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The Twenty Second Annual Founders' Day
Ginling College

Nov. 1, 1937

'Tis sad when birdlings must needs leave their nest and
Children leave their beloved home.

It was on October 11th that your President first mentioned Founders' Day, but she had probably been thinking of it with sadness long before. On that same day the date of October 30th was decided upon and letters were sent at once to the Ginling Units in Wuchang and Shanghai, suggesting that they plan some simple but meaningful remembrance of the day. During the next ten days air mail letters were sent to Changsha, Hongkong, Chengtu and Chungking, while ordinary letters were also sent to groups in Kuling and Hwai Yuen. A deep desire made us long to get in touch with the group in Tientsin and in Peiping, but second thought made it seem unwise to write to them lest we in some way might endanger them. Soon return letters made us know that committees were being appointed and plans were under way for at least two centers. A request for Ginling songs from one faculty member made us realize that other groups would be wanting them also, and such as we could find were sent on at once. It was not until later that Djou Szi-fu, over in the music building, found the regular mimeographed books of college songs.

During the last week in October, Dr. Wu tried in vain to write a personal message to each of the centers where she knew members of the widely scattered Ginling family would be gathering. She mentioned it again and again, but always the pressure of more immediate work would crowd out the letter. I am not sure but that was the week when she had nine meetings for the National Chinese Women's Association for War Relief. Three of these were with the Executive Committee of that organization and lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until noon, and often she was chairman. I mention this to let you know why she did not write to you. Finally telegrams were the only means of reaching you.

On Friday afternoon, October 20th, the following one was worded and sent off to the groups whom we knew would be gathering in Changsha and Wuchang:

"Our national struggle challenges Ginling family to actively seek and sacrificially share the Abundant Life. Romans 8: 35, 37."

Dr. Wu was not quite satisfied with this and must have given much more thought to it early in the morning of Saturday, for at noon a slightly different one was sent to Shanghai and Hongkong, for we knew definitely that groups would be meeting there either on Saturday or Sunday:

"May the Ginling family be worthy of the Founders and College ideals by humbly strengthening ourselves and sacrificially sharing in the national crisis. Romans 8: 35, 37. Alma Mater."

Saturday evening and Sunday our thoughts were often with the members of our Ginling family, especially at the times when we knew they would be meeting together in remembrance and thanksgiving. The telegram which came to us on Saturday from the Wuchang group expressed our thoughts so well that we will quote it:

"Dispersed but not dispirited. Through one faith, one hope still one.
Long life to Alma Mater."

Letters have been coming in during the last week describing the celebrations held, telling us the names of students, alumnae and faculty who were present, yes and friends of the college too, and helping us to build up a very vivid impression of the seven Ginling Founders' Day that were held from the east to the far west, from the north to the south of China. And whose report do you suppose came in first? You probably could not guess. The Ginling group in Chengtu got their report to us first, it came in on the morning of November 4th. Who can say that Chengtu is far away when this can happen? These letters we have shared with members of the faculty family living on the campus and will continue to share them, and they have been so interesting that we want the rest of you to know something of their contents. I will take them up in alphabetical order and give you the gist, although it would be fine if you could share the entire contents.

CHANGSHA: Sio Wen-sih (1937) writes, "We did have a very successful Founders' Day. I have sent an invitation and a copy of the program along with this letter so that you can have a better view of them. We had over thirty present but some had to be late and others had to leave before the end of the meeting. As a whole the meeting was very enthusiastic and lively. The telegram from our Alma Mater and the college songs which you sent brightened up the rainy afternoon. I am sure that in our minds we can see the bright sunshine of Ginling. Long Life to G.C. our Alma Mater. Other items which were not included in the program were speeches by Mrs. Leo Tsiang (1929), and Mr. Pong, an alumni of the University of Nanking now on the faculty of Fuh Siang Girls' School. They all emphasized the work and spirit of Ginling and offered greetings on the occasion. (I notice that it was Mr. Leon Tsiang, husband of Wu Hsioh-ching (1929) who made the speech instead of Mrs. Tsiang.) Despite the rainy weather we took a picture of the group and the secretary will send it to you later. Mr. Chu, the main speaker, spoke very frankly and sincerely and we were encouraged to do better by his words. His main idea is that we should create countless Ginlings all over our country to reform and rebuild in every way just like the Whangpu Military Academy, which has produced all the greatest generals and military leaders in China today.

"We want to express our regret in not sending a telegram of greeting. That was due to our dumbness, because we cannot think of any suitable words to wire under the special condition. Still our hearts were with Ginling all the time, which is better than wireless."

The program which was held at the Fuh Siang Girls' School was as follows:

Opening of the Exercises Tan Gwan (1928) Chairman

Hymn They will continue their good memories

Prayer Mr. Liu, Clergyman of the Episcopal Church

Talk Miss Loh Zong-nyi (Not able to be present)

College Song Alumnae

Address Mr. King Chu, Head of Bureau of Education

Picture taking

Tea and Ginling Songs

O Ring Out Three Cheers

G-I-N-L-I-N-G, Ginling College

We are from Ginling

Tilli-ay

CHENG TU: Djang Tsuen-ping (1931) now Mrs. C. C. Chang, wrote a letter to Dr. Wu

telling her not only about the celebration of Founders' Day but also told some-

thing of her trip to Chengtu. She went to Chengtu by way of Sian where she

visited a time with Yu Ho-lwan (1933). From Sian she flew to Chengtu. She is

now living at her brother's home. Soon after her arrival she was greatly rejoiced

to meet Dr. Reeves. Her classmate Cheng En-tsi (1931) is in Chengtu. Hu Dji-djen

(1934) is also there.

At the Founders' Day celebration more than twenty were present, including

students, alumnae, faculty, former faculty, and friends of Ginling. They met together on Saturday evening, October 30th. They worded a telegram for their Alma Mater, but when they found it was too late to send it that evening they decided to send a message by air mail. They greatly respect Dr. Wu and the faculty who are staying on with her and the only way they can thank them is doing their best to serve in Szechuan. There were six students present including one who had expected to take the second entrance test at Ginling, three alumnae, one faculty member, Dr. Reeves, and four students from the University of Nanking. There were eight guests including Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Chapman; Mrs. Chapman was a member of the first Ginling faculty in 1915. Bishop and Mrs. Ward, Dr. and Mrs. Chen Wei-ping, the father and mother of Yang Tsing-sing (1928) and Miss Fosnot, dean of women in West China Union University, were also present. The program was:

Toast Mistress	Mrs. James K. Shen
Blessing	Miss Fosnot
The Pruner	Mrs. Chapman (History of G.C.)
Song	Ginling Girls (Two Ginling songs)
The Fruit	Mrs. C. C. Chang
Song	University of Nanking
The Flower	Miss M. J. Chow
A Toast	Mrs. C. T. Chen
The Gardener	Dr. Reeves
Song	

(And you should all see the beautiful hand painted program with the emblem and motto upon it. Down below the emblem you can also see Purple Mountain and one of the Ginling Buildings.)

CHUNGKING: Djang Chiung-ying (1934) wrote for one group of seven who met with Miss Tappert at Chungking University. She told of its being a very happy occasion. Several in Chungking could not be present such as Mrs. Franklin Ho (Yu Shwen-dji, a former librarian of the college). Ho Wu-hsia (1934) was able to be present and expressed her great delight in being with a Ginling group again. She is the principal of a school of 600 elementary pupils. Her little daughter went with her to the meeting and in wee voice repeated after her mother "Long Life to Ginling." Chiung-ying told of the fine work that the women of Chungking are doing for soldiers. They have already sent 1340 garments down to the Y.N. in Hankow for this purpose and are now working on 2000 more. She is the secretary of the Y.N.C.A. in Chungking. We hope they will continue their G.C. meetings.

HONGKONG: Ong Hwei-lan (1935) wrote of the meeting which they held on Sunday afternoon at the St. Paul's Girls' College. Ten were present at the meeting, eight alumnae and two new faculty. Those of our alumnae who were teaching at True Light in Canton are now in Hongkong since the school has moved there.

They received the Ginling telegram, read it at the meeting and were greatly affected by it. They are encouraged by the unselfish and enthusiastic service of Dr. Wu in this time of National emergency. They spent most of their time together in trying to think out ways in which Ginling alumnae can best serve China at this time. They decided to have a regular meeting each month and expect to put a notice in the paper to see if they can get in touch with more of the alumnae who are in Hongkong at this time. The Hongkong group sent their greetings to all faculty and alumnae.

SHANGHAI: Ma Dzun (1935) wrote in behalf of the group there. Their gathering was held at 3 p.m. on Sunday afternoon, October 31st, out at the McTyliere Girls' School and after the formal exercises they were guests for tea of the McTyliere Alumnae group. No group met under the difficulties which faced this group. Ma Dzun says that although there was a light rain falling, yet the bombing and shooting were very clear. They could hear the aeroplanes circling above their heads during the prayer and the hymns, and the anti-aircraft guns and machine guns

seemed to be shotting just above their heads. Perhaps it was this element of very real danger that made the service seem so impressive to her. It did affect the attendance and only four students were permitted by their parents to be present. However there were 20 guests and 23 alumnae and faculty who braved the danger for the sake of that fellowship. Their religious program looks almost like our regular one at Ginling. It was as follows:

Prelude	
Hymn 279	
Responsive Reading	Leader Miss Chester
Prayer	Dr. C. L. Hsia
Announcements	Mrs. W. S. New
Anthem	Ginling College Glee Club Members
Address	Bishop W. P. Roberts
Founders' Day Song	
Message from Dr. Wu	Mrs. W. S. New
Hymn 274	
Benediction	

We have heard since that Miss Chester had to sing the anthem alone and that Mrs. New was called upon to play the Founders' Day hymn which she had not done for almost twenty years. Ma Dzun said that the fact that a group could meet in a time like that and remember the founding of the college was a never to be forgotten experience. They received the telegram sent to them and understood and appreciated the teaching in it. It was as if Dr. Wu were present with them.

WUCHANG: A number of very interesting letters have come from Wuchang describing their celebration, all of which have been most interesting. They receive the prize for the largest attendance, a total of 66. There were 27 alumnae, all the classes from 1925 to 1937 having one or more representatives with the exception of four. Thirty students were present and eight faculty besides those in the alumnae group. And there was one son-in-law, the husband of Wang Hung-dju (1935). They had their gathering out at St. Hilda's at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning. The weather was perfect--the sky being overcast and a fine rain was falling. At 11 a.m. they had a religious service in the lovely St. Hilda's chapel, which was led by Miss Spicer. She spoke with regard to relationship with Ginling and relationship with God. After the service they had dinner together, being the guests of the Wuhan alumnae. They went into the dining room by classes, Miss Liu En-lan (1925) leading. After the meal they enjoyed the following program:

"Birds Have Nests"

The Hsi Chieh speaks	Dr. Chang Siao-sung, Toast Mistress
Hark to the Birds Singing	
Birds in Flight	Hsia Dji-yung
Chatter from the Birdlings	
Birds of a Feather Flock Together	Liu Chung-sin (1929)
Chatter from the Birds that Have Flown	
When Swallows Homeward Fly	Liu En-lan (1925)
Orchestra; Nanking to Wuhan; College Songs	
Messages from Carrier Pigeons	

The room was decorated with banners hastily made. They said that white words pasted on purple cloth looks very dignified and as grand as a real banner. Some of the classes brought their class banners. The alumnae sang better than in former years--one alumna said, and if it had not been for a mistake made at the end it would have been a perfect performance. They appreciated the message from Ginling very much. They were homesick for Ginling but they do not like to express it plainly for fear that Wuhan may feel that they do not like it there. Anyhow the celebration was a great success. Shanghai sent them a greeting which they also appreciated greatly. Their song may be of interest to all, in fact I am sure that it will be so it is being enclosed;

1. When a bird doth meet a bird
 A'coming from Ginling
 Then a bird doth greet a bird,
 And they begin to sing--
 "How we love our Alma Mater,
 Her we hold most dear,
 When far we roam, she is our home,
 Though parted from her here.

2. Nanjing birds greet Wahan birds
 A'coming from Ginling
 Thankful hearts and gratitude
 To sisters here we bring;
 Wuchang sisters with their misters,
 Our sad hearts have blest
~~their help and kindness to us all~~
 Have cheered our crowded nest.

Chorus: May the bond which has begun
 Grow every year more strong
 We'll not forget nor e'er regret
 Our sisters in Wuchang.

N ANKING: On Saturday afternoon, October 30th, at 5 o'clock the local alumnae had a meeting in the faculty dining room in the Central Building. Naturally their discussion centered on what Ginling alumnae can do in the present crisis in order to serve their nation most effectively. At six o'clock, or a little after, 35 of us sat down to a very simple supper served in the south half of the large guest hall. There were 12 alumnae, 7 being from off campus, and there were four alumnae husbands at the supper and two joined us later. The thing that made our gathering different from any other Founders' Day banquet was that there was not a single student present--not one, and how lonely it seemed without them. We had no class songs either. It also seemed strange to see that there were as many men present as women. After the supper we went to the north half of the large room and there we gathered in a circle and had a simple program which at times made us very sad and at other times made us laugh. The program was:

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| Ginling Facing the Present Crisis | President Wu |
| Ginling Facing Cyases in the Past | Miss Vautrin |
| A Message of Courage and Faith for the Future | Rev. John Magee |
| Let us not Forget to Laugh: Reminiscences. | |
| An Experience of Student Days | Chen Djuh-gun, 1923 |
| An Absent Minded Professor | Wu DzingOhsien, 1923 |
| Difficulties of Getting a Wife from the Ginling Faculty | Dr. Bates |
| Difficulties of Getting a Wife from the Student Body | Volunteers |
| Ginling Song | |

Ginling College
November 4, 1937

Dear Miss Griest:

Since I have received reports today from Chengtu, Hankow and Shanghai about their celebration of Founders' Day, I wish to send you a few words about them. We know that groups at Hongkong, Changsha and Hwai Yuen also remembered the day, but we have not yet heard from them. After their reports have come in, I will ask Miss Vautrin to write an account of "Founders' Day in 1937." In this air mail, I will give you just a few words showing the high spots.

Shanghai. A special committee consisting of faculty and alumnae and student representatives had made very careful plans for a program. The remembrance was to be held at McTiere from 3-6 on Sunday afternoon. At 3 p.m. they were to have a devotional service, with Bishop Roberts giving the main address. From 4-4:30 tea was to be served by the Shanghai alumnae. From that time on an informal program was to be held. Because of the withdrawal of the Chinese troops from Chapei, the fighting shifted to the western perimeter of Shanghai, the region just west of the McTiere School was considered in the danger zone. The committee spent much time in deciding whether to postpone or to change to another place. They finally decided to follow the original plan, Bishop Roberts gave a splendid talk but the talk was accompanied by bombing and machine gunning in the near vicinity. In spite of such conditions, 25-30 alumnae turned up but only 4 students. Miss Chester, at the last minute had to sing the anthem that had been planned for the glee club, and Mrs. New had to play the Founders' Day song from memory, not having played it for more than 20 years.

Wuchang. This was held in St. Hilda's Girls' School, the religious service being held in their chapel. A group of 66 alumnae and students attended the service. The original Wuhan alumnae invited the entire group for lunch at the school. Their program centered around the theme of birds. Because of the large number of students present, they were able to have senior, junior, sophomore and alumnae songs. The spirit was very good and everyone enjoyed themselves. They exchanged telegrams with Shanghai and with us which helped to bind us together. The one they sent to us was -- "Dispersed not dispirited through one faith one hope still one. Long life to Alma Mater."

Chengtu. An air mail letter came in from this group this morning dated November 4, taking just four days to get to us. Three alumnae, five students and Dr. Reeves, besides Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and other guests attended this service making twenty in all. They followed a very elaborate program and placecard of which they sent us a copy. The theme of their program was around fruit.

Nanking. Our program was different from any of the others in that we did not have a single student present. Thirty-six sat down to the fellowship meal, including 11 alumnae, alumnae husbands, faculty and former faculty and Board members. There were exactly half men and half women. Instead of the usual alumnae meeting in which we discussed the business of the Alumnae business, there was a meeting of the Nanking branch which was held before the supper. Under the chairmanship of Mrs. Han Lih-wu (Chen Yueh-mei, 1930) we discussed how the alumnae still left in the city can help in the war relief work. We decided to contribute our time and money to the sub-committee for Relief of Women and Children which is headed up by Mary Chen (1923). This committee is under the Nanking Christian War Relief Committee.

Sincerely yours,

Yi-fang Wu

Our telegram to Wuchang & Changshow:

Our National struggle challenges Ginling family actively seek and sacrificially share abundant life. Romans 8:35,37

Our telegram to Shanghai and Hongkong:

May Ginling family be worthy of Founders and college ideals by humbly strengthening ourselves and sacrificially sharing in National crisis. Romans 8:35,37.

2 B. M. - Read but do not

Rec'd. through E. D. Speer
12/21/37.

H Hwa Chung College,
(Ginling College Unit)
Wuchang.
November 12th, 1937.

Dear Bishop Roots:

I wonder if I may ask a favor of you that will be greatly appreciated. It is this. Can you find some influential person or persons in any of the Red Cross organizations or church groups or government circles, and implore them to take an interest in the home for wounded soldiers? This request is out of the depth of my heart-felt agony for humanity after one afternoon's experience in that hell-like building at Nien -Yu-tao station yesterday. Below is the description of my experience.

Wednesday afternoon at 3:30, the Secretary of the Wuchang Y.W.C.A. came and asked if I would be willing to go to the Nien Yu-tao station, to help with the change of bandages for about one thousand wounded who are going through Wuhan to Hunan. She did not really know what we were expected to do. A personal friend of hers had telephoned to her for help. We hastily gathered some students. Six of us went. When we got there we found crowds of people standing on the platform singing songs and cheering. Facing the madly cheering crowd was a row of eighteen cars filled with haggard faces and pathetic figures. We quickly inquired around, and learned we were too late to be of any help. The train was leaving in about five minutes. Some of the soldiers told us that they have not had anything to eat since noon on the previous day. Sure enough, lots of people have sent food to the train, but it was so poorly managed that in some cars they have more than enough, and in others there was not any. People just drop their things on the platform. Of course those in cars facing the platforms were greatly benefitted, while those at the two ends were left out. And people were so busy madly running around and cheering that they have no time to see that duties were done properly. The train pulled out of the station before we could do anything.

We were then told that about three hundred serious cases were not able to be trans-shipped, and they were left for later trains. Some were still in the station, and some have already been taken to a temporary home. We went in to see them. Some of them could hardly move. They looked like a picture of hell. Their eyes looked fixed and hard. I asked one man if there was anything I could do for him. His eyes looked more piercing than ever, his lips moved, but uttered no sounds. We then went to the person in charge and offered our services. He politely declined us, and said that if we really want to help, send them some food. We left.

Yesterday, Thursday afternoon, we went again at 4 P.M. with three baskets of bread. We met a group of High School girls there. They said that they had been there since the morning. Conditions are so bad that they cannot leave. They felt very much relieved when they saw us. We went inside of the building. The house was dark. A few dim lights were scattered around. Only one man in a white gown was seen in the far inside corner attending to a man who was moaning very piteously. Nearly three hundred wounded were being sheltered under one roof. The smell was most offensive. Nearly every one has a bamboo cot, one dirty cotton pad, and some rice straw. A few have neither cotton nor straw, nothing except their blood stained soldier costume. Wails, moans and yellings were heard from all directions in the room. We felt lost in this deep hole of misery. Our three baskets of bread looked so meaningless and insignificant in a situation like that. They wanted to have their wounds attended to. One man had lost his voice, he waved to me, and told me in sign language that he wanted a drink and to have his wound looked after. Another begged to be sent to a hospital. He said he had got something in his lung, he wanted to have an operation. Another man cried and begged for a letter to be sent to his father, who is in one of the newspaper offices in Hankow. That we did immediately

by telephone. But how were we to meet the other requests and needs? One has a bowl of rice beside him and he is gasping for his last breath. Several others were in the same condition as he. The man who was there, he must have been a nurse, had only alcohol and mercurochrome. He had no other medicine than that. In most cases the bullets are still in. They need more treatment than just that. The lighter cases all demanded drinking water. We got them water and distributed our bread by rows. Some of them did not want their share because they cannot eat. So we got eggs for them and fed them with spoons. Two have died in the morning, but no one paid any attention to them. We went to the person in charge, and demanded that the dead be taken away, and that there be medicine and bandages for the living. He said he would take care of the dead, but he had no medicine for the living. We wanted him to send the serious ones to the hospital, but he would not, he said the hospitals are all full. We argued and we fussed and gave him no peace.

We telephoned to the Tung Ren Hospital for help. They were willing to send us a few nurses but not medical supplies. But nurses without medical supplies could not help much. Anyhow one doctor came. He looked the serious cases over and said that a number of them were already beyond hope. We should leave them alone. He picked out 17 cases which he said should be sent to hospitals immediately. Their hospital is willing to take five. So we begged the person in charge to telephone to other hospitals. For the sake of peace he telephoned, and one hospital in Hankow promised to take the other 12 cases in. For the rest that were left in that house, when their wounds were opened, not only the smells indicate their raggedness, but there are already living things present. But medicine and bandages - medicine and bandages - where are they to be found?

It is so strange that Wuhan should be so loosely organized on this important question of relieving the misery of the wounded. The Christian groups do not seem to cooperate much with the government groups. At times like this there should be no east or west, heathen or chosen, we should all work together for making life more bearable for the unfortunate. We are only refugees from Nanking, coming to Wuhan for the first time. My friends are just as helpless as I am in front of this tremendous task that requires a whole society's force rather than that of a few individuals. The immediate tasks as I see it now are the following:

1. To have a more systematic organization, and a more correlated program to have the soldiers classified and lodged; and to have their living conditions more efficiently supervised. The serious cases should certainly be immediately ~~be~~ separated from the lighter cases upon arrival, and be looked after differently.
2. Some one should be responsible for the supply of medicine materials and needs.
3. When a train arrives plans should be made beforehand and duties assigned. So that everybody is not running around cheering, but some will be on the job to supply water, food, and other needs, while others will be looking after the serious ones right away, not just waiting till the deck is cleared, and leave the poor sufferers to wait while others are having a good time.

Those wounded soldiers are now treated as cargo to be trans-shipped in Wuhan. If they are not taken by the first train, they are stored up in go-downs like a bag of cement, or a pile of wood, to be thrown on to a train again when there is a chance. They should be treated and looked after as human beings, because that is what they actually are.

Lots of people seem to be quite interested in the hospitals for wounded soldiers. That is all to the good. But there are those who are not able to get into the hospitals, and they really are worse off than those in the hospitals. Those soldiers in transit are already in bad shape due to their tiresome travel from Taiyuan and Shanghai, and then they are thrown about while waiting here. No wonder so many of them die, not of wounds but purely owing to neglect. There are individuals who like to help, but their

forces are faint and scattered. It calls for strong organizations with good strong leadership. I am afraid that this situation might be getting more and more intense and the problem would be more and more urgent.

Since we have very few friends here and we are strangers in this community, I am sending my appeal to you, because I have heard a lot about you from many of my co-workers and teachers, such as Miss Sutherland and Miss Graves, so I screwed up my courage and wrote. With your influence and position in this community any help you may be able to give to the wounded will be greatly appreciated.

Yours from the suffering of humanity,

Liu En-lan.

FOUNDERS' DAY - 1937
THE WUCHANG UNIT OF GINLING COLLEGE
Catherine Sutherland

"Dispersed but not disheartened, thru one faith, one hope still one, - long life to Anna Mater" was the telegram, worded by Liu Su-lung, which went from the Wen-Chung Ginling unit to Dr. Wu for the occasion of the celebration of Ginling's Founders' Day. Word came several weeks ago that all Ginling daughters would keep Founders' Day on October 30th, wherever they might happen to be. So a small committee has been at work, the result of whose work made it possible for this "piece" of Ginling to assemble to-day (a day late by the calendar, but more convenient for us) at St. Hilda's, the middle school which has sent so many daughters to Ginling, and where Li Tse-djan is now temporary dean.

Our day began with a religious service in the beautiful chapel at St. Hilda's at 11 A.M., the same time at which Rev. Stanley Jones was speaking in a church in Hankow. But the Ginling pull was evidently stronger for the center of the chapel was quite well filled with students, faculty and alumnae. Miss Spicer led the service, using an effective litany that is quoted in part on another sheet, and giving a stirring and well worded address that could not but challenge everyone present to greater loyalty both to college, nation, and to God.

Following the address, we all gathered, with almost deafening chatter - there were so many greetings to exchange that the time was all too short - in one of the dormitory rooms for luncheon. There were just 66 present, including 35 of the present student group, 10 faculty, 20 alumnae and one husband. Ginling banners and inscriptions were on the walls and each table had an artistic program of toasts. The theme was "Birds have nests", suggesting, perhaps, the migrating tendencies of the present Ginling as well as the nesting instinct always so prevalent among the female species. Dr. P'ang Hsiao-ming was the toast mistress, and there were three toasts,

Birds in Flight - by Hsin Si-yung (a Senior)

Birds of a feather flock together - by Miss Liu Tung-see (alumnae)

When the mallards homeward fly - by Miss Liu Su-lan (faculty)

Songs were interspersed all through, and messages from the "carrier pigeon" included telegrams from Dr. Wu and the Shanghai Ginling group, and other bits of news of Ginling friends or activities. Special mention was made of the load of responsibility being carried by Dr. Wu in the capital, bearing as she is in untiring manner the many added burdens which the present crisis has brought upon her.

I heard one girl say that she had wept a little today, she didn't know just why. I think it was not because of any immediate sorrow, nor fear of air raids (which left us in perfect peace today, we are glad to say, as they have for over a week), but perhaps because of a mixture of emotions, which might have had as their fundamental basis that longing summed up in someone's expression "The human race was made for friendship", and the unspoken sense that in so far as that longing is unrealized, so will life always seem incomplete; and wherever it is realized to such an extent as in that happy group today, the heart cannot

- 2 -

but overflow. The bond between Wuhan and Hanking sisters will surely be stronger, and there was plenty of expression of gratitude to those alumnas here, who through their contributions of every kind, from sympathy to wash basins, have made the stay here so much pleasanter.

Another girl just dropped in to say, "Wasn't it a happy day", and to announce that the "refugee" students (she pronounced it with a hard g) were to play a volley ball game tomorrow with Central China students, for tomorrow is Hsu-Chung's "Founders' Day", or rather Matriculation Day for Freshmen. And so "we birds in flight", however unwillingly we may have flown, are having unexpected opportunities to realize what we have often desired - the chance to see how other colleges live and work.

And now I must start another page to say it is beyond my power to know how I could have omitted mention of such a devoted adviser, helper and friend as has been Dr. Hsiung in our midst. A member of the Ginling committee from the first, he has been untiring in his help, in small and large ways. His cheerful living room has been the gathering place for many impromptu and other gatherings, and just as when he was at Ginling, "when anything goes wrong", we consult Dr. Hsiung. He came to the gathering today, as guest and "official photographer". He attends to our trench building, advises in repairs, sends his daily paper for us to read, and in more than a dozen ways is thoughtful for our welfare and comfort. We have been glad to see how he takes his place with the Hsu Chung faculty, among whom he has many warm friends, and is again indispensable person, just as he was at Ginling, when electric lights, water, and such, are not in working order. As one of his physics co-workers generously put it, "Dr. Hsiung can string up a few wires, attach them somewhere, and you get light - the thing actually works! While some of the rest of us may go through the same formula, but not always with successful results."

Part of Miss Spicer's library:

"Prayer for the nations of the world - that they may put the claims of justice and righteousness before their own interest and profit.

For the college of which we are members - that through these days of danger and difficulty she may be preserved, and find in them a challenge to greater devotion and sacrifice to the cause for which she was founded.

For the faculty and students, whether in Hanking, Shanghai, or Wuchang, that under new and sometimes difficult conditions, they may strive to live always in the spirit and strength of Him who came not to be served but to serve.

For the alumnas - that whatever they are doing, they may have the needed strength and courage - power to meet all situations with ability, courage, unselfishness and patience.

For all the friends of the college, whether in this or other countries - that their prayers and labours on our behalf may bear rich fruit for the cause of God's Kingdom on earth."

FOUNDERS DAY, 1937

Ginling College in Chengtu

By Cora D. Reeves

Saturday night we celebrated Founders Day. We had four parents, three former faculty, two present faculty and six students--two upper classmen and four freshmen--and one husband present. There were also three alumnae present--Chang Tsuen-ping, whose husband, C. C. Chang, is working for the government in Nanking; Miss Hu, who teaches Physical Education in a government Normal School here; and Cheng En-tsi, who is Chen Wei-ping's daughter-in-law.

It was really a reason to rejoice to see tears wiped from eyes of students and faculty as they talked of Dr. Wu. There is a great wave of pride in her and appreciation of her during these days of almost single handed control. You may be sure all the older college songs had deeper meaning:- "Ginling will shine to-night;" "G-I-N-L-I-N-G Ginling College"; "We are from Ginling." It was almost exactly twenty years since I had first entered Mrs. Thurston's office with the thirty-six girls singing, "Now we are together, happy are we, long life to our G.C."

We were cordially treated by Mrs. Ward, who let us use the big bare rooms in the house which Bishop Ward is fixing for his residence.

THE WOUNDED IN HANKOW

A LETTER FROM A GINLING COLLEGE ALUMNA. WRITTEN IN WUCHANG, CHINA,
NOVEMBER 16, 1937; RECEIVED IN NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17, 1937.

Nov. 10th, Wednesday afternoon, the General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., a Ginling graduate, came and asked if I would go to the station and help with the changing of bandages for about one thousand wounded who are going through Wuhan to Hunan. Five students were hastily secured, too. Six of us dashed off toward the station. When we got there, we saw crowds of people on the platform. Facing the crowd was a row of eighteen cars filled with haggard faces and pathetic figures. We learned that we were too late to be of any help. The train was leaving in about five more minutes. The change of bandages and dressings had been done by other groups. Some of the soldiers told us that they had not had anything to eat since noon on the previous day, but the train was pulled out of the station before we could do anything.

We were told that about three hundred serious cases could not be trans-shipped and they were left behind in the station. We went in to see them. Some of them could hardly move. They looked like a picture of hell. Their eyes looked fixed and hard. I asked one man if there was anything I could do for him. His eyes looked more piercing, and his lips moved, yet there was no sound to be heard. We then went to the person in charge and offered our services. He politely declined and said that if we really wanted to help, we could send them some food. Those people will be lodged in a specially prepared rest house.

The second day, Nov. 11th, Thursday afternoon, we went again with three large baskets of bread. Upon our arrival, we met a group of High School girls at the entrance. They told us that they had been there since morning. Conditions were so bad they did not feel they could leave. We went inside of the building. The house was already dark. Only a few dim lights were scattered around. Only one man in a white gown was seen in the far corner attending to a man who was moaning very piteously. The man in white is a nurse called in from the military office and he was the only nurse there for the three hundred who were all begging to have their wounds attended to. The smell in the building was most offensive. Nearly every one has a bamboo cot, one dirty cotton pad and some rice straw. A few have neither cotton pad nor rice straw, only their blood stained soldier costume. Wails, moans and yells were heard from all directions in the room. We felt lost in this deep hole of misery. Our three baskets of bread looked so meaningless and insignificant in a situation like that. They wanted to have their wounds attended to. One man had lost his voice; he waved to me and told me in sign language that he wanted a drink and also to have his wounds looked after. Another one begged to be sent to a hospital. He said that he had got something in his lung and he wanted to have an operation. Another man pulled one of the girls over and said somebody in the corner wanted something. When she went over she saw a figure on the ground trying to open his mouth but he could not. He was struggling with death. Another man cried and begged to have somebody send word to his father, who is working

- 2 -

in a newspaper in Hankow. This was the easiest request we met because this was done by telephone right away. But how were we to meet the other requests and needs. The nurse there only had a bottle of mercurochrome. We had nothing in the way of medicine. In many cases the bullets are still in. What they really need are x-rays, operations and real medical care. What can we offer them?

The lighter cases all demand drinking water. We got them boiling water, and the girls divided themselves into groups and started to distribute the bread and to serve drinking water. Some of them did not want their share. They did not want to eat and some could not eat. We got eggs and some fruit for them. One soldier was so grateful that he offered us money. We asked him to keep his money for later needs. Some of them can not move, so they can not eat by themselves. Our girls then started to feed them with spoons. Two had died in the morning, but no one had had the time to attend to them. We went to the person in charge and implored him to have them removed. We also asked for medicine and bandages, but he had none to offer. We asked him to send the serious ones to a hospital immediately. He said that all hospitals were filled. We telephone ourselves to a hospital and asked them to send us medicine and nurses. They were willing to send nurses but not medicine. Nurses without medicine would not be of much help. At last three nurses and one doctor came from the hospital we telephoned to. The doctor looked over the serious ones. He said some were already beyond hope. He also picked out seventeen cases, as only seventeen stretchers were available, which he said should be sent into a hospital immediately. His own hospital promised to take in five. For the other twelve, a number of telephone calls were made and they were finally distributed among the hospitals in Hankow. Five died in that building that evening. Some of them died of neglect rather than of wounds. The misery in that building, the imploring eyes, the heart piercing moans, and the heroic help of our girls all made a deep impress on my mind. The need is great and we are helpless.

Saturday, Nov. 13th. I joined a group of volunteers who were going to visit the wounded soldiers in the hospital on an island. The boat left the Wuchang dock at 1 p.m. On the boat there were over sixty people with hundreds of cabbies of cooked beef and a pile of cigarettes contributed by a merchant. The group was composed of 20 high school boys, five high school girls, six or more barbers, a few Chinese musicians, a number of Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. secretaries and about ten students. We got to our destination at about 2 p.m. There were nearly five hundred patients in the hospital. Most of them have already recovered and are ready to leave for the front again. But in many cases, as they were the only ones left in their squad or battalion, they have no place to return to. They are waiting for orders for reorganization. However, most of them are rather in invalid fashion. Some are lame, some have lost part of their fingers, some have stiff necks that can not turn easily. They are all marked by what they have gone through.

Conditions there are much, much better than the place I had been before. Those younger members in our group gave them a program of songs, Chinese music, and dramatized a short play. A few of us went around to see their living quarters and conditions. Here they have a head nurse and a

number of nurses. They all have mattresses on their beds and their bedding is given by the Wuhan University. Their wards are cleanly kept, but it is wet because they are located on a newly deposited bar and the ground is wet. After the entertainment the beef was distributed for supper. Then we began to visit them and wrote letters for them. Nearly one hundred letters were written that afternoon. The six letters I wrote were to Szechwan, Shensi, Hunan and Kweichow. In most cases they have not heard from their families for months. There are also tragic cases. Some did not expect to come so far and now they feel they can not return until their mission is done -- that is they are now feeling more indignant toward Japan than when they first started out. They feel they must fight to the bitter end. Some were wounded at Taiyuan, some came down from Chaohsien, Hopeh and some from Lotien, Shanghai. They told us many tragic stories from the front lines. Two soldiers we wrote letters for are only fifteen years old. We remarked that that is too young to be a soldier and they proudly answered, "Why not!"

The patients were not only entertained by the younger members of our group, given beef for supper, and had letters written for them to their families and friends, but also their hair was cut by the barbers. On my way back to Wuchang, the two pictures were in my mind: one is the X Rest House, the other the hospital at Y island. Those who are lodged in any form of hospital are better off than those left in a Rest House. In a hospital they have their needs met and their wounds looked after. Those at the Rest House are passers by. They are left overs from trans-shipment, because Wuhan is the meeting point for the wounded both from the Pinghan line and the Shanghai line. The Shanghai ones come by boat and the Pinghan ones by train, but all of them are transferred to trains at the same station. Whenever there is an overflow of wounded and a shortage of cars many are left over to wait for more trains. There is a shortage of cars at present, so naturally there is a great accumulation of leftovers. The military office has prepared a very large building, the Rest House to which I have referred in the preceding pages, and there is a person in charge to see that they are taken care of. But the number is usually beyond his capacity of management, the result is the condition I have described on the first page and a half. There are other groups helping there, but there is a sad lack of organization. When the train pulls up from the edge of the river with it usually come over a thousand wounded. Change of bandages and dressings, serving of meals, all have to be done within the short time allotted. So in that grand confusion, the serious cases who have to be carried about on stretchers fall behind. So I feel sure that we should devote more thought and energy to the work in connection with the Rest House at X Station.

Nov. 14th, Sunday morning, the Secretary of the Wuchang Y.W.C.A. came. We talked the matter over again. We decided we would go to see the person in charge at the Rest House and ask for a reorganization for that place, or if he would be willing to assign a special piece of work to us so that we could do it in the way we would like to see it managed. We went at 10 a.m. and presented to him our request. He is very polite and told us the great many difficulties in running a place like that which we understand and appreciate greatly. He talked to us for a long time. Finally we agreed that there should be two places instead of one, because evidently the light cases and the serious cases should be looked after differently for the

- 4 -

benefit of both groups. He is responsible for the getting of the second house and we are responsible to furnish and run the second house. Even though at the moment we have no idea where to get the money to undertake such a job, yet we are happy at the prospect of a better change for that hell-like place. He also suggested that we may plan for about one hundred beds.

After we came out from the office we noticed that a train of twenty cars have already pulled into the station, and a long train of stretchers was continuously arriving in and around the station. The platform had already been transformed into a hospital. Six or seven groups of doctors and nurses with the help of school girls were busying themselves with the change of bandages and dressing, while a number of girl scouts were serving soft rice to those still in the cars. While Miss Wang was holding the head of one lying on a stretcher with another person feeding the same patient, I walked around the station and along the train trying to get the whole picture of what is going on. Everywhere I went I met the same problem: the serious cases suffer. A group of ten stretchers were lying at the rear. The stretcher bearers could not get them into the crowd. Finally the attention of one of the doctors had to be called. Outside of the station a crowd of bystanders were encircling a stretcher. I, too, put my curious head into that curious group. I saw a little man lying on the stretcher with his mouth filled with blood. His wound is in his throat. He wriggled a lot and constantly tried to move his jaw with his hand. It seemed he must be having a very difficult time with breathing. He asked the person in charge to take him immediately to a hospital. But no hospital admits soldiers unless there is an order from the military office. We were afraid the red tape might be too long a delay for that man's life, so we asked if he would be admitted if we sent him as a private patient first and he transferred later to a military case. That could not be done either. After lots of fuss, finally a doctor came and looked at him. He said it was too late, the poison had already spread beyond control. Far out near the engine there was another man lying on a stretcher. His face was as white as a sheet of paper. The man standing beside him said that he had got a bullet or a piece of iron through his thigh. He had lost too much blood on the way. That man really should be kept for treatment. But in that moment of great rush those who need help the most are unseen and neglected. There are numerous cases like that. There is no space to relate them here in any great detail.

On the way back from the station, we felt more sure that we should have a Dressing Station for the more seriously wounded. The Y.W.C.A. Secretary called on a Mr. X in the afternoon and told him of the need. He immediately promised to contribute one hundred beds including the furnishing of them. In the evening I was talking to Mr. Z about what need there is and he said he is going to see about the money the Hua-chung faculty have contributed for war relief work. He said they might be able to supply the salaries for a full time head nurse and a servant and also they might be able to look after the laundry.

Nov. 15th, Monday at 4 p.m., Miss Wang called a meeting of different people whom we thought might be willing to help and the following list of needs was presented:

Letter from President Wu, received December 7, 1937

Ginling College, Nanking, China
November 20, 1937

Dear Miss Griest:

I wonder what kind of news you read and listen to about China these days. I hope that it is not too alarming and will not make you too anxious. Briefly, the war situation had a change for the worse and we were really anxious for a few days in the capital. But the situation has improved at the front and we hope the defence lines will be able to hold for a few weeks at least. The two factors that caused this bad turn were the surprised landing of the Japanese troops at Ginshanwei on a sand bar in Hangechow Bay, and unfortunately the misbehavior of the former Northeastern troops under Liu Do-chuen, Chang Hsueh-liang's man. This general was ordered to defend a definite point but his men barely touched that important point and then turned back and did some looting, in such big cities as Soochow. This naturally caused disorder and rumors were about that all the men got out of control. These undisciplined Northeastern troops were promptly dealt with and re-enforcements were sent to the front. The defence lines were again firmly established.

The Central Government has decided to move the seat of government to Chungking with certain ministries in Changsha and others in Wuchang and Hankow temporarily. Personally I was disappointed at such a sudden removal yet I have been told it was to enable the military people to plan for the defence of the city of Nanking. I am sorry to say that there was the appearance of a panic with the exodus of so many government officials within two or three days. Naturally that has made the common people nervous and they in turn are leaving the city for the country and more distant places. One thing that seemed to help this steady flow of traffic is the dreary rainy weather we have been having these days. We have not been bothered by any raids at all.

For the College, we were thankful that we had not the girls on our hands under such a situation. However, it became clear that college work on the campus this coming semester, is probably very doubtful. This made us consider what we should do. On November 15th we had a meeting of all the members of the Board that were in Nanking at that time. In order to get good representation I invited Mr. Sone of the Seminary to represent the Southern Methodists, and Miss Joy Smith to represent the W.F.M.S. since their regular representatives were not in Nanking. Others who were present were Chairman, Dr. Li Tien-lu, Mr. Edwin Marx, Mr. John Magee, Mr. T. T. Zee, Mrs. Wei Hsioh-ren, Miss Mary Chen, and Mr. Mills a member of the Building Committee. Miss Priest, Miss Vautrin and myself were also present. The following actions were taken:

1. Voted: That in view of the present situation it does not seem feasible or advisable to move equipment out of Nanking at this time. But that an inventory be taken of all equipment and a copy be filed with the American Embassy for future reference.
2. Voted: To authorize the administration to explore the possibilities of temporary quarters for the college during the present state of emergency, and to ascertain the estimated cost of such removal; if the required amount cannot be taken care of within the present budget, to approve that the whole matter be presented to the Board of Founders with a request to them to provide funds to cover this emergency expense.

3. Voted: To continue the present salary scale adopted by the Executive and Finance committees on September 20th for this fiscal year, unless finances make it necessary or possible to change this scale.

The first action was taken because we had not anticipated the necessity of moving and had not done any packing; and secondly because all the boats have been chartered by government offices and there is actually no transportation facilities at the present time. As for the inventory, it is not easy to do because we do not have a detailed and up-to-date inventory of our total equipment and with heads of departments away it is almost impossible to make one. However, we do have estimates of the amount we have invested in building up our equipment and this is the list that we are planning to send to the American Embassy. When we do so we will send you a copy for the New York file. I doubt if they would want to be bothered by an itemized inventory anyway.

In regard to the second action, it was meant to provide for the arrangement of conducting college work elsewhere temporarily if that becomes necessary. I wrote to Miss Hodge on October 30th, and brought up the question as to what the college should do for the second semester. Now because the situation has suddenly changed we have to face the situation sooner than we expected when I wrote that letter. As I wrote then, there are distinctly two lines of action possible for us; first to stay where we are and to serve the women under whatever conditions they may be; and the other is to move the more valuable equipment to some place where we can conduct work without Japanese interference. It is most difficult to make a clear cut decision in view of the many factors involved and the uncertainty of the future of Nanking. Hence after the Board meeting I remained inactive for a few days not knowing what was the best for the college. I have had conferences with Miss Priest, Miss Vautrin and several of our Chinese staff here and several Chinese in the city that are friends of Ginling, and finally after the conference with Miss Vautrin early yesterday morning we have decided to at least pack the most valuable books and equipment and get them off if we can.

When we took up the question of where is the best place to start work next semester we naturally thought of our students and where they would be living. One thing that is definite is that the Shanghai region is temporarily cut off and the mothers would not let their daughters leave there to go to college elsewhere. We are beginning to think of what we should do in Shanghai to hold our group together in that region. If Nanking should be under Japanese occupation the families of our students certainly would not return and would not be likely to send their daughters here to college. The general tendency of families evacuating from war areas is westward to Szechuan. There is, therefore, the possibility that many families from the lower Yangtse region would like to have their daughters go to Ginling which they know. At the same time we realize that their financial conditions may have been affected and they may be unable to send their daughters to college. If we should start a small unit in West China we most likely will need our own equipment. West China Union University responded very cordially to our request last September, so we are still considering that as a possibility and want to take it up with them in the near future.

With the Japanese pushing toward Nanking, the cities along the river may become apprehensive because there is no fortification and Japanese gunboats can go from here to Hankow within two days. This naturally made us think of our Wuchang unit and whether Hwa Chung University may have to consider moving, if the situation should demand it. We hope very much they will be able to finish this term up there in Wuchang, but we need to think of that group of our students during the second term--unless something very unexpected happens.

You will be interested to know how many institutions from other parts of the country have moved or are in the process of moving to West China. Nankai University started a middle school in Chungking a year ago last summer. The Government Central University in Nanking moved up to Chungking after they were bombed twice in September. Cheeloo Medical College moved to Chengtu when Cheeloo University had suddenly to stop work when Tehchow was taken. And now the University of Nanking has suspended classes, is in the process of packing and expects to move to Chengtu. A large group of their students and staff will be leaving here next Monday and will temporarily stop in Kiukiang because they have not yet had a reply from West China Union University. The S minary, this present week has moved up to Kuling. The University of Nanking Middle School is also expecting to go to Kuling as soon as they can get a boat. The two factors that affected this kind of moving are, first, the possibility of intensive fighting in the defence of the capital city and the "scorched earth" policy which unfortunately some Chinese leaders have advocated, and secondly, the interference from the Japanese in conducting college work after the place has gone under Japanese control.

I am hoping to go up to West China very soon to investigate the possibility of starting a unit there next semester and I have appointed an Emergency Committee to remain on the campus with Miss Vautrin as chairman. At the University they have arranged for a similar committee and I believe that Dr. Bates has volunteered to remain with others of their staff. I should add that Miss Vautrin too volunteered to stay so that we may have a neutral representative for the college in dealings with the Japanese. The American Embassy has already arranged to have four of their staff remain in the city so I trust that the missionaries will not be left alone and having no backing. Miss Vautrin has already had a very satisfactory conference with Mr. Paxton and he has granted approval for her remaining on the campus. It is fortunate that the Embassy is so near Ginling, being not more than five minutes walk from here. Before leaving I will get in touch with the police commissioner and the other officials responsible for the maintenance of order to pay special attention to the protection of our campus.

I wish to take this chance to answer a few points raised in your letter of October 19th. I am glad to know of the exact understanding with Ettie Chin. As soon as I received your letter I wrote to her and told her about your reply and that she would be put on the same basis as Miss Alice Chang who was directly appointed from here. She had cashed the check of U.S.\$150.00 which you loaned to her so I sent her an official receipt from the college and told her that the amount could be taken as an advance on her salary. We can easily settle the final adjustment later. Miss Alice Chang I'm sorry to say was not appointed by Hua Chung so she is still in Hongkong. She has just written me that Truelight Girls' School has asked her to teach a few classes in English. Both of these girls attended the gathering of the Ginling graduates for the Founders' Day remembrance and Ettie Chin is helping two of our P.E. graduates who are teaching in Hongkong. They seem to be quite easily adjusted to the difficult situation, but it is very hard for me to decide what we should do with them for the second semester.

Time is up now for this letter must be sent to the post office at once. With best wishes from both of us for your difficult work in raising money for the college and the earnest prayer that some turn for the better may come soon in the war situation,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Yi-fang Wu

University of Nanking,
Nanking, China
November 24, 1937

Dear Friends Abroad:-

This is a dubious sort of holiday letter, hasty and on an uncertain calendar. In the near future communications with the outer world may be cut for a time, and thereafter outgoing letters will presumably be subject to an unsympathetic censorship. Copies of this epistle are being sent on two successive days by train to Wuhu, thence by air to Hankow and again to Hongkong. At least two of the three legs of the China journey are under risk of bombing operations. From Hongkong the Clipper service will be used. In America the letter will be copied and addressed by friendly hands in the offices of our Missionary Society. Some extra copies will be held by the despatcher, particularly for call on behalf of Lilliath's relatives and friends, for whom I have only a few addresses. Some time ago I asked Lilliath for a list, but no letter has come through from her for a month.

Lilliath and Bobby are in Tokyo, so far as I can tell from hints received third-hand. In any case they can be reached in care of Miss J. Trout, 475 Kami Kitazawa, 2-chome, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, with whom they are probably living. Miss Trout is allotted by our own Mission to general service for the Kagawa organizations, and her home is in part a guest-house for them. The household and suburban location are very attractive, and there will be opportunities for Lilliath to be useful in Tokyo. Morton is in the Canadian Academy, Kobe (sufficient address), in an excellent house-dormitory, under supervision and instruction of respected friends. All three have simply remained in Japan after their most enjoyable summer at Lake Nojiri, an attractive mountain settlement in west central Japan (Nagano Prefecture). Indeed, Lilliath and Bobby remained at the Lake, I believe, until the first of this month. At last report, all were well.

In the spring I had made a brief visit to Japan for friendly interchange with old and new friends there; and put much effort into the remarkable visit of Japanese Christian leaders to China. As soon as school was out, the whole family left Nanking for Shanghai and Kobe, for I had a long program beginning with a paper for the Asiatic Society of Japan on June 30. After a pleasant halt in the ancient Buddhist city of Nara, which brought some disturbing and amusing experiences with policemen who feared that apples in my pockets were bombs intended for the Emperor's mother, we went on for a few days in Tokyo. Thence to Lake Nojiri for the swimming, boating, climbing, and multiple activities of that paradise for boys and tomboys of all ages.

Daddy enjoyed the mountain lake, and side journeys such as the ascent of an active volcano with Morton; but work and war did not permit much mental vacation. There were many group meetings and conferences with the highly representative community at Nojiri itself; some also at the larger resort of Karuizawa, including an address on China and lesser discussions at the Convention of the Fellowship of Christian Missionaries (a body of more than 300 missionaries now replacing the familiar Federation of Christian Missions); attendance and many useful consultations at the meeting of the World Federation of Education Associations, held in Tokyo August 1-7; various conferences with newspaper editors, officials, Japanese professors, and particularly with Christian leaders.

The meetings and a sermon at Karuizawa brought the novel experience of consciously speaking to detectives, under conditions practically those of war. But except for mail, I don't know of any positive interference from the authorities, and must testify to the unexpected personal freedom I enjoyed, a marvel to many friends. (Copies of an address and a sermon are being sent to some of you.) The work was qualitatively useful, as some remarkable responses testified, but quantitatively was just one little boost for better attitudes and a slight pat on the surface of the great war machine.

From the 20th of August I tried to get to Shanghai, making one futile trip to Kobe amid conflicting reports and instructions and counsels, most of which were restraining on the part of University, Mission, and Embassy. But I was sure there were opportunities of service for the National Christian Council or for relief organizations in Shanghai, if not in normal work at Nanking; and by mid-September I got through on a French steamer and a French warship, after installing Morton at Kobe on the day of sailing. Nine useful days in Shanghai with the Christian leaders, some journalists, and officials, and I slipped through by car as escort for X-Ray equipment destined for the National Health Administration. Perhaps fortunately, I didn't know that the Administration had been bombed out of its plant in the heavy raid of the previous day. The University opened on October 4th, and put up a brave struggle for some six weeks as the only sizable educational enterprise in Nanking to carry on for more than a brief period. Nearly one-third of our students were able to get here, and most of our extensive experimental and research enterprises were carried on without serious curtailments.

Now the University is trying to move its instructional units and some equipment to the west, presumably to Chengtu, but with actual and possible scattering of certain elements I will serve as Chairman of the Emergency Committee left here to do what we can for property and for some enterprises that cannot be moved. Smythe (our vigorous social worker), Riggs, and three good Chinese will act with me, probably also the Hospital people, who are striving to keep a skeleton staff on the job. The moving program is an amalgam of desire to maintain immediate safety and continued freedom for staff and students, of purpose to keep on the Chinese side of the line such University services as may be considered to aid the nation, and of hostility to the thought of trying to work under Japanese military control (if indeed university work will be permitted in this area under such control.) I cannot feel optimistic over the outlook for effective work in the west with a fraction of staff and students and equipment under irregular conditions, and expect that sooner or later we will try to resume here, whether or not there will be partial Japanese control. But there is a certain inevitableness about the move at this time, and many of our best people believe it to be good judgment. Meanwhile there are other public and Christian services that claim my effort here, whatever the next year may mean for the University.

This must be a personal letter rather than an essay on the war; but life for millions of us is now molded or broken by the course of fighting. Mine is only one sample and one view. Nanking has stood the air bombardments rather well (though while I wrote this page some forty citizens, including several children, were killed by several small bombs); but they have brought fear and inconvenience enormously greater than the actual loss of life and property. For several weeks the Japanese desisted from bombing the inner city, and were commendably careful about operations here. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of many other regions, in which large numbers of civilians have suffered, and few of the military. Now we face imminently the pushing back of the Chinese forces from the Soochow-Wusih lines, and attack by the Japanese army with its greatly superior artillery, to be aided by the guns of the fleet as soon as the Yangtze barrier at Kiangyin is broken. If we are handled like Soochow and Wusih, as the armies approach and we become the immediate center of operations, we will draw a dozen air raids per day, culminating in systematic lacings by formations that cross and recross the city in checkerboard fashion, dropping incendiary bombs as well as vulgar explosives. But large parts of Nanking are half-open, and thus far the western residential area, in which several of the embassies and large foreign institutions are located, has not been bombed; so we may fare fractionally better.

I am now working literally day and night with a small but splendid international group, trying to secure a Safety Zone for refugees and other civilians in the expectation of military operations here. After difficult negotiations over all sorts of military, diplomatic, psychological and organizational problems, we have a reasonable

and most specific proposal with all but formal agreement from the Chinese military and civilian authorities, and the detailed approval of several embassies, who have transmitted the plan to the Japanese command. It went off the last night the Ambassadors were here -- already on gunboats for starting up river to keep contact with the National Government in its new locations. We can only hope for merciful consent on behalf of the wretched remainder of this city that yesterday had a million people. Today we have by radio a slurring report from Tokyo, and a very friendly report from the Japanese spokesman in Shanghai.

Nanking is in prospect a place of doom. The three-fold attack by army, ship, and plane is inevitable unless strategic developments should make it futile for the Chinese to keep more than a small force here. Recent defeats near Soochow have been accompanied by considerable weakening of organization and morale after the creditable but exhausting stand near Shanghai. There is civilian fear of defeated and ill-controlled soldiery, based on memories of hard experience before the building of the national army, and on observation of the provincial armies now brought in to supplement the reduced forces of the newer quality. There is still greater fear of the Japanese, whose severity and destructiveness is great enough in fact, but is naturally enhanced by emotional report. The ruins and corpses of Greater Shanghai, the fate of Soochow, however distant minds might analyze them as the natural product of modern warfare, seem to Chinese in the path of death and flame to be hellish, potent vindictiveness, before which the unarmed family can do little but flee. Great cities like Soochow and Wusih, with all the region about them, were practically deserted, after the long weeks of bombing and the horrifying demonstration in the areas fought over from Shanghai to themselves. The dislocation of civilian life is fearful to calculate. War in this region has been relentless on both sides, and few prisoners live.

It is no wonder that scarce a fifth of Nanking's people are remaining here, and that the National Government's necessary departure for western bases, plus the passage of tens of thousands of wounded soldiers and scores of thousands of hapless civilians pouring through from east to west, have brought a near-panic for the over-taxed means of transport. People struggle as long as two weeks for standing room on a river boat, or days for a foothold on a train, and the village roads are jammed with foot-sore families.

The social and spiritual breakdown is considerable. If any one is idle, or soaks himself in the mass suggestion of terror and flight, there is no hope for him. Yet some who cannot go, and a few sturdy hearts that can put themselves with full devotion into necessary routine services or into the special tasks that such an emergency imposes, find themselves able to make the best of the worst. This is not to criticize those who have a real duty to transfer their work so that it may remain freer than it will be here, and the really great number who have fair reason to get their families to relative safety.

On the main issues and course of the war, I can say but little; and indeed you may detect restraint on various subjects, lest this letter sprout a book. Official statements of Japanese policy in the past two years indicate a program of separating the enormous territory and population of North China for "autonomous" government under Japanese direction and closely linked with Manchoukuo; the subjection of Chinese tariffs and economic policies to Japanese requirements; acceptance of an anti-Russian program under Japanese management; and the stopping of all national enterprises on lines of independent action that may therefore be considered "anti-Japanese." War and conquest naturally increase the demands, which are now more than hinted to include dictation as to the personnel of the Chinese Government and extensive demilitarization throughout the land. I do not believe that China can successfully resist the force behind this program, though this year is the most costly in Japanese history,

and the whole enterprise will overstrain Japanese material and human resources. The probable Japanese-Russian War is madness in such circumstances. There are also the lesser chances of international aid to China or of international refusal to continue economic support to Japan, as measures to make aggression less attractive in the future; and of Japanese provocation of foreign antagonism by injuries and threats to western interests in and near China.

While feeling active sympathy with the under dog who fought only when persistently chewed and cornered, I remain genuinely appreciative of Japanese friends and of excellent qualities in the life and culture of the Japanese nation, sensitive to suffering and death and peril among them, and desirous of a good future for their children. I remain a Christian pacifist, assured in hard experiences that neither by national guns nor by national gods will mankind be saved, but only by genuine regard for all members of the human family. The next step upward from our present savagery is through international cooperation, with such economic and police restraints upon aggressors as will give some chance of decent life to those who are not bent on war. "If that is neutrality, make the most of it!"

The interest and love of friends will be most appreciated in this year ahead. Please write, for we have reason to trust that the Post Office will push through most of our mail sometime and somehow. Don't worry about incoming censorship, so long as you keep free from violent abuse. If events make you uncertain about addresses, consult United Christian Missionary Society, 222 Downey Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., or even that overburdened friend of Americans abroad, Mr. Cordell Hull.

I doubt if the general fears for Nanking will be fully actualized, as I read the strategic probabilities and view the elements of disciplined control among the Chinese and of restrained power among the Japanese (an outlook which not many share.) But I know as keenly as any one the brutality and darkness of the whole situation, in which righteousness is hard to seek. The personal question has long ago been answered. The Christian who tries to do his duty need not fear for his own life, but only for his shortcomings before great requirements.

May a Good Will far above our own be with you and us in the world's needs.

Miner Searle Bates

Port of letter written by Miss Yantzin, November 24, 1937

Cinling College, Hanking, China

To the Cinling Faculty members in
CINLING "POTENTIAL" UNIT IN CHONGKING
CINLING UNIT IN SHANGHAI
CINLING UNIT IN NANCHANG

Dear Friends:

Knowing that you will be deeply interested in a telegram which came yesterday from America, we want to share it with you.

CHILL, STANDING BY. INSTANT REPLY COMES UNLESS SPIRIT BREAKS.
KEEP SHEDDING MATERIAL USING EVERYTHING. REVISED BURNET HERE.
OUR LOVE PRAYERS CONFIDENTLY (signed) Valiant

I am sure that she means that she is already receiving and appreciating materials that you are sending to her and that she hopes you will continue to send.

We also know that you are worried about us in Hanking and that you want to hear about the conditions in Hanking and at Cinling. People in the city have been moving out by the tens of thousands--first the officials and the officers, then the middle class and now it has reached down to the poor and they cannot afford to go nor can they afford to stay on when they see everyone else go. For the last few days we have seen hundreds of rickshas going--literally in every direction, some south and some north. The poor do not know where to go. It makes one very sad to go on the street now for it is beginning to look deserted save for the military.

As for Cinling, over and over again we have been grateful for the decision which we made that first week in September. It was a difficult decision to make and, when conditions cleared after we made it, we felt that perhaps we were over-cautious, but now we are increasingly thankful to God for His guidance.

If you were here to-day you would find many people busy packing books. Miss Wu has selected the most important books from each department, and we are packing them. If we get a good opportunity to get them off to you, we shall do so, if not we shall store them in basements, for they will be safer if packed. If later we wish to send them to you, it will be much easier. At least you will know that the campus is a very busy place.

We are making all kinds of preparation for taking care of our campus during the crisis, or shall I say crises, for there will really be four different kinds of danger which we must prepare for. First is the actual fighting when we may be subjected to heavy bombing from planes and shelling from gunboats and warships; secondly, the time of retreat of the Chinese forces which may come soon or late or not at all. We are praying most earnestly that by some miracle the fighting will stop soon, before all east China is a barren waste. Thirdly, the time when one force has gone out and the other is not yet in--the time when lawless people take advantage of the helpless condition of people. Fourthly, when the Japanese troops enter. We really do not know what the exact situation will be in any of these stages, but we have faith to believe that Cinling will be all right and that we will have opportunity to serve the women and children of the neighborhood in their hour of danger.

Just to-day we have received 15 official seals from the American Embassy which we will put up at the psychological moment. (Note: these would appear at the entrances to the campus, signifying American ownership of the property.) We also are having five flags made which we will put on the outskirts of the campus, such as between the men's faculty residences and the two south hill residences, at the Practice School and west hill, and one at the gate house. Dr. Wu is trying also to get in touch with the Commissioner of Police and the Garrison Commander in order to get special letters from them.

Do not worry about us, for our buildings are strong and they are fire proof, and we have two strong basements. Mrs. Tsen has put in enough food for three months, so we shall also not starve. Personally I am not expecting a long siege, for I think the Japanese strategy will be to approach the city from three directions, which would make it unsafe for a large army to stay here.

CONFIDENTIAL. A very good committee with international representation has been working very hard day after day in trying to get through the idea or plan of a Safety zone for those who cannot evacuate. This has the approval of the Chinese authorities, but must yet get the approval of Japan. It will be a great blessing if this can be provided, for it will save many lives especially of the poor. Mills, Bates, Smythe, and Miss Lin-an are among those who have been working night and day on the project.

We are trying our best to persuade Dr. Wu to make preparations to go up river this week. We want her to go to Soochow first and to investigate possibilities there for Chaling in case we cannot come back to Hankow soon. Certainly the second semester does not look possible here--unless there is a miracle soon. She is reluctant to go, but I think all of us feel she ought not to stay here longer. Her leadership is now needed for the College in the units outside of Hankow.

Personally I would like to have Miss Wu fly to Chungking, but I suspect she would not be willing to do that. She has worked terrifically hard ever since the end of July, and you know that she had no summer holiday at all. She bears tremendous responsibility for the National Women's Association for War Relief. She looks thin and pale, and is greatly discouraged by the turn of affairs militarily. Pray for her that she may be given strength for the tasks that are here. Difficulties test foundations, whether they are of sand or solid rock. Our president is solid rock through and through--this I have seen as I have watched her work during these long hard weeks.

I send this letter on hurriedly, for I know you are anxious for news. Again let me say, do not worry, for I feel we are comparatively safe.

Affectionately yours,

(signed)

Minna Vautrin

N ovember 26, 1937

The following telegram was received on Wednesday, November 24th, 1937:

MISS REBECCA GRIEST
CHAIRMAN PERSONNEL COMMITTEE FOR GINLING COLLEGE BOARD OF FOUNDERS
150 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

TELEGRAM FROM AMERICAN EMBASSY NANKING NOVEMBER 23 STATES MISS MINNIE VAUTRIN
REMAINING NANKING.

CORDELL HULL SECRETARY OF STATE

FOR THE GINLING COLLEGE BOARD OF FOUNDERS AND FACULTY

A letter written by President Wu Yi-fang on November 27, 1937 to Dr. Cora D. Reeves of the Ginling College Department of Biology. Dr. Reeves is at Chengtu University. A copy of the letter and a postscript to Miss Griest were received in New York via China Clipper on December 21, 1937.

You may be wondering these days what Ginling plans to do under the present circumstances and we too are wondering what is the best plan for the second semester. Since the breakdown of the defence line between Soochow and Kashing, the war situation has been changing fast and the Japanese army may be approaching Nanking in the near future. Many people think that with their sweeping success they are most likely to continue the push until they have taken hold of Wuhan, the center of communication. This makes us consider seriously what to do with our group of girls in Wuchang if they should have to leave that center. We hope very much that they will be able to finish this term anyway, so it is for the second semester that we must make preparations.

The two possibilities that appear to me are, first, in cooperation with West China Union University in Chengtu and second, some interior town in Szechuan or Hunan of no military importance but more accessible in travel. The big difference of these two possibilities is that if we choose the second we shall have to have our library and laboratory equipment in addition to finding shelter. According to the present condition of communication this undertaking of transporting all the necessary equipment is costly and also hardly possible. I am therefore planning to come up to Chengtu after I have stopped in Wuchang for a short while to find out the situation at West China Union. We should also find out if they are likely to be girls who have moved from the lower Yangtze Valley to West China that may be ready for college work. Our present group of girls in Wuchang are mostly from the Central China region and may find it too expensive to take the long journey. I have thought of writing to President Dsang of W.C.U.U. Yet because of the indefinite situation I have thought it better not to write him just now, but if you should think you had better mention the possibility of some Ginling girls coming up to Chengtu to the authorities you may do so. If we come at all it seems to me we should manage a separate hostel as it is done in Huachung this year. This will involve also having a group of our own faculty there helping in the instruction and at the same time giving special courses for our own students. If you think it wise to do so, get an option on a residence that would be suitable for a hostel.

Perhaps I ought to mention the reasons that I prefer a separate hostel to merely having our girls crowd into the women's dormitory. If Ginling College wishes to continue as a college for women it seems to me necessary that we must keep a nucleus of students together. Take this fall, for instance, we hardly have a freshman class and the sophomore class has suffered the highest percentage of student mortality. The group down in Shanghai living at home have not a real college life. And if the group now at Wuchang should have to be scattered because of the war situation, Ginling really will have no group of students together. Of course the central factor hinges on the future of Nanking—that is, if the conditions here should be improved and the resumption of college work a possibility in the near future, perhaps we can tide over the period of dispersion without too great a loss to the college, yet who can tell what the Japanese militarists wish to do after their success in taking our capital. You know as well as I do that if Ginling finds itself in the same condition as Yen-ching, that we would not have the student population to draw from that they have in the North. Our big student groups are from the Shanghai, Central China, Fukien and Canton regions or areas, and they would not be likely to come to Nanking under the changed conditions.

Miss Chon Lan-ying, the acting registrar, and Mrs. Virginia Wu Tung went up to

- 2 -

Wuchang yesterday. Wang Ming-djen and Hwang Dzun-mei left a few days ago for Hankow, the former going with her family. On the campus an Emergency Committee of three will carry on the hard task of maintaining the college buildings and equipment during the transition period. Miss Vautrin is the chairman with Mrs. Tsen and Mr. Francis Chen helping. Blanche Wu has decided to stay and keep at her work. I talked with her at the beginning of this present critical situation, but we both felt it impossible to move the chickens when there is even no possibility for human beings to crowd on the river boats. At first I thought of her sister's place in Wuhu but that city too is in a panic in apprehension of the advance of the Japanese army along the highway. Chen Er-chang is going up to Hankow next Tuesday or Wednesday when Miss Priest and I go. Mr. Ming, my secretary has already left to get in touch with his family which had to evacuate from the Wusih region. Dr. Yuen was back in Nanking for a few days and helped us pack library books but he hastily went back to Wuhu, probably having heard that conditions there necessitated his return. Mr. Miao and his family evacuated to Wuhu but we hear now that they have gone out to a village some distance away.

You will be interested to know that your bungalow is almost finished. I suspect that it will have a good opportunity to dry out before you get back to it. The roof of the Terrace House is practically finished and Chen Yu-hwa will leave the rest unfinished for the time being because all of the workmen want to go to their homes in the country.

All the University of Nanking students and practically all the faculty have been evacuated this past week after untold difficulties with transportation. They too have formed an Emergency Committee with three American and four Chinese members, and in addition there are around 20 of their staff staying to help this committee. Their tentative plan is to finish this term's work in a middle school building of the Wesleyan Mission in Wuchang and as for their second semester, Dr. Chen plans to come to Chengtu before making final decision.

An attempt is being made by a strong international committee to establish a Safety Zone in Nanking although there are still many difficulties in the way. Messrs. Bates, Smythe, Mills and Dr. Han Lih-wu have been working day and night on the plan. If this should be approved by both sides, it will help the masses of Nanking who are unable to go away.

We have packed some books and science equipment, but have not moved a single box away from the campus. Partly it is because of the over crowded condition at Hsiakwan and partly we simply do not know what is the better thing to do, to leave the boxes here for later removal if needed or to ship them now when the chance comes. I have suffered so much mentally and emotionally during the last two weeks that I cannot, I am afraid, think clearly and plan carefully for the College. Dr. Reeves, I feel that we individually and as a race have to suffer much more before there may come a better day for us.

Postscript. I planned to write you this afternoon but forgot about the building committee meeting, so I will just send you this copy of my letter to Dr. Reeves.

Your cable message was greatly appreciated. I read it to the family at a meal time, and Minnie sent copies of it to our units in Wuchang and Shanghai. You are right that defeat never comes unless spirit breaks, but I fear our spirit has broken. A Reuter telegram of November 24 from Tokyo says, "At an interview, General Ugaki said that he was convinced that the Japanese Government had no territorial ambitions at present in China, but that, nevertheless if the warfare was prolonged, with an increase of Japanese sacrifices there would necessarily be changes in Japanese national aspirations." I hope you won't be much disappointed if my spirit is so low today. We shall try our best to hold on.

November 28, 1937.
Central China College
Wuchang, Hupeh.

It came to me with a start last week that any Christmas message which might reach friends in America would have to be started very soon. A letter was begun, and then a continual succession of classes, visits from friends, preparation for a benefit concert for the Y.W.C.A. - and another week went by. How they do fly! The arrival of two more of our faculty from Nanking was one important event of the week. They expect to be followed by two more, and perhaps Dr. Wu, before many more days. Many of our friends have arrived from Nanking, and they say the city is becoming almost empty, except for the military, who will remain, and of course there must still be many many people there who have no other place to go, or means of getting away. A recent letter from Miss Vautrin, who has been at the college ever since August, states her intention to remain, not only for the sake of the college, but for the possible chance of helping some of the poorer farming families who live near the school, and who through many years of contact have become a sort of part of our college community life. There is also at Ginling a small group of Chinese faculty who make up a committee to remain there, at least for the present. They deserve our highest praise and gratitude, for they are willing to stay on, when almost everyone else seems to be leaving.

Word has come that Nanking University, its present student body of about 200 students, and about 100 faculty members, including families, are on their way here. Some empty floor space will somehow be found in these three Wuhan cities, which at present are rather "seething" with folk. Many of these would like to be going further, either south into Hunan or into Szechuan, but the accommodations are so limited. One of my friends went the other evening to see Dr. Stanley Jones off for Changsha, and she said that the scene at the station was most pitiable, because of the swarms of people waiting there, who couldn't possibly find room on the train. It has been that way for days. The river boats are also being largely commandeered by the government, so that only the British and a few small ones remain to accommodate the crowds who want to take them.

The very ruthless invasion of Soochow by the Japanese is of course one reason for the hurried exodus of so many just now, for life seems so uncertain anywhere within reach of their airplanes. One must admire the courage of General Chiang and his associates who believe it their duty to defend Nanking. The Japanese are trying to surround it on three sides, so the holding of it may not be for long, for China is so cut off from securing needed ammunition.

The college here is making no move, at present, and expects to go on as normally as possible until further developments. There seems to be a general feeling among most of the Chinese friends that it would be much better to try to locate elsewhere, even under difficulties, rather than have to live under Japanese control. But there just wouldn't be enough room up country to hold everyone - and the matter is really a great problem.

Added to the general congestion is the continual influx of wounded soldiers, who are more and more coming this way. The hospitals are taking care of all they can, but there are large numbers who cannot be accommodated. Many are passing through to other places, but need care while they are here. Recently Miss Liu, of Ginling geography department and Miss Wang, of the Y.W.C.A. have been cooperating, along with Central China College, in getting temporary quarters for some of these soldiers. There was only a mat shed at the station with some empty bamboo cots placed there. Through a wealthy Chinese, some red cross funds and help from other sources, they have secured a house into which 100 beds have been put, also the help of a doctor and full time nurse. Miss Liu was describing the arrival of a lot of wounded men yesterday from one of the river boats. They had waited some hours to be removed, and when they went to the boat, those who could had crawled on their hands and knees to the gang plank, beg-

11/28/37

ging to be taken off first. Miss Liu telephoned for the help of 50 boy students, who carried the men on stretchers to the house, and helped to give them necessary food and care. As is the case so often in war times, not enough organization has been accomplished to provide for the needs of all the wounded, and it will need more and more help from the ordinary citizens. Some of us here keep wondering whether most of our time should not be spent in relief work, instead of school work. As one of the students said, "The things we are studying now don't seem very important." Many of the students are already giving part of their time to such work, and will no doubt be ready for more when called. There should first be careful planning.

You, no doubt, along with us here, have been hoping against hope that the Brussels Conference might get somewhere. Dr. Stanley Jones' statement in favor of economic boycott helped to convince me that it is right to apply such, just as one could not conscientiously sell oil to one neighbor to be used to burn another neighbor's house, even though the first neighbor might seem to better his own economic situation by doing so. It seems true, too, that a boycott, really applied, might bring effective results without causing too much desolation among the Japanese people.

On the other hand, are we Christians seeing as far as we are able, and will we allow thought of temporary comfort or convenience to block the vision of what we might be doing as a group in helping to bring about right along with peace? As one of our students said, "Are we being unvigorous in our response to God's call to give all that we have?" Those of us here in China at this time feel very distinctly the realness of that call, and I am daily thankful that in the midst of terrible doubt and despair the presence of divine love and power seems more real and penetrating than it sometimes has in the past--a kind of sure sense that it will conquer, though it may take ages and ages more to see it working thoroughly on this earth, but within any one heart a possible thing at any time. In a recent telegram from Miss Griest, of the Ginling Board in New York were these words, "Defeat comes only when the spirit is broken." Please pray for us - the Chinese Christians especially, that in the midst of uncertainties and trouble, His love may shine through as a light to cheer and help wherever possible.

We are learning lots about the art of living together these days. I am sure that the unusual situation makes it much easier to adjust than it would have been in more normal times. And though everyone must do without some of the "Comforts of home", it is by no means a hard life we live. And the more congested things become, the more relatively comfortable one feels. When some of one's refugee friends may have only the floor for a bed, then a camp cot in a room shared with a few others seems quite luxurious, especially if one has a gay bedspread, such as we all seem to possess to brighten up our "ward." In fact all these "things" rather fade into the background with the more vital issues facing us daily. On our campus, at present, we keep on quite steadily with classes. We are even preparing a part of the "Messiah" to be sung at Christmas time. I hope that it will be possible to carry it through, this year of all years. The students come to rehearse each week, about 50 of them, and we get such zest from the rehearsals. Miss Hamilton, a "refugee" (one of the students pronounced it with a hard "g") from Oberlin in Shansi, is conducting it very successfully.

May it be a happy Christmas for each of you, and I hope you will be forgiving of a typed letter sent like this through the kindness of my family, whom I am asking to mail it for me. I am so grateful for the number of letters that have come through this fall, some rather slowly, but others in very good time. All the news from home is most welcome and I look forward eagerly to the mailman's coming. I wish you could drop in for a chat, and to meet some of the people who mean so much to me here.

Do you know the poem "The Old Amaze", by Crowell? A friend sent it to me last Christmas, and I have reread it so often during this year. I won't take space to quote it here, but if you have it to read, it would be my wish for each of you at this Christmas time.

Sincerely,

Catherine Sutherland

Member of the Music Department of Ginling College.

GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

Jan 2, 1938
Trek p 90

News from Ginling in Wuchang
Received in New York - January 24, 1938

Letter from Miss Liu En-lan to an American friend
Written December 1, 1937 in Wuchang, China

Thank you for your air mail of November 12th which reached me last night. I am so glad to know that you are well and happy. I wish life would always treat you in such a friendly fashion. At present life is trying to treat us with agony, pain and despair. It is such a comfort to know you and your people are sympathizing with what we are going through here in China. For people who get to know China mainly through newspaper headlines, war in China must seem comfortably remote and impersonal.

In the last ten days the situation has changed from bad to worse. More and more wounded soldiers are going through Wuhan now. It is painful to see boats and trains go by fully loaded with mutilated men with their future shut against them. Most of them are victims of iron pieces from bombs.

Besides the wounded soldiers there is a great influx of refugees from down river cities, since the Japanese conquered Soochow with a total of over two thousand bombs. The streets of Wuhan are now teeming with humanity. The population of the city must be several folds more than it was two weeks ago. The doorways of hotels are piled high with luggage belonging to people who are on the waiting list for entrance. All vacant houses in the city are occupied. Yet every boat coming from down river is still loaded to the brim with refugees. On November 21st, two of our own faculty members, who were among the group holding our fort in Nanking, turned up. There was such an exodus on the docks in Nanking that their luggage was unable to get on the boat. When they left Nanking the weather was warm. When they arrived here the temperature was 38 F. at noon. They came in like paupers each possessing a pocket book and a bad cold. Two more of our Nanking staff came in on the morning of the 28th. Our president is leaving Nanking on December 1st. Some of the college's important books and equipment have already been packed and now are waiting for a chance to be transported. The rest of the property is in charge of a committee of three, who are going to stay to the very last.

Did I write you about the University of Nanking? They opened school in Nanking on October 4th with over two hundred students. When the seat of government began to move, the University also began to dispatch their staff and students up river. But no boat was available for them to leave en masse; so they are leaving in three installments. Two installments have already arrived at Hankow. The last group is still to come. People who came in the first group had only two bowls of rice each in three days and they had hardly anything to drink. Now they are taking shelter in the Hua Chung College gymnasium ...using the floor as one big bed for all...living in true refugee style. At present they are still undecided whether they are going on into Szechwan or remain here in Wuchang to finish up the work of this present term. Even if they decide to go on to Szechwan there is no boat available.

The condition of Ginling is no better. The difference is that we are fewer in number. Now with homes burned or bombed, families dispersed and people lost or dead, students are not only heavily laden with griefs and anxiety, but also find it difficult to get financial supplies. At present conditions are uncertain and school policies vague; everybody is living in the air without knowing what is going to happen, where one is going and what one is going to do. Life is more of a misery than a joy. We are carrying on our work as usual and spend our spare time in helping the wounded

soldiers. But our hearts are heavy laden because all work we do now-a-days seems to be mending only a little what others have badly torn apart, and there is no time or chance to do building up work on your own initiative. Furthermore, life is at stake all the time. Many of my university students came to see me in the last two days. They told me many tragic experiences of their College-mates. Among them two have been in my classes and I know them quite well. One of them was killed in the Soochow station. No trace of him was to be found. The other was killed by a machine gun bullet through the chest from an air raid when he was on his way from Chinkiang to Nanking. Many of the students do not know where their people are at present.

The National Wuhan University is in a state of great unrest. They have over a thousand students. If something should happen they do not know how to manage such a large group, since means of transportation are in urgent and sad need. If they plan to move, they do not know where to go and where to get the money. If they disband, those students who are already homeless would have no place to go. Critical changes in the front lines occur with unexpected suddenness, and throw all organizations of life out of jar. This is not only true with educational institutions, but true in all walks of life. One cannot help feeling that there is a sad lack of organization in many adjustments. Those who do not know the inside pains and strains may condemn the situation as disorderliness. Those who know and understand can only sympathize, tolerate and help.

We are grateful to friends in other lands for their loyalty and good will. I wish the Christmas spirit would move the war material business to feel they would be willing to sacrifice their personal gains for the sake of millions of innocent suffering souls. In this modern world no nation can live alone. What is the world going to do about righteousness and justice?

At present we are all anxiously waiting for the arrival of our president. We want to know what policy the college is going to adopt: To disband or to remain here or to move on to Szechwan. It would be difficult to disband because most of us would not know where to go and there is no money to go anywhere. If we go to Szechwan the College has no money to move; if we remain it is difficult for the College to have the responsibility of the students. The salary of the faculty has been cut to 60%; there is the chance of cutting again.

In my work in connection with the wounded soldiers, I have come to know a merchant in Hankow, a very devoted Christian. He has backed us up in our enterprise in running the rest station for seriously wounded soldiers. He told me last night that he has boats going up to Szechwan. He has a forest there, lots of rice and pigs and a garden. We may be able to take shelter there. One disadvantage in doing that would be that we will not be able to help others. Living a life of personal security and leaving others to suffer alone, does not sound right to me. Each one of us should do our part in this time. Life is full of perplexity and agony.

I am expecting to take the Pinghan Railroad a little to the North on Saturday afternoon to a place called Kinagan. We heard that a large number of wounded soldiers were left there unattended. Miss Wang Yin-an, a Ginling graduate, and myself are going to investigate what is really happening there and what we can do. We are very much encouraged by the ready response from friends in helping such kind of work. I must end this letter. A boat loaded with over five hundred seriously wounded soldiers has just come in. Students are already off to help.

Letter from Miss Liu En-lan, Ginling B.A. 1925, Chairman of the Department of Geography - written November 27th - December 28, 1937.

The one dominating note in life at present is a big question. We do not know where we should go, when we should go and what we should do. Seven members of

our Ginling group left today for Ichang. They packed up and waited for notice for hours without knowing whether they would be able to get off or not. Another group is supposedly leaving tomorrow, but even now, they still have no word whether they are leaving tomorrow or the day after tomorrow or the following day. Four of us are planning to go to Shanghai, but no boat, no train. We have been trying to get tickets for more than a week now. First no ticket was obtainable; then the line was broken. The river is blockaded. If we wait here in Wuchang for means to go east, we do not know how long we should wait. If we start to go west, we do not know when we could return nor how difficult it would be if we should get bottled up in Szechwan. The one great question for which we long for an answer is where to go, how to go and when to go.

Since the withdrawal of Chinese troops from Shanghai followed by withdrawal from Soochow and the moving of the seat of government from Nanking to Chungking, Wuhan not only has an increase of refugees and wounded soldiers, but also an increased amount of restlessness. At first we tried hard to keep calm and work on as usual. We are helping with a dressing Station for seriously wounded soldiers at Nien Yu Tao; we spend all our spare moments for the welfare of this station.

On November 27th a group of seriously wounded soldiers arrived at noon. They looked much worse off than the group which arrived the day before. The distribution into the hospitals was slow. The number of stretchers was not enough to go around. At 4 P.M. a number were still lying in the boat. I learned that there were neither stretchers nor stretcher bearers available, and telephoned to Hua Chung College. Soon two faculty members came with forty students. Just then the stretchers returned. And the students began to carry those wounded ones from the boat to the Rest Station. As the numbers waiting to be carried were far more than the holding capacity of the station, Dr. Pan was asked to pick out the ones to be carried first. When the students went into the boat with the stretchers, they found it difficult to come out again. Those wounded who are not so terribly off crawled onto the gang-plank. They clutched the stretcher and begged not to be left alone. It was very painful to turn them down because they too needed to be taken care of. The night was closing in and the wind on the river was more than chilly, but as we only have fourteen vacant beds, we only can do what we can. The rest were taken into the Rest House for light cases. The conditions in the boat was misery beyond description moans, yells and smells. Facing a condition like this, one realizes the brutality of war. Those young men who are now carried by others must have been as robust as the ones who are carrying them now. Their lives are wrecked by this war imposed upon China without any seeming reason. Whenever the number of wounded is large, some of them arrive in the most neglected state. Their rags stick to their bodies. Their smell is indescribable. The last few days have been wet and cold. The effect of the weather is shown through coughs, high fever, headaches and a number of cases of diarrhoea. Most of them are really in a state of half consciousness when they are first brought in. But they usually wake up the next morning new persons.

On November 30th a group of over 1,500 lightly wounded soldiers arrived at 2 P.M. A group of our Ginling students went to the station and helped with the change of dressings and the serving of soft rice and bean-milk.

December 3rd. Reports of Japanese massacre of nurses and doctors in the occupied areas and their hatred for the educated class have driven countless people up the Yangtze river. This fear may be only based upon rumors. People are getting more and more restless. More and more students are leaving school. Hua Chung College has called a special faculty meeting in the evening to discuss ways of meeting the present or impending situations. They have decided to shorten the term to December 31st. Students are free to leave before that time with a reduction in credits.

December 4th, Saturday, was a real wintry day. The winds blew hard.

Miss Wang Ying-an and I went to Kiangnan in the afternoon. It is a station only a few miles from Hankow on the Pin-Han line. We saw hundreds of troops marching on the street toward the station shivering from cold, because they have only their summer clothes on. They must be troops from Yunnan or Kweichow. It was a distressing sight. When we arrived at the Kiangnan station we saw nothing but men in military uniforms. We inquired for the place for the wounded soldiers. We were told to go here and there and everywhere, but we did not find any wounded ones, only soldiers drilling. The station was piled high with cotton padded garments. We do not understand why they are not used for those who are shivering on the street. Upon our return we learned that some of the International Red Cross people have visited our Rest House. They encouraged us to enlarge the place by an increase of forty beds.

On December 5th, the committee of the Nien Yu Tao Rest Station for Seriously Wounded Soldiers met and drew a definite plan and request to the International Red Cross.

Our president, Dr. Wu, arrived in the morning. We are all excited to know what she is going to do with the College.

On December 6th, Monday, news from Nanking was bad. We had a faculty meeting in the evening. Though no definite policy was announced, yet we know everyone wants to do her part to make the continuation of the College possible.

December 7th, Tuesday, Over half of the Hua Chung students have left. The Ginling students stick better. I took my Geography class out for a field trip in the afternoon. We studied the structure of the mountains around Wuchang. Wuchang is on an alluvial plain; there are really no real hills except the tops of some vertical quartzite strata scattered here and there parallel to each other. No air raid occurred. We had a most delightful and profitable trip.

It seems the whole population of Nanking is being transferred to Wuhan. Everywhere you go you run into Nanking people. It makes me feel Wuchang is more like home now. The streets are getting more familiar and friendly because of the many familiar and friendly faces.

On December 8th, I went with some of the University students to Nien Yu-tao to help in the Rest House for Wounded Soldiers. The new house for the increased forty beds is being repaired and white-washed. One wounded officer in the station has a bullet in his chest. He looked very sick and we tried hard to get him into a hospital three days ago, but he is still lying there. The person in charge misunderstood the arrangement. Another man needs to have his leg amputated right away in order to save his life. So we fussed and phoned and negotiated; finally we got them off to the hospital for seriously wounded.

On December 9th, Thursday, the University of Nanking students made a schedule among themselves. Three people will be on duty at Nien Yu-tao every day to meet all sorts of needs and unexpected demands. I got a telephone call from Nien Yu-tao at 3 P.M. asking for more people to go over to do some cleaning for the house for Light cases. I started toward the Hua Chung gymnasium looking for University boys. The gate was guarded by men in arms. People were allowed to come out but not to enter. I did not know what had happened but I wanted to get in. So I turned around and got in through a small side door. A large crowd was gathered on the athletic field. It was a group of students from the three Wuhan cities who were listening to speeches. The speakers are journalists and novelists who have followed the army in the front lines and who have written diaries and reports of the present war. They are popular figures. Evidently their ideas are too radical for the times, so they are watched. I tried to listen, but I heard nothing, so I went to telephone that I could not send anybody to Nien Yu-tao before the next morning because people

are attending the lectures. When I came out of the telephone room, the campus was filled with wandering people. The meeting had dispersed because some of the slogans are out of tune. No one was allowed to leave. I got out from a back door. When I turned onto the street, the street was lined with military men. I was afraid that some clash might happen between the students and the guards. They stood face to face at the gate for over one hour. Finally it was settled without a clash.

December 10th marked a big cleaning day for the Nien-Yu-tao station. Over twenty University and Ginling students went over and helped them with the cleaning.

News from Nanking is getting worse and worse. From newspaper reports we learn that both our College and the University of Nanking have opened their doors for refugees in the city. Thousands and thousands are streaming into those academic buildings now the safety zone.

December 11, Saturday, was a day of quiet work. News is getting worse and worse. I went to Nien-Yu-tao in the afternoon to seek for laundry facilities for the wounded soldiers.

December 12, Sunday. I went over to Hankow and dined with Miss Moffet and called on Mary Chen in the afternoon. Their whole family are here from Nanking. All crowded. Everybody looks dejected these days; President Chen is expecting to fly to Chengtu tomorrow.

December 13th. No direct news from Nanking. The sinking of the U.S. Panay has flashed on the front page. People were very much shocked by the news. More worries are hanging for the fate of Nanking.

Preparations for the expansion of the Rest House have been completed today. Over thirty wounded soldiers were received in the newly established house.

December 14th, Tuesday. The withdrawal of troops from Nanking has caused more students to leave school. About two-thirds of the Hua Chung students have left. One of the University graduates who is working in the National Agricultural Institute for the Improvement of Rice and Wheat Cultures, and who is now with his staff in Changsha, came today. He said that his group in Changsha is working on the question of food supply for refugees and the army.

On December 15th, Wednesday, the University of Nanking people left for Ichang. As students are continuously leaving, class work is rendered difficult. Our faculty has discussed the matter in great detail. We have split our Ginling group in Wuchang into two groups. One group will go to Chengtu, Szechwan and the other to Shanghai. All boats and trains are booked. No tickets are available.

On December 16th, Thursday, we started to pack up the books that we now are not using and tried to hold classes at the same time! Work is of inferior quality. I have decided to go to Shanghai. There is talk among the foreign community that there might be an International train going to Canton on the 21st. Four of us are trying to get tickets to go to Hongkong via that train.

December 17th, Friday, was a windy day. It is very cold. Classes are still going though without spirit. One of the University graduates who is working in the National Agricultural Institute for the Improvement of Rice and Wheat Cultures and who was ordered to stay in the Nanking office to the last minute, came in at 4 P.M. Their office is outside the city and in front of Purple Mountain. He left Nanking on December 9th. He saw the burning of the villages, the new government buildings, and the modern new residences. The concrete buildings were dynamited.

The trees were cut down and put across the road to prevent transportation. Even in the city large areas were also burned. It is too sad to listen to the accounts. When he saw his office building set on fire, he knew there was nothing more for him to look after, so he left for the city. The city gate was already closed. He slipped in his certificate beneath the gate; a tiny gate was open for him to crawl in. Even though air planes were raining death overhead people were continuously jamming toward the safety zone. He was planning to take shelter in the safety zone too, but his father and some of the University foreign faculty members urged him to leave right away.

December 18th, Saturday, the plan for the International train has fallen through. The evacuated foreign women and children are expecting to go by a British boat "Wusung" under British guards. We are trying to get tickets to go on any train that is leaving for Hongkong. Unfortunately we learned that the line is broken by bombs, and we now have to wait for the repairing. Before one place is repaired another section is again bombed, so nobody knows when the train will be running again. I went to Nien-Yu-tao in the afternoon to see about the new nurses.

December 19th, Sunday, was a cold day, and I have a bad cold. But Deng Yudi and Liu Yu-hsia have just arrived in Hankow by the last through train. I went to see them to learn something about travel from Wuchang to Canton and also about conditions in Canton. They advised us to wear long trousers and some thing like hiking suits because the train might stop at any place on account of air raids and one has to climb out and in the cars numberless times. One needs to dress warmly and conveniently. They also advised us not to carry any books with us, because the educated class is the thorn in Japanese eyes. So now we are planning to enter Shanghai as idiots! Three are going to dress up like frivolous good-for-nothing ladies, and I am going to be their slave girl!

December 20th, Monday, I spent all my spare time sorting papers, notes, diaries and letters. Some are going to be sent to friends abroad to keep for me because I hate to destroy them. Some are going to be sent to Shanghai by post and some are going to be burned.

The British boat "Wusung" did not leave after all because the river was boomed at Kiukiang.

The newspaper reports are not bright about the south. It looks as if Canton is going to be more involved. Sent off several letters to Canton and Hongkong by air inquiring about conditions. Airplanes to Hongkong are booked to January 7th.

December 21st, Tuesday. A group of seven Ginling people have left for Ichang. I had an examination for my geography class in the evening so that some of the course will be closed. I do not like to give lectures to students while their minds are not there.

December 22nd, another group of 13 Ginling people are leaving for Ichang today. We learned the good news that there will be a train going to Canton tomorrow. The other three have gone to buy the tickets. I stayed in to finish these sketchy notes of mine to be sent off in Hongkong. After I get into Shanghai I am afraid I will not be able to write anything that I really want to say.

Hongkong, December 28. We left Wuchang on the morning of December 23 and arrived in Canton on the morning of the 28th in the midst of an air raid. The railroad track was bombed seriously, after our train had just passed several stations. It will take a long time for the next train to come. Now we are busy inquiring about boats to Shanghai, so I do not have time even to read this letter over again. I want to send it before I reach Shanghai.

Letters from Eva D. Spicer - Written in Hankow, January 3rd and 6th, 1938. Received in New York, January 24, 1938.

The middle of the week just before Christmas our Ginling unit in Wuchang began rapidly to melt away. We had already decided upon a policy of moving one unit up to Chengtu, and sending a few faculty, and possibly a student or two back to Shanghai, and during that week they began to go. We got bookings on one boat to Ichang on Tuesday, and seven departed on that boat. Then on Wednesday about fifteen or so got places in the hold of a boat. They didn't leave until Thursday afternoon, but they went on early in order to make sure of their places. They were mostly with University people, so that their company was all right, which was the main thing; but they had to sleep on the floor of course. On Wednesday we also had word that the four members of faculty who had finally decided to go to Shanghai, had tickets on a train that was leaving just after the International train, so they left on Thursday too.

We have heard of the safe arrival of the first group at Ichang, and they are staying quite comfortably with the Scottish Mission, and we have also heard of the safe arrival of the group at Hongkong, though they seemed to think that there was not much advantage in travelling after the International train, as the only effect it seemed to have was that it left them all the old carriages and coaches for their train, and they were not allowed to follow it very closely. We have not yet had word of the arrival of the second party at Ichang, but we take for granted that they got there, as we have not heard that they did not. Quite suddenly Li Dze-djen went with them on that boat to go to her family in Ichang and Shasi.

So our group was considerably lessened, just seven students, Dr. Wu, Miss Sutherland and myself left in the Hostel, and three in the Hwa Chung Women's hostel. Catherine is nobly staying on to close up.

I don't think I have said anything about Christmas - I can't say it was exactly the happiest and merriest Christmas I have ever spent. There was news that day in the papers about the really terrible conditions in Nanking after the Japanese went in. The foreigners responsible for the safety zone were not able to find any responsible officers at all, and the ordinary soldiers were just allowed to run amok, and they did. The whole behavior of the Japanese just makes one's heart sink within one, where is it all going to end? And what will have become of this unhappy country by the time the Japanese army have run amok all over it? And it isn't only the actual time of warfare, that apparently is bad enough, but even when they take over a place relatively peacefully as they did in Peiping, the aftermath is bad. It really seems to be worse than we possibly imagined it could be, and what can stop them? I suppose sufficient faith, and belief in their regeneration - but where in the world at the moment does faith exist in that degree and force? There seems so little foothold, I am sure there are good and decent people in Japan, but I don't expect a word of all this behavior of their troops reaches them, and yet it really is true, not just wild rumors. The American consul has been trying quite hard to get back into Nanking, and can't, largely I suppose because they want to clear up the shambles before they let any such person in.

Christmas day was quite peaceful. I went to Union Church in the morning, and Mr. Onley prayed very well. Then Moody, Anna Moffett, of Nanking, Elsie Priest, also of Nanking and I crossed over to Wuchang, and had lunch with Miss Bleakley, then some of us went for a bit of a walk, came back to tea, and in the evening Miss Bleakley very kindly had all the Ginling group- students and faculty- in to Christmas dinner and games. There were some others also present, but Ginling predominated. Elsie stayed on to dinner, but Miss Moffett went back. We all stayed the night over there, and Elsie, Moody and I came back next morning.

The other events of these last two weeks was the arrival of a large contingent of Nanking people from Kuling. They have decided to close the American School there, so there was a large exodus. They came from Kuikiang on the Woosung, and stayed on there during the two days they were in Hankow, as most of them went on by the International train which left here on Thursday December 30th. There were four wives whose husbands were in Nanking, plus children, also two families - the Thomsons and the Bradys complete - for various reasons with husbands. It was very nice seeing so many Nanking people, the wives were rather strained, as they had not heard from their husbands since it was known that there had been more trouble after the newspaper reporters mostly left on Tuesday evening, however, they got a wire next day from their four husbands, which cheered them up quite a bit.

I spent part of Tuesday and Wednesday evening on the boat with them, and they also came to a tea that Harriet Crutchfield and Hilda Andersen gave on Wednesday afternoon. They are mostly headed for Shanghai, in order to get in contact with their husbands.

It is still extraordinarily difficult to get into any communication with Nanking, and we do not feel that we really know at all what has happened to the Chinese faculty both at the University and at Ginling. We know that two Nanking faculty were very nearly shot, but were rescued by foreigners just in time, but as yet we have no general word at all, it is terribly worrying and distressing. Most of the people the Japanese killed would be poor coolies and small business men who didn't have enough money to get out, they say they are not fighting the Chinese people, but only the Chinese government, but I can't say it exactly looks like it, as I don't suppose there was a single official of any importance left inside the city, and of the professional and educated classes there was only a handful compared with the great mass of poor people, and it was mostly they that they murdered.

I keep on asking myself where is the best point of attack, I mean where can you get at the Japanese people to help them see what they are doing, and I just don't see where to begin. The Christian group is fairly open minded, but they are so small, and now one gathers that they have been fed with so many lies about China, and the noble deeds of the Japanese in rescuing the Chinese from Communists and Chinese militarists, that they really do feel that they are raging a righteous war. However, all this doesn't do anybody any good, and is not at all interesting, but one's mind can't help keep on turning and turning this thing over, as it seems as though China is going to be crucified on the cross of Japanese cruelty and her own weakness and shortcomings. It is just awful to see the agony of thoughtful Chinese like Dr. Wu, rendered desperate by the cruelty and stupidity of the Japanese, and yet at the same time terribly conscious of all the weaknesses of their own government and people - their selfishness, corruption, and lack of responsibility. And yet while acknowledging frankly their own weakness, maddened by the thought that they were beginning to make progress, and that the Japanese aggression has come just at the moment of greatest hope, and has trampled them in the dust, leaving them almost no hope for the immediate future over great areas of China. And where Japanese rule goes, there goes also not only oppression, and a weakening of all educational and progressive forces, but also a deliberate attack on the morals of the people, through the efforts to spread the use of drugs and opium, and also, if Manchuria is any test, by imprisonment and torture of the better educated class of Chinese, which group in Manchuria was mainly Christian. I know the Japanese in their own country have many good points, but they are even less fit it seems to me than the British or any one else - and none of us are fit - to rule over other people.

Last Saturday we had an alumnae meeting to meet Dr. Wu, which was a very pleasant informal affair. I got tickets for the Good Earth, which eight of us went on to see after the meeting was over. One is very self conscious seeing a production like that in China, and the gestures seem very unChinese, but on the whole I think it

stands up pretty well.

Thank you very much for your letter of December 21st, which arrived here on January 2nd. Dr. Wu was due to go on the plane to Chengtu on Monday January 3rd, but the plane did not leave that day, so she had an extra 24 hours.

I wish the Ginling group at Ichang could get on without too long a wait. But I guess that is pretty difficult. Dr. Wu hoped that the minister of the new Ministry of Railways and Communications, which has just been formed, might be able to help, and she has written to ask, but it is not easy, as the main difficulty is the lowness of the river and the fewness of the boats, and it is hard for even ministers to do much about that.

We are well scattered, and when and if the Japanese do strike Wuhan, we have not many persons concerned. We still have two men teachers here with their families - Chen Er-chang the treasurer, and Dr. Yuen, who teaches Education. All the girls who are here, with one exception, have their families here. The exception is staying at the moment at the Yen Hostel on the Hwa Chung compound, and she can either stay there - I think they are expecting to keep Dr. Taylor and Mr. Coe on the compound to protect their property - or she can go to one of the other homes. Catherine Sutherland is for the moment staying on here. She is moving into the Yen Hostel, and Dr. Wu has more or less put her under Bishop Roots, to do what their single women do. It seems that foreigners personally are fairly safe, whatever the horrors they may have to go through.

My own plans are uncertain. Dr. Wu first thought she wanted me in Shanghai, and to that end I got a booking on the plane for Hongkong. Now she is not so certain, so I have postponed my booking to January 28 and am hoping to hear both from Ruth in Shanghai, and Dr. Wu in Chengtu before I finally make any move. It is very difficult to make any decision, when there are so many unknown factors in the situation. There seems to be a slight lull in the general situation. There is a general feeling here that Wuhan is likely to be left alone for about two months, and that when they do come, Wuchang will get it worse than Hankow, but of course nobody really knows.

The Christian group here have just taken on the job of looking after 1,000 civilian refugees. They are parking them out in the various mission schools which have closed early for the winter vacation, and will open Heaven and the Japanese alone know when! After the experience in Nanking and other places it seems scarcely possible for schools to risk having large groups of either older boys or girls on their hands, so though they may run some day schools, I doubt if they will open any of the boarding departments, until after the Japanese have come, or until the threat of their coming has gone. Actually now it seems a pity that we didn't go on properly until the end of term, instead of stopping on December 31st. There was a little flare up of left wing trouble just about the time of the fall of Nanking, and the two combined rather got people restless, and on the move. But with the present development of affairs, we look as though we might be quite safe until the end of January.

It was a great relief to get Minnie's telegram from Nanking on Friday, and to know that with the possible exception of one servant they were all safe. If they have got 10,000 women and children on the campus, I should think they would soon be needing a spot of money to feed them. You seem to have had much fuller accounts of what happened in Nanking than have been in the papers here, which is perhaps natural. As though doubtless the Chinese would be quite willing to give full accounts of the misdeeds of the Japanese, they would not want to give too many details which would undermine the morale of civilians in other places - for instance the shooting of all the special police who had been left behind in the safety zone would not exactly encourage other policemen to stick by their duty.

One of the objects in my going to Shanghai was to try and get up to Nanking as soon as possible, to help or relieve Minnie, though of course I should be much less useful than she. But it looks so uncertain when one will be able to get there. However I am rather coming to the conclusion that unless Dr. Wu writes very definitely from Chengtu, wanting me to go on up there, I shall go to Shanghai as I have planned. I am sure I could get back into the interior if necessary. They are opening a new air line direct from Chungking to Hongkong. I expect Dr. Wu will come back that way.

It is extraordinarily difficult to see what is the right decision for the future of Ginling, but I am sure we must keep on, somehow, somewhere, even if in a very small way. It is all part of the great process of helping China keep up her morale. So we have quite a problem.

So far as I know all the Chinese faculty are safe. Dr. Yuen only got out of Wuhu a few days before the trouble began there, and had a quite exciting journey by house-boat from Wuhu to Hankow which took him 24 days in all. The main danger in the country between Wuhu and Kiukiang is being looted by wandering bands of Chinese soldiers, which I daresay is better than being killed by Japanese.

Catherine's address until she leaves here is: Yen Hostel, Hwa Chung University, Wuchang.

I think this will give you the main news of this place up to date. We had two air raids this week, both at lunch time. On Thursday I looked out of the dug out I was in, and there seemed to be simply swarms of Japanese aeroplanes, the papers reported over 30 altogether.

Elsie Priest leaves for Chengtu on the 17th of January.

News from the Ginling Unit in Shanghai. Letter from Florence Kirk written January 2nd, 1938. Received in New York January 24, 1938.

The best news we have to report is the safe arrival yesterday of four of our faculty members from Wuchang: Liu En-lan, Wang Ming-djen, Hwang Dzün-mei, and Miss Yen. Liu En-lan will be writing you soon about their journey... five days by train, hourly expecting bombing during daylight hours, a broken down engine, hair-breadth missing of bombings at stations; arrival in Canton a quarter of an hour before a raid; the catching of a boat out of Hongkong the same day they arrived; and a five day "deck passage" from Hongkong... No part of the long trip, December 23rd to January 2, was comfortable or pleasant. When they arrived they said they felt very much like refugees, in need of baths, drink, and a diet more varied than rice. This seemed the best kind of New Year gift we could have wished for. Sunday morning at Breakfast, Ruth and I were discussing when these girls might get here, and while we were still eating, there came a telegram from AMOY saying they were leaving Hongkong Tuesday by the "Tsinan". This took some figuring out, for the telegram had been sent from Amoy on the 30th. We phoned and found out that the "Tsinan" was due at noon!

Ruth and I decided there would be no church for us yesterday morning. At 11 o'clock we found the boat was due at one. We had an early lunch and at noon took the bus to the French Bund. We found the boat did not arrive at 1, nor yet at 2. Then we found it was due at 3:30. We had declared "open house" for Ginling people on the first Sunday of every month, so one of us had to go home to receive any guests who might come. We drew lots, and Ruth went home to act as hostess and I stayed as the welcome committee. The Tsinan came in shortly after 3:30 and there were Liu En-lan and Wang Ming-djen waving to me! Then the long wait until the small boat discharged

its hundreds of passengers. I waited hours it seemed at the gangplank for them to appear. At last the four of them came in sight, rather grimy and travel-worn. They decided to try staying for the time at McTyeire, so we bundled the luggage outside and inside a car and took another for ourselves and off we went. The girls in the rush at Hongkong had not been able to arrange about the telegram, so a passenger getting off at Amoy had offered to send it... thus that mystery was solved. They came over here to find Mrs. New, En-lan's majors, and two other students waiting for them. What a reunion it was, what a bevy of questions everyone had to ask! Now that these four have arrived, Ruth Chester can more easily work out plans for next semester. It is hoped that the various guest institutions may use their own faculty to do Freshman and Sophomore work, at least, and let the upper classmen take advanced work at St. John's and the University of Shanghai. The presidents of Cheeloo, Soochow, and Hangchow Universities are here and working hard at some sort of workable scheme for this next semester. All three have desks in Mrs. Cressy's old office, and Ruth will likely soon decide to have her desk there too. The "correlated Programme" seems to be in very good spirits this year, and the different institutions are only asking for the opportunity to correlate! A set of Ginling classrooms are in the plans, and perhaps in the Y.W.C.A. building on Yuen Ming Yuen, and a Ginling Hostel may become a reality. Indeed it seems as though we might be a real Ginling - though exiles - here in Shanghai. They are as yet only plans! When they materialize Ruth will write you in detail.

Ruth's laboratory work is proceeding satisfactorily so far. The St. John's people almost daily expect developments which will make their continuance in the Academia Sinica (Did you know that Ruth's theses students were in the laboratories there now, rather than on St. John's campus?) but so far everything is peaceful. Her students are needing less oversight, so she will have more time to devote herself to the next semester's problems. Wang-Ming-djen and Liu En-lan will be especially helpful in shaping up the new programme. We do not know recently how Li-Ming is, for when we went to visit her on New Year's Day we could not get an answer at the door.

Some of the Nanking people are coming in for tea: Dr. and Mrs. Price; Mrs. Phil Price, Joy Smith and we hope the Jameses. When we go these days to Community Church, it is remarkable how many Nanking people appear: recently Miss Simpson, Ellen Drummond, and Miss Hyde. Mrs. Bates is expected early in January. Alice Morris has arrived from Tsingtao, and is now out of work, but at present is doing some library work for St. Mary's. We expect Eva Spicer in about a week's time. The Kuling American School is coming to this American School, so we, without any definite information, are anticipating the arrival of Mrs. Plummer Mills, The Thomson's and the Gales's whom we have lost trace of for some time now. Li-Ming's husband has still not come; apparently many people in Hankow tried to discourage our quartette from attempting the hazardous journey, and even Dr. Wu would frequently ask, "Well, have you made up your minds?" Their answer invariably was, "Yes, we are going."

We hear general news in the papers of Nanking, but nothing definite about Ginling. Minnie Vautrin's last letter, via Hankow and Hongkong, was dated December 2 and took 23 days to come. The Nanking Post office staff is here, coming down river on December 9, and bombed, without any casualties, on the way. Mrs. Kepler has had two letters from George Fitch - they were brought by hand - and he told her how the men of the community were having as their guests at a Christmas Eve dinner party, the Nanking ladies. That sounds reassuring. The recent account in the North China Christmas morning, "from reliable independent source", is not comforting about conditions in the capital following the entrance of the Japanese army: "hundreds massacred"; "wholesale and semi-regular looting", "uncontrolled disturbance of private homes including offences against the security of women", dead bodies lying in the streets, about one to a city block", victims of shooting or bayoneting December 13", some barbarously cruel" bayonet wounds, "scores of refugees in camps and shelters had money and valuables taken from their slight possessions; terror indescribable." We are keeping in touch with the embassies in an attempt to get word to Minnie; we hear that a merchant

boat is leaving soon.

Christmas for us was delightful. At Community Church there were three Christmassy concerts. The White Christmas service Dr. James thought was "almost as good as we arrange at Nanking." Then on Christmas Eve we three were Mrs. New's guests at her Children's Party. It was for us a memorable occasion, a glimpse into the Christmas activities of a Christian Chinese home. There were more than thirty first cousins there, and the respective grown-ups. There was the bringing of the children's gifts for the poor children first, and lighting a red candle at the same time; then carols; then individual items of entertainment by various of the children; Mrs. New explained the significance of the season. The Santa Clause arrived with bags of cookies, candies, etc. for each child. The children soon discovered it was T. T. Zee. The children left us and had their supper and gifts around the tree in Dr. New's operating-room which is to be kept for occasions of this sort with the family. When they were finished we had our informal cafeteria style supper which was most satisfactory. We came home about 9:30 quite filled with the Christmas spirit.

Christmas afternoon the Ginling group, faculty, alumnae, and students, had their Christmas celebration. It was held in the assembly room at 999 Bubbling Well Road, and was planned by the students. Just as the meeting was about to open, there came Dr. Wu's letter which cheered everyone up immensely, announced the coming of the faculty, and set forth some of her hopes for the future. We were so glad it arrived. About sixty attended, Lee Kwoh-djen had painted the Smith Building for the platform and so we had a visible Ginling with us. Mrs. New gave the Christmas message of love rather than hate, of good-will rather than revenge. Ruth gave news of Ginling of the past months. I led in prayer. Then, there were refreshments, carols, and a game. So much of the time we see only scattered individuals that it is a joy to gather together for joyful fellowship.

Shanghai still has excitement. When last I wrote you, there was the Victory Parade and the attendant catastrophe. On the afternoon of December 17th, there was a celebration here, parallel to that in Nanking, as formal possession of the city became a fact. I had a good view of the spectacular stunting of aeroplanes over Soochow Creek and Hongkew. We have been excited at the arrival of a succession of boats; the survivors of the "Panay"; the "Ladybird"; the "Capetown", with its skeleton crew; the "Cricket"; the "Sacramento" with the Tsingtao refugees. At the Country Hospital, one of the "Panay" victims died, and more recently one of the "Ladybird" crew had to have an eye removed. Over the weekend there were four "incidents" in the Settlement, and on Sunday morning there appeared a Proclamation in the paper against the carrying or possession of arms and the crime of challenging any "authority" in the Settlement. The Japanese have taken control of Chiao Tung University. A large refugee camp had been placed there, so the hospital part has been ordered out by tomorrow, and I haven't heard whether the refugees who are well will be incorporated into International Red Cross camps or not. The Chiao Tung is to be used as a university we hear. Miss Struthers who is here carrying on work with Miss Leaman and Miss Tsai says that the Phonetic method is being used in the camps in the instruction that is being given. The Clothing Committee has moved its quarters to the Y.W.C.A.; it hopes to be able to hand over the work to the Y.W.C.A. as soon as the actual supply of garments is finished. They hope to be finished this month.

Shanghai managed to create some Christmas spirit this year. There were two large lighted Christmas trees. Stores had cotton wool ornaments, Christmas greens and bright lights. Some carried around the inevitable Christmas parcels, but most of the buying was done for refugees, greens to liven their rice diet, half oranges for the sick.

News from Chungking. A letter from Miss Esther Tappert of the English Department of Ginling College. Miss Tappert is teaching at Chungking University. The letter was written December 12, 1937.

I went over with Chen Mei-yü to see Central University's "lumber camp" today. Eighteen or so shacks have been built encircling a pine-covered hill on the campus, overlooking the Kialin River. The Girls' dormitory is a barn-like shell which houses (sleeps) over a hundred girls. The beds are merely wooden frames with two decks. The girls' clothes are hung up on lines, their small articles are put on wooden shelves which they have themselves put up between the bedposts. It was funny to see a line of shoes hung up over the upper story of beds. Yet these girls come from families, some of them, who have money enough to let them fly from Canton, and yet they are willing to come through the war areas and live in conditions like these to carry on their school work.

Chen Mei-yü will have two other teachers living in her room, but she thinks herself lucky because another room in the same building is to have twelve faculty members in it. Her room is at least enclosed, although it is open up to the rafters. The girls in the body of the building haven't even a cloth partition between them.

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Nanking, China

December 2, 1937

Received New York - 12/21/37

Dear Mrs. Thurston and Rebecca:

For fear that this is the last letter that I shall be able to get to you for some weeks, it is important that I report certain things to you and trust that they get through. Only one sending post office is now open, the one in Hsia Gwan, and that one is ready to move at any time now on to a boat which Mr. Richey has chartered.

Dr. Wu and Miss Priest left the college campus yesterday morning for Hsia Gwan. They are still there as far as we know for the Butterfield and Swire boat on which they are travelling is still loading cargo. We felt very strongly that she should go yesterday for no person can tell what may happen during the coming days. The Japanese gunboats are expected within a few days although of course no person knows exactly when they will break through the barriers. Also we do not know when the city may have the visit of a large squadron of aeroplanes which would treat us as they treated poor Soochow. Mrs. Tsen and I were greatly relieved when she was persuaded to go. The fact that Miss Priest thought it was best to go early helped us out in the matter. She will go to Wuchang for a visit, I hope a short one, and then probably go on up to Chengtu and Chungking to study the situation there. She is very tired - exhausted both physically and spiritually, it seems to me, and there is little wonder for she had no summer holiday and has worked terrifically hard for the National Women's Organization as well as for the college.

An Emergency Committee of three will carry the responsibility on the campus - Mrs. Tsen, Mr. Francis Chen and myself. We are quite confident that we will weather the storm for we are taking every precaution that we can think of, and the fact that we are only three makes it much easier to manage things. Mrs. Tsen as you know is an excellent general in a situation like this and the two of us get along very well together. We are now only one table of people, eating in the 400 dormitory. Mrs. Tsen, Francis Chen and his assistant Mr. Li, a fine young lad, Miss Hsueh the day school teacher, a Miss Wang Shui-djih who is the remaining student from the Seminary, Blanche Wu and myself. We still have our regular semi-weekly prayer meetings together which have become very vital. Religion is made for times like these. Words of Jesus that had little depth of meaning before now come to have reality. I might add that we are keeping very little money on the campus and will leave the safe open. Yesterday I took our money over to the Embassy together with your wedding silver, Mrs. Thurston and they will take the things down to the boat. (A gunboat!) I would not take my own things down to the boat, but I felt that I should do so for the property of other people and of the college. Looting is the thing that people fear although there again I think we are going to get through all right. Our two policemen have said they want to stay with us when the Japanese army enters, - they will simply change their uniforms. Mr. Li is also drilling six of our own men as a kind of campus police to help keep order in case of trouble.

About all we know for the second semester is that the Shanghai Unit will continue where it is and that the Wuchang Unit may have to go farther up the river. It is very difficult to know what is best when conditions change so rapidly. Plummer Mills and Edwin Marx feel that we shall have to finally make the same decision as Yenching was forced to make. Mrs. Tsen I think agrees with them also.

12/2/37

Yi-fang at the present time feels that she could not come back to Nanking if the Japanese people are in charge. Says that she is too unbending and forthright to be able to stand it - and it would be a terrible strain for her. I personally feel that we should make no permanent decision until we know the outcome of the present crisis, and that any decision that we make for the second semester or for next year should be more or less temporary, and experimental. We see now that our decision for the first semester was a wise one and I believe that God will continue to guide us if we fully trust Him and work in His spirit.

Nanking is a deserted and defeated city already. Practically all shops are closed; no banks are open, but instead there are three exchange shops where a person can change as much as five dollars. As I said there is but one sending post-office which is in Hsia Gwan. We are entirely cut off from Shanghai, a letter which I wish to send to Ruth this morning I shall send by way of Hankow and Canton. Madame Chiang presented us with her victrola and piano several days ago but I doubt if she has left the city yet.

The International Committee of which Searle, Lewis, Plummer and George Fitch are members have been working like slaves on getting this Safety Zone across. Although the Japanese have not yet sent their reply they are going ahead with the idea and now have four commissions at work on preparations - Finance, Food, Housing and Sanitation. The Zone will be marked out with white flags very soon. Before it was assured even thus far, Miss Lo has done a good deal of neighborhood calling and she thinks that there are about 200 of our neighbors who will want to come to us for shelter in the time of danger. We already have the Central Building cleaned and empty so that we can put people there. Last Sunday more than ninety women and children came out to our Sunday meeting - not for leaves and fishes - but to ask if they could come on the campus when conditions in the city are dangerous. The fact that Miss Lo and I know our neighbors so well is a tremendous help in such a situation. The day school teacher has been asked to form her committee of Fu Wu Twan out of her pupils and several other children on the campus. They will help the group of refugees to know where to find things, and also help to keep things orderly.

At present, Mrs. Tson is burning all materials that we feel it is unwise to have in our offices lest they be misunderstood. All the materials left in the Neighborhood House by the organization that previously occupied it we have also burned. At eleven o'clock the two of us are taking papers out of the safe, wrapping them and hiding them in safeplaces.

You would both be interested in the daily Press conferences which are held down at the Sino-British Cultural Building. Mary Twinn comes after Mrs. Tson and me and we quite enjoy being there - although we do not know that the men enjoy having us. The Chinese men do not mind and if the foreign ones do they do not indicate it. Many newspaper men come, also heads of Missions and Business organizations. The mayor always comes and the garrison commander has a representative there and it is an excellent clearing house for all kinds of problems and questions.

The curtain will drop at almost any time now, and just what will happen to the actors and the scenes we do not know but we have faith to believe that in the end all will be well.

Love to both of you,

Minnie

On board the SS "Whangpu"
En route to Hankow
December 4, 1937

Mailed from Hankow
Received New York - 12/21/37

Miss Margaret E. Hodge,
Miss Rebecca W. Griest,
New York City.

Dear Miss Hodge and Miss Griest:

On Sunday November 28th I received the cable message through Mr. Paxton of the American Embassy and wish to express my deep appreciation for your thoughtfulness in considering me personally. By this time you may have received my last air mail letter stating that I was planning to go up river and expected to do some investigating in Chengtu in regard to the second semester. I admit it was very hard for me to make the decision to go, because personally I resent the idea of running away and shifting the responsibility to others. However, for the sake of the college I realize that during this tragic transitional period, it would be much better for a foreign representative to handle the situation in Nanking. Therefore an emergency committee was formed consisting of Miss Vautrin, Mrs. Tsen, and Mr. Francis Chen, the business manager. Miss Blanche Wu has decided to stay, and the assistant in the business office is also there to help. Frankly, the thing we fear most is not bombing or shelling because most people say that our location is of no military importance, but the possibility of great disorder if and when the Chinese defense for the city breaks down and the soldiers are retreating. We received official notices from the Garrison Commander that care would be given in protecting the properties of American Mission institutions.

We have spent much time in discussing the problem in regard to the equipment, whether to move some out or to leave it all on the campus. So far we have packed over twenty boxes of library books and ten boxes of scientific equipment but have not moved any of them away. It seems

Dec. 4, 1937

-2-

clear that unless we wish to start temporary quarters by ourselves, thus needing the books and apparatus, we should not spend the money in shipping and storing the boxes up river nor run the risk of loss and damage through shipping.

Closely connected with the question of moving our equipment is the plan for the second semester. So far as we can see now the group in Shanghai are likely to stay there, and I have written to Miss Chester and Mrs. New on this point, suggesting the possibility of starting a Ginling hostel for our girls, if St. John's should move back to their own campus. As I wrote you before, St. John's started their work in a temporary building on Nanking Road with all the students living at home. Also during their first year of admitting a few girls from St. Marys, they did not arrange dormitory accommodations for them. Now since the conditions locally in Shanghai are getting gradually settled, St. John's may wish to get back to their own buildings and if so, it would be difficult for our girls to take the long trip daily from their homes to the campus. The unit in Wuchang is a more difficult problem. No one dares to predict if the Japanese military will stop in Nanking or would still press on until they reach Wuhan, the important communication center in Central China. If the latter should be the case, then Hua Chung College may also be forced to move. Then the question will come in regard to our own girls there. This was what led us to decide that I had better go up to Chengtu and find out conditions there. If it is only a question of temporary adjustment for this small group of students now at Wuchang, it is a simple problem. Yet in connection with the possibility of setting up another unit, we should at the same time consider the fundamental question of the policy of the college as a whole under the present circumstances.

Dec. 4, 1937

-3-

As I wrote you on October 30th, this question of the policy has to be faced thoroughly by the Founders in America, the Directors here and also the faculty and alumnae. I am keenly aware of all the uncertain factors involved and how impossible it is to arrive at any definite decision. At first I felt quite sure that it would be impossible to carry on college work in Nanking if the political condition should be drastically changed after Japanese occupation, partly because the girls would not likely wish to come, and partly because it would be most difficult emotionally for the faculty to carry on their teaching. During the past week I have thought over the situation more carefully and faced the possibility of a fairly long period of unsettled conditions; that is, local conditions may be peaceful and yet no final agreement be reached between China and Japan. If this should be the case there may be a real field of service for a Christian college to carry on work where government institutions will not be possible. I admit, frankly, that I am still not clear enough to make a definite recommendation to the Board but I wish to share with you my own thinking so that while the Directors in China are considering this fundamental question, the Founders in New York may be doing the same.

In regard to mail, may I suggest that you try to send two copies, one to Wu-chang and the other to Miss Vautrin in Nanking. In the future it may be difficult for us up river to reach her. Miss Vautrin has decided to stay in college no matter what happens and even if other missionaries all leave the city. In respect to her decision and loyalty to Ginling, I did not argue with her as I did in August. But I wrote her and Dr. Bates in a joint letter on December 1st that my stand is that she should leave when the University men do, and that for China

Dec. 4, 1937

-4-

and for the service more urgently needed of them after the change, they should not risk their lives for a mere physical plant. I wish I had written to you earlier so that there would be time for you to cable her your advice.

Regarding the question of faculty for the next school year, I shall write you later after we have some idea of your plans for next semester. For the present we may consider the college administration is at Wuchang. The Ministry of Education has a temporary office in Hankow so we can keep in touch with them and still expect that the government grant may be continued even although there may be a discount.

I fully intended to write a Christmas letter to my friends in America but the sudden change of the war situation has kept our minds away from such things. May I just take this chance of sending you my best wishes for the Christmas Season.

Sincerely yours,

Yi Fang Wu.

December 6, 1937

My dear Friends:

In spite of the terrible condition, I can still write and say Merry Christmas to you.

This is just to let you know that Peter and I are surviving. I am deep in Refugee work, have to work from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. in the evening. It is only through constant expression of love for our suffering mass that one feels one can have the right to exist today.

There are 181 refugee camps with 137,000 refugees in the International Settlement and French Concession, 250,000 in the Neutral Zone - Father Jacquinet's Safety Area. He's the chairman of the Refugee Committee for the International Red Cross. America has helped a great deal in this. I have been made chairman of the Clothing Committee. Ginling College alumnae are my sole support with eight other women's organizations. We have two headquarters governing some 400 ladies and seamstresses, tailors and distributors, busy like bees to clothe the refugees stripped of everything. We cooperate with Hongkong, Penang, Singapore and Ceylon women's organizations. Big Christmas time, we wish to cover up every one of the refugees with warm cotton garments for the day and warm cotton quilts for the night.

It is predicted from the observatory that we are going to face the coldest winter in sixty years. Pray that this shall not come.

Dr. Yi-fang Wu is out of Nanking, don't know where - news are cut. My dear friends, if it were not for serving my own suffering people, I would have brought my son and come over to your sweet land of liberty for a shelter. But as conditions are now, I live and die with them.

May God bless you all. The missionaries here are our saving grace, encourage and strengthen us.

Yours in great distress,

Y.T. Zee New

Ginling College alumna, Class of 1919
Widow of Dr. Way-Sung New, the ortho-
pædic surgeon.

A LETTER FROM MISS FLORENCE KIRK
MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF CINGLING COLLEGE
AND NOW TEACHING IN THE CINGLING COLLEGE UNIT IN SHANGHAI

Written on December 6, 1937
Received in New York December 31, 1937

Editor's Note. Mrs. Way-sung Hsu was a member, with President Su Yi-fang of Cingling's first class, 1919. Her husband, an orthopedic surgeon of international repute, died in May, 1937. She has served as President of the Cingling College Alumnae Association and as Chairman of the Cingling Board of Directors, and is well known for unusual ability in constructive philanthropic organization.

I want to tell you of the quite wonderful work that our Cingling Alumnae are doing here in Shanghai to help relief. Mrs. Hsu, '19, with her genius for organization, her eagerness to cooperate, has been the prime mover, and whenever we see her, she is full of her work and the interesting aspects which develop. It seems that when there is a responsible post to be filled, she is chosen, for everyone knows her and trusts her judgment.

The work began on Friday, August 13th, the "bloody" or "dark" Saturday, as it is called. That morning Mrs. Hsu telephoned Dju Cich-fang telling her that the First Emergency Hospital had been established on Kiaschow Road; she had heard that they were short of supplies, and she thought that they ought to visit it to see if there was any way they personally or the Cingling Alumnae as a group might cooperate. The Cingling College Alumnae had met the previous Monday to consider what they might do if war broke out, and they were to meet in a week's time, so Dju Cich-fang might report to them the need. They decided to go at 2 P.M., and three other Cingling College graduates, were asked to accompany them: Liu Yung-ss; Mrs. Hung (Liu Yei-djen) both '25, and Ong Hwei-lan, '25, who happened to be in Shanghai at the time. They started just at the time the anti-aircraft guns burst out in such a frightening way but they knew nothing of

the terrible bombing at Thibet and Avenue Edward VII and Hanking Road which killed about 1,500 people. They stopped their car, and looked out; Cich-fang says the gunfire was really beautiful, for a gigantic column of smoke ascended only to break into several smaller columns. Aeroplanes circled overhead, and there was machine-gunning from them. They held a meeting in the car. To go or not to go? They decided to go ahead. The guns grew more terrible and they stopped again, and again decided to go on. This happened three or four times before they reached the Emergency Hospital...their first "baptism by fire." Dju Cich-fang says, "Never had we had any experience like that. It was our first impression of modern warfare. There were already fifty wounded soldiers at the hospital, the result of the first hostilities; they slept on bare beds covered with only a mattress, very hard for the seriously wounded. There were also other deficiencies. We promised to supply the needs as well as we could. Li Kung-dji, and Li Ai-yung went to their homes and literally begged in their neighborhood for mattresses. In two days they delivered 100 mattresses. So far as I remember, we, under the name of the Cialing Alumnae Association, sent to the China Red Cross Association the following:

Quilts: more than 100. Towels: 18 dozen. Basins: 9 dozen. Soap, Brushes (tooth), Cigarettes, etc.
\$32 to employ two coolies for two months.
Volunteer Help: Miss Dju Yuch-shan '36, worked at the emergency Hospital as social secretary for more than a month. She went to and from work on a bicycle. Her family did not like the idea of her going out on the streets in such dangerous times, but she persisted. The day of the Sincere Store bombing, August 23, her family forbade her to go, and took the bicycle license, saying that she must stop this work. Yuch-shan did stay in one day, but the next morning about 6:30 she slipped out quietly, rode the bicycle without a license, and when she had reached the hospital, telephoned back asking them to send over to her the bicycle license.

We also participated in the refugee camp organized by the Y.W.C.A. and the C.W.C. By personal efforts we supplied the far greater part of the fund needed. The camp was started on August 23rd at 420 Route de Siayes, the compound of the second primary school of Matyeire. Miss Liu-Yu-sha, '29, was the chairman. Other names which appeared on the list of volunteer workers were: Mrs. Hew, '19, who supplied all kitchen supplies; Den Yu-tso, '25; Shi Bao-djen and Bi Hao-ying '32; Dju Cich-fang '24; Dju Mei-sien, '37; Sien Wen-mei, '31; Dju Yueh-shan, '37. This No. 95 camp was considered the best organized and managed under the sponsorship of the Shanghai Relief Committee. Matyeire was, however, scheduled to open on the 20th of October. After a desperate hunt for vacant houses, we were obliged to give up the camp. The 500 refugees were sent to other camps in groups. Now they shed bitter tears for having to leave our sincere protection. The camp was closed on October 11th, with Chairman, Liu Yu-sha and me still on the staff." (Dju Cich-fang)

About the middle of October 71 bags of old clothes were sent from the Hongkong branch of the National Women's Relief Association, and Mrs. Hew was asked if she would organize a group to see about the distribution. She thought this might be done by the Ginling Alumnae, so she solicited volunteer aid. Dju Cich-fang has been indispensable for she has given untiringly of time, thought and energy. Hwang Li-ming has been so absorbed with the attempt to try to answer the daily increasing needs of refugees that this week she has had to go to bed, to stay there a couple of weeks.

She says, "The need is so great; I felt I just could not stop." So the group of a dozen Ginling Alumnae and others met, donned hospital gowns, masks, gloves, and sorted out the old clothes - into three bundles, for men, women and children. There were 175 shoes to match in the first consignment. Miss Agnes Sung was secretary; one man, Mr. Y.T. Sung, investigated need and distributed. From October 13-31, 6787 garments were distributed to 21 groups of people, to such organizations as Salvation Army Refugee Camp, Shanghai Baptist Evacuées, Leprosarium, Children's Hospital, Chapel Policemen's Families, A college professor and students, Kiaschow Refugee Camp, etc.

This piece of work was so successfully carried out, that when the Nantao Refugee Neutral Zone was organized under Rev. Father Jacquinet, Mrs. Hew was asked if she would serve as leader of the Clothing committee, under the International Red Cross. So now she is tackling a much bigger piece of work, again with the help of the Ginling Alumnae. Contributions keep coming from Hongkang- 4000 bags have come already- also Shanghai people are generously giving old and new clothing, money, etc. The 250,000 refugees in Nantao, the 150,000 in the two foreign areas, represent a need so overwhelming that it staggers the imagination. Winter weather has arrived, and warm padded garments, padded comforters, etc. are so badly needed. Mrs. Hew kept the sorters at work, and they hit on the plan of taking two summer garments (sent from Singapore, Ceylon, and the Malay States) and placing cotton between for padding. Seamstresses who are themselves refugees are hired

to do this work, at 25 cents a day! One merchant in Shanghai contributed \$50,000.00 woolen material, and \$50,000.00 cotton material. When Mrs. New was asked by Father Jacquinet to see to the transportation of this, she figured the cost of transportation would be \$750. and she then asked the men on the committee to deliver it to her, and then she would take charge. An expert cutter has been found who cuts 200 suits a day, he has developed his own technique of mass production, and cuts 20 suits a day, but works with cloth ten layers thick. When the garments are cut, they are given to tailors who work at the rate of 15 cents a garment. Just think of it! Their usual charge is 20 cents. Father Jacquinet has ordered 30,000 padded garments at once! He wants six or seven thousand delivered a week! Just what work this involves is hard to imagine until one visits the places where this work is being done.

At the Chinese Medical Association, Ginling College girls come to sort clothes still, fill orders, attend to correspondence, etc. Mrs. New insists that everything be done in a business-like way. Sic Yuen-ying, '27, has recently become a full time secretary. When I went last week to help one morning, I was put at letters, letters acknowledging receipt of hundreds of yards of shirting, worn men's overcoats and vests, another bale from Hongkong, etc. The Clothing Committee has been asked to investigate some removal of quilts from a camp, but the reply we sent out was that we were only a distribution center, and this did not come within our province. Mrs. New reported to Hongkong and asked that no more summer clothes be sent, but instead, if there were

available money, we needed to buy more cotton and to pay seamstresses. She asked that no more soldier's padded vests be sent, for now that we are virtually cut off from the interior it is impossible to get them to the soldiers. These garments on hand are being converted into civilians' top garments, by using one garment to make sleeves to insert into the sleeveless vest, and oversewing the distinguishing stamp. The seamstresses charge 5 cents for doing one garment. Such is the ingenuity of these warm-hearted women! Mrs. Hsu is there every morning and some afternoons; Hsu Gieh-fang and Hwang Li-ming are also untiring.

At the Sacred Heart Convent the large part of the cutting is being done, but again this needs supervision. Hwang-Li-ming took over a responsible piece of work in connection with the aged in camps. And still the need grows. There are those who urgently need warm clothing; others who need medical care; others who must have special diets if they are to survive; children to be taught, etc. The women in the camps are sewing, but you can see that this requires careful supervision. The Red Cross is now making a drive, and our attention is drawn to the placards in buses, appeals posted in shop-windows and everywhere we are reminded of the want of this year. One placard says, "Three dollars will feed a refugee for a month!" Seventy-two camps to plan for! One of the evils in the train of war! But Ginling in these dark days is doing a piece of work of which we have every reason to be proud.

Cable from Minnie Vautrin, Nanking, China, received December 7, 1937

GRIEST
ABCHICOL NYC

TELEGRAM FROM AMERICAN EMBASSY NANKING DECEMBER FOURTH TRANSMITS FOLLOWING
MESSAGE FOR YOU. QUOTE PRESIDENT WU LEFT FOR WUCHANG DECEMBER THIRD.
LATER PROCEEDS CHENG TU FOR INVESTIGATION PURPOSES. EMERGENCY COMMITTEE
CONSISTING OF BUSINESS MANAGER, SUPERINTENDENT OF DORMITORIES AND MYSELF
HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO CARRY ON. NOW PREPARING BUILDING FOR NEIGHBORHOOD
WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND REFUGEES. REMINDER THAT NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS.
VAUTRIN. .END QUOTE.

CORDELL HULL, SECRETARY OF STATE

*Answer to cable from B. J. F. "insisting" on Dr. Vautrin
Safety being first consideration.*

In New Macmillan

*Lunch - 12/7/37 -
Haldorf - Detroit*

WHAT I SAW IN CHINA

By Chi Wu Lin

I have been in this country for only one month and twenty five days. I believe all of you will be interested to know some things which happened in China recently. So I am going to present to you on what I saw and experiences I had before I left China.

There was no fighting in the Peiping city. There was a third party came up to compromise the situation. By third party I mean a group of British, American, French, German and Italian officials. They thought if they were fighting in the city, many lives and their properties and places of historical values would be killed and destroyed. So they got representatives of both China and Japan together to discuss the matter. An agreement was made. That was if the Chinese soldiers evacuated the city, the Japanese soldiers would promise not to enter the city. China kept her words and evacuated the city immediately. Japan also kept her words and did not enter the city for that moment. But not many hours later, the Japanese appeared around the city gates. Representatives of the third party came to question the Japanese authority on the matter. The Japanese authority explained that their soldiers were simply standing around the gates, they were not entering the city. So that was all right. A few days later, the Japanese authority demanded that their troops should march through the city from one gate to the other. The reason was that roads outside the city were too muddy and were inconvenient for transportation of troops. The reason seemed sound, and there was no objection. A few days later, Japanese authority claimed that there were no Chinese soldiers in the city and the police force was not sufficient. They were afraid bandits might come up to endanger the lives and properties of the people. So they sent their soldiers into the city in order to maintain order and to give peace to the people. After that, we saw Japanese soldiers everywhere in the city. Nobody in the third party dared to say a word.

After fighting around Peiping, there were thousands of Chinese wounded soldiers lying outside the city wall. They were expecting some one to save their lives. But all city gates were guarded by Japanese soldiers. They did not allow any body to go out to help them. One lady leader of Red Cross Society in Peiping went to see the Japanese General. She expected to get permission from him, so that her Red Cross men could go out to save the wounded soldiers. But the Japanese General said: "Peiping is a Chinese city, you should go to ask the Chinese authority." And later he said: "If you really want the pass, you better come again tomorrow." The lady did as the Japanese General told her to do. She went to see this General again the next day. But the Japanese General seemed to forget what he had promised. He told her that he was busy. He could not give her the pass.

There was one interesting story about my friend. He came down from Peiping to Tientsin. When he got off from the station, he was detained by the Japanese for two hours. After they found out that he had nothing to

do with the present situation, they wanted to set him free. But before they let him go, one of the Japanese officers asked him how much money he brought along? My friend took out his pocket book and counted. There were sixty dollars. The Japanese officer took over the money and said that he would count for him. After he took over the money, he put half of the sum into his pocket. Then he gave back the rest to my friend and told him to check over to see whether the number is correct. My friend answered without hesitation: "Yes, it is right!" Then he was free.

I had a very narrow escape when I was on a train from Nanking to Shanghai. One Japanese airplane appeared above us and dropped a bomb. It was lucky that our train had stopped at the right time. The bomb dropped in front of our train and destroyed only the track.

Afterward, I left Hongkong on a steamship. I walked on the upper deck with some passengers one early morning. We saw a miserable scene. We saw a Chinese fishing junk or wooden boat floating in the sea. The sail-pole was cut down and oars were thrown into the sea. There was not a single life in the junk. It was destroyed by Japanese battleship.

I saw everywhere in China, danger of human lives and destruction of civilization. All these unfortunate happenings were consequences of Japanese aggression in China. Until my steamship got farther and farther away from Japan, I have become more and more sure of peace.

December 7, 1937

GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

Excerpts from letters written by Eva D. Spicer of the Department of Philosophy of Ginling College.

December 8, 1937 - Hankow.

.....There is news from Nanking today, which seems fairly reliable which would seem to say that the Chinese are not going to fight any more at Nanking, and that the Japanese are going in there this afternoon. I can't bear to think of it. War when you are being defeated is a terrible thing; and when I think of the elaborate preparations for celebration that they are staging in Tokyo, I feel like praying the Almighty for a nice big earthquake, but I have enough sense left to realize that that is not a prayer that you can possibly make in the name of Jesus. The humiliation of defeat is the terrible thing. Nanking was very new, and not such a beautiful capital, though it has a lovely setting, and there were some lovely parts in it, but it represented a whole lot of vitality and new life, and the beginning of a very real effort to meet the needs of the people; and I can't bear to think of the Japanese marching through it, and trampling on all the things it stood for, for they are going to trample on that middle way that Chiang was trying to work out. I don't want to see China go communistic, and the Japanese seem to have done their best to bring that about. If they had let Chiang alone, there was quite a chance of his establishing a stable non-communistic government. They say they fear communism, and yet they are doing their best to throw China into the arms of Russia and pulling down upon themselves the ultimate triumph of that which they are so dead against. Certainly a policy based on fear is in the long run a madman's policy.

December 15, 1937 - Hankow.

Well, Nanking was not handed over so simply. They are still fighting, and since most of the communications have been broken it is hard to get news. It is terrible not to know what is happening, but as the Japanese seem to be making fairly steady head-way, I suppose the present uncertainty will not last much longer. What with the bombing of the American and British gun-boats in the Yangtze, they seem to be running something of amok, and one wonders what will happen next. It kind of takes your breath away, and you feel as if you are living in a rather bad nightmare, from which one wishes devoutly one could wake up.

Dr. Wu came over on Saturday, and has been staying here since. She has been seeing some of the fairly high up officials, a good many of whom are here, and not in Chungking, which is capital mainly in name, I don't think they are exactly cheerful, but that can hardly be wondered at.

From the point of view of Communist strategy, it is perfectly legitimate to use this time of weakness to undermine the power of the Central Government, in other words Chiang, and work towards the setting up of their own regime. But still it does seem to me not only dirty work from the point of view of China, which is certainly not going to be helped in her resistance, already desperately difficult, by the stirring up of inner factions, but also ultimately unsound policy, as it seems to me that strategy of the Communist, which simply does not know the meaning of the word loyalty in the ordinary accepted sense, acts as a boomerang, and loyalty in their own group becomes impossible, and you have to resort - as Stalin has done - to the most sheer unadulterate force.

January 10, 1938 - Hankow.

.....The Ginling Faculty buildings have been looted of "trinkets" was the report of the Embassy. I suppose that means small easily moved articles, but I don't know if there has been more serious than looting since. The Japanese in some places go about it in a very business like way, and cart away the whole contents, and ship them back to Japan. I am glad that Ginling has got off so relatively well, but I am afraid all the people there must have had a terrible time, because ghastly things did happen.

On Sunday I went to Chinese Church in the morning, and met one of our alumnae of the Class of 1933, who had just arrived in Hankow with her family, and is practically penniless. Their home and property is in Nanking, which of course at the moment is bringing in nothing, possibly the houses are all destroyed. They had left Nanking in September, and gone to Hsuencheng, a place in Anhwei, which was taken very suddenly by the Japanese, and they got out only a few hours before the Japanese arrived. They had to walk for 140 miles, and then took a small boat to Hankow.

January 18, 1938 - Hankow.

On Friday and Saturday afternoon I spent several hours at the International Red Cross, where they keep all the supplies that they get in from England and other places, and repack them into orders and distribute them to the hospitals in this district, which is a fairly wide one, Honan, Hupeh, Hunan, and now Shensi and Szechuan etc. They have just got a lot of new drugs in from the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund and others. I was first put on to dividing up four gallon tins of eucalyptus into one gallon tins, they were pretty difficult to pour, and I left the place reeking to high heaven of eucalyptus. After a time a coolie took on that job, and I concentrated on the labels and corks. On Saturday I divided up seven pound tins of "Ferri Quinine Cit" into half pound bottles. That didn't smell so much, and was easier to handle, but you had to be careful to keep your mouth tight shut, as otherwise you breathed in very unpleasant fumes.

January 27, 1938 - Hongkong - Miss Spicer flew from Hankow to Hongkong on January 26th.

On January 23rd, the Sunday before I left Hankow, I had guests to lunch. One of the guests was Tsai Kwei, Ginling 1925, acting general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. She had fairly recently come from Shanghai by way of Hongkong and plane. She reported that they had had to close their industrial work among the factory girls in Shanghai, and that the man who was running one of the industrial centers of the Y.M.C.A. had been arrested, tortured and asked questions about communism, and expected to be killed. Six men had been arrested at their center, but five were now released. The general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. had been to the Municipal Council about it, but they had said they could do nothing; they had warned the Y.M.C.A. they had better close, and now could do nothing more. They had been meaning to close, and this man was down clearing things up, but they had the notice board still up, and also Chinese flags. Tsai Kwei said that this man knows practically nothing about communism, probably not even enough to know how to answer their questions but apparently all industrial work is suspected of being communist.

I had some more people to tea, two of them a former member of our faculty, (and an alumnae) with her husband, she and he and two babies, one only recently born, are on their way, as half China seems to be, to Szechuan; refugees but with as yet some money I gather. At any rate they were staying in a hotel not a camp. One of the alumnae I have been seeing something of, has finally decided to marry, and I have lent her money to get her mother and father etc. back to Shanghai, where

they have relatives they can live with.

I preached in the evening, again too long. Monday morning, January 24th, we had an air raid warning, the urgent went also, but nothing happened to us, but from the papers it must have been the time of the raid on Ichang (where Dze-djen is) apparently it was quite a nasty one. The Chinese faculty of I Hsun had invited me to breakfast, but fortunately it was in our own dining room, so we were able to go ahead and have it, even though the air raid warning had sounded. I had a few off jobs to do at the bank etc., and then a little later, I left Hankow for Wuchang, as the plane leaves from there. I had lunch with Miss Sutherland at Dr. Taylor's, one of the houses built on the new piece of land, where Hua Chung was planning to do building, but have been held up because of the war. After that I went out to St. Hilda's, said goodbye to the people there, and saw their refugees, amazingly patient and uncomplaining, the children were having a singing lesson, and looking very cheery. Dr. Hsiung then took me to the rest station for wounded soldiers, Nien Yu Tao, which Wang Yin-an and Liu En-lan had been instrumental in starting because they were appalled by the terrible condition of the soldiers when they were dumped out of one train, and were waiting for another. They take just the most serious cases there for temporary treatment and rest, before they go on. It is an old Chinese house, and the day was dark and dreary, and the approach covered with mud, but the men looked warm and comfortable, though terribly thin and white many of them, but were lying with a stolid patience, that wrings your heart, so many of them look so young, and you feel that they are such helpless pawns in the game that is being played; I wonder if the Japanese would wring your heart too. They have a doctor and five nurses there, and almost sixty beds. For a time there seemed fewer soldiers coming through, and they wondered if they had better close up, but more are coming again now. It is being carried on by a joint committee of the Y.W.C.A., Hua Chung, and Ginling.

Next day, January 25th, I went over to Hanyang, the third of the Wuhan cities. We walked to the Methodist Girls' School. They, like most of the middle schools of Wuhan have refugees there. They are living in the classrooms; they have straw mats on the floor to sleep on, and some of them had a little bedding of their own, others have been given some. I think almost all of the camps have been organized, and the refugees are doing practically all the work, cooking, etc. They have also organized schools for the children, which are in some cases being taught by the refugees themselves, as many of them are quite well educated. They said at Hanyang that they had had five deaths since they opened, only about a week before, all babies with pneumonia. One mother said she had started with five children, arriving with only one. Everybody says who has had anything to do with them that they are almost all very grateful, very patient, and very willing to do everything they can. What is going to happen to them all is a tremendous problem, as it looks as though Japan is making it as difficult as possible for them to return to the areas these people have left, and the Japanese have occupied. I think the middle schools seem to think that they will be able to keep them on even if they open, as they expect their numbers to be very much reduced. Most of the Wuhan schools are planning to open, but only for children who can get back easily to their homes, if there is any serious threat. On our way back we paid a brief visit to a hospital which the Methodists are running, in a godown, a hundred beds in one large room, and also to their General Hospital in that quarter.

REPORT CHINLING NEWS * 8 December 1937

From the Shanghai Unit

Shanghai, Apt. A,
331 Avenue Britain,
Shanghai.

October 30, 1937

My dear Miss Garest:

This week we have had the wonderful "bright blue weather" that the poet has associated with October: clearest of air, skies for days with seldom a cloud, brilliant sunshine. If we were now at Chinling, we should certainly have arranged a "Mountain Day" for one of these glorious days.

But Chinling seems such a long way from us these days. The girls are as homesick as can be for Chinling and the life there. Two of them told me yesterday that life wasn't even fifty percent happy in the hard conditions of these terrible war times. Some of the drawbacks are: insufficient tent-housing; tiny, crowded classrooms; no college life as we know it on the Chinling campus; hallways between classes which resemble packed sardine cans more than anything else; hours on buses or trains every day; classes crowded into an afternoon or a morning; the atmosphere of war, the streets crowded with refugees, the air often noisy with air-raids, the bombardments, and machine-gunning; the difficulties of finding quiet places for study, etc.

The school activities this week have been crowded into the background somewhat by the happenings in the war zone. On Wednesday morning about 4 a.m. the Chinese forces left Chapai, and from later in the morning for many hours all Chapai seemed to be on fire. At noon Ruth and I ascended to the sixth story of this apartment house to see the fire; it was indeed a spectacle: for a mile or more the dense columns of smoke towered to the sky, billowing into fantastic shapes, now a mountain with deep-sea caverns, the next moment taking on another contour. This smoke formed all the background of our world in that direction, blotting out some of the largest buildings near the downtown area.

At night we went up again on the roof; now the sky in Chapai, and in another region directly west, in Jossfield, were flame-colored against the night sky; we could guess at the extent and fury of the fires which raged so steadily and with such vigour. To the west, at a distance of two or three miles, we could discern the leaping of the fire, not the actual flames, but the bursting of the light upwards. It might have been an inferno on a grand scale.

Everyone was anxious about the troops of the Chinese. The newspapers soon allayed any fears of a disorderly retreat, but we heard with amazement of the 800 Chinese men who refused to leave their places in Hongkew! Did anyone ever hear of such foolhardy persistence? In the go-down are 500 men and in another 300, and they absolutely refuse to leave their posts unless their commander gives the order. The imagination of the whole city and country has been fired by the deed, and it will raise Chinese morale in a way none of us can estimate. If these men, after weeks of grilling machine gun fire and bombardment can do this, what cannot the rest of patriotic China do?

(Work of Ginling alumnae in Shanghai)

Last night Ruth, Lillian, and I (Ginling faculty) were guests at Deng Yu-ji's home in the factory district near Jerry Road. Before we had supper, she took us to see their YMA centre in the heart of the industrial area. Most of the girls had worked in mills, owned chiefly by the Japanese. In normal times the girls work from 8 to 6 with half an hour off for lunch, and then they come for an hour and a half of study to the Centre. Now since the mills are almost all closed, the girls put in hours of study every day. We saw them at their classes, and liked the appearance of the bright girls, who did not yet seem overcome with the life they are forced to lead. One class was studiously at work on geography, and we saw they were using and enjoying the text prepared by Liu Su-lan (Professor of Geography at Ginling). Another class of rather older girls were bent over newspapers, discussing current events; it was easy to see that this was no set "task" but something that meant a good deal to them. They were smiling and polite when we entered, and stuck to attention, but when urged to go on with their work, they settled to it at once, not minding our presence.

Most of these girls were refugees, and we saw the tiny rooms that served as their sleeping-quarters; one room which usually housed four girls now has fifteen sleeping there, one close beside the other; another even tinier room held 10, five along each end. On the wall were neatly hung their dresses; their comforters and bedding were neatly piled in one heap; the floor was clean; nowhere was there a sign of carelessness.

And we learned that these current events girls were to be the fourth Volunteer group of factory girls who go behind the lines, educate the peasants who do not know why life has become so disorganized, who do not know why they are taken from their peaceful farmsteads to dig trenches, carry immovable things for the army, etc. They also serve as interpreters to the troops from other parts of China at a loss with the Shanghai dialect. When they first went out they were supported by the Y.M., now the army pays them. On the bulletin-board we saw the snapshots of the first three groups, gay laughing girls in shirts and trousers, and seen the girls upstairs would have their pictures there too!

As we left the "Centre", we talked with some girls busy eating their supper. It was now after eight, and these girls work with the army from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m., and were just back from the Shanghai front. We could not but admire their pluck.

(Note: the National Secretary of the YMA in China is a Ginling graduate, Miss Tsai Kwei.)

We celebrated Founders' Day to the sound of bombardment. The fighting was so near to the place chosen for our service (Molybde School) that we at first doubted whether we could meet, but decided to carry on. There was a series of tableaux showing the "Spirit of Ginling", steadily growing in the past, bright now, and destined to shine brightly through the future. -- Airplanes zoomed around so that we could see them, and there was heavy shelling with all the frills. -- Miss Wu's telegram from the campus in Hanking was one of the most inspiring parts of the service: "May Ginling family be worthy of Founders and College ideals by humbly strengthening ourselves and sacrificially sharing in national crisis. Minus O: 35-57."

Yours --

Florence A. Kirk

GINLING COLLEGE
NANKING, CHINA

A letter from Miss Vautrin written Thursday morning December 9th, 1937 in Nanking. The envelope is stamped "American Embassy, Hankow, January 31, 1938", "Honolulu, February 16". It was received in New York February 21, 1938 via air mail.

Although the post office will no longer receive letters I have heard of a person at the Metropolitan Hotel who is trying to get up to Hankow and I will see if he will take these letters out, for I know that you are all anxious to hear from us as long as it is possible.

Yesterday we could hear occasional gun or cannon shots at a distance, but this morning it seems much nearer. To Mrs. Tsen and me it seems to the southwest of the city. We also know that the Japanese army is no very far to the east of the city as well. I am still hoping that if the Japanese army approaches from two sides and if the gunboats come up the river - they have not yet gotten past the barrier down at Giangyin - that the Chinese army will retreat rather than to make a stand here and run the risk of sacrificing a large group of men by having all means of escape cut off. We have a number of air raids each day now but only the urgent warning is given for there is no chance to give the first warning since the planes are upon us too quickly. There has as yet been no bombing of the city by planes as was done in Soochow and we are hoping that we will not have to go through such an ordeal of destruction.

The International Committee for the Safety Zone has been working like galley slaves on trying to put the safety zone into effect. Yesterday the flags were put up - the red cross in the red circle. This zone is now crowded with people. Most pitiful stories were told us yesterday by people living near the south gate, the Confucian Temple district and the East Gate district, who were forced to leave their homes on a few hours notice. I imagine the police had to be ruthless or the people would not have left their homes. Many of the houses in the above regions have been burned because they interfered with military plans. The Committee has had a very, very difficult time in getting the orders of the higher military officers to penetrate down to the lower officers and as a result fortifications continually are placed within the safety area and shelters are still being built in the region although to be really a safety zone all of these will have to be removed, even to military hospitals.

Ever since Dr. Wu left those of us on the campus, including the servants, have been working like Trojans getting ready for the refugees. Yesterday we completed preparing the dormitories. All the furniture has been moved to the big attics - one value of big attics that we did not think of before - and the rooms have been thoroughly cleaned. In the four regular college dormitories we will house 1320 refugees, putting nine in a room. In the Central Building we can house 436 and in the Arts Building 550. In the Science Building 266 and in the Practice School 180. We are not planning at the present time, at least to put them in the South Hill Residence, Eva Spicer's house, the Library or Music Buildings. The Neighborhood House is already full to overflowing with families. On the main campus we are expecting to take only women and children, the boys being not over twelve. The total that we have figured on taking is 2750. That seems a good many to you but the committee wanted us to take in about ten thousand. There will be a soup kitchen managed by the Red Cross on the vacant land just to the northwest of our gate.

Last night we took in a few and this morning they are coming in. Our organization is well planned so that Mrs. Tsen and I do not need to be on the job all of the time but can be free to meet special problems. Six servants have been organized into a guard and have special arm bands. They help at the gate and also direct people to the right building. We have prepared a special plan of the campus showing the number of persons who can be assigned to each room - allowing 16 square feet per person, including children. We have also prepared cards and as each group comes in it is assigned and given a stamped card. Mr. Li does the former and Mr. Hsia writes the card. Mr. Chen is outside of the gate with Yang Szi-fu trying to get them into families and explain to them. At the buildings - and we only open one at a time, is Miss

Hsueh, the day school teacher with a group of her pupils and also some of the older children living on the campus, and they escort them up to the room to which they have been assigned. These youngsters have special arm bands and have a special room where they gather and they feel quite important. "Big Wang" is living down at East Court and his three children are helping, and also Mrs. Tsen's second grandson who is invaluable. He certainly will make a fine business manager someday. As I write the aeroplanes are carrying on a vigorous raid in the south section of the city. Miss Wang a student in the seminary and Miss Lo are both living down at the Practice School and are giving us great help. Mr. Wang goes to the office of the International Committee everyday and helps them there. You can see that we are a busy, useful family on the campus, even if we are not joyful or carefree.

Each day at six o'clock, Mrs. Tsen and I have been attending Press Conference which is held down at the headquarters of the Sino-British Cultural Society. Mary Twinem has come for us each time and taken us in her car. After the meeting she comes home with us for supper. Although none of the men have told us that we were heartily welcome, yet they have not told us we were unwelcome and so we continue to attend. It has enabled us to get in touch with people of importance and to keep up to date on the progress especially of the Safety Zone.

I am so sad every time I go out on the street that I seldom go out now. Nanking is but a shadow - a sad and dejected shadow - of what it was a year ago, when there was so much enthusiasm and progress. The roads are in terrible condition, of course. The houses in this area are fast filling but the rest of the city is deserted. How much destruction there has been down in the south city I do not know. At the Press Conference every effort has been made to persuade the military and the mayor to cause as little destruction in the city as possible - for after all it will be the poor of the Chinese population who will continue to live here when the city is turned over. They have promised not to follow the "scorched earth" policy but it remains to be seen whether or not the promise is kept.

Fortunately for the poor, the weather is still good although cold at nights. In the day time we have sunshine which is a great blessing. If there were snow or rain people would be most pitiful.

A letter came from the American Embassy yesterday afternoon in which they say, "Simultaneously with the departure of other foreign diplomatic officers, the remaining officers of the American Embassy will this evening board the U.S.S. Panay and establish temporary offices there. It is expected that the officers of the Embassy will return to the premises on shore during the day time. Full functions on shore will be resumed by the Embassy at the earliest date practicable. When information is received that the Hsia Gwan gate (Yi Chiang Gate) is closed the Panay will move from its present anchorage to one off of San Chia Ho. The Embassy is attempting to make efforts with the authorities to keep open the telephone to the U.S. Naval Club on the Bund (32814) and to the Asiatic Petroleum Company Installation at San Chia Ho (32906). Ropes for assistance in evacuating over the city walls are being given into the custody of M.S. Bates, etc." I give you this information so that if any of you wish to try to get in touch with us you may do so. How long we may be cut off from the outside world we do not know - but we hope it will not be for long time.

I must go out to the front gate and see what the condition is there. Remember that no news is good news and that the chances are very large that we shall come through the ordeal safely. I am sure that you are daily praying for us that we may be continually led by the spirit of love and understanding. I am sorry that I was not able to get a Christmas message to each of you - but there has been no time for it. No time to copy diary. Will do so later.

COPY OF MRS. WAY SUNG NEW'S SPEECH
TO THE CHINESE WOMEN'S CLUB OF
SHANGHAI, CHINA ON DECEMBER 14, 1937

(This has been enclosed without Mrs. New's knowledge.)

Members of the Chinese Women's Club, first of all, let me thank you for the confidence you have placed in me in thus electing me to be on the Executive Committee of the Shanghai International Red Cross. I feel very incompetent to be your representative, but I know that your election means your wholehearted support.

When you are called upon to meet an emergency, there is no time to stop and argue nor to idealize, but you must respond with quick action. Well, today there is an emergency to be met. I cannot talk today about theories and much less about ideals, but I shall give you a graphic picture, as well as figures and statistics, of what has been done by the Clothing Department Committee in the past two months. We wish to thank you for your gift of \$200.00 to our Clothing Committee. With this money it has been possible to have tailors alter 4,000 garments at five cents each. We wish you would grant us more aid.

Then I shall begin to tell the story of how three of us started in a little room to sort out dirty clothes, the first seventy-one bags from Hongkong. It started with a gift of three pieces of clothing to a person by the name of Lee, and now we handle and distribute two thousand garments a day. The highest record was last Saturday when we sent out 6,400. If you face a request for 750 suits, 250 for women, 250 for men, 250 for children, and for 300 quilts, how will you be able to respond? To give everything needed for one camp means spending a sum of \$2,400. Yet we have a waiting list of nine camps per day; that means that on the average you are called to serve over 3,000 refugees a day. If all the camps should have money to buy your products, you would be able to do a business of \$10,000. a day. The question remains to be answered, how can the Clothing Committee meet such tremendous need? Up to the present the Hongkong Women's Relief Association gave us six consignments of goods - summer clothes, old shoes, old stockings. One American lady while paring the socks said, "Mrs. New, I wonder if they contain Hongkong Foot inside!" There are shoes that cannot be matched, and muslin dresses that cannot be used. However, it was a great fortune with which the Clothing Committee was entrusted and you will be surprised how many useful garments we have been able to evolve.....1,700.

I wish you would come to visit one headquarters at the C.M.A. Building and another at the Sacred Heart Primary School. Thousands of new cotton garments are produced a day for the Jacquinet Zone. The whole project is to make 20,000 padded garments, 8,000 for men, 8,000 for women and 4,000 for children.

The thing we wish you to see is that our students would be willing to sew for the refugees. We have two schools which are doing that, and a few large families have volunteered to sew children's garments. We have also begun to ask the refugees to sew for themselves, but that requires supervision. Because of measles, and other kinds of diseases, we dare not ask refugees in one camp

to ~~new~~ for those in other camps yet.

The Salvation Army is very efficient in using what we would call trash. They have a good sewing-room and manage to produce wearable garments for their own refugees. This is the ideal situation.

We have six groups of volunteers working for the Clothing Committee: Executive heads, stenographers, recording and corresponding secretaries, sewing-room supervisors, and people who sort out things. Intelligence is needed even in sorting out clothes. One lady who has been a professor for many years is helping with that. I never knew before that even in sorting out rags a first class brain is needed. That is very true. Now can you guess how many cooperate in this Clothing Supply and Distribution service? There are over 200 workers in the Tailoring Department, over 100 in both the Visiting and Clothing Committees. We can hardly rest; some of our ladies work even on Sunday. This is, indeed, a good experience in learning how to deal with the mass and their needs.

This is a great time for us women to learn how to mobilize woman power. We have so much to learn in doing things systematically, and efficiently. We are known as a people who cannot organize; our people are competent to take care of their own little business, but in tackling the big problem, we are lacking in cooperation. You probably have heard of our using "co-ordination" and "correlation." These are two words often used in educational work; one is not to overlap, the other is to bring all sorts into their proper relation, to give a sense of proportion. There are 181 camps supported by over twenty societies. Then, if each of the 181 camps can go to twenty odd societies for garments, rice and funds, that will result in a very corrupt system. But if all the societies know that camp "A" has been given so much funds, so much rice and so much clothing, that camp will ask for no further supplies from the other societies. But if camp "B" has not enough clothing, although it is supported by the same society which managed camp "A", it can appeal to another society like the International Red Cross Clothing Committee which will be very glad to give. Only we must see that there is no cheating and no duplication.

For the next two months, we would like to collect 75,000 cotton padded garments and 40,000 quilts for the most needy refugees. Will you help us by sending cotton and cloth? We have more than enough old clothes from Hongkong. We need new cloth and padding cotton.

The noble life is the life that loves, that gives, that loses itself, that overflows, and irrigates the great fields of human anxiety.

Mrs. Way Sung New

Chinese Medical Association
41 Tsze Pang Road
Shanghai, China

London Mission, Hankow
December 14, 1937

Dear
Miss Hodge,
Mrs. Thurston,
Miss Griest.

I sent you an air mail as soon as I got to Hankow on December 5th. Eva Spicer wanted me to stay and rest here, but I was anxious to be with our unit in order to discuss together our plans for second semester, so I went over to Wuchang right away. After much discussion we formed tentative plans and I came over to Hankow on Saturday (December 11) to make arrangements for transportation. This afternoon I am going back to Wuchang again.

Briefly the situation and our plans are the following. From Tokyo the news came that the Japanese would push on until they could control Hankow and Canton, so the schools here are facing their problems as we did in August and September. Hua Chung decided to shorten their term to 14 weeks and close the semester by the end of December and if students want to go home, they may do so and make up their work next term. By last Saturday about 30 had gone; and six of our girls had left, some returning home in Hunan and Kiangai and one or ~~two~~ joined their families at Chungking. The immediate problem is transportation, because the Chinese boats have mostly been chartered by Government offices, and foreign boats are few and the crowds are big. Although I hope the rest of our girls won't leave until they finish this term, we know we must arrange for transportation early if they ~~expect~~ to leave at all.

Now, we come to the question of College plan. The permanent solution is too difficult to be decided upon now, so we talked about the immediate plan for the second term. With our group in Wuchang, some want to go up to Chengtu and some may return to Shanghai via Hongkong. For several reasons, we like to think of Chengtu as a Ginling unit.

1. Around ten girls wish to go there and are financially able to take the journey.
2. When we have not any equipment with us and no funds

-2-

to put up a shelter, we can only go to some university and beg for facilities. 3. Many families have moved to Chengtu from the lower Yangtze Valley, and some may still be able to send their daughters to College and may prefer Ginling to the institutions already in Szechwan. 4. When we are not sure what we should do in Nanking, we should consider our unit in Chengtu as temporary and so, we wish to manage the thing as economically as possible, not spending any money on equipment.

For Shanghai we feel that we should keep up the unit there, and if St. John's moves back to their own campus, we may even manage a hostel (as at Hua Chung) near by for our own girls. We wrote to Ruth Chester and Mrs. New jointly before I left Nanking on this point, because Mrs. New is so well known to St. John's faculty. Besides the present unit of 48 girls there, there are some other girls at home in or near Shanghai. We all know that our largest student constituency is from Kiangsu and Chekiang, and for the immediate future parents of girls in that part of China may think of the International Settlement in Shanghai as offering comparative safety. So I have suggested to Ruth to consider taking in Freshmen girls next term. Formerly, Shanghai had too many universities, but now after such Chinese universities as Fuh-tan, Ta-tung, Kwang Hwa, and Great China have moved to the interior, I doubt if they could come back soon. So, there may be a need of Christian Colleges where students may work without too much interference from the Japanese.

The big question is what should we do on our own campus in Nanking? When I wrote to you on October 30th and raised the question of college policy, the situation was so different from now. I have done much thinking since the war situation suddenly changed. And when I finally decided not to ship any boxes of books and equipment away, I

I began to think differently from what I had thought. Formerly, I was quite sure we should carry on work under the Chinese flag, where we would not be interfered with by Japanese control. After the change in the war situation, I was so stunned at the beginning, that I could not think for the future of the college. Then gradually I tried to face the cruel facts, to realize more acutely the causes - both external and internal - that led to the present state of affairs, and to face the probable outcome more courageously. By the end of my boat journey I was quite convinced that running into the interior is not the only course open. As a Christian College we should consider that probably right in Nanking under changed political conditions, we are needed more than elsewhere. 1st, Government colleges are unable to reopen, and so the actual need of an institution of college grade. 2nd, the presence of missionaries and Chinese Christians may serve as a check indirectly to Japanese doings and encouragement to the people that have to live there. 3rd, as a Christian Chinese I think there is a call to follow the hard course and to build up personalities under difficult circumstances. Many thinking Chinese are also turning to the slow and deep work of building from individual persons and not merely physical reconstruction. But these are looking toward the West and South-west of our big country. It seems to me then, that we Christians should turn toward the region where others won't go, and where because of the selfish office seekers and the unthinking masses, the need for a few thinking people may be much greater. I for one am ready to go when and if the college is to start work again in Nanking. As for the faculty, it should be taken up later, because it must be an individual personal decision. For unless everyone thinks through the whole problem involved and is convinced it is the thing she wants to give herself to, there will be no meaning in

-4-

conducting a college. However, before we come to that, we must decide on the college policy, which should be considered by the Founders and Directors at the same time. For the second term I should like to start the middle school, for there should be girls of school age in Nanking, and the College should not let the buildings stand empty too long. It will be easier to start the College later if the middle school has been going.

I wish I had news from Nanking for you. But after the tragedy of the Panay, even the Embassy could have no direct communication with Nanking. However, just because of the innocent sacrifice of those who lost their lives on the Panay, the Japanese might be more careful of our friends in the city, and they may be safer now. The Chinese have withdrawn, so fighting must have ceased and we hope both the University of Nanking and Ginling groups are safe.

I had better stop now. You can never imagine where I am. Before I finished two paragraphs a caller came, then lunch, then the bank - It is here where the men are counting and weighing the gold jewelry that I managed to write this. All the rings etc. are contributed to the National Treasury through the Women's War Relief Association. Thank you very much for your cable, Rebecca, and kindly excuse me for not cabling back, because I would like to follow our understanding - no news is good news.

Anna is taking this letter to the postoffice for me, and she reminded me this should be a Christmas Clipper mail. So, here I add these words, may this Christmas teach us again the peace Jesus came to bring for our inner being.

Hastily,

Yi-fang Wu

Mrs. Macmillan

Dear
Miss Hodge,
Mrs. Thurston,
Miss Orin.

London Mission, Hankow
December 14, 1937

[It seems often the case that I make my plans carefully for the day and then things come up keeping me from carrying them out. I arranged for Hilda Anderson to do some letters for me this morning, especially one to New York by the air mail tomorrow, but I was kept from keeping my appointment by business of the Women's War Relief Association, and now I'll use the half hour I have to write a short letter to you.]

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Hastily,

Yi-fang Wu

Trek p117
December 21, 1937
Hua Chung College
Wuchang China
Received New York - 1/4/38

Dear Miss Hodge, Mrs. Thurston and Miss Griest,

A week ago I sent you a long hand letter by the Clipper, and another by the Clipper on December 4th. I hope they both reached you.

During this past week we have been most anxious to get whatever news we could about Nanking. The first word we had from the American Embassy here in Hankow was that all Americans in the city are safe. We sent a joint radiogram through the Embassy to New York, telling you that Miss Vautrin was safe. In regard to the Chinese staff there, and the buildings, we have not had any direct news, but from the absence of reports of damage by such men as Mr. Smith of Reuters, we take it to mean that nothing has happened to our buildings; and since we have heard no mention of any great disorder in the city, we trust that our faculty group on the campus are safe. In the newspapers we read that Ginling College was considered as the place for women and children refugees. Before I left Nanking, we did consider the possibility of letting women and children from the south city come in during the days of fierce fighting. But thus far we have had no detailed report.

Hua Chung College decided to shorten this term, starting their winter vacation from December 31st. They also said that students might withdraw and still receive credit, if they make up work and take examinations at the end of the second term. Many students have already gone home, and there are at present about 100 left, including 27 of our girls.

Among our group there are 14 girls, mostly biology and sociology majors, who have definitely decided to go to Chengtu, and five faculty, Djang Siao-sung, Chen Ping-dji, Dr. Lung and Miss Chou, sociology, Chen Ian-ying, acting registrar, will go with them. Securing boat passage is a real task these days, and I have asked the University of Nanking staff to help me. So the group expects to go with the last batch of the University. Because of the low water level, they must transship at Ichang. We have written to the Scottish Presbyterian Mission there, also to the Y.W.C.A. in Chungking to take care of our group. The general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. and the principal of the Presbyterian Girls' School are both Ginling graduates, and have already replied with a warm welcome to our party. The dean of the Women's College of West China Union University has extended a cordial welcome. So we shall be taken care of when we finally arrive at Chengtu.

The difficulty we now face is in regard to the other group of our faculty that intended to go to Shanghai via Hongkong. At first we expected them to go on the International train announced for tomorrow, the 22nd, but somehow that plan did not work out, and so we tried to get tickets on the ordinary express to Canton. Yesterday we were told that the line was broken, and is being repaired, and that tickets may be secured after a few days. With the rumor that Japan may strike at Canton next, we are not sure if it is wise to send the group down on the railway. In deciding to have this group go to Shanghai, it was with the idea of starting a small freshman class in cooperation with St. John's. From Miss Chester's letter, it seems that there is much apprehension as to the future of Shanghai, and St. John's is not expecting at present to go back to its own campus for the next term. However, Mr. Cressy and a small committee have been appointed to plan for the work of the Christian institutions that have been affected by the war, namely, St. John's, University of Shanghai, Ginling, Soochow, and possibly Hankow. I have written to Miss Chester expressing my approval of her suggestion that Ginling try to manage to give the basic courses under our faculty and join with other institutions in advanced courses. All this is still in the stage of planning, so perhaps this had better not be taken as the final word.

12/21/37

When I wrote to you before about the future of the College, I thought the most important factor was our own college policy. In other words, whether we should stay where the permanent campus is with no regard to the political situation, or whether we should move to a place where work can be carried on without Japanese interference. But now I have found one more equally important factor; that is, the unknown element of the future of the war. If this present war is to continue involving Japan and China only, it seems that Nanking may not be disturbed in the immediate future, and the college may be able to carry on work there, if the Board so approves. However, if the scope of the war should be enlarged to involve other countries, then the lower Yangtze valley may again see fighting. Since no one can foretell what may happen, we have considered it better for the college to keep the two units at Shanghai and Chengtu for the coming semester, and we will have to plan gradually for the next step.

In regard to Nanking I wish very much to have our practice school started as soon as advisable. We should not leave our buildings unused for too long a time, and furthermore, if the college expects to go back, it will be easier if one division of the institution is already running. I have thought of proposing to the Board of Directors that they appoint a foreign vice-president, and will try to do so soon, although we do not know where all the members are at present. It is very evident to me and to many other Chinese that if the college wishes to meet with the least interference possible, we should have a foreigner to deal with local authorities during this unsettled period.

When I left Nanking the Chinese name I gave to the emergency committee meant "provisional executive committee", because I wanted it to be authority representing the college, and at the same time wished to show that the college as a whole had not moved away. If the Board approves of a foreign vice-president, it will be easy to have her take over the responsibility of this committee.

In regard to the financial condition of the college, I would like to mention now that the original emergency budget will not be able to take care of many extra items. For instance, travel expense of the faculty group. They have been very sympathetic with the college, and are traveling by the cheapest way possible. I expect to work over the budget with Miss Priest very soon, and will ask her to write to you fully, if there should be revisions.

When I think of the faculty for the next school year, I am at a loss to make definite requests now. One thing that worries me is the fact that so many of our Senior American members are due to leave on their furlough. They are Miss Chester, Dr. Reeves, Miss Vautrin, Miss Sutherland, and Miss Tappert. It is bad enough in normal times for all of them to be absent, but in the present unsettled condition, it will be difficult indeed to manage the work without them. From the viewpoint of physical fitness, Dr. Reeves seems to be the only one that we may ask to postpone the furlough. However there are still several months, and we may find a way out before the new school year begins. I am counting on Mrs. Thurston's return, of course.

I don't intend to tell you war news, because from the large number of foreign newspapers in China you must be getting fairly full reports. I wish to say only a few words in regard to the mediation by the German ambassador. When it was first intimated, our government could not accept because the Nine Power Conference had been convened. Then after the conference could do nothing and our forces withdrew from Shanghai, we were ready to talk with the German ambassador, but the Japanese definitely turned away from any mediation, and even our German friends did not get any response from Tokyo.

Speaking of the Nine Power Conference, it was to a certain extent responsible

12/21/37

for the sudden collapse of our resistance in the eastern front. Our military leaders wanted to hold the line in Woosong and Chapei at least until the conference started, and in so doing they sacrificed too many of our best troops and had not enough men left in the rear to get the next important defense line established through Kiangyin, Soochow, Kashing, and Hangchow. I was told if we had withdrawn from Shanghai earlier, and gotten this line established, we should have been able to hold on several months longer.

If the Japanese forces actually press on as they appear to be doing now, they will try to occupy Eastern, Central, as well as North China. At the same time they will go ahead with the political scheme of setting up a puppet government. This time their purpose is not merely to have a local government "to maintain peace and order", but to call it the "provisional government of the Republic of China." I suppose you have read of its establishment in Peiping on December 14th.

The Japanese capitalists have begun making extensive plans to exploit the economic resources of China. Here I wish to make a very strong plea to the American financiers, that they should not be persuaded to invest their capital in this way. On the surface it may appear harmless or even beneficial to the poor working class in China, through employment in factories, etc. Yet these enterprises will directly benefit the Japanese capitalists and so increase Japan's economic strength. At this moment when the American public seems to be so stirred up for voluntary boycott of Japanese goods, it may be untirely unnecessary for me to refer to American investment. Yet the economic strength of Japan is such an important factor in our struggle that I cannot help wanting to express my personal concern. If America can use this negative means of withholding financial help, it will directly keep Japan from reaping benefit from her war conquests, and at the same time will not lead America into war. I would think even your peace organizations would support this. I am writing to you now when I have it so much on my mind, and I feel that you will be helping China a great deal if you can think of ways to get in touch with big business men and prepare them for possible approaches from Japan.

Very sincerely yours,

Yi-fang Wu

Not for Publication.

Nanking, China, Christmas Eve, 1937.

What I am about to relate is anything but a pleasant story; in fact it is so very unpleasant that I cannot recommend anyone without a strong stomach to read it. For it is a story of such crime and horror as to be almost unbelievable, the story of the depredations of a horde of degraded criminals of incredible beastiality, who have been and are now, working their will, unrestrained, on a peaceful, kindly, lawabiding people. Yet it is a story which, I feel must be told, even if it is seen by only a few. I cannot rest until I have told it, and unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I am one of a very few who are in a position to tell it. It is not complete for it is only a small part of the whole; and God only knows when it will be finished. I pray it may be soon -- but I am afraid it is going to go on for many months to come, not just here but in other parts of China, I believe it has no parallel in modern history.

It is now Christmas Eve. I shall start with, say, December 10th. In these two short weeks we here in Nanking have been through a siege; the Chinese army has left; defeated, and the Japanese has come in. On that day Nanking was still the beautiful city we were so proud of, with law and order still prevailing; today it is a city laid waste, ravaged, completely looted, much of it burned. Complete anarchy has reigned for ten days -- it has been a hell on earth. Not that my life has been in serious danger at any time; though turning lust-mad, sometimes drunken soldiers out of houses where they are raping women is not perhaps altogether a safe occupation; nor does one feel too sure of himself when he finds a bayonet at his chest or a revolver at his head and knows it is handled by someone who heartily wishes him out of the way. For the Japanese is anything but pleased at our being here after having advised all foreigners to get out. They wanted no observers. But to have to stand by while even the very poor are having their last possessions taken from them -- their last coin, their last bit of bedding (and it is freezing weather) the poor ricksha; while thousands of disarmed soldiers who have sought sanctuary with you, together with many hundreds of innocent civilians are taken out before your eyes to be shot or used for bayonet practice and you have to listen to the sound of the guns that are killing them; while a thousand women kneel before you crying hysterically, begging you to save them from the beasts who are preying on them; to stand by and do nothing while your flag is taken down and insulted, not once but a dozen times, and your own home is being looted; and then to watch the city you have come to love and the institutions to which you have planned to devote your best years deliberately and systematically burned by fire -- this is a hell I had never before envisaged, but hell it is none the less.

We keep asking ourselves, "How long can this last?" Day by day we are assured by officials that things will be better soon, that "we will do our best", -- but each day has been worse than the day before. And now we are told that a new division of 20,000 men are arriving. Will they have to have their toll of flesh and loot, of murder and rape. There will be little left to rob, for the city has been well nigh stripped clean. For the past week the soldiers have been busy loading their trucks with what they wanted from the stores and then setting fire to the buildings. And then there is the harrowing realization that we have only enough rice and flour for the 200,000 refugees for another three weeks and coal for ten days. Do you wonder that one wakes in the night in a cold sweat of fear and sleep for the rest of the night is gone? They cannot continue much longer in their present terribly crowded conditions; disease and pestilence must soon follow if they do.

Not for publication.

5

Every day we call at the Embassy and present our protest, our appeals, our lists of authenticated reports of violence and crime. We are met with suave Japanese courtesy, but actually the officials there are powerless. The victorious army must have its rewards--and those rewards are to plunder, murder, rape at all, to commit acts of unbelievable brutality and savagery on the very people whom they have come to protect and befriend, as they have so loudly proclaimed to the world. In all modern history surely there is no page that will stand so black as that of the rape of Nanking.

To tell the whole story of these past ten days or so would take too long. The tragic thing is that by the time the truth gets out to the rest of the world it will be cold--it will no longer be "news." Anyway the Japanese have undoubtedly been proclaiming abroad that they have established law and order in a city that had already been looted and burned, and that the down-trodden population had received their benevolent army with open arms and a great flag-waving welcome. However, I am going to record some of the more important events of this period as I have jotted them down in my little diary, for they will at least be of interest to some of my friends and I shall have the satisfaction of having a permanent record of these unhappy days. It will probably extend beyond the date of this letter, for I do not anticipate being able to get this off for some considerable time. The Japanese censorship will see to that. Our own Embassy officials and those of other countries together with some of the business men who went aboard the ill-fated "Panay" and the Standard Oil boats and other ships just before the capture of Nanking, confidently expecting to return within a week when they left, are still cooling their heels (those who haven't been killed or wounded by Japanese bombs and machine guns) out on the river or perhaps in one of the ports. We are wagering that it will be another fortnight before any of us is permitted to leave Nanking. We are virtually prisoners here.

You will recall, those of you who have read earlier letters of mine, that our International Committee for the Nanking Safety Zone had been negotiating with both the Chinese and Japanese for the recognition of a certain area in the city which would be kept free of soldiers and all military officers and which would not be bombed or shelled, a place where the remaining two hundred thousand of Nanking's population would take refuge when things became too hot, for it had become quite obvious that the splendid resistance which the Chinese had put up so long at Shanghai was now broken and their morale largely gone. The terrific punishment which they had taken from the superior artillery, tanks, and air force could not be endured forever and the successful landing of Japanese troops on Hangchow Bay attacking their flank and rear was the crowning event in their undoing. It seemed inevitable that Nanking must soon fall.

On Dec. 1st, Mayor Ma virtually turned over to us the administrative responsibilities for the Zone altogether with a police force of 450 men, 30,000 piculs (2,000 tons) of rice, 10,000 bags of flour, and some salt, also a promise of a hundred thousand dollars in cash, \$50,000 of which was subsequently received. Gen. Tang, recently executed we have been told, charged with the defence of the city, cooperated splendidly on the whole in the very difficult task of clearing the zone of the military and anti-aircraft, and a most commendable degree of order was preserved right up to the very last moment when the Japanese began, on Sunday the 12th, to enter the walls. There was no looting save in a small way by soldiers who were in need of provisions, and foreign property throughout the city was respected. We had city water until the 10th, electricity until the following day, and telephone service actually up to the day the Japanese entered the city. At no time did we feel any serious sense of danger, for the Japanese seemed to be avoiding the Zone with their air bombs and shells, and Nanking was a heaven of order and safety compared with the hell it has been ever since the Japanese came. It is true that we had some difficulty with our trucking--the rice was stored outside the city and some of our drivers did not relish going out where the shells were falling. One lost an eye with a splinter of shrapnel, and two

[3]

of our trucks were seized by the military, but that was nothing compared with the difficulties we have since faced. But I must go on with my chronicle of events.

On December 10th, the refugees were streaming into the Zone. We had already filled most of the institutional buildings -- Ginling, the College and other schools, and now had to requisition the Supreme Court, the Law College and the Overseas Building, forcing doors where they were locked and appointing our own caretakers. Two Japanese blimps were visible just beyond Purple Mountain, probably to direct artillery fire. Heavy guns were pounding the south wall, and shells were dropping into the city. Several shells landed just within the Zone to the south the following morning, killing about 40 near the Bible Teachers' Training School and the Foo Chong Hotel. Mr. Sperling, our inspector, a German, was slightly injured at the latter place where he was living. The U.S.S. Panay moved up the river, but before it left I had a phone call (the last city gate had been closed and we had forfeited our right to go aboard the gunboat) from Paxton our Embassy giving me the last two radiograms to reach Nanking. He was phoning from outside the city, of course; the messages were from Wilber and Boynton.

We were now a community of twenty-seven - 18 Americans, 5 Germans, 1 Englishman, 1 Austrian, and 2 Russians. Out on the river was the Panay with the two remaining Embassy men, Atcheson, and Paxton, and half a dozen others; the Standard Oil and Asiatic Petroleum motor ship with many more, a hulk which had been fitted out as a sort of floating hotel and towed upstream with some 20 foreigners including Dr. Rosen of the German Embassy and some 400 Chinese, and other craft. How many of them have met their fate we do not know, but it will be a long time before any of them get back now. And what a Nanking they will see.

On Sunday the 12th, I was busy at my desk as director of the Safety Zone all day long. We were using the former residence of Gen. Chang Chun, recently Minister of Foreign Affairs, as headquarters, so were very comfortably fixed, and incidentally had one of the best bomb-proof dugouts in all Nanking. Airplanes had been over us almost constantly for the past two days, but no one heeded them now, and the shell fire was tremendous. No one will ever know what the Chinese casualties were, but they must have been enormous. The Japanese say they themselves lost 40,000 men in taking Nanking. The General rout must have been started early that afternoon. Soldiers streamed through the city from the south, many of them passing through the Zone, but they were well-behaved and orderly. General Tan asked our assistance in arranging a truce with the Japanese and Mr. Sperling agreed to take a flag and message -- but it was already too late. He fled that evening, and as soon as news got out disorganization became general. There was panic as they made for the gate to Hsiakwan and the river. The road for miles was strewn with the equipment they cast away -- rifles, ammunition, belts, uniforms, trucks - everything in the way of army impediments.

Trucks and cars jammed, were overturned, caught fire; at the gate more cars jammed and burned - a terrible holocaust - and the dead lay feet deep. The gate blocked, terror and soldiers scaled the wall and let themselves down on the other side with ropes, putties and belts tied together, clothing torn in strips. Many fell and were killed. But at the river was perhaps the most appalling scene of all. A fleet of junks were there. It was totally inadequate for the horde that was now in a frenzy to cross to the north side. The overcrowded junks capsized, they sank, thousands drowned.

other thousands tried to make rafts of the lumber on the riverside only to suffer the same fate. Other thousands must have succeeded in getting away, but many of these were probably bombed by the Japanese planes a day or two later.

One small detail of three companies rallied under their officers, crossed the San Shiao Ho three miles up the river and tried to attack the Japanese forces that were coming in from that direction, but were outnumbered and practically decimated. Only one seems to have succeeded in getting back. He happened to be the brother of a friend of mine and appeared in my office the next morning to report the story. A fellow officer had drowned while the two of them were trying to swim the small tributary to the Yangtze which they had crossed before on rafts, and before daylight he had managed to scale the wall and slip in unobserved.

So ended the happy, peaceful, well-ordered regime which we had been enjoying here in Nanking and on which we had built our hopes for still better days. For the Japanese were already in the city, and with them came terror and destruction and death. They were first reported in the Safety Zone at 11:00 that morning, the 13th. I drove down with two of our committee members to meet them, just a small detachment at the southern entrance to the Zone. They showed no hostility, though a few moments later they killed twenty refugees who were frightened by their presence and ran from them. For it seems to be the rule here, as it was in Shanghai in 1932, that any who run must be shot or bayoneted.

Meanwhile we were busy at headquarters disarming soldiers who had been unable to escape and had come into the Zone for protection. We assured them that if they would give up their equipment their lives would be spared by the Japanese. But it was a vain promise. All would have preferred to die fighting than be taken out and shot or sabered or used for bayonet practice, as they all were later.

There was still some shell fire that day but very little that landed in the Zone. We discovered some fragments of shrapnel in our yard that evening; Dr. Wilson had a narrow escape from shrapnel bits that came through the window of his operating room while he was operating; and a shell passed through one of the new University dormitories; but there were no casualties. The Communications Ministry, the most beautiful building in all Nanking with its superb ceremonial hall, was in flames, but whether from shell fire, or started by the retreating Chinese we do not know.

On Tuesday the 14th the Japanese were pouring into the city -- tanks artillery, infantry, trucks. The reign of terror commenced, and it was to increase in severity and horror with each of the succeeding ten days. They were the conquerors of China's capital, the seat of the hated Chiang Kai-shek government, they were given free reign to do as they pleased. The proclamation on the handbills which airplanes scattered over the city saying that the Japanese were the only real friends of the Chinese and would protect the good, of course, meant no more than most of their statements. And to show their "sincerity" they raped, looted and killed at will. Men were taken from our refugee camps in droves, as we supposed at the time for labor -- but they have never been heard from again nor will they be. A colonel and his staff called at my office and spent an hour trying to learn where the "6,000 disarmed soldiers" were. Four times that day Japanese soldiers came and tried to take our cars away. Others in the meantime succeeded in stealing three of our cars elsewhere. On Zone's they tore off the American flag and threw it on the ground, broke a window and managed to get away all within the five minutes he had gone into Dr. Thompson's home. They tried to steal our trucks -- did succeed in getting two -- so ever since it has been necessary for two Americans to spend most of their time riding trucks as they delivered rice and coal. Their experiences in dealing with these Japanese car thieves

would make an interesting story in itself. And at the University Hospital they took the watches and fountain pens from the nurses.

Durdin of the N. Y. Times started for Shanghai by motor that day, though none of us had much faith that he would get through. I hurriedly wrote a letter for him to take but he was turned back at Huyung. Steele of the Chicago News managed to get out to the river and reported that a number of Japanese destroyers had just arrived. A lieutenant gave him the news of the sinking of the Panay but had no details, nor did he mention the other ships that were sunk. After all efforts to have us go aboard, finally leaving us with a couple of lengths of rope by which we could get down over the wall to the river -- it was ironical indeed that the Panay should be bombed and we still safe.

Mr. Rabe, our chairman head of the Siemens China Company, and Smythe, our secretary, called at military headquarters in the hope of seeing the commanding officer and stopping the intolerable disorder but had to wait till the next day as he had not yet entered the city. Their calls were quite useless anyway.

On Wednesday I drove around to my house, which is just outside the Zone, to see if everything was all right. Yesterday the gates were intact, but today the side gate was broken in and the south door open. I had not time to investigate but asked a friendly looking major who had just moved in across the street to keep an eye on the place, which he promised to do. A staff officer from the Navy was waiting for me. He expressed deep concern over the loss of the Panay, but he could give no details. The Navy would be glad to send a destroyer to Shanghai with any of the members of the American community who wished to go, also to send radio messages of purely a personnel nature. He seemed somewhat disappointed in the brevity of the message I wrote out; "Wilbur National Committee Y M C A Shanghai; All foreigners Nanking safe and well please inform interested parties." also when I told him that with exception of a couple of newspapermen the rest of us wished to stay in Nanking.

I offered to drive him back to his ship -- he had been obliged to walk the four miles in -- but half way we were stopped by an army major who told us that no civilians were allowed further north as they were still rounding up some Chinese soldiers and it was unsafe. We happened to be beside the Ministry of War at the time and it was all too evident that an execution was going on, hundreds of poor disarmed soldiers with many innocent civilians among them, the real reason for not wanting us to go further. So Mr. Sckiguchi of H.W.J.M.S. Seta had to walk the rest of the way. But that afternoon I stole a march on the surly major; I went to Hsiakwan by back road. At the gate I was stopped but I had Smith of Reuters and Steele with me who were leaving on that destroyer, so we were finally allowed to pass. I have already described the conditions at that gate -- we actually had to drive over masses of dead bodies to get through. But the scene beggars description. I shall never forget that ride.

At the Jetty we found Durdin of the Times and Art Menken of Paramount Films with whom I had just made that trip to the Northwest, to Shanzi and Sian, already there, for they were going too, and I had promised to drive Durdin's car back to the American Embassy for him. Mr. Okamura of the Japanese Embassy just arrived from Shanghai was also there and gave us the names of the killed and wounded on the Panay and Standard Oil Boats, so I offered him a lift back to the city. But at the gate we were stopped again and this time the guard positively refused to let me enter. No foreigners were allowed to enter Nanking and the fact that I had just come from there made no difference. Even Mr. Okamura's appeals were in vain -- the Embassy cuts no ice with the army in Japan. The only thing to do was to wait while Okamura took one of the cars to military headquarters and sent back a special pass. It took

Not for publication.

9

an hour and a half; but I had the November Reader's Digest, the last piece of mail to reach me from the outside, with me so the time passed quickly. But the stench at the gate was awful -- and here and there the dogs were gnawing at the corpses.

At our staff conference that evening word came that soldiers were taking all 1,300 men in one of our camps near headquarters to shoot them. We knew there was a number of ex-soldiers among them, but Rabe had been promised by an officer that very afternoon that their lives would be spared. It was now all too obvious what they were going to do. The men were lined up and roped together in groups of about a hundred by soldiers with bayonets fixed; those who had hats had them roughly torn off and thrown on the ground, and then by the light of our headlights we watched them march away to their doom. Not a whimper came from that entire throng. Our hearts were lead. Were those four lads from Canton who had trudged all the way up from the south and yesterday reluctantly given me their arms among them, I wondered; or that old strapping sergeant from the north whose disillusioned eyes as he made the fatal decision still haunt me? How foolish I had been to tell them the Japanese would spare their lives. We had confidently agreed, expected that they would live up to their promises, at least in some degree, and that order would be established with their arrival. Little did we dream that we should see such brutality and savagery as had probably not been equalled in modern times. For worse days were yet to come.

The problem of transportation became so acute on the 16th with the Japanese still stealing trucks and cars. I went over to the American Embassy where the Chinese staff was still standing by and borrowed Acheson's car for Mills to deliver coal. For our big concentration of refugees and our three big rice kitchens had to have fuel as well as rice. We now had 25 camps, ranging from 200 to 12,000 people in them. In the University buildings alone there were nearly 30,000 and in Ginling College which was reserved for women and children the 3,000 was rapidly increased to over 9,000. In the latter place even the space was taken. We had figured to sixteen square feet to a person, but actually they were crowded in much closer than that. For awhile no place was safe, we did manage to preserve a fair degree of safety at Ginling. To a lesser degree in the University. Miss Vautrin, Mrs. Twinem and Mrs. Chen were heroic in their care and protection of the women.

That morning the cases of rape began to be reported. Over a hundred women that we knew of were taken away by soldiers, seven of them from the University library; but there must have been many times that number who were raped in their homes. Hundreds were on the streets trying to find a place of safety. At tiffin time Riggs, who was associate commissioner of housing, came in crying. The Japanese had emptied the Law College and Supreme Court and taken away practically all the men to a fate we could only guess. Fifty of our policemen had been taken with them. Riggs had protested, only to be roughly handled by the soldiers and twice struck by an officer. Refugees were searched for money and anything they had on them taken away, often to their last bit of bedding. At our staff conference at four we could hear the shots of the execution squad nearby. It was a day of unspeakable terror for the poor refugees and horror for us.

I dashed over to my house for a few minutes on the way to tiffin at Prof. Bucks' where I was living with six others. The two American flags were still flying and the proclamations by the Embassy still on the gates, and front doors; but the side gate had been smashed and the door was broken open. Within was confusion. Every drawer and closet and trunk had been opened, locks smashed. The attic was littered ankle deep. I could not stop to see what was taken but most of the bedding was gone

and some clothing and foodstuffs. A carved teak screen had been stripped of its embroidered panels, a gift from C. T. Want, and a heavy oak buffet battered in.

Yates McDaniel of the Associated Press, the last of our newspapermen, left in the afternoon by another destroyer for Shanghai. With him I sent another short letter which I hope got through.

Friday, December 17. Robbery, murder, rape continue unabated. A rough estimate would be at least a thousand women raped last night and during the day. One poor woman was raped thirty-seven times. Another had her five months old infant deliberately smothered by the brute to stop its crying while he raped her. Resistance means the bayonet. And the hospital is rapidly filling up with the victims of Japanese cruelty and barbarity. Bob Wilson, our only surgeon, has his hands more than full and has to work into the night. Rickshas, cattle, pigs, donkeys, often the sole means of livelihood of the people, are taken from them. Our rice kitchens and rice shops are interfered with. We have had to close the latter.

After dinner I took Bates to the University and McCallum to the hospital where they will spend the night, then Mills and Smythe to Ginling for one of our group has been sleeping there each night. At the gate of the latter place we were stopped by what seemed to be a searching party. We were roughly pulled from the car at the point of a bayonet, my car keys taken from me, lined up and frisked for arms, our hats jerked off, electric torches held to our faces, our passports and purposes in coming demanded. Opposite us were Miss Vautrin, Mrs. Twinem, Mrs. Cheng with a score of refugee women kneeling on the ground. The sergeant, who spoke a little French (about as much as I do) insisted there were soldiers concealed there. I maintained that aside from about 50 domestics and other members of their staff there were no men on the place. Then he said he did not believe me and said he would shoot all he found beyond that number. He then demanded that we all leave, including the ladies and when Miss Vautrin refused she was roughly hustled to the car. Then he changed his mind: the ladies were told to stay and we to go. We tried to insist that one of us would stay too, but this he would not permit. Altogether we were kept standing there for over an hour before we were released. The next day we learned that this gang had abducted twelve girls from the school.

Saturday, the 18th, Marion's wedding day. At breakfast Riggs, who lives in the Safety Zone a block away but has his meals with us, reported that two women, one a cousin of Want Ding, our Y M C A secretary, were raped in his house while he was having dinner with us. Wilson reported a boy of five years of age brought to the hospital after having been stabbed with a bayonet five times, once through his abdomen; a man with eighteen bayonet wounds, a woman with seventeen cuts on her face and several on her legs. Between four and five hundred terrorized women poured into our headquarters compound in the afternoon and spent the night in the open.

Sunday the 19th. A day of complete anarchy. Several big fires raging today, started by the soldiers and more are promised. The American flag was torn down in a number of places. At the American School, it was trampled on and the caretaker told me he would be killed if he put it up again. The proclamations placed on all American and other foreign properties by the Japanese Embassy are flouted by their soldiers, sometimes deliberately torn off. Some houses are entered from five to ten times in one day and the poor people looted and robbed and the women raped. Several were killed in cold blood, for no apparent reason whatever. Six out of seven of our sanitation squads in one district were slaughtered; the seventh escaped, wounded to tell the tale. Towards evening today two of us rushed to Dr. Brady's house (he is away) and chased two would-be rapers out and took all the women there to the University. Sperling is busy at this game all day. I also went to the house of Douglas

Not for publication.

11

Jenkins of our Embassy. The flag was still there but in the garage his houseboy lay dead. Another servant, dead, was under the bed; both brutally killed. The house was in utter confusion. There are still many corpses on the streets, all of them civilians as far as we can see. The Red Swastika Society would bury them but their truck has been stolen, their coffins used for bonfires and several of their workers bearing their insignia have been marched away.

Smythe and I called again at the Japanese Embassy with a list of 55 additional cases of violence, all authenticated, and told Messrs. Tanaka and Fukui that today was the worst so far. We were assured that they would "do their best," and hoped that things would be better "soon", but it was quite obvious that they have little or no influence with the military whatever, and the military have no control over the soldiers. We were also told that seventeen military police had recently arrived who would help in restoring order. Seventeen for an army of criminals of the most depraved type of perhaps fifty thousand. Yet we rather like the three men of the Embassy. They are probably doing their best. But I had to smile when they asked my help in getting cars and a mechanic for them after so many of ours had been taken. I felt like referring them to their own military, but instead I took them around to the American Embassy and borrowed our Ambassador's and two others for them and later sent them our Russian repair man.

Monday, December 20th. Vandalism and violence continue absolutely unchecked. Whole sections of the city are being systematically burned. At 5:00 P.M. Smythe and I went for a drive. All Taiping Roads, the most important shopping district in the city was in flames. We drove through showers of sparks and over burning embers. Further south we could see the soldiers inside the shops setting fire to them and still further they were loading the loot into army trucks. Next to the Y.M.C.A.-- and it was in flames -- evidently fired only an hour or so ago, the surrounding buildings were as yet untouched. I hadn't the heart to watch it so we hurried on. That night I counted fourteen fires from my window, some of them covering considerable areas.

Our group here at the house drafted a message to the American Consulate-General in Shanghai asking that diplomatic representatives be sent here immediately as the situation was urgent, then asked the Japanese Embassy to send it via navy Radio. Needless to say it was never sent.

December 21. Fourteen of us called on Tanaka at 2:30 and presented a letter signed by all 22 foreigners protesting the burning of the city and continued disorders. More promises. Rabe fears for his house, for buildings are burning across the street from him. He has over 400 refugees living in mat sheds in his garden. Problem of feeding is becoming serious--some refugees, hungry, started rioting in the University. Our coal will soon be finished, but Riggs is counting for more. The Japanese have sealed all supplies of coal and rice. Soldiers came into our place today, over the wall, and tried to take our car while we were all out, and at another time they nearly got Sone's truck from him. ___ had a letter today from Dr. Rosen of the German Embassy, through Mr. Tanaka, saying he was on the H.M.S. "Bee" at Heiakwan but not allowed to land and asking about German properties. Rabe replied that he was glad to be able to inform him that two houses were not looted, the Ambassador's and his own, and that two cars were still left. (there are over fifty German residences in Nanking.

December 22. Firing squad at work very near us at 5:00 A.M. today. Counted a hundred shots. The University was entered twice during the night, the policeman at

[9]

the gate held up at the point of a bayonet, and a door broken open. The Japanese military police recently appointed to duty there was asleep. Representatives of the new Japanese police force called and promised order by January 1st. They also asked for the loan of motor cars and trucks. Went with Sperling to see 50 corpses in a pond a quarter of a mile east of headquarters. All obviously civilians, hands bound backs, one with the top half of his head completely off. Were they used for sabre practice? On the way home for tiffin stopped to help the father of our Y.M.C.A. writer who was being threatened by a drunken soldier with his bayonet, the poor mother frantic with fear, and before sitting down had to run over with two of our fellows to chase soldiers out of Gee's and Daniels houses where they were just about to rape the women. We had to laugh to see those brave soldiers trying to get over a barbed wire fence as we chased them. Bates and Riggs had to leave before they were through tiffin to chase soldiers out of the agricultural building--several drunks. And on my arrival at office there was an SOS call which Rabe and I answered from Sperling and Kroegar who were seriously threatened by a drunk with a bayonet. By fortunate chance, Tanaka of the Embassy, together with some general arrived at the same moment. The soldier had his face soundly slapped a couple of times by the General but I don't suppose he got any more than that. We have heard of no cases of discipline so far. If a soldier is caught by an officer or M. P. he is very politely told that he shouldn't do that again. In the evening I walked home with Riggs after dinner--a woman of 54 had been raped in his house just before our arrival. It is cruel to leave the women to their fate, but of course it is impossible for us to spend all our time just protecting them. Mr. Wu engineer in the power plant which is located in Hsiakwan, brought us the amazing news that 43 of the 54 employees who had so heroically kept the plant going to the very last day had finally been obliged to seek refuge in the International Export Company, a British factory on the river front, had been taken out and shot on the grounds that the power company was a government concern--which it is not. Japanese officials have been to my office daily trying to get hold of these very men so they could start the turbines and have electricity. It was small comfort to be able to tell them that their own military murdered most of them.

Thursday, December 23. Sone was the one to get manhandled today. At Stanley Smith's house he found an officer and soldier who had just removed the American flag, also the Japanese proclamation, forced the refugees living there out, and said they must use the place as a registration center. He must have had a pretty uncomfortable time of it, for he was finally forced to sign a paper giving them the right to use the place for two weeks. And Sone is not a man to take things lying down. A protest to the Embassy finally got the soldiers out of the place. Seventy were taken from our camp to the Rual Leaders Training School and shot. No system. Soldiers sieze any they suspect. Calluses on hands are proof that the man was a soldier, a sure death warrant. Ricksha coolies, carpenters, and other laborers are frequently taken. At noon a man was led to headquarters with his head burned cinder black, eyes and ears gone, nose partly, a ghastly sight. I took him to the hospital in my car where he died a few hours later. His story was that he was one of a gang of some hundred who had been tied together, then gasoline thrown over them and set fire. He happened to be on the outer edge so got the gas only on his head. Later another similar case was brought into the hospital with more extensive burns. He also died. The first man had no wounds but those on the head. Still later I saw a third with a similar head and arm burns on the corner of the road to my house, opposite the Drum Tower. Evidently he had managed to struggle that far before dying. Incredible brutality.

Friday, 24th. Mr. Tang of the U. S. Embassy reports that the Chinese Staff and their relatives living at the Embassy, were all robbed last night by an officer and his men: Paxton's office door was bayoneted, three cars stolen from the compound and two more this morning. Later I had the pleasure of telling Tanaka that Menkea's

Not for publication.

13

car, which I had promised him the use of yesterday, was among those stolen. Registration of Chinese started today. The military say there are still 20,000 soldiers in the Zone and that they must get rid of those "monsters". I question if there are a hundred left. Anyway, many more innocent must suffer and all are fearful and nervous. The Chinese Self Governing Committee, formed day before yesterday at the invitation of Tanaka, may be helpful in this; but there are spies already at work. We caught one here. I just saved him from a bad beating, so locked him in our basement and later turned him over to the Chinese police. What will they do to him? Strangle him, I suppose, but I have told them to be careful. Constant interference from the Japanese today; more of our sanitary squad taken, also the policemen at the University gate, and they are constantly trying to get our trucks. They also sealed up one of our coal deposits but Riggs finally managed to talk them out of that.

Christmas Eve. Kroeger, Sperling and Dr. Trimmer in for dinner with us--a good dinner, too, with roast pig and sweet potatoes. Rabe did not dare to leave his house as Japanese soldiers came over his wall many times a day. He always makes them leave by the way they came instead of by the gate and when any of them object he thrusts his Nazi arm band in their faces and points to his Nazi decoration, the highest in the country, and asks them if they know what that means. It always works. He joined us later in the evening and gave each of us a leather bound Siemens diary. We sang Christmas songs with Wilson at the piano.

Christmas Day. A perfect day, too, as far as weather is concerned. And conditions also seem slightly better. There were crowds on the streets with quite a number of stalls selling things. But at tiffin time while we were sitting at roast goose, with Miss Vautrin, Miss Bauer, Miss Blanche Wu and Miss Pearl Bromley Wu as guests, we had to answer three calls for help and turn soldiers out of Fenn's and the Chinese faculty houses and the agriculture buildings. That day, too, the American flag was taken down from the Rural Leaders Training School. Seven soldiers spent the night and the night before in the Bible Training School and raped the women; a girl of 12 was raped by three soldiers almost next door to us, and other of 13, before we could send relief. There were also more bayonet cases; Wilson reports that of the 240 cases in the hospital, three-fourths of them are due to Japanese violence since the occupation. At the University registration commenced. The people were told that if any ex-soldiers were there and would step out, they would be used in the labor corps and their lives would be spared. About 240 stepped out. They were herded together and taken away. Two or three lived to tell the tale and by feigning death after they were wounded escaped and came to the hospital. One group had quite a number of cases where men faced the execution squad, escaped with only a wound or two, perhaps lying all day and into the night covered by the corpses of their comrades to escape detection, and then getting to the hospital or to friends. A rash bit of carelessness on the part of the Japs.

December 27th. The third week of Japanese occupation begins and is celebrated with the arrival of a Hisshin Kissen ship from Shanghai. Four representatives of the company call at my office and promise that a regular service will soon be established on the river. A number of ladies are in the party and are taken on a sight-seeing trip of the city. They distribute a few sweets to some children and seem tremendously pleased with themselves, also with Japan's wonderful victory, but of course they hear nothing of the real truth, nor does the rest of the world, I suppose. The soldiers are still completely out of control, and there is no cooperation between the army and the Embassy. The army even refuses to recognize the new Self-Governing Committee which was called into being by the Embassy, and its members are deliberately slighted. They are told they are a conquered people and should expect no favors.

[11]

Our list of disorder and cruelty keeps mounting and those we never hear of must be many, many times what are reported or observed. A few of today's: a boy of 13 taken by the Japanese nearly two weeks ago, beaten with an iron rod and then bayoneted because he didn't do his work satisfactorily. A car with an officer and two soldiers came to the University last night, raped three women in the premises and took away one of them. The Bible Teachers Training School was entered many times, people were robbed and 20 women were raped. The hospital superintendent was taken by soldiers in spite of Miss Bauer's protest. The burning of the city continues and today two of the Christian Mission School buildings in the south part of the city were fired, also Kiesling and Bader's (German restaurant); But Takatsmi, chief of the Embassy police, calls and now promises protection for all foreign buildings and starts out with Spierling to inspect German properties. Personally I think he is promising far more than he can deliver. What a list of claims Japan will have presented to her and it all seems so utterly useless, for there are hundreds of foreign properties in Nanking and almost all of them have been looted by her soldiers. And the cars that have been stolen. I think I almost forgot to mention yesterday Smythe and I called at the British Embassy, which is at the far north-western part of the city, out of the Zone. All the cars, eleven of them had been taken by the soldiers, also a couple of trucks, but fortunately the servants had fared fairly well. Every block or so, one now sees abandoned cars--stolen cars that have run to ruin. Then stripped of their tires and batteries and anything else useful and left where they were, usually overturned.

There was one bright spot today, though, and that was the arrival by the N.Y.K. boat through the Japanese Embassy, of a letter from Dr. Fong See,--the first letter to come to any of us in all these past three or four weeks. He wanted to know if we might not be in need of funds for our relief work and offered to hold some of the money that was coming in response to our appeal through the Rotary International. That's Fong, all over, and we'll need additional funds all right--many, many thousands. I have a nightmare every time I think of what we'll soon be needing; where are we going to get it?

December 20. What we feared--bad weather. A steady drizzle and then snow. The poor refugees living in huts, many no larger than a pup tent, will have a miserable time of it, for most of those huts are not rain proof. And then there is the sticky mud. But we have certainly been fortunate in having had ideal weather up to this. I inspected some of the camps today. The crowding in most of them is terrible and of course it is impossible to keep them clean. Our camp managers and their assistants, all volunteer people and keeping things fairly sanitary. But how long must we maintain these camps? When are the people going to be permitted to return to their homes--those who have any homes left? When will order be established?

I went over to our Y.M.C.A. school today for the first time. It is located not far beyond my residence. Everything has been turned upside down, and many of the instruments of the physics laboratory deliberately smashed. On the athletic field was a dead cow, half eaten by dogs. The Embassy proclamation had been torn from the gate.

December 20th. Weather better today, fortunately. Registration continues, most inefficiently and the people are giving no information as to where and when to appear. More taken as ex-soldiers. Women and old men come kneeling and crying, begging our help in getting back their husbands and sons. In a few cases we have been successful, but the military resents any interference from us. Word has come through from Hsia-kwan by a representative of the Chinese Red Cross Society that there are approximately 20,000 refugees along the river front. The supply of rice we let them have before the Japanese arrived is nearly exhausted and there is great suffering. They ask to come into the Safety Zone but we are already too crowded. Anyway, the Japanese wouldn't permit it nor will they permit us to go out there and render help. For the time being they will have to get along as best they can.

Guards are at last posted at the various foreign embassies. But why wasn't that done two weeks ago? Our homes are still left unprotected; and the few guards posted at some of our camps are sometimes more of a nuisance than a help. They demand fire and food, and beds and other things from the people.

December 30th. I called in the Y.M.C.A. servants today, 18 of them, and paid them up to the 15th of next month and told them they must now try to find other work. It was a hard job. Some of them have been with the Association for many years and are fine, faithful fellows. Wong Ding and I hope it may be possible to start something in a small way in the old school building if and when we get order established, but a few of our members are left and it will be difficult matter to build up a new constituency from the material that is now in Nanking. Wong Ding has done a splendid job as assistant housing commissioner, and so has Y. S. Chang as one of the camp superintendents, while our servants have been doing their bit in one way or another.

When I called at the Japanese Embassy this afternoon they were busy giving instructions to about 60 Chinese, most of them our camp managers, on how the New Year was to be celebrated. The five-barred flag is to replace the National flag, and they were told to make a thousand of these and also a thousand Japanese flags for the event. Camps of over a thousand must have 20 representatives present, smaller camps 10. At one o'clock New Year's day the speeches and "music" (according to the program) --and of course, moving pictures will be taken of the happy people, waving flags and welcoming the new regime. In the meantime, the burning of the city continues, three cases of girls 12 to 13 years of age being raped or abducted. Sperling has a busy time chasing soldiers out of houses in the immediate vicinity of headquarters. The agriculture building (a part of Nanking University; American property) has a cordon thrown around it while soldiers engage in a man-hunt, etc. etc.

December 31st. A comparatively quiet day. For the first time no cases of violence were reported for the night. The Japanese are busy with their New Year's preparations. Refugees are advised to stay indoors. Rabe invited our household to his house after dinner and lighted his Christmas tree for us, and each of us received a New Year's card with our Zone emblem--a circle with a cross within it in red--signed by all 22 of the foreign community in Nanking. He also entertained us with stories of some of his experiences in South Africa. On his walls hang some magnificent trophies of his hunts.

New Year's Eve. Thoughts of home and loved ones come crowding in. What wouldn't I give for a letter from "home". My last from Mrs. Fitch was dated October 28th as she was about to sail from Yokohama; from Marion the same day but written just before she had joined up with Mrs. Fitch on the President Hoover; from Albert and Edith long before that. Kempton of course I had seen on that airplane trip of mine back to Sian the latter part of November, and I suppose he is still in Changsha. Evidently we are going to have to exercise patients a while longer for the Japanese Embassy tells us that it will still be weeks before the postal services are re-established here. They also tell us that it will be a month, at least, before any of us is allowed to leave the city on a visit to Shanghai.

There is perhaps no purpose to be served in going further with this story and telling of acts of horror that have been committed since. It is now the 11th of January, and while conditions are vastly improved there has not been a day that has not had its atrocities, some of them of a most revolting nature. With the arrival of the representative of the American Embassy on the 6th and of three of the British and German Embassies on the 9th we feel a little more assurance that conditions will still further improve. But only last night I drove past four new fires that had just

been started and saw soldiers within a shop just starting a fifth. There has not been a day since December 19th that fires have not been started by the Japanese soldiers. And Kroeger, who managed to slip out of the East Gate the other day, tells us that all the villages, as far as he went, some 20 miles, are burned, and that not a living Chinese or farm animal is to be seen.

We are at least in touch with the outside world through the radio and that is a great blessing; for last Sunday I got our house connected up and we now have electricity. Fortunately too for our stock of candles and kerosene was just giving out. At our committee headquarters we had current a few days earlier. Only the Japanese are supposed to have current, though, so we are not advertising the fact. Then we have seen a couple of issues of a Shanghai Japanese paper and two of the Yokyo Nichi Nichi. These tell us that even as early as December 28th the stores were rapidly opening up and business returning to normal, that the Japanese were co-operating with us in feeding the poor refugees, that the city had been cleared of Chinese looters and that peace and order now reigned. It is typical of the lies Japan has been sending abroad ever since the war started.

I have written this account in no spirit of vindictiveness. War is brutalizing, especially war of conquest, and it would seem to me from my experience in this, as also in the Shanghai war of 1932, that the Japanese army with no background of Christian idealism, has today become a brutal, destructive force that not only menaces the East but also some day may menace the West, and that the world should know the truth about what is happening. Now this situation should be dealt with I will leave to abler minds than mine to consider.

There is a bright side of our story, of course, and that is the wonderful spirit of service that has been shown by our Chinese and foreign friends alike and the intimate fellowship we have enjoyed in our common cause. Our hearts have been frequently warmed too, by the innumerable times the refugees have expressed appreciation for what we have tried to do and our losses and inconveniences seem so trivial when compared with what they have suffered. Then our three German friends on the committee have won both our admiration and affection. They have been a tower of strength--without them I don't know how we should have got through.

What of the future? The immediate future is anything but bright but the Chinese have an unsurpassed capacity for suffering and endurance beside their many other good qualities and right must triumph in the end. Anyway, I shall always be glad that I threw in my lot with them.

GEORGE FITCH
Y.M.C.A., Nanking, China.

Diary Notes written by
J. H. McCallum
Christian Mission (Disciples)

Nanking, December 19, 1937.

It has been just one week now since the collapse of the Chinese army in its Nanking defence. Japanese soldiers came marching down Chung Shan Road past the hospital on Monday and Japanese flags began to appear here and there. We all breathed a sigh of relief thinking now order would be restored after the panic and stampede caused by the retreating Chinese army. Airplanes would fly over our heads without causing apprehension or tension. But a week has passed and it has been a hell on earth.

It is a horrible story to try to relate; I know not where to begin nor to end. Never have I heard or read of such brutality. Rape! Rape! We estimate that at least 1,000 cases at night and many by day. In case of resistance or anything that seems like disapproval there is a bayonet stab or a bullet. We could write up hundreds of cases a day; people are hysterical; they get down on their knees and "kutow" any time we foreigners appear; they beg for aid. Those who are suspected of being soldiers as well as others, have been led outside the city and shot down by the hundreds--yes, thousands. Three times has the staff of our hospital been robbed of fountain pens, watches and money. Even the poor refugees in certain centers have been robbed again and again until the last cent, almost the last garment and last piece of bedding only remains and these may go on long. Women are being carried off every morning, afternoon and evening. The whole Japanese army seems to be free to go and come anywhere it pleases and to do what it pleases. American flags have frequently been torn down from Ginling and the University and Hillcrest (for American children) school. At the Seminary, Bible Teachers' Training School, University, Ginling, University Middle School, Sericulture Buildings, Library and scores of other places, there are cases of rape, robbery, shooting and bayonetting every night. Foreigners, when present, have been able in some cases to prevent this. But fifteen or twenty of us available cannot be in every building all the time.

December 29, 1937.

Have been so busy every day and five nights of the week that I've had no time to write. A foreigner must be on duty 24 hours here at the hospital in order to deal with the Japanese visitors. It is snowing and bitterly cold; our hearts ache for the thousands who have poor shelter and who are cooped up in such close quarters. Our hospital is full and the lighter cases fill the University dormitory building. Some we cannot dismiss for they have no place to go. Have had fifteen or twenty babies within the last week; six on Christmas Day. It is easy to find Miss Hynds; she is always in the nursery mothering the whole crowd of babies.

We have been completely out of touch with the rest of the world. No one can get into Nanking and it seems very difficult to get out. We have talked of sending someone of our group out to carry the news of the terrible things that have been and still are happening here, but know that person would never get back if he once left.

I have been living with Mills, Fitch, Smytho, Sono, Bates and Riggs here in the Buck home. All of us have been doing double duty. We scarcely sit down to our meals without someone coming in every other five minutes or so to call for help. Food is swallowed whole and hurried exits are made to save a truck from being stolen or more often to protect women from soldiers. . . . Seldom do we all sit down to eat at the same time. We dare not go out alone after dark but go in twos or threes.

Every day or two I have gone out for an inspection of our mission property. I have found visitors in our house at Peh Hsia Road every time I have gone there. Every foreign house is a sight to behold; untouched until the Japanese army arrived, nothing untouched since. Every lock has been broken, every trunk ransacked. Their search for money and valuables has led them to the floors and inside pianos.

Our phonograph records are all broken; the dishes are in a broken mass on the floor along with anything else that was discarded after each looting.

The front of the piano was removed and all the hammers struck with something heavy. Our house being outside the Safety Zone, this was not unexpected but houses within the Zone have shared a like fate. Two of our boys' school buildings were set fire to, one a complete loss. Nanking represents a dismal appearance. At the time the Japanese army entered the city little harm had been done to the buildings. Since then the stores have been stripped of their wares and most of them burned. Taiping, Chung Hwa and practically every other main business road in the city is a mass of ruins. In south city much of the area back of the main street was also burned. We see new fires every day and wonder when such beastly destruction will cease.

But far worse is what has been happening to the people. They have been in terror and no wonder. Many of them have nothing left now but a single garment around their shoulders. Helpless and unarmed, they have been at the mercy of the soldiers, who have been permitted to roam about at will wherever they pleased; there is no discipline whatever and many of them are drunk. By day they go into buildings in our Safety Zone centers, looking for desirable women, they return at night to get them. If they have been hidden away, the responsible men are bayoneted on the spot. Girls of 11 and 12 and women of fifty have not escaped. Resistance is fatal. The worse cases come to the hospital. A woman six months pregnant, who resisted, came to us with sixteen knife wounds on her face and body, one piercing the abdomen. She lost her baby but her life will be spared. Men who gave themselves up to the mercy of the Japanese when they were promised their lives would be spared--a very few of them returned to the Safety Zone in a bad way. One of them declared they were used for bayonet practice and his body certainly looked it. Another group was taken out near Kulingsz; one who somehow returned, lived long enough to tell the fate of that group. He claims they threw gasoline over their heads, and then set fire to them. This man bore no other wounds but was burned so terribly around the neck and head that no one scarcely could believe he was a human being. The same day another, whose body had been half burned over, came into the hospital. He had also been shot. It is altogether likely that the bunch of them had been machine-gunned, their bodies then piled together and then burned. We could not get the details, but he evidently crawled out and managed to get to the hospital for help. Both of these died. And so I could relate such horrible stories that you'd have no appetite for days. It is absolutely unbelievable but thousands have been butchered in cold blood--how many it is hard to guess--some believe it would approach the 10,000 mark.

We have met some very pleasant Japanese who have treated us with courtesy and respect. Others have been very fierce and threatened us, striking or slapping some. Mr. Riggs has suffered most at their hands. Occasionally I have seen a Japanese helping some Chinese or pick up a Chinese baby and play with it. More than one Japanese soldier has told me he did not like war and wished he were back home. But soldiers with a conscience are few and far between. Although the Japanese Embassy staff has been cordial and tried to help us out, they have been helpless.

Now it is time to make the rounds of the hospital. There are a hundred on the staff. When we have water and lights again it will be much easier for with lamps to look after and water to pump each day our labor is increased considerably.

December 30, 1937.

Glorious weather. It feels so good to get out into the air. It is more peaceful but far from good. A man came into the hospital today shot through the intestines with about four feet of them hanging out. He has a chance in a thousand of recovery. Bob Wilson spent the better part of the morning trying to patch him up. Before dinner a 12 year old girl was abducted by two Japanese soldiers who drove up in a yellow taxi. Several men were forcibly carried away from Ginling, Magee's place as well as other places, accused of being soldiers. The men had friends among the group who could identify them as civilians but because they had calouses on their hands, they were branded without further investigation as soldiers in spite of the protests voiced. Many ricksha and sampan men as well as other laborers have been shot simply because they have the marks of honest toil upon their hands. An old caretaker in a German residence near the Kiang An bus station is reported to have been killed yesterday. Soldiers found no young men on the place to conscript for labor and he protested about going himself. And I said this has been a fairly peaceful day! Can you imagine what was happening when I did not have time to stop and write?

Busy getting in supplies of rice for the hospital and those Chinese Christians housed in the Drum Tower Church. Moved 50 big bags--about 65 tons.

The Japanese are beginning to tighten up on the police, on the Chinese and a suggestion of further restrictions for the foreigners. It was suggested by Mr. Oki that we Americans be concentrated in one place under guard. Just how much freedom would be allowed in such a case we do not know but we are a bit suspicious. The registration is proceeding and those Chinese who do not have a certificate of registration are being restricted for free movement within the Safety Zone and are refused exit from the Zone.

Now I must close I must take some patients home in the ambulance. Everyone who leaves the hospital must be accompanied by a foreigner. I am the official bodyguard for even the police! We are so crowded that we are glad to get some out. So many have no place to go and no money and no clothing that it is quite a problem. We cannot heal them and then kick them out to die of neglect or starvation, or to be killed or be reinjured. Most of them have come in from bayonet or bullet wounds since the city was captured.

December 31, 1937.

This is the last day of the year! Great preparations are being made to celebrate the New Year. It must be one holiday our Japanese friends like. A three day holiday has been announced. We dread what may take place with more freedom allowed. There is some indication of things for the better. Today I saw crowds of people flocking across Chung Shan Road out of the Zone. They came back later carrying rice which was being distributed by the Japanese from the Examination Yuan.

There were some happy people today. We have so many babies in the hospital and the mothers and babies are always happy to be leaving even though they have no decent place to go--only over-crowded concentration camps with hundreds in a room. The grandmother and three other children had to come to escort the new baby "home" as they called it, so I bundled them all into the ambulance and took them over to the University where they are "at home" among the 20,000 refugees there. The brother insisted on holding his little baby brother and they were all smiles over the fine though brief auto ride. But what have they to be happy over? Well, I hand it to them, they've succeeded in rising above the circumstances in a noble way. Another servant from the American Embassy came in for his final examination and to have the stitches removed from a bullet wound--and he was all smiles.

[7]

Registration with the Japanese is under way at the Bible Teachers Training School. Spent part of the morning trying to get some of our hospital staff registered but there was such a jam that we could not get near. Our folks are anxious to get registered fearing that time limit will expire and it will mean death if they do not comply. Our busy bunch can not stand in line day after day waiting when they have so much work to do. The rest of the morning was spent in trying to get something to eat for our family of three hundred. They surely eat up a lot every day and food is hard to get. We went way into the southwest part of the city near the wall and had a hard time getting there as some of the fires had caused so much debris to be scattered into the streets one could hardly get by in spots. The food problem will be very serious soon unless something is done to get some in from the outside.

Another woman with a new baby insists on leaving the hospital though she has no place to go, no money, no friends and no provision for the baby. Her husband was taken away two days ago and has never returned and probably never will. She wants to go out to seek him, going around from place to place in her search. She has no strength and how can she possibly do it? I have given her name to several of the camps trying to trace friends or neighbors all to no avail. My! what misery we witness!

We expect the new government to be inaugurated in Nanking tomorrow--a celebration due near Kulou (Drum Tower) in the afternoon. The former five-color flag has been revived and they say 60,000 have been made to order that they may be flown along with the Japanese flag.

January 1, 1938.

The day and the year started gloriously. Firecrackers going full blast woke me and I opened my eyes to wonder what was going on. It was a perfectly clear beautiful day with the sun a big red ball of fire in the sky. Later Purple Mountain was a lovely blue like the Cascades often are. It was very obviously a holiday. Firecrackers--loads of them had been distributed to the Chinese free--and who would refuse the indulgence of making a good noise to relieve the spirit! We learned that yesterday they gave away several hundred of thousands of 200 lb. bags of rice. The usual New Year's greetings were exchanged.

Night before last we were invited to the home of Herr John Rabe where we found a beautiful Christmas tree lighted with many candles. Everything was perfect except the absence of our wives and children--a big lack.

We had a New Year's dinner with Mrs. Twinem, Mr. Magee, Mr. Forster and Mrs. Tsen of Ginling as guests. We ate our last goose. About the time we finished dinner our day began to be spoiled. Two men came running from Magee's place (he has three places full of refugees) saying that two Japanese soldiers had entered and were after the women. We got a car ready and Fitch took Magee and Forster over. Later we brought in two of the women to the hospital. One had been faped and the other badly beaten, had managed with the aid of her father to break away but had been injured as she jumped from a window. They were hysterical. Then a nun from a temple in the south-eastern part of the city was brought to us. She had been wounded on the 14th of December. Five of them had sought safety in a dug-out but the Japanese soldiers shot into the dug-out from each end killing three of the five, wounding the other two. These two, the nun and a little apprentice girl of ten later saved their lives by hiding under the dead bodies of their friends. Eighteen days without medical attention and five days without food! A man in the neighborhood managed to get the badly wounded nun to the hospital. She told us of the

little girl who had been stabbed in the back--so I took the ambulance down to get her. Her wound had healed; all she needed was food, a bath and comfortable surroundings. The people who live in the southeast section of the city are a terrified lot--surrounded by Japanese soldiers. They gathered around us as we waited for the little girl--quite a decently behaved group of soldiers. But as we stood there a drunk soldier came by bullying two old Chinese men. The Chinese men were so frightened that they came up to me and begged for my help. I must confess I am afraid of an armed drunken soldier but with the aid of a few of the sober soldiers who helped by diverting the attention of the drunk, the old men had an opportunity to escape and how they took to their heels! The drunken soldier evidently cursed me for one of the other soldiers angered, took a club to him. As I started back to the ambulance I discovered another bunch of soldiers had taken off my orderly; rather one of them. It was the cook, who urged by curiosity had begged to be allowed to accompany us. His Red Cross sleeve band had been taken; he was scared and thought sure he was about to be shot. I rescued him and by this time I began to fear our ambulance might have been taken, but we hurried back to find the decent bunch of soldiers still surrounding it so we left them with smiles. The last few days we have had to go into the extreme parts of the city where few people dare to venture but we have come back safely each time with our load of food or patients.

Tried today to estimate the extent of destruction of property. From the hospital to Chung Shan and Peh Hsia Roads about 50%; about half on Peh Hsia Road; on Chung Hwa Road to Chokiang Road about 60%--beyond there, less and not a great deal burned out in the extreme southern portion. Off from South Kulou toward the east wall about 20 or 30% concentrated in certain areas.

Another woman came into the hospital this afternoon who had been wounded before the fall of Nanking. Her home was in a village south of Nanking. She had left home with her five children--the youngest three months and the oldest twelve. Japanese planes flew overhead spraying machine-gun bullets. One hit her in the eye coming out near the throat. She tried to struggle on with her baby but finally had to give up and lay unconscious most of the night with her children gathered near her. In the morning she realized she could not continue with the weight of her baby, so she left it in a deserted house, and struggled along until she came to some villagers who helped her into one of the refugee camps. After eighteen days she reached us and medical aid.

Tonight at dusk I counted five good size fires in different parts of the city--and so the burning and looting and raping continue. In the Safety Zone it is much better although the soldiers still come in. However in contrast to those days when we were trying to stop them at several places at once day and night. It is comparatively peaceful and quiet. At least we have time to write.

January 3, 1938.

Succeeded in getting half of the hospital staff registered today.

I must report a good deed done by some Japanese. Recently several very nice Japanese have visited the hospital. We told them of our lack of food supplies for the patients. Today they brought us 100 ching of beans along with some beef. We have had no meat at the hospital for a month and these gifts were mighty welcome. They asked what else we would like to have.

But each day has a long list of bad reports. A man was killed near the relief headquarters yesterday afternoon. In the afternoon a Japanese soldier attempted to rape a woman; her husband interfered and helped her resist. But in the afternoon the soldier returned to shoot the husband.

This morning came another woman in a sad plight and with a horrible story. She

was one of five women whom the Japanese soldiers had taken to one of their medical units; to wash their clothes by day, to be raped at night. Two of them were forced to satisfy from 15 to 20 men and the prettiest one as many as 40 each night. This one who came to us had been called off by three soldiers into an isolated place where they attempted to cut off her head. The muscles of the neck had been cut but they failed to sever the spinal cord. She feigned death but dragged herself to the hospital--another of the many to bear witness to the brutality of soldiers.

Dr. Wilson is trying to patch her up and thinks she may have a chance to live. Day after day our group has made its report to the authorities of these terrible conditions. They have tightened up and issued orders; still each day brings its atrocities. Up early this morning to see twelve Japanese planes flying overhead. It is still clear but terribly cold for these poor people who have to live out in the open or in tents. I failed to note Monday that we had a real air raid from the Chinese. Had almost forgotten what a raid was like! It gave the Japanese a surprise and they were quite unready for it. Finally Japanese planes did rise to the occasion and flew like mad in hot pursuit.

Our life grows awfully monotonous. We are more than fed up with all this cruelty and suffering which is so senseless and unnecessary. Our whole time in the hospital is spent in trying to patch up and save the victims of Japanese guns and bayonets; all innocent, simple Chinese whom the Japanese have come to help! When they made their fine speeches on New Year's Day telling us the Kuomintang had no regard for the needs of the common people, I could not help but think of our whole hospital full of their victims. There is little doubt too but that foreign help and support in Chinese affairs will be spurned.

January 5, 1938.

A perfect morning and a gorgeous view of the sunrise from my attic room in the Buck house. Fixed up a radio in the X-ray room at the hospital with stray equipment picked up here and there and it came in good last night--so communications are again being established.

Made a trip to South City in the ambulance to get bohtsai (vegetable) for our big family. Saw many large fires burning.

January 6, 1938.

A red letter day! Mr. Fukuyi of the Japanese Embassy informs us that three American Embassy men will arrive in Nanking today. They have been making promises for ten days but apparently had some difficulty in getting army permission. We tried to send a message through the Japanese asking for their return but they refused to send it. They would like to have us all out of Nanking but now that we have stayed so long and know so much we are not allowed to leave--we are virtually prisoners.

My radio does not work so well after all. We have secured a second radio but cannot get the short wave to work. We get English reports from Tokyo, Manila and Shanghai and there is some good music, but I spent some hours at the radio yesterday and from all sources I got the same record so often that I could sing it for our household.

"I'm Pop-eye the sailor man, I'm Pop-eye the sailor man,
I fight to the finish for I eat my spinach,
I'm Pop-eye the sailor man."

Have a new job. Been delivering babies. O yes, Trim (Dr. Trimmer) and Wilson

DELIVER them but I take them home, to some crowded refugee camp. Nearly every other day I take the ambulance out to get pehtsai (vegetable), rice and other food stuffs. A foreigner must go along to guarantee delivery. Salvaged three cows recently and Mrs. Chang is making some butter for us. Our bachelor group has gone through with about 26 dozen cans of Luchowfu peaches and for the past month we have had them every day. We are eating more rice and there is plenty of pehtsai. I understand the Japanese are selling apples in limited quantities, at ten cents apiece. A few other things are coming in.

January 6, 1938.

The biggest news of the day has just come. The American consular representatives told us that the families of McCallum, Trimmer, Mills, and Smythe left Hankow for Hongkong on the 30th. He also delivered some letters of yours written the last of November. It's the first news or mail we've received for more than a month and how welcome it was. I'm hoping you had a comfortable trip although I feel sure you must have been exposed to a lot of inconvenience and possible dangers. I shall be relieved when I hear where you are and what your next move will be. I have concluded in my own mind that if you are permitted to come to Shanghai that you will do so and place the children in the American School there for the rest of the school year. I'm hoping for that move for it means I might be able to see you before so very long--although we as yet have no assurance that we would be permitted to leave.

I am glad I stayed. Although there were only 20 of us foreigners we have been able to help considerably in the various concentration points in the Safety Zone. Had there been a hundred of us to guard against the 50,000 soldiers that much more could have been accomplished. Ginling has housed as high as 12,000, the University buildings about 25,000, the Seminary and B.T.T.S. 2,000-3,000 each and every house in the vicinity crammed full. Some of the men are engaged now in trucking coal and rice; we do not dare leave a truck or car out of our sight.

January 7, 1938.

There is still a corpse in our compound at Poh Hsia Road, another on the first floor of our South Gate Women's Building, and one in the Plopper's compound--all having met their fate about the 13th. In the Price's yard is a little baby about six-months old. It cried while a soldier was raping its mother. The soldier smothered it by putting his hands over its nose and mouth. Permits to bury have not been obtainable. I have buried more than 36 bodies myself in our hospital dug-outs; gathering them off the streets nearby, most of them being soldiers. The loss of life has been appalling. Men, women and children of all ages have paid a terrible price. Why does war have to be so beastly?

Japanese talk of getting the people back to their homes, starting up business again and of bringing in a lot of Japanese goods. The diplomatic group want to set up a city government; the army will not allow it. They want the people to go back to their homes; the army continues to terrify them so that they dare not leave the concentration camps. They want business started again; the army has taken away all stocks and burned the stores. They want them to start some trade; but the army has robbed the people of their money. They want them to produce; but the army has killed all the chickens and pigs and cows, everything living. The irony of it!

January 9, 1938.

Some newspapermen came to the entrance of a concentration camp and distributed cakes, and apples and handed out a few coins to the refugees. And moving pictures were taken of this kind act. At the same time a bunch of soldiers climbed over the back wall of the compound and raped a dozen or so of the women. There were

no pictures taken out back!

The constructive group want to restore electricity and water. The day before the final arrangements were made through Rabe to get the workmen back on the job, a military detachment headed by a non-commissioned officer went to the British Export Company's factory and picking out a group of Electric Light Company employees, 43 of them, lined them up and machine-gunned them. The light company was a private corporation. The soldiers without investigation claimed they were government employees. That is the general condition after a month's time and there is little hope of improvement.

Now the Japanese are trying to discredit our efforts in the Safety Zone. They threaten and intimidate the poor Chinese into repudiating what we have said. Some of the Chinese are even ready to prove that the looting, raping and burning was done by the Chinese and not the Japanese. I feel sometimes that we have been dealing with maniacs and idiots and I marvel that all of us foreigners have come through this ordeal alive.

We do not know when we will be permitted to leave Nanking. With so few of us we do not want to leave until some more men are allowed to come in. We have been living fairly normally in our bachelor quarters and it has been a grand bunch to be with. All of us have gotten into many amusing situations as well as serious ones and we have jolly times relating them to each other. We could welcome a change from Luchowful peaches and Chinese cabbage for a diet. How good butter and eggs would taste! But we have plenty of flour, rice and our gardens are still yielding lettuce and carrots and beets. If it is made available by the military there should be enough rice in the city to feed the 200,000 people through the winter but the economic outlook is pitiful to contemplate. There is no production; only consumption.

Just heard my family had arrived in Hongkong safely. Praise be! Now where?

January 11, 1938.

Had the American Embassy men in for dinner two days ago and today had the British Embassy man as well as those from the German Embassy. It has been a real treat. Not having seen anyone from the outside for over a month, and having so much to say ourselves we had a real talkfest. We hung onto every word spoken by them and still have many questions we'd like to ask.

Hospital affairs have gotten past the emergency state. We now have electricity and therefore radio reception which makes us feel closer to the rest of the world. When we can secure more hospital supplies we will feel close to normal again. We are not finished with raping and robbing but it has become such an old story that mere repetition will add nothing of value. There are threats and bribes now--attempts to undermine the present relief organization. Others are engaged in providing fuel and food. The International Committee has been selling rice for \$11.25 a bag of 1½ tan. The Self-Governing Committee has been selling rice for \$10.00 a bag. They buy it from the Japanese for \$4.00 a bag, but it cost the Japanese nothing--spoils of war!

I was offered four more cows today. If I had a place to keep them I'd take them gladly for we could use the milk. Feed for the cows we have already salvaged is a problem.

One of the choicest bits of information today concerned Tanaka, one of the Consular policeman. He has been taking us around as we looked over our looted foreign property. He had been seen on various occasions to pick up some little thing from this place and that, but yesterday Mr. Sperling met him coming out of one of the fine German houses with two ricksha loads of lovely curios which he had no doubt very much admired.

-25-

Jan. 12, 1938.

I hope you will be able to get some letter in to us now. The British, German and American embassy staffs are very accomodating if you can hear when any of them will be coming through.

We have been too busy to look after property. Have gone frequently to the places close to the hospital, but it doesn't do much good. Both Japanese and American Embassy seals were broken and completely ignored by the soldiers the first few days of their entry into the city and each place has been looted time and again. It does no good to try and clean up the mess until there is some way to keep them out. There have been but one or two places where one could move things with any assurance of safety. I have been unable to get workmen to repair the walls, doors locks and windows or to put caretakers on the place. They would not be safe for so far no proclamation or letter from the Japanese Embassy has been respected by the soldiers. Any Chinese, whether on foreign property or not is subject to siezure and robbery and a possible thrust from the bayonet. We have in some cases secured a Japanese guard. But they demand charcoal, a stove and food and a bed which they may take off with them. If they are cold they burn up the furniture on the place to keep them warm. The American Embassy staff employed Japanese guards but fired them the second day.

Jan. 13, 1938.

It has been a busy day. Went out early this morning to Ho Ping Men to get some cow feed -- the place had been burned the day before. Then we went to a place near Lotus Lake; here we secured half a load. At another place we got a load of cotton seed cakes. Our ambulance is doing double duty these days. Will go back again for another load. Then I secured a coffin for John Magee for one of their Episcopal Evangelists from Tang Shan, I believe, who committed suicide as a protest against the present conditions. Then I secured a big cask of bean oil -- 380 ching. We now have a three months supply on hand. I would worry about this business of supplies if I had time. Yesterday I picked up 15 bags of rice (100 ching each) from the coolies at the B. A. T. Most of this was for our Chinese Christians who are at the Drum Tower Church. Four or five of our faithful South Gate men are sheltered there and they have not been bothered at all. There are no evangelistic workers or other workers employed by our mission in Nanking; only about one or two of the city pastors here.

I decided to accept the four other cows; that makes eight cows, two calves. These four cows had been shut up for a month in a single shed the condition of which was terrible so I rounded them out along with two calves, a goat and a kid and led the procession back to the hospital. There was plenty of bawling and some of them went under protest but we marched them along and parked them in the front garage. That means an additional supply of milk for our patients. And we needed it for we can not get bean milk which we ordinarily would use.

I go out and get pehtsai by the ambulance loads. The people cannot bring it to us, so some one has to go after it. We found another good nurse today-- a graduate of the Wuhu hospital. About 10 of our 50 nurses are real ones.

Had the American Embassy men over for dinner this evening and Trimmer as he had not met them. The Embassy men are not having such a glorious time of it. They have not been able to get heat, light or water and it is difficult setting up housekeeping and getting supplies. And of course they do not have the interests

-26- NOT FOR PUBLICATION

and activities the rest of us do and with no newspapers or outside activities of any sort whatsoever, with only problems to handle, life seems a bit dull for them. One is shut in and I must admit the atmosphere is extremely, gloomy and dull.

We are all anxious to get to Shanghai now to see our families.

Jan. 15, 1938.

One of the British Embassy men is going to Shanghai tonight and has promised to take any letter we might want to send. I am sending you the letter I have written but could not mail -- quite a stack by now.

Conditions have improved but horrible things still go on. Two days ago I went into the dispensary and saw a fifteen year old boy on the table with a part of his stomach and some of his intestines protruding. The wound was two days old. He lives out near the Wu Ting Meng Gate. The soldiers had taken him as a laborer to carry vegetables. When he had finished his work they went through his clothing and robbed him of the sixty cents which they found; then stuck him several times with bayonets.

Our British Embassy friends have had a difficult time hearing our stories. They are too raw for them to take so we have had to tone them down considerably. But they have been bumping into some pretty terrible things on their own and getting it first hand. They went on a tour of inspection of the British property and near the A.P.C. at Ho Ping Men they found the body of a woman who had had a golf club forced up internally; a part of it was protruding. Now you know why the people are still in the refugee camps and why they are still terrified. We have been able to protect them on American property when we have been present but what we have been able to do has been a mere drop in the bucket.

Spent a good share of the day getting hay and cottonseed cakes to feed our dairy cows. Next week I shall have to rustle rice and coal. I was out with one ambulance today; Grace Bauer took the other one to get some pehtsai. She went away out Tung Si Men for her load and got back safely. It is wonderful the limits to which we foreigners can go without mishap. Some of the diplomatic people who have recently arrived wonder that we have not all been lined up and shot for we have gotten by with a lot.

THE NIEN YU TAO DRESSING STATION
(Liu En-lan's Rest House)

From the Hua Chung College Bulletin

December 4, 1937.

The Nien Yu Tao Dressing Station, in which Hua Chung College, the Wuchang Y.W.C.A. and the Ginling College group cooperate, has now been opened for two weeks. Several thousand soldiers have already passed through the dressing station. Attention is given to those who have light wounds and more than 90 serious cases have received treatment from the doctor. Only one serious case has died. The soldiers stay one or two days and are then sent on to Hunan. Hua Chung men and women students and the Ginling College girls have responded well in helping to carry wounded soldiers. The station is receiving help from the International Red Cross for medical supplies and the service of a full time doctor. The Hua Chung Faculty is supporting a full time nurse and a clerk. The British Consulate contributed \$200.00 Chinese currency for dressings. Beds and bedding were donated by Li Yueh of Hankow, while Mr. Wei of Hankow contributed 480 wash basins. Miss Hu, recommended by Miss Ginger of the London Mission, is doing volunteer work at the dressing station.

December 11, 1937.

The following amounts have been raised to date for the work of the Nien Yu Tao Dressing Station:

British Consulate	*C.C.	\$200.00	(for dressings only)
Hua Chung College	C.C.	319.23	(\$224.20 for salary, \$95.03 for 50 mattresses.)
Ginling College	C.C.	<u>70.00</u>	
	C.C.	\$589.23	

Of this amount \$142.77 C.C. has been spent to date, leaving a balance in hand of \$446.46 C.C. In addition 480 wash basins have been given by the Yee Tsoong Tobacco Company.

* - Chinese Currency.

December 15, 1937.

During the past week 40 beds, contributed by Mr. Li Yueh, have been added to the Dressing Station at Nien Yu Tao, bringing the total up to 70. Since the Red Cross has found the work well managed, it is bearing the additional expenses for medical supplies, as well as paying the salaries of four more nurses. Students of the University of Nanking living on this compound have contributed \$42 to support a nurse for three months. \$156.70 has come from the American Community in West China Union University through Dr. Cora Reeves, of the Ginling College faculty. The Rotary Club has promised to give \$21 per month for a laundry woman and part of the rent.

December 28, 1937.

Parts of Handel's "Messiah" were sung in the Church of the Nativity on Sunday, December 21st, by the College Choral Society, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Higgins and with the help of other friends. A large congregation greatly enjoyed the rendering, and the offerings made amounted to \$43.75 C.C., which has been devoted to the work of Nien Yu Tao Dressing Station.

A gift of \$50.00 has been received from the Rev. S.E. Sweet, of St. Louis, through Mr. Sidney Sweet, of Yali, Changsha, half of which has been given to the work at Nien Yu Tao, and half to the laundry work at the Hospital at Hsiao Tsao Kai