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## REPATRIATION VOYAGE

(September 20 to December 1, 1943)

- ! "On the Good Ship Teia Maru" — a Satire
- ! **Birds Seen from the Decks of the Exchange Ships  
Teia Maru and Gripsholm**

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## ON THE GOOD SHIP TEIA MARU — A SATIRE

By Gertrude Stanley Wilder

Have you only \$2 million to spend on your vacation trip? You can spend it all on the beautiful M.S. Teia Maru (formerly the Aramis)!

Let us help you plan your holiday. Why spend your days on an ordinary ship when you can spend four weeks on the Teia? Sail up the glorious Whangpu to Shanghai. See beautiful Hong Kong. Visit lovely San Fernando, pearl of the Orient. Steam up the Mekong to Saigon. See Singapore in the distance!

Why spend tedious hours sightseeing when you can sit in sulky boredom on such a floating palace, where the use of a deck chair costs but \$100 and your friends are all around you — and on you?

Have you never had a chance to meet the best people? Bible-thumping missionaries that you never knew existed; shake a murderer's hand; call the jail birds by their first names, and remember all the mugs you see are not mugs — some are priests.

See the movie you saw 15 years ago, if you are able to get near it. On the Teia it will seem new to you. Spend entrancing hours absorbing the Japanese propaganda so thoughtfully provided. Take long hours away on the line for soda pop — you won't need to spend your money, as it will all be sold out before you get to the window. Stifle in the airy, spacious second-class dining salon, playing bridge in boiler-room temperature. Or one can have a cup of so-called coffee and a minute piece of cake for a mere \$15 — no, not for the whole party, but \$15 each! Where do you think you are, at the Ritz? Keep up your fighting spirit and get your deck chairs early!

You won't miss your boozy atmosphere, as your bed mates smell like a brewery. Are you afraid to sleep in the dark? There is no need to be, as 60 watt lights will shine in your eyes all night long on this grand ship Teia.

Are you sleepless? Try the luxurious coffin-sized mattress, stuffed with wooden clothes-pegs as a bed on the hardest ball-room floor afloat. No blankets needed -- the other 250 bed-fellows will keep you warm.

Don't worry about clothes for the cruise — on the Teia it's smart to be shabby. Have you worried about packing on other ship lines? Travel by N.Y.K and avoid it all. You'll never unpack a thing on the Teia — there won't be enough space! To the

sophisticated traveler washing and ironing present no problem whatever aboard this luxury liner. Just throw your things overboard. Think of how glad the fish will be to chew your rags!

Have you ever been thirsty? Don't risk it. To ask for a second glass of water elicits nothing but a steward's vacant stare.

Can't read the signs? Don't let an ignorance of French handicap you. The smell will guide you to where you want to go!

Rise with the lark, get ahead of the nuns and wash in a teaspoon of cold water in a basin with no stopper. Try our Japanese style bath once after the crew have finished with theirs. Salt water, free of charge, provided for your teeth — both natural and false.

Do you want to reduce? Are you ashamed of that ugly rubber-tire bulge of your waist line? Rise from the table feeling that you could repeat the meal. Do not eat between meals — it can't be done unless the boy first gets his \$100 — from you. Does the sight of fruit in various ports make your mouth water? Forget about it — it is not for you. The Japanese police will chase the fruit boats away, and throw the fruit into the water in true co-prosperity fashion.

Try cold rice curry for a midnight snack — no spoons, just use your fingers or the handle of your tooth brush. The 60 watt lights will enable you to snare the dehydrated worms in the nick of time.

Don't worry about the correct tips — the boy will be sure to tell you how much he wants. No steward can get a job on the N.Y.K. luxury liners unless he has served an apprenticeship of ten years with Ali Baba and his forty thieves. Have you ever paid a \$10 cover charge and got no cover? You will on the Teia Maru!

On other lines you have never had occasion to use a life belt. On the Teia it is not so. You use it daily for a pillow and have it handy in case of ship wreck. Not less than ten other people will want the one you have, so be smart and get yours early.

Book early on this luxury liner, the gem of the N.Y.K. fleet. Travel exclusively by her and you will never have a moment's comfort from the internment camp >till you leave the ship. And remember the Teia motto — "Nothing could be worse than this!"

# **BIRDS SEEN FROM THE DECKS OF THE EXCHANGE SHIPS TEIA MARU AND GRIPSHOLM**

**September 20 to December 1, 1943**

Observations by several observers in cooperation on the voyage from Shanghai to New York, via Hong Kong, San Fernando (Philippine Islands), Singapore, Goa, Port Elizabeth, and Rio.

George D. Wilder, 1943

## BIRDS SEEN FROM THE DECKS OF THE EXCHANGE SHIPS

### TEIA MARU AND GRIPSHOLM

#### INTRODUCTION

The voyage of 1,500 Americans repatriated from East Asia to their homes in North and South America has many aspects of interest, not the least of which is the birds we saw on the way. In the internment camp of Wehsien (Shantung Province), and Chapei, (Shanghai), bird life had furnished a welcome diversion to many. Studies were made and records kept, only to be confiscated on leaving camp. Then when we boarded the ship Teia Maru, (formerly the French liner, Artemis), all stationery was taken from us, no binoculars were allowed and even a poor little 3-power opera glass was confiscated. The tender that took us down the river from Shanghai to the anchorage was screened to prevent all observation on the way. On board there were no reference books. But several of us enthusiastic bird-watchers found each other and soon rekindled each other's interest in bird study and record-making.

Among the observers were:

- B Mr. Andrew Allison, co-author with Mr. Moffet of "Birds of the Lower Yangtse;
- S Mr. C.E. DeVol of Nanking, specialist in ferns and student of birds;
- S Prof. J.L. Gressett of Canton Christian College, Lingnan University, Professor of Biology and Entomology; and
- S George D. Wilder, co-author with Mr. Hugh W. Hubbard of "Birds of North East China" and with Messrs. Gee and Moffet of the "Tentative List of Chinese Birds."

We soon found that by pooling our knowledge of Chinese birds in various places, we could identify most of the species and some sub-species seen on board ship or near it. Some of us had hoped while in Shanghai to secure a book of reference for this long voyage, preferably Alexander's "Birds of the Ocean," and excellent handbook for all the oceans, written for use on a ship's deck. But no such liberty to buy books was allowed us. And so, all our observations, or nearly all, have only the value of "seen" records by a half dozen observers, without benefit of binoculars until we reached Rio. Identification was without aid of reference books until at Port Elizabeth Mr. DeVol purchased "Birds of South Africa" by Dr. Roberts, a student there for 40 years, and another by Leonard Gill

on the same subject. There, too, we borrowed "Birds of the Ocean." With these, and with access to libraries in the U.S., we have been able to avoid including species in our list whose known ranges are far outside the areas we traversed.

Our list is divided into three geographical groups for convenience, namely:

- I Shanghai (30 deg. North Latitude. 120 deg. East Longitude) to Goa, port of Mormugao (15 deg. N., 175 deg. E.);
- II Goa to Rio de Janeiro (22 deg. S.);
- III Rio to New York (41 deg. N.).

We were following or crossing migration routes all the way from Shanghai to Hongkong, San Fernando (Philippine Islands), Saigon, Singapore, the Sunda Straits, and on to Goa on the west coast of India. Land birds from China came to rest or take refuge on board ship until we were well into the Indian Ocean, the last being two European teal and a garganey, 8-10 deg. S. Lat., and 800 to 1,000 miles from land, skimming along the water 30 yards away.



## I. FROM SHANGHAI TO GOA

### A. Sea Birds

All the way to Goa, we were disappointed with the meager numbers of sea birds. Indeed, until we were off Madagascar (20 deg. S) the only ones we saw were the following:

1. A bird, black both above and below, either Bulwer's Petrel, (*Bulweria bulweri*) or Swinhoe's Petrel (*Oceanodroma monorhis*), both of which frequent the waters off Formosa;
2. Shearwaters, about 25 of them, probably *Puffinus leucomelas*, or Whitefaced Shearwater, the only shearwater we know on the east coast of China, it having been taken off the Shantung promontory.
3. A small flock of terns in the harbor of San Fernando and more on the Mekong River below Saigon. They may have been the Common Tern, (*Sterna hirundo*), Nordman's, (*S. Longipennis*) or even the larger Crested Tern, (*S. bergii boreotis*), all of which are found in these waters and not distinguishable at a distance.
4. In the broad, glassy Sunda Straits, the door of the Indian Ocean, and on west of Sumatra for three or four days, white-tailed Tropic Birds were seen several times in small family groups flying high at night, screaming around the white ship brilliantly illuminated with flood lights from stem to stern.
5. Frigate-birds were seen October 6th off the Java coast at about 7 deg. S. Lat., flying still higher, as though going somewhere to the north.
6. A few Shearwaters were seen by Mr. Allison on the 14th nearing Goa. A watchful lady told of one white bird, like a gull, on the 11th, and on the 13th Mr. E. K. Smith saw a pair "like large swallows" flying close to the water with flapping flight, white below and black above, and with large head. We guessed they might be Boobies.

All the time from October 6th to 15th, from the Sunda Straits to Goa, we were between 7 deg. S. and 15 deg. N. Latitude, and between 106 and 75 deg. E. Longitude, a matter of about 3,500 miles. Our ship was required to keep about 200 miles or more from mainland coasts. This may account for the small number of birds seen while crossing the Indian and Atlantic Oceans in tropical regions. On the 14th, while heading east to Goa, we began to see land birds again. A kestrel spent the afternoon on board and stayed all night, squatting on a collar high up the mast, keeping on its lee side. He left us after land came in sight the next morning.

## **B. Land Birds (Migrants)**

### **1. Shanghai to Hong Kong (Sept. 20 – 22)**

The first bird we saw was a Herring Gull at the mouth of the Yangtze river. Do not be surprised at the classifying of it as a land bird. On this voyage we found the gulls to be most attached to the land and its harbors, where they acted as scavengers. We never saw them more than a few hours' runs from land and they are as much land as sea birds, ranging across the continents as they do.

Mr. Wilder only glimpsed the under parts of the large white bird with black wing-tips and it might have been a Short-tailed Albatross, which from below resembles the herring-gull (*Larus argentatus vegae*). Next, a fine specimen of the Night Jar (*Caprimulgus indicus jotaka*) flew into the wire netting on the boat deck. It hung there a moment, displaying on each spread-out wing the large white spot that marked it as an adult male, the female and the young sometimes having only a dull buff spot.

The same day, off the China coast, a black bird came aboard for a short time that seemed to be the Chinese Black Bird resident in Shanghai, but a non-migrant bird would hardly have been out so far at sea. We concluded that it probably was the same kind of bird as several that appeared on deck the same day and for a few days thereafter, the Red-bellied Rock Thrush (*Monticola philippensis philippensis*) in the dark blue, gray and black plumage of autumn, the red belly being obscured entirely by gray.

Wagtails were frequently seen. We were certain of Yellow Wagtails (genus *Budytes*), and the young of Pied Wagtails (genus *Motacilla*) may easily have been

there, as they are difficult to distinguish in immature plumage in the field. "Birds of the Philippines," however, gives only *Budytes leucostriatus* and Streak-eyed Wagtail (*Motacilla ocularis*) and Gray Wagtail (*M. melonope*) for Luzon. Luzon seemed the destination for many of these migrants. From specimens that came aboard we were pretty sure of *Budytes flavus thunbergi* and probably also *Budytes flavus simillimus*. Again, nearing Singapore, Mr. Allison saw clearly *Budytes flavus taiwanus*, distinguished by bright green head and back.

Having gone outside Formosa we turned due west for a day or more to reach Repulse Bay, the back side of Hong Kong Island, out of sight of the city and harbor but facing the town of Stanley, arriving at 6 p.m., Sept. 22nd. We sailed about 1 a.m. of the 24th. Lying at anchor those two days, we saw one Kite only. Probably the main harbor had many. One Japanese Red-tailed Shrike had been captured on board. Someone in the party saw the large White-rumped Swift (*Micropus pacificus*), probably on its migration, as its nesting in North China was past at this season.

## **2. Hong Kong to Singapore, via San Fernando and Saigon (Sept 24 – Oct. 2)**

### **a. San Fernando, Luzon (Philippine Islands)**

On the 24th at sea between Hongkong and Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands, there was little to be seen, but in San Fernando harbor on the 25th and 26th there were some difficult problems of identification, solved later by consulting books on the geographical distribution of the birds in question. There were long lines of interesting large, white birds far across the bay, higher than Gannets usually fly. Gannets also are not given for Luzon. When they came nearer we saw that there were color markings, so we took them for large White Egrets (*Egretta alba alba* or *modesta*), which are our common ones in North China. The books do not list them from Luzon, but the Lesser Egret (*Mesophoyx intermedia*) is common.

Some of the party reported seeing the Black-eared Kite here, as in all the harbors, and also the House Swallow (*Hirundo gutturalis*). A small flock of little white waders was seen skimming the water of the harbor, looking like Sanderlings (*Crocethia alba*), though they might have been Dunlins' or Little Stint - with all three of which we are familiar at Peitaiho, Hopei, and they may occur anywhere on the China coast.

## b. From Luzon to Saigon

Leaving this harbor on Luzon at sunset on the 26th we spent 2 2 days crossing the South China Sea to Saigon in French Indo-China. The first night, several birds came aboard and four Willow Warblers were picked up dead, having crashed on our white illuminated smokestacks. We called them the Arctic Willow Warbler (*Acanthopneuste borealis*), but without our Hartart or LaTouche<sup>1</sup> could not recall wing-patterns, etc. to distinguish that bird from Middendorg's Willow Warbler or the Yellow-browed, now called *Reguloides inornatus*. Specimens of two races of Red-tailed Shrikes were also found, the Philippine (*Lanius cristatus lucionensis*) and the Japanese (*L. c. superciliosus*), already taken off the Fukien coast. Later, at Goa, a third race of this species, the Indian Red-tailed (*L. cristatus cristatus*), was seen,.

The same day, Sept. 27th, Mr. Allison reported two Shearwaters, a Wagtail, an Egret heron and a Blue Wood Chat or Pallas' Blue Robin (*Larvivora cyane cyane*), which had also been seen off the China coast. On the 28th he listed again the Red-bellied Blue Rock Thrush, three House Swallows and about 20 Sandpipers. He identified the Gray Sandpiper (*Heteroscelus incanus brevipes*), the Common Sandpiper (*Actitis hypoleucos*), Red-backed Sandpipers (perhaps *Pelidna alpina saghalina*). These shorebirds are all common in N.E. China and were now leaving there for the south. The day's list also had a Wagtail, a White Egret and some species of thrush, (*Turdus*). Mr. Allison also reported a Peregrine Falcon on board that preyed on the small birds as they flew away from their refuge in the lifeboats on the ship. We also saw a Little Bittern that was probably *Ixobrychus sinensis*, the most familiar one to us in China; but it might have been the Von Schrenck's, (*Ixobrychus eurhythmus*) or else the Chestnut Bittern, (*I. connamoneus*). This last came out of a low lying cloud, circled our ship once or twice close down and then mounted again into the clouds with its flapping flight, and continued its way southward.

## c. The Mekong Delta

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<sup>1</sup> S.F. LaTouche, *A Handbook of Birds of Eastern China*.

We anchored in the delta of the great Mekong River all morning of the 29th, under shelter of great wooded island hills. Here we listed one Black Drongo (*Dicrurus cathoeca ater*), a House Swallow, a Sandpiper; and a few Terns were fishing in the fresh water of the river. Our ship followed the tide up the river for three hours, at first between swamps of mango trees, then among newly cleared fields with patches of rice and green meadows and many water buffaloes. These latter were accompanied by small White Egret herons, which we called Cattle Egrets, not by seeing their orange plumes and tints on mantle, (probably already shed, so late in the season), but by the fact of their feeding in close company with the cattle. We do not know whether the Little Egret ever does this.

In the rice fields and meadows there also seemed to be larger Egrets but we did not venture to name them. As for the smaller Egrets, a third possibility is their being Swinhoe's Egret (*Hemigarzetta eulophotes*), a southernly species recently discovered for the first time at Peitaiho, (by G.D.W.) but common below the Yangtze. A journey in spring and summer with aid of gun and binoculars would be necessary to determine the naming of these various white herons. The Blue Reef Heron; a dark bird, was distinctly seen by Mr. Allison here on the Mekong, confirming his belief that he had seen another near Luzon, Philippine Islands.

Someone in the party saw the Black-eared kite (*Milvus melanotis lineatus*), and all of us were impressed with the sight for the first time of a pair of beautiful Brahminy Kites, (*Milvus indicus*). They came out of the thick dwarfed mango trees close beside the ship, displaying the pure white head and bright brick-red mantle of the male and the larger size and duller coloring of the female. Though the first we had ever seen, they were unmistakable from their reputation as the handsomest of all the kites, if not of all the birds of prey. The Govinda Kite (*Milvaster govinda*), was also identified by Mr. Allison. These kites are said to be found in all the harbors of India and we found them at Goa, the only Indian port we entered.

"A kind of wattled Lapwing" was reported by Mr. Allison, which in China we would unhesitatingly call the Gray-headed Lapwing (*Microsarcopa cinereus*) for we have found it breeding in Mongolia and as far south as hills north of Nanking, where we saw them on our way from interment camp in Weihsien to take the ship at Shanghai for this journey. This is also the proper bird for this region in winter.

The Chinese Bengal Kingfisher (*Alcedo atthis bengalensis*), and the Ruddy Kingfisher (*Halcyon smyrnensis*) were seen here as well as later near Singapore, and the latter also at Goa. The Black-capped (*Halcyon pileatus*) was also seen at Singapore, but not elsewhere. Of these three, the Bengal and the Black-capped nest all through North China, the Ruddy Kingfisher only in South China. The Crested Mynal makes up the rest of our list for the Mekong river below Saigon. It was also seen at the anchorage below Singapore.

#### **d. Straits of Malacca, off Singapore**

There were only a half dozen species met with, for the first time, in the straits of Malacca, where we were anchored for two days in distant sight of Singapore. While still at sea a Pochard or small duck of the genus *Nyroca* (White-eye) was seen by Mr. Allison. Reference to "The Ducks of India" indicates that this was probably *Nyroca ferina ferinoides*. As we were leaving the Singapore anchorage to sail between Java and Sumatra we saw the Kingfishers mentioned above and a new bird in the White-necked Skimmer (*Rhynchops albicollis*). The two Willow Warblers, perhaps *superciliosis* and *borealis*, and the Green-headed Wagtail seen here may well have been already in their winter home. Mr. Allison reports also a Ring Plover which might have been, as he thought, the Long-billed *Aegialites placidus*, or *A. Dubius*, or even *A. alexandrinus*.

### **3. Singapore to Goa (Oct. 4 – 21)**

#### **a. The Eastern Indian Ocean**

The evening of October 6th we passed by the fires of Krakatoa, as a ruddy point of glow in the starboard horizon. We threaded our way through the mine-fields in the glassy smoothness of the broad Sunda Straits, between Java and Sumatara, under guidance of a small Japanese gunboat. When it turned back we met for the first time the ground-swell of the real Indian Ocean and also knew that we had passed beyond Japanese-occupied territory at last!

We saw our first Frigate-birds at about 9 a.m. the next day — three of them high in the clouds, displaying their splendid 7-foot span of wings and deeply forked black tails against the sky. We were 200 to 300 miles north of Christmas Island where the Frigate-

bird nests in February and well within its given range of "East Indian Ocean." So we enter it on our list as the Christmas Island Frigate-bird (*Fregata andrewsi*), though the possibility exists that it was the Greater Frigate-bird (*Fregata minor*) or Lesser Frigate-bird (*Fregata ariel*), also found in "Tropical Indian Ocean." Without binoculars we could not be sure of the characteristic white markings as seen from below, but we could see that there were white markings.

The next day, October 8th, about 400 miles further west, we met our first Albatross, a solitary bird, mature, white below with black wing-tips like the Short-tailed Albatross, (*D. albatrus*), confined to the North Pacific and China coast and taken once in the mouth of the Yellow River. On consulting "The Birds of the Ocean" we call it tentatively the Shy Albatross (*Diomedea cauta cauta*), as locality and coloration agree with the book. It is said not to follow ships, and hence its name. This one was true to that habit, for we did not see it again nor any more of the family until three weeks later at 20 degrees S. Lat. in the West Indian Ocean.

The same day, October 8th in the Eastern Indian Ocean, we made the acquaintance of the Tropic Bird, called by sailors "Bos'n Bird" because it appears to carry a marlin-spike in its tail, referring to the central pair of rectrices, which are 18 inches long, the mid-rib strong, tapering to a needle point. There are three species in the family, two of them found in these waters of the Indian and Atlantic oceans. We identified one definitely, the White-tailed Tropic Bird (*Phaethon lepturus*, probably *fulvus*, the N. Atlantic race being *catesbyi*). It is nearly all white, the young having black crescents on the back and the adult having broad black wing-bars. Both sexes grow the long tail streamer in the second year. The other one, the Red-billed Tropic Bird, we did not identify. It is characteristic of these birds to fly high and we scarcely ever saw them lower than the middle of the masts. Small parties came several times to fly through the brilliant lights of our ship, constantly screaming to each other, their silky white plumage gleaming against the black night sky. The Red-tailed Tropic Bird of the South Pacific is easily known by its red tail streamers, only 1/2 inch wide at the base, the mid-rib stiff and tapering to a fine point. These are plucked from the gentle sitting bird by the natives and used as ornaments. These are well called "Tropic Birds." We crossed the equator four times and saw the birds well within the tropics, 8 deg. S. in the East and 20 deg. S. in the West Indian Ocean and 10 deg. N in the Atlantic being the limits from the Equator (except for a solitary bird recorded Nov. 1st at about 34 deg. S.).

The Kestrel that perched on the collar of the mast as we approached Goa did not give us a good view of its mantle but it seemed to be plain dark red without any black checkering, such as in the European and Japanese Kestrel. So we called it the Lesser Kestrel (*Falco naumanni Pekinensis*), rare in North China but common in India.

The two Shearwaters reported by Mr. Allison must have been near the western limit for the species, and here he also met the Gannets for the first time on the voyage, seen again only at a bird island off South Africa.



## AMERICANS ARRIVE AT EXCHANGE PORT

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Teia Maru Docks at Mormugao  
cMost Passengers Appear  
to Be in Good Health  
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MORMUGAO, Portugese India, Oct. 15 (AP) C Japanese exchange ship Teia Maru brought 1,500 American, Canadian and Latin-American civilians into this jungle-clad port today to be traded in barter system for Japanese nationals expected to arrive here tomorrow on the Swedish ship Gripsholm.

With few exceptions the Teia Maru's passengers appeared in excellent physical condition and reasonably well-clothed, consider-ing their twenty-one months' internment in Japanese-controlled territory.

The gray steamer, marked with a half dozen white crosses on each side, steamed into the harbor exactly on schedule. The entire wharf in the harbor had been cleared of ships. Special consign-ments of Portugese military and police patrolled a fenced area on the waterfront through which no unauthorized persons were allowed to go.

The ship first anchored a mile from the docks in the open harbor before the pilot went aboard to bring her in.

The repatriates will remain on board until the Japanese unload a 500-ton cargo and reload. Then, after the essential formalities are carried out by the captain of the port, the Swedish Consul will take charge of them.

The Teia Maru carried 1,236 Americans, 221 Canadians and forty Latin-Americans. Included were scores of children, women and men who had spent a large part of their lives in the Orient.

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## GRIPSHOLM LANDS AT EXCHANGE PORT

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Swedish Liner with Japanese  
is at Mormugao for Transfer  
of 1,500 on the Teia Maru  
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### SHIFT MAY TAKE A WEEK

MORMUGAO, Portugese India, Oct. 16 (AP) C The Swedish exchange ship Gripsholm, carrying Japanese from the Americas, arrived here today to repatriate 1,500 United States citizens, Latin Americans and Canadians who reached this port yesterday on the Japanese liner Teia Maru. The transfer of the repatriated persons is expected to take about a week.

A limited number of passengers were allowed by the Japanese officers to come ashore to the restricted fifty-foot zone around the gangplank to meet friends or to stretch their legs. A Japanese official stood at the head of the gangplank saying "yes" or "no" to the passengers, depending on the case they put up to come ashore. A favored few were permitted to be guests of the consuls ashore.

A special craving for fruit was shown by those who had lived in the Philippines, where fruit is plentiful. Fruit abounds on Mormugao, especially bananas, limes and guavas.

The heat bore down considerably on the passengers, but they were buoyed up by the prospect that the transfer to the Gripsholm would begin late in the afternoon or early tomorrow.

So far, the only direct contact with the passengers has been by consular agents. Correspondents will not be permitted to obtain personal stories until the repatriates have been transferred to the Swedish liner Gripsholm

and the Gripsholm reaches Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope.

The Teia Maru carries nearly three times as many passengers as her one-time owners, the French Messageries Maritimes, conceived could be accommodated in the first and second class cabins, but the passengers have taken their overcrowding in good spirit.

Committees have been organized to conduct school for the children, to supervise exercise on the crowded decks, which one passenger said reminded him of Coney Island on a summer Sunday, and to assist the Swiss delegate, Hans Abegg, in looking after the ship's company.

The passengers include 492 Protestant missionaries, represent-ing thirty-five denominations. There are three university groups and 162 Roman Catholics, representing twelve orders of nuns and eighteen orders of priests.

Tall tales of experiences in prison camps have gone the rounds. Each seemingly sought to out-boast the other on the amount of weight he had lost during incarceration. Eventually the talk drifts around to food — the great rich mounds of American food they are going to eat soon.

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# Gripsholm Passenger List of Interest to Ypsilanti

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The ship Gripsholm, on its second voyage repatriating Americans who have been marooned in China and the Far East by the war, is of special interest to Ypsilantians, as the Japanese ship on which the Americans, mostly missionaries, had started, has reached the port of Mormugao, Portuguese India, where the passengers, are being transferred to the Gripsholm. Among the passengers are Dr. and Mrs. George Wilder, parents of Mrs. Leonard Menzi, who are retired missionaries. They spent some time in America after the Sino-Japanese war started, but returned to China several years ago. They expect to visit their other children in the East before coming to Ypsilanti, where they visited before going back to China.

The Gripsholm carried Japanese nationals to Mormugao to be transferred to the Japanese ship Teia Maru in return for 1,236 Americans, 221 Canadians and 40 Latin Americans who have been interned by the Japanese.

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## **Mormugao, Portuguese India C**

Oct. 18 (UP) C More than 1,200 American repatriates, thinned and subdued by long months in Japanese prison camps, today awaited transfer to an exchange steamer that will return them to the United States before Christmas.

The Americans, along with about 300 Canadians and Latin-Americans, enjoyed the limited freedom of the dockside area, passing within arm's length of crowds of Japanese nationals with whom they are to be exchanged.

The physical transfer of the Allied citizens from the Teia Maru to the Swedish exchange ship Gripsholm was postponed from today until tomorrow, and in the interim the repatriates from both sides were permitted the liberty of the dock area.

It was understood that the Gripsholm would sail for the United States on or about Oct. 21, arriving home in about 45 days.

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## b. Goa (October 11 – 22)

Before we docked at Mormugao, Goa, Portuguese India (15 deg. N. Lat.), a great community of 100 or more Indian House Crows (*Corvus splendens*) met us in the harbor, which they dominated ornithologically. Soon the three kinds of Kites made their appearance and each afternoon there came a company of white-rumped birds, either Swifts or Martins, too small for the large *Micropus pacificus*, so we guessed them to be the Indian Swift (*Micropus affinis*). They seemed to live in the ancient stone fort that crowned the hill near the wharf overlooking the harbor, which was also the rendezvous of the Kites. These made up the regular daily bird life that amused us, confined most of the time to the ship's deck, first on the Teia for three days and then on the Gripsholm. The Kites and the House Crows competed as they battened on the garbage of the harbor, chasing each other and robbing each other of choice morsels. The Crows would perch in rows on the ship's cables, watching for an opportunity to rob.

The only small land birds that we could see from the decks of the ship, besides the Swifts that hovered over us, were English Sparrows (*Passer domesticus*), hunting food among the wharves and warehouses. They are the same little tramps that we have in the States and behaving like them, probably introduced in India as they were in South Africa; and not the same as those in North China which take the same place in the economy of nature. We call them English Sparrows there and the Chinese call them House Sparrows, but they are really *Passer montanus saturatus* and have a distinctive black spot on each cheek.

When allowed off, occasionally, to the foot of the hill 150 yards away, we had a chance to note the small birds in the trees and underbrush of the hillside. Among bird friends known in China were a species of Titmouse, probably *Parus major*, a White Wagtail, possibly *Motacilla alba baicalensis* seen by DeVol; a Bulbul of some species, and also the Crested Bulbul (*Otocompsa ineria*), known to Gressett at Canton. From the lower twigs of a banyan tree he showed his fine crest like that of a Waxwing, with brilliant coloring, intense black head, snow white below, with a black necklace enclosing rich brown, red cheeks and vent of the same. Finally the Indian Shrike (*L. cristatus cristatus*) was noticed; he passes through North China to Siberia to nest and spends the winter here. We were glad to see him. So, too, with the Willow Warblers that have no adequate marks for field identification — Middendorff's, Arctic, and Yellow-browed. We saw at least one and may have seen all of them.

There were also less frequent large visitors to the harbor. A single Osprey was seen; according to range it was probably the European rather than the Australian (*P. leucocephalus*), which has a whiter head. This we noticed in this specimen; but the range is given as North to the Australo-Malayan Islands, hardly reaching to Goa, yet possible. Where Terns and Crows were fishing, the Osprey would drop down into the motley crowd at the surface of the water and take what he wanted as they scattered, and then fly away unconcernedly. Among the crowd, a Caspian Tern was seen twice and a solitary large-sized gull, probably *Larus argentatus affinis*, drifted by a few times. The House Crows dominated the harbor, however, by sheer force of numbers; as the Black-backed Gulls did at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, driving the Kites away, though sometimes a Crow, separated from his flock, would be chased by the Kites to get a morsel of food he might have.

We were kept closely on board for a day or two because some "jail-bird" attempted to escape from the brig in which they were caged; also because of a brush between some drunks and the Portuguese police-guards. But on a final visit to the hillside we saw a "Silver-eye" after noticing its "lost-chick" single note. Two of the party who succeeded in getting out-of-bounds along the shore reported seeing two kinds of Weaver Birds at work on their nests, a rare sight for northerners.

Mr. Gressett pointed out to us a most interesting insectivore. It looked like a very slender gray squirrel a foot long but more than half bushy tail; but it was feeding on insects among the slender twigs of the large trees, some of which were banyans.

# Repatriated Prisoners of Japs Are Like Fugitives From a Ghost World

By A. T. STEELE  
and GWEN DEW

(Copyright by The Detroit News  
and the Chicago Daily News)

MORMAGAO, Portugese India, Oct 22. C I think I know now what it is to talk with ghosts. For several days I have been meeting and conversing with repatriated Americans from the Far East — many of them old friends from prewar days — and it's the most unreal experience I've ever had.

It is hard to believe that these are the same hale fellows who once sat comfortably behind polished desks in Shanghai offices and who used to hoist drinks and discuss world problems over the bar of Shanghai's American Club.

Some have come through their long months of confinement unaffected, but most are changed men. Many are quiet, almost meek in their manner.

## BOUNTIFUL TABLE SET

Missionaries are, if anything, more God-fearing than before. Prayer services and hymn-singing were among the commonest features of social life aboard the Japanese ship Teia Maru while en route here with its cargo of 1,500 Americans, Canadians, Britons and Latin Americans being repatriated in an exchange agreement with the United States.

I shall never forget the sight aboard the Gripsholm when stewards passed along the decks with platters piled high with roast turkeys, chicken, garnished vegetables and other delicacies,

and spread them out in a massive array for a buffet luncheon.

## REFUGEES SING THANKS

The buzz of conversation among the passengers halted as the waiters went by, and all eyes turned to the heaping trays. There were exclamations and spasmodic cheers. A crowd of refugees gathered around the heavily-laded table and stood gazing at it a long time with respectful admiration.

Then a missionary in the group began singing, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." And those who joined lustily in song were not all missionaries. Repatriates fell naturally into line and patiently awaited their turn at table. There was amiable good cheer everywhere on the Gripsholm as the repatriates came aboard to renew contact with the old, free world from which they had been separated ever since the Pearl Harbor attack

## "LIKE A DREAM"

"Sort of like a dream, isn't it?" said one of them to me after stowing away smorgasbord for lunch, a turkey repast for dinner, and a glass of Scotch and soda.

I don't know how many of the repatriates have come up to correspondents and asked them for the "latest news." By latest news, they mean news of the last few months for, since Pearl Harbor, the internees had heard almost no world news.

## DESCRIBES JEWS PLIGHT

Rev. August H. Reinhard of Los Angeles, who has been in China 27 years and was imprisoned in Shanghai, spoke of the plight of the Jews of that city.

"For years they have been coming from Austria and Germany to the Far East," he said. AThey established good businesses, making shoes, hand bags, clothes. They began to buy apartments and stores and were prospering.

"The Japs have moved them all out of the International Settlement into the native quarters of Hongkew, and since they have no means of making a living their situation faces towards famine and fear."

## INTERNEES DO WORK

In Weihsien Camp, in Northern China, the internees did all their own work. When they arrived it was in terrible condition, had been bombed, and was filled with debris. It had been a former mission compound. The prisoners cleaned it up, established a hospital, dug wells and cess pools.

The Japs had not made any arrangements for a hospital, but they were so proud of the fine one the Americans created out of rubble that they took many pictures of it, which they sent all over the world as propaganda showing how well they were treating the prisoners.

In the camp was an exchange shop started for barter purposes called "The White Elephant's Bell" after Helen Burton's Camel's Bell Shop in Peking. Here a fur coat was exchanged for a can of jam, for instance, which shows the change of values one undergoes in a prison camp. After months of almost no sugar, the craving for something sweet

becomes so great that almost anything would be given to attain some.

### **A FRIGHTENING JOURNEY**

Helen Burton herself was for many long months a prisoner in Weihsien Camp where food was scarce and warmth unknown.

She, along with the rest from this camp, had a frightening journey from the camp to Shanghai for embarkation. Five sandwiches and tea was all the Japanese gave the repatriates for a four-day journey in third-class carriages. The Chinese guerillas tried to derail the train. There were bombs in the station in Shanghai.

It will take some weeks for the repatriates to regain their health and weight and to catch up with world events and readjust themselves to their old ways of life. Their six weeks on the Gripsholm en route home should make a world of difference.

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## MOTORSHIP GRIPSHOLM

Oct. 28, '43  
M.S. Gripsholm,  
East of Madagascar.

Dear Ted, Rinnie, et. al.

What a happy day it was when we left Goa and our mail was given to us! Evidently our letters via Chungking and the Red Cross of the last months have not reached you. Meanwhile we have had only one, from you Ted, before we left the Language School (Mar. 26, '43), the only and the last word that came to us from the USA, received about Nov. '42. It is a joy to get news of each one of you. Ursula told us about Teddy, but the important words were blacked out, so we are not much wiser than we were.

Camp food was not what it might have been and George and I both lost weight, he dropping to 140 lbs and I to 97. We didn't gain any weight on the Japanese boat, the Teia Maru to Goa, but should do so on the good fare we are now having. Our Chinese friends loaded us down with dried fruits, parched soy bean flour, sugar, honey, etc. before we left for Weihsien and those things helped a lot until our stock was exhausted. On the whole our camp life was not too bad - due in part to our own organization and to the wonderful way in which nearly everyone took hold and did his or her bit. I only hope that things will not worsen as time goes on, for those who are left.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Internees who remained report that camp conditions did deteriorate significantly after 1943. See Langton Gilkey, *Shantung Compound*.

It was a great disappointment that John, Mary, and beautiful little Charlie could not come with us but their age and Mary's nationality made it entirely out of the question. I hope they can keep warm; John manages better than most to keep the little stove going, and they should be getting Red Cross packages now. Charlie easily ranks first in a camp full of cute attractive children. He was walking when we left, at 13 months.

Glory be! The time is drawing nearer every day, and we thank God for that and for all His care.

With love unmeasurable.

Mother, & Grandma W.



## MOTORSHIP GRIPSHOLM

Nov. 1, 1943  
M.S. Gripsholm

My dears — Margaret, Len Gertrude, Betty, George, & Donny

How happy we were to get the letters that were given to us after we left Goa! We had hoped that the distributing of mail would take place at once, but we had to wait until the Gripsholm was out at sea before we were told to form in line and claim our own. Our news was all good news, with the exception of the word of Isabelle Linderman's death. Of course, Len's illness in the winter wasn't good news, but he was well when you wrote and I hope has stayed so. Is there no cure for his trouble?

I shall not go into much detail in this short letter, but save the details for the time when we can talk to our hearts' content. Our trip has been a long one and the first part of it was pretty hard and tiresome. There is the greatest contrast between this good ship and the one we left with no regrets at Mormugao. We have cabins across the passage from each other. I am with two other old ladies and George with two other old gents. All very pleasant and convenient. The exchange was made very easily — we leaving our ship by one gangway while the Japs came on by another, and doing the same off and on the Gripsholm. Our routes on shore were well removed from each other, too. There was an "incident" during the night before but none on the day of exchange.

We have had good weather all the way and have seen parts of the world that we never expected to see. The trip up the Mekong River was one of the high spots and we are looking for more high spots as we go along, but the highest spot of all will come when we see you and the rest of our dear ones. Perhaps it is just as well that we shall not see you all at once, but shall have the joy drawn out a bit. We shall have to do some planning after we arrive for we have not decided about our future, but there is no great hurry. If Ted is there to meet us we shall probably make our first visit there. He says that he and Rinnie will be on the dock. Your letters did us a world of good. How good it is going to be to see you all again and talk of all that has happened.

With heaps of love to you all,

Mother and Grandma

## II. FROM GOA TO RIO DE JANEIRO (Oct. 22 – Nov. 15)

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>REPATRIATES SAIL ABOARD GRIPSHOLM</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Exchange Liner Due in New York Dec. 2, After Stop in South Africa and Brazil</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>SOME ON VESSEL ARE ILL</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Unidentified Minister Dies Be- fore Sailing c Few See the Swedish Ship Off</p> <p style="text-align: center;">-----</p> <p>Special to The New York Times WASHINGTON, Oct. 22cThe chartered motorship Gripsholm, with 1,236 American repatriates aboard from Japan and Japanese- held regions in the Far East, sailed from Mormugao, Portuguese India, today and is due in New York on Dec. 2, the State Department announced today.</p> <p>The vessel will stop at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, from Nov. 2 to 4, and at Rio De Janeiro from Nov. 14 to 16.</p> <p>A few cases of illness have been reported among the repatriates, the State Department said, but there is a complete medical department on the ship that is "fully equipped to care for all actual and possible needs of the passengers." The next of kin of the sick persons have been notified. This practice will be followed in event of more cases of illness.</p>	<p>MORMUGAO, Portuguese India, Oct. 22 (AP) c The American- bound exchange ship Gripsholm pulled away from shore at 8 A. M. today with approximately 1,500 repatriates eager to get far away from Japan.</p> <p>The Gripsholm's departure fol- lowed by one day the sailing of the Japanese exchange ship Teia Maru, which left for Japan yesterday.</p> <p>The Gripsholm left, on the morning high tide to avoid grounding in the shallow part of the harbor, which is filled in places with a centuries old accumulation of mud washed down by the Monsoon rains.</p> <p>The liner, nearly 600 feet long, occupied two-thirds of the length of the basin where it had been dredged out to safer depths.</p> <p>There was no band or cheering as the Gripsholm sailed. A half- dozen correspondents, a handful of diplomats and a few longshoremen lined the shore to see her pull out.</p> <p>One of the 1,503 repatriates who arrived here on the Teia Maru a 58-year-old Presbyterian mission- ary died aboard the Gripsholm thirty-six hours before she sailed.</p> <p>The missionary, whose name was withheld, had been ill for a long time. He had had two strokes previously and suffered a third while the ship lay in port here.</p>
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## A. The Western Indian Ocean (Oct. 22 – Nov. 1)

Leaving Goa (15 deg. N.) on October 22nd, we saw nothing for 1,000 miles until about the 25th, the day we crossed "the Line" for our third time, when someone saw a large white bird in the distance, possibly a Tropic Bird or Caspian Tern. Mr. Allison had identified one indeed, then the next day one persistent and keen-eyed lady also reported "nothing" but one bird, flapping like a bat but twice as large and white underneath. On the 27th, 200 or more miles East of the northeast tip of Madagascar, nothing was seen all day. But on the 28th, when about 20 deg. S. Lat., 2,000 miles from Goa, a wader like a Redshank's (which it might have been) — "light gray speckled, with much white on rump and secondaries" — flew past the ship, and Mr. E. K. Smith was quite sure he saw a Tropic Bird. Then came another day, the 29th, with no record except five or six Tropic Birds fluttering about our higher lights at night and calling loudly to each other. We were still going south, crossing the Tropic of Capricorn, past the island of Madagascar but far out of sight of land, and on the 30th, when roughly 30 deg. S. Latitude, turning west to round the big island, we then began to see the birds of the Ocean again. The first were two Albatrosses that began to follow our ship, perhaps the Yellow-nosed, which ranges north from about 30 deg. S. lat. and haunts the track of ships, but not the Gray-headed, the Larger or Wandering Albatross that rarely goes north of 40 deg. South latitude.

November 1st at 3:00 a.m. a Tropic Bird, showing plainly the long white tail feathers, flashed through our lights at the mast-head while we were star-gazing to see the Southern Cross and Orion standing on his head. At 10 a.m. appeared two white Albatrosses, 3 2 feet long and 11 feet in extent of wing; with yellow bill, now identified as the adult Wandering Albatross (*D. exulans*); also three dark Petrels with no white visible underneath at 100 yards, and one white-bellied, half as large as the Albatross, perhaps *Sula leucogastis peolus*. These birds stayed with us and more gathered as we skirted the African south coast's sloping, sand-duned shore, until on November 2nd we had a throng of several species that kept all bird-watchers on deck all afternoon. We managed later to name some of them with the help of "Alexander's Birds of the Ocean," loaned for the rest of the voyage by Mr. F. H. Holland of Port Elizabeth's hospitable Reception Committee. There were about a dozen Wandering Albatrosses in various plumage, about 50 dark Shearwaters with white bill called Cape Hens (*Procellaria alquinoctialis*), 20 Cape Pigeons, easily distinguishable by a brown and white checkered back between white nuchurines (?) and black tips, white belly and black head and throat; and finally 20 Southern Black-backed Gulls. The Cape Pigeon is well named, as

its size — 13 inches long — and appearance in flight is more like a pigeon than any other of these sea birds. As seen from above its checkered back and wing covers, bordered by black head, wing and tail tips with one or two large white areas on each mid-wing, make it unmistakable — the Cape Dove, (*Adamadox cinereus*).

A fine addition to this scene, over the taff-rail at the stern of our ship, was the occasional flock of white Gannets that, quite indifferent to the ship, crossed our course. They fly in straight lines, one behind the other, from three to thirty in a flock. They flew close to the surface of the water so that their straight lines frequently curved without breaking as they hugged the swells of the ocean. The dark blue sea with white-caps raised by a fresh breeze made a perfect and intriguing background for the pure white lines of birds. One of our number, Mr. DeVol, saw an evolutionary characteristic of the Gannet. A large flock rose from the water higher than our ship's decks (60 feet), scattered and each one dove head-first into the sea, where it is said to pursue fish and has been taken in nets 90 feet down. No other bird is known to dive from the air in this way. The Osprey comes down from greater heights, but feet first. Mr. F. H. Holland told us that there is a bird island not far from the port and that these gannets were probably returning home from their day's fishing at sea.

### ***Gripsholm in South Africa With Exchanged Americans***

By The Associated Press

PORT ELIZABETH, South Africa, Nov. 2. C The Swedish liner Gripsholm, carrying 1,500 repatriated Americans from the Far East, arrived off the harbor tonight from Mormugao, Portuguese India, where the exchange of nationals from Japan and the Americas took place.

Most of the repatriates are returning to the United States. The exchange took place Oct. 19. The Americans were brought from Japanese-controlled territory to Mormugao on the Japanese liner Teia Maru.

The white-painted mercy ship steamed into Algoa Bay with her lights ablaze. She anchored less than two miles from the harbor and will dock tomorrow at dawn.

### **B. Port Elizabeth (Nov. 2 – 4)**

Only the gulls of the motley throng followed us into the harbor. There they dominate the scene more completely than did the Harbor Crows at Goa, to the exclusion of all other birds. The 20 gulls that met us at sea grew to a hundred in the harbor.

In the town, a city of 44,000, there is a good museum of South African birds and animals. Its specialty however is live snakes, which produce venom for the cure of snake bite in the region. The most hospitable inhabitants had a Reception Committee at the great Feather Market Hall for all on the Gripsholm. At our request a bird man was

found, Mr. F. H. Holland, who showed us the highlights of the Museum, calling attention to some of the marvels of South African birds. When he heard that we had looked in vain for a copy of Alexander's "Birds of the Ocean" in the Library and the bookstores, he kindly offered us the use of his copy for the rest of the voyage. He also introduced us to a fine work on the "Birds of South Africa" by Dr. Roberts, who had lived there for 40 years, a time none too much to list all the birds in this teeming country. The museum was well kept but rather old in its binomial labeling of the mounted specimens.

Those of our number who scattered out along the beach and to the wooded sections of the region added 18 land birds to our list — numbers 82 to 99. We need not enumerate them here.

After two days in this interesting and hospitable city we sailed to the southwest. Port Elizabeth is about 34 deg. South latitude. Our orders to keep 200 miles from land required our ship to go 3 degrees, (210 miles), further south. Lord Macartney, sailing from Rio in 1792 on his famous mission to China, touched at Isle d'Acunha, whence he had to go still further South to 40 deg. S. Lat. to avoid the shoals at 38 deg. S. So it is likely that like him, we went at least to 38 deg. and perhaps to 40 deg. S. We were purposely kept in ignorance of the daily runs and exact positions of the ship.

The account of Lord Macartney's Embassy to China is of special interest to any who traverse these waters. He set out from England on Sept. 26, 1792, the same season that we did, and followed our route in reverse order from eastern South American waters to Rio, across the South Atlantic to the southwestern Indian Ocean, where his route diverged to the South Indian Ocean — ours to the north of the Equator. Our course was again similar to his from the Sunda Straits on, north-eastward. They saw the same birds that we did, plus Penguins, some more southerly species of Albatross and Petrel, as they kept along the 40th parallel south of the Cape of Good Hope. They mention the Tropic Birds, remarkable for high flight and long slender tails, Albatrosses, the Common Tern and other birds, fish and whales as seen every day in the southern waters, whereas we saw no whales until near Rio and in the North Atlantic, where whales were seen only two or three times from the decks of the Gripsholm off Bermuda. Macartney speaks, too, of seeing flying fish caught by sea birds, something which we did not notice. But a large flying-fish flew on board and was stored out of our sight in the refrigerator.

## MOTORSHIP GRIPSHOLM

Nov. 3, '43  
Port Elizabeth, (S. Africa)

Dear Theodore.

We have lined up and got our 8 pounds spending money ( \$4.03/pound) and are waiting for our landing permits - a queue 50 yards long. So I turn to answering some of our 20 letters received at Goa, (or Mormugao). You certainly did well in getting word to our folks. The very bundle, still unopened, brought tears to our eyes! Our last home letters had been dated about two years before, except one of yours of April 18, '41, received the next August and quite likely never effectively answered by us.

No, John did not get on the list. They have hopes of getting on the next boat. A number of Canadians are on board here.

You probably are informed that American Board people will stop at the Prince George Hotel as "Headquarters" for a few days on arrival in N.Y. It is at 14 East 28th St., probably near pier, as Fairchild informs us.

It was good of you to think of sending a parcel for use on the voyage. But we have been so well outfitted that we have not applied for our Red Cross comfort packages or the shirts, shoes, soap, razor blades, etc. they have given out both in camp and on this ship. I am using razor blades that came from two of you — Ursula and Mar, I think — in letters before the war. I have an electric gadget that prolongs their life from about ten days to two months, sometimes.

Glad you received back, and could use, our Xmas packages of 1941.

Seas have been calm.

We shall be glad to go to you first or accept any plans you dear children may make.

Love, Dad.

P.S. Sunday, Nov. 14. We are nearing Rio and Look forward to two days there. Then the last lap.

### C. The South Atlantic (Nov. 4 – 15)

But to return to our journey. We left Port Elizabeth, South Africa, at 6 p.m., November 4th, escorted by the flock of 100 Black-backed Gulls. They gradually dropped off until diminished by half in numbers. Then a lonely albatross joined us about 8 p.m. At 8 a.m. the next morning the gulls had all disappeared and a dozen Albatrosses (*D. exulans*), had taken their place as escort. This number was soon increased to 20 in the afternoon. Half of them were in immature plumage, the most common form of this plumage having two large white spots in the middle of the wing above, surrounded with dark brown and wings tipped with black. Others showed a fine white cross — white surrounded by dark brown of head, tail and wings. Some that we could not distinguish from young *D. exulans* may have been Sooty Albatrosses, or Light-mantled Sooty Albatrosses, or Black-browed.

Besides these Albatrosses there were to be seen altogether on the 5th and several days following, a few Cape Pigeons (*Daption capensis*), five smaller Petrels, dark all over, and three White-faced Petrels (*Pelagodroma marina*). All these and other unnamed ocean birds continued with us until the 9th, when the numbers declined on the 10th to two Albatrosses and one large Brown Petrel. Nothing seen on the 11th except two whales at about 30 deg. S. Lat., but on the 12th one Albatross appeared again and then no more on the whole. There are none farther north in the Atlantic, though there are three kinds in the North Pacific.

We arrived at anchor outside Rio harbor. There, the friendly southern Black-backed Gulls took us up as at Port Elizabeth. They were numerous, but not too dominant. There was also a dark Petrel of some sort with a square tail, perhaps Wilson's.

There were other species in the south Atlantic, less common and less certainly identified, which we entered in our list as follows:

- #64 *Phorbetrie palpebrata*, "Mollyhawk," the Dutch name for all Albatrosses, or Light-mantled Sooty Albatrosses;
- #65 *Pterodroma incerta*, Schlegel's Brown Petrel, fairly established;
- #66 *Adamastor cinereus*, Brown or Great Gray Petrel;
- #67 *Procellaria auquinocialis*, Cape Hen or White-chinned Petrel;

- #68 *Puffinus Kuhl*, Mediterranean Shearwater, (later, in N. Atlantic, identified by a specimen in hand on ship, alive);
- #69 *Halobaena coerulea*, Blue Petrel;
- #72 *Pelagodroma marina*, White-faced Storm Petrel;
- #74 *Pelecanoides urinatrix dacunhae*, the d'Acunha Diving Petrel. One day when nearest the island of d'Acunha, Dr. Lewis saw from the bow of the ship twenty or thirty birds driven from the surface of the water by the ship, skimming along until of a sudden they would all disappear by diving. This is given as characteristic of the Diving Petrels and these were the right waters for this species.
- #76 *Pseudocarbo capensis*, being the most common Cormorant in the South American coast, we consider the one seen to be the Cape Cormorant rather than the larger Common Cormorant (*P. Carbo*) or Banks Cormorant, (*P. Neglectus*).



## RED CROSS TO RULE AT GRIPSHOLM PIER

### Will Act as Liaison for Kin of Repatriates, With All Visits to Shipline Barred

Special to The New York Times

**WASHINGTON, Nov. 13** The American Red Cross will represent all relief organizations at the pier in Jersey City when the exchange motorship Gripsholm arrives on Dec. 2 with repatriated Americans from the Far East, the State Department said today.

The Red Cross will give information to repatriates and deliver mail, telegrams, addresses, telephone numbers and other information as to where they can meet friends and relatives in New York.

Repatriates, the department said, should not expect to meet friends and relatives on the pier, as this will not be permitted by the authorities for security reasons. Relatives and friends have been advised to remain at their hotels, homes and other points of contact away from the pier, and to advise the Red Cross as to their exact location and telephone numbers in New York City.

Mail and telegrams for repatriates arriving on the Gripsholm should be addressed as follows:

Mr. John Doe, Gripsholm repatriate, care of New York Chapter, American Red Cross, 315 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y., or Mr. John Doe, Gripsholm repatriate, care of Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

**RIO DE JANEIRO, Nov. 13**  
(AP)

Members of the United States and Canadian colonies prepared a gala reception today for 1,261 North American and South American citizens due here Monday from Japanese internment camps on the Swedish exchange liner Gripsholm.

A two-day program of shopping, sightseeing and entertainment has been planned for the repatriates.

## MOTORSHIP GRIPSHOLM

Nov. 14, 1943  
Near Rio de Janeiro

Dear Mar. and all of you,

Mar's of the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August and Bette's of the next day came all right, but none by air to Murmagao, as Mar may have sent. But weren't we glad to get these and about 20 other letters the day after we left that place. They had been there on the ship all that week, but had to wait for the quiet of the ship, and the day and night work of American railway mail clerks at sorting them. These clerks were of our repatriate company.

Your wish for a quiet, restful voyage came true. So far we have had but one rough day, so that the ship rolled and pitched, amid wonderful whitecaps and spray-rainbows made in the troughs from the wind-blown spray over a dark blue sea under a brilliant sun. It has been one restful, healing sea voyage. Even that one windy day we two had no suggestion of seasickness.

We have traveled just two months now. The first four days and three successive nights in a packed 3rd-class railway car were strenuous, but all has been rest since.

We have written to all 8 places and hope the censors and the air will beat us to you.

We do hope and pray that Len's stomach ulcer is healed up again and will cause no more trouble. We long to see you all. So far we have told the immigration authorities that we stay in New York the minimum of time and then to Ted's as our "permanent" address, but that doesn't prevent our going on to Penn Yan and to you. We are ready to follow any plans you and the rest may make. I presume we shall go to Oberlin, sell the house and get a smaller one, or make it into a double, or settle somewhere else — as Durand suggests — perhaps get a nice house and garden in Penn Yan with him. But it is all undecided until we have made the rounds.

We never got your letter of last winter telling of Len's hemorrhage. Ted's of April 1942 is the only one since the war began. Glad Len can still enjoy the gardening, but he must be careful not to strain himself.

Betty tells us how beautiful and young her mother is in her tan dress, etc. Of course!! The athletic park work must have been interesting, healthful, and useful. To be useful is certainly our first great object in life. Did Gertrude find the Mellencamps store work interesting?

Love to you all

Father and Grandfather

## D. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (Nov. 16, 17)

### 1. Ocean and Harbor Birds

The morning of the 15th we entered the harbor from anchorage outside Rio in the midst of heavy fog in luminous banks that hid the sun soon after sunrise, but not its reflection in the glassy sea, at one spot almost indistinguishable from the sun itself. The ship passed between islands and the high "sugar loaf" hill tops, whose bases were lost in fog. While still outside the spacious harbor there appeared three large gulls in immature brown plumage like Herring Gulls, but one adult with them was an unmistakable Southern Black-backed Gull, and during the two days in Rio we saw many more that were obviously the same as those that dominated Port Elizabeth harbor, with white head and tail, black back and wing-tips. We saw no adult Herring Gulls and concluded that *Larus dominicanus* was the only gull in the harbor.

Several other birds seen that morning outside the harbor made this a high spot in the voyage. A bird like a Chinese Oyster-catcher — over a foot long, with black head, breast, wings and tail, brown back, and striking white wing-bars and white belly, with strong steady flapping flight — went higher than our decks several times around our ship, with constant piercing cries as though we were intruders on its nest. It disappeared in the mist and was not seen again. Several people on board asked us, "What is that bird that seems to have lost its mother?" From sight alone we were ready to call it an Oystercatcher, which we had seen only two or three times in China. We could not make out the red bill and legs of the Oystercatcher and we had never heard such a cry from any bird before, and knew not what strange bird might be in these unfamiliar waters. On consulting Bent's "Life Histories," I find that these strange cries of this bird *Haematopus palliatus* are well described. Bent says its notes of protest as it flies around some intruder on its breeding grounds are quite unlike any other bird notes; they sound like "wheep, wheep, whee-op" and are both vehement and penetrating. J.T. Nichols says it has a creaking note, "crik, crik, crik," used when it takes wing. A more striking cry, "cl-ear, cle-a-r," suggests the flight calls of the Willet and of the Black-bellied Plover. This makes the identification about as perfect as sight records in unfamiliar territory ever are. The American Oystercatcher (*Haematopus palliatus* or *H.H. Melanurus*), while it is a year-round resident in parts of its range, the northern birds from Alaska and Labrador migrate south, and it is found beyond Rio to Buenos Aires in the new world. In the old, the European form is found south to Mozambique.

Mr. Allison recorded two Black Oystercatchers at Port Elizabeth on November 4<sup>th</sup> — *H. Moquini*, according to Roberts. Black Oystercatchers are found in New Zealand as well as South Africa. I notice that Peters is inclined to treat them all, or at least the New Zealand bird, as a melanotic condition of the *H. palliatus*. Probably the Alaskan bird would also be so considered by some. Audubon and most naturalists have considered them separate species or sub-species.

The next startling appearance was that of two or three great, black Frigate-birds diving down from on high to hunt among the gulls that had settled for garbage in the wake of our slowly moving ship. We did not see them rob the gulls, as is their custom, perhaps because the gulls were after garbage that the robbers did not care for, but soon a pair came down close over us, exhibiting the white upper breast, flanks and sides of neck and black throat and face, given as definitive of the female Magnificent Frigate-bird (*Fregata magnificent*) — her mate being without the white — and this is within its range. The female's black throat, instead of grayish white, distinguishes it from the female Great Frigate-bird.

Soon two or three Jaegers or Skua Gulls came into the throng of garbage-hunters. They were not the Pomarine nor the Long-tailed Skua, with long slender tail but the Parasitic Jaeger or Arctic Skua, 17 inches long, distinctly smaller than the gulls but able to rob them. Soon another larger Chilean Skua (*Catharacta chilensis*), which showed the brighter cinnamon and chestnut of the upper parts and reddish cinnamon below, came and was seen chasing the gulls at times, showing its hunting predatory nature. Four small white waders, hugging the water in their flight might have been the same kind we saw at Luzon, *Crocillua alba*.

Before noon there were thousands of great black birds, alternately flapping and soaring high over us on their way to some feeding ground; the next day we saw these great black Vultures congregated by hundreds at the city garbage dump, sunning themselves on the fences and nearby on the ground in the sunny meadows. These proved to be the *Catharista atrata*. They mingled with the Frigate-birds, soaring high over the shallows of the harbor, the latter carrying their booty to the small conical islands off the shore at the country club. So low that we could see the bare, red skin-puffs at their throats, these made a fascinating study with binoculars (which we acquired here as a loan for the rest of the voyage), and formed a striking feature in the bird landscape in this wonderful Harbor.

## b. Land Birds of Rio

The writer and wife were taken to the hospitable home of Dr. Kerr, one of the staff for many years of the Rockefeller and Brazilian Government Institute for Yellow Fever Research. It did not take long to learn that he, too, is an enthusiastic bird student. He had made a collection of Brazilian land birds, of which there are said to be about 1,200 species, in the regular round of duty in his study of the means of spreading yellow fever. Birds are suspected, but no species is yet found guilty. He drove us to the Botanical Gardens and other bird haunts, letting us use his Zeiss 6-power binocular; and in his kind thoughtfulness suggested that we take it with us to use on the journey, returning it to him when he arrived by plane in New York a few days later than we did. This helped his limited baggage allowance and was unexpected good fortune for us, like that of getting "Birds of the Ocean" at Port Elizabeth. On our "List", #110 to #130 are mainly land birds seen during our stay ashore and need not be completely enumerated in this sketch. A few of special interest to us Northerners and the most common may be mentioned.

We saw several specimens of *Tyrannus sulphuratus* among the shade trees at the Country Club. Also called the Kingbird locally, it was similar to but larger than the Arkansas Kingbird with its fawn and yellow coloring, rather than like the black and white bird of our Eastern and Middle States. Another bird, on the lawns, was a Song Sparrow of some sort, (*Melospiza sp.* or *Tonotrichia*), but its color and habits reminded us still more of Tristram's Bunting in China with the seven distinct head and cheek stripes of black and of white. Skins seen in the Institute collection and again at the P.A.N.S. showed it is a cross, now held to belong to a monotypic genus pending comparison with species of the genera *Melospiza* and *Passarella*, to which it appears closely related. On the telephone wires were white-bellied Swallows, reminding us of the House Swallow in China and also darker-bellied ones, like the Barn Swallow in the U.S. (*H. erythrogastis*).

In the Botanical Gardens we saw Kingfishers, a large spotted one like our Himalayan in China, and another that reminded us of those we knew in the Middle States; a Thrush like our American Robin but probably *Merula rufiventris*; a Starling on the housetops, but we were not sure that it is the same as the one introduced to the States from Europe; the English Sparrow seemed to be the same as the one we have here (*Passer domesticus*), and that we saw in India, but it is not the one we call "English Sparrow" in China. That is *Passer montanus*, with a distinctive pea-sized or oval black spot on the cheek.

A few Tanagers, both male and female, were noted. The males were distinctly darker and richer red than those we remember in Ohio. Skin specimens seen at the Yellow-fever Research Institute confirmed the impression.

The "Buenos Aires Cow-bird" pointed out by Dr. Kerr on the hills, looked and acted like our own Cowbirds of the middle states, but when I asked him for a good book on the birds of Brazil so that I could discover which were identical with those of the States and which were another species or subspecies, he said there is none, nothing to compare with those written for the Philippine birds and for the birds of India or South Africa.

In our drive high on the Sugar Loaf hills we saw a martin with white rump like the House Martin of Europe, probably the same as two we had seen on a house in the city; also two swifts that made me start, thinking "this might be the long unknown winter quarters of our Common Chimney Swift." We also saw a large hawk, like a Redtail.

## JAPANESE WARNING GAGS REPATRIATES

### Gripsholm Passengers Say —Talk' Means Reprisals on Americans Left Behind

RIO DE JANEIRO, Nov. 16 (AP) C There is great fear among the repatriates aboard the exchange ship Gripsholm that some irresponsible person might say something that would get back to Japan by radio and cause the Japanese military police to visit reprisals upon the heads of thousands of internees we left behind in China, the Philippines, Japan and elsewhere.

These fears are based on definite warnings given by Japanese officials as the repatriates left the camps for embarkation. One warning came from A. Kodaki, Philippine chief of the Japanese External Affairs Department, and S. Kuroda, commander of the Santo Tomas camp at Manila.

Kodaki is a career diplomat who served many years in Britain and India and headed missions to Washington, Koruda, a major Japanese business man and head of a Japanese retail steel business before the war. Both were sympathetic and helpful and tried their level best to improve the lot of the internees.

Kuroda called attention to the possibility of reprisals against other internees in the event any repatriate sensationalized isolated incidents that Japanese authorities felt were exaggerated or untrue. Kodaki admitted that the Japanese made many mistakes in handling internees, but said they had tried to rectify them.

#### Addresses "Lucky Ones"

On the night of last Sept. 24 Kodaki appeared before the internees and made a speech. He spoke of the lucky ones going home and the less lucky remaining and hoped that the former would not forget those staying behind. He told the latter, "Be patient; wait your turn."

He hoped the day soon would come when all could say farewell to the camp.

Expressing sincere thanks for the cooperation of internees with his staff, he added:

"I can assure you our authorities concerned with your custody are always sincere in their desire to make your life as comfortable as possible. Indeed, they must often struggle to overcome difficulties for your sake under circumstances that are beyond their control. Fundamentally, the treatment of internees is a matter of reciprocity and swings as good news or bad news concerning the treatment of our people in your own countries reaches our high authorities."

Referring to the substitutions he made on the repatriation list, Kodaki said he selected the sick, aged and others who had rendered effective services to better mutual understanding between Japanese camp officials and internees. He asserted that prior to the war he had little understanding of American ways and had not accepted a diplomatic post in the United States because of our Exclusion Act.

He declared he had learned much about us in camp, was not now reluctant to take up a post in the United States and hoped to see us all again sometime.

#### Pootung Called "Worst" Camp

Approximately 850 men, including 154 Americans, in the Pootung internment camp at Shanghai are facing a harder lot every day," John Francis Harris of Panama City, Fla., said on the arrival here of the repatriate liner Gripsholm yesterday.

Mr. Harris was interned eight months at Pootung, where he served as assistant American liaison representative between the American prisoners and the Japanese authorities.

Pootungers "lack food, medicine and other essentials, and things are growing worse," he said.

Mr. Harris expressed belief that Pootung, with the exception of Hong Kong, was the worst camp in China primarily because "the Japanese don't seem to dare much about it."

"They apparently think that because it is composed entirely of

men, they can get along on less," he declared.

Mr. Harris is anticipating his first reunion in two years with his family.

"This war will be a long hard pull," he said. "Perhaps I represent a minority opinion, but I think the Japanese know they are going to get licked. Yet they are going to put up a stiff fight."

While at Pootung, which is across the Whangpoo River from Shanghai's famous Bund, Mr. Harris lived with eighty other men in one room of a warehouse that had been condemned three years previously. With virtually no equipment, the internees cleaned the ancient buildings, cleared the grounds of rubble and made the place as comfortable as possible.

"Everyone there now," he said "is hoping there will be another repatriation."<sup>3</sup>



### III. FROM RIO TO NEW YORK (Nov. 17 – Dec. 1)

Now to return to birds seen from ship deck. We sailed from Rio at sunset. The gigantic crucifix, 120 feet high on top of the lofty, smooth-faced Sugar Loaf Rock, was outlined dark against the sunset sky, with fleecy clouds drifting below it through the dark green ravines between the hills, here in deep shadow, there bright in the sunlight, it was even more impressive than the entrance to the harbor the day before, when the cross on high was lifted above the luminous clouds into bright light. We left the harbor birds behind on the evening of Nov. 16th. On the 17th the only record was of one bird in the distance. We took five days, November 16 to 21, sailing to the northeast, to cover the 23 degrees, (1,610 miles) to the Equator and saw only White-faced Stormy Petrels clearly enough to identify. On the 19th a half dozen were seen crossing our bows toward the mainland of South America, and on the 20th, in three hours watching, 16 more were seen, hunting the waves westward, not following our ship. The same evening several Black Petrels were skimming the waves to the east of us and one obligingly came to a few feet of the ship's side, below us and turned belly up so that we could see plainly the square tail and the belly only white, in sharp contrast to the black breast and tail, but we dared not name it anything but "White-bellied Petrel," practically sure that it was not *Fregatta grallaria (leucogaster)*. Later however, on the 22nd, we were able to see the latter bird, with distinctive white extending to under surface of wings as well as belly. These were the only birds seen until just north of the Equator. At noon on the 22nd there were about ten White-bellied Petrels, sometimes alight on the water, sometime showing cinnamon-brown, again appearing black above. At 8 p.m. on the 22nd, at about 5 deg. N. Lat., DeVol came in great eagerness to report a large white bird flying around the brilliant lights of the ship. I was in the bath and by the time I donned bathrobe and got on deck it had flown against the funnel and dropped to the deck and was caught by an officer, who took it onto the bridge. In a few minutes he brought it down and it proved to be a large Shearwater, 21 inches long, 4 feet in extent, dark above and white below except the edge of its wing, sooty-black cap, shading through gray to the white of the throat, no white rump; it bit at us with its sharp hooked bill, yellow with pale tip. On looking up Alexander, it proved to be the Mediterranean Shearwater, the largest one occurring in the Atlantic. It differs from the Greater Shearwater by its pale bill, (not black), darker crown (in the Mediterranean or in the Greater). The sailors were very careful of it; wanted to let it rest and would not bring it out a second time, saying they will "release it tomorrow" at 4:30. Like the Albatross,

#### Ship Sails For This Port

RIO DE JANEIRO, Nov. 16 (UP)  
C The Swedish liner Gripsholm taking homeward American and Canadian repatriates from Japan and Japanese-occupied territory sailed for New York at 5 P.M. today.

they say it cannot take wing from the deck. The next morning they had to help it launch off; when they put it on the rail it flopped back onto the deck where it was unable to take wing. Finally, however, with assistance, it flew away. On the evening of the 23rd DeVol found another, which he thought was the same species but said its bill was dark and not pale like the other, so it might have been a Greater Shearwater, which is also found in these waters and is distinguished by the dark bill. Another bird was caught that night and seen only by Bishop Craig. It was so small that the sailor held it in one hand, its head peeping out between thumb and forefinger, certainly under 8 inches long. We did not see it but supposed it was the smallest of the Storm Petrels or a genuine "Mother Carey's Chicken," the size of a swallow, 5 2 to 7 2 inches long. The one found in these waters is the British Storm Petrel (*Hydrobates pelagicus*.)

The morning of the 25th, Thanksgiving Day, the skies from 5 a.m. until sunrise held no birds, but we were treated to a magnificent display of Moon, Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn; and then the Sun rose in glory to obliterate them gradually. Seeing the North Star for the first time clearly and Orion standing upright as he should, instead of on his head, we denizens of the Northern Hemisphere began to feel more at home and that "God's in his heaven and all's right with the world."

No birds until noon when DeVol saw distinctly the white rump against dark back and forked tail of Leach's Storm Petrel and the officer said that three more of them had been picked up on deck and liberated. Late in the evening a sailor was seen with one of these birds in hand. On request of a friend he brought it to the table under a bright light in the smoking-room where I was at work on the bird list. I was able to take its measurements and compare it with a detailed description in Alexander's book, proving it to be Leach's Storm Petrel without doubt: length 230 mm (8 3/8 inches); wing 145 mm (5 5/8 inches). The bird had refused to eat all day but was starved to it on the second day. It liked being stroked on back and head and settled down comfortably in the sailor's warm hand. Placed on the papers on my table, it tried gently to fly with slow willowy strokes of the wings, but my papers and the table top were too slippery and its black feet slipped backward as it tried to paddle or run, as on the surface of the water. Slowly, gently, it would spread its long wings. But the great length of the arm bone prevents any such rapid fluttering flight and speedy rise as in quails or grouse or as in swift or swallow, who have a very short arm bone with long forearm. For this reason — the inability to speed up the wing-stroke — the Albatrosses, Petrels and Shearwaters cannot rise from the deck of the vessel and are easily caught when they come aboard. The sailors, however, were very fearful lest something should happen to these birds and, loathe to let us handle them, they carefully assisted them to leave the ship on the wing.

It was about this time, when we were probably to the east of Martinique or some of the Windward Islands, that five or six large grasshoppers came aboard ,though we were far out of sight of land. The entomologists say this is not unusual, but it was a surprise to most of us laymen. On this night of the 23rd still 10 deg. north of the Equator, we saw the only Tropic- birds of the North Atlantic, flying around our lights and uttering their characteristic screams. It was too dark to see the long filaments of tail feathers, or they may have been lacking. The White-tailed Tropic bird (*Phaeton leptunis catesbi*) is the species for this area, the Red-billed (*P. aethereni aetherues*) also occurring.

The only bird that appeared on the 24th so as to be identified looked like a large immature gull, dark brown above and below, except for the snow-white belly in sharp contrast to the dark breast. We concluded that it was the adult Brown Booby, *Sula leucogaster leucogaster* being the proper sub-species for this region, as *Sula leucogaster plotus* was the one for the Indian Ocean. There was one solitary companion of the adult Booby, probably an immature bird. Although said to be the commonest bird of these waters, these were the only ones we saw.

About noon of the 28th two whales were seen and there was a doubtful report that the Bermudas were seen on our right, and for these two days only one (strange) bird was seen. As we approached the 40th parallel and the temperature dropped from the tropical 70-80 deg. F. to the 60's, the glassy seas became rougher and the clear-cut horizons gave way to clouds, mist and shower with more birds, but all, or nearly all, were gulls.

When a whole day out from port, say 400 miles, we saw one white gull with gray mantle at 8:30 a.m., soon joined by four more medium or large gulls, probably Herring Gulls (*Larus argentatus smithsonianus*), though we could detect none of the Herring Gulls' sub-terminal round white spots on the black primary tips on these, as we did easily on those we saw later in New York Harbor. Some thought they identified the Mew Gull with the large amount of white at the extreme end of the black wingtip, but the only ones of which we were sure were the Herring Gulls, many adults and immatures.

\* \* \* \* \*

# Gripsholm to Dock Here Today

## With 1,500 From Japanese Camps

Fifteen hundred Americans and Canadians, back from Japanese Internment camps in Japan, China and the Philippines, will arrive here this morning on the exchange liner Gripsholm, which is expected to dock at Pier F, Jersey City, about 10 o'clock. Elaborate preparations to receive them have been made by Governmental agencies and the American Red Cross.

The passengers on the 18,353-ton Swedish liner include 1,290 Americans, some of whom have never set foot in this country before; 248 Canadians, and a small number of Latin-Americans. Among them are 175 children and at least 200 persons who are known to be in ill health from the rigors of their imprisonment, including fifteen stretcher cases.

Missionaries, of whom there are 504 representing thirty-five Protestant denominations and 162 Catholics, make up the largest group on the Gripsholm, but there are also many business men and their families who were trapped by the outbreak of the war in the Far East. Most Government officials and newspaper correspondents captured by the Japanese at that time were exchanged on the first trip of the Gripsholm, which ended last August.

The State Department announced that for reasons of security relatives of the repatriates would not be permitted on the dock to greet them. Instead, the American Red Cross has been designated as the official clearing agency and the headquarters of its New York Chapter at 315 Lexington

Avenue will be the reception center for putting separated families in touch with one another.

The Red Cross, which has been designated by the State Department to act as the official relief agency for the occasion, will have a staff of professional and volunteer workers on hand when the repatriates disembark. One of their

tasks will be to distribute to those returning 20,000 letters, telegrams and other messages.

Red Cross trained social workers will provide advice and guidance for those in need. Some of them will be sent to the Travelers Aid Society and others will be referred to the headquarters of the City Department of Welfare at 902 Broadway, which will act as the official agency for disbursing Federal funds to them. The Red Cross motor corps will provide transportation for those who require it. Maj. Gen. Robert C. Davis, executive director of the New York Chapter, announced last night that the Red Cross had already been advised that at least fifty individuals or families among the passengers would require assistance. Some of these are family groups that lost all their possessions when war engulfed them; others are children traveling alone.

The Red Cross has also reserved 400 rooms in hotels at varying price scales to assist the repatriates to find temporary quarters quickly. It will provide those who seek this form of assistance with a ticket for a hotel room at the price the individual or family is able to pay.

Federal funds will be made available in sufficient amounts to provide clothing, food, transportation costs, cash for immediate needs, medical service and, in some cases, rent and furniture, according to announcement last night by Peter Kaslus, regional director of the Social Security Board, 11 West Forty-second Street.

Mr. Kaslus, explaining that these funds would come from a special Civilian War Assistance Allocation for the purpose of assisting Americans who have suffered from enemy action to resume their full duties and activities as citizens, said that the Social Security Board would make the funds available but would not administer their distribution directly.

Following its usual procedure, he said, the Social Security Board has named the State Department of Social Welfare to act for it, and the latter in turn has appointed the City Welfare Department its agent.

Where medical attention is needed, Mr. Kaslus said, the United States Public Health Service will provide it, or will reimburse the local welfare department if it is more practicable for the latter to administer it.

The 248 Canadians on the Gripsholm will be placed on a special train and rushed to Montreal.

# 1,440 ON GRIPSHOLM, FREED FROM JAPAN, WILDLY HAPPY HERE; RETICENT ON TRIALS

-----  
 Civilians Freed by Japanese  
 Burst into Song at Sight  
 of Statue of Liberty  
 -----

FBI CHECKS ON ARRIVALS  
 -----

Overcrowding and Poor Food  
 in Camps Described but Most  
 Are Healthy After Voyage  
 -----

Dec. 2. C Sun-tanned, healthy and ecstatically happy, but exceedingly reticent about many of their experiences, more than 1,000 of the 1,233 Americans and 217 Canadians aboard the diplomatic exchange liner Gripsholm debarked yesterday after the 18,353-ton Swedish ship docked at Pier F, Jersey City.

Two hundred of the passengers were still on the ship late last night, awaiting the same exhaustive examination that agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and officers of Army and Navy Intelligence already had given their companions. Navy press relations officers expressed hope they would all be cleared by tonight, but said that many of the passengers, including some already cleared, would voluntarily remain on the Gripsholm until this morning.

Joy at their safe arrival in this country and concern lest some careless remark might be carried back to their former jailers and infuriate the Japanese against the 6,800 Americans still remaining

in the internment camps seemed to be the emotions most strongly felt by the hundreds who passed the gauntlet of questioning, and were permitted to land.

### Song Greet Statue of Liberty

Their delight at their return, which prompted those on deck to burst spontaneously into "God Bless America," was visible in every countenance, from those of children of 3 or 4 to those of gray-haired missionaries who were back home after thirty, forty or more years in the East.

But even though they were bubbling over with the sheer happiness born of freedom, it was evident that not for a minute did they forget their unfortunate former companions who are still at the mercy of the Japanese. As 9-year-old Suzanne Hazard of San Francisco put it when reporters clustered about her and her 6-year-old sister Joan:

"We can't tell you all of the things about the camp."

Those who would tell about the camps at all gave almost unanimous testimony to the terrific overcrowding and the entire lack of privacy that marked them; to the poor quality of the food and the scantiness of medical supplies. But they also told of the gallant community efforts to make the best of their hard lot.

### Majority in Good Health

Perhaps the most surprising feature of the debarkation was the glowing good health of the great majority of the arrivals. Many of them had put on from eight to

twenty-five pounds during their voyage on the Gripsholm, which began on Oct. 22 at Mormugao, Portuguese India. They had been bronzed by the tropical sun as they steamed peacefully through the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope and north through the Atlantic.

Missionaries, with the 504 Protestants representing thirty five denominations, and the 162 Catholics almost equally divided between priests and black-robed nuns — made up the largest group among the repatriates, but there also were many business men and their families, and a surprising number of Government officials who had failed of exchange on the Gripsholm's first trip last August.

The big Swedish liner, her sides emblazoned with the blue and yellow Swedish flag and gigantic white letters that said: "Diplomat, Gripsholm Sverige," arrived at 8 A.M. yesterday at Quarantine, where she was boarded by representatives of the FBI, Army, Navy, the State Department, the United States Public Health Service and the customs and immigration authorities.

An early morning mist hung over the Upper Bay as the big ship, her rails lined with eager passengers, moved toward the last stop on her 21,000-mile voyage. To Navy personnel and newspaper photographers who went down the bay in the crisp morning air the Gripsholm

seemed ghostly as she first loomed up through the fog.

Crowded on the after promenade deck were a mass of Americans, men, women and children, who began to sing "God Bless America" spontaneously when they caught their first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloes Island. The melody was quickly taken up by those in other parts of the big vessel until it rang loud and clear across the waters of the bay.

It was 9:55 A.M. when the Gripsholm finally was berthed at Pier F of the American Export Line in Jersey City, but it was almost two hours before the first of the arrivals came down the gang plank. The American Red Cross, which had been named by the State Department as the official relief agency for the occasion, took 20,000 pounds of clothing aboard the liner and outfitted many of the arrivals from head to toe. It also provided ambulances for a dozen stretcher cases among the homecoming men and women and motor transportation for many others who were not in the best of health.

One of the largest gatherings of newspaper, radio and newsreel representatives in many years was waiting on the pier, in a section reserved for them by the Navy. Indicative of the widespread interest in the arrivals was the presence of reporters from many small and medium size cities, such as Fargo, S.D. and Lincoln, Nebr., which normally would not be directly represented at even the biggest news story in this city.

When at last the first few passengers were escorted by Navy public relations officers into the press section the reporters who had been stamping impatiently on the cold stone floor of the barn-like pier, descended on the unfortunates in such numbers that it was impossible for anyone to get half

a dozen coherent words from those being interviewed.

The confusion was so great that one veteran reporter remarked: "These people are going to go home and tell their friends that the atrocities began on their arrival in New York." Navy press relations officers tried vainly to maintain some semblance of order, but it was not until late in the afternoon, when the trickle of passengers had grown into a stream, that the situation improved.

#### **8-Week-Old Baby Debarks**

An eight-week old baby, Gretchen Penelope Whitaker, with her older brother and sister, J. Paul and Andrea, and their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Whitaker of Apponag, R.I., was among the first off the ship. Little Gretchen was born on Oct. 2 on the Japanese exchange ship Teia Maru, en route from the Far East to Mormugao, where the exchange took place.

Also on board was Tracy Burr Strong, first child of the Rev. and Mrs. Robbins Strong of Boston, Congregational missionaries under the American Board of Foreign Mission. Tracy was born Aug. 6 in the internment camp at Weihsien, North China.

#### **Black Market Sold Milk**

For all their sternness in enforcing wartime measures, the Japanese have not been able to eliminate the black market, Gripsholm passengers disclosed.

The Rev. Paul V. Daily of 22 Chase Street, Boston, told how Japanese soldiers guarding the internment camp at Wei-Hsien in Northern China slipped mild to prisoners at \$2 (American) a tiny can.

They smuggled in 5-ounce jars of jam at \$1 a jar. This worked hardship on the 300 children in the camp who needed milk and jam in their diet, but the Japanese were callous about it.

#### **Says Japanese Are Confident**

The Japanese people still believe that they are going to win the war, although their leaders may have begun to have their doubts, according to Carl Mydans, photographer for Life Magazine, who was on the Gripsholm with his wife, Shelly Smith Mydans.

"The average Japanese soldier is a little guy who thinks he's good." Mr. Mydans observed. "He has been told he's tough and he believes it."

He expressed his pride at the spirit with which the Americans confined in the internment camps have stood their hard lot and said that even the Japanese had commented on their organizing ability and the way in which they have created a community life for themselves within prison walls.

**AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS  
14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts**

CHINA BULLETIN #68

December 18, 1943

**THE GRIPSHOLM ARRIVES**

The Gripsholm actually arrived a day ahead of time, involving last-minute changes and perhaps resulting in some letters being delayed in delivery. However, I was in New York through December 5, and probably got and forwarded all delayed letters, including some that were returned to the Foreign Missions Conference by the Red Cross.

The ship dropped anchor in the lower bay off Brooklyn on Tuesday night, November 30, and moved to her pier in Jersey City early Wednesday morning, December 1. Much more in the way of check-ups had been done on the ship en route than on the last trip, and the final interviews on the steamer were handled with reasonable dispatch, so that some people began to come off by noon, and all but six of those in whom we were particularly interested were off by midnight. These six were off by noon the next day. The handling of baggage through customs and to the express companies was slow and exhausting. Mr. Ballou was the first of our party to come through the revolving door of the hotel; Dr. and Mrs. Wilder the last for the first day, and Mr. and Mrs. Aiken the last of all.

In general, we were pleasantly surprised by the appearance of the whole group. The youngest, Tracy Burr Strong, seemed the most vigorous of all, and won all hearts (See the next issue of the Missionary Herald for his picture.) Some who showed signs of fatigue from the long standing in line in the process of debarkation were noticeably brighter after a good night's rest. Hat shops boosted the morale of some arrivals. The Prince George Hotel did its best for us, even in spite of the last-minute change in date; and the Red Cross service on the pier was much improved over a year ago, justifying the understanding by which it was the only organization represented on the pier. By Friday, the process of dispersal had begun; but most of the active missionaries gathered in Boston for a conference with the China Committee and other active members in New England on December 13.

## THE NORTH CHINA STORY

The Peiping group has kept us fairly well informed concerning their experiences up to the date of their transfer to Weihsien, March 24, 1943. On July 1, 1942, after the first Gripsholm party had left, "enemy alien" residents in Peiping were required to carry identification cards on their person, and all men, when they appeared outside their residences, were compelled to wear red arm-bands, indicating nationality and identifying the owner by number. The wearing of these arm bands involved very little inconvenience and unexpectedly proved a welcome means of introduction. Wherever one went among Chinese, in the shops or public places, the armbands identifying the owner as a Japanese "enemy" served to introduce him as a friend of China. The trip from Peiping to Weihsien in March was apparently not particularly difficult; but the trip of the whole party of repatriates from Peiping and Weihsien to Shanghai for embarkation was very trying, with inadequate arrangements for food and water en route. The latter part of the trip was thrice delayed by guerilla destruction of the tracks, probably arranged as a demonstration of the inability of the Japanese to protect even the railway line.

Conditions at Weihsien were rather primitive, but not too difficult for the part of the group who had been used to country touring or other similar standards of living. They had been allowed to send their own beds ahead. Three communal "kitchens", staffed by internees, provided the food. All the work of the "assembly center" was done by the internees, but that did not include work for the Japanese guards or outside agriculture. (The contrary note was evidently a misinterpretation of a statement that some of the women were doing laundry for their "friends," which has sometimes been used as a circumlocution for "Japanese". In this case, it was used in its proper sense!

Wynn C. Fairfield



# Life in Japanese Camp Told by Dr., Mrs. George Wilder

Mrs. Leonard Menzi has returned from a wonderful experience, meeting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. George D. Wilder, at New York when they landed from the repatriation steamer Gripsholm, which brought home Americans who had been marooned in China. The Wilders although Japanese prisoners, were allowed to stay at Peking, their home, until last March, when they were transferred to a prison concentration camp near Shang-hai. called Camp Wehsien. This place was in a terrible condition when the prisoners were put there and it took them two months to clean up and make the place fairly good to live in. They were so successful that the name of the camp was changed from a concentration camp to the "Model Community Camp."

## Work in the Camp

The four days and three nights packed in a third-class railway car on the way to this camp was the hardest experience the Wilders had. In the camp all the work, including cooking and cleaning, was done by the prisoners under Japanese supervision. Some of the older people like the Wilders, were given a badge with the letter "P" (privileged) to wear, which excused them from the hardest work. Dr. Wilder spent his days sharpening knives and his wife, after giving out when cleaning vegetables eight hours a day, was set at mending for a group of 400. The food was scanty and

poor but the quarters, in a former Presbyterian mission compound dormitory, were not bad. They were allowed to take beds from Peking, but had to use their suitcases for pillows and their trunks for tables. The camp spirit was excellent, all kinds of Americans and British fraternized happily. They knew for some time that they were to be repatriated, which helped.

They sailed from Shanghai on a Japanese ship, changed from that to the Gripsholm in India "with no regrets." For instance on the Japanese boat, all the women were lodged on the upper deck and all the men in the hold, except a few older women allowed cabins. On the Gripsholm all were lodged in cabins and on the Swedish ship the Red Cross fed them on vitamin tablets, chocolate bars and similar nourishing food and gave them ice water, so that they were in much better shape when they reached New York than they were when they left China. They had a beautiful, restful voyage with only two days of bad weather, which made the ocean beautiful with white caps and rainbow sprays. No one was seasick. The trip from India to Brazil took two months. Although the family had written often the Wilders received only one letter from home in two years.

## Fifty Years in Service

Dr. and Mrs. Wilder have spent fifty years in service, the last five after going back in 1938,

teaching in the College of Chinese Studies in Peking, before the war. Dr. Wilder introduced modern methods of bee culture into China and also taxidermy and nature study. His specialty was birds, but he was also interested in etymology. He wrote a Chinese Dictionary and a book on "Character Analysis." Since there are hundreds of thousands of characters in Chinese, which he divided into groups and analyzed. He had contributed nature specimens, especially birds, to the British Museum and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

## Left Manuscripts Behind

The repatriates were not allowed to bring any manuscripts, books or pictures with them so the work on birds, illustrated by paintings by Mrs. Wilder, that the Doctor had been engaged on for years, had to be left with a member of a neutral legation with the hope that some day it may be returned to Dr. Wilder.

Friends were not allowed on the dock when the Gripsholm landed and the Wilder party waited from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. in the Prince George Hotel, headquarters of the missionaries. The waiting party included Mrs. Menzi, her sister, Mrs. Carroll Daniels and Mr. Daniels, Penn Yan, N. Y.; her brother, Dr. T. S. Wilder, Philadelphia, and his wife, and her other brother, Durand Wilder, Penn Yan. The reunited family spent four days together in New York, the first

time they had all been together in fourteen years. Then the parents and Mrs. Menzi went to Philadelphia, where the Wilders will remain for some time recuperating.

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Department of State  
WASHINGTON

No. 1199

December 2, 1943.

This is to certify that

**GERTRUDE STANLEY WILDER**


whose signature and thumbprint appear on the reverse side of this card, has been repatriated to the United States from the Far East on the M. S. Gripsholm in the inter-governmental exchange of nationals with the Japanese Government.

*R. B. Shipley*  
Chief, Passport Division.

*Mrs. George D. Wilber*  
~~108 E. Caldwell St.~~  
~~St. Louis, Mo.~~  
Mrs. E. W. Menzi  
909 Woods Rd.  
Ypsilanti  
Mich.

*or*  
*Dr. T. S. Wilkes*  
*Rydale*  
*M. C. C. Remick*  
*Penn Yan*  
*N. Y.*

RIGHT  
THUMB  
PRINT



*Gertrude Stanley Wilder*  
Signature of Bearer

PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE OF  
THE MENZI AND WILDER FAMILIES

HOTEL

*Home of the famous Glass Hat*

# Belmont

PLAZA

LEXINGTON AVENUE AT FORTY NINTH STREET, NEW YORK 22 N.Y. — WICK 2-

1200

**Direction: Emil H. Ronay  
Carl F. Johnson, Manager**

Wednesday night, Dec. 2

My dearest Len —

It's been just too wonderful for words, being here to welcome Mother and Father. Honestly, I didn't realize just how terribly much it meant to me to have them back until they were here — nor how much I feared that they might be in poor health. They look so much better than I dreamed they would that the joy and relief of it was almost more than I could take. But they are terribly thin and they have been through frightful hardship and heartbreak — and of course, there are visible signs of it. My greatest impression is how fine and wonderful they are to come out of it all as they have C full of fun and good humour and ability to look on the funny side of their hardships.

Mother and father are thin and not very strong. The first two months they had nothing much to eat besides "bread joe" and bread to go with it! Mother went down to 93 lbs — is 101 — now — Father went down to 142 in camp and is 150 now. In answer to a question, mother said, "Oh, yes, father ate everything — he didn't even bother to pick out the worms — but I did!" Then she added, "Guess he likes meat better than I do."

To go back to chronological order — we had a good drive here Monday, reaching this hotel at 5:45, having left Penn Yan at nine A.M.). Got settled, had a good dinner in the Pine Room, during which Bob Powell, a friend of Ur & Co., came in. He phoned for seats at the Radio City Music Hall and we saw a good show, Claudia, and then a fine stage show. Tell Gertrude (or rather let her and the others read this) that we saw the Rockettes, besides some other good dancing. Remember that Life had a write-up about them?

We heard that night that the Gripsholm would dock at ten the next morning, so we went over to the Prince George hotel, met Wynn Fairfield, had lunch and then waited. About three o'clock we heard shrieks and laughter, rushed to the front of the reception hall and saw an oldish man just hugging and hugging his wife and several children. Something I'll never forget — their joyful faces. From then on the whole place became filled with a spirit of great expectancy, anticipation and yearning.

At first the Red Cross station wagons and special taxis came very slowly, with only one passenger at a time, over 2 hour apart. How we peered every time one drove up!

I was overjoyed to visit with Rose Martin, who sends you her love), Dr. Alma Cook, Dr. and Mrs. Curran, and many others. Many sent you their greetings.

At 6 o'clock we split up, some staying to watch, while others went to eat. After that we stood outside near the curb visiting with different people and watching. Dorothy Galt, her very big, blonde and handsome husband, a Major in the army, and her son were out with us, the Elmer Galts, Currans and others I hadn't seen since childhood — including Edwin Aiken, with whom we played as children.

Well, at 9:30 THEY came. There are no words to describe that. They had been held up by the loss of most of their baggage, which they were supposed to have before leaving ship. Well, the customs men finally said they could go back today and look for it after Father told him they had four "children" waiting! They found out today that it had never even been unloaded from the hold!

As soon as possible we got them out of the crowd and over here. They have a room right across from Ur and me, D. & Carrol down the hall, and Ted & Rinny on the floor above us, the 16<sup>th</sup>. We all gathered in here and talked — till midnight. So much to talk about. I'll not try to tell any of it now, for it's late and I'm supposed to be in bed (Dr.'s orders! before Ted, Rinny, Ur and Carrol went down for a bite, which I didn't feel for. You see, this morning I sort of cut loose — for a bit — all this relief and happiness was a bit too much for me!! I'm O.K. now.)

Breakfasted together at 9:30 and then Mother & father & Ted went to the pier to locate baggage. Rinny, Ur, and I went shopping. Rinny got mother two sets of very nice underwear, Ur got her a darling warm nightie, and I two pairs of stockings. Rinny got father two pairs of warm flannel pajamas, I two pairs of socks, and Ur a pair of garters. Then we got some nice fruit and raisins & peanuts. I also got Betty a white wool sweater to go with her skirt (mailed from the store) — I like it and I hope she will.

We returned here at 5:30 to find mother and father had been resting and reading their letters. At the time Carrington Goodrich was here and we all continued visiting, Mother showing us lovely paintings (sketches) she had made of scenes around the concentration camp (inside), and hidden successfully from the Japs. Ha! Ha!

We had a bang up Chinese meal at "RubyFu's," with all the Ingrams but Ruth — Isabel, Bob and his wife, Lewis and Katherine. So good to see Miriam again.

Back here and two hours of visiting in Mother's room.

Well, darling — it's all very wonderful and I'm an exceedingly happy and thoroughly relieved person. The two sedatives Ted gave me are taking effect and I must crawl into my comfortable bed.

Tomorrow there will be a reception for Mother and Father by her Oberlin College class mates, arranged by Mrs. Emery. Ted has asked us all to go on to Philadelphia, but as it stands now we'll stay on here and be together — till Sunday, when we'll separate — Durand going to Allentown to visit Jim, who's in the service, Ur & Carrol going home. Me? I don't know. Ted and Rinny want me to go to Philadelphia for a few days and then on by train to Penn Yan. I don't know and can't decide what is best. Don't worry, and I do hope all is well. Please let or read this to our darling children. I do love you all so very, very much.

Margaret.

Wed., Dec. 1, '43

Dear Mum,

We are just making our plans for Thursday and Friday. There was a mad dog around here Tuesday and it bit Dicky, Ronny and Mr. Andy Smith and Blackout, Toby Southard and Don Phillip and Junior also.

Say hello to Grandma and Grampa for me. Earney Madicks is selling Christmas trees and we had got a nice one. Jim Ferguson is sick in bed with a cold. We miss you a lot but are getting along just fine. Only 25 days — till Christmas and I haven't done a bit of shopping. Don't mind the spelling. Hope your having a good time.

Love , George



Thursday, Dec. 2, 1943  
Ypsilanti, Michigan

Dear Mother,

Hi there. How is everything there? This is just to let you know that we are all very well and getting along wonderfully without you, believe it or not. Dad left this morning for Lansing, so we kids are really on our own, aren't we? I am missing my one o'clock class right now, but will get in the second hour of it just a bit, so this will be a very hasty note — the reason for the typewriter. I just couldn't seem to get everything done this noon in order to get to that darned chem. Class, but everything is under control. Donny went up to Silkworth's and will stay there until a little after four — cause I'm going to run out to the hospital to take some books, letters, and so forth to Jimmy Pflieger.

By now you have seen Grandma and Grandpa. I do hope that they are well, or at least fairly so. Please say "hello" to everybody there for me and the rest here in Ypsi. I wish we could all be there too. We listen to all the newscasts but can't learn much from them except that the ship came in yesterday and it will take several days for everyone to get off. I'm enclosing the clipping that was in our paper last night. I guess Dad was responsible for the information, — though I notice they have muddled some of it up pretty badly. But then, that's the Ypsi Gyp for you.

Mother, have a wonderful time while you are there. Remember that everything is really wonderful here considering the fact that we are minus a mother, but I think it's good for us. Makes us realize just what you have to cope with, and gee whiz! It sure is plenty!

I'm sending this to Penn Yan because I s'pose you will be there soon anyway. Give my regards to everybody, as I seem to have said before, and so long for now. Will try to write later.

Loads and loads of love,

*Gay*

Donny, Bette, George, and Dad all send their love to all, too.

December 7, 1943

Dearest Mom,

I received the sweater today, so I worked like mad and completed my skirt. It looks swell — just what the skirt needed was the sweater. Thanks so much, Mom, it was wonderful of you to even remember my birthday, let alone send me a present. Gosh darn it! You always get me just what I want and need most. As you know, I have never been able to express my feelings over a gift. The more I like the gift the harder it is. I just want you to know that the sweater is the most wonderful thing that I received, and it fits perfectly. It's the best looking one I have. To top it all off — you purchased it from Lord & Taylor's! You know what that means! (So do I.)

On this day, December 7, 1943, we must be more thankful than we were on Thanksgiving. Not because it is the anniversary of our "stab in the back," but because we have Grandma and Grandpa back after so long. I still can't believe it. It won't be until I see them that I shall really realize the fact. Again I say, I can't wait.

Mom, what are your plans so far? Are you staying for one-two-three-four-or how many more weeks? It seems as though you've been gone for 20,000 weeks already. We sure do miss you. Here's the way I feel: since this undoubtedly the last time that you'll be able to get down to Penn Yan until the war is over, you might as well make a stay of it. Don't come back until you're ready. We've been able to get along for a week. I know that we'll make it for one or two more. So use your own judgement as to how things are there and plan that way. The vacation will do you good. We'll get along.

Mom, I know that I have always been mean to you, and that I never do as much as I should. Please remember that I never mean to be that way. I think that you are the most wonderful person that ever lived or that ever will live. Mommy, you're so wonderful, cute, beautiful, charming, etc. if only you'd realize it. You know something — I love you so much. I miss you like mad.

Now don't get mad. Remember how I always write letters after I'm in bed? Well — it's 11:30, and I'm in bed. Are you mad? This will fix you!: Dad cut Don's hair, and I

gave him a bath and washed his hair. That's the third time I've done that since you left. That makes three shampoos and three baths in one week — not bad for an inefficient little devil like me.

So far, Peg has sent us Chili and cookies; Aunt Madelin a luscious chocolate cake and baked dish; Mrs. Isbell a cake; Mrs. Moorman, muffins and a cake. We aren't doing so bad, eh? When you get home we'll keep it a secret. Then everybody will continue to send stuff and you won't need to cook. Say, that's a sharp idea. Let's do it!

Where's everybody" Did your folks go to Ted's or are they with you folks? Don't let them sell their house and move down there. Make them stay in Ohio and settle C or else come here. If they went down there we'd never see them. Don't mind me, I'm just talking.

I must close now. I'll write the next chance I get. Thanks again for the sweater. You're a peach.

Loads of love,

Bets

Resolved  
THAT I  
WILL  
NOT MES UP  
THE HOUSE

DON  
MENZI  
(me)

Years later, Ted Wilder would write the following about Christmas 1943.

---

AND THEN TO RYDAL, PA. FOR AWHILE, AND WHAT A HEART-WARMING XMAS WE HAD! (With Ted & Rinnie and the 3 girls; we then were renting the Deaver's home.)

Among our 1943 Xmas presents was a small, blue and white granite-ware bowl which Mother ate from throughout her time in the Concentration Camp and in the bowl was a card with the following:

*"Beautiful stew, so thin but hot,  
Waiting in the steaming pot,  
Who would not give all else in lieu  
Of a big bowlful of beautiful stew?" (repeat)*

*Chorus:*

*"Beautiful stew, beautiful stew -  
Stew of old Weih sien,  
Beautiful, beautiful stew."*

Some later notes, recorded by Theodore Wilder.

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Nov. 10th, '43 Message from Uncle Charles A. Stanley, Berkeley, -- from John, Dated Mar. 24th, '43.

"Charlie creeps occasionally - backwards! One tooth. Left school Feb. 24th for Embassy quarters, Wilders to Mission. Leaving for Weih sien 7:40 today. We're both well; Love."

Nov. 15, '43. Wireless from Rio to TSW from George Wilder.

"Overjoyed at your cablegram." (which was, - "Sons and daughters all plan meet you New York, hoping you are well, love, Th.W.)

Nov. 16, '43 Letter for Wynn Fairfield in answer to my phone call.

Says Carrington Goodrich would like to speak for the Wilders, unless Theodore hopes to take them immediately home to Philadelphia. Asks about plans and whether we have any suggestions about preparations, etc.

Nov. 18, '43. Letter, TSW to Carrington Goodrich at Columbia Univ.

Nov. (?) '43. Letter from Margaret Menzi to TSW.

"I've been way up in the clouds for a week. We are leaving for Penn Yan between Nov. 26 and 30th and then on through to New York with Carroll and Ursula, who want to get there 2 or 3 days before the ship arrives. etc. "Til then."

-----

AND THEN THE WONDERFUL REUNION IN NEW YORK! DETAILS MUST BE LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION.

Later Mother and Father settled in Oberlin until his death in May 1946, (which may have been hastened by conditions at Weih sien.)

-----

**Theodore S. Wilder**

Prof. Langdon Gilkey  
Univ. of Chicago Divinity School  
Univ. of Chicago  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Gilkey;

Some months ago I read your good book, 'Shantung Compound' with much personal interest. Further, the insights you derived from your experiences in the Camp and your conclusions appeal to me as valid and fruitful; and I am sure you remember my father, George Durand Wilder & my mother, who were there.

Recently my sister discovered among Mother's effects a Diary of Father's covering the period from June 26th, 1942 in Peking to Sept. 13th '43 in Weihsien. It ends abruptly on the latter date when Mother and Father were repatriated. They arrived in New York in December '43. (Father died in May '46 and Mother in November'63).

The Diary brings Father vividly back to my mind, with his many varied interests, in China & individual Chinese friends, in the language, in nature & so on. The diary is a sketchy personal record of day-to-day events & people, with a good deal about post-Pearl Harbor Peking and about the Camp with its varied activities, baseball, black market, the 'splendid Catholic Fathers' and such world news as came in. Hugh Hubbard, perhaps Father's best friend is mentioned frequently & there are a number of references to 'Gilkey', both in Peking and in Weihsien. (He describes one talk of yours as a 'literary gem'.) I am impressed by his equanimity throughout. He criticizes no one, except perhaps the Japanese rather gently. The period in Camp did not upset him particularly; after all his earlier years in China had been pretty rugged. However the general situation in China and the world at that time constituted for him a shattering disappointment & he was not optimistic about the future. I gather from your book that conditions and problems worsened considerably during the year you remained in Camp after Mother and Father left.

I have made a few copies of the diary and believe you might be interested in reading one. If so, please let me know and let me have your comments afterward. I had meant to write you after reading your book, but the discovery of Father's diary really compels me to do so!

Sincerely yours,

*Theodore S. Wilder*

P.S. I am now semi-retired, with time on my hands, with my wife in Sherborn. We are dining this week with Amos Wilder, (a retired Harvard theologian), who knew Father well at Oberlin & is an old friend & v.v. distant relative. Amos, also, was quite a tennis player " Oberlin, Yale and Oxford.

