

# **WEIHSIEN DIARY**

## **By George D. Wilder**

George Wilder's diary entries from March to September, 1943, supplemented by excerpts from books written by several other Weih sien internment camp inmates.

**"Weih sien — the test — whether one's happiness depends on what one has, or on what one is; on outer circumstances, or on inner heart; on life's experiences — good and bad — or on what one makes out of the materials those experiences provide."**

**Hugh Hubbard**

Quoted both by Norman Cliff (*Courtyard of the Happy Way*) and David Michel (*A Boy's War*).

## **NOTICE TO ALL ENEMY NATIONALS**

**By military necessity, and for your safety and comfort, you and your family as enemy nationals are hereby ordered to live in the Civil Assembly Center. There every comfort of Western culture will be yours.**

**Necessary preparations shall accordingly be made by you as follows:**

**You must take with you – bedding, clothing, table-ware.**

**The number of packages of goods permitted shall not exceed four for each person.**

**Each assemblée shall be issued with a card, which on the day of your removal you shall wear on your left breast showing your entrance number.**

**The Civil Assembly Center, being the best home for those who live in it, must be loved and cherished by all of them. Each person shall take care of his health and live in harmony with each other. There shall be no disputing, quarreling, disturbing or any other improper demeanors.**

## March, 1943

Preparing for Internment

Poor are starving by the hundreds, perhaps by thousands

Departure from Peking

Arrival at Weihsien

Sleeping on the floor with Harry Martin. Cold.

Signed oath to obey camp rules.

Bed arrives.

A diet of bread and soup.

Mr. & Mrs. Fleet, an English mining engineer, move in next door.

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### Mar. 12

At last we got word from Hoeppli (the Swiss consul) that we Americans are all to leave Peking Wed. afternoon, March 24. Tientsin folks leave on March 20, the British on March 28. We are allowed a good deal of baggage, foodstuffs of our own, all the money we have, etc. Miss Lovatt jumped up and down and clicked her heels in delight that it is settled. What we leave here is to be sold at auction and put to our frozen credit.

Mr. Vetch came and spent from 4:30 to 7:00 over my three manuscripts – Vols. I and II of “Pictures and Poems,” and “Adventures with Birds” – and said he would be glad to publish them as soon as the war would allow. He wished I had had them ready before it.

We got the six pages of directions after dinner.

### Mar. 13

We had the Aikins to lunch with a nice jolly program. He answered a lot of bright questions brightly, such as "What is your favorite college color, etc."

Some may be exempted from internment if doctors (Japanese) decide they should be.

### Sunday, Mar. 14

Got up and worked two hours before an 8:30 breakfast on my “Migration Notes”<sup>1</sup>, turning them into chapters.

Went out to \_\_\_\_\_ on a bike with Hub.<sup>2</sup> No new ducks. Some flocks of falcated teal in pairs.

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1 Migration Notes: A collection of articles on GDW's observations of birds and other wildlife originally published as a bi-weekly column starting in the early 1920s, which he is here preparing for publication as a book to be entitled, “Adventures with Birds.”

2 Hugh Hubbard, GDW's best friend and protégé in ornithology, co-author with him of “Birds of North China.”

In afternoon had a call from Dr. Li Po Chang. He said that we do not need to buy any dried fruits, as his wife will get them and have them packed tight.

The first strong wind and dust of the season.

A full church. Gilkey<sup>3</sup> preached well on "Man the Rebel."

All meetings including the concert on the 20th are to go on in spite of the internment.

#### Mar. 15

Chu Te Kwei comes. Her daughter, age 43, died leaving two young girls and an older boy. Her husband came back from five years absence in Hankow as a tea wrapper. He could bring no money across the province's borders. He had to sell clothing and bedding for food and now has nothing to do to help – but eats.

#### Mar. 16

Packed. Finished "Adventures Among North China Birds," but it still needs finishing touches.

#### Mar. 17

Mr. Alfred Hoffman called and returned "Weigold on Jehol." He told of many ducks and grebes that he has identified in the last three seasons. He has fine binoculars (X 10.5). He gave a very long list of what he has seen and we have not.

#### Mar. 18

Packed trunks. Hoffman called again with a very good Japanese book on birds – colored plates, pocket size. I gave him all the reprints of "Migration Notes" articles that I had.

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<sup>3</sup> Landgon Gilkey, who would later write *Shantung Compound*, described life in the Weihsien internment camp.

Mar. 19

Packing. Took my two manuscripts to Vetch, i.e. two volumes of "Pictures of Rural Life."<sup>4</sup>

Finished packing heavy things. There is to be no inspection except the outside. We have three steamer trunks, one crated chest, one double spring bed and mattress, and a sleeping-bag – six pieces to go by freight in advance via the International Forwarding Co.

K'o of the Language School staff came to say good-bye and to tell of valuables being stolen from the College. Pettus' things are being moved back into the front hall and 27 loads were taken to Ikeda's at the Oriental Mission.

Mar. 20

Sent off our goods – 6 pieces.

At 3 p.m. I spoke to the Peking Old Folks Club on Philemon 4:8ff. Many points are appropriate. We had a very rich meat feast after it, then the big concert: (1) very majestic classic worship music – difficult – by Shadick's Yenching<sup>5</sup> refugee choir; (2) Curtis Grimes played Tchaikovsky with Miss Stahl on a second piano giving the orchestra score. Brilliant. (3) the United Church choir sang the Song of the Vikings – "Lord of the Waves" – given very spiritedly. Also "How Lovely are the Messengers," etc.

Many examples of kindly thoughtfulness. Ch'i Che En Hao brought in a cot for us. Mrs. Yuan of Tungchou insisted on giving us \$20.

Sunday, Mar. 21

Many calls in the morning.

Poor folks are hopeless for food. Hundreds are starving to death daily in the city – perhaps thousands plus. The papers are always saying "*Yen shih mei wen ti*" (Because there is none to be a *wen ti*)!

Davies (London Missionary Society) preached. Miss Yao brought *ch'ao tou mien*. Mrs. Yao brought *tien mue jou* for our last meal – a plenty. Dr. B.C. Lee brought Elios Yeast – enough to last a long time. He took my coin collection, my Shang dynasty tripod of earthenware, my binoculars and a marble-top teakwood round stool, given by the Gaileys.

Mar. 22

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4 The Wilders' translations of two volumes of drawings of Chinese country village life, each picture accompanied by a poem by "the Christian warlord," general Feng Yu Hsiang,

5 Yenching University, Peking, founded as a union of three mission-based colleges, now part of Beijing University.

Packed suitcases. Went to Pei Hai with Hoffman and Hub and called on Gillis, Ikeda and Miss Wilmer's parents, to get my receipt for the books sold to the library of the College.

#### Mar. 24

In the morning did odds and ends of jobs. Got shoe-sole cement for Gertrude's rubber soles. Finally packed three suitcases and got our wheelbarrow arrangements. Sent with Gould my box of books on birds (mainly), family genealogies (Durand and Stanley), Wilder letters, pictures, etc. Sent engravings of Australian birds for storage or a gift to the Geo-Biological Museum – Pere Teilhard du Chardin's and Pere Le Roi.

I went with De Vargas' goods to San Kuan Miao, where he is to live. His carter is to take them to Pere Le Roi there in a few days. It contains a full set of "Migration Notes," except for the numbers to be sent back from Pei T'ai Ho by Hemmingsen to Le Roi.<sup>6</sup> I gave De Vargas my letters from 1901 to 1930 (selected) – also Gertrude's binoculars – for the duration. All nine of us ate at noon at the Ballou house – two Hubbards, H. Galt & Sheffield, the Misses Lovatt and Meibold, and Curtis Grimes. We couldn't get a rest, though I lay on the couch a bit, and at 2:30 we got our 12 rickshas (three for Gertrude and me) to assemble at the Legation for baggage inspection. We couldn't make our wheelbarrows work, though the Shaws, Hubbards, Miss Moore and other did. In groups of three, we were Group No. 6. Gertrude and I, numbers 163 and 164, had everything taken out and unwrapped or unfolded. All mine went through except the 3x opera glasses for bird work and a flash light – "to be returned."

The train was to leave at 7:40 p.m. so we had tea and sandwiches at 6:30. We were marched two by two with our light suitcases by the Legation Street and Chien Men gate to the station. Two truck loads of heavy suitcases were all taken by the Japanese guard, to be transferred at Tientsin and Tsinan for us. We handled only our light pieces and nothing was lost, all delivered the next night by truck at the camp, a good and humane job.

All were seated from Peking to Tientsin, and for the night – from Tientsin at 11 p.m. to Tsinan at 10 a.m.

#### Mar. 25

At 10 a.m. we were transferred from three cars of internees to two cars on the Chiao Tsi Rail Road. Fifteen had to sit on their baggage in the aisles – pretty crowded, but all were in good spirits. We sat in the same section, Darlan giving me his seat.

At 4:40 p.m. we were met in the Wei Hsien station by a British refugee, who assured us that our baggage would come through OK, and that we would have a place and food, which we did.

All were taken by truck or bus or auto from the station two miles to the camp.

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<sup>6</sup> Hemmingsen, a Danish ornithologist, would later publish a two-volume book about the birds he observed while confined to Pai Tai Ho for the duration of the war, the second volume of which he dedicated to the memory of George Wilder.

### March 25

At the gates of the mission compound was a crowd of internees, several of whom were friends.

I slept with Martin under one cover, along with 20 all told on a board floor and mats in the basement of a recitation building. We slept on the floor for two nights. Llewellyn Davies gave us a heavy blanket, a heavy overcoat and a wadded garment which, with our steamer rugs above and below, saved our lives.

We had roll call in our eight groups, lined up two by two and just counted.

Gertrude had a hard time on the floor with the other ladies on the first floor of the same building. Fires in rooms helped a bit as a cold N.E. wind sprang up.

### Mar. 26

Drizzly rain off and on all day. Had roll call. Signed an oath "to obey rules and commit no hostile act," and declared our money. I had \$717 and Gertrude \$1,100. We had planned to leave \$200 with DeVargas for poor preachers, but he was not at the station and we didn't see him at all on the afternoon we left Peking. I gave a Swedish lady my card asking her to give it to him — to attend to my box. Gertrude and I, like all married couples, were assigned a room by ourselves — Block 13 House 10. The Hubbard's are in House 11 and no one is in the end house, 12, so we are very secluded with no one to pass our doors.

Cold rain with some sleet kept us from moving in, as our big baggage has not come and we are allowed to stay in the same recitation building. Martin left me, but I had enough bedding with Davies' to use on the floor. Gertrude was on a cot with Dr. Brown. There was no fire except in adjoining rooms. Slept 11 hours. It felt fine.

### Mar. 27

Cold rain all night. It wets down all the dust, which was bad, and will be packed hard for a long time. Great for the farmers.

Our beds are not yet here. Gertrude and I slept on the floor, warm. We are assigned a stove. Smithberger -- a former Marine and athletic coach at Fu Jen — got it set up and got the necessary tools.

Our bed also came and we got it set up too, so we had a good long warm night.

The stove went out. Our baggage was under cover and got only slightly wet in transit. Poor coal — slag.

Sunday, Mar. 28

1/4 inch of ice, but with a bright clear sun. We are still settling in, but had a splendid eleven-hour sleep. Gertrude had no backache, thanks to the good double woven wire bed and mattress that we kept from the Language School house (but it was old abandoned private property).

Several services - Catholic Mass at 6 and 8 A.M.; Anglican Communion at 10 A.M.; Protestants at 4:00 P.M., with Hanson preaching on the Jews in exile and their prophets. Rather muddy in spots, but not bad.

The fire went out, but was red hot after being rebuilt. We had a good dinner with meat, potatoes, soup with vegetables.

Mar. 29

Got another trunk that had been here under cover all yesterday. Young huskies carry such stuff into our home.

Fine soup at noon with plenty of bread, just as at every meal. The bread is from Tsing tao — home-made style.

The Tientsin British and Americans came in with great applause from the crowds waiting around the gate. Included were the Strongs, Dr. Nutting, Miss Buck and Mr. Grimes, of our Mission.

Mar. 30

Warmer, but the fire was comfortable — came up finely from a mere spark.

Another good dinner and supper of vegetable soup and boiled potatoes in jackets bursting open.

I helped at the hospital to salvage good paper for an hour or so, and then cut up meat into inch cubes with Frank Grant, John Beal and Albert Liao — about 200 lbs. of meat, 50 of tendon and gristle, etc., for soup. Hard work — earned double ration, a blue card.

Pumping water is hard. They started in four shifts, 3 2 hours a day, for strong men but it was too hard and was cut to 2 2 hours. Gertrude helps cut up potatoes, etc.

The Peking British came in while I was at work. Their baggage was in ahead of them.

Mr. Grimes gave us \$460 more so we have \$1,886 plus \$460. We now have \$546 that is not yet declared.

Mar. 31

A Mr. & Mrs. Fleet came into the last building in our row. He is a mining engineer. I got them a mat and A.J. Steele got them bedding. He paints and likes birds — has read *China Journal* — and hung a painting of a kestrel on his room wall.<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> Ed. Note. Fifty-seven years later I wrote to Norman Cliff (author of *Courtyard of the Happy Way*) sending him copies of 22 watercolors of the Weih sien camp painted by Gertrude Wilder, asking if he could identify their locations on a map contained in his book. In response, I received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Fleet's grandson, Ron W. Bridge, a friend of Mr. Cliff's who, after the Wilders were repatriated in September 1943, moved with his parents and younger brother into Block 13, Rooms 10 and 11, the very rooms that had been occupied by the Wilders and Hubbards, a picture of which was included among the paintings I had sent Norman Cliff. A copy of Mr. Bridge's letter noting this remarkable coincidence<sup>®</sup> is contained in the Appendix. (D. Menzi)

The last of the Tientsin contingent came in — parents with children. It is said that there are only a few scattered folks still to come.

Had squid steaks as the staple in our soup. Plenty of bread, but not quite so good as that brought from Tsingtao. It is home-made style.

We got the March 28 and March 30 Chronicle. Our table of nine paid for two months of the paper.

## Three Descriptions of the Weih sien Internment Camp

### 1. Langdon Gilkey, *Shantung Compound*, p. 6 – 16.

#### Greeted at the Gate

The compound looked like any other foreign mission station in China, dull gray and institutional. It seemed roughly the size of most of them — about one large city block. There were the familiar six-foot walls that surround everything in China; there were the roofs of Western-style buildings appearing above the walls; there was the welcome sight of a few trees here and there inside the compound; and, of course, the familiar great front gates. Stretching endlessly on either side, was the bare, flat, dusty Shantung farmland over which we had just come. We turned to take a last glance at that landscape. The guard on our truck barked at us, and we started up the slope toward the gate.

The first sight that greeted us was a great crowd of dirty, unkempt, refugee-like people, standing inside the gate and coldly staring at us with resentful curiosity. Their clothes looked damp and rumpled, covered with grime and dust — much as men look who have just come off a shift on a road gang.

Still looking about us curiously, we were led from the gate past some rows of small rooms, past the Edwardian-style church, out onto a small softball field in one corner of the compound. Here we were to be lined up and counted. For the first time I noticed the guard towers at each corner or bend of the walls. I felt a slight chill as I noticed the slots for machine guns, and the electrified barbed wire that ran along the tops of the walls. Then a considerably greater chill swept me as I saw that the machine guns were pointing our way....

We deposited our gear on the cold cement floor, and found mats, for our beds. Then some of us went out to look for the toilet and washroom. We were told they were about a hundred and fifty yards away: "Go down the left-hand street of the camp, and turn left at the water pump." So we set off, curiously peering on every side to see our new world.

#### A Stroll through the Camp

After an open space in front of our building, we came to the many rows of small rooms that covered the camp except where the ballfield, the church, the hospital, and the school buildings were. Walking past these rows, we could see each family trying to get settled in its little room in somewhat the same disordered and cheerless way that we had done in ours....

As we entered the door of the men's room, the stench that assailed our Western nostrils almost drove us back into the fresh March air. To our surprise, we found brand-new fixtures inside: Oriental-style toilets with porcelain bowls sunk in the floor over which we uncomfortably had to squat. Above them on the wall hung porcelain flushing boxes with long, metal pull-chains, but — the pipes from the water tower outside led only into the men's showers; not one was connected with the toilets. Those fancy pipes above us led nowhere. The toilet bowls were already filled to overflowing — with no servants, no plumbers, and very little running water anywhere in camp, it was hard to see how they would ever be unstopped. We stayed there just long enough to do our small business — all the while grateful we had not eaten the last thirty-four hours — and to wash our hands and faces in the ice-cold water that dribbled out of the faucets.

Back outside, we strolled around for our first real look at the compound. I was again struck by how small it was — about one hundred and fifty by two hundred yards. Even more striking was its wrecked condition. Before the war, it had housed a well-equipped American Presbyterian mission station, complete with a middle, or high, school of four or five large buildings, a hospital, a church, three kitchens, bakery ovens, and seemingly endless small rooms for resident students. We were told that, years before, Henry Luce had been born there. Although the buildings themselves had not been damaged, everything in them was a shambles, having been wrecked by heaven knows how many garrisons of Japanese and Chinese soldiers. The contents of the various buildings were strewn up and down the compound, cluttering every street and open space; metal of all sorts, radiators, old beds, bits of pipe and whatnot, and among them broken desks, benches, and chairs that had been in the classrooms and offices. Since our "dorm" was the basement of what had been the science building, on the way home we sifted through the remains of a chemistry lab. Two days later we carried our loot to the hospital to help them to get in operation.

The one redeeming feature of this dismal spectacle was that it provided invaluable articles for the kind of life we had now obviously to live. Old desks and benches could become wash-stands and tables in our bare quarters. Broken chairs could give us something to sit on besides the wet floors. Clearly the same thought had occurred to others; as we walked home, we saw in the dim light, dingy figures groping among the rubble and carting off "choice" bits and pieces. We made up our minds to get started on our own "scrounging" operations first thing in the morning before all this treasure was gone.

### Supper Time

Soon after we got back to our room, we were led over to another part of the compound for supper. I saw stretching before me for some seventy yards a line of quiet, grim people standing patiently with bowls and spoons in their hands. Genuinely baffled, I asked our guide — a pleasant man from Tsingtao, with all the comfortable authority of one now quite acclimated to camp life — what on earth they were doing there. "Oh, queuing up for supper, of course, old boy," said the Englishman cheerfully. "You'll get yours in about forty minutes, actually, if you join the queue now."

Could human patience bear such a long wait three times a day for meals? However, I joined the line, and three-quarters of an hour later, we reached the table where thin soup was being ladled out along with bread. That was supper....

Our meal finished, we lined up again to have our bowls and spoons washed by women from Tsingtao. The patterns of chores in the new situation were beginning to come clear. As I went out past the steam-filled kitchen with its great Chinese cauldrons, I saw three men from our Peking group being shown how to use the cooking equipment by the men from Tsingtao, turned into "experts" by their three days of practice. Despite that tasteless meal, I felt content; I was no end proud of my job in housing and looked forward to finding out more about this strange camp and how it worked....

### **Some Aspects of Camp Life**

When the last group arrived in camp about a week later, we numbered almost two thousand people. The implications of such a population figure staggered us, crowded as we were into an area hardly larger than a city block, and quite without visible means of caring for ourselves. What was worse, a closer look at the compound in which we found ourselves only increased the sense of anxiety for our survival. The equipment that was there upon our arrival was in such bad condition that it seemed an almost impossible task to get it started again.

With so many people living in such unsanitary conditions and eating dubious food at best, we expected a disaster in public health any day.

#### Health Care

The greatest need was for a working hospital. The doctors and the nurses among us grasped this at once, and so began the tremendous job of organizing a hospital more or less from scratch. Perhaps because the mission hospital building had contained the most valuable equipment, it was in a worse state than any of the others. The boilers, beds, and pipes had been ripped from their places and thrown about everywhere. The operating table and the dental chair were finally found at the bottom of a heap at the side of the building. None of the other machinery or surgical equipment was left intact. Under these conditions, considering that there was as yet no organization of labor in the camp, it is astounding that these medics and their volunteers were able to do what they did. Inside of eight days they had the hospital cleaned up and functioning so as to feed and care for patients. In two more days they had achieved a working laboratory. At the end of ten days they were operating with success, and even delivering babies.

#### Sanitation

Another serious matter was the simple problem of going to the toilet. For a population of about two thousand, there was at first only one latrine for women and

three for men the Japanese had expected a great preponderance of men over women. In each of these latrines there were only five or six toilets, none of them flush toilets. Needless to say, the queues for this unavoidable aspect of life were endless. When the poor internee finally reached his goal after a long and nervous wait in line, he found the toilet so overflowing that often he felt sick and to his despair had to leave unrequited.

The sole contact the average urban Western man has with human excrement consists of a curious look at what he has produced, a swirl of water, and a refreshing bar of soap. Consequently the thought of wading into a pool of his fellow man's excrement in order to clean up a public john not equipped with flush toilets is literally inconceivable. And so the situation grew progressively worse. It would have continued so had not some Catholic priests and nuns, aided by a few of the Protestant missionaries, tied cloths around their faces, borrowed boots and mops, and tackled this horrendous job. This doughty crew stayed with it until some of the camp engineers, taking hold in a professional way, freed us all from this daily horror. After huddling long hours over this emergency — unrehearsed at M.I.T. or the Royal College for Engineers — they devised a means of hand-flushing the toilets after each use with a half bucket of water.

### Food

But of all the basic needs of life whose resolution had to be organized, the most vital and difficult was the problem of eating. The camp had to keep right on feeding itself while it was learning to do so. In the area of health and sanitation we had trained personnel in the camp, but practically none of our two thousand people knew much about quantity cooking in cauldrons for six or seven hundred, or baking in coal ovens for two thousand. Legend has it that a restaurant owner from Tsingtao taught the raw volunteers in their kitchen how to make soups and stews, and that in our Peking group's kitchen, an ex-marine cook introduced our workers to the finer mysteries of the culinary art. Our food those first two weeks certainly substantiated the latter story!

Meanwhile, the bakery was also struggling to get underway. For the first week we were provided with bread baked in Tsingtao. Since this supply was to stop on a set date, our own bakery operation had to be organized in a hurry, for bread was the only solid food in our life. Our population, luckily, happened to include two aged Persian bakeshop owners from Tien'tsin. These men spent forty-eight hours straight training two shifts of green recruits to mix, knead, and bake the four hundred daily loaves necessary to feed everyone. Within another week, these amateur bakers had mastered the essentials of their craft. Thereafter, while the good yeast lasted, our camp bakery turned out what we all proudly assumed to be the best bread in China.

### Manual Labor

Thus it was with all the labor in the camp during those first days. Jobs which had to be done were at first taken in hand by experienced people who alone knew how to handle them, and therefore alone saw the real need. Later, when work was organized

and every able person was assigned a task, inexperienced people were trained in the new crafts. Thus bank clerks, professors, salesmen, missionaries, importers, and executives became bakers, stokers, cooks, carpenters, masons, and hospital orderlies. There was also a great deal of heavy unskilled work such as lugging supplies from the gates to the utilities and cleaning up the compound. Work of this sort, while largely voluntary at first, was soon organized so that in a short while everyone had a set job with a routine and regular hours. With such a thoroughgoing organizational plan, the most vital material needs of these two thousand people soon began to be met. The first rude form of our camp's civilization started to appear.

For about the first six months, this sudden dive into the world of manual labor was for the majority of us perhaps the most valuable experience. All manual labor in China, skilled and unskilled, was done by Chinese. Therefore the foreign population in that land included no "working force." The majority of internees were either men accustomed to executive work in offices or women used to the help of innumerable Chinese servants around the house. To be forced to do hard physical labor, often outdoors, was a new experience. We all discovered what it was like to be worn out from work with our muscles and to return black and grimy, our clothing ripped and torn, from a day of hard labor....

### Housing

A word should be said about how we were housed.... Ironically enough, the spacious houses previously reserved for the foreign missionary staff in a walled-off section of the compound were now "out of bounds" to the Western internees; these were earmarked as the residences of our Oriental captors. The mission compound had, however, possessed three or four classroom buildings and innumerable rows of small rooms for the Chinese students of its boarding school. Here we lived. Families, which made up the bulk of our population, were housed in the 9-by-12-foot rooms; single men and women lived dormitory style in the classrooms and offices of the school buildings.

## **2. David Michell, *A Boy's War*<sup>8</sup>**

### The Weihsien Compound

One of the first arrivals had described Weihsien as follows:

"Bare walls, bare floors, dim electric lights, no running water, primitive latrines, open cesspools, a crude bakery, two houses with showers, three huge public kitchens, a desecrated church and a dismantled hospital, a few

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<sup>8</sup> David Michell, *A Boy's War*, p. 60 - 67. Both David Michell and Norman Cliff, were among those arriving in Weihsien from the Chefoo boarding school just a week before the Wilders were repatriated to the U.S. on The Gripsholm.

sheds for shops, rows of cell-like rooms, and three high dormitories for persons who are single."

It was to this scene of destruction and despair that we now came in September of 1943.

Weih sien had seen happier days. In the early years of the twentieth century the American Presbyterian Mission had established a school, seminary, and hospital there, with a number of American-style homes for missionary doctors and teachers. In fact, two Americans, later to become famous, were born in Weih sien: Pearl Buck, the popular writer, and Henry Luce, founder of TIME magazine. When the "Courtyard of the Happy Way" was under the Presbyterians' control, it was a pleasant and well-planned campus.

When we straggled into camp some thirty years later, however, the scene was quite different. The Japanese had taken over the foreign residences for their quarters. The rest of the compound suffered badly from looting and neglect. Running up the high wooden gates at the entrance to the camp was a black cinder road we called "Main Street." To the right and left, in an area measuring some 150 by 200 yards, were crowded over sixty assorted buildings. Besides an Edwardian Church and classroom buildings were row upon row of long low huts with small rooms measuring 9' x 12' intended originally for students. Into this motley collection of very run-down buildings about fifteen hundred of us were to be stuffed like sardines.

### Camp Governance

Weih sien was really a world in microcosm with at least fifteen nationalities represented. The majority were families associated with foreign business enterprises, but the largest occupational group were missionaries, belonging to various Protestant mission boards or denominations. There were 400 Roman Catholic priests and nuns, although all but 30 of the priests were transferred to Peking not long after our arrival.

Since we were all civilians, we fared better than the military POWs. We were even given freedom to organize our own activities, being for all practical purposes a self-governing community, with committees elected by internees.

Camp was managed by nine committees: Supplies, Quarters, Employment, Engineering, Discipline, Medical, Education, General Affairs, and Finance. The senior ruling body in camp was called the Discipline Committee. The chairman was Ted McLaren of Butterfield and Swire, a British business concern with a long history in China. That committee was made up of a number of business people and missionaries, including some of our own staff. They were the group who spoke on behalf of the camp to the Japanese rulers and also were our mouthpiece to talk with Mr. Egger, the Swiss Consul, who was given permission on rare occasions to visit the camp.

Every able-bodied person was given regular work to do. In the kitchen most people worked a twelve-hour day shift and then had two days off. Many of the older boys took

turns at pumping water up into the water tower for the camp supply. We younger children did things such as transporting water from one side of camp to the other and carrying the washing, which our teachers had tried to scrub clean, often without soap or brushes. We also sifted through the ash heaps to try and find pieces of coke or unburned coal, and gathered sticks and anything else that would burn, to try to keep warm through the winter.

The Japanese limited their own involvement in the internal work of the camp, stating that their two responsibilities were to see that none escaped and to supply coal and wood for cooking and heating and "adequate" food. Adequate was an overstatement, as their basis for calculation was quantities for two meals a day.

### Camp Food

The camp was organized into three kitchens, staffed by internees. Hands that were totally unaccustomed to the culinary arts were soon turning out fancy-named items which appeared on the daily menu board. These mysterious products completely belied their humble origin from turnips, eggplant and cabbage with occasional squid, fish or what could aptly be described as "no-name" meat. Actually, it had a name—it was either horse or mule. Morning, noon and night we lined up in long queues for our portion of food and then sat down at rough-hewn tables and benches. Servers had to try and be scrupulously fair, or there were complaints.

A typical camp menu would be: Breakfast—two slices of bread (often hard and flat if the yeast supply was low) and millet or sorghum porridge, with sugar on very rare occasions; dinner or lunch—chashu or stew including mushy eggplant, popularly called "S.O.S." ("Same Old Stew"), and occasionally dessert; and supper—usually soup, which was often a watered-down version of S.O.S.

"As the diet was lacking in calcium (no milk, no cheese, no ice cream)," Evelyn Davey remembers, "we collected the shells from the black-market eggs, ground them into a powder and fed it to the children by the spoonful. We also gathered certain weeds around the compound and cooked them into a spinach-like vegetable to supplement the rations. Fruit, apart from a few apples, was almost unknown, and one little girl in school asked, — What is a banana?"

Second helpings of anything were very rare. When one five-year-old discovered that she was allowed a second drink of water at playtime, she shouted excitedly to the others, "Hey, everybody, seconds on water!"

### 3. Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*<sup>9</sup>

Our mode of life was simple and primitive. The day began with filling buckets at the pump for purposes of cooking and washing. Firewood was collected from trees and bushes, and used in the stove in the middle of the room. From this, water was heated for shaving and washing, and at a later stage for cooking breakfast, that is whatever we had privately for supplementing the official rations. We queued up in Kitchen I for a ladle of bread porridge and some bread. Into our mugs was poured black tea ladled out of a bucket. Back we went to the bedroom to mix the kitchen issue of food with our own dwindling resources in the most enjoyable combination possible.

Then followed washing of dishes, cleaning of rooms, hanging our mattresses in the sun in a bid to kill the bed bugs, washing our clothes, hanging them out to dry, and so on.

By this time the roll-call bell would ring. We would wait in four groups in different parts of the camp for the Japanese guards to inspect us, count us and make provision for those who were on special duties. While waiting for the guards we read books, studied languages, shared camp rumours and speculated about the future.

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<sup>9</sup> Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*, p. 71.

## APRIL, 1943

New job: sharpening knives.  
Report Russia declares war on Japan.  
Coolie beaten for selling eggs.  
Softball games.  
Red Cross "comfort loans."  
Swiss consul inspects camp, but inmates were not allowed to discuss camp conditions.  
Gertrude makes one-finger mittens for coal stokers.  
Eric Liddel preaches.  
Young Catholic priests are jolly with the young girls.

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### April 1

Gertrude cut vegetables 1 or 2 hours after breakfast. She and I went to salvage paper from the hospital records. We had a lot of bonfires outside and burnt much good kindling but we will not need a fire much longer.

More squids - but a very good meat noodle soup with vegetables, potatoes, etc., as well as the squid chowder.

Better coal is now to be had at the public dump.

Our last trunk is not yet opened. Prayer meeting at 4 p.m. today, led by R.W. Cooley. The church is so cold that we stayed away.

Hub and Knauff speak of hearing geese going over during the nights. I thought I dreamed it once.

### Apr. 2

Heavily overcast and the east wind brought rain after lunch.

We opened our last trunk and packed two trunks with things not needed until next winter, arranged along the west wall so as to make seats and a table in the middle, made of two trunks piled on either side, with one streamer trunk or chest with suitcases set on top for a seat and back.

Worst fish chowder yet seen, full of fine fish bones — but plenty of bread, and it had a good flavor. Mrs. Henning learned that Gertrude could not eat the fish chowder (she is allergic) and brought her two eggs bought here at 60 cents apiece. We gave her a tin of milk — we had eight given to us by Chinese.

### Sunday, April 4

We were ordered to deposit all the money we had declared with the bank by Sunday P.M.

A long queue for the 8:00 - 9:30 breakfast. Getting hot water at 10 a.m. and the bank took up the day until a little after church time. Gertrude and I divided the time in line and deposited \$1,800, with a receipt to be given the next day. When we left Peking it was worth at the rate of 9 to 11 FRB to \$1 U.S.

Cotterill preached well on "The Church," it being the fourth in the series planned in Peking for Lent.

The hospital clean-up was postponed over Sunday, but carpenters had to continue work and kitchen knives had to be sharpened, so E. L Johnson got the whetstone and I did it at home. Sharpened about a dozen knives. L. Davies keeps the books of tools loaned by the hospital, and I sharpen knives right beside him on his counter.

#### Apr. 5

Gertrude and I got hot water in a pail and a big dish loaned by Martin to do our washing — one sheet, one shirt, one union suit, etc.

Got our receipt for \$1,800. Wrote and mailed letters to DeVargas and to Vetch.

#### April 8

This week I have put in 2 2 to 4 hours a day sharpening knives and tools, especially 5 bread knives, 5 butcher knives, 2 cleavers and the women's vegetable kitchen knives. I drop in a yellow slip giving the hours worked every day.

On Wednesday I went to look over the wall at ramps to the lookout stations on three sides of the compound. A Japanese soldier called me off before I got to the top of the third one, on the south side, and tried to set me and Hubbard to work cleaning up bricks and rubbish in back of our kitchen #3, near the gate. He was rather gruff and would not listen to Hub's explanation that he was in charge of labor, and that I was old. "*Mei kuanse.*" An officer watching the work asked my age and when I said 73 he patted my back and said "We are looking for young men to work."

We subscribed for the Chronicle for 2 months to come to Hub for the nine at the table in the American Board Mission. Got March 26 and 28. The office clerk told me none had come since then. The Salvation Army people say that a whole issue of the Chronicle was burned because it had big headlines — "Russia Declares War on Japan" — and it is said that fighting continues on the Siberian front.

Gertrude and I are on a list of old folks and parents who have a green "P" badge giving priority in the waiting lines for meals, dishes to be washed, and water. We don't like to use the privilege, but have done so. It is very kind of the committee.

Evacuation — i.e. repatriation — of Americans is still in the air. All who have not registered are asked to do so, so there is still hope for it.

On Thursday Hub and I started on the Chihli bird list again, checking up on Shaw's book to put his "Shaw" initial on our complete list.

Hemmingsen at Pei T'ai Ho does not want any letters. A few days ago someone got a comfort package by mail and had to pay \$20 war tax, probably more than it was worth.

A coolie caught selling eggs or something was beaten, and a report said that one was given the water cure (torture). The seller of brooms — last week at \$1.00, this week at \$1.50 — says he is not afraid, but keeps it secret.

Chinese say that Japan and Russia have fought for a week. A Japanese said Tokyo has been bombed twice.

#### Apr. 9 to 15

Were notified that stoves must be turned in by April 15 and it was done on the 13th, but families with babies and old folks were allowed to retain them. It has been chilly nights and mornings as the spring seems two or three weeks later than it is in Peking. Poplars bloomed March 14-16 there, and by March 24th they were shedding their flowers on us as we loafed at the American Legation lawn for examination.

The Bank opened today, April 15, to pay the monthly stipend of \$30 per adult in FRB notes for our purchases at the Canteen. A canteen opened about the 13th with laundry soap \$2.50 a bar, one bar per person, cold cream, etc. We need pails, and a long list signed up for them at \$10:00. The canteen is to get them. Brooms rose from \$1.00 to \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Softball baseball is drawing crowds. Tientsin beat Peking (14 to 12), and Tsingtao, also winning return game in 11 innings, 10-7.

On Tuesday (April. 13) I gave three or four Badger Clark poems in a prayer meeting on "Finding God in new Surroundings." Many couldn't hear, though I spoke loudly. Some said they heard about a half, some a third. Several asked for his book.

Hub and I worked on the Chihli bird list.

#### April 16

A fine ball game, Peking 10, Tsingtao 9, in 11 innings.

I continue grinding knives, 5 bread, 7 butcher, 12 kitchen knives, plus private knives, hospital scissors, carpenters' planes and chisels, 1 to 4 hours a day.

Rumor says that the Japanese have done to Vladivostok what they did to Pearl Harbor. Russia and Japan are fighting. A Solomon Islands sea victory is claimed. There is still fighting in Tunis.

Apr. 17

Chronicles of Mar. 30 and April 1 arrived. No news except that Gabes are about to fall to the A's. The Axis is greatly outnumbered in Africa. The right bank of the Donetz is still fought for.

A fine 11-inning game of softball was won by the Fathers (Catholic), over Tientsin 4-2.

Began getting tree specimens to identify.

Sunday, Apr. 18

A Red Cross "comfort loan" of \$50 per month, (U.S. \$4.50), will be given to all who have applied for evacuation. It will be applied to our account with the Bank and we will still draw \$50 a month. (The comfort loan is \$80 per couple, and less for children — \$30, etc., according to age.) We only had to sign.

There was a two hour Palm Sunday Catholic service in the morning.

Apr. 19.

I have an apprentice at knife-grinding, Mr. Littler of Salvation Army, who put in 2 2 hours.

The Swiss consul of Tsingtao came to inspect the camp. No one was allowed to mention camp conditions. Old Dr. Hayes, 86, went on a stretcher to see him. When asked where he would prefer to go if taken away from here he replied: (1) Heaven; (2) my old home in T'eng Hsien; (3) A larger room here; (4) America. Tokyo had cabled that he could be left at T'eng Hsien, but it was suppressed at the office here until he was brought here.

A fine sunny wash day. After heating water for wash we let the fire go out, as the thermometer stood at 88 degrees for the room.

Apr. 20

Consul Ager came again, followed by a bag of mail, and we have ten more copies of The Chronicle, up to April 11 since March 26 — 14 in all, with two missing. A lot of big boxes came in, some being electric refrigerators, but the current will not run them.

The stove is out and we probably will not build a fire again. It is hot in the middle of the day, cool at night.

Apr. 21

Water is getting lower in the wells, and rationing is threatened. Nothing but wash water is to be used on plants. The big Men's W.C., closed for repairs for several days, is now open only for two hours a day for emptying chamber pots. Our ladies' toilet in Chinese style is done every day.

Miss Studley returned Badger Clark's poems, "read from cover to cover." I took it to Bryson and found him in bed.

Gertrude worked 5 hours a day or more making one-finger mittens for fire-stokers, two or three thicknesses on the palm, made of heavy canvas — hard to sew.

Electric light is on.

April 22

Peking 7, Tientsin 3 in soft ball. Many errors, but interesting.

Had Communion service in the evening. We are reading "Intimate Papers of Col. House" aloud.

Apr. 23

There is candy and fruit at the canteen.

Steiner's "Crucifixion" in the evening. Crowded.

Apr. 24

Left Peking one month ago.

Got a few cheap candies for \$2.40. They are now to be bought by the warden of each block and divided among his subjects, 26 in our block of 13 rooms.

Tientsin softball took revenge on the Fathers, 11-1.

Steiner's "Crucifixion" again -- crowded.

Sunday, Apr. 25, EASTER

Beautiful clear fresh morning. The young peoples' Sunrise Service at 6:30 am Tokyo time among the trees in front of No. 23 hall was very impressive.

Shaw asked me for the correction on a sundial to get mean time. I had one from my diary of 1922 and he plans to get a dial up.

Sycamore Avenue in front of No. 23 is just blossoming, small leaves and buttons, male and female.

Finished Vol. I of "Intimate Papers."

Catholics had a morning service with a Bishop from Canada preaching well in English. The Anglicans also, and at 4:30 p.m. Eric Liddell<sup>10</sup> preached an Easter Sermon well — "The Significance of the Resurrection for Protestants."

Hubbard and I worked on the Hopei bird list in the evening.  
We had extra food - good cake with orange peel sauce for dessert.

Some Catholics helped sing and a good many attended our service, as we did theirs. The young priests are quite jolly with the young girls here, and are inviting them to Mass.

*April 26, 1943 Red Cross Letter. G.D. Wilder to Theodore S. Wilder from Civilian Assembly Center, Weih sien, Shantung, China. This letter reached Geneva (via Shanghai) on Sept. 20, 1943 and the American Red Cross on Nov. 11, 1943, with a typed note: "No reply necessary as inquirer returning on Gripsholm." (TSW)*

"Here one month, one room, double bed, stove, trunks, table, occupy space. Internees all work. Church services, baseball, strolling inside compound. Food enough. Well."

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<sup>10</sup> Eric Liddell, the Olympic champion who was one of the two runners featured in the film *A Chariots of Fire*.<sup>©</sup> He later died of a brain tumor and was buried in the Weih sien camp. (See Norman Cliff's and David Michell's descriptions at end of April diary entries.)

### April 26

Got up early — 6:30 — to get hot water for a bath, and went around with Hub identifying birds and trees. Hua chiao - Chinaberry - and Wulung buds are just swelling - Paulonia leaves are only on root sprouts.

We are ordered to get all goods out of our rooms so the floors can be painted with a germicidal wax. Some bed-bugs have been reported, but we have seen none.

Rev. Murakami came from Peking, bringing letters, flashlights, etc. The Pope had asked that his people not be interned, or to be kept as near as possible to their field of work, so now those from Meng Chiang and the North are allowed to decide whether to return and be interned in Peking or elsewhere. They say they want to stay here, in the main. The Bishops are consulting.

Miss Marian Speer of Yenching led the Praise Meeting, and then there was a musical entertainment.

### April 27

Up early. Hugh and I moved everything occupying floor space out into the yard before breakfast, then we waited around until near noon. It was reported that there was not enough of the paint, but it just lasted until our 3 rooms — 13-10, 11 and 12 — were all done. We had to camp out on our mattresses spread over trunks and suitcases all afternoon.

Went to the ball game, Tientsin vs. Tsingtao. They tied 3-3, then 5-5, and ran into 14 innings, ending 7-5 for Tsingtao. Rumpf, a professional in hardball, pitched for Tientsin.

We moved back into our rooms after supper, but hardly got settled. Irwin and Wright and Strong and Hubbard carried our trunks in.

### Apr. 28

Our neighbors are compelled to put all their things out into the front yard to have their floors painted.

I umpired a major league ball game, Peking 4 to Tientsin Yankees 1. It was a good, fast game, 1 2 hours. Only one questionable decision on a foul past 3rd base.

Apr. 30

Lost my fountain pen. We got our flashlights back, but no binoculars.

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### **Norman Cliff's Memories of Eric Liddell<sup>11</sup>**

Eric Liddell, an educational worker in the London Missionary Society, was in the forefront of the religious activities in the camp. Much of his spare time was spent in coaching maths and science, and organizing sports for the youth.

He was in his early forties, bald, quiet spoken and with a permanent smile. Born at the turn of the century of a missionary family in China, and educated at Eltham College (a school for the sons of L.M.S. missionaries) and Edinburgh University, he had returned as a young man to the land of his birth, first to teach at the Anglo-Chinese college in Tientsin, and latterly, as the Sino-Japanese war was beginning, to do evangelistic work in the L.M.S. stations scattered on the North China plain.

Eric Liddell was the finest Christian man I have had the privilege of meeting. When given the opportunity to preach at the camp church services his discourses were invariably on either the Sermon on the Mount or St. Paul's Hymn of Love (1 Corinthians 13). His life seemed an embodiment of these two passages.

One evening he addressed a youth group (which I chaired) on his earlier athletic career. With a quiet humility which deeply impressed us he recounted how he had played rugby and run in the Olympics for Scotland. Two incidents he recalled that evening have stuck in my memory. In 1924 he went to Paris to run the hundred-metres race for his country. But on arrival, scanning the athletic programme, he learnt to his dismay that the race for which he had strenuously practised was to be run on a Sunday. This was contrary to his religious scruples. Nothing and nobody could make him change his mind and agree to run. Thereafter he switched to the 400 metres, which he won with flying colours.

Years later when teaching in Tientsin he was asked to run at the Dairen Athletic Meet. On arrival in Dairen he found that his 400 metres race was due to be run half an

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<sup>11</sup> Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*, p. 81.

hour before the departure of his boat back to Tientsin. Resourcefully he arranged for a taxi to be waiting at the tape. he would jump into it and be rushed immediately to the clocks. On the day of the race all went to schedule, except that after having alighted from the taxi at the docks, he had to jump over numerous crates and packages to reach the wharf. By now the boat was steadily moving out. Liddell was successful in throwing his bags on to the moving ship, took a running leap, just reaching the deck and grabbing firmly to a railing.

In Weihsien Camp Liddell gave his unqualified support to every worthy cause, religious and social. If there were a call to preach, to coach, to help, to advise, he was there, however busy or tired he might be. Though he spoke of it only to his closest friends, internment for him was a painful separation from his wife and three children who were in Canada, the last child having been born after their separation through the war.

This daughter he was never to see, for he died of a brain tumour in February 1945. The news of his passing came as a shock to the entire camp community, in which he was greatly beloved and respected. The Edwardian style church was packed for the funeral. Moving tributes to his life were paid by leaders of the camp. When his last mortal remains were borne to the quiet cemetery in the Japanese officers' quarters, I had the privilege of being in the guard of honour with other young people.

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## The Weihsien Black Market: Three Accounts

### 1. Langdon Gilkey, *Shantung Compound*<sup>12</sup>

With the advent of Spring, a marked change came over the face of the camp. Where there had been rubble and dirt, there were now bright patches of color in the gardens and neat patios. These were only the physical evidences of a change that also occurred on a deeper level. Within a few months this poorly prepared and, indeed, almost desperate group had transformed itself into a coherent civilization, able to cope with its basic material problems and day by day raising the level of its life on all fronts. The food was almost palatable, the baseball league enthralled everyone; and the evenings were now warm enough for a stroll with a girl friend. The camp was almost becoming a pleasant place in which to live.

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<sup>12</sup> Langdon Gilkey, *Shantung Compound*, p. 35ff. Gilkey changed the names of all those whom he mentions. AFather Darby,@ for example, is referred to as AFather Scanlon by both Michell and Cliff.

Not the least among the elements contributing to this general state of well-being were the sources of "extra" supplies. Of course there was always the camp canteen: a small store supplied by the Japanese and manned by a Tientsin department store owner and an elderly importer. In it such necessities of our life could be purchased as cigarettes, soap, peanut oil, toilet paper, and mats — for which goods in great demand ration cards were issued. Also on rare occasions such items as dried fruits, spices, and ginger could be found there. There were never any fresh fruits or sweets available there or in the kitchens during the two and one-half years we were in camp.

It was, however, the black market that added the most to our life during the first six months. Although I enjoyed its fruits as much as the next man, I was never involved in the operation of this flourishing industry. Even the most ingenuous, however, could not long remain unaware of its existence. He had only to saunter past any row of rooms or dorm of a morning to smell eggs frying on a newly made brick stove, or to have a friend casually press upon him some succulent jam for his bread. When he stopped by a neighbor's room, he was likely to be offered a little bacon or chocolate, *By-gar* (Chinese whisky) or wine.

It was no time at all until the members of *our* group, too, were buying eggs, jam, and sweets from "those who knew." There were, as I found, a considerable number of the latter. When I inquired whom one might contact for some of this marvelous manna, friends suggested the following: some of the tough ex-army men at the end of our row; several businessmen over near the wall in Block 54; two bachelors in Dorm 49; and so on. But the majority replied: "If you want to get eggs and jam cheap, and in great quantity, see the Catholic fathers."

During the middle of that first summer, at least two-thirds of the internees had an egg to fry each morning. At one point in fact, when the black market was at its height, we had so many that an extra hot plate in the Peking kitchen had to be constructed to handle the long line queued up for a stove. This meant that an average of about 1,300 eggs a day were coming over or through the wall; an equivalent amount of jam, peanuts, and sugar was there for the buying if one knew whom to see. Wherever there was a sheltered spot in the wall, goods seemed to pour over. The Chinese farmers were eager for cash and in summer they had plenty of produce to sell....

As it was apparent that the fathers were the major source, I decided to find out how they worked it. The three hundred or so priests and monks lived under horribly crowded conditions in the upper floors of the hospital building and one or two adjacent small blocks. This was an area which was next to the wall, and at the beginning quite out of sight of the guardhouses. Each time I had been in their neighborhood, I had felt a slight shock, for I was not used to this monastic world. Early in the morning or late in the afternoon, I found that the yard around the hospital resembled a medieval courtyard. A hundred or so priests in black and monks in brown were there slowly pacing up and down near the wall saying their prayers.

I learned from one Passionist father that the black market began at the hour of evening devotionals a couple of weeks after camp started. Quite without warning, a covey of cabbages flew over the wall into the midst of these praying priests. Immediately, so my friend noted with great amusement, all purely religious concerns receded. The priests closed their prayer books, scooped up the cabbages, and hoisted one another up high enough to talk over the wall to the Chinese beyond it. Regular rendezvous spots and hours were fixed, and if one of them did not work, they tried another.

The most successful and certainly the most intriguing of the clerical egg runners was a small, bespectacled Trappist monk named Father Darby. The strict rules of his order against speaking at any time were temporarily lifted so that these monks could work with the rest of us. Thus Father Darby was able to tell us a good deal about his life as a Trappist. He explained to us that he had been in the same monastery for twenty-five years. For that quarter century prior to coming to camp, he had not spoken more than three or four words to any living soul. A charming, friendly little man, while he was with us he more than made up for lost time. He would talk by the hour with anyone who would listen to him. I am sure he was a devout Trappist, but one summer evening I came to realize he had many other facets to his personality. Passing by one of the camp's more elegant patios, I saw a group sampling *By-gar*. In their midst was Father Darby, dressed in a "secular" white summer formal, replete with white jacket, black tie and black trousers and regaling that fashionable audience with his Irish stories!

Father Darby had a seemingly foolproof method of receiving eggs undetected. In an obscure corner of the wall about a foot above the ground, he had pried loose a few bricks. He would kneel down at this spot and pull the eggs through the hole as a Chinese farmer pushed them from the other side. If a guard happened along, two Trappist friends down the line would begin a Gregorian chant.

At this signal, Darby would quickly cover the eggs with his long monk's robe and, already on his knees, be deep in prayer by the time the guard reached him. He kept up this practice for two or three months without being caught. Some of the guards were apparently more than a little afraid of these "holy men" with their massive beards and long robes. But finally one day a guard lifted Father Darby's robe as he knelt by the wall. To his surprise and the monk's embarrassment, he found one hundred and fifty eggs nestling there. Whatever the guards may have thought of the occult powers of Western holy men, they certainly never gave them credit for being able to lay eggs!

Father Darby was whisked off to the guardhouse. The first trial of camp life began. The camp awaited the outcome of the trial with bated breath; we were all fearful that the charming Trappist might be shot or at best tortured. For two days, the chief of police reviewed all the evidence on the charge of black marketeering, which was, to say the least, conclusive.

At the end of the elaborate trial, the chief announced his stern verdict. First, he said that because he was determined to stamp out the black market, he would have to make an example of Father Darby<sup>c</sup>adding parenthetically that it pained him "to punish a man of the cloth." The camp heard this pronouncement with a shudder. And so, said the chief, he was going to sentence Father Darby to one and one-half months of solitary confinement! The Japanese looked baffled when the camp greeted this news with a howl of delight, and shook their heads wonderingly as the little Trappist monk was led off to his new cell joyously singing.

From that time on, the black market had a strange and uneven history. During the fall of 1943, the Japanese reduced the flow of goods to a trickle. They managed to catch some more of the internee leaders and put them in "solitary." Since they were not Trappists, that was bad enough. But then they caught two Chinese farmers. To the horror of the internees, they stood the Chinese up before a firing squad within earshot of the camp.

## 2. David Michell, *A Boy's War*<sup>13</sup>

The black market really was a lifeline to survival for many in camp. From the accounts that circulated in camp, the peak time of the clandestine purchasing of food and other necessities was in the first months of Weih sien Camp's history. The Roman Catholic fathers expanded their calling to include getting into the barter business. They acted as a conduit between people in the camp and collaborating Chinese outside, exchanging cash and valuables for eggs, bacon, fruit, jam and even chocolate. One method of collecting orders was for a Chinese, with his body blackened and greased, to shinny over the wall at night and pick up the "shopping list." While doing this he would also arrange the time and method of delivery. Since the Japanese guards patrolled the walls constantly, the system called for great ingenuity.

Five of the fathers were Trappist monks. They had been forced to forego their vows of silence, having been put by the Japanese into one of the tiny rooms. Their joviality and good "works" became a byword in camp, and fortuitously their room was very close to the outside wall and made an excellent location for their food-smuggling enterprise.

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<sup>13</sup> David Michel, *A Boy's War*, p. 86f.

One of these monks was Father Patrick Scanlan, an Australian of Irish ancestry. He became Chief Organizer of the underground food supply operation. He looked the perfect friar—in fact some called him Friar "Tucker" (Aussie slang for food). His long brown robes just seemed to match his red hair, rotund figure, and rosy complexion.

The chief egg supplier from the outside was a plucky little Chinese Christian lady called Mrs. Kang. At night, with the help of her little boys, she would funnel a steady flow of eggs into a drainage tunnel that came in underneath the wall near the priests' shack. If ever an egg business got cracking, this one did. Scanlan recorded all his dealings in what he called "The Book of Life." With his partners he carefully distributed the eggs and other food within the camp, making sure to escape detection by the guards.

Father Scanlan was very adroit in every aspect of the operation. One time when he was sitting on a stool by the wall, as was his daily custom, he had given the all-clear to those over the wall for the egg delivery to begin. Just then a guard approached. Quickly he had to stop putting the eggs into the bucket hidden under his robe and at the same time try to signal a halt to the flow coming under the wall. Unsuccessful in stopping the arrival of the eggs, he began to read his prayer book very loudly and then, in the form of a Latin chant, called his partners to come and help.

However, the guard was in an unusually talkative mood and decided to stop and engage him in conversation. In a few minutes the cracking of egg shells and the telltale mess of raw eggs streaming out from beneath his gown gave him away. With angry shouts of abuse, the sentry hauled him off to the guard house, where he was given a sentence of fifteen days in solitary confinement. When news of Father Scanlan's punishment got back to us, it was the joke of the camp. What was solitary confinement to one who had had twenty-five years of silence as a Trappist before internment?!

The priest was always one step ahead of the Japanese, and even in solitary, he put one over on them. After about a week, Scanlan was lonely for company. He decided to sing his prayers out loud in Latin, late at night. Since his cell was in one of the buildings housing the soldiers, his booming voice was keeping them from sleep. On hearing that these noisy activities were his obligatory religious exercises, they hesitated to interfere. They put up with the same routine one more night and then gladly sent him back to us. As Weihsien's egg hero was marched back into camp under guard, the Salvation Army band fell in behind them, playing a march and soon a long train of grateful mothers and children were part of the joyful procession. The Japanese appeared not to get the point as the camp feted its benefactor's return.

The black-market business was never quite as successful thereafter as the Japanese took much greater precautions. After a new commandant was appointed, it became even more difficult, and supplies were sorely missed. One Chinese was electrocuted while trying to smuggle in food; his body was left to hang on the wires as a gruesome warning to others.

### 3. Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*<sup>14</sup>

#### White Elephant and Black Market

In addition to the limited resources of the official camp kitchens, there were other sources of supplies. There was the White Elephant where cigarettes, soap, peanut oil and other provisions could be purchased. Internees without ready cash brought books and clothes which they bartered for food.

Cash for buying these commodities came from "Comfort Money", brought by the Swiss Red Cross representative, Mr. Eggar, who took all kinds of risks to visit the camp regularly. Internees had to sign a promissory note, undertaking to repay the money after the war. In Chinese dollars the amounts received monthly sounded large, but with the rapidly rising inflation they in fact bought less and less.

Another factor in the battle for survival was the black market. I watched this delicate operation in full swing. Going to chop wood for fuel in an out-of-the-way part of camp, I stumbled on it quite accidentally.

In between electrified wires were three Chinese, busy passing over the wall below the wires boxes of eggs and some crates of bigar (wine). On this side of the wires were some Tientsin business men receiving the provisions and piling them behind some loose bricks. The operation depended on the vigilance of another internee a hundred yards away on Rocky Road, who was on the look out for any movement of Japanese guards either from their residences in one direction or from the sports field in the other. Farther away another man was posted on the main road, watching for any movement at the guardroom just inside the main gate of the camp. If one guard appeared on any front the man watching blew his nose ostentatiously. The same gesture followed down the line, and within half a minute black market operations came to a standstill till the all clear was given once again.

Through this adventurous exercise families with small children were able to get eggs and other items not available at the White Elephant, while thirsty bachelors could drink the bigar to drown their sorrows. Initially the goods were bought for hard cash, but as the war progressed I.O.U chits were signed undertaking settlement after the war.

Early one morning I walked past the sports field to see the corpse of a Chinese black marketeer hanging on the wires. The authorities left it there for a while as an object lesson. On another occasion a group of Chinese traders was caught and all were beaten up by the Japanese. On the whole the marketing was carried out without such repercussions.

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<sup>14</sup> Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*, p. 72f

Father Scanlan was an Australian Trappist priest among the four hundred Catholics who moved to Peking before my arrival. Though I never met him, stories about him abounded as we chatted in the evenings, reminiscing on the earlier years of the war. In some lonely caves outside Peking and under a vow of silence Scanlan had been living in solitary meditation before the outbreak of war. Herded by the Japanese after Pearl Harbor, with other priests of various religious orders, he had come to Weih sien. Receiving from his bishop a special dispensation to speak, he was soon making up for fifteen years of silence with his storytelling, jokes and vivacious conversation.

Scanlan was one of the pioneers of the Weih sien black market. He looked on the smuggling of food over the walls as a humanitarian mission, and being celibate he heroically preferred being arrested rather than the father of a small family to be. He became a legendary camp personality. On one occasion he was bringing a basket of eggs over the wall when a guard turned the corner. All the precautions I have previously described must have broken down. Keeping his presence of mind, Scanlan quietly took down some laundry hanging out to dry on the line, spreading it over the basket. He continued pulling down vests, shirts and socks until the unsuspecting guard had gone again.

On another occasion he was standing just inside the electrified wires ready to receive some parcels of food when the Japanese guard arrived unexpectedly. He crossed himself, let out some Latin chants which served to warn the Chinese peasant to keep out of sight, and then proceeded to count his rosary. The last thing the guard wanted was to be embroiled in his religious rituals.

One evening he was caught black marketeering, was arrested and taken towards the guardroom for questioning. Realising that he had a lot of money in his pocket from his nefarious activities, he staged a fall into the public toilet. Out of sight for a moment from his captors, he shed the white gown he had been wearing and with it his funds, and emerged from the W.C. in the black gown he had been wearing under his white one. What was more, he was now surrounded by other internees, also emerging from the toilet. The guards lost sight of him in the crowd with his sudden change of uniform.

But on a subsequent occasion that elusive character was well and truly arrested. At the guardroom, surrounded by angry guards, his Trappist vows suddenly came into operation again, and all questionings brought no replies. Sentencing him to six months solitary confinement, they put him in a room in the Japanese officers' quarters at the opposite end of the camp.

The vows of silence were strangely waived once again.

As tired Japanese policemen tried to sleep after long hours of vigil in the camp, during the early hours of Scanlan's first night he began chanting loudly in Latin. By daybreak he had been reluctantly released.

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## MAY, 1943

Smuggled eggs available at \$1 apiece.

Now weigh 145 (vs. 154 in Peking) — Gertrude now 105.

Believe Japanese or local authorities divide profits from bootleg egg sales over the wall.

Rumor that Tunis falls to Allies; Germans leaving N. Africa.

Trappist Father caught smuggling eggs.

Begin lectures on Chinese characters.

Allowance: \$80/month (local currency) for couples.

Umpire baseball games.

Rumor that Guam, Wake Island are retaken, Dardanelles re-opened.

Rumor of naval battle of Malacca Strait, in which Japanese scuttle their ships.

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### May 1

Watched the game. The Fathers won, 12 or 13 to Tsingtao's 2. (They got 9 runs in the 1st inning).

Went to a concert - piano and violin, a mixed quartet, and a 3/4 hour Tchaikovsky piano solo by A.C. Grimes Jr., with the orchestral parts played on a second piano by Ruth Stahl — very fine!

Saw a newt in the drain at the kitchen's pump. Forgot to take it to Miss Borung.

### May 2

RAIN - heavy in the evening.

Howard Smith preached on "Thomas' Belief in Immortality" — due to his invincible faith in a kind, loving, just and righteous God, as Jesus had showed him.

The Canteen sold fruits much cheaper; finally sold off apples at 5 for \$1.00.

L. Tipton was arrested and quizzed on suspicion of having dealings with the enemy in the person of a Chinese carpenter. Several people have bought smuggled eggs, 50 or 100 at \$1.00 each — but it is dangerous.

### May 3

Drew a rough map of the western edge of the camp, to put in trees — found 22 species on it.

Cold, strong NW wind — 68 degrees.

#### May 4

At 10:00 a.m. "All out!" for roll call, covering the athletic field. It was not fully satisfactory and we are to have another tomorrow.

Major league baseball — Peking 0 to Tientsin Giants 1 in the last inning, and one that didn't count.

Evening prayer meeting — well lead by someone from the Oriental Mission. A Japanese in civilian clothes came to the door and finally stayed through the service.

On the way home a Chinese with basket of 200 or 300 eggs came in with a Japanese soldier. When the Japanese who was at the prayer-meeting came along, the one escorting the egg-man made the egg-man disappear into a convenient court. There is a big bootleg business going on over the wall. We think the authorities or some of the Japanese divide the profits. Several Chinese were arrested for selling and last night one woman escaped over the wall. A sister followed and saw it. A Father was quizzed as to why he bought eggs and replied that he didn't get enough to eat.

#### May 5

Gertrude did dishwashing before breakfast. She was able to get boiling water. Hub made a comfortable seat with the two end-irons of a school desk, laced together with rope.

The "All out" count took from 10:00 to 11:20 because one warden forgot to count himself.

The great rush of bootlegging has slowed up since arrests were made of two foreigners and some Chinese.

#### May 6

The locust tree has grown 2 1/8 inches in a day and 1 1/2 in a night.

The Catholic Fathers beat the Tientsin Yanks 8-2, shutting them out after the first inning. There were several snappy double plays, especially by their shortstop, Kleine.

Identified the beautiful fringe tree. Many go to see it.

There was a Congregational meeting of all Xns (except Catholics) at 8 P.m. to discuss a "Union Church" or a fellowship to include all. Garvin said he would have to leave at once if it was called a "Church," but we can't see why, since he preaches, etc. at Union Church in Peking.

May 7 - 9

Bought three bottles of orange cider soda water " \$1.70. There is a rumor of other goods coming. No pails as yet. Refrigerators (electric) are being set up — the best of these in Japanese residences.

Temperature was 68-78 degrees Thursday.

A rumor of a letter encouraging us thrown over the wall. Eggs are still sold, but not easily — 50 or 100 at a time, \$1.00 apiece.

The Germans are unable to make a spring offensive in Russia, and are retiring from Africa by plane.

My class in Chinese characters gathered in vain by mistake. It is to begin on Monday.

In baseball, Peking 8, Tientsin Yanks 2.

Sunday sermon by Cullen of Tientsin London Mission Society was good, on "The Problem of Evil."

Martin read the last chapter of his book -- a good ending.

Kitchen No. 1 caught fire from fat and burned a section of the roof.

Paulonia Avenue trees are being cut by the carpenter for timber. They were 16 years old, some 1 2 to 2 feet in diameter at the base.

May 10

No more tree cutting today.

I happened in on a birthday party yesterday in back of #24, when I followed the coolies carrying the Paulonia logs to the carpenter shop.

Had my first lecture to about 30 on Chinese character writing at 5 p.m. Beginners and advanced were together. Gave the general principles of character structure.

Found pannicles of small lavender-pink buds of Chinaberry tree just opening. The fringe tree is almost white, as though covered with snow.

There are rumors that both Japanese and Chinese armies are losing many men in severe fighting. Tunis has fallen. Soldiers who fought against Germany are interned for fear they will revolt — also Belgians.

All of us were weighed by doctors. I am 149 (154 in Peking). We are both lighter here. Gertrude is only 105.

### May 11

All mail except postcards, which were sent, is to be returned to us next Friday or Saturday.

Single people are to get \$50 a month for miscellaneous expenses, married couples \$80, not \$60 as announced before. Children of certain ages get certain allowances.

It is not too hot - 82 degrees in the room, 72 the night before.

Baseball: Tientsin Giants lost to the Yankees, 15 to 3 or 4.

We got our windows screened to be fly-proof with some lace curtains and a lace lien tze on 5 or 6 split bamboo rods.

### May 12

Had my second lecture on character writing, beginners and intermediates together - on \_\_\_\_\_ etc.

Mail is in — only got the Chronicle for May 1 - 7, with one or two missing. We are to get all the mail that we have sent out back again on Friday or Saturday.

It rained hard in the early morning after a sprinkle all night. There are many leaks in others' roofs and the streets hold water in many places, so that draining had to be done, the athletic field especially.

Father \_\_\_\_\_ lectured on "My Life as a Trappist" at Yang Chia P'ing. Standing room was already taken and there was no admission for us. It was very fine, and it is hoped to be repeated.

Peking folks to arrive tonight.

### May 13

Went up on the tower after the rain, but it was rather misty. I saw at a distance in the wind the great difference between *Populus alba* (or *tomentosa*), with the silvery under-surface of its leaves, and *Populus tremula diurdiana* B.

Peking folks came in rickshas, etc. about 7 a.m. after a through train ride. Grabau, Ferguson, Aikins, Gillis, Leynse, et. al. are still exempted, but mostly are interned in the British legation. The Swedes were put out of the Presbyterian Mission, preparatory to looting or turning it over to the Chinese government.

Good news from Tunis, Bizerte with Fuelles (?) Islands — 75,000 prisoners.

May 14

Had the last of three lectures to my united class in Character Writing.

Much excitement over orders not to buy from Chinese. Rumor said a Father was caught and warned that he would be shot on sight if caught again. He said he hoped they would not shoot until they saw the whites of his eggs!

May 15

Baseball between Fathers and Tsingtao. Poor.

Sunday, May 16

Strong preached.

Candy and peanuts are offered in the Canteen.

We were notified that no letters have been sent out as yet.

There are still rumors of the Fathers from the North returning to Peking, but to self-support and detention just as close as here.

May 17

Began separate classes on Chinese Characters — beginners at 4:00 and intermediates at 5 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

I still sharpen knives every other day, changing off with Littler.

May 18

Umpired: Catholic Fathers 4 to Tientsin Giants 3. A good game with a queer case of "dead ball" from a bunt toward first bounding backward and then striking the bat just as the runner dropped it. I called it a dead ball. The bat left it on fair ground. It might have gone foul.

May 19

Got May 9, 12, 13 papers. Tunis is evacuated. The Riviera is all fortified along with the rest of the Mediterranean. Rumors are afloat that Guam and Wake are retaken and the Dardanelles opened — also that Cinstanza is taken or attacked by the Allies.

A good concert.

May 20

Baseball: The Tientsin combined team, (Giants and Yankees) lost to the Padres 8-2. Had a pretty young married woman to chat with.

Porter was arrested, rebuked, and slapped -- it is said for insulting the guard. Haven't heard his story. Someone saw him standing quiet and dignified while the officers shouted at him and slapped him in public.

Gertrude is under the weather. Upset by some Dutch porridge but seemingly not infected by germs -- temperature of 100.

Cold weather — 62 & 68 as a minimum in the room, to 78 as a maximum. Eastham has some sort of flu rather badly.

#### May 21

More rumors. The betting is 6 to 1 on the Bourse that war will end in June. Our mail has not gone out since we came to Wei Hsien.

Hub and I are asked to take folks out birding Monday and Thursday before breakfast.

Orders are out that the black market over the wall for eggs must be stopped on pain of severe punishment to individuals and to the community as a whole.

#### May 22

Tientsin Giants lost to Yankees this afternoon, 5-2. Still sharpening the kitchen knives with Littler. We alternate days and put in about 5 hours a week.

#### Sunday, May 23

Earle preached a fine sermon.

#### May 24

Did not go out with a group as the notice posted for bird walks before breakfast was for Tuesday and Thursday, so no one appeared.

I had my beginners class and proposed they go into the intermediate class after another week.

It was our 48th wedding anniversary. Mary sent over some cake and we sent John a box of candy for his birthday.

#### May 25

Had about 20 for a bird walk, right on time. Cloudy.

Padres against the Yanks, 4-1.

May 26

Had both classes, from 4 to 6. It is rather hard, going so long.

May 27

Had no ball game, the series being over, but the Catholic Fathers against the All-Stars is posted for Saturday.

Rumor through the Dutch of a naval battle off Malacca Strait near Singapore and Japan's scuttling ships to prevent their being captured or sunk by the enemy!! Also that Teng Hsien was evacuated by the Japanese on the understanding that the Chinese troops would move in, but Wang Ching Wei finally decided not to, so Teng Hsien is "free." This was reported by a Chinese workman who saw a Teng Hsien preacher preaching by the river near here. The schools are dismissed for the time.

May 28

Had class and examination of beginners — good — all got 90 - 100 except one, Sister Immaculata, age 74.

Lost my large *pan liang*, having failed to pick it up.

May 29

Peking 5, Padres 2. Only the second defeat suffered by the Fathers. Seven men and hard ball with special ground rules; on a full-sized diamond. They use Japanese rubber balls and a regulation ball at times. Lost four of the former over the wall in the last game, but got others back.

Many rumors.

May 30

Sermon by a Tsingtao man.

Finished the tree map. Miss Borung is putting the index in alphabetical order. Loaned Matthews to Wright.

May 31

Had bird walk.

## JUNE, 1943

Trappist caught smuggling and warned. Trappist life-style makes solitary confinement, bread-and-water, etc. no punishments for him. Reckless boy also caught.

Black market returns.

Barbed wire put up to prevent smuggling.

Bishop Morel reports that Saratsi irrigation canal was successful, but now neglected.

Gilkey addresses High School commencement.

Father \_\_\_\_, head of black market, arrested and jailed.

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### June 7

George King of Canada preached.

The week is quieter because of threats to punish black marketers. The Trappist who repeated his lecture on life at Yang Chia Ping is the leader in the black market. He was caught and quizzed. When asked why he bought over the wall, he said, "There is not enough to eat. We need eggs and chicken for the sick. There is no other way to get it unless you sell it to us." He was told he would be confined in solitude and replied, "For 30 years I've been that way at our monastery, talking to none." "You will get only bread and water." "I'm a vegetarian and live that way most of the time at Yang Chia Ping."

A boy, Lambert, was caught Monday morning and threatened. Caught again, he was beaten up and suffocated by the guard, but soon was out again boasting of his torture. He is said to get it for others and will not sell or give it to his mother. Said to be a reckless, wild boy. But a Mrs. Richards speaks Japanese, and took to the officer a picture of this boy being given a medal from Baden-Powell for having saved a Japanese from drowning at Pei Tai Ho. The officer recognized the boy and she gave him a tongue-lashing for requiting him in this way.

The black market is on again. Bought refined peanut oil at \$10 for a 3-pint bottle. My Marine friend got five for us and our neighbors; also 5 lbs. of peanut meats at \$4.50 a pound. Eggs are promised, too.

### June 8

A good softball game, Peking 3, Tientsin Giants 2, won by a sacrifice fly in last half of the 9th inning with only one out.

Two ladies from K'ai chou arrived, Miss Kupper and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, after 6 weeks on the way.

Rumor - a Chinese letter saying to buy soon, for barbed wire is to be put all around the wall to prevent buying from outside Chinese. Davies says he saw the letter and it is genuine. They have gotten in a lot of barbed wire lately.

A Catholic Father gets a typed letter from French Catholics in Wei Hsien sent in over the wall. One says that three evacuation ships are on the way -- one to take Americans in about two weeks.

June 9

A good class to Phonetic 70.

We were offered honey at \$6.50 per pound at the Fathers' Black Market. Also oil, at \$8.00 per bottle, and vinegar.

June 10

Went to the Fathers' market for 1 lb. of honey. The Trappist had been caught at midnight dealing over the wall and a Chinese "who stuck is head up" was shot at. The Father went home to bed and the guard called him out for interrogation but he was let go in 10 minutes.

The Chinaberry planted by Mrs. Jackson has sprouted. It is *Melia azedarach*.

June 11-23

Board is rather thin and there is general sickness — 200 are ill, and there is a lack of pep in everybody. I umpired a minor ball game and it was characterized by lack of pep.

The black market had flourished, but is being severely forbidden.

Two expert masons came and spent half day (their time off) building a "corn cob stove" up on our foundation.

June 23, 1943, Red Cross Letter. G.D. Wilder to Theodore S. Wilder (in Gertrude Wilder's handwriting)<sup>1</sup>:

Three months camp. Still good health. Two, four people, 9 by 12 rooms. All help in camp labor. Cool summer. Interesting life, but... See Ursula's.

June 23-30

Much better food. In the evening, dinners of potatoes, fried or mashed with plenty of gravy, roast beef, one or two vegetables such as string beans (once), summer squash (three times), greens and soup. This went on all the week and into the next.

From about the 25th to 30th Hubbard and Gertrude both were sick in bed with diarrhea. Hub had bronchitis as well. I had to do all the chores, emptying slops, getting various kinds of water, bringing their meals from Hospital One. When they were up and out I came down with temp of 102.5, Wednesday, June 30th, and chills that night, beginning on my way home from E.T.C. Werner's lecture on "Chinese History from a Sociologist's Standpoint" covering two periods, Feudal and Monarchic. I had had a full day, sitting for a pen portrait by Father Genechten for an hour. He couldn't get the likeness as he did with Porter and Britland, both in characteristic pipe-smoking attitudes.

Prepared for class in Characters at 5 p.m. Went to Werner's lecture from 8 to 9 p.m., then it was the shakes for me. I had caught cold a week before June 23 when it was cool and I was in a sleeveless shirt in the evening.

Our thermometer runs from 68 at night to 78 in the daytime - our hottest temperature in the house during this period was 84. In May it had been up to 88 in the house. Our stove has an oven that is always warm, and it can bake a cake with a special fire. We four west-enders use it. It is the best stove built yet, to our mind.

Sister Colette and another bring some new tree leaves for identification, they having gone into the residence compound out of bounds two or three times.

I saw Bishop Morel, whom I had met at 30 li west of Saratsi and had a talk with him.<sup>15</sup> He says the irrigation canal was a great success — washing out the alkali from the soil into the river again — never spoiling the fields, as was feared by Dr. P. But it has been neglected so that it is now useless, though not ruined.

I saw Father Genechten's picture of the dead Father, who is to be buried Friday temporarily in the cemetery cow pasture. The Trappist Father \_\_\_\_\_,<sup>16</sup> who had run the black market business for the community and had been threatened several times, was jailed on June 30 in the foreign residences in the cemetery at the S.E. corner of grounds. They do not seem to have carried out the threat of a bread and water diet, but say he will be released from solitary confinement in two weeks.

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<sup>15</sup> In August, 1931, GDW had temporarily substituted for the regular supervisor of construction for major irrigation canal diverting water from the Yellow River near the city of Saratsi in north-west China.

<sup>16</sup> Gilkey, who disguises people's actual names in his book, *Shantung Compound*, refers to him as a Father Darby. Both David Michell and Norman Cliff refer to him as a Father Scanlan.

We got 100 kao liang stalks for \$5 and have stuck up our tomatoes 15 inches high, a square support around each of 50 plants.

High School Commencement was a fine affair, Gilkey giving an excellent address full of local color. Three grads, Stephen Shaw, Miss Hansen and a Tsingtao girl, got diplomas for work finished this year, and two (Nancy Pratt and another) received them for finishing last year's work.

A very oratorical, poetical tragic-comedy was given by the best talent of the camp on June 25. Gertrude was in bed, but I went.

Have gotten eggs again at 42 cents apiece, chickens (good) at \$11.00, millet at \$5.00 a catty, and glad to get it at that. The Canteen is getting a lot of goods now and we order things like umbrellas (paper) at \$11, cloth at \$18, a 4-story lunch set at \$11.50, etc.

Rumors galore and no papers since the 21st, e.g. 3 victories in Burma, one in the Russell Island of the Solomons claimed by the Japanese, whose claim to have downed a big U.S. bomber at Hanoi indicates the truth of rumors of air attacks there. Japanese reports of our retaking Attu Island confirms rumors. A Chinese claim of victory at I Chang, getting 30,000 Japanese soldiers, and the evacuation of Hankow by the Japanese is doubtful.

#### June 30.

Went to Werner's lecture, 8-9 p.m.. Taken with chills on the way home, and two more times in the night. Just a week before I had had slight trachea trouble, gradually increasing until July 1st I began to cough up yellow sputum from the chest. Dr. Lewis started sulphapyridine, three times a day. Temperature of 102.5 on Thursday. Dropped to 100. Sulphapyridine on the second afternoon made me a little nauseated and I lost my appetite. A temperature of 99.6 and 99 hung on, keeping me in bed.

## JULY, 1943

Letter says Gripsholm is waiting in Boston, ready to leave to meet us at Goa.

Re-submit repatriation papers.

Report Sicily front fighting is over. Rome bombed.

Two weeks of good food.

Black market, closed for a month, is re-opened.

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### Sunday, July 4

Our English neighbor, the mining engineer Fleet, wishes us many happy returns of the day and at breakfast they sang "Happy Birthday to Uncle Sam."

I went to the hospital for meals today and yesterday, but my temp has risen a bit this afternoon and I will stay in tomorrow.

Sister Colette has had to leave my class, but came again with two oaks and Huai shu buds. She has made her list and writes the Chinese characters.

Read a letter from an outsider offering to take our money to Tsingtao, buy the things we need and deliver them at the lowest prices.

Last month the wires were stretched around us about six feet out from the wall, and insulated for electric current, but the merchants were willing to risk it.

A big shower floods our garden and washes out a bit of our compound wall but no one will try to flee!

### July 5 to 12

The doctor let me up after two days. My temperature was normal on Saturday July 10 and Sunday the 11th. On the 12th I had class as usual and sharpened knives, but got pretty tired.

We hear that repatriation is still being discussed. Letters from the U.S. of last March speak of the Gripsholm still lying in Boston harbor waiting to go to Goa for us. It is due to leave about 15th, taking 38 days to Goa. The Swiss consul here has us make out new papers for repatriation: women and children first, old folks 65 plus next; prisoners first of all. It is said that only about 200 of the 400 Americans here want repatriation. The Catholics will return to Peking instead.

The last class of the term is on July 17.

Our food is much better. We have eaten at our kitchen since about the 10th. Father C\_\_\_\_\_ was let out OK. Cheered.

The Japanese head says this camp will be closed before winter as the sanitation would freeze up, the Catholics going back to Peking, the rest to places in Shanghai vacated by American repatriates.

#### Sunday, July 19

On July 18, Rev. Cooke of Wu ting fu, Tang shan and Tsingtao preached on Isaiah, "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord" - good. Went to song service conducted by the girls' junior choir.

I worked sharpening knives. Ripe tomatoes were issued.

#### July 22

Had an extra good meal of potatoes, meat, etc. We got a second helping of potatoes and took it home to fry for breakfast.

#### July 23

Finest breakfast yet, and at home with fried potatoes, boiled egg, stew coffee, peanut butter and honey, and couple of tasty foreign apples, bought yesterday.

Another sale of tomatoes and decaying peaches. Good peaches at 4 for \$1.00. Best breakfast yet. Good tasty hot stew for dinner with a tomato and an apple. The food is improving and we both have good appetites.

A cable from the State Department sets September 15 as the exchange date at Goa.

Dr. Robinson, our neighbor, took a sick person to Peking, under guard, closely watched. He had two chances to ask, "any outstanding news?" Both said nothing in detail, but generally good news. The Sicily front is advancing northwards. The papers cry out against the bombing of Rome — the first. The Basilica is destroyed — accurate work. The Vatican denounces it, as do the Germans and Italians in Shanghai also.

Dr. Robinson reported this morning that Hoeppli considers the repatriation of U.S. nationals to be going smoothly - all lists of both sides are in.

Baseball is scheduled two games a day, on three days of the week.

Yesterday, Thursday, we cleaned house under the bed, sunned the winter bedding, etc. Galt gave us small nails and ten squares, and I took off the bottom of the trunk tray, reversed it and nailed it on again so it can travel once more.

Mr. Barr, the new helper on kitchen knives, is doing well. We take every other day. I needed to use only an hour today. I did about 11 hours last week.

A fine breakfast (Friday the 23rd). Knife work 1 hour only.

Checked up on the tree map, which is now posted in the Science Hall (24) for use of the public and a class in Biology.

Candy for sale again but no eggs, and the black market has been closed by constant guard for two weeks.

Apple fritters for supper with hash and vegetables and good potatoes — two weeks now of good food.

Baseball: Kitchen #3 vs. Kitchen #1 drew a tremendous crowd surrounding the diamond. It ended 6-2 in their favor. A return game was later won by Kitchen #1. Then they played the "8-ballers," who won in a tight game 5-4. "Wendy" pitched for the 8-Balls on July 24 and sportingly said, "It was a good lose."

#### Sunday, July 25

Busby preached - easily heard. American Board folks met at 7-9 p.m., discussing how to get started again. A statement by Wei Chin Yu was interesting, but most of the time was spent on the question, "What is the Church?."

Barr's work on knives -- WWW pattern — still works and we both follow it with all knives, vegetable, butcher, bread, and kitchen.

#### July 28

The kitchen ball games this week still arouse great interest. Kitchen #2 against #1.

#### July 31.

Peking and Tsingtao beat Tientsin 12-3, getting 9 runs in one inning, mostly after 2 out.

Better food of late but not enough eggs. "Wall" eggs at \$.50 are coming in again after a month's cessation of the Black Market, with the guards vigilant, too. The corner tower with a red door, ladder, and grass roof has been demolished and a new and better tile roof put on it, and a guard is there all the time — see Gertrude's sketch.

## AUGUST, 1943

Tracy Burr Strong born to Robbins and Kitty.

Baseball: Padres vs. Camp All Stars.

Daisy Atterbury chalk talk.

Most Valuable Player prize to Father Klein.

Fathers leave for Peking. Reportedly treated like criminals on the way.

Sent Index of "Adventures with Birds" to Vetch.

Writing a piece for a "meditation" on the positive aspects of camp life.

Concert by Grimes, et al.

Report that Sicily falls. Italy capitulates to Germany. Berlin bombed — bombing will continue until Germans surrender.

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### Sunday, Aug. 1

Gilkey preached on "Faith (Vision) in God and Man." He was heard easily at back until far along in the sermon. A full house, but in the evening the "Fathers" 7 - 9 p.m. concert competes successfully with our Protestant song service.

Ate supper — a good one, with roast meat, potatoes, gravy, etc. — with Miss Adams in the church door, the coolest place to be found. Thermometers read 103 in the shade, it was said. Ours stood at 90 in the room, the highest yet in the house.

### Aug. 2-6

Baseball: much interest in the kitchen teams. Our Kitchen No. 3 first team lost twice to No. 1, considered the best. No. 2 Kitchen beat the "8-Balls" and No. 1. We played No. 2 again on August 4th and won 6-5. Steven Shaw starred by making four long fly catches — one while falling backward after a jump — and a home run in the 9th, winning the game.

Robbins Strong caught for Father Whalen in the game yesterday, just as Kitty went to the hospital to have her baby. He went to her after the game at 8 p.m. and stayed to see the baby born at 1:50 a.m., August 6th — "Tracy Burr Strong," hesitating some over the middle name, being doubtful if Aaron Burr was a traitor or not.

August 6th went to the 29th anniversary of the wedding of Fred Pyke and Frances Taft. Six or seven of the guests were born in China.

After supper our Kitchen #3 second team lost 6-3 to the Braves in soft ball, largely due to a rank decision of "out" at the plate when the catcher never touched the runner sliding feet first into the catcher, who was reaching high over his head to catch the ball, and came crashing down on top of the runner, bases still loaded.

The Canteen has laundry soap for all — one cake each, \$1.60 per cake, 4 x 2 2 x 1 inch for the month of August. I got 12 cakes for us and three families in John Stanley's corner Block 15. His Charlie walked at the end of July and is progressing finely.

After the baseball we went to a high-grade concert of a 20-piece orchestra concert, two vocal soloists, a duet, and a mixed quartet, and a piano solo accompanied by the orchestra. Miss Stranks, soloist, was given a bouquet from our garden.

#### Aug. 7

Three ball games — 3 p.m., 4:30 p.m., and 6 p.m. The Major league begins a new round on Monday. The Saturday afternoon game — Padres 8 - Peking Tsingtao Combined 4 — was lost by errors. The Padres have a very fast air-tight infield, with Valerian Wendelen Schott, a great outfielder in as short stop in place of Kleine — the fastest thinker, thrower and runner in the camp, a short, stocky, good-natured padre.

Spent three days, of three hours each, with Hayes, checking up on Directory of the Camp; not finished.

The concert was given again, very fine for a camp with no equipment, music, etc.

#### Sunday, Aug. 8

Last week we were warned not to send orders to Tsingtao for goods if we were expecting to go on the repatriation ship.

Rather sultry - 88 in house.

Dewey of Chang Li preached for youngsters on "The Value of a Man" in a very intimate, interesting way.

Last week the Canteen announced that tomato season is over! Meaning they would supply no more, though the country is full of them. Watermelons, delicious though small, were sold twice last week at \$4 and \$2 each, 40 one time and 100 the other, two to six persons, with a certificate of sale to prevent one person buying twice. Big baskets of plums came in yesterday. They seem to plan one sample of each fruit — "each kind in its season."

#### Aug. 9

Heard Barr say that the meat cutters said the knives are too sharp — one cut himself. I had to put in only an hour on them Sunday morning.

Hayes and I nearly finished the check-up of the Directory as to kitchens etc., by nationalities and of working age.

The 6:30 - 8 p.m. baseball game began the new series of Major League games with a game between the Padres and the "Camp." Peyton bets \$150 to \$100 that the Padres do not lose a

game. Only one error and a balk that lost the game 2-1 for the Padres. Pitcher Lin, a cricketer, has not quite got the game in his blood and lost it by a balk and by getting caught out on first base.

Aug. 10.

I did knives and Mr. Chin cut down the high ends of our stove; then I smoothed it off with a gravel-concrete block, so it will be better.

Good food today. Our big yellow tomatoes are fine, meaty and almost seedless. One is enough for two plates.

Camp Stars against the Padres lost again today 12-13 in a most exciting game. Great enthusiasm. The field was surrounded with people. That makes two games for the Fathers.

Prayer meeting was very difficult for the first half hour.

Aug. 11

The head of the camp definitely declared that the Fathers are to leave for Peking August 16. Americans are probably to be evacuated by August 30, and 300 Chefoo school children and internees will be brought here.

Had a fine Padres vs. Camp ball game — exciting almost every inning, and 1,2,3, out in order several times. Father Schott, a sure catch, jumped for a fly and knocked it down over his head and back into Father Andy's hands, but he dropped it. This was the only error. Leo Thomas pitched for the Camp — the one whose balk lost the first game. The Padres only run was in the last inning, 1-1, followed by Troxall (shortstop) out-tricking Wendy, who had tricked them so often. Playing for best three out of five games in successive days, 2 to 1 in the Stars' favor. It was the only game the Fathers have lost since one early in season. After the game Father Fayer spoke to a group on the life of Father Libby, Lu Shen Fu, a remarkable little man who founded the I Shi Pao, for a long time the only independent daily in Tientsin and Peking, which Gailey, Edwards, Pettus, R.T. Evans and I bought and incorporated and ran for a few years. He was broad, liberal, and against French imperialism — prevented the French annexation of Lao Hsi Kai. The Tientsin Catholic Fathers stopped it by calling a strike. The speaker, Father Martin and two other liberals were gotten out by his influence. He was a Chinese citizen. Tientsin was held by the Communists for a month. He flew to Chung King and died.

There are pretty well grounded rumors that we will leave for America after the Catholic Fathers return to Peking for further internment there in two lots, August 16 and 23. The one who escorts them is reported to have said that he would return after the second lot had arrived in Peking and take us to Shanghai. Some Fathers are to be left here, such as Father Martin, who was in prison 6 months and is regarded as a prisoner of war!

On Friday we had a good clean entertainment.

August 15, Sunday

Had to sharpen knives for bread, as much — 1,300 loaves — had been cut, and the Fathers' lunches prepared for Monday's departure.

Gilkey preached well on Amos — against spiritual and moral pride in the war business. It was a brave utterance, charging hearers with (easy) hypocrisy, but doing so constructively, (hopefully).

On Friday night, August 13, we had a fine entertainment for the local crowd, gotten up mainly by the Americans — Daisy Atterbury giving a chalk talk, drawing notable members of the camp in cartoons, and finishing portraits already prepared. They gave a prize to Father Kleine — Wendelyn, (Wendy) — a ballplayer who could have made the big league teams. He is by all odds the best on the field here. He is very modest and was overwhelmed at having to come on stage, receive his cup — a water pail and mop — and make a reply speech. He is a good sport all round. They got Miriam to make a cake and get up a good feed for the ball players on Saturday, after the final two lovely ones on Friday, both won by the Fathers 7-2 and 6-3, but exciting.

The rumor of the Fathers leaving on Monday, August 16 was confirmed Thursday when dozens of big mule carts came and hauled away heavy baggage — no inspection. Monday morning all lined up on the athletic field. The Salvation Army Band came out and played familiar tunes — Auld Lang Syne, etc. The whole camp came out to say good-bye to the splendid Fathers. Father Pieters who lectured at the College of Chinese Studies on Chinese Religions two years ago, was group leader. Everyone turned out to see them off. It was an ovation. Certain Fathers to be repatriated — 17(?) — were left behind here, even after their names had been on the list to go.

Another lot of both Fathers and Sisters will go Monday the 23rd. Their heavy baggage is to go Friday. School was dismissed and the day given to this event. They feared they would have to go by ricksha, as they pay their own expenses back to Peking, and afterwards in Peking. But they had big trucks to take them 5 li to the station. It was a great and sincere send off. I had to be sharpening knives near the gate so I could easily time the getaway and saw it without too much standing idle. Father Brines took the corrected index of my "Adventures Among the Birds" to Vetch. He is to be interned at the Franciscan Hall.

I am busy writing a Meditation for the Communion Service Tuesday night August 17. I remind them of some features of our camp life: (1) Congestion — 1,800 on 21 acres — and its spiritual fellowship; (2) Solution of property and labor problems — the use-possession principle recognized, and cooperation in community service and organizations; (3) The baseball field's beginning.

Aug. 18, 8 p.m.

Hub gave a fine lecture on "Introduction to Birds of Wei Hsien." He drew pictures of 11 out of the 20 species nesting here, and Gertrude colored them. I had already agreed to go to a group on Church Unity at the same hour, so I could not go.

Galt read Gray's paper on the Unity movements - in part.

Fred Pyke and I worked on Kitchen #2 statistics.

Aug. 19

The Sisters big baggage is getting off. They to go Monday, as per rumor. The Fathers went on the date that rumor had set.

Aug. 20

Two ball games as usual. A good one of 10-9 — Kitchen against Pick-ups.

A fine concert by Grimes, etc.:

1. A fine Male quartet — 3 numbers — Walton bass, Parkin tenor;
2. Piano-violin — Miss Stranks piano and Mrs. Amory violin — good;
3. A brilliant Liszt, four movements without notes by Grimes — Miss Stahl had to use Grimes' manuscript copy — the last movement only finished at 5 p.m. that afternoon. Not a sign of hesitation.
4. Peking Union Church girls' junior choir sang two songs. It was probably the last time they will ever appear.
5. A men's quartet: Walton and Whipple (China Inland Mission), Glede and Parkin.

On Saturday we stayed with Baby Charles Stanley while his parents went to the concert's second performance — the house was nearly full in spite of the Fathers' departure.

Bryson and Kitty Strong and their baby are out of the hospital after 9-10 days.

Watched some tennis. New balls! One went over the wall. Hayes and Helsly vs. Hub and Ditmanson. They tried to get it. Two baseball games. Did knives after supper.

Sunday, Aug. 22

In the morning, 10:30 - 12:15, had a good discussion about education, into which Mission Boards might enter, and the consensus was that a limited number of primary and middle schools, in certain areas not adequately supplied, might be carried on by missions under the rules of the Government and with a view of helping the Government get a sound system.

In the afternoon, the service was conducted by Coburn and Clark of the London Missionary Society, the latter preaching to the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, who attended in a body with their Wolf and Owl emblems. A good text on David as one of the world's greatest scouts — Samuel 26:24. Very good.

Aug. 23

Two hundred twenty five (225) Fathers and Sisters were given a big send-off, going back to Peking for further internment. One on a stretcher was taken in an auto, the rest in buses and trucks, six making two trips. Word came in later saying they were treated like criminals last week — no windows allowed open; waited at Tsinan two hours in the sun (black clothes a torture) — but were well treated in Peking.

Aug. 24, 25

While sharpening knives at the vegetable cutters awning under *huai shu* at #44 I heard children shout in alarm 30 yards away at the kitchen cesspool of our kitchen. I saw the 3 year old child of Dr. Kelley (Chinese mother) just going under in the pool. He came up and went down again. Hayes ran from the kitchen, reached in and pulled him out. He cried lustily and had not taken in much to his lungs or mouth. At 10 a.m., an hour later, his father led him back all clean.

We had Techou's wild kaoliang for breakfast — improved by taking off the woody fibre — at 6:30 Tokyo time. I went to the top of the main tower to see the sun rise out of a bank of cloud. While watching it, a Japanese guard came up without seeing me standing watching it at the N.W. corner, faced the rising sun, folded his hands, bowed his head for a minute then whistled softly a tune. He soon turned and saw me standing, but showed no surprise, crossed the tower to look west and paid no attention to me.

Someone sent Hub an apple pie made of good white flour! I had a two inch section that Gertrude resigned to me without my knowing. At supper we had big individual pies, with plenty of good tart foreign apple in them. We have had two allotments of eight of them.

Aug. 26

Our early morning rumor was that our repatriation is delayed a month. We feel somewhat depressed as we thought we would leave here next week the 29th or September 2nd. Aggni, the Swiss consul, said the Japanese diplomats in Chile must be sent to New York to take the Gripsholm, thus delaying us. We think that cooler weather to leave here is desirable. It has been 82 minimum up to 93 maximum in our room every day for a week and 106 in the shade outside, 120 in the sun on the ball field. It is very trying, but there is a cool breeze from the sea in the evening.

Good food again last week and this is partly due to the brain of Mrs. Dr. Clay and other food experts, and Richard Hanson's conscientious job at the kitchen #3 — 425 to feed.

Aug. 27

The two families expected from Peking are Mr. & Mrs. Shoemaker, whose mother-in-law died in June we just now hear - and four Dallas from Pao Ma Chang — a great jockey. The Inchan Japanese interpreter says Goa on Oct. 15.

Aug. 28

A big rain on Monday. It ended a long drought.

The Shoemakers came yesterday but I didn't call until today. We loaned them pillows until their baggage comes. They told the news. The Germans are back in the Donetz basin, having lost tens of thousands of prisoners. Sicily is all over and 20,000 captured Germans were sent to the U.S. in a week. Mussolini went to Berlin and was probably detained there by Germany. Italy capitulated to Germany, is the rumor. Several islands in the Solomons were retaken. Kiska, a harbor equal to Pearl Harbor, was also abandoned by the Japanese. The Kuriles are being bombed; Berlin bombing is the worst yet and Rome has been bombed again. The Allies announce which of Germany's best cities are to be bombed again and again until destroyed unless they surrender. Munda and some other bases on the Solomon Islands, and two on the Borneo oil coast were bombed at an immense distance from the planes' base — 1,200 miles.

Aug. 29, Sunday

The Shoemakers and a letter from Mrs. Aikin in Peking say that foreigners have to give up breakfast cereal and servants can scarcely get grain food or meat at all in Peking. Things are better off here by far. Our food is better — soup or stew, meat, potatoes, squash, cucumbers and pudding at one meal.

The Chefoo crowd is to arrive at 3:30 p.m. Tangtai did not come.

Took Shoemakers a pillow.

Barr is at work. He said he couldn't find a stool for the stores. In the evening I found it in the bread room, and did bread knives.

Hubbard preached well on "Leadership." I had a talk with Gilkey about his sermon two weeks ago or more.

We had a song service at the hospital in the evening led by Miss Buel — where the Fathers used to have their jolly songs for crowds to hear.

The Chefoo folks did not come.

Aug. 31

Notice of evacuation is officially posted. We are on it, Nos. 663 and 664, USA. Everyone is asking, "Is your name written there?"

Rains on Sunday and Monday. People came at last from Chefoo — 60, with 300 more to come — on their way to the U.S., but not forewarned of coming here for three weeks. Young Mr. & Mrs. MacMurray, (with two 2 girls) — Canadians — and Dr. Young are the only ones we know.

Old Dr. Hayes and his wife were first told that they could stay here as they wish, but then the commandant ordered them to leave — also Cousin Llewellyn Davies, much against his wish. He never applied for repatriation and doesn't know how his name got there on the list.

## SEPTEMBER, 1943

Baggage examined. Guards confiscate photographs, manuscripts (phonetic groups), field observation notes (1899 - 1939), Gertrude's watercolors of Tehsien and Peitaiho. Flower paintings and sketches of camp life overlooked.

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### Sept. 1

We got our things into 3 trunks, one large suitcase and a camphor wood chest, to go on as heavy baggage.

### Sept. 2, 3

The examination of heavy baggage began and most books were taken, but not all. In the afternoon some examiners were lax, but some cut open pillows looking for printed matter, money, etc. We kept ours over to Friday noon. John Stanley and Dick Irwin carried our five pieces to the church yard. A passing shower tarnished the new suitcases.

The examination of our baggage started about 3 p.m. A nice young man, who had watched Gertrude painting a picture and talked with her, examined the first trunk, No. 3, and took her most cherished pictures — Helen's hollyhocks, done in 1888 (Helen was Gertrude's sister, who died young); Uncle Will and sheep (my best-prized); Miss Millikan's oil painting of the Southwest City tower of Peking. They let me put our name and #663 on them, but there's no hope. I tried to smuggle in my "Field Notes" and the last half of volumes III-VIII of Phonetic Groups of Character Analysis, but they were confiscated. So, too, were a lot of Gertrude's water colors of Shantung, Pei Tai Ho, etc. None of her flowers, however, or her sketches of camp life were found.

They were more severe the second day at first because Mr. Hansen had \$400 US Travelers' checks in his daughter's cloak, which he had put in the lining in Peking and could not find when he got here. They took typewriters and almost all printed matter. They took all of Prof. Bodde's scientific materials, to his amazement — they were not at all hidden. They took Gertrude's Bible, given by her father at age 15, and mine because of marginal notes. They let me take a Moffatt translation after tearing out the fly-leaf presentation note.

They finished ours about 4 p.m. Shaw and John Stanley helped Gertrude and me pack up, all roped, and #3 with a strap besides. While examining ours, big mule carts hauled away those stored in the church, which had been denuded of seats. Our trunks were taken to carts

in front of the church and by 6 p.m. all were out and shipped to the Shanghai Station Master. We hope for access to one suitcase and one trunk at Goa but can get along the whole voyage without them. A rumor says that Portugal has declared war, so that Goa can't be used to exchange nationals.

They showed much skill in carting away all the mountain of baggage to the station. Llewelyn Davies' case is not yet decided and his baggage is marked "special," to be sent back if he does not go.

No Friday and Saturday entertainment, as the church was denuded of seats to give place to the baggage.

#### Sunday, Sept. 5

Sailer preached along his favorite line of determinism and free will — very interesting in spots. Hoeppli came from Peking. He had a verbal message from Vetch that he had my corrected Index for "Adventures among Birds" that Father Bruns had taken to Peking; also word from Dr. Grabau in Peking. I sent no word back. His message was written, read to us, and the writing handed back to the Japanese guard so that no secret message or news could be passed. He could take no letters.

Hubbard mentioned to Hoeppli and the General Affairs Committee the loss of my field notes on birds, 1899-1939, and last half of "Phonetic Groups."

We had another session of the American Board from 10:30 to 12 noon.

#### Sept. 8., Evening

We had another meeting and picnic supper under the awning at Helen Burton's exchange, where we discussed indemnities. Should we give our opinion to the Board as to asking for them? Private loss is an individual personal matter. Mission or institutional loss is different. Replacement indemnity for this was favored by a minority. No one favors punitive indemnity, and few favor private personal indemnity.

#### Sept. 9

On Monday I had my teeth put in shape, cleaned and 2 fillings patched up or replaced by Prentice. He gave me to read Pere Teilhard's "How I Believe," the scientist's apology for his faith in Christ, 1934.

Those with initials M to Z had three inoculations at a time for Cholera, Typhoid and Smallpox as requested (i.e., required) of all repatriates by both U.S. and Japanese governments.

Mr. Christian has persuaded the authorities to give us a chance to recover our precious pictures, documents, etc. after the war is over. We had 2 p.m. as a time to claim. I got my

Field Notes Vols. III-VII, and 1899-1939 complete, and put them in a Time envelope, and then in the official's, tied with string and labeled No. 300 (Camp number), name, and Boston, 14 Beacon Street as the address. In a second envelope I put my Phonetic Groups Vols. III-VIII complete, and also my photographs. A later chance may be given for books and pictures other than photos. My picture of Uncle Will and his sheep was not there, but had been seen by the attendant somewhere.

The 300 Chefoo people, several over 80, came dragging in, very weary.<sup>17</sup>

Sept. 10

Had a well-acted, not too good play, "Night Must Fall," on Friday and Saturday.

Baseball, "Goers vs. Stayers," 3-2 for Camp. A balk was declared for the winning run in the 10th.

We went to the headquarters office and found all our pictures, Bibles, etc. and made up three parcels for keeping by Japanese authorities to the end of the war.

Sunday, Sept. 12

Sunday morning we had the final American Board get together. Twelve or 14 were there. In the afternoon Bryson preached and I baptized Robbins and Katherine Strong's baby boy Tracy Burr, born Aug. 6.

Curtis Grimes conducted the oratorio "St. Paul" well in the evening.

Sept. 13

Packed three suitcases and a bedding roll to be examined and sent off at 11 a.m. Tuesday.

Sept. 14

*(The entry for the day of departure is blank.)*

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<sup>17</sup> See Norman Cliff's description of the Cheefoo group's arrival, below.

## Norman Cliff on the Chefoo-ites Arrival at Weihsien<sup>18</sup>

. . . We rattled and bumped along a dusty road for several miles past Chinese farm fields. What we gathered must be Weihsien Camp sprang into view. Rows of juniper trees, long lines of dormitory blocks, the red-tiled roof of an Edwardian style church call surrounded by a wall with electrified wires and with cement boxes here and there.

The lorry bounced along the rough road and turned a corner through some trees. We were now driving towards the entrance of the camp—a large Chinese gate, over which were three Chinese characters meaning "Courtyard of the Happy Way". Japanese guards with bayonets were standing on duty.

We were driven through the gate, past the guardroom on the left, and up the hill; the lorry stopped on the central road of the camp. On our right was the church building and beyond it a sports field.

The streets were lined with hundreds of internees staring at us curiously. The men wore only khaki shorts, were bare-foot, tanned with working in the sun, and looked like creatures from another world. As we clambered off the lorries they cheered and surrounded us excitedly, asking all kinds of questions. Their accents were American, Russian, Greek and British, a cosmopolitan group indeed.

We were herded through a Moon Gate into a courtyard which was outside the administrative offices. There we stood listening while the chairman of the camp's Discipline Committee, a fellow internee, read out the camp rules and regulations.

The story of our arrival in Weihsien as seen by the local inhabitants is recounted in the following poem, entitled "The Two Hundred and Ninety-seven":

"Hooray! The Chefooites have all arrived at last!  
Right heartily we cheered them as through the gates they passed.

They trudged up Guardhouse Hill, their baggage in the lead,  
We — Servers' nudged each other: — Great Scott, more mouths to feed!

That's not a nice expression but our rations were so low  
And they had come from what we'd call luxury, you know.

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<sup>18</sup> Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*, p. 65f. The Chefoo group included several young people who later wrote about their experiences in Weihsien: David Michell, *A Boy's War*, published by the Overseas Missionary Fellowship (formerly China Inland Mission), Singapore, 1988; Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*, Arthur James Limited, Evesham, Worcs, 1977; Mary Taylor Previte, *Hungry Ghosts*, Zondervan, Grand Rapids, MI, 1994.

They joined the Tsingtao Kitchen, school-children big and small;  
We fed them on bread porridge, and they ate it, one and all!

We felt sorry for them when we filled their cups with bitter tea,  
But they said, — If you can drink it without sugar, so can we.

Then came a real calamity, the camp ran out of yeast.  
Our manager said, — Doughnuts! Make twelve hundred at least!

The boys soon took to — Pumping' and other hard work too;  
Some girls became dishwashers, others joined the kitchen crew.

We've grown fond of these school-children who so bravely stood the test  
And should they ever need our help, we'll gladly do our best!"

(G. E. Norman)

## **Three Accounts of the Americans' Departure from Weih sien.**

### **1. Langdon Gilkey, *Shantung Compound* <sup>19</sup>**

I found that the missionaries who represented the major churches of Britain and America were on the whole a rather remarkable group of people. Endowed with both humor and talent, they had had to provide their own entertainments in the course of their normal life in the Far East. It was natural, then, that they were the ones who took the lead in our intellectual, dramatic, and musical enterprises.

When over one hundred American missionaries departed in the first evacuation, many laymen in our Peking kitchen maintained that our kitchen community had lost not only its brains but its zest as well. As one Britisher admitted ruefully, "All we're left with now are the business folk and we British. My word, old chap, they can't either cook or laugh, what?" It had surprised many like him to find that these liberal missionaries were not only interesting and capable people, very much aware of the modern world, but fun to be with.

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<sup>19</sup> Langdon Gilkey, *Shantung Compound*, p. 178f.

## 2. David Michell, *A Boy's War*<sup>20</sup>

Within a week of our arrival a number of Americans and Canadians left camp. They had been selected to be repatriated on the Gripsholm in exchange for Japanese prisoners . . . . The day of departure for those being repatriated was one of mixed feelings for us all. For those going it was hard leaving behind old friends, who had been associates in missionary work or in business. For us in school it meant saying good-bye to a lot of our classmates. We were left with a very forlorn feeling as we waved good-bye to them from our perches overlooking the wall, wistfully watching the trucks move off.

As our captivity extended from months to years, the sight of that exodus on September 14, 1943, lived on vividly in our memories. Their going was a great loss to the camp work force as our school was a poor substitute in terms of manpower. Other people who carried the work load realized that with our coming, the ratio of children to the total camp population had risen to about one child to two adults, entailing heavier duties for older people.

The next day we met the Canadians and Americans who had preceded us from Chefoo. They were excited at the prospect of getting to their home countries.

## 3. Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*<sup>21</sup>

A week after we arrived they lined up outside the church. The authorities had stipulated that they could take with them no printed matter except one Bible per head, without markings or notes.

Japanese officials took them into the church building where they were carefully screened, and stripped to the waist. By an arrangement made by the International Red Cross they were to travel in a Japanese ship to Goa, where they would be exchanged for Japanese prisoners from North America, and continue from there home . . . .

Then followed what was to us who were left behind a sad farewell just inside the front gate . . . . Loaded with excited travelers, the lorries drove off through the gate, down the avenue of trees and round the corner towards the station. We returned to our duties with heavy hearts. They were going to freedom and plenty while we had to continue business as usual for some indeterminate period behind the electrified wires.

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<sup>20</sup>David Michell, *A Boy's War*, p. 65.

<sup>21</sup>Norman Cliff, *Courtyard of the Happy Way*, p. 67.

## VIEWS OF WEIHSIEN

### 1. Watercolor Sketches by Gertrude Stanley Wilder<sup>22</sup>

#### # Location

1. The front gate.
2. A unique gateway to the courtyard where the Yenching people lived.
3. Crepe myrtle tree.
4. The moon gate.
5. The hospital water tower.
6. The hospital gate closed and barb-wired.
7. Corner of the hospital
8. In the hospital yard.
9. Little stream, out of bounds.
10. Bit of the wall where the black market flourished.
11. A watch tower.
12. South end of Main Street.
13. A corner of the compound.
14. A bit of one of the residences and the "tingtze" — out of bounds.
15. Entrance to residence compound — out of bounds.
16. The "White Elephant" where sugar was exchanged for shoes, sheets for shirts, etc.
17. Village west of the compound.
18. Our 9' x 12' living quarters.
19. Watch tower built by Japanese at corner of athletic field.
20. The church.
21. Our noon bell.
22. Weihsien suburbs — out of bounds.

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22 For copies of these sketches, contact Donald Menzi, [dmenzi@asan.com](mailto:dmenzi@asan.com).