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Sutherland, Catharine
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GINLING COLLEGE,
Nanking, China

March 12, 1936

Dear Rebecca:-

As you may be suspecting, this is a business letter, at least in part. It is about the music teacher which we very much hope may come out by this fall. [I knew that you have that as one of the first on the list, and that you are expecting to replace Miss Bond with her for at least a year. I may say that we have been trying with some effort to locate someone here, and thought that we had a very fine person, a Russian woman who has been teaching for a number of years in Japan. But when we were hoping to have her final answer, she decided that she could not come because of some debts and one or two uncertainties-the smallness of our salary of course being an item. It also seems that Frances Reets is not at all certain-not only because she is giving her full time to the Oxford Group, but also because she is reported as not well possibly being threatened with t. b. We have only heard that recently, and don't know how serious it is.]

I somehow feel that I must make our need seem as imperative as I am able. [I just do not feel that we will be able to draw the best music students here until we get someone besides myself. And even after another person comes, it will take a few years for her to establish herself and become known.] I realize how hard it seems to be to get just the right person, who will come for our salary here, and who can pass all the board questionings on religious matters. But I am hoping most earnestly that the right person will be found. The life here in Nanking is quite a different thing from what it was five or ten years ago. The capital city is bringing all sorts of people, and a person of attainments who could give concert performances would mean so much, not only to our own development, but to the life in the city.

[I knew that the board is trying very hard to get this person, but I am beginning to wonder how much I am a "stumbling block" in the way of getting her. As for my staying or going, I am quite glad to stay just as long as there seems to be a need, and when there is so much need for music teachers in China to-day, one surely would not leave hurriedly. I am really most happy in my work, and don't want to leave it. But there is plenty of work for several more teachers here in the city, and I am sure an additional salary could be arranged by combining with another school, or something of that sort.]

We will go on trying to get somebody from this end, for I do feel myself that someone who has already been tried and found successful in the orient is a surer proposition than someone who comes new. However, they are not numerous.

[There are certain values, Rebecca, which I am conscious of being able to give, and to help to contribute, but I am also very conscious of the fact that the feeling of alumne, and of others, would be for a top-notch person who can get across and put across with confidence things of which I am not capable.]

MAR 12
1936

I think you do already understand our need, and that you will understand my writing this, and do pardon me if I seem to be urging on you something that you are already working for with all your "might and main".

I was talking with Ruth Chester, and she said her sister is now studying the harp, and that she knows some of the people connected with the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. Would she be a good person to write to. Ruth thinks she would know the type of person which we are after. Her address is Mrs. Wm. B. Stimson, 3914 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

With love,

Catharine E. Sutherland.

P. S. - The above need is for a specialist in piano. Stella Graves will carry the theory well, and will also do the vocal for next year. Piano is not her choice, but she is splendid in theory and has much to contribute in chorus work, etc.

1324

Aug 20, 1936

[1]
over

Tsingtao.

Dear Rebecca,

Your very good letter of July 6th has been with me some days. It brought much joy & food for thought. We are so glad about Mrs. Rhead & look forward to all the help & inspiration she may bring us. I am not thinking ahead much for her, but have an inkling of a hope that she might become interested enough to stay on, say, for 5 or 3 years. But that will have to work out in the future. In the fall I will try to send more idea of our need for the following year. We are hoping to have, for part time, Mrs. Pan (Dyang Yu. Yen, whom Miss Inabill was so interested in, & whose husband is now in the ministry of Railways in Hanking). Also a Mrs. Yeh, who is an old Hwei-wen girl who went to Albion College, & since her marriage, has had 5 years teaching experience in Singapore. She has a very sweet voice (in fact Rudolph Simil - who made "Rose Marie" & travels a good deal in the Orient, asked her to have a record made, so I heard) & we will ask her to try some vocal work this year. Both of these young women have

AUG 20 1936

[27]

poise + personality, + if the problem of being married isn't in the way, may be able to undertake responsible positions in the dept. We can tell this better by about New Year's time.

As for Miss Bickell, she seems most promising. Her thorough preparation + ability to do concert work would be just what we need. My hope is that the person who comes will bring with her a true spirit of Christian devotion + idealism - + this conviction grows with me as I grow + see the girls develop. If you can meet personally anyone who is to be considered, it will surely help. Will it not? We became interested in a Miss Juvinall this year, who came to the American school in Shanghai to substitute for someone on furlough. We were about in the act of asking her to come to Emily this year, hoping for your approval, when she accepted a job in California. But she is much interested in our work + has a fine record from the Shanghai school. Her address is.

Miss Izel Juvinall
Juvinall

Box 355
Lomita, Cal.

She is perhaps more interested in vocal than piano + may not be the one to finally consider. But her charm + what seems to be real religious conviction would go far.

AUG 20 1936

[3]
over

It is ideal if the piano person can also give theory as well, especially to supply furlough vacancies, etc. & one with thorough preparation is usually equipped to do so.

"How much concert work is expected & what type of concert work is it?"

This is very flexible. One who could give a weekly hour of music (organ or violin or piano) would be a wonderful asset to Hanking as well as to the College. One who could perform in a large public concert would contribute much to the college & to the community. I presume that an occasional concert (by one or more members of the faculty) & frequent informal hours for the benefit of students & others interested would be our ideal. There are plenty of calls from Hanking organizations for solos on various programs. A person with a vision is often required, who is willing to help educate these audiences. In Emily we can promise great appreciation attention to a large extent, & the musical interest in the city is growing amazingly.

Sept. 2.

I will enclose some more paragraphs for publicity, hoping some of it may be useful. With best wishes & continued appreciation of your help, I am
Sincerely,
Carlton T. Swetsland.

5801 18304
 To answer the questions of Mrs. Mackinnon's secy. AUG 20 1936 547

How large is the Music dept. - ?

Four full time . 2 or 3 part time teachers (equalling 1 full time) - about

About 50 - 60 - 70 ^{organ} piano students (can increase

Pianos	10	vocal	
9-12	10	violin	
4	3 or 4	theory	courses - harm composition etc.
2	2	history + appreciation	courses
6	1	Freshman music	course
2	3	High School singing + apper	classes
1	1	music class for Physioled. group	
2	1	glee club	
2	1	choir	
6-8-12	1	community singing class	
2	1	ensemble groups	
2	1	normal course in piano	
			Public school music

"Will the person who teaches theory piano class teach theory + harmony?"

At present Miss Stella Graves does the theory (harmony + composition) + Miss. Koo + I divide the appreciation courses. Miss Bond + I have taken each one normal course. All teach practical as well.

The answer to the above question may vary, depending on circumstances. Miss Graves, an excellent harmony + composition teacher, would prefer to give most of her time to that, - if the dept. funds + showed add 1 more course in theory, she would have almost full time work. Perhaps with choir + glee + normal course included.

院學理文子女陵金
GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

系樂音
MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Sept. 2, 1936

Dear Rebecca,

I had hoped to get this letter off sooner. It was begun at Tsingtao, where I had no typewriter, and part of it seemed to need rewriting, so I waited till getting back to Ginling. I am sending it along, hoping that some of it may be of use, and depending upon you to edit it, as you suggested. We will be glad for frank criticisms of this material, as to what is usable and what is not.

In another envelope I am sending some programs, etc., also some letters written by Miss Koo's appreciation class. Elsie Priest had taken them with the idea of culling out parts that might be usable, but since she has been too busy to do it, and since you said to send along anything, I am doing it. If you would like us to try more of this kind, please say so.

I am enclosing another name of a person whom you might like to look up as a possible candidate for another year. She is

Miss Mildred Warner
5954 Huron Street,
Chicago.

Miss Byrd Rice (sister to Doctor Patton, I think, of the Presbyterian Council in Shanghai) and friend of Dr. Hackett gave us her name. She is a cousin, I think.

We hope to welcome Mrs. Rhead very soon.

Dr. Reeves started out for Foochow, but found her friends the Kelloggs were suddenly leaving, so stayed in Shanghai and caught a bad case of flu, which she still has, but I hope it won't continue too long. She spoke of your holiday in the mountains of Virginia. That must have been refreshing. Blance Wu seems in fine spirits and with less pain than she had in the spring. She had some electric treatment this summer, which may have helped.

Sincerely
Catharine E. Sutherland.

Miss Sutherland

Suite 903
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York
March 1, 1937

My dear Catherine:

I am enclosing for you a copy of Mildred Watt Bickett's recent letter in regard to a music position in Ginling College. I think I wrote to you about her late last summer. She dropped out of the picture for a while and has just re-entered it. I have, of course, sent this letter on to Miss MacKinnon, who may have better candidates in view, but I doubt if she has any who are better prepared than Miss Bickett. You and Mrs. Rhead will know how to evaluate this training. Her degree from Muskingum may not be especially valuable, but you will note that she has studied two summers at Fontainebleau and that she is taking her Master's degree in music this year from the Cincinnati Conservatory.

Miss Adams, who is now working in this office, is the daughter of the president of the Theological Seminary in Cairo, Egypt, and knew Miss Bickett when she was there. Miss Adams feels that she is very well qualified and that her concert work in Cairo was much enjoyed. She also feels that Miss Bickett is a person who would cooperate well and that her Christian influence, while not aggressive, would be very genuine.

If you are interested in Miss Bickett, it would possibly be a good thing to cable us and also follow the cable with a letter stating in some detail just what you would wish her to do in this coming year. Would there be any opportunity for work on the organ in Nanking? I have written her that the request is for a teacher of piano.

Sincerely yours,

Miss Catherine Sutherland
Ginling College
Nanking, China
RG/EA

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JAPAN IN CHINA — THE RIGHT WAY — THE WRONG WAY

Letters from Catherine Sutherland of Ginling College, Nanking, China

May 16, 1937

I have just come from such an interesting chapel service, where the speaker was Miss Kawai, formerly the National Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Japan, and now head of her own private school and Junior College for girls in Japan. Our girls had heard of her coming, so there was a full attendance. She is one of several Japanese Christians who have come over at this time to attend the meeting of the National Christian Council in Shanghai, and also to meet and learn to know China Christians and to see conditions in China.

She was dressed in Western clothes, and was very unassuming in appearance, but her talk was so very worthwhile. She began by saying that our Dr. Wu was one of the causes of her coming, for having learned that she was the head of the National Christian Council she had a desire to meet her. The printed speech of Madame Chiang Kai Shek on "My Religion" had also impressed her, and she wanted to see more of what the women of China are doing to-day.

She has been much impressed with what she saw -- the growth of education, the fine buildings and equipment, the work among Christians, and especially among Christian women. Dr. Wu was reelected at this meeting of the National Christian Council, and she spoke of the impressiveness of the sight when bishops and leaders from all over China rose to pay their respects to Dr. Wu.

She told of the sense of narrowness within her own nation, of the wrongs they had inflicted upon China, and asked forgiveness of the Chinese. If it had not been for the fact of the Christian bond, she and the other Japanese would not have dared to come at this time to face people in their so-called "enemy" country. But because of her faith in the possibility of universal brotherhood, she and others will dare to come, and to go back to possible opposition from their own government.

One of the aims in starting her school for girls was that she with them might study and know about international relations. She had read in her Bible this morning John 14, which said, "In my Father's house are many mansions (rooms)." The idea that so many of us, individually or nationally, are living in our own tiny room, bound by its four walls, willing to look no further, must be combatted by the broader idea of Christ, whose house contains many rooms, in which his children are to live and communicate with one another, loving each other as members of one family. Her great desire is that the women of this generation will know facts about the whole world, about Christ as their one aim and guiding motive, and that they will rise above the mistakes of the past generation into something nobler and better.

The visit of these Japanese follows closely upon a trip made by Professor Bates and Mr. Ma of the history department of the University of Nanking, to Japan, similar to one they made last year, the purpose being to find out more of the actual condition of things in Japan and to make whatever contacts were possible, looking toward more cooperation and friendship between the two countries. They were much encouraged by the reception they received, and the honest confession of some Japanese that some of the acts of aggression by Japan in China were entirely unknown to the Japanese people.

It does seem as if we have come much further than when I first returned to Ginling five years ago. It is wonderful to feel that the love of Christ is really moving many people toward, not only turning the other cheek and toward showing a forgiving spirit, but also toward constructively finding out ways and means for further cooperation, and, if possible, for prevention of any armed conflict.

August 14, 1937

I am sitting here just outside the door of our new faculty house, which is situated at one extremity of the campus, overlooking quite a stretch of the city. It is one of the loveliest spots in the city, looking out toward several neighboring hills scattered with residences surrounded by trees, with a new wide road extending through the valley that up to a year or so ago was dotted with farmers' huts and vegetable

MAY 16 1937

gardens. Now, just at dusk, a chain of twinkling lights spans its length. Beyond, in the distance is lovely Purple Mountain, just at the edge of the city wall, lying prone like a great dragon, guarding the city.

Lights are beginning to flicker here and there all through the city, making it a veritable fairyland that we look down upon. It is still light enough to notice the black roofs of every house, some of which have recently obtained a new coat of paint, in response to the government request that all roofs be made black -- a safety precaution, along with the order that each house must prepare a safe cellar or build a trench or cave, in case of air raids.

As I look over the now peaceful city, my imagination allows me to speculate as to which spots would be the most likely to be hit by the Japanese planes. For we have heard that planes have already gone to Soochow. It is possible that the fact that Nanking is the capital city, with a large number of foreigners from many countries, might make the Japanese more cautious about approaching this city. But their present actions in Shanghai would weaken the probability that they would regard anybody's right or prestige.

The enclosed sheet, written in May, I had hoped to get mailed long before this, and it may seem a little ironical to send it now. But when we can control our thoughts so as to go out to points beyond immediate issues and considerations, we know that the same spirit which sent those splendid Japanese to China over a month ago is still alive in Japan, and although it is being temporarily dominated by evil forces, it must rise and continue to rise until it can live and speak and prevail.

I have just come from a conference in the north, at Peitaho, where a number of Japanese delegates met along with people of nine different nationalities. There were there two young students -- a Chinese and a Japanese, who last year had become good friends, and whose friendship had continued by correspondence throughout the year. It happened that each of these young men was engaged to be married, and so they planned to invite their fiancées to attend this year's conference. Before the time set for the conference, the Japanese girl wrote a letter to the Chinese, telling her how glad she was that they were going to become friends. The Chinese girl, on receiving the letter, did not feel any friendly response. Instead there was in her heart only the sore caused by all the injustices which Japan had perpetrated against China. So, rather than replying with merely a polite note, she wrote frankly in her reply to the effect that she herself could feel little friendliness, but rather only hurt and resentment toward the Japanese. The Japanese girl replied, pouring out all that she felt of sorrow and shame for her countrymen, and expressing the hope that some day, somehow the spirit of Christ, of love, would change the hearts of those in power and make them different. This letter touched the Chinese girl, and she asked that she might be allowed to room with the Japanese girl at the conference. When I met them there, I had not heard their story, I only recognized the fact that they were devoted friends, and saw in each of them personality and character of a very high sort. Each day at the conference endeared them to all who knew them.

While we met, Peiping, a hundred miles away, was taken by the Japanese, and Tientsin was bombed and occupied. Everyone there faced the significance of what that might mean for China and in his own life. The Japanese boy said before leaving that he would not take up arms against China, knowing that the penalty for refusing to fight might be death or at least imprisonment.

He and his little fiancée are just two people -- easily lost among the thousands and millions of their countrymen who are now following their military leaders to "fight against the enemy, China." But will they be lost -- they or their spirit?

As a foreigner who feels so keenly that the Chinese have not sought or desired this conflict, that the Japanese "know not what they do," there is a kind of unspeakable sense of shame for the part we Westerners may have had in causing it to be, through wrong example and our own self-seeking. One prays that we Christians everywhere will be given grace to live to our utmost lives of meek and humble devotion to Christ, trying to obey Him above all else, in whatever way He shall guide us -- so that the Kingdom of Heaven may come a little sooner on this earth.

N.B. The letter of August 14th was written the day before Japanese planes first bombed Nanking.

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OVER

院學理文子女陵金

GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

June 6, 1937

系樂音

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Dear Rebecca,

Thank you so much for your word to Dr. Wu about Miss Bickett and Miss Rhodes. We had been waiting for final word about Miss Bickett, and from her training and qualifications, I seem to hope that she may be the one who comes. But Miss Rhodes' qualifications also seemed very good. I am enclosing a letter to Miss Bickett, asking you to kindly give it to her, if she is the one who comes; but, if not, to then give it to Miss Rhodes or whoever comes, with apologies for the wrong address. I wanted her especially to see what I wrote about the normal course.

We are more than sorry that Mrs. Rhead cannot stay on, for she has made such a wonderful start with girls, and it is not easy to change. We are so eager for her return, and she seems likewise so. One or two things she has said have made me just a wee bit doubtful about the fact of her return, but it seems nine parts sure that she wants to and will come again. We can hardly state in words what she has meant, both to the college and to the city. Her concerts have been received in a most unusual way by all the community, and with all her training

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and experience at Michigan, she has given our department a remarkable boost. In some ways she has felt the strain of the boost, for we have not been prepared always to receive or to make changes too quickly. But she can already see results, I believe. As a teacher she is most painstaking and thorough, and the girls just love and adore her.

I hope it is right for me to continue on another year. It will in any case give those who come new a chance to catch their breath before being plunged too deeply into the details of things. Mrs. Yeh, who is doing the vocal work this year, is really splendid, and she seems to have administrative qualities which might make it seem well to ask her to head up the department. It is of course a happy thing these days if there is a Chinese to do it. Perhaps we can tell better by another year whether she would be the one to do this. But Miss Rhodes' qualifications also seemed very

You have heard the sad news of Dr. Reeves' little house being torn down. She was so generous about letting it go, and they have recently found beds of white ants underneath the foundation which might have made pretty good work of the little house. It seems that it is to be rebuilt on a lower hill. I am so glad that Dr. R. is to go to Szechuan this summer. She has been working far too hard this semester, and needs rest very much. Blanche Wu seems to be getting along pretty well, considering her handicaps (physical, I mean). She is overly painstaking with the chicken project, and surely will get some results, if she can have efficient help.

You must come back to Ginling, so as to get first hand information about things as they are! - so different from the days ten years ago.

Ann Carter Sutland

copy

GINLING COLLEGE
Nanking, China
Music Department

June 6, 1937

From Miss Sutherland
For the teacher to be appointed to the Music Department:

Our especial need for next year seems to be in piano teaching, and we hope that you will be willing to take over those girls who are most advanced and find interest in their growth. There is also a normal course in piano methods which is to be taught next year, which I hope very much you will be willing to teach. I have taught it in the past, but am eager that the girls have the benefit of what you may be able to give them. The course has been a year course, and may continue to be so for the present, though it has seemed to be really too short to include sufficient time for going over enough materials for the different grades. At least one more half year might be added. Or a large part of next year might be spent in going over materials, if you thought best. I should be so glad to have you arrange it in the way that seemed best. We have a certain amount of music here which we use for teaching, and numbers of copies of such things as Heller 45, 46, 47; Master Series for the Young (Schirmer); Bach, Beethoven, Hayden, Handel, Schubert, Chopin and Grieg, Schumann Op. 15, 68, and quite a few copies of well-known beginners' books for children. I don't think they are altogether satisfactory for our use in the normal course--I mean the childrens' books,--except for a brief survey, as our girls are called upon to teach mostly high school age. We use Wagner's book for beginners here a good deal, as well as Oxford Adult Book and Pressers'. We would be very glad to have you introduce others, and to bring along copies of things you would like to use. The above is in regard to the normal course.

For teaching our pupils here, we have in stock standard things like Bach, Chopin, etc., and others can be ordered from Shanghai when needed. But if you wish to bring along other things, they no doubt could be used. And very often individual pieces cannot be obtained in Shanghai.

I know that Miss Griest has given you many details about the college and the life here, the things you may need to bring, etc. Life in Nanking is becoming more and more modern, so that we can purchase almost anything here in the way of ordinary necessities, or if not here, in Shanghai. Toothbrushes and that sort of thing are nice to bring in quantity, as they always seem rather expensive when bought with Chinese money, because of the exchange. But some people use Chinese wares in those things, and get them quite cheaply.

Very sincerely,

Catharine E. Sutherland.

1337

From Miss Sutherland
In the teacher to be appointed to the Music
 院學理文子女陵金
 GINLING COLLEGE
 NANKING, CHINA
 June 6, 1937 *department*

系樂音
 MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Dear Miss Bickett,

I must introduce myself as one of the music teachers at Ginling, who have been hoping very much for your coming to join us. I hope by the time you have received this, the matter may have been settled in our favor, tho I understood that there was some reason which made it difficult for you to give an early decision.

Miss Griest has kindly written about you, so that in a sense we already feel acquainted with you, and the work and preparation you have had make us feel you will have much to contribute to the work here. Having already been in a college in the orient, you will not be new to some of the oriental conditions, tho I imagine Syria is very different from China. But the universal love of music seems to be everywhere. We have been surprised at the recent strides which music has made here in Nanking. We are supposed to be about a generation behind Japan in musical development, as far as western music goes, but before long the two countries should be moving along together, one would think, altho of course we are perhaps apt to think in terms of the large cities and to forget that the country places have practically no development in western culture.

Your interest has been in so many phases of music, and I hope you may eventually have a chance for expression in them all. I am sorry that we have no organ at present, except reed ones, but we could wish and hope for a Hammond organ one of these days. Our especial need for next year seems to be in piano teaching, and we hope that you will be willing to take over those girls who are most advanced and find interest in their growth. There is also a normal course in piano methods which is to be taught next year, which I hope very much you will be willing to teach. I have taught it in the past, but am eager that the girls have the benefit of what you may be able to give them. The course has been a year course, and may continue to be so for the present, tho it has seemed to be really too short to include sufficient time for going over enough materials for the different grades. At least one more half year might be added. Or a large part of next year might be spent in going over materials, if you thought best. I should be so glad to have you arrange it in the way that seemed best. We have a certain amount of music here which we use for teaching, and numbers of copies of such things as Heller 45.46. 47, Master Series for the Young (Schirmer) (Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Schubert, Chopin and Grieg, Schumann Op. 15, 68, and quite a few copies of well-known beginners' books for children. I don't think they are altogether satisfactory for our use in the normal course (I mean the childrens' books), except for a brief survey, as our girls are called upon to teach mostly high school age. We use Wagner's book for beginners here a good deal, as well as Oxford Adult Book and Pressers'. We would be very glad to have you introduce others, and to bring along copies of things you would like to use. The above is in regard to the normal course.

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院學理文子女陵金
GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

JUN 6 1937

系樂音
MUSIC DEPARTMENT

I know that Miss Griest has given you many details about the college and the life here, the things you may need to bring, etc. Life in Nanking is becoming more and more modern, so that we can purchase almost anything here in the way of ordinary necessities, or if not here, in Shanghai. Toothbrushes and that sort of thing are nice to bring in quantity, as they always seem rather expensive when bought with Chinese money, because of the exchange. But some people use Chinese wares in those things, and get them quite cheaply. //

(I am sending this in great hope that you are coming, and that you will find Ginling a congenial and happy ^{place} in which to be.)

With kind wishes, and hoping to see you in September, I am

Very sincerely,

Catharine E. Sutherland.

Miss Sutherland

Suite 903
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York
June 29, 1937

My dear Catharine:

Your letter of June 6 in regard to Miss Bickett reached me yesterday morning. As you already know, Miss Bickett was unable to accept this year our invitation and Miss Esther Rhodes has been appointed. She came into the office to see me yesterday afternoon. She is a very pleasant person, has an attractive face, and certainly looks as if she would be a very easy person to get along with. She is not as tall as I am, is rather heavy, but is very well groomed.

I had reorganized your letter to Miss Bickett so as to be able to give it to her and she is going to write directly. She has no hesitancy at all about the advanced piano work. She does hesitate about the normal class. She says she would have to work that up as she has not done it before and she certainly has no time to work up a new course this summer. She is under contract until August 13 on what appears to me to be about three people's jobs.

Passage is very difficult to secure this summer. Mr. Evans had been fortunate enough to get passage for her on the 14th on the Grant but it is impossible for her to take it. We are now trying to secure passage on the Empress of Russia sailing on August 19. This will bring her to Shanghai on September 7. If passage on that boat is impossible to get, she will not be able to reach Hanking in time for the opening of the college, but no effort will be spared here to get her off on that boat.

She has a rather large music library which we planned yesterday should go by freight and we hope that it will be able to start from New York on the Dollar Liner sailing on July 9.

I feel sure that you will find Miss Rhodes a reliable and capable person but she of course has not had the experience or the opportunities which Mrs. Rhoad has had. I trust that following Mrs. Rhoad is not going to make her adjustment too difficult at Ginling.

I am sending a copy of this letter to Dr. Wu.
Affectionately yours,

1340

OCT 4 1937

Catherine Sutherland

Ginling College
Nanking, China.
Aug. 14, 1937

Answered

I am sitting here just outside the door of our new faculty house, which is situated at one extremity of the campus, overlooking quite a stretch of the city. It is one of the loveliest spots in the city, looking out ~~across~~ toward several neighbor hills scattered with residences surrounded by trees, with a new wide road ~~a~~ extending thru the valley that up to a year or so ago was dotted with farmers' huts and vegetable gardens. Now, just at dusk, a chain of twinkling lights spans its length. Beyond, in the distance is lovely Purple Mountain, just at the edge of the city wall, lying prone, like a great dragon, as it guards the city.

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As I look over the now peaceful city, my imagination allows me to speculate as to which spots would be the most likely to be hit by the Japanese planes. For we have heard that planes have already gone to Soochow. It is possible that the fact that Nanking is the capital city, with a large number of foreigners from many countries, might make the Japanese more cautious about approaching this city. But their present actions in Shanghai would weaken the probability that they would regard anybody's right or prestige.

The enclosed sheet, written in May, I had hoped to get mailed long before this, and it may seem a little ironical to send it now. But when we can control our thoughts as to go out to points beyond ~~the~~ immediate issues and considerations, we know that the same spirit which sent those splendid Japanese to China over a month ago is still alive in Japan, and although it is being temporarily dominated by evil forces, it must rise and continue to rise until it can live and speak and prevail.

I have just come from a conference in the north, at Peitaho, where a number of Japanese delegates met along with people from ~~9~~ different nationalities. There were there two young students- a Chinese and a Japanese, who last year had become good friends, and whose friendship had continued by correspondence thruout the year. It happened that each of these young men was engaged to be married, and so they planned to invite their fiancées to attend this year's conference. Before the time set for the

conference, Lisa, the Japanese girl, wrote a letter to the Chinese, telling her how glad she was that they were going to become friends. The Chinese girl, on receiving the letter, did not feel any friendly response. Instead there was in her heart only the sore caused by all the injustices which Japan had perpetrated against China.

So, rather than ~~rather than~~ replying with merely a polite note, she ~~she~~ wrote frankly in her reply to the effect that she herself could feel little friendliness, but rather only hurt and resentment toward the Japanese. ~~Lisa then~~ Lisa then replied, pouring out all that she felt of sorrow and shame for her countrymen, and expressing the hope that some day somehow the spirit of Christ, of love, would change the hearts of those in power and make them different. This letter touched the Chinese girl and she asked that she might be allowed to room with Lisa at the con-

the Japanese girl

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ference. When I met them there, I had not heard their story- I only recognized the fact that they were devoted friends, and saw in each of them personality and character of a very high sort. Each day at the conference endeared them to all who knew them.

While we met, Peiping, a hundred miles away, was taken by the Japanese, and Tientsin was bombed and occupied. Everyone there faced the significance of what that might mean for China and in his own life. ~~Stephen~~, The Japanese boy (he is called something in Japanese that means "dynamite", because he has helped so many people to find Christ) said before leaving that he would not take up arms against China knowing that the penalty for refusing to fight might be death or at least imprisonment.

He and his little fiancée are just two people- easily lost among the thousands and millions of their countrymen who are now following their military leaders to "fight against the enemy, China." But will they be lost- they or their spirit?

As a foreigner who feels so keenly that the Chinese have not sought or desired this conflict, that the Japanese "know not what they do", there is a kind of unspeakable sense of shame for the part we Westerners may have had in causing it to be, thru wrong example and our own self-seeking. One prays that we Christians everywhere will be given grace to live to our utmost lives of meek and humble devotion to Christ, trying to obey Him above all else, in whatever way He shall guide us- so that the Kingdom of Heaven may come a little sooner on this earth.

We here have postponed the opening of school from the 6th to the 20th of September, because of uncertain conditions, and that may be subject to more change. But the Ministry of Education is making an effort to have all schools which can carry on as usual. We hear all sorts of funny radio messages, to the effect that Nanking has been bombed (perhaps reports started by the Japanese in order to get the people panicky), so we take what we hear with a grain of salt, and don't feel exactly like Will Rogers, that "all we know is what we read in the papers!" For altho I've never yet been bombed, I think I would know the feeling if it came!

I am so grateful to many of you for your letters, and wish this were a more personal one on my part. With good wishes, I am

Most sincerely,
Carlton S. Burkhardt

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I have just come from such an interesting chapel service, where the speaker was Miss Kawai, formerly the National Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Japan, and now head of her own private school and Junior College for girls in Japan. Our girls had heard of her coming, so there was a full attendance. She is one of several Japanese Christians who have come over at this time to attend the meeting of the National Christian Council in Shanghai, and also to meet and learn to know China Christians and to see conditions in China.

She was dressed in Western clothes, and was very unassuming in appearance, but her talk was so very worthwhile. She began by saying that our Dr. Wu was one of the causes of her coming, for having learned that she was the head of the National Christian Council she had a desire to meet her. The printed speech of Madame Chiang Kai Shek on "My Religion" had also impressed her, and she wanted to see more of what the women of China are doing to-day.

She has been much impressed with what she saw- the growth of education, the fine buildings and equipment, the work among Christians, and especially among Christian women. Dr. Wu was re-elected at this meeting of the N.C.C., and she spoke of the impressiveness of the sight when bishops and leaders from all over China rose to pay their respects to Dr. Wu.

She told of the sense of narrowness within her own nation, of the wrongs they had inflicted upon China, and asked forgiveness of the Chinese. If it had not been for the fact of the Christian bond, she nor the other Japanese would not have dared to come at this time to face people in their so called "enemy" country. But because of her faith in the possibility of universal brotherhood, she and others will dare to come, and to go back to possible opposition from their own government.

One of the aims in starting her school for girls was that she with them might study and know about international relations. She had read in her Bible this morning John 14, which said, "In my Father's house are many mansions (rooms)". The idea that so many of us, individually or nationally, are living in our own tiny room, bound by its four walls, willing to look no further, must be combated by the broader idea of Christ, whose house contains many rooms, in which his children are to live and communicate with one another, loving each other as members of one family.

Her great desire is that the women of this generation will know facts about the whole world, about Christ as their one aim and guiding motive, and that they will rise above the mistakes of the past generation into something nobler and better.

The visit of these Japanese follows closely upon a trip made by Prof. Bates and Mr. Ma of the history department of the University of Nanking to Japan, similar to one they made last year, the purpose being to find out more of the actual condition of things in Japan and to make whatever contacts possible looking toward more cooperation and friendship between the two countries. They were much encouraged by the reception they received, and the honest confession of some Japanese that some of the acts of aggression by Japan in China were entirely unknown to the Japanese people as a whole.

It does seem as if we have come much farther than when I first returned to Ginling five years ago, and found anti-Japanese societies organized in every school, hymns of hate for Japan being sung by all school children, and any suggestion of applying the principles of Christians being most coldly received. It is wonderful to feel that the love of Christ is really moving many people toward, not only turning the other cheek and toward showing a forgiving spirit, but also toward constructively finding out ways and means for further cooperation, and, if possible, for prevention of any armed conflict.

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Sent this 10/5/37 to Smith Quarterly
Letter to Miss Catherine Sutherland at Ginling, from a Ginling student.

Shanghai
September 1, 1937

Dear Miss Sutherland:

I was so glad to receive your letter. Since my home had changed to French Town now, I have to go home for getting letters. This is why letters come to me so late.

This is quite the most terrible time I have ever dreamed (time I have ever dreamed) about. Every day up to night, we are troubled by the drone of air planes. The explosions of the bombs often make us feel cold and tremulous. Once the bombs made the whole house tremble. We thought it was an earthquake at first. Finally we found some "flying eggs" had been dropped down. The place which had been fired was very near our house. Hundreds of people were killed. My father saw some toes polished with cutex, but nothing more was connected with them. Oh, how terrible and cruel the war is! Blood has flowed all over the streets. Life is nothing to the world now. You may be killed at any time, in the street or at home. Early in the morning and up to the very night, we can hear the cruel sound of the cannon and air planes, the sound of the heartless guns and the crying of human beings! I can never understand why should people fight against each other in such a terrible way.

Though we are safer in living in French Town than in Nantao, our former own home, yet is very uncomfortable and inconvenient. You can just imagine how crowded we are, we nine people, live within one room, a simple, quite small room. These days we can't even take any thing away from our old home. The doors separating the foreign settlements from Nantao are all closed up. Yesterday, a whole day, nobody could go or come from Nantao. Since our home is in Nantao, and since the Japanese have bombed it, we feel very uneasy and worry about that. I think you know how recently our south railway station was bombed by Japanese. More than four hundred people who wanted to go home were killed. I can't imagine how these broken families would feel these days. We are fortunate that we have not met any of these troubles.

I worry about our studies for the coming semester. I don't think September 20th will be a possible day for the school to open, if so, then what shall we do? What do you think? Have you any news from Dr. Wu about our school opening? Does she have any remedy for it if the 20th is not possible? I worry so about that since the day is drawing nearer and nearer.

You are full of the spirit of Christ. I hope you will pray for us under such a riotous period.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Grace Yang

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LETTERS TO CATHERINE SUTHERLAND

CHAIRMAN OF THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT OF GINLING COLLEGE, NANKING, CHINA

Letter from Ellen Koo, teacher in Music Dept., Ginling College
September 6, 1937 - St. John's University, Jessfield, Shanghai

Dear Catherine,

Here I am at last. Father, amah and I left Kiading on the evening of August 23, got on a boat after we walked three miles in the dark after five bombs near our place, one on our left, four on our right, so we left on that night. The boat went to Tsingpu, we sat on some pieces of wood for two days and two nights. When the boat got to Tsingpu we walked to the mission place to see if the pastor was there. Mr. and Mrs. Yao were there, so we went to stay in our mission (Episcopal) for five days to rest up. Later on the 30th a Mr. Wong came with us to St. John's University after I hired a car. Now, we have a room in Yen Hall. We left in a hurry, so we only brought a few summer dresses and left all our things at Kiading, my typewriter and victrola, etc. The day after we left, more than 60 bombs were thrown and the most prosperous part of the city was burnt.

This a.m. I played the pipe organ for the Holy Communion service, because Mr. Chin asked me, so I felt quite at home here, for I used to study here and played the same organ for many years every Sunday and on week days we took turns. Father of course was not willing to leave Kiading but I begged with many tears so he unwillingly came with us. Now he asked me, "When are we going home?". I told him, "As soon as we can", but I do not know when. We don't know how long we have to refugee here. Pray God will hurry this awful business and make an end of it soon. With love to you,

Letter from Hu Shih Tsang, Ginling Alumna, Music Major
Aug. 26, 1937 - Shanghai

Of course you can imagine how glad I was to receive your letter which came yesterday afternoon. I was greatly relieved after reading your note.

I met Dr. Wu. She told me that you were in Shanghai, but when I telephoned to the club Miss Fuller told me you had already gone to Nanking.

I wonder how the trenches look. You must feel lonely after so many left.

Before the war started there was so much moving on the streets., which were very crowded. On the 13th the war began. Stores were all closed up. There were no vehicles except rickshas and automobiles. All at once the condition was very disorderly. Probably you have heard the bomb accident near Y.M.C.A. and another one the day before yesterday at Sincere Wing-On section. That was real tragedy. People were so much frightened. So many tried to leave Shanghai. You can't imagine how crowded the station was. Children were tramped to death. Sometimes bombs came and killed many people.

The first few days I felt rather frightened. We were just like birds in a cage. We thought we would go to Human, where a friend told me to go if war happened. There were rumors which frightened us so much. Once we saw crowds of people rushing from north to south direction. Word was given to us that the Japanese soldiers were defeated and would rush to the Concession. One night the telephone was so busy. Friends rang up telling us that the Japanese soldiers would use poisonous gas and be sure to listen to the sign. Now we are used to these things. These few days the condition is smoother here. There was so much fighting up in the air. They were fighting as if on our roof sometimes. The anti-air craft gun killed so many people. At night we can see the fire from the guns. We could hear the sound of guns distinctly. The Chinese troops are doing well here. There were hundreds of Japanese captives rushing over the bridge. They were all captured and guarded by English soldiers.

Chapei and Hongkew were all burned down. We could see the fire from our window. So many innocent people were killed by the Japanese soldiers. This is real news, no exaggeration. Some people are still in the war section. There were Catholic people who planned to get them out. Hundreds have come out, yet there are more.

I really can't believe why there is so much killing in this world. I can't understand. People were left without work, without home, part of a family killed. What can I do to promote peace. The Japanese people who stayed in China for several years were also very pitiful when they left Shanghai.

I don't practice much these days, but I do typing. A friend has left a typewriter at our house, so we are learning to type.

I will enquire about Miss Bond's boat around August 31st. I would be so glad to see her if I can. God bless you.

Letter from undergraduate of Ginling College, Music Major

I was so glad in receiving your letter. Since my home has moved to French Town now, I have to go home for letters. This is why letters come to me so late.

This is quite the most terrible time I have ever dreamed about. Every day up to night we are troubled by the drone of airplanes. The explosion of the bombs often make us feel cold and tremulous. Once the bombs made the whole house tremble, we thought it was an earthquake at first. Finally we found some "flying eggs" had been dropped down. The place which had been fired was very near our home. Hundreds of people were killed. My father saw some toes polished with red, but nothing more was connected with them. Oh, how terrible and cruel the war is! Blood has flowed all over the streets. Life is nothing to the world now. You may be killed at any time, in the street or at home. Early in the morning and up in the very night we can hear the cruel sound of the cannon and airplanes, the sound of the heartless guns and the crying of human beings! I can never understand why people should fight against each other in such a terrible way.

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Yesterday, a whole day, nobody can go and come from Nantao. Since our home is in Nantao, and since the Japanese bombed it, we feel very uneasy and worry about that. I think you know how recently our south railway station was bombed by Japanese. More than 400 people who wanted to go home were killed. I can't imagine how these broken families would feel these days. We are fortunate we have not met any of these troubles.

I worry about our study for the coming semester. I don't think September 20th will be a possible day for the school to open; if so, then what shall we do? What do you think? Have you any news from Dr. Wu about our school opening? Does she have any remedy for it if the 20th is not possible? I worry about that since the day is drawing nearer and nearer.

You are full of the spirit of Christ. I hope you will pray for us under such a riotous period.

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Sutherland *Ginling College*
Nanking, China
August 14, 1937

I am sitting here just outside the door of our new faculty house, which is situated at one extremity of the campus, overlooking quite a stretch of the city. It is one of the loveliest spots in the city, looking out across toward several neighbor hills scattered with residences surrounded by trees, with a new wide road extending thru the valley that up to a year or so ago was dotted with farmers' huts and vegetable gardens. Now, just at dusk, a chain of twinkling lights spans its length. Beyond, in the distance, is lovely Purple Mountain, just at the edge of the city wall, lying prone, like a great dragon, as it guards the city.

Lights are beginning to flicker here and there all thru the city, making it a veritable fairyland that we look down upon. It is still light enough to notice the black roofs of every house, some of which have recently obtained a new coat of paint, in response to the government request that all roofs be made black - a safety precaution, along with the order that each house must prepare a safe cellar or build a trench or cave, in case of air raids.

As I look over the now peaceful city, my imagination allows me to speculate as to which spots would be the most likely to be hit by the Japanese planes. For we have heard that planes have already gone to Soochow. It is possible that the fact that Nanking is the capitol city, with a large number of foreigners from many countries, might make the Japanese more cautious about approaching this city. But their present actions in Shanghai would weaken the probability that they would regard anybody's right or prestige.

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We here have postponed the opening of school from the 6th to the 20th of September, because of uncertain conditions, and that may be subject to more change. But the Ministry of Education is making an effort to have all schools which can carry on as usual. We hear all sorts of funny radio messages, to the effect that Nanking has been bombed (perhaps reports started by the Japanese in order to get the people panic), so we take what we hear with a grain of salt, and don't feel exactly like Will Rogers, that "all we know is what we read in the papers!" For altho I've never yet been bombed, I think I would know the feeling if it came!

August 18, 1937

Just after finishing the enclosed of the 14th, Nanking had its first air raid. Some planes came and flew around the city, dropping several bombs on the air field, just opposite the Central Hospital. That plane was brought down by the Chinese, as have been a number of others since. On Monday there were five raids, and that day the Chinese were much more aggressive, going out to meet the Japs before they had reached the city. Several flew over the city and there was some back fire, but not much damage. We have all been given information about signals. The sirens blow to warn us. The first day we went to the basement of the Central Building, and later sometimes to the trenches which have been built. But we become more bold now and realize what a small chance there is of Ginling or any person here being hit. The discipline on the streets is quite fine, and the policemen have been highly commended for their work, staying faithfully at their posts. No one is allowed out until the release signal. Monday several of our teachers were caught out for four hours before they could get back. Our faculty hill is a grand place for watching the planes, and we can easily retire into our trench, if necessary.

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Minnie Vautrin and I are here at Ginling, and there is something nice about being on the ground. Wang Shih-fu has been the most marvelous revelation of hero and dramatist. I wish we could have had a movie of his dramatic account of the first air raid, waving his arms in every direction as he described what he saw. An anti-air bomb did strike in a pond quite close by, so he actually saw something. He said he was torn between a desire to protect himself and to see the excitement, and when a close crack came he sprawled flat on the grass, but otherwise stayed put. I always thought there was a lot stored up in his rather inscrutable make-up.

We have all put in a few extra supplies of soap, toothpaste, etc. I went to the grocer's on Saturday and the shelves were being quickly dismantled as customers went away with their large orders. We will have to be content without much canned goods for the present. The food problem will not become acute here, they say, but in Shanghai it may be so. Let us hope not. It is hard to say just what is ahead. Mr. Z, Mrs. N's banker brother, came over last night and said, "If we can just hold out for two weeks in Shanghai" - I suppose his conclusion was that after that the Chinese would have a strong enough hold to win out.

Our first bombing began on Sunday, soon after noon. We, in the south hill faculty house, were having a nap or a read, when the sirens began - one long and two shorts being the signal to warn people to get to places of safety. Altho we might have been expected to respond better to our first warning, we were strangely unresponsive. Dr. Wu was very tired and said she really wanted to finish her nap. I

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was deep in a book and said I wanted to go on reading. Dr. Djang, who had been in the seige of Wuchang, was a little more apprehensive, but didn't hurry us until the second siren which was one long and many shorts, which means the planes are near. We heard something that sounded like thunder, and I was quite sure it was, but Dr. Djang knew better. Dr. Wu finally headed our little procession of five, with several servants following, down to the central building, which has the best basement, where we found the fifteen or so students, and the East Court Faculty. One or two of them had not heard any firing before and were pretty frightened. In a few minutes there was much noise of planes and shots, large and small flying not very far away. We could easily distinguish the anti-air craft guns firing from Ching Liang Shan, the hill near us, where the water reservoirs are. Well, we were quite glad when the last siren came - one long one, which is the release, and means that the enemy planes have left. We found later that during that raid the air field across from Central Hospital had been bombed, but not badly, and several Japanese planes had been brought down. The radio helps to verify uncertainties, and there is a continual procession of folk to Eva Spicer's house, where the radio is situated. There are clear English reports from Shanghai several times daily, and many Chinese ones, of course. In the evening all the news is broadcasted from the Central Station here, both in Chinese and English. Like all news everywhere, it is often slightly modified, depending upon who is giving it. There is a Japanese broadcast from Tokyo every evening to which we have frequently listened, and you can imagine what amazing bits of news we get from there.

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Well, to continue with the raids, around which our attention mainly centers, whether it is getting trenches dug, running to answer siren calls (Monday there were five, but every other day, one, two or three) or trying to secure gauze and cotton for possible use for masks, or watching the planes overhead, sometimes singly, sometimes in group formation, usually not more than three, so far. After the first time or two, the Chinese went boldly out to meet them, and have brought down quite a number before they reached the city. The only other severe time we have had was on Thursday, the 19th. We had just had supper, when the siren began to blow. Our family went out to the trench near by, but Dr. Wu wanted very much to get several important letters written in order to send them by a friend who was going to Shanghai that evening (the trains have been very slow and irregular). So I said I would go down and type them for her. We really had no special apprehension, for except for that one time the firing had been at such a distance. We had just about gotten into the Library building when a great swish of planes and bombing began, and anti-air guns shot into the air like fireworks. Things seemed so near to the college as to be almost out on the next street, but I'm sure they weren't so near. It seems they keep changing the position of such guns. We ran and stood against the thick wall - at least we did so when I could tear Dr. Wu away from the windows (she was so interested in the "rockets"), and with one or two bombs the buildings shook a good deal. But in a short while it was over. It happened that Minnie and I had decided to give us all a treat, for which we bought the last cans, except a few, that the grocer had. We got the ice cream nicely made, and had sent a note around to everybody. I had facetiously sent a "funny" notice, as if it were an "extra", telling everyone to report for special manouvers at a special trench just after supper. To my

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horror and regret, I found later that the students and several East Courters had taken it seriously, so they were all packed into that small trench like sardines when the raid was on. They were awfully good sports, and didn't blame me, and we finally got all assembled on the lawn for ice cream, and ended up with "Drop the Handkerchief", especially for the little ones (Mrs. Tsen's daughter-in-law is here with four, and Blanche Wu's niece is with her. She is leaving today for Wuhu, to be with her aunt there.

We had not known what had been the point of attack until Miss Chen Mei-yu (Head of the girls dormitory at Central) came up in a horse carriage, and excitedly told us that they had bombed Central University, and her dormitory had quite literally "fallen about her head", it having collapsed from shock, being an old and poorly built building. She said a "second life" must have been granted her, for she felt "more than dead" at one time. Only a few students were there and they all escaped. Only one servant was killed, the place having been pretty empty, except the boys' dormitory, which was unharmed. Bombs had been dropped near the Library and Central Building, but hit neither, except to knock off a cupola, but the Chemistry Building was hit and burned. The military academy was also hit that evening, and some damage, but not great, done. Miss Chen stayed with us, and has been doing so. She was a pretty fine sport about it all. She and I had a chat over the sandbags this morning, she telling me some of her reactions from the Pacific Conference, to which she was a delegate in Vancouver, in July. It seemed to keep ending in the same conclusion every time - that if people, groups, and nations would only be fearless, truthful, and loving with each other, the way out would be so easy, but even at that conference, brought together for the purpose of bettering relations and for frank discussion about it, people seemed to be side stepping and afraid to speak what they thought for fear of losing

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their own or somebody else's face. I keep thinking that a strong enough man, with enough vision, in the president's chair in America, might start a round-table or something that would bring this immediate conflict more quickly to a close. Miss Chen believes that a positive embargo on scrap iron, etc. might help, altho Japan has already bought up enough to last a while. The neutrality act, I learned thru her, does little good as long as other countries' merchant ships can go in and buy materials at will.

Dr. Wu is busy as a bee, and seems to have no idea that her place is other than right here just now. She is perfectly fearless, and inspires anyone who might be trembly. She doesn't urge anyone to leave or stay, tho she said she would like to reduce the number. Now there are about twelve students, and thirteen faculty and thirty or more servants still here. The servants are showing a splendid spirit. This morning early there was a raid, and soon after the release I came over to the music building, to a prayer meeting we have each day at 7. Before I reached the door, it occurred to me that it might still be locked, because our servant lives off the campus, and would not have had time to get here after the siren sounded. But whom should I find but his little boy, wiping the piano keys with great diligence, as he had often seen his father do. I showed my surprise in seeing him, and he said that his father had sent him over in the midst of the raid, because his clothes were dark, and his father wanted to be sure the door was open for the prayer meeting. So he risked sending the little boy, in order to be faithful to his duty.

Now, I almost hesitate to send this, lest it sound like a "war journal", and tho, in a sense we are in a modern war situation, this particular place is at present in no bad condition, and what we might face is only what hundreds of others everywhere are facing. And

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there is a sense of security in being in the place where one feels one belongs at the moment. It seems as if it would be very foolish to run right into danger, but also it wouldn't be exactly good to run from it, and as long as it seems good for anyone to be here, not only for the building's sake, but for the something they seem to stand for (and if we were to leave, they would be quickly taken over, for other uses, and the chance of getting them back any time soon might be difficult, while there is a strong chance that school may open one of these days), and while one's staying doesn't seem to involve others to any extent, then those who happen to be here will likely continue on, and try to be guided largely by what seems best to Dr. Wu, who is a host in herself, and it's grand to see how she meets each new situation. Personally I've been interested in my own fear reaction, for I know myself to be normally "jumpy", in spots, and have always thought that one under continual possibility of raids, etc. might have a rather constant sense of uneasiness. That might be possible, but so far, except for one or two moments, even during the raids, there hasn't been that reaction, and rather instead a kind of sense of bother at being disturbed when the siren rings, and then of delightful relief when we are free to go about again. And the full moon shines just as wonderfully, and the sunsets have been glorious. (The sunrises also, of which we've seen more of late), and the weather for the most part cool, like Indian summer. But let's pray for peace, and work and work for it. There is so much unnecessary suffering, which God never meant to be.

The Chinese are such wonderful people. They have here seven air men, wounded or captured from the fallen Japanese planes. They are being cared for in their own hospitals, and treated with absolute kindness, allowed to write home to their families, etc. One young man could not contain his surprise, saying that he had been warned that if

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he went down there would be no mercy shown him - for reports in his country were that the Chinese were killing all the Japanese here, private citizens, etc. It seems to be part of the Japanese program to spread such reports and to do rather ruthless things in order to gain their ends, so that one is glad whenever one sees instances of "turning the other cheek".

August 28, 1937

The night before last was our longest air raid here, lasting from just before midnight till 4 a. m. Bombs were dropped in eight places and fires broke out in several places. From our site on the hill we could watch the searchlights playing upon the planes, and various anti-aircraft shooting up toward them, and also the fires which started in various parts of the city. They were all put out rather quickly, the longest lasting about three hours. Numbers of people were killed or hurt. The only one we knew was the brother of our gateman, who was killed when walls fell in upon him. These days there is so much danger from weakly built houses.

In between raids we are most peaceful, and for the most part take extra delight in the simple processes of life, such as a refreshing bath, the flowers by the wayside, and that sort of thing. Yesterday there were two warnings, but instead of the second warning the release came, which meant that the planes were either stopped some distance away, or else they passed us by. We hear that there have been repeated raids on Hankow, Wuchang and other cities. One purpose is no doubt to keep the Chinese planes as scattered as possible.

The boys are now bringing the library books from the attic down to the first floor. The new grand piano has been moved downstairs, in the same room in which Mrs. Tsen has stored some rice. And now it is

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going to receive some valuable statuary which Dr. Lo of Central University has asked to have kept here, believing our campus to be safer than his. So we are gathering quite a museum in the music building. Dr. Wu has daily requests for the use of the building, whether to move in families, goods, offices, or what not, but she has the support of most of her friends in refusing most of these, because of too much that would be involved. At present the staff of the Weather Bureau are our only guests.

September 26, 1937

We are now in the midst of the "systematic" bombing of Nanking, as the Japanese term it, and whether it be so in reality, perhaps only time and the military experts will tell. It is almost sure that the newspapers have exaggerated parts of it thus far, as seems almost inevitable, altho they have tried to give the facts, they say. On the first day of the bombing several American newspaper men stood on the front lawn of the Embassy and watched it all, and then as soon as the release siren rings, away they go in their cars to view the scene of bombing, take photographs etc. On that day, Miss Vautrin and Dr. Wu and I had been invited by Mr. Paxton, the remaining member of the Embassy, for lunch, and to share their bomb-proof dugout. We appreciated the courtesy, but didn't even tell Dr. Wu of the invitation, because her indignation at the action of the Embassy had been rather strong, as it was with all of us. That is, it seemed from this close-up view anything but right or plausible for any of the embassies to leave the capitol at the request of the Japanese on such absolutely illicit grounds. We have since heard that there may have been explanations of which we were not aware, and that other embassies had in fact more or less evacuated - which I don't think excuses them, but may make the Americans appear in a little better light. I think it is perfectly true that not one of

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those ambassadors would lack personal courage, and they may have been acting under strong government orders. At any rate they came back the next day, and are still here.

Rain and bad weather gave us two days of quiet, tho there had been two before the "official" bombing which were somewhat severe. On the 20th we had a rather unusual wedding. A @inling senior of two years ago was married in the pretty little Twinem chapel near Nanking University. I was playing the wedding march, and during the prelude, the warning siren rang (this tells that the planes are not far off, but there is often a space of 15 minutes before they arrive). So we went right on with the march and the ceremony, and just at the end of it the second siren came (it means the planes are here). The ceremony closed with the Lord's prayer and I've seldom heard it chanted more briskly. The final march was played briefly as they walked out, and then the shells began to fly quite near by. The "wedding supper" (it was really ten in the morning) had been set outdoors, so in lulls that was brought in and we had our tea and cake indoors. There was a surprising spirit of calm among the guests (about 50 in all). The University had a large trench across the street, but only a few ventured to go into it. I saw more of planes and smoke that day than any time before, as we are usually hid in our trench near our house. The bride was so sweet and sober thru it all. It was one o'clock before it was all over, and we all went home, glad and relieved that nothing had befallen the wedding party. Unfortunately something usually does happen to some people, and it is so often the poor and especially helpless ones. The 23rd and 25th were the bad days. Yesterday many places were hit including the electric light plant, the bureau of hygiene and Central Hospital. It is these things that wrack one most, after all the pretense of

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the Japanese to the contrary - that they have no designs upon civilian life, but only upon the military bases etc. It is quite well believed that they are consistently attacking places where people are so as to intimidate them the more if possible and bring their victory nearer. As a matter of fact it seems to create only more determination on the part of the Chinese to resist more doggedly.

Early in the week dodgers were dropped from the Jap planes in which they tried to expose Madame Chiang Kai-shek, as head of the air force, as having used funds for private ends, leaving the air force depleted and inadequate. And so, they continued to argue, you innocent Chinese are now being forced to suffer unnecessarily because of the traitorous acts of your leaders. Dr. Wu happened to be lunching with the Chiangs that day and saw the Madame read the dodger herself. It apparently feazed her about as much as it did other Chinese, most of whom are utterly loyal to the General and Madame Chiang.

As to immediate needs, the Chinese are responding wonderfully to calls for material help, and still there will be calls unable to be met unless friends in other countries help too. We are grateful for whatever has come already. I asked today whether the need for hospital supplies could best be met by money gifts or the actual articles. The reply was that the most efficient way would be thru money gifts, for then the most needed things could be ordered and sent. There are also the personal appeals that are coming to each one of us - students who are suddenly stranded without money, teachers whose families have depended upon them now without work, refugees, etc. What may seem a small sum to you may be a life-saving one to some poor person in need.

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And now, as the radio man says, for the weather report: We have had a good day, strong winds, clouds and rain, for "good weather" these days is entirely in terms of how favorable it is to the aeroplanes coming. Yesterday I was passing a movie house (they are all closed here since the beginning of the trouble) and saw the title of the last movie that had appeared - "Turn off the Moon" - which is everybody's sentiments exactly just at present.

I am hoping for more American mail soon. One lone letter strayed in today. It has been held up for several weeks. Do all you can there to make Americans everywhere feel the tremendous confidence that the Chinese have in them, in their ability to move world opinion, if they will. The "North China Daily News" in Shanghai calls itself "Impartial but not Neutral". And that is the distinction that must be made, I guess, unless we evade a responsibility that is surely ours. Surely not steps that would lead to more war, but strong courageous dealing that would of course mean individual and personal sacrifice in many cases. Can't we somehow measure up to it? You who are free to think and speak and act - be tireless in thought and speech and prayer until you know nothing has been left unturned that might help this suffering nation.

Catharine E. Sutherland
Head of the Music Department, Guilin College

GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

Letters received from Catherine Sutherland, chairman of the Music Department of Ginling College. These letters were written in Wuchang, China.

December 26, 1937

Several of our teachers, four of them, left on the train two days before Christmas for Hongkong, hoping to get from there to Shanghai by boat. I went with them to the station that morning, with all the "baggages." We arrived about two hours before scheduled train time, and found the station largely occupied by soldiers. About one third of the space was partitioned off . . . While the others went trying to get tickets, to look up their compartment, to arrange for baggage, I stood by some of the smaller pieces and watched the crowd. It was no monotonous task, for the continual stream of people entering the station were of every sort and variety--soldiers in large numbers, in their kahki or grey cloth uniforms, ordinary citizens, usually families with many children and babies, who I often feared would be crushed by the crowds, especially the ones who were tied, papoose fashion, on their mother's backs. This is especially true of the Cantonese women, who have a special shawl designed for that purpose. The hats were particularly interesting--from great fur toques, thru every kind of modern felt to great straw pans several feet wide, rain-hats--as it was a rainy day. Food of every description was of course being carried in, too. One thing that attracted me as soon as it reached the door was a large "spray" of Crullers, the long curly kind that are so common on the streets, especially at breakfast time. The man had to hold them high in the air to avoid their being crushed, and they looked like a "send-off" bouquet. The crowd before the ticket windows kept increasing, for they didn't open the windows until an hour before train time. And such a push. I could hardly believe my eyes when several men actually began climbing up on top of the crowd, each getting a boost from a friend in the rear, making a second layer of folk, all reaching and shouting for entrance to the window. I guess the rest of us were all relieved when the policemen finally pulled these offenders down. The tolerance of the crowd under such circumstances always amazes me, and is just another sample of the quiet submissiveness wrought out of long experience that has helped this wonderful race to persist thru all these long years. My soul cried out in the midst of that confusion for law and order, but for them it was only a whet to their resourcefulness, and that was another part of the fun, watching the people connive to outwit and get by each other in a hundred ingenious ways. What nation can die when under such a constant challenge to the struggle for existence? . . . I think it is one of their saving characteristics--this ability to hold on in the struggle when most of us would give up in the fight.

And now for Wuchang, and what we are planning. Quite a few of our girls are not leaving here just now, either because they can't afford it, or because their families are here and intending to remain. The music students are all among those, so I will be one who stays here for the present, to wait developments. . . .

I had quite hoped it might be possible to get back to Nanking, and still hope so; but traveling by the river is not very safe--in fact almost impossible because of the booms stretched across the river, and going by Hongkong may not find the way open from Shanghai to Nanking. One of our men faculty, Dr. Yuan, arrived here this week, after a most adventurous time in a sail boat from Wuhu to Hankow, taking 4 days, including a six day stop at a small place where he and his family had hoped to locate for the time being. The disbanded soldier problem is a very great one just now . . . This has been a problem that General Chiang was working so hard to eradicate, and now the huge number of fighting men without enough trained leaders has let the thing get out of hand again. Thru a friend Dr. Yuan had secured

three sailboats. He met a group of thirty soldiers who were anxious to get up the river, so a bargain was struck--he letting them use his boats if they would in turn give him protection. It worked very well, for they were attacked six times from the river bank by soldiers who wanted to take the boats. The leader of the thirty was a Shanghai University graduate, and proved himself of fine stuff, for in every case, Dr. Yuan said, he directed his boat right over to the shore, allowing the other two boats to pass ahead, then argued it out with the soldiers--telling them that they were all "in one boat," working for a common cause, and that they must protect and not harm unarmed citizens, etc. He had his guns cocked, but never fired, at least not at them, and in every case they got by alright. They didn't dare stop very often, but fortunately had plenty of rice, and for several days just ate rice and salt. . . . Dr. Yuan is such a kind, genial soul, and said several times that he had never before known what suffering meant.

As for Nanking, there has been absolutely no direct nor reliable news for exactly two weeks except the word thru the American Embassy that the foreigners there were safe. We have heard rumors of many kinds, of burnings and lootings and killings, but will try not to believe much of them until they are properly authenticated. . . . One keeps saying and thinking, "Why must it be--how can it be, and continue to be?" "There is no defeat unless the spirit is broken." Pray with us--that not only will the spirit not be broken, but that courage and unselfish devotion may grow and grow within these youths especially, many of whom are ready to give, if they can only see which way and how to go.

And as for Christmas--everyone was asked to give what might ordinarily have been spent on cards or gifts as a fund to supply a Christmas package for each wounded soldier. For the students here there was a beautiful candle service on Christmas eve in the college church. After our exodus this week there remain here in our hostel just 7 students and Dr. Wu and myself,--with Miss Spicer still coming and going from Hankow. Christmas eve the students and I got together and trimmed up our otherwise rather dingy dining and study room into quite a festive place, with much red paper and a tiny Christmas tree. Then we called in Dr. Wu . . . and we had some oranges and peanut candy, and sang Christmas carols. We spoke of the glee club at Ginling, and how on this night we would have been wakened by their caroling on other years.

Christmas day for supper Miss Blakely, who lives in the same compound, had invited all our remaining students and teachers, and several of the London Mission ladies were there. Red candles were burning and heavenly bamboo and other greens made much Christmas cheer. Eva Spicer led a short service at the end, with Christmas carols, after we had played some games. One of the students leaned over to say, during the supper, "Isn't it strange that we are here in Wuchang?" And so we think so often, as we go about. We hardly think of ourselves as refugees, for we have been so kindly welcomed and made to feel a part of the community. And yet we are, and how we would welcome any chance to be back again in Ginling.

To-day I went over to Hankow to the service at the Union church, where Bishop Roots spoke so helpfully, and then to lunch with Mo Soh-chin, Bao-Hsun-fang and her husband and Wu Ya-yu. It was such a nice visit with them. I went on out to hunt up Liu Yu-hsia and Deng Yi-dji, who have come here recently with the Y.W.C.A. for work, but they were not there...The little Yuans, three dear little girls, had been having a bath in our living room, and Lu Gin-ai was having a nap there, as we are glad to share our fire these days. And now Dr. Wu is writing letters--she is ever busy at something. . . . Dr. Wu paid a visit to Madame Chiang day before yesterday. I think that Madame Chiang depends upon her a good deal as a friend with whom she can share her spiritual as well as other thoughts. Dr. Wu was very careful in selecting a book for Christmas for her which might have just the matter that would be most helpful for her at this time. Some reading pertaining to the old prophets was part of it. Dr. Wu told us that one day when Madame Chiang had seemed

rather discouraged, she went on to say, "I don't mean that I have lost my faith, It is still very real." To-day Bishop Roots asked us as he preached if we were all taking our full responsibility in supporting the Christian leaders with our united prayer.

January 9, 1938

A telegram has just come (yesterday) from Miss Vautrin at Ginling We are most thankful for this word, having waited for three weeks for any direct news It is hard, even with big stretches of the imagination to picture those 10,000 women and children, and just how they are being sheltered. But I would trust Minnie and Mrs. Tsen to find a way, and one that would be efficient, too. Since Ginling was within the safety zone during the entrance of the Japanese, these women no doubt came from all parts of the city. The fact that Ginling has always had very friendly relations with the farming neighbors all about us would mean a good nucleus of loyal and helpful ones to start with. . . .

We also saw a letter this week written by Dr. Bates, on Dec. 15th, which told something of the condition at that time, and testified to the killing and looting that had taken place. It was rather guarded in what it said, but there was enough to let us know that things had been rather bad. . . . I was interested in somebody's remark about the looting in Nanking, to the effect that what the Chinese did in the way of looting was positively amateurish in comparison with that of the Japanese. It seems that they have been taking things and shipping them systematically back to Japan. Mr. Bates said that practically every shop along the main streets was thoroughly gone into. One doesn't like to contemplate the number of self-respecting citizens all over China who are being suddenly placed without any source of income. Many thousand of these have already gone west, chiefly to Szechuan, and it may be a time of new developments there, and of pushing further in to some of that less penetrated country. . . .

Hankow at present is surely at the crossroads. We almost daily run into some of our Nanking or other friends from east and central China who are on their way, either west to Szechuan or down into Hunan or Kweichow. Two of our young faculty members, Lin Yu-wen and Lan Chien-bi, left this week for Kweiling, capital of Kweichow. Miss Lin had been in the department of Hygiene with the government at Nanking, and she has been promised some temporary work, with no salary, but with board and room in return. Many people are thankful for that alone these days.

One interesting gathering this week was a meeting of missionaries in Hankow, at which Dr. Chen and Mr. Rees of the National Christian Council were the speakers, but Dr. Chen was delayed, so only Mr. Rees spoke. He and Dr. Chen have been going about to the different Christian centers, sharing thoughts and plans with various groups, and dispersing funds where there is need. He said that three things seem to be outstanding among the Christians everywhere; busy cooperation in relief work, a much deeper consciousness of spiritual need, and better cooperation than ever before. He felt that much help and strength comes through mutual sharing of experiences, and urged that we all try to contribute to the weekly broadcast which goes out every Sunday evening to many parts of China. Mr. Kepler, of the Church of Christ in China, was also present, and he told of some recent visits in north China and in Japan. He mentioned in particular the Japanese Christians, and the struggle they are now having, and the courage shown by some of them. He visited one girls' school, the principal of which is a Christian. He said that he listened to a morning assembly talk given by this principal in which he used a kind of parable to get his point across. He told the story of a Japanese girl who dreamed that she was traveling in China, and she saw many of her own country's soldiers marching along crying victoriously, "Benzai, benzai." Then she looked at the side of the road and saw a wounded Chinese soldier, who was dying, and she saw that his face was like that of Christ. She said, "Christ is being crucified again in China." And she could cry

"Benzai" no more.

At the same meeting one of the American nurses in the Union hospital here in Hankow told of the faithfulness of her Chinese associates during these trying days. An air field is located just next to the hospital, and has been the repeated target of the Japanese planes--twice this week. The hospital always shakes badly each time a bomb is dropped and they are of course in constant danger. She said that during one heavy bombing a few days ago one little nurse ran up to her and they held each other close, the heart of each thumping very loud, and the little nurse spoke of the reality of her trust in God, saying, "It is a comfort to know that Christ is right here with us."

Mention was made at this same meeting of the many hundreds of students who are without employment or place to go here in Wuchang--those who have fled from the war districts. Many have already gone into relief work, and others will be used this week in new camps that are being established. To-morrow 200 refugees will come into a dormitory on this campus, and 150 women will go to St. Hilda's. We have heard that most of these people are from middle class families, who have been driven from home, and are now dependent on the friendly help of those in better circumstances. The funds coming from other countries are being greatly appreciated for needs such as these people present. The government is doing some good work in establishing camps and assigning people to places where they will best fit in. Wherever possible they are given employment in order to help themselves.

They are almost all in need of more clothing or bedding, and everybody is sewing sheets or making padded garments or knitting socks. I have just moved this week into the girls dormitory here, and we are bringing in a sewing machine in order to have a sheet making center here. . . . Since our Ginling unit broke up, and we closed our temporary hostel, I thought it best to come here for the time being, hoping if possible to get back to Nanking, or maybe to stay here to teach the next term. Every plan has an "if" attached to it these days, but at present Wuhan is quite safe, except for some visits from aeroplanes. The low water makes it almost impossible for any warships to come here now. Some people think that Japanese soldiers are advancing thru Anhwei, but others feel that they are becoming more and more conscious that they have bitten off more than they can chew, and that they would really like to be able to negotiate. It doesn't look as if the Chinese could in any way conform to their demands, as they are at present, and they are continuing to fight on several fronts. It seems rather uncanny to read of their air attacks on the air field in Nanking which the Japanese drove away at for so many weeks.

On Tuesday Dr. Wu finally got off by air to Chungking, after some weather delay, where she hoped to see Miss Tappert, Nanking and Central University people and other friends for a couple of days before going on to Chengtu. As she wrote to a friend, "How I would have enjoyed this trip in normal times!" Even so we hope she can take in the beauty of the gorges and some of the mountain scenery which she will no doubt pass, and we hope too that the number of friends to see and problems to tackle in Chengtu may not keep her from getting much needed rest, before she makes the next move, possibly to Shanghai. Last week some one spoke of an interview with General Chiang. He had expected, he said, to be meeting one who, tho still full of courage, would appear worn and tired with the wear of all that he is passing thru. But, instead of that, he found a man keen and alert, energetic as always and with hope for the future. The reporter, who was having the interview, remarked to my friend that it seemed as if there must be something very real in his religion, for only such could keep a man up thru such a strain. I have felt the same in regard to Dr. Wu, for, while she has some very "low" moments, she is constantly a surprise in her buoyancy that seems to "hope all things."

GINLING COLLEGE
150 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York
March 17, 1938

My dear Catharine and Esther:-

I hope "Esther" will forgive my using her first name. We feel so close to all of you in China that it is hard to speak of you or to you save with the friendly use of the first name. Yesterday afternoon Catharine's letter of February 4th and Esther's note and most interesting account of her summer trip reached me. I hope you won't mind my sending this to the two of you. I am trying the regular mail to Hongkong and air mail to Wuchang and Chungking.

I haven't had a reply from Dr. Williamson to my letter asking for a confirmation of the scholarship for Mrs. Yeh. I sent a copy of my letter to Catharine on a recent mail, and an explanation about the scholarship to Catharine in a letter written March 1st. This letter of March 1st went in triplicate - a copy to Dr. Wu and Elsie in Chengtu; a copy to Ruth in Shanghai and a third copy to Catharine.

I cannot tell you how glad we are to know that Miss Rhodes' music library is safe. I urged her to ship her freight things in good time (!) and Mrs. Evans got them off by freight via the Canal early in July. They were due in Shanghai when conditions there were terrible. Mr. Evans was away on vacation so I "pestered" the Methodist shipping office, who handle our shipments, getting them to "pester" the Dollar Line and to urge carrying this freight through to Hongkong or Shanghai, or bring it back to New York. Mr. Evans and the Methodists and the Dollar Line all fall and winter have been after that box of music. Finally with the report here that it could not be found, a claim had been put in for its value. Catharine doesn't say where it is in Hongkong but we are thankful to know that it is there somewhere. I sent word last evening to Miss Rhodes. She has been very, very fine about it. It was a sizeable box and contained her complete music library with personal notes on it and her lecture notes I understand, as well. I am writing Elsie for further information about its whereabouts, but will be happy to have whatever else Catharine knows.

I am interested that Catharine feels that there is a chance Miss Rhodes can be used next year. She has commended herself very finely in her attitudes and we believe she is a person who can meet emergencies and crises with calmness of spirit and clearness of head. I shall be anxious to know how Dr. Wu feels.

Catharine's family seems to me wonderful in their acceptance of her service this year in China, but I have wondered whether it should go on for their sakes, another year. This is not due to anything that has been written or said, but just a "hunch". We would be happy here if Catharine were to be here next year.

I was feeling particularly low in my spirits yesterday, and receiving Esther's account helped a lot. That sounds funny I suppose. One does so many, many, at the moment seemingly petty, things in an effort to be of service to the Ginling group, and most of them are considered either of no moment or a waste of time by the masculinity by which our work is now surrounded. So when Esther's account came it was an indication to me that the basis on which I have been working - aim to be of service to you all - hasn't been in vain. Maud Russell said in a recent speech "Women are interested in processes through which results are obtained, and men in results." (This isn't her wording). She was comparing the way the Y.W. and Y.M. do things. But it is very pat - for a general fundamental difference. In the office here nothing counts unless one turns in dollars and cents. But it does seem terribly important to me to build a foundation of knowledge and of dependable service also, and

of confidence between China and us and between each other. It could be done so easily. So three cheers that the one western member of the staff whom I haven't met has had the friendliness and the confidence to send this account and ask that it be circulated.

I am wondering if Esther or any of the party have thought of writing up this trip for the National Geographic. It is the first trip by automobile I understand, from Nanking to Chengtu and so of historic importance. Have you pictures - good ones? They are very necessary for the Geographic. I hope Esther or someone tries it soon.

We plan to mimeograph the account just as Esther wrote it. Gratia couldn't do that. She hadn't the strength for it nor the belief in the need for it. But Miss Moore does the stencilling willingly and well, and so as soon as we can get it done we will. This will in the end be quicker than a "Round Robin". Also if Esther wants copies sent to others send us the names and we will send them.

I took the liberty to drop a card last evening to the Tappert family, telling them that I had just heard from Esther and that her last letter from them was dated October 12th. I suggested that they try the method I am using for this - regular mail to Hongkong and air mail from Hongkong to Chungking. I understand this means in postage five cents to Hongkong and nineteen cents from Hongkong to Wuchang, Chungking, Chengtu. The air mail rate is for 1/2 oz. (Of course I am sending this air mail across the United States because it is too late for the regular) This method will save the long delay in China and reduce considerably the expense from the China Clipper rate.

Edith was good enough one evening recently to allow me to visit Whiskers. She read to me during the evening the charming volume of Ginling poetry. I felt much better acquainted with Mereb, Esther, Abigail and Edith, after that evening, and I enjoyed so much the poetry.

What a rich variation in experience Esther must be having in Chungking.

We have had the full reports here which Esther summarizes, and have read them with horror! We echo with all our hearts her desire that the "J. go and leave us free to begin to scrub up the blood stains they have tracked all over the 'Good Earth' ". These reports reached us the end of the week on which Eden resigned! - Why oh! Why do we not have slogans - "Christians of the world unite!" - "We will not tolerate this exaltation of force, this murder under the soft word "liquidations"; we will call forth individually and unitedly spiritual power that can and will in our day, if we wish it, make these Sauls Pauls." Surely that power hasn't ceased. It is we pussyfooting weak selfish mortals who make possible the glorification and success of force. The news from Europe now dreams out China - and so it is up to us to keep informed, for J. always takes advantage when the front page is filled with Europe. Keep us informed - We use the material - China needs badly now with so many sources of news censored, to get out information.

With love to you both,

RWG:am

Miss Catharine Sutherland
Yen Hostel
Wuchang, China

Miss Esther Tappert
Chungking University
Chungking, Szechwan, China

GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA
150 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.
May 24, 1938.

Dear Catharine:

Thank you so much for your letter of March 15th, and its personal postscript. Of course I know Liu Yü Hsia. She was at Ginling while I was there and I also saw her in New York. It is good to hear of her and of the work she is doing. Please remember me affectionately to her.

Thank you too for Mr. Taylor's letter. His wife is living in my "home town." Although I have seen her only once this year, I send her the Ginling material, and Mr. Taylor has me on his mailing list. This letter of April 20th, however, has not yet arrived.

The notice of Madame Chiang's talk was in the New York Times, and was among the material mimeographed by the Far Eastern Committee of the Foreign Missions Conference. I secured enough copies to include it in the last mailing to the Ginling information list. It was for this country a very stirring announcement.

No financial account of the Nien Yu Tao station has yet come to my hands. This monthly financial report is the most fundamental request of those interested here. Will you please see - if you are still in Hankow - that it is sent regularly and promptly? There is willingness for "freedom in the use of the money". The important thing here is the financial report.

We feel very anxious about Hankow these days, and hope that you are all not too overwhelmed. May courage and morale continue. Fosdick, I think it was, who said recently over the radio, that morale is the ability to come back after a blow is struck - Not his words but the idea.

With love to you, I am

RWG:am

Affectionately yours,

Miss Catharine Sutherland,
c/o Hua Chung College,
Wuchang, China.

Dictated but not read by Miss Griest.

Fun Catherine Sutherland.

July 2, 1938 *Wuchang*

[17]

July is here, and can it be? How really short a time it seems since last July, when we were experiencing the first incidents of the war, and Dr. Wu was saying "If only there were a prophet to give us a hint of the future!" And now time itself has done that, and we know what we little could foresee then.

The Japanese are battering at the Matong Forts just outside of Kiukiang, and we hear that Kiukiang has become almost an empty city - empty, perhaps, in the sense that Nanking became so six months ago, with its thousands of helpless poor people left to face whatever came. We hear that a boom has been thrown across the Yangtze this side of Kiukiang, so that boats will be cut off between here and Kuling. Those who went there with the hope of returning here in case of trouble may find it very difficult to get back. But perhaps they will find a way.

In the meantime there have been frequent meetings of leading people in Wuhan trying to prepare for what may happen here. Letters from those who went thru the Nanking experience have been carefully read, and I think much of the planning for safety zones etc. has been based on the Nanking plan. Hopefully their whole experience will not be duplicated here. Wuhan, we hear, is prepared to resist any kind of an attack, and they will try to hold it at all cost. That effort may or may not help the situation as far as the "lao bei hsing" (the old hundred names) (the populace) goes. In every case it seems to be they, along with the soldiers who bear the brunt of things. Those with money and means can get away.

I think it is the sense of that which makes it quite hard for some of us to feel altogether right about leaving just at this time, because we seem to be called elsewhere for work. I myself have been troubled a good deal by the fact that schools seem to be all moving west. To us westerners, who had seen college youths taking front places in the fighting ranks, it seemed at first opposed to our sense of moral right to see college students here rather urged to continue with their studies, and to follow their schools away from the line of action. But I am beginning to think that it is again a case of "the east being east", and that we must think twice before we condemn a difference in evaluation, especially in the light of our own present political complexities. In the first place, China's great mass of folk are illiterate, and it would seem as if the very small percentage of literate might well keep at their studies in preparation for the leadership for which they are very consciously preparing for the future. I have recently been thinking how regardless we western nations apparently were of that fact - the future which would follow our period of war. Here, either profiting by what they have learned of our mistakes in the west, or more likely because of the long range view to which 2000 years of entity has accustomed them, they seem to be, in almost unexpected wisdom, to be "laying up for themselves" foundations for what will follow when this immediate destruction is over. The recent conference of women led by Madame Chiang was in large part thinking toward and planning for the period of reconstruction following the war.

I suppose the desire of everyone is a combined prayer that this time may come quickly and that in the meantime there may be patience and strength to endure. To-day I had lunch with Miss Lucy Tu (I have just heard that Miss Tu (or Ton) is going to America for four months for publicity, perhaps. I do hope you can meet or hear her.), a lovely Yenching graduate, who was engaged for work in the New Life Movement in Nanking, and finally found her way to Hua Chung College, where she has been in charge of the girls' dormitory, as well as doing some informal physical education work. She is entering the sociology department next year, as that was her major, and she had invited Dr. Fan, ^{also} who is to become head of the department next year. Until recently he has been working with the National Christian Council, and has these last few months been heading up the work of the Christian Relief Work for Wounded Soldiers. It seems to be one of the finest pieces of work that has been undertaken during the war, if judged by practical results. He said that there are now 112 paid leaders and 790 volunteer workers in this work. The work consists chiefly of mobile units who go

to the places where the wounded are either in dressing stations, or in transit. They very often get on the trains, riding past several stations, dressing wounds, giving tea or other attentions, until they meet another group who takes up the same duty. There are now six centers for this work, extending from Honan thru Anhwei to Kiangsi. Dr. Fan said that

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they had been worried about a unit of 26 members who were in Hsichowfu at the time it was taken. Just recently word has come that they are safe, and that they are finding plenty of work to do among refugees, since the wounded are no longer there. [These young people, for most of them are students, face much danger in such work, and not long ago four of them were brought back wounded from a place near here.

Dr. Fan also talked about the opportunity for Christian service in general at the present time, and spoke of the things he had observed, saying that there never seems to have been a time in China when Christian witness was meaning so much. He, too, placed the emphasis on the future, mentioning the great chance which would probably prevail after the war for spreading the message of Christ. He seemed to feel that what the missionaries and others did at the time of taking Nanking and during the days that followed had made a lasting impression on many of the country's leaders, who themselves felt so impotent at that time to bring the relief needed. He spoke of a man who is one of the country's economic leaders today, who had been a schoolmate of his at Yale, who used to challenge him with arguments against Christianity. Not long ago he told Dr. Fan he no longer wished to argue against it, - he had seen evidences that were convincingly for it. There is now a Bible class in Hankow, which consists of General Li, one of the chief military men, another who is head of the Board of Censors, another who was a communist leader, and one or two others, who, as Dr. Fan said, did not form themselves because somebody urged them to, but because they themselves felt the desire to find out more about this Christianity. I asked him if he thought the influence of General Chiang Kai-shek had a good deal to do with their interest, and he said that he thought it helped; but that the greatest influence was in the attitude and work of the larger number of humbler Christian citizens, whether Chinese or foreign, who are living "differently" because they know Christ.

Dr. Fan spoke too of the fact that the country may be facing a great famine within a year, and that a government board is working to avoid it, if possible; by urging that every available spot of ground be tilled, and that there be propaganda against the production of wine and things that are less nutritious. [Which made me decide that I must try hard to find some occupation for the gateman on this compound, who is a very faithful gateman, but finds time hanging heavy on his hands, since his wife and children have gone to the country - to get away from what may happen. He was found to be inviting our cook to join him in drinking a little wine. The cook's wife, who keeps an eye on things, reproached him for spending money in that way, and his excuse was that life was so dull with the family away, and he had to find something to do to pass the time of day. I think a little volunteer class in reading character may be all that is needed to divert him, for, for the most part, the drinking habit is so harmless among the poor, the rich being the only ones who can afford it to any amount. I do admire these poor people, the great bulk of China's population, who rise early and work late, with so little complaint and so much good cheer, so that the sight of most of them is a real tonic. They are fundamentally good and unsuspecting, so that a short spell of training can make them into the courageous fighting men they become, if only a fine example of leadership is set before them. If the leader runs, they run, too, but apparently it works out that no ones will stick more faithfully than they to a leader in whom they have confidence and who trusts them.

Enclosed in a recent letter from Catherine Sutherland

M.C.T.

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GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

Excerpts from the Diary of Catharine Sutherland
Written in Wuchang, China

July 11, 1938 - Djang Ren-dji, a music student whom I mentioned came to live here, and she and Ren-tse had great fun fixing up their camp cots on the porch, as they like to sleep there, and Wu Suen-i turned up in the afternoon from Changsha. She is going to Chengtu as soon as possible to join the new sociology project there. She and Tsu Yu-dji have both been asked to join the New Life Movement, sponsored by the government, but I am glad she is staying with Ginling. She seems to have caught a vision of the need for slow constructive development, aiding with the more immediate propaganda work that the government is now doing.

Ren-tse and I went over to the Y.W., or next door, where Gen'l. Chiang dji-chiang has been staying, and I had a little chat with him, in my poor Chinese, which is sadly inadequate for intelligent conversation. He is very alert, and thinks much of music study, though he himself never had a chance to study it, but he pointed out the fact that in the early days of China, music was revered as among the first of the arts and studies. He was preaching at a church nearby, so we went along. I was prepared for a long sermon, as we had heard him in Nanking; it lasted about an hour and twenty minutes, and one and a half with the closing prayer included. It was a church where they speak "in tongues", or pray aloud as if in that way, and at the end they did so for about three or four minutes, in a very loud tone of voice, and then subsided as quickly as they had begun. I was impressed with their earnestness, and the little lady next to me prayed with great sincerity, I thought. Genl. Chiang kept getting hotter and hotter as he preached and finally a woman gave a large palm leaf fan to a little girl and asked her to go up and fan him. She seemed quite surprised, but smoothed down her dress to be sure she looked alright and went up, fanning with great vigor till I almost wanted to ask her to stop for fear her arm would be lame. The lady evidently felt so too, and sent another girl to replace her, and then another. There were a few smiles at first, the audience being mostly students; I couldn't help thinking what would have been the reaction in the average Sunday School at home, for it really was that more than an adult audience. The Chinese surely do outdo us in grace and "li".

Our pleasant little family of four breakfasted rather late, and then started on our various duties, I to practice a little and look over music, such as is left, most of it having been sent by mail. It is good summer weather today, but even so a nice breeze. Almost all the girls have procured dresses of a black, almost oilcloth appearance for traveling, as they can wash it out easily and it doesn't need to be ironed, and is also very cool. I'm thinking of getting the same, or else one of kahki, like the soldiers, thick enough so it wouldn't need anything underneath and would be like a camping outfit, more or less.

July 15, 1938 - Monday, the 11th, I spent in Hankow, writing letters and doing odd jobs for Dr. Wu, who herself had to attend her meetings most of the day. She had asked Wu Suen-i, Dr. James Yen and me to have lunch with her at the Lutheran Missionary Home, and just before lunch the siren blew, the first air raid in over a month. We went right on with the lunch and heard some distant bombing, which I hoped was the air field, for it means at least less human life taken. It wasn't till late that afternoon that I learned that it had been at Wuchang, the worst that they have had. Some Hofei friends in Hankow were worried about refugee friends of theirs staying with the Christian Missionary Alliance, so I went there first, and saw the Hupeh Provincial Hospital, just next door, which had been almost ruined. Many had been killed, some had been unearthed still alive,

and they kept working at the debris for many hours. One fine young man who had worked in the medicine room was working hard over the wounded, and he came to Mrs. Eckvald, of the C.M.A. and me and beseeched us to write to America to tell them what we had seen. We told him we had often done so, but he was all worked up, and kept insisting that after what we had seen today we would surely write more emphatically.

Many of the wounded had been brought to the London Mission across the street from Miss Ginger's and four died that night. Such a pathetic little girl was following a coffin out just as I came back. I think it had all happened so quickly that she had hardly taken it in; and then when she started away beside the coffin the realization came to her and she was weeping most bitterly.

St. Hilda's School had two bombs, which made two huge holes on the campus, but fortunately no one was killed. It was the first time I had seen a hole made by a bomb, strange to say. In Nanking, after the bombing started, we went out very little, and what there has been here has been rather far away, except for one occasion. Most of the holes we saw recently were about ten feet square and maybe as deep or deeper. We found Miss Goslin, the American lady who is now at St. Hilda's, counting broken window panes and getting plaster swept up from the walls of their house which was pretty badly hit by the shock. It seems that the windows which are open are seldom broken. Quite a section of their fence was down, and while we were there a group of passing soldiers came in onto the campus. They have orders nowadays not to make themselves obnoxious, and I was interested to see in what a gentlemanly way they took it when Miss G. asked them to leave. They said they were tired after a long march and only wanted to rest. But they left very quickly. The place already being full of refugees, it seems best not to let them in very much.

An Ren-tse and I walked home through the fields and one little village that been pretty badly struck. Miss G. said that a contractor who had worked for them had left his home just before the raid, but his whole family, wife two daughters and one or two others had been instantly killed.

We met a long file of soldiers on the march, and the number of youngsters is pathetic. One little boy, all smiles, was so little that we asked how old he was, and the man behind said "ten". I am quite sure he was the father, for he was carrying the child's gun for him along with his own, one over each shoulder. Such is the nice informality of the Chinese army. And maybe the father and son were both happier to be together. On the whole they were all well clad and had nice appointments, blanket, kit, etc. They are fortunate in being accustomed to straw shoes, so in this weather the shoe problem is simple.

I got mixed, though it doesn't matter - the raid was on Tuesday, 12th. An Ren-tse and Djang Ren-dji and the cook and his wife were here alone, and they were pretty "nervy", I guess. So the next morning I suggested that my three girls leave for Hankow, where room has been kept for them in St. Lois' School. Although no spot may be much safer than another these days, it is true that Hankow in the more or less foreign sections, and especially in the French Concession thinks of itself as somewhat secure, so that everybody who can moves there to an extent. The girls didn't want to leave me, and yet I think they realized it might make it harder if I felt a responsibility for them.

I could go to Hankow myself, but a kind of inertia keeps me here, for the peace and quiet of this house is very restful as compared with the city aspect of Hankow, and then the kind of appealing way in which the people here ask you whether you are going to leave is enough to make one glad to stay while one can. I feel sorry enough to be leaving for Chengtu when I think of their helplessness to go - so many of them. We have nice little trench parties - the cook and his wife with a perfectly fascinating fat baby who keeps everybody's attention on him and refuses

to be quiet even when milk is offered, for he's much too fat and well fed. Yesterday a young theological student who is a refugee was in our trench, telling about the preaching he and some of the refugee students had been doing, and who with quite a group of soldiers had become interested in Christianity.

One who had been coming to their early prayer service said he was often tempted by the other soldiers to gamble, but he refused. They rated him for being tight with his money, so he said he would make a contribution if they wished. So he throws in his share when they gamble but won't play himself. I think I have mentioned it often, but I can't help saying again what it means to have the change of morale among the soldiers. One meets them on the road feeling that they are one with the best spirit in China, and that delightful courtesy and hospitality and expanding to take them all unto each other. Of course, you still have plenty of good healthy street fights and quarrels and stealing, but the whole good spirit just kind of makes your heart ache because there is something real and vital about it.

Well, yesterday two raids, but nothing to Wuchang. Today one while I was in Hankow, but we heard nothing. The paper reports most terrific raids in Canton, which make Hankow's seem nothing by comparison. They are following a definite consistent policy of raiding the place they expect to attack, and that is all that can be said about it.

A very nice letter came from Harriet Meyer, whose husband is now consul in Kummung, a great change from Peiping, but though they felt as if they were being removed way inland, the world has moved to them this year, and even the embassy may be going there soon, since the foreign office may move there. Harriet says the city is quaint and beautiful and intellectually and otherwise asleep, largely due to the great indulgence in opium among the official class, unto two and three generations. She was quite stirred up about the narcotic evil as the close contact with it has made her more aware of its evil, and she feels we must do everything to prevent its spread in other parts of China, as the J seem bent on doing.

July 21, 1938 - On Tuesday we had rather a bad bombing when 27 planes divided in three groups and paid a visit to each of the three cities. A hit came right on the edge of Hua Chung campus and another two just outside Dr. Taylor's house (he is now in Kweiling, we hope), killing 18 people who had tried to hide beneath a tree or in a pool of water. It sometimes seems as if the J make for the American and other flags rather than trying to avoid them; but they always seem to have a plausible objective, if questioned. There was much sad destruction in the west end of Hankow, and they think about 1000 in all were killed. Yesterday, the day after, I went to Hankow and found the streets just lined with fearful people who were taking refuge in the concession hoping to find it more safe. Two days ago, John Foster, a young English teacher of Hua Chung stepped in. He went off to Kuling when vacation started to get a rest and study Chinese. Then when he heard things were getting thick here, he got a ricksha for three days, traveling toward Hankow. Then he "hitch-hiked" on an army truck for four more days till he got here. The first evening of the army truck travel he was kindly entertained in the quarters of the leading man and had a long conversation. Mr. Foster is a great admirer of the 8th Route Army (the Communist army now joined with Gen'l. Chiang) having visited them in the north last winter. He felt that the treatment of the common people by the soldiers was much less admirable here than that which he had seen in the north, so proceeded to tell this young officer (as he thought) how he felt about it. At the end the "young officer" handed him his card, showing him to be the Commander of the 3rd Route Army. But he showed nothing but good will and sent him on his way the next day.

In the evening I went to the Hua Chung Campus to visit Mother Ursula, of the Episcopal Mission, who has moved there with her little troupe of cripples and otherwise helpless people, who had no other place to go. She had also taken in the blind school, not a large group, from another mission, and has as well the eleven babies which Dr. Taylor had tried to foster, before he began to move the University, or help to do so. The babies have a nurse who works steadily with them. They are such cunning things, and, as Mother Ursula said, they are the only ones who crave an air raid, for when one comes, each baby is carried downstairs to a safer place. One of Mother Ursula's children each takes a baby to hold, and it is a splendid distraction during a raid.

Yesterday I went again to Hankow to continue packing Miss Liu's geography books. We got off 77 packages. I had thought that quite a few till I heard from Eva Spicer in Shanghai that they had mailed 300 from there - books which they had got mostly on their visit to Nanking.

Dr. Wu was busy as usual with more committees, consulting a N.Y. Times newspaper reporter, and having lunch with "the Madame". The Madame seems so fond of her, and she always comes back refreshed from such a visit. She will fly back to Chengtu in about two days.

July 27, 1938 - Miss Cox and An Ren-tso came in this evening, Miss Cox having returned back from Kuling a few days ago. She said that they went in sedan chairs down the other side of the mountain from Kuling for 12 hours - a very pretty trip to a place just below, where they spent the night with a Catholic priest, who kindly took them in. Unfortunately he had mosquitoes, too, and they had no nets, as they didn't use them at Kuling. In the morning they started out and walked several li to the place where the track had been out and found that a train had arrived from Nanchang to continue the work of underailing, which they have done daily, so that Miss C thinks they may have torn it up all the way to Nanchang. Each day they would take up a certain amount of track, pile it onto the train and start back. They gave no assurance of when they would leave, but about 12:30 a whistle blew and somebody said the train was starting. There was nothing like a passenger coach, but only iron freight cars, with doors in the middle, which they entered, along with many refugees, all nicely tagged with their names and the place they were headed for, and got a free (but rather sizzling) ride to Nanchang. The Methodist Mission took them in there for the night, and the next day they got the bus for Changsha, which was comparatively an easy ride, except for crowding of people and baggage.

August 2, 1938 - We are having a most welcome lull in air raids, which began last week just as the Paris Conference convened, and it would be hopeful if the two could be put together. Having become realistic in thinking of the J., have conjectured that it may be one of two reasons - we have heard that a much stronger Chinese force has recently come here; or it may be that, having taken Kiukiang, which is only a half hour from here by air, they don't want reciprocal visits from the Chinese planes which would no doubt happen, if they continue steadily bombing here. And they may have their hands full with Nanchang, which is being rapidly evacuated, we hear, and is suffering from raids.

With the "air" quieter, even though we know that the J are gradually making for this point, the whole atmosphere is easier, though people keep moving away more and more, which is wise. There is a group of refugees living on our compound who belong to an "oriental mission", located near Shanghai (they also have work in other centers. Several of them are students in their theological seminary and they are quite musical, singing hymns a large part of the time. This week they have received news of money sent to help them get on their way up to Szechuan, and what with that and the quiet from air raids their hymns have gone up ⁱⁿ increased vigor and frequency, so that the air has been vibrating with them.

Some good letters from the family and friends at home have just come, after what seemed like quite a long interim, though it may not have been more than two weeks. My future address will be Ginling College, Chengtu, Szechuan, and I'm not sure what the mails will be like, if the J should cut the Hankow Canton R.R. Perhaps mail sent by way of Europe might get there more quickly.

August 6, 1938 - We looked over our little boat, and aside from the cabins which it insists that foreigners take (an old regulation in order to get more money, maybe), our accommodations are "camping out style" and no mistakes. We have 30 "deck passages", and it is a deck passage, merely the aisle around the boat connecting the second class cabins. But we are most grateful for the chance to get on, and will no doubt have lots of fun before we finish. The baggage problem is difficult, and about half of what we have will have to go on another boat, to arrive - who can say when? But what is baggage, says a young freshman, who ran for her life out of Hefei, and has nothing except a small suitcase to bother with.

I have just read that the many orphans who are staying here, hoping to be sent elsewhere have organized "pedestrian corps", about 50 in each, which will start walking to other destinations, because boats are too scarce.

We also heard from Mr. Shepherd the other day that after going with Mme. Chiang to inspect some of the factories where young girls are working, who has been making a definite move to get them transported (30,000 are supposed to be here). Of course the mill owners don't see that they can move, so the gov't. is helping to get a lot of their machinery moved by train up toward the border of Kansu, and presumably the girl workers will follow.

The trouble over the Soviet-Japanese border makes everybody perk up and wonder what next. Even the desire to stay the hands of the J here doesn't make me hope for such a tangle to get started.

August 10, 1938 - Query: "When will the millenium come in?"

Answer: "When there are no more customs, nor more freight, and no more "baggages"!

Such is the human inclination to grovel in what is just in front of one. You would have been interested in a gathering of the Ginling students and teachers who are now in this vicinity at which we went over at great and carefully articulated length all that we had gathered to date about our forthcoming trip to Szechuan, and the rules and regulations about baggage. Supply and demand is over the controlling factor, and because so many people have tried to move "house and lot", so to speak, the boat companies have had to come down hard on the amount one could carry, as well as coming up "high" on the prices! Because we are traveling on quite a small boat, we have been told that we can take only so much baggage, and the rest will have to go on another boat. That means not only the problem of deciding how to separate one's luggage, but the doubt, in many of the Chinese minds, as to whether they will ever see again the part that they do not carry right with them - for they have had so little experience with checking baggage, and realize, as anyone does in these days, the possibility of long delays and of complete loss of things which are not right under one's eye.

As for customs - well, I'm a free trader now if I never before was! I suppose, the govts. of the different provinces take in nice big piles over their interprovince duties, but it surely tries the patience of the middle men and the folks who are taxed.

But I must quit seeing just the "sky above my well". Our girls have gotten themselves busy in helping with some Red Cross work, sorting and filing things in the godown. They say it is very interesting, for several large consignments are coming in, from the Lord Mayor's fund in London, a big one from Sweden, etc. Not only medicines, but all sorts of knitted things, baby garments, etc. came in. Also nice old linen sheets, etc. to be used as bandages. Miss Wilkinson said that she had found one old sheet dated 185-, and thought it ought to be raffled off. The girls are also sewing garments, etc. in the Union Church, largely English, certain mornings. They say they like that especially because about 11:00 o'clock they get "elevenses" (tea and wafers). Not long ago a nice Scotch lady said, "I wish I weren't under the tyranny of tea!"

One of my interests in getting started is in arranging to take a little boy 7 or 8, the nephew of Phoebe Ho, one of Ginling's alumnae who has been asked to join the staff in social work next year.

August 20, 1938 - Now I must just add a line to this "intermittent" diary - for we are off! We actually left Hankow yesterday morning, almost on schedule, being slightly delayed while the British shipping agents went around the boat examining tickets and chasing several "stowaways" off the boat. I believe that two were stowed away in boxes. The cabin boys cooperate in this, because it often means a large squeeze for them, so especially at this time, it is difficult to control. We do surely feel for those who are left behind, while we are at the same time glad to be off after so long a wait.

And we have perhaps met more luck than we are entitled to, for having only 4 cabin passages, which are piled high and wide with baggage belonging to every member of our party, the girls who had deck passages found that the deck, merely a passage around the ship, was already piled full with baggage belonging to second class people. A friend or two spoke a good word for us before we left, and we spoke to the other cabin passengers, only 4 besides us, who were very kind; with the results that all of our party of 34 have so far been enjoying the pleasure of staying on the top deck, nicely laid out with deck chairs, etc. sleeping there in cots and on the floor, and going below only for their two meals a day. They slept well last night, and were cooler than we in the cabins, and were up by 5:30, so that by the time the deck was to be washed all their bedding rolls were nicely packed up and the deck looked as neat as when we started. Meanwhile the cabins are used all of the 24 hours for napping, for everybody seems in need of an extra amount of sleep. There is much jollity and fun over it all, and this was the "daily news" distributed early this morning:

Please don't occupy every chair, please don't brush your teeth and hair,
Out on the open deck!

Please be very clean and neat, don't leaver scraps of things to eat,
Out on the open deck!

Please use calm and gentle tones, Banish loud or crying moans,
Out on the open deck!

If you have a stomach ache, Dr. Sung a cure will make,
Out on the open deck;

Please, each charming Ginling daughter, don't fall into the river water,
Down from the open deck.

If these rules we all endeavor hard to keep, and be right clever
Not to stir the Captain's liver, Chances are that he will never
Frown, but let us live forever, Out on the open deck!

We are riding peacefully on a very wide and flooded river, which at present is much like some of the "flats" of the Mississippi, and of course the same continual yellow muddiness. And often low hills beyond. The sudden calm and quiet of this journey as compared with the rather disturbed atmosphere of Wuhan is hard to realize, and at first is almost hard to adjust to, but is all too welcome to our comfort-seeking souls. Those from Shanghai had been on the way exactly five weeks when they left yesterday, and will likely travel at least two more.

The week before we left had several rather bad airraids in Wuhan, so that there has been another big exodus out of Wuchang, leaving the city quite empty, they say, though it probably means many hundreds remain. But the more recent word that certain parts of the city which were at first marked out for safety zones are being fortified as places for defense makes everyone feel less certain about safety. What seemed like a miracle happened in the compound of the Episcopal Mission where Mother Ursula and her sisters live. She and Father Wood and several others had been standing near the stairway in their home when the bombs began to drop. They stepped into a small closet under the stairs, and in a second several bombs in the compound brought the house literally falling down about them, but left them intact under the stairs, which was the strongest part of the house. They are the ones who have been caring for their little crippled folk and babies, and now they have all moved to Hankow, which is safer. The Hankow foreign concessions (former ones) which have so far not been attacked, are just seething with people. They swarm in from everywhere early in the morning, sitting on the sidewalks, rows deep all day, waiting till nightfall, when they go home. Two days ago our milk didn't come, and we found that the m.m.'s 7 cows had been taken while he was left standing with a slight scratch.

August 25, 1938 - This is our 7th day out on the river trip from Hankow to Chungking. As we neared Ichang, the first large port, three days away, the hills began to come into view, and there was some beautiful scenery all about Ichang, which itself lay in a valley on the north side of the river.

We decided to leave the boat in relays, in order to protect our space and baggage, so I went with a group in the afternoon, making the Scottish Presbyterian mission our destination, since one of our graduates, Liu Tze-djeng, is the principal, and Miss Moore, a worker of 40 years, had sent several girls to Ginling. Miss Liu was out when we arrived, so we found Miss Moore, who was most cordial and insisted on us three foreigners staying to supper, while several of the Chinese members had supper with another of our graduates who was teaching there. We found the compound noisy with the shouts of several hundred young war orphans, who had been stationed there temporarily, along with their guardians, one to every ten children. There was a nice big open space where they were playing, and later eating their supper, and while we were there, one group returned from a walk. They seemed to be well looked after, and along with several thousand more, were making their way further into Szechuan within a few days. They belong to the project sponsored by Madame Chiang and the govt. to save these children out of the war areas. We have heard that in some cases they are not content and run away, but in one case the ones who had run away had hopped a train to the north to their former home, and they returned within a few days with several more children, wanting them to share the same advantages they themselves were having. I admire very much the patience and spirit of the guardians, usually students or young teachers, many of them also out of the war areas, and receiving a mere pittance assalary.

Ichang is said to have received over two million refugees during the past year, most of whom have passed on into Szechuan. They are the "cream of China's civilian society", many govt. officials, scholars and students, and all sorts of business people and petty craftsmen, all of whom would have had at least a small amount of money in order to allow them to come as far as Ichang. Although I believe it is true that many very poor ones also arrived, for the govt. has given free passage on trains to all refugees. Many of them have come in a state of need, and the mission people, as well as others have been busy supplying them with bedding, garments, etc. I left some of the money which some of you have sent for relief toward helping out this continual need. They say that this next winter will be even harder, likely, as those who come will be even more destitute.

I was interested in this old mission compound, for it seemed so much more like the typical compound I had expected to see before I came to China - it was laid out in sort of scattered fashion, houses of every architecture, all rather spreading and comfortable looking, but a little more leisurely and careless in atmosphere, more tropical, one might say, even to the palm trees, than one often finds in eastern and central China. Everyone in the compound seemed absorbed in her work, and it is fortunate that such fine out-going people can be there at this critical time.

We left early the next morning, and very shortly got into the famous part of the river, where it narrows into the gorges. The hills got higher and reached to sharp peaks, often cut slantwise in a jagged fashion, but green covered and not very jagged for the most part. The earth is brown and the rock mostly a dull gray, except for occasional places where there is a reddish tinge, sometimes tan and sometimes almost purple, but nothing of the brilliance of the grand canyon. On the whole the scenery resembled that of the Canadian Rockies, as one passes through on the train more than any other I have seen. There are three main gorges, of great beauty, about 20 miles each in length (average), where the precipices and crags are steep and high, and the water more stirred and rapid. Our little boat (no very large boats can run here) works so hard and the engine often chugs so that it seems as if we must be scraping the rocks beneath. This has often happened, and sometimes a boat does stick, and some have gone down, but now the water is so high that it is less likely to happen, the greatest care is necessary to find the channel. A Chinese pilot, who knows the river bed by heart (he never has a chart) is hired regularly by the boat company, and the British officers would not attempt to steer without him. The one on our boat is 61 years old, and he says he has been on the job for 50 years. (Likely it is true as he no doubt started out as a boy with his father). They say that it is important not to get into the course of the stream, as it would be so swift that we would make no progress. So we keep zigzagging along, back and forth, sometimes almost hitting the bank, in an effort to find the lazy part of the stream, as well as a place free from rocks. I presume the trip is a prettier one when the water is lower, for we miss much of the rocky formation that makes the rapids. The pictures we saw before coming made us think that the river was even narrower than it is through these gorges, and often in looking back one gets an impression of great shadowy height, and the river narrowing to a small strip between the rocks. Our boat has a nice top deck from which we can see about us in every direction. I slept there one night, our cabin having gotten quite hot, with only the stars above - and a rather hard floor underneath, I will admit, but, as Ellen Terry said, "to really live, one must sleep at least once out in the open, with only the heavens to cover one." The deck was pretty well covered with Chinese men, who weren't supposed to be there any more than I, I presume, but we have a most kindly bunch of officers who close their eyes to a lot.

August 26, 1938 - Yesterday afternoon we came to Wanhsien, a city set on a hill, just at the water's edge, with most charming outline of houses and roofs, with bluffs and hills in tiers beyond. I went off in a little junk with some of the girls to

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have a closer view, and we were particularly impressed with the swarms of people at the dock. We landed at a broad stone staircase, about 150 feet wide, filled with people of every description going up and down, as well as with those who were sitting at various levels in nice bamboo "deck chairs", which they likely paid a few cents to occupy. Except for the rickshas and electric lights and numbers of modern shops, the city is no doubt what it has been for hundreds of years. Again and again in these old cities one sees "opera settings" of a typical sort, picturesque sloping roofs, houses with irregular corners darting out at unexpected places, and always the "rabble", the "chorus" present, parading the streets in the same jaunty preoccupied fashion of the stage chorus, pedlars of every description, travelers, beggars, and plenty of individuals from which to choose the hero and heroine.

As we progress, the country seems more and more interesting. The hills have been covered with green, but mostly shrubs and few trees, but lately more of the latter. Every scrap of available land where there isn't rock is planted with corn, nearer Wuchang it seemed to be gaoliang, or Indian corn, later regular sweet corn. The small plots of it are dotted on the sides of the hills, sometimes clear over the top. None of it looks very healthy. Lovely little trickling streams flow into the river at rather short intervals. No doubt they are rushing streams in the early spring. The water is forever yellow, but at times much more reddish. At one town where it was especially red, the sunburned skins of the boatmen, and the boats themselves were about one color with the river. Everyone, even we, are as free from "restrictive coverings" as possible.

August 30, 1937 - And now Chungking. We came in on Saturday evening, the 27th. In Chungking you took 90% of your time getting places, and the other 10% telling how you had got there. Dr. Wu had made careful preparation for us, and thought that everything had been arranged for two bus loads to go to Chengtu almost immediately after our arrival. But sad to say, it now seems to be a matter of shortage of gasoline, so that within the last two weeks the buses have become irregular in their movements. We find that they have also been gradually getting less and less efficient, because of so many accidents on the road, and shortage of new parts with which to send them, so that the number of available buses is increasingly less. China simply isn't "mechanized" yet to the point of being able to handle herself in a modern way, as regards transportation. As one of our young teachers who recently arrived at Chengtu wrote back, "When you start on the bus journey, be sure that the chauffeur has with him plenty of tools for use in repairs and an extra tire!"

Well we are pulling strings and wires at present, and it looks as if the company who had promised us the buses (rather a promise to Dr. Wu) would try to make good by offering the private car of the owner, which may make several trips, taking 8 students each time - the trip being two days to Chengtu. We also have promise of 4 seats on the regular bus line which does run when it can, a seat with Mr. Harmon, of the salt gabelle, two or three seats with Mr. Brace, a govt. engineer (both of whom are staying here in this Canadian mission, and nobly offered help when they heard of our need), and the possible use of the Canadian mission truck, if we can secure gasoline from the govt. We can also go by boat, 5 days to Kiating (Loshan), and then two or three days by ricksha or chair, or possibly bus. So we have plenty of variety ahead. Florence will no doubt go with Mr. Harmon, as they go via a station where her cousin, Miss Sparling, is in mission work. Most of the missionaries about here seem to be Canadian, and Florence's coming has been heralded far and wide. It is good for her to see a few of her own people, as she was the only Canadian in Nanking, I believe.

We can only make comments of newcomers, and some of the viewpoints we hear expressed are also those of the more recent arrivals, so we can't be too sure of the what of things, but there is a something in the air or the atmosphere that makes

all of us "down river" folk feel that the least chance to return there would be snatched at. I believe the weather literally has a great deal to do with one's reaction, for there is a sultriness, and more or less constant grayness and mist, apparently, except in the summer, when there are frequent sunshiny days. The heat is felt more keenly because of the moisture, and from what we hear there is practically never a crisp tang in the air, such as we so often get in Nanking in the fall and winter days. A business man at our table said that he would never think of putting in the same number of working hours here that he does in Shanghai. However a peppy little Canadian missionary just dropped in, whose spirit doesn't seem to have waned any after a stay of several years. And the general physique of the coolies and laborers and people one passes on the streets seems better than those we saw in Wanh sien. It may be partly due to the influx from the lower Yangtze, or to the more prosperous condition of the city. The city is overcrowded with people - Eva thinks there are more here than in Shanghai, so that going out is not much of a pleasure, unless one gives oneself up to being jostled, and decides to enjoy local color.

We have been to attend a Ginling tea given by the alumnae who are here - Ho Wu-hsia (who has been untiring in trying to get bus accommodations for us), Djang Tsung-ying (local Y.W. secy, who has taken in many wayfarers. She said their hostel holds normally about 26, but now has 60). Because of some delay in notes, there were not a large number present - about 27 - but it was a pleasure to see those who were there, and we had a most friendly gathering.

In the evening several of us had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Yeh in a new Chinese restaurant. One of the best parts of the feast - all very tasty and nice - was bottled orange juice, a Szechuan product, not the kind that is mixed with a chemical, but really natural juice. Oranges are one of the redeeming features in this province, and many people seem to can their juice for use out of season. Mr. Yeh is still in the military academy, which soon moves to Chengtu, so he will be near Mrs. Yeh (Music Department) who joins us at Chengtu.

The lack of news here is also trying, especially to one like Eva, who is politically minded, and is especially concerned, as we all are, over the European situation. There is a radio here from which we get Hongkong and Manilla reports, and they are pretty clear at times, with bad static at others.

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GINLING COLLEGE

September 9, 1938
Chengtu, Szechuan

Having come to the "last stand" of our journey, I must try to fill in a few of the details of these past days. For some of our group (Ginling students and teachers), it has been a trip from Shanghai to Chengtu, via Hongkong and Hankow. For others of us, we began only at Hankow. I wrote to some of you of the beauties of the boat trip through the Yangtze gorges to Chungking, where we stayed a week before coming the last lap - a two-day bus ride to this city. I could wish for a real "writer's pen" to tell of that bus trip, for it was so unique in so many respects. A few of our group had gotten off with friends in private cars, or an occasional ticket on a bus. Miss Hwang Chun-mei, chemistry teacher and faithful treasurer of the party, had been untiring in making efforts to get more tickets. One chartered bus had been promised us, as soon as an extra one would arrive. We had had a very pleasant supper at the Sun Sun restaurant overlooking the river with Dr. and Mrs. Han Li Wu and Chen Hsing-mei the night before we left, and then went to the bus station to make inquiry, finding to our surprise that one would be given us the next morning. What a scurrying to go home to get things all packed up! The girls, true to type, didn't get to sleep till about 4 the next morning. And we were up and at the station soon after 6 to get baggage weighed, etc. We found a bus which would take 18 girls, plus little Peter and myself (the others were waiting a few days longer), three of us riding with the driver, including little Peter, and the others in the back section, which was a four-sided seat running around the sides, with a small space in the center for baggage. Most of the baggage (20 kilos each) was taken on an extra bus. It was a pretty tight squeeze - the bus being rather short, but we felt pretty comfortable and lucky to be off. Our trip, as we compare with others, was quite relatively easy, for we arrived within the two-day schedule, at 6 the next evening, had rather cool and cloudy weather, no rain to make washouts on the road, no breakdowns; and we stopped overnight on a nice open porch in the bus station, a big courtyard, once a temple, surrounded by buildings on three sides. The inns are never very clean, so we begged the station master to take us, and most of us slept on the floor, with neither a bug or a mosquito - marvelous to relate.

As for the bus, though we didn't actually break down, it has suffered along with the rest, and was in pretty shaky condition, so that we stopped an hour each day for repairs. Our chauffeur was quite a good little man, and he kept pointing out one defect after another to the mechanic, sometimes throwing up his hands in despair, and almost refusing to drive, but in the end the tinkering seemed to be sufficient, and he drove rather slowly, as I urged him to do, pleading that the lives of those 18 girls were in my hands, and that we would be so much more tired if he went too fast. Alice Chang, who came two days later on a bus, said that their driver went at a great speed and, finally, just a half hour out of Chengtu, one tire suddenly flew right out into the rice field. Fortunately, the car stayed right-side up, and they were delayed only about three hours waiting for the trouble wagon, for we had no extra tires. When we were leaving and getting last touches put on the car, I talked with several of the men who looked responsible, begging them to put necessary tools and an extra tire on the bus. One or two politely assented, and then the next one said frankly that they were very short on tires and simply didn't have enough extra ones. But at the first

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station out, I noticed they took on an inner tube and quite a few tools. On the whole, the stations along the way seemed very well run, and we had to present our credentials at each one. The stations, in every case, seemed to occupy deserted temples, and were by far the most sumptuous places in the towns. We stopped always at a little town for meals, and to me it was a supreme pleasure to be able to eat "off of" the little street restaurants, which in the large cities one never has quite the courage to do. The girls were so kind, and helped me to get some nice green vegetables, with rice or noodles and poached eggs, as I can't eat much of the oil with which their food is almost always mixed. Except for that, it is all so tasty and interesting. Once we got a very good sweet dish made of lotus seed powder, a delicate pink color, boiled up with hot water in a nice brass pan until it was a pasty consistency. With some sugar added, it was delicious. The sugar in this province, from cane, is refined by each household, and comes out a light tan color, very good-tasting. Salt, also, is refined by each household; at least, it is so among these families here. Szechuan produces great quantities of salt, and they say it is a self-sufficient province, so far as the necessities of life go. To finish up the bus ride, the roads were far smoother than I had expected - having heard such tales about them. They were all well laid with broken rock or pebbles (these made the roughest part), but almost never had the deep holes that we used to find on mud roads, and which we found as soon as we entered the city, so that for the last ten minutes we were jostled mercilessly.

The scenery the whole way was interesting, and the first and last part was up and down mountain ranges that gave us wonderful views - quite like those of the Berkshires in Massachusetts, as I remember. Bamboos of luxuriant growth (they say there are fifty varieties in this province) on the lower levels with rich green foliage, and pines and taller trees above. The farm houses continued to be most picturesque, white plaster with gabled tile roofs, and always the "Shakerian" beaming going criss-cross on the front or sides. This seems to be characteristic throughout the province - I had seen a slight amount of it in and around Shanghai and also in Hunan. The aspect of the country houses is far more prosperous than the drab mud huts one sees in north and central China. And it is so much more green and tropical here.

We caught sight of the great plain on which Chengtu is situated long before reaching here, and could see how flat it was, though it is about 1,500 feet above sea level. The city itself reminds me more of Peking than any other city I have seen in China, and from the moment we entered there was a sense of rest and repose, which was quite lacking in Chungking. Some people here say that Chungking, the business center, is the Shanghai of the West, while Chengtu is the capital and cultural center. It is now laid out with good, wide streets bordered with trees, which they say a progressive governor built about ten years ago, though they now give the appearance of having always been so. The shops, except for a few high modern ones, are usually two-storied, and seemed to fit into the environment in a way that the tall, unwieldy ones in Chungking did not.

As for West China University and its campus, it is a "paradise," as one of the girls said, and most amazing in its spaciousness and expanse. It covers about 150 acres, and each "college" - represented by one of the affiliated mission boards - has been built on its own board property, with large grass plots and athletic fields between. The faculty residences are placed in various parts of the campus - nice, comfortable dwellings, usually of gray brick, with plenty of garden

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space, and huge hedges and tall trees all about. The weather, since we have been here, has been almost entirely cloudy and cool, a kind of "Vancouver" climate, though more tropical, and to a St. Louisan one has the feeling of being in a summer resort - the kind where damp coolness prevails. They say that the sun comes out about once a month, and it may rain for days on end. At present we are reveling in the coolness, though we may, a little later, cry for some warmth, as there is very little heating here, I believe.

Our bus rode right up to the edge of the Woman's College, where Dr. Wu, Dr. Reeves, Miss Fosnot, Dean of Women here, and numbers of the students came running out to greet us. It was a lovely reunion, seeing the girls who had come a year or six months ago, and being so kindly welcomed by the people here. Elsie Priest took me in for the night in a faculty house she is now occupying on the Methodist compound, just across from Bishop Ward's, who came from Nanking last year, and has lent a helping hand so often to his Nanking friends here. He and Mrs. Ward are about to leave for a series of conferences, including Madras, in December. Mrs. Ward has lent her piano to Ginling for use, for which we are profoundly grateful.

Elsie has been working busily all summer, not only in Nanking and Ginling offices, but has been giving time to West China's accounting as well. It seems to be against her principle to take any definite rest or vacation, and maybe she feels like some of the rest of us, that, having gotten here, she prefers not to be uprooted for a long while to come. Like many others of our friends, she seems thinner, but, otherwise, says she is well. Dr. Reeves has lost some of the plumpness which she was said to have gained last year, but also seems well and in fine spirit. Dr. Wu is tired and in need of rest, carrying so much burden, and finding it hard to delegate some of the details which take so much time. The war situation tells upon her, in spite of her desire to keep cheerful and hopeful. She needs all the help and loyalty we can give her. I am glad that the Madras conference will take her away from this atmosphere for a while, and give a change of outlook.

We found the Ginling dormitory almost complete, with some of the inside finishing still to be done. The girls have already moved in, since the West China dormitories were needed for their own girls, and some of the faculty are already in. It is an attractive two-story building, white stucco with lattice window finishings of natural-colored wood. Wood is much more abundant here, and there is some interior paneling in the faculty rooms, which makes them quite attractive. The building is U-shaped, with students living on either side, and faculty in the middle section upstairs - the dining rooms and a small living room below. Each student room has four students, occupying two double-decker beds. The rooms are not very large, and it is rather a tight squeeze, but every one realizes that it is "refugee" quarters, in a sense, but far more comfortable in every way than the dormitories which Central University students and others are occupying in Chungking. Dr. Wu had sent word to us in Chungking, asking that we be sure to have our students visit those schools, so that they might realize what real roughing it was.

And now our attention has been, for the last few days, on "military training." The three upper classes left three days ago, after much delay and postponing, for forty days of training, which is supposed to give them some of the fundamentals of simple nursing and lectures on medicine, hygiene, etc. It was suggested that they might have practice in the handling of guns, but, apparently, that was only a rumor. They were

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required to prepare a costume composed of a simple black skirt and the Chinese white top garment above. We are so accustomed to their graceful, long gowns, that they seemed to turn into little school girls with the new uniform, and looked suddenly very immature and demure. They had heard many reports of the hardships of such a training course and, as one girl said, she felt "as if she were marching to the guillotine." Today, several of us went over, carrying large baskets of persimmons for them, and found out something about their condition. They are stationed in a beautiful old imperial palace or yamen, courts within courts, with lovely gateways and beautiful old trees and shrubs, so that the atmosphere, to begin with, is inspiring. As for their living, they are in low one-story buildings, about six girls in a room, two to a cot, which they occupy head to foot, and foot to head. They took their own bedding, but each has a nice, white spread, and each has a small mosquito net which hangs just over her head and protects that part of her. Their rooms are examined daily, and seemed quite spotless, and they told with much pride that Ginling girls had received the best marks for neatness so far. There are about 500 girls at this "camp," representing 8 different colleges, all but one of which, I think, has moved here from down river. When we got there they were all standing just outside their dormitories, and in high spirits, for they had received word that they might have the afternoon free to go home, since it is a special day - the anniversary of the taking of Manchuria by the Japanese. Flags were out everywhere today. Baths and good food will be the chief order of the afternoon, no doubt. They say their food is quite all right, but not too palatable, and they are not allowed to talk at meals! Perhaps a hangover of Confucianism, and not in keeping with modern hygiene, one would think. They get up at 5:30, and have an hour of setting up, then 7 hours of lectures during the day, which they say is somewhat tiring, as they have to sit too long, with too little exercise. Later, there will likely be some practical nursing, etc. On the whole, it will probably be an excellent experience for them.

We are following the government schedule, which begins classes on November 1, for these three upper classes. The freshmen are to begin October 1, and we are in the process of trying to decide what we at Ginling will do with relation to an experimental program, which will aim to make the students more conscious of the community and its needs, as well as how to deal with these needs - in other words, a more practical program, if possible, that will better prepare them to meet life situations when they leave college. The government curriculum may be too rigid to make this possible, as we hear that a definite outline has been prepared for colleges, but we also hear that the government wishes experimentation as well as emphasis on rural work, so that it may be possible for us to try a new plan. It may be that we shall take the freshmen into the country during the month of October, or part of it, giving them first some questions and things to look out for, hoping that they may discover something of the situation and needs there, upon which further discussion may take place. There has been a feeling at Ginling, for some time, that the different departments were not thinking enough together toward a definite goal, and this is all an attempt to help rectify this and to meet some of the needs of China today, which many people feel center in the rural community. We shall know better, later, whether we are on the right track or what the government will approve of.

As for West China people, it seems as if those on the faculty here could not have been kinder or more cordial than they have been to us "guests." They have lent their own rooms, parts of their houses, space for new buildings, as well as much equipment of all sorts. They claim, and perhaps rightfully, that their loss is also their gain, for the influx

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of outside life has, no doubt, added stimulus in many ways. A certain superficiality and provincialism is said to be present among students in this part of the country, a natural thing in any place which has been as separated as they have been. Our own students feel a slight lack of friendliness on the part of the girl students of West China, which is likely due to their own sense of inferiority. And, of course, our students have made lots of inconvenience for the others, without a doubt. As for the faculty, it seems as if they sincerely welcome us in every way. They invite us to meet with them in department committees, asking for exchange of opinion about courses, etc., and, in some cases, we can co-operate so as not to overlap in work given - students in any college being allowed to enter classes of any other. There is a large foreign faculty in West China - about 50 (over 100 with wives and children), and most of the management seems to have been in their hands so far. We notice a great difference here between ourselves and them, the University of Nanking and Ginling having, for some time, had more Chinese administration. There is, however, great cordiality and friendliness among Chinese and foreign workers on the campus. The foreigners at present, except for the president and one or two others, occupy most of the spacious residences, but, in some cases, single Chinese members are living with them.

We feel a good deal cut off from the world, in many respects, and the only English news is a daily news sheet, mimeographed from a radio report by members on the campus here. Due to recent air attacks on civilian planes, the service from Hongkong seems badly interfered with, so that mail is most irregular. I have had no home mail since arriving, so have not heard since about the first of August. Elsie Priest says that hers has been most irregular, and sometimes mail is two months late - other times much quicker. I have decided that perhaps some letters from America which I thought would be here may have been on the Clipper plane which was lost, or on one of the Eurasia planes which were hit by the Japanese. Europe has been as much in our minds as China these last days. Yesterday (September 18) was the anniversary of the Manchurian occupation, and the streets were lined with national flags. One of the prettiest songs of recent years is one in commemoration of this event - a sad, wistful sort of song. Yesterday, a small boat went by with a single oarsman, one soldier standing in the middle singing this song rather well, while a second soldier was kneeling in the front of the boat, weeping. It may have been arranged, or just a spontaneous bit on their part, but significant of the pathos of their situation at present. We have heard that Szechuan feels far removed from the war situation, but in Chengtu, outwardly, there seems to be plenty of patriotic demonstration, at least, and soldiers are everywhere. Whether they belong to the national troops or are merely serving the war lords here, is another question. No doubt, the war lords, with their extreme wealth, and the great poverty of the poor classes, are still characteristic of life here in this province.

(Signed) Catharine E. Sutherland

omit
became
more
corrected

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I feel ashamed to send such a scrappy letter, but
if I delay another may not get written just now File
ack 10/4/38 Received in N.Y.
Sept. 12, 1938.

Dear Rebecca,

If there be any bits of
news in this, I'll be glad. Please will
you be so kind as to send it on to
Mrs. Rhead?

These days are less occupied
than during school hours, & yet so
kind of filled with many things.

I hope you are off vacation
somewhere, as you so well deserve
it.

With much love

Carlami.

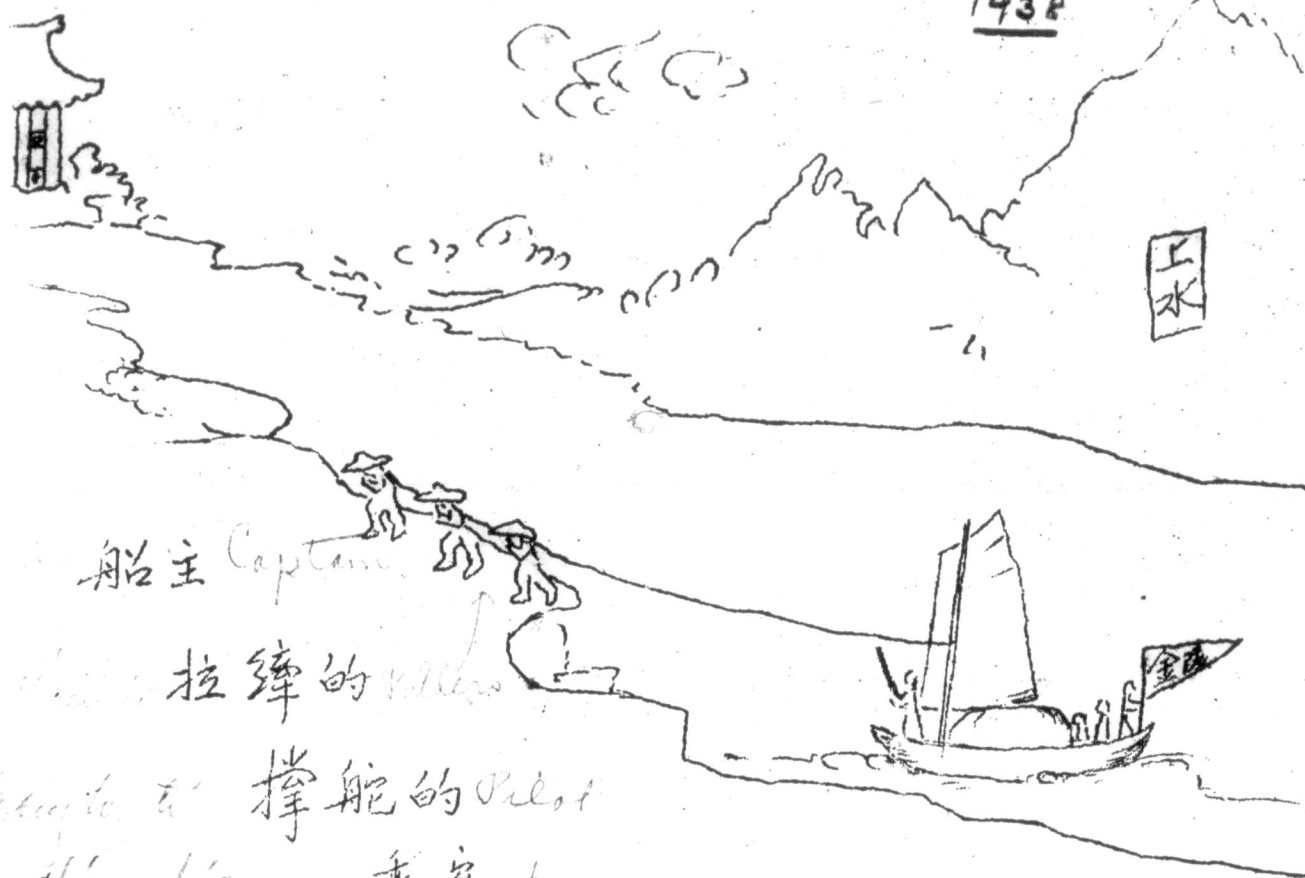
I asked Mrs. Rhead to send you
one I sent last week.

July 29.

Our Shanghai group did get here about 1 o'clock,
looking remarkably fresh and neat, having been
held up the other side of Yochow about 24 hours,
as the station there was badly hit and other part
of the track between here and there. It is
amazing how quickly they can repair the road,
day after day. They will likely write you
about the experiences of the trip.

Anna C. Sutherland.
Used for Founders Day. Guilin, Chongtu-
1938

Founders
Day
"Up-Stream"



船主 Captain
拉纤的
撑舵的 Pilot
乘客 passengers

Lo, Here is Fellowship

old Welsh Song

3/4

Lo, here is fel- low-ship: one faith to hold, One truth to speak,
One wrong to wreake; One lov-ing cup to sip; And to dip
one dish faithfully as lamb kins of one fold; Ei-ther for o-ther to suffer all thing,
One song to sing, In sweet ac-cord, And waken mel-o-dy; Lo here is fel- low-ship.

From C. Sutherland -
Quebec College - Chongtu - 1/29

AN OPEN LETTER

To Institutions of Higher Learning, Foundations, and Church Boards in the United States.

Gentlemen:—

As Japan continues to press forward in her attack upon China, the realization is growing that she could not continue without help from outside. If the United States had declined to sell oil and other raw materials to Japan, her aggression in China would have been seriously hampered, if not stopped. The professions of friendship and expressions of sympathy on the part of the United States are largely futile if these nations continue to act as Japan's "silent partners".

Many of the stocks and bonds of those companies that are supplying Japan are owned by colleges and church organizations in the United States, possibly including some which contribute to our own institutions. But are we and you so lacking in moral sensitiveness as to receive for the purposes of religion and culture in the West income made from their destruction in the East? Also are we so short sighted as to fail to see what the triumph of Japanese militarism would mean to the principles upon which North American civilization is founded.

We therefore appeal to you to unitedly urge upon all those companies engaged in selling to Japan oil and other sinews of war that they cease making such shipments. In the event that they will not do so, we hope that you will seek other effective means of checking these shipments. Would it not be a significant protest for those who own stocks and bonds in these companies to dispose of them!

In making this appeal we realize that a large measure of courage and sacrifice will be necessary. But we believe that they will not be lacking when the principles at stake are considered.

Adopted unanimously by

THE AMERICAN FACULTY MEMBERS

OF THE CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITIES IN WEST CHINA.

6 May 1939

Dear Mrs. McConnell:

In order to take advantage of my passing from west to east at the end of a brief period of work in Rochester and Detroit, Miss Hodge, Miss Griest, and I sat in conference to-day. First of all we took up certain matters brought to the attention of the New York office through the receipt of minutes of March 21 of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors in Chengtu. These minutes will be in your hands within forty-eight hours of your receipt of this special-air mail letter. Meanwhile we quote from those minutes the following:

Dr. Cora D. Reeves will reach the regular age of retirement from Ginling College this summer, and her regular furlough is overdue. However, after consideration of the unusual circumstances due to the war situation, which is keeping two members of the Biology staff in Nanking, it was suggested that Dr. Reeves be invited to remain in Chengtu for one more year to carry on the work of the Department of Biology

EC-54 VOTED to request the Board of Founders to allow Dr. Cora D. Reeves to extend her term of service to Ginling College by one further year, and to recommend that subject to medical approval, to ask her to continue her regular work in the Department of Biology for the coming year.

Miss Wu comments upon this as follows. "The request that the Founders permit Dr. Reeves to extend her term for one more year before retirement was made after careful consideration. It was considered from the point of view of the College. We found that the Department needed her in Chengtu, since Blanche Wu and Miss Whitner are in Nanking. Secondly, we considered it from the viewpoint of the WFMC. According to their regulation, the retiring age is 67 - two years longer than Ginling's rule. If we followed strictly our rule, Dr. Reeves will leave Ginling this summer, but will go to some Methodist station in Szechuan to work. We have talked with Bishop Ward and it seemed that their Mission might not understand if we retired her now. We are, therefore, requesting your kind consideration to extend her term of service for one year, and we would greatly appreciate it if you could cable us your approval." - - A wire sent several hours ago has carried the gist of this problem to you, and we look for your reply by telegram to the Ginling Office in New York. - - Miss Hodge has now left Lancaster for her home in Chestnut Hill, and it may be that she also will be writing you, since we spoke of the necessity of a covering letter to you without arranging who should do it, - but better two communications than none!

Sincerely yours,

1300

Chengtu
May 22, 1939

Dear Rufus:

*Mace - Dyt needs on
Personal and
supplies*

Of all the good intentions to write I think also that I never expressed my regret that a message sent to Florence asking her to get a little parting gift for you at Shanghai last summer arrived too late to get it to you, for which I was so sorry, I have been enjoying your letters so much, and am more than glad that this furlough has been so full of being with those who are dear to you, and of such fine progress on the health side. I am eager to hear of your visit to Edie, which she said was about to happen. And your letter to Dr. Wu shows also visits to Berea and Madison. I'll always remember the wonderful weekend at Berea with Adelaide, the freshness of that spring air, the dog wood, the ride up the mountain side, and A's exuberance.

Now we look forward to your coming. I might even get a glimpse of you, if I should stay until the fall, as might be possible, just because of conditions, may be, and because a little delay won't matter, and it might give me an excuse to be there for my parents' golden wedding, tho' that does not really figure much, as far as weight goes, but for sentiment's sake, of course it would, if that makes sense.

Now for business.

Dr. Wu sent the cable, which you have received, and we hope that a letter from you or others will soon be here. We are wondering if the candidate may be qualified to teach any voice, since Lucy Yeh will be going to America. We take it that her special point is piano, and if only that it is quite all right, only it will help us in our planning to know. Also, could she state in a few words the theory of vocal training, if that isn't too bold.

We are also writing about the possibility of records (I am slow in doing this, though in some ways we were not certain enough of plans to know what to ask for). We have been borrowing records from kind friends for our course in public school music and advanced appreciation, and could possibly do so again, but would like very much:

1. About 10, more or less, records of folk-songs or art music which is derived from or uses folk tunes of different nations. They might be solos, duets, trios, quartets, choruses, or violin or other instrument, or orchestral, such as Dvorak's Largo from the New World Symphony.
2. About 6, more or less also, some records suitable for small children of fourth grade - English words not so good, but possible. But examples might be Schumann's Album for the Young, the World Rider, etc. To a wild Rose, Macdowell, Gavotte (Mignon) Thomas, etc. Things quite rhythmic or with sweet melodies would be best.
3. About 6, more or less records for chapel use, would be most acceptable, such as "He shall feed His flock", "Oh Rest in the Lord, or violin or cello solos of a religious nature.
4. A portable victrola would be a most acceptable addition.
5. If another good baby organ could be brought, we would also be most grateful. We have been trying to use some we bought here, and thought them reasonably good, but find that the material is poor and they soon wear out. If not easy to get there (chiefly because of lack of time or transportation, will you keep this in mind as something to look for in Hongkong?) We are making much use of this instrument. Now here a beginners' class of 6 are using it for all vocal practice almost. Chapel of course.

I presume we could put a reasonable amount of this in our budget, say up to \$100. If any of your friends or the Smith friends would have used records of this sort, it might be best. But we will not be surprised if you are able to do nothing at this late date. The new music candidate might become interested in finding some records. Don't make your last days a "nightmare" because of this. Rather let it go. We can manage. With much love

Note: Dr. Wu and Else agree to US\$100 for these things - not inc. freight. Collect that in addition from office.

COPY OF LETTER FROM MISS CATHARINE SUTHERLAND
TO MRS. MABEL RHEAD dated June 12, 1939

Dear Mabel;

Words cannot say what a feeling of joy it gave us to realize that you want to come back, even at this time of difficulty and danger. I have been happily thinking over so many times all that it would mean to have you here, and somehow hope it may come true.

I have read Dr. Wu's letter, and so will not add much except to say that we now seem to be in for a real series of bombings, which may interrupt work so much that we will be forced to stop, or to try to continue elsewhere. That may mean almost eliminating piano work for the present. But we will keep you informed. Last night we had a raid, with bombs right on the campus, and many wounded and many killed, both in the city and from our own campus, tho only a few from the latter. The first-aid student corps went out to the various places they had been assigned and did really fine work in looking after the wounded and bringing them to the campus here, where they were looked after by doctors and nurses. This is the first raid of the kind that came so close home. Dr. Chen's family, of Nanking University (president) was badly hit, his mother and two sisters both wounded and he himself knocked some feet but not really hurt. Elsie Priest had them, and altogether 17 sleeping in her house last night. And so it will go perhaps for a while. I don't try to make it sound too black, but just to let you know how unusual the situation is, and how hard it may be to be at all regular in academic work.

When I think of you coming, it is something with the same feeling I might have if my mother said she wanted to come (tho she is much older.) But it is similar in the sense that while her coming would give only the greatest joy; yet I would urge her not to come just now. I wonder if you understand what I mean, and that it is only unusual circumstances that would make us want you so much and still hesitate a great deal to say that it is best to do so.

We had our student recital just two nights ago, and were happy that it seemed to go nicely and give pleasure. An Ren-tse and Wen Yen-kwen are scheduled to give their senior recitals two days this week, "weather permitting."

I had intended to write a long letter, speaking of many things, but will send only this much now. With the great hope that you will realize what a continual debt of gratitude I feel for all that you brought to us and to me, and also that you will be coming back one of these days. After a few more weeks we can inform you still further about conditions.

With much love,

s/ Catharine

0001
MATSON LINE

Sept 28, 1939. 47
over

Dear Mrs. Macmillan,

We are just out
of San Francisco, on the way to Los
Angeles. Your letter reached me at
San Francisco yesterday. I spent our
time there seeing the fair & a bit of the
city, so delayed replying to your letter
at once.

I am surely sorry if I missed
an opportunity to meet with you
& the Board of Governors on the 24th.
It had not occurred to me that I
should be having such a meeting in
mind. It is true that my decision

SEP 28 1939

[27] be there at least by the last week of October, if not before. After talking with my family, I will try to let you know a little more definitely of our arrival in N. Y. If for any reason you should like me to hurry along, please let me know.

I am so glad you got in touch with Mrs. Yph. I hope she could attend your meeting. I do hope the year will mean much to her. I enjoyed so much traveling with her & the other Girdling girls.

Mrs. Thurston gave me a small film roll for you & Minnie's diary, which I will mail to you

soon

SEP 28 1939 (31)

Thanking you so much for your
letter, hoping that we may soon
meet, I am

Sincerely yours,
Catherine S. Sutherland.

ack - 10/16/39

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

156 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
E. M. DODD, M. D.

October 10, 1939

Miss Rebecca W. Greist
150 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Greist:

I shall be glad to see Miss Sutherland while she is here. It happens that I am going to be away for five days during that time - October 21st through most of the 25th inclusive. So we had better make the date early or late in her stay.

Just to have a peg to start with, I am putting her down for two o'clock Tuesday, the 17th in the Sixth floor medical office at '150'. This can be readily changed if it isn't convenient for her.

I remember her, very pleasantly, from the days when she used to be at Nanhsuchow when my cousin Tom Carter was there.

Very sincerely

E. M. Dodd

EMD:MM

1394

金陵

GINLING COLLEGE
Nanking, China

American Office
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

16 October 1939

You are cordially invited to be a member of a small luncheon group in honor of Miss Catharine Sutherland at twelve-thirty on Friday, October 27th, at the Hotel Parkside, 18 Gramercy Park, South.

Miss Sutherland is the first member of the American group of the Ginling faculty (which she joined in 1926) to arrive in this country since the beginning of the present Sino-Japanese conflict. She was on the campus when the invasion began in the summer of 1937, spent 1937-38 with the Wuchang Unit, and was in the main body of students and faculty members who trekked to Chengtu during the summer of 1938. She arrived in the United States ten days ago to begin a long overdue furlough year.

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
208 South Queen Street
Lancaster Pennsylvania

The inclusive luncheon charge will be eighty-five cents. Acceptance should be received not later than October 23rd.

What about
Ruth Christie!

1395

✓ del. thru ~~Calhoun~~ 10/19/39.

DAVID B. SUTHERLAND
77 Central Avenue
Montclair, New Jersey

Oct 18 - 1939.

My dear Miss Gied:

This line is meant to express to you our appreciation of the day you made so memorable for us. Personally there was a sort of haze about things - as, at least six or seven years were involved for me - when I noted "Wake fields" "The Gap" - "Little Britain" - and "Chestnut Level" - We sent a "Chestnut Level" Church Calendar home to our St. Louis Church - but no one there will realize its value as I surely do. It will be no new thing for you to hear that you are an ideal foster -; but I can repeat what others must have said with all the sincerity in the world. The day throughout was such a pleasure and what you did was done so quietly and yet so cordially. I hope to "take lessons" even at my age. Catherine left us

OCT 18 1939

at Barnstable for Washington yesterday
morning she went to New York for
her medical - which seemingly is
favorable - & last night she joined us
in Montclair. - I keep being
surprised at her state of health -
apparently quite normal - when I
had expected her to be none out of what
collapsed. I feel sure that some of
her present pain is due to the excitement of
her arrival & her steady activity since -
and am quite expecting that she will
need a period of rest when she reaches
home and does relax. but I trust
that rest will be all she will need. She
certainly enjoyed her stay in your
hospitable home - and we all feel
indebted to you for your attention all
the day. I know that Monday
found you in need of quiet and I
hope you found it. Please let me
include in this, our appreciation of your
care - how skilful she is! and of the
very perfect care of your waitress. A
home keeper notices these things - Come to see
us some day. Most cordially.
Ella B. Buchanan

OVER GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE

MISS YI FANG WU, PH.D.
NANKING, CHINA

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419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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SECRETARY FOR CANDIDATES
152 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Board of Missions,
Methodist Episcopal Church, South
MRS. FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL
MISS SALLIE LOU MACKINNON

October 20, 1939.

My dear Catherine:-

I am using up some very old papers, as you see -
This morning Mrs. Sears (the Miss Sandberg of the letter head)
sent me the file of the correspondence last year with
Mrs. Leland. - Ruth and Mrs. Sears I think had confidence
in her and were disappointed when she finally said "No."
I have read this material hurriedly but professionally
she looks well equipped. - I would like you to go over
the papers and see what you think just in case
we need to take the matter up again this year.
Just she had me year ^{as teacher} 1934-1935 at Lindenwood Collg.
Possibly you could find out how she was thought of there.
Also if in your automobile wandering you should
go as far as North Dakota - you might keep her in mind
as someone to see. - My impression is that she is
a conventional Christian and is not alive to us either

music in missionary educational service. Please return
these papers to me at your convenience.

I hope you may be able to get in touch ^{with} Miss Beeler
while you are in New York. She is Lora May Beeler,
and is with her sister Mrs. David Kendall, 363 Broadway
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. - Telephone 239. -

This morning I had such a nice letter from your
mother. How I wish there had been time to show her "Halefield",
the Gap, Little Belton etc! I do hope your mother and
father will stop here again en route east & west. It was
such a real pleasure to have them. Tell her to please
that I passed on her thoughtful message to Jennie and
Helen and they were pleased. -

She wrote after you had had your medical examination
I do hope it is as favorable as she believes it to be. I too
feel as she does that after all you have been through one
would expect you to be "iron out". I was surprised at how well
you look, and I do hope the doctor found nothing much
the matter. I am sure, however, that all the rest possible
will be wise.

I have been fearful that my telephoning Helen Louis
made you feel you should go to Washington at this time. I know Helen
is happy to see you, but it made a heavy schedule for you. -
Please remember me to your mother and father and to your sister-in-law.
Sincerely yours - Rebecca Christ.

Sutherland Luncheon

GINLING COLLEGE LUNCHEON

Friday, 27 October 1939, 12:30 p.m.

Hotel Parkside 18 Gramercy Park South, New York City

I Grace to be said by

Miss Margaret E. Hodge,
Chairman, Board of Founders

II With coffee,

Miss Hodge to call upon Mrs. Cushman

III Mrs. Cushman, luncheon chairman, to introduce

Miss Catharine E. Sutherland

IV Miss Sutherland to speak (12 minutes)

V Mrs. Cushman to ask that the thanks of the group be presented to

Miss Sutherland by Dr. Decker, Secretary of the American
Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, only member of the
Founders who has seen Ginling at work in Chengtu.

VI Dr. Decker to give brief concluding speech.

(In order that any who need to leave may be free to do so,

Dr. Decker will suggest that informal discussion can continue
with Miss Sutherland and Miss Djang Hsiang-lan, a graduate of
Ginling, who is to be a member of the Ginling faculty beginning
with the second semester of the present year.)

1400

Sutherland Luncheon
OCT 27 1939
1939

MISS CATHARINE E. SUTHERLAND

Biographical Data:

Western College, Oxford, Ohio A.B. 1915
Columbia University A.M. 1926

Arrived in China in 1918
Joined Ginling Faculty in 1926, as head of the Music Department.

Was on the Ginling campus in Nanking at the outbreak of hostilities in August 1937, where she remained until she felt that three of her music majors in Wuchang needed her worse than she was needed in Nanking. Left Nanking for Wuchang in early October, 1937.

Remained in Wuchang, teaching, doing Red Cross work, and acting as Ginling's representative on the Committee for the Nien Yu-tao Rest Station for Wounded Soldiers.

At Wuchang joined the Ginling group of faculty members and students making the trek from Shanghai to Chengtu in the summer of 1938.

Remained in Chengtu for the 1938-39 school year, arriving in America ten days ago for a long delayed furlough year.

Excerpts from letters from Miss Sutherland and from others about Miss Sutherland

From Miss Vautrin's Diary - September 20, 1937. "Mr. Paxton of the Embassy advises us to leave for a few days, probably not going further than Wuhu. I told him I would talk the matter over with Miss Sutherland and let him know.After Catharine and I conferred - and it was a short conference - we both sent word, that we were staying on with our co-workers - that it was in such a time as this that we felt we could be of greatest help."

October 3 - "I want to close this installment with a tribute to Catharine. Her quiet struggle to be allowed to remain with Ginling co-workers since early in August has truly been magnificent and a real triumph of the spirit. Through sheer gentleness and kindly persistence - one would not want to call it stubbornness - she has remained on in spite of general warnings from the Embassy. She told Mr. Paxton frankly that as a Christian she could not leave; that saving her body meant nothing when she knew that her being here was a help. Now she goes to Wuchang because she believes it is her duty to go there and help out with her music students, some of whom have already preceded her there."

From Miss Sutherland - August 21, 1937. I almost hesitate to send this, lest it sound like a "war journal", and though in a sense we are in a modern war situation, this particular place is at present in no bad condition, and what we might face if only what hundreds of others everywhere are facing. And there is a sense of security in being in the place where one feels one belongs at the moment. It would seem very foolish to run right into danger, but it wouldn't be exactly good to run from it.Personally, I have been interested in my own fear reaction, for I know myself to be "jumpy", in spots, and have always thought that under continual possibility of raids, I might have a rather constant sense of uneasiness. That might be possible, but so far, except for one or two moments,

- 2 -

even during the raids, there hasn't been that reaction, but rather a sense of bother at being disturbed when the siren blows, and then of delightful relief when we are free to go about again."

September 26th. "On the 20th we had a rather unusual wedding. A girling senior of two years ago was married in the pretty little Twine Chapel near Nanking University. I was playing the wedding march, and during the prelude, the warning siren sounded. We went right on with the march and the ceremony, and just at the end of it the second siren came. The ceremony closed with the Lord's prayer and I've seldom heard it chanted more briskly. The final march was played briefly as they marched out, and then the shells began to fly quite near by. The "wedding supper" had been set out-doors, so in lulls it was brought in and we had our tea and cake indoors."

November 28th. One of the students has said "Are we being unvigorous in our response to God's call to give all that we have." Those of us who are here in China at this time feel very distinctly the realness of that call, and I am daily thankful that in the midst of all the terrible doubt and despair the presence of divine love and power seems more real and penetrating than it sometimes has in the past.- a kind of sure sense that it will conquer, though it will take ages and ages more to see it working thoroughly on this earth.

We are learning lots about the art of living together these days. I am sure that the unusual situation makes it much easier to adjust than it would have been in more normal times. And the more congested things become, the more comfortable one feels. When some of one's refugee friends may have only the floor for a bed, then a camp cot in a room shared with a few others seems quite luxurious, especially if one has a gay bedspread, such as we all seem to possess to brighten up our "ward.

1402



Oct 30, 1931
Cambridge, Mass
[1]
BACK

Dear Mrs. Macmillan,

I wish you could
be here to see how cozy ^{Gay} Miss Chaff & I are here at
Cabot Hall. Of course you know
the hall & the pretty great room.
It happens that Mrs. Hoert (or
Hurt or Hert??) is in charge of
the house this year - a "filler-in,"
as she calls herself, until the
permanent one comes. She herself
is connected with the education
dept. & has kindly offered to
introduce Mrs. Gay there.

We have just had evening
meal in the charming dining room

OCT 30. 1939 [2]

with candle light, & coffee in the
living room afterward. Mr. Mon's was
with us too & all were chatting informally
with the girls for half an hour. I met
a girl who is in music courses, &
she is taking me to a special class
where the Stradivarius quartet plays!
And I have been visiting several
achers with much interest.

Mrs. Comstock was most kind,
with an "opening" chat, but wisely, I
think, suggested that the deans
could best inform us.

- Late - Tues. We had a most
profitable conference with Dean
Cronchile, now graduate dean,
who has answered many
questions & volunteered much.

Late we visited more classes,
& Miss Gray has an appointment

[3]:

OCT 30 1939

with Dr. Holmes this afternoon.

I just called Miss Calder by phone & she is kind enough to come for us on Friday & take us to Wellesley.

Your letter with enclosures is just here. Thank you so much for all the thought on our behalf. We surely are taking it easy, in one sense at least - breakfast brought to our room etc. Everyone seems very kind but very busy, so we are somewhat free to use our own time. Mrs. Wirt (your letter showed me how to spell it) is as cordial as can be & makes us feel at home at once.

I almost forgot to say how

(47)

OCT 30

1939

nicely. I settled in at the College Club & how cordial they also were. Wang Yoo-yun surprised me by being at the station, & she invited all of us Smilgys for dinner Thurs. eve.

To-night we go to Bertram Hall with Wu Mou-i & to-morrow night is "family" night here. The home life seems very real here.

The gay little fruit basket was a joy all the way along & has been appreciated in more ways than one by Mou-i & Hsing-lan too. I feel one of the privileges of this trip is the chance to deal with & know better Hsing-lan. She is of no quality, & I feel ~~it~~ should mean much to Smilg. She is aware of the fact that it is a big responsibility to undertake - for what she does will be done thoroughly.

We will write more gratefully.
Please receive bests
Catherine E. D.

0-881 08/01/01

(Please pardon
bad writing
scratches)

Nov 20, 1939. [?]

Dear Mrs. Mac Millan.

To continue our journey, we found Bennington a delight; not only because of its beautiful campus & buildings, with hills on every horizon, as I remember it, but also because of its unique nature, for which you had prepared us.

Miss Djang & I were welcomed by Mrs. Chapman, wife of a psychology³ Professor, & official hostess, & taken to the charming guest suite, which is in the central building where are social rooms, dining rooms, art studios & a little theatre.

We had dinner in the faculty dining room with the faculty who happened to be there. Those at our

2 NOV. 20 1939

[2] These were most cordial & answered many questions we had about the set up of the college. Miss D. & I were impressed from the first with the real enthusiasm of the faculty & students for this project. The following morning, in a conference with Mrs. Barnett, whose office resembles that of Dean & who has been with the college from the beginning, we got a good deal of information about the general plan & set-up. In closing she said, "I am one of those who, after 8 years, is still enthusiastic about our idea." She emphasized the stress upon starting from the individual & his interest & need, in making out each student's schedule, & upon the free faculty-student relationship which ^{amounts} ~~gave~~ for the large amount of

0881 0883 NOV 20 1939⁽⁵⁷⁾

for + take between them. Students make their own living regulations, with one exception, as I remember - they cannot borrow each others cars. Much confidence is placed in student opinion + there is a formal student committee which submits evaluations of faculty. The students take this seriously. Miss B. said, respecting the fact that so much confidence is given them.

We met several student leaders at lunch one day, whose eagerness + open mindedness impressed us very much. They questioned us a great deal, as we did them. They took us later to a meeting of the I. S. U. (?) in a faculty student dormitory living room, + we were again impressed with their mental alertness + maturity of viewpoint.

~~Mrs. B. said that~~
They were ~~making a point~~ ^{discussing} about

0801 104- NOV 20 1939
[4] the advisability of having a student demonstration on Armistice Day & the Seniors referred frequently to 'the way we are trying to follow here', as if to help younger students to weigh carefully any procedure that might hinder either the freedom or the ^{sense of} responsibility imposed by having selected & decided to live for 4 years in the Bemington way.

Mrs. Garrett said that in selecting students the entrance committee was conscious of the fact that the Bemington plan really implied the need for a rather mature type of student, & they made careful effort to choose only those of that caliber, tho' it was often difficult because of over eagerness on the part of the prep school & parents to get their daughters in.

OS VON 5- NOV 20 1939

They accept at present only $\frac{1}{4}$ of the applicants, & don't intend to increase the student body beyond its present enrollment of 250, feeling that the plan, calling for so much individual conference between teacher & student, would fail, once the student body got too large. This means that wealthy folk, on the whole, come here, tho' a proportion are given financial help, not on the basis of scholarship, but on what the financial need is.

We were delighted with the lay out of buildings - 1 large center building of brick, for class rooms, dining halls, social gathering place, co-operator & small theatre. The barn, a spacious frame one belonging to the old estate in which were administration offices library & most class rooms. A music hall, the old manor house of the

0881

P6-7

NOV 20 1939

estate, rather luxuriously fixed up.
& pleasant to be in. The soft heavy
carpets, for sound absorption as well
as for comfort, made it possible for
the girls to be in their stockings ^(no shoes), in class,
when desired, which they seemed to
do frequently (dramatic art is
chosen by a good half of the girls
& so it is probably normal for them to
wear supple foot-gear frequently),
a typical part of the great informality
in the class room - any costume -
shorts, slacks, shoes or no shoes
seemed acceptable. They sat on
chairs, stood, or sprawled on the
floor, with both men & women
faculty (I was surprised at how
quickly I became accustomed to
it). Smoked in class or anywhere
very frequently.

Academically I think Miss
Day & I both felt that, the

[77] NOV 20 1939

the emphasis was definitely placed on individual creative thinking, & the tutorial system was made use of. the practical working out included much of the conventional procedure, such as choosing of major subject, writing of many papers, and numbers of classes carried on in the ordinary way.

We liked the girls - they seemed healthily minded & normal, not bizarre, & as too individualistic in their make up, & with an extra enthusiasm, such as ~~we~~ I also seemed to find in the Westminster Choir College, for the particular thing that the school stood for & was striving toward. Personally, I may have been prejudiced, the frank articulation in regard to spiritual power & source found in the Choir College seemed a real lock at Bennington

2.1.20 12.11.20
2.1.20 12.11.20
ELLEN EMERSON HOUSE
SMITH COLLEGE
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Nov. 5, 1939

Sunday.

5.7
over

Dear Mrs. MacMillan -

In a lull, I feel that I must drop you just a line to say, first of all that we have just met your very sweet mother, who was so full of charm & of zest for life that we would have loved to stay on chatting with her. But instead we could only stop for a few minutes at the end of a drive with Mrs. Harlow around the campus & before noon meal here with the girls.

Miss Calder, quite of her own accord, it seems, suggested that she herself drive us - not only to Wellesley but on the

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following day to Northampton. Wasn't that kind of her?

Thankful for your suggestion we had sent them Miss Calder a note to Miss Leach saying that we wouldn't arrive until after dinner on Sat. evening. So we side-tracked to Mt. Holyoke getting there just about at dusk. Dr. Allen wasn't at home, so we got a very nice girl guide who showed us the chapel & a dormitory & the library, telling us also quite a bit about the "2 point" system & general curriculum from her standpoint. And Miss Djang saw Miss Wamsley's nice too. So that satisfied a good deal of her desire about Mt. Holyoke, & we were both delighted to have seen it.

We were met at Emerson House by Ruth Johnson, so hospitable & concerned for our welfare that even Miss Djang was

ELLEN EMERSON HOUSE
SMITH COLLEGE
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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quite impressed - "almost Chinese," as we said.
She kindly put us to bed, altho' she was
already with a cup of tea, & some girls if
we had seemed encouraging. For Miss
Dyain especially we thought a good night's
sleep was best. I forgot to say we did
go to Beckman's - about 8, & found it
very nice.

Nov. 5th - I was interrupted & now have
another few minutes, as we have just
been told we are to be driven to Greenfield,
saving us a rather long wait there &
allowing us to have lunch here.

Yesterday was happy all thru. Ruth Johnson
had made very nice plans, & found that
she had included most of the people
on your list in them.

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I went to Quaker meeting with Mr. [47], had a nice chat on the way. She brought up the question about G's needs, so I could very easily make it clear about books, clockwork. Miss Gray stayed home to "think" a little. Then before luncheon Mrs. Harlow came to drive us around the campus, & we went into a few buildings. It had turned out to be quite a "slippy" day with even a little snow. To day is fine. At the end of the trip we stopped for the call with your mother.

At lunch in Emerson Miss Calder was with us at a table of girls headed by Ruth Johnson. After lunch we gathered in a living room & met & talked informally with about 20-30 girls whom Ruth had invited. Then Miss D. & I each talked to them as a group, also answering questions till about 3:30. Miss Snow also came in &

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Miss Deales. Mrs. Ferris we had met in the morning - she was out Sat. eve.

Among the girls were Sydney Thomson (Kaney was out & we met her this a.m.) Anne Mills, - Vandusen (also from China) Miss Gao (Yenching) & a Korean. Also Ruth Johnson's roommate, Sheila Swenson, who seems really interested in going to Girty, maybe in a few years time. Mrs. Ferris said one girl had suggested a Smith Junior going each year to Girty. (after the war, maybe) - a very good idea for the future, possibly.

Keper was led by Mr. Muste of the Labor Temple in N.Y. & we went with Sue Lohentine who afterwards took us to the Chalmers for supper. There we had a chance to see more girls informally & to listen to discussion

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led by Mr. Hurst. The Chalmers were most cordial & said they would like to talk more about Girdy, but we didn't find a time. Miss D. needed rest & so went home, while I went with Sue to the chamber music program in Sage Hall - very delightful, by faculty. Miss Culbidge^{Culbidge}, music librarian^{ian}, whom I had a chance to chat with this a.m. played a Bach Flute Concerto so delicately. She was good about telling me lots of her library hints & showing me their treasures. I also met Mr. Hoop after chapel, who let me visit his Counterpoint class & told me some interesting things.

Miss D. spoke well, I believe, simply & with very pleasing voice. Your master was there & seemed to like it. After chapel we went to Miss Seale's office, where there

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energetic girls had gathered most of their
Community Chest Committee, who asked
us questions in a most interesting way -
relating to our budget, their share, its use,
etc. Not being too well informed we
answered all we could, referring them
for final reference to you, who, we under-
stood from your mother, might be here
next week-end. If that was to be incognito,
please pardon us. I think Ruth Johnson &
others feel that because of Pres. Nielson's
absence Smiley has not been presented
to the whole student body as before
early in the year, but the girls are
conscious of this & wanted to assure
us that they felt there would be no let-down

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this year.

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At 10, Miss Gay was in the care of Miss Scales & possibly Dean Nicholson, while I went to Sage Hall, & am now here, just before lunch.

I hope the visit has been worthwhile even tho' so brief. Surely no doubt of it from our point of view & what we gained. Miss Gay seemed to appeal to the girls with her quiet direct manner & her responses to their questions were always thoughtful.

We expect to make Bemington this afternoon & still have Dean Sawyer in mind for the end of the week, which might put Miss D. a day later at Wells. However, we will see what we find at Bemington. If we feel that a day less there will not matter she may go as scheduled to Wells. She will write to let them know ahead of time, of course, if

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SMITH COLLEGE
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delayed.

I shall go back to N. Y. & probably to Princeton on Monday & Tuesday. Then to visit with you & other friends the rest of that week.

We are grateful for all the plans you have made in preparation for us & we are trying to be good!

I haven't even mentioned Velez - May T. was our gracious hostess & had us all booked for meals & tea.

Luncheon with Miss Coledge & Mrs. ? (Education) & Miss George (Religion). Drive around campus & town by Mrs. ? & attended her class in ed. Tea at Miss Smalley's (dramatic art), with Miss Kendrick, Miss Carter, Mrs. Allan (Smith) & ? & Mary. Dinner with the Hamiltons (former of

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Haskell) & Davisons (Dorothy Williams of Nant.)
Next morning I had a wonderful morning in the
music lib. with Miss Sleeper, after we had
both been shown the Recreation House by
Miss Eliot (P.E. & much interested in Smiley).
Luncheon with China girls, Harnet Mills,
Elij. Roberts, Margaret Hayes & 2 young
Chinese. Mrs. Mills & Angie came in later,
visiting from N.Y.

I forgot to say that Miss Calder took
us en route to her home, where we
met the Drs. Sheppards & had a long talk,
about China, of course.

Miss C. showed me ~~W. H. H. H. H. H.~~
your letter about Mr. H. H. H. I said I that
you were going to see Mr. H. H. H. soon & so perhaps
would talk with her any remaining part of
the problem. I forgot whether I mentioned my

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1939

talk with Mon-i, & she promised to try to
get clear with you anything you feel or
know about next year & the possibility of
her continuing at Radcliffe, provided she
makes good. I've never seen a more sane
or wholesome attitude on the part of anyone.
She seems absolutely unimpaired
as far as being sensitive to professor's opinions
or estimate of her work - I know she is handi-
capped for various reasons, of course. Whether
she continues or not, it will have been a
year in full, I'm sure.

Now I must stop. These details
may be boring & so you will have to pick &
choose. We are having a very good time

(over)

Sincerely
Catharine F. Sutcland.

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NOV 5 1939 [27]

The folks in the Com. Chest Com. here
seemed to wish that the 'Silly' fund
not be named or its purpose made a
little more specific. Mrs. Seale said
she thought it had been called 'for the
English dept' in the past & maybe that
is still so. I think it was just general.

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Smith College
November 5, 1939

Dear Mrs. Macmillan:

In a little lull, I feel that I must drop you just a line to say, first of all, that we have just met your very sweet mother, who was so full of charm and of zest for life that we would have loved to stay on chatting with her. But instead we could only stop for a few minutes at the end of a drive with Mrs. Harlow around the campus and before noon meal here with the girls. Miss Calder suggested that she herself drive us - not only to Wellesley but on the following day to Northampton - wasn't that kind of her?

Thankful for your suggestion, we had sent through Miss Calder a note to Mrs. Scales saying that we wouldn't arrive until after dinner on Saturday evening. So we side-tracked to Mount Holyoke, getting there just about at dusk. Dr. Allen wasn't at home, so we got a very nice girl guide who showed us the chapel, a dormitory, and the library, telling us also quite a bit about the "2-point" system and general curriculum from her standpoint. Miss Djang saw Miss Walmsley's niece, too, so that satisfied a good deal of her desire about Mount Holyoke, and we were both delighted to have seen it.

We were met at Ellen Emerson House by Ruth Johnson, so hospitable and concerned for our welfare that even Miss Djang was quite impressed - "almost Chinese", as we said! She put us to bed, although she was all ready with a cup of tea and a few girls for an informal chat, if we had seemed encouraging. For Miss Djang especially, however, we thought a good night's sleep was best. I forgot to say we did go to Beckmann's - about eight - and found it very nice.

We have just been told we are to be driven to Greenfield, saving us a rather long wait there and allowing us to have lunch here. Yesterday was happy all through. Ruth Johnson had made very nice plans, and found that she had included most of the people on your list in them. I went to Quaker meeting with her and had a nice talk on the way. She brought up the question about Ginling's needs, so I could very easily make it clear about books and clothes. Miss Djang stayed home to "think" a little. Then before luncheon Mrs. Harlow came to drive us around the campus, and we went into a few buildings. It had turned out to be a 'sloppy' day with even a little snow. (Today is fine) At the end of the trip we stopped for the call with your mother.

At lunch in Ellen Emerson, Miss Calder was with us at a table of girls headed by Ruth Johnson. After lunch we gathered in a living-room and met and talked informally with about twenty to thirty girls whom Ruth had invited. Then Miss Djang and I each talked to them as a group, also answering questions till about 3:30. Miss Snow came in with Mrs. Scales. Mrs. Ferris we had met in the morning - she was out Saturday evening. Among the girls were Sydney Thomson (Nancy was out and we met her this morning), Anna Mills, - - Vandensen (also from China), Miss Gao (Yenching), and a Korean. Also Ruth Johnson's roommate, Sheila Swenson, who seems really interested in going to Ginling. Maybe in a few years' time. Mrs. Ferris said one girl had suggested a Smith Junior going each year to Ginling (after the war, maybe) - a very good idea for the future possibly.

Vespers was led by Mr. Muste of the Labor Temple in New York and we went with Sue Lobenstine who afterwards took us to the Chalmers for supper. There we had a chance to see more girls informally and to listen to discussion led by Mr. Muste. The Chalmers were most cordial and said they would like to talk more about Ginling, but we didn't find a time. Miss Djang needed rest and so went home, while I went with Sue to the Chamber music program in Sage Hall - very delightful, for faculty. Miss Cabbage, Music Librarian, with whom I've had a chance to chat this morning, played a Bach Flute Concerto so delicately! She was good about telling me lots of her library hints and showing me their treasures. I also met Mr. Moog after Chapel, who let me visit his counterpoint class and told me some interesting things.

Miss Djang spoke well, I believe, simply and with very pleasing voice. Your mother was there and seemed to like it. After Chapel we went to Mrs. Scales' office, where these energetic girls had gathered most of their Community Chest Committee, who asked us questions in a most interesting way - relating to our budget, their share, and so on. Not being too well informed, we answered all we could, referring them for final reference to you, who, we understood from your mother, might be here next week-end. If that was to be incognito, please pardon us. I think Ruth Johnson and others believe that because of President Neilson's absence Ginling has not been presented to the whole student body as before early in the year, but the girls are conscious of this and wanted to assure us that they felt there would be no let-down this year. The girls on the Community Chest Committee at Smith seemed to wish that the Ginling fund could be named or its purpose made a little more specific. Mrs. Scales said that it had been called "for the English Department" in the past and maybe that is still so. I thought it was just general.

At 10 o'clock this morning, Miss Djang was in the care of Mrs. Scales and possibly Dean Nicholson, while I went to Sage Hall, and am now here just before lunch. I hope the visit has been worthwhile even though so brief. Surely no doubt of it from our point of view and what we gained. Miss Djang seemed to appeal to the girls with her quiet, direct manner and her responses to their questions were always thoughtful.

We expect to arrive at Bennington this afternoon and still have Dean Sawyer in mind for the end of the week, which might put Miss Djang later at Wells. However, we will see what we find at Bennington. If we feel that a day less there will not matter, she may go as scheduled to Wells. She will write to let them know ahead of time, of course, if detained. I shall go back to New York and probably to Princeton on Monday and Tuesday, then to visit with you and other friends the rest of that week. We are grateful for all the plans you have made in preparation for us and we are trying to be good!

I haven't even mentioned Wellesley - Mary Treudley was our gracious hostess and had us all booked for meals and tea. - Luncheon with Miss Coolidge and Mrs. Education. and Miss George (Religion). Driven around campus and town by Mrs. and attended her class in Education. Tea at Miss Smaill's Assistant Professor of Speech, with Miss Kendrick Miss Carter, Mrs. Allan (Smith) and Mary. Dinner with the Hamiltons - formerly of Nanking - and Davidsons (Dorothy Williams of Nanking). Next morning I had a wonderful few hours in the music library with Miss Sleeper, after we had both been shown the Recreation House by Miss Elliott (Physical Education and much interested in Ginling). Luncheon with "China" girls, Harriet Mills, Elizabeth Roberts, Margaret Hayes and two Yenching Chinese. Mrs. Mills and Angie came in later, visiting from New York. I forgot to say that Miss Calder took us en route to her home, where we met the George Shepards and had a long talk, about China, of course.

Miss Calder showed me your letter about Wu Mou-i. I said I thought you were going to see Mou-i soon and so perhaps would talk with her about any remaining part of the problem. I forgot whether I mentioned my talk with Mou-i, and she promised to try to clear with you anything you feel or know about next year and the possibility of her continuing at Radcliffe, provided she makes good. I've never seen a more sane or wholesome attitude on the part of anyone. She seems absolutely imperturbable as far as being sensitive to professors' opinions or estimate of her work, and knows she is handicapped for various reasons, of course. Whether she continues or not, it will have been a year - in full, I'm sure.

Sincerely
/s/ Catharine E. Sutherland

From Mrs. Macmillan's mother in Northampton - November 6, 1939

Just back from Chapel. Miss Djang spoke beautifully. A full choir and more students out than usual. Lovely morning. Mr. Chalmers had charge. Am glad Miss Djang and Miss Sutherland had a good day to go to Bennington. Spoke to Alice Lyman and several other girls.

0.801 VON
am

[17] on
Nov 15, 1939.
Montclair N.J.
77 Central Ave.

Dear Rebecca,

I feel sort of thundered
in my efforts to get even off. Such a
flurry as it has been these last 2
weeks - but a very pleasant one. The
trip with Dyng Hsany-lan was a
real treat in every way. I was so glad
to know he held, & of course the chance
to visit in those colleges was a happy
& unexpected privilege. A note from
Hsany-lan says that she finds
Wells quite as interesting in its way as
the others.

How I would love a chat with you,
but am not sure whether we can hope
for one in the near future, unless
you should happen up this week end.
If you should be here by any chance,
please be sure to let me know. Not that
there is anything real pressing -

NOV 15 1939 [27]

Leland

I have thought - several times about Miss Leland, & wondered whether we may be making a mistake in not asking her. Do you know where she is now? I should like to meet her if she is near by. I am perhaps going to stop at Syracuse next week, & if by any chance she is still there - I may see her. (excuse pencil with ran out)

Miss Butler

I wonder also whether you have heard from Miss Butler recently. In a letter from her she states quite definitely her willingness to go to Gail's. I am not sure how straight the matter is with you & Dr. L., but I take it you understand what Dr. L. has done. She sent a letter to Mrs. B. while she was in China asking that she definitely come to help us out. The letter was delayed - maybe forwarded

NOV 15 1939

here to the U.S. at any rate ³¹
Miss B. hesitated to reply, feeling
doubt in her own mind about
accepting. Now she wishes to give
a positive yes to Dr. W's letter &
asked for Dr. W's address. If
you have been in touch with her &
are aware of all this, please pardon
my going into it. I hope it makes
no complication with you. I know
that Miss B. will be grateful
for all that you may have to tell her.
I feel so happy about her going to
Ginli.

I just returned from 2 very
happy days at Princeton with our
3 naughty girls. My anticipations
were really fulfilled, as far as
Dr. Williamson goes, & I feel he
is a true musical prophet. The
girls are enthusiastic, as everyone

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1939

There seems to be students & [47]
faculty alike. I am thankful
they are there. And Lucy & Swan - you
seem to be developing into really
congenial roommates, for which I
am very thankful.

I feel I must be getting on, &
plan to leave Monday or Tuesday,
for Syracuse, then perhaps Michigan
& Edith before finally reaching home.
It has been an unusually happy
time & how grateful I am to you
for all you have done. Mary Ann
was so glad to have those few
hours with you.

Love,
Catherine.

It has been a pleasure to
know Mrs. Macmillan - she is
away just now.

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Letter to Miss Sutherland from Miss Sheila Swenson,
Smith 1940. She is the daughter of Sheila Bryant, Smith 1909,
who is now Mrs. Clarence Elmer Swenson, Chesterfield, Massa-
chusetts. Miss Swenson was a Junior in France, 1938-39.

Laura Scales House
Smith College
Northampton Massachusetts
18 November 1939

Dear Miss Sutherland:

I want to try to tell you how much I love your sweet gift and appreciate the thought behind it. I shall wear it often, for it is lovely in so many ways: because of associations with my first acquaintances from Ginling, because of its origin in China, a country which enchants me from far off, and which I'll visit some day, because of the pure beauty of the symbol and the handiwork. This little cross - thank you so much for leaving it for me.

The only trouble with your visit was that there was no time to really show you our college in action. If only you could have stayed over two or three days into the week, and visited more classes, seen more of the girls and professors, explored more of the favorite parts of the campus! I don't believe you saw our pond and river, nor the athletic fields and physical education equipment. (we are so pampered - we have a pool! indoors!) and there are all sorts of club meetings in the evening and lectures and concerts sponsored by the College. It is really an embarrassment of riches - life in Northampton - and one has to choose, and neglect some things, and limit oneself, so as not to lose direction altogether.

Yet our regret that your visit was so short is little in comparison to our joy that you could come at all. It was so good to hear about Ginling and China from two persons who know it intimately. One is prone to think of China as a far-away land, almost a fairy-land, where things like Lost Horizon happen! The geographical as well as the temporal present swallows us up and we see no further than our noses. Yet Smith wants Ginling to feel that we think of her and that we claim her, whether we deserve to or not, - perhaps someday there'll be a Junior Year in China!

It was very thoughtful of you to send back that letter - as thoughtful as it was silly of me to forget it.

Please give my best to Miss Djang and accept my many thanks for the little present which touched me greatly.

Sincerely,
/s/ Sheila Swenson

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