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Nanking  
Academic  
Student refugee experiences  
1938

# Part I

Among the millions of wandering refugees in China today there are many students who have lost their homes, and who do not have the means to continue their educations. Many have joined the armed forces of their country, but the majority have been discouraged by the government from volunteering, for the reason that Chiang Kai Shek wishes to preserve for the period of post-war reconstruction as ~~many~~ as possible of the young intellectuals. The following excerpts were written by students of the University of Nanking, and give a vivid picture of the trials which are undergone by ~~by~~ even the more fortunate refugees.

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Note: The only changes that have been made in these essays have been designed to clarify what might otherwise be difficult to understand. Elementary errors in English have also been eliminated.

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How to "escape From the War Region  
by Kao I-Yong

(This boy is a student of Agriculture, a quiet, restrained ~~boy~~ chap who gives promise of becoming a good scholar.)

On the first of November, 1938, I, together with my younger brother, Ching, and my sister, Fan, left Nanking for Lanling, Anhwei. That should have been a short and convenient trip of about 300 li (100 miles) but it cost us three days and much money. .... It was early in the morning when we carried two bags, two boxes, and one basket on our shoulders to the station. Many people were waiting for the train. There were old women, young boys, wretched beggars, the well-to-do, merchants, and members of the intelligent classes. Here there was no difference in rank. Every place was crowded.....

From early morning until twilight we lingered at the station. ... It was just six o'clock in the afternoon when we heard the sharp whistle of a train. Everyone was excited. I forgot everything but the problem of getting into the train. I threw my luggage through a window and climbed in with my brother and sister. ....

It was almost six hours before we reached Wuhu. By that ti

almost lifeless, as we sprawled about the cars. We were so nearly suffocated we could not speak. The Wuhu station was just as crowded as that at Nanking. All we could see was a sea of heads. ... We finally hired a coolie for forty cents to shoulder our belongings to the Ta-an Restaurant on Long Street, where my father had been lodging. .... We found that our father had left a few days earlier for Hankow. We were too disappointed to speak....

The next morning we started for Lanling, about 120 li ( forty miles) away. At that time all the boats and steamers were being used by the military, so we worked out a plan whereby we might reach the city and find refuge with our uncle. First, we walked about forty-five li to a place called Shih-wei. Then we went the rest of the way by boat on the Ching-I-River! .....

At about eight o'clock we began our journey. The weather was fine. ... On the muddy road there was nothing but pebbles and holes. On either side were rice fields. ... Then we saw many refugees coming from the different war regions. We talked and sympathized with each other. The conversations which we heard were full of sighing, groaning, and tears.

My little sister, Fan, was only thirteen years of age. She walked with us slowly. It seemed as if her feet were heavy. I knew it was a hard task for a young girl to walk so far.

"Be patient, Fan. This long journey is indeed the first time you have walked so far, but this is just the beginning of our vagabond life. We shall suffer more pain than this later."

"Yes, I understand that," answered my sister.

I discovered that she walked more quickly than before. After a few miles we rested beside the road in a tea shop. ... At three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Shih-wei. It was a small village of three or four hundred people. There was a long street through the middle where people were busy trading. We found an inn and tried to forget our fatigue.

At half past four we had supper at the inn. We had eight dishes of different vegetables, and we ate as much as possible. After supper the boatman came, and we prepared to depart. Just as the boat was ready to sail there came an officer who forbade us to leave.

"Fellow countrymen," he said, "Our duties are urgent. Please let us have the boat."

"We are refugees who have come a long way. Please let us go," a man prayed.

"Is escaping more important than fighting?" That ended the matter. We carried our luggage back to the inn. After the troops had passed on we joined others who secured a boat which had been hidden in some reeds.

At daybreak on the third we anchored at a place six li from Lanling. After thirty minutes, we arrived at the home of our uncle, who introduced us to each person in his family. I secured a room in the house of another, my third uncle, and lived there alone, a monotonous life.

In that city there were no newspapers, and there was no word from the battlefields, nothing but rumors. The frequent movements of troops puzzled everyone. ....

(When the enemy approached,) The inhabitants of the city were suspicious all day long, as if the disaster might attack them at any moment. .... We hastily packed books and clothing, and hastened into the country, to a small village called Chang Shu, three li from Lanling. ...

Our host and his family had left because they did not consider the place safe. They moved away to avoid calamity, just as we moved in to avoid it. Could anyone know surely whether any place was safe? At any rate, we lived there at least a month.

The landlord, Mr. Liu, was a frugal man. ... he owned three hundred mow of land. In his house there were many small rooms. We lived in the storage space. In this barn there were several hundred piculs of rice. There were no door, nor floor and ceiling. The roof was made of hay, and the wall was of clay. Near the entrance, there was a wooden bedstead. At the left there was an open public toilet. The air was often dusty, and there was a disagreeable odor. It was especially cold in the winter. I was not uncomfortable because I was accustomed to such circumstances, and considered myself a villager.

Surrounding the village there was a brook about four feet wide and

five feet wide. That dead water was used for irrigation, washing clothes, and for raising ducks and geese. It was also a defense against robbers.

A path crossed a wooden bridge into the fields. Nearby was a shallow and muddy rivulet in which there were fishes and alligators. ...

Behind, there was a grove of bamboos. The villagers called it the Bitter Bamboo Garden. A great many green and slender bamboo stalks grew from the ground. That was our only resource for agricultural tools, and for fuel.

(Here Mr. Kao remained until he had a chance to make the arduous trip up the Yangtze to Szechuan.)

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Wandering Life  
by Hsi Kong-ming

( This boy is a son of one of the better families of the former Nanking, and has a background of culture and comfort. He accepted the hardships of war conditions with a superb good spirit. After associating with him for more than a year, one of his teachers could say with a free conscience that he had never detected any sign of anything mean or small in ~~the~~ him. He is an excellent student.)

After the announcement of the government that the capital would be removed from Nanking to Chungking, it was decided by the administration of our university that we should move to Chengtu. Before we started on our journey, we divided into three groups for the sake of convenience. I was in the first party, which left for Nankow on the steamship Changsha on the twenty-fifth of November.

When it was daybreak I packed, and prepared to go to the dock. Unfortunately, when we were ready to move, the Japanese airplanes came, and we had our one hundred and fifteenth air raid. The sounds of machine guns and cannons mingled with those of bombs and airplanes, which created a strange harmony. I thought at the time that this thing could not terrify us, but only would encourage us to fight Japan more firmly.

While the sirens were still blowing, we went to Hsiakwan (the water front) two hours later. As we passed through the city for the last time I looked on the magnificent buildings, and the orderly streets under the lovely sunshine, and I was as sad as a child leaving its mother.

There were so many passengers on the Changsha that we were never able to count them. Every place was crowded, and we had many troubles

in getting on ~~board~~<sup>board</sup> the ship. The place which we occupied was ordinarily a part of the hold of the ship, and was intended to be used only for merchandise. However, it was now used for the fourth class passengers such as ourselves. As I looked across it there was a wild, dark prospect; the ~~place~~<sup>place</sup> was as dark and dirty as a prison.

The floor was very hard, being made of steel and studded with the heads of rivets and the edges of plates, but we had no other beds. At first we had this place to ourselves, but when night came the weather changed. There was a fierce wind, and big waves, which caused some of the passengers on deck to demand shelter in our refuge. We finally admitted about a hundred women and their babies, on the understanding that we be allowed to maintain order.

Then there was quiet, as we were all tired out. We took turns watching our baggage all night long. When my turn ended I quickly sank to sleep in my appointed place. The first thing I saw in the morning was the reflection of the waves. We were on our way. We had neither water for washing, nor rice to eat. I got a can of water from the river, and ~~it~~<sup>it</sup> washed roughly. I ate some biscuits and sweets with my companions.

There was nothing to do all day long but to sit and talk quietly. We had no books, and there was no chance to get any exercise. Some of us ~~played~~<sup>played</sup> cards, and there were others who had musical instruments. We all had some fruit and cakes. Thus we ate and sang and played. The time passed as steadily as the ship moved.

Yet we suffered much discomfort. There was no proper food. We had hot food only twice in three days, and during the whole time we had no water to drink. When we arrived in <sup>H</sup>ankow on the twenty-eight, I stretched my body in the fresh air, and was comfortable again, except ~~that~~ that I felt a deep sorrow at leaving my home.

We lived in <sup>H</sup>ankow ~~for~~<sup>for</sup> about three weeks, as guests of Boone <sup>(Hua Chung College)</sup> University. We had a delightful and interesting time, but we were glad to have an opportunity to continue our journey. Our transportation committee hired a small steam boat ( about 91 by 25 feet ). Because

we had time to prepare for this trip, we did not have so much trouble on our way to Ichang. We bought plenty of food, especially oranges, in order to avoid starving on board. Three hundred people of our University crowded on board that small boat. There were no other passengers.

I occupied a section of the deck assigned to me, and my comrades lay beside me. Indeed, it was very convenient for reading and playing together. We got up at half past seven, but did not have breakfast until ten o'clock. This was because the people of this part of China have only two meals a day, which is different from the custom in Nanking.

We spent much of the rest of the day playing cards. A rug made our table, on which we played Bridge, Five Hundred, and Fishing (?). Several of us played chess. We sang many songs, too, both classical and jazz, accompanied by our own instruments. So we had a very interesting time.

Since the water level was low, the boat dared not go when it was dark. We stopped every night, and sometimes we stopped in the afternoon when we reached a convenient town or village. So every afternoon we went on shore to observe the customs and manners of the country people. We talked to the old fathers. We imitated their language, and talked incessantly, and I thought that there is nothing so interesting as talking to a man from a strange place. ....

We bought many famous local products. Most of what we bought was food, such as cakes, oranges, and so forth. In the evening, since we had no electricity, we could do nothing except talk. We sat on our beds, and did what we liked to do best. From this, I learned that girl students enjoy eating much more than do boys. They could eat all day long. They were not like us boys, who did not want to eat except at the proper times.

We did much debating among ourselves. We argued about lessons, about society, and even about boys and girls. Our boat sailed along day after day, and our interesting life lasted as long as it sailed. On the seventh day we reached Ichang, and found ourselves indeed far from our native places.

It was very difficult to buy tickets from Ichang to Chungking. There were ~~thousands~~ <sup>twenty</sup> of people waiting for passage up the famous Gorges. We registered at the government office, and at the various steamship agencies. We asked various people to help us. It was a difficult problem, and we waited here for about three weeks. Then I heard of some soldiers who were about to start for the West. We went to their commander, and when he heard that we were college students he promised to help us. He gave us uniforms and badges which enabled us to travel with the soldiers, who treated us very well.

The scenery along the River is so beautiful and marvelous that I felt as if I ~~were~~ had been in another world. .... The mountains are not like those of the Lower Yangtze, which are delicate and shapely, but small. Here the mountains are vast. They are thousands of feet high, and hundreds of miles long. Several of them wore white crowns of snow about their summits far above us. Previously I had seen such things only in the movies, but now I realized that China has as much beautiful scenery as any other country. ....

The river rolled ~~20%~~ around the curve of the mountains. Sometimes the river seemed to end in some majestic mountain. Sometimes we sailed beneath a cliff which projected from the range. The water flowed rapidly; the waves roared violently, and pushed the ship from side to side as if they were angry. I looked at the director terrace (Note: the bridge) where a few men were working diligently. The captain, who wore a clean and embroidered uniform stood near the window with his telescope. I respected him and his staff very much because of their special skill to help hundreds of people to go to another place through a hard way.

On the deck I met a sailor. He told me many things about the ship, about its machines, and its crew. He told me the names of places on shore, and many interesting stories about them. I wandered with him when the ship stopped. (This happened every night. ) I talked with him when he was out of duty, and I liked his character, politeness, and honesty. I made friends with him.



The climate of ~~Wanhsien~~ Szechuan is warmer than that of Nanking. Though it was winter, yet the green plants were growing very prosperously on the hillsides. From this we also realized that Szechuan is very rich. Indeed, she has ~~also~~ many kinds of mines, plants, and animals. I think that when the communications of Szechuan have been improved Szechuan will be the best state or province in the world.

On the second day after we arrived we reached Wanhsien, which is one of the larger cities on the River. She has modern establishments, without some of the bad customs of other cities. In this place oranges are so very cheap that we were able to get twenty or more for ten cents. The smell is very sweet, the best of any orange I have ever tasted. The merchant told me that this orange is the ancestor of the American variety, the Sunkist. Many years ago there was a Spanish merchant in China. On his travels he was so fortunate as to eat Szechuan oranges which he liked very much. When he returned to Spain he took with him many seeds. Later, an American in Spain liked the oranges, and took seeds to California. Thus the Sunkist came into the world. I listened to the merchant's lecture, and I looked on the lovely oranges. I felt very interested.

Other famous things in Wanhsien are the Wan-an Bridge, and the Western Hills Park. The former sits above a large stream about fifty metres wide. The bridge is made of ~~large~~ large stones in a great arch. It is very magnificent and great when seen from a distance. The Western Hills Park is built along the hillsides. It is so splendid and lovely that there is not another Park like it along the River. The total area is about twenty square li (More than two square miles?) She has everything that a Park must have. Indeed, she is beautiful both artificially and naturally. I lingered there until the globe was covered with darkness.

Two days later we safely arrived in ~~Chengtu~~ Chungking. Then we went to Chengtu by bus, and our wandering life was ended. ....

If I were Fortunate Enough to Meet My Husband Again

by Pao Burchi

( She is a friendly, kind-~~hearted~~ <sup>hearted</sup> girl whose husband is taking graduate work in the United States.)

.....

People of one family are scattered by war, and they always dream that they may one day go back to their homes. .... Personally, I sympathize with those people who are suffering in war time. Since my departure from my husband six months has elapsed. During my leisure hours, especially in the still night, I always think of what I shall do if I am fortunate enough to meet my husband again.

China needs her youth to wake up and give lost support to their country. Since our government has determined to resist Japan to our last man, we have faith that victory shall be ours if the war be prolonged as long as possible. We are further convinced that ~~that~~ <sup>we</sup> Japan must be beaten since ~~their~~ <sup>her</sup> financial strength is not sufficient. So we have a very bright future for China and her younger generation.

If I were fortunate enough to meet my husband again, supposing that the present war does not end, my first ambition would be to sacrifice everything and go together with my husband to the front. Let our new home be built there, and not in the rear. At that time my husband shall have a gun on his shoulder as a soldier, and I shall be wearing the white clothes of a nurse. Hand in hand, we shall march forward to fight our dread enemy.

China is now in the transitional stage. Every man and woman should give his whole hearted support in every respect. Many of our brethren have died at the front, and many have been wounded by our fatal enemy. What shall we do to meet the need? I beseech my husband to come back so that my ambition may be realized.

Some people believe that educated men and women should not sacrifice themselves, that they should be saved for the time of reconstruction. But I say that our salvation demands that everyone go to the front, although there is still much to be done in the rear. Men and women of today should not dream sweet dreams. China's future is now at stake, and her fate rests on the shoulders of her youth.

So it is proper to say that the future of China is bright. Let us work hard at present <sup>and</sup> to try to be patient. Nothing venture, nothing have. If you want happiness, you must pay for it. If I were fortunate enough to meet my husband again, I should urge him to follow those pioneers who have paved the road for us. The reformation of China cannot be achieved without sacrifice. Let us not dream of happiness without considering the way in which it must be achieved. .... I shall urge my husband to assure our future happiness by trying to build a new home for China.

When the Dark Period is over, I should like to choose a day for a second Wedding Ceremony to witness that we have been reborn in a New China in which we may find happiness for the rest of our lives.

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very careless  
writing

## How to Escape From the War Region

On the 1st of November, 1938, I, joined with my younger brother Ching and sister Fan, leaved Nanking from Lanling, Anhwei. That was a short and convenient journey about 300 li, but we spent three days and much money to the distinction. I cannot help reflecting on the place where I stood in the station of Nanking. It was in the early morning of 1st of November that we carried ~~two baggage~~ two boxes and one basket by virtue of the honor-shoulder transporting to the station. So much the people waited out of station. They were old women young boys, wretched fellows, well-to-do family, merchants and intelligent classes. There were no difference of ranks, either rich or poor, young or old were included. Every corner and any places stood our countrymen. Sadness, sorrow, hurry displaced on the face of everybody, as if the humblest fortunate and distressed incidents were suddenly occurred. Coolies, group by groups, among the crowd of refugees. They used their sweat and toil for taking the opportunity to squeeze money,

in spite of the wretchedness of the refugees. Oh! How cruel the human hearts were. The more I thought, the sadder I became. From the early morning to the twilight, we lingered at the station, but could not find any train coming in or out. Surely, for instance of waiting cars, it taught us how to endure the long suffering of war. It just was six o'clock afternoon, from the noisiness there came a long and sharp whistling of car. Every man's heart was stirred; every body supported with great energy and power; every man's face appeared excitement and mirth; those were the essential elements to help them how to get into the car. Train came! I forget myself and could not see any person while surrounding my body. I only remembered that I with whole spirit threw my baggages and body into the car through a window. After ten-minutes, outside of station were clear off except some old women and young boys staying there with wishing air hoping somebody to help them.

"You may pay me half dollar," a man of

middle ages with the short blue uniform told.

"Why, half dollar." I asked.

"I help you into the car, do not you forget that helping arms. please pay me quickly. I have no time speaking with you now."

This unreasonable claim I received. in order to avoid the dispute extending.

All my person, young brother and sister and my thing were hidden in the car. There were no sitting places. My brother stood beside the baggage. I sat on the boxes my sister found a place in the first class room. We could not see each other. All of us kept silence and hoping the train instantaneously leaved from Nanking station

### Wuhu in terrible

It was beyond my expectation that the train, being extremely slow, carried us to Wuhu. It almost needed six hours. We like a group of lifeless creature, sprawled, crouched in the cars. We are suffocated

even could not speak a word. At half past one o'clock, on the 2nd of Nov. the arrival of our destination was attained. The Wuhu Station was just like the station of Nanking. We only saw the moving of round heads like the wave of the river. No bodies were seen. I was supported by the man's group and could not remove a step. We decided waiting a minute until the crowd dispersed. After ten minutes, many station's coolies were like the bees coming near my side. Paying forty cents, one of the them shouldered my baggages to the Tai-an Restaurant in Long Street, where my father have lodged there a few months. It was not a easy way for me to walk in the dark. It seemed that the street's lamp were like the stars on the sky. No light was well enough to guide us forward. Person by person, if we met we might ask the direction. About thirty minutes, we arrived to the Tai-an Restaurant.

"Please open the door!" I knocked the door and cried.

"Whom do you call on....."

"Mr. Kao Yen Pui ----- Employee in The Texco Company."

"No kind of this man here, you are wrong!"

"Certainly, He have lived here about a few months"

"Oh! Mr Kao, employee in the oil company, he was gone away a few days ago."

"Please open the door, we may talk face to face, beg your pardon". I required

after the servant opened the door, he told me in detail that my father was surely leaved here for Hankow. We were disappointment without speaking a word. Oh; my god! how can you treat those losing family's children. My heart felt wholly empty.

We had to lodge here. Servant gave us a pot of tea. We drank a few cups each but hungered very much. We were not willing to go out, then went to bed. Although we were sleeping on the bed, but our minds were full of the my indefinite sadness and pain.



## On the way to Lanling

It is about one hundred and twenty li from Wuhsu to Lanling. In that time there was no boat or steamer being sailed. That reason was probably due to use for military transportation. We had to work out another plan as to go to Lanling shortly and safely. That journey was immediately pointed by my family relation who is my uncle. Firstly we walked by feet from a narrow road to Shih-wei (石碓) about forty five li: Secondly, we took by boat, from Shih-wei to Lanling, which sailed on the Ching I River (淸江).

After the plan was ascertained we hired two men to whom our baggage was carried. We payed each man one dollar and fifty cents for shouldering fee. About eight o'clock we began our journey. The weather was fine. The sunshine brightly shone over the earth. We walked sometime and felt whole bodies warm. On the mixed road, nothing to be seen but pebbles and holes. Beside the road, there were surrounded the numerous piece of rice fields. Outside the rice fields, the different branch of small river was spreaded. I thought, while

walking. That this place was surely a fertilizing region. It was recognized that Wuhu is one of the three rice markets of China. How valuable and important the Anhwei Province is. We should keep it forever and develop it to the great effect.

On the same way, we could see many people who regarded as the refugees, coming from the different war region in order to seek their living way. We talked and sympathized with each other. Sigh, groan and tear were the result of our dialogue.

My little sister, Fan, was only thirteen years of age. She walked with us slowly. Step by step, it seemed to her a heavy link bounded on her feet! I deeply knew that was a hard task for a young girl to walk a long distance of way.

"Be patient, Fan. This long journey is indeed the first time of your walking, but this is just the beginning of our vagabond life. We shall suffer more pain than this afterward."

"Yes, I understand it." answered my sister.

I discovered that she walked quickly than before. After

We walked a few miles. I must let us get a rest either beside the road or in a Country tea shop.

During the noon, the coolie felt hungry and went to a little eating house to take the dinner. Three coppers a dish of salted vegetable; eight coppers a bowl of rice they swallowed nicely. We ate a few sugar pie each.

Then we went again, everybody seemed to increase a kind of power to make us speedily going forward.

At three o'clock afternoon, we arrived at Shieh-wei. It was a small village concluding three to four hundred of inhabitants. A long street regarded as the Commercial market, situated at the middle of the village, many people were busy in doing their transaction. We found an inn called Shou-Kei-Tai (夏開泰) and rested in. The waiter supplied us water for washing and tea to drink. We sat there and forgot the fatigue which we had suffered.

We went out and bought some food to eat, the rice pie and sugar cane were cheap in particular. We ate and inspected on the surrounding landscape. If we came here for travelling, it was no doubt a happy and

pleasant recreation.

At half past four, we took supper at the inn. Eight dishes of different kind of vegetables displayed on the table. We ate as sufficiently as possible.

After supper, the boatman came, according to the ordinary rules, we payed half dollar for each person and ten cents for each baggage, then we followed with the boatman to the river shore. We, four persons, took the middle department as the sitting place. It was just the time that the boat was ready to sail on. There came an officer who ordered us departing from the boat, because a group of soldiers were to war field in need of the boat.

"Follow Countrymen, our duties are urgent, please let us fore go"

"We are refugees, came here a long time, please let us fore go" A man prayed.

"Is the escaping more important than fighting?"

Sure that the military operation is important. All of us, without speaking a word, went out one by one, then we carried again the boxes to the inn.

"Guests, you wait here, we have another boat

in the weeds of the river, as soon as the soldier's boat sailed, we scarcely send your guest on."

At the inn. almost waiting two hours, we felt very tired and fall asleep by the table. Until eight o'clock, a great noise make us awake. We hurried in company with other person to the boat. All was dark and obscure. The wind blew us feeling cold. We heard nothing except water pushing the boat.

### First Week in Lanking.

At the day break, on the third of Nov. The boat anchored by the bank of Pin-Too-Han (兵徒行). It was a place near six li from the city of Lanking. We crept out the boat and breathed a fresh breath in the morning air. Paying forty cents, a laborer shouldered our baggage and boxes to the city. After thirty minutes, we arrived at the home of ~~our~~ uncle.

By the introduction of my elder uncle, we acknowledged each person in their family. In the time of rest, we ate some food. Then I wrote several letters

to my parents and my friends in order to inform them that I was safe in Lanching.

My third uncle helped me to resolve any questions concerning to living problems: eating at his home, lodging in the outside of east city, from which a small room was sent. Everything was in the regular way. I lived there with a lonesome heart and monotonous life.

In that city, no newspaper could be bought. We heard nothing about the news of the war field but numerous rumors. The removing of troops, coming in and out, puzzled every citizen of that city.

A group of wounded soldier lived in the red cross hospital which was established by the Ministry of Military. They lingered in the street, dressing in red cross uniform. Their action and manner were feared by the people. For this reason, I considered that the common people were selfish. They would not do any service for public enterprise and be a real patriot to the country. From another point of view, a lot of soldiers, in some extent, despised

and deceived the defenceless people. In this case, people and soldiers, now and then, could not keep company with each other behind the field. That was a great defect among the people and troops in the time of war.

Every day this little city came a numerous of refugees from the war regions, such as Nanking, Wuking, Shunchen, Kungting. They embraced with young and hold with old. Men burdened with heavy implements and baggages. Women shouldered with baskets and cooking apparatus, arranging in a long row passing through the street. From their statements, we occasionally impressed with dreadful descriptions.

The inhabitants of this city were all in the terrible suscription all day long, as if the disaster were instantaneously to the bodies of them. Merchants stopped their business; labour their work; students their studying; farmer their ploughing. Every family, either opulent or poor, escaped from city to the country side.

It was not the exception of my uncle's family. He, in order to avoid the sacrifice, prepared for removing to the country. I dealt with him and

and took the unanimous action with his family.

My brother, sister and I were unconsciously in this removing. We hastily put the books and dresses in order, and laded the baggage and boxes to the country, Chang Shii Village (樟樹村) which place situated three li from the city of Lanling.

### The Place of Our Retreat.

It was a little village, in which we inhabited, nearly ten mow in area. The host and his family were gone away because that place was not so quiet as to live safely. They removed out for escaping the calamity, but we removed in for avoiding the calamity. Could anyone disconcert whether this place was in danger or not? In any way we lived there one month at least.

The landlord, Mr. Lin, was a frugal man. By his ability of management, he owned three hundred mow of field. In landlord Lin's cottage, there contained many small room. We lived in the storing house. In the barn, a several hundreds piculs of rice were piled.



There were no door, floor, and ceiling board. The roof was made by hay and the wall was clay. Near the opening way, a wood bedcase was put by. On the left corner, putting a wood barrel; that was regarded as the implement for excreting. Therefore the air of the room was often mixed with dust and disagreeable odor, especially cold in the winter season. I did not feel uncomfortable because I accustomed to that circumstance and considered myself as a Villager.

Surrounding the village, a brook with four feet in breadth and five feet in depth, was circled. That dead water could be used for irrigation, wash clothes, playing and resting for ducks and geese. From another utility was concerned, it might be defence of robber and thief.

Before the cottage, a path passed to the field crossed by a wood bridge. A rivulet, on the front in which the water was shallow and muddy, had the accumulation of the fishes and crocodiles. The vegetable food of the inhabitants of that village

was largely depended upon it.

Behind the cottage, there was a piece of Bamboo grove. The villagers called it the Bitter Bamboo Garden. A great deal of the green and lean bamboo stalks grew out of the ground. That was the only resource of the raw material for making agriculture tools. Meanwhile for firing.

Circulating the cottage, it might be seen that several kinds of the fruit trees were planted, such as Citrus, peach, apricot, plum and other ornamental trees, bushes and economical trees.

On the right side of the cottage, there was a vegetable garden. But no fresh and fashionable vegetables were planted except turnip, garlic and other green vegetables. That was because the villagers needed not the delicious and noblest vegetables. Their food were so simple that the common vegetables were enough to eat.

## Daily Life: How to Pass the Spare Moment.

"Let be gone by be gone."

"Forgive to the past, hold of the present and strive for the future. Be somebody and do something."

These were the maxim which I always bore in my mind. While living in the village, these words were the solace of my soul. Because of possessing the encouraging thought, I could exist happily and patiently.

From morning to night, I was often become the brain-worker (I meant always used my mind). Perhaps the fantastic vision was the dream; yet I talked the inclination of operating thought.

Rising at eight o'clock, I waited the servant prepared for hot water. If time permitted, I must exercise my body or breathe in the wildness.

Ten o'clock was the time of our dinner. Many persons I esteemed, most are the youth, surrounding a square table. One soup put on the centre by means of earthen pot, and several other bowls arranged on a circle, which were the so called common vegetables. No oil

Drops floated on soup, no salt contained in vegetable.  
From my point of view that this regarded as the refugee's  
life was suitable.

We ate blindly. We felt hungry and never  
concerned whatever those were nice or not.

After dinner, I often engaged myself in reading,  
sitting on the wild field under a large tree. All  
were silent and mild. Sun shine shone brightly and  
covered on my body warmly. Partly I liked great  
interest in my books or pamphlets; Partly I liked  
to enjoy the natural happiness.

One or two hours passed, I paused a minute  
then walking on the field and resuming my fantastic  
mind to the far land. If it was bounded by the  
unhappy facts, I should decide to go other places and  
meditated for other method to spent my time. Mostly  
I liked to go to the city, with intention to grant some  
news of the war zones.

My brother always had nothing to do. He played  
played both in the city and country. This proved  
that he was innocent at all. He liked cowing,

fishing, feeding the live stocks and picking the fire wood  
He entirely became a boy village.

My sister was an honest and gentle girl. She worked as other girls could do. Though young, she was a good helper to the family indeed.

Five o'clock was the dinner time.

After dinner a gossiping party was begun. Many person, young or old, girl or boy, sat on the bench surrounding a table. A pot of tea on the centre. We never selected the materials of gossiping. We chatted with each other freely and happily. Among that party laughing, chuckling and crying were easily to be heard.

About nine o'clock or more, we all prepared for going to the bed.

Red Injap

H. K. ...

## Wandering Life

After the pronouncing of our government that the capital would be removed from Nanking to Chungking the principle and deans of the University decided that our university should be migrated to Chengdo for the sake of students' lessons. Before the starting of our journey we divided our members into three parts and organized each other in order to get more convenience when we were aboard. I was a member of transportation of the first part. On the day of 25th, November we got a chance to go to Hangkow by the ship Changsia. When it was day-break I raised from bed and fastened my baggages then I took my breakfast. But unfortunately when everything was ready Japanese airplanes came which as I remembered

was the hundred and fifteenth air raid. The sounds of machine guns and cannons mingled with the sounds of bombs and airplanes which seemed very harmony. And I thought that it could never make us fear but it gave us much encouragement to fight with her continually and firmly. About two hours after we were on the bus to Shia-Kwan while whistles were blowing still. I looked on those magnificent structures, orderly streets and lovely sunshine which made me very very sorry as if a baby were forced to leave his mother. The speed of the bus seemed more swift than ever. Only about ten minutes we arrived at the wharf. After we had arrived the wharf the members of transportation went to and fro for the transporting of baggages because there was no pater at all.

Indeed we were busy enough. We carried the baggages from tracks to wharf and from wharf to a little steam-boat which would carry us # to the steamship Chang-sia. The passengers of Changsia were so much that we could never tell the real number of persons. Decks, sidewalks and even a small space which could not be used as a sitting place were full of people. Through many troubles we went on the ship. And when we were all aboard the night was coming. The place which we occupied was a rough room for merchandise in ordinary times. But according to those sailors' answers which was the fourth class for passengers. The whole space as I gazed under the weak lamps was so wild and so long as a vast chamber but was so dark and so dirty just as a prison. The floor was very



hard. There were full of iron rings, nails and vertical plates on its surface. But we had neither bed nor something for bed. And we must lie on it. At first there were only our members in such a room. Every one of us could get a space for sleeping. When night came the weather suddenly changed very bad as if a storm were come. The winds flew strongly, the waves rolled fiercely. Under such gloomy air nearly every one who was on deck or sidewalk would not be able to delay it especially children and ladies. They asked our helping. But several of them had come directly when we had not prepared a special place for them. We refused them and told them if they would keep in order they might down-stairs. Otherwise they could never come to our room. At last

about hundred ladies and their babies were permitted to come to our room. Then everything was quiet and every man was tired enough when it was ten o'clock nearly. At that time we found that our baggages were very easily stolen by others but no one had attended to this matter. Our comrades of transportation voluntarily were the guardmen. We watched our baggages two hours a turn and two persons each turn. When I was out of duty I went quickly to my sleeping place and I sunk my head on my pillow until the next morning. The first sight <sup>after</sup> of my waking up was the moving shades of waves. I knew that we had started our journey. In that morning we had neither hot water for washing faces and hands nor food for the breakfast. I got a can of water from the River

and washed my face hands and teeth roughly. I ate my biscuits and sugars with my companion. Then we had done every thing that which is usually done in the morning. But we had no work to do after this. Our books and papers were in the boxes while our boxes were among the piles of baggages. We could not read and write since we could not bring our boxes out of the baggages. We could not do the physical training also because there were many persons on the deck. That we could only sit upon our own place. We sat quietly and talked each other. We talked the news of battlefield, the story of our boyhood and nearly everything was the material of talking. Among our members several had bought the cards. Some of us had brought the musical pieces for voice. And most of us had brought sugars

Cakes and fruits. Then we spent our time by those ways. Sometimes we played cards. Sometimes we sang the melodies. And we ate foods now and then. The time passed incessantly while the ship moved continually. Still our lives were very suffering. No sufficient food for eating, we had only eaten twice in three days. Not a drop of boiled water had been drawn to our lips. Under this circumstance we could do nothing but sat quietly all the day long. On the day of 28th, November we arrived at Hankow. I breathed the fresh air on the deck. My body seemed little comfortable but my mind felt deep sorry for I had been out of my native place. Then we went to Bone University, Woo-chang. And we lived there. In those traveling days though I had never lived in such a circumstance.

Yet I was very delightful and interested. We lived in Hangkow about three weeks then we began our traveling life again. The transporting committee of the University hired a little steamboat which was as large as the steamboat used to accross Yangtze River between Hangkow and Woo-chang. Because we had sufficient time to prepare something for the voyage life. And on the way to I-chang was not as trouble as from Nanking to Hangkow. So I felt it was more comfortable than that from Nanking to Hangkow. We bought some nice food and ~~or~~ oranges in order to avoid the lacking of food when we were aboard. On such a boat there were only three hundreds of our member of the university but no other passengers. I occupide a part of deck as the committee picked out. And all my comrades lay on

By one just beside me. Indeed it was very convenient to read or play together. We raised at half-past seven in the morning. After we had washed our faces and brushed our teeth we read a few hours whether the novel or some other kinds of books. We ate breakfast at ten o'clock, which is different from the habit of Nanking that people who live in Hu-nan and Hu-peh only eat twice a day. Then we spent the rest time by playing. We covered a large carpet on our beds for the special uses of playing cards. We played Bridge Five Hundred and Fishing of cards and several of us played chess on that special table. The second way of playing was enjoying music. Some of our comrades could play musical instruments very well. And a part of us could sing very nicely. We sang classical melodies or juze songs.

while the instruments accompanied. And our lives were very interesting indeed. Since the deep of water standard was very low the boat dared not go when the day was dark. It must ~~stopped~~ stop at night. When the boat reached a town or village at four or five o'clock p.m. it did not go continually. So in every afternoon of the voyage life we went on shore to observe the customs and manners of the country people. We talked about their town or village with the old father. We imitated their languages and talked incessantly. And I thought there is no more interesting thing than that of conversing with the other who is not the man of some place. I was happy enough just as I can say a little English. We bought many things of their famous product. Most of them were food such as sugars.

cakes and oranges and so forth. Since there were no electric lamps on that boat we could do nothing in the evening except talking. We sat around our beds. Everyone talked his interesting things, everyone ate his favorite food. From thence I knew that girl students were much more like eating than boy students. They could eat all the day long. They were not as us boys who would only eat once or not except breakfast supper and dinner. Among us comrades the debate was always existing in it. We argued about lessons. We argued about the society and we argued even about girls and boys. Our boat sailed day by day and our interesting life continued as the boat sailed. On the seventh day we reached I-chang. We had been little far from our native



place again. It started from the day of 16th December and ended at the day of 23th December.

When we were at I-chang it was very very difficult to buy a ticket in the steamship companies from I-chang to Chung-ching. There were twenty thousands of people for waiting ships to go to Chung-ching. But there were not so many ships which could carry them to Chung-ching in a short time. We registered in the government and the ship companies. We asked the helping of others. But no one of us had got a ticket. It was troubling for us to go to Cheng do indeed. We waited and waited. And we lived in I-chang about three weeks simply for that of waiting ships. We could hardly go. Suddenly I knew a chance that a troop of soldiers were migrated to Chung-ching by way of

Yantze. I went soon with Mr Wan to their leader and asked his favor. When he knew that we were the students of college he approved us promptly. As to his mind he thought that we should be the useful people of our country and he was very glad to serve for our country. He would help us as if he would help our country. He gave us the uniforms of his troop. He gave us the badges of his troop also. We lived with soldiers and they treated us very kindly for they know we were their chief's friends. The ship sailed on the lordly Yantze. The scenery of the River is so beautiful and so marvelous that I felt I had been in another world. I had only heard from my mother that Szechwan is a very lovely province but I had never gone there. At that time I could only image that she is beautiful.

the soil is very rich and the products are very prosperous. When I caught a real chance to observe it I stood on the deck all the day long. I looked on the lordly River and I smiled to myself that I could see the reality. The mountains are not as the mountains in the lower part of Yangtze. I had visited many famous mountains in Kiangsu and Chekiang Provinces. They are all delicate shapely but of small extent. And here the mountains are very vast. The mountains extend from G. Chang to Wan Shien seriesly with the same shape about thousands feet of height and hundred mill miles of length. And several of them with white snow as a crown about their summits are far far above us. I had only seen such views in the ~~the~~ movie but I did know that China has so much marvelous scenery as the other

Country. Oh how beautiful it is. The River which is just flowing on the valley of those mountains rolls as the mountains curve. Our ship sailed slowly on the majestic course. Sometimes it seemed to be at the end of the river because a mighty hill is sitting before. Sometimes it sailed under a cliff which is extending out of its pass. Water flows quickly, waves roar violently and push to the ship side now and then as if they were angry. I looked on the director terrace while a few persons were working dilligently. The Captain who worn a cleaning and embroidering ~~uniform~~ uniform stood along the window with his telescope. I respected them very much because they had their special skill to help hundreds of passangers to go to another place through a hard way. At that the deck I met a sailor. He told

me many many things about the ship as the machines, the members of the ship. And he told me the names of places and many interesting stories about those places. I wandered with him when the ship was stopping. I talked with him when he was out of duty. And I liked his character polite and honest. I made friend with him. The climate of Szechwan is warmer than Nanking. Though it is winter yet the green plants grow very prosperous on the hillsides. From thence we may also consider that <sup>the soil of</sup> Szechwan is very rich. Indeed she has many kinds of mines, plants and animals. And I think if the communication of Szechwan is more convenient than today surely Szechwan will be the best state or province in the world. On the second after the ship had started we reached Wan-shien. Wan shien is a larger city

of the River. She has modern establishments but she has no bad customary manners as other cities. In Wan-shien oranges are very cheap that we can get twenty or more with ten cents. The smell is very sweet and which is far better than any orange else which I have ever tasted. As the merchant told me that this kind of orange is the ancestor of American orange, Sun-kist. Many years ago there was a Spanish merchant in China. When he sold his goods he traveled in Central China. He was very fortunate that he had eaten Szechwan oranges. He liked the orange very much. But he feared that he would not be able to eat Szechwan orange again if he returned back. He bought many seed of this kind of orange. Then he returned back to Spain. When another American came to Spain he liked that kind of orange.

also and he took it back. Then there is Sunkist in the world. I listened the merchant's lecture and I looked on those lovely oranges. I felt very interesting. Other famous things in Wan shien are Wan-an Bridge and Western Hills Park. The former is sitting on a large river about fifty meters wide. The Bridge is made by great stones with arched hole. And it is very magnificent and great when we look at a distance. The Western Hills Park is a park which is made along the hill sides. So splendid and lovely that there is not such a park as beautiful as this along the hill River. The total area of the park is about twenty square lis. She has everything that the park must establish have. Indeed she is beautiful both in artificially and naturally. I lingered there until the

globe was covering with dark. Two days after we were safely arrived at Chung-ching. Then we went to Cheng-do by bus. And our wandering life was finishing from thence.

I was fond of visiting new scenery when I was a young boy. But I had never met such good landscapes. This progress I was the first trying to leave my family and to travel sovely. Though my life was not comfortable in those wandering days yet I was very interested. And meantime I know I must be a strong man and a man of learning. Otherwise I shall never enjoy such curiously interesting life.



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If I were fortunate enough to meet  
My husband again

The Moon can not be in its full shape at all times, but once a month at every fifteenth according to Chinese calculation. Every kind of flowers are liable to different seasons. In spring time most of them are blossom, when autumn comes, they are destined to fade away. It is the earth which makes the moon to in different shapes at different days of the month. It is the climate (temperature) which affects the life of flowers and plants.

Things of nature can not exist without the help of natural surroundings and they are always living on the strength supported by nature. It is true to plants and animals, but it is also true to human beings. Darwin has revealed was that surroundings has lots of things to do with human beings. By surroundings I do not mean here to say nature surroundings only. Some happenings are made by man themselves. Beside flood hurricane draught etc. which being destructed to human beings, there is war, which is completely created by human beings, to destroy population culture buildings etc.

(Shanghai War)

On July 7th 1937 Lu-Kuo-Chao incident occurred, following which Shanghai war broke at August 13th

in the same year. Many homes - have been destroyed and many people in Kiangsu and Chekiang provinces being killed and enslaved. War is but destruction to human beings. Parents are forced to leave their children. While husbands are unfortunately separated from their wives, not to mention other damages sustained.

(Then has decided to leave Nanking)

Just about of being a student of Nanking University, the Shanghai War was fired. While I stayed in the Capital, the Capital was endangered on account of air attacks by enemy planes. Tens of thousands leave the Capital to other cities. I have witnessed the scene of lost homes, isolated children wives, just at such interval, I have the same fate with those people. My husband decided to go abroad for further study. Thus I was forced to separate with him. As soon as our evening got a stand near and war to the Capital. Our College prepared to move to Szechuan province. At the end of November. We did leave the Capital for Wu Chang, from where then we took Chungking bound.

(When shall we meet again)

People of one family are scattered by war and they always dream, that they might one day go back to their homes. When shall <sup>they</sup> meet their family folks probably is a popular question in their mind. Personally I sympathize with those people who are suffered in war time. Since my departure from my husband

six months has been elapsed. During my leisure hours especially in still nights, I always think what shall I do if I were fortunate enough to meet my husband again. (A Bright future)

Preatal China needs youth to wake up and give lost support to their country. Since our government has determined to resist Japan to our lost man, we have the faith in our mind that victory shall be ours if the war be prolonged as long as possible. We are further convinced that Japan must be beaten, since their financial strength is too weak to meet war time funds. So we have a very bright future both for our country and her young generation.

### (My first Ambition)

If I were fortunate enough to meet my husband again, supposing the present war does not end, my first ambition is to sacrifice everything and going together with my husband to the front. Let our new home be built over there, not in the rear. At that time, I can imagine at present my husband shall have a gun on his shoulder as a soldier and I shall be dressed up in white clothes as a nurse. Hand in hand we shall march forward to join our regular Army to fight our dead enemy. China is now in its Transitional period. Every man and woman should give his or her whole hearted support in every

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reap. Many of our brethren has died in the front<sup>4</sup> and many of our brethren has been wounded by our fatal enemy. What shall we do in the rear? I expect my husband to come back right at present so my first ambition can be realized.

Some persons are in the opinion that men or women, who are educated can not sacrifice themselves without a good amount. Now it is not the time for educated people to sacrifice. We should reserve our strength for later use. But I should say that salvation work does not mean to say that every body should go to the front. We have lots of things to do in the rear. Men and women of to-day should not dream for your sweet dreamer. China is now at stake whether she can survive or not entirely rest up on the shoulder of her youth.

(My second ambition is - - -)

When I meet my husband again, to go with him to every corner trying to encourage our yellow youth, thus stirring up a new life to help our country in resisting Japan. Few weeks ago one of my friend in HongKong related to me that foreigners staying in HongKong are despising those young men who go into the front from Shanghai, by saying that hard China resist Japan when most of the young men are afraid to die in the front but like to stay a very good reason for our young people. The present war is a

life - or death war to our nation. So my second 5.  
ambition is ---- "You can enjoy after hard working"  
is probably the most fidful motto for the young  
people of present China. Every body likes to  
enjoy. However it is not the right time for us to  
enjoy. I wish my husband to come back to me be-  
fore the war is ended. Let us work hard for our  
country and with our best effort we can do  
a little service along the true line of salvation  
work. I am in the belief that through our coo-  
peration of our brethren can never conquered China.

So it is very proper to say that future of  
China is bright. Let us work hard at present,  
and try to be patient. Nothing venture nothing have.  
If you want to enjoy, you should pay for it. If  
I were fortunate enough to meet my husband  
again, I shall urge him to follow up those pioneers  
who have paved the road for us. Re-formation of China  
can not be achieved without sacrifice. Let us not  
dream for happy time without considering the way how  
to achieve happiness. If I were fortunate enough  
to meet my husband again, I shall urge him to achieve  
our future happiness by vain tasking our best trying  
to build a new home for New China.

When the dark period is over I should like to  
choose a day on which our Wedding Ceremony shall be  
taken place for second time witnessing that we are  
re-born in New China time and it will be our happy time  
to enjoy the rest of our life.

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English 133, 134. Lee Wei Oh

On My Way <sup>to</sup> Hankow

Being threatened by the roars of the Japanese cannons and the vigorous air raids every day, at last we decided to leave our beloved Capital Nanking. I know well that we, university students, ought to do some work to strengthen the force of anti-Japanese salvation; but it should be taken into careful consideration that whether <sup>or not</sup> it is worthy of sacrificing thousands of high-educated Chinese students in vain under the fierce bombardments of the Japanese air raids. So I left Nanking for Hankow, a more safe place, with my school-mates and teachers under a bewildering condition and desolate air.

In peaceful time, to a traveling-lover as I am, visiting Hankow by <sup>steamer</sup> ~~boat~~, the voyage I have to make is an excellent experience. The temporary absence of city riots and studying produce a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. But it was not in peaceful time; it was in exigent crisis. Our brains and energy were entirely occupied and consumed by complicate ~~thoughts~~ thoughts and entangled trifles. I can not remember how I got on <sup>steamer</sup> ~~boat~~ nor can I remember how much I suffered when I was going to leave my beloved school and Capital. As far as I can recollect now is only the bewildering life <sup>on</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>board</sup> ~~boat~~ the steamer.

After a puff of push and tumult, sitting for a little while in the dark corner of the main-hold, I gradually recovered my sense. My dizzy brain refreshed, and my giddy eyes cleared. I then



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looked around, nothing but groups of persons sitting on their luggages. The room was so dark that I could not distinguish their appearances. There was no window in the main-hold; only a little door opened opposite me, through which a beam of gray light shone in. Waves were rolling outside the bow; persons were silently taking their refreshments. Every thing seemed to be settled. The tight air relaxed. Persons were going to arrange their beds on the floor. But suddenly a hurly-burly astonished every person.

"Come here, come here. The refugees on upstairs <sup>are</sup> rushing down. Watch the path. Let not any body come down." As the rushing of tide, every person ran toward a stair. Immediately the room was full of disturbance, shouting, scolding, quarrelling, and running. Gradually the stair was stuffed and filled with persons. I hastened there, but could not <sup>hear</sup> any distinct words. I could only see a square hole, <sup>with two bare feet in case,</sup> opened on the ceiling, where many refugees were endeavoring to come down, because hundreds of refugees were standing and sitting on the deck up-stair. There <sup>were</sup> no shelters. The severe winter wind blew them to shudder. They wanted to come down, but my school-mates made their possible efforts to stop them from rushing down. They ~~approached~~ <sup>beat</sup> us, and poured water toward us. We explained to them, but explained in vain. Being excited, I automatically walked up-stair, but a shrill sound broke the sheet of tumult, "You Chinese," a young lady stared angrily at me shouting, "<sup>you</sup> are so cruel as to let your country fellows to stand in such a

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severe open air. We are <sup>all</sup> Chinese. You have to help the old and the weak -----." "Stop," I interrupted her, "The main-hold is yet too <sup>narrow</sup> little to <sup>contain</sup> hold us. How can it hold you more than two hundred ~~men~~ persons?" She was provoked, reproaching, "We must go down. Here is too cold for the old <sup>and</sup> the young to stay. You traitors, if you do not let them go down, we will watch the hole; no food can be sent to you; no water even a drop can reach your lips. Then, you, traitors, will surely be starved to death by us."

In ordinary time, the main-hold is only used to hold goods. So, there was no <sup>other</sup> path <sup>leading</sup> up-stair; only a square door leads to river. If this square hole is watched, the path leading to kitchen and privy ~~should~~ shall really be cut, and we shall surely be <sup>starved</sup> starved to death. We are very afraid of this threat. Frankly speaking, we have to relieve the old and the young from suffering. So, after a deep consultation, at last we permitted one hundred old and young refugees to come down, but we told them that we must have the right to maintain the order. To this they agreed.

<sup>In the</sup> During evening every thing was settled. Every person was tired, lying here and there. Only I, ~~as~~ rambling to and fro, could not find a place to lie down. The whole room was a great crowd, a sea of mingled multitude of men and women. The smoke of cigarettes, the pillows, <sup>the</sup> counterpanes and the mattresses on beds, and the piles of baggages struck my eyes here and there. And the noisy, shrill cry of

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Children and babies made a continuous and disgusting din, while occasionally rose a huge burst of laughter from the sturdy lungs of a humorous, optimistic school-mate, or a prolonged low sigh from a grievous, pessimistic one leaning against the wall of the room. It all smelled of the smoke of cigarettes, perspiration, urine and stool, giving off half-human, half-animal odor, which made me ~~to~~ suffer too much. Taking off my shoes, walking across the beds, searching for a long time, but I could find no place to sleep even a <sup>narrow</sup> strip in area. ~~During~~ At nine o'clock many persons fell asleep. A few were still chatting here and there. Fortunately, when I walked by the door I found a wedge of space between two sleepy friends. I slept there, but we were tightly crowded together. We could not turn from side to side, but slept straight, <sup>like</sup> as the compressed sardines in-can.

cont. on

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Early in the next morning, I awoke. a faint beam peeped <sup>in</sup> through the square door. Persons were still sleeping soundly. I groped for the steps, trampling on the muddy pillows, mattress and clothes, standing beside the square door, breathing a deep breath. I stared at the rolling waves, and looked at the far distant hills half emerged in the mist. Sometimes a distant fishing boat glided along the edge of the river. Sometimes one, or two huts slowly turned from west to east. Sometimes a volume of smoke rising from mid hill to the ruddy clouds. How scenic was this picture! How lovable <sup>was</sup> the natural arrangement! How an envious <sup>free living</sup> life the peasants <sup>was</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup>

Lee Wei ch cared for  
 enjoying! They ~~saw~~ neither the gold nor the worldly  
 peoples. In their noble rural <sup>living</sup> life they drank  
 fragrant wine, sang simple but sweet songs, hunted  
 deer and wild boar in the forests. In early mornings  
 they climbed the summit of the lofty mountains and  
 looked from there how the sun rose, and in the  
 evening suffused the sky, the river and the mountain  
 ridges with a purple gold. They saw from there how  
 above them ~~lighten~~ lightnings glimmered, cleaving  
 the clouds; they saw green forests, fields, rivers and  
 lakes. Their remoteness from the riotous cities gave  
 them wisdom. All that ~~unweary~~ <sup>unweary</sup> human thoughts  
 created in the centuries <sup>were</sup> ~~to~~ compressed to a little  
 lump in their skulls, — briefly speaking, they knew  
 nothing but the real life, natural life and in-  
 nocent life. What am I struggling for? I have  
 been endeavouring to a worldly aim for more than  
 twenty years; but what have I got? I have got  
 nothing. I despise all worldly blessings and wisdom.  
 Every thing is void, frail, visionary and delusive  
 as a mirage. Though ~~the~~ <sup>are</sup> men be proud and wise  
 and beautiful, yet will death wipe them from the  
 face of the earth. (like the nice underground,) I  
 began to discover that I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> a coward, a fool.  
 I dared not to look at the huts, the peasants and the  
 natural picture. I then went up stairs on purpose of  
 taking water from the kitchen to wash my face. Besides,  
 I wanted to take a stroll on the deck. But strange  
 to say, every where was full of wretched refugees;  
 and every ~~to~~ path was not passable. I crowded  
 at the hazard of my life to the deck, but there was

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no place for my second step. I could not help going returning to the hold. Some girl school-mates stood at the square door, taking water by swinging a long rope into the river. On the end of the rope was fastened a little cup. Teaspoon after teaspoon they finally got a wash basin of muddy water. They washed their faces, but their faces seemed to be more dirty after washing. They shuddered to each other, because the water was too cold, and the wind was severe.

It was noon, the time ~~to take~~<sup>for</sup> dinner.

Every body was especially hungry after the full refreshment through the night. They wanted to eat but the path was not passable. Some persons were greedily taking their delicious meals. — Cold and hard cakes which they had previously brought before the boat, <sup>had</sup> started. Children were crying, parents were worrying. They embraced their children in their bosoms. They made their attempts to search food and boiling water, but the path was still not passable. The refugees were still crowding, shouting and reproaching up stairs.

Two days elapsed, yet neither a grain of rice nor a drop of boiling water, <sup>had</sup> reached our lips. Some were sleeping on their beds, sighing. Some were complaining of hunger. Some were ruminating upon something. Every body would have been convinced that a cup of rice or a bowl of boiling water was now more precious than a bag of gold. Suddenly, the serene air was disturbed. A great ~~deal~~<sup>many</sup> of persons ran toward a man with a big basket of vaporish boiled rice. He had no sooner come down stairs

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than the persons thickly surrounded him. Then crying, running, crowding, laughing, sneering, reproaching and the "pa-pa" sounds produced from the striking of bowls, cups and wash basins, confused together ~~forms~~ and formed the marvellous symphony of "The Desire of Life."

Silently I sat on my pillow. I gazed upon them, thinking of the peasants I had seen this morning. After taking ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> first meal ~~in~~ on the boat, every person ~~was~~ turned happy. Now there was no cry, no sigh and no murmuring. The room was ~~particular~~ especially calm. Every body smiled.

Early in the next morning, we arrived. I stood at the square door, looking at the buildings, persons and cars on shore. The wind was blowing a severe breeze. I smiled, saying, "Good morning Hankow. I am now coming to you."

  
From Nanking to Chengtu

Our university was located in the centre of Nanking city. Nanking is our capital. Many important men and people lived here. But as the war broke out, the Japanese airplanes bombed the city every day. People ran away. The institutions except military and some others' were also removed. But due to the support of the education in the war district, our university still opened in September last year.

At first, I supposed that there would be only a few teachers and students coming here, especially, the foreign teachers who would return abroad. But my estimation was wrong. About there were two hundred students who came here to study. Most of the teachers also came. Foreign professors such as Dr. Thomson, Dr. Bates and Mr. Caldwell also continued to do their work. Are those persons not afraid of being bombed? They were also afraid. But they had the fervent zeal to support and to continue the work of education. Hence they came. When the Japanese airplanes flew over the city, we still sat in the classroom to listen to teaching and to copying the notes just as in ordinary times. Until now and forever, I shall not forget those fearful times.

In such a condition, we studied for two and half months. At last, because of the defeat of our army, our school had to

remove out from this lovable place. At that time, the motor cars for hire in Nanking were very few. Dr. Bates lent us his car. But still there was no one to drive it. Because it was a dangerous thing to go here and there passing through the roads. Any minute, he might meet warnings of air raid when he was driving his car on the street. Fortunately, professor Coldwell gave us his willing service. From that point, the differences of characters between the Japanese and the Americans were shown. Really, only at the dangerous period, their distinctions might be discovered.

My group sailed from Nanking to Wuchang by a foreign boat. We lived in a part of the goods cabin. We only took two meals in two days. One hundred persons crowded in a little room. We slept here, sat here, and took our meals here. The sunlight could not peep into this dark cabin. A kind of wonderful odor always might be breathed. Though we suffered, we did not regard it. We were disturbed by a train of thoughts. When might we return to our university and homes? What were the conditions of war and our families? Whether might we continue our studies? We suffered more mentally than physically.

In Wuchang, we lived about twenty days. It was very noisy there. I supposed that each person who came



from Nanking would produce a kind of inexpressible feeling. We talked about the states of war, our school and our families every day. Except sleeping <sup>and</sup> taking meal, we did nothing. We also did not know which matter we would do. We lived as just as pigs did. Afterwards, Nanking was in the hands of the Japanese. But Dr. Bates, Mr. Thomson and professors Rites and Cheng were still in Nanking. They risked their lives in protecting our school. This is another evidence to show their bravery, their faithfulness and their sacrifice of their lives to save the refugees.

At first, the leaders of our university wanted to continue to open the school here. But as there was no place, then we determined to remove to Chengtu. Due to wanting of money, many of our schoolmates had to leave school to seek for jobs. But as the people who went to Szechwan were too many while a large part of boats were hired by the government; thus we were obliged to separate our journey into different parties. After two months, then we could come to Chengtu. In that period, Dr. Yu, the professor of pathology made his frantic effort to communicate with the steamboat companies for transporting us and the goods. Once, in Ichang, I saw him coming to our lodge to call us to move our luggages to the wharf without carrying an umbrella or putting on a rain coat in a rainy day. His spirits of faithfulness and

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service made me more in respecting him than the great learning in him.

Now, we lived in Chengtu. The school building will complete soon. Our university will open on the first of March. Most of the teachers are here. But Dr. Bates and so on are still in Nanking. A large part of schoolmates are scattered at different places. The total number of students here are about eighty only.

As for me, I have no money to pay the school fee, though I want to continue my study. Sometimes, I think of my family in Soochow, my future, my friends and the war. Not even a minute, I am happy. My surroundings make me feel no hope in my life. But I want to do my work as I can. I hope to serve for mankind in my life. Is it possible? Oh! I cannot think. Whether my future is happy or not, I only can trust to my fate.

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