emily was asked to go over to the Hospital to speak at their chapel service and while there the siren sounded. They took refuge in a dug-out where she found herself next to the wife of a government employee. She found that the woman's husband was a graduate of Boone University and a Christian, but the lady herself was not. There, as everywhere, Emily immediately seized her opportunity to testify to the joy and power of the Living Presence, and when they separated this lady said with real gratitude, "If it had not been for this siren, we would not have had this opportunity". In telling me about it afterwards, Emily's face shone with such a light, a radiation from within, which nothing can dim, and she said, "We do not need to be anxious about opportunities to serve, if we are only ready, God opens the way before us".

A British gun-boat came into Sharp Peak recently. There they witnessed the machine-gunning of a mother and child in one of the sampans, and were so incensed that, we are told, they took the bodies over to the Japanese gun-boat and said, "You say you do not kill Chinese women and children".

It is now June the 11th and our port has been closed almost two weeks. Our Chinese admiral in order to guard against the possibility of the Japanese trawlers following other craft through the opening in the Barrier, stopped all traffic. We hope this is only temporary.

Our President, Dr. Lucy Wang, who had the honor to be one of the two delegates to the People's congress which has recently met in the Provincial Capital Yungan had to endure the experience of bombing there. We are deeply thankful she has returned safely.

/s/ Ethel Wallace


Hwa Nan College
Foochow, China
February, 12th, 1941.

Dear Friends of Hwa Nan,

You will have learned through the cable sent to our W.F.M.S. headquarters in New York, of what seemed at first, nothing but black tragedy for Hwa Nan—the burning of her largest building, Marian Payne Hall.

College had just opened for the spring term, so all of the members of the staff with the exception of Beth Richey and our Chinese librarian, who are in charge of the Foochow Campus, had returned to Yenping at the close of the Chinese New Year holiday. Sunday, February the ninth, had been a day filled with a deep sadness for us in Yenping. We had seen one of our old Hwa Nan girls and her husband, who is the secretary of Religious Education of the Yenping Conference, stricken with grief over the death of their beautiful daughter, a superior student, who would have entered Hwa Nan College this autumn. Before midnight I was roused by a long distance call from Foochow, bringing the news that Payne Hall had been burned to the ground, and that I was to come at once to Foochow. At first I could not rally from this stunning blow—our first and most beautiful hall, every part of which is freighted with the deepest associations of all these years, “burned to the ground”—the very thought of it seemed unbearable, but when I measured this against the deep desolation of spirit I had witnessed as I saw the parents mourning over the passing of their beloved daughter, the loss of a building, stately and beautiful though it may be, began to assume its proper proportions. With a heavy heart I made preparations to leave by the first boat the next morning. It was a rainy day as we sailed down the river—so much easier to bear than the brilliant sunshine that sometimes lights up the mountains between which the swift river flows. I scarcely knew how to pray but I tried to bring it all to the Father, to hear His voice through the dense darkness. Passages from the Bible and a very old hymn came to my mind.

“My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands,
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, He has riches untold.”

So I knew, if it was His will for us to rebuild, He would open the way.

In deep contrition of spirit, I felt, too, that perhaps Hwa Nan needed something to cleanse her from dependence on material things, to rouse her anew to the realization of the superiority of spiritual values over material, and to renew the call to sacrificial service. How I shrank from the first sight of Payne Hall in ruins! But the experiences of that night and of all the hours since, are unforgettable.

Our president, Dr. Lucy Wang, arrived in Foochow just the evening before the fire to attend a meeting of the Executive Committee of our Hwa Nan Board of Directors. I was told that while the sight of the building, consumed by fire, was at first a crushing blow to her, she quickly recovered her serenity of mind. It happened that my aunt, Miss Trimble, had called at Trimble Hall Sunday afternoon and had had tea with Beth Richey and Lucy Wang. Immediately after tea, Dr. Brewster took Lucy Wang in his car to the Foochow Union Hospital in the city to visit our dean, Dr. Doris Hsu, who has been there some weeks recovering from a serious operation. On the return trip as they crossed the Bridge, they saw the smoke rising from Hwa Nan. It was a terrible shock as Lucy Wang entered the Hwa Nan gate and saw the building in flames. She speaks with the

FEB 12
1941

(2)

deepest gratitude of what it meant to be met by Bishop Gowdy, Miss Trimble, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy and others of our own mission as well as by friends of the Anglican Mission, Rev. and Mrs. Williams, Miss Stubbs and others. Bishop Gowdy said, "Don't worry, Lucy, we shall build a greater Hwa Nan with better buildings more suited to your present needs." Some of the Anglican friends expressed their words of comfort in similar words. "Surely God will build Hwa Nan again." Miss Trimble was out on the campus also, and as she went to meet Lucy she said, "My child, don't worry, this building is not Hwa Nan, you, the staff, the students and the Alumnae are Hwa Nan, they cannot be destroyed. This is only brick and mortar."

Many, many people have told me how Miss Trimble sat on the campus for hours while friends who removed treasures from the burning building placed them under her care. It is not an easy thing to see that for which one has labored so hard in the early pioneer days of the college, going up in smoke, and yet Miss Trimble says that never was her heart so garrisoned by His peace as in those hours. Beth Richey, who felt the responsibility so heavily in that hour of crisis, and who suffered so keenly from the strain bears glowing testimony to the consciousness of God's supporting power.

Unfortunately, the tragedy happened on Sunday afternoon when some of the servants were away from the campus and help was very slow in coming. It was very soon after tea that the old care-taker came over to tell Beth Richey that there was smoke in Payne Hall. She located the smoke issuing from one of the locked store-rooms on the top floor. The cause will probably always remain unknown. Mr. Wiant of our Construction Bureau suggests the possibility of spontaneous combustion.

With great presence of mind, Beth Richey very quickly did all she possibly could. She remembered how to use the fire extinguishers and with the assistance of *one* friend began to shoot the liquid on the flames till it became evident that the fire was quite beyond their control. Eventually a great crowd gathered of all who had ever had any connection with Hwa Nan. Cooks and tailors worked shoulder to shoulder with missionary and business friends trying to move everything possible from the lower floors of the burning building. The fireman arrived too late to save Payne Hall but were successful in preventing the fire from spreading to the two other buildings, Cranston and Trimble Hall. It is impossible now to give you any adequate story of the loyal heroic service of our matron, Mrs. Diong, friends, and servants.

Some one who had seen the fire from the Y.M.C.A. building across the river came and he was heard to say, "This doesn't affect Hwa Nan only, this affects us all." And so out of the darkness has arisen a bright morning star, a deeper consciousness of how under God's guidance this institution, founded on His Will, pledged to Christ's ideals of service has really built itself into the hearts of the whole community.

On the morning after my arrival I called at the Construction Bureau to ask Mr. Wiant to take charge of salvaging from the ruins. Quite undiscouraged he began to talk of plans for rebuilding, and for further expansion of Hwa Nan. This hall, completed in 1914, was built on sure foundations and its resistance to the fire so amazed one of the business men that he asked, "Who erected this building?" It still stands in all its beautiful outline with its outer walls only slightly darkened by smoke and its balconies with their noble pillars standing erect, unscathed by the fire. During these days we have been upheld by the prayers of many friends. We know that we and you, our loyal friends across the waters, will be linked together in the fellowship of prayer as we seek to take each forward step in His Will.

With sincere greetings,

L. Ethel Wallace

FEB 12 1941

The following are quotations from a few of the letters of sympathy sent by our dear English friends, who were on the campus during the fire and remained as long as they could help in any way.

"There are no words to express what I feel for you in the sudden horror of losing part of your beloved college—at least its beautiful outward aspect. It is a real, tremendous loss to the whole Community and as for those who 'belong' it is heart-breaking. This is only to say how deeply I shall be remembering you, the teachers, and the students who are the real 'Hwa Nan'. Miss Trimble was so marvellously peaceful and controlled throughout those dreadful hours and dear Dr. Lucy Wang was amazing, too."

From another letter, "The sight of Hwa Nan in flames I shall never forget. It was a stunning blow! I love that building I watched go up in flames, and twice in the night I got up from my bed and saw it burning." Then this friend spoke of how the vision came to her of the way in which the staff of Hwa Nan can turn this calamity into a testimony, if they choose to let God give them the victory over this tremendous public and private loss. To China and to the world which puts too much dependence on material things we may bear testimony that "Christ can come in and make us serene, calm, untroubled by the loss of all because 'we have God'".

Another English friend, Miss C. J. Lambert, who like Miss Trimble has been a pioneer and a leader in Christian educational work in China for fifty years, sent the following message to Miss Trimble, "My heart goes out to you in this sad trial. That you should see the work you so lovingly laboured for, so destroyed before your eyes is indeed distressing but I know how patiently you will bear this trial.

'Gone is the builder's temple
Crumbled into the dust,
Low lies each stately pillar
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple Lydia Trimble builded
Will last while the ages roll
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is each (Hwa Han) girl's immortal soul.' "

May I add a word of personal testimony? It has come to me that through this experience we in Hwa Nan can enter vicariously into the great suffering in China, in England, and in the world, more really than before. We hope that the amazing resistance which this well-built, edifice made to the consuming flames may be but a symbol of the resistance which we, as a staff, shall make under every fierce trial, thus bearing testimony that our lives are founded upon the sure foundation of the Rock, Christ Jesus.

L. Ethel Wallace.

The Y.W.C.A. seems to be starting up work with a fine spirit. The Religious and Social Service committees are jointly working to make life abundant for our servant staff. Instead of a Sunday evening service, they are having one after dinner on Sunday, the students helping to clean up the dishes so that all servants may come.

This term the Student Government Association decided to have a one-act play contest—the four classes participating—only one hour allowed to each play. The change of scenery between each number was managed with such lightning rapidity that it was dazzling. The plays were well chosen, very good indeed, and there were some star actors. The Sophomores won first prize, the Juniors second.

We hear ~~news~~ from our Foochow internees intermittently. Miss Little's cook came to bring a message to me last week. She sent a note to the Jap. general asking that the stealing done by his soldiers be stopped; "he wrote her saying it would be, and now when soldiers come, she shows them the note,"

I am in excellent health; have had no malaria now for a year. It took me 8 days in January to make my decision. Since I felt the Voice said "Stay", I obeyed and have had deep peace of heart. On the morning after the others left, I wakened with the old hymn singing in my heart, "Sweet peace, the gift of God's love."

Signed Ethel L. Wallace

Jan 18

Received

NOVEMBER 30, 1942

November 30, 1942 from Ethel Wallace of Hwa Nan Faculty.

Lucy is back from her long trip to West China simply overflowing with enthusiasm, more certain than ever that God has in His plan a continuing place for Hwa Nan. She has stirred us with news of the splendid work which our alumnae are doing in the great West. -- The year is full of promise with a large enrollment - 101. In the freshman class there are 40 plus. Additional buildings have been erected during the summer so we have greater facilities for our work. Our hearts are deeply thankful that we can carry on without interruption. -- Gung Cu 1933 is head of a high school outside of Chungking and her contribution there has been so greatly appreciated that when she needed a new school building the magistrate gave a tea at which the guests subscribed N.C. \$ 300,000 for the school. Sybel Li is the head of the W.S.C.S. in Cheng tu. It was most heartening to have Fukien people return from Chungking saying that when the question was put to them as to where they got so many women leaders in Fukien, their answer was "Hwa Nan College".