

THE WILDERS – 1944 - 46

RESETTLED IN OBERLIN

Gertrude S. Wilder

Rydal, Pa.
Jan. 1, 1944

Dear George and Donnie,

Happy New Year! This is the first time I have written "1944"! May it be a happy year for each one of us and may it bring peace and end war.

The first thing I want to do is to thank you two for the nice pair of gloves you sent me. They are just what I wanted and needed and I shall enjoy using them. And second I want to thank your Daddy and Mother for the writing paper they are giving me. I'm so glad they are not sending it here as we have so many extra things to store away. It will be fine if they will send it to Penn Yan. It's another thing that I need and I'm grateful to them for getting it for me. It is so nice to get presents that fit right into your needs and wants.

From what I have heard you must have had a lovely Christmas - very much the same kind of one as we had here. Our last two Christmases in Peking were not what they might have been, though they were pretty fine considering. Your grandpa went to Washington on Tuesday, getting back last evening. The next day Aunt Rinnie and I had to go to bed with the flu and that's where we both are still. We are both better but still have temperatures and so have to stay in bed. I take turns reading and knitting and today I am going to try to write some letters. It wasn't very smart for Rinnie and me to get sick at the same time but the girls and Hattie have been very good about waiting on us so we have not lacked anything. Uncle Ted and Aunt Rinnie were going to a New Year's eve party last night but Uncle Ted had to go alone - which was too bad.

Did mother tell you about the two nice dogs here - Mac and Barnes? When there are some more puppies of the same kind we think we would like one, but not until we know where we are going to live. They are good watch dogs as well as being so playful and friendly.

This flu may delay our going to Penn Yan for a few days longer but I hope we can go soon for I want to get into our trunks and attend to some things that cannot be attended to until we do. Also I want to get a little more settled and then make our trip to Ypsilanti, for we are getting very anxious to see you all.

You must be a busy boy, George, with all your paper delivery, etc. I am in a hurry to go and see you at it.

Give my love to everyone in the family.

*Your loving Grandma
and Grandpa, too.*

I am at the big Abington Hospital where your Uncle Ted is in charge. I am waiting for him to attend to a poor little baby with meningitis, then we go on making calls around on outside patients. I am in a hurry to see you all!

Grandpa

Chinese jackets.
May sell Oberlin house.
Some clothing disappeared from trunks.

Gertrude S. Wilder

Penn Yan
Jan. 22, 1944

Dearest Margaret,

Good morning, and how are you all? We are flourishing and eating more milk, cream and butter than I ever hoped to see. I must watch myself or I shall have to begin to reduce.

When I came to unpack I made the painful discovery that I had not as many Chinese jackets as I thought, and I remembered that I decided to get you and Ursula the silk instead of a jacket. So I am sending one to each family instead of one apiece. I'll try to mail the piece of silk to you today. A few days ago I sent two of the jackets to Rinnie asking her to take her pick and send the other on to you. I am keeping the smallest one for myself but really do not need it - so it will probably go to you eventually. We had one other surprise. When our suitcases were being inspected in Shanghai we remarked upon the fact that one of them seemed to be only half full, but thought nothing further about it. Now, on unpacking, we find that at least two suits of father's winter underwear and a good, dark blue suit had been extracted, probably before we left Wei Hsien. Our hand luggage was examined in the afternoon and was left in the church over night, during which time some one had plenty of time and opportunity to help himself. It's a good thing that we got Father a new suit in Philadelphia.

Your parcels came and Sally was pleased as could be with the things you sent her. I am going to alter the corduroy a little for her this morning. Thank you very much for the note paper. I began using the small size yesterday and wrote four or five short letters. It

is smooth and easy to write on and I shall enjoy using it as long as it lasts. This letter would be written on it were it not for the fact that I already had an envelope addressed to you matching this, the last sheet of this kind I had.

Did I tell you that we have put our Oberlin home on the market? We are beginning to wonder now whether it was a wise thing to do in view of the fact that it is so hard to get suitable apartments. I still wish that California were nearer. The winters in this part of the country are so sunless most of the time.

Next time you write will you please give me Irene Cummings' address, also Susan Erwin's if you have it. I knew that Irene had been teaching only part time. Your letter implies that she has had to give up her work entirely.

We are thinking of taking a small cottage here for the summer, sitting around until time to take to a cottage, and I think it would be very nice all around if you and the boys could come, nicer still if you all could come but with the big house gone I don't know where we could all be put. Cots could be put up in the garage playroom, I suppose. I mustn't ramble on any longer for I have quite a little work waiting to be done.

Love to you all,

Mother

Aug. 19 (1944?)

Dearest Margaret,

This letter, instead of being written today,.....

(Missing Letter)

"Wild Wisdom" piece for Readers' Digest: story of a teal that escapes a duck hawk.
Durand is tops in O.W.I. Chinese language class.

George D. Wilder

Penn Yan, N.Y.
Aug. 30, 1944

Dearest Margaret,

Just after mailing your card by Ur and the children going to town in the car, your letter came by the regular mailman putting it in Carroll's box. I was busy all the morning getting off letters to H. H. Kung, Ch'en Chang Yu, Wy Kuo, and the Reader's Digest.

To Kung I sent Kuo Wen Yuan's letter to me telling how he was handing over the \$90 million worth (divide by 20 or more) of property, having been put out of the job of a year and a half as head of Government transportation in the southwest provinces on charge of not making enough money. I expect "politics" was what spoiled it. He said that he felt a little as though "honesty and loyalty meant nothing in this world," but his main hope was that Dr. Kung and I would understand, so I sent the letter to Kung after I made a copy to keep, for it told the inside story of the deal better than I could. Kou asked me to mention it to Mr. Kung in case I saw him. A letter from Kung in July said after his work here is done he hoped to get to Oberlin, where we might meet - "otherwise after the war in China," he said.

I wrote Chen Ch'ang Yu because I had just written a half page paragraph for "Wild Wisdom" section in Reader's Digest, giving the story he told in chapel once, about a teal that was being chased by a duck hawk taking refuge at his feet right under the muzzle of his gun, although the ducks all knew the exact range of the gun and kept out of it. This was to illustrate the theme of the lecture I had just given the Lu Ho students that in times of life and death emergency sometimes the wild animals will entrust themselves to the mercy of their usual enemy, man, recognizing him as a higher power that may be good.

Well, your good letter came and as soon as lunch was over I went at the characters each one of which is perfectly plain, but

not knowing any context I can't put into any more meaningful sentence than "Save and protect man (as) one people.

救 護 人 一 民

(Chiu⁴ hu⁴ jen² i min²)

Hope he can make sense of it in the place where he found it.

Thanks for the dates. I had all but Len's birthday and the day in the month of September that you were married, and checked them all by your letter. Theodore had given the dates of birthdays and I corrected the book a bit by them. I ought to get two or three copies of the Durand book so each of you children could have one. Good Housekeeping for this month was all sold out but we order from Boston for the year.

As the card I mailed said, I have not received the MSS, but did get the Shanghai Evening Post that you forwarded.

We just received the wedding pictures and also Dick's. We had Durand's copy of the latter here already and will leave it for Ur.

Just had good letters from Durand and Jimmie. Durand had little to do so he was joining in the O.W.I. Chinese language class. The teacher asked if he was related to the Wilders, and on hearing the nearness of relation, grabbed his shoulders and almost hugged him. It was a J.K. Li who I think may be son of pastor Li Pun Yuan in Peking - Li Ju Keng. He taught music in Lu Ho, and was a top notch tennis player as well as singer at Oberlin. They want more like him at Oberlin. Durand was reported by the O.W. I. teachers as the "outstander" of his class but fears that he is to be held in this country for some special job, which would be a tragic disappointment to him, and to us.

Is Jack any relation to young Dr. McClure, formerly of Honan?

With Love,

Geo. D. Wilder

World Series game -- best radio sports reporting I ever heard.
Bicycle accident

George D. Wilder

131 South Professor St.,
Oberlin, O.
October 4th, 1944

Dear George,

You probably have heard that there has been a pretty thrilling neck and neck race for the American League pennant this year, in which the Tigers of your vicinity, took quite an active part. This letter is not meant to inform you of that fact, for I take it for granted that you know all about it. My guess is that you fans of the Menzi family and neighborhood managed to see some of those games at Detroit. If you did I would like to hear about it in your own words. I have read Cobbledick and others on the subject but would like to know how you were impressed. I often imagined the way you followed those last games of the season.

Now this afternoon the World Series begins with Galehouse, one of the weaker pitchers in Luke Sewell's lineup against Cooper, about the strongest in the Cardinal's, according to Cobbledick. Guess I will have to start up the radio and see if I can get the report of the game as it proceeds.

Yes, it is 2:30 and they are in the second inning, Galehouse pitching and a couple of hits just made, looks like a chance to score but Galehouse struck out the next man. I can hear the report from here, but guess I will go and listen where it is easier to hear.

* * * * *

Well, it's all over and the Browns won 2-1. It was a thriller and the best baseball reporting I ever heard.

It does not seem as though there is much news. Last week Friday in one day I bought a bike, \$25.00, and a Corona portable, \$10.00, both second hand. As you see I haven't gotten used to the latter yet, though I was used to it about 25 years ago. And if you had seen me the third time I got on to the bike you would think I had never seen one before. You see, the last bike I used was an English with hand brakes and a free wheel. This one I had just tried for a block or two without any call to use the brake so I had not noticed that it had a powerful back-pedal brake, and I bought it off-hand and set off for Lynds Jones garden way out on West College St. to get some soy beans and fruit that he had offered us. The wheel ran so smooth and easily that somehow I ran by his place and had to get off to turn around and go back. I gave a push off and threw my whole weight on the pedal when it was just back of the bottom point, which put the brake on tight, and as I was throwing my other leg over the saddle. Of course the wheel stood fast and I went on over the handle bars, onto my hands and knees with the bike tumbling on top of me. It didn't hurt especially but I smashed my nose and upper lip either on the pavement or the edge of the carrying basket in front of the handle bars. I did not bleed quite like a stuck pig (did you ever see one?), but I was wiping it off all the way home and for two or three hours after. While I was picking myself up and sopping blood a nice young fellow, fortunately the only person in sight, got off his wheel and looked mine over and straightened up the handle bars for me, so I mounted again, more carefully, and came home. I did not let on, but went at the express package that had just come with this machine, to open it; and then I went off to the drugstore to get a prescription for your Grandma, which I had forgotten, and I managed to keep the blood wiped at Tobin's drugstore, but told him about it. He recommended hot fomentations. On the way home I dropped into the Typewriter Exchange to get some oil for this very dry ribbon. The man I had just bought the wheel from was there and I passed the time of day with him without revealing my

accident. But when I got home both nostrils were swollen so I couldn't breathe through them, and I had to divulge the accident. It was a whole day before I could breathe through my nose and it still feels as though I had hay fever or a big cold in my head. You know how that feels.

I have ridden around town some since. I used to have a coaster brake years ago but my instinct still is to squeeze the handle bars in order to stop, just as I did with my Free wheel in Peking. Kitty Strong says she had the same experience and ran into a truck just squeezing her handle bars for dear life and wondering why it would not stop.

Well, let us hear from you. I am going out for a ride this beautiful sunny afternoon. I must take Mrs. Jones back her big mason jar that she sent us full of fine applesauce. At the same time they gave us all we could carry of delicious soy beans, pears (Seckle), plums, apples, and sweet corn.

We have just heard that Mrs. Daniels has had another stroke, but not so bad as before and she still talks distinctly, but Olive is getting someone else to teach her school for a month.

With love to you all,

Grandpa

Fundamental philosophy of life: How we can believe in a good God despite the evil in the world.
Only real value is happiness of sentient (living) being.
Love, the strongest power, may require killing for the greatest good of all.
Speaking in local churches.

George D. Wilder

131 S. Professor St.,
Oberlin, O.
October 20th, 1944

Dear Ursula,

There are three letters since the one in which you told of Grandma Daniels' stroke, that have suggested something I wanted to write to you about. The last one told about David's re-telling a couple of Dr. Bridge's stories that I wrote to him. I recall the one about the grace asked in the middle of the meal being a "short pause for station identification." But the other I can't remember, and if he wants something to put in a letter to me suggest that he tell me what the other story was, as I have wanted to tell it over again and can't remember it.

But the main thing was your request that sometime I write out my justification of killing these enemies, etc. It is based on my fundamental philosophy of life that enables me to believe in the goodness of God, in spite of the seeming evil that he has allowed to exist in the world. It (evil) all has its necessary use in order to have a world of life and spirit or mind and conscience and love at all, instead of simple dead matter.

I often feel that I state it very inadequately and that if I could only state it clearly every reasonable person would have to accept it. I have a little time before we go to tea with "Oberlin in Shansi" and Kung at 4:30, and then he may call in here to see where we live, as we had invited him to tea.

The only thing of value in the world is the happiness, welfare, satisfaction, of sentient — that is, living — being.

This includes the lowest animal that has sensibility to pleasure and pain, man of all kinds, and God; and I guess that is all we know of and is all toward which we have ultimate obligation. I mean when we say "art for art's sake" it is not accurate as "art" is an abstract thing and has no "sake," as it can't feel, but we respect great works of art and do not destroy them for the sake of other people, who may enjoy them. So also with a tree or a fine piece of woodwork. We respect it for its relation to other sentient being. So I say we have no other kind of obligation.

But we - all of us, Christians and non-Christians alike - have the universal obligation to respect and wish for the welfare of all sentient being - animal, man and God. We are under obligation to wish for it, and to work for it to the best of our judgment and ability. That is all the obligation, and the only obligation, we owe. But to fall short of fulfilling all the obligation we know and understand is sin, wrong, evil - selfish, in the last analysis. Really in the ethical meaning of love, it must embrace all known sentient being or it is not love at all, only selfishness. But this love is very different from like. We may and must have this kind of ethical love for all those we dislike as well as those we like.

Among those we dislike - our enemies - there may be some that are a threat to all other men and it may become our duty to put them out of the way, perhaps kill them, not because we hate them but because we love all and that love requires their extinction. So the soldier and the judge can speak of killing in love (for all). When you kill a mad dog, it is out of love for the community. If you hate the dog you may torture him to death out of hatred but you have no right to do it. His suffering is an evil and you have to put him to death as painlessly as possible. So too with Hitler. We have no right to punish him any more than the good of all demands, but that good of all equally requires that he be punished to that extent.

Many letters from the soldiers who are engaged in doing the killing for us, show that they have no hatred for the poor soldiers they have to kill. They wish them well, and as well as the good of all permits. I claim that this genuine sense of

duty toward all for the good of the world including both me and my friends and my enemies, is after all a force more efficient and lasting than the hatred that the drill sargeant tries to teach. Love for all is a constructive, living thing; hate is destructive and cannot endure. In time, it will wear the man himself out, and produce spiritual and perhaps physical death as well; while love builds up and is the essence of spiritual life, and will endure. Many a soldier has testified to that – the power of duty – as being stronger than the power of hate. I kept some clippings on that point once, but have pretty much lost them.

You thought your mother must have been shocked at seeing my bloody face, but she didn't see it. I had kept it all wiped clean on the ride home and then I worked at opening the package of this typewriter that had just come, keeping my face down out of sight in the shadow when I felt the blood running down until I could wipe it off. Then I rode downtown to get a prescription filled for her and kept wiping it off. I went to Tobin's and then to the typewriter place for some oil to put on the ribbon, where I met the man I had just brought the wheel from, and talked with him without letting it show, but before I got home again my handkerchief was too bloody to keep from her any more. The lip bruise was inside, from my teeth, and the nose swelling was mostly inside, but it stopped up my nostrils for two or three days and ever since it has been hard to breathe, until I got some ephedrine a few days ago and it is about well.

Sunday I have to speak at the Mt. Zion Baptist Church (colored), and let their young folks know "what this mission business is all about anyway" – where their money goes and what it does. A nice, big jolly old negro Mammy came and asked your Mother.* Says she will send a car to get us. There used to be a number of my boyhood playmates and baseball friends (colored) from the furlough years around town, and I hope to see some.

Your Mother took Kitty Strong's place last Tuesday, speaking at what we had heard was a rich, snooty Shaker Heights Church, but she had a fine time with a big crowd and one of the ladies escorted her clear downtown to see her safely on the Oberlin bus at the square. She said she saw elegant dresses but

her nice black one did not put her to shame. She had gone to have her hat rejuvenated by a professional the day before, and she did look quite chic. It was so warm that she did not have to take her warm gray winter coat. She goes to Loraine next Monday. Sunday afternoon I go with Dr. King or someone to Penfield to attend the Medina Conference, to which I used to belong and to which I will apply again for membership. My ministerial standing now is in Teh Hsien, Shantung, where we can't get a certificate until the Japs are out.

Well, you don't want a third page and I must get ready to go to the reception. When Mrs. Barden had us to dinner she brought up the subject of this letter, and I tried in vain to make a lucid statement. We never made our party call and you might take this and read to her from the second paragraph down to this point. I think she would respond and understand. We have a letter from Durand saying he is there O.K. and a long letter is on the way.

Father

** Father is wrong about the "nice, big, jolly, old Negro mammy." She is a rather stout, nice looking, light colored, middle aged woman! He must have dreamed his description! I think I'll go along as I remember going to that church once in my early teens. They have a nice, new church now.*

Gertrude S. Wilder

Oberlin, O.

Aug. 16, 1947

Dearest Margaret,

You will be having a birthday in three days, and this is to wish you many happy returns of the day. You are a very dear daughter - dearer all the time, and I'd like to hug you on the spot. I'm not going to send my little gift but shall keep it until you come, which I hope will be soon. We have been having some exceedingly hot weather with some wild thunder storms sandwiched in and none of us in this house have felt good for much. It has not been so bad today.

I have intended to write to Betty, of whom I often think, but I just don't tackle my letter-writing with any enthusiasm when my glasses go misty every other line and perspiration drips. I have just been clearing up my desk and putting in a pile all the letters that I must try to answer soon.

Mrs. Pye is going to move down and occupy the Strong apartment, coming in the 1st of September, I suppose. She has also consented to take over the management of the houses, which will mean, I hope, that things will get started outside and in. Of course she may be booked to sail for China most any month, but as long as Shansi is in the hands of the Communists she will remain here. When she goes she wants to go to Shansi. Mrs. Pye has so many lovely things and so much nice furniture that she can make her little apartment very attractive. I guess she will store the apartment furniture in the big house attic.

I hope my flower bed will still be blooming when you come. There is nothing artistic about it, but it is colorful and helps our looks!

I'm so glad you had the four days at the lake and that you all enjoyed it so much. How nice it is in people to share their cottages. You are really fortunate in the neighbors you have.

The Strongs got off as per schedule, sailing on the 8th. Their cross country trip was not too bad.

"Happy birthday to you," my dear, with lots of love –

Mother

Story about "saying grace" at meals.
Ted to be kept in U.S. until Spring.

George D. Wilder

Oberlin, O.
Nov. 29, 1944

Dear Margaret,

Your letter of yesterday is here this morning so I guess this will get to you before Friday. I wish I had the letter I wrote to David telling that story, as I laid myself out to give all the trimmings in that one. I guess I can remember most of it though, now.

It was told in the First Church here by the layman moderator of the Congregational Christian Council for the whole country, Ronald Bridges of Arizona, now of Maine(?).

He said the story had been repeated so much that he feared we would think he was cribbing the story, but guaranteed that it was this story. He said that his family had not originally formed the habit of saying grace at meals, but when his sons were five and ten years old respectively he found that they liked the custom, as they had seen it in other homes. He said he found that most children like the formality; and his boys asked to have it, so they started the custom but sometimes forgot, and the boys would check up on them and remind them of it, (just as Donald and David do in our families, don't they?). One hot summer, they were living down in Arizona, and one day that was especially hot, they forgot to say grace. Grumbling over the heat may have caused them to forget. Half way through the meal the younger boy spoke up and reminded them that they had not said grace, and Mr. Bridges asked what we should do about it so late in the meal as this. The boy replied at once, "Have it now." So they had it and as they were lifting their heads the ten year old remarked "Father, that was a short pause for station identification, wasn't it?"

I think Mr. Bridges did not use the "say grace" but "say the blessing," which I like better myself. He told some other stories that I can't recall but they were all about going to church, etc. This one above is quite appropriate for your purpose, but I do not think of any other just now. Perhaps Mother will. He probably used this story in other churches as he was traveling around giving his counsel to the churches in these parts.

Had a good letter from Len yesterday. The invitation to Xmas at Ypsi looks good, as it would cost us for travel only round trip to Toledo which is not much. Ursula invites us to Penn Yan but we think it pretty expensive and laborious. Just had a letter saying that Grandma Daniels is a little worse. Also one from Ted saying he is to be kept in this country a while, in which his folks are naturally rejoicing. They can get an Xmas package to him and also, they said, to Durand. Ted is assigned to an oiler (the "Carey") that will not be commissioned until February, so he is to be here until Spring and then will have a very "tame" job. He had looked up Fred Lindermann, who invited him to Thanksgiving dinner, but on account of his officer's school he could not accept, so it was changed to Sunday dinner. He said he liked Fred. I had given him Fred's town office.

Yes, we heard from Betty that Gay was not coming.

Well, good luck for your speech.

With love to all,

Father

P.S. I still want Bob's address.

George D. Wilder

131 S. Professor St.
Oberlin, O.,
Dec. 17, 1944

Dear Mr. Meekin,

Will you kindly have the following Christmas presents mailed to these addresses, and if convenient have a Xmas stamp put on the package.

"Sun and Saddle Leather" by Badger Clark, Chapman and Grimes.

To Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Durand, 501 Highland Road, Ithaca, N.Y.

Also one copy to:

Mrs. E.A. Lyman, Rd. 3, Huron, So. Dakota.

My magazine order is very irregular as to times and seasons of subscription but I do not know as it can be helped just now; but there is a little matter regarding it that you might look up for me after your holiday rush is over.

It is in regard to the Science News Letter. I ordered it through you last summer and at the same time Miss Olive Daniels ordered it through a news agent in Penn Yan, N.Y. They are sending it to me for the year. Their rate for two years is \$8.00. If they have received both subscription payments totaling more than \$8.00 could you see that they return the balance to you for my account and put me down for a two years' subscription. Miss Daniels ordered it as a present for me, you understand, not for herself. I suppose she paid \$5.00 and do not know how much you paid for it, as I have no bill at hand.

With best wishes for the blessings of the season to you,

Sincerely

Geo. D. Wilder

(An address probably given either at Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, Ohio on the occasion of their anniversary celebration, 1944, or at First Church, Oberlin.)

"THE THINGS NEEDED FOR OUR PEACE"

Luke 19:42 gives the suggestion for our thought today. Jesus is represented as weeping over Jerusalem, the capital of his country. He bares his heart to us and reveals the attitude of God toward his nation. Luke says that "When he drew near he beheld the city and wept over it, saying "If thou hadst but known, even thou in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace — but now they are hid from thine eyes. (And they will not leave one stone upon another, because thou knewest not the day of thy visitation,) — and opportunity under me.

These words of Jesus doubtless describe the heart of God himself as he looks upon many a representative city among the nations in the world today. Perhaps he is saying now, "O America, America, if you had but known, even you, with all your personal individual liberty, in this your day of power, your day for decision of destiny, (yes in this day of your people's fine loyalty to their democracy) if you had only known the realities that belong to your peace -- peace of mind during this war, permanent peace after it -- but now they are hid from your eyes; hid by your race hatreds, capital and labor disputes, religious dissensions, by your hatreds of enemies themselves instead of simple detestation of their evil deeds. Our eyes may be blinded by our want of a less selfish slogan of our war objective than we often hear, as "to preserve our American way of life," to keep our liberty," "the four freedoms." Good though they are, they are partial only.

And after the war is won the things belonging to our peace may be still more deeply hid from our eyes by the intoxication of victory, and lust for power that it brings.

So let us consider today a few things belonging to our peace to which eyes have been opened by 49 years of life in China, by the attempt to live a Christian life among the clear-thinking Chinese people.

I.

The first and fundamental thing belonging to our peace is to know our own minds, to know what is the highest good for all, and how to seek it — that is, a sound IDEOLOGY. It has been said that this war is a war of -isms, of ideologies — Fascism, Nazism, Communism, Capitalism, Democracy. Whether that is so or not (and the composition of the allies — British, Russian, Americans, Chinese — seems to question it), a sound ideology, philosophy of life, theory of ethics, our real war objective as a moral weapon for all our soldiers — whatever you may call it — is of the greatest importance in winning the war and of still greater in winning the peace.

Being convinced Christians, we may venture to affirm that the sound ideology required is Jesus' teaching of love to all, including our enemies and ourselves. Not only to know the good but also to do it from the heart. Not all professed Christians, however, would fully agree. For instance, in a Sunday broadcast on May 21st, publicist John H. Knight, dropped a hasty remark, omitted from the report in the Press the next day, which probably expresses the view of the great majority of our people. He said, "We are in to win the war, and it can't be done under Sunday School rules." The Sunday school rules are supposed to be the teachings of Christ. And many Christians doubtless believe that those teachings cannot be reconciled with any war or even the taking of life in any circumstances, hence extreme pacifism and the conscientious objector. It seems to me, however, that this view shows a very incomplete conception of what Jesus taught, and it may be that some of the Sunday School teachers themselves do not know all the rules, and have not fathomed the real meaning of Christ when he taught that, "Love is the fulfilling of the law;" "Love thy neighbor as thyself; and Who is my neighbor?" and "Love your enemies." We think love to be an always kindly, gentle sentiment, but reasonable love may be most stern. The unfortunate and widely current misconceptions of just what the love that fulfills the law really is, are responsible for the current belief that Christianity will not work, especially in war time.

It is fashionable in some quarters to deny that there is any moral law in the natural world; to deny that there is any place for the ten commandments in modern life; to deny that honesty is possible in any successful business; and to say that "in politics the Golden Rule is nothing but an iridescent dream." Fifty years ago an eloquent senator made this oratorical statement, and by it gained the nickname of "Iridescent Ingalls," and lost his political prestige entirely, indicating the higher moral stand of his constituents.

Let us however, assume that in this old world, the words "right and wrong," "ought," "obligation," and "responsibility" still have a place and a meaning, and still hold compulsion for every right minded, intelligent, man and woman. It would seem self-evident that in order to be right at heart, a man must make up his mind to promote the highest good that he knows, including that for himself, and at the same time that for all those around him. Anything short of this is wrong, selfish. A man is not held responsible for what he does not know nor for what he cannot do, but he is responsible for seeking to know what is good, and for doing his best, for the highest good of all.

But what is that highest good? That which is absolute good, good in itself, not merely good for something — relative good. That still is a fundamental question to be answered first of all among the things that belong to our peace of mind, and peace of country.

Consciously or unconsciously we all must answer for ourselves the question, what is the highest good? and act upon our answer. Happy is the man who has a consistent answer, satisfactory to his best judgment, worthy to guide his actions. An answer that gives him the peace of mind that comes to one who has a sound, integrated, philosophy of life, a deep faith in God, the power that works for righteousness in history.

When a man makes up his mind to quit his selfishness, his seeking the good only of himself and friends, and begins to seek the good of all, making it his daily duty in whatever calling he may have, a service to God and to mankind, then and only then has he become converted, to use the old fashioned phrase. Then has he given himself to Christ and to God, for like God, who spreads his blue canopy over all, (and sends his rain upon the just and the unjust), he makes the welfare of all the prime object in life, without exception.

So we ask, What is the absolute and the highest good, the good in itself?

For help in answering this question clearly and with common sense, the world is more indebted than it knows to our President Fairchild of Oberlin College. In his profoundly simple, yet philosophic treatise on Moral Science¹ he says, if I remember

¹ James H. Fairchild, Moral Philosophy, or The Science of Obligation, Sheldon & Company, New York, 1877.

right over these 55 years, The absolute good, the one and only thing good in itself, is the happiness, the welfare, of sentient being, and the highest good is the highest practically possible happiness of all sentient being.

The only morally right attitude of mind and heart is "benevolence," goodwill toward the highest good of all living things. The only right action is beneficence or the best one can do to promote that good. Even if one does not understand and accept these statements as true, it is not safe to challenge them until one has thought them through, and is sure that one's understanding of them is the same as the author's.

"Sentient being" embraces all things that have nerves to feel pleasure or pain, from amoeba to man; and all who have a spirit that can understand and enjoy the highest spiritual satisfactions, from man up to God, himself, the Creator of all.

Pleasure is the basal or absolute good and pain the absolute and only evil. Happiness, welfare, well being, satisfaction -- no one word seems sufficient -- includes the simplest feelings of pleasure, even the cessation of discomfort or pain, as when your toothache stops, on up to intellectual and spiritual pleasures of man and the purest holiness and highest satisfactions that can be felt in the bosom of God himself. Critics of the "happiness theory" as they call it are wrong when they confine it to the lower pleasures of sense.

So then to be right one must have good will toward all such beings without exception. When a man of good will to all does seek his own good we cannot charge him with selfishness because he weighs the good of all and according to his own best honest judgment he seeks the highest good, whether his own or others. When he kills an ox to feed a man we do not hold him guilty of hating the ox, because he has good intentions toward all and the satisfactions enjoyed by man are richer, more intense, more valuable than those of the ox, and therefore it may be put to hard labor or be killed for the food of man, but it must be killed as painlessly as is practicable, for the lower good of the ox also is of value and to be respected. We do not hate the ox. If we did we would torture it to a slow death.

So too a human enemy of all good like Hitler, may or must be eliminated for the good of all. He may be killed but, as with the ox, not in hatred but in love to him and to all. So he may not be put to death "with refinements" of torture or punishments any

more severe than impressiveness to society demands, for we are bound to respect his good.

If any one fails to be satisfied with that philosophy, please bear with me, for I must have failed to state it clearly or fully. It seems almost self evident to me and has helped me much in the presence of the problems of the existence both of evil and of a good God, and in meeting the arguments of the conscientious objector to war.

But what relation has all this to the Chinese? Have you ever read something from Lin Yu T'ang's books, or from some other Chinese writer that surprised you by its clearness and precision of statement of some political, moral or philosophical problem? I still remember the surprise with which I listened to my first teacher of the Chinese language, a good Confucian scholar, as he set forth several of the ideas that I have been trying to state this morning. It was new evidence to me of their universal validity for all men, Christian and non-Christian.

The liberal philosophy of life underlying the Confucian teaching explains much of the reasonableness, the frank self-respect and equal treatment that may be seen in the common Chinese life. Everyone, practically, who ever goes to China wants to go again. The reason lies in the attractive hospitality with which the Chinese meet the guest. Confucius taught that you must treat the alien guest as you would a fellow clansman; and is not that the essence of the best hospitality?

This liberal philosophy of life is a strong feature in the writings of the soldier-statesman- philosopher Wang Yuan Ming, who is one of the most influential writers of China and Japan today, though he lived over a century ago. He was sent on an expedition to subdue the wild tribes revolting in the southwest border, where our war is going on today on the Burmah frontier. Instead of exterminating them he put these ideas of benevolence into operation among the defeated tribesmen, to make them flourish and be of use in the world. His account of it would give food for thought to those who ponder the post war problems of how to reclaim the defeated to a useful place in our civilization today. We shall need the experience and help of our allies the Russians and the Chinese to solve the problem.

We may as well admit at once that the common concept of love as an unreasoning sentiment that always insists on kindly treatment of the person or the nation is impossible, not only in war but also in dealing with the criminal enemy of

society in time of peace. BUT that is not the love that is "the fulfilling of the law," for the love, the good will that Christ means and that we are talking about is far from it. This conscientious, reasoning, universal love is so far from preventing the punishment of the criminal or the killing of the enemy in a righteous cause, that it actually demands it for the good of all. It demands it still more inflexibly than hatred can do. The more profound our love, the more just our cause in the war, the sterner does love to all urge that killing.

We all know that the drill sargeant who teaches hate to drive the bayonet thrust, scoffs at this idea. Yet even he may well study the question whether love to all or hate of the enemy is a stronger, more lasting support to fighting drive and army morale. Which has the steadier driving power? Hate stirred up by some cruelty of the enemy, and whipped up by fierce oaths or the permanent, righteous indignation at the deeds of the enemy of all good?

The famous Iowa Division was in continuous battle on the Anzio beach head for 35 days without relief. When finally, worn out, they came back to the rear, one of them said, "We are not mad at any one." Another said, "We don't hate those German soldiers. They are mixed up in this mess unwillingly, just as we are." The men who said that have the love that is the fulfilling of the law. I submit that their devotion to the good of all "without being mad at any one" supported them through those 35 days of horror. Could hatred do more? Can hatred that you work up against Germans or Japanese in general, give stronger more lasting support to the army morale than that?

These are not isolated, uncommon instances. One aviator writes home: "As I have gone out on my mission of death, I have never loved my fellow men more."

Again, in her remarkably vivid report of her China war experiences Ilona Ralf Sues, a Polish girl (writing in "Shark's Fins and Millet") tells about dining with a soldier of fortune, Vincent Schmidt.

He was a big husky bombardier, with kindly gray eyes, captivating boyish smile, fearless, cool-headed, with war his only passion; this American ace became China's most reliable raider and instructor. Our cook served us a particularly dainty tiffin, and Smitty aired his philosophy. "Wars should be fought only by mercenary armies," he maintained, "then fighting would be an honest affair, a clean sport. There should be no compulsory military

service, no national armies where young men are taught to hate. Hatred is the basest of feelings, the source of all evil and unhappiness."

"Do you mean to say that you've fought in six wars and never hated your adversaries, Smitty?"

"Never," he retorted calmly. "And if I ever should have a feeling of hate, I would be so ashamed of myself, I would quit. — Soldier of fortune' means fair play."

There is no need to teach hatred to men like that! They know that there are Germans and Japanese just as loveable and good as you or I. With Edmund Burke they know that you cannot "indict a nation." There are both good and bad in every race and nation.

So then the law of love to all without exception is the sound ideology that must be put first among the things that belong to our permanent peace.

II.

Turning from the sphere of thought to that of action we mention the second thing that belongs to our peace. Namely, THE SIMPLE ART OF GETTING ALONG WITH FOLKS.

In the problems arising within a nation as to the treatment of minorities, ability to overlook race and cultural differences, to appreciate good points in others, willingness to stand fair competition with them in business, all tend to solve the question of peace or civil war, and so become related to our theme.

As between nations, the ability to get along with each other becomes the fundamental responsibility of the diplomats. The problem of peace often resolves itself into the ability of the diplomats personally to get along with each other. Purely selfish diplomacy refusing to consider the welfare of other nations than one's own will come to grief, or at least will not avoid war for long.

Probably a good case could be made for the statement that all our education in the last analysis has for its final object, how to get along with folks' and so increase human happiness. Just how to get along peaceably with folks, that is the great personal

problem that has to be solved by every human being. Everyone's success in life, that is, success in living a happy life for himself and useful life for others, depends upon how he solves this problem. Some never solve it and often end with life in jail. How to get along in the world with Japanese and Germans? What a problem! We need the help of a Chinese nation to solve it. During their 4,000 years of experience in living, most of the time crowded together, the Chinese have become past masters in the art of getting along with each other. They often call it saving each other's face. They insist upon "face" so strenuously that in irritation we sometimes declaim against it and wish that all face-saving might be abolished. But really "face" means self-respect, position in society, means of livelihood, job. Their stress on the importance of face is shown in the earnest saying "A Confucian gentleman you may kill, but you must not shame him or make him lose face."

While there are parts of south China where great feuds or tang wars take place, much as in Harlan County, Kentucky, yet it is eminently true that most Chinese seem born with a sense of the value of getting along peaceably with all, and know how to retain peace, good will and respect in most delicate situations. Examples of this might be multiplied. For instance:

A young man living in a small village near my former home in Tunghsien got a job in a shop in Peking as apprentice. He had to furnish his own bedding and sleep on the brick platform or k'ang with the other clerks in the shop. Some time after, a son of one of the neighbors in the village got a similar position in the great city, and went to call on the first young man. Happening to get there in his absence, he stole all of the clerk's bedding. When the clerk returned and found no bedding on the k'ang he asked how it happened. No one would tell him, fearing to offend the thief; but later some one dropped the information that a certain friend from his home village had called in his absence. He decided that no one else could have done it; but had no thought of appealing to the police to recover the lost articles, as we might have done, nor of doing any thing else that would make the thief lose face, yet he needed the bedding. So he sent mutual acquaintance to arrange a time when he might make a return call, and get the news from home. A time was set and he called on the thief. They gossiped about the old home town for a half hour and then just as he was leaving he remarked casually in the presences of the whole staff, "O, by the way, if you are through with that bedding you borrowed I may as well take it along with me, and save you the trouble, as I have to take a trip next week, and need some of it." There was nothing for the thief to do but bring it out, but his face was saved by the word "borrowed." While rolling it up to carry

away the clerk added, "Here is more than I need, you may still have use for it so I will give this blanket to you."

When asked by a foreign friend of mine why he did not have the thief punished and taught a lesson, he said, "O, our two families are in the same village and if I did that, there would be war between us for a hundred years, and it would cost us both far more than the value of the blanket."

Another example: A foreman in a shop has a clerk that is worse than useless to him and he wishes to dismiss him. He does not call him up with an abrupt "you are fired," and deal him out a choice piece of his mind, in burning phrases. O, No. He calls another clerk, a friend of the boy, and sends him to suggest to him that the boss thinks he had better be looking for another job. After he has found one, the worthless boy comes to the foreman to say that he has a chance down the street for a better-paid job. The boss lies, "I am sorry to have you go, but I would not stand in the way of your bettering yourself. Here is a month's wages that you will need before your first wage is paid." So they part friends and the clerk's face is saved and he has another job. His position in society is maintained.

Often in the annual business meetings of our mission in China, when some delicate question of personnel comes up, we bungling, tactless foreigners have to fall back upon our Chinese native leaders, for their understanding of the "facial" angles and human relationships involved is keener than ours. We certainly have found that most of the Chinese people — not merely their educated men but also the illiterate common people — have learned their national history and the teachings of the sages at their open air village theaters and have much to teach us in ordinary politeness, social tact, and deeper problems of keeping the peace and social control.

III.

The third thing seen in China that has to do with our peace is the light thrown on the PROBLEM OF PACIFISM and the CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

For some years I was approximately of the pacifist mind myself. We are all against war because it is so great an enemy of human welfare. The conscientious objector considers it the greatest possible evil. So, to his mind, its abolition becomes raised to be an end in itself -- the ultimate one. But war is not an absolute evil, it is a

relative evil. That is, it is evil because it entails immeasurable suffering, physical and moral. That suffering is the absolute evil, and the greatest we know. War is the next-to-greatest relative evil we know on earth. The greatest is slavery to a nation like Japan or Germany obsessed with designs of world empire.

We have seen this thing that is worse than war in occupied China. Had China submitted without a struggle, or if she should submit now, we would have China's millions being educated not only in the arts of war but also in a race hatred that would put them forever with the Japanese against the "whites." The Japanese ideology of Emperor worship and race superiority would become the heritage of China's children. This moral slavery is worse than this war, because it would produce war on a more gigantic scale than the earth has ever seen. And the "whites" would be swamped. (By the end of the century it is said that Japanese will outnumber us, and heaven forbid that we allow the Chinese friendship to pass over from us to the Japanese. Then we would be hopeless indeed). It is "of the Lord" that the Japanese have not won the good will and cooperation of the Chinese, the Filipinos, or indeed of any of her conquered Asian peoples. Her failure is due not only to her blind cruelty and faith in terrorism to control subject people, but also to the great reservoir of good will that we Americans have won already, thanks mainly to the world wide missionary movements of modern times.

So in effect the extreme pacifist seems to treat the absence of war as the highest good, an end in itself, whereas it is only most favorable condition for attaining the highest good of the human spirit, and there are times like the present when war itself becomes the only means to prevent still greater and more continued war.

IV.

The mention of the great reservoir of good will toward America, which Wendell Wilkie pronounced to be "the biggest political fact of our times," brings us to the fourth and last of things belonging to our peace as seen in China, namely, **THAT WE RETAIN THE FRIENDSHIP BOTH OF THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT AND OF ITS PEOPLE.**

It is necessary to stress this point because there has been a whispering campaign of propaganda against the present government of China now for the past five months. It has now broken out into a barrage of publicity, showing ill will to China, splitting the allies and giving comfort to the enemy. It seriously imperils our friendship

with the Chinese government. The main charges are unreasonable censorship, increasingly corrupt bureaucracy, hoarding of men and munitions for Chiang's private use, refusal to fight Japan, and personal immorality of the Generalissimo. This last he has denied publicly in the presence of his council, his wife and leading reporters, absolutely challenging them to search his record to prove the charge of taking a concubine.

Many of these charges are untrue, or are half truths, or long out of date truths, no news to old China hands, or equally true of our own nation and all our allies. So why pick on China? Why bring them up now? Remember, too that even if they were all true, we still would need China's friendship against Japan, to give us nearness, where our chief enemy is distance. Then why continue to publish them and endanger that friendship that we must have?

Wendell Wilkie has testified that America has a vast reservoir of good will among the Chinese and other Eastern peoples. In proof, there is not enough time to mention the people's thoughtful care for us foreigners of North China confined within the walls of Peking and later sent to internment camp a day's journey away. They furnished us with necessaries of life, bags of flour, sugar, honey, peanuts, roasted soy bean flour, rice, candles, condensed milk, garden seeds for use in internment; they advanced funds to missionaries who lacked them on a simple promissory note to pay after the war. Then the offer by non-Christians to advance the salaries of all missionaries whenever they could not get their salaries. The offer of the government to double the funds sent by the mission boards in order to carry on the work — all these show the appreciation of this work by government and non-Christian community. This friendship of both people and government is undeniable, and deep beyond reason.

When we think of the history of our governmental relation for the last 80 years it seems a miracle that we retain their goodwill even now. We think of the breaking of the earliest treaties by our exclusion laws; our refusal of equal treatment (corrected now) for China alone under stress of war. Our supply of munitions to Japan in the midst of Japan's attack on almost unarmed China; our interpretation of lend-lease so as to obstruct China's getting sorely needed bombing planes even after they were bought and loaded on shipboard; then after reloading them on another ship, the aviators already hired to go as instructors in using the planes were refused passports by our government.

In view of such a history how could we expect the Chinese people to be friends, as they undeniably are? We can retain the friendship only by continuing the measures by which it has been won, unconsciously won. As Wilkie found, it has been won mainly by the work of missionaries and the philanthropies growing out of it. "Now in our time of crisis," he says, "we owe a great debt to these men and women who have won these friends for us."

But this good will, especially of the government, hangs in the balance and might be lost. The unfriendly publication of the charges already referred to not only weakens the friendship of China but also weakens the morale of her armies that have resisted Japan all these more than seven years and inflicted the first defeats that the Japanese armies ever knew. We may not be able to prevent this barrage of ill-will publicity but in the future we should remember this. Every time that our government seems to support imperialism against democracy — as in the matter of Franco and Spain — we lose a measure of the confidence of the Chinese people, for they are very jealous of democracy in social life, of which they have so much (though not, of course, democracy in Government.) They watch us to see if we really live up to our democratic principles. They watch us in the Philippines today and if we make a false move there, and fail to give the Filipinos their independence exactly as we have promised we shall lose their respect and support. If we fail to stand for the independence of the small and weak nations; if we do not respect the four freedoms in small as well as in the strong nations; we shall lose the support for our American ideals among 450 million of our warmest admirers, and who will dare say we shall not need all the moral support we can muster in the post-war world.

Therefore let us pray for those who shape our foreign policy, in this our day of destiny, that these things which belong to our peace of body and of soul, may not be hid from their eyes. And pray for those who represent us in dealing with the far East that their eyes may be open to the best ways of applying the law of love so as to retain the friendship of these good friends we now have. Above all may the eyes of each of us, the common people, be open to understand the love and good will we owe to all, including enemies, animals, and God.

Christmas presents.

The Daniels Farm

CARROL AND URSULA DANIELS

PENN YAN, N. Y.

275 West Lake Rd.

Phone

48-M

Jan. 14, 1945²

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

Thanks a lot for the slate, bond, and mittens. Mom has probably told you about my puppy. She is just cutting her teeth and bites everything she gets hold of. She is mostly light brown with a white ruff and white paws and a white tip on her tail. She has a black strip along the top of her back and a little black around her ears. The rest of her is brown except for a white stomach.

I could tell that something had been written on the slate but had been rubbed off, so please write and tell me what it said.

With love,

Dave

² The backs of this and the following letter were used by GDW in writing "A Sharga, a Horse Story," which now follows the description of his trip from Peking to Kaifeng with a delegation from the International Monetary Commission in 1904.

The Daniels Farm

CARROL AND URSULA DANIELS

PENN YAN, N. Y.

275 West Lake Rd.

Phone

48-M

Jan. 14, 1945

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

This is only a note, and a very late one at that, to thank you for the bond. It's my fourth one, and I imagine that they will all come in very handy in 4 or 5 years. You couldn't have chosen a better gift and as I am not very good at expressing myself, you will probably never know how much I appreciate it. Also, as soon as I get time, I intend to read the book on religion that you sent us. I have read the Catholic part and it is very interesting.

The antics of the squirrels on your window sill, which you described so interestingly, must be fun to see. I wish I were there to laugh with you.

Love,

Bill

Oberlin house sold.
Grandpa Menzi's 1923 letter.
Need to fill out "Priority" forms to get a camera.
Importance of getting enough sleep.

George D. Wilder

131 South Professor St.
Oberlin, O.
Feb. 16, 1945

Dear Len and Margaret,

I have been struggling with my returns for computing Income Tax, which I failed to accomplish last April when at Ypsi. If we can show a loss in the sale of our house it will save us some tax. So I have been looking up the cost of the house and the addition to it made by my Mother in 1914, which I found O.K.

In looking it up I came across a lot of letters and among them the one from Len's father, which I enclose, written to me after you two were engaged. I thought you might like to have it as it shows his poetic type of mind and ability in the use of language. Certainly I do "agree with what he wrote" but do not remember answering the letter, though I must have done so. I think it was the second letter that he wrote, one coming before this, and I answered it I am sure. I could not but feel kindly toward him and sympathize with him in the suffering of the later years and yet some way I failed to get into very intimate touch with him and always regretted it, feeling that it was much my fault.

We went to see the movie "Wilson" last night and enjoyed it immensely. Wilson's dressing down of Count Berstorff was worth the whole price of admission; and his putting Senator Jones out when the Senator insulted him for his taking his pre-election

promises seriously and standing by them at the cost of the senator's pocket or position. You ought to take it in if you haven't.

We attended a fine Lincoln Birthday celebration last Monday night with a fine address by Prof. Wittke, and recitations - "Douglas debate", etc. - by high school boys and girls, several negroes, a Japanese girl violinist, etc.

I finally had to send the forms for priority on a camera to Durand to fill out and am writing now for their return, before putting in any order to the Eastman Kodak Co.

Margaret's long letter pleased us in the promise of you both trying for more sleep. I think it as important as food; and in some ways perhaps more so; but we rarely drop a meal while we often drop an hour or two of the sleep we need.

Well, I must practice what I preach and go to bed, as it is ten o'clock, Friday night. I have an envelope already addressed to Mar but this is for both of you.

With love,

Father

China wants Hong Kong back. British should return Kowloon peninsula; Empire should become a commonwealth.

Will help assure Betty gets four years at Oberlin.

Korea, Formosa, Manchuria would collapse if Japan withdrew suddenly — need UN supervision.

George D. Wilder

131 S. Prof. Street

Oberlin, O.

Feb. 23rd, 1945

Dear Mar,

Your letter with interesting clippings came early this P.M. as I was going to the bank and Libe. I read them first and was going to look up Hongkong, but as Mrs. Edwards of the class of 1928(?), daughter of Mrs. Ayres of Penn Yan, called and took up the time after I returned from the Libe.

Betty has just gone back to Lord to take a shower and will be back soon. I want to send this letter by her. I think the clipping about Hongkong is O.K. as to facts, etc. He says China wants Hongkong back. I have seen one Chinese who said she did not because she had ceded it to England in good faith and would not go back on it. The Kowloon peninsula is a different matter and he did not say anything about it. Of course the British Empire wants to keep it but has no right to claim sovereignty over the leased territory. She would lose face but ought to, to my mind. When Singapore fell she lost face and I doubt if the Empire can be restored even in our victory. It ought to be replaced by a federation or Commonwealth, to which India should be free to join or not as she pleases. Churchill is a good man to win a war but he is a dyed-in-the-wool imperialist, and that thing will not go down much longer, because it is illogical, wrong, and colonies do not pay the people who hold them. Well, that is the way I feel and want to see things go after the war —

abolish all colonies and help them all to run themselves as soon as possible. I think that Korea, Formosa, Dutch Indies and Manchuria would collapse economically if Japanese management were taken off at once. An international body ought to keep watch of Japan as she continues to run them without exploiting them until they can run themselves.

I do not know what Grandma said last summer but do know that she and I intended to help out financially so far as was necessary for Betty to go to College the full four years. She might have to earn some herself and economize some, but that was our idea. If her health holds out she ought to go through.

We enjoyed the visit with Gay and Bob and only wished it was longer. I shall ask for his address when he gets one as I never wrote the letter I expected to when he was at the other. They went to the same lawyer I did. He was nice, too.

Glad to hear you have more letters from Durand. We have not had for a good while, a month I guess.

Does Gay think of taking a medical course?

Give my commiseration to Donnie if he is still sick.

Don't by any means sell any bonds. We feel rich just now as my income tax for this year was figured first as \$308. You know I never had any before, either because my income was not up to the lowest bracket or because I was a non-resident. The Internal Revenue collector rules that my non-resident status continues all this year that would have been a furlough if I were going back. That cut it down to \$7.91 for this present year and \$40.25 for each quarter of 1945. We had it saved up to pay and don't have to pay the big number.

Must go to supper now. Grandma will write later.

Lovingly,

Father

Government charged each Gripsholm passenger \$1,150 for trip home.
Sending \$250 to pay back taxes and doctor's bills.
Gertrude's flower paintings.
Betty taking care of Tracy Strong.

George D. Wilder

131 S. Prof. Street,
Oberlin, O.,
March 26, 1945

Dear Len and Mar,

At long last the government has sent in its bill to the Board for our travel on the Gripsholm, or rather sent it in quite a while ago and I have brought up the question with the Board as to how much I was to pay. They had quite forgotten the matter for they had treated us almost like active Missionaries this last period of our China life and that would naturally include travel home. But I reminded them that I was on my own and expected to pay travel home from China, but when we went out we hardly planned on \$1,150, which the Government charges. So the Board agreed to pay the excess over a cheap comfortable return. We told them that we had planned a freighter voyage, as when we went out in 1939, and that cost only \$550. Deducting retiring allowance of \$125, a month from that, we owed the Board only \$425. We had left enough on our account to the Board to pay the full Government charge so now we have a little more in hand to invest.

I went down to Cleveland to consult the Cleveland Trust on the matter of investment and revision of our will the other day, and the upshot of it is that we do not want you to wait until we die to get some of our estate, so long as you have debts that worry you. You might as well stop the worry right now. If you have back taxes or doctor's bills or anything of that sort we

would like to fix it up, now. That is much better than buying Gov. bonds or adding to our estate in some sort of Industrial Bonds.

So I am sending now a check for \$250. See how far that will go, and if you have too much debt still left unpaid let us know. Of course your debt on the house is being paid off just as you would pay rent, and I don't count that but all other forms of debt we just do not want you to have to worry about it. I hope you have not added much to doctors bill of late. After using this let us know how it goes - how you stand, I mean.

We have had a long visit this afternoon with Mrs. Dr. George Lowry and her daughter, Elizabeth Wigton. They came to see your Mother's paintings of flowers. A Miss Gertrude Hall, Librarian at East Tech High in Cleveland also came in and looked over our China things and pictures with them. Discovered that she lived near the Lowry's in Cleveland. Sunday we had had dinner at the Wigton's to meet Mrs. Lowry and after dinner we went over to Lynds Jones across the street to see about a dozen kinds of spring flowers just coming into bloom. This morning we got a half dozen kinds from Mrs. Thurston's across the street from us, and put them into our flower bed in the back yard. Took most of the morning.

Your bees must be out and busy by this time.

We are trying to get to bed earlier and put in nine or ten hours in bed so I'll say good night and quit.

With love to you all,

Father

P.S. Just a word from me to tell you that I love you in spite of the fact that I have let Father do all the writing lately. I have been busy

at a number of things, but really, I don't go to a whole lot of meetings. Yesterday I spoke at one of the section meetings and next week I talk about something at the meeting of the section to which I belong. I have just turned down the invitation to be section leader, which may have been lazy but I think was wise. I don't feel well enough acquainted yet to be able to appoint committees and get people to do things. I know it would have been a real burden, so I'm glad that I have had the sense to turn it down.

Betty was over this A.M. with her laundry which added to ours made only a small wash this time. She also came later and took care of Tracey for about an hour. Kitty is speaking in Cleveland.

What about our spending the first half of June with you? I don't want to if it means putting anyone out of a room. What are Gertrude's plans? Will write soon.

Lovingly, Mother

Sending another check to help pay off back taxes and doctor bills.
May use "nest egg" to buy a cottage or house after the war when prices come down.
Approve Len's plan to keep bees after retirement.
Article in Oberlin paper.
"Hot spot" on back of shoulder.
Donald finicky about eating. Jim Wilder learning radar.

George D. Wilder

131 S. Prof. Street, Oberlin, O.
April 9, 1945

Dear Len and Mar,

Len's letter of the 2nd came in due time just as Margaret said it would. Both letters warmed our hearts by their deep appreciation of the matter of the check. We were glad to find that the doctor's bill was no larger and that back taxes could mostly be taken care of. When we found that all the money we had laid aside to pay our travel home from China was not going to be all used – less than half in fact – we thought it far better to relieve your minds of these debts hanging on than to let it lie in a bank, or go into Gov't bonds, for the rest of our lifetime. So we thought to liquidate both those debts. Margaret put the taxes due at \$135, with possibly \$100 to be deducted from that. So I am enclosing check for \$135 to finish off the taxes, and if there is anything left just put it in the bank against the loan. I don't like to have you paying interest all the time and wish we could finish that off.

You do not need to worry about us. Our regular monthly allowance now comes to \$140 per month and \$50 more payment on the house is capital, of course, and we do not plan to use it. We can't use near all the \$140 per month living in Oberlin, and so long as we are well with no emergency expenses it is accumulating all the time. What we have in the Cleveland Trust Co., is increasing all the time and we do not touch the interest

on it at all. It is a nest egg. We might use it for a nice little cottage after the war when things are cheaper, but we are quite satisfied with our present apartment. There is a little house around the corner on the north side of Vine Street that we might try for if it gets on the market, or we might go out to Claremont, Cal. Howard Galt says any one who does not go out there is bound to show the reason why.

Your idea of piecing out your retiring allowance by keeping bees is good. It looked to me as though you were getting to the bottom of the principles of bee-keeping, which means that you could make it pay. It pays in mental interest and physical well-being if you try to really keep up with the times.

Your Mother spoke to a group of women today and tomorrow I go to talk to the women of the Elyria Second Congregational Church. I ought to get busy looking over the notes I have made. I mailed you an Oberlin paper that has an article I wrote a month ago at the Editor's request. He has had to cut out my personal experiences, which cuts out a good deal of interest. Still a good many have mentioned their interest in it.

Well, I have a hot spot on the back of my shoulder when I write too long and have to get on my back for it to cool off. So good night.

Sorry to hear of Donald's sickness. We think he is too finicky about his eating. That is something he can cure himself. Please tell him so.

Father and Grandfather

A fine letter from Jimmie tells about his interesting Radar study. Now he is home and his next address is the Hawaiian Islands, and probably he is going on further into the Pacific to direct planes from the carrier, after radar has detected the enemy.

Bob Bartlett preached here last Sunday. Very good. He looks and acts quite distinguished. Sue was with him, and the two younger children, and we had a short visit with them after church. A nice family.

Mother

7.

RETURN TO THE PRAIRIE

YANKTON AND HURON,
SOUTH DAKOTA

Forgot ration book — please send.
Met interesting people on train.
Harry and Lillian Durand.³

*Yankton, Thursday, 3:00 P.M.
May 3, 1945*

Dear Gertrude,

Please mail me my ration book and you might put in a dozen or two tooth picks. I forgot both of them.

The card you may get before this was written last evening and mailed at Elk Point by Mrs. Anderson, the South Dakota Home Mission Supt's assistant in the office of Huron. She had been visiting Ohio Congregational associations - among others the Medina (where we were you know) — as Religious Education seminar leader, I guess. She had to get back here to the Dakota State Meeting and boarded our train at the Mississippi crossing after I was asleep, supposing the lower berth was vacant. I was up early to shave and discovered another suitcase. She had left her own car at the Elk Point passage and offered me a ride to Yankton, which I was about to accept gladly when I remembered that Harry knew my train and would be there to meet me, and it was well I did for he and Lillian were there with their car, and Acting Pres. Lang, and others — the pastor, etc. I gave my whole paper of "Reminiscences" to her to read to get her slant on it. We had lots to talk about, as she has worked all over the State. She left at Elk Point (the place where I was held up all night when going to the oratorical contest at Sioux Falls).

³ George Wilder's cousin, George Harrison ("Harry") Durand, son of Cyrus Yale Durand, born in 1868, ran the drug store in Huron S.D. for several years after his father's death, then went to Oberlin (1894 - 1898), did graduate work at Harvard, taught English at Oberlin and at Yankton College, later becoming Vice President there.

A tall, slim professor-like gent got on at the next station, Vermillion, Miss Payne's home, and sizing him up, I offered him half of my seat. Rev. Parsons of Vermillion he proved to be, and just going to Yankton to run the Pageant of South Dakota history. He had done his graduate thesis at Chicago on "History of the Home Mission Society" and so had studied the South Dakota history. He had the bound volume of all Congregational Church conferences' reports from 1870 to 1900(?) which I consulted for two or three dates I needed. I have been wondering where I could get them. I saw his whole big MSS for the pageant, too. He too read my 12 pages with interest and said at once, as Mrs. Anderson did, Give it to Dr. Rich to publish.

Lillian, Harry's wife, has given me their third story flat all to myself, a lovely quiet place, kitchen electric stove, bath and all. Other guests are to have the regular guest room, she says apologetically. The desk here is stocked with my stationary, she says, the last Life and other magazines, and she says to get my letter in before 4:00 P.M. So I have done my biz for two days past, had a nap and have only a quarter of an hour to write. They take lunch and dinner at restaurants and hearing that I had not eaten, and as my train was late — 11:30 instead of 10:20 A.M. — they drove right downtown to eat, thereby avoiding the rush. I had fine meal of roast pork spare rib and sage dressing. Then they drove around a little to see the residences of the faculty of 30(!), and get mail at Harry's College Office, but Lillian plans all routes for the car to save every teaspoonful of gas and says they will have to walk in June at that — only 4 gallons left to last through June.

Harry says this year is his last and she says the minute he stops they will lock up the house and go somewhere and rest, and asks if they couldn't get a cottage at Penn Yan. Pass that on to Ur and Olive. Lillian can't walk too much on account of rheumatism in her knee but looks well. She put drops in her eyes for her glaucoma in the car down town while waiting for Harry and me to go and buy some pansies to plant. We did the shopping after lunch at three stores twice the size of Fishers but exactly the same sort grapefruit, 0.2 of a cent more than ours

at 6.9 cents each. They want me to stay a few days after the rush is over, i.e., about May 7-10 I guess.

They gave me \$15.00 at Ashland, O. where I spoke twice and want me again. I did fairly well for me, without notes. Now I must con my notes for tomorrow A.M. after mailing this. The desk is wobbly — excuse the writing — but well furnished and their hospitality is free. Lillian likes Durand and is glad to get news of how well he makes good.

Love, Geo.

Joseph Ward and John T. Shaw.
Rev. Cephas Clapp and Dr. Dan Bradley
The "future probation" controversy.
Early athletics at Yankton: tennis, football, boxing, baseball.
Arson and retribution.

REMINISCENCES OF A YANKTON STUDENT, 1885-1889
George D. Wilder

*Address at the Seventy-Fifth Annual Meeting of the
Congregational Conference of South Dakota, May 3-6,
1945, Yankton, on the College's Founders Day, May 4,
1945.*

A glance at the picture of Middle Hall on your program cover will show the belfry, where swings the bell that bears the words composed by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," to signify the mission of the College:

"At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
My voice shall sound, the earth around,
Christ for the world, the world for him."

The second window to the right from the belfry on the upper floor belongs to the room, in what was then the Men's dormitory, called the "bull pens," which Prof. G. H. Durand, my cousin, and I occupied during our first term in Yankton Academy, in the fall of 1885. From that window we had our first view from above of the campus, the city, the Missouri River beyond, disappearing out into the wide world. I personally owe to two men more than any others the inexpressible privilege of having had a share in carrying out around the world the message indicated by the bell. The names of those two men, Yankton and all Dakota should not forget: Dr. Joseph Ward and John Taylor Shaw. We should remember their pushing for the statehood of Dakota Territory, their fight for temperance in the Constitution of the State,

their founding of Yankton College, their raising of money and finding of students for it. Dr. Ward once wrote to Prof. Shaw of the "joy of discovery of boys and girls and making them into Christian heroes -- only a Christian College can do that." It is to the honor of these men that in spite of their grueling task of raising money for the faculty, they never forgot the equally important part of their task, the finding of the boys and girls on these prairies to make up a student body.

Joseph Ward and John T. Shaw

When the Yankton Church gave Dr. Ward six months leave in 1882 to seek money and students among the Dakota churches as well as going to the Eastern States, he did not visit Huron, where I lived, as there was no Congregational Church there. But my Mother met him at some other town and he discovered that she had plans for me to finish in the second High School class at Huron, then go to Oberlin for College and Yale for Seminary, a plan which she had the wisdom not to divulge to me. Later, probably in 1884, after the founding of our Huron Church, Dr. Ward visited our home and greatly impressed both my Mother and myself with the Yankton Academy idea. After that Professor Shaw, coming to preach in our pulpit, made it a point to call and confirm my will to go to Yankton. Then on my arrival in the fall of 1885, a stranger in Yankton, Dr. and Mrs. Ward made me at home in their house, as was their custom with new boys. Again when my Mother visited the College his home was thrown open to us for a few days. In a letter to his wife which she quoted to my Mother, he had argued against his wife's giving all her property to the College, including their house, for he said, "If we do that we shall have put an end to our power to give ourselves in actual and effective service." This use of her house in service to humble students was their way of giving themselves.

This fine example of the Wards was conspicuously followed by Professor and Mrs. Shaw in their home. For two years I had a room in their own house, one year, 1887-88, with H. W. Jamison,

well known later as Nestor in the South Dakota Association, and for another, previous year with J. Arthur Otis as roommate when the Shaws occupied the Sheldon house in 1886. We country boys enjoyed living in their home with classical music, reading aloud of good books on Sunday evenings, usually with the accompaniment of eats most delectable to our healthy appetites. This was settled practice and they rarely missed a Sunday. Time and space forbid a full appreciation of the unstinted giving of themselves by the early Yankton faculty and its wholesome impression on the character of many of the students.

Allow me to give just one more example of this personal contact with our teachers. It was when Prof. Shaw and I were representatives of our College at some sort of get-together at Dakota University in Mitchell. It was at the beginning of a campaign to get the prohibition of the liquor traffic into the proposed constitution of the new state. A most eloquent temperance orator, Sam Small of Georgia, had been engaged to stump the state. He had come a few days before the speaking campaign was to begin, in order to look the ground over. Professor Shaw found that he was to speak in the churches of the town on Sunday, so he took me with him to the first meeting when Sam Small occupied the 9:00 o'clock Sunday School hour in a crowded church. He confined himself to his own experience and Bible truth and so captivated us that we rushed over to get a seat at the church where he was to speak at 11:00 A.M. Twice more in the afternoon and again in the evening he made five long addresses that we heard, loath to miss a word. And we were but two in throngs of young and old. Long years afterward we agreed that this fellowship we had under Sam Small was one of the most uplifting spiritual experiences of a lifetime, and we placed him as one of the three greatest preachers we had ever heard.

Cephas F. Clapp and Dan F. Bradley

Two other great preachers of permanent influence on Yankton students should be mentioned. For two years of my four at Yankton, we had as pastor in the church here Rev. Cephas F.

Clapp, an earnest revivalist who had protracted meetings every winter. One student whom many of you knew in later life confided to me that he had taken one girl – the belle of the school, the governor's daughter – to the meeting every night, except Saturdays when there was none, for seven weeks. Most of the students attended and I think that Mr. Clapp preached every time. Prof. Shaw once told me of an incident in his theological student experience, not in Dakota, but near Andover, Mass. His opening prayer at the evening service included a sentence, "O Lord, Thou knowest the purpose for which we have gathered here." A loud whisper from a corner where the boys sat reached his ears "To go home with the girls." It taught him not to use that form of prayer again. I feel sure that while "to go home with the girls" may have been a factor in the purposes of students attending revival services at Yankton, it was not the only one.

A tribute should also go to Dr. Dan F. Bradley, who was pastor for the last two years I was at Yankton and acting President some of the time, succeeding Dr. Ward. I still remember the sermon that aroused our social consciousness with the text, "Man, More Precious than Gold," and another on Missions, simply as a business enterprise, one of the greatest on earth.

Mr. Clapp used to finish his sermon preparation on Friday, went hunting wild geese, ducks or prairie chickens on Saturday and came fresh to his pulpit on Sunday. He said that if he forgot any of his sermon it probably was not worth remembering. Dr. Bradley, on the contrary, worked hard at his sermon until it was all delivered and then took Monday off for rest and recreation.

The AFuture Probation" Controversy

G. H. Durand, in his book "Joseph Ward of Dakota," gives a full and accurate account of the grievous split among the supporters of Yankton College caused by the gross misunderstanding of the relation of the College to the so-called

"Future Probation" controversy in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It almost ruined Andover Seminary and also Yankton College. We need not remind you of it any more than to mention the student's attitude and confirm the statement of the book on pages 194-5:

"In the work of the college there had never been an attempt to teach a theology or exercise any sectarian influence on the students. No one was more astonished at the accusation brought against Dr. Ward than the students themselves. Many of them had never heard of such a thing as a future probation."

My mother, as treasurer of the W.B.M. of the Northwest, attended the meeting of the American Board at Des Moines, Iowa in 1886 when the "great debate" occurred as to the Prudential Committee's attitude refusing to send out a graduate of Andover seminary. On her return she could not explain it to me so that I could understand, but she expressed great grief at the way Dr. Ward, who had simply stood for freedom of thought and had never committed the College to that or any doctrine, yet was impeached as a corrupter of youth by former friends and even members of the College trustees. Before the end of the school year at the regular Sunday morning service in the Yankton church where the students attended, we had as guest preacher the father of one of our fellow students, Rev. Charles Seccombe, pastor at Springfield and member of the Board of Trustees of the College. He went into an exposition of the Future Probation or Universalist heresy which was all Greek to us. (I believe that none of the students had ever read or heard the technical terms that he used.) There was no instruction along that line either in or out of classes nor do I remember its ever having been referred to in the morning chapel exercises. We students listened to the preacher in wonderment, until he vehemently declared that the President and some of our faculty members were imbued with this heresy and were using this Christian College to spread theological error. When a few of us asked President Shaw what it was all about he told us of the book, "Progressive

Orthodoxy," as the work of Andover Professors in which was expressed a hope – not a belief – that all non-Christians, infants and heathen who died without any chance to hear of Christ would be given another saving chance. The conservative members of the Prudential Committee had felt that this was a plunge into Universalism and would "cut the nerve of missions." So the Prudential Committee had voted not to return Robert Hume, an Andover graduate, to his field in India where he had been an outstanding success. The Des Moines meeting had to pass on that action.

It seems to me that the whole student body at Yankton sided with Dr. Ward. We were profoundly indignant that our teachers and president were charged with teaching us theological dogmas or speculations that we had never heard of before. While we could not prevent some atmosphere of coolness developing toward our schoolmate, the son of Father Seccombe, we were sorry for him and tried not to make things uncomfortable for him. But, as I remember, he left at the end of the school year, being a middler or senior in the Academy, and his leaving probably was because of this affair. There were a few others leaving at that time, and probably some were taken from school because of these heresy charges. Possibly some teachers left for the same reason but we students would not know their reasons or who they were. Certainly much financial support was lost.

As for myself, I was ready to enter College as a freshman the next Fall. My Mother's plan to have me enter Oberlin had been given up and she herself showed her sympathy with the President and faculty in that she accepted the position of preceptress and teacher of German for two years. I was glad to stay on two years not only because I valued highly the grade of instruction that we were getting at Yankton from an exceptionally fine faculty, but also to show my sympathy for these men who had been so wrongfully accused and to avoid being classed as one of their enemies.

About seven years later she who became my wife was examined for commission by the Board as missionary to China. Though she had never studied at either Yankton or Andover she was asked her opinion of Future Probation, apparently as a routine question, and the following year, when I myself was examined, the Future Probation hypothesis was not mentioned, so far as I can recall, and I was glad to feel that the incident was closed as to Yankton, and was no longer an issue in the Board. I am glad of this opportunity to keep my own record straight, and to say that my leaving Yankton to take my last two years in college at Oberlin had nothing whatever to do with this matter.

While these features of the early days may be familiar or seem of little significance yet it seems worth while to remind ourselves occasionally of our past history.

* * * * *

Addendum: Prof. John Taylor Shaw and Early Athletics at Yankton

The foregoing pages were limited by the time allotted for an address on Founder's Day, May 4, 1945. We would add for the archives a few notes concerning Prof. Shaw and early athletics in the College. The editorial staff of the College paper and Prof. McMurtry, the leading historian of the College, having higher interests than athletics, the early historical material of the College fails to contain much that is of interest.

Tennis

Prof. Shaw introduced tennis to Yankton College by putting in a court on the next lot north of his house, which is No. 1010 Pine Street. (The court is now covered by the house of Mrs. Martha Cutts.) No student knew the game and none brought any gear, so Prof. Shaw provided all the equipment, inviting us students to play and acting as our coach. We had never seen it played before, though the Episcopal rector in 1888-89, probably Rev. Mr. Dougherty, was an English expert and found fair

competition in one Yankton city man and a few younger sons of nobility gathered on the dude ranch over in Nebraska belonging to Mr. J. M. Pierce.

After we began to think we had some form Prof. Shaw asked for an educational match with them at the rectory. To us, when we came on their court, they looked like giants, their balls seemed like lead, and the net looked insurmountable. They politely allowed us a game or two and we returned to the college with greatly heightened ideals of the game. About 1900 occurred the first proper tennis match on the grounds of J. M. T. Pierce.

Football

These same young Englishmen came over from their ranch in the Fall and Spring of 1888-89 to teach us Rugby football, introducing some of the earlier modifications made in the eastern United States. In the fall of 1889, on entering Oberlin as a Junior, I found the game being introduced and discovered that I was one of the three at Oberlin who had ever played the game before.

Boxing

Prof. Shaw also furnished a set of soft gloves for boxing and gave us who roomed at his house regular instruction in the art of self-defense as he had been taught by a famous pugilist at Brown University. He simply gave us the correct positions, blows, wards, counter blows and ducks in a set series so that we could go through the exercises without any one getting hurt, and we used them as routine exercises before retiring nightly. We never really boxed for points until we staged a Field Day between the highbrow Yankton College Literary Society and the junior competitor, the Philomatheans, when boxing was made a feature along with track and baseball. The Senior society was represented by Edward Gray and the Philomatheans by myself. There was to be no slugging, only sparring for points, a mere touch counting a point. Prof. Shaw and George Nash were referee

and umpire. As the latter belonged to my society and Prof. Shaw was its faculty advisor, the selection hardly seemed to be fair and impartial. No heat of temper whatever was developed, but Gray nervously let loose a couple of blows, each of which give me such a bloody nose that time had be called to mop up. In some way I hardly understood they awarded the match to me on points.

Prof. Shaw said that the sight of my blood made him repent of ever having taught any boxing and I do not know that he ever did again. While in a long life, sometimes among outlaws, I never had any occasion to strike anyone with my fist, and the only two times when I have needed to ward off a blow were dark nights on the street in New Haven, Conn., yet it has always given me a sense of security to be conscious that I knew what to do if attacked with club or fists, and I felt that this was worth more of my blood even than it actually cost.

Baseball

One of my classmates was a handsome man of magnificent physique, high in his studies, a fine speaker and a tower of strength at second base and at the bat on the ball team. Unfortunately when a boy his father had taught him to drink hard liquor, and about once a term he would go on a spree among the saloons.

So far from drink being common among students in those days, the student mentioned above is the only one at Yankton College whom I ever knew to drink intoxicating liquor, though two or three others may have been implicated. The faculty discipline was excellent and he was finally suspended for a term. By order of the faculty he was not to be allowed to play in any game out of town if he was found to have been drinking. Our rival ball teams at Vermillion State University, Gayville, and Aten, Neb., considered it sound tactics to get our star player drunk before the game. We who knew him could tell by the

shine of his eye as soon as he had had one drink, before any drunken actions betrayed it to the crowd.

Once when we went to Vermillion thirsting to avenge the defeat they had given us in our first game, one of their players managed to get our star second baseman behind the backstop for just one drink. Though we knew he had had it, yet because it was not noticeable in his actions we cracked the rule and let him play. He played a grand game and we won 16 to 2. Our guilty consciences, however, prevented any jubilation and I, as Captain, had a bad half-hour trying to explain it to my best friend of a lifetime, John Taylor Shaw. His verbal castigation was thorough. In such cases he would invite the disciplinee to a comfortable half-reclining position in a low steamer chair, while he towered above at this desk. The very position seemed to disarm one of all excuses and to promote honest confession. Jay Morris, formerly known as "The Kid," used to say, he would "flunk to any one in the world but Johnny T." and I have never been acquainted with a more effective disciplinarian.

One of the most thrilling games of baseball that I have been in or seen in a period of 55 years ought to be in the records but it is a story in itself too long for this paper. We were trying again to wipe out a previous first defeat by the Aten, Nebraska team. It turned out to be a grueling 11 inning 5-to-5 tie, called on account of darkness after repeated fillings of bases with no one out and retiring of the side without a score. This time our star second baseman was made so thoroughly drunk that the rule was enforced and he was benched for the game, too drunk to know that he was out of it until the game was over and he wanted to know why he was never called to bat. In a rage he was restrained with difficulty from attacking the captain with a ball club. But during the long hour's ride on the Missouri River ferry after dark, the liquor wore off and he came to an oyster supper in town with the rest of us. His final victory over the craving for liquor was revealed in the report years after that in the Salvation Army he had found his

only salvation from drink to be in active work to help other drinkers.

Arson and Retribution

More than once during his college years, however, word was brought to Prof. Shaw, the disciplinarian, late at night and he would go out on the disagreeable duty of making the round of the saloon haunts to persuade him to come home. This kind of activity, together with his well known opposition to the liquor traffic and his part in the campaign to put prohibition into the new State constitution, aroused much feeling against him among the baser elements of the city.

At this time, autumn of 1887, Prof. Shaw was building a house on the hill, now 1010 Pine Street. He had hired carpenters from out of town on contract, which further antagonized labor elements. One dark night, when the house was roofed and sheathed in, standing solitary with the old chalkstone as one of the few houses north of the tracks, the house was burned to the ground, with all the workmen's tools. Suspicion of having committed this arson pointed to some of his enemies in town. Fortunately the house had been insured, a local contractor was engaged, and it was rebuilt so that later in the year Mrs. Shaw and child returned from their visit in the east and my roommate and I enjoyed sharing a room in it for the next two years.

Pending the completion of the house Prof. Shaw and I had shared a room at the home of Mrs. Gross, near the church. On the night of the fire we had gone to our room and lighted the big round-wick Rochester burner kerosine lamp, just as the fire alarm sounded. Without stopping to turn down the lamp we rushed out into the street to see if it was our house, and sure enough, it was. We could do nothing but watch it burn and after midnight returned to our room only to find that misfortunes never come singly. For four hours that Rochester burner had been creeping up and pouring out volumes of kerosine smoke until

the room was so murky that we could scarcely see the flame across the room, and every exposed surface was black with the oily soot. It took another hour or two to clear out the room so that we could sleep, and when we awoke the clean pillows were streaked with the trail of soot particles drawn into our nostrils. In all that night of calamity Prof. Shaw uttered not a word of impatience.

The sequel to the burning of the house was an act of violence in reprisal, carried out by five or six of the Professor's over-zealous students. Fortunately there is no evidence that any one in Yankton besides those students ever knew of the escapade. It was an absolutely unique and extreme case in the history of Yankton's "Atown-and-gown" hostility.

During a few months following the burning we were convinced without much evidence that the burners were from the saloon and red-light district. So one dark night my roommate H. W. Jamison and I, with three or four others whose names I do not recall but probably including G. W. Nash and one or two Williamsons, loaded ourselves with fist-size rocks and betook ourselves to "the front," or First Street. At the first red light we came to near Douglas Ave., we delivered a volley of rocks at the front door at about ten feet range. One stone crashed through the transom and knocked the high-hung lamp down to the floor, evidently breaking it so that the oil flames mounted up to the ceiling at once. This being more serious than we had planned, we took to our heels. The noise of a second-story window being raised and a revolver shot appreciably quickened our speed. Jamison and I ran side by side, and I remember the dim sense of safety in having his six feet four of brawn between me and the pistol. Not being at all acquainted with the geography of the yard and the night being black, we both crashed simultaneously into a high board fence. Our impact broke off one fence post so that the fence leaned away at about a 45 degree angle, with us stretched out on it knocked breathless. However we managed to back off, rounded the end of the fence to safety and quietly returned to our rooms. That was the last we have ever heard of

the fracas, and this is the first record I have known ever to be made of it. This incident is by no means typical of the times. It is unique, but understandable though unjustifiable.

Prof. John Taylor Shaw was a most gifted letter writer and he used his talent to good effect. In long summer vacations some of us students were sure of one or two friendly and inspiring letters. His steamer letter to me when I sailed for China contained 34 pages of his fine clear penmanship, and two or three letters a year after that was the rule. I was not the only student with whom he corresponded until he could no longer use his typewriter, even with one finger. Pres. Francis J. Hutchins, of Berea College can confirm these statements, from his own experience.

His letters were well worthy of publication from the point of view of literary value, and some of my schoolmates have urged that I should edit them.* Alas, they have been regretfully disposed of in the exigencies of several wars. But they leave a most fragrant memory of a model Christian gentleman who left his impress on many generations of students in both Yankton and Oberlin.

George D. Wilder,
131 S. Prof. St., Oberlin, O.

Editor's Note: While it is true that none of Prof. Shaw's lengthy letters survived, we do have the following bit of doggerel verse, with the annotation "Prof. J.T. Shaw sent" at the top:

Oh, a he toad loved a she toad
Who lived up in a tree.
She was a three-toed tree toad,
But a two-toed toad was he.

The two-toed he toad tried to win
The she toad's friendly nod;
For the two-toed he toad loved the ground
That the three-toed tree toad trod.

But vainly the two-toed he toad tried,
He couldn't please her whim.
From her leafy bower,
With her three-toad power,
The tree toad vetoed him.

Reactions to speech.

Aunt Eunice's granddaughter

Six Durands at one table.

"Proof" of predestination — Rev. E.M. Cook married GDW's parents in Ripon, Wis. In 1868, then immediately left to go West to found a church and a college in Yankton for their son to attend.

Yankton, Saturday

May 5, 1945

Dear Gertrude,

It is 4:20 A.M. and I have been awake since 3:00. There are plenty of books in my apartment, especially a fine edition of Faust, but I am going to just write to you and then try to get another nap before we go to the outdoor breakfast for all connected with the College in any way, and their friends. Harry has bought tickets for five, including Mr. and Mrs. Goelinger, pastor of Sioux Falls (he is the moderator of the Conference, and Alice Murphy's splendid boss) who are also guests here. The day is full, all meals out at the church, I guess, and if I don't write now it will be not at all.

I was first speaker at the Founder's Day program (9:45) and stayed away from the opening business session at 9:00. Mine went as well as I could expect in a big hall and big crowd. Ever so many people spoke of it. One old man stopped me on the stairs of the Methodist church where we lunched to say "I am 70% deaf but I got several of your points." I conclude that it was not spoken in irony. Most of them heard, however, for they laughed at the right spots. Miss Funinga, who was the other 10-minute speaker, could not come so I had 3 or 4 minutes over my ten, and the star speaker, Miss Dr. Seabury, had full time for a splendid address of 40 minutes, during which she just stood at the side of the pulpit and talked without notes, quite in contrast to my reading. The moderator prefaced his address by

saying "a Secretary who has a speech that she repeats often doesn't need a manuscript but a poor preacher pulled out for a new speech on a special occasion just has to write it down." I had my pulpit glasses, which I could not find at home. They were in my briefcase all the time! and the pulpit was just right in height, so it wasn't so bad.

Dr. Rich whispered to me on the platform that the very vivacious and all-alive conductor of a College girls choir is a granddaughter of Bayard E. Beach. Beach died with one grief he said, "that you hadn't come to the 60th anniversary of Huron church, for he wanted to see you before he died." So I went down to meet her and she was most gracious in her greeting and wanted me to be sure and see her mother in Huron, "living in her grandfather's house by the church."

Several old acquaintances came up including an old Mrs. Riggs, (of the Riggs-Williamson tribe of missionaries to the Indians, she explained) and the now retired Aberdeen preacher who had driven me in his car all over N.E. half of the state when I had my campaign in May 1938. Another old timer, Rev. Warner, retiring this year after 35 years at Springfield, where I had spoken in his church. Pretty Nellie Miner, about my age — still in the College library — gave me the news of Dr. Harry Miner and Grace. That was at the evening meeting the day before, however.

Men lunched at the Methodist and women at the Congregational church, a half mile down town. I walked down in the glorious sunlight — brighter and lighter and purer than Oberlin sunshine, by the way — with Miss Murphy.

Ray Gibbons gave a good, long talk to the men on "social action." He had been here six days to get the lay of the land, as it was first trip west of Illinois. He speaks again today. After his luncheon talk (2:00 P.M.) I walked home for a half hour's rest and got back to the church in time to hear the end of the women's hour and all of Dr. Rich's fine Superintendent's report, an hour long. It is the feature of the State meeting every year. Then came church supper, after I had

identified some warblers and a lot of other new arrivals like wren, martin, chimney swift, water thrush, brown thrush in full song, oriole. It was a gorgeous afternoon, after several days of showers and everything is just coming out, like lilacs, apple, etc., as it was at Oberlin a month ago. Harry's yard encloses a lawn-covered hill, topped by his three-story castle-like house.

Then we drove down to church for supper, Miss Murphy and her boss taking us down in his car and we all eating together. A Mrs. Robinson, of Mitchell, sat opposite and said she entertained me at Wessington Springs five or six years ago. Then they drove us back to get good seats for the historical pageant. It was fine and well done. The man and woman reading were both excellent and the acting was good. I took Miss Murphy to her place of housing where she shared a room with the wife of Gov. Sharpe. This was my third trip on foot for the day — three miles walk.

I made the acquaintance of Harry's clerk, "Mary Lou," at last, discovering that this name that I had heard so often belongs to the daughter of the moderator Goelinger. He is the author of a prayer column in the Christian Century and the girl is a brilliant double-dimpled, beautiful blond-haired specimen of outside-activities girl. Harry mourns that she and many students are so taken with all the activities that they have no time for reading and not much for study, so they never make the real student — as —Mary Lou" ought to. Mary Lou had been in Harry's art classes but never in his house before to his surprise, and he showed us all the points of his fine paintings and favorite etchings. It was delightful, and the sort of thing you would enjoy. Wish you were here.

Now to bed.

Saturday P.M.

Another evidence that this trip was pre-arranged is this: Marcia Lyman Sollem is a Norwegian farmer's wife 12 miles out, granddaughter of Aunt Eunice. I saw her as a child out at Belle fourche(?) Harry phoned to her father-in-law's house to see if he could get her to come in to town, but the long distance operator volunteered the info that she and her husband had already come into town today. Harry said they generally shop at the Red Owl department store. So we went down to see if we could find them and hardly turned the corner when we met her husband leading little Eunice 3 yrs. old. We arranged with him to meet at the Dakota Restaurant for lunch together. As the Methodist church ladies had prepared for 135 and feared they had prepared too much all of us were urged to eat there. So I went to the restaurant, about 4 blocks, and found them already at the table giving Eunice her cup of milk. Harold made that right with the waiter and we all went back 1 1/2 blocks to the Methodist church for a very good dinner, six Durands at one table, with Marcia at the head. It was great. Harold, her husband, wouldn't come to Harry's to visit after dinner as he said farmers had to work on week days but would come in tomorrow, Sunday. So they are coming to church and to hear Dr. Ruth Seabury, then I take the crowd to the best place we can find for lunch, then they come up to see pictures at Harry's and visit.

I've just discovered another proof of predestination! The Yankton paper's fine article on history of Yankton church says the founder, E.M. Cook, arrived from Ripon, Wis. In March, 1868. I remember that my mother's wedding was March, 1868, and the minister was E.M. Cook. So it looks as though he got them married and at once set out to start a church and college for their son to attend!

If you see the Gibbon's tell them that Ray's address this A.M. made me proud of him, as also the one to the men last night.

Love, George

Banquet speakers.
More old acquaintances.

Yankton, Sunday A.M.
May 6, 1945

Dear Gertrude,

It is another perfect day and while Harry is asleep and Lillian is getting bacon and eggs for breakfast, I am at her desk in the dining room (they eat in the kitchen, though) to get a letter started to you. I mailed one on the train going East last night as I walked home from the late banquet. Harry and Lillian were tired and slipped out long before I came on. I was next to last speaker and then Miss Seabury, the star speaker, was the climax about 10 P.M. They hadn't told me I was to be one of about a dozen speakers and I hoped I wasn't, though they had given me a guest ticket for the head table. Miss Seabury signaled to me behind the chairman's and speaker's back that I was next. I had gotten materials for a quarter minute speech, however, in the P.M. in that "History of Yankton Church" that I mentioned, I think, in my letter about the founder, E.W. Cook, having arrived Mar. 1868 from Ripon, which was the month in which he had married my father and mother in Ripon. I gave it to them as an evidence of foreordination. That was my last sentence and they got the point, with a laugh and final applause, and I am sure everyone was glad that I quit with that, taking only half a minute.

Gibbons spoke at 11 A.M. on "The Church's Responsibility for World Order." Better than the day before. I told him I was proud of him. He claims that writing friendly letters to our Senators and Representatives telling them which side we are on is a good thing.

Miss Seabury's address in the P.M. was also fine. She just moves folks to tears, stirs up their emotions as they ought to be stirred. Her stories of people

and of her emotional experiences are almost unbelievable. Wish I could remember some of them. Today in Sun. A.M. service she again outdid herself. After it was over she shook hands with folks and Marcia went up to shake hands with her with tears overflowing. Marcia is pretty as a "pin-up" picture; blonde with a natural fine complexion, hair, eyes and teeth which I began to suspect were false, a good dresser, too, and nice manners. Very good to look at, even if she is a farmer's wife 12 miles out in the country. I think she must look like Aunt Eunice, with her long oval face, although I saw her married 70 years ago I don't remember how she looked until about five years later.

After Miss Seabury's address (5:00 P.M.) Howard Thatcher, cousin Mildred, (daughter of Elmera Lyman's husband), and I took a walk up the hill to the campus and looked around. He and the Huron pastor, Leroy, had driven down as delegates the evening before. He is civil engineer on the Northwestern R.R., and has worked here in Yankton surveying the company's land where they are building a new depot and sort of factory. We went up to the room on 4th floor that I had the first term as a student with Harry in 1885. We butted into the old college chapel (later the library and now the music room) and were welcomed by a live young lady who carried her eyes half shut just as my old college friend Edward (now Bishop) Burgi did, whom we saw in L.A. in 1939. She was practicing on an electric organ, her hobby. She turned out to be a niece of Ted Burgi, a Swiss, teaching something here. She gave me a lot of interesting news that I can't recall. I took Howard to my room and introduced him to Harry and Lillian and then we all rode down to the big banquet mentioned above in the packed basement of the Congregational Church.

This Sunday A.M. we met Marcia and Donald at church, as arranged. All gathered at Harry's house after church and visited on their porch. I read Uncle Ernest's letters to the delight of all. Donald (or Howard) Solan said he had learned a lot about South Dakota. He is a nice fellow, keeps Sunday. Only had two years in college and is two years younger than Marcia, who graduates. She met some old friends. Howard and Donald, like the rest of us were loud in praise of

Miss Dr. Seabury. She had three main addresses and the last was best of all. Howard had to start back on his thin capped tires before we went to dinner at the American restaurant. Donald took us all in his car to dinner at 2:00 P.M., so late we had about the only table occupied - nice and quiet. Then he drove us to the highest point west of town to see the view over the big valley, then out to the airfield, 3 miles and back home. The bird man, Dr. Larabee, came in at supper time as we were eating our bread and milk, peach sauce, dough nuts and cookies, much as in Oberlin. He stayed until 9:00 P.M. helping me identify Harry's 30 odd drawings of birds in the open, made 40 years ago. We knew most of them. He asked me to give a talk to his zoology class tomorrow but I refused, as it would burden my visit with Harry and Lillian.

I plan to go to Murdo to see cousins Lewis and Adaline Tuesday, to Huron Saturday, and start home Monday or Tuesday the 14th or 15th. I hope you have a house to move into. The Clergy certificate has come but not any letter or ration book as yet.

I must write cards to Lewie now to mail on tomorrow's train, which gives only 24 hours notice of my arrival.

For two days we have had summer heat of 75 degrees, but this A.M. Monday, May 7, it is cold again and I go back from B.V.D. to balbriggan, for there is a cold north wind. Wrens, blackbirds, robins, mourning doves and brown thrushes are building for the summer in this lovely yard.

With love and wishing you were here,

George

V.E. Day!
Lewis' 5,000-acre ranch.
Hundreds of pheasants.
Driving tour of the range.

*Okaton North, 8 miles (10 by the road)
May 9, 1945, Noon.*

Dear Gertrude,

Murdo a town of only 1,500. Arrived here last evening. Just as I feared, my two cards were not received until I arrived, unmet at the station, much to Lewie's disgust. I took my grip a half block to the Murdo hotel and put it down in the office without disturbing the clerk and a half dozen others who were listening to the wonderful V-E day radio. I went to the Post Office to wait for Lewie to come for his mail, but a big, tall man kindly took me to where I could see Lewie's parked car and his office. Someone had told me that it was after his office hours, 6:30 P.M., as the train was an hour late. But the big man said he always stayed late after his several clerks had gone. Sure enough, I met him just coming out of their newly built office, a square white one story and basement building of four rooms spick and span with a freshly varnished floor, nice furniture made by High school boys; calculating machines, typewriters, etc.; maps on the walls, of the great Missouri Valley project, which is already started, for which Lewie has to survey for the dams, etc. It embraces 14 states with South Dakota as the central scene of four or five big dams on the Missouri itself, one of which is already operating — the Fort Peck Reservoir at the extreme north. It is called, judging by the sign on his office, the AAA (Agricultural Adjustment Agency) with several conservation and agricultural improvement associations related to it. He was so interested in showing me around that he almost forgot to drive by the hotel for my baggage, grip and briefcase — went by a block before I reminded him. The ten mile drive up hill and down dale like a washboard was beautiful just before sunset. Saw a few prairie hens — my first in years — goose, ducks and hundreds of pheasants on the railway ride. I surprised Adeline who thought I had gone to Huron first, but Lewie stopped at Okaton for a big load of groceries — same sort as at Fishers.

They have a few cattle on their 5,000 acre range but only milk one and buy butter with points to eat — bacon, too. They have 60 pigs. This herd of horses —

practically wild — have the run of the state west of the Missouri and they have not seen them all winter. Some are branded and some not, but are too cheap to bother about losing one or two. He only farms a little, 800 acres, with one hired man that he has had 4 or 5 years, a reliable young neighbor of 23 who gets \$100 a month with board and room, who runs their tractor. Everything is mechanized but he says "on a very small scale," as these parts go. This gumbo soil is wonderfully rich and he says the only rule is to keep off of it for a few hours after a rain. They have had a few good years. Dr. Rich says every church in the state has paid off all its debt! Farms look prosperous with paint and all. At the grocery store I talked with a China-intelligent man, Lauten Schlager, who did not know of any relative in China and was glad to hear of the one I know. His wife was taking the deposition of a farmer regarding his farming business and need of hired man, etc. Lewie says he couldn't keep his one man except for the fact that they know that the army still needs grub, and after Oct. 1 he has to show them again why he needs this one fine piece of cannon fodder.

At the post office we got a package containing two old-fashioned museum-piece revolvers, a huge 20 ft. long German flag that Lou captured — "a city flag," he said — also a heavy nickel-plated bayonet with handle for hand use. Some time ago he got from Lou a package of jewelry — a rhinestone bracelet, 3 necklaces, etc. — some French and Belgian Nazi-supplied coins, etc.

Yesterday A.M. Harry, Lillian and I got all those wonderful broadcasts, the official announcement by the President and Churchill and the reporter's vivid account of the signing, etc. Did you get it? Then we went to College chapel, a special service, very impressive, 150 students absolutely quiet through a quiet address full of real ideas by Rev. Thomas Tripp. The train (10:20) was an hour late, so we visited.

From Yankton to Mitchell I sat on an inside seat, with a soldier by the window. He said that from Scotland station to Mitchell he counted 100+ pheasants and I had not seen one. I laid it to my old eyes. But after lunch at Mitchell I got a seat next to the window and I began to see pheasants. They stayed so close to the train, without flying, that from the seat by the aisle the window sill hid them entirely from view. As we came to Plankinton where Len Menzi used to teach school, I counted the pairs of pheasants for 25 miles — over 100 — and then as we

approached the Missouri at Chamberlain they were almost too thick to count in the high grass and bushes between every ditch and the snow fences.

May 9 evening.

Lewie has devoted the day to me, but is going into town, 10 miles this evening to do his office work, stay over night and drive to Pierre, the capital, on business in the morning — 50 miles. He is to drive me there Saturday to get a train direct to Huron, saving taking one here at 2 A.M. and having a half-day wait in Mitchell. Too bad he can't do both errands in one trip. It was sprinkling this A.M. and have they needed rain. The ponds above the many smaller dams in the much-eroded country are drying up and "Dry Creek" here is really dry. It was forested when they first came and the log house still stands that was made then. Five big squared logs in the ceiling. Their fuel is wood from the dead trees killed by drought. Lin had a saw mill and sold hundreds of tons of firewood until he got a better-paying job. Now he has been four years in the war - all through Normandy, France, Holland, Bastogne, etc., with two wounds. Only 12 days in the hospital with a head wound and none with a leg wound.

After dinner Lewie drove me all over the place, most of the time through the prairie grass and up to the top of the hills to spot his cattle - about 125 - and also looking for his horses. Found one bunch of five and another of about ten, but couldn't get close enough to certainly identify them as his. They soon found he was chasing them and hightailed it off a mile or two across arroyos where the car couldn't go. We got on to one point between two dry beds where he had some trouble backing out. Again a grass-covered ditch was so bad that he stopped with the front wheel across and the rear wheels on the back. I found big leg bones, skull, etc., of a big ox all cleaned off in the bottom of a dry bed nearby and two armfuls of those eased it up perfectly by piling them in the ditch.

In a cut exposing a fine crumbly skull I found two or three sections of those pearly orthocera with convoluted partitions, and above that the very old weathered bones, probably the skull of a buffalo. The bone was weathered until crumbly, making one wonder if it is possible for the loess soil to preserve the oracle bones 3,500 years. I am still a bit skeptical.

The drive over the very rolling prairies in the foot-high dry grass with the buffalo grass carpet underneath and the far vistas from high points over black flowered fields, dark green wheat fields, etc. were very enjoyable.

The wheat fields were winter wheat seeded by the heads of last year's crops that the grasshoppers had cut off and then the farmers had plowed them under, patching up bare spots with a hard kind of spring wheat almost indistinguishable from winter wheat. It was pretty cold outside but the heater in the car helped and the low laying clouds cut off the brilliant sun of yesterday. Saw eagles, a pair of marsh hawks, buzzard, prairie hens, shore larks, etc.

The radio says that preference for discharge home will be given to fathers and to veterans. Adeline thinks that lets Lou in, with his baby boy, 4 years of service and two wounds. He is in Belgium but his mother is greatly relieved now that fighting is stopped.

Well, I'll give this to Lewie to mail. It brings you up to date, Wed. 7:00 P.M.

*With Love,
George*

P.S. Glad to get your letter at Yankton. Mailed May 4th, I got it the 6th. Glad your eye trouble is solved, and that you may have a house selected when I get there. You sure had a crowd to speak to at South Amherst.

Birds seen on walks.
New house in Oberlin.
Driving tour of the Bad Lands.
Countryside being bought up by huge ranches. Land sharks making plans to get lots away from returning soldiers.

*Okaton or Murdo
May 10, 1945*

Dear Gertrude,

A quiet day on these beautiful prairies, treeless except in towns and dry creek beds, with nothing doing, but I didn't bring my diary so may as well give you detailed account of everything just to make a complete record. Last night I gave Lewie a letter to mail telling of my trip from Yankton to here and my first day here - riding the range with Lewie and Adeline in a rattle trap of a car, whose good points are pretty fair tires and a good engine. Then he dressed up and went in to his office to do some work, getting ready for being chairman of some agricultural conference in Pierre today. He was going to sleep at the hotel and get off for the two hours drive early this morning, taking his two girl clerks to listen in.

Although there was no ice to be seen the wind was bitterly cold and the skies gray. About noon I went down to the creek and circled around to find the family of imported Hungarian partridges - almost the same as our Sandymere or bearded or Daurian partridge in China. I didn't flush them but saw a fine magpie nest, globular and well built, unfinished with an anxious owner in attendance. There were a lot of crow blackbirds, redwings, cow birds, starlings, towhies, marsh hawks, western meadow larks and shorelarks.

Took a nap, read to Adeline for two hours while she ironed and cleaned a dress, etc. Then we tramped around to look at two dams and their almost-dry ponds, and climb to the top of the highest knolls. The grass was full of little white flowers, gumbo lilies, square peas, a yellow sort of a sage brush flower.

A pair of mallards occupied one mud hole. When we entered the pasture four riding horses came up, heads high facing us four abreast about 30 yards away, and then hightailed it off to one side for fear of capture. The grass is fine and all the horses and cattle looked as though grain-fed, though they have herded

out all winter in these warm gullies. Two years ago the drought had killed all the grass, leaving sparse weeds only. They are rejoicing that the grass is all coming back and the stock will flourish again.

We found one of the red pigs with a litter of three new-borns down in a secluded cut not far from the house and a half dozen big ones followed us around a while. The saddle horses, too, returned and when they found we were not trying to catch them they followed at a respectful distance. Adaline and I ate at 7:00 — a fine roast chicken. At sundown (8:30) Mel, the hired man, came in from repairing fence, with tractor and trailer that took him so far from home that he had taken his lunch with him. Lewie is not back yet (9:15 P.M.).

Sunday, May 13.

Here I am at Huron and made glad by two letters from you and one from De Haan that met me when Daisy drove me from the station to Howard Thatcher's. After a little visit with Mildred and her three-months old little girl we came out to the farm, where I found your card. Now I can tell you more exactly when I get home. I stay with De Haan from Wed., 5:13 P.M. perhaps only until 11:25 P.M., or over night, either 15 or 26 hours, depending on which train makes best connections at Chicago for Elyria. The latter gives me a day ride getting to Elyria at 4:41 P.M., Friday, which is rather better than the former at 6:08 A.M. Friday. I'll be on one or the other Possibly 4:41, Thursday, P.M., if I make a perfect connection.

Sorry you can't get a house before June 1, but storing is not impossible. I think I'll be there to help you by Thursday evening.

To go back to my last record of events, Lewie got back about 4:00 A.M. and had three or four hours sleep, then we loafed and visited until most noon and set out on a round trip of 200 miles into the Bad Lands most scenic region. Cedar Pass, Interior, Dillon Pass, and out to Wall, where we drank and shopped, then back-tracked by another road to Kadoka for supper and home at 10:00 P.M. It was a perfect day with sun at our back both ways, a few clouds and a light shower.

The country is being bought up into huge ranches. Lewie's neighbor has several tens of thousands of acres - Lewie about 5,000, of which only 800 are cultivated, the rest being the best of pasturage and natural shelter for cattle all winter. They fatten on grass as well as in other places on corn. The government

has bought up one piece of 360,000 acres bordering on the Bad Lands, fenced it in and rents out range. They say it plans to give it to soldiers in \$2,000 lots and that land sharks are already planning how to get it away from the soldiers.

The country is beautiful with plenty of rain except right around Murdo.

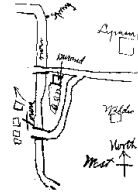
Off to church now with all hands

Huron, S.D.
May 14, 1945

Dear Gertrude,

This is my last envelope and next to last sheet of paper, and I'll be on my way home tomorrow evening, stop overnight with Harry and have a bath in a tub, stop a few hours with De Haan, and on to you Thursday, 4:41 P.M. for arrival in Elyria.

Yesterday morning I went for a stroll to our old house-cellar - on a knoll, which is the best around here for view, and then only did I get orientated on the slough where I shot my first teal on the wing, 150 yards east of our house and about the same west of our claim shanty, where we "resided" off and on for 2 1/2 years, the time required of a soldier's widow, deducting the 2 1/2 years of his service in the army from the five years required of others. From the knoll 400 yards N.W. I finally found the iron spring where we got all our drinking water about 10 feet from the river's brim. It is still discharging, now only two or three feet from the river and with no hole where one could dip up water in a pail or even a cup. The river is higher than I ever saw it.



In the left bend a hundred yards up river was a flock of six teal and two large ducks right in the cove where I once shot eight blue-winged teal at a shot and my retriever, Ring, first learned to retrieve wounded birds, biting them to death if too lively for him to bring them to me alive. Right at the spring was the spot where I shot the first duck she ever saw, and taught her to get it by throwing an empty cartridge just beyond it. Then a half mile up at Risdon's crossing she had caught up with a wing-tipped duck that could

out-swim her, by going to the opposite shore, running up-stream past the duck and driving it back to where I could shoot it again.

There were pheasants galore, robins, crow blackbirds, a cotton tail, starlings — none of which did I ever see in the early years.

At Uncle Cyrus' grout house on the bluff of the river there is a shoe repairer's house and shop surrounded by a park, with big white shoes for a sign all around the edge where the autos pass on a fine curved cement road. The ravine north of the house is almost obliterated by another road down to the Third Street Bridge over the James river.

I got back to breakfast as it began to sprinkle. Daisy and I drove to church, picking up Howard Thatcher by the way. A nice service for Mother's Day in a very citified brick church. Rev. Mallory, who said he took you and me out to his church in Rockford, Michigan, one night when he couldn't find our house for an hour, and then only by phoning us at our apartment in Grand Rapids. I recalled it at last. Do you?

I was announced as the speaker at the Mother-daughter banquet in the basement last evening. Howard had simply asked me to be there, taking for granted that I would know that a speech was intended. They had a very fine lady speaker for the Mothers and a reply from a daughter before I spoke. So I told them that it was a mistake to call me the speaker after their fine address. That was after supper. After church we took all of the Thatcher family of six including five-months old little Jan Kathleen and his crib carriage. Then Daisy came back to town and got Clyde Day and family of daughter and two boys of hers. He is doing the janitor work in the big High School annex. We had chicken dinner and visited all the P.M. but I got a half hour rest and time to run over my outline before the evening supper at 6:30 P.M. That went all right and Mrs. Rich brought me \$110 from her husband to help out on travel expense - thoughtful of him. I'll call and thank him today.

Monday. Had a long ride just when we wanted to go this A.M.

George

8.
"LIKE THE SUN . . .
AT HIS SETTING"

"Surely, the last end of a good man is peace
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the Sun, seems larger at his setting."

News clippings about war episodes: Italy and Germany; loot from Jewish homes.
Can no longer swim — lung constriction worsening.
Chronic hoarseness in throat.
Story of a spy alerting MacArthur to prevent a Japanese massacre of Philippines prisoners.

George D. Wilder

275 West Lake Road,
Penn Yan, N.Y.
July 30th, 1945

Dear Margaret,

This is just a line to let you know that we have your letter to "all Penn Yan-ites," with the enclosures. We have read both letter and clippings with pleasure. I just wanted to encourage you to keep on with the latter, if you have the paper out there at Portage Lake available for clipping. I have sent them all so far to Theodore, who is now at Little Compton we suppose. These four had many things of interest, like Mussolini's hoping the Japs would come on and the Germans afraid they would, and the great store set on loot from private homes of the Jews, etc., and jealousy of the Germans getting more than their share in Africa. And German talk of making peace with England so as to have a white front against the Japs, etc.

I have just had a sun bath and a little swim. I am disappointed, though, that the nice diving board is no more for me as the water in my ears gives me a discharge and swelling of the middle ear and almost an ear ache for two or three days. I find that BFI powder cures it up pretty quickly, however. Swimming is not for me either. I thought I would start with a short distance and increase it a little every day, but my wind seems to get worse and worse and the iron-band constriction of my lungs when I swim comes on sooner and sooner, and if I persisted in swimming for a "second wind" I think I would pass out very quickly.

Climbing the hill back of the house, or up to the Jerusalem school house about 1,100 yards away, is better exercise and I don't get winded so quickly as in swimming.

Yesterday, Sunday, I took Carroll's job of speaking to the combined Sunday School classes of grown ups, at the Methodist Church. I took all the time, over a half hour, just telling the stories of that ex-gambler Liu Fu T'ien's life. As I feared, my huskiness of voice came on and it was hard work but I managed to make them hear, and a lot of them said they were interested, and I could see that they were, too. I think I shall have to have my long palate snipped off to see if it will not cure that trouble.

Your Mother says to tell you that we enclose the Montgomery Ward check and another dollar to get some sort of a rug, and better yet perhaps linoleum, for the hall way.

We are talking of going to the movies tonight, "Son of Lassie" for David's benefit. He wants to go three times.

Saturday we went to tea at the Loomises and we met Dr. and Mrs. Axling of Japan, exchange ship mates of ours, and Mr. and Mrs. Collier, who had been at Peking in the Language School and went off with the swarm to the new school in the Philippine Islands and had been interned in Baguio and San Tomas. They said that a Jap-American spy for the U.S. who was an officer in the army in Manilla (Japanese army), sent secret word to MacArthur that if he did not hurry there would be no foreigners to save. At that time he was 40 miles away and orders had gone out from the Japs to kill all males from 16-60 and concentrate the rest in an old Spanish torture prison. The Yanks came on so fast that the Japs were surprised and had no time to carry out the orders. That is the story and they think it true.

Guess I'll leave this side for Mother if she wants to and only add my thank you for your faithful work on the clippings. We would not see them otherwise. I clipped the "Shangri La" story for a while until Sally and Bill and David got interested, so I don't have to any more. Sweet of Don to burst out with "I love you so!" It is always a hard thing for me to say to all of you, but it's always true just the same.

*Lovingly,
Father*

Dearest Margaret,

I'll just finish this page and let it go at that tonight. A few days ago I combed this town for a mat for your front hall but could find nothing in the rug line. However, I did find some quite handsome linoleum - a dark red, marked off with green into an irregular block pattern, the heavy kind, a little uneven. They had some pretty dark blue with a soft color design that would look well. Either of these would look nice and would be so easy to keep clean. You don't need to have it go way back under the clothes rack. I'm sending back the Gum Ward money and an extra dollar. You surely can find something in Ann Arbor or Ypsi that will do. The hooked rugs they had here were either too coarse or had too much white in them. Very likely you could find in a furniture store a remnant of linolium from which they'd be willing to cut you a piece. Or, you could get a length of carpeting and either bind or put a fringe on the ends. All this about one small piece of floor covering.

I am so glad that you have had the lovely visit at the lake in Madeline's cottage. It must have been a delightful rest and change. So much for now.

With loads of love as always,

Mother

Will help with funds for Betty's return to Oberlin.
Moving into new home with Robbins and Kitty Strongs. The set of tea tables.
Gertrude's arthritis, George's "hot spot" like a knife stab into the shoulder blades.
Scroll painting of geisha girl.
Thankful three grandsons lived through the war. Bob Wallace, Gertrude's and Sally's dancing.

George D. Wilder

108 E. College St.,
Oberlin, O.
Sunday, Aug. 19th, 1945

THE GREAT DAY MEMORIAL OF YOUR BIRTH, MARGARET!!

We have been so taken up with getting here to Oberlin and getting our things gathered together, unpacked and stored away where we can find them again, that we had forgotten entirely about your birthday until your Mother sat down to write to you and asked me the date and I said August 19th, and she exclaimed that it was our birthday. I had planned to write, too, but got to entering things in my diary for the last few days first.

Well, we are glad you were born and can't begin to tell you the reasons that lie in your charming filial piety, as the Chinese would say, and constant appreciation and consideration of us in our old age. So, as it is getting bedtime, let me not go into all that, it would take too long.

My main idea in writing, before realizing that today is your birthday and we had overlooked it entirely, was to mention Betty's plans. I think your Mother wrote some time ago, and I asked her what she wrote. I asked if she had made it plain that we would stand ready to supply the deficit after she and you too had done what you could to raise the necessary money for her to come back to Oberlin. You see, it would not be a hardship on us to help her as much as we did last year, and also we had left \$150 in the bank to guard against the possibility of having to pay tuition the second semester of the current year. That is still there waiting to be used.

When we first learned what difference in expense there was in Ypsi as compared with Oberlin we rather regretfully gave up the idea of her returning here. But on learning how much her heart was set on Oberlin, and how much the Oberlin authorities seemed to wish to have her come back, and how much she was earning, and her arrangements here to work for room, etc., and

getting Gertrude Wallace's opinion that she thought it more important for Betty to go away from Ypsi for College work than it ever was for her herself, and that you and Len were also coming to a similar conclusion, why we both were glad to say that we would make up the deficit of the regular expenses for tuition, room and board and essential expenses. I might remark by the way, however, that we think this second year she would not need to make quite so many trips back home during the semesters. But of course that is a small item.

I expect that Mother has told you all about our trip here last Wednesday, a beautiful cool day, and no trouble about seats after the first quarter of an hour. And how the whole Strong family met us at the bus and gave us supper as restaurants were all closed here and in Elyria to celebrate. We just boned down unpacking the stuff we had stored here, and then Friday our four packages came from Penn Yan. That set of tea tables were knocked down and put in two parcels and we put them all together again, having to do some glueing.

It is hard work for us old folks because your Mother has arthritis in her left arm that hurts and compels rest once in a while and I have some spots at the upper end of my back bone and along the upper ridge of my left shoulder blade and under it sometimes, and occasionally on the right shoulder, too, where it seems as though a red hot knife had given me a stab when I lean forward so that the weight of my head comes on my nape of the neck. The stab place burns until I can lie flat on my back, when it dies away in two or three minutes, and it never starts as long as I lie down, day or night. Having written this much, the hot spots have started up for the last few minutes. Sitting up to the dining table or desk and typewriter are the worst things to start it, or carrying arms full of things up stairs. So I have to stop every once in a while. Don't think it serious, for it has been so six months or more. And this settling into a new home is quite fun, reminiscent of honeymoon days.

* * * * *

I have lain down a few minutes and now am back fresh and painless. In settling our living room we find that we have a perfect color scheme in shades of blue in some things mixed with dark red and the davenport and the mantel are solid dark red. The curtains are mixed and a full length painting of a

Japanese(?) geisha girl, also mixed light and dark blue, pink and reds, is on a scroll mounted just the size to fill in between two windows. We have a corner wall that is not adorned yet, but it begins to look quite finished, as Kittie says.

Our book box is still unopened and book shelves are a problem still, which we shall have to tackle tomorrow. There is more furniture in the way of beds, bureaus, etc., than we can use.

The folks in Apartment No. 3 have come in to call this evening. They are nice folks from West China. He has just arrived in this country two weeks ago and she just came back to Oberlin today. We have had their paper in their absence and they suggest that we both use it all the time, but that is not very satisfactory. We did it with the Strongs last year and I suppose could do it again.

We certainly are thankful that our three grandsons have lived through the war and that Bob did not have to get into dangerous duty. You ought to have seen the way Bob and Gay danced at Penn Yan and if it didn't take the eyes of the kids there, especially Sally who likes to dance and does pretty well for an amateur. Bob said so too after dancing with her. I am very glad to see the cousins get acquainted with each other and become impressed with the points in their relatives.

It is bed time and I am getting a few shots in the back of the neck so I will quit, with the best of wishes for your happiness all through another year and on.

*Lovingly, Margaret dear,
Father*

"Peace Sunday."
Robbins, Kitty and Tracy Strong meet us at the bus.
Noisy end-of-war celebrations.

Gertrude S. Wilder

Oberlin, Aug. 19th, 1945

Dearest Margaret,

We have been so busy getting settled and starting housekeeping again that we haven't had time to go down town and forage. But I hope I see what I can see tomorrow, and get a little birthday remembrance off to you. The very thought of its being Peace Sunday, with all that is implied, must have made the day a happy one for you. May you have many more birthdays and may they all be very happy ones.

We left Penn Yan on the 15th (Wednesday) as we had planned. Most of the family took us to Newark where we took the train for Elyria. I had written to Kitty Strong not to get supper for us as we would get a bite down town before going to the house, not realizing that everything would be shut tight. She, Robbins and Tracy met us at the bus station and served us a good supper after we had washed. We didn't do much but unpack our suitcases and go to bed that night, but the next morning we pitched in and are now fairly ship-shape. You must come and see how comfortably we are fixed. I only hope that when winter comes we'll find the heating arrangements work all right. I am trying to make my head save my heels, for there has been such a lot of going up and down stairs to do.

The lack of students is very apparent. I wonder, now that the war is really over, whether there will be more boys in the Fall. What happened in Ypsi when the great news arrived? There was a great jollification in Penn Yan. We first went to the church for the Thanksgiving service and then headed for home, but it was hard going for all the cars of every description were out, loaded with

children and grown ups, all making all the noise they could with everything imaginable. There are many way of expressing joy and thanksgiving. The noisy way doesn't appeal to me but that is no reason why it should not appeal to most people. What a blessed relief that it is all over – that is, the fighting part. The task now ahead of the nation may be harder in a way though not so dangerous, we hope. I suppose MacArthur and the Japanese envoys will meet formally tomorrow. The Japanese have surely taken their time!

My eyes are going shut on me so I must stop and go to bed. When will Betty be coming and won't you be coming with her? It would be lovely if Len could drive down. Perhaps he will! Did I leave the glass dish the Colburns gave us, and the sugar and creamer you gave us for Betty to bring? We'll be grateful to her if she can pack them in, carefully. She has not answered my note, which is naughty in her. Also we suppose that Gertrude and Bob got back safely. Gertrude should have dropped a card at least, for we were all a little worried over the night ride. But she has probably been busy looking for a place to stay. Such a chapter on apartments! It was good to see them both looking so well and happy. Sally was thrilled through and through.

Our address is 108 E. College, and if the offer still holds good, we'd like your table. But don't send it until I have looked in the attic of the other house.

Lovingly,

Mother

Durand's letter describing his arrival in Peking after the end of fighting.
Meeting parents' old China friends.
Going to Tientsin to set up OWI office.
Buying cameras, luxury goods very cheap.
Plan to go into business in China.

Here is a copy I made of Durand's letter — one for Ted and Mickey and one for Ur and Mar — mailed Oct. 5 in the US Army office, UPO 290, I suppose Peking, but Durand gives his address still as the old Chungking APO 627 OWI #3, San Kuan Miao (American-Swiss legation) Peking. C/O New York City, PM. There is probably a service via the Frisco PM, too. He seems to be in a new service, similar to OWI, but under the Dept. of State.

GDW

Oberlin, O.

Oct. 19, 1945

G. Durand Wilder
"American Information Service"
U.S. Embassy, 3 San Kuan Miao, Peiping
Sept. 25, 1945

Dear Mother and Father,

You'll be surprised at the dateline, but here I am in Peking again! And it's even nicer than I remembered. About ten days ago Major Varney flew up here with me, Dr. P'an and some of the few pilots and soldiers remaining in Hanchung (a big city in SW corner of Shensi). He had no special reason except that he wanted to come and Marshall Li Tsung Jen asked him to bring a general on his staff up here. So we came, stayed four days, then went back to Hanchung to get my luggage and bring it and me back to Peking. The first day we were here I contacted Mr. DeVargas and Pastor Wang at Teng Shih K'ou, to get some info for Miss Reed and Harold Robinson, in Sian, Shansi. From DeVargas I learned that Christian and Sullivan of our OWI Sian office were already here. I'd been waiting for three weeks for the Han River to go down so I could report for work in Sian. They

welcomed me with open arms, and urged me to hurry back to Peking with my stuff so I could go to work.

Plans were, first, that after returning to Hanchung, I drive my jeep to Sian, pick up my mail and money there, turn the jeep over to the OWI-ers remaining in Sian, then have Dick Varney pick me up at Sian and fly me back here. But when we got back to Sian, orders had arrived instructing Dick and his co-pilot, Howard Hall, to report at once to a unit that was due to sail for the States in three days! Dick said he would fly me back up but I would have to be ready to go the next morning. So I missed the ride to Sian and had no opportunity to deliver DeVargas' and Wang Mushih's reports to Robbie and Miss Reed in Sian. We didn't get off from Hanchung until after 4 P.M. so it was dark (about 4:45) when we reached Peking; and the weather was bad – cloud and fog so thick that we couldn't see the ground at 500 feet. Took a chance and came down to 200 feet, but cruised around for over an hour before we finally found the field. When we landed we had gas enough for twenty minutes more flying, so it was a good thing we found the field when we did. Otherwise we would have had to crash-land or jump.

I've met some of your friends: Dr. Ma Wen-Chao⁴; Dr. Pi⁵; Dr. Chu, the dentist; Dr. Wm. Hung of Yenching University; Dr. Lu, Dr. Tsai, and younger Dr. Lin of Yenching; Wang Mushih, pastor at the Mother Church, Peking; a young Mr. Li, who said that he walked with you from the Swiss Consulate the day you started for Weihsien internment camp; a Mr. John Ho, a Mr. Feng and Mr. Ch'un who were clerks or something at Yenching or PUMC; Pastors Meng and Kung, their children and grandchildren, old Meng T'ai T'ai whom I recognized at once; Fei Hsing Jen who said you were his best friend, favorite teacher, and the most liberal-minded missionaries he had ever known – all wishing to be specially remembered to you and thanking God you were well. Saw Kung Ming-an and Paul Meng (whose brother Y.C. is working for us and is a fine worker). Paul and Y.C. Meng gave a dinner to which my pilot friends as well as Christian and Sullivan were

⁴ *World famous researcher and author of the "Mawenchao method." (GDW)*

⁵ *Famous eye specialist at PUMC. (GDW)*

invited. Everyone met first in Paul's home, where we all saw the Lao Mushih's and T'ais and Paul's attractive children and wife, a Kung girl. As a favor I persuaded Varney to bring Mrs. An from Hanchung on our return trip. Her family here (she too is a Kung) were worried about her.

Paul Meng went back to Hanchung with us to see his cousin-sister-in-law; and he told me she was anxious to get back to Peking as she expected a baby before long and there were neither good doctors nor a hospital in Hanchung. Dick Varney was glad to oblige: he was tremendously impressed by all these people -- the first really nice civilians he had met in China -- and by the cleanliness and attractiveness of their homes, their patent honesty and friendliness, etc. Meng Lao Mushih gave me a picture of himself which I am enclosing, and Meng T'ai T'ai showed me Mother's picture in a place of honor on a shelf. They were all so glad to see Americans and to hear of you. Funny, but they all say that I look like both of you.

I am going on to Tientsin Thursday to open an OWI office there and will remain there until Chungking sends up more personnel to man the place. Hope it isn't too long as I am sure that I like Peking better than Tientsin.

Word is that John Stanley and family are well. Lucius Porter, Hubbard and John are all expected here before too long. Met Dr. Leighton Stewart at the DeVargas house yesterday; they all asked after you, especially Mr. and Mrs. and their 13 year old daughter.

Things are very cheap here -- luxury items and curios -- that is, in relation to other parts of China, because of the exchange of puppet money for Chungking money. Bought two suits of English woolens and a top coat all for \$55 US, a lovely jade ring for \$7 and a few other items. My army friends went wild, bought everything in sight! I also got a Leica camera with a very fast lens, which would sell in America for close to \$400 for just under \$60 -- and have been offered \$200 for it.

Dick Varney will be in the States before long and will call on you if he gets to Chardon on leave. He is a fine boy and a

fine flyer. That trouble we had on a mission was only some anti-aircraft shells that came too close for comfort, necessitating evasive action, to get out of range FAST. We dove and swung sharply left. I was just stepping down off a ledge back of the pilot's seat, was caught off balance and was tumbled into a corner, back of the co-pilot, but no damage. We did get a few bullet holes in a plane on another mission, but that time I was not flying with Varney.

I'll be here or in Tientsin until Dec. 31st then back to the States, but I am coming back to go into business. Two other Captains are coming with me, each putting up \$10,000 for capital. With what little I have got and the substantial help I have been offered (including help from Fei Hsing Jen) we should do O.K. We will probably hire Paul or Y.C. Meng as Chinese manager. Hope to see you before Spring.

Love,
Durand

P.S. The Japs are paying our living expenses. I am at the Hotel de Peking, the rest at the Wagon Lits. Enjoy browbeating the Nips into supplying us with autos so we can get around.

Uncle Ernest's death.

Information for memoirs on "Pioneering on the South Dakota Frontier.

Gertrude in cast from falling down stairs.

Don't believe Chinese so-called Communists are really linked to Russians.

Bonds of mutual friendship are the only answer to the atomic bomb. Next to missionaries, our "GI Joes" are the ones best able to create such bonds.

George D. Wilder

108 E. College St., Oberlin, O.

October 23, 1945

Dear Ranney and Mabel,

The good long letter from you, mailed the 17th arrived here Monday morning the 22nd and confirmed a sort of haunting feeling that I had had for some time that when you did write it would bring the news about dear, sweet, Uncle Ernest with his winning smile, perhaps not stopped forever but continued forever. After all it can hardly be called sad news under the circumstances. You are to be congratulated that you had him with you for so many years. And after that fall and broken hip it certainly was best for him that he go at once.

I had a letter from a Yankton friend in Claremont, Cal. today that told about our Prof. of Greek, Norton, a very old man who sent word out to his many friend asking them not to pray that he might live but rather that he might go soon. Probably Uncle Ernest would have done that, too, or felt that way.

In his letters to me he always spoke of the kindness of all those who were caring for him and his keen appreciation of it.

I forget now how I came to write twice in August, but I believe I sent a copy of the story so far as I had gotten it and wanted your additions and corrections. I have to go to speak tomorrow at Monroeville and after that I shall compare your notes with my manuscript and correct it.⁶

⁶ See the beginning of G.D. Wilder's unfinished memoirs, "Stories from the Memories of my Life," Chapter 3, "The Tragic End of Pioneer Life," which describes the multiple murder on the prairie near Huron, S.D. in 1887.

It may have been but one jack rabbit that Kouf gave and got flour from the Lyman barrel, but it was in a letter to my Mother sometime early, before we went out to Dakota perhaps. As long as I hunted around Huron there were practically no jacks to be seen, and there were none to shoot in the scanty brush by the river. They must have been killed off by the winter of 1880-81 and if numerous, it was after I left Huron for good in 1887. You mention 1892 as a severe winter when they collected in the groves. I wonder if cotton tails had appeared by that time.

I have a copy of McCaslin's funeral sermon for Uncle Cyrus and August 7, 1887 is correct for that, as you guessed. June 6 must be correct for the tragedy, as I was at Yankton. In August I would have been at home and attended the funeral. I am glad to get your statement of its being in the Durand house, and that you were with Grandma Smith in Huron. I had forgotten that she was in our home then. She died in Moline, Ill. on Sept. 6, 1887, in terrible pain from gangrene in her legs. She was a sweet old lady, and a fine teacher for those days when she was teaching. I wonder why Uncle Earnest was so sure that he heard of Uncle Cyrus' death while meeting a neighbor between Shue Creek and Huron on the day of the tragedy. It must have been some other errand he was on when he heard it.

This is the first I remember to have heard of the Gladery (? spelling) that took care of you.

I suppose Dana drove Uncle Cyrus' black and white team when you rode back with him. I well remember them.

I cannot now find my copy of the story of the tragedy and wonder if I did not expect you to send it back with your annotations. My typewritten manuscript here ends with Uncle Ernest's letters. You need not send that back if you have it, as I suppose you do. But if you will send back anything you have beyond his letters, Page 14 of Chap. III, "Pioneering on Dakota Frontiers", I would like it back to save some work of composition. When I get it in shape, as I hope to do, I want you to have a copy.

Thanks for the picture of the group at the table. It is probably Uncle Ernest's last. It has his characteristic posture.

Thank you, Ranney, for taking the pains to tell me all about the last things. You did not say whether his fall that broke the bones were due to a stroke or just a normal accident due to his weakness.

Gertrude has had a foot in cast for five weeks, due to a fall down the 14 steps of our stairs in pitch dark. She was half asleep at midnight and thought she was going down the hall on the level when she was facing the topmost stair and stepped right out into the empty air, turning a somersault first, and then sliding down and rest of the way bump, bump, bump, that woke me up to grope for the light-switch, and then find her head in a pool of blood pillowed on the last step. She did not lose consciousness and the chief pain was in her back and in her left foot. The doctor could not believe that she had done it without breaking a big bone. The back soon cleared up as a scrape only, and the foot is to be in a cast still for ten days. So this morning's X-ray shows. She has been walking around the house for three weeks. Margaret and Len drove down from Ypsi (4 hours drive) the same day and Margaret stayed and kept house and cleaned house for us for three weeks. That shows the advantage of living near your children - at least comparatively near.

Last Saturday we had a most enthusiastic letter from Durand dated in Peking where he was welcomed by my old friends, who gave him a feast in their nice clean, American-style home, and he found his Mother's picture on the mantel in a place of honor. He said Peking was even nicer than he remembered it 30 years ago. The Japs have even kept its fine buildings in repair - by forced labor of course. He is starting offices of his OWI organization in Peking and Tientsin. It will end on Dec. 31st when he plans to come back to the US, and then go into business out in China with two army friends and the Chinese friends he has made recently through my introductions.

Glad to hear about Lyn and all the rest. Wonder where he settles down with Dorothy.

I do not know the chimes by that name but heard some in Ann Arbor that may be the same, very fine. Nice memorial for Yale. We wonder what his wife, Gwen, is doing.

Yes, I think Chiang and the Chinese consider Russia to have done the right thing by them and I do not consider it a Communist scheme. I do not think the Chinese so-called Communists are linked up with Russia.

Thanks for Lena's address. We would certainly like to have her call this way. We have a room for guests, and are only 1,000 feet from the Oberlin Inn where we may eat, if needed.

The Church in China moves on. Can't write more now. Read VanDusen's "They Found the Church There," if convenient, if you want to see what the military people are learning about missions in the Pacific regions. I think the bonds of friendship are the only answer to the atomic bomb, and our fine G.I. Joes are next to the missionaries as a power for welding those bonds.

With love,
George

Gertrude's cast is off.
Doctor says there is no help for huskiness in voice.
Letter from Hubbard says Chuckie Cross and Lucien Pye are in China; our books etc. are safe.
Japanese repairing the College of Chinese Studies.
Tungchou buildings looted, but walls and roofs intact.
Lu Ho (Jefferson Academy) faculty returning from Sian.
Yenching University reopened.
Durand's second letter.

George D. Wilder

108 E. College, Oberlin, O.
Nov. 4th, 1945

Dear Folks,

The last time that I wrote an identical letter to each family of you, though I had no answer and should hardly expect one I suppose, yet two or three of you mentioned it appreciatively, so I am trying it again, as there are items of news that all are interested in, and it seems like work to write it all out several times de novo.

You all will rejoice with us in that Grandma has been relieved of that plaster cast that reached to her knee from the base of her toes. Last Thursday the 25th, 40 days after the accident, the doctor took it off at the hospital, and it was some job. She can tell you all about it. It hurt her like blazes, as he had to cut it off with a sort of pruning shears that slipped under the edge of the cast and then took an awful lot of bearing down with the back of the knife pressing into her flesh and bones. It took an hour, not counting the taxi down and back, and she was quite fatigued by it all, but got dinner just the same as usual at noon. She walked to church today at the cost of some pain in the bruises but not especially in the broken bone.

Margaret's letter, written after getting back to Ypsi, asks about the cast and also about my trip to Cleveland Wednesday, the day they left to return to Ypsilanti. Len took me at 8:00

A.M. to the bus station when he went for gas and I reached the specialist in Nose and Throat, Dr. Charles Pitkin, about eleven A.M. and had to wait an hour, almost, taking me past his closing time, but he stayed and finished me up, throwing in a digging-wax-from-ear operation to boot. I went to get his opinion as to whether an operation on my elongated palate would not relieve the huskiness that has been troubling me for years. I thought that it might irritate my throat so as to account for the sticky mucous that seems to affect my voice all the time. He studied my vocal chords and decided that the huskiness is due to a leakage of air between the vocal chords due to their not closing evenly, leaving more space at one end than at the other for the air to come through when I speak. "Nothing to do about it," was his verdict. He gave the same sort of decision as to an operation on my nostrils to make breathing easier, less stuffy, even when I get a cold. I still believe that it would be a relief but he said he did not advise it. Well, what I wanted was his opinion and I got it. May be if he had to endure the stuffiness, especially at night he would think it worthwhile to operate.

Mar spoke of having had over 40 "beggars" call in the long Halloween season. Forty is eight times as many as we have had. Grandma entertained three boys with cookies one night and I let in a couple of girls for "treats" in place of "tricks" and then when the real day came they all let us alone. I did not go to see the parade but did go to see "Pyle's GI Jos" movie. It was not so good as I expected it would be. Too monotonous in spots. Owing to my having an out of date timetable I got home from Cleveland late and just had time to eat and go to the movie. And the next morning discovered that I was just in time, as the strike stopped all the bus traffic from Cleveland and it is apparently still on.

A few days ago I had a letter from Hubbard, dated Peking, Oct. 21st, arrived here the 28th or 29th - record time. He had seen Durand, who had been very helpful, and they were arranging for tennis. Hub said he was not in Durand's class, as his game had gone from bad to worse, but I think that in his form before the internment he would beat Durand. They would have a good game any way. He had had a long visit, too, with Chuckie Cross

and Lucien Pye, who were both sent separately to Peking by the Marines to help with their knowledge of Chinese.

Hubbard's visiting card says "In charge of Allied property reserved for returning internees, under Col. Ramp, U.S. Army Recovery Team." He said our books and specimens left with the French, Geo-Biological Institute were all intact, and all I left with him is also safe.

Hub had his choice of nine sporting guns that the Marines or someone had captured. He took a Browning Automatic shotgun, hoping he could trade it for a double barreled some time.

He had arranged for housing in Peking for 210 Weihsien internees, 90 of them being at the East Hostel in the College of Chinese Studies.

Lucien Pye had been to Tungchou and seen a very few acquaintances. The residences were in a looted condition with all metal locks and plumbing taken away, but walls and roofs O.K. The Japs were at work replacing them so far as possible. The Lu Ho Middle School was going on under the puppet teachers but all ready to give up to the regular Principal, Ch'en Ch'ang Yu and the rest of the old faculty as soon as they can get back from Sian where they have carried on for two years, you know, 800 miles away, only 100 miles from the Japanese-occupied territory in Shansi and often threatened. But now they are glad that they stuck it out and never retreated farther still into the interior.

Lucius Porter is to arrive in this country shortly. Y.P. Mei, Vice President of Yenching University, which opened under Leighton Stuart as President on Oct. 10th, is back in Oberlin to lecture on Modern History for half the semester. We heard his first yesterday.

Hub said that the Japanese were repairing the College of Chinese Studies buildings for him, and that they were in pretty good condition anyway, with Jap officers having lived decently in them. The West Hostel and the adjoining residence that we occupied he has rented to a Marine Medical Unit for U.S. \$300

per month. A Swedish missionary and wife are running the Hostel very well.

He met Durand at a reception given by the old Chinese Church to returning missionaries, as well as at other functions. Hub and others stayed at the Wagon Lits for three weeks and then moved into Teng Shih K'ou Mission premises. The Japs paid.

Well this is enough news I think for one time.

*With love to you all,
Father and Grandfather*

P.S. Just as I finished this and was writing a note to Mickey someone brought this long letter of Durand's — dated three weeks after his first letter but repeating some of that one — over from Tank Home, where it was addressed and had been detained, perhaps for some days. Durand sure is getting what he went for!

Durand's second letter.
Reporting and photographing US Marines' landing at Tientsin.
Friends are impressed by Peking and by our family's Chinese friends.
Personal cars commandeered from Japanese army.
Second flight from Sian was almost disastrous.

G. Durand Wilder

Peking
Oct. 3, 1945

Dear Folks:

This may be somewhat repetitive to some of you to whom I have written fairly recently, but nonetheless I'll recount recent occurrences.

About six weeks ago, I was ordered from Hanchung to Sian; but because I had a brand new jeep assigned for my own personal use and didn't want to leave it behind, I stayed in Hanchung for three weeks waiting for the river to recede: it was at flood, and the only bridge across the river on the road to Sian was under four feet of water. Before the river had subsided, Major Dick Varney asked me to fly to Peking with him, which we did two weeks ago last Friday. On arrival here, I learned from Mr. de Vargas that Christian and Sullivan, two of our men at Sian, had already come to Peking and opened an office here. So I reported to them and found that I too was to work in Peking. That, of course, is what I've hoped for, so I was delighted. After three days here, Dick flew me back to Hanchung to pick up my luggage, and two days later we were back in Peking -- me to stay, the others in the crew just to continue the shopping spree they had started on their arrival the first trip. Because of the vagaries of exchange between US money, Chungking currency, and the local puppet money, we got about 4,500 of the local money for \$1 U.S., which made prices of everything very cheap. I limited my purchases to two fine Leica cameras, costing me \$60 and \$50 respectively for cameras that list in America at \$300 and \$230; a nice jade ring for \$7, and a pair of satin pajamas for \$8. Also, on learning that my winter uniforms, etc., would probably not get here from Kunming for three months, I ordered

two English woolen suits and a topcoat, at a total cost of \$55. Fine materials, too.

The others, though, went wild over jade rings, earrings, bracelets, Mandarin coats and pajamas, lacquer boxes and vases, and a lot of cheaper costume jewelry. They also bought cameras, Zeiss Ikon f3.5 and f2.8 for \$7 to \$15, and so on. And they enjoyed dinners of Peking duck, seafood, and so on. Varney, Halla, Lyman and Schneider (officers), and Sgt. Maloney were all invited along to meals given for me by old friends of Father and Mother; and they were amazed at the delicious food. Certainly, food and curios were much finer than anything any of them had seen in the interior; and of course the beauty of the city astounded them. The Imperial Palaces, Central Park, Pei Hai Winter Palace all are lovely and, except for the removal of some of the art treasures, are unhurt by the Japs.

Soon after starting work here, I was sent to Tientsin with John Bruce, an OWI correspondent, to cover the Marine landing there. I was to take pictures with my Leica, while John wrote the story. We went by train -- Bruce didn't feel well, and didn't think the altitude of the plane's flight would agree with him. We arrived Saturday afternoon, spent the night at the Astor House, then went down to Tangku at 6 Sunday morning in General Worton's private car. It was rainy and cold, very poor weather for picture taking; but with my fast Leica I got some good shots. The schedule, of course, went wrong: the landing set for 8:30 A.M. finally was made at 4 P.M.; and then only a fifth of the expected troops got ashore. There were great crowds of Chinese at the Tangku docks to greet the Americans, and they certainly gave them a noisy and joyous welcome! There were flags galore, bands, "ch'ang hsi ti" people, actors and dancers on stilts, thousands of singing, cheering school children, etc. All had been out on the docks from 7 in the morning; and they stayed until the last boat was in. Likewise in Tientsin, hundreds of thousands of people lined the streets from 8 in the morning until after dark, when a trainload of Marines finally reached that city.

Owing to some quirk of censorship, the landing was still "secret" in Tientsin as far as military censorship was

concerned, though the story had been in the Peking papers three days before, and in Tientsin's two days. The story had been "broken" by an American correspondent in Okinawa when the "task force" left there; but local censorship still hadn't been lifted. The Marine officers were not allowed to tell us that troops would come on to Peking, tho' all Peking knew the Marines were coming, and had made plans for welcoming parades, etc.

I was done the honor of being asked by the Chinese general, the new military governor of Peking, to help him greet the incoming American generals and act as his interpreter. General Li Yu Ch'ing is "Tai Piao" for Marshall Li Tzung Jen, who hasn't yet come to Peking but will be the governor of the three northeastern provinces. Marshall Li's headquarters have been in Hanchung, and I knew him there; and my "standing" with him was cemented by the fact that Dick brought General Li up in the plane on our first trip to Peking -- when I acted as interpreter between the General and two Majors on his staff, and Varney and the other American officers. Li Yu Ch'ing gave our gang a duck dinner the night after our arrival at the Cheng Yang Lo, Peking's most famous duck-restaurant. The Meng brothers gave us a dinner the following night at the Ts'ui Hwa Lo, Peking's best restaurant, at which we had shark's fins, bird's nest soup and another famous and expensive dish. Before the dinner, we met at Paul Meng's house, where Meng and Kung Mu Shih's and their children and grandchildren were assembled, and where Meng Lao T'ai T'ai proudly showed me a picture of Mother given to her just before they left for Wei Hsien.

The paper carried an announcement that I, the son of George Wilder, was in Peking and would be here for two or three months with the United State Information Service (our new name, since being taken over by the State Department); and many more Chinese have consequently dropped in to pay their respects -- not to me, but to father and mother. Among them was a young fellow named Li, who said he walked with you from San Kuan Miao to the station they day you took off for Weihsien; Hedda Hammer, a photograher who said mother was like her own mother; C.C. P'eng, who owns the camera store where I bought my Leica; and others whom I've mentioned in letters to Father and Mother. Hugh Hubbard is here now, looking physically well but seeming in

somewhat of a mental daze. With rest and good food, he's getting along fine, and sends his particular greetings to Father and Mother. He said he missed you both very much after you left Weihsien, but still was glad you got out when you did.

By courtesy of the Japanese Army, we have two cars at our disposal here. One Christian obtained for office use, the other, I got myself, and without either assistance from Christian or stipulation to the Japs that it was for anything but my own use, both business and pleasure. Every morning, when necessary, we have the Japs replenish the gas and oil. I really enjoyed getting the car. Of course, it's just temporarily ours, but our having it deprives some Jap officer of the use of it. The Jap lieutenant, when I told him I wanted a car at my disposal, was "so sorry" they had few cars, and most of them were used by Jap officers. I replied that I didn't give a d--n if every Jap officer in China had to walk -- I wanted a car to use myself, adding that the cars were not the "property of the Imperial Japanese Army," but had been stolen from the Chinese and would be returned to their rightful owners. He said that he thought they might be able to supply a car; I rejoined that I didn't care what he thought: that I expected a car to be at my hotel at two o'clock that afternoon. And sure enough, it was there! We've also had the pleasure of ordering a Jap family to vacate Mr. Fette's house, which OWI is going to use for a "guest house." I wasn't there, but Christian and Sullivan got a kick out of dispossessing the Japs, who of course have long since removed all of Mr. Fette's rugs.

Our second flight up here might have been disastrous. We didn't leave Hanchung until 4 P.M., which meant reaching Peking after dark -- with neither radio beacon nor field lights to guide us. But the Weatherman assured us good weather and a full moon, so off we went. Over Peking, there was a bank of clouds -- beautiful moonlight above, but rain and fog when we finally broke through at 500 feet. I was riding in the tail. After Dick had circled over the city for half an hour, I finally realized something was wrong, so crawled forward over the bomb bay and asked him what was wrong. He said he couldn't find the field. So I lined him up on the Chien men and told him to fly south for 6 miles, then look for the field but keep on for

another 4 or 5 miles before swinging back to try it again. He swung off too soon, as he had been doing; but I persuaded him against his conviction, and we tried again. This time we went on out, and at 8 miles out sure enough saw the field. It wasn't easy to land without lights, but Dick's a fine pilot and made it. When we came down, we had enough gas for 20 minutes more flying - and Dick had been looking for some time for a flat field on which to crash land. He couldn't climb and have us bail out, as we had a little boy aboard who would have fallen out of a chute; and also several women, who would have been scared to death at the idea of jumping. Dick was certainly relieved when we saw the field below us! Then, because of the activities of the so-called Communists, the Japs at the field wouldn't let us drive into Peking until they had rounded up an armed escort, so we rode into the city in a column -- a tank, then an armored truck, our three cars, another armored truck, and a tank. Quite impressive! But it seemed to me unnecessary, tho' on the trip to Tientsin we noticed that for miles all telegraph and telephone poles have been chopped down, many of them very recently.

I'm enclosing John Bruce's stories on conditions here, etc., which will give the picture here better than I can. Suffice it to say that I'm delighted to be here again.

Love,
Durand

P.S. A young Mr. and Mrs. Rasmussen, formerly of House #2, send their greetings. Also a Mr. Hemmingsen, Dr. Pi, Dr. Tze King and Miss Mary Hsih of Sleeper Davis Hospital, Mr. Weddekind and an editor Chang and a Miss Wang of the old Peking "Leader," now the Peiping Chronicle. Am dining at Kung Meng An's house Friday eve, next week am inviting the Kungs and Mengs to dinner with me, with Dr. Ma Wen Chao and Pi 22 and Wang Mu Shih also as guest.

Many ask if you will come back!

Enjoying Peking muchly!

Durand

Heart medication.
Sally and Bill fall through lake ice.

George D. Wilder

Oberlin, O.,
ST. VALENTINES DAY, 1946

Dear Sally,

I was a bit surprised to find in the mail today a fine valentine from you. It is splendid to be remembered that way even if I am an old, old man with a heart. I've just discovered that I have a heart and for nearly three weeks now have been medicating it at doctor's orders. No pain involved.

But I wasn't writing to remind you of my ailments. It was to thank you for this valentine and the heart that prompted you to send it, and more than that to congratulate you and all of us on your wonderful escape from the jaws of death. It was a good thing that you got into the lake where it was a crack in the heavy ice and not just thin ice that you broke through. It seems Bill had some of that to break away before he got to ice that would hold him. But even so it's no joke to tread water with skates on and climb out onto smooth ice. Lots of people can't do it. I guess we have a couple of rather capable grandchildren that did it.

We certainly do thank God that our lucky number of 13 grandchildren still is unbroken. Our great cause of gratitude this year is that the ones overseas have come through the war and are still all in existence.

I hope the flu did not treat you too badly. Your Uncle Ted was here a while back and told us that in February there was liable to be an epidemic of flu that is more severe than the one that has been current so far this winter.

Your fond Grandpa

Using a heat lamp for aches and pains.
Now just a fatiguing weakness.

George D. Wilder

Oberlin, O.
Feb. 14, 1946

Dear Ursula,

Your letter of the 10th that we got yesterday afternoon sure was "je nao," as the Chinese say "hot fuss" or "exciting." I hope you are duly thankful that things did not turn out worse. True, they are both smart kids, but lots of smart kids do not succeed in climbing out on to smooth ice with their skates on. I suppose they got warmed up skating home, as I did once out in Dakota.

Yes, a family scrap book is a good thing to have. I am too lazy but shall have to get busy now. Bill's picture throwing the last basket ought to get into some paper, or wasn't the game that important? I should think your team would wish they had put him in sooner. Of course you won?

We have an infra-red lamp for this deep heat treatment. It's not dear. They say it is about the only thing for these aches and pains they call neuritis, rheumatism, arthritis, lumbago, sciatica, sacroiliac spasms (which are the worst of all). My doctors, old (Siddall) and new (Piraino) advise it. What I am having now is just a fatiguing weakness. We both use it.

Love, Father

Hypocrisy of big business, avoiding taxes, hiding books, pretending concern for small business.
Support strikers fighting for a decent wage.
Board paying us \$877 for losses in China.
Oberlin getting 50 trailers for returning veterans.

George D. Wilder

Oberlin, Ohio
Feb. 16, 1946

Dear Margaret,

After reading Bingay's enjoyable strip on the British way of meeting trouble, etc., and also Fairless' statement of the Steel Trust side of the case a few days ago, I was about to write to you and thank you for having sent them but something intervened. Then came an exciting letter from Ur and I had to write to Sally and Bill and their mother. So you were left out as I can't write for long at a time on account of my wobbly and easily fatigued neck, or nape, more strictly.

Guess I will enclose a carbon copy of my letter to Sally and if you have not heard of their narrow escape in the lake Feb. 1st and 8th it will give you an inkling. Bill's performance the last four minutes of a basketball game the next day, making six points, was also quite exciting in another way.

As for Fairless' speech - it sounds all right and would be if we did not hear charges of the biggest firms in the country dodging their taxes to the tune of hundreds of millions, and voting millions in bonuses to their executives, and being so chary of showing their books, etc. And knowing how they have treated their small competitors makes it hard to take when they pretend to be so concerned for the small business man and his freedom of enterprise, etc. Long ago Ray Stannard Baker showed us how they hire lawyers full-time to work on the problems of getting around the trust laws, etc. It all make us hesitant about taking such a speech at face value. Minnie Siddall contributes daily, I believe, to the fund to help the strikers over at Lorain, and I have dropped in a mite, for they are fighting our battle in a way and deserve help. Not meaning that

they never made a mistake, of course, or forgot the public welfare. But the man who is fighting for a decent living wage as against the one who has that, and fights for money power, certainly has my sympathy and support.

We have just received \$887 from the Board as payment for losses sustained in China through the war so far as we know now. We may learn of more later. Our investments in Shanghai Power Co. securities ought to turn out all right in time. Public utilities of such a city can't just dissolve, the way the Raven Trust Co. did. I wonder if that man is out of jail yet.

I am waiting to hear what the Cleveland Trust Co. has as an investment for it. Does Len know of anything? I notice that what the Trust Co. advises gives around 2% only, sometimes less. How is the mortgage on your house?

Durand expects to get here the 22nd or the 24th for a week. Wish you could get down here to see him or vice versa.

Well, we are talking of a walk, and may mail this and one I just wrote to the Cleveland Trust.

With love,

Father

Dearest Margaret,

Before we start out for a short walk I'll add a bit to father's letter. We shall be looking for you next week - when? It won't be necessary for you to bring your cutting shears, for when I went down to get the nice material some one had been in and bought a yard, leaving just one yard for me! I was foolish not to take it the day I first saw it. Such opportunities don't come often enough to be passed up.

Betty will be pressed by exams next week. I was so glad that she passed her anatomy exam. It was a close shave, I guess, but it means that she passes the course and is very much relieved. Some of the exams the profs give are weird surprises that do not come up to the expectations of the trusting student.

Did Betty tell you that Oberlin is getting fifty trailers in which to house returning veterans and their wives? I wonder where they will park them.

We are going down town for some over-Sunday supplies. I had ox tail cooking for dinner today but it didn't get done, so kept on cooking and will be fine for tomorrow. I also made a good apple pie! We don't very often bother with deserts, preferring fruit.

We just received a good photo of Bill with his most entrancing smile; his high school picture I suppose. It struck me at once as looking like Sheffield Galt at his brightest.

Off we go for down town.

Loads of love, Mother

George D. Wilder

108 E. College St., Oberlin, O.
March 27, 1946

Dear Folks All,

That means you that live in Philadelphia, Penn Yan and Ypsi. I was just going to get off a long belated letter to welcome Ted Daniels back to our civilization when I happened to think of news that ought to go to you all, and so I stuck in a couple of carbons and am finishing the day with you all. Of course we have rejoiced in Ted's getting back. His Grandmother Wilder got in the first letter to him that I know of. But he must know that we are all agreed that we are thankful that he and two other perfectly good grandsons of ours are still in existence after having been overseas. But that is not news. The first and most impressive news to me was brought in a telegram yesterday.

I have just heard that it is against the law for a telegraph operator to phone the news of a death. That explains the operator here asking several times if we could "take it." Said it was bad news. After assuring him several times that we could take it no matter how bad, he said, "Mrs. Williams of Madison, Ohio. It that right?" "Yes, yes." She telegraphs that Arthur Williams passed away, his funeral to be in Madison, Thursday, 2:30 P.M. The church is right near the bus station so I am planning to go down but Gertrude is pretty much determined that I am not well enough and that if I go she will go with me and she has a date to speak here the next night and needs to be at home that day. The bus, if on time, gives only five minutes to get to the funeral and if a little late I might miss the whole thing. So I may not go after all.

That is the easier because I called up Ida this morning and explained to her. She said that the pastor would like to have me say a few words if I get there. And I had to tell him that

my voice goes back on me so that I can't promise, but I wrote him a special delivery letter giving three points that I would make if I were to speak. He could read it if he liked. I got him on the phone and he said he would like to use it.

You see he (Arthur) and I were about of an age and used to visit at Grandma Wilder's farm at the same time and I use to go to his father's farm near Chester Cross Roads. Then when I went to Oberlin to College he went too, and summers (twice) we did Uncle Will's farm work in his absence. It was Arthur's know-how that got me by all right.

He pitched on and I off a hundred big loads of hay in the one summer, besides wheat and oats, all by hand, mowing it away, too. Arthur was small and used to say that he had to sweat and strain on the fork handle where I had only to throw my weight on it and it came up. He used to say that when he made his pile he was going to buy one of these old farms and run it with machinery as it should be run. Well, he did; bought two, in fact. He made his pile out West in beets and his girl made hers in the brick business here in Cleveland and they got hitched up. I do not know whether he won in the game by making the old farms pay or not, and shall ask his wife some other time. Margaret knows his place but I guess this is all pretty dry to the rest of you, but you ought to be intelligent at least about our first and second cousins. His mother was my father's sister. Theodore remembers her and her funeral.

I'll send a copy to each of the three places hoping it may run across Durand somewhere.

With love to all,

Father and Grandfather

Careful!!

Today I cleaned my husband's desk,
I did it most discreetly;
The papers that were scattered round
I simply stacked up, neatly.

I found all sorts of odds and ends
In jumbled piles together,
Receipted bills, old lecture notes,
A treatise on the weather.

Papers all crushed and crumpled up,
Just ready for the basket,
But for some reason laid aside,
Oh, that I dared to ask it!

An auction list was buried deep,
Tail feathers of a bird,
Half of a post card, rusty nails,
Old clippings dim and blurred.

But did I dare decrease the pile,
Dare throw one thing away?
Oh! no indeed - for he might want
"To refer to it some day."

Repeat 1st stanza pianissimo, after "So,"

New York Times,
May 8, 1946

DR. GEORGE WILDER, EX-MISSIONARY, 76

Congregational Church Aide in China 44 Years, Prisoner 7 Months During War, Dies

Dr. George D. Wilder, who had been a missionary of the Congregational Church in China for forty-four years, died on Sunday in Oberlin, Ohio, at the age of 76, according to word received here yesterday.

Dr. Wilder, who retired in 1937, returned to Peiping in 1939 to teach in The College of Chinese Studies and work with Chinese Congregational churches. After Pearl Harbor he was a civilian prisoner in Weihsien Internment Camp for seven months. He was repatriated in 1943, coming home on the second trip of the Gripsholm.

He started his life's work in 1894 under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston. He went through the Boxer Rebellion, losing all his possessions except the clothes he wore. His experiences in China were had amid banditry, civil war, famine and flood.

In 1903 he was interpreter for Jeremiah W. Jenks of Cornell University, adviser to the Chinese Government on currency and taxes.

During his first sixteen years in China, Dr. Wilder specialized in establishing churches in rural areas. He taught in an interdenominational theological seminary, which later became the nucleus of Yenching University, on

the faculty of which he served for many years.

An expert in bee culture, he gave instruction in this science. For his flood and famine relief work in China and Manchuria, he was decorated by the Chinese Government. He also specialized in Chinese bird lore and natural history, becoming in 1925 the first president of the Peking Society of Natural History. Much was published by the Society about his work in North China. He was also proficient in baseball and tennis.

Born in Ripon, Wis., he was educated at Yankton College, Oberlin College, Yale Seminary.

Dr. Wilder leave a widow, Mrs. Gertrude Stanley Wilder; two sons, George Durand, Jr., of Penn Yan, N.Y., and Dr. Theodore Stanley, of Philadelphia, and two daughters, Mrs. Carroll C. Daniels of Penn Yan and Mrs. Leonard W. Menzi of Ypsilanti.

Ypsilanti Press

Deaths

DR. GEORGE D. WILDER

Mrs. L. W. Menzi received word today of the death of her father, Dr. George D. Wilder, in the College Hospital at Oberlin College, Oberlin, O., Sunday evening. Dr. Wilder had recently returned from China where he had been working as a missionary for 50 years. He was in his 78th* year.

Dr. Wilder was the son of Prof. and Mrs. Theodore Wilder and was born in Yankton, S.D.* His father and mother were also missionaries.* His mother was Gertrude Stanley* and her father had been one of the

pioneer missionaries to go to

China.

Dr. Wilder was educated in Oberlin and was graduated from Oberlin College. He later attended Yale Divinity School at New Haven, Conn. In 1891* he went to China where he took part in all the activities of the Mission and taught for many years in Peking. Dr. Wilder was also an authority on bird life and had written a book entitled "The Birds of China"* which has been praised by many well known authors.

Dr. Wilder is survived by his wife, sons, Theodore, Philadelphia, George, D., Jr., Peking; his daughters, Mrs. L. W. Menzi (Margaret), Ypsilanti, and Mrs. Carroll Daniels, Penn Yan, N.Y. There are 13 grandchildren.

The funeral will be in the Congregational Church in Oberlin, Tuesday afternoon with burial in Chardon,* O.

* Note the inaccuracies in the above account, marked by an asterisk.

Funeral Service for George Durand Wilder

First Church, Oberlin, Ohio

May 9, 1946

Sanctus (Organ)

Scripture Reading

Prayer

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, whose dwelling is the light of setting sun, the round ocean, the living air, the blue sky, and the spirit of man, we gather in this quiet place, to honor him who honored thee, and whom thou hast welcomed into the spacious rooms of a larger house. Interfuse our saddened hearts with a quiet confidence in thee and a sense of thy continuing purpose of him. Make humble and trusting our love of him and our faith in thee.

Cleanse us with that purity of heart and sensitivity of spirit which alone can see the high towering and wide-ranging influence of this wise and kindly man. We are encompassed about by a great cloud of witnesses, mortal and immortal, who have felt the touch of his Christian life, and his spacious sympathies embracing all the children of men. We bless thee for this abiding love of the gospel and the church and all their sacred ministries; for his nobility, which released and inspired nobility in others; for his growing love of our Master, and for his long life so richly lived and greatly spent; and most of all, that many have seen through him in all its brightness and compelling strength, the love that shines upon the face of Jesus Christ.

Life us softly and gently out of sorrow into a new and quiet place of peace and serenity. Temper, we beseech thee, our pain and loneliness with a sense of an encircling and sustaining fellowship. Soften the sorrow of those bound to him most closely with deep

thanksgiving for all that he was and is. Make tender the memories of the family -- of all that they knew together of gaiety and lightness; to moments of anxiety and concern; the moments of poignant pain as the family separated; of unutterable joy as the family was reunited -- make all these memories an abiding benediction.

We seem now to give him back to thee who gavest him to us, and as thou didst not lose him in giving, so we have not lost him by his return, for those whom we love in thee can never be lost to us. May the compassionate joy of Jesus be in our hearts as we pray together
His Prayer:

The Lord's Prayer

Hymn: "For All the Saints Who From Their Labors Rest"

Address (The Rev. Joseph King)

Sorrow and thanksgiving mingle in our hearts as we gather to mark with honor and affection the death of George Durand Wilder. We know sorrow for the fact of his going; the sorrow that death always and inevitably brings; but we also know deep thanksgiving for a life uniquely rich in usefulness and service.

With a strong sense of how inadequate words are to express either what he was and is or how we feel about him, I nevertheless make bold to share with you three impressions I have of Dr. Wilder.

The first is of the magnitude of his service through more than fifty years in China. In that country, with so great a past and so great a future, Dr. Wilder planted life. And it brought forth and is bringing forth, seed -- some thirty fold, some sixty fold and some a hundred fold. The eye cannot see nor can the mind imagine the full harvest of this life, but if they knew of the event which brings us here, many would rise up to call him blessed.

But this life of service had its roots in a second aspect of Dr. Wilder's life -- his spiritual greatness. There was an inner spiritual greatness in him, which was the internal source of his external service. His acts were rich because they came from and were expressive of a rich being.

Not many weeks ago I sat late one afternoon in the Wilder livingroom. At a momentary lull in the conversation I felt myself strangely moved, and into my mind came the phrase, "the peace of God" and I said, "to be in the presence of these people is to know a benediction." His fineness and sensitivity were unmistakably large and great.

The third thing of which I speak is in a lighter vein yet is indicative of something very important. Less than a year ago, President Edwin McNeil Poteat was here in First Church with us. After the service he and Dr. Wilder greeted each other warmly and talked for a few minutes. On the way home, President Poteat recalled a baseball game in Peking fifteen years ago between a team of Marines and a team of missionaries. Dr. Poteat and Dr. Wilder were pitcher and catcher for the missionary team. The game had begun with the Marines rather disdainful of their opponents. But when it ended, with the Marines the losers, the Captain was reduced to profanity to express his chagrin and astonishment.

Let that stand as a symbol of Mr. Wilder's physical vitality, and it was a vitality and skill which continued longer and mounted higher with him than with most of us. But let it stand also, as a symbol of Dr. Wilder's wider vitality and interest. It was no narrow, isolated, provincial life which George Wilder planted in China. Lover of flowers and birds, masterly student of literature and culture, Dr. Wilder's life was as broad in its human interests as it was deep in religious devotion.

George Durand Wilder -- warm friend, loving husband and father; lover of China and its people, student of its life, servant of its future; faithful minister of the gospel, honored missionary of the American Board; disciple of Jesus Christ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Benediction

Organ: "The Hallelujah Chorus"

IN MEMORIAM
GEORGE DURAND WILDER
(June 26, 1869 to May 7, 1946)

By Hugh Hubbard

George Wilder was a tall, athletic man. Reared on the prairies of the Middle West States, he loved nature and the out-of-doors. He told of tramping all day after grown men on their fox hunts before he was ten. In college he was pitcher and captain of the baseball team and loved all outdoor sports. At the age of 70 he still played a fair game of tennis.

Intellectually he was a scholar from childhood. Early in his China career, he published a Geography of China, showing the composition and confines of the country in each dynasty. With his friend Dr. James H. Ingram, he wrote "Chinese Character Analysis." He was re-editing a Chinese Dictionary when interrupted by the war. He studied Zoology, Botany, Geology, Mineralogy and Blow-pipe Analysis in college. He collected plants for the University of Nanking, for the Botanical Gardens of Leningrad and American institutions. He knew trees well and had a collection of woods. He was a pioneer in apiculture in this country and trained many Chinese, who spread bee-keeping widely throughout North China.

He came to China in 1894 under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He spent about one-third of his missionary life in establishing rural churches and two-thirds in training Chinese leaders in the North China Union Bible School. After retirement in 1939, he was invited back to China to teach in the College of Chinese Studies.

In 1928, Dr. Wilder wrote some interesting biographical notes at the invitation of the editor of the China Journal, Dr. Arthur de— Sowerby.⁷ In these we see how his interest in birds developed:

"I was born in Wisconsin, but grew up in northern Ohio, Michigan, and South Dakota. My first interest in birds was aroused when only five or six years old by visiting a beautiful collection of birds and their eggs in the Oberlin College Museum. This interest was developed by my mother giving me a copy of "American Ornithology" by Wilson and Bonaparte, as a consolation for not going with her to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. That great volume was eagerly devoured, and also Wood's "Natural History," from which my mother used to read aloud.

"A few years later in Michigan, and from 1881 for nine years on the wild prairies of the new territory of Dakota, I was able, with my boy friends, to collect for myself, until I had the eggs of about 100 species of birds, with data and identifications made from the accurate descriptions by Wilson. When I was given the promised shotgun at the age of 14, and began to shoot, Oliver Davie's book on Taxidermy enabled me to preserve some of the handsome game birds that fell to my gun. A shelf or two of books in our library had to give way to these mounted specimens. When at Yankton College Preparatory School, a young man who was supporting his mother and paying his way through college by taxidermy turned his trade over to me for a few months while he was nursing a poisoned hand.

⁷ China Journal of Science and Arts, Vol. VIII, March 1928, pp. 115-117.

"In 1885, Professor Wells W. Cooke, the founder of the study of migration in the Government Bureau of Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, enlisted me as a voluntary reporter of migration from Huron, South Dakota. This necessitated the recording of all birds seen each day, to make a monthly chart giving dates of arrivals and departures, abundance, etc. These reports were submitted for several years, and the habit thus formed of making daily records has been kept up ever since, with the exception of a decade after the Boxer Uprising. This is an invaluable habit for any one who wants really to study the bird life of his region.

"On going East to Oberlin College in 1889 for four years, this observation and collecting of birds was continued in connection with a bird club that we started. We tried to complete the College's collection of local birds, and had much to do with the establishment of a Department of Ornithology in the college."

Dr. Wilder was the first President of the Peking Natural History Society. In nominating him, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews spoke of him as knowing more about North China birds in the field than any other living man. The Peking Society knew him primarily as an ornithologist. In a field that had been well-covered by LaTouche and other ornithologists, three new species were named "wilderi" in honor of the man who discovered them. These are "Wilder's bullfinch" (*Pyrrhula erythaca wilderi* Riley), "Wilder's Pygmy Woodpecker" (*Yungipicus Kizuki wilderi* Kuroka) and "North China Dipper" (*Cinclus pallasii wilderi* LaTouche). Dr. Wilder made an address before the American Ornithologists' Union in which he made an original proposal regarding the boundary of the Palearctic Region in China.

Of his writing, one might mention the interesting "Migration Notes" articles that appeared in the China Journal for nearly twenty years (1922-1941), which will appear in one volume with an index as soon as printing costs permit. He wrote with Hugh Hubbard "A List of the Birds of Chihli Province" (1924) and

"Corrections and Additions" to the same (1926), for the Journal of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. With the same co-author he published "Birds of Northeastern China" in 1938, one of the handbooks of the Peking Society of Natural History. Together with Gee and Moffett, he wrote "A Tentative List of Chinese Birds," a pioneering work, involving much research by him, published by the same Society (1926).

His first collection of 730 bird skins was destroyed by the Boxers. More recent collections have survived the Japanese invasion, and are at Yenching University, Peking Academy, Luho Middle School, and museums abroad. His careful daily bird notes for 25 years were taken from him by the Japanese as he left the Weihsien Internment Camp in 1943 and never seen again, an irreparable loss to science.

Dr. Wilder was awarded the King Medal of the Peking Society of Natural History in 1940, "for his work done to further knowledge in the Field of Natural History, especially for his meritorious work on the 'Birds of Northeastern China'." All this was taken in his stride by a man who was first and foremost a Christian missionary. He is thus a good example of how valuable a good hobby may be to any man, it not only not being detrimental to his main work, but even reinforcing it.

Dr. Wilder was married to Gertrude Stanley, a daughter of a pioneer North China missionary and well known for her own gifts and gracious character. Mrs. Wilder is now living in Oberlin, Ohio. Their hospitable and harmonious home was always open to their many friends. Of their four children, Theodore S. is a children's physician in Philadelphia, George Durand Jr. is in business in Peiping, Margaret is Mrs. L. W. Menzi of Ypsilanti, Mich. and Ursula is Mrs. C.C. Daniels of Penn Yan, New York.

Dr. Wilder was a member of the China Society of Science and Arts and on its Committee of the International Museum of Oology (bird eggs), of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and of Phi Beta Kappa; he was a charter member of the Chinese Political Science Association, of the International

Anti-opium Society, and Charter Member and Fellow of the Peking Society of Natural History.

He was of the stuff of pioneers, as can be seen from his life record and the number of societies of which he was a charter member. He once said to the writer on a country trip "I never like to come back by the same road I went, as I like to explore as much country as possible." Most of us prefer the easy way back.

Many are those, both Chinese and others, who have been fascinated and inspired by his lectures and bird talks. More fortunate still are those who have had the privilege of tramping and camping by his side, on some of his many trips along the seashore, over the plains, into the mountains, or to the deserts of Mongolia. His zest for God's out-of-doors, his keen observation and thoughtful comment, his fund of anecdotes, his ability to measure up to any emergency, his never-failing good will, whether to the donkey-boy or his companions, and the steady friendship which embraced so many of us favored ones, made him a comrade and leader from whom one always returned instructed, humbled and ennobled. The prospect of a visit with Wilder quickened the step and gladdened the heart. Memories bring satisfaction and gratitude for having known a real man, who lived life fully and well.

Hugh Hubbard

The First Congregational Church

P.O. Box 215
Ferndale, California

MINISTER
ROBERT B. WHITAKER

TELEPHONE
136 R

P.O. Box 146, Oberlin, Ohio
May 25th, 1946

Dear Teh-Lin friends:

As our address has changed since the last round-robin letter and therefore we appear at a different place on the list and many of you have not seen our last letter, we are leaving it in the letterhead, and I am writing just an additional note to report to you the death of Dr. George Wilder on the afternoon of Sunday, May 5th here in Oberlin.

Although, as we reported in our previous letter, he had not been well for some time, we were rather shocked at his sudden going at the end. He had been having difficulty with his heart, but died from a hemorrhage of the lungs due to hardening of the arteries. Saturday night he had a fall while going to the bathroom, but managed to get back to bed without calling his wife. In the morning he tried to get up without aid and fell again. I believe that this was while Mrs. Wilder was down stairs, where she had gone to get him some breakfast. He was taken to the Oberlin hospital and died that afternoon about two o'clock. The funeral service was held on Tuesday afternoon, May 7th, here in First Church, Oberlin, Dr. King, the pastor, conducting the service. The scripture chosen was beautifully suitable for the occasion, and a comfort to us all. The tribute by Dr. King to our beloved friend and co-worker was very moving, and I thought a fine expression of what Dr. Wilder meant not only to all of those who loved him, but to the Kingdom of God and to the Chinese Church and friends for which he cared so

much. Before his father's death, Durand Wilder was on the high seas en route to China.

Attending the funeral from the family were the daughters, Ursula (Mrs. Daniels) and Margaret (Mrs. Menzi), and the other son, Dr. Theodore Wilder, and his wife. Mrs. Wilder, with courage and quiet faith, held up bravely through it all. However, the last ten days she has been having some difficulties of her own. An abrasion of the skin on one knee led to an infection which finally became serious. First she was given one of the sulfa drugs, but reacted against it in such a way that that treatment had to be stopped. So they took her to the hospital and began the penicillin treatment, to which she finally responded. Today for the first time we were able to see her at the hospital, and found her seeming cheerful, and really "on the mend." Over the last weekend, her son Theodore returned to Oberlin to be with her for a couple of days. Now he has left, but the daughter, Ursula, is coming this afternoon to be with her mother for a time. Mrs. Wilder expects to be able to go home from the hospital the first of the week.

How sadly we are going to miss the Wilders from our missionary fellowship in China. I think that we will all agree that Dr. and Mrs. Wilder have been among the most widely useful and thoroughly Christian leaders that our Mission has produced. I know that to me personally Dr. Wilder has always stood as a model missionary, fine in spirit, kindly in interest in those of us who were newer to the work, deeply understanding of his Chinese brethren, and for that reason, and because of his great love for them, able to serve to a greater degree than most of us.

Mrs. Whitaker cannot write her contribution this time, but sends her love and greetings to all.

As ever yours,

Robert

ALike the Sun... at His Setting."

Farewell, sweet saint, farewell! As the light reflected on the clouds of evening tells us that the lands beyond our horizon lie in full sunshine, though we know nothing of their scenery or charms; so the far sunset of a godly life speaks of the splendors of eternity, of which, after all, we can realize so little.

"Sure the last end of the good man is peace.
How calm his end!

Night dews fall not more gently on the ground.
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.

Behold him in the evening tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:

By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting."

Much later, in response to one of a series of questions asked her about George Wilder's life in preparation for a college term paper, Margaret Menzi wrote the following:

"A few days after Father's death, when I was staying on with Mother, she showed me the last pages he had written in his diary, in which he was troubled by the fact that he had not stressed more the converting of men, the going out after their souls hammer & tongs, so to speak.

"I wish we had that diary but Mother felt those last pages were so personal she destroyed it. She said he had talked with her a good deal during the preceding weeks, questioning whether his philosophy had been justified or if he should have done more evangelizing aimed directly at converting people. She would tell him his way was surely the best - and there were hundreds of Chinese whose lives would bear witness to that.

"I think that the very fact that he had doubts, after a life of unselfish service, shows how truly humble (in the right way) he was."

**LIST OF BOOKS WRITTEN OR REVISED AND EDITED
BY G.D. WILDER**

Also Pamphlets and Magazine Articles, and Students' Texts.

I. CHINESE LANGUAGE

1. "Books of Bible and Chapters of Major Prophets Chronologically Arranged." Pamphlet published by Chinese Y.M.C.A. about 1900, A.D.
2. "Historical Geography of Palestine," by G.A. Smith, with maps, translated, excepting the linguistic arguments involving Arabic, etc. Published by The Society for the Diffusion of Christian and Religious Knowledge, Kwang Hsueh Hui. 1912 in mimeograph.
3. "Historical Atlas of China," with colored, copper plate maps for each of 20 Dynasties printed over green modern base map. Made to illustrate Mr. Chu-ko Ju-chi's "History of China After the Modern Manner," written under Dr. D.Z. Sheffield's eye, and edited by G.D.W.
4. "Chapin's (High School) Geography," repeatedly revised 1897 to 1914. Published by Peking Press(?) first, and Presbyterian Mission Press perhaps, printed by Fukuin Printing Press, Yokohama after 1898. Adopted by the Chinese Government about 1903-04.

II. MIMEOGRAPHED LECTURES IN FULL GIVEN TO MANY CLASSES

5. "The Church-Kingdom" by A. Hastings Ross. Given all classes in Church Polity from 1911 to 1924. Mimeographed.
6. Translation of "Rhetoric of Vocal Expression" by W. B. Chamberlain of Oberlin and Chicago University. Including (1) Use of the 8 groups of Vocal Organs; (2) 2nd year

- Mental analysis and Preparation for Expression. Given 1913 to 1929 to each yearly class. Mimeographed.
7. Bacon's "Manual of Gesture," with illustrations. 3rd year. Illustrative sentences, all in Chinese. Mimeographed 1916-26.

III. CHINESE & ENGLISH

8. "Analysis of Chinese Characters." Co-author with Dr. J.H. Ingram. With Introduction, Indices, and seal writings. Published by the authors, by the College of Chinese Studies, Printed by the Fukuin Printing Company, 1920 to 1940 in several editions. (Ed. Note: Re-published by Dover Publications in 1974.)
9. "The 5000 Dictionary" by C.H. Fenn, revised and edited in 5th Edition 1942, adding Historical and Literary tables, working with Mr. Chin Hsien-Tseng. Published by the Harvard University Press.
10. "Three Thousand Script Dictionary." Six styles of writing in parallel columns. Collaborated in the English part with Mr. Chin Hsien-Tseng. (This with other books has practically all fallen into the hands of the Japanese and should be rescued if possible after the war.)
11. "Williams Dictionary," Rearranged according to Wade's system of transliteration by E.G. Tewksbury, H.S. Galt and G. D. Wilder and a group of students under Mr. E.G.T.'s tutelage, who originated the plan.

IV. ENGLISH LANGUAGE

- (2) "Birds of Northeastern China." Wilder and Hubbard, Illustrated mainly by Li Chu-Nung, Richard Mather, and

- Mrs. Mr. Li, and Gertrude Wilder. 300 descriptions and 150 rare birds noted. Pub. by Peking Society of Natural History, 1938.
13. "Migration Notes", a column of about 50 numbers in "The China Journal of Arts and Sciences," Shanghai, 1922 to 1941, and a half dozen other articles on Birds or Nature subjects, in the same. These 55 articles and 2 new ones are edited for reprinting, in the hands of Henri Vetch, Peking, French Book Store.
 14. "List of the Birds of the Province of Chihli," with Notes by Wilder and Hubbard. A Pamphlet of about 125 pages. Printed in The Journal of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Shanghai. 1924.
 15. "Addition, Supplement and Corrections to List of Birds," (above) 1926.
 16. "Tentative List of the Birds of China." N. Gist Gee, Lacy Moffett, and George D. Wilder, editor. Published by the Bulletin of the Peking Society of Natural History.
 17. Revision of the above "List" about 1934, incorporating criticisms from ornithologists of England, America, Germany and Sweden.
 18. "Nesting of the Daurian Redstart." An intensive study of one family. Bulletin of the Peking Natural History Society. about 1933.
 19. "Birds of Hopei since David" (who wrote in 1877). About 100 added to the Provincial List.
 20. "Breeding Birds at Peking, their significance in fixing zoogeographical zones northward." About 1930.

21. "Chinese Religion," Bibliotheca Sacra, 1905.
22. "A New Basis for Missions." Chinese Recorder, about 1923(?)
23. "Li Tzu Yuan, Our Carpenter Deacon." Missionary Herald, about 1939(?)
24. Translations of 99 poems by Feng Yu Hsiang in Volume I of "A Collection of Pictures from Life in Rural Villages," drawn by Chao Wang Yun, a famous genre artist in villages south from Peking in Hopei in 1931 for the newspaper Ta Kung Pao. Mss left in the hands of Henri Vetch, French Bookstore.
25. Translations of 130 poems in Vol. II of the above, "Along the Great Wall" (1933). Mss in hands of Henri Vetch, of Peking, French Bookstore. Very anti-Japanese owing to the pressure by Japan along the Great Wall from Jehol.

Life Goes On

Perhaps I should have waited until I die to send the two checks.
Try to live within your income.
Worried about Durand.
Will begin looking over Father's notes -- miss him so.

Gertrude S. Wilder

Penn Yan,
July 22, 1946

Dearest Margaret,

Seeing that my last two letters have been to Len, I'll pen this one to you, though it will be mostly business. Perhaps I was too quick in sending the two checks to you, and there is time yet to decide whether you would rather have the money now, or wait until I die. It seems to me that now is the time you need it more than you will ever need it again. This isn't an investment of course, but a provisional gift on the same basis as our provisional gift to the Board for which I get six percent interest, but Len's suggestion of twelve dollars a month will be O.K. by me. With that added to my monthly income I won't need to touch our savings except in case of serious illness, another infected knee for instance, especially if I take the Indid spinster on with me to share expenses.

Why don't you and Len at the beginning of each month set by what you need (I mean one twelfth of what you will need) for taxes, etc. It seems to me that you should be able to manage that more easily than to be confronted by the whole sum when the time to pay taxes comes. You could stop a lot of little leaks that you don't notice ordinarily. I really wasn't expecting so large a bill, but I'm glad to help you out with the extras, so settle things all straight as soon as

you can and see if from now on you can't live within your income. It won't be so easy with prices sky rocketing. We'll all have to cut out the frills more than ever and live on "vegetables and pulse."

I have not been sleeping well lately, partly because I'm worried about Durand. Unless he is sick or something has happened to him, I can't understand why no letters have come since the one he mailed on May 28th. I have written to Ted asking his advice about inquiring through the State Dept. Of course it may only be that he is so busy getting started that he can't think of anything else.

Yesterday was an un-Sunday like day. Carroll had to dig up Olive's septic tank and that seemed to be the signal for everyone to cut church. We went for a nice drive in the evening.

When are you planning to go to Maine, if you are going, and when come here? They have reserved the little green cottage for the last two weeks in August, so that's when you'll have to come. I don't know what Ted's plans are, but we'll have to find out.

Grandma Daniels seems to be failing right along and most of the time doesn't seem to recognize anyone. I hope I'll be spared that kind of a lingering, slow dying.

It's raining today so we shall probably spend the day in the house reading, writing and sewing. I'm repairing Ursula's other long gown.

How is Betty getting along with her two jobs?

I have less than twenty letters to answer now and I must get at it; and when they are done I'm going to begin looking over father's notes.

I miss him so.

Love to your all,

Mother

A year later: a memorial service for Dr. Wilder at Teng Shih Kou, Peiping.
Predict Nationalist government will collapse within a year.
Communists now control the countryside.
Price inflation.

(Letter by Pastor Wang, transcribed by Margaret Menzi)

29 Teng Shih Kou
May 30, 1947

Dear Mrs. Wilder,

In the middle of May, 1947, we had a very nice Memorial Service for Dr. Wilder. In Miss Lyons' testimony one sentence struck me most and I was moved to cry. She said, "if you read the 1st Corinthians, Chap. 13, from verse 4 on, and take out the work -love' but insert -Pastor Wilder' you will feel that everything it says is quite true."⁸ I think she is right and that this can be said only of Wan Mu shih.

A Scholarship Fund was started at this time. Several million dollars C.N.C.,⁹ besides U.S. money came in.

I am in good health, but very busy. My family are in good form. My oldest boy is teaching in Normal College, the 2nd boy is studying music in Art School, and my little daughter is studying in Bridgman.

The situation in China is not very hopeful, I am sorry to say. If America is not going to help, our National Government will collapse within a year. The condition here in Peiping is as usual - that is, we cannot go to the countryside very far. The prices of commodities are going higher and higher, and I

⁸ ??

⁹ \$1 million CNC ' about \$200 U.S. (Ed.)

wonder if things go on like this for a few months more how can we live? I know business is very hard to do.

But one bright star in the whole situation is this: every where you find a willing ear for the gospel. No matter whether he is a student, a scholar, or a farmer. We have good opportunities and we have really much to do.

Rev. P.H. Wang

IN MEMORIAM

That same afternoon, May 17, at four o'clock and in the same place, a Memorial Service for Dr. George D. Wilder was held. Mr. Durand Wilder, a son of Dr. Wilder, now engaged in business in Peiping, was the only member of the family present, but a good company of friends rejoiced in recalling the many years of outstanding service which "Wan Mu Shih" rendered the cause of Christ in China between his first coming in 1894 and his death in 1946. Beginning with some of the thrilling experiences of the Boxer Year, when he underwent the siege of the settlement at Tientsin and carrying on through the years of teaching at the Union Seminary in Peiping and of service to the country churches of Peiping, Tungchou and Techow, one foreign and four Chinese friends and comrades bore testimony to the indelible impression of sacrificial love Dr. Wilder left upon a multitude of people in all walks of life.

The place was the beautiful little chapel of the Peiping Union Bible Training School for Women.

Written by Alfred D. Heminger, brother to the one you knew in China.

College of Chinese Studies' closing exercises.

CCS student body representative David Stowe's speech in Chinese.

Henry Fenn's tribute to George Wilder.

News that Robbins and Kitty Strong coming soon — most news is of postponements .

Earle Ballou (?)

June 30, 1947

Mrs. George D. Wilder
108 East College St.
Oberlin, Ohio

Dear Mrs. Wilder:

I want to tell you a bit about Henry Fenn's address as President of the College of Chinese Studies at their closing exercises last Friday evening. It was quite a party incidentally, with Mayor Ho Szu-yuan speaking too - very favorably disposed towards missionary work, especially as we recall his supposed opposition to Christian educational efforts in Shantung fifteen or so years ago when in charge of education in that province - and numerous other features, including a speech in Chinese by a representative of the student body that would have done credit to a person in his third or fourth year in China. This was by our own David Stowe.

Henry closed his remarks by holding up to the students his ideal of a missionary: a former member of the faculty, Dr. Wilder. He emphasized three things:

(1) Dr. Wilder was the embodiment in a human being of the Christian spirit. This was especially evident in his ability to work with people who disagreed with him - Mr. Fenn's father in particular.

(2) He had a spirit of youth which never died. He was always a young man, with physical vigor right up to the end. He was still hiking at 77, and played

tennis at 75. He was always seeking something new. He never ceased to think creatively.

(3) He had a number of hobbies - and Mr. Fenn urged all the students to cultivate hobbies of their own. Dr. Wilder's lessons in nature study are still vividly remembered. On a trip into the mountains and the more primitive life there he could tell the history of every old coin on a string of cash. His textbook on character analysis, jointly written with Dr. Ingram, was illustrative of another hobby. He was a man of many interests.

Exercise the cooperative spirit of tolerance; cultivate the spirit of eternal youth; take up and develop some hobby connected with the country to which you have come. And ask your friends more about George Durand Wilder.

I wish I had taken fuller notes. It was a strong and striking tribute. I wish you might have heard it in person.

Word came only yesterday from Harold Matthews that Robbins and Kitty Strong and the children are to sail a week earlier than previously announced. That information is in pleasant contrast to most of the notices, which are of postponements.

At the moment we are in the last stages (I hope) of helping three of our men get off for the States and periods of study there: Chao Hung-hsiang, P'ang Chih-k'un, and Ch'en Ch'ang-yu. There is a great deal of red-tape to be untangled in the process, but I think the job is about done.

With kindest personal regards,

Earl

