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S.S. Ethiopia,  
Between Madras and Rangoon.  
Jan 14th, 1934.

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I think I wrote the last instalment of my general letter just after I got to Tambaram for the Conference- almost a month ago now- and that I didn't take it any further than the ~~the~~ journey to Tambaram. We arrived there early on Monday morning Dec 12th, and after two nights in a very shaky train I was feeling pretty sleepy, and my original intention was to spend most of that day in sleep, however, I found Dr Wu and two or three others were going into Madras that morning to see various schools, so I decided I would go with them. Tambaram is about 16 miles outside Madras, and I knew we should not have many opportunities of going there. We visited three schools, one a school for boys run by a Hindu mission, one a Training College for Girls run by missions- St Christopher's- and one a Training College for Girls run by the Government- Lady Willingdon College, so they were quite representative.

We spent the longest <sup>time</sup> at the Hindu school as being the most distinctive. It was very interesting, and the two men who took us round had very nice faces. In their prayer room they have pictures of various religious leaders, including Christ, and they said that ~~that~~ was one of the festivals they kept. They are a ~~daily~~ fairly modern foundation- the Rama Krishna Mission, which has work all over India- and are liberal in their attitudes towards the depressed classes, but from all you hear and read the distinction between the castes is still a very real one, and one of the ~~divisions~~ <sup>divisions</sup> that divides India from top to bottom. I must own that, while I found many of the Indians very delightful and charming, (and they certainly have the power of speech and much real ability) it seemed to me that the divisions they were facing in their own country were almost overwhelming, and I thought with relief and gratitude of the relative harmony of the Chinese scene. There are so many internal divisions ~~that India has~~ that China knows nothing of - religion and caste being the main two, ~~not to mention a good many others.~~

This seems to have got some way away from the first morning in Madras, we were escorted ~~around~~ these various schools by a very charming teachers from St Christopher's, which is itself an attractive place, though the buildings are not very good. The practice school in connection with that college is Bentinck High School, which used to be the L.M.S School in Madras, but which has now been given over the college for their practice school. Madras itself seemed to be composed of very wide streets, and the drive along the sea was really rather lovely. In comparison with any city of China at the present moment there seemed to be practically no people, but I ~~gather~~ <sup>gather</sup> that we only went to the more aristocratic parts, and did not see the really teeming spots. The Bentinck High School ~~as-a~~ has a chapel built somewhat on the lines of the Dravidian style of Temple architecture- an oblong building with flat roof, and no walls on two sides, only pillars, I should think it would be cool, and good for ~~silent~~ silent worship, but I couldn't help thinking that it might be difficult to hear anything that was being said.

We arrived back in Tambaram rather late for lunch, and then I had a much needed sleep. The new Madras Christian college buildings made a very good place indeed for a conference- one of the advantages being that everybody was able to ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> a room ~~for themselves~~ <sup>house</sup>, which is-nd



- 2 -

Specimen 1/14/39

is not always possible at conferences of this size. There are three separate Halls at the College, Bishop Heber Hall, St Thomas, and Seilayur. Each have their own dining room, and a certain number of other public rooms- they are built round a quadrangle, and have covered ways and verandahs- the buildings are two stories high, and of a cream colour with red roofs- made of abestos tiles, not the clay tiles of the ordinary houses, the abestos is lighter and more practical in certain ways, but not as picturesque. We held our big meetings in the main auditorium, a delightfully cool and lofty building, with beautiful blue curtains on the platform- the auditorium, the science and arts buildings are in the centre of two of the halls, with the other one just behind. The food, which was provided by the big catering firm in Madras- Spencer's- was dull, and I should think our American friends would say very ritish, but sufficient and quite wholesome.

We had our opening session of the evening of Dec 12th, when Dr Mott spoke, On Tuesday there was a quiet day, when our meditations were led by an Indian- the Bishop of Dornakal- an Englishman, Dr Farmer, and an American Bishop Hobson. On Wednesday we started the regular program and went pretty hard at it. The regular days program was morning worship from 8.15- 8.45; meetings of the Sections from 9-12, with a break for coffee; section meetings in the afternoon from 4.30-6; plenary sessions with general speeches in the evening on every other day, and meetings of special groups on the alternate days. The meeting was divided into sixteen sections, eight of which met for the first four days, and eight for the second four days. On Friday of the second week we considered the as a section the report of the drafting committee of the first sections that had met, and on the Saturday the findings of the second group of sections. From Monday till Wednesday of the last week we considered the reports of all the sections in a plenary sessions, and on Thursday morning we had the final address, and broke up at noon.

Nominally you had the time free between lunch and tea, but actually a good many meetings of various kinds were slipped in at 3 pm, and if you were on a drafting committee of any of the sections you had to meet all the afternoon, and late in the evening as well, and life was pretty full. The first week when I was attending the Section I on "The Faith by which the Church lives", I was not on a drafting committee and life was just pleasantly full, with sufficient time for a little breathing space. We had a very good chairman, who planned our discussions well, and I think on the whole people made good and relevant contributions. There was of course a certain amount of difference of opinion, the sharpest cleavage being between that of the average middle of the road Anglo-Saxon and American view point, and that of the continental- especially the German view, with its extreme emphasis on eschatology, but actually that difference comes out in some ways less sharply when you are discussing the faith, than when you are trying to make any application of the faith. The two sections where it came most prominently into view were Section XIII, The Church and the Changing Social and Economic Environment, and Section XIV on The Church and the International Order. I attended Section XIV the second week, and it became very clear that if you accept the prevalent view among the Germans at Tambaram there is really nothing you can or ought to do about the present world situation, except of course preach the Gospel and pray, any attempt to protest against the action of the state in any organised way is to poach upon the preserves of the statemen, to whom God has given authority. They may be wrong, and you

Speaker 1/14/39

may know they are, and you may acknowledge it to be sin, but if within their legitimate sphere they tell you to do certain things, you must do it. Of course if they tell you to do certain things which are within the rightful sphere of the Church then you are justified in saying no, but everything to do with international relations lies in their sphere. The German view on this point seems to be a combination of their interpretation of the eschatology of the Bible, which maintains the idea of the period between the times - that is after the first coming of Christ and before the second, when certain orders have been ordained of God - eg, the family, the state, and the nation, and nothing must be done to interfere with those (hence their burning opposition to Communism, which seems to be upsetting all of them), and when nothing in the way of any real improvement in the state of affairs is to be looked for, because the world is still in the hand of the evil one - plus a very strong belief in the divine right of the State. The combination of the view that the world is evil, and that ~~nothing can~~ all the Church can do is gather to itself certain people out of it, plus the apparently contradictory opinion that the State is of God (since at other times they speak almost of the State as though it were Satanic and anti-Christ) combines to create a situation in which they feel it is not only difficult but wrong to take any action against the state, even though it is organised not by the Church as such but by responsible Christian citizens. It seems to be the combination of their eschatology and their view of the State which produces that position, for some of the Dutch delegation, while accepting in the main the same eschatological position, but not that view of the divine right of the state as over against the individual conscience, are quite prepared for strong action on the part of the Church and Christian individuals against war and other social evils, while even while they do not look for much success in these efforts, are quite prepared to think it is essential to make them. As one man (not a Continental, but an American) said concerning certain suggestions, and they amount of good they would do "It is hopeless, we will do them".

I think that lack of any great hope as the results of one's effort and yet the impelling sense that you must make them is really rather a strong position, and is one of the things that personally I have carried away from the conference. At the same time I found the extreme German view very depressing indeed, as it seemed to make any concerted action by Christians in the International sphere quite impossible, as clearly in all matters of political and economics the Christian conscientious does not even come into the picture for the German, and many of them were good and delightful men, far more Christian in one way in their personal lives than I am, I am sure, and yet with absolutely no sense of responsibility for their Government. It is not only depressing for the Christian Church to realise that, but equally depressing for Europe, as it seems as though so many of her best citizens in Germany do not expect to hold their Government in anyway responsible, but simply to follow. Of course I am sure there must be German Christians who do not feel that way, but it appears to be somewhat deeply rooted. It is interesting that none of the Younger Church take that point of view - except possibly the Japanese, and even they, while conforming to the demands of their state in outward matters, have not (I believe, - I have no proof for this) gone nearly so far as the Germans in convincing themselves that this is the right position. The Germans are willing and eager to argue it, the Japanese simply state it, and leave it at that.

1006



Speech 1/14/39

Of course the Japanese identification of the Divine quality of the State with the person of the Emperor makes a more obvious clash with the Christian position, and I suppose they feel it is rather harder to defend, but still I have the feeling that the Christian rationalisation of the divine authority of the state has gone much further among Christians in Germany, than among Christians in Japan, however much the latter may accept it in practice.

I seem to have got ~~also~~ a long way away from the general account of the conference that I started out to give. I thoroughly enjoyed and found very stimulating the discussion of the first week on the Faith by which the Church Lives, and I think the report is a pretty good one. The second week was very different; it was still interesting and stimulating, but we did not have nearly such a good chairman, and one had a much more baffled feeling. I was on the drafting Committee, simply because I had been asked to act as assistant secretary, and we spent hours wrestling with the German position, and at the end the Japanese position as well, though they remained largely silent for the most part. We followed the policy of stating the differences where they were quite irreconcilable, but at other times seeking a position that all could accept, which made the report pretty wishy washy. Section XIII followed the rather stronger line, I think, of stating the differences, and then allowing the body of the report to represent the opinion of the overwhelming majority of the section and of course of the Conference. I think really that is what we should have done, though of course it was harder in our case, as people are more sensitive- at least the Japanese and Germans are- on the subject of their state and nation than on the economic order, and the divine sanction of the capitalist order though often, I am afraid, present in practice has not proceeded so far in theory. And of course in trying to arrive at a common Christian mind, (if possible, and in some respects it simply is not possible) one had to give more weight to the German and Continental view than numerically at the Conference it deserved, because they do represent to some extent a large body of conservative Christian thinking that was not represented at Tambaram at all. Such bodies as the China Inland Mission have broken connections with the National Christian Council in China, and the International Missionary Council as being too liberal and even radical in their outlook interest in politics and economics, and many of the others of the more conservative bodies were not represented. The fact that at Tambaram the representatives of the Younger Churches were in the majority, and that the majority of the representatives from the older Churches were those who had contact with the Younger Churches and were sympathetic with them, meant that if the Conference had been completely given its head, and that the majority had been allowed to have its way the reports would along certain lines have been far more radical than they were. However, I think we were not completely given our head, and were expected to remember all the time the minority, which was probably a good thing in certain ways. As a really sympathetic and considerate understanding of the opinion with which you do not agree, and ~~at~~ an attempt to find wherein you do agree is I am sure an essential discipline for all Christian Conferences. The Church is committed to an ultimate unity in the mind and person of Christ, and since that is in no sense a realised fact, she must be prepared for tensions within her own members, which may be the

Spec 1/14/39

means of reaching greater truth. So that in general I am prepared to accept the wisdom of the method followed. My only criticism would be that at times I could not help feeling that the restraint was exercised in a way that approached the diplomatic rather than the purely Christian method of appeal, and that the minority did not at times do its part of seeking to understand the mind of the majority. I could not see that some of the Germans were in any way willing to even consider whether there was something to be said for the position that was obviously held by the majority of their Christian brethren assembled at Tambaram. They simply stated and defended their own, however, perhaps that is their manner, and underneath they may have learnt something of us, as well as we of them.

The rather more difficult question as to whether certain positions are really compatible with the Christian faith, and should not be definitely outlawed, is I realise one with which that particular body was not competent to deal. While I have no desire whatever to start anything in the nature of a heresy hunt, it does seem to me that there are certain what I would describe as political and ethical heresies, rather than theological, which the Church should make quite clear are not compatible with the practice of Christianity to-day. However, I fully realise the difficulty of such an undertaking, as it would probably mean the inevitable persecution of ~~Christ~~ Christians in certain countries.

To go back to the Conference, as I was on the drafting committee the second week, it meant that every spare moment was full, and one hardly had time for one's meals and sleep, even on <sup>Christ</sup>mas Day we were busy accept the actual time of the services.

I think the fact that so much of one's time and energies were going into the Section meetings meant that it was rather difficult to be fresh and receptive at the plenary sessions. The speeches in the evening though I found all of them interesting did not leave any very great impression on me, and I actually missed one or two of them because we were working. I did get a good deal out of the Quiet Day, especially the devotions led by Dr Farmer. I thought he was extraordinarily good, and also the service on the first Sunday morning when Dr Horton (he is something to do with the Congregational Union in America) and George Macdonald, a Presbyterian minister from Scotland spoke; they were both very impressive and inspiring.

The plenary session when we discussed the sectional reports were very interesting, and I wish very much that more time could have been left for that, as I think it was very instructive in getting at the mind of the conference. People on the whole spoke well to the point, and for the most part because they really had things to say, and not because they wanted to make a speech, though that did happen.

I think the Conference as a whole was rather marvellous - there were about 450 delegates there, from over 70 different countries, and we lost no time at all in getting to work. The sections <sup>which included</sup> with great many different nationalities upon them were able to establish a working fellowship from the very beginning - even in those sections where the difference of opinion was greatest, there was no hesitation in each side saying what they thought, and no loss of temper or personal disagreeableness - at least only once did I see anything in the nature of what you might call a personal display of temper, and that was very mild - and other people said the same. In one or two sections the feeling ran rather strong I gather, but even there there was frankness, and they worked through to an understanding. I do not mean that there were not irreconcilable positions, there were, but the presence

1008



Specimen 1/14/39

of the difficulties did not prevent the discussion going on, and fellowship was maintained. And there really was equality, everybody spoke and took their share in the discussions, and though naturally some people stood out a little more than others, I have never been to a conference ~~there~~ where there was such a complete lack of showing off, nor such a feeling that you were all there with some contribution to make, and much to receive. I think it is really the first completely adult conference that I have been to- and I am using the word adult in the best sense of real maturity.

There were many more people there than it was possible to get to know even by name and sight, you knew the people in the sections pretty well, and you also had a fair chance of getting to know people in the same hall, as you could sit by them at meals, but if people were not in your section or your hall, you didn't have much chance to meet them. I tried to make the most of my opportunity and to sit by different people at different meals, but at times, if one was tired or feeling lazy, one dropped ~~into~~ down by the side of an old friend, instead of seeking a new one. But still I did manage to get in conversations with a good many different nationalities- Indian (from various parts) African (also from various parts, and both white and black), Dutch, Brazilian, Swedish, Belgian, French, Swiss, German, Japanese, Philippino, Turkestan, etc. Not to mention a large variety of British and American both working in a good many different countries. I am afraid I didn't make quite the effort ~~by~~ the Japanese that I should have, the one whom I really wanted to talk to- Miss Michi Kawai (Bertha may remember that we went over her school in Tokyo)-was ill as soon as she got there, and it took her some time to recover, and though I did have a little talk with her, she looked so ill, and does I think mind things so much, that I didn't really ~~talk~~ like to have what you could call a realistic talk on the things that are uppermost in one's mind at the present. ~~The-Chi~~ A few of the Chinese and Japanese did meet for fairly intimate talks, but it was only with a few that one could manage that, and the Japanese prefer talking to the Chinese alone, and not with a third party there. Kagawa spoke at one of the evening sessions, and I did find his personality quite moving, though other things that I heard didn't impress me quite so much.

I talked quite a bit with people (not nationals) from Manchuria and Korea, and the description they give of situations there is quite heartrending, especially at the moment in Korea, where a really active persecution of Christians, including torture, is ~~now~~ going on. One has to be terribly careful what one says about it, as it gets back quickly, and the people there will suffer for it.

Being the kind of conference that it was, nothing definite could be said about various concrete issues such as the Korean persecution, as it would probably only make things worse for them, and be very difficult, if nothing more, for the Japanese delegation (who are not-I gather second hand-very sympathetic with their Korean brethren, as they feel they are ~~being~~ suffering unnecessarily, as there is no real reason for them to object to the worship of the Emperor, as it isn't worship as the Japanese Christians see it), but there were a good many quite direct though specific references to things like that in the report, and also a resolution from the whole conference explaining why we were not saying what we ~~would have said~~ <sup>would have said</sup> ~~one of the~~ <sup>one of the</sup> strongest impressions that I got took away from the conference was how much active evil and terrible suffering

Specimen 1/14/39

there is in the world at present, and how tremendously in earnest the Church has to live out the way of the Cross if she is really to have any ~~real~~ influence whatsoever on the present situation. It was I suppose really rather wonderful that we were able to meet at all under the existing circumstances, but, however, real our ultimate loyalty to Christ ~~is~~ may be, there is certainly no agreement on how we should best show it at the present moment. <sup>And</sup> till, apart from our common loyalty not to a creed or dogma but to a Person, it would be impossible to get so many people of different nations and different ideas together, and that in itself-in a world dividing itself up into such water-tight compartments-is worth something. And it is heartening to realise afresh that, however desperate the situation is, Christians at least have no reason for not facing it in a realistic manner, for at the very heart of their religion there is the Cross, which ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> an extremely realistic facing of evil, and yet ended in triumph. Of course, how far most of us are up to that standard is another question, but certainly-as one man said-one came away from the conference with a very strong feeling that in the world as it was to-day there was not really much use in being a nominal Christian, one might at any time be called upon to be the real thing, or stop pretending, since persecution was actual in many places, and threatening in many more.

The conflict situations of which I personally was most aware running through the whole conference ~~was-the~~ were those between Indian nationalism and British rule in India, between Chinese and Japanese, and between black and white in America and Africa, but more particularly as I came across it in South Africa. Of course underlying both the first and last is also the economic conflict, but it was the political and racial aspects of the problem which were more apparent, as there were no representatives as such of labour and capital, of course there were no representatives as such of the British rule in India, but I think unconsciously every Indian holds all the British responsible for the political aspect of British rule, but not for the economic. There were a good many representatives of the Dutch Reformed Church from South Africa, one of the <sup>groups which is</sup> most conservative on the race question, and they were quite on the defensive, though the African I heard speak in public were remarkably Christian, I thought, in their statement, or rather understatement of the case; but the Dutch found any criticism very hard to bear (I mean the Africans not the Dutch from Holland) especially from the Americans; I suppose they thought that it was a case of the pot calling the kettle black. But actually ~~one~~ of the Americans who was most outspoken came from the deep South, and has himself struggled through to a position on the racial question which it is very hard for anyone in the South to take, and he has risked criticism and even danger for it, but so I think he had the right to speak.

It was interesting to observe that while one had to go very carefully in dealing with the Sino-Japanese problem, mainly, of course, with the Japanese, not the Chinese, nobody felt any hesitation in saying all that ~~they~~ thought about the British in India, however bad it was. I don't know whether that may be accounted ~~for~~ as righteousness to us, or whether it simply means that we are more hardened and callous than the Japanese, and therefore less sensitive to criticism.



Spec 1/14/39

I am afraid this is not at all a well-organised account of the Conference, not even from a purely personal point of view, which was all I could give in any case. I really meant to try and think it out a bit before I wrote, but the time didn't seem very long, so I just started and went on, with this result, though there is still much left unsaid, and I could quite easily go on for as long again and longer.

There were three meetings for the Women Delegates- of whom there were about 80 in all, though not all came to the special meetings- which were quite amusing. They held the last one when we were very tired, and we all either talked too much, and not to the point, or else went practically to sleep. We got rather worked up on the question of ordination for women, on which some of us felt rather strongly, but <sup>on</sup> which apparently the Officers of the I.M.S did not want what you would call a strong resolution, as the Anglican and other denominations who don't approve didn't want it, so we passed a rather weak statement, which got strengthened for us by the intervention of a friendly man at the general session. - And, in getting all worked up over that, we left out some other things, the last meeting that were really more important.

It was a decidedly hard working conference, and we didn't have to work hard at amusing ourselves, for which I was grateful. There were two social events, one when the Governor-general of Madras and Lady Marjoties Erskine (his wife) gave a garden party for all the delegates and other residents of Madras at their house at Guindy. It was rather an amusing occasion as people got into native costumes who didn't ordinarily wear them, and I don't suppose Government House at Madras ever saw quite such a motley throng. I think some of the black South Africans found it quite interesting that in India they would be received at Government House, but not in their own country. The other pomp with which the Governor-general and his wife appeared upon the scene quite outdoes that at Buckingham Palace. The other occasion was when the Conference gave a party for the Indian Christians, missionaries and other friends out at the College. The Prime Minister of Madras came to that, looking very like Gandhi, both in face and dress. He is a Hindu (Brahmin), officially quite opposed to Christianity, but personally quite friendly, I gathered. I can't say I really find the Indian dress for men very dignified, at any rate as worn by many of them, I can't help feeling that they have forgotten to put something on.

The only other relaxation we had was on Christmas Night when instead of a speech or service, the different nationalities entertained us with music, of which by far and away the best was the singing by the five black delegates from South Africa, who really sang very well indeed. My natural instinct is to mean "black" when I say "Africans", but apparently the white in South Africa call themselves "Africans", so you have to make a distinction.

The conference broke up on Dec 30th at noon, and I spent the afternoon-in rest of the day in a meeting for discussing the conference from the Y.W. point of view, in talking, helping Dr Wu packing, and packing myself. Dr Wu left that night to go to Vellore, I left the next morning, and spent the day in Madras with Mr Baxter, we went to St Christopher's in the morning, as he had not been there, and wanted to see the former L.M.S school, and then we had lunch at the Women's College with Miss Rivett, the new principal, and she took us over that, and then motored us a bit about Madras in the college car, coming back for tea.

Spencer 1/14/39

Then after a few odd jobs, Mr Baxter and I had dinner together at the station, and he left Bombay, as he was going home on furlough, and I left for the south, as, after some indecision, I had finally decided to go south and visit some of our mission stations, rather than go north and sight see. Mr Chirgwin was also (the general secretary of the L.M.S) was also going south, and a Mr Burton of our mission from Madagascarr. He and I really meant to travel by the same train, as there was a through carriage to Tinnevely, but I made a mistake as to time, and left Madras by a later one, though I arrived at Tinnevely at the same time as Mr Burton, Mr Chirgwin arrived by a later train, as that was the one he had been told to travel by- and Mr Burton and I had to wait at the station until he arrived, and the Mr Trowell came to fetch us. We motored from Tinnevely to Nagercoil which is in Travancore, and within 12 miles of the extreme south of India at Cape Comorin. We arrived in Nagercoil about 6.30 pm, and were met by a large procession with lanterns, we had to get out of the closed car into an open one, we had garlands hung about us (three in all), were greeted with songs, dances and fireworks- of course it was all for Mr Chirgwin, and Mr Burton and I were more or less dragged in, but still I never expect to feel so like royalty again. There are a great many Christians in Nagercoil I gather, and they like making something of a display, and apparently have no national consciousness of making a great fuss of a foreigner. After it was all over, I went to Miss Morton's bungalow, and had a very welcome bath, and then went to dinner with the Trowells. The next day being Sunday was very full of meetings. We started at 7.30 am with the ordinary morning service, at which Mr Chirgwin spoke, and at which there were about 20 baptisms. Then at 11 there was the Communion Service, while at which once a year on the first Sunday of the year all the communicants in the district round come, so it was a very large number indeed, over 3,000, and after that the people from the Nagercoil Church feed all the people from the villages, it really was a very picturesque sight, and the curry, of which we tasted a little, was quite good. Then after a rather longer pause there was a service at 4.15 pm, at which Mr Burton and I spoke, and finally at 6 pm there was a welcome meeting from Mr Chirgwin, at which he was given an address. etc. After that we went to dinner with Mr Jacobb the Indian District Superintendent, and had a more or less Indian meal, though I did take along a spoon and fork, as I do not feel very happy eating with my fingers, which I can't help thinking are not nearly so civilised a way of eating as chopsticks.

I went on next day by car to Nagercoil, and the next week was in fact spent in going from L.M.S station to L.M.S station in Travancore, it is perfectly lovely country, mountains on one side, the sea on other, and cocoa-nut palms and rice trees inbetween. I saw a fairly varied selection of villages, churches, schools, and missionaries.

I also motored up to the mountains, and down to the sea, and at some places including Trivandrum, the capital of the state, saw the outside of Hindu temples, but in Travancore non-Hindus are not allowed into them.

I learnt quite a lot about the general situation of the L.M.S Church in Travancore, which I really shouldn't call L.M.S as it is part of the South India United Church, and may become part of a larger union including the Episcopal Church; but they themselves are very conscious of their connection with the L.M.S, far more than of their relation with the S.I.U.C, whether out of loyalty for the old, or in hopes of more

financial help, I should not like to say. Sometimes I was with Mr Chirgwin



Specimen 1/14/39

sometimes I was not, but wherever there were single women I stayed with them while he stayed with married couple; and of course he went to a whole lot of meetings that ~~he~~ didn't have to bother with. Mr Burton came along a day later in order not to crowd them at one time. Beside the other work I have mentioned I saw the medical centre at Neyoor where Dr Somervell (of Mt Everest fame) works, and also something of the mind on industries, which almost all the churches in Travancore have, and from which a good bit of the money for the work came, ~~for~~ in the past. ~~Not the~~ market for goods for foreign consumption ~~are~~ is not so good in India, and it is something of a problem.

The Viceroy was just about to visit Travancore, and I had to change my plans because of him. I had intended to go up to Ernakulam and cross over from there to Cochin, where there is an interesting Jewish settlement, but as the day I wanted to be there was the same day as the Viceroy was going to be there, I couldn't have found accommodation, and probably should not have been able to see the Synagogue so I had to give that up. I went up the Backwater (a combination of canals and lagoons) by moonlight from Quilon to Alleppey, and then returned by bus, when I had the full benefit of the road repairs that had been made for the Viceroy, and a good many of the decorations too. It seems that the Viceroy really has more fuss made about him than the King. It must be an awful come-down for him when he returns to England and has to use ordinary trains, and unrepared roads.

I went from Quilon to Madura where I spent a night and a day with Miss Brown of the American Board Mission, and I saw various sights there, the chief of which was the Temple, ~~it is~~ the biggest Hindu Temple in Southern India. It is an amazing place, and there is some quite wonderful carving, but I must own that I found the whole strange rather than beautiful, the Hindus certainly have a very prolific imagination, but not a very controlled sense of beauty. And the people around the temple, holy men, beggars, ordinary worshippers etc (though it was in the morning when there are not so many there) do not add to the sense of edification. The Hall of the 1,000 pillars is quite impressive, and so are ~~are~~ all the carvings of Siva, Vishnu etc- but there is too much of everything.

I spent my last two days in ~~the~~ India with the Gordon Matthews at Tambaram- the first day I mainly spent in Madras doing various odd jobs, and the second day I wrote some letters, re-packed, and generally tried to get myself ready for the last part of the trip.

I left Madras on ~~Mon~~ Friday morning for Rangoon, at which place we are due to-morrow. I hope to leave by motor ~~for~~ Kunming on Jan 18th, and with any luck we should arrive about Jan 28th. I am travelling with a party of men, Bishop Ward, the Methodist Episcopal Bishop in Szechuen is the organiser of the expeditions, and I am very grateful to him for allowing me to go along with them, as I am the only woman, and I fear at times I may be something of a nuisance, however, I hope to avoid being that more than is absolutely necessary.

This boat has had quite a certain amount of motion, and though I have remained up and about, I haven't always felt too happy, so if I have not justice to a really great experience you will have to forgive me. Good-bye for the moment, I don't expect to write again until I reach Chengtu.

Love from  
Eva.

P.S. Miss Priest says that the best method is by book post direct to Chengtu. So don't take any notice of anything else I said on the matter of sending.

Ginling College,  
Chengtu,  
Feb 21st, 1939.

Dear Mrs Macmillan,

Just before Dr Wu went to Chungking for the People's Council at the beginning of last week, she gave me your letter of Nov 14th with the suggestion that we send you a list of books that the Smith girls might ~~before~~ <sup>use</sup> us, and she asked Miss Kirk and myself to prepare such a list, and send it to you. I am afraid you will feel that you have had to wait some time for an answer to your very interesting and generous suggestion. I do not know when Dr Wu received the letter ( mails are the most uncertain things in the world just now )- but I have had the letter just one day over the week, and lists take a little time to prepare. But whatever the delay has been we do appreciate your suggestion, and are most grateful for the thought in such a suggestion.

I am enclosing the list, which is in two sections- first choice and second choice, according to the number of books they want to buy. You suggested 25-50 books- we have given just under 40 titles as Dr Wu suggested that you might ask Miss Mossman to send you about 10 titles on Rural Work in America( or elsewhere) which might help our workers in the Rural project. In making out the list Miss Kirk and I have included some more general books, which will help the general reading of both Faculty and students, but which we might ~~perh~~ perhaps have felt hardly justified in including on the very restricted library list that our present budget allows. So that the Smith students may feel that they are really making an addition to our life, not all the books come under that category.

It is very hard to find out the best way of sending books, but I am sure by post rather than by freight. Some books from London have come through quite quickly by post direct- in other cases it seems best to send them to Kunming or Hongkong and have them forwarded ~~from~~ there. The Christian Literature Society has now established a depot at Kunming, and I expect they would be willing to act as a forwarding agency. Books do somehow come through better than anything else, which is something to be grateful for- though of course they take a long time- (about 3-4 months I think), they come on mule-back from Kunming to Chengtu.

I have been back just three weeks from my trip to India for the Madras Conference, it was a most interesting experience, and the trip back from Rangoon to Kunming by the new road was also quite an event in one's life. I have written one very long account, which I will send to the office in New York (it was meant mainly for my family and is really too long to be interesting), and I am trying to get a shorter one done, of which I will also send you a copy. I have already sent you one general letter( or rather I sent it to Rebecca) on the Madras Conference, but I will try to prepare a more lucid account- that was very rambling.

Please convey our very warm thanks to the Smith students for their great generosity, and tell them how much we shall appreciate these books as a direct expression of their interest.

*Yours sincerely*  
D. Spicer



FEB 21 1939

[27]

List of Suggested Titles to be Given from Smith College  
Students to Ginling College)

(I am afraid in some cases we only know the English publisher, in some cases we have not got the name of the publishers at all- but I think they should be easy to locate).

First Choice.

Three Guineas. Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Co.  
Madame Curie. Eve Curie. Heineman.  
The Arts Hendrick Van Loon. Simon and Schuster.  
The First Five Centuries. K.S. Latourette. Harpers. N.Y.  
The Thousand Years of Uncertainty " " "  
Religion and Public Affairs. H.F. Rall. Macmillan.  
The National Faith of Japan. Holton. D.C. E.P. Dutton and Co  
Social Salvation. John Bennett.  
Authority and the Individual. Harvard Tercentenary Publications.  
Harvard University Press.  
The Good Society. Walter Lippman.  
Inside Asia. John Gunther.  
Ancient Times. James Breasted. 2nd edition 1936. Ginn and Co Boston  
Listen, the Wind. Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Chatto and Windus, London.  
Fanny Kemble. Margaret Armstrong. Macmillan.  
What's A Heaven For. Percy Marx.

Plays

Best One Act Plays of 1937. ed M. Mayorca. Dodd, Mead and Co.  
Victoria Regina. Housman. Lancer.  
Shadow and Substance. Paul Vinicent Carol. Macmillan.  
Plant in the Sun (one act play).  
The Flashing Stream. Charles Morgan.

Second Choice

Moslem Women Enter a New World. Woodsmall Ruth. F. London Allen & Unwin  
The Reason for Living. Wicks. R.R. N.Y. Scribners.  
Japan over Asia. Chamberlin W.H.  
Secret Agent of Japan. Amato Vesper. Little, Brown and Co.  
The Horse and Buggy Doctor Arthur. E. Hertzler. Harper Bros.  
Mary of Scotland. Maxwell Anderson Bodley Head. (Play)  
A Women in her Days. The story of Winifred Holtby. Vera Brittain.  
Gollancz.  
Civitas Dei. Lionel Curtis. Vol II and III. Macmillan.  
Ideals of Humanity and How to Work. T.G. Masaryk. Allen and Unwin.  
I married a German. Madeleine Kent. Allen and Unwin.  
Women Servants of the State. Hilda Martindale. Allen and Unwin.  
The Moon is Feminine. Clemence Dane.  
The Thought Reading Machine. Andre Maurois.  
In The Steps of Saint Francis. Ernest Raymond. Rich and Cowan (London)  
The Moral Basis of Politics. Naomi Mitchison Constable (London).  
The Glory of God- A Letter to my Son. Robert O. Ballou. N.Y. Corvici Friede  
Women Must Choose. Hilary Newitt. Gollancz 7/6

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GINLING COLLEGE,  
CHENG TU.  
March 7th, 1939.

Dear Friends,

I am afraid it is some time I sent you anything in the way of a general letter. If I remember rightly the last one was written just before I left Hankow for Hongkong, towards the end of January 1938, and was printed in Hongkong and sent out from there.

I had an uneventful journey from Hankow to Shanghai by plane and boat. The wharf where the boat docked was unusually empty, as it was in that part of Shanghai which the Japanese had taken over, but the International and French Concessions were full to overflowing, and seemed to get fuller and fuller. They say that the area of Shanghai which used to hold over one million people now holds over four million, and it not only is the most congested urban district at present in the world, but it *looks* like it. You glance down any street and as somebody said it looks like a fire or a fight, so great is the crowd.

My own quarters at first, though comfortable, were not exactly spacious as I shared with Florence and Ruth an apartment that was comfortable for one, possible for two, and rather crowded for three. However, after about two weeks Elsie Towers, a London Mission doctor at the Lester Hospital, very kindly offered me the use of the guest room in her flat above the hospital, and I stayed there until I left in July. It was a most convenient place to stay being right down town and near everything, and also a very nice flat, and nice people to be with. She was housing besides myself K. B. Evans also of our Mission, whose former home on our Chaoufoong Road Compound was quite uninhabitable, and later when Miss Evans went home one of the nurses came in. The room itself, though perfectly adequate for a transient guest, was not designed for a permanent lodger, and contained a wardrobe, but no chest of drawers. However, living in my suit cases has become almost second nature, and I counted myself very fortunate indeed in such a place as Shanghai to have a room to myself. One good thing that came to me personally out of the year of refugeeing in Wuhan and Shanghai is that I lived for the first time since my arrival in China with my own Mission, and saw more of them, and learnt more about their work than I had ever done before. Of course in Shanghai since the compound was destroyed, they were very much scattered, but even so I saw a good bit of them.



Shanghai itself is rather a heart-breaking place, though some of the sections are outwardly pretty normal, and so crowded that such places as restaurants, etc., look almost gay. I myself was not doing any work in refugee camps, but K.B. was inspecting for the Red Cross, and would come back with many distressing stories—both about the refugees themselves, and in some cases of those who were running the camps. On one of the holidays we arranged for a party of students and Faculty to make a tour of many refugee camps, and we saw all kinds, from two very good ones—one in part of St. John's buildings and one run by the Y.W.C.A. with a really charming nursery school—to places so dirty and crowded that it seemed as though life would be unbearable for anyone who lived there—the people in that camp looked more apathetic than anything else. That rather tends to be the state of mind of the refugees, they settle down into a state of just sitting, which at first is probably a positive effort at patience, but quickly develops into a negative state of inertia. There were considerable efforts being made to begin industries in the camps, but organisation of that kind is not easy to start on the large scale that was demanded, and as so often happens the process of organisation got a little tied up with personalities, and did not swing free into a well directed release of energies. I sometimes think that one of the most discouraging things about this world is the rather few number of people who feel that they are being able to get ahead with their job helped and not hindered by the organisation of which they are a part. I have no quarrel with organisation, but it is disheartening how often it fails to do its job. I am not sure where the cure lies, but with women I am sure that it is often the old old story of not being able to see the job as a job, but simply as part of their ego, and being frightfully possessive.

The terrible crowds in one part of Shanghai, the utter desolation in the other is one of its saddest features. I went for a walk one Sunday afternoon with others to the L.M.S. compound in Chaoufoong Road. As soon as we had crossed over the Garden Bridge the place was almost empty except for some Japanese soldiers and sailors, some Japanese civilians, and a few Chinese, but at first most of the houses were standing, and where they were damaged had only windows out or something relatively small like that. But as we went on down Broadway the destruction got worse and worse, and when we finally turned down Chaoufoong Road it was an absolute ruin and desert, with just bits of the walls of the houses standing up, but literally everything else either burnt out, or carried away. The only place I have

seen which reminded me of it at all were the ruins at Pompei, though this was far more complete as regards the inside of the houses, and also, I must admit, less picturesque. There was hardly a person to be seen, and the general effect was rather eerie. Our own compound though in a melancholy condition had one house with its roof still intact and another that had only had a shell through it. Four of the houses were as completely burnt out as anything we had seen, but others had an awful derelict mess of possessions in them, and I wasn't sure whether it was worse to have your house completely burnt out, with not a chance of getting a single thing back, or to have that ghastly mess of confusion, and try to pick out things from it. Of course by the time I saw it most of the salvaging had already been done, and the things left were those that people had decided were useless to save, but I gather that it was an act of faith to believe that *anything* was worth saving so terrible did everything look.

Nature was being its usual courageous self, we collected quite a bunch of daffodils, and there were some lovely flowering-shrubs, in bloom, but in such surroundings as that when men have made such a terrible mess of things, I am not sure that nature's beauty is not almost the last touch of horror by reason of the contrast, but I don't suppose one should feel that way. We walked back another way, and went through that part where most of the Japanese civilians live, you would hardly have known you were not in a Japanese town; the Japanese women as always seemed rather charming, and quite inoffensive. Foreigners were allowed to go and come quite freely in the day time in that part, though you might suddenly find martial law clamped down on you, and be unable to leave, but Chinese had to have a pass.

When I first got to Shanghai classes had not started, as it was the mid-semester vacation, but I had plenty to do getting ready, as having taught English at Hwa Chung, I found that the need in Shanghai was for me to teach two courses in History, and only one in religion. It was some-time since I had done much history, so it was necessary to get to work on that at once. Ginling had taken rooms in the Y.W.C.A. building on Yuen Ming Yuen Road, just opposite the British Consulate, and very near the Bund. Our quarters were not exactly spacious, we had three class rooms, one reading-room, two faculty offices, and one room used for many purposes Rest Room, Faculty meeting room, Dr. Wu's office, Mrs. New's office, etc., etc. The Faculty used to have a picnic lunch there on Fridays and discussions

as well, on many themes, including Huxley's "Ends and Means". One Faculty office—very small—housed two people, the other somewhat larger had seven desks for faculty, and a table for our office boy, so it was not, I am afraid the world's best place for study. We were lucky as to our furniture, as we were able to borrow almost all we needed free of charge.

Ginling was one unit—only a small unit—of a scheme whereby all the Christian Universities and Colleges then in Shanghai were co-operating in part, while maintaining along some lines an independent existence. There were seven institutions in all, three of them Shanghai institutions—St. John's, Shanghai Baptist University, and the Women's Christian Medical College—but none able for various reasons to be on their own campuses, and then four from elsewhere, Soochow University, Hangchow Christian College, University of Nanking, and Ginling. Though St. John's did not feel it was safe to go back to its own campus, because of the proximity of the Japanese, their buildings were unmolested, and they were able to get at all their equipment, and that they very generously shared with all the rest of us. A Common Reading-room and Library was opened in the premises they had rented on Nanking Road, and they would send for any book that you wanted from their library on the campus. Common laboratories were also set up with equipment brought from St. John's, and a catalogue of all the courses offered by all the institutions was published. Most of the institutions had a full faculty there, and were able to provide most of the work for their own students, we only had about half, our faculty, and Nanking had practically none, so our students had to take many courses in other institutions. We felt it was worthwhile opening even the small unit we did have—about 65 students in all—partly because many of them were seniors, and some in such departments as Geography and Physical Education which other institutions did not offer, and also because East China is our natural habitat, and so long as the future was still obscure, it seemed better to keep one foot there, and not root ourselves up entirely, until we could see more how things were shaping. I am sure our term there was worth while, we graduated seventeen at the end of the term; and we learnt by experience what conditions were, so that we could decide our future policy on the basis of knowledge.

Personally I got a good deal out of the time in Shanghai, heartless though that seems. For one thing I cannot help feeling that had I gone to Chengtu and not to Shanghai from Hankow, I should probably not have received the

invitation to go as one of the delegates from China to Madras, which I received while I was in Shanghai. Of course they might have asked me in any case, but I can't help feeling that the fact that I was there, and did a little speaking about the place did make some difference; and that was something—I mean going to Madras—for which I shall always be grateful. Another thing that meant a good deal was the sense of the nearness to Nanking. Communications opened up more and more—people began to come out, and things could be sent up, by the kindness of the British and American navies. Almost the day I arrived in Shanghai George Fitch came down from Nanking, and addressed various meetings on conditions there, he was the first to get out after the capture of the city and the terrible things that happened afterwards. Everybody from Nanking was panting for news of Nanking, and whenever people came down from there—and one by one they gradually leaked through, though almost all of them went back again—we would all gather round with our tongues hanging out like dogs—thirsty for news. Another occupation was buying the various things that Minnie and others needed for the work they were starting in the refugee camps, and getting it delivered at the right place at the right time to be sent to whatever gun-boat was going up that time. Sending things on a non-commercial basis undoubtedly takes much more time and effort on your part, as it is up to you to do all the discovery of when the boat is going, and they may always change their date or hour of sailing without any warning. Also when you know that if you miss one boat, there may not be another able to take things for a week or two, and also realise how much the other people want the things, it becomes quite a nerve-racking business. The University of Nanking office in the Missions Building was the centre of the carrying trade for us, and I wouldn't like to think how many times I ran in there to ask Claude Thomson or Lilliath Bates when the next boat was going. I think there is no doubt that being in a place like Shanghai, where so many others were refugees, and where there were so many people from Nanking anxious and eager to talk things over was a great psychological relief. You couldn't help thinking and talking about conditions there a great deal, especially when it was all so fresh, and in a place like this (Chengtu) where the majority of the people are not refugees, though delightful and sympathetic, you can very quickly become a nuisance. So I am grateful for that to have been in Shanghai during that period.

Again I found teaching history very interesting, if rather painful, against the background of present events. I was teaching one course in Modern History from the French



Revolution to the present day. The text I was using was an American text, very good by a man called Hayes, and I came to the conclusion that it was most salutary to read such a book, and gets its view on England. It seems to me that so many of the English books on England tend to soften down the picture of our own imperialism, however truly they may give the facts, which is perfectly natural when you see it from inside, or else if they are critical, they are definitely so, and not a little hostile. But when you have a picture by a relatively fair historian, dealing with you just as one phenomena in the historical sphere, not softened down by an innate kindness for one's own, nor critical with the conscious hostility of one who does not approve, you get a new angle on things, I think all children should learn their history first as written by a fair-minded historian of another country, and preferably in a history of Europe, not of England. If they got that first, their picture of all her greatness and her good qualities could be fitted in to an essentially fair perspective, instead of occupying almost the whole canvas, and giving them a very biased picture.

Another advantage of Shanghai is the number of people you can meet, especially at the present moment. There were many alumnae there, a good many of whom had had to come in from the surrounding places, and were like us refugees. We had several alumnae meetings on different occasions, and in addition to the regular all alumnae meetings I had several special re-unions with the two classes to which I was adviser—1933 and 1937, as well as individual meetings. I also ran one brief discussion group on Saturday afternoons, which met four times. The attendance was not large, about four or five were there most times, it is almost impossible in Shanghai to find suitable times, but I think the things we discussed were worth while. We came back again and again to the ever recurring question as to whether it is possible to love one's enemies under present conditions, and as to how far it is possible to keep one's faith in face of the present evils and injustices of the world. Neither of them easy questions to think out, nor if you get an answer that seems right easy to live out, but problems that must be faced, and they were faced in a constructive way really seeking an answer, not in the mood of cynical pessimism.

Besides meeting the alumnae, I went to various other groups such as the F.O.R., where again we wrestled, not too effectively, with the problems of the day, and during the last months to the meetings of the Madras delegates who were in Shanghai, for a discussion of those topics. I am afraid—I am one of those people who tend to degenerate

very easily into the type that substitute talking for action, and feel that attendance at a meeting is really work, whereas—except on occasions—it is merely a highbrow form of amusement. I also did a certain amount of speaking at various places—whether that is work or not I don't know, but it certainly seems like it. Most of it was serious but one was a debate at the Y.M., when they got two women to discuss the motion "That the world would be a happier place if ruled by women", which as you can see was for their amusement, not their edification. I took the affirmative, and managed to carry the motion—largely I suppose because it needs more imagination than most people have to think that the world could be less happy ruled by women than it is at the moment ruled by men.

Of course I also saw people just privately—no discussion attached—at least only incidentally, and I went on occasions to the movies, ballet, A.D.C. performances, etc. (Amateur Dramatic Club). I don't know whether this is right or not, in such a time as this. The Chinese seem rather to move between two extremes, some seem to feel that it is absolutely wrong to indulge in any form of amusement at this time, and if some had their way cinemas, theatres, etc., would be closed, not only on special occasions, as they are now, but all the time. Madame Chiang expressed an opinion along these lines (not about the closing of the theatres, but feeling that amusements should stop) in one of her addresses. On the other hand some of them seem to feel quite free to live a life of almost pure amusement with a certain fatalistic determination to have as good a time as possible while they can. Of course in practice most of them follow the same method as we do of going occasionally, and regarding it as a legitimate relaxation, if not indulged in too much, but that is not their expressed theory, as I think it definitely was during the Great War in England.

In March Dr. Wu arrived, having flown to Hongkong, and then taken the boat to Shanghai. She arrived rather sooner than was expected, and almost unannounced, however, it happened that it was a day on which we were having a student assembly, and there was great excitement when she walked in. I am afraid she didn't have a very restful time in Shanghai, but she doesn't haven't that anywhere, but it was during her time in Shanghai (she left again in about six weeks) that Dr. Herman Liu, President of Shanghai Baptist University, was shot right out in the open street by assassins hired by the Japanese because of his expressed opinions. None of the presidents of institutions felt too safe, though he had done much more talking than the rest—

in public—and had already received warnings to get out of Shanghai, but he felt his work lay in Shanghai at the moment and so he stayed.

The great question to be settled during her visit was what we should do next year. Should we continue the plan of having two units, one in Chengtu and one in Shanghai, or should we unite our forces, and if so where? I think the conclusion we came to on the basis of our experience was quite unanimous. We were feeling very definitely the drawback of having a small faculty in both places, we couldn't do really solid work in either place. We were also feeling increasingly that there no real necessity for us to stay in Shanghai, and that as long as the work had to be non-residential the special contribution of a women's college could hardly be made. Our students had to go from place to place because they were taking their work in different institutions, and the parents didn't really like that, as life was none too safe in Shanghai for young girls. One of our own girls had been followed, and efforts made to get her into a car, and the amount of kidnapping that was going on of young girls made everybody nervous. All the other universities were co-educational, even St. John's had now taken in women, and therefore on the purely academic side they could get what they wanted, and it would be really more satisfactory for them to have all their work in one place. Personally I also felt that the value of much of the academic work carried on under the crowded conditions that it was, and with so much energy spent in coming and going was to be seriously questioned. Another big question was how far students could be really trained for work in the reconstruction of China under such conditions as Shanghai offered, when it was impossible to get in the country from there. So that all our thinking tended in the same direction, and while feeling that the Shanghai unit had been well worth while for that term, we decided that we would definitely close down the Shanghai unit, (except for finishing up work in the Physical education department, and allowing certain girls to postpone their transfer for another year, so we still had a Ginling office) and concentrate in West China. We felt we ought if possible to "ruralize" ourselves a little more, and we did think of going to a small country place in Szechuen, however, we couldn't get the buildings we wanted there, so we finally decided on the ever hospitable West China Union University Campus in Chengtu, with a rural project somewhere near.

Dr. Wu left for the west, spending time in Hankow at the People's Conference and at Kuling for the Women's

Conference on her way, and we settled down to our first job of planning how to get a group of students and faculty from Shanghai to Chengtu, a trip that took about two months in the planning, and two months in the execution thereof.

Before the final wind up of the term Florence Kirk and I were able to get up to Nanking for a week, for which we were very grateful, though it was one of those mixed experiences of joy and sorrow. For a long time the Japanese were very reluctant to let any more foreigners in, though of course the officials of the foreign powers were back. After much pushing and hammering, two doctors and two nurses were finally pushed in, and then there was another long pause, and then in May they allowed a certain number of missionaries who had been former residents to return, but no business men, and no one who had not lived there before. Actually Florence and I got our pass with very little difficulty in the end, though we took a lot of preparatory steps that didn't seem to matter at all. The journey up took 12 hours, where formerly it had taken about 6, and coming down was even longer. Every conceivable inconvenience was put in your way, and the Japanese soldiers were very much in evidence everywhere, with their far from good manners and their almost uniform ugliness. The Japanese soldier on active service—even behind the lines—seems to think it is effeminate to pay any attention to personal tidiness. But it was wonderful to see Minnie and Mrs. Tseng, Blanche Wu, and Harriet Whitmer (who had only gone up a short time before), and others—and also to see the campus again. It was looking almost as lovely as ever, the only outward sign of a change was the presence of some washing hanging out to dry, where formerly it would have never been allowed, and also more barbed wire put up to try and protect certain places from the refugees. Inside the buildings still showed signs of the wear and tear of 12,000 refugees, and there were still 500 or 600 refugees in the Recitation and Central Buildings. Technically they were not called refugees, as all camps had been closed at the end of May, it was a summer school. But although it was perfectly *bona fide* summer school, of which we attended the opening session, yet the students were all young women, and they had been chosen partly because some of them were destitute, and others because they lived in parts of the city that were unsafe, owing to their proximity to soldiers. We attended one meeting of all the missionaries then in Nanking at the Buck House, where the eight men who had carried so much of the responsibility of the Safety Zone had lived, and felt we got fairly up to date on present conditions in Nanking. The outlook for the winter was not good, as there seemed few



sources of livelihood, and the main occupation of the populace seemed to be selling loot to each other, which is not very productive. The farmers had got on with the business of sowing better than had been expected, but the townspeople are in a bad plight. One of the concerns expressed at the meeting was that nothing was being done for the Japanese soldiers to encourage them to be decent. It seems strange that in as relatively up to date an army as the Japanese there seems nothing at all in the way of social welfare for the soldiers, such as the Y.M.C.A. does.

The Chief Secretary of the German Embassy very kindly took us in his car outside the city wall, only the official representatives can get outside freely, and they have to have a Japanese gendarme with them. Not much damage has been done to any of the public buildings on Purple Mt, such as the Mausoleum, but practically all the private houses out there have been or are being destroyed, and we watched some men carrying away wood from the panelling of the house that had been built for the president. The park itself, which had formerly looked so lovely and beautifully kept, was very unkempt, and reminded one rather of the garden of the Sleeping Beauty. On our way back we motored through the South City, whole streets in which have been practically burnt out, and it was a melancholy spectacle. In fact the whole of Nanking is that, outside the former refugee zone there is desolation, and very few Chinese in evidence. Inside the refugee zone, to which the people were still clinging, although it was no longer a zone, all the houses were crowded, and people selling all sorts of things in little impromptu booths, or just spread out on a mat on the ground. Both sections were depressing in a different way.

Florence and I spent most of the time going through our own things, and also the library books to make a selection of books to try and take up to Chengtu with us—we couldn't of course bring those down with us, but packed them up to wait on the courtesy of the British or American navy. All you can take on the train is a suit case or two in the hand, and going down there was barely room for that, for the train was simply packed, and got fuller and fuller as we neared Shanghai. My own house had come through quite intact, soldiers had entered the Faculty residence on the hill above, and taken a few small things, but had not molested my house, I spent a little time going over things there, and generally getting it ready for a couple from the American Church mission to move in there during the summer. I much prefer the thought of it being lived in to having it empty.

It was very interesting to hear stories from Minnie as to what had happened here, and what there, but we saw all too little of her as she is very busy indeed, and cannot move without several people who have been lying in wait coming up to speak to her. She is still there now and with the others is carrying on a really very good work for two groups—a Home-Craft school for destitute women to try and help them re-habilitate themselves, and classes for girls of middle-school age, both very necessary in a city that has become denuded of all constructive and educational work except what the missionaries can supply. I believe there are a few schools opened by the puppet municipal government, but not very effective or numerous.

After we returned from Nanking, most of our time was taken up with end of term engagements, and getting ready to go to Chengtu. The Seven institutions which had been co-operating during the term held joint Baccalaureate and Commencement Exercises, the first in Moore Memorial Church, and the second in the Grand Theatre (cinema), which was lent for the occasion. Some people felt it was rather rash to hold such a large affair, but admission was strictly by ticket, and there was no public advertising. We had the band of the American Marines, and both the Chinese Flag and American flag were displayed prominently. We did not have the actual memorial service, but we sang a patriotic song, and the speech of the day was decidedly patriotic. It was really quite an affair, and everything went off well, and there was no disturbance. It is rather curious in this war how much goes on right in the middle of territory nominally occupied by the Japanese. We had our own affairs for the Seniors, as well as the joint affairs, and it lent an extra zest to everything that Miss Vautrin was able to come down from Nanking in time for the various occasions. She stayed in Shanghai about two weeks, busily collecting all possible information and help for the projects she had in mind, and then went north for a holiday by the sea, though I am afraid that even there she continued her search for all available information and suggestions. While these were still going on, and afterwards we were busy with preparations for our trip west, writing many letters, packing up endless parcels of books and posting them, etc.

The main difficulty about the trip was that we didn't know which way we were going. Would Hankow still be in the hands of the Chinese, and should we be able to go by the Canton-Hankow railway, and up there by river, or would that route be impossible? Should we have to go up the Pearl River to Wuchow, and thence by bus to Kweiyang



and Chungking, or would that also be impossible, and should we have to go to Haiphong, thence by railway to Yunnan-fu (now called Kunming and thence by bus or plane to Chengtu)? The last route was so expensive and long that we looked upon it as a last resort; but when we left Shanghai on July 13th a small party of 6 faculty and six students we still did not know which of the other two routes we were going by. Even after our arrival in Hongkong it was still uncertain, and during our first day there we received three different instructions from Dr. Wu then in Hankow. On arrival we had a letter saying to come by Hankow, but later the same day, before we had made any travelling arrangements, we received an air mail letter saying that it was impossible to get any bookings on the boats from Hankow, and that we had better go the other way. After we had made all possible arrangements for that route, we returned to the London Mission (where Florence and I were staying in great comfort) to find a wire telling us to come by Hankow, as they had succeeded in getting reservations for us on a Butterfield and Swire steamer. I must admit that we were very glad as the other route was much more difficult and uncertain, especially in the matter of baggage, but it meant changing all our bookings, however that was easy.

The next question was to get places on the train, and for the train to leave. We couldn't get bookings until the Thursday after we arrived in Hongkong, which we did on a Friday. Waiting in Hongkong would have been very pleasant except that every day there was news of bombings on the lines, and bombings in Hankow, and you wondered *what* you were leading the students into. However, that was their look out as much as ours, as we had accepted no responsibility except that of being with them, so that if they were bombed, we should be bombed too. On Wednesday they told us the train wouldn't leave till Friday, on Thursday they said it wouldn't leave till Saturday. Finally on Saturday we got on to it with our mountain of luggage—(by this time we were 17, as more students had joined us in Hongkong), kind friends had said good-bye to us and the whistle had blown, when the word came that the train wouldn't leave until Monday, as a bridge had been bombed up the line, and it would take that long to repair. We *did* feel flat, and there was the problem of accommodation and luggage, as most of the girls had moved out of their place, and much of their bedding was in the luggage van. The authorities very kindly let the girls sleep on the train, which meant that the rest of us who had beds to go back to could leave all our luggage safely stowed away in the compart-

ments. We went to a perfectly idiotic movie to cheer ourselves up after that blow "The Yank at Oxford".

On Monday the train did finally start, and on Tuesday everything went beautifully, and we got into Hunan province without any adventures, but on the Wednesday about noon, the train stopped, and we were told that there was bombing ahead, and we had better get out, which we did. It was quite pleasant country, and we found a little stream, and wood, where it was quite shady. The people in the farm house near were quite unconcerned, and said that they had never had any bombing there. After about an hour and a half the siren went calling us back to the train, and we moved on. We reached Yochow, where the bombing had been about 6 p.m. and sat there, just opposite the bombed platform and station offices until noon next day. They hadn't done much damage to the actual line at that place, though the street leading from the station to the town was more or less in ruins, and still smoking. But a few hundred yards ahead they had blown a hole plumb in the middle of the line, and we had to wait while that was repaired. It wasn't too pleasant just sitting there, but the weather was so hot, that really one thought more of the state of one's body than the state of one's mind, and personally I was so concentrated on trying to lie still and not make myself any hotter, that I don't believe I was as nervous as I should have been if I had been more comfortable. Next morning it rained most of the time which was comforting. We had quite a community life on the train, gathering every morning in one of the carriages for prayers, and doing quite a lot of cooking, as we had brought along our own food, and there was a stove for heating hot water at the end of the corridor.

About 12 noon we left Yochow, and *crept* round the hole which they had mended sufficiently for us to go on, nothing more untoward occurred and we arrived in Wuchang late that night, or more accurately at 2 a.m. the next morning. There are disadvantages at arriving at such an hour on a dark night, finding no coolies available at first, and half the Chinese army stretched out on the platform asleep, with nowhere to walk. But it has one very great advantage and that is that in the middle of a moonless night, you are not likely to be troubled with air-raids, and when you are arriving at a station in war-time that is something to be grateful for. We did finally scare up enough coolies, and we and all our hand luggage got across, the Yangtse to Hankow and the London Mission, where we were staying, by about 4 a.m. It was dawn before we got to bed.

The next question was the boat, and we discovered that while we had the bookings all right, the boat was under repair, and labour was hard to get, so that nobody quite knew when the boat would leave—in the final event it left just three weeks after we arrived. I am afraid that the poor man in Butterfield and Swire got very tired of the sight of us asking when it was going before the three weeks were up. As long as we *had* to stay in Hankow during the summer with air-raids a not infrequent occurrence, we were lucky to have such a good place in which to stay. We had the whole of the house on the L.M.S. compound in which I had lived the winter before with Irene Moody. The faculty slept in her flat downstairs, and the students slept upstairs in what had been the Chinese teachers' rooms. We were all together, and as it was in the old British Concession we were not so likely to be bombed upon as in other places, as roughly speaking they seemed to be respecting foreign property.

Actually we got through the three weeks pretty well, quite a number of the girls and faculty went along twice a week to the sewing party of the Union Church to make nightshirts, etc. We also went a certain amount to help at the Red Cross godown, and did some work making dressings for the Union Hospital at home. We made one trip across to Wuchang, where Catharine Sutherland was still staying at first, but it seemed hardly wise to repeat the trip, as Wuchang was liable to be bombed anywhere. We did have several air raids, some of them pretty bad elsewhere, though none of them feel very near us, but I can't say I like them under any circumstances, and some of them did a nasty bit of damage. We went round the Union Hospital while some of the victims were still there, and there was one pathetic mite that had been burned so badly both back and front that he couldn't lie down at all, and just sat up sobbing quietly to himself. So there was rather a sombre background to the whole time but still there were lots of friends and alumnae to see; we had one supper with Djang Yin-feng and Tang Ih-wen and heard about their experiences with soldiers in Nanchang, and also Djang Yin-feng's work with the factory girls, and how they were going to be moved to the country—and so the time went by.

When the boat was finally ready, I went through some more moments of uncertainty. We had four saloon class passages—which is foreign first class, and thirty deck passages. By this time our numbers had again swollen as more girls had joined us at Hankow and Wuchang to go on with us to Chengtu. The boat was a very small one, as it

went right through the Gorges, and the deck space on the Chinese deck was limited in any case, but when it was all filled up with the baggage of the people in the cabins, it was impossible to see where 30 people were going to sit, let alone lie, sleep, dress, eat, etc. for a week or ten days. I just didn't see how they could possibly live, and though of course we could go down and be with them during the day, we couldn't sleep there, as they won't let foreigners sleep anywhere but saloon class. However, in the end it was all right, as the Captain and Chief officer, who was a friendly little Welshman, let all our party sleep up on the Saloon class deck, which was perfectly comfortable and really the best place to sleep in the hot weather. They just went down below for meals, so that the voyage was all round about as comfortable as one could expect in war time conditions. All the other Saloon class passengers were Chinese, and they made no objection to being overrun by all our party, and they really did behave themselves pretty well.

As far as Ichang the journey is through quite flat country after that the Gorges begin, and they are beautiful, though I don't think that in any place they were quite as sheer as I expected them. But there is a good deal of variety in the effects, and a boat is the best place in the world, I think, from which to see scenery—much better than a car or train, you feel so much more in the picture yourself. We continued the practice on the boat, that we had had on the train and at Hankow of having prayers, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening. And the last evening of all Miss Sutherland wrote a song of thanks to the Captain and the other officers, which the girls sang, and after that we played games altogether.

At each stage of this journey I thought that once we got to the next stage we would be all right. At Hongkong, I thought the worst would be over when we were in Hankow, and at Hankow I thought surely all the problems will be over when we get to Chungking. But that was not quite true. We arrived at Chungking latish in the afternoon, it was a dull grey day, such as they often have there, and drizzling slightly. Kathleen Boeye—a girl from Nanking who had been working in Chungking for that year—met us. She herself was extraordinarily good and helpful, and took all the girls out to stay at the Methodist Girls' School, which is right on the outskirts of the city. But she brought us the cheerful news that all the arrangements that Dr. Wu had been trying to make for buses to Chengtu had fallen through, that it was difficult to get places on the ordinary buses, and heaven only knew when a party of our size would



be able to move on! None of which was very cheering, in addition the weather was gloomy and the business of getting the luggage across the river was quite a chore, in spite of the fact that the Canadian Mission Agency, where we were staying, had sent down a man to meet us. He was efficient, but had much to do, and for a time he disappeared, and it grew darker and darker, and I got more and more depressed. However, we did finally get off on a boat piled high with our luggage, and finally arrived at our destination after going up flights and flights of stairs.

Chungking, as one person has said, is a city of only too dimensions—height and length, no breadth. It climbs up the side of the steep descent to the river, the city wall is about half way up, and there are piles of houses below it reaching down to the river of the most rickety order. It seems to me that it would be an absolute death trap in an air raid, as there are no open spaces in the centre of the town, and one bomb would bring down hundreds of these flimsily built houses. The town lies on both sides of the river, and there is also a third section on the other side of the Little river. At high water time the river is quite difficult to cross especially in the evenings, and Chungking is very river-conscious, I have lived in Nanking, and Wuhan, both on the Yangtse, but nowhere else does the river figure as constantly in people's minds and the general conversation. The natural scenery and position of Chungking is very lovely, but there is rather a pall of grey over the whole city, and it is not an easy one in which to get about. The streets seemed fairly crowded, though not up to the standard of Shanghai.

We had a pleasant place to stay at the Canadian Mission Agency, which runs a guest house. We saw a good many old friends in Chungking, as one does now in any of the main centres in China these days. Two of our alumnae—Hwang Li-ming (1933) and Lu Gin-ai were both staying in a refugee hostel that the Canadian Mission is running, and both had recently had babies, we also saw Pun Tsui-ying with her two daughters. Many of the other alumnae we saw at a meeting held out at Ho Ru-hsia's school, which was just next to the school where the girls were staying (that school by the way was badly bombed in the air raid on Chungking in January). Florence Kirk and I also went out one day with Chen Mei-yu to Central University, where she is teaching. They moved from Nanking early in September, and have got quite a lot of their equipment with them. They have built a university of army huts next door to the University of Chungking on part of their land. The buildings

are very simple, the girls have one vast room in which there are over 100 beds (double deckers), and they have very little space to put anything except on their beds, it must be like living perpetually at camp. It is outside Chungking about 10 miles, and is in a beautiful position on a bend of the river. Unless the Japanese mean to bomb them it should be safe, as they couldn't possibly be mistaken for part of the town, though I suppose you might mistake them for a military camp, but doubtless the Japanese know what they are!

The rather gloomy prognostications for our getting away from Chungking were not fulfilled, mainly owing to the skill and industry of a member of the faculty—Hwang Dzun-mei. She called industriously on everybody that might be of any help, and got one whole bus for our use, and several odd places. We arrived one Saturday, and by the following Monday week everybody had left except Florence Kirk and myself. We had the promise of a drive in a private car by a man who was staying in the same place, and was taking two large repair-shop trucks up to Chengtu, and had his own car along too. But the trucks took so long to get across the river, that finally after much discussing, and shifting backwards and forwards, we decided not to wait, and in the end one of our alumnae, her fiancé, Florence and I succeeded—most unexpectedly—in getting hold of a private car, and we drove to Chengtu in really very great comfort. It is a lovely drive, the country in Szechuen is very fully cultivated, and there is a great variety of crops—rice, sugar cane, peppers, orange trees—are a few of them. Another interesting feature of the landscape is the farm houses, which have gable roofs and are half-timbered. If you could get a picture of one of them without the curving roof at the end, I really don't think you would know whether it was in Warwickshire or Szechuen. The distance is only 270 miles, but the surface of the road is not very good, and it takes two days—if you are lucky. The buses are in such a bad state of repair, that you are lucky on a public bus if you do not take three, four or even five days! We stopped the night at a Methodist pastor's house, who has certain rooms set aside for the use of guests, and they were exactly like the attic rooms of an old English Inn. We eat at restaurants along the way, and managed by request not to get too much of the very hot peppers and other flavourings of the same kind with which the Szechuenese flavour their food. The land of Szechuen looks very fertile and prosperous, I can't say the people look quite as fit as the land.

We arrived in Chengtu on September 13th having left Shanghai on July 13th, so it was quite some trip. It was



very exciting to arrive and see everybody. Dze-djen had left Ichang with her family sometime before, and had hoped to spend the summer in Mt Omei, but they had taken so long to get to Chengtu that it had not been possible. However she was already here, and it was very nice to see her again. The faculty and students were mostly still staying in the Women's College of Hwa Si (West China Union University) but the dormitory that had been built for Ginling was almost finished, and people moved in after about a week. I actually moved in after about two weeks, staying until then with Elsie Priest. The dormitory is quite simple, three sides of a quadrangle, with the half timbered-effect on the upper story. The connecting branch has a dining and living room downstairs, and the faculty rooms above, the other two wings are given up to students. The faculty rooms are not large, about 12 ft. square, but we do have them to ourselves; the students are four in a room, two double decker beds each, and that is a bit on the crowded side. Still taking it all in all we are very lucky; we don't, of course have any foreign meals in this dormitory, but the Women's College is just next door, and they very kindly let us take what meals we like with them. At the moment I am eating breakfast and supper there, and lunch here.

I seem to have gone off rather onto Ginling, without saying anything about Chengtu or the West China Union University Campus. Chengtu is an old, grey, walled city, with some quite prosperous and picturesque looking residential quarters, and many streets of small shops; only one or two streets are modernized to any extent. The only thing it lacks is colour, the Confucian Temple has quite a lovely yellow tiled roof, but apart from that everything is grey, green and brown. The Campus is just outside the two South gates—between the old and the new. It is very large, with plenty of wide green spaces, and dignified grey buildings, like the city it has everything except colour. I don't know whether there is really much less colour here than in other cities, but one has a good many grey days, and I think that helps to emphasize it.

West China University has been most hospitable, the University of Nanking is established here, and has put up quite a number of buildings, the Medical and Dental School of Central University Nanking is also here sharing their medical and dental facilities, and also Cheloo University from Tsinan. We—as I have already said—have a dormitory, but have to look to them for classroom and laboratory accommodation. It is a union university of five societies—Canadian United Church (which is much the biggest element)

American Methodist, American Baptist, Church Missionary Society (British) and English Friends. It is much more of a federated university than a union one, such as Ginling, and on the whole I think I approve of the union type, though perhaps with this situation the federated is the best, I don't really know enough to say. Each denomination has its own college building—though it is really rather more of a hostel, but the Women of course have to have a joint college. All these universities who go on the basis of giving a certain amount of independence to the separate denominations break down when it comes to the women!

All our students from the three upper classes were going into military training for about six weeks, so we couldn't start the regular work of the college until the beginning of November. The question was what to do with the Freshmen—should we start classes for them, as West China was doing, or should we wait until the upper classes were back and start work all together? We decided to start classes for all classes at the same time, but to have a special month for the freshmen, trying to stimulate them to a more active interest in the various phases of life and society, and so make them more alert for study. We had rather hoped in Shanghai that we might be able to modify our curriculum a little to bring it more into relation with actual conditions and needs. But the government is now laying down the curriculum exactly, so there was no chance of doing that.

We had one week of a general lectures on the present situation the value of coming to college, how to study, etc., and also visits to the sights of Chengtu. The next two weeks we divided into four sections—Social and Economic, Educational and Cultural, Health and Recreation, and Rural. For the rural they went to a village for three days not very far from here, where they are doing some experimental work. Religion came into the Educational and Cultural. We had an exploratory test, then a general introductory lecture, and then paid three visits to a Taoist Temple (quite big and imposing, but not very well kept), to a Catholic orphanage, and a Mahomedan mosque, in both of which places the people were most kind and welcoming, though one had to get special permission to go over the Catholic place, whereas the Mahomedans were welcoming whenever one turned up. Then the last week we went over the ground a bit, had discussions of things done, did a few more sights, and generally wound the thing up. I don't know exactly how much the students got out of it, some said they got quite a lot, others didn't think it had much meaning, but certainly the faculty learnt a lot about Chengtu

they wouldn't otherwise have done. Most of the students were from down river, so it was worthwhile getting them a little acquainted with the city. One of the places they were most interested in was a technical school where they learn about the repair of aeroplanes, etc., I suppose under the circumstances that is only natural.

Freshmen month, various committees to start different things—such as the tutor system which the government is insisting upon (not just an academic tutor, but also a moral one, in fact perhaps more the latter), doing a certain amount of preaching, leading prayer meetings, and getting ready my courses for my absence took up most of the time; also getting to know some of the people here. They have a large medical and dental school here, and there are a lot of foreigners on the staff of that, so the foreign community on this campus is a large one, and takes some getting to know. They are pleasant as individuals, kind and hospitable, and have put up remarkably well with this influx of strangers from down river, though it must have cost them no little sacrifice of time and convenience, and made their classrooms, etc. very crowded. But I think it is almost impossible—given the Anglo-Saxon temperament—for this number of foreigners not to rather dominate the situation, and I think they tend to do that vis-à-vis the Chinese.

We paid some visits to the girls in camp, they were living in part of the Szechuen University buildings, under fairly simple conditions, they were having to get up very early, keep their rooms very tidy, and live a fairly strenuous life. But the actual work seemed mostly lectures, and I think they were a little sad that there was not more practical work. I also attended the wedding of two alumnae—both of whom married members of the staff of the University of Nanking. Also—not such happy events—I went to and spoke at two memorial services, one for one of the girls who came up with us from Shanghai, who died after she got here, and the other for Dze-chen, Dze-djen's sister. She had died in July in Hwaiyuen, not being able to get out because of the war, although she really needed further treatment; they had not had word until August. She was a person of great integrity of character, ability and very hard working; one of the people whom it is very easy to speak well of with real sincerity, and very hard to understand why she should die.

This has given you some idea of our actual doings when we first got to Chengtu, but as you can imagine our first weeks in Chengtu were very much shadowed first by the European crisis, and then by events in China—the fall of

Hankow, and much more unexpected and depressing the fall of Canton. I must own I felt very wobbly inside me at the thought of war in Europe and England. We followed the crisis pretty well by radio, it is quite easy to get London in Chengtu, otherwise one would feel very cut off. It was hard not to feel relieved when war was avoided, though I don't know that one should have been in view of the terms, but one couldn't help oneself. War out here is bad enough, but in one's mind there is still a little security left at home, and that would have been swept from one too, though I realise that sense of security is mainly a mirage, still it is a comforting one while it lasts. Also events out here would be bound to be effected by the war, they were also effected by the peace, as many Chinese think it was the agreement at Munich which gave the Japanese encouragement courage to go ahead, in the South.

Whatever the reasons were there was no doubt that the Chinese were very depressed by the rapid success of the Japanese in the South, for all their other defeats they have prepared themselves well in advance, but this took them unawares, and synchronising as it did with Hankow it made things look pretty black. However, they have rallied very well and Dr. Wu reported that the People's Conference at Chungking held in November after the fall of both cities showed a very determined spirit, and that preparations were being made for a long-time resistance.

The war is not as much in evidence in Chengtu, except for the presence of many recruits in the process of being drilled, as other places. But we had some air-raid warnings, and one actual air-raid before I left, and there was one just shortly afterwards. Both times they dropped their bombs mainly on the air fields, and not inside the city, and not much damage was done, but if they wanted to reduce this place to ashes, I don't think there is much to prevent them. Up to date they have not been again, but I am afraid it is possible that with the spring weather they may be with us again. Like Hankow, Chengtu's water level is on the high side in many places for dugouts, however, some have been built. I am sure of one thing, and that is that I shall get out of this building, as I think a bomb quite a long distance away might easily bring it down, as it was built in a hurry. We were visited by two people who had been with the 8th route army (ex-communists) in the North, one an American journalist, and the other a Canadian missionary doctor; they were both quite impressed with the organisation and spirit of the soldiers and the people; and since then I have seen something of Dr. Maclure, who has also worked in their



area, and his tales are quite epic of their exploits. There will surely be a new Chinese novel written after this war which should compare favourably with the great historical novels of the past.

I was here just two months before it was time to go to Madras, we were supposed to be in Hongkong in time for the boat on November 30th, by which most of the delegation from China were going; so we had to leave here about the middle of November, in order to leave a margin for delays. Dr. Wu and I were both going, but we didn't travel together any of the way until Hongkong onwards, and we didn't travel back together at all. She started after I did, but flew from Hanoi to Hongkong, so got there before I did. She was away most of October at the People's Council in Chungking. I thought I was going on November 11th, but the plane was postponed (as they more than often are) until November 13th, so I was able to attend our celebration of Founders' Day, which was really very pleasant. We had a service in the afternoon, at which Dr. Chen Wei-ping spoke, and then a very cheery informal supper in our dormitory. The furnishing of the dormitory has taken some time, and that was the first time we had any furniture in the Living Room worth mentioning, so we were beginning to feel more settled. A smaller group—we had about 105 students—has its advantages on an occasion like that.

One always seems to have to make a very early start when leaving by air—that time we had to be at the office in town by 6 a.m. Rickshaws are hard to get at that time of day, so I bicycled (I have bought a bicycle since being in Chengtu, distances on the campus are so great that it saves a lot of time, the city is also flat enough to be good for cycling, but the streets are pretty bumpy, and the people all appear to be deaf, so that ringing your bell avails little, and you have to be pretty nippy to get in and out of rickshaws and people), and Dze-djen came in Dr. Wu's rickshaw. Only people going on the plane are allowed on the bus, and no wonder, because even so it was packed as full as could be, of course there are always a few stray officers of the company as well as the passengers. The flight to Kunming was quite uneventful, and at times we could see the snow mountains to our west, it takes between 2 and 3 hours, and we got there in time for a slightly late lunch. Harriet and Paul Meyer met me at the field (they had met the plane for three days running), Harriet used to teach at Ginling before she married, and I stayed with them in great comfort at the American Consulate. Harriet makes a very charming hostess, and they have a beautiful son called John. Among

the lesser comforts that I great enjoyed was being able to stretch myself in a bath, our tin tubs in the dormitory are adequate, but you can only sit cross-legged in them like the Buddha. Harriet has a lovely home in a semi Chinese house and I do not do it honour in mentioning the bath before the beauty. Kunming itself is a lovely place, on a hill with hills all round (the hills at Chengtu are too far away to be of much use, and you get the feeling of great flatness, though about once in three months or so you have a beautiful view of the Snow Mountains, which is quite breath-taking) and there is a lots of colour in the city, and a sense of light and clearness even on stormy and rainy days. Like Chengtu there are many refugees from all parts of China there, and I met a good many old friends. Dr. Wu arrived on Wednesday (I got there on the Monday), and Harriet gave a tea for the two of us, though mainly for Dr. Wu.

Kunming is a centre of aviation activity, and I heard quite a lot from Harriet and Paul of the vicissitudes of the American aviators. They were facing rather a problem then as the French had turned sticky on bringing up supplies for the Chinese on their railway. Harriet was quite amusing on the French community there, which she thought very official minded. It is an odd foreign community, as there are a fair number of French, German and British, none of whom get along very well together, and then there are all sorts of odd missionaries, as well as some sensible ones. Only two or three of the major missionary societies have work in Yunnan, but there are ever so many small societies, none of which can get along with the others, or with themselves, which seems a pity. Harriet took me to the Blind School run by German sisters, which was most attractive, though in that gentle somewhat pietistic atmosphere, a large portrait of Hitler seemed definitely out of place.

Even in Kunming information about boats from Haiphong to Hongkong was hard to come by (we had left Chengtu in complete ignorance in spite of many letters), but we made a booking, and to be on the safe side left on the slow train on Friday, the express only leaves twice a week. On a slow train it takes three days to Hanoi, and you have to get off at nights, which has its advantages, but gets rather tiresome when you do it for the third time. I was travelling with four Chinese men also on their way to the Madras Conference. They were very pleasant travelling companions.

The railway is a narrow gauge mountain one, and the scenery is certainly very beautiful, and you cross one quite amazing suspension bridge. You arrive at the border the



evening of the second day, and there is quite a lot of fuss what between the French, and the Chinese, and war-time. It always annoys me when you have to walk quite a distance for your pass-port examination, it seems as though the French might have a place at the station, however the traveller's convenience is *not* what is consulted on these occasions. The third day the scenery becomes more and more tropical, and less and less mountainous, until at the end you are in a broad rice-growing plain. Our train was late, so we stayed the night at Hanoi, and did not go to Haiphong until the next day. We saw a little but not much of Hanoi, which seemed like a pleasant very French town, with beautifully broad streets, and an attractive lake in the middle. The Annamese are not amongst the most beautiful races of the world owing to their habit of chewing betel nut, which makes their teeth absolutely black, and the effect when they open their mouths is quite ghastly. In appearance they are like the less virile type of Chinese, and their dress is also strongly reminiscent of, though different from the Chinese. I had always understood that the French had less racial prejudice and were better—personally at any rate—in their treatment of the people under them than the British, but it seemed to me that the officials on the train were just about as rude and domineering as some Englishmen I have seen in the east.

We had just one night in Haiphong, an unexciting rather hot port, and we left the next day for Hongkong. The less said about that trip the better, the only time I have been as sick as that was crossing from Shanghai to Nagasaki, most of my companions felt the same way, but that I find is very little consolation in your own misery, though it is perhaps aggravating if they feel absolutely well. I had at anyrate a cabin to myself which was a relief, and the trip only took three days, which was even more of a relief.

I had a pleasant stay of about five days in Hongkong, during which I stayed at the Mission with Miss Shilston and Miss Paton, their house has the most lovely view over the harbour. Mr. Chirgwin, the General secretary of the L.M.S. was also in Hongkong at that time, just about to leave for Madras after a three months stay in China. He had managed to see quite a lot, only unfortunately had not been able to get up to Canton, or to any part of what you might call really free China. He had been in Fukien, but that is in a category all of its own. I also saw Elsie Towers who was in port just then during the stop-over of the boat on her way to England. The time went very quickly in seeing people, shopping, writing a few letters, and trying

(rather in vain), to get a little of still unread material for Madras read. Certain things (e.g. coffee and all that sort of foreign supplies) are getting very short in Chengtu now, and one looked longingly at the abundance of everything in Hongkong, but the question as to how to get them there is a very big one. The House of Bishops of the Anglican Church in China were meeting in Hongkong at that time, and the Anglican clergy in Hongkong (most of whom seemed to be either army or navy chaplains) gave a lunch to them and the delegates en route for Madras, which was a very pleasant effortless affair, friendly but no speeches, except those which Bishop Hall made in introducing the various guests.

We left Hongkong amidst a very Fascist send-off, as we were travelling (for reasons of economy and speed) on an Italian boat, and there was one of the large German liners lying in the next dock. So there was a great playing of bands, and hailing of Hitler and Il Duce, there was also one Japanese on the German boat waving his flag, so that all members of the Anti-Comintern pact were much in evidence.

We had good weather on that voyage, which took just one day over the week from Hongkong to Colombo. The Second Class Economic was pretty full as they were taking home a good many Italian soldiers from Tientsin, but the officers were very good, and let us have the use of the First Class Smoking Room, so that we could hold meetings of the whole delegation (there were something over forty of us on that boat) once a day. We met in small groups all the time to discuss the different sections that we were attending, so that meetings whether large or small were the order of the day, and most of them were really very interesting. The Chinese delegates came from all over China, so that they spent one meeting of the whole delegation educating each other by reporting the conditions in their own part of the country. Dr. Wu having come almost direct from the People's Conference in Chungking was able to give them the latest from the Government point of view. She had tried to get out of acting as the Chairman of the China Delegation, but was unable to do so. She was pretty tired when she got on board, but in spite of the meetings there was time for sleep, and she did look rather rested at the end of the voyage.

The only port we stopped at was Singapore, and there Cicely Williams, with whom I was at Somerville, met me at the boat, and both Dr. Wu and I spent the night with her. Dr. Wu went to bed quite early but Cicely and I

talked late, as it was a long time since we had seen each other. Dr. Wu did the orthodox sights on Sunday, but I went with Cicely round the hospital where she is working, she is in the Government Medical Service, having come to Singapore after being for some in the Gold Coast. It was very nice seeing her again, and I enjoyed the break at Singapore very much.

Colombo was a little overwhelmed by the number of delegates for Madras that they were having to put up, as there were the strictest order that no delegates—except chairmen of sections, etc.—should arrive there before Monday, and we got to Colombo on Thursday. They had already digested many and various nationalities, and the Chinese delegation, which they had hoped could go on by special train, was almost too much for them. However, they rallied nobly, and found accommodation, and the women anyrate (I cannot speak for the men) fared well, as the English Baptists housed all of us in great comfort. We spent the Friday motoring up to Kandy, a beautiful drive, but the famous Buddhist Temple of the Tooth was a distinct disappointment, architecturally and every other way. We also while in Colombo attended a welcome meeting for the various delegates, at which many spoke including Dr. Wu, but the main feature of the programme were a number of the African delegates, who not only spoke well, and displayed their charming smiles, but also sang very acceptably.

All the delegates left on Saturday evening, and proceeded without mishap to Madras, though personally I was again very sick on the short two hours crossing from Ceylon to the main land, but in between being sick I behaved quite normally. Ceylon is a smiling land, and looks very prosperous, and the people though on the slender side look quite healthy. But I must own that South India looks as though it would be rather a hard place in which to scrape a living. There was an unusual shortage of rain that year, the people in Madras were fearful of a complete drought, and the land looked very dry and burnt up. The colours of the Indian dresses are attractive, but the people look as though they had very little stamina. The Chinese were much struck with the size of the eyes of the Singhalese and Indian children, and certainly they are bigger than that of the Chinese.

We got to Madras early on Monday morning, after two very shaky nights in the train. I had shared a compartment the second night with a woman delegate from South Africa, the only African woman there, though there were plenty of

African men from all over the place. The poor dear—like me—had been very sick on the ferry, but unlike me she remained sick on the train, but towards evening she recovered, and was quite interesting to talk to. I don't imagine that any of the Africans are too happy about conditions in South Africa, and she expressed her opinions quite freely, but quite reasonably and constructively I thought, and with no real bitterness, though there was pain and hurt in her feeling, and I don't see how there could not be.

The first meeting was on Monday evening, and I had meant to spend the day resting, as I had gone rather short on sleep, but I found that Dr. Wu and some others were going into Madras to see schools, so I went along with them. I should explain perhaps that the conference was being held at the new buildings of the Madras Christian College, which are at Tambaram sixteen miles outside Madras, and it was there we had alighted. We went to St. Christophers' Training College, a Hindu School run by the Rama Krishna Mission, and the Lady Willingdon College, a Government training college. The two men who showed us round the Hindu school were both charming, with beautiful English, and lovely smiles. I don't know whether it was because I have read so much about the all-embracingness of Hinduism, and was expecting that kind of atmosphere, but certainly everything struck one as being soft and gentle, slightly smothering in fact. There is something rather startling at times in the contrast between those soft Indian voices, beautiful rolling English, and gentle eyes, and the stream of bitterness and dynamite they can let out on the subject of the British in India. St. Christopher's had obviously inadequate buildings, but seemed a good place in spite of that. In the school which they use as their practice school, which was formerly an L.M.S. school, they have put up a chapel in Dravidian temple style, flat roof, and open sides with a corridor of pillars down the side. I saw several in the same style in other places, I think they would be excellent for private prayer, except a little public, I mean you wouldn't get the sense of being enclosed within the presence of God that you would get in a Gothic church; but I can't help wondering whether they are at all suitable for public worship not necessarily preaching (of which I daresay we have too much) but even led prayer and common devotions, I should have thought the acoustics would have been quite a problem, and the buildings seem built, as temples are, for individual and separate worship, not public and congregational worship. With all this talk about indigenisation of Christianity, and the use of Indian and other forms of art in the Christian Church, I am never sure whether they pay enough attention



to the fact that forms are related to the spirit, and that you cannot take over bodily a form that arose to express a different spirit, and use it for some other purpose. However, I suppose these rather self-conscious efforts to be Indian, etc. are one step in the direction of evolving a new form which shall express in Indian form the Christian spirit. I am afraid our failure to do very much in that line naturally and spontaneously is the result not so much of our being too British and American, as to not being really creatively Christian, a living Christianity will surely produce its own forms.

To return to the Conference, it opened on Monday night December 12th with a plenary session, and an address by Dr. Mott. It is extraordinarily difficult to tell about it at all briefly. There were about 450 delegates there from 70 different countries, and that in itself was rather amazing at this particular time. There were delegations there from both Germany and Japan, and that fact took up a good deal of the time of the conference, as it was necessary to walk very warily with both of them. I came very clearly to the conclusion that some of democracy, which affords responsible government and some measure of freedom, is the only form of government which is compatible with Christianity. Otherwise there are whole areas of life in which your Christian conscience is not allowed to function at all, and you are helpless to do anything to even try to bring the action of the state under the influence of Christ's ideas. I think it is perfectly possible to argue that Great Britain is almost as reprehensible in certain of her imperialist policies as Japan, though of course it is an older story. But at the Conference there was no limitation whatsoever on the criticisms that the Indians made of Gt Britain, because at anyrate the group of British delegates present did recognise the right of free speech (whatever their government may do at the present moment); whereas the Japanese and Germans could not allow criticism of their government along certain lines because of their attitude to the state. They could not meet you on equal terms to discuss the rights and wrongs of any case, because they had already foregone their right of judgment, and that it seems to me is an essential of any form of authoritarian government, you forego your rights beforehand. I am sure that whatever Jesus meant by that rather cryptic phrase "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's", he did not mean that you, should give up beforehand the right to judge Caesar's action in the light of God's standard, which is what both the Germans and the Japanese have really done. The Germans, it seemed to me, even more so than the

Japanese, for while the Japanese said on occasions what they had been told to say, I couldn't help feeling that with some of them at anyrate it was simply discretion in a very difficult situation, and that really they had very grave doubts in their own minds, at least they did not defend it vigorously, while the Germans defended it up hill and down dale.

There were no delegates there from Russia and Italy, but practically all the other major countries of the world were represented, including quite a strong delegation from Latin America. The representatives of the Younger Churches were slightly in the majority. It seemed to me rather a pity that the majority of the representatives from the older Churches were missionary secretaries, because that meant that their main interest was almost necessarily in mission policy, while many of the representatives of the Younger Churches were really more interested in the impact of Christianity on society as a whole, and not so much on the more definitely mission questions. However in view of the nature of the Conference that was inevitable, but it did mean at times a rather different angle of approach.

How successful the Conference was only time will show, I suppose that to many people there was a sense of disappointment that greater unanimity could not be reached on certain questions, and that great current issues such as the Sino-Japanese war were not discussed at all in the full conference, though a statement was drawn up which explained why no action could be taken along certain lines. Personally I found it an extraordinarily moving and interesting experience, all the more because really very little effort was made to move you, though there were some moving addresses. It seemed to me a completely adult conference, it didn't have to be amused, or appealed into a sense of a worth-while job, it settled down from the beginning to sober hard work, and the fellowship was evident not in any forced way, but because although you came from many different places, with many different backgrounds you did really meet on the common ground of wanting to see Christ's will done, however you might differ about it how it could best be done.

I think I realised in a way that I had never done before that even to begin to enter into the mind of Christ in the world to-day one must see problems and questions against a world background. In such a conference as the one at Tambaram one learnt not only how the problem looked to people on the other side of it, but also how it struck people less intimately concerned but with the Christian outlook. It also made one conscious of the reality of the Christian world fellowship, and of the fact that when thinking of



what Christians should do one should think not only of how it would effect Christianity in one's own country, but also elsewhere. For instance it seemed to me that some of the Japanese, who perhaps had real doubts in their minds as to the justice of their national policy, (no open admission was made of this) felt that it was useless to try and make any protect, they would just be quietly suppressed, Christianity in Japan would grow weaker, and what would be the good? I think they underestimated the immense effect that it would have in strengthening Christian faith in other parts of the World Fellowship, in bringing hope to people that Christianity really did bring men to a common mind, even in the vexed question of international dealings. It seems to me that if the Church is going to in any way leaven the present ghastly situation of the world with the spirit of Christ it has got all the time to maintain strongly freedom in *every* sphere, political as well as religious, because without that one's thoughts and actions are already bound, and also to keep always before it the world community, and not only and primarily its own nation. These two things, of course, do not express the concrete will of God, but they are the necessary conditions without which it cannot be found, and if the Church really maintains this witness, it will undoubtedly in many countries find itself walking the way of the Cross. That was another conviction that came out of Tambaram that a Christianity which was not prepared to suffer had no redemptive power in such a world as this.

I am afraid these are all rather generalities, and perhaps you would be more interested in details, and yet if once one starts on those there is no end. The two sections which I attended (the conference was divided into sixteen sections, eight of which met the first week, and eight the second) where Section I, The Faith by Which the Church Lives, and Section 14 The Church and the International Order. They were both intensely interesting, though in the latter we struck about every snag we could, as there were both Germans and Japanese in the group. I was on the drafting committee of that, simply because Dr. Warnshuis had asked me to help Miss Woodsmall in the secretarial work for that section, I should not have been elected. It meant hours of work, even on Xmas Day we worked practically the whole day, and I don't know that the result was worth it all, but the process was very interesting. I think that the consideration given to the minority groups at the Conference was right, and in the true Christian spirit; but I couldn't help wishing that over certain matters the very great consideration which was shown had been left to the Christian spirit of the

Conference and had not, as in some cases, been decided upon beforehand by the Executive Committee as a matter of policy.

The cleavage between the Continental Eschatological point of view and the more activist policy of the Younger Churches was very deep-rooted and it was interesting that as far as I could see none of the Younger Churches, (except possibly Japan, and even then not whole-heartedly) had any sympathy with the point of view which is expressed in caricature form in the following parody, with which I daresay you are familiar

Sit down, O men of God,  
His Kingdom God will bring  
Whenever it may please His will,  
You cannot do a thing.

I think the fact that there were fewer representatives, actually and proportionally, of the Older Churches, made the Younger Churches more conscious of their real fellowship with one another—especially such Churches as India, China and Burma. I think that was one very healthy thing that grew out of the conference. Bishop Ward of the Methodist Episcopal Church has undoubtedly helped to further that still more, because he went on to a Methodist Conference of Southern Asia (India and Burma) and they sent two delegates to visit China on a mission of Fraternal goodwill, one from India and one from Burma, both good men.

There were too many people for one to get to know everybody even by sight, one could get to know the people in one's sections quite a bit, and there was also a good deal of opportunity at meals to see the people staying in the same hall, there were three halls altogether; in addition if you went to any of the special meetings—e.g. such meetings as those held by the Women Delegates, the Rural Church group, Workers among Moslems, etc. you met some more. I tried to make good use of the opportunity and I did talk to people from the following nationalities—Indian, Japanese (not as much as I should have) Burmese (though more after the Conference not at it) Dutch, Africans from several different places, Brazilians, Belgian, French, German, Turkéstan, many Americans and British from other places as well as from their own countries, Phillipinos, Swiss, Swedish, Chinese (of course) Dutch East Indian, etc.—so that is not a bad selection.

I could have wished that the time given to the discussion of the different reports by the whole conference had been longer, as they were very interesting discussions, and I

what Christians should do one should think not only of how it would effect Christianity in one's own country, but also elsewhere. For instance it seemed to me that some of the Japanese, who perhaps had real doubts in their minds as to the justice of their national policy, (no open admission was made of this) felt that it was useless to try and make any protect, they would just be quietly suppressed, Christianity in Japan would grow weaker, and what would be the good? I think they underestimated the immense effect that it would have in strengthening Christian faith in other parts of the World Fellowship, in bringing hope to people that Christianity really did bring men to a common mind, even in the vexed question of international dealings. It seems to me that if the Church is going to in any way leaven the present ghastly situation of the world with the spirit of Christ it has got all the time to maintain strongly freedom in *every* sphere, political as well as religious, because without that one's thoughts and actions are already bound, and also to keep always before it the world community, and not only and primarily its own nation. These two things, of course, do not express the concrete will of God, but they are the necessary conditions without which it cannot be found, and if the Church really maintains this witness, it will undoubtedly in many countries find itself walking the way of the Cross. That was another conviction that came out of Tambaram that a Christianity which was not prepared to suffer had no redemptive power in such a world as this.

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I could have wished that the time given to the discussion of the different reports by the whole conference had been longer, as they were very interesting discussions, and I



thought people showed a commendable power of sticking to the point, and speaking briefly. I think a little of the total effect of the Conference was lost by the sense of hurry at the end—still when all was said and done one was left with a tremendous amount to ponder and think over; and perhaps the sense that the digestive process was left to each individual would make each of us accept more responsibility, which I think is all to the good. For I am fairly sure that the effectiveness of such a conference must lie as much, if not more, in what each individual does to implement the convictions arrived at, than just the reports, or even the work of the responsible body—the International Missionary Council.

During the Conference I had finally decided to go back to China by way of the new road from Rangoon to Kunming, Bishop Ward was organising a party to go that way, and was willing to take me along, although I should be the only woman. He was planning to leave Rangoon about January 18th, so that I had about two weeks in India before I should have to leave Madras or Calcutta for Rangoon. I was very much divided in my mind as to whether I should go south and visit some of the London Mission work, or go north and mainly sight-see. In the end I decided to go south. The conference finished on Thursday noon December 29th, and we all had to be off the place by Friday at 9 a.m. Mr. Baxter and I spent the day in Madras, mainly at the Women's Christian College, which I was very interested to see, as I have always known a good deal about it. Miss Rivett the Principal was most kind to us, and took us for a drive in the afternoon, Madras has some nice wide streets, some quite impressive buildings, and a beautiful sea front, I didn't really see the crowded part, so I am left with an impression of wide open spaces and very few people, as compared with the Chinese towns at the moment. In the evening Mr. Baxter left for Bombay and home, and I left for Travancore. My first objective was Nagercoil, and as Mr. Chirgwin, the general secretary of the L.M.S. was going there too (there was also a Mr. Burton from the L.M.S. in Madagascar) we were met with a torchlight procession, songs, dances, fireworks and garlands, in fact I never expect to feel so like royalty again.

I spent the next ten days going from L.M.S. station to station in Travancore, sometimes with Mr. Chirgwin sometimes not. There is no railway until one gets to Trivandrum, but distances are not very long, (if you look on the map at the extreme southernmost end on the west side of India, you will see that Travancore does not occupy very much of the map of India), and cars are easy to get. It is beautiful

country, sea on one side, mountains on the other and palm tress and rice fields in between. Everybody with whom I stayed was very kind, I eat some Indian meals (I definitely prefer chopsticks to my fingers) I saw and heard something about the work, and was much impressed with the crowded churches, in fact I enjoyed myself very much. Unfortunately the Viceroy was visiting Travancore at the same as I was, and as he had already decided to go to one place where I wanted to go on the very same day, I had to change my plans. However, it had its advantages—for one thing all the roads were being repaired, and were in better condition than they otherwise might have been, for another, and perhaps more important, the riots which had been taking place stopped temporarily for the duration of the Viceroy's visit. Travancore is a native state, which means that there is nothing in the way of responsible government, and the Congress party has been stirring up certain groups to demand some measure of self-government from the Maharajah, so far without any effect. The oldest Christian Church in India—the Syrian Church which goes back to the 4th or 4th centuries—is in Travancore, and as there are quite a large number of other Christians it is the state in India with the highest proportion of Christians, about one third. That is rather a mixed advantage, since in India religion has a political significance, it makes the Hindus nervous of there being any more accessions to Christianity. It was to prevent that that the Maharajah opened the temples in Travancore to outcastes, but they are not opened to people of other religions. It came as a great surprise to me after the complete freedom with which one goes into any temple or mosque in China to find how many temples there were in India that one could not enter.

On my way back from Travancore I stopped for a day and a night at Madura (I stayed with the American Board mission people, who were very kind and hospitable) and saw the famous temple there, which is the biggest and most elaborate in South India, and indeed of that type of southern Dravidian architecture the biggest anywhere. It is strange, fantastic even awesome, in the more creepy sense of the term, but I cannot honestly say I found it beautiful—though some of the individual carving is—or up-lifting in any way, and the throng of beggars and worshippers is—almost revolting.

I must own that while I think many of the Indians are delightful and able, and I want to go back there and see more, I did come away with a very great sense of gratitude that I was not working in India. There are so many major problems—such as the divisions caused by caste, the un-

fortunate connection between religion and politics in a factious sense, and the very backward condition of women in the past—that at times one would grow very weary with them, and then if one happens to be British that would add an extra complication. I think the Chinese delegates felt very grateful that they had been born Chinese and not Indian, so many of the big problems that India faces they know nothing about at all. And I don't think the Chinese felt that *all* the blame for India's problem rested on the shoulders of the British.

I spent my last two days in India back at the Madras Christian College with the Matthews of the London Mission, and got myself ready for the journey, and did various odd jobs in Madras. The trip from Madras to Rangoon is just three days, it wasn't really rough but enough motion to make one conscious that one wasn't too happy, but not enough to justify one's taking to bed and staying there. I met some American Methodist missionaries on the boat, and they very kindly invited me to stay with some of their people, which I did. Bishop Ward was also staying there, and the brief time we had in Rangoon was mainly spent in making last minute arrangements for the trip. I am afraid I did no orthodox sight-seeing in Rangoon, which is a pleasant city, partly because of lack of time, and partly because the big Buddhist Pagoda, which is the main sight, was the headquarters of the strikers, and not considered too safe. Most of the schools were on strike while we were in Rangoon. It was rather hard to get at the root causes of the strike, but as far as I could make out there were all the following factors involved—general anti-British feeling, economic grievances, Japanese propaganda, and a certain amount of desire on the part of those not in office to displace those who are. Japanese propaganda is quite active in Burma, they make a great deal of the fact that they like the Burmese are Buddhist, and the Burmese monks are quite active in politics. Also the Burmese have already large groups of Indians and Chinese in their country, and are nervous of any new move, such as this road, which seems as though it might bring more people into it. Of course, there are many Burmese who are sympathetic with the Chinese, but they are not the most vocal group at the moment. Bishop Ward was trying to get the idea of the new road across, so there was quite a bit of publicity in the Rangoon papers.

The only hitch in our final preparations was that there were really too many people plus luggage, bedding, etc. to go in the one car. The final party were seven, Bishop Ward, Frank Price of Nanking Theological Seminary who

was coming to Chengtu to work, Dr. Maclure of the International Red Cross and Canadian Mission (a most amusing and versatile person) Wallace Wang of the West China Theological Seminary who had been to Madras, Mr. Mondol of India and Mr. On Kun of Burma, the two delegates from the Methodist Conference of Southern Asia to China. The car could hold seven people with comfort, but not all the luggage in addition. At first it was thought a trailer might be possible, but we tried that, and it didn't work, so finally we decided it would be necessary to get another  $\frac{3}{4}$  ton truck, it didn't have a body fitted up like the first, but it could take the luggage and the petrol, and two people could go in it. For the most part Dr. Maclure and Frank Price rode in the luggage truck, and the rest of us in the more comfortable one. Owing to the various delays we didn't leave Rangoon till 11 p.m., but we didn't like to go back and disturb our kind hosts and hostesses again, so we drove for two hours, and then stopped for the night.

It took us two days to reach Lashio a distance of about 630 miles. Up till Mandalay and about 30 miles beyond that the road is fairly flat, but then it begins to climb, and you are in hills all the rest of the way right up to Kunming, which is itself over 6,000 ft. It really is a beautiful drive all the way. We stopped two nights and a day at Lashio, which is the terminus of the railway, as the cars had to be seen to. It is one of the British Cantonments in the Shan states, which are rather like the native states in India, as they are governed by their native chieftains or Swabas, and there are just British residents for purposes of oversight.

We left Lashio on Sunday morning, and crossed the border that day at about 5.30 p.m. It is certainly not one of the armed borders of the world, in fact there is nothing to mark that it is the border at all! The Chinese did establish a customs station there, but about two months before we went by the tribespeople had raided it, burnt the house, and killed some of the people, I suppose it interfered with the local tax they had been in the habit of collecting. We saw the burnt house. Now the Chinese have moved their customs to Lungling, about 58 miles beyond the border. We slept that night at Chefang, the inns were not very good, so we slept in the school. The men put down straw one end, and I put up my camp bed the other with all the desks in between as chaperones. The next day we only did 30 miles as we had a slight accident at Mangshih, also we had letters to the Swabaw of that district and he was burying his mother so we had to wait, we stayed there at his rest house.



I think perhaps the most beautiful scenery was between Mangshih and Hsiakwan which took us two days driving, stopping the night at Baoshan at the China Inland Mission, but really it was all lovely. The road must have been a pretty tiring one for the drivers, as it was very mountainous with lots of loops, curves and steep corners, though only in one or two places did it make you really hold your breath; and there was only one hill where it was so steep that we had to get out and push. We generally eat Chinese meals in the morning and evening, and took a snack of biscuits, cheese, etc. on the road in the middle of the day. We passed a few trucks and cars, but the road is very newly opened, and the heavy traffic on it has hardly begun yet. The road is perfectly passable and possible in the dry weather, and we had beautiful sunny weather the whole way, it was quite cold at nights, but quite warm in the middle of the day. What the road will be like in wet weather remains to be seen, but I imagine they will have to have a good many men working on it to keep it in repair.

From Lashio to Kunming took us 5½ days, as we got into Kunming at 2 p.m. on Friday, a distance of about 720 miles, with practically one whole day out at Mangshih. It would have been more enjoyable if we had had a little more time. We had a rather pressed feeling as we were trying to get to Kunming by January 27th which we did, but we had some pretty long days in order to do it, one night we drove till 11.30 p.m. on mountain roads. The mileage doesn't sound very much, but of course on those roads you can't make much speed, a good deal of the time we were going 15 or 10 miles an hour. Still when we finally arrived in Kunming we felt we had accomplished something, and it is a lovely and pleasantly thrilling drive.

We had bookings on the plane to Chengtu on January 28th, but that plane had been commandeered, so we didn't leave till Monday, January 30th, which gave us a little time to rest up, which I did in great comfort at Harriet's. The journey to Chengtu was quite uneventful, and as soon as we got here we were plunged into meetings, as they were holding a post-Madras Conference beginning on February 1st.

Since my return there has been plenty to do of one sort and another, but this letter has already gone on for longer probably than your patience will hold out, so I think I will bring it quickly to an end. We had been very short of China news in India, but when we did return we found that things were pretty much as they had been, and that the only big excitement had been Wang Chin-wei's peace move. I

also thought that the Rural project which Ginling is planning would be well under way, however, there have been a good many delays of various kinds there, and it was only about two weeks ago that they finally left for Renshio. Three of them went out—Phoebe Ho, Marie Yu, and Wu Suen-i. We know they have arrived safely, but I haven't heard much further news about them as yet. Dr. Wu got back a little before I did, as she flew from Hongkong to Chengtu via Kunming, but she had to leave after about two weeks and go to Chungking for a series of meetings, including the People's Council and two Educational Meetings to one of which Djang Siao-sung also went. Dr Wu only got back a few days ago, but now I think she is settling down for a little.

I am due for furlough this year, but for a variety of reasons, mainly to do with certain students, and their work for which I am responsible, I am planning to postpone it for one year. I feel rather badly about this as it already seems a long time since I was home, but it does look as though it would be the best and right thing to do. So you may get one more general letter before I arrive home in the summer of 1940.

I am sending this to Hongkong to be printed, and posted from there, so it will have no personal sign of me about it at all. It seems the best thing to do, as ordinary post from here takes so long, and it would be too costly to send it all by air mail, whereas I can afford to send just the M.S. by air. But although it seems impersonal it really does bring my greetings to all of you, and I hope it will move some of you to answer. I am planning to write to those to whom I owe personal letters, but everything always takes so much longer than one expects, that I don't know when those letters will get done, but keep on hoping.

Yours with love and all good wishes,

EVA. D. SPICER.

Unconnected Rebecca ✓

Tuesday March 14th, 1939.  
Ginling College, Chengtu.  
Szechuen.

I am afraid that again rather more than a week has elapsed since I last wrote. Since then we have finished classes, had a week of exams, had the final meeting of the Faculty for this term last Saturday, and the vacation really started on Sunday, or perhaps Monday. Some of the faculty departed yesterday for a short trip into the country, we had thought of going, but decided that there was too much to do. I have a good many odd jobs which I am going to get done at all I must get done now- I am writing for instance a general letter covering all this last year, to the friends to whom I hardly write at all, and I find it is taking a very long time, as I have done so much this last year. I don't think it will take so much time to write next year, as I seem now to have settled down to a fairly quiet existence, although of course you never can tell, and perhaps that is rather a rash statement to make.

Stanley Smith from Nanking is paying a visit here now, or rather I should say from Shanghai, as the Theological Seminary is holding out there now, and he was saying that in conversation with various people he had come to the conclusion that the Japanese would probably not try to come into Szechuen (or perhaps it was Dr Wu who said that), but that they probably would bomb it fairly extensively, so perhaps we shall have to move because of that. Stanley was interesting, but depressing on conditions in Nanking, it is extraordinarily hard to see what is the right thing to do. Everything you do to help the people is indirectly helping to stabilize the Japanese occupation and the puppet regime, yet it is humanly impossible to move everybody out of those areas, and it seems too awful to leave all those miserable people simply to the tender mercies of the Japanese, without what little help you can give them. Personally I am inclined to think that if your first loyalty is to Christ you must help people in need, and have faith that if you do it for the sake of the people, and not to help the Japanese government, it will contribute, under the providence of God to the upbuilding of his Kingdom, and not to the promotion of the Japanese Empire, whatever the immediate consequences may be. Stanley Smith came to lunch on Sunday, and we spent quite a bit of time asking questions afterwards.

The Sunday before last I preached at the English service in Pi Fan Gai Church, and that always occupies a certain amount of time the day before as well. Also various people have been doing a little bout of entertaining I have too, and most evening last week I seemed to be out somewhere or other or else here, but entertaining. I have been entertained quite a bit here, especially before I left to go to Madras, but this is the first time I have begun to do anything in the way of return.

Last Friday and Saturday there was the annual Concert given by the Faculty of Hwa Ta Music Department, and this time Ginling joined too, I went on Saturday, and it was quite good. Yesterday I entered Dze-djen and I entertained our tutees, we went to the movie (the first one I have been to since I came to Chengtu, it was The Prince and the Pauper, and quite good), so I have really been quite gay in a mild way. Bishop Ward returned from Chunking last Monday, and left again for America on Friday, and I did a certain amount of chasing him in order to settle accounts. Dr MacLure was also here, and I had some to settle with him too. Apparently at the moment the first car we bought to come from Rangoon in has been sold twice, and the other has not yet sold at all, however, doubtless in time it will straighten itself out, though I am not quite sure who will do the straightening now that Bishop Ward has gone, still I really do think he had done all he could in Chunking, and I expect Dr MacLure will finish it up.

So life goes on. Dr Wu returned from Chunking last Saturday, she had about three weeks here after her return from Madras, and has since been for five weeks in Chunking for a series of meetings, however, I think she is now back for a time, with no immediate prospect of leaving again.

Well, this is a dull letter, but life at the moment is not particularly exciting, so I might as well stop.

Love Eva.



Ginling College,  
Chengtu.  
April 9th, Easter Sunday.  
1939

Easter greetings to you all! Easter seems one of the Church festivals that it is possible to keep with sincerity even in a world like the present- because it only happened as a result of the suffering that went before, so that one may still hope that the same spirit that was triumphant over the apparent victory of force, will still triumph.

We had an Easter morning service outside this morning at 7 am, I suppose to have been a true sunrise service it should have been at 6 am, but even at the slightly later hour it was lovely, and this morning was a pleasant sunshiney one, which came with all the greater joy and surprise because the week has been cold and wet at times. But you couldn't have asked for a more lovely morning. We had our service in one of the Faculty gardens, and there were lots of lovely flowers. Roses are blooming in Easter in Chengtu, in fact from an English point of view spring and summer have got all mixed together, but the result from the point of view of the flowers is very lovely. It was quite a simple service, but a carefully planned one, and the glee club sang a delightful Easter carol, one ~~from the~~ from the Oxford Book of Carols. There were three very brief messages on "What difference did it make" :-

- 1 To Jesus
- 2 To the world
- 3 To me.

They were all good brief, and to the point. Whenever one has a service out of doors, I wonder why we cannot have it more often, but somehow one doesn't seem to arrange it so.

We have been having somewhat special services all this week, on Thursday we had a Communion Service in the evening, and on Friday Frank Price came to speak, instead of the prayers being led by a member of the Faculty. Also there are being given The Crucifixion by Stainer, and an Easter Play by one of the missionaries in Chengtu- Dr Marion Manly- called "Thou Art Peter". They have been given on four nights- Thursday, Friday Saturday and this evening, but one can only go on one night, as the places are limited, I am going to-night. Everybody says the play is very good.

I am afraid it is a fortnight since I last wrote, as I cast my mind back over the two weeks, there does not seem very much that has happened. On Monday March 26th there was a lunch for workers in religious activities among students at which Miss Terlan was speaking. They had the lunch out of doors, and it was one of the first warm days we have had, in fact it was hot. I thought she spoke quite well and to the point- she said that in her experience the most vital religious work among students that she knew was that where the students were up against some problem, and where standing for Christianity meant standing ~~something costly~~ really paying a price. The three places that she cited where the German Student Christian movement, which though formally dissolved is as active as ever, and in a decreasing student body( I hadn't realised that the university students were only 1/3 of what they were before the Nazi revolution) has increased its membership, the Southern States of U.S.A, where the Student ~~new~~ Christian Movement has stood for a racial equality that is unpopular, and last McGill University in Montreal, where apparently they are up against a very strong Fascist movement in French Canada, she also thought that the study circles there on the life of Jesus had been run in a very live and helpful manner. There is a crisis all right in China, but the in the main it does not act as a distinctive challenge to Christians, practically everybody of whatever creed is united in believing that resistance is the only policy, I don't mean that there are no Chinese pacifists, but they are very few and far between. It is

APR 9 1939 D Spicer [27]

It is of course true that Christians are really stressing the need not to become bitter, but that is a service you render after you have- for other reasons become a Christian- it does not itself challenge you to become a Christian in order to stand for freedom, or the right of man to worship God first, and put everything else second- etc. I don't know that we got to any very clear conclusion in the discussion, but it was quite an interesting one.

Wednesday March 29th was a holiday in honour of the 72 Martyrs who laid down their lives for the first revolution. We had a Memorial service in the morning, but I am afraid I did not attend it, in fact I mainly finished up odd jobs of various kinds in the morning, played a little bridge ~~in the aft~~ after lunch, and then went to three meetings running at which Miss Terlan was the main speaker. The first was a very small group of people interested in the F.O.R. (Fellowship of Reconciliation) who were just talking with her about what influence the Church could possibly have in the matter (I think she herself inclines to the position that there is nothing for it but a somewhat violent revolution, and that all Christians can do is as individuals to seek to lessen the violence and cruelty, but that there is no really practical alternative to definite seizure of power from the capitalists etc, and that they will be bound to resist- so she herself is not in any sense a Pacifist, and yet I think has a slightly uneasy feeling that if you go the way of revolution by force what you get will hardly be what a Christian can approve. She makes in her public talks a distinction between the prophetic function of religion, to stir us up and make us discontented with ~~God's~~ things as they are- God's judgement on the social order- and the priestly function which is to offer consolation when things simply cannot be changed, as in the case of sudden death etc. She stressed Jesus as prophet almost exclusively). The next meeting was of those interested in the Jesus study groups, according to a method evolved by a man called Sharman. She herself was brought up a Roman Catholic, left Religion behind when at College, because it didn't square with science etc, and then came back to it via a study group in the life of Jesus based on the critical method led by Dr Sharman, so she is quite an advocate of that method. She was quite interesting on that, finally we merged into a group that meets for general discussion on World problems - we have just been discussing co-operatives and how far they are a way out for the industrial order. Miss Terlan, I think, didn't have much opinion of how much ice they would cut, but it seems to me that in China where they are only just beginning the industrial system and where co-operatives might get in on the ground floor, especially in the west, there is a good deal to be said for them. It was another pleasantly warm day, and it was pleasant sitting out in the garden in the sun. As I anticipated I heard quite a good deal of Miss Terlan, and on the whole I found her very stimulating and suggestive, though I don't think that I agreed with her at all points.

Saturday a week ago some of the faculty were having a lunch party at one of the restaurants, where we had very good food, and the Dze-djen and I went shopping, which always seems a very slow business- especially if you are trying to match anything. In the evening we played a little bridge, indeed for the last three Saturdays in the evening the same four of us have played bridge, I often wonder why it is such an attractive game, but I must own I do find it so.

Yesterday Dze-djen and I were planning to take our advisees out to a famous temple north of the city, but it was decidedly grey, cold and windy, so we had a tea party inside instead, and then had supper at Dze-djen's sister's and sister-in-law's home.

Dr Wu is probably going to Hongkong for a meeting of the Presidents of the Christian Colleges, so we have been having one or two extra meetings for that. Also we had a long meeting on Thursday to discuss various matters in relation with the tutor system, and so it goes. Good by for the moment  
Eva.

1038



2.D.Spicer  
Ginling College,  
Chengtu.  
Szechuan, China.  
April 22nd. 1939.

I think I wrote last two weeks ago on Easter Sunday. That evening we went to the Crucifixion( Stainer) and the Easter play. There was a slight accident to the city electric light plant on one of its lines, so that when we first got there the room was in complete darkness. They fixed up acetyline lamps etc, and the chorus began under not too easy circumstance as the darkness had produced ~~not-too~~ a rather confused atmosphere among the audience. However, we and they settled down after a time, though one man had been rash enough to bring two rather young children, and they asked questions at the wrong moment in piercing whispers.

Fortunately half way through the singing the light came on, as they would not have been able to do the play without it. And by the time the play began we had returned to normal all right. The play was Jesus and the disciples after the ~~resurrection~~ Resurrection, especially with Peter. I have never seen Jesus played on the stage before- not having been to Oberammagau, and of course there is a rule against it on the English stage- but it was really quite effective. It was written by a woman missionary doctorin Chengtu, and she had produced it too. It is certainly true that if you are going to have plays round the life of Jesus, you had better have him in. I remember seeing a play called the Acts of St Peter, by Gordon Bottomely, which dealt with the life of Peter, but certainly without the figure of Jesus ~~the~~ it seemed to have a great hole in the middle of it, and to be lacking in any real coherence, even when you could supply it all from your knowledge.

I dont remember anything very special the rest of the week. Dziedjen had an infected toe, and had to stay on her bed for several days, but she was able to have her classes in her room. There were as always a good mahy meeting of one sort and another. On Saturday there was a meeting of the Executive of the F.O.R- they decided to write a letter to the F.O.R in America, or perhaps an open letter, trying to convince the peace movements in America that in pursuing a purely isolationist policy, they are helping the forces that they want to oppose- and that united economic action to restrain aggression, is the one hope of a peaceful solution in the present mess. I dont think they will have much success, but it relieves one's feeling, and there is always the chance that it might do some good. Dr-Ke Dr Kennard, a missionary who used to be in Japan but got kept out of there on his return from furlough last time because he was too outspoken and radical, was the one who was keenest on it, and he and I were appointed to draft the letter. His mind is simply crammed with ideas, most of them fairly left, and the letter grew and grew. I have been to his house almost every day this week, and each time( more or less) that I would go back I would find new ideas. My own mind finds itself up rather against rather a blank wall. The purely negative policy- so far as political action is concerned- that the peace societies are for the most part following in U.S.A( and elsewhere I think) not being willing even to support an embargo on export of war materials to Japan, because Japan might count it an act of war, seems entirely wrong. Any action you take may lead to war, or no action at all may lead there- at the same time I realise that if you support the first step of economic sanctions- whether with Japan or any other country- believing that there is a real chance that by so doing is your best chance of avoiding war altogether, and then that does lead you into war, it seems terribly inconsistent to say you wont fight- and yet I suppose that is the position of a good many people. Of course it is impossible to be completely consistent, only that does seem a rather glaring inconsistency. This business has spread itself over most of the recent week, not the week before.

2 APR 22 1939 E.D. Spicer

Last Sunday helped and spurred on by Dze-djen I made a great effort and gave a talk ~~to~~ at the evening vesper service in Chinese, this meant a lot of hard work on Friday and Saturday. At Ginling in Nanking on did not, I am afraid, make the effort one should, as on the whole the students did understand most of what one said in English, and on the whole unless your Chinese was very good indeed, they preferred you to talk in English, but here in Szechuan the standard of English is much lower, and ours is lower than it used to be too, as so much more of the teaching is done in Chinese, so that many of them don't get very much if the address is given in Chinese English, and interpreting uses up so much time. I had to read it all, and I didn't do it very well, in fact I don't know how much the congregation got out of it, but I learnt quite a lot of Chinese, I really should begin to study regularly again.

This week I have been fairly social, on Tuesday evening I went to dinner with Margaret Roy - her husband is still up in the wilds of Shensi, but she has a married couple living with her - newly arrived teachers for the University of Nanking. They have been having a certain amount of trouble with thieves, so that what with that and the general international situation the conversation was not too cheerful, at least the subject matter wasn't, but the tone of the conversation was. Friday it was Dze-djen's birthday, so we had a supper party followed by bridge, and on Saturday lunch we returned a certain amount of hospitality - I am only very gradually getting caught up on all the people who have asked me. We went to a quite pleasant restaurant, quiet and good food. Lunch is really quite a good time to entertain, as it takes less time than dinner, you don't have to give the whole evening to it.

We have had one or two quite warm days this week, but on the whole it has been wet and grey, and to-day is the wettest of all. One thing about the present weather it has kept the flowers alive much longer than very warm weather would, and the gardens are really beautiful with all their roses etc. But still the weather does not seem very seasonable.

We discuss air raid precautions from time to time, but at the moment everything seems very quiet, and many people think that ~~at~~ Chengtu will not be attacked as long as Sian is not taken, of course if that were taken, it would probably be subject to fairly severe bombing. But at the moment I should think you in London would be more consciously apprehensive of bombing that we are at the moment, and much more terrible bombing too. I read a most depressing article the other day, in the Reader's Digest, taken from the Forum, all about the amazing strength and efficiency of Hitler's air force, it sounded quite awful. ~~It was most~~ There was another rather more cheerful article in the same number saying how many Germans were really opposed to the present regime, but they seem terribly helpless, and hopeless.

Dr Wu went away about two weeks ago, she was going to Hongkong for a meeting of the presidents of the Christian Universities, and at first owing to one of the ~~Kurassan~~ planes having been brought down by the Japanese, or rather forced to land, she was not sure that she would get any further than Chungking, however, she has apparently gotten on, as she has not returned.

Well, I think I don't seem to have much actual news - we hear quite a lot of news one way and another, but we don't seem to have much happen to us.

Love to all,  
Eva.

1040



ED Spicer

77  
Ginling College,  
Chengtu.  
May 21st, 1939.

I am afraid it is two weeks since I last wrote, and I don't now seem able to remember exactly what happened last week.- I suppose I really mean the week before last. Middle Schools and Primary Schools were busy making plans to move and moving, as all middle and primary schools have been ordered to move- but while it has been suggested to the colleges, it has not been insisted upon. We feel not too badly off here, as while of course we are not far from the city, yet we are outside the walls, and the buildings are far apart from each other and from the street, so that there is not the danger of being trapped by fire, which I think is people's main fear- of course from a direct hit nothing can save one. For West China University there is only about a month until the end of term, we have two more months, but even so it hardly seems worth moving- though of course we may regret it, but is such a business moving enough equipment- (not to mention the people and personal baggage) that to do enough work to amount to anything, that I believe the decision is a wise one. Chungking has had more bombings, but we have only had one warning- and that only the first- still of course we must be prepared for it to happen. Quite strenuous preparations are now being made, and this week 250 students have been enrolled into a first aid corps for this district of the city, and they have been having first aid lectures every night this week starting from Tuesday. I have attended the lectures, though I have not enrolled in the corps- for various reasons- it was especially for students, but it seemed as all information along that line might come in useful, though I hope not. The students have also been busy mending up and rolling bandages etc from 9-10 every evening. I am afraid we should not have been very well prepared if Chungking had not had that heavy bombing first.

This week we have also had a visit from the Youth and Religion team- the main public speaker of whom is Dr Lautenschlagen- formerly of Cheloo University. Miss Shao Siu-lin is also on the team, she does not make public addresses to large groups, but takes smaller groups meetings. She is a graduate of Ginling (1929), and has just fairly recently come back from two years in U.S.A. The other member of the team, who does not do much speaking, but is, I suppose the executive Secretary, and sometimes translates is married to a Ginling graduate, so we feel quite a family interest in the team. It was rather a pity that the meetings came this particular week, because of course all the middle schools are in a very much disturbed state, and while the attendance at Dr Lautenschlag meetings here was good on Monday and Tuesday, when he was speaking more on the general political situations, on Thursday and Friday when he was dealing more specifically with religion there was a decided drop, and I do think it was partly due to the increased pressure of the first aid classes which took off quite a large group. I think he really makes the popular appeal quite well, he is extremely sincere, and I think does as little damage to the truth as is possible if your appeal is to be popular and easily grasped without much background. Shao Siu-lin came here to speak on Friday evening, and raised some interesting questions, but the girls were rolling bandages etc while she was speaking, and I am not sure it is really possible for them to work with their hands and really think at the same time, it would be of course, but I am afraid for most of them it isn't. So the evenings of this week what with lectures and first aid have been quite full.

I was gathered earlier on into the term into a

MAY 21 1939  
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small group that Frank Price collected, what he told us that he wanted us to was to help edit( English etc) some of the publicity for consumption abroad which they are getting out in the Hina Information Service in Chungking, as they realised that while generally correct, it was not always what you would call English English, and often the way it was put would not appeal to a foreinger reading it. However, though a little editing has been done, most of the stuff they send through needs much more than just editing, it really is source material, and the whole things needs to be written. So now we have been told off to write on different subjects, and I am supposed to be producing a pamphlet on Women and War- there is quite a lot of material to be gathered from magazines, the bulletins of the Chinese Information Service etc, and some of the Chinese faculty are looking through Chinese magazines etc- so any odd minutes I have is filled in with looking up things for that, I am not sure how competent I am to write it, I think it would be better to have someone who has had more experience- but it quite interesting trying to, and if it is no use they need not use it. In any case I am quite glad to belong to the group, as Frank gets a lot of interesting information which he ~~sah~~ shares with us every Thursday, about both the situation in China and America.

The weather is at last beginning to get hot, but the night are still quite cool, but it is rather depressing to realise that we have almost two months of term still to go, I think we shall all be pretty weary when we get to the end of this term. This letter doesnt seem to contain much news but as I cant think of much more that has happened I suppose it is most of the important things- of course there have been the ordinary routine events teaching, some tennis- meetings of various kinds. Yesterday afternoon I was domestic the whole afternoon and assisted the ~~mah~~ and was assisted by Dze-djen in the turning out of my room, which certainly needed a spring cleaning, in view of the rather cursory sweep and dust it gets every day, and no weekly cleaning. In the evening after going to the first aid lecture we played a little bridge, which never somehow seems a very suitable past-time for a missionary, but which is very relaxing one, and also very cheap. I have also been having more regular interviews with the students to whom I tutor, which I was very slow in getting round to- and so the time goes on- though whether anything is accomplished or not is another question. I think the effect of kind of expecting air-raids in the back of one's mind is to make one feel a little as though one was just waiting all the time- not an attitude very conducive to getting things done to a definite end- more just getting things done to get them done, which is hardly enough. However, enough of this meandering, I will stop for the time being.

Good-bye for the moment,

Love from  
Eva.

1042



57

- 2. D Spicer

Ginling College,  
Chengtu.  
Szechwan, China.  
June 4th. 1939.

I don't think I wrote a general letter last week. Nothing of outstanding importance has happened here I think. A week ago last Thursday there was another quite bad air raid in Chunking, and we had a warning here, but it was already dark, and quite cloudy when the warning went, so it was difficult to feel that there was any chance of their coming. The casualties would not have been as high as they were, if some bombs had not dropped right in a park where a good many people had taken refuge. Last time so many people were killed through falling buildings, that they tried to get away from them this time. But there were no great fires started, and it is reported that 30 % of the bombs were dud. Also the air was filled after the raid with thick black powder like the kind they use in fire crackers, and people seem to think that both these facts indicate that the Japanese are beginning to get low on certain supplies. The morale in Chunking is reported to be still good, about two thirds of the people have left the city, and the ones who are still there know what to do, though even so of course it cannot be pleasant. We have been lucky these nights as they are the time of the full moon, and the weather has been cloudy and wet.

Andy Roy ( of the Presbyterian Mission who works among students) has returned the ~~end-of-last-week-from--~~ end of the week ~~from~~ before last from a trip to Sian, Yen Hsi-shan's front and Yen-an, the headquarters of the 8th route army. It all ~~very~~ sounds very thrilling, and he reports the spirit as being very good. I guess that is about the only part of China where the war is being waged on a really totalitarian basis, everything is centred- whether under Yen Hsi-shan or under the 8th route army- on the one object of resisting and defeating the Japanese- back here while the spirit of resistance is good, there are a good many peace time activities going on all right. Everybody up there seems to live in caves- not only at Yen-an, but elsewhere, which they say have the advantage of being cool in summer, and warm in winter, but I should think they would be pretty dark. He says the art school at Yen-an is doing really very interesting work, he has brought back the score of an opera they are writing, and wood-cuts. The orchestra has wonderful instruments never seen before on sea or land, including a cello made out of a standard oil line.

He reported that there are no Russian advisers with the 8th route army, but he says one with Yen's army. This Russian adviser told him that before he came to China he had received orders from Stalin, that he was to return to China the day after the war was over, as China was to be left free to settle her own life in her own way, and that also he was to remember that he went there strictly as a military adviser, and was not give any political advice. The Russian advisers are sent straight to Chunking, and then sent out by the Central Government. The 8th route army( ex-communist) has apparently no ~~difficulty~~ direct relations with the Russians. Andy Roy also reported that these Communist leaders he saw said that their relations were all right with the Central Government, but that there was a good deal of friction with the provincial authorities, I suppose it is generally easier to get along with the people at a distance than near to. He seemed to think the Communists were sincere in their belief that the united front would last after the war, and that all they wanted was the right to be in a minority party in a democratic set up, with special districts where they could demonstrate their own particular set-up. He said he couldn't help wondering what would be the effect in the future of all these numbers of people trained to kill without being seen, for that is really what they are concentrating on in the north west, whether Communist or elsewhere. He said that they claimed that the casualties were now 13 Japanese to 1 Chinese. But it

2 JUN 4 1939 <sup>27</sup> ~~Spicer~~

it rather does haunt one what all these well-trained guerrillas will do with their abilities after the war is over.

I seem to have gone out quite a bit this last fortnight, ~~very~~ just to quite simple parties, but still very pleasant. It was my birthday last Monday, and Elsie Priest gave me a party on Thursday evening, which was very pleasant, when I got some very useful presents, including a cake of good foreign soap, and a packet of lux, as people said you wouldn't think a packet of lux such a wonderful present anywhere else, but here it is a real prize, I also got some cheese, and a tin of Georgie Washington coffee, likewise very precious gifts. I went out to dinner three times last week, and three times. Also last Saturday Dze-djen had guests at a restaurant in town, we really did have delicious food, I can say it, as Dze-djen ordered it and the restaurant provided it. Last night Alice Chang and Dzo Yu-lin gave a party to welcome Lilian Kirk, Florence's sister, who has arrived in Chengtu to be Dr Wu's secretary. She is both a nurse and a secretary by training. She came out to act a secretary for the length of Helen Loomis' furlough, she arrived in China after the war ~~got~~ broke out, and never got to Nanking at all. She got a job as a nurse at the Country Hospital in Shanghai, and has now given that up and come up here, as it is really not a good plan Dr Wu trying to get along without an English secretary, most of the rest of us have ~~to~~ had to do a little, though I can't say I have done much, still I have a little. That party was also at a Restaurant in the city. On Monday, Dze-djen gave a birthday party for me at a Chinese restaurant, so I have quite a lot of good Chinese food lately. It doesn't seem a very war-like proceeding, but there really is no shortage in Szechwan, and none of the meals were actual feasts, though they were all very good.

Last Sunday a group of students and faculty got up early, we arose at 5 am, but we didn't actually get started till after 6 am to ~~bicycle~~ to a temple about 3 or 4 miles beyond the North gate, it is a large and very rich temple. Part of it is being used now as a repair shop for ~~aree~~ planes, and I must own they look very out of place in that particular setting. Temples are certainly proving very useful these days, many schools are moving into them, and they have many other uses such as barracks, repair shops etc. And the monks still manage to ~~live~~ live there too. We had almost every kind of accident going, including one of the hired bicycles falling literally to pieces, and I got a puncture, but coming back we made quite good time. The picnic was pleasant, but I must admit I didn't get ~~done~~ much done the rest of the day, it was so hot, and I was so sleepy, I went to Church, and I wrote one letter, and that was about all. To-day is nice and cool, and I hope to get rather more done.

Wa Si is getting near the end of its term, they close about June 26th, so there are a certain number of end of term festivities- we had a joint reception with them for the Graduating Classes on Tuesday, which was mainly speeches by the four presidents of West China, Chefoo, University of Nanking, and Ginling. We have still six weeks to go, but we are also beginning certain events. Yesterday we had the indoor demonstration of the P.E. department, which winds up this part of their program, it really went quite well. Next week we are having the annual music recital and on.

I seem to have got an extra number of group meetings on at the present moment, ~~then~~ we got our groups started rather late this term, and then there was a special one for Non-Christian seniors which I ~~and~~ Dze-djen and I started just this week, as we waited till they had finished their theses. One meets Tuesday evening the other Sunday morning, and we are also having a Faculty Discussion group on a series of questions sent round by the friend mission in Shanghai. So life goes on.

Much love to you all

Eva.



Uncancelled

Non-Signed  
N.Y. Office  
Merrill Calder

Walsh [1]

Ginling College,  
Chongtu,  
Szechwan.  
July 31st.

Well here I still am. I think I wrote my last general letter three weeks ago, when I said that I expected to be leaving for this trip to the North West in connection with the Students Summer Service Project after the last week of exams etc were finished, and that I wouldn't have time to write.

The week of exams etc went much as expected, and I spent most of my time getting the pamphlet that I have been supposed to be writing finished, which I finally did, though not until Monday instead of Saturday as I had planned. I don't think it is much good, and I do not think it will probably ever see the light of day. We had a farewell party for the Seniors on Friday, when all the group-faculty and students provided the supper, and the Sophomore provided the entertainment, which was quite good. On Saturday morning we had Commencement, which passed off very smoothly, though there were one or two extra speeches that didn't really seem to be necessary. We had the Senior Banquet after Commencement, we had done that last year in Shanghai, and it has seemed to work well, but this time it didn't seem so good, it was rather hot, the speeches were rather long, and though it started off well, it dragged a good bit at the end. However, when that was over, we still had to have the final curriculum meeting of the year, and another meeting at 8.30 pm, but that time we were really too tired to do efficient business.

Dze-djen and I had already begun attending committee meetings, (I wasn't really a member, but just got in at the end as I was going) on this Summer Service project, particularly in trying to get things going for getting the students off, which meant procuring two trucks from somewhere. Andy Roy arrived back with the University of Nanking truck, but he had had rather a difficult time with that, and was very tired, so it was thought better not to use that truck again, but to try to get two through the Szechwan Bus Co, where we thought we had pull. So we set to work to pull the wires, or rather one of the Hwa Si faculty did, and it seemed as though it would be all right, though the buses did not materialise on Sunday or Monday, for which I was just as glad as I had got many things to finish up. Both Sunday and Monday were very hot, and I was in a state of dripping heat the whole time, however, by Monday evening I was pretty well-ready, though the truck was still uncertain, though we didn't get the word till late on Monday evening, that there would be no trucks for Tuesday. The man from Hwa Si having done what he could for it, became very much occupied with sick cows, and it seemed to devolve on Dze-djen to do what she could in the matter. So the next three or four days, we spent, or rather she spent telephoning and going to the Szechwan Bus Company, they were quite polite and always promised well not immediately but in a day or two, and it was very difficult to know whether anything was really going to happen or not. On Friday Andy Roy got back from a brief visit to see his wife and children in Kuanhsien, and it was decided that perhaps it would be best to put the University of Nanking truck into repair, and perhaps get one bus from the Szechwan Bus Co particularly if we provided the petrol (or gas) as they seemed short on that. So negotiations were carried on on that basis, and the repair of the truck went ahead. I really had quite a lot of time to spare that week, but what with helping slightly with the search for buses, writing some letters for Dr Wu, attending some committee meetings etc, the time went quite swiftly, and I seemed to get very little done, although I did have good rests every afternoon. July 24th (one week after we had expected to start)

By Monday it looked as though we should be ready to start on Tuesday, so that on Monday night we packed for the second or third time,

Spicer  
7/31/39

and on Tuesday morning we dressed for the fray, and the students assembled their luggage on the steps of the Administration Building, and we looked as though we were going to start, in fact we had our pictures taken, but it had rained most of the previous night, and it was raining on and off for most of that morning, and word finally came that the public truck wouldn't come because some of the bridges on the road had been washed out, and the University truck wasn't yet ready, though Andy intended starting with that whether the weather was fine or not. However, it continued to rain solidly through that day, the next night and Tuesday, and Andy went on repairing the car. We had a general meeting of the students, I forget whether it was Wednesday or Thursday, they were getting rather restless, and no wonder in a way, though I think everything was being done that could be done to get them off. Some of us were beginning to wonder how late it was going to be worth while starting, as we had some way to go after we got started. At the general meeting reports were made on everything that had been done up to-date, and anybody who wanted to was given a chance to drop then and there, and it was decided that the dead line would be Aug 1st, if we couldn't get started by then we wouldn't try to go. The visiting or supervisory group was becoming rather doubtful too, as there seemed no likelihood whatsoever of the smaller Dodge truck coming up from Chungking, though it was thought possible that the U of N truck might visit various stations. However, for the moment we went ahead as though we were all going. By Friday it looked as though after two fine days we should be able to start on Saturday, although the U of N truck was still not quite finished- the ~~new~~ new springs which had been fitted on had given way after only a short ride, and Andy's spirits had rather sagged with the springs. Still Saturday morning looked as though it might be a possibility.

Then on Friday afternoon Dze-djen heard that her family- sister-in-law and five young children had had an accident when travelling from Kiating to Wutungchiao by boat, as the boat with everything on board had sunk, though no lives had been lost. That made rather a difference to her plans, as she thought she ought probably to take charge of the nieces who were still here, but had been going to join the family, only had been wired not to come. They were moving from Chengtu, so had more than just their personal possessions, all their household things as well. Then on Friday evening a telegram came from Dr Yuan saying that communications were impossible up there and not to send the original second group. We had a committee that evening, and decided that we would follow his suggestion, or really it was a command, so that and tell the students that we were not going to send them to the North-West but would suggest various work that they might go and do nearer to Chengtu.

However, when the suggestion was made next morning the students did not take kindly to it at all, they wanted to go will nilly, and though I quite realise that they were naturally very disappointed after all the long wait, and were very keen on doing something to help the soldiers etc, still I couldn't help feeling that they were not really giving a fair consideration to the shortness of time that was now left, and the expense and difficulty of getting them up to the place, they seemed set on going anyway. So the upshot of it was that we Andy Roy, who felt a good deal the same way as the students got through by long distance telephone to Dr Yuan. The result of the first conversation was that Dr Yuan said not to send anybody except the doctor and Andy Roy, as communications were quite impossible. Then he telephoned back later and said that perhaps it would be a good thing to send the students to a town within Szechwan, and establish two stations for work there. As the students were eager to be going anywhere, so long as it was going, and as approaches had already been made to people in certain places within Szechwan near the border, it was decided to do that, taking dividing the students into two groups, and establishing two centres. The Szechwan bus which had been cancelled early on Saturday morning, had not been ready it seemed to start



Spicer  
7/31/39

even though they had told us on the previous evening that everything was set, nor was the University Bus completely ready. Although the Committee had decided the previous evening that it was not advisable to start what was almost a new project, the enthusiasm of the students, and the second message from Mr Yuen made it inevitable that this new suggestion should be gone ahead with. It was necessary to secure someone who would be able to help with the setting up of the project, as these students would not be going into the already going work of the others. At first a member of the faculty of the U of M was secured, but on Sunday morning he developed an appendicitis, so I was sent off to try and get one of the city pastors, who had had experience in this work, so I went off, and after interviewing one or two people, it was arranged that he should go. The Committee had met again on Saturday evening, and decided that they would not wait for any more buses, but that half would go by the University truck, and the other half should go half the way to final destination by rickshaw, and that the truck should come back and collect them when it had deposited the other students at their final destination. So finally on Sunday everybody got off, the rickshaw group started about 1.15 just after lunch, but the University truck did not finally pull out until 5.45 pm. Everything takes longer in this country than you would expect- the bus was supposed to be ready by Tuesday about 10 am, and it was finally ready about 5 pm on Sunday, I don't say there had been no let up at all during that time, but there certainly wasn't much.

In the end I decided not to go, I had already spent what seemed almost like a fortnight on the job, though of course I wasn't working at it the whole time, but it seemed always there. Dze-djen couldn't go because of her family, and we had arranged to do things together afterwards, and then the original thing we had been asked to do was quite off, and I didn't honestly feel I should be much good at the setting up stage. It made me feel a little like a quitter, but I really think I had sufficient reasons, as one can't be sure of getting back by the middle of August, and I did want a little time off before the things at the beginning of term began to hum. I don't think the fact that I had my doubts about the wisdom of the policy we were following really made any difference.

Since they got off on Sunday, it has seemed very peaceful. I am doing serious reading in the morning, for a course I have to teach next term which I have not taught before- on Eastern Civilisation, resting in the afternoon, and writing letters the latter part of the day. To-day I spent from 3 noon, and writing letters the latter part of the day. To-day I spent from 3 noon, and writing letters the latter part of the day. To-day I spent from 3 noon, and writing letters the latter part of the day.

Since the middle of July, when it really was very hot, it has not been so bad, there has been a lot of rain, and that has cooled it off quite a bit, and the nights are quite bearable. I am having my meals with Elsie Priest, the Women's College cook got sick, and that is quite a pleasant change as somebody else's cook is always a change, also Elsie has a Frigidaire, or rather as she is living in Bishop Hard's house she has the use of his Frigidaire, and that is very pleasant, and it means you have lots of ice, she also has an electric fan, so I that I am enjoying the flashpots of Egypt.

When Dze-djen has settled up her family affairs, we shall probably go up to Mt Omei for a week or two, I rather hope we get there, but everything seems so uncertain that I am just waiting on events.

I am very concerned what kind of agreement St Britain is going to come to with Japan, she already seems to have given away more than is right but apparently much less than is needed to get anywhere with Japan, as I should have thought the negotiators should have known, in fact we shall make ourselves unpopular all round, however, we are that anyway, so perhaps it will not make much difference. But I do hope we don't give way too shamefully.

With love Eva.

Eva Spicer

Ginling College,  
Chongtu.  
Aug 30th, 1939.

I think I wrote last just about a month ago, when I had decided after all not to go on the Wounded Soldiers Project, and was waiting while Dze-djen wound up certain family affairs before leaving for "t mai. We returned from our trip last Sunday evening, Aug 27th, I didn't take my typewriter with me, so though at the end there would have been time for writing, I have not had a chance until I got back.

We finally got off on Monday Aug 7th, we started fairly early in the morning, though not quite so early as we had intended, which indeed was our experience throughout the trip, as when you are a group of five or thereabouts it is very difficult to get everything packed up and ready really early. At that stage there were seven of us- Dze-djen, her oldest sister and four nieces. It was a pleasant restful trip. You hire a boat, so you have it to yourselves except of course for the boatman. The boats that go on this river are like a very large punt- they are flat bottomed because the river is very shallow in many places- with room under the centre for putting luggage. There is straw matting ~~curved~~ over the centre, so you are protected somewhat from the sun, and from the rain, if not too heavy. One boatman sits at the back and steers, and the others, about six, sit or stand in front and do a sort of rowing very gently, as going down they leave the river to do most of the work. It is calculated that they worked for five minutes and rested for four. Coming up is a very different story, and they have to tow the boats most of the way, it takes about two days from Chongtu to Kiating, and about eight to ten days from Kiating to Chongtu. As long as it remains fine, the boatman stay on the two ends of the boat, and you have the centre to yourself, but if it rains as it did both night, a brief sharp thunder shower, they come in, and then there is a good deal of a crowd, and you find yourself putting your feet into people's faces etc. We spread out our bedding on the floor of the boat, and were quite comfortable when lying down, but we hadn't taken any chairs, as people do, so when we were doing anything but lying down it wasn't so convenient. Getting up the floor was something of a nuisance too, however, the children were up and down all the time, so you could ask them for anything you wanted. There is a stove on the boat, and they give you rice and hot water, we had taken along a good supply of various ready cooked eatables and Dze-djen's sister did some cooking, so we fared very well. It was really very peaceful gliding along the river, and I slept, read and talked with much pleasure. You come to certain number of small rapids etc, but nothing at all dangerous, and the scenery is quite pretty in a pleasant unspectacular way.

Sometimes if you get off very early in the morning, you may reach Kiating on the evening of the second day, but we didn't. However, without any mishap we arrived there on Wednesday morning, and very shortly after we had pulled up, the children's father, mother and uncle came down to meet them, to take them to Tungchiao, where they are living for the present. It turned out that Dze-djen's brother thought he would like to come to "t mai too, so he decided to go back, and get his things, and ~~wait~~ we said we would wait till the next afternoon, and do one stage of the journey that day. Her sister also went back with him for the night. We stayed at the Baptist Church, putting up our own cots and hats, but had our meals out. We had two very good meals at the same restaurant lunch and supper, it was in the main business section, and was destroyed by the bombing which took place in Kiating on Aug 19th. We had a little business to do in getting into touch with one of our faculty who had left earlier, but who might be travelling with us from Kiating, however we discovered that she had gone.

In the late afternoon we went out to see a student who had formerly been at Ginling, but was now at Peking University which has moved from Suchang to Kiating. We were lucky in finding her in, she showed us over the girls' dormitory, they are in a mission school, or rather part of it, and pointed us out some of the other buildings, they are not in one place but a



Spicer  
8/30/39

are scattered round the place. Kiating is a very attractive small town, situated where two rivers meeting, so it has two water fronts, there are hills on both sides of the river, rather dinky little hills which go up and down all over the place, and the buildings just outside the city seem each to be perched on top of a separate hill, the city itself is quite hilly, but it all seems on rather aminture scale.

Next morning we went sight seeing with one of the students. There are two quite famous temples the other side of the river, of which we saw one, and quite a famous and lovely garden. In one of the temples there is a vast Buddha attached to the cliff by the side of the river, and he is supposed to look after the rather dangerous water that there is just below, it was just there that Dze-djen's sister-in-law had her accident, so I am afraid he doesn't always do his duty. We didn't come by at the regular ferry place, but at another where in order to get the boat because there were so many people trying to get on you had to go into the water, and scramble on. However, I must admit that it was a free ride, as those particular boats are paid for by the temple as an act of charity for the poor people, who mostly seemed to be carrying firewood across.

Dze-djen's sister and brother were just a little late getting over, and we were a bit undecided for a bit as to whether we should go on that day, especially as we had discovered that the place we were making for was rather farther away than we had realised, however in the end we did start.

There is always a little confusion at the starting, bargaining with the rickshaws, settling what goes where, etc., and of course no one ever wants to take me, still we get settled all right. The place where we were due called Kaitzfang, and was supposed to be about 70 li away, which is roughly about 23 miles - it was supposed to take about five hours, but I think it took a little longer, as we left Kiating about 2:30 p.m., and got there a

little after 8 p.m. The latter part of the road was quite dark, and there was a thunderstorm over Mt Omei, but fortunately we did not run into it. We were going to stay at the Church in Kiatsiang, but of course none of us had been there before, and arriving at a place after dark is never so comfortable. At all the town looked rather pretty when we came into it, with lots of lanterns round the place, but the church was rather quiet when we found it. There were a great many entrances and dark passages to pass through before we got to the back courtyard where they gave us a room, and the only light there was was a minute bean oil lamp. It is very difficult to get kerosene oil now, and mostly at night we had these bean oil lamps, except for a few candles which we bought later on, so it was never possible to do anything at night in the way of reading, however, we were generally busy getting up the beds etc, and then glad to get into them. Not only was the Church dark but it didn't seem very clean, and the toilet place was one of the worse we struck, however, we set up our beds, went out to get some supper and went to bed. It wasn't one of the best nights I had, as there seemed to be a whole family-ward just next door to us, and they seemed to be awake the whole night, but of course I slept some. Next morning we got fresh rickshaws and started out for Omeishien, the town at the foot of the mountain, where we intended to get chairs to take us up to our first stopping place up the mountain, wherever that might be, and we were not quite sure. We got off about nine, and took some time to cross a river, as all the rickshaws with luggage had to be unplied, the rickshaws and the luggage carried across the beach, put on the ferry, and the process repeated the other side. We got to Omeishien about 3.00, and parked for a time at the China Inland Mission there. They were kind, but even with their help we failed to get any chairs, so got some more rickshaws to take us to one of the foot temples, Bao O Sz, where you can get chairs. But even of rickshaws there did not seem enough, so ultimately Dze-djen, her brother and I walked. On our way we met Dze-djen's nephew, who has been already up there for some time, and was now

Specer  
8/30/39

on his way back to Chengtu, however, he very obligingly turned round and came back with us. It was really a great help meeting him, as he was able to suggest where we could stay at Sin Kai Sze, that is where the Foreign Community and some Chinese have bungalows, and we wanted to go there as we had some things to take to various people, and also wanted to see Alice Chang, and find out what she wanted to do about going with us or not. On the other hand there is no very convenient temple to stay there, and we had not made any arrangements to stay with anyone. Dao Sen, that is Dze-djen's nephew, told us the house which had been used for a student conference had just been vacated, and that the next tenants were not expected until the next day, and in any case it turned out that I knew them as they were the Bagualays from Hankow, who are now in Kientsing, Szechuan, and I knew they wouldn't mind if we camped there for a night, and we meant to move on the next day. So when we got to the temple- Dao O Sze- we decided we would push on and try to get to Sin Kai Sze that night, even though it was then 6.30. We couldn't get all the chairs we wanted, only two and enough carriers for the luggage, so I and Dao-s walked all the way, ~~later~~ Dze-djen's sister rode all the way, and Dze-djen and her brother (who has been quite ill) took it in turns to ride. It got dark before we had been going very long, and there was no moon, though it was a beautiful star-light night, so even though we had lanterns and flashlights, it took us some time, and then one of the men slipped and had to be helped, so I should think it was after 10 by the time we finally got to our destination.

I don't think I have ever before camped out in someone else's house quite that way, however, I don't think we did any harm. We meant to go on the next day, but in the morning it rained, and we didn't get all our messages etc done, so we stayed two nights. We wanted some bread to take on up with us, so I sent round various requests to people, and collected quite a harvest of loaves. It happened to be the night of the annual concert of the Community, so Dze-djen and I went to supper first with "Ardy" Mayther, and then on to the affair, unfortunately there was a very heavy storm before the performance was over, and as all the audience were outside the show had to stop, Dze-djen and I got simply soaked to the skin coming home, but we changed at once, and were none the worse.

We started the next day having collected men for the chairs, and baggage. We seemed to have a good deal of that, you really can't help it when you have your beds, bedding, winter clothes, and some food with you. They only have two men to a chair up there, and though most of the time I had three men, so they could spell off, and I walked quite a bit, especially up all the steep parts, still I am never so conscious of my weight as on a chair, it is the one time I really mind being fat. I think I could have walked all the way all right, but not at the pace the others went in chairs, and I appreciated very much having the chair to get into to rest off after a steep place. There is no real climbing in the sense of scrambling, as there is a path the whole way up and in all the steep places there are steps, but there are some pretty steep flights of steps. One advantage of a chair is that when you are sitting in it you can really enjoy the view, while when you are walking you have to look at the ground most of the time.

We only went quite a short way the first day, we had lunch with some of our students who were staying at one of the big temples- Dao O Sze (actually one that Szechuan University has taken over to house its students, when they moved from Chengtu) and then went on to what is known as Twin Flying Bridge, where two streams meet. I managed to get a bath there, which was one of the things I did get, you leave the streams behind fairly early, at least those of any size. We stayed that night at a primary school where Dao Sen had taught, they treated us very well, let us put up our beds in the schoolroom, and gave us very good food for both supper and breakfast. The road divides ~~that way at~~ at that point, and there are two ways to the top, on one of them is the temple



Specimen  
8/30/37

-4-

in which Lin Sen the President of China is staying, the local authorities are nervous about him, and will not let anyone without a pass to go that way. So ever, Dze-djen with great forethought had secured a pass while we were at Omeishien, though seeing how easily it was given, (we just went there, presented a card and got the pass) I do not see that it would be much protection, so we went that way which took us for time along the bed of a rather pretty stream, and over several bridges. We had various snacks along the way, and had a final luncheon at a temple called Nine Fairies Cave, after we had been to see the cave, which runs quite a long way into the mountain. Then we went on and spent the night at a temple called Bathing Elephants Temple. That was actually the first temple we had stayed, as up till then we had been on the boat, in churches, other peoples' houses, and schools. There we slept on their beds, and did not trouble to put up cots, but Dze-djen and her sister were worried by flees, though I was not. The food at the temples as you get further up the mountains is fairly restricted, of course vegetarian, and not a very large selection of vegetables, but we had enough with us to supplement it quite nicely.

Most the temples are very ramshackle looking outside, they are all built of wood of course, and ~~are-burn~~ there are fires fairly frequently, so that there is always a good deal of rebuilding going on, and some of them tend to have a very half finished look. The Roofs are thatched, but not from our point of view very well thatched, and grass and everything else is growing out of them. Inside some of them are better, especially the ones nearer the foot, but on the whole though Mt Omei is a great Buddhist centre, and the temples have been there a long time, and are full of historic interest, and have the most attractive names, I cannot say that the temples themselves are very awe-inspiring or beautiful, though there are certainly plenty of them. You are supposed to be able to see monkeys on Mt Omei, and at some of these temples they feed them from time to time, so that there are certain days when they come, but we didn't have any luck in seeing any of them. Our journey that day from Twin Flying Bridges to Bathing Elephants Temple was supposed to be about 470 li or roughly 23 miles, but I must own I don't think it was as much as 23 miles, their li on the Mt seemed to be a most uncertain quantity, I imagine it is a measurement of time as much as anything so probably an uphill li is considerably shorter than a level li.

The next morning we went on and got to the top about 1 pm. The top is called Olden Peak. There are several temples up there, we stayed at one from which we had a very good view ~~over-the-side~~ towards the east, over the side of the mountain which we had come ~~out~~ up and out over the plain below towards the west there are ranges on ranges of hills. The name of the temple was Sleeping Clouds Temple. The view from the top is really very fine, but on the whole I can't say I entirely lost my heart to Mt Omei, I certainly didn't like it as much as "Wang-shan in Anhwei, or the Diamond Mts in Korea. It is very heavily wooded all the way up, and there seems a certain monotony about the contours, you don't get the great rugged effects that you do in the other mountains I have mentioned. Though at the top there are some fairly ~~sheer~~ sheer cliffs on the east side.

It is quite cold at the top, and we were glad of all the winter things we had brought, fortunately enough but not too much. We stayed there two nights, as we wanted to try and see what is known as the Buddha's Light of Buddha's Glory, which is one of the things that the top of Mt Omei is famous for- it is the effect of the sun on the clouds below the peak (if there are any) which makes small round rainbows on the clouds in the midst of which if you get into a certain position your head or your hand or some

4-226

5      Specimen 8/30/39

other part of your body is reflected. We didn't have any luck the first day we were up, nor the second, and we had decided to go down on Thursday anyway, so we were very pleased when we saw it. We also had a view on Thursday morning of some of the peaks of the Snow Mountains, which was quite thrilling, though the view wasn't so good as one we have had at Chengtu. There was another group from Ginling up there at the same time- Alice Chang, Tsui Ya-lan, Cheng Er-tse, and Yen An-wen and some others, they were staying at different temples, but also at the top. We had them to a coffee party one day on our nice little terrace, and we went to lunch with them another. There were three peaks at the top, or rather three knuckles, they are hardly peaks, with needless to say a temple on each.

We started down from the top about 3.15 pm, and met a lot of Ginling girls on the way up, they were with a group of students who had been out on a publicity tour in cities between Chengtu and Kiating, and they were now finishing up with climbing Mt Omei. We didn't get quite as far as we had planned that first night, but we stayed at rather a pleasant spot up quite high on a nice little peak of its own, and the bottom part of the temple had been taken over by a Travel Co and turned into an hotel, so that the rooms and the beds were unusually comfortable, and indeed looked quite like normal rooms.

The next day we had a very pleasant leisurely trip down the mountain, stopping quite a time at a temple where we were shown a tooth as large almost as half an elephant's trunk which they show as the Buddha's tooth, we also saw one of our students who was stopping there. Then we stopped again at lunch time, and I had a bath in a wonderful pool, and a pleasant leisurely lunch. We arrived at Omeishien about 5 pm, and stopped for the night at Travel Service Hotel, which was quite nice, only so many and such large mosquitoes.

The next day we started off by chairs for Kiating, where we were planning to spend the night, and then go on for a few days to Wutungchi where Mao-djen's brother- the one who was with us- is staying for the moment since they left Chengtu to get away from the air raids. It was a perfectly beautiful day, rather hot, and they were busy harvesting the rice. As we were proceeding peacefully along sometime after 12, I heard the very heavy drone of planes, and I couldn't help thinking that they sounded very like Japanese planes, almost at once I heard a far dull thud that sounded though it was probably an explosion, and I realised that there was an air raid on somewhere. I looked out of my chair, and way up in the sky I saw thirty-five little silver planes, which emitted a flash or two, and then I heard more explosions.

Dr Li and I were rather ahead of the other three, and our men went on until they came to a small wayside shelter, the others lay down for a moment in the fields under hedges. It was rather uncanny an air raid flashing on you that way out of a perfectly blue sky, although of course one felt perfectly safe. We went on a for a bit, and came to a village, where they claimed that there was another warning, and where there were leaflets fluttering down, I think perhaps it was that which made them think there was a warning. But actually I think the leaflets had been dropped at the same time as the bombs, or at anyrate by the same planes, only of course they took much longer to come down. They were in Chinese telling the people that resistance was useless, and some anti-Chiang stuff, we read it to some people, and they seemed more bewildered than anything else.

We saw smoke almost at once coming from the direction of Kiating and as we drew near there we began to meet people coming out, taking refuge in the country from the city, which has been badly bombed. I am always amazed afresh at the patience of the Chinese people, not one of them that I saw was cursing or complaining just trudging along with their bundles. The stream of people grew thicker as we got near the city, the gate an



Specier  
8/30/39

you could see the city was still burning. The gate by which we entered was all right, and that section of the city seemed fairly natural, except for the crowds of people in the street on the move- they didn't always seem very certain where they were going, but they seemed to want to go. But soon we passed one house that was bombed, and then another, and finally we came to a place where the fire was still burning- quite low- and we started to go through that area as that was the direction we wanted to go, but it very soon became too hot, and we had to make a detour. Then again up on the wall we came to a place where they said there was no thoroughfare, but we had to go one that time, and we did manage to scramble over the heap of debris, and finally reach our destination- the Baptist Church where we had spent the night on our way through. They had not been bombed, and we spent a fairly peaceful night there, though you could tell the city was very much on edge still. They must have done a good bit of clearing of the streets, as I only saw one dead body, and the casualties were fairly high, as people had not taken any shelter. They had had many air raid warnings before, and nothing had happened, so they had got out of the habit of paying any attention to them.

We went on next day to Wutungchiao which is about three hours either by boat or rickshaw from Kiating. We went by boat, it was a lovely day, but the poor city looked a sad sight, as the point that runs into the meeting of the two rivers had been pretty badly completely burnt out. Dze-djen's third brother and sister-in-law are staying at Wutungchiao for the moment, she moved there after the Chengtu bombing, and he joined them there after he left Shansi, because of his illness. It is a very pretty place on the river, with hills on both sides. There are quite famous salt wells there, they really have the most ingenious machinery to get it out, practically all made of bamboo. They have nine children between the ages of 14 and 2, and they were all there, so it was quite a lively household. But even so we managed to rest up quite a bit, wash our clothes and ourselves and generally sort ourselves out. It was very hot indeed, and one was not inclined for very much activity. Even there we had one air-raid warning, and they even sounded the urgent, but nothing happened, and I don't really think they were very near.

We had rather a piece of luck there- as it is quite difficult to get back from Kiating, as the buses are very full, and rickshaws take almost three days, and it is pretty tedious. We heard that there was a Salt administration bus going to Chengtu, they have their own service of buses, and sometimes you can get a place on that. We didn't think there was much hope as we wanted eight places, as five of the children were returning to school. However, I went round to the Englishman who is the Acting Head of the administration, and asked whether it would be possible to get places. He said he would make enquiries, and later on sent word that we could have the places. The bus did not go quite as soon as we expected, and as two of the children had exams to take, they managed to get on a lorry that was going earlier, but Dze-djen, her sister, three nieces and myself all travelled on the Salt administration bus. It was in good condition, but much too full, because of the amount of luggage we had all bought, which was piled up at the back and in the middle, so that there was nowhere to put one's feet. We developed tire trouble very early on, and had to send back for two more spare wheels, however, after they had arrived all went well, and though we got into Chengtu about 7.30 pm, instead of 2 or 3, still we did get there that evening. The road is not so bad, but you have cross about four rivers on ferries and that takes time. Crossing the river at Kiating took about an hour, you have to go so far up against the stream, in order not to be swept far past your goal by the speed of the river. It was a beautiful moonlight night when we got to Chengtu, but fortunately there were no air raids or warnings that night, so we got rickshaws out of the city quite easily.

Specimen 8/30/29

We had got a little news at Kiating through Chinese newspapers, and I had learnt there for the first time of the Russian-German pact, but I didn't know how near to war we were until I got back to Chengtu. It really was almost a complete three weeks holiday from news and everything else- a travelling holiday like that has its tiring moments physically but it is a complete rest physically mentally, as it takes your mind off everything of a routine nature, and you think of nothing except the scenery where you are going to spend the next night, the nature of your next meal etc.

Since I have been back I am afraid I have found it very hard to settle, I have spent much more time than I should listening to the radio, or talking with people trying to make out what the news means. I must own I wish very much that I had not postponed my furlough and was in England. Doubtless I shall get used to the strain ~~in the end~~ but at the moment I find it very difficult not to think a good deal of what might happen in London if there was a bad air raid. I must own the news up to date does not seem very good, Poland is crumbling up very quickly, and that will make Germany all the more in the mood for war. However, it is a waste of time to comment on this. There is one poor German on this campus- a business man staying with a Canadian family. He has quite a bit of his money in sterling- Cooks Travellers Cheques- and it seems that now he will be quite unable to cash it. I must own that this practice of freezing or confiscating money or goods of a German in a British bank or Godown seems one of the less pleasant aspects of war, it seems so like stealing, and such hard luck on the individual German. We all received a circular from the Consul to-day telling us not to have any dealings of any kind with the enemy. I don't know whether the Canadian family have moved him on to an American family or not, the circular didn't seem to worry about what you might call the friendly relations, it was all a question of not letting them get away with any of your money, even if legally speaking it was really theirs.

We have had one excitement since I got back, and that is the visit of Jawaharlal Mohru- famous Indian nationalist leader. He was on a visit of good-will to mission to China, and was two nights and a day in Chengtu, flying here from Chungking. He came to the Campus, and spoke to the students- after a rather sticky reception. He speaks well, though I think on certain points he is rather long-winded, but on the whole his talk- mainly on relations between India and China was good - a plea among other things for civilised living, and also for concern with the peasant. He thinks the British Empire will see its end in four to ten years, and if Germany and Russian go in for a military alliance I suppose it might. He speaks calmly and without animosity of the British Empire, but is obviously a very whole-hearted opponent. His personality is decidedly an attractive one. The Governor gave a dinner for him in the evening, and as Dr Wu had not yet returned from her holiday, I went to that as one of the representatives of Ginling. It was foreign food unfortunately, and was not particularly good food, and was badly served. It was also rather sticky as his hosts couldn't speak English, and the people who were high-enough-up ~~to~~ able to speak English were not high enough up in the social rank to be very near him. I could have sat by him, as he demurred at being sat next to his own interpreter who had come with him from Chungking, and looking round for a lady their eyes lit on me, who presumably could talk English, but I decided that the poor man had not come to China to talk to the British, so I pushed forward a Chinese woman- Dean of the Women at Cheloo University, whom I knew could talk English, so she sat by him on



8

Specer 8/30/39

one side. He didnt give a formal speech at the dinner, but people asked questions. His answers were quite interesting, but again a little on the long side, and they were translated, so that added to the length of the proceedings. He had been intending to stay in China about one month, but he had only been ~~there~~ here eight days, and had got word from India to return because of the International crisis. We drank his health at the dinner and wished him success to his mission, I must own I wondered a little what his mission was, and whether it was to use the International crisis to push the British a little further out of India, or perhaps out of it altogether. I wanted to ask him, but I didnt quite have the nerve.

Apart from listening to the radio, and talking about the situation I have been trying to get myself ready in various ways for the term, tidy my room- get out my notes, begin reading and preparing courses etc- and help prepare for ~~the~~ Senior retreat etc. We have Senior retreat and Freshman Week the beginning of next week, at the end we register, and then on Monday Sept 18th we start classes.

We had one warning in the middle of the night, and now when I dress I think regretfully of my family also perhaps doing the same thing. Though I realise very fully that when and if the Germans do bomb London it will be much worse than anything I have ever known. I dont know whether war is right or nor, but I am sure courage is, and it is much easier to stand up to Hitler and Nazism in large numbers in war, than it is one by one in peace- though if the Germans had had the nerve for that sufficiently things would never have got to this pass. I have been reading Nora Hahn's book Reaching for the Stars, and I think the most amazing thing about the Germans as she paints them is one their extraordinary competence and goodness along the ordinary paths of life, and on the other hand the amazing lack of courage in standing up to what they know to be evil. But doubtless if it came to concentration camps and torture I shouldnt be much better myself, though I cant help having a hunch that the British, though obviously less industrious, clean and competent than the Germans in her book, would make a better showing along that line as a whole, even if I didnt.

I think it is ~~and~~ going to take a lot of courage to see us through this war- I only hope we have enough to meet it, and in the question of courage I think the conscientious objector has as much to offer as the soldier, though less obviously useful - of course. Well enough of this meandering- it isnt news, and not very original either.

Love to all

Eva.

Eva Spicer

Ginling College,  
Chongtu.  
Oct 1st, 1939.

[1]

I am afraid it is some time since I last wrote a general letter. The last was a long epistle ~~describing~~ about my holidays, and the first days here after the war started in Europe. I am still very much living over there, and spending more time than I can really afford listening to the radio, and talking to the people who can do more listening than I can. It is so tantalizing not to have more information, and be able to interpret better what does take place. Events seem ~~fall~~ very portentous, though one is not quite sure of what- but I must own it seems to look very bad for the British Empire- dislike of which one feels is probably the main bond between Germany and Russia. I lie awake in the morning( sometimes) and wonder and wonder what is going to happen, and I find it difficult to think about anything except the fate of Great Britain, the Kingdom of God comes a very poor second- though I am trying to realize the importance of that more, and not to identify the two. I am going to read again Macmurray's book the Clue to History, and see not what comfort, but what courage I can get out of that. I am afraid we are terribly to blame for what is happening, both by our laziness, and by the class selfishness( whether conscious or unconscious I do not know) of our leaders. One can only hope that whether in victory or defeat there will be prophets who can show us the better way.

All this really lent news, and I had better stop drivelling one, only the situation in the world at large seems so much more real at the moment than one's own little activities. Things here have been proceeding very normally. These moonlight nights we have had warnings- generally only preliminary- but one night the second, though not the urgent went,- but they have not reached us yet, in fact I don't know whether they are really trying or not. To-day is a beautiful clear day, so I think we shall have at least the warning to-night, I hope nothing more.

The week before classes started- that is three weeks ago- we had Freshmen Week, and Senior Retreat. I spoke once or twice at the Freshmen Retreat, but didn't have much to do with it, as two days of the time I was completely taken up with the Senior Retreat. That really went quite well, and

while we had planned the program quite carefully, I certainly had not spent the time and effort on it that I have done on other occasions. We had a morning session- Devotional Talk and Discussion, and then another afternoon and early evening session, that started with a period of recreation- quite informal, tea, talk and discussion, supper, report of summer activities, and closing devotional. The Pa Fite very kindly lent us their house, we felt quite private, and it was a change from any of the classrooms or anything like that. On the first morning Dr. Myi and Dr. Smythe, both of the University of Hankow talked on How to Make the Most of the Senior Year in the present time, they were both quite good, but a little long, as instead of speaking

for half an hour each, they both spoke for almost an hour, and we didn't get much very discussion. In the afternoon Miss Nowlin spoke on vocation, and the discussion went much better- various members of the Faculty attended some of the meetings, and helped in the discussion. After supper two of the girls spoke of what they had done in the summer- (one had gone on a tour through some of the towns in Szechuan between here and Kiating on educational and health work, and the other had had a summer of rest with Stella Graves), and Miss Kirk led the closing devotional. On Thursday morning after the morning devotional one of the students- Fan Ken-tsui- and myself opened the discussion on what the seniors can do for College- and I think there was really quite a good discussion and they seemed to have a healthy sense of responsibility for College, and a sincere and intelligent desire to get a broader outlook during their last term.

In the afternoon the discussion was on the question of Friendship and Marriage- actually they had got on to that in some of the early discussions,



Spider

10/1/39

[2]

especially the question of whether or not women should work after their marriage, this came up in the discussion on Vocation. Dr Phelps (a professor at Hwa Ta, and incidentally a nephew of William Lyon Phelps of Yale) led the discussion, he was quite good, and really stimulating and put certain things very well, though I didn't agree with all his views. Miss Highbaugh, who had just joined the faculty of sinling to help in the Rensselaer rural project was there, and she added quite a lot to the discussion as she has been specialising in Parent Education for some time, and has just returned from furlough and was up ~~on~~ all the latest courses now being offered to in U.S.A on Personality- Marriage etc. We also had Mrs James Yen there to help with the discussion. I don't know that at that discussion the girls did very much talking, but they asked some questions, and it got them going all right. After supper together-which the Parfitts very kindly provided- we had two more summer experiences, one of the girls had been up to the north of Szechuan, on what was meant to be a ~~some~~ wounded soldier project, but turned out to be a general rural educational and health program, and the other had been at what they call an Ashram at Mt Omei, but I think it is more like a rather longer and more concentrated student conference, they concentrate on the life of Jesus and his teachings as studied by Dr Sherman's methods. After that I led the closing devotional.

There are fifteen seniors in all, one of them had not come back in time for the retreat, but there was practically a 100% attendance of the fourteen, there was just one session that one of them missed. Having a small group and a full attendance made the spirit good, and there was no need to split up for discussions, and the whole thing went with a quite swing, and started them off well. Dr Chen Pin-dji and I attended all the meetings, and various of the other Faculty came in for occasional meetings. Dr Wu could not be there at all, as she left the morning it started for the meeting of the People's Conference at Chungking, from which she returned last Sunday.

We have quite a large class of Freshmen, I haven't heard the final number, but it is round about 70 I think, the total enrolment is about 100 which is quite as many, if not as few more than this dormitory can comfortably hold - Dr Reeves has moved out in order to let Theobald move out of her room, which was on a student corridor, so that we can have put four more students there. Dr Reeves has gone for the moment to the Smalls.

Li Dze-djen has left- the new government requirements have rather cut down the work in the teaching of religion, and there is not really teaching work for more than one of us. Djang Siao-sung is ~~according to the~~ new Dean of Discipline and Guidance, a new office which under the ministry regulations we have to have, it has to be a party member, and Djang Siao-sung was the only party member on the ~~the~~ faculty, not even Dr Wu is one. Dr Wu felt ~~that~~ was anxious for Dze-djen to stay, and there certainly would have been any number of odd jobs for her to do, but she felt there was no main work, which there wasn't, so she is now working in the Co-operative movement in Chengtu, helping to organize the women workers, and do educational work. She is finding it very interesting and stimulating and I am learning quite a lot about the co-operative movement in Chengtu. They have a big order of blankets from the government, and are busy training the women to do the spinning necessary for the weaving process. Up-to-date the women are not organized they just work for the Weavers' co-operative, and are paid wages, without any in any way belonging to the co-operative.

I am teaching ~~one~~ classes in religion, one in ethics, one in history, and am supervising two theses (a task at which I am very little good) so I am really quite busy, I only hope I shall be able to achieve the necessary concentration. Yesterday we had a retreat for the Christian Faculty of the Five Universities- 117 people came and I think it went quite well, there were six discussion groups, and some of them were quite good, though others didn't get very far.

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Spicer 10/8/39 Ginling College,  
Chongtu, Oct 8th, 1939.

This week has been rather disturbed with air-raid warnings - though the planes actually only got here once, that was last Sunday night, but there were first and second warnings on Monday night, and Wednesday night, and a preliminary warning on Tuesday, however, that didn't get us up, so there were only three nights on which we had to get up. The weather has been beautiful and clear, there was a moon, and on Tuesday the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang arrived, all of which are reasons why we have been so much disturbed. On Sunday night the urgent signal was given about twenty minutes or so after the second warning. Dze-djen was spending the night here, and we were already dressed but lying on our beds, so then we got up and proceeded to the dug-out, then about twenty minutes later we heard the planes, and what sounded like about two bombs being dropped far away. Then there was quite a pause not quite an hour perhaps, and then the sound of planes coming back. We thought they were the Chinese planes returning, and thought we could go back to the dormitory, so we got out of one dug-out, and found other people appearing out of the other - we stayed and talked a bit, but didn't go back, I don't really know why, however, shortly we heard more planes and hastily got back into the dug-out, and then in a minute or so we heard a shower of bombs being dropped - though it didn't seem as though it was in this city - and it wasn't. The Chinese planes thought they had driven the Japanese away and came back and landed, and shortly after the Japanese appeared again, however, they were not very clear as to their whereabouts, and dropped all their bombs outside the city - in many cases on open fields. Unfortunately they dropped them quite near the place where the primary school near here takes its boarders (two of Dze-djen's nieces go there) and the children were rather frightened, however, nothing happened to them. There were casualties, but no definite number has been given - but I think it was something in the neighbourhood of ten killed, but it may have been more. As a result of the air-raid on Sunday night, the air-raid Committee worked on plans next day, and we were told that after the second warning we must get up, dress and go down stairs. So when the warning came the next night, I did as I had been told, and after waiting in the living room for a little I decided that I might as well go and wait in the dug-out, which I did. I waited a long time, nothing happened, and practically everybody else went back, but feeling rather like Casablanca I remained, however, I finally left and found that most people, including Mr. Tu had returned to bed, so I lay down fully dressed, and finally the all clear went. We decided that was not good enough, so next time there was a second warning, having seen that the girls I was responsible for had dressed, I lay down again on my bed fully dressed, all ready for the second warning, and many of the girls did that too. The only trouble is that when the urgent goes the lights go out, and when there are a lot of you streaming around in the dark, there may be confusion, also there might be a jam at the entrance of the dug-out. I made the suggestion that all the girls who said definitely that they were going to the dug-out should be divided into groups, and asked to ~~come~~ go into the two dug-outs from both ends, so as to avoid a squash, but the chairman of the Committee would not accept that suggestion, as it meant allotting girls to a definite dug-out, and if one was hit and not the other she would feel very badly. It seems to me you can't take responsibility for the organisation of a largish group without some definite allotting, and two dug-outs are very close together, and the decision to be in the dug-outs at all is with the girls themselves, however, there was nothing wrong. I also have a difference of opinion with some who insist upon absolute silence in the dug-outs, I maintain that to talk in a low voice is the more normal thing, and creates a less tense attitude. It is almost invariably the more nervous ones who want silence, and I don't think they



Spec 10/8/39 (21)

should be allowed to completely control the situation, or at anyrate there should be one dug-out silent, and one for talk. But I didnt have much luck in that matter either. Still I shall continue somewhat on that matter, as if we are going to have to do a lot waiting in dug-outs, I am sure it is best to be as normal as possible, but if we dont have to do much waiting then it isnt worth pressing the point.

The group that meets in connection with that publicity that I think I told you about meets on Wednesday now, and last Wednesday Edgar Snow came (the author of Red Star Over China). He told us a bit about conditions in the North-West, and had just come back from Yennan etc. He said that the only visible results of the Russian-German pact was that there was a little less open hostility shown by the minor officials of the Kuomintang towards the 8th Route Army, the reason being apparently that recent events had made them conscious of how dependent they were on Russia, and how silly they would look if Russia turned against them. His most interesting report was concerning the attitude of Mao Tse-tung, one of the most prominent Chinese communists, and his analysis of the situation. It was based on straight Communist logic, and was not the result of any inside information, so I think it is all right my putting it in this letter, but the meeting is a confidential one so remember that. Briefly according to Mao the Russian position is this- they regard this as an Imperialist war, as much one Germany-~~at~~ England and France's side as Germany's. For a long time the attitude of the Chamberlain government has convinced them that they (Chamberlain etc) regard as Russia as the enemy, not Germany, and that therefore an alliance with England was not possible. Russia's policy was to remain neutral and get into the best position possible, so that after a war which would weaken the other powers, she would be in a position to help forward the revolution. He (Mao) did not have any sympathy to waste on Poland, their government was one of the worst in Europe, the risings of the people had been sternly repressed, and Russia in moving in was simply trying to help fellow country men, and also follow a realist ~~policy~~ policy of not allowing Germany to get away with too much, also establish a better form of government. Mao said that if Russia had come in on the side of England and France, she would have taken up military position in Poland and several other places in moving against Germany, and no one would have blamed her at least not in England. (It seemed almost as though Russia was doing what with Germany's connivance, what otherwise she would have done against Germany. Mao didnt seem to think that Russia would fight with Germany, simply get herself into the best position possibly without fighting. He thinks that Russia's main interest is still Communism, and not just the expansion of her own power. I only hope he is right, I suppose some people would disagree with me, but I feel that ~~the~~ a Russian still devoted to Communism is likely to go less far in a complete alliance with Germany than one only devoted to her own ends, as though even there I suppose a clash would be quite likely. Mao did not think there was any chance of an Alliance between Russia and Japan which would mean Russia deserting China, any arrangement arrived at he thought would be just local. Mr Snow also told us of some Italian Fascist he had met who said there was no chance of Italy fighting with Germany against France and England. When he (Mr Snow) referred to Italy's policy he called it purely opportunism, when talking of Russia's he said it was realist- what do you think the difference is between realism and opportunism? It seems to me it must be difficult for Communists or near Communists in England and France to know what to do- because while you can see that perhaps Russia is right in this, as it is best for the three powers to weaken each other, one can hardly believe that a really good ~~vite~~

OCT 8 1939

(37)

smashing victory for Germany would be good for Communism, and yet if extremists in England were to oppose the war ~~would-be-only~~ the only result would be that of weakening England. I don't think Mr Snow is a full-fledged communist, but sympathetic, at any rate in China. But as he reported Mao's opinion one felt the same devastatingly clear cut line of thought plus an almost dangerous oversimplification of issues that always seems to ~~be~~ characteristic of communism. I am always torn between an admiration for their clarity, ~~amazement~~ at their simplicity and horror for their inhumanity, the practical destruction of three great countries seems to them as nothing. Well enough of this, you probably all know it anyway from various sources, but I can't help feeling that the extreme left wing in various countries must find it rather difficult to arrive at a common policy.

Yesterday there was the annual meeting of the Book Club which is quite an event in the social annals of Chengtu. There were various book reviews given, some of them quite interesting, as well as various business matters dealt with. We finished up with a very good tea, which was further enlivened by the presence of Madame Chiang, very chic indeed in a gown of black with a smart little short coat, also black. As I think I have said before a smart Chinese woman has a lot in common with the French. She came back to the dormitory afterwards, and the girls were thrilled to see her. Personally I felt a little as though one should curtsy, but of course one doesn't, just shakes hands. We were having a party to welcome new Faculty and students, and she joined us for the supper, which was very informal, and spoke afterwards. She hadn't originally intended to speak, but then she did, mostly about the women's work that she is superintending under the New Life Movement. She has a lot of personality, but was looking much older I thought than when I saw her over two years ago in Nanking. Dr Su has gone back to spend the week-end with her.

The Generalissimo has come to Chengtu to be installed as the Governor of Szechuan, some of the local dignitaries have been quarrelling among themselves, there is a good deal of anti-central government feeling among the officials here; so Chiang is trying to settle the various differences by taking on the job himself. Incidentally they are also both having their teeth seen by the Dental College people here.

I think this is most of the news for this week. We seem to have been having a lot of meetings lately to get all the various organisations for the term started, and classes are keeping me very busy, so I haven't had quite as much time to think this week- I mean about the situation, which is perhaps as well.

Good-bye for the moment- Love Ava.

1060



Spicer 10/15/39

517  
Sinling College,  
Chengtu.  
Oct 15th, 1939.

Well in spite of the continued presence of the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang in our midst we have not so far had any air raids this week, though several preliminary warnings, and on Tuesday the first siren went. It was a holiday the Double Tenth to celebrate the founding of the Chinese Republic, Ruth and I had gone to see Dze-djen's training center in connection with the Weaving Co-operatives. There were between 200 and 300 women who were learning to spin, after ten days training they take back the wheels to their own homes and spin there. The women are not yet organized, but are just working for the Weaving Co-operatives.

Oct 30nd, 1939.

I am afraid this letter has been waiting a week. To go back to where we were, Ruth had just and I had just finished seeing the work, which included a lecture on the principles of co-operation, the classes in spinning, the picking over of the wool, and a group playing games, and Ruth had taken several pictures, when the preliminary warning went, so we started walking back to the campus. Everybody was walking in the same direction, that is making for the old South Gate - or rather for the large gap in the wall where the gate was - they have torn down the gate, and made the opening much wider to allow of people getting out of the city more quickly and without a jam. After a few minutes most of the people around us began to run, we wondered what it was that made them go so much quicker, but we hadn't heard anything. Actually we learned when we reached the campus that the second warning (First Siren) had gone just about that time, but the people around us were making so much noise that we didn't hear, although the rest of them seemed to have done so. It is amazing how difficult it is to keep yourself from running when every body around you is doing so, even though you don't want to. I have never before been in the heart of the city when the preliminary warning went, and I must own I am glad I don't live in the city. Even if one decided to do nothing about it but wait, the sound of all those rushing feet past you would be very disturbing, and of course it is true that the danger in the city is greater than outside, especially in the matter of fires. It is a very pathetic sight to see people dragging along bundles of their most precious possessions, and some have rickshaws with them too, almost everybody seems to be carrying something.

After we got back to the campus nothing else happened, and I spent the rest of the day working, and washing my hair. In the evening Dze-djen came out, and I think we had some bridge in the evening. I don't remember anything very much further happening that week. I haven't been able to do so much listening in lately, there are too often meetings and work in the evening but there is a paper published every day (except Sunday) which gives the main item of news which has been from the radio. I haven't begun to get my K-H newsletter by air yet, but another person has, and I've just seen the one of Sept 29th, which isn't so bad, it is good to get it, and get something in the way of interpretation.

Last Sunday there was a big do when the Generalissimo addressed the students of Chengtu and the students of the military academy at the Military Academy at nine am. They sent trucks for the women faculty and students, and we left here about 7.45 am. We thought we would have to stand out in the sun to listen to him, so quite a number of faculty - Chinese and Foreign - didn't go. When we got there, the students waited outside to march in in order, and Dr Yu took us in to find where we should stand. When we got up to the front we were told that foreign faculty, and the administrative heads (Deans etc) among the Chinese should go up on the platform, which was a well-

Specer 10/15/39

[27]

built structure, with a stage in front, and rooms behind, all under cover. So we waited very comfortably in a room, and then about five minutes before the affair was due to begin were ushered out on the platform, and given seats. I think if they had known they would get seats many more of the Foreign Faculty would have come, however, perhaps it was as well, as there were quite enough of us to make a showing, and if there had been as many as there might have been there would not have been enough room. Everything was ready by nine, all the students and military cadets drawn up in order in the enormous space in front, and we stood in complete silence for about a minute waiting for Chiang Kai-shek to appear. I must own it gave me one of the few authentic thrills of the war (of the better sort). The Chinese tend to run to so many meetings, that they very often are just a bore, without any meaning of any kind, and I have been to hardly any patriotic displays which were really moving. But this time as I waited I did realise very forcibly how much this man meant to all those there, and to China, and how eagerly people awaited his coming. He came out the platform very simply, with just two or three officers in attendance, and followed by Madame Chiang, very smart in a russet-coloured dress, with a smart short dark blue jacket. The Memorial Service for Dr Sun followed, and then after the Generalissimo had said a few words, we all sat down, and the students etc stood at ease, and he began his speech. There was a loud speaker, and it gave his voice back, so he had to wait between each sentence. His speech was not particularly remarkable, but I do think his personality is. He looked, of course, a bit older than when I saw him last in Nanking, which was three or four years ago, his hair seemed a little grayer. But he was looking remarkably well I thought, very slim and upright, and with a certain buoyancy about him, which I think is remarkable in a man who carries as heavy a burden as he does. His eyes are the features which everybody notices most, they are very keen and piercing, and you feel he is taking every thing in, they are the eyes of a man who does more observing than talking. He really didn't speak for very long, not quite an hour, which was as well, as it was a hot day, and after a bit some of the girls fainted, though not many. We sang national songs both at the beginning and the end, and from time to time during the talk we got up and read certain commandments and pledges after him. We more or less kept our eyes on the Madame, and whenever she got up, we got up. After he had finished his speech, and all the proceedings were over, he turned round to us, (of course he had had his back to us all the rest of the time, except when we were all facing Dr Sun's portrait, and then we had our backs to him), and gave us a most charming smile, it was the much friendliest smile I have ever seen him give, he is generally rather stern looking. I expect he is feeling in rather a good temper, as the Chinese do seem to have done very well at Changsha, and also the reports of this last air-raid on Hankow are really remarkable, if they are true it must have been the most effective air-raid - from a military point of view - yet carried out on either side during this war. It seems so good as to be almost incredible. After the ceremony was over, people broke up informally, we were served tea and cakes in the back-rooms, and then taken over the military academy, though there was not much of interest to see there, buildings and wide open spaces and a few toy wooden tanks would describe all I saw. It is bounded on two of its sides by the city wall. We had to make our own way home, but succeeded in getting rickshaws not too far off. I had two teas that afternoon, and then went out to supper with Dze-djen.

On Monday the Campus was visited by the Minister of Education - Chen Li-fu - and he spoke at the Memorial Service at 11 am. As far as I could understand his speech, I agreed with some of it, but it became, I thought, very Fascist towards the end. Of course one realised how difficult it is for a country which has been as much divided as China not to go Fascist, still it seems a pity. I went to a dinner for Oxford graduates on Thursday, four Chinese and three foreigners. Well, I think I'll finish with the page. Bye Bye



Specie

[17]

Ginling College,  
Chengtu.  
Nov 5th, 1939.

I think I wrote my last general letter ~~a week ago~~, two weeks ago. Since then we have had an ~~air~~-raid, (yesterday), a Founders' Day Banquet (or rather supper) and program (also yesterday), and a Founders' Day Service- to-day, and of course a good many ordinary routine days and events.

The air-raid was yesterday morning, and from the first siren warning to the all clear was roughly from 10-12 am. I in company with most of the dormitory spent most of that time in the ~~dormitory~~ dugout. We could hear the Japanese planes going over, and the sound of bombs dropping very far off. Apparently there were bombs dropped on the North Air Field, which I suppose is about 8-10 miles from here, and quite a mess was made there, but only one commercial plane damaged. There have been reports of other country places having been bombed, and two or three Japanese planes are reported brought down, also in the country. At first there were no reports of injured, but to-day there have been rumours of a good many being injured outside one of the gates ~~but~~ machine gun fire, but I don't know whether that is true or not. I don't know whether the number of planes now in Chengtu are now sufficient to keep the Japanese away from the city, certainly there is a great going up of Chinese planes now, far more than at first, or whether they really are no longer bombing open towns on a large scale, and concentrating more on military objectives, or whether it has just been bad luck and management both times, but certainly the last two air-raids no bombs have been dropped inside the city. I discovered that in the dugout in day-time, (I haven't been there much before) that if you sit in the right place you can read, so I did that yesterday- low brow literature I am afraid not high-brow- a detective story by Dorothy Ayers to be accurate.

Our Founder's Day supper and program in the evening, didn't go off so badly, but it was much too long, and it is difficult to find any room which is very suitable- we had the supper in our own living and dining room - serve cafeteria style, and then adjourned to the Women's College Gymnasium, which is a pleasant room, but rather long and narrow for our purpose. We had meant to show pictures of Ginling as part of the program- the topic of which was "Here, There and Yonder" But at the last minute we couldn't fix it up, and if we had known that from the beginning, we would have arranged the seats in the gym the other way, however, it was too late when we knew to do anything about it. Everything about the program was changed almost, or Reeves was to have been toast mistress, but she has been quite ill this week, and I had to fill in. The pictures were to have been the main piece of resistance for "There", and we had to get a last minute speaker (LI Bredjen) for that as well though Miss Chester who has been most recently ~~spoke~~ in Nanking spoke as well. ~~The first part of~~ Most of our guests left before the end of the program, but they had had most of the meaty bits by then, except Mr. Yu's speech, and the last part which was demonstrations of work that the students ought to be doing was quite amusing, at any rate the student body enjoyed it a great deal. I think from the point of view of getting the Freshmen interested in College it was probably quite successful, and the Upper Classes quite enjoyed being a bit sentimental about Ginling, and we thought and spoke of all the work they were doing there. Frank Price spoke at the service this morning, and was quite good. Blackie, one of the dogs we keep round this place (we have two dogs, and two cats) followed ~~and~~ Ya-lan up the aisle at the tail end of the procession, and had to be led out again, but after that everything went very smoothly. Oh, I should have mentioned that on Friday evening Mrs Kuan, our new vocal teacher gave a recital. She really has a lovely voice,

1063

11/5/39

and things very easily, without much apparent effort. I thought I might be late for it, as I had been first to bread cast, it is just announcing the English news, somebody from this campus does it every evening, and winning took responsibility for Friday evening, I am organising it, but actually this is the first time I have been, as I have always asked somebody else to do it. However, we arrived back just at eight, and the concert did not begin till a few moments later.

The events of the recent week-end are fairly vivid, but I can't seem to remember much of what happened before. I have been out to supper and dinner on various occasions, and the beginning of last week I was very busy trying to get the pamphlet on Chinese Women and the War re-written which I had left undone for a long time.

It was full moon over last weekend, but fortunately it was cloudy and raining all the time, so we didn't have any unwelcome calls in the middle of the night.

One can't help feeling this war is not as other wars, at times so little seems to happen, and yet so much seems to be upset at least as one reads letters from home one gets that effect. Here there has not been much change, except in one's feelings. The O.M.S. missionaries have had word that all furloughs are cancelled for the duration of the war, which comes as rather a blow, especially to those who were just about to go home on their first furlough. I think it is much harder for them. I am still hoping that I shall be able to get home next June, war or no war, but I don't know whether I shall or not.

Well, this doesn't seem to be getting very far, so I will stop.

Good bye till next time,  
Eva.



E. D. Spicer

03

Ginling College,  
Chengtu,  
Nov 24th, 1939.

I am afraid I have been a very poor correspondent lately, life seems to be rather tightly packed, though I must admit that some of the things I do for relaxation and pleasure, and cannot be considered work. But I do have a fuller teaching time table than I had last year, and that keeps me busy from 8 to 4 or 5 each day. Then there seem to be a good many evening engagements of various kinds, every Monday (except the fifth Monday, when there is one) we have Faculty meeting of sorts. On Wednesday there is a Faculty Discussion Group (which I only attend because I am interested), and the weekly Community Prayer Meeting, which I feel rather more obliged to attend this year, as I am Chairman of the Committee which is arranging for them this year, so I feel a certain responsibility, also I am definitely interested in our plan for them. On Thursday one group of the Faculty is giving time- 7-9 pm for sewing for the soldiers, and I am doing that, which means that three evenings a week are gone every week, and sometimes Thursday evening is gone twice, as every other week the Senior Class has a meeting, and I meet with them. Sunday evening is also occupied, as I generally go to the evening service at 8.30 pm, and then I have a Bible class at 8.30pm. So that is really four evenings gone. Occasionally on Fridays I go to Broadcast, but that does not come very often. Tuesday is Rotary Club night in Chengtu, and recently it seems to have become somewhat of a habit (at least three times running) for some of the wives (left overs) and some spinners to get together for a little bridge, and I must admit that on the last two Tuesdays I have played bridge, I always feel rather guilty playing bridge in the middle of the week, but latterly I haven't really played much any other time, as Saturdays seem to have been occupied with other things. So you see the days and evenings seem pretty well used up, and all the odd jobs in which letters seem to come- just don't get done.

Last week-end seemed very full, and I didn't get any letters done at all. Most of Saturday was taken up with a Bazaar, which was being got up by the Women-Chinese and Foreign of the Community in aid of war relief. I was helping with the White Elephant stall, most of the morning I was collecting things and taking them over, and then helping to price, and in the afternoon selling. You never saw such junk in all your life, what most people are prepared to give away in Chengtu comes pretty down in the scale, because one rather tends to hang on to things these days, but it went like hot cakes. The Chinese- some of the servants and poorer ones- swarm into the place, and of course some of the things are not really so bad, and are certainly very cheap, and there were almost free fights over some things. I couldn't help laughing over some of the people who bought things, I was selling shoes to begin with, and there was one enormous pair of women's brown suede shoes, they were an outsize even for a foreign woman, but quite obviously women's shoes, and I don't think men would have been prepared to wear them, and this enormous pair was bought by an old Chinese woman with minute bound feet. I don't know whether they expressed a longing of her soul, more likely she meant her husband to wear them, or perhaps she intended to re-sell them. Everything really went very quickly, the cakes and candies were swept away in no time at all. There are many returned students in Chengtu, and they have acquired quite a taste for good foreign candy and cakes, which the ordinary Chinese shop cannot cater for. They made over 1800 dollars, which in view of the relatively small amount there was to sell was pretty good, at least half the room I should say was taken up with white Elephants. Of course there were various side shows, one of them was a cinema show, pictures of Nanking, which made me quite homesick, especially when they showed pictures of Ginling, and a very popular tea-room. Everything moved very quickly, much more so than in any bazaar I have seen at home, and at the end most of the stalls were almost literally empty.

1065

Spec 11/24/39 (27)

In the evening I went to supper with Dr Wu, she was entertaining the Presbyterian secretaries- of the Northern Board in America- Dr Ruland who is their China secretary in New York, and who used to be a missionary in Nanking, when I first got there, and Dr Walline who is one of their secretaries in China, at least she meant to entertain two, but only Dr Ruland turned up, as Dr Walline had not yet got in from Chungking. Dr Ruland had just been spending quite a certain amount of time going through Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and the occupied regions of China, and it was quite interesting to hear him talk, and ask questions. He came also to that group meeting that we have on Wednesday, and he was saying then that he doubted whether the Japanese government could sell the idea of any sort of agreement with Russia to their people. Apparently there is the feeling in some quarters, that Russia is preparing for something of the same kind of shift in her policy in the Far East, as in Europe, I mean going in rather more with the aggressor in order to keep the balance of power so tipped that she has much more influence, and that while continuing to help China some, she might extend considerably more help to Japan, and perhaps have some kind of non-aggression pact with her. I think it is certainly true that Japan's fear of communism goes very much deeper than that of Germany, after all you would only have to get rid of the a few top men, change the names of some organisations, and Germany could go communist in a certain sense without upsetting anything very much, whereas the whole social fabric of Japan is tied up with the Emperor and certain old ideas to such an extent, that you would smash too much for a balance to be maintained. I know of course that much more could be said, still I do think that it would be hard to get the Japanese people to understand such a change. He said that in Korea they are double tracking their main railway lines from south to north, and are building the new track quite a little way away from the old, with new bridges and new tunnels, apparently thinking in terms of war with Russia, and the keeping in commission of one line, even if the other is bombed.

On Sunday noon Dze-djen, and I had a party for various people to whom we owed hospitality- mainly Linling and the co-operative people. Linling does quite a bit of entertaining ~~men~~ amongst itself, the previous week and I had also been to several meals. It is our main form of outside recreation, and we eat in different groups during the week, and ~~as~~ seem to find a good deal of pleasure in meeting each other and eating good Chinese food. I suppose we ought not to do it very much during the war, but I don't think any one person spends a lot. Of course at the present rate of exchange if you are a foreigner and getting your salary in foreign currency living is very cheap. The other day I entertained 24 people to a very excellent meal, and the cost was under a 1/- per head (or 25 cts gold) /.

We did one or two odd jobs after the meal was over, and then I came back, and owing to not having done any preparation worth mentioning on Saturday, I had to do what I don't generally play to do, and that is work on Sunday for my Monday lessons, I try to avoid doing that, but it was absolutely essential this time. Another thing that took up odd moments of time was trying to see all my tutees individually, when there are 12 it seems to take quite a time, even if you don't see them for very long. Last Friday I went to a small party that Dze-djen was giving, and we discussed co-operatives quite a bit, Miss Russell of the V.S. had just come back from Shensi, and Bao-chi, which is one of the centres of co-operatives in this part of the world, and she had also been to Yennan, the centre of the Eight Route army, so she was quite interesting.

The numbers of sinking at sea seems very distressing. The Russian Radio reports carry news of a good many working class groups in inland waiting peace, I wonder how far that is general, or whether the groups they speak of are though they were large bodies, are relatively small minority groups, I should be interested to know. The paper is at an end, and so is most of my news I think. With love Sue.



Ginling College,  
Chengtu  
December 30, 1939

I am afraid I don't quite know how long ago it was that I wrote the last general letter, but I am sure it was some time. Since then Christmas has been and gone, and pretty full it was, too. One of the difficulties about it here is that we have very little in the way of holidays, actually this year we only had Christmas day itself, so that you have to make all the preparations while carrying on all your ordinary teaching as well. Also with Five Universities on one campus trying to work out joint programs, and each having their own besides, it is quite a business. I was preaching at the English service on Sunday afternoon, December 24th, and that involved time, too. However, I was really glad of that, as it made me take some quiet time, and do some thinking as to what Christmas is really about, and really I think I enjoyed, as much as anything, the Saturday morning that I spent preparing my sermon. I also rather rashly undertook to sketch a little Christmas play for part of our Ginling party, and that made me do some thinking, too. I sketched the main ideas, and then the six girls who acted it used their own words. I enclose a rather badly typed copy of the main idea. Well, this seems to be getting a little ahead of myself. However, I might as well go on now about the Ginling party, which we had on Friday, December 22nd, as there were to be other things (joint) both Saturday and Sunday. The students are very busy just now rehearsing for a dance drama that they are giving in aid of relief next week, so the Faculty took the main responsibility for the party. We started by giving a play called "The Toy Shop". The scene is a toy shop on Christmas Eve, and the toys come to life. It is quite amusing, and the ridiculous costumes that the Faculty wore gave the students great delight. Djang Siao-sung as the rag doll was one of the most fetching, with her hair done in several pigtails. After the play we had refreshments, then the Glee Club sang a song, and then the students did the little play I had sketched, and after that there was a candle light procession to the dormitory. We had the party in our gym. I am afraid the instructions given were not quite clear enough, and the ending was not exactly as we had planned; still I think that the party had sufficient of the amusing and the serious. Florence Kirk was responsible for getting up the Toy Shop, and I only looked after the other little play, but I was also Chairman of the Christmas Committee, so I felt responsible for any odd detail, and though we tried to keep things as simple as possible, it is amazing how many small details there always seem to be.

On Saturday evening and Sunday evening there was a joint performance of the Messiah by the Five Universities, and the Community Chorus as well. The place was packed, and getting in was like pushing your way through a football scrum, even though they had issued tickets. I am very little judge of these things, but I enjoyed it well on the whole. Dze-djen and I went on Saturday, and the performance was preceded by a ten-minute speech of one of the Burmese Delegation of Good Will, which was visiting Chengtu over Christmas. He was very much impressed by the fact that he only had ten minutes, and he certainly spoke fast, trying to get as much as possible in, but I thought his choice of subject was rather curious for a member of the Burmese Mission of Good Will to China, but I suppose he thought it was appropriate to a missionary and Christian audience. He told us about some social service work run by Christians that he had seen in Ceylon and India, and he never mentioned Burma at all. Perhaps he meant that the ten minutes was not long enough, but he did stop at the end of ten minutes. Mrs. Kuan sang very beautifully; she was much the best of the soloists.

On Sunday morning we had a Christmas service (joint University of Nanking, Ginling and Canadian Mission, otherwise Church of Christ in China,) at which there were Baptisms. There was music and a sermon. The place was packed, and I think the atmosphere of the service was decidedly good. I had been asked out to lunch, but I knew what probably my sermon would not be quite complete, so I had refused, and had my lunch in solitary glory at the Women's College, which suited me quite well. After lunch I worked again at the sermon, and then went off to Church, as they have the English service at

December 30, 1939

...ungodly hour of 3 p.m. After Church I went home with Dze-djen, and spent Christmas Eve with her and some of the members of her family (brother, sister-in-law, nephews). They had a Christmas tree, and it was very pleasant. On Christmas morning we followed the usual Ginling tradition of most of the Faculty (not quite all), eating breakfast (mein) with the students. Mein is the particular food for birthdays, and afterwards we had a Carol service, which Dr. Reeves led, and at which the Glee Club and the Freshmen Chorus sung. I should perhaps have mentioned that on Sunday evening, or rather Monday morning, we had been visited by carollers, and I hadn't got to bed till about 2 p.m., not only because of them, but also because I was doing last minute things. After breakfast and the service I felt decidedly sleepy, so I lay down and had a nap. I had Christmas dinner at noon with the Lewis Smythe's; all the people there were Nanking, and we had a very pleasant time. It seemed to go on for some time, and when I left, and had looked in at a puppet show that Tsui Ya-lan had going on in the gym, it was 5 p.m., and time to get ready for the evening supper. I have always felt that we didn't do enough for the students on Christmas Day itself, we were apt to go off after the morning service and leave them to it. So this time we planned to have a Christmas supper, followed by games, which we did. We decorated the dining room a bit, and we all sat with our tutees, and then afterwards we played games - like monopoly, donkey, lexicon, bridge, etc. Apart from decorating and seating, there was not much preparation, and I think everyone enjoyed it quite well. Next day we had to start work again, and I had a first hour class, so there wasn't much time to recover your breath. However, we have a little time now. As for New Year, we have three days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

On Tuesday evening we had a very pleasant party of all the Nanking foreigners at Elsie Priest's house. After supper we did silly acting, where a different group do each act; the play was quite ridiculous, but we laughed a lot, more over the ideas that we didn't act, I think, than the ones we did.

The students had all gone out on Sunday morning to visit the homes of soldiers' families, and take them good cheer, but owing to my sermon, I was not able to go with them.

I can't seem to think back to long before Christmas, the last week was all busy with preparations. Another party I had was one for the Senior class, to which I am advisor. I had that on Thursday; the Roys very kindly let me have it at their house, and after games and refreshments, we had a little serious part, as Andy Roy gave a short talk (quite good) and we finished by singing carols.

In the previous week I had also been rather social and given a party. I had been planning to have a party for some time, with Margarter Turner and Elsie Priest; and after dinner, we would give two plays, just reading, not learning, them. I found it a little difficult to get a convenient date, and also men to act, so I decided to have a ladies only, and do it on Rotary Night, when most of the men are away, so that was what I did. We had the party on Tuesday, Dec. 12th, and it went off quite well. On the Sunday before that, I went to a memorial service for Dr. Cheng Ching-yi, who was Moderator of the Church of Christ in China and had previously been Secretary of the National Christian Council. He died quite suddenly in Shanghai at the beginning of December. He was just planning to come up here for work. He will be a great loss.

We have had quite a long rest from air-raid warnings, but on the Monday and Tuesday of the week before Christmas (Dec. 18th and 19th) we had two. However, they didn't come here, and over Christmas, in spite of the full moon, we have not had any so far. Well, I will stop for the moment.

Love,

Eva

1068



Eva Dykes Spicer

Along the New Road.  
(From Rangoon to Kunming).

After adventuring in the realm of the spirit at the Madras Conference some of the delegates [returning to China] felt they would like to explore another new roads, [which were opening up new possibilities in more physical realms,] by returning to China by way of the very recently finished and opened road from Burma to China. Bishop Ward, American Methodist Episcopal Bishop of Szechuan, was the originator, organizer [and general carrier through] of the scheme, and would if necessary have gone along. But there was no need of that, and the final number of his party was seven.

The members of the party were Bishop Ward [American], Dr Frank Price, [well-known in China for his work in training men for the rural ministry, also an American], Dr Robert MacLure, [missionary doctor from Honan and very active in the International Red Cross since the war began], Canadian Mr Wallace Wang, Dean of the Theological Seminary in Chengtu [Chinese], Rev K.S. Mondol [Indian], Rev On Kunt [Burmese], [the last two were fraternal delegates from the Southern Asiatic Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to China in this hour of need, and myself Eva Dykes Spicer, representative of the London Missionary Society at Ginling College, formerly in Nanking, now temporarily in Chengtu, nationality British. In view of the fact that in a party of seven there were six nationalities represented, it can truly be said that we were a miniature Madras Conference in ourselves, and I think it can truly be said that we continued the same spirit of fellowship. Difference of race or sex was no barrier to intercourse, and the variety of background only made more interesting our conversations and observations. We had a common language in English, and the difference in other tongues was only a convenience - as no matter what language was called for Chinese Burmese - Hindustani - Chinese (Mandarin or Foochow) - English or American - we could supply the need. Four of us knew something of each other beforehand, but three were hardly known to themselves or the rest of us, but we settled down quickly to a real understanding, for which our common bond in Christ was a fundamental basis. It was our practice - omitted only once or twice due to special circumstances - to start the morning day with - circumstances - to have morning prayers each morning, day, thus recognising naturally and openly that which bound us together, and gave us a common outlook on life.

We gathered [in two's, and one's] in Rangoon, for we were motoring all the way from there to Kunming (Yunnanfu). It came as a surprise to me personally to find that the new road was not altogether popular in Burma. There is a considerable amount of unrest at present in Burma - strikes of various kinds were the order of the day while we were there - it is probably part of the growing pains which accompany the growth into self-government, but complicated by the presence in Burma of large groups of Chinese and Indians, so that the Burmese are apt to look a little askance at a new means of communication which may bring not only goods but people into a country which is desirous of keeping Burma for the Burmese. Undoubtedly too the Japanese are a factor in the situation, seeking to stir up feeling against the new road, which is easily done as it is promoted by the British, and there is much anti-British feeling in Burma. In their propaganda among the Burmese the Japanese make great play with the fact that they also are a Buddhist people, for Buddhism is the national religion of the Burmese, and monks take an active part in politics. (However, the Chinese also have their place and their supporters in Burmese life, and if the road develops along sound lines - carrying other goods besides ammunition - it will doubtless become an accepted and welcomed part of the national life. ①)

Our original intention had been to travel in one  $\frac{3}{4}$  ton Dodge truck with a station wagon body, but seven people with luggage, bedding etc

proved too much- so after various experiments with other means we got another <sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub> ton Dodge truck, though with a much less elegant body. Into that we put most of the luggage, and the petrol that we would need for that part of the journey road along which there were no service stations. Dr Maclure was the chief driver of that car, with Frank Price as relief, while Bishop Ward was the driver in chief of the first car, with Mr Med Mondol as understudy. Our equipment besides the two cars, four drivers petrol supplies, bedding bolls etc included many letters of introductions to people along the way- especially ~~the~~ to the officials of the South-West Transport Co, in whose charge the road on the Chinese side of the border is - also letters from the Red Cross to whom the trucks were ~~probably~~ going to be sold. So that we were well equipped in every sense of the word.

The first ~~truck left~~ <sup>car</sup> ~~station wagon, or car~~ left Rangoon at the rather unusual hour- but there were good and sufficient reasons- of 11 pm on Wednesday Jan 18th, and we arrived in Kunming on Friday Jan 27th at 2 pm, so the journey took us something under nine days, but we stopped one whole day <sup>as well as two nights</sup> at Lashio, and also most of one day at Mangshih, so that the actual time on the road was more like seven days, and the journey could be done in that time, though I should not recommend it, as some of the stages were a little too long for real comfort and enjoyment. From Rangoon to Lashio, which is the head of the railway, and the scene of considerable activity, as ~~is~~ the seat of one of the big munitions dumps is for the most part over a well made, much travelled road, though the last part from Maymio to Lashio still leaves much to be ~~desired~~ desired, and we did that - a distance of 641 miles ~~in two days~~ two days. The remainder of the journey, approximately 710 miles, took us ~~full~~ five full motoring days, but the road was almost continuously ~~through~~ through mountainous country, and it was impossible to go much beyond an average of 15 miles an hour. In the second half of the journey the ~~most ground~~ <sup>largest distance</sup> that we covered in one day was 157 miles, and that was rather too much, as it meant driving until 11.30 pm at night. It was true that we had started rather later than usual that morning, but even had we started at 7.30 instead of 9.30, we should have to keep going for at least ~~three~~ hours in the dark, which on some of those roads is not really too pleasant, though in dry weather perfectly possible with a good driver. ~~In the most mountainous section of the road~~ In the most difficult section of the road for driving ~~between~~ that which lies between Lashio and Hsakuan (20 miles from Dali) a distance of 455 miles, the itinerary which we had ~~been~~ given allowed for three days, but five days would be far more enjoyable. The highest point on the road is not reached until the last day before Kunming, when the road goes well over 9,000 ft, but you get much greater sense of altitude on the road between Baoshan and Hsakuan, when it actually only ~~comes~~ <sup>reaches</sup> just above 9,000ft, and the road on that day has the steepest grade- so steep that our luggage truck, which was very heavily loaded, failed to make it by itself, and had to be assisted twice by the strength of five nationalities pushing from behind.

<sup>of my</sup> I am no expert in the making and engineering of roads, so that any remarks on that subject are almost without value. It is clear that it was a great enterprise, which has been accomplished in a remarkably short time. At the moment the road is very good in many places, and only lacks a surface finish in others, but there are some places where it is still very narrow, and many more places where the bridges over the culverts are not yet finished, and the detours to the side are inconvenient and bumpy. The road is so continuously a mountainous one, climbing and descending, winding in and out that a flat straight road becomes something almost unthinkable, but there is only one place where it seemed as though the grade was so steep as to cause real inconvenience. The most



obvious ~~danger~~ question that occurs to anyone's mind is what will the rain do to some parts of the road. We went over during the fine season, and had beautiful clear weather right through, warm by day and cold by night. But the rains come in April and May, and the earth in so many places seems so ~~rough~~ soft and loose, that it seems as though there are many sections of the road that would be easily washed away. Also the twists and turns which are perfectly possible on a dry surface, would become rather like a nightmare, I should think, on a slippery, greasy surface. However, I am very little of a judge, and at the moment there are hardly any places where one is tempted to ask "Can we make it, or shall we go over the side."

There is one aspect of the road <sup>on which</sup> that one does not need to be an expert to speak ~~on~~, and that is the beauty of the country through which it goes. ~~From Maymie, about 30 miles from Mandalay, right to~~ About 20 miles from Mandalay the road begins to climb, and from there right through to Kunming, which is itself over 6,000 ft up, one is never out of the hills. Sometimes you can see range after range ~~from~~ of hills as you wind along a road ~~that seems~~ almost along the summit of the hill, sometimes you descend deep into valleys, where you can see little but the hills on either side of you, sometimes <sup>your</sup> you journey for a short time over a wide plain surrounded by hills, ~~but always the hills are with you~~ sometimes the hills are wooded, sometimes they are bare, but always you are aware of the heights above you or beyond you. One of the most spectacular descents is that to the bridge which crosses the Salween river, the range over which you approach the river is about 7,500 ft, the level of the river is 2800 ft, ~~so there is a big drop~~ so the valley is deep and impressive. The other big suspension bridge crossed is over the Meekong river, along which you motor for some time before reaching the bridge, not such an impressive valley in depth as the Salween river, <sup>very</sup> it is a very beautiful mountain stream at that point, and colour and variety to the scene. The only place where we saw any snow was on the mountains above Hsakaan, and there there were only a few ~~traces~~ streaks, but the landscapedoes not need snow to lend it variety and beauty. How useful the road will be for the transport of goods is still to be seen, but no one who has been over it can doubt that it is now and will remain one of the great scenic highways of the world.

It is not a road which has yet finished laying itself out for tourist traffic, though there are signs <sup>that</sup> that aspect is beginning to be catered for, [but we did not think of ourselves as in any sense ordinary ~~tree~~ tourists, many of the group were accustomed to interior travel in China, and were well able to cope with the situation.] So long as we were in Burma we stayed mainly at the Rest Bungalows provided by a thoughtful government, which afford you shelter and a bed, but no bedding and no food. In China we stopped in a variety of places. The first night after we crossed the border, which you do 115 miles from Lashio, we stopped at a place called Chefang, the inns of the place proving not very acceptable, Frank Price, who was in charge of the night's lodging, got us permission to stay in the school, which was at least clean. There was also a schoolmaster's wife under the same roof, so I might be said to have had a chaperone. The men laid down straw one end of the schoolroom, and I put up my camp bed at the other end, with all the desks between us for additional protection. The next night ~~we stayed in the rest-house of~~ some of the party stayed at the Rest House of the Swabaw ~~at a~~ kind of local hereditary chieftain? at Mang-shih, where the accomodation was simple, but adequate, while two others who had gone ahead stayed at a very clean and pleasant newly opened inn at Lungling. The next night at Baoshan we again had some difficulty in finding accomodation, but finally discovered, and were very hospitably entertained

- 4 -

by the local China Inland Missionary ~~a single woman~~. The next two nights, at Hsakuan and Tsuhsiung, we stopped at the South-West Transport Co Rest House, one of them was hardly finished yet on the inside, and carpenters' tools and shavings were still lying around, but in both cases there was a wooden board on which to spread one's bedding, and a roof over one's head as a shelter from the wind, and separate rooms to enable one to conform to the conventions. In our eating we started off by being international, the first day out of Rangoon we had breakfast in British style, lunch in Chinese, and supper in Indian, but after we crossed the border we ~~are~~ mainly Chinese, especially in the morning and at night when we got a hot meal at one of the local restaurants. It is amazing how good the food is at any small Chinese restaurant. Sometimes when making a very early start we had to start off with nothing or cook it ourselves, but we did very little of our own cooking, just twice in fact- the night ~~morning~~ and morning at Hsakuan- but we often ~~are~~ from our own provisions in the middle of the such ~~easily eaten~~ things as biscuits, cheese, tomato juice ~~and biscuits~~. We celebrated our stay at the C.I.M. with a really first class foreign breakfast.

Considering that we were a party of seven travelling over a new road with two new cars, we really fared very well indeed, and had no major accidents of any kind, though one or two minor ones. At Mangshih, for instance, we had to pass over a covered wooden bridge, the car station waggon had a railing on top, and we put our bedding on the roof of that car. ~~we failed~~. When we went over the bridge we failed to observe how low the roof was, and when we arrived at the other end, we found we had knocked the wooden beams to such an extent that the railing was wrenched off, and all the bedding rolls strewn ~~along~~ the ground. It was easy to replace them, but it took a blacksmith several hours to replace the railing, and in the meanwhile we had to wait. However, we might have had to wait in any case, as we had letters to the Swabaw at Mangshih, and he was busy with the burial of his mother- a really great affair, with a wonderful procession of paper images, so could not be seen till evening, so we had a double reason for waiting, and that was where we lost almost the whole of one day, as we just motored from Chefang to Mangshih that day- only 30 miles.

Our letters, visés etc were sufficient to get us through the formalities all right. Actually at the border there is no examination of any kind, indeed you would hardly know you had crossed the border at all, were it not that you knew by the distance that it must be at that place. ~~We saw~~ You pass ~~over~~ a very small bridge over a very small stream, and that is all there is. [We did notice a burnt house, which we discovered afterwards was the remains of the Chinese Customs House, which had been raided and ~~burnt~~ burnt by the local tribespeople about two months before, when twelve Chinese had been killed. They apparently resented the coming of the Central government, which threatened the local tax they had been in the habit of making.] The people on both sides of the border ~~are~~ belong to various tribes very picturesque in their costume, and are neither Burmese nor Chinese, though in looks they seem more like Chinese. We saw a very gay looking market of the tribespeople at Kutkai, the last town of any size before the crossing the border. The Chinese customs is now established at Lungling, about 58 miles from the border, and thanks to our various letters, we had no difficulty there. Crossing the Salween bridge another effort was made to examine us, but Dr Maclure began examining them, and we drove on. [There was one other incident that might have been adventure, but fortunately it turned out all right. The night we were motoring late on our way to Hsakuan, we discovered ~~that~~ when we were about 6 miles from our destination that we were almost out of petrol, the night was very dark, the road was very mountainous, and the wind very cold, had we had to stop there it would not have been pleasant, however, we managed to make it all right, and



[5-]

I suppose in any case the other car which was ahead of us, would have turned back in time to find what had become of us.

We had-passed relatively little traffic on the road, a private car or two, buses on certain sections, and a few trucks, but the road is not yet really fully opened up, and the heavy traffic has not yet got going on it. [The road has been pushed through in so short a time because of the need for new routes through which China can bring in ammunition and other war supplies, now that the Canton-Hankow Railway has become useless, and one realizes actually how desperate are her needs along those lines, however, strongly one may feel about the evil of war.] But it is good to think that in the order of events two of the trucks which passed over that road in its early days came laden not with materials of destruction, ~~but-with-human-beings-bearing-but-with~~ goodwill-and-sympathy for Japan, but with goodwill and sympathy for China, ~~-various-skills-for-the-healing-and-upbuilding-of-her-people,~~ and-above-all-the-knowledge-of-Jesus--through-whom-there-is-already from five different nations, various skills for the healing and upbuilding of her people, and above all the knowledge of Jesus Christ through-th- in whom there is already a fellowship which transcends the barriers ~~and-ne~~ of nation and race, and through whom wars may yet cease and men live at peace with one another.

Ginling College,  
Chengtu  
Wednesday, January 17, 1940

I think I wrote my last letter at the end of the week of Christmas, just at the beginning of our three days' New Year Vacation. Part of it I played and ate; in fact, I went to the first two cinemas I have been to for about ten months - both of them were completely light. I am afraid that strong, realistic films do not attract me very much at the moment; in fact, at the moment, I recognize quite frankly that my taste in the theatre is decidedly bourgeois and escapist. The rest of the time I did various odd jobs, I even wrote a few letters. The only thing in my own immediate environment that hung over me was the fact that on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evening was our Dance Drama, and I was not quite sure what my responsibility was. I had a title all right, the translation of the Chinese means "Back of the Stage Chairman". But every separate job had its own committee, and there didn't seem anything very specific for me to do, except ask them all if they were doing what they should, and they all said yes. However, I felt that I should be doing something, and that made me feel rather uneasy. I did attend part of one rehearsal, but I am no good on advice in matters of dancing. However, I turned up at the dress rehearsal, and then I realized that for the next few days I was going to be quite busy. It was an awful nightmare, - the stage looked terrible, the curtains impossible, and in fact, everything was the most unholy mess. I spent practically the whole of the next day on the job, though I can't say I did much except sit there and see that other people did the work. I was the one fixed spot in an entirely changing scene. Servants came and went, and you never seemed to be able to find them when you wanted them. We had in one room thousands of dollars worth of clothes which we had hired from a theatre. The room had to be kept locked, and I had the key, so I had to be on hand a good bit of the time to open it whenever anyone wanted to get in, as everybody here seems to go on the supposition that everything that can be stolen will be stolen. By dint of a tremendous amount of running around, and very little actual work, things did go considerably better on Thursday night, which was student night, with cheaper tickets. It was, in fact, almost a dress rehearsal. In fact, that night, because of the disastrous mess things had been the night before, everybody pulled themselves together, and it went quite well. Unfortunately, on Friday people rather let themselves down; also the lights went out about 6:30, just when people were coming and the actors were getting ready, and that rather upset people, though they were fixed up in an hour, and we were only a half hour late in beginning. But that, combined with other things, put people off, and the whole thing rather dragged, and was not at all good. I think perhaps things which depend so much on the music and movement can be more easily bad than an ordinary play. On Saturday it went very well, and was particularly good at the finish. The dance drama was about MuLan, the Chinese Joan of Arc, who went to the wars in place of her old father, though she was not quite the initiator of the struggle in the way Joan was. It really was very pretty - that is, what I saw of it, - as being Back Stage Chairman, I felt that I had to remain behind the stage, and help keep people quiet, and do other odd jobs of that kind. I am not at all sure I was necessary, and I would like to have seen it. But I had an uneasy feeling that if I wasn't there something which I could have helped might have gone wrong. There was an awful plague of small children who swarmed up the back stairs, and if you drove them off, were apt to make an ugly row.

I don't know that anything very exciting happened the next week. I had several good Chinese meals, attended one committee meeting on the Educational and Women's Work of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, of which Dze-djen is the Secretary. I am there largely because of her. It was quite an interesting meeting, though we did more general talking than deciding. We also went to an official dinner, given by the Principal of the Military Academy here - General Chen. I didn't really want to go to that, as I had already accepted an invitation to the Ferns, and I was sure that I should enjoy that more. But on New Year's Day ~~and~~ an invitation to an official feast had been sent to all the foreigners, and hardly anyone turned up, so that this time people felt they had to be a little careful, though it wasn't the same people. Six invitations



January 17, 1940

had been sent to Ginling, and, for various reasons, four couldn't go, so that Dr. Wu felt that Ruth Chester and I ought to go. I had to call off the Fenns, which I much regretted, and went to this dinner. It was held in the Military Academy, in the building where the Chiangs stay when they are here, and was served in foreign style. The food was not bad, as foreign food in Chengtu goes, but did not come up to their Chinese food. They placed us very carefully, and were very polite and friendly. There were a few speeches, but they were, fortunately, very brief. The man I sat next to had been in England for six months, and as he had gone to study military matters, he returned when war broke out. I don't think he can have known much English when he went there. He spent the six months that he did have there, studying the language, but he hadn't made very much headway. After dinner we went up to the suite where Madame Chiang stays. You should have seen the ladies goggling at the sight of the beautiful tiled bathroom and enamel bath. I had forgotten that such things existed. I do long for a bath in which I can stretch and be covered. If the coal ration is such by the time I get home to England, that it is difficult to have much hot water, I shall save up all mine and have a few decent baths, instead of a good many poor little meagre ones, and wash the rest of the time in a basin. Excuse these domestic details, respectable hot baths are the only things I really miss.

Over the week-end I ate a few more good meals. Not one person entertains very much, but there are enough people round the place so that if they only ask you once a year or less, it mounts up. I also did a little work on a book which is causing some people to tear their hair just now. It is a book on Free China to be used as a mission textbook in America next fall, I think, and it is being edited by Frank Price (who undertook to do the work) and Dr. Wu (who mainly gave her name, and said she would write one chapter.) Frank Price is ill with paratyphoid, and other people are having to work quite hard to try and cut down the various articles, which are all too long, and pull it into shape generally. All I have done is to write a few of the biographical notices, and do the first cutting of one article that was almost twice as long as the allotted length, but even that takes time.

On Sunday evening I had my Bible class to a closing meeting; we had some light refreshments. And so the time passes.

Well, I want to get this posted tonight to catch the Thursday plane, so I will stop. Much love to all.

Eva

News Letter From Eva Spicer

Ginling College,  
Chengtu  
January 30, 1940

Since writing my last general letter, exams have come and gone, and vacation has now begun. I have been spending eleven days in the house of one Miss Hutchinson, a member of the Friends' Mission, who has been away from Chengtu to their meetings, and very kindly offered to let me stay in her house while she was away, which was very pleasant for a change. I took up residence on Friday, January 19th, and I returned today, as she was expected home this afternoon, but actually she didn't get here. She left behind two of her servants, an amah and coolie; the dook was with her. But the coolie did nobly, and can really cook very good Chinese food. I had my breakfast there, and evening meal when I was in, and lunch at the Women's college. Dze-djen spent most nights with me - there are two bedrooms - but some nights she remained in the city. I did quite a bit of entertaining, though I couldn't have very many students in until the end of the time, as exam time is not a very good time for having students. I thought it was going to be quite a peaceful week, and at the beginning of the week I didn't work terribly hard. It got very full up as it went on, and by the end, I was panting - and only just got in my grades in time.

Sir Stafford Cripps came to Chengtu for two days. I met him at a tea given in his honour by the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. He was really being run by them in Chengtu and the Lewis Smythes had him to dinner afterwards, and I met him again there. He was very good about answering questions, - very interesting, but intensely gloomy. After listening to him, I felt there was almost no hope for the future of Great Britain, though I don't know that there was much hope for anybody, but more particularly for Great Britain. I always knew our position was pretty bad in many ways, but he made it seem even a little worse. I woke up next morning feeling exactly as I had done at the beginning of the war, but I am feeling more cheerful again now, not for any particular reason, but just because I am not of the kind that goes on feeling as depressed as all that. Perhaps in some ways it would be better if I did; I might really worry about things more, and do more. Worry isn't much use of course.

At the end of the week we seemed to spend quite a lot of time saying goodbye to four seniors who are graduating this term. On Thursday they gave a party to a selected group of Faculty. On Saturday noon, ~~and~~ the rest of the class gave a farewell party for the four who were leaving, and on Sunday the Faculty - again a selected group - gave them a farewell party at noon. They had their Saturday party in my house (the temporary one), and I was glad to have a place for them to come.

On Friday my class in religion and I attended a service at a Mohammedan mosque, and afterwards had lunch at a Mohammedan restaurant. We arrived before the service started, and talked for a bit with one of the masters of their school. He told us that when the Turkish ambassador was in Chengtu just recently, the Moslems had a big meeting for him. The Chinese are doing their best at the moment to get on the right side of Chinese Mohammedans, as they want their support in the North West. They say there are about ten mosques in the city, but I have only been in two.

On Saturday evening we had a college wedding, one of the younger Physical Education staff got married - Lo Hwei-lin by name. I must own that I think the day after exams have stopped is really rather soon for a wedding, and some of the faculty had quite a lot to do for it. Personally, all I did was to attend the ceremony, which was not as dignified as it might have been. She is a Christian, but he is not, and I don't think most of his friends were, so they didn't know how one should behave. Also I am afraid a good many of our students didn't either. It is very difficult to get the atmosphere of quiet and reverence when many of those present practically never go to Church. When everybody was expected to go to Chapel, they did learn certain things that I am afraid all of them don't know.



January 30, 1940

On Friday evening Dr. Wu had a group of faculty in to a meal and talk with Dr. Lobenstine. He used to be one of the secretaries of the National Christian Council. He is now retired from China, but is very active in work for China Colleges, etc., at home. He was inquiring into problems of cooperation, etc., (of which there are plenty), Ginling's plans for the future, etc. He had been out to see Hwa Chung at Hsi Chow, which is about two days from Kunming. Hwa Chung was the College we worked with for one term at Wuchang. They moved first to Hweilin, but as that place was bombed pretty badly, they moved to this place, which I imagine is out of bombing range all right. It sounded pleasant in spots, lovely scenery, quite safe, but the living quarters are crowded, and it is very remote. Also, they had no doctor to begin with, and there were some deaths. At any rate, they don't have any problems of co-operation. He had been over the line from Kaifeng to Kunming just after they bombed one bridge, and just before they bombed another big one. I am afraid the bombing of that railway is going to make transport even more difficult. However, the Chinese struggle on. Sir Stafford Cripps reported the Rangoon-Kunming road in good condition, but, of course, it isn't a quick route, and the transport system is not in full working order yet.

Yesterday evening I went out to dinner with the Lewis Smythe's. It was a party in honour of Lewis' birthday, although it actually wasn't until the 31st, but they celebrated it early. So you see, one way and another, life has been quite full. I have also got started on some work on my teeth, which I should have had done about six months ago, as I broke off a bit of a tooth. It seems to take rather long to get going here, because it is a Clinic and Teaching school, not just an ordinary dental practitioner. I went four times before they really started work; the first time they gave me a look over; the second time the first man I had seen consulted with two others as to what was best to be done. The third time I had an X-ray photo taken, and the fourth time (which was not really necessary) I went to check up on the X-ray photo. This morning they did quite a bit of drilling on the tooth, which they have decided not to remove but to crown. I am hoping to get work on this tooth done this week, and then on Saturday afternoon I am going out to a Student Conference which is being held from February 1st to 7th - five full days of conference, and a day each end for going and coming. I wanted to get this tooth done with, and I also have some students to start on their thesis, so I thought I had better not go out until Saturday afternoon, and then stay for the rest of the time.

I am always hopeful at the beginning of the vacation that I shall get a lot done, but I never do as much as I hope. Well, I think this is most of the news for the moment. Oh, Perhaps I might mention that I have made tentative plans for my return in the summer. I am planning at the moment to leave Hongkong on July 4th on a Dutch boat, I think, S.S. Boissevain, which should arrive in Durban about August 8th. I hope to have about three weeks with my sister, Ursula, in Johannesburg, and then come back to England in September, but of course these days all plans are very tentative.

Love to all,

Eva

1077

Ginling College,  
Chengtu  
February 7, 1940

I think it is actually only a week since I wrote the last general letter, but since then I have been away from Chengtu for four days, so it seems much longer. After a rather hectic time trying to finish up certain things, getting my two seniors started on writing their thesis, and also rather inadequately preparing for a speech for the Conference, I left for the Conference on Saturday after lunch. The thing that took the most finishing up was my tooth, but spending most of Tuesday and Wednesday morning, and going both Thursday morning and afternoon, and Friday morning, I have got the one tooth that was most damaged (about half of it had come off) nicely made up with gold, and I am not going again till next Tuesday, which gives me a little breathing space.

The Conference was a Winter Conference for Christian Students (and others, of course, but under the auspices of the Christian Students) to take the place of one that is generally held in the summer, but which was not held last summer, and will probably not be held next summer, owing to the various Service Projects that are taking up the interested students' time then. It was held at a fairly large Chinese old-style farm house, which is being used at the moment by the Methodist Girls' Middle School, since they had to evacuate Chengtu. It is about eight miles from Chengtu, near a good-sized village called Tsung I Chiao. It is pretty country, in a pleasant rural way, and the ricksha ride out was quite pleasant. The Conference had really started on Thursday evening, but I had not been able to go out at the beginning because of finishing up my teeth. There were about 110 students out there from both middle schools and colleges. Ginling had nine delegates there: one Junior, one Sophomore and the rest were Freshmen. The Seniors are, most of them, busy working on their theses, and a good many of the more active Juniors and Sophomores have gone off to Jenschow to help with some work there during this vacation. This was the reason why our delegation was largely composed of Freshmen. The Junior, Chen Yueh-tsing by name, was the leader of one of the discussion groups, and also was responsible for the planning of the Worship services. We supplied the organist for the Conference, so we did our share.

The buildings were really very good for the Conference, and everything ran pleasantly and smoothly. The only drawback to complete comfort was that you were busy trying not to be cold the whole time. All the meetings were either out of doors, or in rooms, many of which had been put up by the school to act as classrooms and which might just as well have been out of doors. All of them had dirt floors, which seemed to send out damp cold. It was one's feet which seemed particularly susceptible; it was easy to keep all the rest warm. As to the room in which I slept, I was lucky as they put the group of about ten women faculty and advisers into the only two rooms with wood floors. Even then it seemed pretty cold in the early morning and evening, but it was much warmer than the rooms where the girls slept. There were a few open charcoal stoves round the place, but, except when you were right on top of them, they could not make much impression on the room as a whole.

The program was the same most mornings and evenings, but varied in the afternoons. After flag raising and morning exercises from 7-7:15, there were morning prayers from 7:15 - 7:45, and then breakfast. At 8:30 to 9 or after, there was the morning lecture. The first day the topic was "God and Man"; the second, "Personal Relations"; the third, "Christians and the Social Order" (which was the one I rather inadequately spoke on); the fourth, "Christians and the International Order"; and the fifth, "Christians and the Church". After the speech they divided into groups for discussion on the lecture topic. There were quite carefully prepared questions, and the time, which was two hours with a short xbreak, was long enough to make them really begin to think and talk. Each group had a student leader and one or two advisors.



Besides the questions which they discussed in the group, there were survey questions on the topic for the next day which each student had to mark with a double plus, single plus, ?, minus, or double minus the night before, and which was supposed to start them thinking on the topic for the next day. On the whole our discussions were not bad, though once or twice they got rather stuck on a minor point, and on some of the questions, their knowledge was not enough to enable them to discuss at all intelligently. That was particularly true of the Middle School students, I don't really think the subjects were very suitable for them. After the discussion was over, there was a brief period of song, then lunch, and an hour's rest.

The afternoons were rather different. The afternoon I arrived, there, they had all been out in groups doing propaganda work among the farmers near by. On Sunday afternoon, a group of students and advisers met together and continued the morning's discussion for another two hours. On Monday, they had a big mass meeting in the neighboring village. I went down to part of that, and found it decidedly interesting. The hall was quite full of the villagers, mostly men, though there were a few women. They listened quite calmly and fairly silently, but without much enthusiasm. One boy gave a speech on the necessity of spending strength and saving money if the Japanese were to be defeated. His speech called in places for responses from the audience, but when he asked for answers or cheers, he only got them from the students scattered around the audience, not from the country people who seemed pretty indifferent. They showed rather more interest when the play started, (there were dramatic items, songs as well as speeches.) But, undoubtedly, the most popular item was when candy was distributed. Japan seems somewhat far away and rather unreal to many of these people, and the students seem almost like people from another country. On Tuesday afternoon, there was nothing special planned, but there were a good many meetings of one sort and another to finish up business, and discuss various questions.

In the evening, after marking the papers for the next day, and having an early supper, there were informal discussions in the groups that had eaten together at lunch and supper. (We drew at breakfast and lunch.) On Monday evening, the group I was in had quite an interesting discussion on whether or not Christians ought to join political parties. It really is quite a question when the only two parties open at the moment are either the Kuomintang or the Communist part, both of which have certain drawbacks, as well as being very authoritarian. Of course, there are a good many Christians in the Kuomintang, and even a few, I believe, in the Communist Party. After that, there was some kind of evening program, sometimes just joint singing. On Sunday, various groups gave stunts, and on Tuesday, there was a program round a camp fire. After that, there was generally a biography of some famous person, and then evening prayers. On the last day, there was a very effective Candle Lighting Service.

I walked back this morning, as did most of the conference. At least I walked as far as where the city begins, which is I suppose . . . .

(The remainder of this letter is missing.)

Ginling College  
Chengtu, Szechuan  
February 25, 1940

I think I wrote my last general letter just after I had returned from four days at the Winter Conference. I got back just on New Year's Eve, (the Chinese New Year). I went to supper that night with Dze-djen and her family. We went on the streets for a bit afterwards, and though there was a general feeling of festivity in the air, there was not really very much to see. In one street there was what they call the Night Market, but the things didn't look very intriguing. I spent the night in Dze-djen's home, and the next day we were thoroughly lazy. I was rather out of practice, and the walk on Wednesday, which we had done fairly quickly, though it was not very long, had made me stiff in the thighs. On Friday I started work, and that day I did get a certain number of odd jobs done. But on Saturday I went out to breakfast and supper, and the time in between seemed to go without much being done. All the next week I tried to work, but there were a variety of mild social events. Esther Tappert came up on visit from Chunking, and we had a party for her. Then one of the Women's College people, Ovidia Hansing by name, was leaving, and there were farewell parties for her. There were also a few odd committees, and so on. I can't say I got much work done, although heaven knows I needed to, as I am teaching four courses this term. For two of them, I have not got any notes, and one of them I have not taught in just the way I have to do it this term. However, although I did not get done at all what I had planned, I did get my mind working just a little before the term started. We registered a week ago last Saturday, and classes started last Monday, so we have already had a full week's work.

The excitement of this week has been rather a tragic one. On Sunday night, and early Monday morning the Dental Building caught fire, and part of it was burnt, including the supplies for the year, and a great deal of research material that some of the men have been collecting for ten years and more. It is really rather a tragedy. Supplies are so difficult to get in now, not to mention the cost and the loss of things which can never be replaced. And this is the only Dental School in this part of China. The fire started in the annex of the building, which belongs to the Central University Dental School, but they have been able to find no evidence of what started it. We are right on the other side of the campus from that building, and we didn't hear anything about it until next morning. But people on the other side were mostly awakened by the commotion after it had been discovered, and many of them spent the night in fighting the fire, trying to save the things in the rest of the building. They did succeed in stopping the fire, but since they were not certain whether they would be able to or not, they emptied the rest of the building. I am afraid that wasn't too good for the instruments and other things. But, of course, it was the only thing to do. It wasn't a very good beginning for the term, especially for West China, but it really was lucky it wasn't the next night, as there was a very high wind then, and it might have been impossible to prevent the fire from spreading.

Yesterday evening I went to a reading of a play called Herbert's Wife, by St. John Ervine. For a reading it was quite well done, though it dragged just a little in parts. Still I enjoyed even that much of an approach to the theatre. The Choir from the Five Universities went to Chungking to sing, and apparently did quite well. At any rate, they filled a large theatre quite full three nights running.

Well, I don't think I have enough to start a new page, so goodbye.



Ginling College  
Chengtu  
March 10, 1940

It is just two weeks since I last wrote a general letter, I think. Four days of the first of that week were taken up with a visit from Mr. Baxter, the secretary of the L.M.S. in China, and Mr. Short, an L. M. S. missionary from Hongkong, who was traveling in connection with an investigation for the British Relief fund. They had had quite an arduous journey, as they had been over the Frehen railways to Kunming after its first bombing, but before it had its second one. They had gone out by bus to Hsichow, where Hwa Chung College from Wuchang has moved to, and finally by charcoal bus from Kunming to Chungking via Kweiyang. In Chungking we have two schools, which removed from Hankow, and Mr. Baxter was seeing to business about that. In Chengtu his main concern was with various projects connected with the Church of Christ in China. He was also interested, from a friendly point of view, in me and Margaret Turner, who is secretary in the University of Nanking, and who has an affiliation of sorts with the L.M.S.

It was very pleasant seeing them, and having news of friends in Shanghai and Hongkong. They were quite busy with meetings, etc., but having them here seemed to fill in a lot of odd times. I went out with them at times. Margaret had a very nice party for them on Thursday evening at her house (she lives with Elsie Priest) and we played bridge afterwards - two tables, one serious and one silly. On Friday, Dr. Wu had them to a Chinese meal, which I had to leave early, as I had another meeting that evening. On Saturday, I went out at lunch with them as the guests of Bill Djang, and Dr. Tsui, who are both Executive officers of the Church of Christ in China, and who are interested in this project for work among the tribespeople near the border in Szechuan. So the time went by.

They left on Sunday morning. I went with them to the office, from which the bus for the airfield leaves, but as I had to come back to the campus by 10:30 a.m. for a Faculty retreat, I didn't actually see them off. I think they quite enjoyed their visit, though it was very cold and wet all the time they were here. The cold was upsetting, but the wet was very welcome, as there had been no rain for a long time. The days previously had been so springlike, that I had got out one or two dresses to have them altered, but when I went to have them tried on on Saturday, I found it very chilly indeed.

The faculty retreat on Sunday went off quite well. I was responsible for leading one of the groups in the afternoon, and for taking the closing devotional. But as I had not been on the committee for planning it, I did not feel the usual anxiety that I feel about all the small details, so it was much more restful for me than the average retreat is.

One feels that a week which starts off with a retreat should be a good one, but I must admit that these days, I find it quite hard to concentrate, with the result that I did not begin to get done last week all the things I should. There was not very much in the way of extra events, and I really should have got through a certain number of odd jobs, as well as some ordinary work, but I didn't seem very successful in that. After something of a pause, mainly due to Frank Price's illness, we have resumed the meetings of the group on Wednesday which is supposed to help in publicity work. This last week Bill Fenn brought along a Chinese artist, who has been painting a series of pictures of the effect on civilians of the war in China, as well as some war pictures. They are really extraordinarily effective. Most of them are done in Chinese style though with some adaptations from Western art, in which he is quite well-trained and effective. In fact, he has a series of air pictures in oils. He is planning to have exhibitions in Hongkong, the Straits Settlements, etc., and also in the U.S.A. I should think he would do well, as the pictures are very suggestive, and they have a flavour all their own. You would never dream that you were looking at pictures of the war in Spain or Europe.

March 10, 1940

[27]

Sunday, March 17th.

I am afraid I have been a long time in finishing this letter. The main events of this week have been the rice riots. Rice has been going up and up in price, mainly due to the profiteering of a group of military men, who have Szechuan rather in their control. The Central Government would be glad to do something about it, if they could, but it is difficult for them to cope with these Provincial Military men, on whom they depend, to some extent, for their armies. It certainly is difficult waging war in the modern world, when one of your feet is still in the Feudal Age. I wonder if any man in the world today faces quite such a hard task as does Chiang Kai-shek. He is having to deal with at least three different mentalities and groups at the same time, not to mention the lag in all Chinese affairs due to the essentially different tempo of the whole of Chinese life, which is just not ready to be geared into the time of a modern war.

In the riots around the rice storehouse near here (other people heard the sounds, & I can't say I did), there were a few people shot. The most persistent report is 3 killed, and something like 20 wounded. The people got away with quite a lot of the rice, and the price did begin to go down the next day. It is reported that when the people who own these rice banks, through which the profiteering is done, asked the Mayor what he was going to do about it, there were riots outside most of the gates where the rice is stored. The Mayor said he would do nothing, it was their fault, and he was not going to take action, except, of course, such action as he had already taken. I don't know whether that is true or not, but certainly all the general sympathy is on the side of the people. However, that doesn't make any difference to this group of militarist profiteers. They haven't any face left to lose, and their skins seem to be made of bullet-proof armour.

I have had a cold hanging around me for a long time. I think this very changeable weather - cold and warm - is not good for throwing off things. My cold was never very bad, but I seem to have been blowing my nose and coughing for a long time now. Intermittently I gargle, etc., and then it gets better, and then I stop, and then it comes on again. However, I do really think it is on the wane at last.

There was a holiday on Tuesday. We have a holiday every year on March 12th to commemorate the death of Dr. Sun Yat sen. It was a lovely day, but it wasn't much use to me, as I had to spend most of the time correcting papers.

Well, this doesn't seem very much news, but life is mainly running in the normal grooves.

Much love to all,

Eva

1083



Ginling College  
Chengtu  
Sunday, March 31, 1940

I am afraid it is three weeks since I last wrote a general letter. Time seems to have passed quickly since then, but not, as far as I remember, with any very outstanding events, though, of course, Easter is always something of an event.

We had the Chapel Services in the morning as we often do, following the days of the week in Jesus last week. We had some special speakers in from outside - at times. On the whole, the services were fairly well attended. On Thursday evening we had the Communion Service which we have every year on that evening. This time Frank Price took it, and took it very well. On Sunday, we had the Easter morning service out of doors. It was a lovely morning. The weather had been so uncertain during the week, raining most of the time, that we thought we should have to have it indoors. However, Saturday was fine, so we decided we would risk it. It really was a lovely morning, and the service was well attended. The Glee Club sang at that service, and I gave a short talk. But just being out of doors on a beautiful morning like that does really more than anything else.

The Five Universities had a joint program of Music and Drama on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evening, - the same program each time, but, of course, everybody went only once. Dze-djen and I went on Saturday evening, but did not stay to the drama, as we had seen that the previous Sunday in Shen Si Giai.

April 1, 1940

The play was a translation into Chinese of the Terrible Meek, and they had put it into rather colloquial Chinese, which made some of the students, especially the down-river students, laugh. Also on Friday, a dog belonging to some of our Faculty got in - she is a most ubiquitous little dog - and made people laugh, and that didn't help matters any. So the first night the atmosphere was far from what it should have been, which was a pity, because, seen under suitable circumstances, as we had seen it the previous Sunday in the Methodist Church, it was really quite effective, though it is a play without much action, only talking.

On Thursday I went to the Educational Committee meeting of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. It is always quite an interesting meeting, as there are quite a good many principles and methods to discuss. One feels the movement is worth while, although they certainly face a good many problems. Last Sunday Dze-djen invited J. B. Taylor and Mr. Lapwood to lunch, and had a good chat on the C.I.C. They were both former members of the L.M.S., and both former members of the Faculty of Yenching. Actually Mr. Lapwood still is a member and has been lent for a year or two to the C.I.C. Mr. Taylor is also working for them.

Leighton Stuart, principal of Yenching, was here for a brief visit last weekend. He was very interesting on a variety of subjects; on the whole, more hopeful than might be expected.

There is a good deal of discussion these days as to the relationships between the Communists and the Kuomintang. I think there is undoubtedly quite a lot of friction in the lower ranks, but everybody seems to be agreed that the men at the top on both sides are in earnest about the cooperation, at least for the duration of the war, and will prevent there being an open split.

There has been a good deal of sickness around the place. Dr. Wu has been ill this week - though in her case, not any of the more common types of illness, but one all her own - inflammation of the bladder. She was due to go to Chungking this week for the People's Political Council, but I don't know whether she will be able to go or not.

Ginling College  
Chengtu  
April 24, 1940

I am afraid it is a very long time since I last wrote a general letter, almost four weeks. I find it hard to say why I have been such a bad correspondent lately. I think there is a variety of reasons. One, I think, though this may only be an excuse, is the general state of unsettledness of the world. I know the week that news came through about the invasion of Denmark and Norway, I couldn't settle to anything, and wandered about, when I wasn't actually working, trying to get more information about what was happening. Of course, I realize that is very unreasonable, and in times like these, one ought to do more, not less, to strengthen personal ties of all kinds. But there it is, - it is unsettling. Also the feeling that I have that I am going home soon, perhaps makes letters seem a little less important. But that again is not logical, for many of the people to whom these letters ultimately go, are not in England at all. Another reason is that often on Sundays these days I seem to be doing things outside, and do not spend much time writing letters, and so I don't get started well. If I don't get letters written on Sunday, I don't often get caught up during the rest of the week. Last Sunday morning, for instance, I went with Dze-djen to a Machine Cooperative out in the country. There is a man there at the moment who is making sound records connected with various enterprises. He was making a record out at this machine cooperative, with all the sounds of blasting, hammering, etc., in the background, and with conversations with people about the coops in the foreground. Both the process of setting up the program, and the co-op were quite interesting, though I always feel a complete ignoramus when it comes to anything to do with machinery. After we got back, I had a luncheon party for Dze-djen's birthday. Then we went to Church, and we did a little shopping. I am afraid I rather often break the Sabbath Day that way at the moment. It is too often the only day one is on the street. Then, after correcting her speech, or rather conversation for one of these sound programs, I came back here, and found an invitation to dinner to meet T. C. Chao, who is visiting here. I wanted to see him, so I went, coming back for the last part of our Sunday evening discussion group. That lasted till almost ten, so the day was filled. And so it goes.

There have been quite a number of visitors in Chengtu lately. On Saturday afternoon, they had the dedication of a new Student Centre that has been built. There were two visitors from outside to help with that - Kiang Wen-han of the Student Division of the Y.M., and Mr. Paul Moritz, an American student, who has been spending the year in China in connection with the Far Eastern Students' Service Union. He went to Amsterdam on his way here, so he represented the American Students. In connection with this service, the radio and film man had two programs which were recorded. One was speeches by the Presidents of the Five Universities or their representatives, and by five students from the Five different Universities. Dr. Wu was still away at Chungking, so Djang Siao-sung represented Ginling. It is quite amusing to see people talk to a rigid time, and know that they won't go on for very long. The whole program, in each case, was about 13 minutes.

I seem to have attended several meetings lately, as always. One quite interesting one last week was a discussion on the new Draft Constitution which was brought before the recent People's Political Council in Chungking. It seemed to me rather heavily weighted on the side of the administration, as over against the people. But I don't really know enough to pass judgment fairly on it. Dr. Wu reported that there were quite heated debates on it in the People's Political Council, which she has been attending in Chungking, and I gather some of the critics there felt that it hardly guaranteed the rights of the people sufficiently, being more concerned (perhaps rightly, I don't know) with the necessity of a strong government.

Another meeting was on of the F.O.R., at which we were discussing Streit's book "Union Now". Another visitor to the campus is Dr. T. C. Chao, who is head of the School of Religion at Yenching, and is on a year's leave of absence from Yenching which he is spending doing student work in Kunming. He is here for a month to give lectures of various kinds, talks, etc., to the student body here.



Ginling College  
Chengtu  
May 4, 1940

Continued from April 24, 1940

The air raid season seems to have begun in Szechuan, and at the beginning of last week we had two warnings, one in the early part of the evening and one about 12:30 at night. They were not so good, however. On neither occasion did the urgent warning go. The Generalissimo was here at the beginning of last week, and also the three Sung sisters - Madame Kung, Madame Sun Yat sen, and Madame Chiang.

They came to the campus. I was invited to a reception at the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives for the three sisters, but I didn't go, as I spent the Spring Vacation - we had three days' holiday from April 25th - 27th, - going to Kuanhsien, and up into the hills from there. It was quite a pleasant expedition, though I was very disappointed Dze-djen couldn't come. She had to stay for the reception at the C.I.C.. I went in a little group of 64, which later joined another group and became over 100, really rather too big a group for convenience. Still, on the whole, things went quite smoothly. We started by bus on Thursday morning, and got there about 12. It took 4 hours to do 40 miles, but there were several long waits. We had lunch when we got there, and were then rather slow in starting under way. We got to a school at the foot of the hill, so spent the night there. On our way, while we were drinking tea (it was hot and we were very thirsty), a number of cars passed us. In the first one was the Generalissimo. He had been up for a conference at the temple, which was our ultimate destination. All we got to sleep on at the school was the floor, but it was wooden. We had bedding with us, so it was all right. Actually I found the floor softer, and with more give in it, than the bed I had the next night. We got up early next morning, and went up the hill, arriving at the Temple in time for breakfast. It is very pretty scenery, and the temple is a lovely one, - Taoist not Buddhist, as most of these temples are. After wandering about there most of the morning, we went on up to the temple at the top of that particular hill. There are hills all around, and this particular hill is not at all the highest but it is very pleasant scenery, really prettier, I think, than Mt. Omei. After lunch, which we had later than the others, as we were a little late in arriving, we had a meeting of the whole group. The party had been organized by the Five Universities' Christian Association, so Paul Moritz, the American student, Djang Wen-han, the Y.M.C. student secretary, and T. C. Chao, who was also along on this expedition, spoke to us, and then we had games. It was quite a pleasant meeting, out under the trees in front of the temple, but I didn't feel that I had come out on a spring vacation to the mountains to attend meetings. However, it was the only one we had.

I had walked all the way so far, and though it was not really very long, I was badly out of practice, and had rubbed a blister on my foot. So the next day, when we were returning, I ordered a chair so that I could ride if I liked. Most people came back by the same route as they had come up, but Bertha Hensman and I went down the other way. It seemed much more remote and secluded than the other path, perhaps because we were not with the others, but I think, in any case, it has more that sense of remoteness from the world. It had rained hard all Friday night. It was still raining when we got up on Saturday morning, but it stopped before we had to start. We arrived in Kuanhsien about 3 p.m., and deposited our luggage at the place where we were going to sleep - an empty house, which had some beds, and an outside lavatory and a dug-out, but there were none of the minor conveniences of life, such as the hot water, which you can always get at a temple. Then we went out to see the sights of Kuanhsien. Kuanhsien is the control station of a really marvelous system of irrigation which has been in operation for hundreds of years, and which makes the Chengtu plain practically famine-proof. I don't think there is any record of famine on the Chengtu plain that men know of. Kuanhsien is at the foot of the hills, and they devised a system of damming up the water during the winter, and building channels and canals for it to spread out through the plain. They open it in the Spring and there is a religious ceremony. It is a great occasion and many people come from all around to see the opening of the waters. They remove part of the dam that they have built up, and then the water

flows through. The sights of Kuanhsien are (1) the big temple just above the dam in the river, where the religious ceremony takes place at the opening of the waters, (2) what is left of the dam itself, which is made of stones bound together with baskets of bamboo, and (3) the bamboo bridge which stretches right across the river. It really is an amazing structure. There are wooden supports, but the rest of the bridge is entirely made of thick ropes of bamboo slung across, both at the side and underneath. There are wooden planks for you to walk on. The bridge swings as you walk, but it seems able to carry very heavy weights. Of course, bamboo is very strong, and the ropes are of many thicknesses. The Communists burnt down that bridge when they were in Kuanhsien four or five years ago. It is one of the puzzles of history to reconcile the very well-authenticated stories of Communists' atrocities in this section of Szechuan, where the people really did suffer terribly, with the courageous and reasonable behaviour of the Communists up around Yennan in Shensi today. They seem to be two different groups of people altogether. Of course, there are many different people in the group now, but still there is a nucleus that is the same. I suppose there was some method behind their killings, but even so, it seems to have been pretty bad, and that is an aspect of the Communist march of which Edgar Snow has nothing to say in his "Red Star over China."

There seemed a slight uncertainty about the buses. None had arrived the day that half of the party was supposed to leave, but four were supposed to be coming the next day to take the whole party home. There were really five busloads of people, however. Some people who had engagements on Sunday, had to go back by rickshaw through the night, arriving in Chengtu at 5 a.m. I decided that I would take a rickshaw early next morning. The blister on the heel by this time rendered all walking very uncomfortable, and I thought they would be glad of my space in the bus. It was a lovely day, and I enjoyed the ride, but I would have enjoyed it more if I had not struck one of the slowest of rickshaw men. The return to Chengtu from Kuanhsien is down hill, and people have done the trip in a rickshaw in five hours, though six or seven is more usual. I took nine hours, which was on the long side. However, it was very peaceful, and I did get here just about 30 minutes before the buses arrived.

Going away like that, I left all news behind me, but I must own the return is not very cheering. I don't know enough about the military situation to know how impossible it was to drive the Germans out once they had got a foothold in Norway, and the control of the main airfields. I must own what has happened has filled me with gloom. The activity in the Mediterranean doesn't look good either. However, one just has to set one's teeth and bear it I suppose, and I can't help feeling that we have been so callous and selfish in our foreign policy that we do really deserve what is coming to us.

Nothing very much has happened since I got back. The English Club gave a program on Thursday - 2 plays and 5 recitations by the Poetry Chorus, - on the whole, a very pleasant program. On Monday, Dze-djen left for a trip to the North West. There was a chance for her to go on a cooperative truck, and an American woman was going up to visit the Co-op and returning quite shortly, so it seemed like a good opportunity. The Co-ops up there are supposed to be the best organized and the most flourishing in China.

We have had rather funny weather. The middle of last week the weather was very hot, almost as hot as it gets in the middle of the summer. Then it rained and got almost cold again. Now it is quite cool, but nothing extreme. No moon and no generalissimo so we haven't had air-raid warnings for the last two weeks.

Well, I suppose there is more news if I could think more. Oh yes, some of you will be interested to hear - I think it is public - that Tsui Ya-lan is going to marry D. Y. Lin, and Djang Siao-sung is engaged to a Dr. Chao (not of Yenching) - I am not sure if that is how it is romanized. He was formerly married to a sister of Lu Shu-yin's, but she died last year. So Ginling is quite matrimonially inclined, especially as two of the younger faculty were already expecting to get married this summer, so possibly there will be four members of the faculty getting married. Who says we breed old maids?

Love to all,      Eva

1088



S.S. President Coolidge,  
Shanghai.

July 15<sup>th</sup> 1940,

Dear Mrs Macmillan,

Rather unexpectedly, as my original plans were to return by way of South Africa, I am returning by way of America. I am returning by way of America.

I am spending a few days now in Shanghai, & then going on to the President Taft to the States, arriving in San Francisco about Aug 7<sup>th</sup>.

According to my present plans I am sailing from New York at the end of August, but of course, I know that all such dates are very problematical these days.

I have given the Grilling College Committee at 150 Fifth Avenue as a possible

JUL 15 1940

[27]

address to which letters can be  
forwarded, I hope this will be all right.

I realise that August is not the  
best month for seeing people, as  
many will be away, but still I am  
hoping to see a few of my friends  
as I cross the continent; & I hope it  
may be possible to have at least a  
glimpse of you in New York or elsewhere.

I have already written to Patricia  
Sharp, Emily Case & Rebecca, & shall  
hope to make contact with others after  
I get there.

Please excuse this scrawl, I  
have loaned my typewriter, and am  
using the ship's pen.

Looking forward to seeing you,

Yrs sincerely

Wm. D. Spencer.



14 Dawson Place,  
London. W.2.  
Sept. 13, 1940.

Well, I seem to have arrived at quite the most exciting time, so far at least as air raids are concerned. I think I wrote my last general letter during the trip across the Atlantic, which finished without mishap. So far as I was concerned the whole trip was quite peaceful, but I believe there were decided moments of apprehension. We got into Liverpool, outside the bar on Thursday evening (Sept. 5th), but owing to the tide we had to wait until next day to go in. During the evening there was, I believe, an air raid over the main land, but I can't say I saw much, but some people said that most happened after I had gone below deck.

During the next day we had at least two air raid warnings while we were still on board, and another after we had landed and were doing customs. I can't say what I saw of the docks looked as though they had suffered any damage at all, and all the damage I actually saw in Liverpool was the roof of one large building in a residential suburb that we passed on our way into the dock. I understand that most of the damage done in Liverpool was, as it seems so often to be the case, among the poorer residential districts. We retired to an air raid shelter for a short time during the customs inspection, but loading and embarking seemed to go on much as usual, at any rate some passengers for West Africa, who were in the same air raid shelter, were told to come out as their tender was ready, and they left. It took some time to get away from the docks as taxis seemed rather scarce, I don't know whether that is always the case in Liverpool just now, or whether it was just the combination of several boats arriving on that same day, plus the air raids, however we got away eventually and put our luggage in the cloakroom at Lime Street. We intended to go by the midnight train to London, so after having tried to telephone to London and send a telegram, both unsuccessfully, as during air raids the lines get rather blocked, we had dinner. During dinner another air raid warning went, and as they said a bomb had dropped near us, (I did hear a small explosion, but if it was near it must have been a very small bomb) we moved down to the Grill Room which was in the basement. When we had finished dinner we emerged into the black out, which was really the only time so far I have been out in the black out, as in London these days one just doesn't seem to go out after dark. It was rather eerie, as it certainly was dark, and there was no moon. But there seemed plenty of people taking an evening stroll, even though there was an air raid warning on, and some had gathered on some steps and were singing, except for that one bomb it was quite the quietest air raid I have ever heard, as I was not aware of hearing guns, planes or bombs, but I suppose they have to sound the alarm when the planes are in the district, and they may not be overhead at all, and of course later I was beneath the ground, where one does hear much less. We returned to the station, as we had decided to wait there in case the train departed. The front entrance of the station was locked, but we found a back entrance, and got in all right, and went down to the railway shelter, which was full though not in any way packed, as it was a large basement which must have been used before the war for storing things, it was a regular rabbit warren of a place, and you could do quite a lot of walking about. We found two not very comfortable seats, but after we had waited for a bit we got tired, and emerged into the station upstairs, made enquiries about the train, which they seemed to think would not go until after the all clear. We sat down for a bit on a porter's barrel, and while we were sitting there an air raid warden came along and said to me "I suppose you realize, madam, that you are sitting in the most dangerous spot in Liverpool with all that glass above you," it did seem rather foolish, so we moved away. The man I had been having dinner with decided that he didn't want to wait all night in the Liverpool station on the chance that the train would go, but I did want to get to London as soon as possible, so he went to a hotel, and I returned to the air raid shelter, found a step on which I could sit near a light by which I could read, and proceeded to read until the all clear went about 2 p.m. The people in part of the shelter had a concert while they were waiting, it didn't sound very good, so I remained

SEP 13 1940

where I was reading. Everybody seemed to be quite calm and philosophical about the long wait, I suppose they are getting used to it, as there certainly is a good bit of waiting about to be done these days. The telephone man who tried to get through to London for me remarked "It don't do no good, do it? It only makes people more bitter." The people I chatted with in the north seemed to be of the opinion (and it is only opinion I realize) that the damage done in those areas by the raids was mainly in residential sections, and not much of industrial or military importance.

About two o'clock the all clear went, and we all lept to our feet, and made for the various trains. Our waiting was not quite over, as we waited in a queue sometime after the all clear had gone, but I think the train did finally leave about 3 p.m. Curiously enough there were in my compartment (I had booked a third class sleeper) a C.I.M. missionary from Szechuan who expects to return within a fortnight, and another who had just come back from escorting children to Canada, who said when she heard us talking about China "Do you know Jessie Parfit"? She had been in her year at the Royal Medical Free Hospital, I think. Her name was Joan Franklyn-Evans (at least I think so, it might have been Adams not Evans). Who says the world isn't a small place? She sent her love to Jessie Parfit, so you might hand the message on.

The train proceeded smoothly, but not very quickly. I believe when there is a warning on the trains go about 15 miles an hour, but I don't really know what that train did, as I slept till after 9 a.m. We got to London about 12 noon. My family had been bombarding the Cunard with requests for information, but they admit absolutely nothing, not even when the ship is in. So as I had not been able to let them know the night before, naturally nobody was there to meet me. I telephoned up Marion, and told her I was at Euston, and would come straight round, which I did. I had left my luggage behind at Liverpool, as I had put it in the cloakroom on the same ticket as Mr. Lawrence's with whom I had been dining, so I had nothing, and could take the underground. It gave me a certain pleasure to take the underground at the end of the long journey which I seemed to have been taking for so long, and it is almost as quick, beside saving petrol. In London though there seems no shortage of taxis.

It really was rather thrilling arriving home after this long time, Marion was out in the road waiting for me, but I had missed Bertha who had gone to the underground station. However, we went and collected her. They had arranged to go down that afternoon to Brill, where Olga was for the week-end, and we went after tea. Marion had hired a car to take us, you apparently can still hire cars all right. It is petrol for private cars that is so very heavily rationed. Brill is a most picturesque village in Buckinghamshire, and our cottage is really very pleasant, and now that it has water laid on, and basins in each room it is quite convenient. We had a very peaceful night there though we heard planes overhead, and saw search lights in the direction of an ----- not far away, but it is not close enough to worry much, and Brill does not for the most part bother you with warnings, so you just sleep. Next morning we learnt that London had had its worst air raid up to date, so Marion felt she ought to go up to look after the occupants of her house, she had quite a motley throng with her, but the rest of us stayed for one more peaceful night. The country is looking a little brown because there has been rather a shortage of rain in the south of England, but otherwise it was looking lovely and oh so peaceful. We spent the day going to Church, both morning and evening, doing a bit of work in the garden, and talking and being lazy, also of course listening to the wireless. I must own the others did more than I did, but I did pick a few damsons (it has been a wonderful fruit year in England, but there has not been quite enough sugar for to do all the necessary bottling etc., though people have been able to get extra sugar for that purpose, and the women's institutes have organised it quite well and take out a few weeds.

That evening at Brill was quieter than ever, but I understand London was noisier than ever. Olga went off to Swindon the next morning, and Bertha and I returned to London. The trains were a little late, not much.

1092



SEP 13 1940

Gwen came up from the country to see me on Monday, and Janet also came round that evening, so they were both there for the rather lively night that ensued. It wasn't so far as London was concerned any worse than the previous nights, but it came much nearer us. The warning went at what seems to be for the moment its more or less usual time, about 8:30 p.m., and for the time nothing much happened. Some people went down to Marion's very safe shelter, but we stopped upstairs chatting, when things got a little noisier I think we did go down (we refers roughly to my sisters and myself), but it seemed quiet again, so Gwen and I came upstairs and went to bed. We hadn't been there very long when there were a series of fairly loud explosions, and finally the most awful swishing noise, the breaking of much glass, and an explosion just outside our window, at least it seemed so to us, actually it was twenty or thirty yards down the road. I don't think it can have been a very big one, as none of the houses in the vicinity sustained any really serious damage, though there was masses of broken glass, and a few of the more fragile structures such as the porch which covered Marion's steps were wrenched out of position. It struck the road, not a house, and the houses in this neighborhood, including this one, are pretty well built. I am afraid the dormitory at Chengtu, or the small houses in the East end would have entirely collapsed. After that we all went and sat in the shelter for a bit, but it again got quieter, so Bertha, Janet, Gwen and I collected blankets etc. and lay down on the floor of a room on the ground floor which has three inside walls, and the window has a wooden shutter. I think some people stayed in the shelter all night. I don't think we slept very much, it would get quiet, then you heard the planes again, and guns and bombs, and so on all through the night. The all clear went about 5 a.m. We went up to bed again, and after we had been there only a few minutes there was a violent explosion, and the house shook considerably more than it had done on the previous explosion, it was one of these delayed action bombs going off in the next street to this one, it completely demolished two houses, but most of the occupants who had taken refuge in a trench in the garden were safe. These delayed action bombs are a fearful nuisance, it is so hard often to tell where they have fallen. After this one went off we all got up again, and then police came and told us to leave the house as they thought there might be another of the same kind in the neighborhood. There was a little confusion as there seemed to be some doubt as to whether we had to leave or not, any rate we all did, and some had breakfast in Lyons near by, and Marion and I went to Janet who lives near by. We waited about for a bit, but after lunch they said we could return, which we did, and Marion got in the builder to go over the house and see if any structural damage had been done, and to put in a certain kind of paper called clear phane, which does instead of glass, it is made partly of rubber and lets in the light, though you cannot see through it. Still at the moment it seems more sensible than putting in glass. Being turned out of the house even for a short time gives one a rather funny feeling, some people have been turned out of course for much longer. Sometimes the silly things don't go off for four days. One fell in a garden not far from here, some of the roads near us were blocked off, and I think it went off this morning, though it fell on Monday night. Piccadilly was blocked for three days because of a time bomb, but I think it went off yesterday.

The next night we were rather fewer in number, as some people had left London, and we all made up our beds either on the ground floor or the basement. I slept on a mattress in a basement floor room, luckily this house has a large basement. I slept very well that night, although it was again pretty noisy, but nothing particularly near. The next night they put up this tremendous barrage, which kept one awake a bit, although on the whole it was a comforting sound, and when you heard a noise that you didn't quite know what it was you were inclined to say something to do with guns not bombs. Last night the barrage didn't seem so noisy, though the papers inform us that it was even fiercer but certainly the guns near us didn't make so much noise, or perhaps we were all asleep. If you have anywhere to sleep in your own house I don't think you are so badly off. If you have a place which is fairly safe in which to sleep in your own house I don't think one is so badly off. Many people sleep under the stairway in the hall, but if you have to go to a public air raid shelter every night where there is no room to lie down, only to sit down, and where some people want to talk the whole time, it must be pretty trying. Some

1093

4. SEP 13 1940

friends of ours who live in flats do that, and they have their own quite comfortable shelter provided by the flats, if you got to the really public ones, as the poorer have to do, it must be even worse. I am afraid the East end of London is suffering the worst, for a variety of reasons, of course it is right on the river. We have a woman staying here who belongs to the mechanical transport section, and she says that it is pretty ghastly in some of those poorer districts, poorly built houses collapse so much easier. Let's hope that when they're built they will re-build decently.

When you go out in London during the day it all seems pretty normal, except for the balloon barrage, the number of notices telling you where the nearest air raid shelter is, and the number of people in all sorts and conditions of uniforms. Some of the air raid wardens are quite old ladies, and they look very funny in their tin helmets. I went to see Mr. Chitgwin at the L.M.S. the other day, and a short warning went while I was there. We went down to the basement, which is their shelter, it is also a public shelter, and I gather they are trying to do a piece of mild propaganda for missions among the various people who take refuge there. They have a loud speaker and give talks of various kinds. The air raid warning that time only lasted about twenty minutes, so they returned upstairs, typewriter and all. Mr. Chirgwin told me that the B.M.S. buildings had had a direct hit, they are in the city area, which has suffered a good deal. They are waiting for a time bomb to go off near St. Paul's, but of course it may be a dud one. There have been so fairly reliable information has it, several dud bombs from the Skoda works. Their strong room is all right where all their important documents, and their air raid shelter was all right (they were not there at the time as it was at night) but everything else has pretty well gone. Mr. Chirgwin said the L.M.S. had offered them hospitality, but I don't know whether they were excepting or not. The same day I was shopping in D.H.Evans, which was looking very smart and up to date, they have entirely re-built since I was home last, and they now look quite American. That time the warning went while I was completely undressed as I had been trying on corsets, so I dressed and retired to a shelter in the basement, where it was quite comfortable and I had reading material with me. Most women knit at a furious rate during these waits, but though I have been doing some knitting, it is rather large to take about with me, so at the moment I am only taking a book and some chocolate. The all clear went after about an hour, and I finished my shopping and was just walking along to a bus stop when another warning went. The buses went on going and I was trying to get one, when a car stopped and offered a lift. So I took it, and he brought me almost home. One is apt to be very chatty with people like that, and taxi drivers etc. the main topic being how much damage has been done near you. Just as I was almost home the all clear went. During these daylight raids you very often hear nothing, as they are met some way away, but during the night it is very difficult to get these small groups of planes that slip through. We have had a warning on most of this morning, in fact it is on now, and there have been one or two periods when something seemed to be happening, but most of the time you could hear nothing. It is cloudy today, and in some ways that is worse than when it is clear, as they can hide among the clouds, of course they probably don't come in large numbers, but just a few slipping about the clouds can keep you on the alert. We dreaded moonlight nights, but I am not sure that here it is not better to have clear lights because the defense can see better, but I don't really know about that.

Aside from the damage they are doing, which must be considerable, though I realize that much of it really has no military importance, they must be holding up things very considerably with all these warnings. Of course some work goes on, but some has to stop. Still this kind of thing alone cannot seriously effect the military position, I should think. Stewart, the brother who is in the Navy, is getting leave just now, I am going down to see him on Monday, so although Mr. Churchill has warned us that there may be invasion next week, it doesn't look as though it was expected quite as soon.

1094



Sat 13 1940

I would like to go down to the east end and see the damage there, but I realize that it is wrong to go just to look, as of course traffic is dislocated in some places; and while I am continuing to go places where I have something to do, or family to see after this long absence, I don't think one should go just to sight-see, as it were. All the damage I have seen so far is just broken glass, one or two collapsed houses, and some partially damaged houses. They certainly seem to be distributing their favours pretty widely, as there is hardly a place in London which does not seem to have received one or two bombs at least, though I believe North London, Finchley and Hampstead may have been quieter than some.

I don't know about the east end, but certainly the atmosphere of West London is fairly calm as you go about, though people look weary, and rather sleepy, which is natural enough under the circumstances, because of course the raids do last most of the night, and there are many people who do find it hard to get a good night's sleep under the circumstances.

I am going away tomorrow (circumstances permitting), first to Brill to be with Olga, and then to Chichester to see Steward and his family, and finally to near Godalming to see Gwen and her family.

I expect to be doing some Deputation work, there is a meeting of Directors the week after next, also a China Committee, and I shall be speaking briefly at both. I am also going to make enquiries as to what if any activities of the University of London are going on, and if there are any I shall see what, if any, courses would be useful for me. The L.M.S. are very short on missionaries, so I am one of the very few to have returned this year, and they sent all out, so that even though meetings are scarce, speakers are also. I am hoping they will give me some work in the Bristol area, and then I can stay with Olga, I don't think I am so keen at being marooned up in the north somewhere for three or four weeks, where I do not know so many people.

It is very hard to sort one's impressions out when one has been here so little time, and it is all rather a curious combination of the usual and the unusual.

Most people seem to think that the rations of everything are sufficient if you are a number, as one tends not to use so much of one thing, and another of something else, but when you are a very small household it comes much harder. The restaurants seem pretty normal, but they don't serve you butter, at least they haven't at the ones I have been to, and for dinner you are not allowed meat and fish, only one or the other, in fact the longest regular meal you can have at a restaurant is three courses. But restaurant meals do not come out of your rations, so that people who always have one meal out do better than those who eat in the whole time.

I will try and sort out any further impressions I may get better for next time.

My love to you all,

Eva.

1095

Ginling College, Chengtu  
October 16th, 1940

Dear Eva:

I am sending a Clipper letter to New York, and I can slip one sheet in the envelope, so I am taking this opportunity of sending you a few words the quickest way to England. After your cable came from London, I sent you an air mail letter via South Africa. I do not know whether it will reach you before this letter or not. You will know without my telling you that I think of you very often these days when there have been repeated air raids over London. I have been staying with the Crawfords since I gave up my room in the residence in the Woman's College compound to Miss Liu En-lan, so I get news quite promptly from the radio. Your R.A.F. is certainly putting up a splendid fight, and I hope that, because of your air defense, the destruction of property and life in London and other places will decrease. For you and your family and other friends, we can only hope that nothing may happen to you.

The situation in the Far East may take a serious turn in the near future. Ever since the American Consuls advised evacuation of American citizens, we could not help but think of our group in Nanking, and our P.E. work in Shanghai. I am sure that Mrs. Thurston will stay as long as the men missionaries can remain, but if and when the day should come when even the American men have to leave Nanking, I just do not know what we could do with our permanent buildings. The most baffling thing is that I just do not know what to suggest to our group. We are too far away to know the changing conditions there. The only thing I did was to write to Mrs. Thurston, and asked our group there to use their judgment in meeting any emergency.

Here in Chengtu, we have had three air raids. Bombs were dropped in the city, and on the first day there were over three hundred killed and wounded. Our students have been calm, but there certainly has been much rumour that Hwa Hsi Bah is to be the objective of the next raid. The student enrollment has come to one hundred and ninety-six, so you can easily understand the crowded condition in the dormitory. The hardest thing is that the hospital rooms are not vacated yet. Just this morning, I talked to Mr. Small, and he said the West China residence for the men faculty may be ready by the end of October. We shall be lucky if we can move in the first part of November. Our new faculty have had much difficulty in reaching Chengtu. Liu En-lan was the most fortunate one for she secure an air passage directly to Chengtu on September 5th. Miss Rhodes, Miss Sutherland, and Miss Yung arrived the first part of October. Dju En-djen spent the longest time on the trip via Haiphong and Kunming for she left Shanghai on August 3rd and arrived her on October 6th. Dr. Graham has kindly consented to take care of the baggage of our group that came by air from Hongkong, but we do not know at all if he will succeed in bringing in so much luggage over the Burma Road.

I wish to thank you very, very much for your long letter written on the boat on the Atlantic. I hope to reply to you later.

The Americans received consular advice this morning to evacuate, but the group here think that it is a general notice to Americans all over China, and it is not to be urged upon those in West China. However, from news from Shanghai, it does seem that evacuation has actually started those with women and children. I have written to Hwang Li-ming telling her that for our small part in the P.E. work there, we will have to follow the decision of the Universities there. I just do not see how they can carry on the work if the American garrisons should leave the International Settlement.

We are very happy over the decision of the British Government to open the Burma road. It may be the only line of communication to the outside world in the near future.

With best wishes to you and the dear ones of your family.

Yi-fang Wu