

The Wilders – 1946 – 63

**"IF THERE IS RIGHTEOUSNESS
IN THE HEART..."**

"If there is righteousness in the heart,
There will be beauty in the character.

If there is beauty in the character,
There will be harmony in the family home.

If there is harmony in the home,
There will be order in the nation.

When there is order in the nation,
There will be peace in the world."

Chinese Proverb, as quoted at Gertrude Wilder's funeral
Nov. 29, 1963

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 you 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, Aif 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."¹ 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,² 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 B that is, we cannot go to the countryside very far. The prices of commodities are going higher and higher, and I wonder if things go on like this for a few months more how can we live? I know business is very hard to do.

¹ ??

² \$1 million CNC ' about \$200 U.S. (Ed.)

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 "A 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, Tungchow 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 C 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

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 c

Mother

THE FALL OF TIENTSIN³

The fall of Tientsin was hectic. The siege started December 14, with six days of heavy shelling both ways. Then two weeks of lull during the day but fighting at night.

By January 6th, Lin Piao had moved up six more "armies" (the four armies he had boasted would take Tientsin in four days hadn't managed it) and the attack was on in earnest! For eight days firing was continuous, shells landing a half block from my house and one block from the office. All windows in stores along Victoria Road were shattered, as well as most of them in our office building.

January 14 Shell Oil Co's kerosene storage was hit and went up with a terrific bang! That one explosion was responsible for most of the shattered windows in our building. We thought we had suffered a direct hit by a 155 mm shell. Jim Ivy and I were in his top floor apartment, phoning Consul General Bob Smythe at the time.

The sky light flew open, showering us with dirt and glass. So we rushed downstairs to see if the office had been hit, and found the employees huddled in corners, the windows all blown out and glass and dirt all over the place.

We ordered all male employees into the cellar and all girls into the reinforced bank vault. (We had taken over the National City Bank building.) Then we got busy getting chairs, blankets, gas lantern, tea, etc. down to them.

³ Transcription by Margaret Menzi of a March 28, 1949 letter from Durand Wilder.

While this went on I went all through the building and finally up on the roof, checking the damage. On the roof I could see the tremendous column of smoke, with flames shooting 200 feet into the air, and I got a very good picture of it (which, by the way, the Associated Press is buying). While taking pictures I could hear shells whistling over my head and exploding a block away! I stayed aloft no longer than necessary to get the picture!

That afternoon when shelling let up a bit, three carloads of us made a dash for our respective homes. All night, windows and doors rattled and shook and the house trembled much more than had been usual for a month.

For three nights servants had slept in a dugout they'd made in the yard and urged me to join them, but I maintained that my bed was more comfortable.

Next morning a lot of small arms fire from houses on Race Course Road was going in all directions. I didn't risk driving to the office.

At 9:00 that evening I went out on the streets. Before I had gone two blocks I could see the Communist troops coming in at the end of Hongkong Road, a half block away.

I stayed to watch from a second-floor window. (The boy kept begging me to leave the window but I didn't think the Communists would shoot at a foreigner.)

I wish I'd gotten a picture of the Communists coming in. Indiscreet! Probably 3,000 advanced up Hongkong Road alone between 9 and 11 that night. The Nationalists were retreating, amid much aimless firing, tossing of hand grenades, etc.

At 3 A.M. I was fed up and decided to drive into town. I was stopped many times by Communist sentries, all of whom were extremely polite and let me through when I explained I was on the way to my office. There all was quiet and an officer in

their military "foreign affairs" detachment was interviewing Ivy. He was very polite, very intelligent and not at all anti-American or anti-foreign.

The three Americans with E.C.A. plus 13 other assorted foreigners finally managed to get out of Tientsin last Saturday.

We spent Friday afternoon having our luggage searched. Luckily a U.S. Consulate worker, Miss Adams, was found with the pamphlets "I bear Witness" and "My Daily Prayer," and the official spent so much time going through every letter, photo, etc. that when they got around to Jim Ivy and me they didn't look at a single paper! Otherwise, since we were carrying all our records, reports, etc. that we'd been unable to mail since December and we'd still be in Tientsin and probably under surveillance.

I managed to interpret for Miss Adams and finally convinced the Communist officer that the two tracts were inoffensive, that Miss Adams was not distributing them but that a fanatic aunt had mailed them to her to find out whether there was truth in the religious testimonials. So after going through her baggage three times he passed her through, and she and her husband came aboard.

Saturday morning we had to file into a lighter, where we had a cold, miserable ten hour ride out to the freighter B across the bar. From Taku Bar we went to Chemulpo, then to Pusan in Korea, and now we're off the coast of Shanghai and will be in Hong Kong on Thursday.

It has been dangerous to write until now.
Changes at Jefferson Academy.
People are getting poorer because of floods and some other reasons.
Teachers must learn Communist policies.
Symbolic meaning of the new flag.
No religious meetings on campus, but students can form own religious groups.

Jefferson Academy Tung Hsien, Ho Pei, China

April 2, 1950

Mrs. George Wilder,

Do you suppose that you have been forgotten or do you think that I am such a person who does not keep friends abroad? Yes, it seems for ages that I have not written my friends in the States. I am not lazy for letter writing, nor am I a cold-hearted fellow who does not know the importance of having friends. There is no way, to my own judgment, to prove that I do not plan to write you when I have time. But I, under such a new circumstance which I have never met before, do conscientiously feel that I can never be accused as too cautious about writing letters to those who are on the other side of the world. As soon as I notice that the situation here changed a little and it permits me to write, I take the chance to tell you something about the school.

The Spring term began on the 6th of March. Due to the bad flood of last year and some other reasons people here became poorer and poorer. Most of them have sold what can be sold for buying things eatable. It is seldom to find persons in the rural places who have enough money to buy what they need. It is not uncommon to see people eating a kind of bread made of a mixture of corn meal, leaves of trees, and chaff of grain. The number of beggars increases every day. Everybody hopes to have a good wheat harvest. Such is the living condition of most of the country people in the north. As to the city dwellers I should say there is not much difference if they are compared with the peasants. It is obvious that the number of students decreased this term, as most of the parents cannot afford their children to attend private schools. The number of girl students here in Jefferson decreased from about 140 to a little over 100.

The total enrollment this term is 748 whereas last year there were 835.

There are 58 students receiving free scholarship from the school and no less than 35 others to whom no scholarship can be given waiting for the school to get some specials to pay their fees for them. Besides there are also 305 students whose parents cannot pay the school fees on registration day and promised to pay after this coming wheat harvest, that is to say, they are hard up now and hope to be able to pay after three months. Such is the financial condition of most of the parents of the students. In order to meet the need of the people, and to carry out the purpose of Christian education we have to reduce the student's payment to its lowest possible amount. (It is also the policy of the government.) By so doing the income of the school is less than what she had before. There is a new regulation issued by the Provincial Government that each school should have enough teachers and officers to work in the school in order to reduce their teaching and working hours. We used to ask each teacher to take 20 teaching periods per week and now they should not be asked to take more than from 16 to 18 periods. This means that we have to invite 6 new teachers even though the number of students decreased. Last term we have a deficit of \$330 U.S. and how much we are going to have this term nobody knows yet. Certainly it is very hard to run a school under the new regime.

Each teacher in the school is not only to teach but also to learn the new knowledge of the policy of the Communist Party and the new regime. The following instance will show you what we have learned about the new national flag. The flag is red in color, and in the left upper corner of it there are five yellow stars, a big one in the center and four smaller ones surround it in a crescent shape. The big star represents the Communist Party and the four smaller ones, four classes, namely, the working class, the peasant class, the petty bourgeoisie and the national bourgeoisie. These four classes are called "the people" and are friends. Under the leadership of the Communist Party they form their own state and elect their own government. Freedom of speech, of assembly, and of association are given only to these four classes, the people, and to them the right of vote is also given. The Kuomintang Party and their henchmen are called the reactionaries to whom oppression is given. These two aspects, democracy among the people and dictatorship over the reactionaries, combine to form the people's democratic

dictatorship. "The People's Democratic Dictatorship" is the name of a famous pamphlet written by President Mao Tze Tung.

We have been instructed that no religious meetings are allowed in school, nor can anyone gather together students for religious instruction. But if students spontaneously organize themselves into a Christian group and have religious meeting in school, it is allowed to do so. Even in the government university like Tsing Hua there is Christian fellowship organized by Christian students. Of course the church is the place to take care of students' religious life. That is why we have now Pastor Peng to work for school boys and girls in our church, the Church of Martyrs. Miss A. M. Huggins, living outside of the campuses of both schools, has Bible classes every day, and very often religious meetings are held in her house.

If you wish to write me, please address your letter as the following and I shall get it safely.

c/o Rev. Elmer Galt
29 Teng Shih K'ou
Peking, China.

Very sincerely yours,

B.Y. Chin

A poem for Gertrude Wilder's 80th birthday.

POEM ON GERTRUDE WILDER'S 80TH BIRTHDAY

By Ursula Wilder Daniels

December 9, 1951

M O T H E R

She has the feel of beauty in her hands
With paints she makes things breathe and come alive,
And working in the friendly earth, her hands
Help tender seedlings stir and sun-ward strive.

She has the need of truth and holds it fast -
Unchecked by what all others think and say;
Yet, running through her being, touching all,
There is a tenderness for those who lose the way.

And while she loves her own and fills their need,
She bears the outcasts of the world - this is her creed.

Nine Years Later

During the 1950s, Gertrude Wilder lived at 909 Woods Road, Ypsilanti, Michigan, with the family of her daughter, Margaret Wilder Menzi, who was responsible for preserving many of the letters and other documents that make up this collection.

Thanks for gift from the head of Yu Ying school.
Memories of Dr. Wilder's help since childhood.

American Board Mission

Yu Ying Middle School
50 CHI YUAN ROAD SIN PEI TAO
TAIPEI. TAIWAN

20 February 1960

Dear Mrs. Wilder,

Your letter of the 19th December has brought me the greatest pleasure and your Christmas card that seemed to be the best gift I had got last year.

It has also recalled me of the old time that Mr. Wilder had helped me ever since I was a child and it was through him that I could begin my education in the school and most of all it was through him that I could commence my career at the Yu Ying school; I can well remember it was in the year of 1930. Yu Ying became fully developed to a considerable state and was thought of highly by the public; I can trust it is all owing to you and Mr. Wilder.

Thank you for thinking of me so deeply. I am really not very happy since my wife and I have fled from the mainland in 1948 to Taiwan, after the Communists came; I am afraid most of our old friends have suffered from cruelty of the Communists in the mainland by now and even some have died.

After I have arrived in Taiwan with my wife only, while all my sons and daughters and 11 grandsons and granddaughters were left on the mainland. I have begun working on the re-establishment of Yu Ying here. I have got a piece of land on the mountainside at Peitou and built houses for classrooms and a dormitory in 1955 with a small amount of capital of my own and loans from friends for most of the parts, especially from the Hunters and some alumni. We have now got nearly 800 students, 13 classrooms and three dormitories and a school campus with a dimension of 100 mus; I think the entire estate is worth more than US\$ 40,000.

I think you will be very glad to know about this and I am very happy to tell you that we can get more money from the late Mr. Shaw to build a Shaw's Hall in memory of him.

At the first sight of your letter, I was extremely happy to know that you have enjoyed your good health until now, as you can still write so steadily and firm, and it is a true fact that lets me be happy.

My daughter Pao Ying and her husband have gone to the States last month and they have settled down to take a teaching position in the Yale University, and I hope they may have the opportunity of seeing you there.

I am greatly sorry for the death of Mr. Wilder at the time when the Communists had run wild and I could not be able to write a line to express my grief; and I also wish to ask your pardon for my delaying this letter since I have been busy about our school affairs during the beginning of this term.

There are also some of the Chuan's family here down in Taiwan and I am so happy that you can be able to spend your gayish time with your beloved daughter and inClaw. I hope I can write you as often as I can and enclosed in this letter are some pictures of this Taiwan Yu Ying school for your leisure hours. Please write me soon.

Cordially yours,

Ju Sung Li

RANDOM JOTTINGS: The Story of our Life in China

by Gertrude Stanley Wilder

(The original manuscript of this oral memoir was typewritten by Gertrude Menzi Dottle, beginning in March 1959. The stencils were cut and mimeographing done by Mrs. E. Edwin Ensign in October 1961.)

CONTENTS

1862 - 92

From Stanleyville, Ohio to Tientsin, China
Growing up in Tientsin
Off to School in Oberlin, Ohio

1892 - 1900

Back Home in China
Tungchou: First Years with George
The Boxer Rebellion

1900 - 1914

Pei-tai-ho: Summers at the Beach
Growing up in Tungchou
Bee Culture in Oberlin
Peking: "Drum Tower West"
A Journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway

1915 - 37

Teng Shih Ko'u: The American Board Compound in Peking
Tungchou Again: The Warlord Years and the Second Revolution
Techou: Bank Failure and Flood

1939 - 43

Return to Japanese-occupied China

Afterword: The Wilder Family, Extended

RANDOM JOTTINGS B THE STORY OF OUR LIFE IN CHINA

1862 - 92

As I begin this story, and before I mention myself, I must write at least a paragraph about my parents.

From Stanleyville, Ohio, to Tientsin, China (1862)

My father's home was Stanleyville, near Marietta, Ohio. He was brought up on a farm but spent his college years in Marietta, and from there went to Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, for his theological studies. It was while there that he met my mother, Ursula Johnson, whose home was in Cincinnati, and persuaded her to go with him to North China as missionaries under the American Board. My mother used to say that "Some people were born great and some were born in Ohio." My parents were born in Ohio and they were great.

The voyage to China was a long one, as it took them nearly six months to round the Horn and cross the Pacific, but they finally reached Tientsin, where they were welcomed by Dr. Blodget - the first American Missionary in North China - and by Mr. and Mrs. Lees of the English Congregational Church.

They made their home at first in a small courtyard inside the walled city of Tientsin, but in a year or two, for health reasons, they joined the group of English missionaries near the British concession.

Mother loved flowers. In the summer our garden was always in full bloom and in the winter our glazed-in porch was filled with ferns and many kinds of flowering plants.

It was to Mother that missionaries from the interior on their way home on furlough came to have their clothes remodeled and their old hats re-trimmed. One such hat was a hopeless mess, but instead of discarding it immediately, Mother somehow got it too near the lighted candle during the ripping process and it went up in flames. Immediately, one of her own old hats was refurbished with satisfactory results. Lucius Porter, then a young lad, seems to have played a part in that hat burning.

When the editor of the Missionary Herald asked for suggestions that would add value to the magazine, Mother thought of suggesting a fashion supplement!

Father was just as fond of trees as Mother was of flowering plants. He tried for several years to raise buckeyes - the Ohio State tree - but never succeeded because of the dry, cold winters. On his first furlough, Father took a "quickie" dental course and for years he was the only one north of Shanghai who could pull teeth and fill cavities. With the very crude implements of that day he was a mixed blessing to many people, Chinese and foreign.

Growing Up in Tientsin (1870 - 84)

I was born in 1870, missing the Tientsin Massacre by only six months. That was an anti-foreign, localized affair, the natural result of hatred and suspicion engendered by the Opium War. Superstition was also a factor, for it was a time of drought and famine, and the lack of rain was said to be due to the presence of foreigners. The small group of foreigners living in the Walled City were all killed and that night it poured! The plan was to over-run the larger foreign community living about two miles from the city the next day, but the rain made the dirt roads impassable and swift action by the government put a stop to the trouble. It was a harrowing experience while it lasted --- almost forgotten now.

Father was on a country tour in Shantung at the time, but rumors flew and he at once started back to Tientsin in spite of the protests of the carter, who was thoroughly scared. By the time he reached home all was over but the "Massacre" must have been a subject of conversation for some years, for when I was quite young my mother heard me telling a caller that I stood on the back steps holding tight to my mother while we watched the flames from the burning Catholic Church. She had difficulty convincing me that I was not there. The "Massacre" was in June and I was born the following December.

Of the six children, two died when very young; the first baby girl from smallpox and Jessie, the little sister three years younger than I, from typhus fever. That was a terrible famine year. Destitute people fled from the country to the cities where they hoped for relief. Mat sheds were put up for them in open spaces outside the city wall, where they lived in hunger, misery and filth for several months. The small groups of missionaries did what they could with limited means, going among the people to distribute food. Jessie was undoubtedly a famine casualty, for no one knew then that lice were carriers of typhus, hence no special precautions were taken. She was a beautiful child.

As a result of Father's trips to the famine district to distribute relief, a delegation from one of the larger villages came some months later to inquire why it was that perfect strangers and foreigners had come to their help. They offered

their village temple for use and asked that some one might be sent to preach and to teach. That is how our first mission work began in Pan Chuang, where the Smiths, Porters and the Wycoff sisters were stationed and worked for years.

Four of us children grew up together. As I look back it seems to me that our childhood years were fairly normal and happy, although we had few playmates.

One of my earliest recollections is that of my father reading out loud to us after supper, while Mother sewed and we all sat around the dining room table listening. The book was In Darkest Africa by Henry M. Stanley, which in fact made me feel quite important since our name was Stanley, too.

We always had family prayers directly after supper and I remember wishing that my father wouldn't pray so long. Much later I realized that his prayers were beautiful in their sincerity and expression. But they did seem awfully long to a little girl.

There was no school, so my early education was the "on again, off again" kind, for our home was the way-station for most of the arriving and departing missionaries. Sometimes they would stay with us for only a few days, sometimes for weeks, and during those times, lessons had to take a secondary place. My other was the teacher, of course. There were compensations, however, for we met many people whom we would have never seen otherwise, some of them notables like Hudson Taylor, world famous founder of the China Inland Mission. One notable who lived in our compound and was a member of our mission was Dr. Arthur H. Smith. He was an omnivorous reader, a brilliant writer and speaker, whose stories and jokes were just as good in Chinese as they were in English. Uncle Ming, as we called him, always had time for us children whenever we might drop in to ask him for a poem or a story. I remember one Sunday when we trailed over to the Smith house for a poem. "Well," said Uncle Ming, "This is the Sabbath day so it will have to be a religious poem." That was quite all right with us, so this is what we got:

"A partially converted mule,
Attended once a Sunday School.
But Satan lingered in his heels,
And so the school dispersed with squeals."

We children, a few years later, published a paper, "The Family Friend." It was printed with aniline ink on a gelatin pad - a messy job - and came out once a month. Uncle Ming was our star contributor, and his poems, stories and letters to the editors explain in part the popularity of our modest sheet.

Some unconnected incidents pop into mind.

One day I lost a small, treasured thimble in the grass and weeds, so I tested the power of prayer. Fortunately, I found the thimble, but not until I had done some intensive hunting.

I well remember the ghastly appearance of the sun and sky when the Krakatao volcano "blew its top" and my questioning as to whether or not the world was coming to an end. It looked ominous, but I don't remember being frightened by the awesome spectacle or by the thought of sudden translation.

Our next door neighbors were English Congregationalists and warm friends. Their daughter, Laura, was my dearest playmate and we had good times together, although we occasionally had language difficulties. For instance, she said that he was John the Baptist while I insisted that he was John the Bptist. One day Father brought a new cow, the only way in which we could get milk and a process that had to be repeated as soon as the cow went dry. This special cow seemed unfriendly to say the least. When we girls went to the shed to look at her and she began to shake her head and paw the ground, I said to Laura, "Don't go any nearer, she's mad," whereupon Laura ran home to tell her parents that the Stanley's cow was crazy. It wasn't long before the whole Lees family came over to see how a demented cow behaved. To me, "mad" meant "cross."

When I was quite young, our old Chinese amah told me that I had made a mistake in being born a girl; that having two girls already my parents had not wanted me at all. They wanted a boy. Instead of going to my mother about it, I tested her affection by falling down where she could see me and hurting myself just enough to cry out and produce a few crocodile tears. Mother sympathized with me enough to put my mind almost at rest and then I told her what old Chao-ma had said. Her assurance the Chao-ma was all wrong and that I was loved just as much as if I had been a boy settled the matter once and for all, leaving no scars on my small heart as far as I know. When my brother, Charles, eventually arrived, there was great rejoicing among the Chinese, to whose way of thinking a boy-less family is quite incomplete.

When we were nine or ten years old it occurred to Laura and me that we ought to be doing some good, so we decided to start a little school for the benefit of our cooks' children. Father had a store room cleared out and we gave it a good cleaning. No benches were necessary for there was a k'ang (brick platform bed) that answered every purpose. We started with six pupils and our course of study was to memorize the Lord's Prayer and to learn to read the three character catechism. Our school lasted for only two weeks for, much to our confusion, we

always got muddled when about half way through the prayer and we found that our pupils could outstrip us when it came to learning new characters. We were poor teachers whose small charges gradually melted away. Thus ended our do-good venture.

I always liked to watch Mother pack the food box when Father went on his country tours. This was a large, shallow box with compartments lined with tin, into which went home-made bread, butter (from France), sugar (from England), condensed milk (from America) and always dozens of doughnuts and other things.

These country trips sometimes lasted two or three months and they meant a great deal of rough going for my father. On the long trips the food box was necessary because Father couldn't stand a steady diet of Chinese food.

Every winter there were one or two foreign gun-boats stationed at Tientsin for the protection of the legations in Peking. There were two United State gun-boats that took their turns guarding the legations - the Monocasy and the Palos.

When I was quite small, my parent became interested in two midshipmen who were serving their apprenticeship on the Monocasy. One of them came to our house a great deal during that winter. After the river was open again and the boat returned to the United States, he and Mother exchanged letters for several years. I remember pictures of him, his wife and little daughter in our family album.

More than fifty years afterwards when we were living in Peking, the Secretary of the United States legation called me up to say that Admiral K_____ was in Peking and that the first question he asked was whether anyone by the name of Stanley was still in North China. He went on to quote Admiral K_____ as saying that had it not been for Mrs. Stanley, he would have never risen to his present rank. It was access to our home and especially her influence that had saved him from the pitfalls of life in port that had entrapped some of his shipmates. Mr. Tenney brought the admiral and his charming daughter to our house for tea that afternoon and we had a delightful time remembering things of long ago. Once more he said, "I owe everything I am to Mrs. Stanley" B a beautiful tribute that must have made my mother feel happy.

Off to School in Oberlin, Ohio (1884 - 91)

In 1884, Mother, with three children, went to the United States to put us into regular schools. (My oldest sister, Mary, had been in America for four years

and had completed high school.) The trip was a long one for we stopped at many ports along the way to deliver our cargo, which was tea, and to replenish our fuel, which was soft coal. Because a case of cholera developed on the ship no one was allowed to go on shore at any of the ports, not even we four who were the only passengers, so no sightseeing could be done at the interesting places where we stopped. We skirted the China coast, rounded Malaya and India, passed through the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean, the Straits of Gibraltar, crossed the Atlantic and finally landed in New York without having set foot on dry land. The ship's steward had laid in a stock of provisions including some live sheep and chickens (there was no cold storage) but things began to give out and toward the end there was no butter, sugar or condensed milk. Hot cereal doesn't taste as it should with molasses instead of milk and sugar. It was a really hard trip but it was easy on the Board financially.

From New York we went to Marietta where we encountered more water - the flood of 1884, one of the worst in history. From my uncle's home we went by rowboat to a hotel that was on higher ground. The next morning we stepped from the hall stairway into another rowboat, which took us to still higher ground and to the home of the Congregational minister, where we stayed until the water subsided and we were able to start for Oberlin. The minister's home was one of the headquarters for relief and we helped as we could in the giving out of food and clothing. Then on to Oberlin where Mary entered the Conservatory of Music and Helen entered college.

With me, a great deal of foundation work was necessary, but eventually I was able to enter Oberlin College and to become a member of the Class of 1891, made famous by our classmate, Robert Millikan, and made notable by several other outstanding members. As I moved into Talcott Hall, my parents and small brother, Charles, were packing up to return to China. And the next year my two sisters followed them, Mary as a missionary and Helen, because of health reasons, leaving me along and quite forlorn.

To go back a little. In my freshman year, my father sent me a draft for \$20.00 gold. When I went to the bank the cashier handed me two or three bills, whereupon I looked at him solemnly and said "It says gold, doesn't it?" He looked at me queerly, took back the bills and handed me a twenty dollar gold piece, which I immediately took to the store next door, bought some thread and buttons, gave up my precious gold piece and got a fist full of change and bills. But I learned something.

That same year I wanted to send a photograph of myself to my parents for a Christmas gift, so I went to a photographer's studio. He was not there, the

young clerk said, he had gone to Tiffin. When I told him that I'd wait he said again, "He's gone to Tiffin!" Then I assured him that I wasn't in a hurry and would look at the magazines until he returned. "But he's gone to Tiffin," the clerk said again, "and won't be back until tomorrow." Only then did I realize that his Tiffin (a nearby town) and my tiffin (lunch) were two different things.

My college days were happy, on the whole. Our rules were strict: in our rooms by 7:30; in bed by 10:00 o'clock; no walking with a young man unless both happened to be going in the same direction. We could be seen home from choir practice and there were occasional lectures, concerts and parties to which we could be beamed. The strange thing is that very few of us chafed under the restrictions or felt like rebelling. We had compulsory chapel five days in a week and we had to go to church once on Sunday! We had always been a singing family, so it was natural for me to join the First Church choir and the Musical Union at once, and I look back upon them as my happiest and most rewarding experiences in Oberlin. Another was the privilege of hearing Dr. James Brand preach twice every Sunday and feeling free to call at the Brand home whenever I wanted to, which was often.

There were two church services on Sunday and in addition, I attended a "Young Ladies' Meeting" in Sturgess Hall that came before the evening church service. The meetings were always conducted by our dean of women, Mrs. A.A.F. Johnston, and they were good. The singing was a *cappella* and since I had been commandeered to start and select the hymns, my attendance was necessary and was never a hardship. That bit of leadership boosted my morale.

1892 - 1900

Back Home in China (1892)

After graduating in 1891, two classmates and I went to Columbus, Ohio, to teach in an institution for mentally retarded children. There I taught for two years, trying with no training to do a job that was meant for specialists. Those were two drab years, though not particularly hard ones. I had the privilege of singing in the choir of Washington Gladden's church, for which I received fifty cents a Sunday and of hearing him preach twice every Sunday. That was a great privilege, one that I would appreciate today more than I did then.

During my second year at Columbus, I began to think about going back to China and when Mrs. Sheffield, who was on furlough, wrote to me suggesting that I go back with her, I applied to the American Board and was accepted.

There was a theological controversy going on at the time, so the committee wrote me asking where I stood on the question of "second probation." I didn't know just how to answer, for I knew little about theology nor had I heard about the discussion. My answer was that I believed in the justice and mercy of God and was quite content to leave the matter in his hands. So with several others, including Abbie Chapin and Etta Williams, I sailed for China in August of 1893, having spent ten years in the United States - year filled with new experiences and perplexities, but on the whole, happy years.

We had a delightful trip across the Pacific Ocean and a royal welcome when we arrived in Tientsin. It was a joy to see my parents and sister again and to be back in China. My brother, Charles, went to the States that same summer, and we had a few days together in Lake Forest, where he entered the Lake Forest Academy.

I had forgotten most of my childhood Chinese, but my Pekinese teacher, with whom I spent five hours a day, helped me to more than recover it and started me on the road to learning the characters. I was soon reading the gospels easily and struggling with some of the simpler classics.

As soon as I was able to read a little, some teaching in the girls' school was assigned to me, in addition to which I led chapel occasionally and visited in homes. On one such occasion, when a group of women and I were sitting together on the k'ang, there came a loud thumping on the gate (the courtyards had high brick walls) and the women, frightened out of their wits, said, "Russian soldiers!" This particular winter it was the turn of the Russians to send gunboats to Tientsin.. Their crew kept the village women in constant fear. Too angry to be scared, I strode to the gate, drew the bar, opened the door and shouted "Chu pa!" (Get out!) to three Russian soldiers. They hadn't expected to see a foreign woman and they did get away in a hurry.

And so that year passed mostly in study with a few other activities.

My sister, Helen Ash, had died in childbirth the year before, so I never saw her again after we parted in Oberlin. She was very artistic, was a great reader and a wonderful letter writer. One of my treasures was a painting of hollyhocks out in the open that she had done. It was one of the many things that the Japanese appropriated in 1943.

My sister Mary and I lived together in what was called "The Ladies' House." It was only a few steps from the old home, where we had our meals with father and mother.

There were two schools in our compound, one for boys (Jefferson Academy) and one for girls (The Goodrich Girls' School), and a small chapel where church and other gatherings were held. From there, our work branched out into the country and the big city of Tientsin. My father and sister made many tours by mule cart to the villages where there were little groups of Christians, strengthening the church much as Paul did.

Tungchou: First Years With George (1894 - 1902)

The year 1894 was marked by the Sino-Japanese War and the coming of George Wilder and his mother to China. The Empress Dowager had built the magnificent Summer Palace in the Western Hills with money that had been set aside to create and equip an army and navy. When war broke out, the navy was almost an unknown quantity and it was a tatterdemalion mob with neither uniforms nor arms that straggled down the Taku Road, past our front gate to the scene of battle. The Japanese won easily on land and sea and they also won many concessions when peace was concluded.

One little incident shows how indifferent many of the people were as to the fate of their country in contrast to the nationalism that swept the country a few years later. The day that we heard of the sinking of the Chinese flag ship by the Japanese, I rushed to the kitchen to tell our man-of-all-work. He merely looked at me blankly and said, "It wasn't my boat."

To go back to George Wilder. When I left Oberlin to start on my journey to China, Mr. Glenn, a white haired, Negro barber and a good friend of ours, called me into his shop as I passed by one day, saying that he would like to give me something. "What about a good shampoo?" So then and there I had my first professional shampoo. A year later, it came to pass that George Wilder stepped into Mr. Glenn's shop for a hair cut, and as he left, Mr. Glenn told him that he would be greatly pleased if after he (George) arrived in China he would ask a certain young lady named Stanley to change her name to Wilder. He did, after a while, and it worked!

Our courting was done mostly by letter, and during that time I had to stand much teasing by the school girls who used George's surname character, Wan, which means ten thousand,

鳥

on every possible occasion. In geography class, they would solemnly tell me that the great wall was ten thousand miles long and that ten thousand times ten thousand bushels of peanuts were exported annually from Shantung, when I had not asked for such details. One day when I had to lead chapel on a moment's notice, I hurriedly selected a hymn because the tune looked easy to play. Almost at once the girls began to giggle and I saw to my horror that the heading of the hymn was, "Happy Pair in Wedlock Joined." We managed to struggle through one verse.

We were married in the simple little chapel filled with the school girls and boys and friends of four or five nationalities, my father performing the ceremony. We left soon after the reception amid the bursting of hundreds of fire crackers. From here on the story will be "we" instead of "I".

After a three day's trip by houseboat, to which Grandma Wilder had given a bridal look by covering the interior with yards and yards of mosquito netting, we drew up a muddy bank at the walled city of Tungchou, the city that was to be our home for many years.

That year was spent mostly in language study. It was the year in which George had typhoid fever in the Winter and I had smallpox in the Spring, both contracted when we were on country tours, exposed to whatever was popular at the time.

It was while convalescing from typhoid fever that George began his notes on Chinese birds. We would ride on donkeys to one of the wooded cemeteries where there would be migrant birds stopping for a rest among the old cedar, pine and poplar trees as well as the year 'round birds. He kept his bird notes faithfully from then on, and in 1938 he and Hugh Hubbard, also a bird man, finished their book, The Birds of North Eastern China, which was published by the Peking Natural History Society, of which George was a charter member and first president.

This was also the year in which George preached his first sermon in Chinese and in which I began visiting our day schools and examining the children on their work.

Perhaps the most upsetting thing that happened in that first year was what turned out to be nothing at all. George and Dr. Ingram had left on their bicycles for a short tour of nearby villages and had been gone only two days when word came that they had been captured by soldiers, had been forced to give an exhibition on their bicycles, had then been tied across the saddles of two horses and carried off to no one knew where. Two days later when our men returned they were amazed at the warm, tearful welcome they received. It transpired that the magistrate, hearing the report, sent out a scout who on his return denied the rumors. When George asked the magistrate why he had not let us know, his reply was, "You don't tell things to stupid, know-nothing women, do you?"

They had been accosted by soldiers who insisted upon their giving an exhibition in bicycle riding on a threshing floor and who almost insisted upon commandeering the bicycles. When Dr. Ingram and George explained that a bicycle was a dangerous machine, not easy to master, the squad reluctantly and gruffly went on its way. Thus rumors are spread!

On February 21st, 1897, our first child, Theodore Stanley, was born, and on August 19th, 1898, our first daughter, Margaret came in the midst of a crashing thunder storm. Then on June 4, 1900, during the Boxer uprising, Durand came. His classic remark when six years old was, "I was born fleeing from the Boxers." That was very near the truth - too near to be funny.

The Boxer Rebellion (1900)

The Boxer rebellion of 1900 was horrible. After months of rumors and incidents, it finally broke out with fury, backed by a tottering government that tried to turn the popular dissatisfaction with itself into hatred of the foreigner and of all Chinese who had anything to do with foreigners.

Perhaps if the foreign legations had heeded the warnings of missionaries in the interior and had sensed what was happening in Shantung, Hopei, and Shansi, many lives might have been saved. But light came too late. When a young Anglican missionary was murdered in Shantung, the legations protested so strongly that the Governor of the province was transferred to Shansi. It was an actual promotion, for this hard, cruel man was one of the Empress Dowager's favorites. Yuan Shih-Kai was made governor of Shantung and he succeeded in quelling the movement there, while the worst massacres occurred in Shansi. Many missionaries were massacred, among whom were at least ten members of our mission, and thousands of Chinese became martyrs. It was a time when fear and hatred were unloosed; when many who were neither foreigners nor

Christians were hunted down and killed to settle old grudges. The very worst elements were leaders and the movement was backed by the government.

The Imperial edict, "Kill all foreigners" had gone out, but two courageous officials in South China changed the word "kill" to "protect," thus saving the lives of countless Chinese and many foreigners in all but two provinces. They knew that if found out it would mean a terrible death for them, but they met the challenge and suffered the penalty.

Grandma Wilder, the three children and I, with other women and children, left Tientsien by the last boat before the allied troops arrived, leaving George in Tientsien to help hold the place and care for the 500 Christians who had flocked to the British concession for protection. The British authorities were afraid to allow their entrance at first, but were finally persuaded to do so. They proved their value almost at once for it was these Christian refugees who dug the ditches, filled the sand bags and made themselves indispensable.

Our ship docked near the mouth of the river and there all night we watched the bombardment of the Taku forts by the allied warships. The shells were passing back and forth directly over our ship, but it didn't occur to us that we were in any danger. The captain and officers had gone on shore for a good time and were not able to return after the bombardment began, so there was no one on board to tell us what to do. The forts capitulated after the powder magazines blew up, (a marvelous sight) and soon after that we were steaming on our way to Japan, but the legations were not relieved until two months later.

For a year the three children and I lived in beautiful Japan in a rented house near our American Board premises in Kobe, but in spite of everything we were glad to return in 1901 to Peking, where we lived in a Prince's run-down palace that had been a Boxer headquarters, from which the looting and burning of the legations and mission compounds had been done. George and Mr. Stelle decided on a fair rental, which was kept for and later paid to the owners, much to their surprise and gratitude.

The stories of Christians who died rather than renounce their faith would fill volumes. How easy it would have been to "Ke tou" or to burn a stick of incense before an idol! Significantly, there had been wide-spread revival meetings in North China a few months before, which undoubtedly prepared many Christians for what was in store for them.

In Tungchou the whole mission plant had been looted and burned. When it came to rebuilding it seemed best to exchange the city side for vacant land

outside the city wall not far from the south gate. Building went on apace and in September, 1902, five families B the Sheffields, Tewksburys, Ingrams, Galts, and Wilders B and two single women moved into our new homes. The people were nervous and fearful, but the atmosphere soon became normal and friendly. It's too long a story to begin.

1900 - 1914

Pei-Tai-ho: Summers on the Beach

After the Boxer uprising we bought a ruin at Pei-Tai-ho on the sea coast, which we made over into a comfortable summer cottage and there, while the children were young, we spent some weeks nearly every summer. It was a beautiful spot with perfect beaches for real swimmers and places where the water was always shallow and safe for the little tots. The small group that started the trek to the sea shore grew steadily until the Pei-Tai-ho community was able to erect a church for everybody, that served on week days as a concert and lecture hall.

Pei-Tai-ho had been discovered by my father, Charles Stanley, and Dr. Pyke of the Methodist mission, and for years it was a blessing to North China people who never before had been able to avoid the worst heat of the torrid summers. Pei-Tai-ho was responsible for the lives and good health of many small children I'm sure, for I remember that my summers as a child had been a tale of recurring intestinal upsets.

Growing up in Tungchou

On October 11, 1902, Ursula was born and the family was complete. They will have to write their own stories. Suffice it to say that they grew up in our beautiful Tungchou compound with a congenial group of American Board children; that they were loved by the Chinese, who commended them for their courtesy and friendliness; that the boys went to an English school in Chefoo, a China Inland Mission school, where they acquired good habits of study, and that the girls had most of their schooling at home for the first few years; that they all graduated from college, married and all have children and grandchildren of their own, who have provided me with twenty-six exceptional great-grandchildren as of this date, October 1961.

Bee Culture in Oberlin (1903)

In the autumn of 1903, with Grandma Wilder and our four children, we left for our first furlough, spending the year in Oberlin. Before we left, the church in Tungchou held a farewell reception for us, presenting us with a beautiful banner and with three cloisonne pieces, one of which was a covered jar, one of our most prized wedding gifts. It evidently had been looted before the house was burned and then pawned, for it was in a pawn shop that our friends found it. It is now in Margaret's possession.

During that furlough we became interested in bee culture. On his country trips George had noticed the crude mud hives that the farmers used and the difficulties connected with getting the honey free from bees and wax and preparing it for market. So we went to Medina, Ohio, where we learned something about bee keeping, bought two hives, several pounds of wax foundation, subscribed to the bee keeper's magazine and after our return, started classes in modern bee keeping. At least George did. Students signed up for the course, carpenters learned to make hives according to exact measurements and that was the beginning of modern bee keeping in China.

Peking: "Drum Tower West" (1911 - 14)

In 1911 to prevent over-lapping, the Presbyterians in Peking sent one of their number to teach in Jefferson Academy in Tungchou while we went to Peking to help in the theological school there, staying in the Presbyterian mission compound near the Drum Tower (on *Ku-lou-hsi*, or "Drum Tower West") until 1914 when we went home on our second furlough, going by post train, this time, across Siberia and Russia and visiting other places in Europe (see below).

When word got around that we were moving to Peking, the officials in Tungchou thought that we were being promoted and before we could deter them, they had planned a farewell for us, about which we could do nothing but have tea and cakes ready for them when they appeared. It was quite an occasion, with officials and leading men of the city, banners and double ended firecrackers set off at intervals and with people flocking in to see the show. I am sure that I am right in saying that no man in Tungchou had made as many friends as George, from the beggars on the streets to the elite. He was always friendly and outgoing and ready to lend a helping hand. Of course his special work brought him into contact with all kinds of people.

Outside of our work, the outstanding event of those few years was the revolt of Yuan Shih K'ai's soldiers in Peking and the burning and looting of parts

of the city. Everyone was jittery for a few days. To our surprise we found that soldiers belonging to a general whom we had known in Tungchou were on guard outside our big compound gate. They told us that their general had posted them there and that we could "fang hsin" -- rest our hearts.

The boys were in Chefoo at the time of the revolt, thus missing the excitement. The outbreak came soon after the girls had gone to bed. It seemed best to be ready for whatever might take place so I went upstairs to waken them and help them dress. They had already heard the gun-fire and were wide awake. As I helped Ursula into her clothes she said, with her teeth chattering, "I'm never going to be a missionary." Margaret took it more calmly at the time but she suffered from nervous fear for a long time afterward.

In Peking George's work was teaching in the Theological school while I did some teaching in women's classes, in addition to trying to teach the two girls. During one of the hard winters I tried to help some of the poor around us by teaching them to make hooked rugs, a project that I continued for several years after our return to Tungchou.

Life in the big city was interesting. On Sundays we went to the Chinese church in the morning and to the English language church in the late afternoon, often walking the two miles there and back. We loved to visit the fairs and the bazaars and we enjoyed the social contacts at the international tennis club, where we relaxed by playing tennis quite often.

There was much unrest during our years in Peking. Little Pu I (ee) was on the throne and his father was Prince Regent. The small boy lived in the Winter Palace within the walls of the Forbidden City while the Regent's Palace was not far from our compound. Unknown to us, our children made it a habit to climb a tree at the time of his daily trip to the palace in order to get a good view of him and his large escort. Evidently he belonged to the class who think that a cat cannot look at a king, for one day a very polite note came to us, stating that the regent was apprehensive about our children, fearing that they might fall from the tree and hurt themselves. So that bit of fun had to be stopped.

It was during this time that Miss Luella Miner, president of the Women's College, conceived the idea of locating certain places to which women and children could go for protection in case of further uprisings and looting. The mission compounds could always be counted on, of course, but she wanted to find some purely Chinese places capable of caring for crowds. Miss Miner and I spent one afternoon scouting around in a rickety one-horse cab. We found a large Buddhist temple well equipped for just such an emergency. The priests

were friendly and cooperative. When the outbreaks came, however, they occurred in other parts of the city so the temple was never used, though some of the mission compounds were, notably our American Board compound. This was at the time of the Japanese twenty-one demands and the student uprisings and at the beginning of the so-called "first revolution."

A Journey on the the Trans-Siberian Railroad (1914)

In 1914 our family with about twenty other people, under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Evans, started for the United States by way of Manchuria, Siberia, Russia and other European countries, traveling by post train, as primitive a way as one could travel on the railroad. There was no diner nor proper facilities of any kind. Everyone had to provide his own bedding and for our party of twelve we had to provide an assortment of food, dishes, cutlery and a small, solid alcohol stove. Fortunately we could buy some of the essentials at the many stations where we stopped. It was a rugged experience, but interesting, and sometimes exciting as when Ted was almost left behind in a sprawling Siberian town. For interesting details, read Margaret's and Ursula's diaries. We did some sightseeing in Moscow, in what was then St. Petersburg and in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, England and Scotland, and sailed for New York the day before World War I broke out, convoyed all the way though we were not aware of it until we neared the American coast. I suppose the captain had his reasons for being secretive. The one thing we knew was that the captain had orders not to answer any wireless message that might come to him, as that would reveal our position. We were shocked to learn that on her return trip our ship was torpedoed and sunk.

We reached Oberlin in good time for school. Theodore became a freshman in college, Margaret and Durand entered as sophomores in High School and Ursula was in the seventh grade.

It was an uneventful year of study and work, I trying to learn how to keep house while George went on speaking trips, mostly in Dakota where he had lived as a young boy and until he had finished his first two years at Yankton College. He always cherished his memories of South Dakota.

The year of furlough passed all too quickly. In the autumn of 1915, George, Ursula and I packed up and left for China, leaving Mother Wilder, Margaret and the boys behind. My sister Mary and her daughter, Agnes, moved in with them, my sister to act as housekeeper, a last moment arrangement.

Teng Shih Ko'u: The American Board Compound, Peking (1915 - 21)

Our return trip was restful and uneventful. One always meets pleasant and congenial people on ship-board and this trip was no exception to the rule. We enjoyed the concerts, lectures and the sports contests in which we as a family received more than our share of the prizes. But how glad we were to be back in China and Peking!

We returned to the Presbyterian compound near the Drum Tower, where we made our home for another two years, George teaching, Ursula going to high school in Tungchou, and I filling in with teaching and church work as best I could. After two years at "Drum Tower West" we moved to Teng Shih K'ou, our American Board compound, where I served for one year as principal of Bridgman Academy and the next year as principal of the grade school while the bona fide principals were on furlough. George bicycled every day to and from the Presbyterian mission to meet his classes.

The next important family event in China was Ursula's graduation from High School, the North China American School (N.C.A.S.). Hers was the first class to graduate and she was "tops" in the class of two! Soon after that we began packing for another trip to the United States. George went with us to Japan where we spent two delightful weeks before he put us on our steamer and bade us goodbye. Good weather, good friends and a long afternoon on Wai-ki-ki beach made the trip a never-to-be-forgotten one.

In 1921, while George was alone in China, he had a long, hard experience in famine relief work. With others, he helped to give relief to thousands of starving people, sometimes giving grain outright, but more often giving it as payment for work done on roads, irrigation ditches, etc. It was a terrible famine that entailed not only hard physical labor, but what was harder to bear, the constant sight of suffering and the daily drain on one's sympathies. He took Mrs. Egan of the Saturday Evening Post on a long tour through the famine area, a tour which Mrs. Egan described vividly in the Post.

For his famine relief work George was decorated by the Chinese government, as were all the members of the committee, with one member dissenting for a while. Bishop Norris of the Anglican mission did not believe in rewards, so when a medal was brought to him, he politely but firmly refused to accept it. The puzzled officials, deciding that the Bishop was not satisfied, sent him the next higher decoration. Once more the Bishop refused and once more a

still higher decoration was sent. Tired of the game, he, in his innocence, accepted the third medal! His associates never let him forget the incident.

After packing and making arrangements for passage back to China, I spent two weeks in Penn Yan with Ursula, Carroll and their fine, new in-laws, from there starting on my long trip to China alone, going by the Northern Pacific Railroad and taking my boat at Vancouver.

It was a pleasant trip until the last day when, at the breakfast table we learned of the terrible earthquake that almost destroyed Yokohama and that did much damage in Kobe. Our ship was the first one to arrive in the harbor, beat the Japanese navy, and for hours refugees were brought by tugs and small boats to our ship, which was not allowed to dock but was anchored a mile or more from shore in the harbor. Some were badly wounded; some suffering from shock and all were given first aid as quickly as possible. With nightfall the sad day's work ended and when the sun rose again we were well on our way to Shanghai. For the first time I traveled by train from Shanghai to Peking, stopping for a few hours in Nanking where I went with others to see the rather ornate tomb of Sun Yat-sen.

Tungchou Again: the Warlord Years and the "Second Revolution" (1922 - 34)

It was good to be back in Peking with our many Chinese and foreign friends, but our stay there was short as George's work for the next few years was to be teaching in the nearby town of Tungchou in what was called a "short-cut" theological school for the training of Christian men for work in the country villages. Things were quite unsettled, for the so-called Republic was not yet functioning and the governors of provinces were fighting among themselves, their soldiers living off the land and sleeping in the villages as they passed back and forth. Once a very fine man who had just completed his course at the school sent his servant with a present for George. It was a beautiful vase more than two feet high, a lovely soft blue in color with a large phoenix and some shrubbery and trees in a raised pattern in shades of blue, grey and tan. The servant told us that a few days before his master went home after graduating, soldiers had passed through their village and some of them had spent the night there sleeping on their k'angs. The women grabbed their children and rushed off to the kaoliang fields to hide. One woman, who had no child, took this vase, and now his master wanted "Wan mu shih" to have it. A week later the servant came back to ask for help as his master was desperately ill. At once, Dr. Love, George and a male

nurse started for the village on their bicycles. It was too late. The man was in a coma and died a few hours later. The vase is now a treasured possession.

I was busy too, teaching in women's classes, visiting in homes with Miss Wang, keeping the hooked rugs going and leading the church choir with Alice Huggins at the organ or piano as the case might be. I helped Alice Huggins compile two books of anthems that were widely used, she doing all the hard work of proofreading, preparation for publishing, etc. Most of my work was the adapting of the Chinese words to the music and the translation of some hymns and anthems. One hymn that I translated, "This is My Father's World," was included in the new hymnal and it became popular at once all over China — that is, wherever there were Christians. It was One reason for its popularity was the simple, catchy tune, but the words caught on, too, for they spelled hope and comfort and assurance.

In 1927, the so-called "second revolution" took place. A plot in the Russian legation in Peking was brought to light; the Communists were responsible for serious trouble in Nanking; Peking (Peiping) was frightened and many foreigners left the country. Our school for American children was closed and the Menzi family joined the evacuees, going first to Korea and then to the United States.

Not long after this the Japanese made a sortie that was never explained. They came "out of the nowhere," presumably Manchuria, shelled the city of Tungchou killing a few people and wounding more; doing a good deal of damage, especially to the Drum Tower and then setting fire to thirteen nearby villages. People from the city and from the burning villages flocked to our compounds and for several days the church near the South gate, the school buildings, our porches and basements were crowded with frightened women and children. During these days we gave one meal a day of porridge and cabbage to nursing mothers and small children.

We decided that the raid was a mistake, a tactical error by some impatient officer for after a few hours it was all over and nether of the sort happened again until 1932 when the "incident" in Manchuria occurred. It was not until 1937 that real war began. The decade from 1927 to 1937 was one of great promise and of progress in many ways. The government was active in public works and reforms of various kinds, but unfortunately left untouched the most pressing questions of all -- graft, taxes and the need for land reform.

Techou: Bank Failure and Flood (1934 - 37)

The mission in Techow, Shantung Province, was short-handed, so in September, 1934, we were sent there by the Board to stay until 1937, when our last furlough would be due. It was a week's trip by houseboat from Tungchou to Techou, a trip that under ordinary circumstances would have been fun, but trouble was brewing. It was a little nerve racking to be stopped once or twice a day by gun toting soldiers who demanded that we pull up to the bank to let them search our boat. We were taking back to the hospital a good sized cabinet organ that had been sent to Tientsin for repairs. At one of the stopping places the large case in which it was packed caught and held the attention of the soldiers. When we told them that it was an organ they insisted that no organs were that large, indicating with their hands the size of a baby, portable organ. Finally, after struggling for some time to pry the box open with inadequate tools, they gave up and told the boatman to push off. They thought it was a box of guns. It was a relief to arrive at the small, walled city of Techou and to see Dr. Tucker and some Chinese friends waiting on the bank to escort us, our baggage and the organ to the compound.

Our mission compound with hospitals, schools and homes was more than a mile from the city wall. The surrounding country was as flat as a pancake, covered with fields and occasional villages. Half a mile from our compound there was an abandoned cemetery with some fine old trees and there we went occasionally for picnic suppers.

I taught English in the boys' school, helped in women's classes, visited in nearby villages and occasionally went with George to villages further away, he on his bicycle and I going by donkey or jinricksha. It was in one such village and after church in the 12 x 20 foot room in which we met, that a woman who was not a Christian asked me to go home with her. We had brought our lunch but she insisted that I eat with her, so we sat on the k'ang on either side of the low table while her daughter-in-law brought us each a bowl of noodle soup and a hunk of corn pone. While we were eating George came to the door to see if I was ready for lunch, but when I assured him that I was having a good time with Mrs. Yang and that he could have my share of the lunch, he found a shady place under a tree where he could sit and consume both shares. After he left, Mrs. Yang said, "What did he say?" When I told her, she said, "Huh, our men would have taken all the lunch and eaten it up without a word," Then, looking at me very earnestly she said, "Did he ever take you by your back hair and shake you?" (acting it out as she spoke). "No," I said, "not yet." That gave me an opening which I used and when she told me that her daughter-in-law had lost her baby born only two days before, it gave us something more to talk about. She promised to send her daughter-in-law to the Techou hospital next time. I'm sorry that I never saw Mrs. Yang again.

I have told about this episode because it made a deep impression upon me -- the squalor and filth of the house, the sad, brow-beaten wife and the daughter-in-law, pale and sorrowing, but working as usual the day after she lost her baby. It was all such a contrast to the poorest Christian home that I had ever been in.

While we were in Techou the bank in which mission funds were kept, and where hundreds of people had their savings, failed. There was no thought of partial payment on the part of the bankers, so the natural reaction of the Chinese depositors was to go to law. George and a group of leading men called a meeting of the depositors and the bankers and together they worked out a compromise by which the bank was to sell off some of its assets, mostly land, and pay each depositor a part of what was due him. Everyone was satisfied and grateful, for they realized that long drawn-out law suits would ruin both bankers and depositors.

During our stay in Techou the Yellow River went on a rampage and many flood-refugees flocked to a temple not far from our compound. The city government provided corn meal and millet and at difference times we took the refugees cabbages and fresh alfalfa that the school girls gathered. The refugees had nothing but the clothes they wore and some bedding. Fortunately it was warmish weather so a little bedding went a long way.

Most of the children began going to our day school not far away and it was not long before the women were singing songs and repeating other things that the children had learned in school. They were proud of their children who were getting their first taste of school. One day I took over a lot of zinnias for the women, to brighten up their hair-do's and later many little packages of zinnia and cosmo seed which delighted them; they had asked for the seed, in fact. I have often wondered if their villages were bright with flowers the next summer.

It wasn't long before the waters subsided and they were able to go back to what remained of their adobe houses and their tiny farms. The amazing thing was the serenity with which they accepted acts of nature. There was little mourning and there were no recriminations. It was just "*na ma i hui shih*" — "one of those things" — and there was no reason why they should do anything but take it philosophically. That experience taught me some lessons.

In the autumn of 1937 we left Techou, went by train to Shanghai and from there sailed for the United States, where I shall leave us for the time being.

1939 - 43

Return to Japanese-occupied China (1939 - 1943)

(This section was written first, as my idea was to write about our last few years in China only. I shall leave it as it is, although the connection is not good and there is some repetition.)

The Chinese are a peace loving people, but strangely enough their history has been a long succession of internal and external uprisings, revolts and inroads from legendary times up to the present, with the overthrow of dynasties by intrigue or force, peasant revolts, Mohammedan uprisings and small, scattered localized revolts against exploitation and injustice by the small wealthy minority against the other eighty-five percent of the population. The Taiping rebellion and the Opium War were marked by foreign participation and interference.

Since then, there have occurred in the following order the disastrous Sino-Japanese War in 1895; the Russo-Japanese War in 1898, fought on Chinese soil; the Boxer Rebellion in 1900; the revolution, resulting in the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty in 1911-1912; the so called second rebellion in 1927; and the war with Japan which began in 1937. Before and during the last was there was

the nagging Communist trouble, which Chiang Kai Shek recognized as a menace and which finally overthrew his regime and took over the entire country.

The incident that finally precipitated the Sino-Japanese War came in 1937. We were packed, ready to leave Techou on furlough and did not change our plans because we thought it was only another incident. We thought it would be smoothed over as others had been. Had the 1932 incident been taken seriously by the League of Nations and our government, all of the world wars might have been averted. Who knows?

We sailed from Shanghai hoping for peace and arrived in Seattle only to find that China and Japan were really at war and that there was nothing we could do about it; nothing much, that is. We did talk and "speak" against the sending of scrap iron and other war material to Japan, even going to Washington and having an interview with the head of Far Eastern Affairs. No one became excited, not even the churches, for no one (at least not many) seemed to realize the enormity of the thing we (the U.S.) were doing and how it would inevitably boomerang.

So, after our retirement, and after visiting our children, we returned to China in 1939, sailing on a freighter that carried as cargo war material for the Japanese --- scrap iron, oil and gasoline, truck and auto parts ready for the assembly lines in Yokohama and Kobe.

The night we arrived in Shanghai we joined the crowds on the street to see whether or not there would be any hostile reaction to us Americans. But as we chatted with the people, we met nothing but courtesy and friendly curiosity. I suppose the man on the street hardly realized then the part that our government was playing, nor the fact that war was imminent.

Our journey ended in Peking where we joined the faculty of the College for Chinese Studies. At that time Japan was in control of two of the northern provinces, but living conditions had not changed greatly in Peking. We were not enemies, in fact, and we were allowed the ordinary freedoms, though there were some new travel restriction for everyone. During this time, mission work in Peking was not interfered with. Schools, hospitals and churches carried on as usual, though the atmosphere was tense. Often shopkeepers would take us to the back of their shops and in low voices ask us if we knew what was happening and what was going to happen, and from the country-side stories of atrocities became more and more frequent. Fear was in the air and on the street one's Chinese friends talked in undertones, fearful that someone might hear and report stray remarks not complimentary to the occupiers.

So we went on living more or less normally, yet feeling that we were sitting on a volcano that might erupt any day.

Soon after reaching Peking we made a trip to Techou to gather up what might remain of the few things we had left there. Very little was left, as the homes, schools and hospital had been thoroughly looted. However, the buildings had not been destroyed by the invaders and the schools and hospital were now trying to function again., but with scanty equipment. The church had not been disturbed.

Back in Peking in May, we were in time for the opening of the new term at the Language School and George soon settled into his routine of teaching and of revising two dictionaries. - the 5000 character dictionary by Dr. Fenn, and a script dictionary.

Instead of identifying ourselves with the large, Chinese Congregational Church at Teng Shih K'ou, we attended a small Congregation Church in a nearby alley, or Hun-Tung, where George took his turn at preaching. I played the organ and helped in the Sunday School and we both served on the church committee. I also taught in the Union Women's Bible School.

Once in a while I was the speaker at the day school assembly and I was sometimes asked to go as a critic to their literary sessions. At one such meeting when called to give my criticisms, I objected to the way in which each student ended this "piece" with a curt bow and a staccato "*wan liao*" — "Finished." "Oh," the teacher said, "We don't like it either, but it's an order from the board of education." Although the schools were allowed to continue with the old teaching staff plus a Japanese teacher, the board of education was controlled by the Japanese and there were many new regulations. For instance, all school supplies must be bought from shops stocked with Japanese goods and every so often the schools were inspected by Japanese, a humiliating experience for both teachers and students.

Although we loved to visit the fairs and curio shops, we made up our minds not to buy. Two lootings were enough. But things began to accumulate again when on George's seventieth birthday our Chinese friends staged a formal birthday party in the parish house at Teng Shih K'ou where speeches were made, refreshments served and George was given a scroll, a pair of vases and large red lacquer tray. Six months later I had a birthday, which was observed in very much the same way B two highlights in those rather drab months.

Some unexpected things took place. The first Christmas of the occupation the Yenching Choral Society was given permission by the Japanese to present the Messiah in the huge dance hall of the Peking hotel, the largest hall in the city. It was a great occasion because for the first time the soloists were also Chinese - - thrilling for those of us who had known them since they were children. Much to our surprise a number of Japanese officers were there, one of whom was so impressed that he stood with bowed head during several of the choruses, and of course, during the Hallelujah Chorus. There were a good many Christians in the Japanese army, though only a few were officers.

The second year of the occupation was marked by the coming of a group of Japanese Y.M.C.A. secretaries and preachers who came over to work among their own people whose numbers were increasing every day. They would have liked to begin missionary work among the Chinese but were told by a Japanese who had lived in Peking for many years that "the time was not ripe for that." Of course it wasn't!

We were embarrassed by invitations from the Japanese to attend various functions, and we did go to some of them, though reluctantly. It seemed to us that the civilian Japanese with whom we came in contact believed that the Japanese army was in China for the good of China. Letters to George from a Japanese bird lover, Duke Kuroda, confirmed our ideas. Though he was a scientist, he was also in close contact with the government, but he evidently knew little about Japan's plans for China.

When the Japanese established a language school of their own, they asked our faculty and students to attend the opening of their school. When the exercises were over we were asked to stay and have a group picture taken with them, but most of us had important business elsewhere. One evening we went to a dinner party at the home of the head of the Yokohama bank, and though everything was pleasant and friendly, we had a feeling of uneasiness and we were glad when the ordeal was over. It was a feeling of disloyalty to our Chinese friends.

Several months went by. Our letters from the United States became more and more infrequent, no second class mail was delivered; after Pearl Harbor, no mail came.

And then, at seven o'clock on the eighth of December, 1941, the telephone rang. It was Mr. Hayes telling us that he had just heard over the one radio that the Japanese had destroyed Pearl Harbor, that he must hurry to the Presbyterian compound and that George must take over at the College. We dressed hurriedly and were in the midst of breakfast when a summons came for George from a

Japanese officer. He went into the yard and was there confronted by a rather burly Japanese who handed him a paper on which was written in large letters, "You are now under the protection of the Japanese Government." We were told that for the time being we could stay in our homes, that we could not leave the city and that Japanese guards would be placed at our big front gate. They were already there.

A short time before this happened we had worked for hours well into the morning, removing paintings, ceramics and other art objects from the college buildings to an empty room in one of the houses. It was labor lost, for everything fell into Japanese hands eventually.

After Pearl Harbor, most of the legation personnel left Peking. There were no more boats so all other foreigners who were considered enemies had to stay put for the duration. Food and other commodities had been growing more and more scarce. I know now that our cook patronized the black market for meat and I also know that I exchanged my money at a black market, though I didn't realize it at the time. I supposed that we could get better rates at a certain little shop because they had less overhead.

As the food situation became worse our Chinese friends came to the rescue, bringing us flour, millet, sugar and other things, robbing themselves to provide for us and also jeopardizing themselves by having intercourse with us. It took courage. We deeply appreciated their concern for us, a concern that expected nothing in return.

We were gradually edged out of the College for Chinese Studies and the students and the teachers were disbanded. All the funds in the banks were frozen but there was enough money on hand to give the teachers small sums; enough, we hoped to tide them over until they could find some other way to make a living.

For the sake of our Chinese friends we stopped going to the North Alley Church after Pearl Harbor, but two or three days before Christmas, 1942, our pastor and two or three deacons came to our house to ask us to attend the Christmas service. They said that the Japanese were paying little attention to them, and that they very much wanted us to meet with them. We demurred at first, fearing that it might make trouble for them, but they were so insistent that we finally promised to be there.

It was a beautiful, sunshiny Christmas Sunday and the chapel was full of men, women and children. The decorations were appropriate and attractive and

the service of song, scripture and a short Christmas talk was satisfying. There came a short Christmas play entirely written and put on by two little girls of twelve or thirteen with a cast of six or seven other children. The play was simply an informal rehearsal of the play they were supposedly planning to present, and that was all, but it was so beautifully done that I had to keep swallowing back my tears. Probably the thought that it might be our last Christmas in China (which it was) had something to do with my feelings.

It was a heart-warming service --- the last one --- for we were soon told that we must leave the College and find a home elsewhere. The natural place for us to go was to our American Board compound, so after making arrangements to join our friends there, we spent two or three hectic days, burning letters, papers and photographs, selling some things, giving more away, for we knew that the next move would be to an internment camp.

I am closing this section with a few paragraphs written by George after our return to the United States.

"One feature of the two years before Pearl Harbor was that we lived among the Chinese as individual Christians rather than as missionaries with definite assignments. We had no responsibility for the work but joined the little church near by, the Pei T'ang (North Chapel) and took an active part in the life of the church, preaching, teaching and visiting in homes. We were on the standing committee of the church and we helped the pastor and deacons draft a new constitution, the old one having been lost. We were asked to join the "Old Folks Club" and we had a number of pleasant meetings with them before the Japanese took over. This club was a live organization, active in helping flood relief and other philanthropies. We happened to be the only foreign members. Our age was right.

"During this two and a half years we saw no signs of resentment on the part of the Chinese toward their foreign friends. After Pearl Harbor, when it became increasingly difficult to buy flour, sugar and cereals, our Chinese friends came to our relief and did not let our supplies run out. When they heard that funds from America were frozen, three different groups offered to see our American Board people through financially. Later, in March, 1943, when word came that we must get ready for internment camp, our Chinese friends brought us many things that helped materially and spiritually, too, in making less hard the months spent in camp."

They gave us soap, candles, dried fruits, sugar, grain, and flower and vegetable seeds. The latter we sowed in a little plot of sand and in time we had some cosmos to cheer us and some tomatoes and cabbages, which were a treat.

We were expelled from China by the Japanese, as enemies of war, and thus were spared the heartbreak of being driven out by the Chinese Communists

* * * * *

Afterword: The Wilder Family Extended

I shall make very brief statements about family events that took place during the next few years.

Theodore graduated from Oberlin, received a Rhodes Scholarship, spent two years at Oxford, returned to the United States, completed his medical course at Western Reserve, worked at Children's Hospital in Boston, became Dr. Joseph Stokes' assistant in Germantown, Pennsylvania, married Corinne Burchard, set up private practice, became head pediatrician at the Abington Hospital, and last but not least he and Corinne had three daughters. There is much more to his story, but these are snapshots.

Margaret graduated from Oberlin in 1921, taught a year, returned to China with her father, married Len Menzi, who became the Principal of North China American School and lived in Tungchou for five years. Their two girls were born in China. The two boys were born in Ypsilanti where Len joined the faculty of the Roosevelt School and from which he has just retired as Principal.

Durand graduated from the University of Pennsylvania business administration course, married Mildred Lybarger and they have two sons. For the past fourteen years he has been in the Far East and is now in business in Tokyo.

Ursula graduated from Oberlin in 1923, and the day after graduation married Carroll Daniels. They spent a year of study at Columbia then went to Penn Yan, New York, where they have made their home. They have three sons and one daughter. All four of our children have grandchildren. I should be pardon of them all for disposing of them so speedily, but, as I said earlier, they must tell their own stories.

* * * * *

I have covered too large an area too lightly, leaving out much that should have been included in my desire to make this sketchy story short and because having to depend entirely upon my memory, there are too many lapses and omissions. Some day I may add another chapter and tell about our deportation from Peking, our life in the Weih sien internment camp, our last journey across the Pacific and our happy reunion with all of our children in New York.

Gertrude Stanley Wilder, 1961

Gertrude S. Wilder

909 Woods Road
Ypsilanti, Mich
Nov. 17, >60

Dear Miss Walker,

Since writing to you I have been quite ill, but I can now begin where I left off. There is one bit of history that helps explain the condition of the books. When we knew that we were to be sent to Concentration camp, we turned the books over to a French gentlemen, (Henry Vetch) who had a book store and printing press in Peking and who thought that he might make reprints of the drawings and produce a more attractive album.

After the Japanese, came the Communists. Remembering the books, I wrote to Mr. Vetch asking him if it would be possible for him to mail them to me before he had to leave Peking. He very kindly did so and that is why I have them after their third trip across the Pacific.

This may seem like much ado about nothing, but I am very fond of those little sketches of the seamy side of village life in China, and I hope that others will appreciate them.

Thank you for your understanding letter. The parcel will follow shortly.

Yours sincerely c

Gertrude S. Wilder

⁴ In 1998, the Wilders' translations of Gen. Feng's poems were found by the Editor in the American Board's archives at Harvard University's Houghton Library. They have now been copied and reproduced, along with copies of the original Chinese text and Chao's drawings, as "Poems and Pictures from Chinese Village Life in the 1930s."

December 10, 1961

Mrs. Wilder's 90th Birthday

An important birthday, on December 9, was that of Mrs. George (Gertrude) Wilder. This gracious lady was born in China, the daughter of the second missionaries to go to the northern part of China, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanley. She attended Oberlin College, for her advanced education, after which she went "home" again, to northern China. There she taught in a girls' school that Mrs. Stanley had started, the first of its kind in that part of China. A friend whom she had met in Oberlin, Mr. George Wilder, came to China fresh out of Yale Divinity School where he had been preparing himself as a missionary-evangelist. They met again and were married, and continued their work as teacher and missionary.

Pearl Harbor interrupted their work. The Wilders were interned in a Japanese concentration camp for several months. The happy day finally came when they returned to this country, aboard the Gripsholm. They made their home in Oberlin, Ohio, for a number of years. Since Dr. Wilder's death, Mrs. Wilder has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Leonard Menzi, and Mr. Menzi.

On the occasion of her 90th birthday, Mrs. Wilder's thirteen children remembered her with a gift of \$180, to be used as she wished for her favorite charities. A part has been sent to the Christian Higher Education Fund, but most has been given to a Christian High School in Formosa. The head of this school taught in a similar school in China, where Mr. Wilder occasionally lectured. When the Communists came

into China the school was disrupted, and the Head fled to Formosa where he dreamed of building another Yu Ying Preparatory School. This dream is now a reality, with 700 to 800 students, but a new dormitory is needed.

Mrs. Wilder is blessed with 26 great-grandchildren. The last one, William Fisher Wilder, was born on her birthday. She received a shower of cards and messages, and sends appreciation to all her Ypsilanti friends for their remembrances.

A poem for a 90th birthday.

A POEM BY URSULA WILDER DANIELS,
WRITTEN ON GERTRUDE WILDER'S 90TH BIRTHDAY,
DECEMBER 9, 1961

This is your birthday, and from the span of years
You look on all that's passed with smiles, with tears,
With feelings we can only now surmise.

And we who love you, when we look into your eyes
See mirrored there the many things you are B
Gallant, humorous, loving, and more concerned by far
With others' problems than your own. You see
The world in Labor, people struggling to be free,
And quietly and surely you do what can be done.

So on this day we hail the years now past, and those to come.

GSW's gift to Yu Ying School, transplanted from Peking to Taiwan.

THE AMERICAN BOARD

of COMMISSIONERS for FOREIGN MISSIONS

14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts . Tel. CApitol 7-1 750

January 17, 1962

Mrs. Gertrude S. Wilder
909 Woods Road,
Ypsilanti, Michigan

Dear Mrs. Wilder:

It's a bit late perhaps, but I hope It's not out of order for me to congratulate you on your ninetieth birthday. This gift of one hundred eighty dollars (\$180.00) "for your favorite benevolences" must surely have added a very unique touch to the celebration. You may be sure that we are grateful indeed for the designations which you have given these gifts, and you will find enclosed our Treasurer's receipt for the one-hundred fifty dollars which was designated for the Shaw Memorial at Yu Ying Middle School at Tapei, Taiwan. The remaining thirty dollars has been forwarded to the Christian Higher Education Fund, and I know that you will receive an acknowledgment from CHEF in due time.

I had the privilege of visiting the campus of the Yu Ying School last February, and I found it a very wonderful location on a hillside outside Taipei. The site poses some real problems for campus development, and yet the magnificent view across the valley gives the whole area a setting and an outlook that are uplifting and exciting to say the least.

The real thrill of the visit, however, was in discovering the calibre of the Staff and the dedication which each of the young Chinese teachers brings to his duties. Above all, I was tremendously impressed with the initiative and ability and the warm Christian commitment of Principal Li Ju Sung, whose dedication to things for which the Yu Ying on mainland China

stood has really provided the impetus for this new school on Taiwan.

We are grateful indeed for your gift, and we feel sure that the cause to which it goes will be instrumental in the preparation of strong young leaders for Taiwan's tomorrows.

Sincerely yours,

Paul R. Gregory

UNITED CHURCH BOARD FOR WORLD MINISTRIES
14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.
U. S. A.

March 12, 1962

Dear Friends:

Ever since coming to 14 Beacon Street as Treasurer of the United Church Board for World Ministries, I have wished there were a way to establish a personal relationship with each of you. I do know some of you because you have visited Ohio where I have been superintendent for so many years. I can only hope that the next few years will provide opportunities to become acquainted with you and to serve you in any way possible here in the Treasury and Board office,

It is thrilling not only to become related closely to the Board for World Ministries, but to feel the sudden stretching of our arms to include concerns in so many new lands as the former Board of International Missions of the Evangelical and Reformed Church and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions responsibilities are joined in our minds and hearts here.

As you know the Board for World Ministries is to be located at 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, New York after April 1st. Most of us will have our offices there. However, the Board is continuing its office, also, on the 7th floor at 14 Beacon Street, Boston. Dr. Carleton, Dr. Anthony and I will continue to have an office here at 14 Beacon Street and will be here frequently. So far as the Treasury Department is concerned, Miss Emma Fong, Miss Eleanor Kruse and Mrs. Ethelind Richardson will continue working in the Boston office at least for the balance of 1962. Mr. W. Elliott Pratt, Jr., Assistant Treasurer, will also be available at the Boston office. So you see, the American Board has not abandoned 14 Beacon Street and is still accessible to you who are nearer to Boston than to New York.

I am not familiar enough with routines here to know all the procedural relationships which are mutually helpful. One which becomes involved as the Board locates in New York is related to the fact that the Purchasing and Shipping Department remains at 14 Beacon Street, Boston. It will facilitate matters greatly,

however, if all requests and orders for Purchasing and Shipping could be sent to us in New York City where they can be cleared with the Overseas Secretary involved and with us in the Treasury, then relayed back promptly to Boston for action.

Inasmuch as neither Mr. Holdridge nor Mr. Smith are with the United Church Board for World Ministries now, for those for whom we hold Powers of Attorney, we find it necessary to have new Powers of Attorney signed authorizing, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Braneky and I to serve you in the capacities you desire. Enclosed you will find an original and duplicate of the Power of Attorney. If it appears to be in satisfactory form, will you please sign it where your initials appear opposite the red seal, have two persons witness your signature and return both copies to me by Air Mail. You will note from the Power that we have consolidated this Power of Attorney with the one authorizing us to file your income tax return in case the Board has handled this matter for you.

We think of you often in our work here and in the staff devotions. During these coming days of Lent and Easter, I pray that you shall receive every spiritual strength and insight, and that our hearts, yours and ours here, shall be united in serving the same cause.

Yours sincerely,

Everett A. Babcock

EAB:f

Everett A. Babcock,
Treasurer

Recent illness.
Childhood memories of learning the meaning of the letters ABCFM.

Gertrude S. Wilder

Dear Dr. Babcock,

Your letter to retired missionaries came while I was quite ill and had to lay it aside for future reference.

Thank you for your offer of assistance in any times of need. I'm glad that 14 Beacon Street will function for a while longer. I can remember how proud I was when as a little girl in Tientsin China I could put the right words to the letters A, B, C, F, M, on the compound corner stone. That and 14 Beacon Street can hardly be separated.

Thank you again for your letter of March and for your good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Gertrude Wilder

ANN ARBOR NEWS
November 27, 1963

9:30 a.m. Friday. Memorial contributions may be made to the First Congregational Church Memorial Fund.

~~**Mrs. Gertrude Wilder**~~

YPSILANTI - Mrs. Gertrude S. Wilder, 92, died this morning at her home, 909 Woods Rd.

She was born Dec. 9, 1870, in Tientsin, China, the daughter of Charles A. and Ursula Johnson Stanley.

She was married to George D. Wilder, May 24, 1895, in Tientsin, China. He died May 6, 1946. She was a member of the First Congregation Church here. American Association of University Women, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

A 1891 graduate of Oberlin College, she taught school in Columbus, O., for two years. She returned to China in 1893 to teach in the girls' school established by her mother many years before.

She and her husband were missionaries for the American Board Mission of the Congregational Church for over 50 years.

Surviving are two sons, Dr. Theodore S. Wilder of Beckley, W. Va., and George Durand Wilder of Tokyo, Japan; two daughters, Mrs. Carroll (Ursula) Daniels of Pen Yan, N.Y., and Mrs. Leonard (Margaret) Menzi of Ypsilanti, with whom she had resided for the past 15 years; 13 grandchildren and 32 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be at 10:30 a.m. Friday at the First Congregational Church with the Rev. John Adam officiating. Grave-side services will be at 3:30 p.m. Friday at the Oberlin Cemetery. Friends may call at the Stevens & Bush Funeral Home after 7 p.m. today and until

Former Missionary Dies at 92

Mrs. Gertrude S. Wilder, 92, a former teacher and missionary to China, died this morning at her residence at 909 Wood Rd.

Mrs. Wilder was graduated from Oberlin College in 1891 and taught school for two years in Columbus, Ohio, then returned to China in 1893 to teach in a girls school established by her mother many years before. She and her husband were missionaries for more than 50 years for the American Board Mission of the Congregational Church.

Mrs. Wilder was a member of the First Congregational Church of Ypsilanti, the AAUW, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, NAACP and the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

She was born in Tientsin, China, Dec. 9, 1870, the daughter of Charles A. and Ursula Johnson Stanley. On

May 24, 1895, she was married to George D. Wilder in the city where she was born. He died May 6, 1946.

Surviving are two sons, Dr. Theodore S. Wilder of Beckley, W. Va., and George Durand Wilder of Tokyo, Japan; two daughters, Mrs. Carroll (Ursula) Daniels of Penn Yan, N.Y. and Mrs. Leonard (Margaret) Menzi of Ypsilanti, with whom she made her home for the past 15 years, 13 grandchildren and 32 great-grand-children.

Funeral services will be held Friday at 10:30 a.m. at the First Congregational Church with the Rev. John Adams officiating. Grave-side services will be held at Oberlin (Ohio) Cemetery Friday at 3:30 p.m. Mrs. Wilder will be at the Stevens and Bush Funeral Home after 7 p.m. today until 9:30 Friday morning. Memorial contributions may be made to the First Congregational Church Memorial Fund.

FUNERAL SERVICE
for
GERTRUDE WILDER

First Congregational Church
Ypsilanti, Michigan

November 29, 1963

The Rev. John J. Adams

PRELUDE - Best loved hymns of Mrs. Wilder

OPENING SENTENCES

Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. (Romans 14:8)

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. (Deut. 33:27)

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High, who abides in the shadow of the Almighty, will say to the Lord, my refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust. (Psalm 91:1, 2)

Jesus said: "I am the resurrection and the life: He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.
(John 11:25)

The invitation of the Lord is, "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." (Matthew 11:28-30)

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.

INVOCATION

O Thou who hast never failed us nor left us alone, we believe the promises of Thy Son, our Saviour, who said "I will not leave you comfortless . I will come to you." Come to us now, O Father, with Thy comforting power and spirit. Whisper to each troubled and sorrowing person the assuring words of Jesus who said to the grieved, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me shall never die." Help us in the presence of death, to realize the reality and truth of these words, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

HYMN - "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"

MEDITATION

Members of Mrs. Wilder's family and friends - you are presently experiencing feelings of both sadness and gratitude - sadness for the physical death of one you love so dearly - yet gratitude for having known and experienced the heights and depths of goodness of this grand woman - a woman whose life was a full and beautiful expression of Jesus' words: "You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Nor do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel but on a stand - and it gives light to all in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in Heaven." This truth clothed her.

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever.

PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

ROMANS 8

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

JOHN 14 and 16

Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's House are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid. These things I have spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

MATTHEW 5:6 - 8

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

I CORINTHIANS 13

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, does not

behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part and we prophecy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three: and the greatest of these is love.

II TIMOTHY 4:6 - 8

The time of my departure has come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to me, and not only to me but also to all who have loved His appearing.

Now I would like to read a prayer that was found in Mrs. Wilder's Bible and also one of her favorite Chinese proverbs, both of which speak so eloquently of her.

The prayer:

"Lord, give me the serenity to accept what cannot be changed. Give me the courage to change what can be changed. Give me the wisdom to know one from the other."

The proverb:

"If there is righteousness in the heart,
There will be beauty in the character.

If there is beauty in the character,
There will be harmony in the family home.

If there is harmony in the home,
There will be order in the nation.

When there is order in the nation,

There will be peace in the world."

To which she added this note: "But the author didn't know that Christmas and all that it means had to come and has to come first."

PRAYER

O God of infinite love, who art from everlasting to everlasting, we now seek to look through the shadows and clouds hovering over us to see the light of love and mercy and hope. O Father, our trust is in Thee, for Thou art our refuge and our strength. Give unto us Thy light for our darkness, and deliver us from whatever doubts and fears may hover about us.

May we be confident that Thou art watching over all our ways. May we be confident that with Thee there is no death, and that Gertrude Wilder is in Thy care and in Thy keeping forever more. Help each one of us to know and to feel that death is not the end of life but that it is in truth the beginning of more meaningful, more abundant life. We give her not to death, but to Thee.

Eternal Father, who does share our pain and grief, and who art ever ready to comfort those who turn to Thee, may Thy arms now enfold and comfort her family, her friends, and all of those who knew her and loved her and will deeply miss her presence. Give them the strength that is sufficient for this hour. Comfort their hearts as only Thou can comfort. May their faith in life Eternal speak to them. Lift their hearts so they think of her as with Thee, yet inseparably with us, and grant that our loving, admiring remembrances of her may bind us more firmly to Thee, her God and our God.

O Lord of us all, praise rushes from our lips for the great goodness expressed in the life of Gertrude Wilder. Remembering the days that we have had with her, we thank Thee for the privilege that allowed us to call her friend. We are deeply grateful for her devotion to Thee and for her unselfish service in Thy name; for her faithfulness and graciousness in each relationship that she encountered; for her interest and love and concern for all people; for her love for life, her hunger for knowledge, and her compassion for people in all walks of life; we rejoice and give Thee thanks. For her example of patience and strength amid suffering; for making the world richer for having passed this way, we give Thee thanks, O God, and her memory will always be vivid and dear to us.

And now we render unto Thee our praise, and commit her beloved spirit into Thy hands. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS

BENEDICTION

And now may the love of God the Father, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you and those whom you love now and forever more. Amen.

**MRS. GEORGE D. WILDER
(Gertrude Stanley)**

Gertrude Stanley Wilder (Mrs. George D.) (1870-1963) of 909 Woods Road, Ypsilanti, Michigan, a second generation missionary of the American Board in North China with her late husband for forty-five years (1893-1938), died at her residence on November 27, 1963. On December 9 she would have reached the age of 93.

Daughter of the late Dr. Charles A. and Ursula (Johnson) Stanley, and sister of the late Rev. Dr. Charles A. Stanley, Jr., all of the North China Mission, Gertrude Wilder was born in Tientsin in 1870. After graduating from Oberlin College in 1890 and teaching for two years in Columbus, Ohio, she followed the family trail to China in 1893 and began teaching in the girls' school in Tientsin established by her mother. George Durand Wilder, also of Oberlin, arrived in China a year later and they were married in Tientsin on May 24, 1895.

Together, Dr. and Mrs. Wilder gave distinguished service in China, first as pioneers in the establishment and nurture of rural churches in and around Tungchow, and later in the training of indigenous leadership through the North China Union Bible School, and interdenominational institution in Tungchow, which later moved to Peking. Most of the students here were mature men who later formed the backbone of the evangelistic staff. The Wilders experienced the horrors of the Boxer Uprising in 1900, and the famine and flood disasters in China and Manchuria. For his help in the latter disasters the Chinese government decorated Dr. Wilder. The Wilders also helped with the development of the North China Christian Rural Service Union.

Speaking the language fluently, Gertrude Wilder communicated her thoughts and feelings easily to the women with whom she worked in the Union Bible School, in the worship services at the North China Rural Service Union, and when calling in Chinese homes. Her close identification with them, partly

through her linguistic ability, made the Chinese women feel that she belonged to them in a special way, a feeling shared by her missionary associates as well. Mrs. Wilder also taught English in the Tungchow schools, helped with the choir and choral groups, and translated many of the anthems sung, which were later compiled into anthem books and used extensively, even now in Taiwan.

Mother of two sons and two daughters, she presided over a very hospitable home where all found peace and order and a personal concern. Her gifts of music, painting, delightful sense of humor, and physical fitness were assets in every environment.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilder retired in 1938 but returned to China in 1939 to help at the College of Chinese Studies in Peking, working at the same time with the churches. After Pearl Harbor they were for a time civilian internees at Weihsien Internment Camp and were repatriated in 1943. Dr. Wilder died in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1946.

In retirement Mrs. Wilder kept up her interest in many good causes as a member of the First Congregational Church in Ypsilanti, a member of the AAUW, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, NAACP, and the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

The service was held on November 29 at 10:30 A.M. at the First Congregational Church in Ypsilanti, with the Rev. John J. Adams officiating. The interment service in the afternoon of the 19th was at Westwood Cemetery in Oberlin, Ohio.

Surviving her are two sons, Dr. Theodore S. Wilder of Beckley, West Virginia, and George Durand Wilder, Jr., of Tokyo, Japan; two daughters, Mrs. Carroll C. Daniels (Ursula) of Penn Yan, New York, and Mrs. Leonard W. Menzi (Margaret) of Ypsilanti, Michigan; 13 grandchildren and 32 great-grandchildren.

Some of Mrs. Wilder's interests and concerns to which she contributed at least once a year - but usually more often.....

- The American Indian Fund

- S The American Civil Liberties Union
- S The National Council of Churches
- S The American Bible Society
- S The United Board for Higher Christian Education in Asia
- S The Oberlin Shansi Memorial Association
- S The American Board (United Church Board for World Ministries)
- S The Fellowship of Reconciliation
- S The National Association for Advancement of Colored People
- S The Billy Graham Crusade
- S Pan Pacific Centers
- S American Foundation for the Blind
- S The overseas Blind
- S The County Hospital (local)
- S Yearly pledge to local Congregational Church
- S The Share Croppers (Migrants)
- S The Committee of 100
- S Boy's Town
- S Starr Commonwealth of Michigan
- S Congress of Racial Equality (CORE)
- S CARE
- S The American Association of United Nations
- S The Council for Christian Social Action (United Church of Christ)
- S The National Radio Pulpit
- S Meals for Millions Foundation
- S The Americans for Democratic Action
- S The American Committee on Africa
- S (Jane Adams Centennial)
- S The World Council of Churches
- S The Board of Home Missions (United Church of Christ)
- S Union Theological Seminary
- S The American Bureau of Medical Aid to China
- S Local NAACP
- S The Christian Century (gift above yearly subscription, which she always took)
- S The Ypsilanti Hospital Auxiliary
- S The Migrant Children's Fund (just been merged with Nat'l. Child Labor

- Comm. (now called Nat'l Comm. on the Education of Migrant Children)
- S American Foundation for Overseas Blind
 - S Southern Christian Leadership Conference - Martin Luther King, Jr., President
 - S Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation
 - S National Child Labor Committee
 - S American Foundation for the Blind
 - S Helen Keller Crusade
 - S Medico (a Service of Care)
 - S The Association of American Indian Affairs

Mrs. Wilder, not only contributed regularly to most of these but kept in close touch with them through reading the literature and materials they published and thus understanding their hopes, goals, needs. Her breadth of interest and concern for others continued all through the months of failing strength, up to her last days.

December 27, 1963

**George and Gertrude Wilder's Service Records
with the American Board of Commissioners
for Foreign Missions**

RECORD OF SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

NAME: Wilder, Rev. George Durand (D.D.) North China	APP'D Apr. 30, 94 SAILED: Aug 28, 94	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM	FOURTH TERM	FIFTH TERM	SIXTH TERM
BIRTH: June 26, 1869, Ripon, Wis. PARENTS: Mrs. Frances D. Wilder	ARRIVED FIELD		Nov 1905	Sep 16 1915		Sep 15 1930	1939
EDUCATION: Prep. Dept. Yangton College Yankton College (2yr) 1888-9	LEFT FIELD		Jun 13 1914	May 12 1921		Jul 1937	Sept 1943
Oberlin College (1891) B.A., D.D. (1915) Oberlin Theolog. Seminary (1891-93) Yale Divinity School (1894) B.D.	TERM LENGTH		8 yrs 7 mos	5 yrs 8 mos		6 yrs 10 mos	
CHURCH MEMB. Pilgrim (Cong.), Cleveland	ALLOWANCE BEGAN		Jul 14 1914	Jun 12 1921	Jul 25* 1929	Aug 18 1937	
SUPPORT	ARRIVED HOME		Aug 6 1914	Jun 7 1921		Aug 4 1937	
Ordained Jun 17, 1894, Oberlin, O.	MISSION VOTE RETURN		Jun 1914	May 1921	May 1929	Apr 1937	
MARRIAGE May 24, 1895. Gertrude Williams Stanley. Tientsin, China.	PRUD. COM. VOTE RETURN		Mar 16 1915	Jun 27 1922	Feb 11 1930	Apr 5 1938	
CHILDREN Theodore Stanley, Tungchow, Feb 27, 97 Margaret, Western Hills, Aug 19, 98 (Mrs. Leonard Menzi)	SAILED	Sep 27 1905	Aug 25 1915	Aug 24 1922	Aug 13 1930	Mar 18 1939	
George Durand, Jr, Tientsin, Jun 4, 00 Frances Ursula, Tungchow, Oct 11, 02 (Mrs. Carrol C. Daniels)	ABSENCE FROM FIELD *OVER		1 yr 3 mos				

<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>DATES</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Tungchow: (Tunghsien)	Fall, 1894->00	A.B., Oberlin; B.D., Yale Divinity; D.D. Oberlin, 1915.
<u>n _____n:</u>	Apr 1900-'02	He was forced to leave Tungchow with the other missionaries in spring of 1900 by the Boxer Uprising.
Tungchow:	1902->11	
Peking:	Sep.1911-1930	
Tehchow:	Sep.1930-Jul 1937	On October 5, 1938, the P.C. placed Mr. And Mrs. Wilder on the retired list, as of August 18, 1938.
(Tehsien)		
After retirement:	Apr 1939-1943	Returned to China.
Weih sien Int. Camp:	March - Sept. 1943	Arrived in New York City December 1, 1943 on the repatriation ship, the Gripsholm (second voyage). P.C. #25935, Dec. 14, >43, retired allowance began Oct. 15, 1943.
<hr/>		
A memorial service was held for Dr. wilder at the Teng Shih K'ou Church in Peiping, May 18, 1947.		See Vote #25725, March 13, 1945 for final action on travel allowance.
<u>Death of Mrs. Wilder:</u> Early Wedesday morning, at the home of her daughter Margaret Menzi, at 909 Woods Road, Ypsilanti, Michigan, the day before her 93rd birthday.		Dr. Wilder passed away Sunday afternoon, May 5, 1946 in Oberlin, Ohio. Burial was at Westwood Cemetery. Cause, hemorrhage in the lungs from over-exertion. For the last few months there was hardening of the arteries.

RECORD OF SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

NAME: Wilder, Mrs. Gertrude Stanley (Mrs. George D.) Peking, China.	APP'D Feb 17, 93 SAILED: Aug 28, 93	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM	FOURTH TERM	FIFTH TERM	SIXTH TERM
BIRTH: Dec. 9, 1870, Tientsin, China. PARENTS: Rev. Charles & Ursula Stanley	ARRIVED FIELD	Sep 29 1893	Nov 1905	Sep 16 1915		Sep 15 1930	1939
EDUCATION: Oberlin College (1890)	LEFT FIELD		Jun 13 1914	May 12 1921		Jul 1937	Sept 1943
	TERM LENGTH		8 yrs 7 mos	5 yrs 8 mos		6 yrs 10 mos	
CHURCH MEMB. Pilgrim (Cong.), Cleveland	ALLOWANCE BEGAN			Jul 30 1919			Oct 15 1913
SUPPORT	ARRIVED HOME		Aug 6 1914	Jul 24 1919		Aug 4 1937	NY Dec 1 1943
	MISSION VOTE RETURN		Jun 1914	May 11 1921	May 1929	Apr 1937	
MARRIAGE: May 24, 1895. George Durand Wilder. Tientsin, China.	PRUD. COM. VOTE RETURN		Mar 16 1915	Jun 27 1922	Feb 11 1930	Apr 5 1938	
CHILDREN Theodore Stanley, Tungchow, Feb 27, 97 Margaret, Western Hills, Aug 19, 98 (Mrs. Leonard Menzi)	SAILED	Sep 27 1905	Aug 25 1915	Aug 23 1923	Aug 13 1930	Mar 18 1939	
George Durand, Jr, Tientsin, Jun 4, 00 Frances Ursula, Tungchow, Oct 11, 02 (Mrs. Carrol C. Daniels)	ABSENCE FROM FIELD		1 yr 3 mos				

LOCATION

DATES

Tientsin: Sep.1893-May,95

Tungchow: May 1895-1900
1902-1911

Tientsin: Apr 1900-1902

Peking: Sep 1911-1929

Tehchow Sep 1930-Jul 37

Weih sien Int.Camp: March 1943-
Sep. 1943

(See attached write-up for a glimpse of her work.)

REMARKS

Second generation missionary. Her father, Rev. Charles A. Stanley, was a missionary of the Board in North China, 1862-1899.

On April 5, 1938, the P.C. placed Mr. And Mrs. Wilder on the retired list, as of August 18, 1938. (Returned to China in 1939.)

Arrived in New York City December 1, 1943 on the repatriation ship, the Gripsholm (second voyage).

Dr. Wilder passed away in Oberlin, Ohio on May 5, 1946.

Mrs. Wilder's death. Confined to her bedroom for more than two years and having suffered a stroke about a year earlier, Mrs. Wilder died early Wednesday morning, November 27, 1963, at the home of her daughter, Margaret Menzi at 909 Woods Road, Ypsilanti, Michigan, at the age of nearly 93. She had made her home with the Menzis for the past 15 years. The funeral service was held on November 29 at the First Cong'l Church in Ypsilanti, with the Rev. John J. Adams officiating. The interment service took place in the afternoon of the same day at Westwood Cemetery in Oberlin, Ohio, beside her husband.
Obit.

Notice in United Church Herald for Feb. 15, 1964, page 37.

See NEWSLETTER, January 1964, page 10.