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UBCHEA ARCHIVES
COLLEGE FILES
RG 11

Girling
Corr.

Tappert, Esther E. 1929-1945

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Miss Esther E. Tappert
c/o Otto Plagemann
385 East 155th Street
The Bronx, New York

home address: West Cheshire
Connecticut

(sister)
79 Trumbull St.
New Haven, Conn.

Name (maiden or married) by

which you were known at Ginling Esther E. Tappert

1919-1937 at Ginling. Work: English department

(head of the department, 1933-1937)

B.A. or B.S. Year 1925 School Thiel College, Greenville, Pa.

M.A. or M.S. Year 1933 School Yale University

Ph.D. Year School

Other degrees Year School

 Year School

Date of Marriage Husband's name

Years 1937-1940 Work and Travel Prof. of English, Chungking University, Chungking, China
(other than at Ginling)

Year(s) Jan. 1926-1929 Position Teacher of English

Place Tamamoneck Even School, White Plains, N.Y.

Year(s) Jan. 1925-1926 Position Teacher of English

Place Lothrop Ave. School, Bantam, N.Y.

Year(s) 1919-1923 Position Grade school teacher

Place Plainville, Conn.

Year(s) 1918-1919 Position Teacher, Grade 1-4

Place Tolland County Home, Vernon Center, Conn.

Year(s) 1928-1929 Position Teacher of English to foreigners

Place White Plains Evening School, N.Y.

Travel 1929-1940 during holidays and in transit: Japan, Korea, Indo-China, widely in China.

You can get in touch with the following people at the addresses indicated:

BERGER, Mrs. R. R.

RUEFF, Frau Gese

GAILEY, Miss Helen

VAIL, Miss

LAUCKS, Miss Blanche

ZIMMERMAN, Frau my last address was Berlin, Germany

MA, Mme. Yu-guiun Possibly in Dr. Price's

address list published in con-
nection with "The Hankow Bulletin"
"Notes and Notices"

Signed: Esther E. Tappert

December 1940

0335

Bread Loaf, Vermont

July 1, 1929

Miss Elizabeth Bender
150 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

517
Note July 3.
By Sent June 18th with claims
RECEIVED
JUL 3 - 1929

My dear Miss Bender:

I received word today from
Miss Aber that I had been assigned
to Bed "C" in Cabin 116 on the
steamship President McKinley from
Seattle to Shanghai, August 24th.

She also sent me a clergy
certificate application blank and
instructions concerning passport
requirements.

I am well pleased with the
steamer trunk that was sent me
except that I have received no keys,
and could get no key to fit at
the locksmith's in Meriden. Before
having the lock broken or removed

JUL 1
1929

[27]

I decided to write to you concerning the key. Consequently I can give you no decision as to the contents of the trunk until I reach home again in August.

My first impressions of Bread Loaf are most favorable. The location is beautiful; the people I have met are interesting and cordial; and the atmosphere is inspiring. I am sure I shall know more about China as well as about English by the end of the session for I have already met two people who have traveled in China.

Sincerely yours,
Esther E. Tappert

0337

Esther E. Tappert

[17]

MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT

CHINESE COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

West Cheshire, Conn.

July 30, 1932

Mr. Russell Carter, Treasurer
The Board of Foreign Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.
156 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

RECEIVED

AUG -1 1932

PRESBYTERIAN FOREIGN BOARD
TREASURER'S OFFICE

My dear Mr. Carter:

In reply to your letter of June
28th I am acknowledging receipt
of both Eastern and Western Clergy
Fare Certificates upon arrival at
Victoria on July 19th.

We had a fine voyage and
except for the fact that our cabin
became rather congested when
four of us were in it at the same
time, were very comfortable.

Will you send me a blank
on which to fill out my statement
of travel expenses or will the
attached statement do? I have not
included freight charges on my

0338

JUL 30 [2]

1932

MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT

STIRLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

West Berkshire, Conn.

books and on the chest containing my rugs, linen, and bedding. If you feel that the amount I had to pay for excess baggage and handling at both ends is not a legitimate charge, I shall want to make an adjustment on it later.

Miss Priest gave me Gold \$400.⁰⁰ for travel expenses. Shall I send you the balance in signed travel cheques or a bank draft or will you deduct it from my August salary?

I expect to be in West Berkshire during the month of August at least. If at all possible I shall come to New York some time early in August and should like to talk with you then about future plans which are still indefinite.

0339

JUL 30 [37]
1932

MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT

~~GINLING COLLEGE~~

~~NANKING, CHINA~~

West Cheshire, Conn.

Dr. Faucett formerly at Yenching University in Peiping was on the steamer with us and I became very much interested in working with him on his vocabulary studies at Yale this winter. This would be directly in line with the work I should be doing if I return to Ginling. If Yale University will accept my transfer credits from Columbia and grant me a degree within one year (M.A.) and if the Ginling Committee approves and will grant me a study allowance, it seems very probable that I shall return to Ginling; and with that much probability feel rather more justified than I did when I left China in applying for furlough allowance.

0340

JUL 30 1932 [47

MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT

SHING-COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA.

West Cheshire, Conn.

The details I hope to arrange with you in person; but I wished to give you as soon as possible some indication of what I am thinking about.

I should like to have the names and addresses of the new teachers of English going out to Shing this year and whatever information is available about their special interests and experience.

Very truly yours,
Esther E. Tappert.

0341

JUL 30 1932

MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT

SHILING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

West Chester Comm.

July 30, 1932

Statement of Travel Expenses - Nanking - Chekio

Missionary Home and meals	Mexican \$ 15.10
Baggage handling	13.78
Tips	2.50
Total	\$ 31.38
Total in Gold @ 4.81	\$ 6.52
Commission on travel cheques	1.50
Steamer and Pullman charges (including sleeper and chair)	309.13
Taxi, hotel and meals (including dining car)	12.65
Tips	15.20
Baggage charges (not including freight charges on two pieces)	31.40
Total	\$ 376.40
Received from Miss Priest	\$ 400.00
Balance	\$ 23.60

RECEIVED
AUG - 1 1932
PRESBYTERIAN FOREIGN BOARD
TREASURER'S OFFICE

Esther E. Tappert

0342

COPY

Ginling
E.E. Tappert

West Cheshire, Conn.

July 30, 1932.

FILING DE
AUG 30 1932
HOME L. E

Dear Mr. Carter:

I expect to be in West Cheshire during the month of August at least. If at all possible I shall come to New York some time early in August and should like to talk with you then about future plans which are still indefinite.

Dr. Fawcett formerly at Yenching University in Peiping, was on the steamer with us and I became very much interested in working with him on his vocabulary studies at Yale this winter. This would be directly in line with the work I should be doing if I return to Ginling. If Yale University will accept by transfer credits from Columbia and grant me a degree within one year (M.A.) and if the Ginling Committee approves and will grant me a study allowance, it seems very probable that I shall return to Ginling; and with that much probability feel rather more justified than I did when I left China in applying for furlough allowance. The details I hope to arrange with you in person, but I wished to give you as soon as possible some indication of what I am thinking about.

Very truly yours,

Esther E. Tappert.

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GINLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE

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

OFFICERS OF THE COMMITTEE

MISS MARGARET E. HODGE, CHAIRMAN
156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

RUSSELL CARTER, TREASURER
156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MISS FLORENCE G. TYLER, SECRETARY
419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MISS MINNIE V. SANDBERG,
SECRETARY FOR CANDIDATES
152 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

GINLING COLLEGE COMMITTEE

Board of Foreign Missions
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

MISS MARGARET E. HODGE
MRS. CHARLES K. ROYS

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society
Protestant Episcopal Church

MISS GRACE LINDLEY

Board of Foreign Missions
Reformed Church in the U. S. A.

MRS. LEWIS L. ANEWALT

Association for Christian Work, Smith College

MISS KATHARINE RICHARDS

Coopted Members

MISS REBECCA W. GRIEST
MRS. HENRY S. LEIPER

GINLING COLLEGE COMMITTEE

Board of Founders, University of Nanking

ROBERT E. SPEER
JOHN R. EDWARDS

Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society

MISS MINNIE V. SANDBERG
MRS. CURTIS LEE LAWS

United Christian Missionary Society

MISS LELA E. TAYLOR

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society
Methodist Episcopal Church

MISS ELIZABETH R. BENDER
MRS. FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL

Board of Missions,
Methodist Episcopal Church, South

MISS SALLIE LOU MACKINNON

August 3rd, 1932.

Miss Margaret E. Hodge,
112 West Gravers Lane,
Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Miss Hodge:

We are sending you herewith extract^X from a letter received a few days ago from Miss Esther E. Tappert, who has recently arrived home from Ginling, together with a copy of our reply asking her to take up with you in correspondence the general questions in her mind regarding furlough study and return to the field.

Thanking you and with best wishes for your vacation,

Yours sincerely,

Russell Carter

MN
Encls.

Lent to Dr. Wu by me Aug. 11, so that she may know the situation.

0344

August 3rd, 1932.

Miss Esther E. Tappert,
West Cheshire,
Connecticut.

Dear Miss Tappert:

We thank you for your nice, full, clear letter of July 30th. I should think your travel account was satisfactory as it is inasmuch as you are not rendering any account for your freight. The excess baggage charge would ordinarily be a personal matter provided you secured the full 350 pound baggage allowance everywhere enroute.

I must frankly say that I am a little in doubt as to your home allowance, not the amount of it, which is quite clear, but as to its length. The Ginling College contract for a three years' term reads:

3. Regular travel allowance and proportionate furlough salary, beginning on arrival home by the most direct route, to be given to those who expect to return to the college; one month's retiring allowance to be given to those not expecting to return.

You will see from this that the question of your return should be definitely determined. The furlough for five year appointees, we understand, is twelve months in the U. S. for those who are returning to the field and a "proportionate furlough salary" for those having rendered three years of service on the field would be, we suppose, three-fifths of the twelve months, but you will see that the contract reads very definitely, "one month's retiring allowance to be given to those not expecting to return."

You speak of talking over furlough plans with me in New York. I am not only just about due to go on vacation (in fact, should have left the end of last week) but I think that the matter of your furlough should be taken up with Miss Margaret E. Hodge, Chairman of the Ginling College Committee, whose address for the summer is 112 West Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. You say you want to talk about "future plans which are still indefinite." This may mean only the use of your furlough, as to study, etc., for you say later in your letter, "It seems very

0345

Miss Esther E. Tappert

-2-

August 3rd, 1932.

probable that I shall return to Ginling and with that much probability I feel rather more justified than I did when I left China in applying for furlough allowance." This may, I take it, refer to furlough study allowance. We have before us the action of the Finance Committee, confirmed by the Executive Committee, and sent to us by Miss Priest:

VOTED, that if Miss Esther Tappert is returning to Ginling College for the fall of 1933, that we recommend that she be allowed the usual salary and study grant allowance given to staff members on furlough who have completed a term of three years.

I think my suggestion would be that you write to Miss Hodge regarding these furlough matters as they are hardly within my province. We want to assure you, however, that we want to help you in every way possible in all matters where the responsibility rests with us.

We were going to enclose check covering one month's home allowance less the balance of \$23.60 due from the \$400 advanced you by Miss Priest for travel, but perhaps it will be more satisfactory if we send that to you on the basis of a little further information that we seem to need in order to do this. Your travel account does not give the date of your leaving Nanking. Perhaps from earlier correspondence we ought to know that date but we do not seem to; and will you kindly tell us the date to which Miss Priest paid your salary on the field? The contract for three year term teachers makes provision, in connection with the travel, for an allowance of \$1.50 per day for personal expenses during the time of travel. We assume that this was not advanced to you by Miss Priest and that this should now be credited to you in connection with the settlement of your travel account. If you will kindly help us in these two or three matters we will then be glad to send you check covering the amount due you.

We are sending your inquiry regarding the new appointees for English to Miss Winnie V. Sandberg, Secretary for Candidates, of the Ginling College Committee, 152 Madison Avenue, New York, for we know that she will be in a much better position than we to give you the information you desire.

Yours very sincerely,

Treasurer.

RC:MM

Copy to Miss Hodge

0346

MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT

GIRLING COLLEGE

NANKING, CHINA

West Chesire
Connecticut

Re. furlough study

August 4, 1932

Miss Margaret E. Dodge
Chairman, Girling College Committee
112 West Shavers Lane
Chestnut Hill
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Miss Dodge:

At the suggestion of Mr. Carter
I am writing to you in regard to
my furlough plans.

As you probably know I have
been teaching English at Girling
for the past three years. On the
steamer while returning from China
I learned to know Dr. Lawrence
Faucett of whose work at Yenching
University and of whose vocabulary
studies I had heard since I first
went to China. He is engaged
upon a piece of work which I believe

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AUG 4 1932

will be very important for the future ⁽²⁾ teaching of English in the Orient and which is, therefore, immediately interesting to me as related to our work at Sunling. Dr. Faucett has offered me the opportunity of working in cooperation with him on a phase of his general problem. At the same time I am interested in completing the requirements for my M.A. degree. For the sake of the standing of the college with the government it is important for me to have an advanced degree if I am to go on as head of the English department.

For the sake of being in closer touch with Dr. Faucett I should like to be at Yale this winter, but since I have done my previous graduate work at Columbia it seems more advisable to take my degree there. I have written to both Yale and Columbia to inquire whether I may do my research and Thesis work

AUG 4 1932 [37]

MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT
GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

under the supervision of Dr. Faucett
and yet get my M.A. from Columbia.

Now my chief reason for writing
you this is to secure the approval
of the Ginling College Committee for
this use of my furlough time.

Mr. Carter, I presume, is the person
with whom I must make arrange-
ments for furlough and study
allowance. To what amount may
I count upon Ginling support for
study expenses?

My years at Ginling have
been happy ones and I am look-
ing forward to going back, God
willing.

I shall be very grateful to you
for your suggestions.

Sincerely yours,
Esther E. Tappert

0349

COPY

West Cheshire, Conn.
August 4th, 1932.

Dear Mr. Carter:

* * * * *

As to furlough salary, I understood from Miss Priest that it would be three fifths of the regular furlough salary over a period of twelve months. It might be preferable to have full salary for three-fifths of the time, as you suggest. This brings up the question of whether I should be permitted to accept payment for work done the remaining two-fifths of the time or to make up the remaining two-fifths of a regular furlough allowance. It has been a question of some importance to me as to how it would be possible to live in New York or New Haven on approximately fifty dollars a month. I have no tother income to depend upon unless I can do night school work or something else in my spare time. Can you give me a statement as to the amount of the study allowance that can be granted? I expect, of course, to return the furlough and study allowance if I am prevented from returning to Ginling at the end of the year.

I am writing to Miss Hodge as you suggest in regard to furlough study, etc. Thank you again for your courteous attention.

Sincerely yours,

Esther E. Tappert

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Letter to Miss Tappert

Reid M. E. H. 8/10/32

August 9th, 1932.

Miss Esther E. Tappert,
West Cheshire,
Connecticut.

Dear Miss Tappert:

Thank you for the further information which you have given us which seems to make everything perfectly understood.

We see when we come to figure it out that it does not make any difference whether the three-fifths of the regular furlough salary is figured on the three-fifths basis of time or of amount. We should think that it would be preferable to have this distributed over the twelve months unless it makes a difference with you. I should think that you were quite free to supplement this furlough salary in any way that you are able to. As you say, it is not possible to live upon this either in New York or in New Haven.

The action that Miss Priest reported from the field was that they recommended that you be allowed "the usual salary and study grant allowance given to staff members on furlough who have completed a term of three years." The copies of the three and five year term contracts that have been given to us provide under the five year term for an educational allowance not to exceed \$200, which may be granted on the recommendation of the Board of Directors with the approval of the Ginling College Committee; and under the three year term contract there is no provision for educational allowance.

I am sending a copy of this letter to Miss Hodge so that she will know of our correspondence and make any provision possible for the furlough study allowance. In the meantime, we will understand that on approximately the 25th of each month, (the first month of August with a deduction of \$23.60 for the balance of the travel money as you suggest) we will send you three-fifths of \$82.00 or \$25.60 unless we hear from you with some other suggestion. I am trying to clear all items possible before leaving on a vacation already overdue.

Yours very sincerely,

Reid M. E. H.

Treasurer.

RC:MN

Copy to Miss Margaret E. Hodge ✓

0351

Esther W. Tappert

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MEMORANDUM September 22nd, 1932

FROM Miss Neumann

TO Miss Burnham

Dear Miss Burnham:

The following cablegram was received yesterday from Ginling:

APPROVE FULL GRANT TAPPERT

As this was not very clear to us, we took the matter up with Miss Hodge and found that during the summer Miss Hodge wrote personally to Dr. Wu for a further explanation of the paragraph in Miss Priest's letter of April 26th, 1932, which reported that it had been voted:

"That if Miss Esther Tappert is returning to Ginling College for the fall of 1933, that we recommend that she be allowed the usual salary and study grant allowance given to staff members on furlough who have completed a term of three years."

As the three year term contract does not provide for any furlough study allowance, Miss Hodge wrote for this explanation. Her interpretation of the cabled reply is that the Committee on the field had decided to allow Miss Tappert the full \$200.00 furlough study allowance in view of all the circumstances. I therefore told Miss Hodge that we would proceed on this basis and pay over to Miss Tappert the \$200.00 for furlough study.

Miss Hodge also reported that Miss Ruth Chester, although entitled to furlough study allowance, was not going to ask for it unless she found it to be absolutely necessary. Miss Hodge therefore thought that perhaps they had weighed these things on the field and had decided to allow Miss Tappert the full \$200 in view of her need of it.

Sincerely yours,

M. Neumann

*chk
#1391
Sept 23*

0352

Letter E. Tappert

September 23rd, 1952.

Miss Esther E. Tappert,
West Cheshire,
Connecticut.

Dear Miss Tappert:

Under date of August 4th you raised the question with us as to the amount of the study allowance that could be granted, and we were obliged to reply that there was an allowance "not to exceed \$200" for those who had served a five year term but that there was no provision for a study allowance under the three year term contract.

However, we passed our letter on to Miss Hodge and she has communicated with the field and we have just received a cablegram reading:

APPROVE FULL GRANT TAPPERT

This likewise has been referred to Miss Hodge and her interpretation of the cabled reply is that the Committee on the field has decided to grant you the full \$200 study allowance in view of all the circumstances.

We therefore have pleasure in enclosing you herewith our check in this amount together with check for \$49.20 representing the September home allowance. You and we will understand that if either you or we should receive further word indicating that we have misunderstood the cable, that this is subject to adjustment on the basis of such later correspondence.

With best wishes for your furlough,

Yours very sincerely,

Treasurer.

RC:MM
Encls.

0353

Esther E. Tappert

12/1/32 [17]

MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT

YINLING COLLEGE
HANKING, CHINA

158 Whitney Ave.
New Haven, Conn.

DEC 20 1932

TREASURERS

RECEIVED

DEC - 1932

PRESBYTERIAN FOREIGN BOARD
TREASURER'S OFFICE

Mr. Russell Carter Treasurer
Yinling College Committee

156 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Carter:

One of the requirements of students enrolled in Yale University is an annual medical examination. I do not know what the policy of the Yinling College Committee is, but it seemed to me that one examination might be made to serve both purposes. If you will send me a blank form, I will request the University doctor to fill it out, preferably on Wednesday, December 7th, when I have my appointment.

A recent letter from Miss Priest in regard to a retirement plan for Yinling College is rather puzzling. I approve of the plan in general, but personally am so much involved

0354

DEC 1
1932MISS ESTHER E. TAPPERT
CHINESE COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

in an insurance policy that I contracted before I had any thought of going to China that I cannot see any possibility of making additional monthly payments. Naturally I can see the gain in having the college pay half of the amount of the premium; but I don't know what to do about the insurance which I already have - New York Life, Twenty-year Endowment, which matures about 1942.

I shall appreciate suggestions or advice.

Sincerely yours,
Esther E. Tappert.

0355

Ack. 12/22/32

Miss Tappert goes on 5-year basis

158 Whitney Avenue
New Haven, Conn.
December 19, 1932

Miss Margaret E. Hodge, Chariman
Ginling College Committee
112 W. Gravers Lane
Philadelphia, Pa.

Rec'd M. E. H.

Dec. 22, 1932

My dear Miss Hodge:

Your letter of December 8th indicates that I did not make sufficiently clear to Mr. Carter my understanding of my position in regard to Ginling. I have assumed that my acceptance of furlough salary and study allowance implied a willingness to return to China, presumably for five years, barring some unpredictable event or emergency that would warrant a change of plan. I have considered myself morally bound to fulfil that contract or repay proportionately what the Committee has invested in me.

Very truly yours,

Esther E. Tappert

Ginling
Present Faculty
Folder

0356

Ans. 1/24/33

Girling

Ester E. Tappert, on furlough.

If necessary financial adjust-
ment can be made if you should
not fulfil the 5-yr. contract.

15-8 Whitney Ave.
New Haven, Conn.

January 21, 1933

11
over

Dear Miss Hodge,

You were just dear to
write so prompt and encour-
aging an answer to my
letter to you before Christmas.
I did appreciate it very, very
much, although I have been
too busy getting ready a ques-
tionnaire which must go to China
and return, to tell you in
words. The action of the Girling
Committees too, was most
thoughtfully kind; certainly the
four-fifths furlough allowance
would go far to remove that

0357

JAN 21 1933
"just over the hazy" feeling.

[2]
My chief hesitation in accept-
ing the difference is the fear
lest something should prevent
my fulfilling the five-year
contract. Life takes so many
unexpected turns, and it is hard
not to make decisions in
terms of money obligations.
I mean that I don't want
to accept so much that my
remaining at Linling will
ever be determined on the
basis of money values I have
received. You do understand
that feeling, don't you?

Since writing to you

JAN. 21 1933
before Christmas I have read
the complete Laymen's Com-⁽³⁷⁾
mission Report and have
heard Mrs. Sibley discuss it
a second time. We are
also giving a period or
more in one of my Semi-
nars to a discussion of its
various proposals. I think
that the study must be ap-
proached in an objective way
rather than with the view
that it is primarily an
attack or criticism of mis-
sionaries themselves. My
impression on the whole is
that missionaries are not

[7]

JAN. 21 1933

averse to self-criticism and that the people who support missions anyway will rise up in defence of their missionaries.

As for the proposals made - I was particularly interested in the chapter on "Higher Education" - it seems to me that the report of the League of Nations Educational Commission to China offers more suggestions for constructive change.

You asked whether I had met Dr. Patourette. Yes, twice. The missions group at Yale met one evening at Dean

57
Weigle's home, and I met
JAN 21, 1933
Dr. Latourette there and
again at the recent meeting
when Mrs. Sibley spoke about
the Laymen's Report. When I
have gone a little further
with my essay and know what
I want him to tell me I hope
to have a conference with
him. He has been very
friendly.

I am writing to Mr. Carter
about the Retirement Plan.
On the whole since I have
already been carrying
insurance for several years,

[67]

JAN 21

1933

it seems that the loss involved in withdrawing from one kind of insurance and beginning another would hardly warrant the change.

You must not really picture me as living a starved pinched existence in a dingy attic. I have been extremely fortunate in having all to myself a third floor dormitory room that is meant for two. The house is not crowded and I am paying for only half of the room; so that I could

0362

JAN 21 1933
not hope to get anywhere else in New Haven such comfortable quarters at a minimum cost. The "Golden Rule" menus sound attractive; I have heard of them but do not own a copy. So long as I am not suffering from actual want of food and shelter, there seems little justification for complaint. It is just that the craving for more than mere food and shelter has become part of our modern conception of living.

[87]

I have been wondering whether students in Nanking have again been thrown into a turmoil because of the urge to express their patriotism in the face of the most recent Japanese advances. With Nanking so far from actual fighting there will not be the same cause for alarm as a year ago, but I imagine feeling is again at fever pitch.

Once more I truly thank you for your good wishes and kind concern for my welfare.

Sincerely yours,

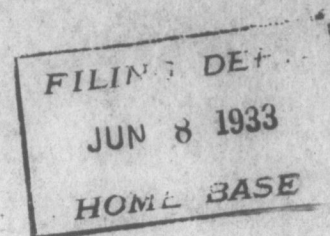
Esther E. Tappert

JAN 21 1933

0364

Mc Gimsey

Lindley
Griest



June 7, 1933.

Miss Rebecca W. Griest
208 South Queen Street
Lancaster, Penna.

Dear Miss Griest:

I saw Miss McGimsey yesterday and had a nice talk with her. I was personally favorably impressed. The professional requirements I told her would be approved by Miss Case and by you. She seems to me to have maturity and poise, and to have faced what she calls minor matters such as ability to adapt herself to living in close contact with Chinese and under a Chinese president and she realizes what it means. She was in Vienna for four or five years during riots and various difficulties of that sort so she says she is not at all afraid of anything that might happen in China.

I asked about her religious attitude and she looked at me with such an expression of surprise that I wondered if she had no thought of anything except being a teacher. On the contrary she said that she was surprised that I should even question if she had a religious motive. It was not a very theological talk but it seemed to me that she has the real Christian as well as professional motive.

I find that the reason she has joined the Episcopal Church is that she has been away from Mount Vernon so much and her family have died or moved away so that she has no personal ties with the Presbyterian Church. The Rector of the Episcopal Church and his wife are friends of hers and former missionaries in China and so she naturally has been going to their church although it is very recently that she has joined it. Of course we want to have an Episcopalian. It is rather strange that both of these candidates do belong to that denomination.

I have called Miss Lindley's office to find out if there is any member of their denomination in Laramie who could interview Miss Haight. I find that the Bishop's wife, Mrs. Elmer M. Schmuck lives there and her address is P.O. Box 17, Laramie. Will you write to Mrs. Schmuck telling her of Miss Haight and asking her if she will be good enough to interview her and report back to you. I do not know of any of our Presbyterians who could be there this summer. I wish she did not live in such an out of the way place but perhaps Mrs. Schmuck can get us the information we desire.

When I received your letter at home several weeks ago I thought I could

0365

Miss Griest:

-2-

June 7, 1933.

answer at once but you were more nearly right than I when you said you thought I would not have time. I did appreciate it, however, and did mean to write as soon as possible. My sister and I are invited by the cousin who now owns the cottage at Keene Valley to go up there for the last two weeks in June and we plan to leave home on June 13th not to be back until July 1st.

Faithfully yours,

Margaret E. Hodge (u)

MEH M

Signed in Miss Hodge's absence.

0366

Pass back to R.C. today with sufficient any as to whether and how much to reduce and what month the first loss?

Mr. Russell Carter, Treasurer
Ginling College Committee
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, New York

158 Whitney Ave.
New Haven, Conn.
January 10, 1933

RECEIVED
JAN 12 1933
PRESBYTERIAN FOREIGN BOARD
TREASURER'S OFFICE

Dear Mr. Carter:

Your letter of December 19th in regard to pension plan and insurance policies should have been answered long before now, but my insurance papers were at home and my other papers here in New Haven, Mr. Garside's letter was missent and only reached me a few days ago, and I have been too busy with immediately pressing problems to give a thought to old age.

With regard to the insurance I am already carrying, it was undertaken before I had any thought of going to China and did not seem particularly burdensome at a time when my salary was about four times what it is now and was being increased by regular annual increments. What to do about it has given me some cause for thought during the past three years.

It is an endowment policy for four thousand dollars payable in twenty years, New York Life Insurance Company. Since I have applied the dividends to shorten the premium paying period, the annual premium including the premium for disability benefits amounts to \$206.72, or three months' full salary. That is part of the reason why I became fond of Chinese dormitory food last year. This year I have withdrawn my entire New York Teachers' Retirement Fund savings to pay the remainder of my tuition at Yale and to supplement my furlough allowance to meet bare living expenses. It should be obvious that, however attractive the offer, I not only could not pay an additional yearly premium for the pension fund but must undoubtedly find some way of reducing the insurance premiums. The latter I have hesitated to do because my insurance is the only provision I am able to make for my parents.

This is briefly my situation and if you can suggest a way of improving it, I shall be very ready to consider it.

Sincerely yours,

Esther E. Tappert

0367

Esther E. Tappert

January 20th, 1933.

Miss Esther E. Tappert,
158 Whitney Ave.,
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Miss Tappert:-

I am sorry that I was not more explicit in my earlier letter indicating to you the complete information that we ought to have in order to advise as to whether anything can be done without loss in reducing the amount of your insurance policy and hence your annual premium payments. Will you be good enough to either send us the Policy or at your convenience to send us the number of the Policy and the date when you took it out. With this information we can secure from the Company additional information that we need in order to help you to a judgment in the matter. Again, I suppose we ought to know just what you have in mind when you say, "My insurance is the only provision I am able to make for my parents." There is, perhaps, no value in our proceeding with this if you feel that the full amount of the present Policy is needed to make the provision that you feel that you should for them.

I should add that your letter strengthens the feeling that we had in our last Ginling Executive Committee meeting that you are working at the present time on too narrow a margin. You have shown great interest in your work and determination to carry through on the three-fifths furlough salary that it was understood was to be granted, but it seems to us that there is a responsibility that should be shared in your not overdoing things or so economizing that you impair your health and your usefulness to Ginling. I rather assume that Miss Hodge has already written to you as it was left to her, the Committee asking her to raise with you the question as to whether if we agreed upon a four-fifths furlough salary instead of three-fifths, this would give you the relief that you needed. I mention it because it seems to me you ought to have this information to take into consideration in your judgment upon this matter of insurance and entrance into the retirement plan.

Very sincerely yours,

RG/GAC

Treasurer

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Esther E. Tappert

158 Whitney Avenue
New Haven, Conn.
January 21, 1933

RECEIVED
JAN 23 1933
PRESBYTERIAN FOREIGN BOARD
TREASURER'S OFFICE

Mr. Russell Carter, Treasurer
Ginling College Committee
156 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Carter:

Thank you for your kind letter of January 20th. Miss Hodge had already written me about the Committee action to give me four-fifths rather than three-fifths furlough salary, which would indeed give welcome relief. As I have said to Miss Hodge, however, I hesitate to become so indebted that in the event of unforeseen and at present unexpected changes a decision to remain at Ginling would ever have to be determined on the basis of money values received. This does not mean that I have now any other purpose than to go back to Ginling for five years.

As I think about the Retirement Plan, I become less inclined to exchange one kind of insurance for another. My insurance policy with the New York Life Insurance Company, No. 9 814 950, was taken out on April 5, 1927. There would undoubtedly be a loss in even a partial withdrawal from that now and the new terms, entering at the age of 33, would be less favorable, would they not?

If it becomes necessary, I could possibly cancel the disability benefits and apply the dividends already accumulated toward the payment of the annual premium; but that matter I could just as well take up with the company directly.

The reason I say that my insurance is a provision for my parents is this. Father at the age of 62 needs to get out of the factory. His eyesight is no longer good enough to do the very fine work on jewelry that is required and conditions in the factory are very bad. My parents have their home; but I know that the kind of farming Father can do will barely make living expenses, certainly not enable them to prepare for emergencies. After a lifetime of labor during which they gave us children the chance to pursue our own education it is not right that they should have to worry about mortgaging their home in order to live. My parents have never expected to be supported, and indeed would not accept help from me now; but in case of emergency the insurance would make possible a loan that would keep them from being left destitute.

You have been very kind to give time to the consideration of these personal problems, and I am truly grateful. However, at the moment it seems best not to go into the Retirement Association, but to make adjustments on my insurance as best I can.

Sincerely yours,

Esther E. Tappert

0369

July 12, 1933

Miss Esther Tappert
~~West Chester, Conn.~~

My dear Miss Tappert:

At the recent meeting of Ginling College Committee I was instructed to write to you for the Committee to congratulate you on the honor which has come to you recently at the end of your work at Yale, and also to express to you the appreciation of the Committee for the splendid service you have rendered at Ginling, and the hope that you have still many years of service for the College.

I am more sorry than I can say that I missed you when you came into the office recently. I shall be in all this month and would love to see you if at any time you are in New York.

I am sure you will be interested to know that I received a letter from Dr. Wu saying that she is landing in San Francisco on July 11th with Miss Spicer and Miss MacKenzie, who comes for health reasons. She has not been well and the doctor feels that it will be quite a little time before she will be well, and that America is a much better place for her than China at present. We do not know much about Dr. Wu's plans until Mrs. McConnell has had an opportunity of conferring with her in Chicago.

If at any time I can be of service will you not let me know?

Very sincerely yours,

Florence G. Tyler,
Secretary, Ginling College Committee

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Ginling College
Nanking, China
November 24, 1933

Dear Miss Tyler,

When my freshman class were planning a discussion on how to apply their knowledge of science for the improvement of the peasant homes in our neighborhood, they suggested teaching them how to measure a tree and estimate the amount of lumber in it, despite the fact that there is hardly a tree worthy of the name anywhere within sight except on the Ginling campus or around a grave mound. Then I decried the textbook makers of mathematics problems. When I thought how to tell you the events of the past year or six months, it seemed that any attempt to deal with my material systematically or scientifically must lead me to the same kind of bookishness and far away from reality. The narrative of life is epic - at least in China - rather than chronological. It plunges into the middle of things and only in some comparatively quiet interlude like a furlough or a visit to Shanghai explains the incidents of the larger story of which the immediate action is a part.

If I were to try to find a theme for this narrative of the past months, it would be "adventures in understanding", I think, and that is perhaps as good a theme for a Christmas letter as any other I could devise.

I shall begin the story of these adventures rather arbitrarily with our arrival in Japan. At Yokohama we left our well-tried ship that had borne us safely across the Pacific though Aeolus seemed to have loosed all the winds from his caverns and Poseidon had lashed his sea-horses until they pranced in fury, blinding our eyes when the winds blew their froth and their sea-green manes into our faces or whirling us dizzily as they twirled aloft on their hind legs. We bade farewell to the trusty comrades who had shared our perils and with whom we had contested for honors - in throwing quoits, playing golf and deck tennis, at shuffle board, in pie-eating, in treasure hunting. Many we should not see again; a few would join us at Kobe.

We went first to the capital at Tokyo and visited shrines and temples. At the American Consulate we secured permits to visit the palaces in Kyoto, the ancient Japanese capital. By train we traveled overland to Kyoto. Fujiyama which is often so elusive, as if to win our appreciation of the beauty of Japan delighted our eager eyes again and again with its mystery as the delicate folds of its cloud veil lifted, leaving the summit in clear outline, in summer unhooded with snow.

In Kyoto we stayed overnight at a Japanese inn, our attendants kimonod handmaidens. The gargle they brought us we narrowly escaped drinking for tea. Then came cold tea and a sweetmeat of glutinous rice daintily clasped together and eaten with a toothpick. For our bath the high-haired maidens attired in blue and white Japanese kimonos. Suggestive motions and arrangement of utensils taught us the native custom of scrubbing thoroughly with soap and rinsing before entering the large wooden tub used in common.

In our room upon our return we found the beds rolled out upon the floor of straw matting which must never be touched even with the slippers which are exchanged for outdoor shoes at the inn entrance. So clean are the Japanese houses that one could eat from the floors in safety; indeed, the tables are but a foot high and the chairs are thin kneeling cushions. To the foreigner the Japanese method of sitting is torture. To the music of trickling water, secure behind our paper walls and bam-

0371

boo screens, we fell asleep, to wake again when our soft-footed attendant announced breakfast which was served on a table placed where but a few minutes earlier we had rested.

The morning was spent in visiting the ancient Japanese palaces - some exquisitely simple, some luxurious in design and coloring. Each palace and temple invited dalliance - it seemed sacrilegious not to tarry longer in garden and park and shrine - but necessity hurried us onward, for we were still several hours from Kobe where our steamer was already at anchor.

Were these kindly, courteous, curious people whose ancestors had created all this beauty and who still plied their homely trades earning a humble living with infinite pains and endeavor, we wondered, of the same blood as those equipped for destruction who ruined the trade of others as kindly and industrious as these? If people could but see others as people and not as barriers to their own or national progress, what miseries of this modern world might not be averted!

But Japan did not resign us without a grisly warning - not from its people, but from the teeth of its rocky islands. To avoid a typhoon we anchored off the coast of one of the small islands many miles beside our course between Kobe and Shanghai. A sudden shift in the direction of the wind made the captain lift anchor lest we should be driven ashore. For a time our good ship quivered and made no apparent progress, but in about twelve hours we had run through the storm. Two short now was the journey till we entered the Yellow Sea and anchored in the muddy waters of the Whangpoo at Shanghai. Two perfect moonlight nights remained which were spent on deck singing or idly watching the lights of the ships that we passed by.

By far the most interesting group of people on the boat were the group of fifteen Catholic missionaries who had embarked with us at Portland. The Jesuits impressed me on the whole most favorably, and I should like to have learned more about their faith. The whole group had joined in the deck sports and ship's pastimes. Individually they seemed as human as we were - a combination of virtues and vices and about as imperfectly blended; yet unitedly they gave an impression of spiritual power which could not fail to be sensed by their fellow-passengers.

At this moment we are approaching Soochow as I am riding from Shanghai to Nanking after a weekend spent in the city to do my Christmas shopping. The spire of the Big Pagoda with its black point thrust upward pins the brilliant yellow sunset sky to the purple of the mountains.

The scene was too beautiful to pass unobserved. When I first returned to Nanking in September, it was early morning. We had passed all the cities from Shanghai inland in the darkness, and Purple Mountain with its old familiar outlines gave us at once welcome and good morning greetings. At Ginling we went right from the taxi to the chapel for the opening worship of the new college session and with difficulty restrained our embraces and glad cries of returning and welcoming until the service was over. I understood then the joy of a homecoming to friends that are a link with the homeland in a country no longer foreign.

The bussy, busy days that followed have been a test not alone of my understanding; for I came as chairman of new colleagues who had carried on in my absence, and I came with the purpose of exposing to them the educational principles that I had beaten out with fellow-seminarists last year at Yale. Every staff meeting, every thesis seminar, every casual meeting between classes finds the three English teachers

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1933 [3]

debating - be the subject grammar, words, unit courses, contact of cultures, or what not. To these indoor activities of the English department are added the intramural sports involved in trying to work out a program of cooperation with the University of Nanking. My enthusiasm is treated with kindly tolerance and the ideas themselves given quite stimulating opposition. Perhaps when sufficient tea has been consumed and sufficient time spent in discussion, we shall arrive at an understanding of what we want although we may still not be able to get it.

My two sections of freshman English are my particular joy, probably because it is there that I have the greatest freedom to put my own convictions to the test of actual practice. They are responding beautifully to a program of panel discussions, small group activities, and individual conferences. The freedom with which they express themselves in English has shown quite remarkable improvement.

The National Athletic Meet held in Nanking this fall in which some of our girls participated led naturally to a discussion of health since the girls almost unanimously expressed the opinion that the chief value of the Meet was that it showed people that they must "make their bodies strong to save China." Before our discussion of public health individual girls made expeditions to many parts of the city to investigate existing health conditions: e.g., to tea shops, orphan asylums, the city reservoir, to streets, to the new medical center. The girls are amazingly unobserving of actual conditions in their immediate surroundings; and it must be something of a shock to students to be told to find poetry here when their whole tradition has been to look for beauty only in clouds and birds and trees. We tried to find out, too, what constructive efforts the government is making to improve public health. Their reports and discussion following made one of the most interesting class meetings we have had.

The next unit was a study of the Home and Human Relationships in the Home. The coming of Miss Margery Fry, exchange lecturer from England, was most opportune. Miss Fry is sent out by the Universities' China Committee of London, a committee financed by British Boxer Indemnity funds. She gave a series of lectures at Ginling on "Public Opinion and Government", dealing particularly with the part public opinion played in bringing about reforms in England in regard to child labor, prisons, and the position of women. Her lectures could not have been better chosen for our purpose, for they gave not only an example of good English effectively used, but also gave us illustrative material for our discussion of the place of public opinion in improving health conditions in the homes of China. My freshman girls were conspicuous in the audience. They came early to get front seats, listened with eager attention, and kept pencils and notebooks active. All of these things, I hope, are leading to a more intelligent understanding of life as they are meeting it, or ought to be meeting it today.

Other guests or guest speakers who have been at Ginling this fall are Dr. Francis Wei of Hwa Chung University at Wuchang who gave our Founders' Day address and Mr. Francis Hutchins, last year a graduate student at Yale. A third, also connected with Yale, was Mr. Francis Miller, Chairman of the World Student Christian Federation, who gave a number of addresses in Nanking.

While we have been hearing speakers from the rest of the world in China, it has been pleasant to get even scraps of news about Dr. Wu's travels and speeches in America. If it were not for these, we could hardly be content to have her away from us for so long.

The new Ginling buildings - chapel and music hall and library - are progressing, but probably will not be ready for occupancy until next semester instead of this as we had expected. We hope, then, to have departmental offices and a room that can be planned and arranged for English activities.

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NOV 24 1933 [4]
Speaking of buildings suggests quite a different kind of adventure that I am having this fall - that is, living at East Court, a small Chinese style building with moon gates and a central court. One comes nearer to understanding the exquisite delicacy of Chinese poetry after standing in the courtyard on a still moonlight evening in early fall in Nanking. What promises to be less and less poetic as winter comes on is the fact that the house is not heated, the floors are directly over the ground with no foundation underneath, and the upper half of the windows which extend along one whole side of the room have panes of glass only in the center and are open all around each pane. It is customary to paste these shut with paper, but that interferes with the entrance of sunlight, one of the principal sources of heat in this climate. The bathroom is at the farthest end of the court and can be reached only by a dash through the open air in bathrobe and slippers. I carried back from Shanghai a tiny iron stove made in Tientsin, in size and shape not unlike the kettles our Puritan ancestors may have used. It makes one feel like a pioneer living in a new country instead of this old, old land of China.

One evening before it became very cold, I went home to East Court after a faculty meeting in "500" to find my bed stripped bare of bedding, including my two blankets. Further search showed that not only bedding but my two coats, additional bedding and towels from a chest of drawers, two clocks, and a small box of jewelry had also been taken. The thief had obviously entered the room by cutting the screen of one of the windows, easily accessible from outside because the windows are so close to the ground. The night of the theft was the night that a mysterious brilliant light flooded the entire circle of visible earth and sky, and strange distant rumblings were heard that sounded like the explosion of a powder magazine or like a series of earthquakes. The only explanation that we have had of the occurrence is that a meteor struck the earth between Nanking and Chinkiang; but I have not heard that any traces of it were ever found. The superstitious interpreted it as an ill omen for me. The sequel proved, however, that if it boded ill for any one, its warning was intended for the thief rather than for me.

The story of how the things were found and returned to me is almost miraculous and too long to tell in detail. Briefly, it is this. About three weeks after the theft, a woman pedlar offered two foreign coats and two blankets for sale at the home of a Chinese pastor in Han Hsi Men, the section of the city near the West Gate. A graduate of Ginling happened to be a guest for lunch at the home that day. At the time she did not know of my loss, but the next night before going to bed, happened to glance over the little Ginling news leaflet that has just been started this semester, and read in it the notice of the robbery. Early the next morning she communicated with Mrs. Tsen, our matron, who with characteristic activity directed the search from then on. The woman who was trying to sell the stolen goods happened to be a local woman, the pastor's gatekeeper happened to know her, the woman happened not to have succeeded in selling the goods. Although she herself was probably not the thief, she gave the clue which led to the recovery of everything except the jewelry. This series of happenings which turned out so fortunately for me may be interpreted as mere happenings; to me the whole experience - the kindness and generosity of my friends, particularly my Chinese housemates, when things seemed irrecoverably lost, the prompt action of the Ginling graduate who was a perfect stranger to me, and the unsparing activity of our good Mrs. Tsen, whose once-bound feet always make her walking seem particularly trying - all these seem rather to justify my faith that love is stronger than hate and good than evil.

If this letter seems dull and dreary in spots, remember that it has been written piecemeal, on the train and in moments snatched in the brief intervals between classes and the activities that crowd our life. If there is in it something of warmth and sunlight, may it bring you good cheer. May the Christmas blessings of old - love, joy, peace, understanding - come to you anew this Christmastide.

Sincerely yours,

Esther E. Tappert



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{ Letter from Miss Esther E. Tappert, Ginling College, Nanking, China, Xmas 1934
English Department *Ginling*

NATIVITY

Tonight the Christ-Child was sheltered
In a rocking cradle on wheels
With a cover of stiff oiled cloth
For I held Him close to my heart.

No star pointed down to His cradle
No candle shed light through the night
Did you heed, O ricksha puller,
That you carried the Godhead tonight?

The natural boundaries of a Christmas letter seem for me to be the summer vacation and that weekend near the end of November when I make a flying trip to Shanghai to make such Christmas purchases as Nanking does not permit, and to scour off the dullness which tarnishes wits and energies about mid-term. To keep the chronicle of a half year in China from lengthening out too tiresomely, I shall try to give you just a series of news flashes and let you assemble them for yourself.

The first week of July marks the beginning of the Great Heat which remains unbroken for practically two months. Floods of perspiration descend without cessation day or night. There is no dryness anywhere but within. By the middle of July the more fortunate have escaped from the intolerable heat. Ginling faculty and Nanking community scatter widely: to travel in Japan; to summer in Nogiri, Japan; to study Chinese, sightseeing, or shop in Peiping; to swim at Tsingtao or Beitaiho; to lounge, hike or attend summer conferences at the favorite mountain resorts - Mokanshan or Kuling.

The less fortunate remain until the end of the summer session in early August. As usual a small group of students remain on the campus throughout the summer, giving little evidence of their presence, however, until sunset when the strains of their evensong drift over to us at "500" from the farther bank of the willow shaded pond behind the Guest Hall.

July tenth finds me on a Chinese river steamer starting on my five hundred mile trip interior by way of the Yangtze River to Hankow. Over all but a small portion of the deck sprawl the deck passengers, Chinese military, who sleep, eat and play in these crowded quarters. Three times a day I make my way over bare legs and human bodies, straw bedding, rice bowls, teapots and basins, through smells and creeping and flying things to the dining saloon. At Kiukiang I am transferred to a cabin forward. The tiny deck space is hardly ever out of the sun, and not a breath of air stirs over the river. The trip upriver is lengthened by the necessity of stopping to attach ourselves to a hulk which we help tow from Tatung to Hankow.

July fourteenth - a six-hour train ride on the Hankow-Peiping line and a two-hour climb on foot brings me at the end of the day after my arrival in Hankow to the top of Ki Kung Shan in South Honan just over the border of Hupeh Province, where I spend four and a half weeks of the summer. This is a favorite summer resort for missionaries from Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Kweichow and Szechwan. Since Ki Kung Shan has been unsafe for several years because of Communist menace, there is an atmosphere of rejoicing at its again being open for summer residence as well as cautiousness on the part of the many who have had direct, personal experiences with Communist bandits. Long excursions into the valleys and over the surrounding

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hills are discouraged to my rather impatient regret. A group of us picnic and swim at a deep pool in the East Valley and once alone I explore the West Valley. Into the sinister but attractive North Valley I look longingly for any sign of Roc-marked caps, but all appears peaceful except the forts and the Government soldiers who guard the hill and Gen. Chang Hsueh-liang's mansion.

A segregation policy on the part of the Chinese government has divided Ki Kung Shan into three communities: Missionary Valley, Business Valley, and the Chinese community. The Missionary Republic has a committee form of government, problems of taxation, of sanitation, of recreation, and so forth, being managed by a General Purposes Committee. Ki Kung Shan, like Mokanshan and Kuling is a center for summer religious conferences. Nineteen or more different missions are represented this summer, sixteen of which are Lutheran - Norwegian, Swedish, Independent, United Lutheran, Lutheran United, and so forth. The two special speakers at this summer's conferences are French Oliver and Rev. Mellenbruch. Life and thought among this group is extremely conservative; but there is genuine sharing of inspiration and renewal of Christian fellowship in the common experience of a religious revival in these interior provinces. Music on many instruments and particularly religious songs in the languages of Northern Europe are a rich and powerful element in this summer's experience.

The Lutheran School for foreign children provides a noteworthy share of the cultural and recreational activities of the community. There is an excellent school orchestra under the direction of Rev. Anderson, principal of the school. The students participate in athletic tournaments, in religious exercises, and concerts. With characteristic American initiative, some of the boys are engaged in small business enterprises, such as a drug store, a barber shop, ice cream and candy selling.

My great achievement for the summer is the reading of a French grammar and of Loti's "Les Pecheurs des Isles."

On August sixteenth in the company of my baggage carrier I descend the mountain, return to Hankow, and after three days in that hotbed, embark in the British ship "Tatung" for Nanking. At noon of the second day I reach Ginling to find myself the second arrival among foreign faculty members. Despite the continuance of the excessive heat we struggle with entrance tests which the Ministry of Education requires to be given in August. We do a minimum of housekeeping while furniture clutters the corridors and windows stand open to let the sticky new paint dry. As each new arrival is announced the amahs bring a semblance of order into the needed room. Transient guests of summer acquaintance whom returning members of the family bring into this melee receive but scant hospitality, I'm afraid.

With the usual grinding of wheels college opens during the first week in September and classes got under way. An entering class of 73 freshmen brings the total enrollment this year up to 213, of whom 41 are from government middle schools, 28 from private schools, and 144 from mission schools. The average age of the students is 21 years. In addition to students from twelve provinces of China we have two overseas students and three foreign students. The policy of cooperation between Ginling and the University of Nanking brings an increasing number of men students to our classes. Three attend my class in Contemporary Poetry and one my sophomore English course. A corresponding number of girls take work at the University with the result that classes are becoming more mixed in both institutions.

The long conferences last year between the two heads of the English departments have brought this change at least in practice. Instead of offering a variety of

unrelated courses covering the whole field of English literature, we have made four groups of courses or units for English major students, each group representing an attempt to integrate the work of one semester. Since the first two years of required work in English are largely language study, these units are planned for juniors and seniors chiefly, but the classes include also a number of students who are not English majors. All of the elective courses offered in one semester deal with one large field of literature. For example, we are taking this semester the contemporary period from about 1890 with courses in contemporary British and American poetry, contemporary prose and contemporary drama. The same students do not necessarily take all of these courses, but the English majors and others in any of these classes who elect to do so meet together in a fourth group which is called a cultural backgrounds seminar. In this seminar we try through a series of lectures and discussions to discover what are the movements historical, economic, and social, and what the trends in philosophy, music and art of the last fifty years. For the lectures in other fields we have drawn up members of various departments. We of the English department are now faced with the problem of showing the interrelation of those movements with British and American literature of the period. Next semester we are proposing to deal with Continental European literature and in the following two semesters with English literature of the 16th through the 19th centuries. The experiment has proved stimulating and instructive to us at any rate, whether or not it marks any great educational advance.

In October the music department has its birthday celebrated by the presentation during a special birthday dinner of an original operetta called "The Phantom of the Opera". Three members of the music department have October birthdays and nine, coming in the same month, is jointly celebrated. A musical menu is served. The cook achieves his masterpiece in a four-storey birthday cake which is brought in, surmounted by a lighted candle, at the end of the feast. One end of the "500" dining room is used for the performance of the operetta. The candle footlights shed a soft light upon the scene from their station in a row of persimmons. The ladies of the music department are first shown when in early childhood the love of opera was born. In the succeeding episodes that love grows, but over them hangs the shadow of the phantom of the opera who pursues them plotting his revenge. In a final scene at Ginling on a Saturday night his revenge is complete, and he engages in a dance of victory over them. The play closes with a dramatic (or melodramatic) appeal by the other departments for an opera to be composed by the music department itself.

A more serious dramatic performance entitled "Our Neighbours' Needs" is given by the members of the Ginling Y. W. C. A. on Sunday evening, October 28th. This is the day for the annual appeal to the students and faculty for funds to carry on the Y. W. program for the year. A presentation of the story of the Good Samaritan is followed by a realistic presentation of the needs of a poor family in our own neighborhood. The College Y. W. has a budget of \$1319, of which nearly \$800 in gifts is pledged this evening. \$747 is to be spent in trying to lessen the ignorance in our neighborhood through the Day School, women's meetings, and the Sunday School. \$200.00 is assigned to trying to relieve sickness through the clinic and the bath house. \$100 goes to helping people in need by means of charity. \$50 is a missionary gift to the Yunnan mission. \$180 is for the promotion of fellowship with students in Nanking through the Christian Students' Union; in China through the National Y. W.; and in the world through membership in the World Student Christian Federation. \$42 is intended for helping promote fellowship within the College through the work of the devotional and social committees.

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I have had my white "hospital" furniture painted ivory to match the cream-colored plaster walls. Mauve curtains and green cushions lend color. The floor covering is a Nanking grass rug, a natural center and dark brown border. My table and extra chairs, also Nanking products, are of wicker. My asparagus fern was carefully kept through the summer by the gardener and returned to me in the fall with many vigorous new shoots. Won't you sit by my fire and take a cup of tea while you share your experiences with me? A letter would help to create the illusion.

To you, each and all, my very best wishes for Xmas and the New Year.

Sincerely yours

ESTHER E. TAPPERT

Ginling College
Nanking, China
Xmas. 1934

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[7]

Nativity

Tonight the Christ-Child was sheltered
In a rocking cradle on wheels
With a cover of stiff oiled cloth
For I held Him close to my heart.

No star pointed down to His cradle
No candle shed light through the night.
Did you heed, O ricksha puller,
That you carried the Godhead tonight?

The natural boundaries of a Christmas letter seem for me to be the summer vacation and that week-end near the end of November when I make a flying trip to Shanghai to make such Christmas purchases as Nanking does not permit and to scour off the dullness which tarnishes with its energies about mid-term. To keep the chronicle of a half year in China from lengthening out too tiresomely, I shall try to give you just a series of news flashes and let you assemble them for yourself.

The first week of July marks the beginning of the Great Heat which remains unbroken for practically two months. Floods of perspiration descend without cessation day or night. There is no dryness anywhere but within.

By the middle of July the more fortunate have escaped from the intolerable heat. Ginling faculty and Nanking community scatter widely: to travel in Japan; to summer in Nogiri, Japan; to study Chinese, sight-see or shop in Peiping; to swim at Tsingtao or Beitaiho; to lounge, hike or attend summer conferences at the favorite mountain resorts - Mokanshan or Kuling.

The less fortunate remain until the end of the summer session in early August. As usual a small group of students remain on the campus throughout the summer, giving little evidence of their presence, however, until sunset when the strains of their evensong drift over to us at "500" from the farther bank of the willow-shaded pond behind the Guest Hall.

July tenth finds me on a Chinese river steamer starting on my five hundred-mile trip interior by way of the Yangtze River to Hankow. Over all but a small portion of the deck sprawl the deck passengers, Chinese military, who sleep, eat and play in these crowded quarters. Three times a day I make my way over bare legs and human bodies, strewn bedding, rice bowls, teapots and basins, through smells and creeping and flying things to the dining saloon. At Kiukiang I am transferred to a cabin forward. The tiny deck space is hardly ever out of the sun and not a breath of air stirs over the river. The trip upriver is lengthened by the necessity of stopping to attach ourselves to a hulk which we help tow from Tatung to Hankow.

July fourteenth - A six-hour train ride on the Hankow-Peiping line and a two-hour climb on foot brings me at the end of the day after arrival in Hankow to the top of Ki Kung Shan in South Honan just over the border of Hupeh Province, where I spend four and a half weeks of the summer. This is a favorite summer resort for missionaries from Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Kweichow and Szechwan. Since Ki Kung Shan has been unsafe for several years because of Communist menace, there is an atmosphere of rejoicing at its again being open for summer residence as well as cautiousness on the part of the many who have had direct, personal experiences with Communist bandits. Long excursions

into the valleys and over the surrounding hills are discouraged to my rather impatient regret. A group of us picnic and swim at a deep pool in the East Valley and once alone I explore the West Valley. Into the sinister but attractive North Valley I look longingly for any sign of Red-marked caps, but all appears peaceful except the forts and the Government soldiers who guard the hill and Gen. Chang Hsueh-liang's mansion.

A segregation policy on the part of the Chinese government has divided Ki Kung Shan into three communities: Missionary Valley, Business Valley, and the Chinese Community. The Missionary Republic has a committee form of government, problems of taxation, of sanitation, of recreation, and so forth, being managed by a General Purposes Committee.

Ki Kung Shan like Mokanshan and Kuling is a center for summer religious conferences. Nineteen or more different missions are represented this summer, sixteen of which are Lutheran - Norwegian, Swedish, Independent, United Lutheran, Lutheran United, and so forth. The two special speakers at this summer's conferences are French Oliver and Rev. Mellenbruch. Life and thought among this group is extremely conservative; but there is genuine sharing of inspiration and renewal of Christian fellowship in the common experience of a religious revival in these interior provinces. Music on many instruments and particularly religious songs in the languages of northern Europe are a rich and powerful element in this summer's experience.

The Lutheran School for foreign children provides a noteworthy share of the cultural and recreational activities of the community. There is an excellent school orchestra under the direction of Rev. Anderson, principal of the school. The students participate in athletic tournaments, in religious exercises, and concerts. With characteristic American initiative, some of the boys are engaged in small business enterprises, such as a drug store, a barber shop, ice cream and candy selling.

My great achievement for the summer is the reading of a French grammar and of Loti's "Les Pêcheurs des Isles."

On August sixteenth in the company of my baggage carrier I descend the mountain, return to Hankow, and after three days in that hotbed, embark in the British ship "Tatung" for Nanking. At noon of the second day I reach Ginling to find myself the second arrival among foreign faculty members. Despite the continuance of the excessive heat we struggle with entrance tests which the Ministry of Education requires to be given in August. We do a minimum of housekeeping while a furniture clutters the corridors and windows stand open to let the sticky new paint dry. As each new arrival is announced the amahs bring a semblance of order into the needed room. Transient guests of summer acquaintance whom returning members of the family bring into this melee receive but scant hospitality, I'm afraid.

With the usual grinding of wheels college opens during the first week in September and classes get under way. An entering class of 73 freshmen brings the total enrollment this year up to 213, of whom 41 are from government middle schools, 28 from private schools, and 144 from mission schools. The average age of the students is 21 years. In addition to students from twelve provinces of China we have two Overseas students and three foreign students. The policy of cooperation between Ginling and the University of Nanking brings an increasing number of men students to our classes. Three attend my class in Contemporary Poetry and one my sophomore English course. A corresponding number of girls take work at the University with the result that

classes are becoming more mixed in both institutions.

The long conferences last year between the two heads of the English departments have brought this change at least in practice. Instead of offering a variety of unrelated courses covering the whole field of English literature, we have made four groups of courses or units for English major students, each group representing an attempt to integrate the work of one semester. Since the first two years of required work in English are largely language study, these units are planned for juniors and seniors chiefly, but the classes include also a number of students who are not English majors. All of the elective courses offered in one semester deal with one large field of literature. For example, we are taking this semester the contemporary period from about 1890 with courses in contemporary British and American poetry, contemporary prose and contemporary drama. The same students do not necessarily take all of these courses, but the English majors and others in any of these classes who elect to do so meet together in a fourth group which is called a cultural backgrounds seminar. In this seminar we try thru a series of lectures and discussions to discover what are the movements historical, economic, and social, and what the trends in philosophy, music and art of the last fifty years. For the lectures in other fields we have drawn upon members of various departments. We of the English department are now faced with the problem of showing the interrelation of these movements with British and American literature of the period. Next semester we are proposing to deal with Continental European literature and in the following two semesters with English literature of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. The experiment has proved stimulating and instructive to us at any rate, whether or not it marks any great educational advance.

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*Nanking, China
Nov., 1934*

Edith C. Appert

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*Ginling College
Nanking, China
Xmas, 1934*

Esther E. Tappert

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Miss Esther E. Tappert

Dear Miss Hodge,

RECEIVED

JAN 8 1936

MISS M. E. HODGE

Ginling College
Nanking, China
December 1, 1935

Once more as these letters go out I should like to throw open the door to every one of you and welcome you in out of the night of distance to the warmth of close fellowship and good cheer. The desire for a fellowship of faith and understanding that reaches across dividing years and seas grows deeper, particularly as our own work of creating international understanding becomes increasingly difficult.

For from this:

Advent Sunday - an early morning Communion service - Beauty, Silence, Peace - preparations for the coming of the Prince of Peace

we turn to face this:

An Air Defense Program - a series of air raid drills beginning on Thanksgiving Night - a city in darkness except for powerful search lights which sweep the sky for bombing planes from which drop red, white, and green flares - the rapid fire of machine guns, the roar of planes flying between roofs and low-hanging clouds - not yet in Nanking the sight and cry of wounded nor flames from the burning mat-sheds of refugees or from the turned-up roofs of new government buildings - but country people agitated by harangues and events whose real significance they do not comprehend - compulsory training in military nursing for all women students and military training for men, as a nation of over 400,000,000 slowly prepares for War - preparations at length to resist the relentless advance of the "sons of ~~Hea~~ Heaven" who proclaim that their divinely appointed mission is to maintain the peace of the Orient

A nation which makes suave official denials of intervention in China's internal affairs while under actual, and threatened further, military occupation her armies direct the establishment of an autonomous government in the North; a nation so pathetically eager for the approval of the world that she spends millions of yen to bring influential foreign groups to the country to see her gardens, her palaces, and her other show places; a nation so fearful for her own position that she bans all magazines containing articles which might give her people any other version of the truth than that which she herself chooses to publish, namely, that China is chaos; a nation, finally, which for the supplies of cotton and copper, harmless-appearing articles of trade, but essential for the making of gunpowder, depends upon the people of my nation and of Great Britain - my nation which washes her hands of other nations' wars and one of whose senators is reported to have said: "We are a Christian nation: to Hell with Europe!"

We have been reading Milton for several weeks in my poetry class, and the Hymn, On the Morning of Christ's Nativity is fresh in my mind. I am tempted to quote and linger over Milton's idyllic picture of the peace amid which Christ was born; and long with Nature that her reign had then had its "last fulfilling" and Truth and Justice and Mercy were come to men. While I am not enough of a fatalist to agree with Milton that "wisest Fate" is responsible for man's failure to produce a better social order, I do believe that Christianity which is yet in its infancy in these countries of the East must "on the bitter cross"

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of persecution and willingness to sacrifice "redeem our loss" - our failure to live the truth we had but did not realize. We have on good authority the news of imprisonment, without charge, and torture of forty Christian leaders in Manchuria, some of whom have since been released.

This year has been a memorable one for me in many ways, beginning with my visit to Tsingtao the last week in January to attend the annual meeting of our mission there, while with firecrackers and drums and feasting the throngs welcomed the Chinese New Year. Continuing through a busy spring and rising to a peak again with my return to Connecticut for four weeks in the summer, it is now ending after a more joyous and blessed period of activity than I have previously experienced at Ginling.

I cannot describe all the events of the year in detail. There were occasional periods of depression, due to fatigue, loneliness, physical discomfort, and economic pressure; the sense of loss in long periods of absence from family, friends, and the life of my own country; the feeling of inadequacy, of futility almost, in trying to feed multitudes with our pitifully small gifts of rice, of learning, of the Spirit.

On the other hand we have many reasons for contentment and joy: Ginling College has now celebrated her twentieth birthday anniversary. The student body is more than twenty times that of the first year, crowding our dormitories to the doors and even to the railings of the porches.

A gift of \$10,000 from two alumnae makes possible the building of an infirmary, much-needed since the new road cut through the campus, leaving the little temporary structure previously used stranded on the opposite bank.

The persimmon trees, a prized pecan tree, and sycamore trees that lined the front driveway were unhappily lost to us when the city road-building project was carried out. Since the roads are unfinished and the autumn season has been rainy, the campus is bounded on two sides by beds of wet clay. This is part of the cost of the system of wide, modern highways which are following the course of the old moat and are cutting through hills in which the potteries of the Tangs and Sungs and Mings have lain buried for so many centuries.

With new streets come new and better buildings - large clean stores with show windows of glass instead of little dingy shops boarded up at night. The grocery stores are expanding and increasing in number - especially those which deal in foreign goods. The Danish, Dutch, Swedish, German, American, and British labels on tinned goods indicate an increasing foreign population, but a greater variety of Chinese brands are in demand as exchange fixed at a little over three to one brings higher prices on foreign products. To give just one example, Australian butter at thirty-eight cents a quarter pound must compete with an almost equally good Chinese brand selling at thirty cents a quarter pound.

To Americans accustomed to compulsory education children dressed in neat uniforms with book-bags slung from their shoulders may not be

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the inspiring sight they are to us who are seeing China's illiterate eighty-five per cent, adults and children, within a few years becoming a nation at school. Several new government primary schools have been built in Nanking, and it is no uncommon sight to meet crowds of children in the street, coming from school at noon or at five o'clock in the afternoon at the end of a long school day. Indeed, in the effort to educate the youth of China quickly the Ministry of Education, we feel, is over-burdening children with study and rigid government examinations.

With life so cheap, child life in particular has not been tenderly dealt with in China. The Government Child Welfare Program which is receiving special emphasis this year is, therefore, welcome evidence at least of official recognition of the importance of child health. The Nanking Woman's Club social service budget is appropriated this year to various projects supporting the Child Welfare Program. In addition to these, the Club has made loans from an industrial fund to such projects as the Ricksha Cooperative and the Nanking Weaving and Tailoring Cooperative.

The national health program as outlined by the Bureau of Health provides for state medicine and requires the registration of all nursing schools giving recognized diplomas. Nanking has a large government health center with hospital, research library and laboratories, nurses' training school, pill manufactory, and factory for making models for health education.

In other ways, too, trained Chinese themselves are assuming social responsibility for their own people: in raising money for national famine relief and for a new local Y.W.C.A. building. Recently a team of three Chinese -- Acting-President Chen of Fukien Christian University, Miss Tseng, founder and principal of I-Fang School for Girls in Changsha, and Dr. Tu, Head of the Physics Department in Shanghai University came to Nanking in the course of a tour of the principal cities of China to hold a series of religious meetings. This was in connection with the Youth and Religion Movement inaugurated by the Y.M.C.A. a year and a half ago.

These are but glimpses of the process of reconstruction which is spreading ever more widely throughout China and penetrating ever more deeply the life of her people, and which, given a few years respite from war and natural calamities, would not only bring a life worth living to multitudes of people now in the starvation quota, but would, I am sure, free the nation for a far greater international contribution.

I do ask you to share my interest and my hopes in this new year for a people whom I have learned to love, as I hope through you to keep open the conduits to the homeland, for which my affection has not cooled. Cordial personal greetings to you and every good wish for the year 1936!

Sincerely yours,

Esther E. Tappert

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GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING CHINA

Tappert folder
[1]

Miss Esther Tappert of the English Department of Ginling College, was one of a party to make the first trip by automobile from Nanking in Kiangsu Province to Chengtu in Szechuan Province. Miss Tappert in 1937-1938 is teaching in the government University at Chungking, China. This is a report of her summer trip and her winters teaching experience. Written for the Ginling College faculty.

Dear Friends:

"The advantage of planning a vacation in West China this summer is that at least we cannot be evacuated!" Thus, in my confident assurance that things in China are never as bad as they sound, I replied to queries of my Chinese associates and housemates as to whether it would be advisable for me to take the proposed 2300-mile automobile trip from Nanking to Chengtu in distant Szechuan. Already in late July the Lukouchiao incident in the North and threats to Peiping made discussion of places of safe-keeping for deeds and valuables and preparation of packed suitcases for hasty evacuation a topic with a forward as well as a backward tilt. The idea of evacuation for me, however, then as always before seemed preposterous, as indeed it does now for different reasons: for although we had been prepared by earlier events for trouble in the North, we gave to schools there the sympathy of those who have weathered successive periods of unrest but do not anticipate immediate further disturbance. Willing to compromise, however, I put away somewhat more carefully than I had intended doing the clothing and books in my room, but less carefully than in the preceding summer when I left for Japan and Korea. The trip -- for seven people traveling in two sedans, a new Chevrolet and an old Ford, carrying bedding rolls, food baskets, suitcases, spare tires, surplus tins of gas for long stretches when gas would be either non-obtainable or sold at three dollars a gallon, box cameras, Kodaks, and movie cameras, an altimeter, thermos bottles and a gallon water jug, straw sun hats, three Pekinese pups, etc.-- necessitates a minimum of personal baggage summer things and not of the best quality.

The trip was planned to take ten days to be followed by a climb up Omei Shan and for those of us who were returning to schools in September, a week's journey by steamer through the Yangtze Gorges to Ichang, Hankow, and thence to Nanking. Allowing for unexpected delays, road difficulties, and playing by the way, the month of August promised a suitable range of time. Paper plans were made, but we were all adjustable to sudden shifts of plan, controlled or uncontrolled by members of our party. Removed from all knowledge of the progress of the war - for we were over two weeks without newspapers, radio, letters, or any communication with the world beyond the villages and towns we passed - we gypsied through six provinces: Kiangsu, Anhwei, Kiangsi, Hunan, Kweichow, and Szechuan, passing through the provincial capitals, Nanchang, Chungsha, Kweiyang, and ending in Chengtu.

Our plans provided for six out of ten nights at mission stations or schools; the rest we expected would be spent rather uncomfortably in Chinese inns or possibly temples, although we knew that much of the country was undeveloped and temples would not be as numerous or as desirable as in the East. Car difficulties - our record day told a tale of six flats on the Ford (equipped with new tires before leaving Nanking) one on the Chevrolet, and one haul of the Ford out of a ditch entered to escape a heavily loaded wheelbarrow which was turned directly in front of the car - delays at the

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ferries, courtesies to the Bishop, and idling along the road taking movies, swimming, cooking Chinese food at wayside food shops, and so forth, lengthened the total number of days from Nanking to Chengtu to twenty-two. A record of the first sixteen "camps" indicates what our hotel conveniences were:

July 31st, Aug. 1, China Travel Rest House, Huangshan, Anhwei
 Aug. 2nd, Girls' School, Kintechen, Kiangsi (iron beds without mattresses, inhabited)
 Aug. 3rd, sampan at a ford, Huangchingpu, Kiangsi
 Aug. 4th, open country near P'ing Hsiang, Kiangsi
 Aug. 5th-6th, Hume house, Yali Middle School, Changsha, Hunan (iron beds without springs or mattress, but uninhabited)
 Aug. 7th, bus station yard, Yi Yang, Hunan
 Aug. 8th, bus station yard, Ma Ti Tang, Hunan
 Aug. 9th, Sampan, Wang Hsien, Hunan
 Aug. 10th, Ford and Chevrolet, near Chen Yuen, Kweichow
 Aug. 11th, Ford, Chevrolet and stone wall, near Lung Li, Kweichow
 Aug. 12th, Chinese hotel, Kweiyang, Kweichow
 Aug. 13th, temple used as military headquarters, Tao Pa Shui, Kweichow
 Aug. 14th, Chevrolet, Ford, under a cliff, guardhouse, somewhere in Kweichow
 Aug. 15th, roadside on the Chungking Hills, Szechuan

Not even the refugees can equal what we did for fun, I think. Not that we chose these weird places by design; the word hurry was simply dropped from our travel vocabulary during the daytime and nightfall found us always many miles from where we had thought we might be, with the result that no day - or night - failed of novel interest. A few jottings from my diary kept along the way - interspersed with records of mileage and gas consumed - will suggest particular experiences:

Aug. 5th, 6:00 A. M. start from camp beside the road. Stop for breakfast about 8:00. Men stay with the Ford to locate slight engine trouble; girls drive back to the town for hot water and "shao ping". Questioned at the gate by guards; two go on through the town but fail to find the "shao ping". Coffee and fruit beside the road. Further consultation over the condition of the Ford. Nicknames to date: The Prince (also called The Russian because of his beard); the Babe, our seventeen-year old; the Pauper (Bishop) perhaps so called because of his attire; Kitty and Mag; Imo; Queen Esther. Stop in the sun beside men threshing grain into a wooden boat-shaped bin; further treatment of the Ford. Ford into a ditch because of a barrow; an hour and a half's effort with Chevrolet and tow ropes; load spread out in the middle of the road, Mag typing, others eating watermelon, blazing heat, crowding villagers. Men from the post office finally give the shove which brings out the Ford. Baggage reloaded. Next stop because we discover we are on the wrong road - 120 miles out of our way. Next stop flat on the Ford. Almost out of gas. Back to the cross-roads, 3:15 P.M. Stop for lunch in a bamboo grove. On at 4:20 P.M. Stop at 4:30 for another flat on the Ford. 7:00 P.M. One more flat on the Ford at the border of Kiangsi and Hunan. Letters from the Road Commissioner in Nanking pass us without the payment of tax. Ferry crossing. 9:00-11:00 P.M. Flats on the Ford: one up, the other down. After consultation the luggage is shifted; the Chevrolet goes on toward Changsha, leaving Pauper to bring the Ford in on the rims. Puncture on the Chev. at 1:00 A.M. All scramble out to change the wheel. 1:15 continue toward Changsha. Another ferry at about 2:00 A.M. is dashing, but the spirit of the party is not broken. A cheerful ferryman responds to the call and the ferryboat is towed over by means of a launch attached to the side. Parley at the gates of Changsha; presentation of cards secures entry to the city through gates protected by barbed wire. Gates of the Yali Middle School at 2:45 A.M. Three wait in the car while three make inquiries at the hospital across the way. The hospital refuses to take us in as patients. Further efforts at the Middle School rouse Mr. Lao and his daughter, who immediately offer water for face washes and tinned milk. The Hume house is opened for us. Hot water for baths. Sleep on yu bu (oil cloth) and sheets spread on iron beds without mattresses. Retire about 5:00 A.M. Pauper

drives the Ford on rims until one rim goes to pieces. Repairs one tire but has no other inner tube. Drives on until, in trying to close a rattling door, he lets one front wheel slide gently over the edge of the road into a ditch. Chevrolet returns with newly repaired wheels and the two cars come into Changsha at 5:00 P.M. of Aug. 6th.

Aug. 7th. Cross ferry at Yi Yang at nightfall and drive through narrow streets lined with thousands of Chinese, looking for German missionary and the Fu Ying T'ang (chapel). Failing, we turn back. Police made suspicious by our drive through the city refuse to let us pass until papers and passports are produced. Appeal to higher officers - all that the town afforded - after about an hour's argument removes the cordon of police, who lower bayonets and allow us to pass. A few minutes' talk at the bus station where it is possible to get at road passes and passports makes everything friendly again; we are assured that it has all been for our protection and are invited to a restaurant for a meal. Most of us courteously decline and while Pauper does the honors, we prepare to sleep in the yard of the bus station. The yard is enclosed by a high wooden fence. The men sleep on a sampan on the river.

Aug. 9th. Get up at 3:30 A.M. in order to get the right of way on one-way road to Yuan Ling. Leave at 4:15 A.M. Drive with spotlight only over winding mountain road. Pass hundreds of soldiers on the march. Stop after an hour for morning coffee by starlight. Sing two morning hymns. Beautiful sunrise with ray effect. Continual sharp curves.

Aug. 10th. Search for overnight camping place. Temple near cave found too dirty. Make our beds in a river valley carefully removing large pebbles. Sky becomes overcast. Campfire under an umbrella to cook mushrooms, beans, and corn while rain soaks our bedding. Decide to sleep in the cars - four ladies and Jim in the Chev. and the men in the Ford. Wet clothes, muddy bedding trailed through planted fields and bushes between river bed and road. Flashing lights suggest bandits, but we decide they are more afraid of us than we of them. Additional mosquito bites plus discomfort of our position dispose us for little sleep. Rise at 5:40 A.M. to swim in the river and search for treasures lost when bedding was hastily gathered up the night before.

Aug. 11th. Roads with precipitous drops, hairpin and near circle curves, steep, rough, hardly graded, and wrongly banked. Darkness creeps on, but we hope to make Kweiyang today. Drive without lights until it is impossible to see the road. Then on with spotlight and light of stars and new moon. No headlights burning on the Ford. Fifty miles or more into Kweiyang after dark but we decide to try it. P. sit on a cushion the better to peer at the road ahead. I give Left or Right commands as I dimly see turns. The Ford leads the way through the last walled town before Kweiyang. We call ourselves fortunate not to be stopped, for the town is full of soldiers. Just beyond the town we stop at a pass to wait for the other car. Great drowsiness. After an hour's wait we decide that the Chev. is in trouble and decide with some hesitation to return to help. We are stopped by a guard just outside the city, who courteously asks our business and then lets us go on our way. Again we go through the city and find the Chev. halted a little beyond, having burned out a light fuse. After consultation we decide to remain there by the roadside for the night. Three sleep in the cars and the rest on the same dirty yu bu by the road side.

Aug. 12th. Awakened before daylight by marching soldiers. Thoughts of a good breakfast stir us to lose no time in getting on into Kweiyang. The Chev. leads off. At the last minute, Jingo, the male Pekinese, fails to appear. Search in the fields and nearby farmhouses doesn't bring him to light. P. drives back in the Ford through the last lines of soldiers but returns without the dog. The Chev. comes back and after consultation goes back again and shortly appears with the dog which had been picked up by one of the soldiers. Happiness is restored and the start for Kweiyang is finally made. Movies of thousands of soldiers marching, riding, pushing bundles, carrying bedding and

huge pots, and so forth. A lovely view of Kweiyang in the morning. Agod Mr. and Mrs. Cecil-Smith of the C.I.M. receive us into their quaint little home. Luggage is brought out and aired and dried. The Cecil-Smiths provide a fine breakfast and lunch.

Aug. 13th. A friendly truck driver whom we met at a ferry crossing near Yuan Ling on the 9th, and who waited for us at Wang Hsien, another ferry, turns up again as a good Samaritan in Kweiyang. The Ford generator and brakes are still in perfect.... Ferry at about 6:20 P.M. Very muddy stream with swift current through a picturesque gorge. Darkness falls before we reach the opposite shore. Difficult getting on and off wet planks. Only spotlight on the Ford and electric lamp for the Chey. No headlights. Jim directs from the hood. Six-mile drive up and down precipitous mountain road in drizzle to next village. Stop in the village but find no bus station. Take counsel to decide whether to drive on 48 miles to the next village with an inn or sleep on tables where we are. Have decided to do the latter when officer comes along and invites us to his quarters to spend the night. We accept with surprised gratitude and accompany him to his office in an old temple now used as a primary school. Officer was in the 19th Route Army in Shanghai, is a great admirer of Chiang Kai-shek, and takes seriously his responsibility to protect us.

Aug. 14th. At 1:00 A.M. three women rise with one accord and with flashlights and candle examine sheets and yu bu, then pick up our bedding and move down to the cars, leaving Maggie to finish the night on her bed on the floor undisturbed. Having parked the cars next to the drain, mosquitoes are large and plentiful... Range of elevation today 2600-4600 feet. From the highest level reached, down through the gorge - the most beautiful scenery yet found - gorges, stream, waterfalls, clouds, mists, rocks. Stop at a waterfall to watch sunset clouds and take movies. Feel we must move on since darkness is near and we have no camp for the night. Stop under a towering cliff to see a new view. Decide to spend the night here, about a quarter of a mile from the next village. Sleep in an old guardhouse, in the cars, and under the cliff after supper cooked and eaten in a dry spot under the cliff. Purchase of eggs brings offers of all that the village affords and again friendly contacts with simple, kindly people. Waterfall several hundred feet high with deep potholes. Another waterfall in a cave in opposite side of the valley, apparently inaccessible from the road.

Aug. 16th. Spend the night, about 1:00-4:00 A.M., on the Chungking Hills looking for the village and pagoda which were to direct us to friends' homes. Drive on and on around dizzying turns up ranges of hills. Decide to spend the rest of the night on the road. Yu-bu are quickly spread on the roadside or in cars at 4:00 A.M. and we sleep from one to two hours until daybreak. Arise in sunshine, all watches stopped. Hastily gather up yu-bu and are off in less than half an hour. The village and pagoda are easily found by daylight about eight li back. Inquiries result in directions to the Rapes' house and we take sedan chairs to the top of the hill. Baths and breakfast keep servants busy for the morning. We were told afterwards that a neighbor's cook took us for refugees - "They looked so poor and so dirty and were sleeping in the road!"... War news is alarming. Hear of bombing of Shanghai and killing of Frank Rawlinson and daughter, of blockading of Huangpoo, of Japanese bombing of Nanking.

After several days' delay in Chungking because high waters had damaged the banks of the Yangtze so that ferry crossing was impossible, we succeeded in getting the cars across the river and drove on to Chengtu, arriving there on August 21st. To return to Nanking by September 1st was still a fixed resolve in our minds; exile in West China a shadow which I regarded with disdain. Delay for word from our schools - Ginling College, Nanking University, and Hwei Wen Girls' School - seemed advisable, however, and I compromised again, although I wanted to avoid specific orders not to go back. Consequently we hurried up and down Omei Shan in four days of pouring rain, only to be met in Chengtu by instructions to delay return to Nanking because of gov-

ernment orders that schools were not to open until September 20th. Urgent telegrams and letters to the college asking to be allowed to proceed downriver to Nanking were either lost or received much-delayed discouraging replies. While Ginling was wavering between the hope of opening in Nanking - very slight - and of opening in scattered units wherever teachers and students could be got together, I decided to resist consular pressure (general and never directed against me personally) and remain where I was rather than add myself to the seething refugee population of Hankow where the chances of being involuntarily evacuated seemed greater than in Szechuan. As days passed it seemed that the various prospects open to me were: to be an idle financial burden to the college, to be an unpaid worker at West China Union University, the Y.M.C.A., or any of the several middle schools (while Ginling continued to support me); to go to my own church mission people in Tsingtao; to leave China; or to accept a full-time teaching position in Chungking University. We had been entertained at dinner with Chancellor Hu and Dr. Lowe of the Engineering School earlier in the summer and heard of their need of a teacher of English and had just driven into the university grounds on our way to Chengtu. Dr. Wu's reply to my letter of inquiry left me free to make the choice that seemed best and left little hope that I should be needed by Ginling for the first semester at least, I now applied for the position at Chungking University through Bishop Ward, left Chengtu without waiting for his wire telling me to come, arrived in Chungking on Saturday, after a two-day ride on the Canadian truck, had an interview with Dr. Lowe on Sunday, taught three classes on Monday, September 20th, and signed my contract some time later.

The experience has been decidedly unique for me, the only foreigner on the staff; for my students - around a hundred and fifty out of a total enrollment of approximately eight hundred - most of whom are boys and have never been taught by a foreigner; for the faculty, almost entirely men, who were concerned lest I should not be able to endure the hardships of life under rather primitive conditions here in the country ten miles out of Chungking City! We have liked each other well and save for the constant concern and pity for what was happening in East and North China, this might have been one of my happiest years in this country.

Large numbers of students are refugees from areas where schools have been completely destroyed or are so restricted in their legitimate operations that it seemed more desirable to leave. Besides such individual transfers, there are over a dozen colleges or universities, I am told, which have moved to Szechuan alone. On the Chungking University campus, a temporary plant has been built - is still being built - for National Central University of Nanking. Their buildings were repeatedly bombed, and the entire university has moved. They number about a thousand students, including Medical School which has gone to Chengtu. The temporary buildings in which work is going on are hastily constructed shacks resembling a lumber camp in a pine grove overlooking the little river. The girls' dormitory is a huge barn-like shell which houses (sleeps) over a hundred girls. There is no privacy, not even cloth partitions. Yet the girls cheerfully accept the absence of chairs, kneeling on the floor to practice their Chinese writing on their beds. Students of Central University have taken the initiative of putting on a concert, in having a Christmas Carol service, in starting schools among the village people.

Of the situation as it developed in Shanghai and Nanking and other areas so terribly devastated in the fall and more particularly during December and January, we have only the scanty and much-delayed messages giving information which you must have had in newspapers and radio broadcasts long before now. Letters carried out by hand or through the Embassy from Nanking - no regular mail service yet two months after the occupation - are beginning to come to us. Up until February fifth only one foreigner had been admitted into Nanking and taken out under escort; two who were in the city have been allowed to leave. All tell that same sad story with infinite repetitions of the same crimes with little variation - hundreds of cases of rape and abduction of women aged 11 to 72, on the University property alone right under the shadow of the

Japanese Embassy; killing of over 10,000 people in cold blood; systematic looting and destruction of shops and private houses; looting often carried out with the help of trucks; robbing of bedding, clothing, and money from the very poor and forcing them to carry away the loot; illegal entry and looting of the University houses occupied by American staff members, on one occasion while the occupant was at the Embassy making his almost daily protests against criminal offenses on the part of Japanese soldiery; burning of houses with chemical strips; tearing down of American flags and even of proclamations posted by the military police of the Japanese Embassy themselves; failure to provide adequate military police to control the Japanese soldiers and no genuine effort to discipline them; physical violence and threats with bayonets and pistols against Americans who intervened to prevent rape or murder or robbery; killing of 43 out of 54 technical experts at the power plant on the false accusation that they were government employees. These are facts, under-estimates rather than exaggerations, thoroughly investigated by our own people in one city alone. Add to this the almost complete destruction of tools or means of livelihood, continual threats against security of workmen, and refusal of the Japanese military to permit the shipment of food and medical supplies from Shanghai although the committee there had been working on the problem as late as January 30th.

One does not wish sensational use made of these facts. Mercifully the first paralyzing horror of it all is relieved by warmth of feeling for the little few who stand as the only positive agents in chaos - personal friends known and valued - and by the urgent need to align oneself with them at whatever cost and in such ways as can be opened - the most difficult for me being to remain at this distance doing "safe" methodical teaching when vigorous activity is the motif of my whole nature. The wrathful indignation which was so strong at the first bombings has given place to only a great desire to have the Japanese soldiery go and leave us free to begin to scrub up the blood stains they have tracked all over the "Good Earth" and restore the homes and fruitful work they have destroyed.

For months we - the cities of Szechuan - have been receiving refugees in much the same order as the people down the river saw them go: first the well-to-do and the officials who had friends or relatives to receive them and the means and quickness to bring themselves and their possessions with them in comfort. For the past two months we have had students and university faculty members whose condition upon arrival and discomforts on the way were pitiable enough, but who are not without resources. Well-qualified people and such as have church connections are being placed in positions as rapidly as they can be found or created where they can at least live independently. Doctors, nurses, and teachers are here in about as large numbers as the province can absorb them. Unwillingness on the part of some to go into the country districts where pioneer work needs to be done causes difficulties and does not take well with the Szechuanese who are trained and with missionaries who have been doing such work for many years. Units of refugee universities and now provisional middle schools sponsored by the government or begun by private initiative of principals whose schools have been destroyed will provide for many teachers out of work. In some cases groups from different schools are opening jointly, using such crowded quarters as are available until temporary buildings can be built. Wisely these are not all concentrated in the large cities, but are being spread out in such small country places as Pei Pei, Huang Kuo Shu, Kiating and so forth.

Stragglers on foot are now beginning to come - those who have lost everything except the clothes upon their backs, homes burned, bedding dropped along the way because of weariness, money left behind or stolen. These people were fairly comfortable and had wit enough to "bum" their way westward on small boats with returning soldiers after walking for weeks - twenty-seven days, said one woman doctor trained in America who arrived with her family last Thursday. These must be fed and housed and clothed. Regular schools are opening again after the long holidays and dormitories which have

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been opened to refugees are no longer vacant; so the housing problem has become more acute. We literally take the clothes from our own backs to help them. Fortunately I am warm-blooded and shall not suffer this winter; but I have to laugh when I think of the way I am gambling on not needing them another winter. Furthermore, the number of coats I possess (only one less than five years old!) has been a matter of conscience with me for some time, but my attachment to a lovely thing is still with me, I find. The new coat made of white wool from our wool-weaving center in Nanking will probably be the last to go, though it is quite useless to me here because of Chungking smoke and weather and frequent travel on dirty busses. Having spoken of bringing only summer things with me, I should have mentioned before that my two trunks containing winter bedding and essential warm clothing were brought me by a friend traveling from Nanking late in the fall.

Finally plans are already being considered to use funds of the International Famine Relief Committee for a road-building project if workers who are able and willing to do that kind of work come in sufficient numbers. Building in the city is going on at about the same scale as in Nanking during the past few years, although threats of air raids send people scattering into the country; so work should be here for all. What emptying of cities in occupied territory will mean is appalling, or will it be a new communism for the underprivileged?

Shops in the city are full of supplies apparently brought from places evacuated downriver. For the first time English books are to be seen on the shelves of the Commercial Press in Chungking and I am sure they are the same that were shown in Nanking, especially as the Nanking man is here. We have a Shanghai bakery shop in the little market just outside of the University campus. A market town has sprung up at our very entrance within the past few months.

In the western provinces China's hope for the future is by no means dead if in some way the work of destruction can be halted before the drain from them to support the war becomes too exhausting; for development of industries and communications is being mightily stimulated - a development which will naturally flow back to the East when the acts of terrorism and vandalism cease.

One of the most significant things in my summer's experience was that though we were traveling through undeveloped country and though there were occasional bandit scares because the protection given by the presence of Chinese soldiers was being removed from the country, we were able to go about as we did without fear of being molested. Letters from government people in Nanking invariably brought courteous treatment and assurance of protection which was effective. The visit of General and Madame Chiang to Szechuan had made a remarkable impression upon the people and strengthened loyalty toward the Central Government. To be sure we were surrounded by curious villagers whose interest in ourselves, our cars, and our dogs became at times annoying, but it was a friendly curiosity. We were an outfit which would have incited attention even in America.

Yet over the same roads we traveled and from the same areas through which we came a few months ago people have fled in terror and escaped, if at all, with little more than their lives. What was an essentially peaceful countryside has been turned into a hunting ground for thieving, killing and marauding. For the wretched few who have been preserved in occupied territory - in Nanking about one fourth of the former population - what incentive is there for living by honest effort and what assurance that such effort will be allowed to bring in a return of even the bare necessities of existence?

There is need still for a requirement on the part of the free nations of the world that the people of Japan should know the truth about their military occupation of China and that they deal and be dealt with on the basis of truth rather than wordy

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idealism which can deny problems and wrongs because it denies the existing facts. Japanese propaganda in Shanghai newspapers about their army's humanitarian deeds upon entering Nanking - I have a translated copy in my possession - are the crude, distorted imaginings of an abnormal child, so completely untrue as to be worthless as propaganda save among those who will to be deceived. Violence will not cure insanity, and I am not sure that an economic boycott will be effective in restraining Japan, although I am advocating it; but surely to China's desperate resistance must be added effective moral resistance from without.

Letters addressed to me here at Chungking University by way of Hongkong until June will be very welcome. Movements after that cannot be determined at this time. Because of exorbitant postage rates and difficulties in duplicating by hand I cannot send individual copies of this letter as I should like to do. Instead I am sending copies to a few centers hoping that they will be circularized to reach persons particularly concerned in educational, church, China, and family and friendly circles. My letter of last July brought a very few valued replies from those who received it in time to answer before the closing down of regular mail service from outside sources or who had faith enough to believe that I would remain in China. The Ginling College office in New York has graciously given my address to those who have asked for it and relieved me greatly by sending cabled messages to my family. For these and any other indication of a fellowship that finds its way through the barriers put up by those who fear truth I am very grateful. That fellowship and the strength and courage which come from it are needed by those of us who are denied admission as well as by those who have so faithfully and nobly held their ground within the city which has been my home since 1929. The life and suffering of this people have become a part of us which cannot be shed by physical removal from the active scene of the war. And so those of you who are friends of China for her own sake and to those who are friends of China because you are my friend I send my faith and my appeal.

Sincerely yours

ETHEL E. TAPPERT

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LETTER WRITTEN BY MISS ESTHER
TAPPERT, FORMER GINLING STAFF
MEMBER, FROM CHUNGKING UNIVERSITY
CHUNGKING, SZECHUAN, CHINA
May 8, 1939

The four days and nights since last Thursday seem much longer, perhaps because nights have been added to times of consciousness; though I have probably lost less sleep than many others. We have once or twice joined the romantics who sit outdoors in the moonlight in the wee hours of the morning. The first time when the alarm sounded - a sharp policeman's whistle followed by siren and school bell - at three o'clock in the morning, I washed, dressed, and brushed my teeth in the dark before looking at the clock. Then I decided to wait till the urgent warning before going out among the mosquitoes. At least I could lie flat and rest without sleeping. But after about an hour the release came and I crawled back into bed. Last night the sound came at one o'clock, but I seem to have been already awake. The urgent came soon after; so I went around the house to the nearer cave and sat on the edge of the frog pond and enjoyed the stars and moonlight for about an hour. There were three babies in arms and one professor in the group which waited there. Most people go to the big caves; but I don't like crowds. The mosquitoes were getting pretty bad and nothing much seemed to be doing; so we went back. I took off my dress and shoes and lay down and nearly went off to sleep when the rats waked me again. Rats and heat and babies crying trouble me more than the alarms, being more immediately annoying. I did jump up and finish dressing again when I heard a plane droning and searchlights searching the heavens. I am still uncertain whether the sound was from a passenger plane returning perhaps from Hongkong or whether it was really a dangerous one. At any rate, the noise soon died out and I lay down fully dressed for about an hour's sleep. I seemed to have distantly heard another plane, but it was soothing instead of awakening. When I awoke it was perfectly still and I thought the others must have returned while I slept, but the release only came a little while later. By that time it was around four o'clock. This morning all but one of my eight o'clock class were too sleepy to come, and the one seemed too dozey to talk but he gradually came to. The nine o'clock class was a little better, but all my classes have been pretty diminished in number and spirit. I don't blame them, poor youngsters, for a lot of them are so worried about relatives and friends and have been walking to and from the city trying to find them and help them move and seeing all the ghastly sights there. Besides some of them have been down in our village helping the refugees from the city - providing drinking water, giving out bread and soft cooked rice, giving some medicines, and carrying loads for the aged. As I told them this morning, I don't think the little English they are learning in classes these days is of much importance, but I do think faithfulness to little duties helps keep up moral courage and each time we refuse to let ourselves be demoralized by emergencies, we have gained a victory, however small, over those whose chief purpose is to terrorize and make normal life impossible.

The fires in the city seem to have been widespread, but not as continuous as at first stated. I haven't seen for myself, but students who went to give relief and others have tried to describe the areas affected. The Methodist hospital must have been in the midst of a furnace, but mercifully escaped. The city hospital was bombed, but parts seem to be usable. Both Y. M. and Y. W. received bombs, but some that fell over the Y. M. didn't explode. Probably one of the embassies, perhaps more, were burned, but since I have heard that it was the English one and the French one and the German one, I can't be sure which one it was. The newspaper office was right in one fire area; so we haven't been receiving English newspapers, although the building itself is probably not burned. The Cathay Theater which was showing pictures of the previous day's bombing and burning is said to have been crowded, and completely burned. People who went for shelter to the cave beneath may have been

suffocated; it is said that a bomb went right through and the cave collapsed. I can't be sure of the accuracy of any of these statements; I have accepted only the most moderate ones.

Naturally people are not welcomed back into the city. I might have walked in on Sunday - I have classes every other day of the week - except that we had planned our Spring Conference on that day at Tz'u Ch'i K'ou, not far from here where the Rural Normal School is. Our group was small, about twenty-five on the average for the day, and none of the speakers we had invited from the city came. However, two of the professors helped out with talks and discussion. It might interest people to know that the Scripture passage which the student chairman chose to read at the opening worship service was Matthew 18:21-35 about forgiving until seventy times seven and about the servant who, being forgiven, didn't forgive his fellow-servant. The subject of the conference was the Christian interpretation of China's spiritual mobilization movement.

The plays given by itinerant players in the evening under the auspices of the San Ming Chu I Youth Corps for relief for the refugees drew a crowded house and were of a distinctly propaganda nature and the shouting of slogans at the end did not indicate that the bombing had cowed or broken the spirit of people any. How utterly futile the killing is! There is an absence of violence and vindictiveness even in the determination not to yield, and I have a great deal of sympathy with those who speak of tigers and skunks when our "friends" become too attentive, although I don't join them because I don't think name-calling helps any.

Our house, which was already full, has taken in many additional members in these days. Transportation for professors living in the city, has been well-nigh impossible, since the Central bus office was burned and I think the company which supplies our bus too. Then families have moved out. My peace has been considerably disturbed by the addition of two babies and mother and several servants in the room next to me. The servants are the worst because they talk so loudly, and then there is the calling for hot water in the middle of the night which always wakes me and I don't get to sleep again easily except when I am dead tired which has been true for the last few nights. However, it is little compared with what the people in the hospitals and the people without homes have suffered. The officials have lent their cars to help the homeless out of the city, something new in the annals of China and probably inspired by the chief in command, best not named. If only there were a little better organization before the event. There has been talk of evacuating Chungking for some time, but until the emergency came there were no definite orders and no provisions for housing the people when they left. The strategy of the Japanese was pretty clever - three false alarms and then a sudden attack in force when the streets and theaters and restaurants were certainly full. It is villainous procedure to strike at the heart of a densely populated city in the hope that one of the thousands of people killed might be a military leader or his headquarters!

This letter is pretty full of the raid, and again I suppose you will have had radio reports, probably more accurate ones, long before this letter arrives. I am really not being as careless as it may appear; simply refusing to eat up my reserve by nervous excitement. There may be need for reserve later on, and I still believe that there are more chances of malaria or other serious disease from living so close together than danger from stray bombs, although they may, of course, drop the villainous things anywhere by mistake or on purpose.

I just opened my desk drawer and scared out a huge rat. They have chewed off all the corners of my new envelopes, frightfully expensive food with the present scarcity of paper. I'll have to try rat poison again.

0397

Some reflections of May fourth when we saw flames of the burning city like the Sun setting in the East!

No very great or noble thoughts seem to come to me when sitting crouched under rocks waiting for bombs to fall. About all one can do is to have a cheery word and a smile for those who seem to need it or to carry a stool for an amah or a mother who has a baby in her arms and another little one by the hand and a bundle on her back and a suitcase with the precious little to be saved in case one doesn't come back to the house but to a heap of rubbish. Everything in China is just the opposite from the West. There we bury people in the earth when they die; here bits of iron dug from American earth and smelted in American furnaces and made into American Fords and shipped as scrap iron to Japan are buried in people before they die

Of the past months there is little to recount in detail save the routine of university work carried on under the difficulties of scarcity of essential supplies, threatened attack, and a volatile student body.

Our Christian Fellowship Group hasn't altogether satisfied me - great devotion and faithfulness on the part of a few, great indifference from many, the opposition of unbelief from others. Nevertheless, we have had five baptisms among students. National Central University students are meeting opposition from their own head even to the use of school rooms as a gathering place. We have enjoyed both sympathy and tolerance from the administration.

This letter, full of the trivial detail of a weekly family letter, was not intended as a circular letter, but I send it on to you and others interested to give you a glimpse of how we carry on in the West. Harder than violence, harder than spoken blame, is the hurt questioning, when expressed at all, of these friends of mine: Why do the Western nations - why does America - continue to send war materials to Japan to kill our defenseless people?

One student who is not a Christian and is generally rather shy of religious subjects said under stress of emotion after the raid: "We believe that God will help us." My thought is: Yes, God, - But why not America?

0398

Received in New York, September 25, 1940

From Esther E. Tappert, who resigned from the Ginling faculty in 1938
to teach in the National University in Chungking

Anchored off the coast of China
August 17, 1940

One example of costly inefficiency occurred at the Wu Ching outside of Kweiyang. Due to carelessness in loading, a ferryboat sank, and

Dear Friends: she was submerged for three days under fifteen feet of water with a swift current. The truck was recovered and repaired at the expense

Tonight, August 17th, the thirty-seventh night since we left Chungking, Szechuan, we are off the coast of China somewhere between Wenchow and Ningpo. There have been days of adventure, days of tedious waiting, days of danger. We have traveled by truck, by bus, by launch, by ferry, by sampan, by ricksha, and on foot about two thousand miles overland from west to east, through unoccupied territory all the way to the coast.

What evidences did we see of the war? In Szechuan and Kweichow soldiers marching, marching, marching; afterwards almost none. In all the larger cities there were the usual signs of bombing, some only a day old, chiefly in business streets, orphanages, mission stations, hospitals, schools, fields, wharves - undefended cities. On the other hand, we drove for hundreds of kilometers between cities where the peasant life of the country went on in its customary peaceful way. Three times we were in the midst of bombings - in Kinkua where we took refuge under a rose arbor, in Wenchow where I saw the bombs released from the planes, in Kuastou. More often there were air alarms, but the planes did not come. Along the coast the blockade is stringent.

Who were my companions and what our mode of travel? Only one who started with me from Chungking continued to the coast. The journey from Chungking to Kinkua was made in two mission trucks, a Dodge and a Fargo. We carried for various distances loads of salt, mail, Red Cross supplies, gasoline, trunks, and Chinese passengers. The long delays, eleven days at Kweiyang and seven at Hengyang, however, discouraged all but through passengers. News of the closing of the Burma road, but more directly blockade of the ports of Ningpo, Wenchow, Foochow, and Swatow all but stopped the expedition as near its beginning as Kweiyang. However, a not too discouraging telegram from Shanghai gave the leader of the party heart to go on. After a fruitless wait for cargo at Hengyan we went on without a load, but accompanied by a China Travel Service representative and a few passengers. At Kinkua the leader of the expedition decided against taking the trucks any farther and the original coalition of three Americans broke up, the student-journalist-Red Cross truck driver-world traveler of twenty-one years of age and I making our way together to the coast.

What of the road and its adventures? Getting our drums filled with gasoline for successive stages of the journey was a major problem. For some of it we paid twenty-five dollars a gallon. Alcohol mixed with ether served as a substitute part of the way, but afforded less power on the hills. Engine trouble, flat tires, carburetor trouble, lack of motor oil caused delays. Roads, on the whole, though gravel or stone-surfaced, were good.

Ten times we were ferried across streams; at least three times we crossed pontoon bridges. In many places good bridges have replaced former ferries. Everywhere there was improvement over 1937, as ferries are now assumed to be a means of conveyance to cross rivers and not a monopoly for the profit of the ferrymen.

The Southwest Highway Commission is making a good effort at organized highway maintenance, but there is need of greater efficiency at the ferries, and inspection and registration at stations along the way should be co-ordinated and simplified, as we found to be the case in Hunan and farther east. One example of costly inefficiency occurred at the Wu Chiang, outside of Kweiyang. Due to carelessness in loading, a ferryboat sank, and one of our trucks was submerged for three days under fifteen feet of water with a swift current. The truck was recovered and repaired at the expense of the road bureau, but the deterioration from rust, the loss of the load and personal baggage, and the inconvenience and expense of the delay will never be made good.

Food along the way was not too plentiful. We ate Chinese food when we could get it, but since one of our number was a vegetarian and another did not relish the food, I fared less well than when I have traveled in the company of Chinese alone. Betweenwhiles powdered milk and Mr. C's box of supplies containing granola, cookies, and tinned fruit pieced out a meal. Peaches, plums, watermelons, and hard Chinese pears were available in rotation in the larger cities.

The scenery never failed to be of interest, whether we were roaring up the hills of Kweichow over roads winding unceasingly between mountain wall and precipice, or racing over a straight speedway between rice paddies or along a tree-lined avenue, or rolling around among the foothills. In one stretch of 131 kilometers in Kiangsi we crossed 133 bridges, not counting the many narrow ones only two or three planks wide. In this same region we drove over flooded roads marked only by a double row of willow trees in what seemed to be a wide lake. In the second of these we met a stalled truck, and since the road was too narrow to pass him, we matched bumpers and pushed the truck back to dry land. Everywhere my thoughts had an undertone of regret that I was leaving these scenes and this loved country without any hope of returning.

The nights were as varied as the days. Often we drove in the evening and late into the night for coolness and to avoid air raids. Four nights I spent sleeping in the truck or on my cot beside the road; six nights I slept (or sometimes stayed awake battling "creatures") in Chinese hotels; twenty-three nights we spent in homes of missionaries; and four nights we slept on board an Italian steamer anchored in the middle of the river at Kuao-tou (south of Wenchow).

From Kinhua, where we left the trucks, the really picturesque part of the journey began. Our first companions were a busload of Chinese fellow travelers. Our bus stopped for engine repairs just outside of Yung Kang, and most of the passengers scattered into the fields as the siren sounded an air alarm. Blowing the horn brought a few back, and after repeated efforts we pushed the bus several hundred feet and started the engine and proceeded. After a change of buses and a winding road between rock and stream, we left the road for the river and were rowed downstream in a round-bottomed sampan for the rest of the afternoon. Rice and vegetables, cooked on the boat and served on a keg for a table under a bamboo matting for a roof, made the main meal of the day.

That night we spent at a new Chinese hotel overlooking the river. We bought soapstone ornaments in the village and feasted on ripe red watermelon in the hotel.

0400

A morning in a rowboat, three hours' wait at a village beside the river for the tide to come up, and then several hours' ride downstream behind a launch with eleven boats in tow brought us at the end of another day to Wenchow, another strange city. We were hospitably received at the English Methodist Mission, but given no encouragement as to steamers for Shanghai. After two nights, however, we started for Kuaotou farther south in the hope of getting aboard an Italian ship reported to be in the harbor. By launch and sampan we followed a series of canals, with several portages for ourselves and baggage, under a clouded moon and early morning sunlight until we reached the river port of Kuaotou. This part of the journey was made in the company of four Catholic Fathers (Canadian).

The village afforded no suitable hotel; so by appeal to the military authorities, we secured a temporary permit to go on board the S.S. Sandro Sandri. For three nights we waited while the cargo of tobacco, bolts of cloth, and cotton yarn were unloaded. A scheduled delay of five to ten days for reloading was cut short by a severe bombing carried out by seaplanes on August sixteenth, the day after the unloading was completed. Over twenty bombs were dropped individually in about an hour's time (not fifties or hundreds in a few seconds as in Chungking) on both banks of the river while we crouched below decks and the planes power-dived until they nearly touched the ship. Customs Houses and warehouses along both shores burned for hours and shops and homes in the village were destroyed, but most of the unloaded cargo was saved. In fear of a return of the bombing planes and while fires crackled and falling walls re-echoed, we awaited the promised passports and military permits and ship's clearance papers. The captain waited for neither cargo nor food supplies. This morning we sailed the remaining five miles to the open sea. Tonight, without any fruit or vegetables on board and with insufficient water, we are held, somewhere off the coast about thirty-six hours' run from Shanghai, by Japanese warships. If this is mailed, you will know that we finally reached Shanghai, and all you need add to the picture is six foreigners racing from the Bund down Nanking Road to the Chocolate Shop for water and ice cream sodas.

Sincerely yours,

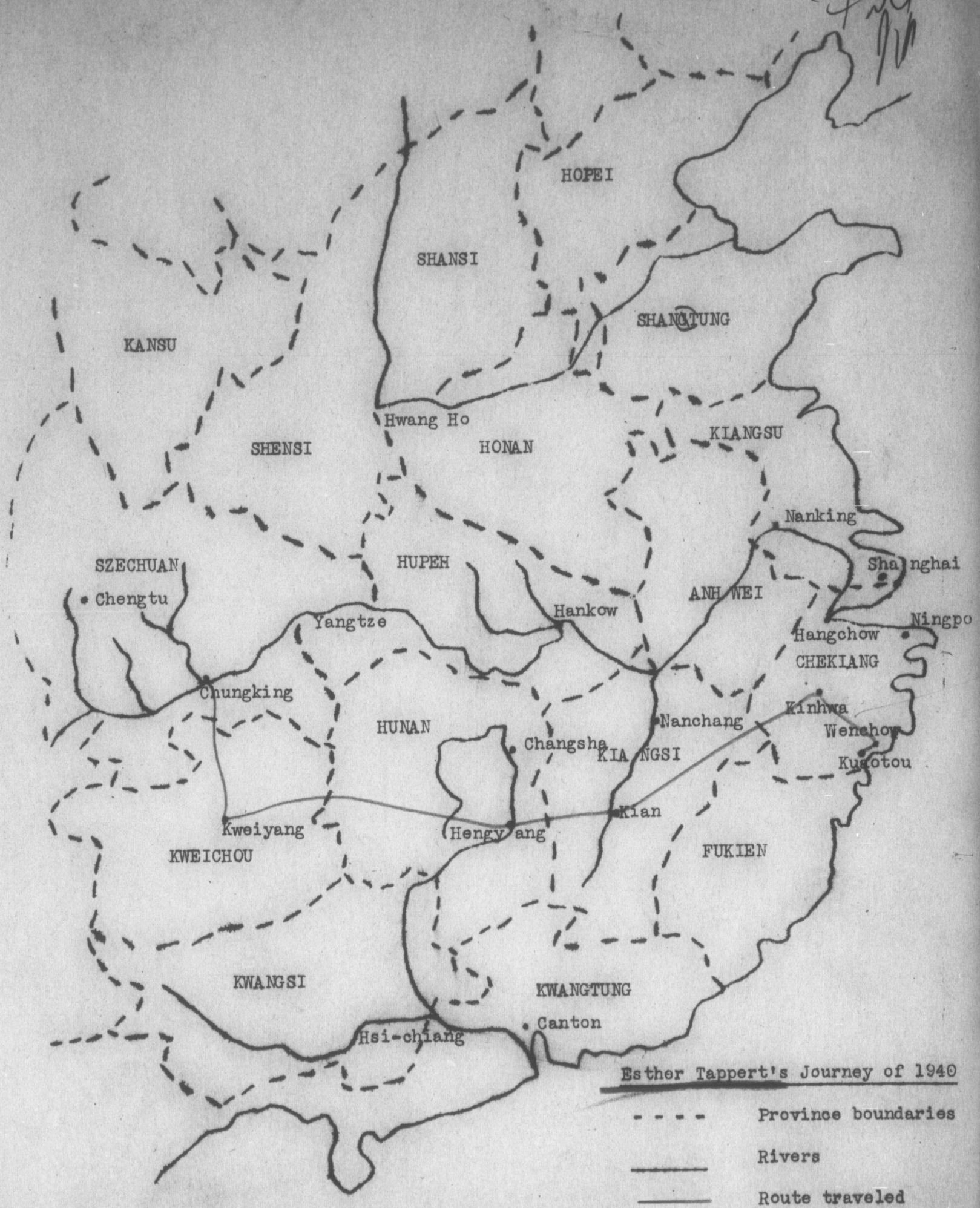
Esther E. Tappert

Editor's Note: Subsequent to the writing of this letter, Miss Tappert visited Ginling in Nanking and arrived in the United States in late September. Her home address is West Cheshire, Connecticut.

0401

Mr. Parker

4th



Esther Tappert's Journey of 1940

over

Elson House, Thiel College
Greenville, Pa.
Nov. 22, 1942

Dear Mrs. Mills,

On Friday evening when we were celebrating the fact that Thiel College has been put back on the accredited list, I sat near Mrs. Rowley, whose husband, Judge Rowley, has been acting-president of Thiel. In the course of conversation she said that you had been in Greenville and spoken at their church here.

When I came through New York in September, I think you were not in the office, and since then there has been little time for letters.

During the last two weeks in October I spoke at the six conferences of Lutheran women's missionary societies in the Pittsburgh Synod.

0403

NOV 22 1942

Each time the name of Guilin
was printed on the program (unfor-
tunately spelled with two g's.) I am
sending one of the checks I received
as a contribution to the China college.

It is long months since I have
had any word from China and I
should like to be put on the
mailing list again for informa-
tion which you may receive.

Is it cruel to ask whether you
expect Mr. Mills to come with the
next group? We need one of Dr. Price's
priceless bulletins on where China
people are in America as well
as abroad. Have you any information?

Speaking of China as much as I
have in the past month keeps
me remembering. My best best
wishes to you.

Sincerely yours,

Esther E. Tappert

0404

November 25, 1942

Miss Esther E. Tappert
Elson House
Thiel College
Greenville, Pa.

Dear Miss Tappert:

Thank you for your letter of November 22nd with the enclosed check for Ginling. All such gifts are most welcome and are more needed than ever before in Chengtu, where prices continue to soar to astronomical heights.

I am interested to know that you are at Thiel College in Greenville. I have very happy memories of my visit there a little over a year ago, and of the charming people that I met. Mrs. Rowley and her family were very nice to me, and I enjoyed knowing them. Did you know that Mrs. Rowley is a weaving enthusiast, and she and I found we had much in common on this subject. Please give her my very best regards and also remember me to her mother if you happen to see her.

The Gripsholm has not sailed yet, though we are assured that it will go eventually. My husband's name has not yet appeared on any of the lists of those returning on this trip, but as these lists are not yet complete, I am still expecting him. I had hoped that he would be here by Christmas, and we had made our family plans accordingly, but of course that is out of the question now. Maybe we can have our celebration at Easter instead.

Come in to see us if you are ever in New York.

With all best wishes,

Cordially yours,

Mrs. W. Plumer Mills

CSM:ef

0405

Dr. Wu
ack —

Esther Tappert^[17]
259 Canner Street
New Haven, Conn.
October 20, 1945

Dear Dr. Wu,

The greeting I sent you verbally by Mrs. New was not intended to be a substitute for a letter, but time does seem to have slipped by on wings. I hope the weeks spent at Great Barrington gave you a feeling of leisure and the rest needed for recovery not merely from the strenuous days at San Francisco but from the operation as well.

I know, however, that your busy mind would not be far from thinking and from plans for the

OCT 20 1945

return so long hoped for. I [2]
should dearly love to be listening
in to the present-day equivalent
of the "bathroom consultations" of
my early years at Linlin. Is
it possible that you might come
to New Haven some time before you
go back?

My dissertation is finally com-
pleted, bound in blue and gold,
and turned in to the Graduate
School. It will probably be some
time before I know whether it
has really been accepted. Meanwhile
I am continuing with my cata-
loguing work at the Yale University
Library and bending ^{every} effort to
get passport and transportation.

0407

OCT 20 1945
My latest letters indicate that^[31]
Dr. Martensen was planning to
fly from Chungking to Shanghai
near the beginning of this month.
He will undoubtedly send a cable-
gram to Dr. North of the American
Bible Society when he arrives.
It is a relief to know that airmail
letters will now be accepted
for Shanghai. Earlier letters
addressed there have been returned
by the New York post office.

If our headquarters should be
in Shanghai, as now seems likely,
I would be available for such
help as might be needed in that
city or vicinity. I accepted the
position offered by the China

Christian Education Association in ^[54]
good faith and assume that it was
also a bona fide offer. I know that
the situation has changed tremen-
dously in the past few months,
but I feel that if they still want
my services someone either in
China or New York should make
some effort to get my name
listed and to support my appeals
for a passport. So far it seems
that all the urging has come from
me. In these days an individual's
efforts are of little avail unless an
organization is also pushing at
the same time. Can you get either
the Foreign Missions Conference or the
Associated Boards to do a little pushing?

Please give my warmest regard
also to Mrs. New. Sincerely yours,
Ethel E. Tappert