

THE WILDERS – 1941

Forbodings of a World at War

Recent arrivals from China. Gladys Hubbard at Oberlin.
Three categories for possible evacuation, depending on future developments.
Consular officials' fourth warning advising nonessential personnel to leave China and Japan.
Situation tense but not alarming.

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14 BEACON STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

**China Bulletin #38
February 14, 1941**

Almost two months has elapsed since the last Bulletin, which was issued on December 18. The period has been one of conference across the Pacific, resulting in new tentative plans for possible movements. This Bulletin will try to summarize developments and plans to date.

Arrivals from China

Mrs. L. L. Gilbert is now at 163 Grove St., Auburn, Mass.

Mrs. A. C., Hausske is now at 4307 First Ave., N.E., Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. J. A. Hunter has moved to Peoria to become director of Christian education in her supporting church, the First Federated, Peoria, Illinois, on a part time basis.

Miss Carolyn T. Sewall is comfortable and making progress at the same address in Santa Monica,

Mrs. Leonard F. Wilbur reached San Francisco on January 16. Her temporary address is do Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, 241 Frederick Street, San Francisco, California.

Miss Gladys Hubbard, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Hubbard, arrived in San Francisco on February 9. She is entering Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio and may be addressed in care of the College.

Miss Abbie G. Chapin has been delayed because of a change in the vessel on which she was booked, and is now due to arrive in San Francisco on February 26, on the American President S.S. "President Cleveland". We do not yet know any further address.

North China Developments (Not for Publication)

The Executive Committee of the North China Council, meeting in Peking November 23-25, considered the trend of events and outlined plans to be put into effect in case the situation should become worse. They divided the missionary staff into three groups:

Class A: 8 men who will plan to remain in North China as long as they are able to function at all;

Class B: 10 men and 26 women of sound health "who desire to stay in their places of work as long as possible, but who would endeavor to withdraw before their continuance of service is made impossible" and their destinations being presumably in places of service in unoccupied China; and

Class C: 17 women and 15 children classified as "mothers and children and all men and women of less than vigorous health, who in tense situations or in case of forced and difficult departure, would bring additional burdens upon their colleagues. These should have tentative steamer bookings for return to America and should leave if the present situation grows worse."

On January 14, we received a message through the State Department listing tentative bookings made for people in Class C; and at the same time, a direct cable reading:

**SATURDAY'S RADIOGRAM LISTS BOOKINGS PEOPLE WHO DONT
KNOW WHY THEY ARE GOING. DO YOU? POSTPONEMENTS OR
CANCELLATIONS LIKELY UNLESS PERSUASIVE ADMONITIONS
RECEIVED WITHIN FORTNIGHT.**

Fortunately a nucleus of the China Committee was in the city and was able to consider these messages and the substance of telephone consultations with the Committee on East Asia of the Foreign Missions Conference. As a result of consideration by them, and later by the Foreign Department which had been authorized to take emergency and interim action on such matters the following reply was sent on January 14:

PLANETARY SITUATION UNITARY. LIKELIHOOD INVOLVEMENT IN-CREASING. APPROVE CLASSIFICATION. SUGGEST EQUIPPING SUITE (Suiteh in Shensi, outside of Japanese-occupied North China) ROOMS. URGE ALL RETAIN RESERVATIONS UNLESS BOARD LATER ADVISES OTHERWISE.

This action was later confirmed by the Prudential Committee at Evanston on January 28.

On February 4, a cablegram was received directly from Peking reading:

REFERRING YOUR RADIOGRAM WHAT STAGE DEVELOPMENTS CONSTITUTE NECESSITY DESERT PRESENT RESPONSIBILITIES FOR EVENTUAL DESTINATIONS?

It was possible to discuss this with a group of other East Asia secretaries in New York on February 6. Although we outlined fifteen Or twenty things that might happen which would affect such decisions, we agreed that at the present time it was impossible to specify any particular stage which would indicate that Class B should begin to move. On February 7, the receipt of a cable from Japan made it evident that any reply should be made in the light of decisions about the movements of Japan missionaries, and an effort was made to obtain information from one of the secretaries of the Methodist Board just returned from Japan. Since no further information had come from him, the whole situation was reviewed by the Cabinet on February 11. Late on February 12, a radio message also sent on February 4 through the State Department was received, with some corrections of the reservations and the statement that intermediate accommodations on all President boats were full through May; that the company required payments a month in advance; and that the stations were studying suggestions as to "eventual destinations".

Yesterday morning, the papers reported that for the fourth time and with added urgency, the consular and diplomatic authorities in Japan and China had advised American women and children and men not very essential to leave as soon as possible by regular shipping facilities.

Sailing Plans

According to the radio messages through the State Department, reservations have been made as follows and will presumably be taken up as the time approaches:

President Coolidge, sailing Shanghai Feb. 25, due San Fran. March 13

Mrs. H. S. Galt
Miss Mabel I. Huggins
Mrs. S. U. Wilson and two daughters

President Taft, sailing Shanghai March 23, due San Francisco April 9

Mrs. E. H. Ballou with her son Christy and mother;
Mrs. R. E. Chandler
Mrs. Alice Browne Frame and daughter Rosamond.
Mrs. H. S. Martin
Mrs. H. L. Robinson and four children

President Cleveland, sailing Shanghai April 6, due San Fran. April 23

Mrs. E. W. Gait (probably)
Miss Jessie E. Payne

President Coolidge-sailing Shanghai April 22, due San Fran. May 8

Miss Anne B. Kelley
Miss Annie E. Lueders

President Cleveland-sailing Shanghai May 31, due San Fran. June 21

Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Whitaker and Faith

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Plans will be communicated to relatives when known. The situation is tense, but not alarming. All these measures are aimed at "streamlining" these missions and making their members useful to the largest possible extent, whether in their original work or in other fields of service. It is a time to test our fellowship around the globe, and the reality of our Christian faith and devotion.

Sincerely yours,
Wynn C. Fairfield

A pleasant dinner with Japanese banker, who agrees that the war is stupid and unnecessary.
Buying a pair of tufted titmice.
Sending a wire puzzle toy.

George D. Wilder

College of Chinese Studies
Peking, China,
March 23, 1941

Dear Margaret et al,

You might be interested in the dinner we went to last night. This is Sunday morning. Among the three Japanese attending our classes last term was a young lady, the daughter of the head of the Yokohama Specie Bank, the oldest and largest Japanese bank in Peking. She got her father to invite the Leynses (Dutch, Presbyterians), Mrs. Hayes (our acting President), your mother and me for the foreigners, and two or three Japanese that we knew well here at the school, and Baron Sakatani, head of the new Japanese Bank whose bank notes we all have to use, all to a dinner last night. It was very informal and though a bit strange at first, in their fine European-style apartments in the Bank building, we soon broke the ice and everyone told stories and they actually saw the point of many stories and asked for the explanation whenever, from language difficulties, anyone could not get it. We found them all to be Christians except the Baron, who they said was very pro-Christian as well as being high in their House of Peers. Mr. Oshima, the host, said when I asked him that he was Baptist, and his wife, a very folksy motherly woman, was a Methodist. The two YMCA secretaries, of course, were Christians and I think Congregationalists. The Baron Sakatani was being congratulated because his son, 22, had just that day radioed that he had passed the difficult examinations to get into the Tokyo Imperial University, a three year course. He was very proud of it.

We had fruit cocktail and hors'd oeuvres in the parlor and got to visiting easily before going to the fine dining room. No liquors were served, and they had a blessing. Cigarettes were

offered after dinner but no one smoked. There were a half dozen courses. Delicious soup, fine white fish smoked and sauced with silver-gray sauce put on in half inch rounds, like fish scales on the dark smoked skin, and snow white fish meat underneath. That was a whole fish almost two feet long and six inches broad. Then they had the regular roast beef and vegetables, chicken and salad, and ice cream, cheese and coffee, all in fine style. We sat around the table a long time telling stories, and some good ones, too. We will have to get a new lot, for we all told all we could remember, your mother shining at that. Over the coffee in the drawing room we had more stories and I had a nice long visit, first with the Baron and then with our host. Finally we opened frankly the subject of the war, my host and I. I think none of the others did. He seemed quite at one with me in considering it stupid and unnecessary. His bank has branches in Manilla, Seattle, New York, etc., just as our American Banks have theirs over here in Japan and China, quite enough reason for our keeping out of war. He said he was in the States - Seattle - when the "Gentlemen's Agreement" was given up and our present immigration laws discriminating against Orientals took its place. I had already expressed my sense of shame at our action. He said of course he understood that it was a matter of politics and he knew that most Americans did not like it. That we could get to the point of discussing these things at all was quite unexpected.

About ten your Mother started the farewells and the young lady insisted on ordering out their car to take us home. Their chauffeur was a genial Chinese who took my dollar tip with hearty thanks not even looking to see the size of it. All their waiters were like that and when I took a second helping of the roast chicken, saying it was fine, he replied, "*To hsieh.*" It was a perfect set of servants, without the stiffness often seen.

Their dining room and parlor had a lot of interesting pictures that we discussed, several being native birds.

There is a rare bird that passes here some years in small numbers on migration called the Bearded Titmouse. I got a pair

in the market many years ago for a dollar apiece, and they made beautiful specimens. Last October someone told me that there were a pair or two in the market and I went to buy some for Hubbard, but they wanted eight dollars for them and I did not try to bargain the man down. Every time I had passed since then I have asked the price and he never came down, and different men in charge always asked the same price. Last Friday, when your mother and I went together to get our passport pictures taken not far from the bird market I took her to see them, for they are beautiful. A small but very business-like boy was in charge and gave the same price, \$8.00. I offered him five for the birds and cage, and he took me up. Then I went to a cage shop and priced a nice large cage for \$2.50, such as Len used to raise canaries in, wishing I had saved one or two of the many he left in our attic at Tungchou. Your mother had rather dissuaded me from trying to keep the birds, but after seeing them she relented and said she would help take care of them, so I went back and asked him how much he would throw off for the cage, which I did not want. He said at once "over a dollar" and we bargained for \$3.60 for the birds and their feeding cups. So he came over to the cage store and put them in for me. They are a charming pair, the head a bright blue gray shading to bright buff on the back and rosy pink on the sides as a background for the jet black pointed whiskers of elongated feathers. They have a long graduated brown tail with white outer feathers.

They are regular acrobats, and cut up all sorts of antics. As soon as we gave them nesting materials they began to arrange them in the nest cup of the cage.

I enclosed a translation of Hartert's description of their habits in Europe. We hear the fine little "sit-sit" all the time and occasionally the alarm note that he speaks of, but have not heard any song yet. The boy dared not say they had no song when I asked him.

Their bills and iris match the orange buff on their plumage, being a golden orange and almost translucent. The

female has no whiskers. I will get you a drawing of them, but it can't do them justice, only give you a little idea.

Near the bird market a man was selling a cute wire puzzle. I guess I can get one in to this letter. See how many designs you can make out of it - a globe, two globes attached to each other, goblet, straw hat shape, etc. I think there are ten or more.

* * * * *

This is Sunday evening and we are just back from another dinner at Hayes' house here in the compound in farewell to the foreign relations secretary of the Japanese legation, who is leaving for Shanghai in a month or two. He speaks American and his wife is American. The other guests were partly the same as last night, Nara, Ikeda, and some others. It was again a jolly, familiar, pleasant affair. Mr. Shimidzu had to preach at the Japanese evening service and could not come, but his wife, just back from Japan, was there. He may be a spy as is said, but she is fine. If he is a spy it is much the same as any of us who would tell our government officials anything we knew or had gathered in our travels. He is working in our library on some sort of historical research of late, after many months of never coming around.

If I enclose the carbon copy of my last letter, you will have your reading cut out for you, so I will quit. A letter from Theodore tonight says he sends eight marlin razor blades. It had been opened and I found seven blades. We can tell the opening to have been made by the tight sealing up again.

Note these stamps. One of the 20's is darker blue and has water marks; the other is lighter and has none.

With love to you all and much unsaid,

Lovingly, Father & Grandfather

Use of old stamps now considered evidence of treason against new government.
Elected as Secretary of North China Coordinating Committee for China Relief, and also of the Red Cross Association.
Visit to old Martyrs Cemetery, near where soldiers now have machine gun practice.
Clocks synchronized with Tokyo time.

George D. Wilder

Peking, China
March 30, 1941

Dear Ones All,

Once more already, and the main reason is that a lot of West China government postage stamps that he bought in Shanghai, Hugh Hubbard sold to us not knowing that beginning April 1st they would not only be illegal but be held as proof of a traitorous attitude to the new government whose first anniversary is celebrated today. I sent a letter to the office a few days ago with these stamps to be weighed up and the messenger returned it saying he did not dare take it because he would be asked how he came to have the Ch'ung King government's stamps. It is wonderful that the postal system could run on so well as it has across the thousands of miles of no-man's land. To many places now, however, only sealed letters are carried. On these letters I am putting the lighter blue, non-watermarked stamps in the corner. See if you can detect the difference in shade from the rest.

Whoever gets the face copy of this letter will see that I am once more in the Acting, Acting-President's office. It is because John Hayes left yesterday again for a three-week trip to Japan, leaving me to all the emoluments and privileges and responsibilities of the office that I find convenient, practicable or prudent, and with full power to shift responsibility back to him when he comes. Let us hope that we get into no trouble in his absence. We had very good luck when he was away in the Philippines before, and that trip was a wonderful success from his point of view, too, for he found all classes in the Islands - natives, Chinese, Japanese, Americans

high and low – were eager for the chance to have Chinese taught so they could get along better with the countless Chinese in business there. They locally take responsibility for the finances of the school and may develop it into something big, only affiliated with us here in the matter of getting them teachers.

This time Hayes goes at the invitation of the Japan National Christian Council and the YMCA to give two or three lectures on religious themes. For some reason Japanese visas are being refused to travelers to or through Japan. Probably it is due to naval maneuvers, but an exception was made by cable from the Tokyo government in the case of Hayes. This is a fine recognition of the church by the Japanese government and moreover probably shows that they understand the thoroughly neutral nature of our College of Chinese Studies. So while some of his fellow missionaries think he absents himself a good deal from their work, yet most of us can see a great service he can do the cause of international understanding and peace. He got his visa in less than twenty-four hours where many wait days and weeks while their case is investigated. The police here called our head clerk over to ask just why Hayes was going. We are watched but have nothing to conceal and are willing to be watched so long as some false case is not framed up by some over-eager spy. I do not mind if some censor reads this and hope he does. Not many of our letters are opened and rarely one is stamped "opened by censor."

Well, I was just going to speak of some of my recently added duties. The Secretary of the North China Co-ordination Committee for Famine Relief, Arthur Coole, (author of the coin book) has just left for home, and I have been elected as secretary in his place. They have a lady stenographer who knows all the business, and I have only to sign the letters she writes and act as headpiece at the meetings, representing America on the staff of officers where all the rest are English or something, though now the past year or two most of the money comes from America. This committee distributes the money you give for China Relief among the various institutions of all denominations and

nationalities - Catholics, too - that are doing relief work. That relief is in a great many forms - Salvation Army soup kitchens, etc., schools for famine children, dike building to protect from future famine, etc., etc.

I also have to take his place as Red Cross Agent, getting in Medical supplies and distributing to the various hospitals in this area of North China - North and East of the Yellow River. However, others do the work in the main.

Last Fall the Tungchou church revived interest in the Martyrs cemetery on the occasion of many families wanting burial plots in it, whereas they are all occupied or owned by families that expect to occupy them, largely the old missionaries and the families in which martyrdoms occurred in 1900. We have a lot there in which we have already allowed two Chinese to be buried, who had no other suitable place and were the only ones of the family. Now they have bought about three acres nearly doubling the original and lying along its long north side, just right for an addition to it. I was elected chairman, as I had been involved in the developing of the old one forty years ago. It is now a fine large grove of pines, junipers for the walls, whitebark pine, poplar, and other ornamental trees. Some have grown so large that I nearly cannot reach around the trunk. Yesterday I went down and had a small executive committee meeting and arranged to have the lots all marked out this week by corner trees and a surrounding hedge indicated if not all planted so that next Sunday in the afternoon, the day after our "Arbor day," we might have an "All Saints Service" and a lot of the families concerned in getting new lots could see the lay-out.

It is near where the Japanese soldiers have machine gun maneuvers and I found that a few days ago they had cut clubs from three small trees so as to ruin them and had dug trenches on our land outside the enclosure. The caretaker had reported it and a complaint had been made. The Japanese officer had rebuked the men and made them go and fill the trenches, treating the case very justly, and promptly - only three days.

Day before yesterday evening I had a very pleasant meeting for preaching and Bible study at the "Chung-Pao" jewelry store of the old fashioned Chinese kind, at nine o'clock P.M. after they had closed up business and put up their boards to cover the show windows. Inside it was nice and cosy and brilliantly lighted and comfortably full of shop keepers in the neighborhood, and preacher and deacons from the North Chapel near by. It is the kind of work that Frame started in 1916 and the members at the chapel had started it again after a long lapse, and they had met every Friday night for five weeks. I had gone to another jewelry store where we are acquainted and gotten posted up on the matter of refining silver, and took Malachi 3:2,3 as my text. The clerks and managers of two such stores present were much interested and volunteered information.

Next Saturday we have a farewell to the Gaileys, who are leaving for the States. The same afternoon I have to speak to the women of the North Chapel on birds, in our own parlor. The next day preach and have communion at the chapel and the following week speak on birds again at Yenching, to the kindergartners who are having a Nature study course.

Tonight we have set our watches ahead an hour, the same as Tokyo time, for the summer daylight saving, like last year.

Dear Mar & Len,

Putting in this copy letter gives you an awful dose, but we want to get rid of our nice stamps before April 1st. You can delay reading and not try to read all at one sitting.

We change to summer time tonight, as I said, and I am going to try not to lose the hour of sleep by going early to bed.

With love, Dad

A wire puzzle and stamps for girls.

More opportunity now for older style mission work, developing personal relationships.

Margaret's speaking.

YMCA in China is supported better than ever.

Roosevelt's great speech to the Press Club; asks workers to sacrifice by giving longer hours -- blind to the fact that they can produce more with shorter hours.

Too bad that the Ypsilanti Stove Works must strike for better wages, while Mr. Ferguson builds a \$50,000 mansion -- such wrongs give outside agitators their chance.

George D. Wilder

Peking

March 30, 1941

Dear Margaret,

It is only two or three days since I sent you a copy letter that I had mailed to the rest a week earlier, but we have a lot of those twenty cent stamps from Ch'ung King that Hubbard had brought from Shanghai and we learn that we can't use them after April 1st. After that they will be valuable only as collection material by stamp collectors.

In that letter I enclosed a wire trinket, a sort of puzzle, and am wondering if it gets through. The letter was overweight even without it. Tell the girls who collect them that among the 20 cent stamps some have water marks and are darker blue, or at least bluer blue. It is hard to tell. Most of them are so, but I have put in or on some that have no water mark and are greener, if you can see any difference in color at all. The one at the corner of the envelope is without water mark in this letter.

Your letter telling about your many talks on China, often at the Methodist church, is just here. If you want to show that mission work goes on better in war times than in piping times of peace in many ways here is a bit of material. The YMCA and YWCA in China have been better supported than ever. The back side of this sheet tells some of it. I put my contribution as "sustaining" member (\$25.00) this morning and send you the letter asking for it. Todnem, the Y Secretary, lives in the house next to us, our windows looking straight at his back wall and over into his front yard. The wall is covered with ivy, and has the

water spigot where the handsome Mountain Magpies congregate to drink only forty feet from our front door, and his front or rather side yard, is lovely with flowers and shrubs.

In the copy letter that I want to write today I will tell you something about a meeting in a jewelry shop where I spoke Friday night, and there are many things that show that our real getting in touch with people, in the way the first missionaries had to do – and the only way they could do almost – is easier in war time. In long periods of peace-time work in schools and hospitals and all that, we get so we neglect the real work of making personal friends. The chances to be really helpful, in the way of ordinary everyday life rather than definite planned mission work, are multiplied now-a-days and yet many people seem to think that the door of mission work is closed just because schools and big public meetings and hospitals are interfered with or work at disadvantage.

I have just been down to Tungchou yesterday and will tell about it later. Today I seem to have premonitions of an attack of the old lumbago that I have been free from for ten years or more, though the sacro-iliac spasms that I had last year were probably of the same nature. So I am staying at home from church this morning. Your mother has gone. She has Sunday School duties that I do not have, and so goes earlier. She is keeping her class in English at the YWCA beyond the month she agreed to. Her class has grown from three to nine and their fees pay expenses when they have more than six pupils.

I noticed by this letter that Gertrude drives the car. Had not heard of it before.

I think I mentioned our pair of bearded titmice and said I would enclose a picture, but finally did not, because there was something to be corrected in it. Guess I can enclose it this time. The orange buff on the back and the rosy buff on the sides is richer than the water colors can show.

Hope your back trouble is not like mine for it certainly makes the bending over and picking up that you have to do in house work very painful. I get sort of stiffened after sitting and can hardly get up and navigate, then it passes away somewhat by exercise, but that in turn makes me stiffen up again the sooner. (This is only a description of what it used to be, or is when bad, not of my present condition.)

Your speaking must be good or they would not call you so far away. I wonder how your trip with the Chinese to Reading went. It seems to have been for China Relief, just as my work was. It is needed. I have just taken the place of Art Coole as Secretary of the North China Coordinating Committee – of all denominations – that distribute the funds, almost \$1,200,000 in North China so far. No wonder you have to think of what to wear. That dress stuff seems nice and soft and quiet looking.

We had the full text of Roosevelt's great speech to the press men at dinner. His suggestion that workers should sacrifice by giving longer hours seems blind to the fact that they can produce more with shorter hours.

Too bad about the Stove Works strike. Mr. Ferguson seems so kind and generous. Perhaps he can't see so well just what is just to his workmen because he does feel generous. Where is the \$50,000 mansion – near you? As you say, no doubt wages should be higher, because they are not a fair proportion of the profits as compared with the bonuses to management – and mansions to managers. The existence of such wrongs gives the outside agitators their chance.

With much love,

Father

P.S. Father thought it was the old Mr. Ferguson instead of the son. I can't see why anyone in a smallish town needs a \$50,000 house! Or in a big town, either. I hope they can settle things fairly.

Love, Mother

**YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
HATAMEN STREET, PEKING**

March 12, 1941

Dear Friends:

We have already entered the third month of the New Year. In retrospect 1940 was a very good year. Our membership reached the highest in Peking's history.

Activity participation was also very good. Our Directors were able to meet with regularity, have taken a keen interest in guiding the work and membership participation on Committees has been admirable. Our problems have not been insuperable. We rejoice that this has been true and desire to share the good news with our friends.

It takes about \$100,000 a year to make possible our program of work. Practically all this comes from local sources. Seventy-five per cent comes from fees, services, rentals, concessions etc. and the rest from membership dues and gifts. Each year in the Spring we go to our membership and our friends with the story of our work and offer them a chance to share in it. That time has now arrived.

Here are few of the things we are doing on the corner of Chin Yu Hutung and Hatamen Street. We are operating:

1. Two evening Schools with over 800 students in them. This also exceeds all former records.
2. Two dormitories with 42 beds.
3. A Boys Department with 16 character-building clubs and a camp for the summer.
4. A Gymnasium where young men get training in sportsmanship as well as body-building opportunity.
5. A skating rink where boys and girls may go for wholesome exercise and fellowship — Tennis courts in warm seasons.
6. A winter relief project which helped 1,232 families by giving extra food during the cold season.
7. We counsel annually with hundreds of young men on their problems and lead them in life problem and Bible study classes.

8. We conduct religious meetings, special seasonal programs, foster Christian fellowship groups, men's special interest groups and a never-ending number of social events.
9. We do many other things also, all designed to make life for China's youth more meaningful and more useful.

We invite you to visit us, or if you cannot do that, when you meet some of our members ask them whether or not they believe in the Y.M.C.A. and see whether they advise you to give it your support.

Yours truly,

Lawrence Todnem,
Acting General Secretary

Don't believe the stuff you hear about free American democracy being too inefficient to compete with dictators.

Can't understand long silence from Agnes.

George D. Wilder

Peking

March 30, 1941

Dear Gertrude and Betty Ann,

Here are a couple of pages of quotations from Edna Ferber's autobiography, "A Peculiar Treasure," which we have just been reading with great pleasure, partly because it tells so much about people that we have heard more about than you have, of course. But I thought that you would enjoy her spirit and catch some of her enthusiasm for American things. Maybe it is worth while enough to send on to Ted Daniels and Jimmy Wilder. You all are getting mature enough to understand the real values of our free American life and not to be carried away with the stuff about democracy being too inefficient to compete with the dictators. Don't you believe it. We are getting some taste of totalitarianism out here that we do not savor at all, and hope not to see it spread all over the earth.

With love to you all,

Grandfather

The sample of grey dress goods is so pretty. I hope the dress was a grand success. I am glad that you can give "talks," Margaret, but don't overdo on that line. If you are anything like me, and I think you are, you will find that it takes a lot of nervous energy. You may find it easier than I do, however. Both you and Ursula are doing quite a bit of it and it is fine for you to do it. I'm sure it helps. I am hoping to send a few little things to you by Uncle Charlie. They are taking an in-between furlough and will be leaving soon hoping to return in six months or more. If you are going to send me the dress, you might send it by Lucius Porter, who I hear is soon to return. If you drop a card to Wynn Fairfield, 14 Beacon St., Boston, he can

send you Lucius' address. I'm glad you have heard something from Agnes, though only through Jean. They are probably all right but I can't understand her long silence. There will no doubt be an explanation some day. This is no letter. Please excuse.

With love - loads of it - to you all,

Mother, Grandma

Concert for White Russian charity.
Selling some things left by friends going to America.
Speech on "History and the Future" at annual service at Boxer Martyrs' Cemetery.
Cook's son runs away to seek his fortune.

George D. Wilder

Peking, China,
April 6th, 1941

Dear Ones All,

Doubtless you would agree with Gertrude that it is far better to write a short letter every week than to wait until there is such an accumulation of news that it takes four or five pages of single space. It is said that no one ever reads more than two pages of such letters but that is not true of us out here anyway. But of course we do not live such a hectic life as folks in America. So though I wrote a week ago or thereabouts I am going to tell you a bit about this week just past.

Friday night we had a young lady student here get us tickets to a Russian orchestra giving its first program, for White Russian charity. Our Professor Brandt, teacher of Classic Chinese in our school, urged us to go and we were glad we did. And we finally managed to get Miss Saunders to call it a Dutch treat, considering that she had got ahead of us in buying tickets for the last movie that we went to. She drops in to lunch whenever she likes to save riding clear down to the Methodist Mission on her bike to get it, and always argues that as the reason why she should pay for our tickets. But the two-hour concert was fine and even I enjoyed every minute. They played with all the verve anyone could wish and the balance and tone was fine. They had a large number of vocal soloists, Russian language, both men and women, and it was genuinely good. They played Wagner and Glinka, and Tchaikovsky. One of the prettiest was a song and words both by the player of one of the violins, Mr. Linder. The accompaniment was a perfect gem.

Saturday morning I went before nine to settle up with Freddie Knauff for some goods he had been selling for us, old firearms that have been left here by friends going to America, or who couldn't take them along somewhere and were ready to sell. It was Ch'ing Ming¹ and a fine day apparently, and my riksha man declared that it could not blow on Ch'ing Ming festival. But as we started out to return from the Methodist mission over two miles south of us where I had an errand, there was a dust cloud and an arctic North Wester came down like a blizzard. He went by the narrow alleys for protection as compared with the broad paved streets, but it was fierce and I gave him a dollar for the round trip, instead of 60 cents, as ordinarily.

¹ ???

This morning I had the Palm Sunday service and also communion at North Chapel. A good crowd came out of over thirty women and over forty men. Had a short nap after a late lunch and at 4:00 p.m. went down to Tungchou in Mrs. Stelle's car with her and Gertrude and Mrs. Ingram and Faith Whitaker. There is now a fine asphalt road all the way and we made it in thirty five minutes. We were to attend an annual cemetery service at the Martyrs Cemetery in memory of the martyrs and I had to give the address on "History and the Future." The last was put on because we are putting on an addition nearly doubling the size at the north, with 48 private lots besides public plots. The trees were planted so as to show where the roads and lots are, and a good many came to pick out their lots, at \$40 apiece. There were about 200 present, including choirs from the Boys Middle School and the Girls School. The man they had asked to act as chairman was T'sui Ming, a former student of mine the third year after I arrived in China, later a fine teacher in the College who went bad and had to be put out of the church while I was pastor, so that he and all his family of course blamed me mostly. He left town for many years but for several years now he has been back and at the head of the big, Christian, coal firm. He has apparently thoroughly forgiven me and does all he can to show it. He backed up my account of the great revival just before the 1900 Boxer outbreak that so prepared the Christians for their firm stand for conscience. There was a cold dusty wind blowing hard outside but in the center of the juniper-hedged cemetery we only knew it by the whistling on the big bare poplars overhead. It was sunny, warm and cosy and everyone stood through the service in comfort.

We had a committee meeting on the spot after the service, deciding that no one family could buy more than two lots. The banker Meng wanted four for his big family. Our next neighbor on the north came to complain that we were laying it out so that our trees were only six feet from his farm land border and when grown as the present ones are they would shadow the crops for thirty feet. He called attention to the fact that custom demands that trees shall not be planted closer than ten feet from the edge of our land. So our committee sent word that if

he wished to sell a strip we might consider it, and if not we would draw in the east end and leave ten feet there and 18 at the west end. Also told him we would have an evergreen hedge not more than five feet high all along our north border. We go on the principle that good neighbors are our best protection and their good will to be secured at all cost.

Last week Monday we had a bit of excitement when our cook found a letter from his nice little schoolboy son telling him that he was running away with his father's bike. Here is a translation of the letter that he brought me. I told him that he could have the rest of the day off to hunt for him and that he would doubtless come back of himself, which he did before night.

"Dear Old Father, Big Man (Most Respectful),

You have raised me for sixteen years and over, and have never gotten back any filial reverence, (probably meaning monetary profit). It certainly is a wrong in your son. Now your son and four schoolmates are going abroad together to make our fortunes, and the first condition is that we set up in business before we ever return. Please, Father, when you see this do not be grieved. Your son has not yet died, he only wants to go and create an enterprise. Please also do not try to find me. At present I have had to take your bike to ride away. This truly is your son's wrongdoing. Please stick carefully to your work so as not to get out of employment. Just wait til I come back when your happiness will be without end.

Your son,

Lien Kuei

Isn't that cute? they got to Tungchou, found that there was no plan for them, that they would have to sell a bicycle to get food or railway tickets, etc., and all got on their bikes and headed back the fine asphalt for home. This was a holiday

and the next day they were all back in school, studying harder than ever. Lien Kuei has been getting fine marks in both scholarship and deportment of late. For a while he was a bit mischievous.

Thursday the Hubbards were here and I invited Morrison to lunch. He had collected two specimens of Jankowski's Bunting, which we had never seen before, and of which only a few specimens had ever been seen in Northern Korea. This extends their range and confirms the validity of the species. Hub and I are arranging to take a collecting trip to Peitaiho April 24th to May something. Morrison will send his taxidermist to help skin, in return for a share of the specimens. He has a job in the British Legation and is making a collection on the side, to sell to the British Museum perhaps. He lectures on collecting in the Peruvian Andes at our next Peking Society of Natural History meeting, April 11th.

With much love,

Father

Long drought broken by rain, too late to save crops.
Work on Sunday breaks the laws of Nature.
Your >foxy grandma playing tennis. Opened courts to Japanese YMCA.
Dinner party for Japanese friends.
Japanese military spokesman tells joke about "Confucian" characteristic of Chinese army, but has respect for Chinese fighters.
Saw movie, "Kittie Foyle" with Chinese friend.
Send shoe soles and garters.
Read that an aviation factory is coming to Ypsilanti — more employment and less injustice.

George D. Wilder

College of Chinese Studies
Peking, China
June 15, 1941

Dear Folks at Home,

Our long drought that started last fall is now being broken by a fine downpour, two or three weeks too late to save the wheat crop on uplands and scarcely a help to the crop they will get on low land, even without rain. But it makes a fine restful, cool Sunday morning in which to take a little relaxation in a letter to you all, instead of sticking to my big job of collating about 50 reports of emergency famine relief from all over North China during the year beginning February 28. I do not at all believe in Sunday work, as it breaks the laws of Nature, and we have to pay for it when we break those.

Our Chinese church service is put an hour early for the first time in the summer schedule so I haven't so much time to write as I thought when I began. You ought to see your foxy Grandma play tennis. She has been out a couple of times and certainly surprised us by her successful strokes, and being on the winning side every time. Both times we had invited Mr. and Mrs. Elder, Englishy Australians, who hit hard but are somewhat erratic. Glad to hear about Ted Daniels playing. He ought to be improving these days.

We have one concrete court and four good clay courts, except for being a bit crowded. We have thrown open the latter to the Japanese YMCA. The secretary was with us in the College

all last year, and comes with the boys and girls and plays with them, as do we also occasionally. But they certainly do enjoy it and it is a fine chance to get acquainted. The leading girl player is the daughter of the head of the Yokohama Specie Bank, Christian parents, and one of our former students. We had dinner at her house in the winter. They come only three days a week and to keep the balance even we may find some Chinese who would like to come on the alternate days.

Last Monday evening we tried to pay off some of the Japanese who have invited us by having a little party for dinner, just this Y Secretary, two or three pastors and a military man, military "spokesman" for the papers, a most engaging person with perfect English.

For instance, in the middle of the meal he spoke up to all the table after having conversed only with Gertrude and Helen Hopkins who were next to him, in the main. He said he had long studied over something and would like to give us all his conclusions to consider, i.e.: Every nation develops its military outfit in its own way, symbolical of the nations fundamental characteristics. The British, sound and substantial; the French, precise attention to details; the German, efficient; American, Bulk – everything the biggest yet; the Swedish, fine, as seen in the fineness of their steel; Russian, mass, aggregation as contrasted to bulk; Japanese, mobile, adaptable; etc. Someone asked, "How about the Chinese?" He remarked, "Well, some, punning Confucius say, >confusion.'" Most everyone laughed at that and as quick as a flash he said most emphatically, "Don't laugh! Don't laugh! It is not so. I have the most profound respect for the Chinese, for I have fought them." He was so serious that everyone was impressed and admired him for it. He was the only non-Christian present and Hayes says that the Secretary Ikeda had a deep plan to get him in touch with Christians and help him understand that while the missions are against the war and methods used, yet they are not "anti-Japanese" in the sense that the military men believe.

I think I mentioned in a recent letter some neat little amenities that make life among the Chinese so pleasant. We had another the other day. I think I have told you of Chang Li Pen, (son of the Manager of the Mukden branch of the Bank of China) who came to school at Jefferson and through the influence of one of my theologs he joined the church while we still lived there about 1928. He was a simple-minded, earnest, good student. Since graduating there he has graduated in Economics from the Catholic University. Failing to find any other job to earn his salt as his father asks him to do, he has taken a position in the economics department of the Federal Reserve Bank here in Peking under the Japanese. He is saving his money to go to America for further study and has been trying to get a scholarship, but finds that he applied too late for this next year. His father would help him but at present the laws will not allow the sending of the money out of the country. We suggest that he pay the money to some missionary treasurer and have the home board deposit it in some American bank in America to his credit. But he knows none in Manchukuo. He cannot even send it down here into North China.

Well, the other day he called for a visit and to read magazines while we were finishing supper. Then in a very embarrassed way he asked if we liked movies and if we would like to attend one with him. If we would, he would be delighted to take us. Said he wanted someone with him who could explain the foreign affairs. He was going tonight to see "Kitty Foyle". It happened that John and Mary had planned to come and see that and stay overnight with us after it, but had to give it up when John caught cold. They had asked us to go with them but we had not planned to do so. So we accepted his invitation. We managed to avoid his paying for our rikshas to the Chen Kuang and tried to explain the custom of "Dutch treat" which he had never heard of. Said he wanted to go American style, not Dutch. He surprised us by buying the highest priced box seats. Gertrude was able to explain the play, which was rather confused, the girl finally picking the right man between two after a terrible lot of necking, and indecision. It certainly took off the snobbery of some of the high class Philadelphia families, and the girl had a

good chance to tell them that she was marrying a MAN not a family or an institution, and turned him down after all for the poor young doctor, in NY City. Li Pen had seen "Edison the Boy," and recently "Edison the Man." He had the good sense to approve that kind, rather than this, though this was not bad. I wonder if you have seen these three.

Hayes is leaving tomorrow for the Philippines to have a month with his family and the branch school there. As we have no summer session, only a few with private teachers here and at the beach, to whom we will give exams, there is not much for me to attend to, except that Hayes has at last waked up to the desirability of having these fine buildings occupied, when there is so much demand for housing quarters. So he remarks he will give me a chance to get all my friends in to our residences and apartments. We are different nationalities, too. I do not like the job too well. Mr. Brandt, the Russian professor, says he can get some reliable parties and a French Jew, consul here for 30 years, applied the other day for a place when he retires this summer, and said he could recommend others. The sending of four teachers to the Philippines is another little job that still awaits permits from the U.S. and it may call me back from the shore. Red tape unwinds slowly. A collection of coins to be sent to the Royal Museum of Archeology in Toronto is still held up, as unless we can convince the authorities that it is for study, it has three points against its going, being brass largely, being antique, and something else that I guess I mentioned in my last letter.

No more. I swear off on these letters too long to read.

Since they require stamps to be marked with their province of origin now, the P.O. hasn't enough and will only sell as we take the letters to the office to be stamped. It's a nuisance that will soon pass. Eight centers were the highest I could buy this A.M., so it's doubtful when this will get off.

With love to all

Father and Grandfather

P.S.

I have just put on the pair of soles you sent — or was it Ursula — and also a pair that we brought with us over two years ago, one on white elk skin shoes that were wearing through on the bottom, and one on the black shoes that I brought from Penn Yan. So I'm shod for the summer. I would like some more medium size soles when you have a chance but the Post office is hardly any use now, as it is such a bother to get "permission to import." Another pair of Boston or Paris garters also would go well for next summer. Those Len sent last year will just about last the summer. So there's my suggestion for Xmas. They might come in a newspaper. We saw in our newspaper that Ypsilanti is to have some big aviation factories. There should be plenty of employment and less injustice.

Signed up for next transport for US citizens.
Chinese friends bring us flour and rice.
Plans for the school have fallen through dismally.
Impatient to leave, but regret having to leave most of our things behind.
Birth of Charles Alfred Stanley Jr. to John and Mary.

Gertrude S. Wilder

Peking, China
Aug. 9, 1941

Dear Durand and Ursula,

Our third floor front roomer leaves us today to entrain for Shanghai tomorrow morning with the British Embassy folks — thence to Portuguese East Africa and thence to he doesn't know where — probably to Cape Colony. He himself will write to Ted (probably) from Laurenza, Macquis, and will mail this, which he stipulates must be thin. It will be, for there is little to write about at present.

We have signed up for the next transportation for U.S. citizens but have not much idea when that will be. The powers that be make out the list of who shall go, so all we can do is to gradually get ready so as not to be in a dither when the short notice comes to us. We are beginning to give away and try to sell our possessions, as there are some important items that cannot be taken out of the country. It's quite a long list, reducing us almost, but not quite, to clothing, which we would gladly sacrifice for other things.

We have been living about as usual except for our intercourse with our "Chung Kuo" friends. They come to see us but we don't go to their homes for fear it might involve them unpleasantly. They have been very thoughtful, some of them bringing us flour, rice, etc. — things that are very expensive and hard to buy. We have protested on the ground that they may be in need in the course of a few months, but our protestations were in vain. We certainly appreciate their thought for us.

What Mr. Hayes hoped for this school fell through very dismally so we are living in quite another atmosphere, but thus far our goings and comings have not been interfered with and we have kept on living as usual excepting for the changed atmosphere. The Japanese Y.M. families are very nice indeed and have done a great deal for us in many ways. The wife of one of them wants to learn to cook foreign food so I had her over one afternoon last week and we baked a cake and some cookies after which her husband came over (also the Japanese librarian, who is a young Methodist minister) and we ate her cooking at four o'clock tea.

Mary and John Stanley have been with us for over three months. Mary had her baby - Charles Alfred, Jr. - at the Methodist hospital and she certainly contributed a beautiful little specimen. He is a lovely child and so good. Mary is a trained nurse and has done her best at training him, so his eating and crying is all done by day and he sleeps right through from his ten o'clock feeding until six A.M. He was born June 28th. We hope that we'll be put on the same boat.

The Yenching people had to move to town and most of them are living in the U.S. Embassy 2nd Compound. Miriam and her girls are also there now. Mr. Galt and Sheffield (their youngest son) are staying at the American Board compound in Teng Shih Kou.

Not long ago we received a letter from Ted dated April 21, and others have also had letters from friends in the U.S. some with dates as late as early in May. They all come via Ching King or Cheng Tu and were re-enveloped and forwarded from there. We all think that rather remarkable. Of course more may have come and fallen into the hands of censors, but in no case that I know of would that have mattered in the least - I mean that there was nothing to which objection could have been made. We have had no word about any but Ted and his family, but we do hope that all has been well with you all. We suppose that Teddy has gone to Oberlin and we wonder who of you, if any, is (or are) doing some kind of war work. We have no news but our local, biased daily though we occasionally hear radio news from other sources. It is greatly interfered with as a rule

but does come through clearly at times. Of course there is no such animal in this compound, or at least no vocal one.

I putter around doing a little of various things while George puts in solid hours on his new character book. He even kept at it during his sciatica pains. They have ceased now and he'd like to play tennis some more but will probably be sensible and desist. While John was waiting for his partner a few days ago I picked up a racquet and played four games of singles with him but I suppose my tennis days are over, too, and high time, in spite of the King of Sweden's record.

Now that we have decided to go I am beginning to get impatient for the time to come. I have been sorting out and have already given some things away. I feel the worst about our rugs, but after all, things are not of greatest importance.

You are in our hearts and minds all the time. Our trip will take about two months, I suppose, from the time we leave Peking. To each member of the families, loads of love. Please circulate these letters.

*Lovingly,
Mother*

Peitaiho, 1941

US freezing credits — almost last thing done before actual fighting begins.
Can't draw money from banks. Americans' and Britishers' travel within China restricted.
Shrimp fishing.
Sermon on mystery of pain and evil printed in the Chronicle by request.
Some expect Great Britain to declare war on Japan within a month; US to join in quickly.
Sold Peitaiho house.
This letter may never get to you under present conditions.

George D. Wilder

Peitaiho
Aug. 11, 1941

Dear Betty Ann and Gertrude,

I was just going to write an answer to your Mother's last letter when I happened to think that the main item had to do with you two, and the tennis and the literary society membership, etc., so I might as well address it to you. I have quit writing copy letters for you all, and have tried to write personal letters instead. But I am so lazy that I have not gotten far, even after being up here about six weeks. You know how it is here. We are so busy with bathing, and tennis, and bird hikes that we have no time for anything.

Your Mother wrote about Betty Ann winning the local and the district tournaments and being one of the final eight at the State meet. Said you lost to the one who took the championship, in your second round. I would like to know what your scores were, of how many sets you had to play in each match. We all went up to watch a good match this morning in mixed doubles. Hubbard and Mrs. Henry Chou — her husband a professor at Yenching and an Oberlin alumnus, she being one of those six Huey girls who all married top notch Chinese out here, and their brothers married American girls, you know — well, they two played an English couple, the lady, Miss Watkins being one of the best last year. They each got a set, six three and Hubbard and Mrs. Chou won the last 6-4. It was hard work for both. I wonder if yours went to three sets, too.

Our last from Theodore had a clipping about a match between Penn Yan and Rochester in which Durand and partner won, and Teddy also won his singles, but they lost the match as Rochester got the rest. They aim high. I remember seeing Durand and Hart play when I was there. A previous letter from Margaret sent a clipping also about Teddy's speech on something along the line of Streit's "Union Now." I agreed with his contention that something like that must be done and "the sooner, the better."

We are just beginning to feel the real effects of what our country has done as the almost last move before actually fighting, that is, the freezing of credits. For us it meant at first, that we could not draw any money from the bank. As an added inconvenience, any American or Britisher who already had permits could buy railroad tickets to the main stations - Peking, Tientsin, Peitaiho - but he could not check any baggage. Most of them could not get any more permits to buy tickets. For some time we have had to take three photos and apply in person to the Japanese embassy before we could buy a ticket for anywhere. Of course they have us absolutely in their control, and in case of war could intern us or keep us at home as they please. They are always very polite so far, and sorry they can't allow us to go places, but say it is just the Chinese that prevent, or that the place we want to go is dangerous, and for our own good the military do not allow us to proceed. Possibly sometimes it may be true.

We thought Gertrude's poem on what she has - or we all have - to be thankful for was fine and no wonder that she got into the "Quill and Scroll," which must be a literary society. Her representing Roosevelt at Ann Arbor was also a fine experience for her and an honor indeed.

The same letter told of the Ypsi tennis team winning three trophies. They must have felt fine over it, and that is a feather in Len's cap. I wonder if he can keep up coaching now that he has the new position in Roosevelt - and the photography. While it would seem that the new duties must crowd out some of

those activities, I think it well worth while to keep some of those contacts with the students.

And what a burn you got, Margaret. This letter comes under your eye of course. I really ought to devote another letter to you, as your last was a birthday letter to me and now it is only a little over a week to your birthday, August 19. Your telling about that and the pain and the trouble it caused on this otherwise wonderful trip to Buffalo on the lake, and about your staying up to three o'clock to work on Betty's sports suits and all the other sewing, etc. No wonder you had a splitting headache. Losing sleep that way is enough to put you in bed with something dreadful for a long time. It is a wonder it has not. You cannot flout nature's laws that way without paying for it.

Grandma is having a special tea for a lot of ladies and as I am the only man around I guess I will go out and watch tournament matches, taking along my shoes and racket so that if I should be invited to play and the temptation was greater than I could stand, I would be prepared. I do not need it today as I had a two-hour bird hike this morning with the bird class under Hubbard, and then watched his mixed doubles as I said before. After dinner I went out and sunned in our side yard for a half hour with nothing on but trunks. The doctors say that is the best thing to guard against lumbago and that sort of pains so, though I have had none for a year, I am taking the cure just the same, or rather the preventive.

The first month we were here the fishermen were after shrimps and had been for a month. A lot of their shrimp nets had been lost in storms and washed ashore. We still find sections of them buried in the sand and I will try to send you a sample. They are made of native silk fibers like a hair net, surprisingly strong, 200 feet long and only a foot and a half wide with slender kaoliang stalk sections two or three inches long tied into the upper edge, end to end, for floats, and similar earthenware sections an inch and a half long and the size of a lead pencil every two or three inches as weights to

hold the lower edge down and so keep the net vertical against the tide and take in the shrimps swimming with it – or against it perhaps.

I have a sermon on the mystery of pain and evil being permitted, or rather used, as I say, for higher ends, which was printed in the Chronicle by request. That is the only copy I have of it, and I think it has an idea. I will send it to you to wrap up a small section of this fish net in it. But don't throw it away as mere wrapping. You may like to read it. It may never get to you under the present conditions.

Mr. Pennell, editor of the P&T Times thinks that inside of a month Great Britain will declare war on Japan, (if she continues pressing south) and that in three days the US will follow suit. He judges only by the tone of the broadcasts from the two countries. That will mean that we are out here for the duration and no one knows what will become of mails. Passages will go glimmering but we are glad to be here and take what comes. We sold our Peitaiho house just before the "freezing" and sent it to the Board for safe keeping and forwarding to the Cleveland Trust Company. We got what we asked, \$1,800 US which is more than we have spent. We might have gotten a good deal more by putting it up to auction to all nationalities but we preferred to have it go to an American just marrying a Britisher, Elaine Eastham, who wanted it for her wedding dowry.

I am afraid the prices for binoculars are no longer attractive, as the charge has gone back to \$25 from \$8, while prices in local currency have returned as they were. Still I may pick one up. We each have a pair and use them. We've let the opportunity to send by friends go by. Sorry.

With love to you both,

Grandfather

Back in Peking

Currency exchange rate back down to \$6 to \$1.
Great interest in talks between US and Japan; Chinese fear US appeasement.
General feeling that if Germany loses it will be all right here — otherwise, all wrong here.
Climax of 40 years of birding — taking a Little Egret Heron (*Egretta garzetta garzetta*).
Japanese using dogs to protect RR tracks from being torn up.
Giving coin collection to college.
A noisy revival meeting during last week in Peitaiho.

George D. Wilder

Peking

Sept. 14, 1941

Dear Ones All,

All summer we have been writing individual letters, relieving you of the long copy letters to all. But now we are back from the shore there is so much to say in common that I can hardly say it to each separately.

We were at the shore from July 3rd to Sept. 8th and had perfect peace and comfort through it all. There was a month when people who had to travel, if they were British or American, had a lot of trouble getting any heavy baggage checked. That was the idea of retaliation for America freezing Japanese and Chinese credits. The authorities here took the position that not only money could not be moved, but goods could not leave our residencies. We did not have to travel those days and they have now ceased those petty annoyances, for the time at least, and we hope for good and all. We have had no trouble for lack of funds for we had taken the precaution to carry enough for the summer with us, and taking in so many boarders we came away with about as much as we took, though we tried to put the charge for board at about cost.

Exchange has gone down to \$6.00 local money ' \$1.00 U.S. money. Colgate's shaving stick two years ago at this time was \$4.60 and then \$5.40, which it is now. But now that means 90 cents U.S., and more than that to us because we give the Board half of the excess over a \$3.30 to one rate. Two years ago a shaving stick cost only about \$.27 and I have paid \$.35 US in

the States. That shows how our cost of living vacillates. We have to economize now as compared with last year. When the exchange gets below 8 to 1 we cease to have any advantage in being paid in US money. So the economists at Yenching tell us.

Peking seems perfectly quiet and normal, but there is great interest on all sides in these talks that are going on with Japan. The Chinese will come and ask me if the US government is taking an appeasement policy towards Japan, which means "selling China down the river." And I do not know. The general feeling is that if Germany does not win it will be all right out here and all wrong if she does.

Peitaiho life was unusually full of fun and good times. I got the habit of taking a sun bath out in our secluded side yard almost every day the sun shined, lying in it a half hour with nothing but trunks and a hat on. I have not had a single twinge in my back since I started it, which means something. Starting in easy with only a set or two of tennis or a mile or two walk, at the end I could play four sets and the last tramp I took was ten or twelve miles one morning, a picnic breakfast to the highest sand dune to the north of the flats and then a swing around the two rivers and the sand flats for my last days collecting of birds for the new museum we are starting at East Cliff.

Thereby hangs a tale that in a way would indicate that I have reached a climax in my collecting life and may as well stop it. There is a bird, called the Little Egret Heron, *Egretta garzetta garzetta*. It had been taken only as far north as the Yangtze, 600 miles south of us. But about three or four times I had had a glimpse of a snowy white bird that I felt sure was it. For forty years I have been on the watch for a chance to collect it and have perfect evidence, that it occurs here. On that red letter day, February 5th, at the end of the long tramp over the sands and through water, just as we came to the last river to cross only a few minutes walk from home, I saw a snow-white bird in the middle of the stream, which I thought to be a gull. But I turned and went nearer until I saw that it was a long legged,

long necked heron catching fish. There was not a bit of cover and with palpitating heart I went on as though to pass it by and fearing at every step that it would fly before I was in range and that I would miss it on the wing. Finally at about sixty yards I ventured a shot and killed it dead without a stain of blood on its snowy plumage except a trifle inside one wing where it would not show. And it sure was the Little Egret. One aim of every trip in season for forty years, was accomplished. It is a perfect specimen of the bird without its egrets and just changing from black bill and legs to yellow.

The East Cliff Association had voted \$100 to start a bird collection for the children who come every summer. Hub and I had invited a nice little Manchu taxidermist down for ten days to prepare the skins and we had to get him between ten and twenty every day. Hub left me to do it all the last five days. We got over 90 specimens and finally placed 56 in the cases at the social Hall in East Cliff, and gave the 33 duplicates to the agent of the British Museum. Morrison had put up \$50 and a lot of arsenic and cotton on condition of getting all that we did not want. So we say that we divided between the greatest museum in the world, (to take the left overs) and the smallest. Morrison is much pleased with what he got and if Hub and I can take a trip up there in November he agrees to go in shares the same way again. He can't get away from his code-deciphering work in the British Embassy for such a trip. Gertrude and I went to his house for dinner and spent the evening correcting his identifications of his recent acquisition in the bird line. I lugged my big German tomes down to do it.

You know there is a good deal of trouble keeping the railway tracks from being torn up by bandits, Reds, or imitation Reds. The last year or so the scheme for protecting the roads has been to dig a regular battle trench parallel to the tracks about 50 yards out in the fields. They have this on hundreds of miles of railways, in some places on both sides but generally only on the one side from which they fear attack. They had a guard or machine gun every so often and compelled the villagers to set watchmen every so often to report when night attacks on

the tracks or trains were made. They found that they could not depend on such watchment very well so now they use dogs; and on the embankment in some places 100 yards apart, in others a quarter or a half a mile apart they have little dog kennels built. The village has to feed the dogs at home in day time and tie them at the kennels at night. The dogs report to each other and when they all get to barking down the line they can send out armed guard. But even so they say tracks are sometimes torn up. Still we have had no accident and the trains have run well and on time for us.

We have promise of ten students at the college when we open, October 6, and I expect more will drop in if things are quiet. No one dares make any fixed plan nowadays.

Mrs. Ingram, whose fine house I helped to sell, fortunately all paid for before the freezing order came into effect, is just getting it emptied to turn over Sept. 30 and she will take an apartment in one of our hostels. Yesterday I brought up from her house all our remaining copies of "Character Analysis" - 231 copies, which we sell now for \$10 a copy. She thinks they will last about another year and then we ought to print more, for no matter what happens to the Chinese government people will still have to study their language and culture.

I also brought a curio that Dr. Ingram has had on his study wall since the boxer year. It is a two man gun, about ten feet long. We put it into the College exhibit where my coin collection is, along with other interesting things. Mrs. Ingram also had a half dozen pieces of small firearms that had been left at her house by guests who did not want to take them back to their own countries, and she actually did not know to whom any of them belonged, though a couple may have been her son-in-law's, as he is an officer in the army. No Chinese could buy any of them. I want none of them, and she was in a quandary what to do with them. She thought to take them to the embassy for disposal. But I brought them up and think I know a man who can dispose of them gradually to foreigners.

There is a bright old man of 86, I believe, named L.C. Arlington, who is quite a philosopher and interesting in many ways. He is retired after being instructor in a Chinese naval school. His letters to the press have been very interesting and the last one I will cut out for Theodore and he may send it on to Ur and to Margaret. It is entitled "Over-taxed" and I think there are those in the States who might appreciate its humor.

Our five tennis courts are all in good condition in spite of small enrollment expected and few hostel guests, because we let the Japanese YMCA come and play and they throw it open to Japanese girls, too. It is a delight to see how they enjoy it on three days a week. I guess I will have to join them once in a while. Their secretary and one of the players was our student last year and he is a great help in little tensions or frictions. Hayes says he has had some good sets with him but I have not as yet seen him play.

The last week before we left Peitaiho there was a Chinese revivalist at East Cliff. They were of the noisy kind and got the power once in a while up to midnight so that every one was kept awake for a half mile more or less all around. Early in the morning they also had sunrise meetings on the roof of Simpson's house adjoining our yard, and it was rather terrifying at times until we found out what it was. The first night about 11:00 p.m. at the ting tzu at Eagle Rock there was a woman's loud crying that we were told was a Korean beating the woman, and that we could not go near. But it was just a woman crying for her sins in meeting. Anyone who went to expostulate was a "devil come to break up the meeting." One leader was the nice University grad who runs Simpson's Agricultural experiment farm in our midst. I intended to talk it over with him the next day as we are good friends and he had been to me with the preacher for advice about their flourishing local church. But he had gone up to the Methodist Conference before I could meet him. Guess I will write to him. There are a lot of Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian missionaries who enjoy that sort of thing and are holding special meetings here for three weeks. I have been to some that were very rational and quiet. Once they had quaker meeting without a word or sound for a half hour, then broke into

union prayer for a while. They all go to Union Church this P.M. and Ballou preaches on "What is the Church". He is a good preacher and will give them something to think about. He has been reading C. E. Morrison's book on the subject. Only a dozen went, all Americans or English. Ballou's English was above the heads of Scandinavians, anyway.

Thank you Theodore, for the snap of Rinnie and the girls and the letters from Durand, Jim, and Uncle Charles, sent Aug. 7 and arrived here Sept 14. Don't forget that you were going to write me.

Dad

Only 10 students in College now.
Glad you had a family reunion at Penn Yan in August.

George D. Wilder

College of Chinese Studies
Peking, China,
Oct. 12, 1941

All you Dear, Blessed Children,

Meaning Grandchildren too of course, and Grandma Daniels, too, for last Monday we had not only that wonderful composite letter written by all of you but also one from her and another from Margaret telling about the journey home. These letters made it just next to being there, and you don't know how glad we are that you pulled it off finally. We had been afraid that you would not. And you had 18 out of a possible 21 there. We do wish the Harrisburgers could have been there, too. We had letters from them in the summer saying they were afraid they could not go.

Those three letters came last Monday morning just after I had been through the ordeal of acting as President at the opening of the College for this year. I simply had to tell them the half dozen rules regarding using their Chinese teachers, and get them divided into two classes, nearly all beginners and second-year students. There are four Germans, two British, one American, and one Japanese. It seemed a bit embarrassing at the start but did not turn out to be so after all. Well, about 11 A.M. when I was through with those preliminaries and came over to the house to get to work on my two sermons for this week, I found those letters on the window sill, and took them upstairs and didn't we enjoy them! With the newspaper clippings about the baseball, etc. they took us about an hour, our own comments thrown in. I wanted to sit down and write to you at once but stuck to my program and worked until dinner time, which is about 1:30 P.M. nowadays. We have it an hour later because we are still on daylight saving - that is Tokyo time - in order to cooperate with the embassies in the Legation quarter, as they

requested everyone to do. But the hospitals and schools have gone back to winter time and makes things an hour late for us. Having Miss De Vargas boarding with us and attending Peking American School on the slow time, it affects us that way.

We certainly were tickled at Judy's liking the best of all her new cousins, "Butch and the kittie." We could just imagine how she said it. And we know what talkers both David and Donald are, so could understand just how David found Donald "a little monotonous sometimes." Donald's response to his Mother's impressive curtain lecture with "Mommie, I do not understand one word of your language," which was reported to us last summer, is still brought out on occasions to the amusement of our friends.

Of course we were glad to see that Durand and Theodore won out, in the singles and doubles, too, and saw that Ted gave some foreigner from Rochester a good deuce set before he gave up. It evidently was a good, interesting, close match. I can recall most of the members of the Penn Yan team. But your play among the members of the family must have been interesting. I would like to have been in it. I think we can play better than when in Penn Yan last. Our two months at East Cliff did us more good than I ever got there before, I think, and we feel better than usual since coming back.

How nice for Margaret to give herself a birthday present by arriving at Ur's on the 19th of August. Your staying there one family six days and the other nine, certainly was a nice visit for you all. While it was indeed quite a burden for Carroll and Ursula, I am sure they could "take it" and enjoy it. One good thing this reunion is to be credited with is that it pulled letters out of Len, Carrol and Rinnie, the first we have had on this term in China so far as I remember. Maybe Rinnie did write once before. Carroll says that you decided that it would do no good to worry about our safety out here. That is good. We do not worry and certainly do trust God to see us through any trouble that may be in the offing. He will help us to stand it if he does not keep us out of it. Aside from that we feel pretty sure that our age, and perhaps some of the Japanese

friends that we have made – some dating back over twenty years – may save us from the trials of concentration, such as the younger folks are afraid of.

Carroll also speaks of making the most of the family while it is still all together, with Ted's leaving for college already casting a shadow over the scene. We know well about that feeling. As they go away to college there are some compensations in entering into the new interests of the college world.

You all certainly seemed to be pretty well satisfied with your cousins and nephews and nieces and passed some handsome bouquets around to each other. We out here know that they all are well deserved and are glad to see that you recognize it. Theodore's very adequately expressed praises of our grandchildren was followed by Durand's judgment that he was, if anything, conservative in his estimate of the attractiveness of our grandchildren. I would quote some of the things that many of you did not see as they were written after you left by those at Penn Yan, only they might spoil you if you are spoilable, as I don't believe you are. You understand that this you refers to everybody, especially of the third generation. Olive also backed Ted and Durand's judgment.

You of the middle ages of grandchildren seemed to get a lot out of riding the two horses. You know I like horses and when you write again tell me about their size, color, gaits, tricks, temper, etc. I imagine Nita could give you some pointers, as she was taking riding lessons way back when we were there. Did you see Aunt Ur's deer-leg riding whip? I ran across another that I had left in Tungchou. I wonder if any of you care for it. If you do it might be sent. I forget where it is now but may run across it again.

Bette Anne said her tennis was terrible. She must have been off her game when she said it because Ted said when it was on, it was "terrific," and also that you two beat a combination

of your parents. Did you go to the town courts to play? Or have you some court nearer home?

Too bad Billy and George both had such bad hay fever. Both called it "terrible." How about Rinnie, and some of the girls? Did they escape it?

Carroll said that Bette played singles in the same match with the Rochester Club, but it was not mentioned in the paper clipping, only men were mentioned.

Well, it is bedtime now, and if there is anything more to be said I will put it into individual letters, I guess. Penn Yan sure is a grand place and it was good of the people who live there to fix up that reunion, and thank you all who helped to tell us about it.

With much love,

Father

An excerpt from "The Watchman", the Hubbards' newsletter from Paoting.

All US ships ordered to leave area.

Mission Board warns "last boat" leaving.

Prospects for war.

THE WATCHMAN

Vol. XIV, No. 2

Paoting, Hopei, China

Nov. 1, 1941

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MARTIN**,

c/o American Consulate-General, Hamilton, Bermuda.

GLADYS HUBBARD, Oberlin College (Sophomore), Oberlin, Ohio.

(The following comes at the end of the newsletter telling about various
aspects of the continuing work of the Paoting mission.)

POSTSCRIPT

We started this edition of the Watchman with an apparent but
deceptive calm in the political weather and a feeling of being
all set for a fairly good winter's work. Then suddenly the
resignation of the Japanese cabinet, the ordering of all U.S.
boats out of ports in these parts and now a cable from our
mission board advising all who do not expect to stay thru, come
what may, to leave at once. As the covering letter from our
Mission Secretary puts it, "Last boat for the shore for all not
staying aboard."

We hardly desire to stay thru and would take any boat we
were sure was the last one. However, we are keenly aware of

what serious results to our work and native colleagues might follow the departure of all missionaries from this compound, and we hesitate to take such a step until absolutely necessary, when it may be too late to catch that last boat. There seems to be a great dearth of true prophets in these modern times! Meanwhile, the six of us are still here – today. Tomorrow is in God's hands.

In Margaret Menzi's hand-writing on the back of the envelope from Hugh Hubbard, Paotingfu, containing the November 1, 1941 edition of "The Watchman."

*"I am only one,
But I am one.*

*I can not do everything,
But I can do something.*

*What I can do, I ought to do.
And what I ought to do,
By the grace of God, I will do.*

US's Cordell Hull and Japan's Kurusu meeting to decide question of war in the Far East; agree to maintain status quo for three months.

Strong pressure on all of us to leave. We decided early to stay, so don't have to decide now.

"A modern" Chinese wedding — a big change from the past.

House boy caught stealing — first time in 47 years here. Hard to support 5 children on wages

Pictures of four Wilder children — now middle-aged.

Hope that the worst won't happen, but some think "a good drubbing" is needed here.

George D. Wilder

Peking

Nov. 30, 1941

Dear Folks,

While most of the world seems to have been holding its breath to hear what Mr. Kurusu and Mr. Hull were going to decide as to the question of war in the Far East, we have been pursuing the even tenor of our ways in the College. Having decided a year ago to stay here and see what happens we have been saved a lot of worry every time a new tension works up and a new advice to evacuate comes from the Board or the Government. Just now they seem to have given the world a three month's breathing spell in promising to maintain the status quo for that time and the call of the German armies for fur coats seems to indicate that the Nazis are resigned to a winter campaign and victory postponed until next year sometime. So folks may breathe easier for a while.

The futility of prophecy in simple matters is seen in the way the evacuation of a little over half of our American Board Missionaries has worked out. Last year we were divided into an "A" class of eight who were supposed to stay on the field to the bitter end, only to leave when it was absolutely necessary for the good of the people for whom we are working — the Chinese of our mission stations. Half of this class are gone already. Second, a "B" class of those who are well and healthy, able to stand hardship and yet for some reason should leave before the bitter enders, i.e. furlough time having come, or family reasons. Almost none of these have gone as yet. Third, a "C" class consisting of those whose health demands it, whose

furlough is already due, women with children, etc. These have mostly gone as planned.

We, being retired have not been classified, though we would have been counted Class "B." While pretty strong pressure was put on single ladies especially to leave, yet each has been free to decide for him or herself. We have been happy in deciding early and so not having to decide over and over again.

I think we told you that we were to have a wedding in our house on Friday, Nov. 28. It came off as planned and was as nice and pleasant a home wedding as you could ask for. The groom was Ch'i Enhao. He was a Jefferson Academy student while we were in Tungchou the last period, 1931 to 1934. He worked and lived at Mr. Martin's house earning his way to some extent, until he graduated and went to Yenching University, where he graduated last summer, and is now assistant treasurer in the school at Tungchou. He said that as a student there he was rather mischievous when there were weddings taking place among his schoolmates or teachers, and he did not dare incur the retaliation that would come if he were married in Tungchou. He would not ask his bride to endure what many had had to endure in the cruel chivarees they put on at Tungchou. We agreed with him that they were cruel. So he got Mr. Martin to ask us to have it in our home here and we were glad to do it. The bride was from an old neighbor's family on the big residential South Street in Tungchou, which I suppose would have contributed to the revellers if she had been married there.

The bride and groom stood for a modern and Christian ceremony, and wanted no old fashioned stuff, but they yielded when I backed up the bride's mother's demand, that they have what is the one essential all over China, a bridal chair or car to bring her from her home to the place of wedding ceremony. So they had a band and a decorated auto, to bring her from the house of a friend three or four blocks from us and we took the place of the Bridegroom's home.

Of course we had the parlor decorated with flowers and bamboos from our own yard, getting some daisies and chrysanthemums from Ch'en Te Kuang's flower and taxidermy shop.

You remember the "one and a half legged man" to whom I taught taxidermy, in our servant's quarters at Tungchou when you were small. Our cook got a friend in to make a three story bride's cake, which she cut at the tea we gave after the ceremony. The bridegroom came the night before to consult on the program, double ring ceremony, formal signing of the certificates by parents, middle men, bride and groom and minister, responses, etc. The certificate signing in the official program for weddings comes right in the middle of the religious ceremony and breaks its cumulative impressiveness sadly. He agreed to let me put it after the benediction, and I read it to all, before they signed, so that it made quite a feature. All the rest stamped their private seals, only Martin and I wrote our signatures. When I asked him if he and his bride dared to say "I will" out loud he said "Oh yes, we are modern enough for that, but would not like to repeat the vows after you." In case she was so old fashioned as to pretend bashfulness to the extent of not even nodding in acquiescence to "take this man, etc." I was prepared to put it "Inasmuch as you stand here at his side, you prove your willingness to take this man, etc." "The bride is not so old fashioned as all that" was his reply to my suggestions of this expedient, "She will speak up" and she did. They had rented a bridal dress with a long train, and it was too long in front so she could navigate only with the greatest difficulty, and it was a mercy that she had no long aisle in a church to go down to the wedding march - only half way across our parlor. There were about thirty guests and all stood during the ceremony. She came on time, dolled up upstairs in the bridal chamber and as soon as the ceremony was finished she went up and got rid of the foreign style bride's dress. Then she came down and was just as free and easy in the cake cutting, etc., as you could wish.

Fen Hao had asked his old friend Dr. Harry Martin, his school principal, to stay with us that night. Everybody went up and had a good sleep after the guests left at 4:00 P.M. and we met at a fine restaurant in Tung An Shih Ch'ang, for dinner at 7:00 P.M. and at 8:30 we walked over to the YMCA "Rex" Theater and saw a good movie, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," based on a good

story by Glarence Budington Kelland that I had read. The bride and her best maid, a granddaughter of our old cook, Tung Ta, walked over with Gertrude and me, the full length of Gold Fish Alley, leaving the bridegroom and best man to settle the account for the dinner. Mr. Martin had gone on ahead to get the seats. Then after the movie we all walked the fairly deserted streets all the way home at 11:00 P.M. and they were with us for breakfast the next morning. Mr. Martin hurried down to the first train for Tunghsien, where he had gotten up a reception for them at his house. They are going to room in his house with him for a couple of months. This certainly was a demonstration of an enormous change in manners and customs since we came to China. We certainly enjoyed it all and they were certainly grateful, and paid all the expense and gave our servants tips with great care, even the gatekeepers. The bride's parents came. They had been neighbors in Tungchou who had been to our house once or twice. Their boys had (maybe) stolen our trees along with a lot of others, and we had had a fine settlement of it years ago.² Gertrude had called on them when we lived there, but was not so warmly welcomed as by some. They enjoyed this visit, however, and the mother seemed to appreciate that I had taken her side on the question of having a bridal chair.

² See letter by GDW dated 2/8/29.

We have had another happening for the first time in all the 47 years in China. Our house boy has been proven to be pilfering money from our guests. Hubbard had suspected it and he and I set a trap and proved his stealing four days in succession, a total of \$17.00 that we knew of, and probably more that we only suspected. We said nothing about it as we wanted to have no break in things until the wedding was off. Last night we called in the cook and told him our proof, then called in the boy and told him. He denied it, although we told him we would give him another trial if he would own up, and promise not to do it again. He refused last night, but this morning his wife came and told how hard it was to get along on \$40 a month with five children, even with tips that he got from guests, and the help she got from her mother, who gets a pension from the estate of George Morrison, London Times writer and advisor to the Chinese government years ago. (I wonder if our friend, his son, knows about it?) She also listened to our exposition of the doctrine of confession and forgiveness. She said she would go and get him at once and make him repent. We persuaded her to give him time to think it over and really do it from his own heart. Since I started this long letter she and he and the cook have come. He admits the thefts and promises to stop it and we tell him to get to work as usual, and we will mention it to no one, which promise I seem to be breaking right now. But you all are too far away to make any difference to his reputation.

We do not have much news that we can write. Another symptom of our peace and quiet is that yesterday afternoon I had to attend the committee of the church, 17 members, and as the regular chairman, Pastor Wu, was absent I had to preside in capacity as vice chairman. As the Christmas committee was already at work there was little business, except to arrange for the week of special evangelism after Chinese New Year which comes on or about Feb. 20 this year, very late.

Friday afternoon right after the wedding I had the pleasure of advising a French Catholic nun and her Mother Superior as to her finishing in a year and a half a course looking to the degree of M.A. from our college. She has had studies in

Shanghai about equivalent to a year and a half of our courses, already, but has to correct her pronunciation and go on into the classics. She had hoped to get her M.A. this June but it seems to us impossible. We fear a break down in health if she drives so fast. She has a degree from the Sorbonne in Paris, and is a brilliant student. She can write about 2,000 characters and wants to go on with etymology. We will put her into our "Character Analysis" and Wieger's book, on which it is largely based.

Tomorrow I have to examine a Russian girl, who has been in the employ of the South Manchuria railway. When I asked if she could take our exam in Geography and History she said she knew every station on the North China railways. If she could take it in French or Russian all right. The nun also wants to have her thesis in French. Our Russian office clerk, Miss Popoff may be able to examine the French papers, but none of the rest of us can do it.

Tomorrow evening we both go to the Wagon Lits hotel for dinner with the Men's Brotherhood of Union Church, which does it once a month, having an open forum after it. This year it is thrown open to the ladies. Last month's meeting was on Democracy, with four speakers representing different viewpoints, French, British, and two Americans. The five minute speeches that followed the four fifteen minute ones developed so much interest that four of the men were asked to give 15 minute speeches on "If I Were Dictator." Ernest Shaw and another American, Dr. Nystrom, a Swede and Garton, a Britisher are the chosen ones.

Thursday afternoon I preside at the Theological Club monthly meeting to listen to Bishop Scott, on "Athe Church, its nature and function," following last month's by Ballou on the same subject. Next Saturday Gertrude and I attend the annual meeting at Dr. Ferguson's of the Phi Beta Kappa, to hear a paper by Howard Galt, on a subject he has been investigating for years, "The Hanlin Academy." With this account of the even

tenor of our ways I quit. Aren't they intellectual enough for our time, I ask you?

*With much love,
Father and Grandfather*

December 7, 1941

Dearest Margaret and the rest of the family,

It seems to be a lot to save postage by writing on the back of father's thick sheet of paper. He has told you most of the news so I shall just have to ramble.

The pictures you sent are a joy. Your letter was dated Sept. 26 and did not get here until Dec. 5 – about ten weeks transit. That's a long time.

To go back to the pictures. I like the way they were taken – all together, by families and some scattering ones. They are good. What a cute darling Donald is, how grown up Gertrude and Betty are, and what a husky chap George is. He looks as if he exudes joy and good will. You look them in the face in your family group. Partly due to the lights and shadows, the picture of the four Wilders is good of you all – not quite so good of Ursula as of you. Fine of both of the boys. It's hard to realize that you are all four taking the first steps toward middle age, but that doesn't really begin until fifty, so there is plenty of time yet.

I shall have my 71st birthday in two days but would hardly have thought of it had not two old native pastors come day before yesterday with a framed poem in honor of my birthday. A group of them wanted to invite us to a restaurant dinner but we managed to talk them out of it. One of our neighbors seeing them bring in the framed poem jumped at the conclusion that my birthday was that very day and told his wife, whereupon she went to the florist's and

bought me a lovely bouquet of pink carnations! Then this morning after church I saw Miss Kao slip a small parcel into father's coat pocket. I think it's a pair of gloves, as she asked me if I thought her hands were about the same as mine. All of which is lovely in them all.

I am trying to think what to do for some of my Chinese friends for Christmas. We shall do very little this year. I may send you a Chinese-English cook book that has quite a lot of recipes for Chinese food. I am not trying to send any parcels as there is too much red tape involved, nor cards either, excepting a few local ones. I have to help with Christmas doings for the social service arm of the Union Church – the "poor school" children and their mothers. We have been given fifty dollars to spend, which means a little over six cents on a person, and six cents is nothing these days. I'll make a big batch of cookies to take down for the women's tea.

The sample of material for your dress is very pretty – the color and texture are both lovely. I am sure it came out nicely and that you looked very "lao k'an."³

I wonder if Ursula got the green necklace that I sent her. She has never mentioned it if I remember rightly, but I think that Sally spoke of the little box I sent her. There are so many ships that letters from Billy and Marie came the day yours did. Our mails will be few and far between, but don't stop writing, please. We shall try to send whenever we can.

³ ???

Our hopes are that the worst is not going to happen and that it won't be too long before these very abnormal conditions begin to change. Of course they may worsen. A good many people think that nothing but a good drubbing will solve the situation out here. I still think it depends upon how things go in Europe. How can they keep it up as they do?

With loads of love to you all,

Mother

Received a framed poem for 71st birthday.

Consul General letter says there's a chance to leave. We're unmoved; hope you don't worry.

Gertrude S. Wilder

Peking

December 7, 1941

Dear Theodore,

This is Sunday morning, and as we were late for breakfast I shall have to be getting ready for church soon. The "getting ready" is quite a process as the church is a brick-floored, damp Chinese building. George and I belong to an old folks society and day before yesterday two old retired pastors came to present me with a framed poem giving briefly some data on my history and mentioning some virtues that I at any rate ought to have. It is written in square-style characters and very well done, written by a man noted for his writing. All this because by birthday is coming in two days. They invite us to a meal on the day, which I disapprove of heartily and hope to be able to stave off. At a time when the cost of living is so high I hate to have a lot of people who can't afford it pay three prices of a meal in my honor.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ingram came in just then. A long church service. Then dinner, a lie-down, then to the PUMC to see some sick friends — Dr. Bash with hopeless heart trouble, an ex-Language School girl who had to come from Free China for an appendectomy, and a Mr. Price of the English Baptist Mission in Tai Yuan Fu, Shansi, all of whom were driven out with a few staying on in Peking as a skeleton committee. What would people do without the PUMC? Most of the foreign women connected with it have left, but Miss Whiteside, the

head nurse, said that she positively could not leave — her work wouldn't let her. I think one other American nurse is staying with her.

Later

I "staved off" the dinner I am happy to say. They should now be able to put more in the Xmas collection.

Coming down the alley the other day we passed an old woman with a little puppy bundled up in her arms - and we turned around just in time to see her drop it inside the first open door she came to and then scuttle off as fast as her poor old legs would carry her.

We were much amused this morning at the answer given regarding the concentration of troops in North China. Naive, to say the least. What strange mentality some people have.

Margaret's letter of Sept. 26th reached us on Dec. 5th. We are enjoying so much the pictures she sent as well as the ones you sent. The enlarged one of Rinnie is lovely -- and we are so glad we have it. Next time I'll try to get at the news first and write a better letter.

Very Lovingly,

Mother.

The Consul General sends us an express letter saying there is a chance to sail in a few days for any who still contemplate evacuating. We are still unmoved and hope you do not worry too much.

I plan to run up to Pei Tai Ho next week for three or four days and besides a little other business will see what birds stay until the ponds and rivers freeze up. I do not expect such a thrill as that which Swinhoe's egret gave me Sept. 5. I wrote you and the China Journal all about it.

*Love to all,
Father*

P.S. Dec. 9th⁴

A happy birthday to me! Things began yesterday, as you know. So far we are staying where we are with guards at the gate. The servants can go out and buy provisions and we shall not be made to suffer. Very constant so far. I hope things will stay as they are until it is over.

They certainly were quick in the uptake. Pretty alert action, whatever one may say about their way of looking at things. We didn't guess right.

Don't worry. We shall be all right, I'm sure – at least I hope.

Love again, Mother

Letter to Japanese bird friend, interrupted by news of attack on Pearl Harbor.
(See GDW's July 13, 1929 letter to Kuroda.)

⁴ This letter was not actually sent until six months later. (See the note at the end of George Wilder's December 9 1941 letter referring to letters being given to an Embassy employee, Jesse Wolf on June 7, 1942, and to Gertrude Wilder's letter of June 4, 1942.) According to the Wilders' son, Ted, "Letters from Father and Mother were apparently 'taken up' by the censor and finally forwarded to us on Oct. 30, 1942 by our old friend Wynn Fairfield in the American Board Headquarters, Boston.

George D. Wilder

Peking
December 8th, 1941

Dr. Nagamichi Kuroda
Fukuyoshi, Cho
Akasaka, Japan

Dear Dr. Kuroda:

Yesterday Dr. Hubbard and I went to the Jui Wen Middle School's Museum to study a few strange specimens that we had known to be there for many years.

One, a large duck with only black and white colors, the other a small gray crane, apparently adult, and colored like the Demoiselle crane.

I found there a Dryobates woodpecker that agrees exactly with Hartert's description of *tscherskii*, and is peculiar in having all the light parts absolutely snow white, without any brown wash, the scapulars and part of larger wing covers being white and the black parts intense black.

You may remember having kindly sent us a very complete revision of the woodpeckers of our region in 1931, when we were getting ready to publish our popular-style book on "Birds of Northeast China." After its being mislaid and I thought lost in Tehsien, Shantung, it came to light and we now have the use of it. It has always been a source of regret that it came to me too late for use in our revision of the China list and then was lost again when I was in America and Dr. Hubbard here, seeing our book through the press in 1937. Our book would have been better if we had had it then. But I am glad to say that we have it now and hope to find use for it in publication sometime.

* * * * *

This letter was begun before breakfast at 7:00 A.M. and was interrupted by a telephone message saying that, "We are at war with Japan!" The rest of the day was spent with soldiers, representatives of your army, come to take over the protection of our College and our persons. Let me hasten to say that they treated us in every way with courtesy and correctness. The

officer handed me a written statement of the facts, asked in Chinese if I understood, and then shook hands. For a few days we are to remain inside until rules are made out, and we are promised to live at home as usual, for which we are truly grateful. I only wanted to mention this to assure you that no matter what happens between our countries, my regards and friendship for you and several other valued friends of your country cannot change in the least, and I cannot but be mindful of the injustices and provocations which your country has suffered at the hands of ours. If a reply to this letter should in any way embarrass you I hope that you will not feel under any constraint to reply.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

George D. Wilder

DECLARATION OF WAR BY THE JAPANESE EMPEROR AGAINST THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN ⁵

We, by grace of heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on the Throne of a line unbroken for ages eternal, enjoin upon ye, Our loyal and brave subjects:

We hereby declare war on the United States of America and the British Empire.

The men and officers of Our Army and Navy shall do their utmost in prosecuting the war, Our public servants of various departments shall perform faithfully and diligently their appointed tasks, and all other subjects of Ours shall pursue their respective duties; the entire nation with a united will shall mobilize their total strength so that nothing will miscarry in the attainment of Our war aims.

To insure the stability of East Asia and to contribute to world peace is the far-sighted policy which was formulated by Our Great Illustrious Imperial Grandsire and Our Great Imperial Sire succeeding Him, and which We lay constantly to heart.

To cultivate friendship among nations and to enjoy prosperity in common with all nations has always been the guiding principle of Our Empire's foreign policy. It has been truly unavoidable and far from Our wishes that Our Empire has now been brought to cross swords with America and Britain.

More than four years have passed since China, failing to comprehend the true intentions of Our Empire, and recklessly courting trouble, disturbed the peace of East Asia and compelled Our Empire to take up arms. Although there has been re-established the National Government of China, with which Japan has effected neighbourly intercourse and co-operation, the regime which has survived at Chungking, relying upon American and British protection, still continues its fratricidal opposition.

⁵ Translated from *The Mainichi*, a Japanese newspaper. Quoted in Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*, p. 137 - 139.

Eager for the realization of their inordinate ambition to dominate the Orient, both America and Britain, giving support to the Chungking regime, have aggravated the disturbances in East Asia.

Moreover, these two powers, inducing other countries to follow suit, increased military preparations on all sides of Our Empire to challenge us. They have obstructed by every means our peaceful commerce, and finally resorted to a direct severance of economic relations, menacing gravely the existence of Our Empire.

Patiently have We waited and long have We endured in the hope that Our Government might retrieve the situation in peace, but Our adversaries, showing not the least spirit of conciliation, have unduly delayed a settlement; and in the meantime, they have intensified the economic and political pressure to compel thereby Our Empire to submission.

This trend of affairs would, if left unchecked, not only nullify Our Empire's efforts of many years for the sake of the stabilization of East Asia, but also endanger the very existence of Our Nation. The situation being such as it is, Our Empire for its existence and self defense has no other recourse but to appeal to arms and to crush every obstacle in its path.

The hallowed spirits of Our Imperial Ancestors guarding Us from above, We rely upon the loyalty and courage of Our Subjects in Our confident expectation that the task bequeathed by Our Forefathers will be carried forward, and that the sources of evil will be speedily eradicated and an enduring peace immutably established in East Asia, preserving thereby the glory of Our Empire.

(Imperial Signature)

(Imperial Seal)

December 8, the 16th Year of Showa.