



STAFF OF THE GINLING REFUGEE CAMP.

DEAR FRIENDS:

How many long months this letter has remained unwritten! It was intended for last August at the close of my holiday, but all the hours of those days were given to planning for our two autumn projects and there was no time for personal letters—not even a printed one. Then it was to appear as a Christmas letter; but again all available time and energy, not given to routine responsibilities, were needed in preparation for the campus and neighborhood Christmas. A New Year's resolution now spurs me on to make one final effort to get it off before the end of this mid-year holiday.

First of all, may I express my deep appreciation for your unusually helpful Christmas cards, books and magazines, messages sorely missed last Christmas when only three came through and those were more than a month late, having been brought up the old Yangtse by gunboat. In April, May and June others straggled in. And to those of you who have so generously sent checks, may I say that they have been gratefully received and turned into either student or neighbourhood relief and will bear a hundred fold for you.

And where shall I begin? Commencement in June 1937 seems so long ago! I remember that there were forty-two young women who finished the college course and six who finished the special two year course in physical education. And I remember too that all but one had decided upon her position by commencement day—an enviable record in days of unemployment. Some of you, through reports received from our New York office, know the story of the past eighteen months. The first eighteen days of July 1937 I spent in Tsingtao, a beautiful sea-side resort, there doing little but swimming, hiking, reading and visiting with friends. It was during that holiday that the fatal incident happened at Liukwochiao—the probable disappearance of one Japanese soldier. Somehow I could not believe it would develop into such a tragedy of suffering and destruction. Incidents like that had happened

before and each time some solution had been found. I was anxious, but remained optimistic. On the nineteenth of July I started back to the college, intending to check up on the construction of a faculty apartment house which had been started on the campus, and to complete plans to take a group of ten of our alumnae to Japan to attend the meeting of the World Federation of Educational Associations. We were to have sailed from Shanghai on July the twenty-fifth. By then it was apparent that the alumnae could not and should not go; but I had great difficulty in deciding whether I should go, since I felt, for the sake of China, I wanted to do so. Fortunately, I did not go.

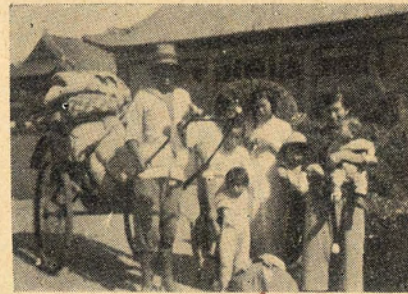
From that August to the end of November it was my privilege to work with our president, Dr. Yi-fang Wu, in making many important decisions and plans. It was evident to us before the end of August that college work for young women could not be attempted in Nanking. But where should it be opened? What did the future hold for east and central China? Fortunately we could not foresee—to have done so would have been the annihilation of all strength and hope. For the first semester we had a unit in Shanghai, one in Wuchang, and a very tiny one in Chengtu; and for the second semester the Wuchang unit was moved to Chengtu, leaving but two Ginling centers. And thus we carried on for the academic year of 1937-38, in spite of untold difficulties and handicaps, helping twenty-three girls in Shanghai and eight girls in Chengtu to complete their courses and graduate in June 1938.



CLASS OF 1938, WITH ITS FACULTY ADVISER (SHANGHAI UNIT)

- 1ST Row (LEFT TO RIGHT)
 Liu Bao-deh, *Pu Shih-djen, Hsi Mo-chueu, Sie Fong-yung, Dju En-djen, Tsién Sung-ying, Chen Yuen-djen.
 2ND. *Lo Beh-fang, Lin Siao-hwa, Luh Sauh-chin, Goh Yu-djen, Wu Ning, *Gi deh-yung, Du Dwan-shuh, Chen Hung-dji.
 3RD. *Chen Fo-wo, Chen Hsten, Pang Da-hwei, *Sung Ping, *Tsai Dji-go, Yao Yun-sien, Gwoh Hsia, Yu Dji-ying.
 *Winter graduates.

On December the first, 1937, thirteen days before the fall of Nanking, Dr. Wu was persuaded to leave the campus and start up river to our Wuchang unit. This was a most difficult decision for her to make, and equally difficult for those of us left behind. I shall not repeat the tale of what some of you have already heard, of the turning of the campus into a refugee camp—for, as we thought, a period of three or four days and for probably two thousand neighbourhood women and children; although we did not know quite what to expect in the nature of a short or long siege. Our campus Administrative Committee of three (two Chinese and myself) spent many hours in conference trying to prepare for all possible emergencies. We were sure there would be a period when a westerner might have to be in the background and then my two Chinese colleagues would take the responsibility, and that



GINLING REFUGEES.
 HUSBANDLESS THE YOUNG MOTHER
 RETURNS TO HER HOME.

would be followed by a brief period when Chinese would be in danger and I would then have to take the responsibility. All three of us were sure of the restoration of order within a few days of the expected fall of the city. During those days of planning, air raids, which became more and more frequent, and even artillery shelling, were unnoticed. As I look back now, those earnest conferences become almost amusing in their simplicity. What poor prophets we were! Instead of three or four days, our campus was a refugee camp for more than eight long—at times interminable months; instead of two thousand, for many weeks we sheltered, fed and watered more than ten thousand. We were a small city in ourselves with forty-six births and, including adults, thirty-six deaths. Officially on May the twenty-first our camp was closed, but actually through the following three months we continued to shelter and teach from five to eight hundred young girls and women in a summer camp, those who could not yet go to their homes in safety, or who were destitute and had no homes.

After the summer work was well started, and after I had secured the necessary permit to travel on the train which was again running, I went to Shanghai for two weeks and then took a boat to the north for a holiday. While I was loathe to leave Nanking, yet I realized that eleven months of confinement on one campus was not conducive to creative thinking—and surely some needed to be done before autumn. Those two weeks in Shanghai were both busy and worthwhile ones. To be free of responsibility once again; to have opportunities to see co-workers, alumnae, students and friends was wonderful. Every one was so kind and thoughtful, so hospitable—all trying to make up for the difficulties of the past. While there I had the privilege of attending the union commencement of seven Christian colleges and universities, at which time four hundred and seventy-two young men and women received their degrees. Not one of those institutions was in its own college halls, all were refugees carrying on their work under the most difficult conditions. Twenty-three of the number of graduates were Ginling girls. The whole was a great witness to the spirit that cannot be conquered.

During sixteen days in July I lived with Alice Bowen, now Mrs. Willard Simpson, in Peitaiho, and loved it. Unfortunately Alice became ill a few days after I

arrived and both she and her husband went to Peiping while I remained with Barbara, the little four-year old. That, too, was a good experience for an old maid. Among other things I found that I had to recall all the forgotten stories of my childhood, for that was the only way in which I could persuade Barbara to stand still while I combed her soft tangled hair. When rumours began to fly about that guerrilla troops were about to cut the railway line to Tangku where I would have to go to take my boat, I packed immediately and left. However, on the way I stopped off for four days at Changli to visit one of our alumnae, Ma Deh-ying, and to see the fine piece of rural leadership training that the Methodist Board is doing there. Those sixteen days in Peitaiho were not all given to swimming, hikes, tea-parties and reading, for I was able to get in many revealing conferences with Christian educators who had been carrying on in occupied territory for more than a year. Knowledge gained thus has proved invaluable to me.

On my way back to Shanghai I stopped at Chefoo to visit an old university friend, Sue Eames, and thus delightfully completed my holiday. The boat trip to Shanghai was a bad one because we ran into a typhoon. It took me more than two weeks to recover my equilibrium—the earth and all upon it continued to rock long after I had landed. Thus I arrived back in Nanking, if not entirely rested, yet with a distinct feeling that the trip had been refreshing and had given me a perspective that I very much needed.

Immediately the small staff on our campus began to plan in earnest for the autumn work. With the need on every hand so great, we were all convinced that our college grounds and buildings must be used to serve the community. Much thought and many conferences culminated in the starting of two projects which are now well under way and which I will describe briefly.

In the Industrial—Home-craft Course we have one hundred destitute women and older girls, largely between the ages of eighteen and thirty. By means of careful investigations, we tried to select the most destitute but teachable women we could find—women who would be faced with great hardship during the present winter. A number of them were made widows at the time of the occupation of the city and all of them had no means of support. These women brought with them thirty little children, who are now in a little nursery school—the happiest place you ever saw. The women study courses like reading, home arithmetic, home and community hygiene, singing and religion for half of the day, and the other half they work with their hands. They must all learn to cook, clean, garden, make garments and shoes for themselves and their children, knit, weave towels and stockings. The first four

months each woman had to learn something of all of these types of work; but this week they began their two months of specialization. This means that they give half of each day to that craft by which they hope to earn a living when they have completed this six months' course. Those who expect to be amahs are getting special training in that type of work; those who plan to be weavers of stockings are giving a half day to that, cooks to cooking, and so on. By means of a little credit society which we hope to form, the women, either



THE NURSERY SCHOOL.

singly or in groups, will be able to borrow the necessary capital to start out for themselves. Because of generous gifts, we have been able to plan this Homecraft Course with the training of these women as our goal rather than making the course pay for itself. We were very fortunate to secure one of our own graduates as dean of this course.



LEARNING TO BE GARDENERS

The other project is for one hundred and forty-five girls of high school age and is called an Experimental Course. Using the former Junior-Senior middle school curriculum as our foundation, teachers have tried to enrich each course with those related materials that are of vital importance in the present impoverished environment. Some subjects have been omitted. Moreover a course in social problems

has been substituted for college algebra; washing of dishes, the cleaning of dining and classrooms, and the making of padded garments for the poor have been substituted for the usual handwork course; and not infrequently the washing and salting of vegetables for winter use has taken the place of physical education. Since more than sixty-three per cent of the students must earn all or part of their fees, a program of work relief has been arranged whereby the more advanced girls help to teach in the Homecraft Course or in the Nursery School, and the younger girls do housework of various kinds. We have not gone very far in this interesting experiment but we have made a start at least—enough of a start to realise that it is intensely worthwhile. Both of the projects are not only serving those who study, but are most valuable forms of work-relief for the members of the staff—many of whom are men with a large number of people dependent upon them and who because of this could not possibly go west. Our biggest handicap is that we have not been able to secure any college trained women as full time members of this staff. Your humble servant is herself matron of a dormitory of seventy girls. But it is fun even though time consuming.

And what of Ginling College itself? I personally never like to use the name on our Nanking stationery—for only the shell is here—the real college, its president faculty and students are two thousand miles away. Through the generosity of the West China Union University, a mission institution, Ginling's work is being carried on on their campus. On November the third, 1938, the academic year opened with one hundred and ten students and thirty-one full time members of the staff. Students and women staff members live in a very inexpensive dormitory hastily constructed for them this past summer. Students and teachers use the same living and dining rooms—and, I fear, are too crowded for efficient work. They, too, have been experimenting, for in the autumn they started out with a special 'freshman month' part of which was spent out in a little village. They had hoped to experiment with the entire college curriculum in an effort to adapt it more to meet the urgent needs of society, but requirements of the Ministry of Education have, unfortunately, made that impossible. We were recently much touched when a package of a hundred knitted garments came from this West China group for distribution among the poor children of Nanking.

In Shanghai Mrs. Y. H. Chen (Hwang Li-ming, 1927), head of our Department

of Physical Education has been the adviser of thirty-two of our college students who, unable to go west, are finishing up their course in brother institutions there. This group has formed a Ginling Social Service Club which is doing some very valuable work in one of the many refugee camps. A number of them have pledged three dollars a month as a further contribution to carry on this humanitarian work.



WASHING VEGETABLES BEING SUBSTITUTED FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

For many months last year we neglected our neighbourhood work, but that has now been revived in a most interesting way. Early in November a former Christian primary school teacher returned to the city in rags accompanied by his three little sons. A year previous he and his family had evacuated to a place some seventy miles to the north-

west. Just before his return to Nanking his wife and elderly mother were killed by bandits and he had been robbed of all possessions, even clothing and bedding. How were we to help this Christian teacher? When asked if he could take full responsibility for starting a little day school for neighborhood children he replied that he would like nothing better. For several days he called on the families around and when he opened the school, to our astonishment, one hundred and thirty poor children came to register. Such forms of work-relief are challenging us on every hand. This school is being conducted in our Neighborhood Center.

Miss Lo, an evangelist, is now also living over in the Neighborhood Center. She gives her whole time to helping the poor. From personal gifts which some of you have sent, we have been able to purchase rice tickets and from the International Relief Commission we have secured padded garments. When the poor come asking for food and clothing, Miss Lo goes to their homes to investigate and then gives aid accordingly. In the little Neighborhood House she has also a Thursday afternoon evangelistic service for women.

If I were writing a book about this section of China I would bestow upon it the title "This Brave Old World". That fittingly describes the condition in Nanking now. As soon as it was possible last year the elderly members of families came out of hiding in villages and refugee camps and returned to their shops and business. Out of the charred timbers and broken bricks they built booths and homes and have taken up the burden of life once more. Such uncomplaining persistence I have never seen equalled. The city and its suburbs are poorer by some two hundred and forty six million Chinese dollars than it was two years ago. There are untold and unimagined difficulties and temptations on every hand, but this letter is already too long to go into these. That which I miss most, and whose absence breaks my heart, is the forward looking, hopeful, energetic younger leaders who two short years ago were so enthusiastically creating the "New China". Most of them are not here. How often I long to be doing "my bit" with them in the West rather than salvaging human resources in the occupied area. And yet I know it was right that I choose to remain here.

The Church has at this time unprecedented opportunities in our great city, and of our Chinese and foreign Christian leaders were trebled they could not take

advantage of all opportunities that are ours. There is no other institution or organization that so commands their respect and confidence, or that is so unselfishly trying to minister to the people. Prejudices have been washed from minds and hearts through suffering, and there is a sensitiveness that makes possible the understanding of Christian truths. Again and again I have said that Christianity is seen at its best in times of danger and crises; that luxury and comfort and ease dilute its message. Only the other day in talking with a missionary friend who had come up from Wuhu to hold special meetings in two of the churches here, we agreed that if we had one hundred well trained women workers, we would like to put them all to work calling in homes, there to sympathize with and give new courage and hope to those who must begin life again. Every door is open to us. This past week our South Gate Christian Church had a splendid Young People's Institute to which a selected group of one hundred and sixty came regularly, while many more begged for the opportunity to come. This week a similar institute is being held at our old church which still stands "In the Shadow of the Drum Tower". The churches of the city will be further strengthened, I am sure, by the messages that Searle Bates will bring back from the Madras Conference. Many groups in Nanking have been one with the churches of all lands in praying most earnestly for this conference—that God's power may be released anew in the world as it was at that first Pentecost.

Before I close this letter, I want to enlist your active interest, your prayers, and, where possible, your cooperation in the dreams for next autumn. We are wondering if it will be possible to invite from villages and farms from fifty to eighty young women of outstanding character, Christian or non-Christian, educated or illiterate, and plan for them a six or eight months course in rural reconstruction, planning for them a curriculum which would prepare them as fully—spiritually, physically, and economically—as possible to live and share the new life back in their little villages. This would take the place of our present Homecraft Course. Then we would like more and more to convert our Experimental Course for high school girls into a training course for leaders and teachers of village groups. It might even be possible to arrange for a few alumnae to come back to do research work in rural rehabilitation. If you have any good suggestions, please write to me frankly.

And now for my final admonition which I hesitate to write, lest you misunderstand me. From some of your letters I fear some of you have a too exalted opinion of my work in the Ginling Refugee Camp. If there be any truth in the likeness which distraught Chinese women saw between me and the 'Goddess of Mercy' it certainly would be to the figure with the thousand arms stretched out to help. And those arms were not my arms—but those of my many untiring and faithful co-workers in the great camp, all upheld and strengthened by the fervent prayers and constant thoughts of Ginling students, alumnae, faculty members and Christian friends both in the Orient and in the West. We distinctly felt that sustaining power.

And my furlough? I realise it was due in the summer of 1937, but how glad I am that it was postponed. It was hardly thought of for the summer of 1938 since the two projects needed to be planned. And from the description of the dream for the coming year you, yourself, can see that the summer of 1939 is not possible either, although I long to see all of you, especially the four grand nieces and nephews that have come since I was last in America. Fortunately I have never been in better

health; so I am hoping that no objection will be raised to my remaining on for at least one more year.

Last May, the counselor of the German Embassy took a Chinese friend and myself in his car out to the Sun Yat Sen National Memorial Park, the former pride of the New China—and justifiably so. We each had with us a basket and a pair of scissors, for we were bound for the rose garden. Our car went down one street after another where we saw only needless destruction and wanton waste. Through the great city gate, parts of which had been battered away, we went. At the



YOURS IN HOPE.

WITH ROSEBUDS FROM THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL PARK.

gardens, the greenhouses which we had always known full of gorgeous chrysanthemums and other beautiful flowers, were now gaunt skeletons, and all within was parched and dead. Back to the rose gardens we picked our way, and there we found the choicest bushes, although untended and uncared for, laden with the sweetest smelling blooms. The full blown ones made us sad, for at the heart of each were large gorged beetles, one, two and sometimes three, but the young buds were sound and full of promise. We filled our baskets with the choicest buds, brought them home and nourished them—to be richly rewarded in the days that followed with rare beauty and fragrance. To me that rose garden is the symbol of this vast region in which I live and work.

Yours in hope,

Minnie Sauter

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March 1939.

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