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COLLEGE FILES  
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Teagle, Mrs. Frank H. 1940-1941  
Teng, Mrs. Chia-tun 1939  
Thayer, Mary V. 1923-1940  
Thomas Memorial Book Fund 1936

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Mrs. Frank H. Teagle

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GINLING COLLEGE  
NANKING, CHINA

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AMERICAN OFFICE  
150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

25TH ANNIVERSARY  
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Dec. 10<sup>th</sup>, 1940

Dear Mrs. Macmillan -

It was a great surprise to get your letter suggesting that I speak at Lake Erie College. You will recall that Miss Small wrote Mrs. Morrow when she was here, requesting a speaker late in Nov. Mrs. Morrow turned the note over to me + asked me to answer it. I wrote Miss Small saying I had forwarded her request to you, + later had a note from your office saying you would take care of it.

I have never heard from Miss Small since then, and had dismissed it from my mind. I simply can't do it now so I hope you will be able to find some one who can.

0412



I should love to hear the records and  
would be glad to buy them - and shall be  
happy to loan them to Lake Erie - + of course  
will see that the Cleveland Smute Club hears  
them. I enclose my check for \$1.50 -  
I am sorry to say no to your request  
to speak at Lake Erie + am sorry there was the  
misunderstanding.

Cordially yours

Alice Reagle-

12-10-40

0413



30 December 1940

Dear Mrs. Teagle:

Your note of December 27th and the enclosed check for \$3 came this morning.

The total received for the Anniversary Fund including gifts of last week is \$5,721.25. There was no money-raising feature of the December 5 program, and the appeal to guests has been somewhat unevenly made through their hostesses, with little result to date except for three \$500 gifts secured through Mrs. Morrow. I am hoping that when Mrs. Hoskins returns from her brief winter holiday she will devote herself to that problem. The dinner audience was a very brilliant one, and could easily be made to produce a substantial addition to the Fund. Would you like to see the list of the 289 names? There were more than this number present, but a few names escaped the reports of the hostesses. We expect to make the two speeches available, and Hu Shih's is now completed, but Miss Comstock's we have only in the form of transcription of stenographic notes. She has not yet had time to revise it. We are sending you herewith our copies of the two speeches, and will be glad to have them back soon.

The lack of newspaper publicity was due to the fact that the Cosmopolitan Club has a rule against any newspaper notices.

Cordially yours,

EHM:e

Mrs. T. D. Macmillan

Mrs. Frank H. Teagle  
13515 Shaker Boulevard  
Cleveland Ohio

*Air Mail*

0414



Mrs. Frank H. Teagle  
13515 Shaker Boulevard  
Cleveland, Ohio

January 2, 1941.

Mrs. T. D. Macmillan,  
Ginling College,  
150 Fifth Avenue,  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Macmillan:

I have your letter enclosing the talks given by Dr. Hu Shih and Miss Comstock and I have read them both with great interest and return them herewith. Thank you very much for sending them, and also thank you for giving me the figure of the amount raised so far. I have very few checks coming in now but am hopeful that more will be received, now that the holiday rush is over.

Again many thanks.

Cordially yours,

Alice Teagle -

AWT-m

I shall expect to hear from Miss Lacey later - as to the date of their meeting.

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Mrs. Teng Chia-Tun  
Wang Yao-yün

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Mrs TENG CHIA - Tun  
(WANG YAO - Yun)

Photos of her and her baby

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47 Binney Street  
Boston

63 St. John Avenue  
Binghamton, New York  
May 24, 1939

Dear Mrs. Macmillan:

Thank you very much for your kind letter. It is so nice of you to inquire about me while you are busy with your work.

I want to thank you also for the nice Ginling reports you mailed me while I was in Boston. It is very interesting to read about their work, their spirit, and the wonderful articles they wrote. I don't know whether you have sent a copy to Mrs. Y. S. Tsiang or not. Maybe she will be very much interested, too. Her address is University Farm, University of Minnesota, St. Paul, Minnesota.

I came here on April 29th, accompanied by C. T. and the baby. C.T. left for Atlantic City the next day. Fortunately he came with me, for we had to stay four hours in the station at Albany and arrived here at 8:30 p.m. We are staying with Mrs. Maurice Kenyon, who does a lot in Foreign Mission work. She is very much interested in Chinese. She has frequently heard of you. She is very fond of my baby and is unusually kind to us. We enjoy each other a great deal.

My foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Carroll live in this town. Their house is not big enough to accommodate us and they arranged to have us stay with Mrs. Kenyon. (Mrs. Kenyon helped Yao Ying-siu, class of 1929 of Ginling, a good friend of mine through college) My foster father works in the International Business Machine Company in Endicott. He is a very fine man and brilliant, too. He has invented many business machines. I am very glad to meet them.

My baby has never been left alone here and I don't think we can do it any more. They all accused me for doing so, so I guess I'll have to listen to them. That means I can only leave my house when the landlord is at home when I am back in Boston.

I have given two speeches here, one to a group of 30 Methodist women and one to about 70 Presbyterian women. In order to avoid anything concerning Japanese, because we are going back to Peiping, I told them about my life history and a lot about the mission work in China, for I have been through many mission institutions. They all enjoyed it and think its wonderfully done.

I went to N.Y.C. last Tuesday and stayed there until Thursday afternoon. C.T. was there then. I want after a sudden decision and C.T. got all his schedule fixed for those two days previously. We knew everyone was busy and did not want to disturb anyone, so we made the best out of it. I have spent three hours in the Fair, been to the Empire building, Radio City, and visited the N.Y. Lying-In Hospital. A lady doctor was very kind to me.

C.T. is already back in Boston, but they want to keep me here until June 3. My father will drive me to Albany where I will stay with the Woodruffs, two sisters and a mother - all had been missionaries in Kiangsi. Then I will go to Boston the next day.

Best wishes to you.

Sincerely yours,  
/s/ Y.Y. Wang Teng

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Mary V. Thayer

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Dear Mrs. Macmillan .

I never show up well  
in a questionnaire of this  
sort because I never have  
a named job - I was busy  
all that time at Guelph  
but all I did was to fill  
in and perhaps only thing  
would have gone wrong  
by without me .

As I look back to '90  
I can repeat the above  
statement for the full

0423



[2]

fifty years - 1940  
I suppose that it is  
well that a few people  
can act as fillers and  
cushions but I don't  
recommend it as a  
vocation with material  
returns.

My term at Guilin  
did I much more for you  
than I ever did for it.

My home work had  
aborted me until the

0424



Time I could go to <sup>1940</sup> <sup>[37]</sup> <sup>over</sup>  
China and I stayed  
there quite as long as  
my health would per-  
mit.

My travel had no  
connection with my work  
but I went a number  
of times to California where  
my father was living  
and once for a summer  
to Europe.

My two years at Smith



1940  
[47] after my graduation brought  
me some satisfaction but  
no honors so here I  
am with no stars  
and only an ordinary  
busy life to remember.  
I wish I could help  
with the addresses but  
I know none of the  
ladies -

My best wishes for this  
job and for yourself the  
best of Christmas and New  
Years. Yours Mary V Thayer



142/2810



roller to pack the road, while the carpenter shop was a busy  
hive of labor.

Meanwhile the girls were... the message intended to delay... in China... than one student takes from her home in Szechuan... the city, well cared for, but eager to be at their journey's end within college walls. Our harvest... Festival, a time of happiness and rejoicing for family gatherings and feasting; a time, too, for our fashion of our 'Hallow-e'en'... We thought of our girls and asked them to assist at the 'Moon raising'...

**LEAVES FROM A GINLING DIARY, 1923.**

**SEPTEMBER DAYS**

Early in September the new campus was to be in order and buildings ready. At that, there would have been enough to keep all busy until the opening day. Alas, contractors in China are no more prompt than in America, and recitation rooms lacked varnish and blackboards; laboratories wanted desks, shelves and cupboards; dormitories needed furniture and hooks; water was not flowing in pipes already set, for the power-house was still a building-to-be; the engine in that power-house would some time supply light as well. As to the campus,—torn and scarred by digging and building, that looked like a last fall's potato patch; none too level, and netted over with hard, narrow paths trodden down by workmen and the donkey-trains. A few level spots had been turfed, but turfing in China means setting tiny tufts of grass at eight-inch intervals, making a polka-dot pattern in lawn grass.

With September 20th so near, the case seemed hopeless. Though, exhorted to diligence, the workmen plodded on. Could we care for one hundred girls, when food must be cooked out of doors, when candles must be stuck to saucers, and water must be dipped out of the pond?

As the opening day drew near, so many new difficulties arose, the girls had to be asked to postpone their coming. The authorities who had been pushing the work breathed a sigh of relief, but dared not relax any effort. Day by day some task was completed, the strip of road from the main gate was finished, the walls of the power-house rose foot by foot, loads of furniture came and were set in place, the stoves, with their big rice-kettles, were built into the kitchen, the little donkeys that carried bricks and turf, cracked stone or tile in their long basket-panniers trotted up and down in strings of fifteen, and gangs of twenty men pulled the great stone

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roller to pack the road, while the out-of-door carpenter shop was a busy hive of labor.

MOON FESTIVAL

Meanwhile the girls were coming. Their start had been made before the message intended to delay them had arrived. Travel is hard and slow in China. New York to Nanking is no greater journey, in point of time, than one student takes from her home in Szechuan. About twenty were in the city, well cared for, but eager to be at their journey's end within college walls. Our Harvest Moon was rounding its circle. In China it is Moon Festival, a time of happiness and rejoicing, for family gatherings and feasting; a time, too, for prophecy, after the fashion of our Hallow-e'en. We thought of our girls, and asked them to assist at the "Moon raising," and to play games and share our moon-cakes. As bed-time drew near, all went to the center of the campus, to the green circle which, by joining hands and stretching arms, we could almost enclose. In the clear moonlight we sang songs, old, and then the newer ones of Ginling. When the good-night song came unbidden to our lips, the girls slipped away, happy in this, the first student gathering at the New Ginling.

A BUSY NIGHT

The students' coming seems to inspire in the yard contractor the ambition to complete a few real walks between buildings. The "covered ways" are still a dream, but our feet needed paths other than those of clay and turf, sticky or ground to powder. One day the work reaches a climax. All the gangs available are on the job,—donkey-trains, stone-carriers, seventeen on the tump, singing as they pack the aisle to the recitation building, seventeen more on the aisle to the central building. These last are working like mad, filling in cracked stone. A man with a water-pot douses on water which the one with a bucket-yoke draws from the pond. Here come men with basket-loads of cracked stone, needing still more water. The level reached, the last raking is done, the steady rhythm of the song on the other aisle flows on, punctuated by the drop, drop of the tump.

The work goes on, the din as well, until night falls. The men disappear, when a great lamp is swung from a tripod, and makes a pool of light for a new gang; another cheers the shift singing the tamping song with fresh vigor and untired lungs. The carpenter shop has two lamps



under its thatched roof, which silhouette the heavy beams and fringes of straw against the blackness without. The carpenters are fitting to a nicety the Chemistry troughs, which must be in place by Tuesday. Faster and faster drives the work, louder and louder is the din. A great platform is brought up for use in cement mixing. Four baskets of stones is the rule, with two of cement, well watered and furiously hoed back and forth until the mixers drop to the ground, worn out. Their places are taken by shovellers, who take no time to "look see", but hit or miss, throw out the mixture to set. That batch disposed of, the great floor is lifted and moved for a repetition of the process. Confusion grows, as into the outer circle of light comes a cart pulled by six men, who unload barrels of cement, and go, to return with a load again and again. The small boy with his water jug serves drinks all round, and once more the *tum tum* of the chant, and *drop, drop* of the weight, break into our consciousness. The promise is that the walks will be done by midnight, and by eleven the house is still, but early dawn finds concrete being smoothed and lined into squares and slicked into comeliness by bare feet, and only broad day produces the lull for which we had hoped and planned.

#### A QUIET DAY

The puzzles and problems of the new year, complicated by new location, increased numbers needing new plans, new rules, new traditions, had proved perplexing. No power on earth could straighten out all that tangle. The faculty were weary in mind and body. A day of quiet in which we could stop and take counsel together and consider quietly and prayerfully the real problems, and cut away some of the disturbing, complicating elements, was planned. Sunday, September the thirtieth, before the girls came, before the last plans were completed, before the last moves were made, was the day set. The program made began at eight, with breakfast all together, and ended with evening song at eight at night. A day of refreshment and inspiration it proved to be. The silent gathering in the upper room, the heartfelt prayer, the humble spirit evident, and the clear desire for guidance, made the service one of real value.

The Bible leader gave assurance of strength and power to be had for the taking, and of her firm conviction that we are to find soon new ways of using that God-given power. The practical discussions were fresh and helpful. Evensong, with its plea for a joyous Christian service, was a happy ending to a full day.



COLLEGE OPENING

The girls had waited so long and anxiously for the first day, that nitty of them came two days ahead of time. A ricksha would swing into the gate, piled high with baggage, a trunk in its neat rack, a suit-case or two, and always a few sundries. Our Nanking skeleton Victorias ran into the campus with hood full of bed-rolls, the body of trunks and boxes and baskets of more shapes than one ever dreamed of. Somewhere from the pile emerges a girl, perhaps two. One whole day to wait before first chapel, by twos they wander over the campus, in their hands long strips of knitting, gay of color, but not of American color. The old students meet their friends and feel at home; the new ones are the only leisure class. Frantic efforts at order in the girls' dormitories. "Can't that screen man hurry a few more bamboo curtains?" "Boiled water for the girls!" "Tea-kettles," "Mops," "Candles," "Chop-sticks," "Stools!" Why all this confusion? Always before, the girls had brought their own dishes and furnishings; now the College provides.

Night falls, the baggage is housed, the girls are sheltered, and the watchman makes his round.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 8:30 A.M. FIRST CHAPEL

The room stands silent, the whiteness of wall and ceiling softened by the shadows of deep panel and cornice. The screened spaces at each side are measured by the strong, dark pillars. Glimpses of moving cloud and tree-branch through the traceries of the windows make a mosaic in color not unlike the opalescent shell filling the screens. The quiet tone within is unbroken, even by the gleaming silvery fountain of grasses which overflow the urn upon the platform. The chairs at the right are already filled while the girls gather in the green circle outside the door, called there by the bell once used for temple worship. As the organ softly sounds the strain, "Send out Thy light and Thy truth," the lines file in, row by row, until the chairs are full, and the space vibrates with color and life.

The President and the Dean step into place as "Praise God" rises.

"Rejoice! Rejoice!

Rejoice, give thanks and sing!

The hymn seems to flow out unconfined by wall or roof.

"Rejoice, ye pure in heart."



Bright youth and snow-crowned age,  
Strong men and maidens meek,  
Raise high your free, exulting song,  
God's wondrous praises speak."

"Let the wise man not boast of his wisdom,  
Let the strong man not boast of his strength;  
Let the rich man not boast of his riches.  
But in this be the boasters' boast  
In insight and knowledge of Me  
As Jehovah, who over the earth  
Doeth kindness and justice and right,  
For these are the things that I love."

(Jer. 9: 23-24.)

*Jeremiah in Modern Speech. McRadyen, trans.*

Then, "For God so loved the world"

The reading ends with the motto chosen for Ginling: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

The petitions of the prayer run on into the hymn, "Lead on, O King Eternal."

"Through days of preparation  
Thy grace has made us strong,  
Lead on, O God of Might."

A few sentences more, and with silent prayer the service is done. Student and teacher have worshiped together; are introduced to each other and to the new day at Ginling.

OCTOBER 10TH, THE DAY OF THE REPUBLIC

Although the girls have just come, the holiday is not denied them, and early prayer together starts the day.

The chapel was hung with strings of small flags, and over the door were hung together the emblems of China and America. The prayers were in Chinese, but the notes of the old German folk-song sang in our hearts, "God save the King" and "My Country, 'tis of thee," while the Chinese girls gave voice to their patriotism in their own tongue. Out by the big

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bell in the grass circle the firecrackers popped, and cannon crackers were sent up to explode in the air. It was our one reminder that this is the Chinese Fourth of July,—although the students may have understood the oration to be one of patriotic utterances. We were invited to a "mein" dinner with the girls, and with fear and trembling we crossed the campus. Chop-sticks and "mein"!

Our hostesses served instead of rice the bowl of slippery flat strings like spaghetti, but less manageable. After the experience you feel convinced that mein, the birthday dish, will never grace your birthday feast.

The clear air of the October day called many out for an afternoon excursion. Carriages, to the last one, wheels and feet, all were put to use. Purple Mountain called, and we went. Through the gates of the old official city, on through the gates of Nanking, to the open country, we passed out by the stone guardians of the Ming tomb, their feet now in the ripening corn. As we drank tea heated by temple fires, we looked out over the city within its walls, we counted its gates and towers and noted its many temples.

The sun was setting in a glory of gold and amethyst as we turned back. In darkness soon the warm bits of color made by supper fires lighted many tired faces at tables set close to our road. The University was illuminated and the students were marching as we neared our end of the city, and at Ginling the girls were gathering, each with her red globe, for the lantern parade. The old Ginling, with its enclosed courts and long passages, had been a wonderful place for a lantern parade, but the winding lines of singing girls in the new surroundings had charms unknown there. The grass circle by the Central Building made the fitting place for the final song and the goodnights.

#### DEDICATION WEEK

The classes are running on schedule time, that schedule the fruit of labor early and late. Routine is established to some extent, and one takes breath and wanders to the garden, where Lao Shao is pottering over his loved chrysanthemums, a thousand pots of them just coming on. The cosmos too is shaking its blooms high over our heads in a wealth of blossom undreamed at home.

The week of the dedication is coming now; the invitations are sent and accepted, and still unfinished bits fret us: the girls' living rooms need color, the covered ways are incomplete, pictures are unhung, a thousand things need attention before many guests can be housed and fed, and ceremonies move



smoothly. Guests come for the week end, and give place to later guests, who come on every train. By Tuesday the rush is on, and Wednesday at nine we are ready to do honor to the dignitaries of the city. The campus is lively with auto and carriage, and rickshas galore; the walks are edged with pots of glowing chrysanthemums, and the girls are assigned their duties as guides. The Civil Governor comes, bringing a strong staff to surround him with all dignity, and after their tea they sit solemnly in state. The academic procession with its gay bits of color in hood and band scarcely competes in elegance with our Chinese friends in brocade and stiff silk. Out of the Recitation Hall, across the yard, and up the rows of waving blooms to the gymnasium proceeds the line, the platform was spacious enough for the dignitaries of the Board of Control and of the city also, and the hall comfortably seated the students and friends of the College. The addresses were in Chinese and in English. Greetings were read from America and from China, and all joined in the words of dedication ending, "O Spirit Divine, Inspirer of all holy thoughts and purposes, to Thee we dedicate all that we have built, and ask Thee to use and bless it richly for the education of the women in China."

The afternoon was given over to the deliberations of the Board, and evening brought the family and invited guests together for the banquet, cooked upon a tiny stove, but serving eighty well.

Thursday was observed as Founders' Day by the students and alumnae, and Dr. Hodgkin addressed them at the chapel service, upon the beauty of the lavish gift. The day ended with a Chinese feast, served to one hundred and seventy. The students largely planned this, and decorated the gymnasium with the old red marriage and feast-day lanterns, hung from the ceiling, and with class banners from the walls. The girls, with happy faces and in pretty colors, made the feast attractive even to the foreigner who had his troubles in managing the food. Bowls of chicken or crab, with sauces tasty and fragrant, are tantalizing when one must get them with two small sticks held in one hand. The feast lasts long, and the bowls, served four at a time, come again and again. When "Eight Precious Pudding" appears, we think the feast is over . . . The pudding last? Indeed, no! The rice is yet to come, with sauce and the fruit we have held over from the first spreading of the table. Now classes and groups, both of students and guests, share in turn the entertainment. The song of Ginling is our goodnight.

Friday the invitation has gone forth for inspection by merchants and Christians,—a classification not intended to be mutually exclusive. They



come early and bring their families, and take our tea and gaze at our buildings. In the first hour three hundred are served, and still we see them in the distance, coming down the hill. Open house? Yes, five open houses. There is a sixth, where live the girls who have "feelings of envy" and "eat bitterness" because their living-room has not yet its curtains and pictures and cushions of color.

STUDENT INSPECTION

Saturday is the day the students of the city come, and for the first time the tea ceremony is omitted. The student population of Nanking is great, and four thousand may accept the broad invitation to schools. Two to five is the period named, but 1:30 finds one hundred waiting at the doors, with lines of long-gowned men from the universities, and girls from Government schools and Middle Schools ready to replace them. The broad campus is none too broad, and rooms none too spacious to accommodate them all. What the guest book may reveal as to numbers, none has as yet had time nor courage to count. The weeks since College opened have been full of beginnings,—beginnings of work with new teachers, in new buildings, and with a goodly number of new students.

With all this, settling will take long, and adjustment may prove hard, but we work with faith in the great purpose of this College, and a knowledge of the need for it. The interest of many shows faith in Ginling and in its expressed ideal,—Life, and Life more abundant.

MARY V. THAYER.

The bible leader gave assurance of strength and power to be had for the taking, and of her firm conviction that we are to find some new ways of using that God-given power. The practical discussions were fresh and helpful. Even so, with its plea for a joyous Christian service, was a happy ending to a full day.



Miss Mary V. Thayer  
218 Park Street  
West Roxbury Massachusetts

Name (maiden or married) by  
which you were known at Ginling Mary V Thayer

1913-1915 at Ginling. Work: Odd jobs other than teaching

B.A. or B.S. Year '90 School Smith College

M.A. or M.S. Year \_\_\_\_\_ School \_\_\_\_\_

Ph.D. Year \_\_\_\_\_ School \_\_\_\_\_

Other degrees \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_ School \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_ School \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Marriage \_\_\_\_\_ Husband's name \_\_\_\_\_

Work and Travel (other than at Ginling)

Year(s) \_\_\_\_\_ Position \_\_\_\_\_

Place \_\_\_\_\_

Year(s) \_\_\_\_\_ Position \_\_\_\_\_

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Year(s) \_\_\_\_\_ Position \_\_\_\_\_

Place \_\_\_\_\_

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

MA, Mme. Yu-guiun

Signed: Mary V Thayer

December 1940

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Spokane Fund  
Thomas Memorial Book Fund  
1944-1945

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A. V. Stoughton

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May 6th, 1936.

Dr. and Mrs. A. V. Stoughton,  
142 West 7th Street,  
Claremont, California.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Stoughton:

We have just received through Miss Marion J. Ewing, Acting Librarian of Pomona College Library, your generous check for which official receipt is herewith enclosed, toward the Georgia Grace Thomas Memorial Book Fund, a permanent fund the interest of which is to be used each year for reference books at Ginling College, Nanking, China.

The College has been having a difficult time these past few years to balance its current budget, though President Wu and Miss Priest, the Treasurer, have effected it each year, and it has left them somewhat limited in the amount available for new equipment. This Fund, therefore, will be a very welcome addition, as furnishing them some income each year available for new books, and your part in the establishment of this Fund will be greatly appreciated by both faculty and students.

Thanking you very much in behalf of the Board of Founders,

Yours sincerely,

Treasurer.

RC:MS  
Enc.

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