

HOW IT ALL STARTED

From Kelly,

Hello. My great aunt is Sister Eustella Bush.

A few years ago I was able to get an email to Mary Previte who posted it to your topica list. From that I found there is some confusion. Sister Eustella was born Gertrude Bush and worked at St Joseph's school In Tsingtao both before and after the war. She left China in 1949 when the Communists came into power. I have seen her listed as being evacuated in 1943 with most of the other priests and nuns, but my information is that she stayed behind. Can anyone confirm any of this?

I know the listing says she was onboard but I know that information is NOT correct. I have the info from her motherhouse and actual newspaper clippings from her return which was in 1949. She was in the camp until the end. And at that time she returned to Tsingtao. Sr Servatia's book confirms what I am saying as they were together on that day when the 7 rescuers jumped into the field.

Kelly

From Leopold,

and yes ! I forgot to add:

... if you have a look at Ron Bidge's listings (very precious for us) ... and that you make a search on "(Sister) Eustella" you can find out that: "Yes" ... she was on board of the Gripsholm bound for New York!

Leopold

Father Hanquet wrote:

http://weihsien-paintings.org/NormanCliff/people/individuals/Hanquet/p_groupFathers.htm

... that after the "Gripsholm" departure and the massive departure of the priests & nuns for Peking ...

stayed in camp:

- 2 American Franciscans,
- 6 priests of the SAM (Société Auxiliaire des Missions)
- 1 Belgian Benedictine
- 1 Belgian Jesuit
- ... and 6 American nuns ...

Who were they?

If you have a look at Ron Bridge's listings and make a search for the RC nuns, you find them in the listing printed here under.

Take out the names "F" in the "sex" column

= 6 names left. Six sisters that stayed with us till the end! (I guess so !!!!)

No "Eustella"

What do you think of it?

all the best,

Leopold

NAME	CHRISTIAN NAME	NATIONALITY	BIRTH	GENDER	OCCUPATION	BERTH	DATE DPARTURE
Park	Myrtle Welcome	Mrs British	17.07.13	F	RC Nun	54/2	
Park	David Charles	British	04.02.41	M	RC Nun - Sr Lumilla OSF	54/2	
Parker	John	Rev British	21.08.60	M	RC Nun- Music Teacher		04.06.44
Parkin	William George	SouthAfrican	03.09.89	M	RC Nun Teacher - Mary Dulcissa	41/3	29.08.44
Parkin	Phyllis Christine L	Mrs Canadian	13.02.06	F	RC Nun Teacher Sr Reginald	41/3	
Parkin	Daphne Elphreda	Mis British	27.03.36	F	RC Nun-French Teacher	41/4	
Parkin	Elizabeth Diane	Mis British	23.07.39	F	RC Nun-Holy ghost Convent	41/4	
Parkin	Phyllis Roseanne	Mis British	05.01.42	F	RC Nun-Nurse- Sr Bernadette	41/4	
Parry	Godfrey Herbert	British	18.04.94	M	RC Nun-Nurse-Sr Mary Flora		10-déc
Parry	Zoya	Mrs British	11.02.04	F	RC Nun-St Josephs School Tientsin		10-déc

From Estelle Cliff,

Hello Kelly

I remember Sr Eustella simply because she was the only nun who played games with the kids. I remember her in her black robes and white wimple, her round smiling face, rolling up her sleeves and playing baseball. I can see her swinging that baseball bat with glee, picking up her skirts, and running to first base.

That's all. Just a cameo I saw in passing. I also remember how sad everyone was when she left after all the other Catholic priests and nuns.

Folks, I wrote this as soon as I saw the question, and then I thought I should just check on the camp list to make sure I had the right name, and there I saw that she had left Weihsien on 16th August 1943, so I must be mistaken! Thank you Annie for confirming that Sr Eustella and a few other nuns and priests left three months later.

We the Chefoo party arrived 8th or 9th September, having left Chefoo on 7th September, the birthday of my aunt Marjory Broomall, the headmistress of the Girls School. Did we spend one or two nights on the ship to Qingdao?

I remember you, Annie, with your two blond "pigtailed", standing in the your little "garden" churning your washing machine for all your little siblings. Happy memories in spite of the circumstances.

Estelle (Cliff) Horne

From Anne,

Dear Kelly,

Of course I remember Sister Eustella, I have a vivid memory of her. I believe she was the Sister Superior of the 7 or 8 nuns who remained in Weihsien after the departure of the Catholic priests and nuns, who were with us for the first 3 months.

Her voice had something special and after 70 years I can still recall it.

She gave us catechism lessons and was in charge of the children for the 1st Holy Communion. She was a great organizer, with lots of energy and she was very active in our community of internees.

She liked discipline and was quite a severe person- I

know that some children were afraid of her!!

It was amazing how speckles these sisters looked in their black habits with the large white starched collars and white head crown under their veils. How they managed to keep this up, is a mystery. As a child I also noticed that they wore shoes

with a slight heel- and they walked most elegantly. Of the other sisters I

remember Sister Donatilla (who was a real beauty), sister Bede and sister Blanda.

How wonderful that her great niece is showing an interest in her aunt,

whom I knew as a teenager during my stay in Weihsien. I hope you'll receive more information about her.

With best wishes, Anne Knüppe (née de Jongh) from Dordrecht, the Netherlands.

P.S. There is an old foto taken by one of our liberators, showing a truck filled with internees, ready to leave Weihsien in Oct. 1945. You can clearly see several sisters with their veils and white collars sitting in that truck, and one of them must have been Sister Eustella!

click here: http://weihsien-paintings.org/KimSmith/PhotosSketches/Weihsien_Camp/p_WeihsienCamp.htm and then click on pictute n° w004

From Ron Bridge,

> Kelly,

Herewith the detail on Sr Eustella off my data base

DATA ON A Prisoner of War

SURNAME Bush

Initial Gertrude J

Rank Sr

Nationality American

DoB 1899

Sex F

Profession Teacher-Sr Eustella- St Josephs School
Initial Camp Weihsien
Block/Room 0
Died 0
NoK/Address School Sister of St Francis Tsingtao
Vicariate
Born 0
Other Camps Peking
From Tsingtao
Interned 15.03.43
Freed 05.09.45
Remarks 1 Transfd PKG 16.08.43
Remarks 2 Superior
Remarks 3 0 held Jan 1942
Buried 0

Most of the RC Priests, Nuns and religious were transferred to Peking (Beijing) locations in two tranches in mid august 1943. The Chefoo School was transferred from Temple Hill Yantai the end of August and the US and Canadians shipped out via Shanghai mid September on Swedish Ship Gripsholm to arrive NY late November. Her date of birth computed from age given in Weihsien Camp list mid June 1943 if you have it precisely would appreciate it along with hometown

Rgds

Ron Bridge

From Albert,

I found an internet site that showed the graves of a number of Sisters of St. Francis of the Milwaukee, Wisconsin (USA) group. Sister Eustella (Gertrude Bush) is buried in Campbellsport, Wisconsin. Her headstone shows her birth and death dates as March 23, 1899, and April 15, 1979 respectively.

> I left a message with the archivist at the home base of the Sisters in Milwaukee, and may be able to provide more information when (or if) I get a response.

> Coincidentally, there is another School Sister of St. Francis whose religious name is Eustella and whose original name is Gertrude Bush. I have no idea if she is a relative or not. She was born in 1925 and died in 1975.

> Albert de Zutter

From Mary Previte

You will find MANY references to Sister Eustella

(School Sister of St. Francis, Milwaukee -- pages 72, 194, 256, 257, 262, 265, 267, 281, 284) in a book called:

FRANCISCANS IN SHANTUNG, CHINA 1929 - 1948

According to these accounts, Sister Eustella was relocated in Tsingtao after the war and was the mover and shaker there for the Franciscan Sisters.

In these accounts, several references mention American military personnel helping the Sisters. I quote one:

"1946: In December Sister Clementia of the Springfield Franciscan Sisters with their hospital in Tsinanfu, and Sister Julian flew by commercial plane from Tsinanfu to Tsingtao and stayed with the School Sisters of St. Francis in order to obtain United States Armed Forces supplies. Never had Sister Julian seen such a quantity of hospital supplies and canned food to be given away. Among the medical supplies was the then 'miracle drug sulfaminalide', the first antibiotic, the forerunner of penicillin. Sister Clementia gathered together two Army truck loads of supplies of all kinds and Sister Julian, with her smaller Clinic, accumulated one truck load. The next problem was how to transport these supplies to Tsinanfu. The railway was not repaired and the roads were not passable for heavy trucks. As might be expected, Sister Eustella had the solution.

"One evening, Sister Eustella invited the Generals in charge of the Air Force, Marines, and Navy to a fine meal, and during the meal talked to them about the needs and difficulties of missionaries in the interior. By the time the meal was over, Sister had the promised trucks to transport the supplies to the airport, a plane to fly them to Tsinanfu and more trucks to take them to the hospital in Hungkailou.

"In a day or two, sure enough. the trucks were loaded up and the flight to Tsinanfu accomplished. Sister Clementia was able to have two U.S. Army trucks take her supplies to the hospital, and Sister Julian triumphantly arrived at Our Lady of the Angels riding on the top of her truck loaded with supplies. Such rejoicing!! Such wonderful equipment and medicine for the clinic. Such lovely chocolate bars and canned food for the sisters, Such blankets and army cots for the over-crowded school! To think all this might have been

destroyed had it not been for Sister Eustella's quick thinking. It seems that when the Armed Forces return from a foreign country they are not allowed to bring their surplus supplies back to the States as this would depress the market price for such goods. Such waste!"

Here's another later reference:

"When the railway opens again Sister Eustella in Tsingtao will send them, and a Lieutenant Woods of the United States Army said he would bring them out here on his truck if we give him some cookies. He is just a kid from Texas and will do anything for us if we give him cookies."

How I wish Major Stanley Staiger and Ensign Jim Moore were still alive! These men were part of the American team that liberated 1,500 prisoners at Weih sien, August 17, 1945. At the end of August, 1945, these two men and Raymond Hanchulak and Tad Nagaki transferred to Tsingtao, where they established an Office of Strategic Services base. They might very well have been involved with some of Sister Eustella's activities in Tsingtao. I will ask Tad Nagaki -- still alive and well in Alliance, Nebraska -- if he has any recollection of events like these.

Copies of this book may still be available from

Cardinal Stretch University, 6801 N. Yates Rd., Milwaukee WI 53217-3985. It is compiled from memories and correspondence of these Franciscan sisters.

Mary Previte.

LETTER FROM: ST JOSEPH MIDDLE SCHOOL TSINGTAO—CHINA

St Joseph Middle School
Tsingtao, China

JUNE 30, 1932

Dear Venerable Mother,

The past year has brought with it much unforeseen work in this far-off land of war and unrest. It is interesting to know that in our own particular school not an hour of study was lost on account of China's state of political chaos while in other cities weeks, months, even most of the year was spent in vain as far as actual school work was concerned. Yes, it was a busy year for the three of us — organizing a school according to a foreign land, managing a foreign group, teaching many hours each week, rehearsing two plays, working up a choir, and last, but not least, attempting to sow some seed of morality in the youth of a generation, who, for the greater part, know not God, were our activities since a few days after we set foot on this heathen soil.

You can realize that my correspondence has been very limited, but now I am writing an account of a trip which Sister Florida and I made about two months ago. We really did not have time to make this trip, but we simply stole the time and went. I am also enclosing a review which I wrote of our Bishop's Jubilee Celebration and the Laying of the Cornerstone of the new Cathedral here in Tsingtao. You do not see a large church in China very often, for most of them are shacks but in the larger cities there is usually a large Cathedral where there is a Bishop. This city had a Bishop for the past four years.

After the event of the Jubilee, our work was soon in regular order again. Then arose the question of arranging our courses for our Senior Middle School Department which we will open next September. I worked out a preliminary plan for a general course which would include the required subjects leading to the University and also special courses in Domestic Science and Normal work. You know, here in China, the Senior Middle Schools may also train teachers for Primary Schools, if they add the required Normal subjects to their curriculum. Since most of our girls from the interior intend to be Primary School teachers, I thought that our school could do a great deal of good in training them for

their work. In conferring with Bishop Weig concerning the plan, His Excellency suggested that we visit some Tientsin and Peiping Middle Schools. I realized that this would be the best way to study the organization of other schools, and I knew that vacation time would not be a good time for it, so I decided that we might try to arrange everything in regard to our work and go at once. Sister Callista felt that she could do the management work and also teach double Sewing periods thus using Sister Florida's Art periods. As far as pupils were concerned, they were satisfied to do extra practicing and I would give them extra lessons upon my return. My school music periods were used for study, so all was set.

Mrs. Ling arranged for our tickets and made connections with the China Travel Service in Tsinan so that we would have a guide in changing depots. It was about Tuesday night at seven o'clock, April twentieth when all was in readiness for our departure at seven o'clock at the following morning, that I thought of our passports not being visaed for internal travel. Travel in China without a passport! I did not see how we would manage. The American Counsel was our only recourse, but, alas! it was after hours. When should we ask? I felt that if I would tell Bishop Weig, His Excellency might say that I should not run the risk, but just wait a few days until all the red tape of visae work could be finished. With this thought in mind I decided not to bask His Excellency, for our entire plans would be disturbed. I thought rather optimistically that we would slip through, but still I wanted my idea confirmed by the opinion of another optimist,, so I telephoned to Mr. Cannon an Irishman from New York who manages the China Import and Export Limited. His answer was: "Go ahead, Sister. If anyone asks about a passport just say 'Sure I have one. How did you expect me to get into China without it?'" Weill I was happy to receive this answer for we were set on going.

At about six thirty the next morning, our girls were lining up to see us off. Two Sisters, one servant, two suitcases, and one briefcase were soon seen descending the hill in three rickshaws drawn by three spry coolies. This was our first trip to the depot here in Tsingtao so there were a few new things for us to see. It is very interesting to see how many people here in China actually take up their beds and walk. All working people and most students carry their beds with them from place to place. The bugs are all tucked in carefully so that only a few fall out. Please remember about these beds, for there is something very interesting to be related concerning this later on in my account.

Besides seeing a large number of people carrying their beds all tucked up in a duck covering, we also observed with interest the number of armed police on each coach. These guys actually have big shot guns

tipped with a dagger point. There are at least four on each coach. Upon inquiry I was told that these men are very important in making travel in China not only safe but even possible. The number of bandits outnumbers that of gangster-land in Chicago, but since they are more scattered here in China, sometimes I do not think it is quite as bad as Chicago. All those from Chicago, please, do the read that last sentence.

Soon we were comfortably seated in a second class coach, which rather surprised me on account of its cleanliness. The train seats were upholstered in leather and arranged according to the German plan of having a small table attached to the wall at the window between every two seats. At first I felt a little leery about bedbugs, especially since I had been almost murdered by the fleas last summer. When none attacked us during the first hour, I felt quite safe. Sister Florida and I had plenty of room -- two large double seats. The second class coaches are usually not so crowded as the third where all the poor class Chinese and old missionaries travel while the first class caters to the rich Chinese and foreigners. Now, when we have a little more of the real missionary "ghost" we will travel third class, too. At present, second was the most I could risk, for even there everybody smoked and people are spitting almost continually. Fortunately they strike the cuspidor most of the time.

For a long time no one inquired about tickets, but I took it for granted that these officers were slow in this matter as most of China is in everything except collecting bills. After we had gone through all the suburbs and were far out into the country, along came the conductor with two assistants and double body guard. One assistant preceded the conductor to wake or shake up the passengers. The second did a little fooling around, too, while the two body guards looked rather desperate with their big shotguns and daggers. Our tickets were printed both in Chinese and English. These tickets cost \$43.80 Mex for each of us for a round trip travel from Tsingtao to Peiping which is a distance of nearly six hundred miles. That is about \$9.50 gold according to the present rate of exchange.

After our tickets were ceremoniously punched, we settled down for a rest by looking at the never ending cemetery through which we were passing. This may sound like a joke but it is an actual fact, that thousands and thousands of graves almost fill the fields of China. Distinction in burial is made among the three classes of people. The very poor who own no land are buried in a common plot of ground while those who own a little land always bury their people right on their farms. Just imagine! If you had buried your ancestors for the last four or five hundred years or perhaps longer on your farm, what a big cemetery that would be. The horses are

trained to go carefully between the mounds, which look like Egyptian pyramids, Some are very large, at least twenty feet in diameter and shaped perfectly round terminating in a cone point upon which a small stone rests. Others are very small. Perhaps they are the graves of children. These graves are in some places so close together that they look like a nest of ant hills. I counted nearly one hundred in a small plot of less than two acres. Sometimes nothing is planted between them when they are so close, but occasionally a few rows of plants can be seen. Again you see the graves more scattered so that there are only four or five on an acre. Here the farmer cultivates every inch of the soil between, but that sacred mound he never touches. His dog may sit on the mound, but his horse never steps on it. A number of these graves have a slab monument at the base of which is a little table on which the food for the dead is placed. It is no wonder that the dogs like these graves. We saw a few very large monuments which looked something like the arches of triumph of the Western World. Then again, we saw rows of statues of their pagan gods, which, I suppose, they intend to have as protectors for their graves.

One nice thing about these field cemeteries is that some groups of graves have beautiful trees planted near and around them. Most of the country is very level and sandy, so these trees give at least some beauty to it. There are, of course, mountainous districts which are very beautiful in appearance, but are usually hotbeds of robbers. You can see their little huts far up among the mountain tops.

All the land which is not mountainous or used for graves is intensely cultivated. Even the river beds are used for fields and gardens and one crop is reaped before the rainy season sets in when these river beds are filled to overflowing. There are, surely, very many of them and large. They are much larger than the Mississippi in width.

It is time now to return to our coach and down the aisle you will see coming the fruit man. Well, he is much like the train fruit vendor in the States only that his fruits and his candies do not look so clean and are exposed to the dust and he himself makes much more noise. An actually strange sight is to see a passenger parading through the aisle with a whole roasted chicken. He takes it to his place, sits down, and begins the operation of carving. If he has his family there, dividends are made. To a Chinese, a chicken is his "Leibgericht." When the chicken is about half devoured, the train boy comes along with steaming hot towels. Each member of the family receives one and then they wipe off their hands only. If they have money enough for many tips, this lad appears again with their tea and when all the chicken is out of sight, fresh hot towels are brought.

Eyes, ears, nose and the entire face are well rubbed now, Do you know what happens to these towels after this? Well, they are taken to the lavatory and a bit of hot water is run over them and they are wrung out and given to the next man for him to rub all the eye and skin disease germs into his eyes and skin. A very large percentage of Chinese people have trachoma, a dreadful eye disease, which is almost incurable. Is it any wonder?

Now I want to tell you more about these Chinese farms and the interior country towns. As I told you, every available space is used for cultivation. It seems that most of the famers live in the village or town alone on a farm and if there is one occasionally, it is surely surrounded by a clay wall. Very early the farmer goes to work in his field. The ox and the donkey are the common field animals. A horse is seldom seen. It is very interesting to see the ox and the donkey hitched, side by side, and going on so peacefully. Farm machines! There are none. The two-wheeled cart for hauling, a plowshare of some crude form for plowing, a few-tined rake for harrowing, and a stone dragged on a rope for rolling are about all there are to be seen. The hand sickle does all the cutting of grain and the flail is used for threshing.

It is interesting to see the farmer under his big straw hat which serves as an umbrella. Clothing troubles him very little for he wears scarcely none. Women and children also work in the fields, but I believe, it must be very difficult for the women with their goat feet. They hobble along with much difficulty all day long to return to their scanty food and bed of clay at night.

Most of these people live in clay houses. When I was still in the States and read of clay houses and other things to be found in China, it was like all book knowledge, but here is the reality. I really would not mind the interior if I could only build my clay hut far enough away from the rest so that the bedbugs and fleas could not travel to my house. Those are the only two things I fear. Those clay huts are so close together that the bedbugs can play hide-and-seek from the windowsills, while one good hop of a flea would take him from one victim to another in the next house. I used to think that mosquitoes are bad, but now I think they are honorable, for at least, they announce their coming by a song.

To return to the people of these villages, surely their lives are most primitive. They grind their meal by man or donkey power. Their stoves are made of clay and have in most cases, no exterior outlet for the smoke. The flame is fanned by means of bellows. As a rule, no wood floors are to be found, but clay is usually used and sometimes stone. Most of these houses have only one room, in which they cook, eat, sleep, live and die. The Catholic Missionary who works in these interior places usually has to live in the same manner. When he goes to

his various missions he frequently spreads his bed in the stable with the donkey.

Villages are quite numerous in China. Usually the railroad runs along one side of the town and outside the wall. It is surely surprising how many people dwell in one comparatively small area. One place appeared to me to have about six or seven thousand inhabitants, but, upon inquiring, I found that the number was about seventy-five thousand. Usually the individual families are very large and besides that, one home is frequently made up of the grandparents, the father and occasionally three wives, all the children, and if some are married, their families also. And perhaps a few stray uncles, aunts and cousins. The relationship is one of the biggest puzzles here. We have had this experience right here in school that a young man would call to see his sister, a student of ours. To every question that I placed the answer was: "Wa she ta die gogo" -- "I am her older brother." In every case we found that it was a cousin or distant relative of some sort. Now they are not trying the "gogo" scheme so much anymore.

Village after village we passed and in everyone where the train stopped we observed there was usually a well-built depot. I think, these were all built by the Germans when they put in this railway before the World War. I am sure, if the Chinese were to build them they would never be there.

At about five thirty that evening we were nearing Tsinanfu, the capital of our Province, Shantung. That part of the country is very rocky. Hills of almost solid rock are commonly seen. We could see the Cathedral which is in Hunkialou, a suburb of Tsinanfu. Here is where the Sisters from St. Francis, Wisconsin are. Before long we were at the main station Tsinanfu where our Travel Service man was "Johnny on the Spot." He spoke a few words of English, but we got along better in Chinese. The distance to the other depot was not so very great, so we walked over. Here we had to make reservations for Express Travel so that we could be in Tientsin the following morning. We were both very tired, so in order to be fit for visiting schools immediately the next morning, we took a sleeper. One thing about these sleepers is that you have plenty of room. Even in second class there are compartments which have the full width of the train except the narrow aisle which is along one side. Each compartment has two sofas long enough for beds while above there are also suspended beds which, if you are alone or with one only, you can use for baggage. Each compartment has two windows, so you have plenty of air. These sofas have no springs so there is not so much comfort in lying on them, but as long as there are no bedbugs, I don't mind sleeping on a stone. You are given a blanket for covering the bed, two sheets, and one light blanket in case you are chilly.

It was a bright moonlit night and the moon in North China is unusually beautiful. It was so clear and bright that we could easily have counted the graves of that interminable cemetery. The nearer we came to Tientsin, the more bleak and sandy the country looked. At seven thirty we arrived at the main station where we were met by two of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary. Anyone who makes a trip to Tientsin will surely never forget the behavior of the rickshaw coolies at the Railway Station. When you are first in China you become disgusted with this rough scrambling which they do in trying to force you into their rickshaws, but after you are here some time, you learn how to steer through and even find time to do a little observing. Well here is what I saw. One coolie was bent on forcing the servant boy of the sisters to ride in his rickshaw, so he snatched the traveling bag from the servant's hand and put it in his rickshaw. A policeman from the nearby corner saw this, ran from his post to the rickshaw, grabbed the cushion, spat in the coolie's face, and ran back to his post to direct the traffic. At first the coolie was so dumbfounded that he did not know what to do. Then, quickly, he wiped the spit from his face, ran towards the policeman to get his cushion when, suddenly he realized that he might lose that passenger, he chased back and tried to persuade the boy to ride in his rickshaw, but it was too late. This, I suppose, is a daily occurrence.

We were now on our way to a church where we could receive Holy Communion. The thought that we had not been held up for our passports was a rather happy one. The Church to which we went is in charge of French Missionary Fathers, the Vencentians. We were soon on our way to St Joseph School where we were to lodge during our stay in Tientsin. There we had breakfast, and at once I sent a note to Miss Hsia, the Principal of a Chinese Girls' Middle Norman School, asking her whether or not it would be convenient for her to have us visit her school that day. We knew this Miss Hsia, for she is an honorary member of our school board and she has recently visited in Tsingtao. Her answer was that she could not be in for that day so she kindly asked us to wait until the morrow. We still have enough American in us to sense the value of one day, so I decided that we would take rickshaws and simply find our way through. We set out for Nankai Middle School for Chinese Girls. I had already heard of this place, so there was a little light in the undertaking. The Sisters where we were staying work with white girls so they are not acquainted with Chinese schools.

I forgot to mention that while we were waiting for the answer from Miss Hsia, we visited the classrooms of this St Joseph School. We met one Sister whose home is in Washington D.C. and another from Rhode Island. They teach in this school. The courses are based upon the English System which finally ends with the Cambridge

Examinations. Very many of the girls are Russians, but many other nationalities are represented.

Nine-thirty o'clock found us at the gate of Nankai. The first question was: "Where is your card?" in Chinese. Just so it was not: "Where is your passport?" I had had some cards made, for you actually must write your name on a scrap of paper if you have no card, but I had forgotten to take them along. We asked for someone who could speak English, but the first one who met us could only speak Chinese. In the meantime an English teacher was called. The Principal of this school was over at the boys' school at that time.

Before I tell you about our experiences at that school, I will tell you a little of its history which dates back thirty-three years. It began in a private family and twenty-eight years ago a regular school was opened all through private enterprise. A Chinese, named Chang Pu Lin, is really the great man who built up this school. He has often been in the United States and has continual contact with Columbia University, New York. Just before we went to Tientsin, Dr. Rugg from Columbia was at Nankai University doing some research work in Chinese Philosophy. Nankai includes a University, a boys' middle school, a girls' middle school and a primary school, including Kindergarten. The enrollment of the boys' school is eighteen hundred. The Mrs. Chang Pu Lin whom I mentioned, has a brother who made himself famous in New York some years ago by translating into English and staging the historical play "Mulan." I believe the entire project of that institution in its various parts has been greatly aided by American Advice and money. Very many of their teachers are American — returned students.

It was the girls' school in which we were particularly interested. This school was built in 1923, much later than the boys' middle school. The building is quite up to date and looks very much like our own. It has four floors and a large auditorium at one end of the building. The seating capacity of this auditorium is four hundred, that is ordinarily, but I believe there is room for six hundred. They have ten classrooms, a library, twenty-two small dormitories, in which there is room for eight students in each. The dining room is quite large, but their kitchen is a sad looking affair. Well it is like all Chinese kitchens. The kitchen and sanitation system are the two weak parts of the school. For four floors they have only one toilet room which has about eight toilets in it. Next to it is a washroom, where the girls must come to wash every morning. The basins stand on the floor. They have three bathtubs which we did not see. Near the main building they are building a detention hospital for victims of contagion.

In regard to their curriculum they follow the courses as outlined by the Central Bureau at Nanking,

but since this school has prestige in the educational field, they work with a little more independence than most registered schools can. They seem to have a good teaching force, but, undoubtedly their English is weak for they have no American or English teachers. All the English is taught by Chinese whose pronunciation is not so good and who do not insist upon conversation on the part of the students. This is true in most Chinese schools. The students finish middle school with a knowledge of grammar, but cannot carry on a simple English conversation. The schools are surely failing in the point of English which is laid down as a required course for one year in Primary and six years Middle School. I suppose, when it is all summed up it is much like the modern language classes in the United States, where very few learn to converse fluently in foreign languages.

One interesting phase of work they do at that school is the study of social problems. Each week a group goes out for investigation work. Well, they can investigate for the next one hundred years and there will still be plenty left for investigation.

I forgot to mention before that in this school there are no science laboratories, but the girls go to the boys' middle school for all their science work. There they really have fine laboratories in which equipment and apparatus abound.

While we were at the boys' school we went to the roof where we had a very good view of Tientsin. It is about the most monotonous affair I ever saw. One mass of gray roofs of Chinese buildings. Roofs! and still more roofs for miles around with scarcely a taller building to break the monotony. To add to this monotony there is that somber gray color and a still more gray dust fills the air. Only a few streets are paved, and these are mostly in the foreign concession, while the others are dirt roads covered with thick dust in dry weather and you can imagine how muddy they are when it rains. They have an antique method of sprinkling the streets. Two men carry a tub of water in the middle of the street and there they set it down. Then each one takes a dipper and does his bit toward sanitation in that district. He happens to be making a graceful swing with his arm as your rickshaw nears, you might get part of the gentle stream. By the time these coolies are ready to move the tub most of the sprinkled part has dried up. I did see one water wagon for sprinkling but most of it is done by this "Hit and dry" method. Since there is much wind in Tientsin, you can imagine how the air is filled with dust. Many people wear veils over their faces.

Now to return to our schools. I must say that we really decided we would have to return to the school where we lodged after we had visited the laboratories of the boys' school. I notice that I forgot to write about the athletic grounds of Nankai. The girls' school really does

not have much room for athletics but just across the street is the Primary School which has very suitable athletic grounds and equipment which are used by the girls of Nankai Middle School. The boys' school has very excellent grounds including a very large football field. They are very conveniently located at the edge of the city with plenty room for expansion.

We really did not visit the Primary School until we returned from Peiping, but I shall tell you about it now. This school is controlled by methods used in the American Schools. They have a very good building and even an auditorium. All told, it reminded me of an American school excepting the language.

When we reached our place of lodging, we were very tired. After Benediction we said our prayers and were ready for supper and bed. The next day found us at the "Sheng Gong Girls' Middle Norman School." This is the place where Miss Hsia, whom I mentioned before, is Principal. Miss Hsia is a Catholic and she is working under the Catholic Bishop of Tientsin, but she receives no financial assistance from the Mission. It is, in one way, a private enterprise on her part. She belongs to an old Catholic family which was interested in education. Now this Miss Hsia through the help of her school board, succeeds in soliciting each year about \$10,000 Mex, which is the annual deficit. In the Middle School Department there are one hundred eighty girls, but the income cannot meet the expenses, even though Miss Hsia's school is run on a plan as strictly economical as possible. This annual deficit is true in regard to the ten schools we visited. Miss Hsia also has a Primary School which is very well managed. In the first four grades they have boys and girls, but above these grades there are only girls.

I want to tell you more about the Middle School Department before I proceed. I think you will be interested to know that Sheng Gung is also the name of our school. It means "The School of Good Works." This is a very good Chinese name, but it is not so easily translated into a suitable English name, hence we have another name in English.

In the Junior Department of that school the course is based on the same plan as it is for all Junior Middle Schools. It is the Senior Department where the special courses are given, which in the case of Sheng Gung, the aim is special training in Normal work for Primary School teachers who teach the first six year course. The girls must take enough of general courses so that they can enter a University if they do not choose to teach. Some of the Normal courses are Logic, Child Psychology, Science of Education, Methods, Management and General Philosophy. These are high-sounding names for Middle School students, but I wonder what it really is when it is all summed up. As yet,

I am very skeptical about the whole affair. At any rate, I am going into this matter more deeply when our Chinese teacher for next year arrives. This man is now on a translating Committee in Shanghai, but will come here next year to head our Chinese Language Department. He speaks English very well so I am planning on having him investigate these Normal subjects for me, and find out just what is being done, or whether it is a "Name without a Game." If we have these subjects in our school, I think we will teach most of these in English. Many Catholic Missions of the Interior are hoping to have some of their girls trained in our school so that they will have teachers for their Primary Schools. This Sheng Gung Girls' School, which I just told you about, sends many teachers to various parts of China, particularly to the Catholic Mission Schools.

We had now completed the second day of visiting schools and felt that we ought to go on to Peiping so that we would be there over Sunday, which would enable us to see something of the Imperial Palace without interfering with our school program. At four o'clock we boarded the express train which was to arrive in Peiping at seven o'clock that evening. On this train the second class coaches were so crowded that we could not find a place at all. The smoke was so dense and the air so foul that I decided that we would surely have headaches worse than we already had if we would remain in a place like that for three hours. The heat was intense. Well, we just went over to the first class and there we found room. The trip brought with it nothing new of interest, for it was very similar to the one I described. Before we realized it we were entering the massive walls of the Imperial city. The great wall of China is not within your view when you travel from Tientsin to Peiping. It is some distance away in another direction and visiting it requires a full day if you travel from Peiping and return.

At the depot we were met by Reverend Francis Clagherty, Chancellor of the Catholic University of Peiping, and two of the Benedictine Sister who are preparing to found the Women's College. To meet co-workers in the mission field is a great joy, nay, I say a thrill. To look at yellow faces from morning till night and to have only your small limited circle of white people who are not always so pleasing to human nature. I have not sensed it yet how the interior missionaries stand it, but I suppose, their only strength is our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

In a short time we were out at the University, for the little Ford the Fathers have runs just like all the tin Lizzies run in America. We went to the Sisters' home which is quite near the University and was formerly the home of Archbishop Costantini, the Papal Delegate of China. This was an interesting place for it had formerly been the servants' quarters and stables of a prince's

palace which was across the street. You entered the massive red gate and were soon behind impenetrable walls within which you were led from one court to another. I will describe these Chinese houses later, and for the present we will pass on to the dining room where supper awaited us. You can imagine the merry chatter which accompanies that supper.

Early the next morning we were prepared to visit another school known as Peiping Girls' First Middle School. This school was formerly a summer garden of the Tsung Dynasty, consequently, there are many small Chinese homes scattered throughout the grounds. These houses number about fifty and are used to serve for all the purposes of the school. They are all hidden behind a big wall, so that when you drive up to the entrance all you can see is the big gate. These Chinese houses are all about the same size, which I would estimate to range between twenty-four and thirty feet long and about fourteen feet wide. You see upon the collapse of the last Imperial Dynasty, many of these palaces, summer gardens and other Imperial places were simply seized by the rising power, or were sold by the princes. When these people actually occupied these places, they frequently divided these houses into three parts or rooms by means of a partition made of carved framework of wood and covered with Chinese paper. Now the school has removed these partitions and one building usually serves as a classroom, library and any other purpose. They have nine classrooms, fifteen small rooms which are used for dormitories, one library room, one reading room, a wretched looking dining room, while the other buildings are used for various purposes. They have a very good athletic field which is not unusually large, but well-surfaced and equipped.

The enrollment is about three hundred. I forgot that this is a government middle school, which accounts for the wretched condition in general. Dilapidation is the only word that could describe the condition of these buildings. The dirty, dirtier, and dirtiest walls; desks which are more ancient than those which the naught boys of Ichabod Crane carved and disfigured; windows which feel the touch of water only when it rains, and then on the outside only; a platform for the teacher through which he will fall some day; and other conditions such as a musty old odor in the girls' washroom which reminds one of the tub of wash water which your grandmother forgot to empty in 1892. We did not ask to see the toilet rooms for the lavatories were enough. In these you could see toothbrushes sticking out of the dirtiest cups and singing a song of hygiene melody for the emancipation from such an unsanitary condition. We were told at one of the Protestant mission schools, that flush toilets are scarcely ever found in Chinese schools, for it is hopeless to keep them in running order for Chinese have no sense of keeping any machines or

apparatus in order. Well, that is true, for I positively knew that if we had not stood up and actually stormed here we would now be digging up sewer pipes. But, storm you must in China and after this you will have bright clear days. Now we have less trouble than the average American school has.

As I said, this was a government school and supposed to be supported by the government, but the government allowance does not meet the expenses, so the girls must pay tuition which is \$14 Mex per semester. They pay seven dollars per month for meals and eight dollars a semester for dormitory. The curriculum is based upon that as given out by the Central Bureau of Nanking. French instead of English is taught, for this is permitted in Peiping, where French has predominated for so many, many years.

I must not pass over the general behavior of the students. It seems that in the classes we visited in session were quite orderly, but how the girls behaved as regards to ordinary manners manifested as much neglect in training as the buildings did in their upkeep. Of course, I suppose, we, in our garbs, appeared to them to be brings from another world so that was one reason why their curiosity was at its highest pitch. They followed us everywhere. They had to hear every word that the guide spoke to us. When they could not all get into the building in which we went, they lined up at the windows. The strange thing of it all was that not once were they told to go away and play. It was about noon when we returned to the Sisters' home. That afternoon it rained and we were glad to have a little rest from going about. Sister Florida and I went to our little Chinese house, one of the man of this estate. I will now tell you a little more about the Benedictine Sisters' home. If I remember rightly there were three courtyards. These courts are enclosed by four buildings, of which three walls are built of brick. The fourth, facing the curt is a framework of wood which includes the windows which are not of glass but of netting. The curtains are of paper which rolls up and down. The remaining parts of this inner wall are made of paper, which can keep out cold and wind rather remarkably. There is a veranda facing each court from every side. The roofs of the houses are made of Chinese tile, curving in typical Chinese architectural style, and extending down over the veranda. On the outside walls Chinese pictures and scenes are painted.

The Sisters use one of these houses as a community room, one for chapel, others for bedrooms and other purposes. The enclosed court-grounds are covered with bricks a few of which have been removed to make room for some flowers. The sun beats down intently into these courts and the dust from the desert regions covers the city and swops down into the yards

and goes through the open doors leaving a layer of thick dust on everything. Heat and dust are two unpleasant elements in Peiping. The Sisters dress in white from about May first until early Fall.

Now we have come to Sunday morning, April twenty-fourth. After Mass and breakfast we had an appointment to meet Archbishop Costantini, the Papal Delegate to China. It was nine o'clock when we, in company with Sister Francetta, the Sister Superior of the Benedictines, came to the home of His Excellency. For the first fifteen or twenty minutes the Archbishop did nothing but speak of our Community, our wonderful Sanitarium, and the kind hospitality and solicitude which were tendered him when His Excellency was ill in the States last year and stopped in Milwaukee for treatment. He then asked about our work here and talked at length concerning the education of Chinese for Catholic leadership. Before we departed His Excellency showed us the painting of a Chinese artist who was to be baptized by him on the vigil of Pentecost. He also gave us a large picture of the first Chinese Bishops who were consecrated in Rome a few years ago. Then he placed his car at our disposal during our stay in Peiping so that we might be able to get around as much as possible. It was a pleasant visit for us and one we will never forget. I can still see the venerable and kindly appearance of His Excellency as he met us in his Chinese gown and slippers. Surely, his heart is in China, and his love which he manifests in his efforts to bring this nation to Christ has touched the heart of many a native.

The next item on our program was a visit to the Temple of Heaven where the emperors of old sacrificed to their pagan gods once a year. The grounds of the temple cover many acres, perhaps about seven hundred or more than what is known as a section of land in the States. There are many beautiful trees and it is in the Oriental places like this where you can see ancient trees spoken of in the Bible and Oriental Literature. Among these trees are old Chinese buildings, once beautiful, but now fallen into ruin. These smaller buildings were formerly used as servants' quarters and stables. Beautiful roofed walks lead from place to place. But it is mainly the Temple of Heaven that I want to tell you about. This is really not one building but a number of buildings, altars, halls and burners. First when you enter you see a blue-roofed wall to the right. All the buildings of this place are blue-roofed, no doubt symbolic of the firmament. The roofs of other buildings of the royal palace are golden-colored, while those belonging to princes were green. This hall which I mentioned is called the Hall of Abstinence. It was the place where the Emperor remained some time previous to the annual days of sacrifice. We did not go into this hall, for it is now occupied by Chinese soldiers.

We drove quite far into the grounds until we came to the entrance of the New Year Hall. By the entrance I do not mean the door, but a rather large building through which pass three arched driveways which admit you to the inner court. Then we passed through the court which is enclosed by a wall, houses, and even a moat. When we came to the steps that lead up to the temple we noticed there were three sections. In the days of old, only the Emperor ascended by way of the middle section, while his officials, courtiers, and whatnot ascended the narrower side flight of steps. Even these were not narrow. The New Year Hall proper is a perfectly round building, built on the top of a terraced marble house base which is at least three hundred feet in diameter and seventy feet high. The building itself is a massive structure, baring the most beautiful roof of blue tile. Inside there are to be seen the burners and statues, but not much else. The ceiling is elaborately worked out in Chinese architecture and is certainly most beautiful. It is in this hall where the Emperor went every Chinese New Year to express his wishes to his official family.

From the hall we went to the Ancestor Temple which contains incense burners and is the place where the Emperor worshipped his ancestors. Then on another part of the grounds we visited the Altar of Sacrifice which is also enclosed within a wall. That part which they call the altar is not an altar as we understand it, but it is the top section of a three-terraced perfectly round stone structure, each terrace being edged with a marble railing. There is no roof over it at all. In fact, it reminds one of an old Roman amphitheater, except that the central part is higher instead of being lower than that of the outer parts. The terrace in width consists of nine huge slabs of stone, a number which is used in all architectural work pertaining to royalty. It is symbolic of the nine ranks of officials of the Emperor's court. All the huge gates have nine brass knobs in each of nine rows which serve as an ornamentation. The marble which I mentioned is not exactly the same as Western marble, but it is very beautiful also. I do not think that it is as valuable.

After we returned for dinner, we decided to go over to visit the Catholic University, at least the grounds and the Middle School. This we did, but I will tell you about it later and will then include everything about our visit there, for we went over several times. That evening we were very tired, so tired that I fell asleep in a chair and amused the Sisters' little Pekinese dog by my snoring.

The next morning found us at Bridgman Academy, or, as it is known in Chinese, Bei Mai. This school is managed by an American Protestant missionary group. They have many small buildings and beautiful grounds. The entire place gives the impression of order and good

supervision. The classrooms are neat and clean and the sanitary equipment is the best we saw in Peiping. They have a fairly good library and reading room. Their athletic grounds are very good, the basketball section being enclosed on three sides and under roof. In their dormitory they have wooden beds, consequently, in spite of other elements of cleanliness, the American teacher who spoke to us said there were bugs in the beds. She said they would fumigate now and again, but they never keep free from these pests. That is because the girls bring their own bedding.

Their courses are the same as all registered schools, except that you can tell from what they told us that there is more originality and independence in working out the courses. They are however, not so strong in English, for one of the American teachers told us that it is not so necessary, for this is China. It seems too bad to have all American English teachers and then not aim at a good speaking ability. Why teach it at all and instead use those five hours a week for Chinese, since they are in China? I believe, the day is not far off when every educated Chinese will be expected to speak good English.

In regard to religion, they told us that the number who attend services is quite small. One teacher said that it was a perfectly normal condition, just like it is in America. I suppose, that is true in regard to American Protestant Churches.

Tuesday morning we saw Archbishop Costastini's chauffeur at the gate awaiting to take us out to visit more schools. We first went to government registered school, but which is under private management and is known as Peiping Junior Middle School. Miss Ying, who is Principal is a relative of Miss Hsia of Sheng Gung Girls' School of Tientsin and is, consequently, of the same old Catholic family which counts a number of Martyrs, who during the Boxer Rebellion shed their blood for their faith.

Miss Ying's school was formerly a temple of pagan worship and was partly given to her by a Chinese Prince. Now it is in a pitiful state of dilapidation and it seems that Miss Ying has not enough funds to restore it. I admire her persistence in trying to do what she can to help educate China's youth, for she is surely laboring under difficulties. You may be interested to know that Miss Ying's niece, a Miss Mary Ying, is coming to our school next year to be one of our teachers and if we find her capable she will be our future Principal. If she is as brave as those Martyrs of her family were she ought to be a good help to me in dealing with those fickle-minded officials who are continually tampering into our school affairs. I would not mind if they knew anything, but some of them cannot actually interpret their own language correctly.

Now to return to this Junior Middle School and we will find a number of small buildings which are also used for primary School classes. Just as I told you concerning those other schools, one building usually serves as a classroom. All these buildings spell neglect and equipment is almost zero. The course is the general course outlined for Junior schools. We did not spend much time there, consequently I have only a general impression. I was most interested in meeting this younger Miss Ying who had been engaged for us.

In company with miss Ying we went to a school known as St. Joseph Middle Normal School for Girls. This is also registered. In fact, they all must be or close their doors for Nanking is continually on their heels. This school is controlled by the Catholic Bishop of Peiping. The direct management is in the hands of native Chinese Sisters, who really do not wear a garb similar to ours, but wear a type of Chinese dress. They have no veils.

The enrollment is about two hundred in the Middle School Department. Almost one third of the students are Catholics and they told us that the number of converts each year is about the same now as it was before they registered.

The building and grounds of this school are quite good. It seems the building is not so old, for the corridors and steps are all terrazzo, but, if they would only keep them clean. The dirt was actually one fourth of an inch thick in some places. Peiping dust is bad and daily cleaning is absolutely necessary, consequently any neglect means a very unsanitary condition. The individual classrooms were being swept by the girls, so we were met by a cloud of dust. The equipment was about the same as is found in the average city school in China. The dormitories were rather neat and clean.

As regards the courses taught, they are the same as all registered schools. I did not ask, but I think French is taught instead of English. The students were rather curious about our presence, but since so many were Catholics, they approached us rather freely. Our garb amused them. One said to me in Chinese, "Oh! you have two sleeves on each arm."

I am now going to tell you about two more middle schools and then I will tell you something about one of the two parts of the Palace we saw and, finally, I would like to take you on a general trip through Peiping in order to give you an idea of the features of this ancient city, particularly its social life.

Let us go to Peiping Middle Normal School for boys and girls. This is a government school and was built in 1913, shortly after the rise of the Republic. The boys and the girls have separate grounds and buildings, but the Principal and other officers are the same for both schools. The buildings since they were originally built for school purposes are quite good. The grounds are really

beautiful and well kept. We were told that the monthly allowance made by the government for the maintenance of this school is \$ 9,000 Mex. The students pay no tuition, board, nor extra fees. The cost of incidentals amounts to about \$50.00 per student. Of course that depends upon the individual student. Practically all the students live in the dormitory and it is no wonder. The equipment in general is quite good. Their library numbers ten thousand books (Chinese), and several hundred of each English and Japanese books. They have eight Chinese daily newspapers, one English and one Japanese. Their reading room is rather large, while the book room proper adjoining it is not so large. It is interesting to note that practically all the Chinese schools that have any library at all, have the books out of the reach of the students. The students may use the books, but they may not take one from the shelves, but must call for each one they want. This is because if the students were to handle the books at will, soon the shelves would be empty. One school had three thousand volumes stolen last year and sold in the bookstores of Peiping.

The laboratory equipment is fairly good. They have two laboratories -- Physics and Chemistry in one and Biology in the other. Four pianos are provided for the use of the students, while four teachers are engaged to teach the piano students. The rate for piano is \$1.75 per hour.

The school has no gymnasium nor auditorium. Their dormitories number twenty-four in the boys' school and are quite well kept. Ten boys occupy one dormitory. The girls' school has four, each having room for twenty girls. This girls' school has actually nine bathtubs, which is almost a luxury in China. They have a common washroom. Neither of the schools provide for the students' laundry, so it is sent out.

In regard to the athletic fields, the boys have one small field that is not so good, but they do have a large football field. The girls have two large basketball fields which are very good.

Now let us go to Fu Yen Middle School of the Catholic University conducted by the American Benedictine Fathers. It may sound like boasting, but I want to tell you that there is the place where you see the results of "American Pep." You might say it is a most unique situation. It is a beautiful blend of Western cleanliness, order, and discipline in with a perfectly Chinese setting. This school has grown very rapidly, which is to be attributed to the excellent management which is now known throughout China.

The grounds of Middle School adjoin those of the University, both were former palatial property. The buildings of the Middle School are many and scattered throughout the large garden space. As in the case of

other schools which I described, one building usually serves as a classroom. Their laboratories are large and well-equipped. Some library books are provided for the students, but most of their library work must be done at the University library nearby.

I will now say a few words about the Catholic University. The architectural work of the University buildings was planned by a Benedictine Father who is famous in his work of adapting Chinese art to Christian purposes. The buildings are of a beautiful gray either stone or stuccoes bricks. I know not which. The following is a quotation taken from the Fu Yen News Letter of February, 1932. "A new building to accommodate four hundred students was constructed in 1930; its designer, architect, painter, and sculptor is Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, of the famous Beuren School of Art. He has found his inspiration in the city wall with its towers and gates, combining economy and convenience, while adhering to the traditions of Chinese architecture." The University is famous for its excellent administration and fine discipline so that the student body of the Middle School and University has increased to almost one thousand in total existence of only six years.

Now since we have completed our views of all the Peiping schools we visited, the next to be described is part of the Imperial Palace. The Emperor's palatial residences and official buildings are located in four different sections of the city. Since our stay in Peiping was comparatively short, considering the number of schools we visited, our time for sightseeing was very limited. One section of the Imperial Palace we did manage to see. This was the official residence of the Emperor, but, since the rise of the Republic, it has been converted into the National Museum. Ground space abounds in this place for in the days of royalty it was there in the open spaces where the entire official family of the Emperor were already on their knees with bowed head at an early hour in the morning, awaiting the arrival of the Emperor who came daily to issue his orders. There are a number of magnificent golden-roofed buildings in beautiful Chinese architecture. Practically every building is now used as a section of the National Museum. Now, how could I ever describe the treasures to be seen there? It is almost impossible, so I will be brief. One most interesting exhibit is the one hundred and forty seven clocks which are more beautiful than dream clocks could ever be. Most of them are gifts of European rulers, particularly England, which makes me wonder whether or not this nation wanted to have China realize what time it was in regard to foreign aggression. Now these clocks rate from gold to diamond settings. They are of all sizes and shapes and when running they control fountains, chimes, music of many kinds, groups of people, animals, and whatnot.

Then there were old Chinese musical instruments, vases, urns, burners, dishes, embroidery work, bronze, which numbered thousands and thousands of pieces. Much of this was removed from the royal museum when the Empire fell, but who knows how much had been stolen. There are treasures there which are many centuries old and I wonder if there is any collection in the world which can equal this. Of course, I have not seen much of the world, but since China has the oldest civilization, I am thinking that, perhaps, no nation could have a collection of vases and urns and embroidery such as this. The amount of it is so astounding. We walked for hours and hours and then departed without having seen it all. The Art Gallery we never even entered, for it was getting late. And this was only one of the four parts of the Imperial Palace. Of course, since this is the National Museum, it has the greatest collection, but all of the other parts enclose treasures for we saw many pieces of art in the Summer Palace which I will tell you about.

A visit to the Summer Palace was not on our program for we intended to leave Peiping on Wednesday afternoon. Before we were to depart we called on His Excellency, Archbishop Costantini for a few minutes in order to thank him for the services of his car. His Excellency asked us where we had visited and what we had seen and when he heard that we had not seen the Summer Palace, he thought for a moment and then said, "My car will call for you tomorrow morning at nine o'clock and you shall see the Summer Palace, for as teachers in China, you must see some of China's treasures and centers of interest." To speak of an argument, there was neither room nor propriety for one with the Papal Delegate and consequently, we remained in Peiping for another day.

The Summer Palace would require volumes for its description, but I will give you only a general view of it. It is located among the beautiful hills about eight miles from Peiping. I do not recall its first being built, but I know it was restored seventy years ago. The old parts are, at least, centuries old. The area of the palatial grounds is around twenty square miles. Among the hills is a beautiful lake which is connected with Peiping by means of a river. The most outstanding of the works of architecture stand high upon the hills. We saw only the most important of the structures, but some distance away we could see the Jade Pagoda towering up from a hilltop. Jade is the most beautiful creamy stone which reminds me of melted marble that has hardened or rather caramel cream frosting that my mother used to put on cakes. Many people who came to the Orient have rings made and set with jade stone. There are, perhaps, other colors of jade, but I really do not know, for all we saw was cream-colored in which there was a tint of green.

Now I will tell you something of the buildings we saw. Near the entrance was the Empress Dowager's official residence which is now used as an exhibit place for treasures of the Empress. Books, urns, vases and pictures, and among it all are two pianos, gifts from the United States. The throne is an interesting but uncomfortable looking affair. Other buildings were, for the greater part, located quite far from the entrance. The Empress Dowager's bedroom was a palace in itself, while the writing and drawing rooms were in a most unique separate building, built somewhat in the style of a pagoda.

Each part of the palatial residences usually has a magnificent entrance which is particularly true concerning the entrance to the Temple of the Clouds. The temple itself is far up on the hilltop. We climbed the marble steps and were quite exhausted when we reached the top. No matter how tired we were, our guide would say, "Come take a look-see at this." We did not go to the extreme top of the temple, but when we came to a balcony which surrounds the building some distance away from the wall, we sat down to rest. The sun was very hot, so we needed a few minutes to cool off. We were very thirsty, so we ordered some tea which is served up there so high in the air. It is not a good policy ever to eat or drink anything at any of these places in China, but when you buy tea, you wash the cup first with a little hot tea and then you need not fear drinking the rest of the tea for it is usually boiling hot. While we three, Sister Francetta, Sister Florida, and I were sitting there, I felt someone touching my veil. I moved my head slowly and then noticed a wide flowering sleeve next to me. A person of medium stature having an elderly face rather fine-featured, a perfectly shorn head, and dressed in long flowing gown stood before me. I looked at the being in silence, when soon this phenomenon moved on. Then followed four or five similar looking beings only much younger probably only eighteen or twenty. They sat down not far from us while I thought to myself: "What clean looking boys those are." Before long a few of them approached us each having a string of beads which moved rapidly between their fingers. One took hold of Sister Florida's rosary and asked in Chinese: "Is Buddha your god?" and immediately the inquirer's lips moved as the beads moved between his or her fingers. Yes, it was really "his or her" to us. A few words of conversation in Chinese revealed to us that they were Buddhist nuns who serve in a temple in Peiping. Do you know what they were saying when their lips moved? "Buddha is good." On and on they went between almost all the sentences they spoke. Now, I am telling you that they were quite a curiosity to us. Perhaps we were equally such to them. You should have seen them pose when Sister Francetta took their picture.

Our guide then took us to see the prayer wheel

for the Temple on which the Buddhists write their prayers and then as often as the wheel is turned they think their prayer is sent to their god. You would be surprised how many Chinese are really pagans. Even though Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, never intended his followers to be idol worshippers, nevertheless most Buddhists have fallen into idolatry. Very near to this temple was the bronze Temple which was badly damaged during a Japanese invasion some years ago. Behind this temple is another hill of solid rock which was carefully smoothed and an immense mirror, at least sixty feet high, was set in. When we came to this part, our guide said, "Come take a look-see at what the Japanese did." They had fired upon the temples, shattered much of the bronze one and made splinters of the mirror.

The interior of the temple itself was very elaborate in its Chinese art work. A huge brass statue of Buddha stood in the center while other statues of pagan worship were grouped around him. The greater portion of the floor space is perfectly free for the use of the people.

We descended the hill by a winding path which led through solid stone tunnels of short length and then out again. It was at the exit of one of them that we had our picture, which I am enclosing, taken. Down and down we went until we came to the lake again. There we saw the boathouse and an old steamboat used in the days of the Empress Dowager. A very large marble boat of double deck stood near the shore. Here is where royalty entertained, for the boat could be used for naught else. Now the decks are used for public drink and lunch rooms. Far out into the waters of the lake is the image of a gigantic cow enclosed within a marble rail and resting upon stone slabs. This cow is to be the guardian of the waters. A person must marvel at the skill these Chinese had in engineering without any knowledge of modern methods. They have marvelous seventeen-arch bridge spanning the waters of this lake and another one known as the "Camel Bridge." The Lotus beds are large and when in bloom they say they are a charming sight. One pond is known as the "Goldfish pond" which is literally filled with goldfish.

The Chinese are very fond of walks which are under roof but open on the sides. One of these long verandas along which we walked was about one half a mile long. At intervals of about ten feet each were a pillar and a cross beam upon which some scene of the Imperial Palace was painted.

The outside theater was quite a novelty. It was built quite high, the space surrounding it being filled with water. Only the rear was enclosed while the three sides were open for the audience to view the performances. The Emperor and the Empress sat on thrones in buildings

directly opposite the stage. To the right were the box seats of the Emperor's seventy-two concubines.

There is much more to be said about this Summer Palace, but I think I have said enough to give you an impression of the main features. I was quite impressed that the people who were born into luxurious surroundings or acquired positions in such surroundings in later life, surely have a struggle to satisfy their craving for luxury, pleasure, and sensuality. According to my mind, none of this could spell happiness, for the sight of it all is enough to tell how their whole lives were spent in killing time. The rising generations scorns the weaknesses and follies of these royal people of old, while they themselves are looking in vain for a remedy for the present chaotic state of affairs in China, which must necessarily attend a transition in which there is almost a complete abolition of a civilization five thousand years old and attempt to modernize a people who for a great part refuse to be modernized, for they know not what it means.

Before we leave Peiping I must tell you about some features of this city. As I said before, Peiping is in reality a city behind the walls. When you pass through the streets of Peiping you can form no idea of what you might see within the walls of the compounds. The streets are for the greater part only dirt roads. Riding in a car on these roads is something like riding on a trotting horse. It is true, most of the through streets are paved and in the legation quarters where the foreigners live everything appears like a Western city. Formerly no Chinese except servants were even permitted to enter these quarters. Now let us return to the streets of the Chinese section. After you are well shaken in the car or rickshaw you must steer carefully, for a drove of pigs is blocking the way. If the owner is with his pigs, he may hurry them out of your way, otherwise, you must wait until the pigs leisurely get out of your path. Next is, perhaps, a mud hole at a corner before you turn into the narrowest street you ever passed through. The chauffeur must be very careful or he will knock the wares off the shopkeeper's outside shelves. Swarms and swarms of people fill almost every available space, while the driver must be careful not to kill the babies who toddle in the way.

When you are on the next corner, you must be careful not to bump the baby camels. I saw more camels than I ever saw in all the circuses when I was a child. Yes, many more. In fact you meet them on almost every street, for they are used as beasts of burden. The camel carries practically all the coal. The baby camels are really cute running along behind their mothers.

Do not think that we did not enjoy some of the beauties of spring found in Peiping even though most of it is behind walls. Apple blossoms, cherry blossoms, lilac,

wisteria, lavender and white, and other gorgeous flowers were to be seen. Springtime in China is almost a dream. Springtime in the States is beautiful, but you usually do not find so many blossoms at one time as you do here in China. The roses were actually blooming May first. All in nature is so beautiful that I am sure that China would be one of the most beautiful countries on earth if there were not so many dirty Chinese in it.

When we were in Peiping we were in several traffic jams caused by a funeral procession. I wish you could see one of these. Now I will tell you a little about a funeral procession in general. Well, before you can have a funeral someone must die. Usually when a man reaches the age of sixty his son or sons will buy a coffin for him. If the father moves several times, he transports his coffin from place to place. Some even build their own graves, and when all is considered, Peiping funerals are a most expensive affair. When it is quite certain that a man must die soon, a particular dress is put on him. As soon as the person has died, he is removed to the principal room of the house, while a white screen is placed before the corpse. The relatives weep behind the screen while friends "kowtow" before it. "Kowtow" means to bow several times, or kneel and bow.

Chinese people have the belief that all furniture in the next world is made of paper, consequently they spend much money in burning paper "goods" as a gift to the dead. As soon as the person has died they will burn two paper coolies and a sedan chair to carry him to heaven. If the dead man had a car, they burn a paper automobile and a chauffeur.

The relatives now go to a man called the "ying-yang- sheng" who is supposed to be a clerk of both worlds and he is to decide upon the proper time for burial. Now, if the people are poor, he decides in a hurry, for there is no money in waiting. But, if the people are rich, he usually keeps them waiting, at least a month. The father of one of our teachers died this year and his body was kept in the house almost a month.

White is the color of mourning for the Chinese. White overcoats are worn by the wife or husband and all the children. You can easily spot all the mourners in the funeral procession.

An oil lamp is kept burning near the corpse for they believe that if there is no light the ghost may lose his way. From time to time the children tap an urn to urge the ghost to hurry to the other world so the gods will not blame him for the delay.

On the third day they have a service early in the morning when they welcome the ghost back and in the evening they give him a send-off. In some cases the corpse is placed in the coffin on this third day, but frequently this is done on the first day and the coffin is

closed on the third day.

The prices of coffins for well-to-do people range from \$500 Mex, while poor people have a wooden box painted black and the very poor have none at all, but are wrapped in a mat. These poor ones do not have any or very much of this ceremony either. It is found that many poor people go away from their homes to die on the street so that someone will pick them up and bury them. In fact, three died directly in front of our school within the past six months.

The rich have religious ceremonies every day during the entire time the corpse is kept in the home. It is not a cheap affair for they have their Buddhist priests from the temple and besides all the relatives, whether they be closely related or not, sleep and eat in the dead man's house for the whole month. The heir must also furnish each one with a mourning gown, which is seldom returned to the owner.

There is one ceremony that is particularly interesting which is carried on in the following manner. A table of choice foods will be placed before a wooden tablet sixteen inches high upon which is written the man's name and also saying that he is the owner of this soul. The Chinese character for the word "owner" is the same as the character meaning "king" except that it has one dot on the top. All the words on the tablet are black except the dot which must be in vermilion and filled in by the master of ceremonies. Groups of musicians and priests arrive for the ceremony and all is made ready for the distinguished person, the master of ceremonies.

When all is in readiness, the master of ceremonies, amid the silence of death, fills in the dot with a pen dipped in vermilion ink. Then music is played and prayers are chanted while the heir and relatives thank the master of ceremonies. The Chinese who still cling to their old beliefs, fear that if they do not provide this tablet the soul will become a wanderer. The time for this tablet to be kept in the home is three years which is also the time of mourning.

There are other ceremonies held at various times, but I will mention only the one in which the children of the dead man sleep with him. They sleep on mats near the casket. Then comes the day for burial.

This day is considered the most important. Poor families usually have only four coolies to carry the casket which is placed in a catafalque of the most glaring colors. Usually red is the most outstanding color. Poles are crossed beneath the catafalque and by means of those the coolies carry their burden. One day I was out at the edge of our own city here and I saw four coolies running at full pace down the road carrying a casket to the cemetery. An old-style carriage followed in which there were a few mourners.

In Peiping, though, it is quite different, especially in the case of the rich. The casket, after it is swept off with a new broom by the chief mourners, is carried in the small carrier as far as the broad street and wrapped in red embroidered silk. The heir leads the procession by carrying a flag of white paper. The one funeral procession we saw must have been that of a mother for a woman's picture was carried in a miniature arbor. Before this were carried the paper servants and furniture which I spoke of before.

The order of that procession, which is the ordinary manner of arrangement, was as follows: First, we were suddenly in a jam of people. For a moment I could not sense the situation for we do not see such elaborate affairs in Tsingtao. Then we spied at some distance the casket carriers and we knew what was coming. The first jam consisted of relatives and friends who had white paper chrysanthemums pinned on their black jackets. Coolies carried scrolls which were presented by friends and relatives. The male mourners walked just before the casket. They wore long white garments. The women ride behind the casket in carriages. Elaborate processions are at least a mile long. The musicians and Buddhist priests form an important part of the procession. I wish you could hear the music they play. Since the Western world is greatly influencing the East, particularly in music, you can expect to hear most any melody. I heard the tune: "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," being used in one of these funeral processions. I forgot to mention that a license must be obtained in order to have a funeral procession or the police will not permit the casket to pass the city gate. It seems to me they ought to have one street reserved for funeral processions and let it be known as "Dead Man's Avenue." Still people seem to enjoy looking at these processions. Crowds of urchins follow to pick up the great amount of paper money that is thrown into the air. Movie directors from foreign lands come to Peiping for the special purpose of filming a sight like this and one who visits Peiping surely must see a funeral procession, before his visit is considered complete.

I really think it is time for us to leave Peiping, but before we go, I must tell you about the hospitality the good Benedictine Sisters showed us during our six-day stay with them. We felt very much at home with these Sisters and many a merry chat we had with them about the folks back home across the pond. They gave us much of their time and attention and the Sister Superior accompanied us on most of our visits. We will never forget their kindness.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of April twenty-eighth we bade farewell to the Sisters and the ancient city and boarded the train for Tientsin where we were to

finish our work of visiting schools. Before I tell you about the last school we visited, I want to tell you what we saw of the remains of the fight between the Japanese and the Chinese. Our lodging place was, as I told you, in the French concession, which borders the Japanese concession where the fighting took place. The Japanese police station still has its front fortifications in the form of bags. I suppose filled with sand. There are small brick-line holes for the guns. Many of the houses have bamboo erections before and above them. Barbed wire is one tangled mass on iron cross-pieces which are still standing on the streets. For eleven weeks, the Keen Memorial School, which I am now going to tell you about, had no classes. I do not recall having seen any wrecked buildings but we did not see all.

The Keen Memorial School is a school that is owned and controlled by American Protestant missionaries. We met two of the American teachers, two women, perhaps about forty years of age. One of them is Dean of the school and has been in China seventeen years. She speaks Chinese very fluently and also teaches in that language. There is a boys' school nearby, so they have a Chinese who holds the Principalship of both schools. According to the impressions we received, the school is entirely in the hands of Americans, and consequently, is well managed. These two teachers whom we met are two of the most interesting foreigners I have met since I came to China. When one considers the leadership power in personalities such as these, it is no wonder that Protestantism has such a strong foothold in China. In connection with this an incident occurred which might well fit here. When we were visiting the National Museum at Peiping we were in company with two students from the University Normal College at Peiping. One was a sister of one our teachers. During the course while we sat down for a few moments to rest, our guide brought up the subject of missionary work in China. One of the students could not speak much English, so she asked him in Chinese concerning our religion. The guide's answer was also given in Chinese to the effect that we were Protestants for America has no Catholics. All Catholic missionaries came from Europe, particularly France. To the average Chinese, America in regard to religion means Protestantism, while France means Catholicity. This guide was quite surprised when I told him that the United States alone numbers over twenty million Catholics or practically one sixth of the total population. Then I went on to tell him that the reason why few American Catholic missionaries came to China was because our own country was a missionary country until a few years ago and in reality it is yet when all the West and South are considered. I told him that even now we could use all our Priests and Sisters at home. The sad fact is that a particular nationality is joined in the minds of the Chinese with the Name of

Catholicity. It is for us to break down the idea of nationalism and bring to these people the truth of the universality of the Catholic Church.

Now to return to the Keen Memorial School, I will first tell you about their buildings. The main building appears to be quite old, but it is well-kept, their rooms are large, airy and well-lighted. The science work is all done in the laboratory. The dining room and the dormitories are all very clean. In fact, the entire place speaks of order and good management. Their athletic field is also very good.

The enrollment is only two hundred fifty, and we were told that it never would be many more, for they do not want to have a large school. One of their students is Patricia Koo, the daughter of Dr Wellington Koo, who is receiving so much attention in the daily newspapers on account of his position in the League Commission now in China. It seems that they have only a select group.

In regard to their registration of students, they take the students of any rating from the High Primary, or grades five and six, up through the Middle School. The student is classified after she has taken her entrance examination and placed according to her knowledge of each subject not according to grade. She must pay \$5 Mex for each subject in which she is irregular, for her regular subjects are those of the grade in which she is in one of the following subjects: Chinese, Mathematics, and English. The students who are taking irregular subjects must secure extra help and work so that in the end they have finished all the subjects. It is the ideal method of managing the situation in China today, for there are so many students who apply for admittance and who are not up in some subjects and may be far advanced in others for they have been working under tutors at home. Many people will not entrust their children to government schools, consequently, in some places there is no school for them to attend.

The most interesting feature of that school is a moral course they teach. When I asked one of these Americans how they get along with the Bureau of Education in regard to that course they told us that they told the man whom the Bureau sent over to inspect the school that they are in China for moral and spiritual values, and if the Bureau wanted to hinder them in their work they would close their doors and tell the government to do its own work of educating. I liked their attitude and admired their fearlessness. In reference concerning what the Bureau's answer was she said, "Nothing! They just leave us alone." This school was registered in 1930 and is famous in North China. It is, surely, true that you need only show the Chinese that you are not a "dumbbell" and they respect you.

From the school we returned to Miss Hsia at Sheng Gung Girls' School where we were served a

Chinese dinner. Wine usually plays an important part in Chinese dinners, but this dinner had none. Four dishes of cold foods were on the table besides the customary chopsticks and small dishes. I cannot recall in what these four dishes consisted excepting I know that one was those famous two-year-old duck eggs. They were sliced in pieces shaped like the separate parts of an orange. The part of the egg that is supposed to be white was green and looked exactly like jelly. The yellow was a deep orange. These eggs are placed in lime and the heat of the lime causes them to change and preserves them in this condition. After these four dishes came courses, courses, and more courses. Since it was on a Friday, sea foods were served galore. I cannot recall all the names of the foods nor the order in which they were served, but I know we had lobster, shrimp, baked sweet fish, fish patties, little round grayish sea animals, bamboo sprouts, rice, Chinese bread, and at least twelve or fifteen other dishes. Then there was a pudding called "precious seven pudding." Three of the precious seven items were rice, lotus berries and pineapples. Chinese dinners have from twenty to forty courses. I cannot say that I enjoyed all these sea-food, but I told our hostess that I suppose I could become accustomed to them. To tell her we liked everything would not work so well for she would have known that we were not speaking the truth. Sister Florida considered the eating of all these seafoods quite a mortification. The little gray animals all covered with legs were more than our appetites could appreciate. But the generosity and hospitality of Miss Hsia were remarkable. I read somewhere that a Chinese merchant may bargain with you for only a few cents, but the moment he becomes your host he causes you to disagree with him on account of his generosity.

The evening which followed the Chinese dinner saw us bidding farewell to the White Franciscans, who had been so kind and so solicitous about our every need. When we reached the train there was not a place left in the second class, so we were ushered into the first class parlor car. They asked us if we wanted a sleeper, but I told them that we would not take any, for those chairs were very comfortable. There was a large crowd of very noisy young people in this parlor car, but they got off the train at one of the suburbs of Tientsin and we were left alone. I was just dozing off to sleep when I felt something on my wrist. I lifted my arm and there on the arm of the chair was a bedbug taking his supper on me. I killed him and a cousin of his and then moved to another chair. Sister Florida also was molested, but she also moved and we slept soundly most of the night.

It was nearly ten o'clock when we came to the main station at Tsinan, the capital of our home province. Here we decided to stop and go out to a suburb called Hungkialou, where the St. Francis Sisters from St Francis, Wisconsin, are located.

We were just crossing from the train to the depot with all our luggage when suddenly a man stopped before us and said "Passports please."

I was so overtaken that I said, "Passports. You want to see our passports? Alright."

I set down my luggage and began to search for those passports. When we packed in Tientsin, I did not think that we would need the passports so I placed them far down beneath other things. Sister Florida says that I was turning pale while I was scrambling for them. Well I must admit that I felt a little pale. At last out came the leather case containing the passports. In the meantime the officer had opened his little notebook. Now the uppermost thing in my mind was not to let the passports go out of my hands for fear he would be impressed by the fact that they had never been visaed in China.

When I had my passport in my hand I asked, "Now, what do you want?"

He said, "Sign your name and address here in this book."

I did so and he took the book and asked, "What is the number of your passport?"

Without any offer to give him the book I read: "378385."

He then asked whether or not it had a Chinese Visa to which I answered, "Yes, Chicago, May, 1931."

My aim was to try to make him believe that would suffice, while at the same time I knew positively that China calls for a visa for interior travel which cannot be given in the States. I do not know whether I succeeded in making him believe anything, but at any rate, he stopped questioning me and started at Sister Florida. I held her passport and did the same as I had done with mine and off we went, happy to think that it was the last city on our route where we could possibly be held up. As a rule, people with any passport difficulty must go to the police station to have matters adjusted.

Hunkgialou is quite a distance, at least three or four miles. A motor car costs \$3 Mex while a "ma tscha" costs \$1.50. I thought a recisha was out of the question for it was dreadfully hot and the distance so great. Well, we took the "ma tscha." Now, you wonder what a ma tscha is. It is a small carriage drawn by one or two of China's famous horses that look like frames. I am so sorry that we have no picture of ourselves in that ma tscha. It surely was a sight.

The trip was surely one similar to those made by the "Rough Riders" during the Spanish-American War. Such a shaking I had never had before. The streets through which we passed had a stone missing at very close intervals. Our poor old horse was almost fagged out when we drove up before the Cathedral of

Hunkgialou. We went into the church where we received Holy Communion, and then we went over to the Sisters' Convent. They were quite surprised, for I had not informed them definitely. It was a happy gathering. Every available moment was spent in talking over school work. They showed us their school, the orphanage, the monastery garden and everything of interest. Sister Mercedes who has been in China now nearly three years, demonstrated how she teaches arithmetic in Chinese. Their school is not registered and since they are rather secluded from the big city they have been able to manage without registration.

The Sisters have a nice new Convent with plenty of room for their future native community. Their grounds cover a large space for a number of acres which the Sisters are using in part for garden purposes. They have already planted some trees and I think that when they have the grounds all arranged and finished after several years, it will be a beautiful place. They have a wonderful view of the mountains which are only a short distance from the Convent.

Sunday afternoon we took the train to Chowtsun where American Fathers from Chicago and the Franciscan Sisters from Dubuque are working. These Sisters are those who just came to China last September. They have been studying Chinese all year and are planning on opening a Primary School next year. The Sisters will manage the school, but they will not be permitted to teach very much as the law does not allow the foreigners to teach anything except English and foreign sewing or art in the Primary school. English is taught only in the sixth year. It is quite different in the Middle School where a foreigner may teach any subject either in English language in the Senior Department or in Chinese in the Junior Department provided he knows his Chinese.

Well here in Chowtsun we had a pleasant visit, you may be sure. Those Sisters have one fear in common with us and that is the fear of the danger of falling in a rut in regard to educational ideas. We know we will get old here, but we do not like to get too old before our time. We considered the possibility of having summer school later on.

The next morning we were to take the train for Changtien, about thirty miles down the line on our way home. There is where an American nurse, a Miss Beuhler, from Indiana has charge of a dispensary and an orphanage. It just happened that one of the Franciscan Fathers was driving down to this place in an enclosed truck they have. Two of the hospital Sisters from Springfield, Illinois, were also going to this place, so we all four climbed into the rear of that truck. Roads in China!!! They are much worse than an ocean wave. I must admit that I was actually seasick on dry land. The

St Joseph Middle School

Tsingtao, China

OCTOBER 2, 1932

Dear Venerable Mother,

My last letter to you was written on August fourteenth or around that date. In the meantime we have received no news from you, but I can readily understand why you have had no time to write. By this time, the American missions are, no doubt, in full swing and so are we. Before I tell you about our school I want to tell you about our new missionaries. So many humorous things have happened that I must tell you, at least, some of them.

First of all I wish you could have been at the harbor when the Haradu Maru, on which they were sailing, arrived. Perhaps you recall that we sailed on the same boat from Kobe to Tsingtao. Everything was quite the same except that the cockroaches had tremendously increased during the past year. There were so many in the cabins that they crawled into the Sisters' trunks and some were carried out here.

When the boat neared the wharf we saw no Sisters on deck, but soon we saw them peeping from the port holes. Sister Turibia laughed and cried simultaneously. I was quite concerned about getting their luggage through free from customs duty, but, as I told you in my last letter, we were permitted to pass through without the officers opening a trunk.

Now I suppose you are wondering what the new Sisters think of China. I have told them that each should write to you, but they are waiting a little to allow their impressions to adjust themselves. Nevertheless, I trust that you will soon receive a long letter from each of the Sisters.

August came and went bringing with it an intense and almost continual heat wave. We had suffered considerably from the heat before the Sisters arrived, but after their coming we almost melted. The rainy season which brought with it torrents last year was much more moderate this year. Cloudy and foggy days followed by thunder showers at night for a period of about twelve days sum up almost the entire rainy season this year. Nevertheless the humidity was rather annoying. In our basement the water dripped from the walls and the floor was quite wet during this time. The season came early in July, consequently, the new Sisters saw nothing of it. I was glad that they were spared of going through a rainy season such as we passed through in our experiences last year. Gradually they will harden to these inconveniences. In fact Sister Turibia told me today that a shell is growing around her already.

Two days after the Sisters arrived I received notice from the Bureau of Education to the effect that we would have some difficulties in opening in three weeks.

other two Sisters were also badly affected by the shaking, but Sister Florida is our "Rough Rider" out here. The entire trip across the Pacific did not affect me so much as that ten-mile drive. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the trip. The big source of amusement were the many mules along the way. These mules simply go wild when they hear the motor of a car. They tear loose from their carts, and run pell-mell with their tails straight up in the air. They raise such a cloud of dust that you almost have to stop the car. We came to Changtien just before the noon lunch. Just now there are three Canadian nurses who came from America recently and are helping Miss Beuhler. In interior places like this you see real China. Those interior missionaries have the real spirit to persevere in working in such an environment. In winter they nearly freeze for lack of fuel. Their schools have no stoves. In summer they nearly melt in the heat or are eaten up by fleas and stung by scorpions. It surely takes some courage. There are twelve comparatively young men who are working in that territory. And they are working hard in spite of all the difficulties. One of these missionaries told me that he has fifty missions, numbering two thousand five hundred souls and that he could have three thousand more baptisms if he had help enough to instruct the people. The missionary who works in Chowtsun and the neighborhood has one thousand being instructed for baptism. All this makes me think we are doing very little. Of course, we know that we can never have numerous converts among the richer class with whom we are working, while, on the other hand, our aim is to educate for Catholic leadership.

Our short stops with the Americans in Chowtsun and Changtien were very pleasant. At three o'clock that afternoon we boarded the train to make the last lap of our homeward trip. We were very glad our aim had been accomplished. In fact, we did not expect to be able to visit as many schools as we did. The trip added much to our experience here in the Orient and I hope that my readers will enjoy my account of it. I am

Yours sincerely in Christ,

Sr. M. Eustella, O.S.F.

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We had one hot struggle which ended in a telegram from Nanking granting us permission to open. Every time the Bureau gets too wise for me I say, "All I can do is send a cable to America and tell them what you are doing here." That makes them very tame and I usually get my way. In another letter I will tell you all about what they wanted. The Sisters are growing accustomed to this super official attitude of China.

I said before that I was going to tell you some of the humorous things that have happened. Shortly after the Sisters arrived there was an article in the English paper in which was described how a foreigner trained his servants in China. This man had majored in English at the University and, consequently, he was well versed in English poetry. Whenever a servant broke a dish or did anything else wrong, this man quoted Shakespeare in a loud, stern and severe tone of voice. It worked like magic for he had little trouble after that. Now, Sister Turibia thought she would try this method for she thought it was a very good means of getting her idea across quickly. One day the servant girl pulled the ash box from the stove and left it standing directly in front of the stove. Sister came to the stove and saw the box in her way. She turned to the girl and said in a deep, loud tone "Louisa, --I--am--thy--father's ghost." The girl dropped everything she had in her hands and ran out of the kitchen screaming: "You frighten me to death." The ash box never stands before the stove anymore.

One day Sister Lucilla, Sister Florida and Sister Turibia went to the new convent of the Steyl Sisters near the ocean. It was Sister Lucilla and Sister Turibia's first rickshaw rides. After they had reached the place and paid the man both of the Sisters actually wept out of pity for the poor coolies who pulled the rickshaws, We told them that after they would be here for some time they would be glad if they could give the collie some work.

Sister Chrysantha and I went out one day in rickshaws and Sister laughed all the way. She thought everybody was looking at her. I remember I felt the same way when I rode in one for the first time. The Sisters enjoy seeing those matschas, which are regular horse carriages of a 1492 type. If one of those would go through the streets of an American city, I am sure it would create a great amount of laughter.

Last Sunday they saw a funeral pass by. I did not see it, but judging from their description of it, it must have been a rather gorgeous one. Sister Turibia was most interested in the incense burner and the bag pipers.

I am not going to tell you any more about what they are enjoying for I will leave it for them to tell you. There is surely enough for amusement, but they have discovered where the cross lies in the foreign mission field. A limited circle, a strange people, a foreign language, apparent unappreciation on the part of those for whom you are giving the best that is in you are a few of the things that force you to realize that your mission cross is not a symbol, but a reality. I did not mention

homesickness, but they have experienced enough of that to know what it means to be 8,000 miles from home.

OCTOBER 15, 1932

It has been nearly two weeks since I started this letter and I feel rather ashamed for not having finished it sooner.

Now I am going to tell you about our present school term. We gave our entrance examinations on August nineteenth. There were one hundred eighty-six applications for examinations. Well, these girls came to write and the number was decreased. I should have said that the one hundred eighty-six included about sixty of our old girls who were not obliged to write an entrance examination. When all was settled our enrollment totaled one hundred forty-five. Of this number forty-seven students are in the dormitory. In English, Chinese, and Mathematics the Junior II class is in two sections while the Junior I class is in two sections for all subjects for their are fifty-seven girls in the entire class. Junior III increased from twenty-two to thirty-six. Our Senior I class has only twelve, some of which are new and others are our old girls.

The dormitory girls require much supervision and both Sisters Chrysantha and Lucilla have already experienced what it means to manage Chinese girls. Sisters Lucilla, Chrysantha, Florida, and Callista take turns in managing the girls. We have made a set of rules for study, play, sleeping and eating. Last year we tried out various methods of general supervision and now we know what works best to the accomplishment of our aim, the training of the girls. The new Sisters have surely discovered that patience is the heroic virtue here in China. We who have been there one year are still praying for patience and I really believe that I will have to pray for it until I draw my last breath. In spite of the fact that none of us have reached the degree of patience required, nevertheless, the Sisters are doing good work with the girls. Many parents have placed their daughters in our school chiefly because they know they will be closely supervised.

I know you are anxious to know just what the sisters are teaching. Sister Lucilla teaches one class of English I and one class of English II. Then she teaches Art to Junior I, Junior II and Senior I besides giving some private assistance to a few girls who are back in English. Sister Chrysantha teaches English I, English II and Senior I English. Sister Chrysantha teaches English I, English II and Senior I English. Sister also teaches Biology to the Senior I girls. The Bureau wishes that as many subjects as possible be taught in English in the Senior Middle School. They particularly desire to have the mathematics and sciences in English for the text books for these subjects were originally written in English or some European language and the Chinese have only translated

foreign texts in these subjects. Some of the terminology is universal and cannot be translated into Chinese characters, consequently, it is very difficult to secure suitable Chinese textbooks, in fact it is impossible. When the Middle School Students write entrance examinations for any Chinese University they must write the examinations for these subjects in English. As far as we are concerned, it is rather a desirable condition for this allows us Sisters to teach more subjects and keeps down the teaching budget. We are not taking the Senior Mathematics for the present year, for I thought the Sisters had enough to do. I would have taught it myself but my piano pupils increased to the extent that it was impossible for me to have undertaken more than I now have. Sister Turibia teaches six hours of cooking each week besides all her other work of supervision. Sister Callista teaches twelve hours of sewing each week and does the sewing for the entire house, and supervises the cleaning of the dormitories and bathrooms. Sister Florida teaches English II and six hours of Art in our school and five hours of English I in the Boys' Middle School which Bishop Weig opened in September. As yet, they have no Middle School building, but have begun the first class in their Primary Boys' School building. The Brothers who have charge of this school were trained in French and not in English, consequently, they had no one to teach their English. Brother Weig was quite uneasy about the English, for His Excellency was desirous to have the English for his Boys' School as good as that of his Girls' School. I thought we could help them out for this first year, at least, for I knew you would not object to our helping along in the good cause. Sister enjoys her class very much. The boys are about the size and age of seventh grade American boys. There are a few overage, such as you find in all Chinese schools.

Now I will tell you what I am doing. There is a course required in the Senior Middle School which is called "Philosophy of Life." It is hard telling what the students are taught in other Chinese schools in a subject which such a broad title as that. I suppose the matter conveyed to girls and boys ranks from communism back to the teachings of Confucius. Here is what I am doing for I took charge of this subject. I worked out a plan according to which I teach the girls the Ethics based upon the principles of Christianity, and if these girls do not save their souls I feel it won't be my fault after I have finished this course with them. It is taught for two hours each week. Then I have my school music classes five hours each week, that is a total of five hours for all the groups.

The piano pupils have increased to twenty-seven which means fifty-four half hours each week. There is just one difficulty about it -- I cannot take any during school hours. There are two afternoons when I can get some of them during their study periods, but study periods are so scarce around here that they do not help me very much. I just could not get along with only one piano so I bought a used piano from a private family for \$270

Mex. It is not so good, but it will do for some years for the boarders to practice on. There are nineteen of the girls who use the school pianos for practice. I am going to have them pay a little rent each month and that will help me pay for that piano. I am hoping that next summer when Father Klink comes to the Orient there will be one musician on the mission trail that leads to the ripe harvest awaiting her here.

I just know you are anxiously awaiting to hear what we are doing with this Chinese language out here. Well, thank God, I can give you a good report this year. Last year it was absolutely impossible under the circumstances, nevertheless, we learned much without study for now we get along fairly well in all ordinary conversation. For the present year we have an excellent Chinese teacher who teaches daily three hours of literature and composition in our school and also teaches us. At eight o'clock in the morning he teaches Sister Callista and Sister Florida. I did not join their class for they know more reading than I, since they had studied a great number of characters before they came here. I did not want to retard them so I began character study with our new Sisters. We have class daily at 1:00 pm and each evening after supper we four study together. Since I know most of the words from sound it helps along in our study. I wish you could hear us. We remain on the basement floor for this study period and do we ever study loud. You actually must study aloud or you cannot get the correct sounds. It would be just like trying to learn to sing a song by keeping silent. We are all enjoying it very much and how we wish you could be here to see us in our work. Sometimes when we are in the midst of something I stop suddenly and say: "Don't you wish Ven. Mother could see us here now?" At any rate, we are getting our Chinese and when we can write well we will all write you a short Chinese letter. Mr. Lien, our teacher, is very interested in us.

OCTOBER 16, 1932

Your long letter of September fifteenth reached us two days ago. It was heartily welcomed by all. You can imagine how our new missionaries were anxiously waiting for that first letter from home.

May God reward you for having ordered the books and other supplies for us.

OCTOBER 23, 1932

This is still the "land of interruptions" for me. Now I am beginning to get something done besides taking care of my music pupils and answer calls, nevertheless, it is difficult to finish a letter in one period of time. That you can see for yourself when you look at the succession

of dates on this letter.

To return to your letter of September fifteenth, I must repeat, "May God reward you for the books, publications, and supplies you are sending us." The English books ordered from Ginn and Company have already reached us. Sister Chrysantha almost danced a jig for joy when they came. These books will be used by Sister's Senior I class. We are all so happy about everything you are sending that I really cannot tell you all lest this letter be delayed again.

I really think that I must close this letter and write again, or rather start again after a few days. But I must tell you that I was very glad to read in your letter that you were both interested in and pleased with my account of our trip. The copy came and we are wondering whether it would be possible for us to have more copies. His Excellency, Bishop Weig, asked me to give him a copy, for when we returned I did not have time to tell him much about what we had seen. I told him that I would write an account of it. I am writing the number on the extra slip which I am enclosing. Concerning the Sisters enjoying the account, I must say I am very happy for I surely need their prayers in return. I feel that many a supplication has gone to Heaven from the other side of the pond on our behalf.

The new Sisters have asked me to answer your question about whether or not they were seasick, but since there is an English boat now in harbor which will soon sail for Shanghai, I will ask them for the details and discuss it in my next letter. Will you, please, tell Sister Immaculate that the Sisters are wondering whether or not she would like to know?

Sending you love and kind regards from your happy workers so far away and thanking you for your solicitous care for us we are, in Christ the King.

Your missionaries,
per Sr. M. Eustella, O.S.F.

Tsingtao, China

FEBRUARY 10, 1938

Dear Rev. Mother,

I think letter I intend to review for you some of the important events occurring in parts of China within the past months. First I shall take up the interesting topic of our own city.

Before I begin, I must tell you that I dare to write this only because the letter is being mailed from Hong Kong without passing the Japanese censorship. When you answer it please make no references to any important items in this letter.

After the fifteen thousand Japanese residents evacuated from Tsingtao in late August, everything was comparatively quiet here. It is true, thousands of people were constantly coming and going in an attempt to find a place of safety. All boats and trains entering and leaving Tsingtao were crowded to their capacity. The majority of these people knew not where to go. They just fled. Reports say that eighty percent of the half million population of our city here evacuated.

From September 1 to December 1 many and various were the rumors. No one knew just what could happen. Chinese troops numbering from forty to sixty thousand came very near to the city, in fact, they entered within the line which was, according to the Washington Treaty of 1922, to remain demilitarized.

No doubt, the Japanese were closely watching the situation. In fact scouting planes were sent over the city at various times. Since no one knew whether or not these planes intended to drop bombs, the buzz of them caused the alarms to be sounded which sent all people scotching from the streets until the city appeared deserted. Other than this, life went on quite as usual excepting that many shops were closed.

Many times it was reported that the Chinese would not surrender this city undestroyed. It was said that particularly the Japanese property would be destroyed. And this would mean no small thing, for practically all the cotton mills and factories located in the suburbs of Tsingtao were Japanese owned. The value of these industries was a least five hundred million dollars.

A discovery was made in one of the factories which showed that the entire place was mined with explosives. However, this brought no Japanese back

to Tsingtao.

Early in December rumors arose more and more to the effect that this property would be destroyed and that our government officials would leave. Questions of evacuating became more urgent for those who possibly could leave. Most people felt that if the mills were once destroyed, the Japanese would enter the city and results would be disastrous. But strange to say, such was not the case.

It was the afternoon of Saturday, December 18, when a phone call came in with the request that refugees wished to come to our school for the speaker said that the mills would be destroyed that night. She further said that foreign consuls were advising people not to fear.

I answered that I knew nothing of the exact time of the dynamiting of the mills, but that if these people were very much afraid they may come. From that hour on people literally poured into our school. To these Chinese people our school with its American flag waving over it appeared as a haven of safety.

Promptly at eight o'clock that night the first explosion occurred. We went to the roof where we could see the flames rising high into the air. One explosion followed another until the whole northeastern sky was lit up.

Occurrences of this nature were frequent during the next weeks, but no Japanese excepting scouting planes appeared. The destroyed property including the millions and millions of dollars worth of industrial property which I mentioned above, besides the new dry dock worth many millions, godowns, shops, temples, breweries, and homes. But all Japanese schools were spared by the Chinese. A man had been sent out from the central government, then functioning in Nanking, for the purpose of supervising the work of destruction. In fact our own Mayor was unwilling to carry out the orders of Nanking in regard to destroying Japanese property. Rumors say that ten times Mayor Shen had been ordered to carry out the work but he hesitated to do so.

Then the man came. His plans included the destruction of our beautiful streets and whatnot. But shortly after he began the work he was injured in a fall from a horse and was recalled. While traveling from the city in an automobile, he was killed. Thus much of the work of devastation ended.

During this time train service was suspended and railway bridges were blown up. The harbor was blocked and boat service ended.

A few days before Christmas martial law was declared. During this time very much looting of Japanese property was being done. It was begun by Chinese police and others followed the example. Shops were broken into and practically emptied of their contents.

Then it was decided that the looters should be punished. However, this decision was not made until the policemen had all they wanted. Reports of gunshots became common. A person wisely stayed off the streets in order to avoid stray bullets.

A number of looters were shot daily. Their bodies were left to lie in the streets where they fell in order to inspire fear into others.

Then suddenly our police force disappeared to unknown whereabouts. Mayor Shen and the last of the government officials took their departure in automobiles disguised by being plastered with clay and such.

All intelligent people realized the seriousness of the situation. The foreigners knew something must be done, consequently they began at once to organize a temporary policing system with Mr. Antoshowitz, the German police adviser under the Chinese Government, at the head. A community of foreigners helped in the management of affairs. Several hundred foreign volunteers, especially Germans and Russians, did the policing and everyone was very grateful for the good work they did.

For reasons not definitely known the American and British sailors did no policing. The British did send marines to protect British property in the suburbs. Of course this whole question involved a very serious matter and it was for the Consuls of Great Britain and the United States together with naval officers to decide whether or not the marines were to come on land for patrol work.

Nine days passed under this regime. Tension was at its height. Everyone was waiting for the day when the Japanese would arrive and wreak their vengeance on this place. A delegation had been sent to the Japanese boats in the neighborhood of Tsingtao to assure them that no Chinese soldiers were in the city.

It was six-thirty on the morning of January tenth. The buzz of planes loaded with bombs roared over us. One group of ten caused great consternation.

Soon leaflets were seen falling. These leaflets advised all surrendering Chinese to hoist a white flag and all foreigners to evacuate to a certain safety zone near the sea.

It can be well imagined what the scenes in the

various foreign homes were. It is true, in many homes only the father remained, for the women and children had already evacuated to their native lands or to some other part of the Orient. At any rate each home witnessed a scramble for a blanket and pillow besides a little food.

Call after call came to us from Chinese asking whether or not we were leaving and my only answer was, "No." Shortly after the planes appeared we all decided to remain here with the Chinese. Two things we trusted in: First the protection of God, and Secondly, that the Japanese had learned a little respect for the American flag after they received the blunt reply from the USA for their apologies for the **sinking of the Panay**.

The various foreign consuls did not want and send their subjects out to this zone until they were somewhat more convinced that a battle was to ensue. As soon as the Japanese were convinced that no military people were in the city, they dropped no bombs within the city. However, a village, located a short distance away, was bombed.

The day wore on. We continued teaching the private groups of students who had come in spite of everything. Then a call came stating that the foreigners were not to evacuate. Shortly after this, a friend of ours, Mr Keefe, the manager of the Texas Oil Company, who was during these days serving on the committee of affairs, came in and said: "At four o'clock this afternoon we are to meet the Japanese at the municipal building and officially turn over to them the government of the city. No fighting will be done, no need for fear. The Japanese flag will be hoisted at four o'clock. If you need any help, call me, Sister."

"What a paradox," thought I, "foreigners handing over a Chinese city on Chinese soil to the Japanese." But such was the case. However, a happy thought was that no political change could stop our work in the furthering of Christ's Kingdom on earth. In fact, the above news was brought to me while I was instructing one of our converts to be baptized at Easter time. I stopped teaching long enough to listen to the news, told the Sisters, and then went back to teach.

At four o'clock some of us went to the roof to see the Japanese flag on the government building. This is the fourth flag to wave from this building since the establishment of the city by the Germans.

In order that I do not express my feelings concerning this change of flags, I shall pass on to the days which followed. My love for China and its people tells me that patient endurance and prayer will do more good for China's emancipation than all arguments on right or wrong.

I do not mention that it was the Japanese navy that took possession of the city. Marines armed to the teeth policed the streets. Usually two stood directly in front of our school and several more, sometimes four, were at the corner three hundred feet away. Many Chinese people who ventured out carried white flags or small Japanese flags. Automobiles owned by nationals of various countries had flags placed in the most conspicuous places. The city lived at the point of daggers and guns. Certainly every one behaved well.

Customs, post office, railway and all government institutions were at once occupied by the Japanese. Shortly after the navy took possession of the city, the army arrived. Then followed a scramble for buildings which might serve as housing quarters for the army and navy.

All public buildings including schools, temples, and market buildings were taken. Chinese owned homes and apartment houses were not spared. Very many families whose daughters were in our school lost their homes. These were especially the homes of men engaged in government work under the Chinese regime. The houses were visited and labeled by the Japanese and then occupied.

Of all places the school buildings are being ruined the most. Desks and library books are used for fuel. At the Shantung University in Tsingtao even laboratory equipment was included in the heap of library books and furniture which was seen lying outside the beautiful new science building. However, I did hear that this destruction of books also took place in the private homes. There is no question concerning who has the power in Tsingtao today.

There yet remains the question of refugees. Before the Japanese occupation the International Relief Association fed three thousand daily. Many of these refugees had fled before the Japanese troops and had come all the way from the district between Peiping and Tientsin. After the Japanese occupation many of these were transported to Tientsin in order that they might return to their homes.

At the time of the burning of the mills, thousands in the suburbs where the mills were



REPORT: LIFE UNDER THE JAPANESE

JUNE 11, 1942 —
SEPTEMBER 27, 1945

by: Sister Eustella

After Sisters Confirma, Turibia, and Fides left with the prisoner exchange group in June 1942, the remaining members of our group - Sisters Hiltrudis, Blanda, Donatilla, Callista, Verna, Eustella (me), and our returned Chinese Sisters, Adolph, George, Marie and Anne spent a quiet summer. Little did we know that our Navy and Marines were fighting in the Pacific. Already before Christmas a Japanese officer walked into our school, down the corridor, and into the community room, without one word on his part, or on the part of any one of us Sisters in the room, he disconnected our radio and walked off with it. The radio was a gift from our own Alvernia High, Chicago. We realized that we would be cut off from news. However we did get some information.

A friend of ours, Mrs. Hazel Zimmerman, a Texan-born American, who had married a businessman and came to China to live, was very kind to us. She received some news through white Russian friends in Tsingtao and relayed it to us in the following manner. Since we were semi-confined to our homes by the Japanese, all allied nationals were given a wide, white armband on which was a number. (Mine was "41".) This we wore when we were out during the hours 12:00 noon - 3:00 pm. We were permitted to leave our homes during that time. Mrs. Zimmerman would put on her armband and come over to the Mission. She and I went to the cathedral and sat behind a huge pillar where we talked over the news. It was Mrs. Zimmerman who first told us that there would be a prisoner exchange ship. It seemed like a phantom to us, but it was the one on which our three Sisters had gone.

Even though it was quiet, we kept ourselves busy by studying Chinese until our eyes pained us, by praying, and by performing our ordinary duties. But later in June we began a new project which began in a very small way, but grew to greater proportions. This was sewing for the missionary priests who were getting low on clothing, for Germany had been at war for nearly three years and they could get few supplies from there.

Friends had given me about \$1000 when I was home in 1941 and Mother Stanislaus had told me to use it for charity. Before I left for the States in February, 1941, we had organized a Chinese women's club for work in the slum districts. We did a considerable amount of charity through the making and distributing of quilts and clothing. I was very happy to have the \$1000 to continue that work, but by the time I returned it was too late to make contacts with these poor people. The Japanese had

located either fled to the mountains, to the city or took refuge with the British American Tobacco Company. There five thousand gathered and sought shelter within the factory buildings. There they were fed and protected for some time until the situation eased a little.

And now to come down to the present situation. The train from here to Tsinan made its first trip since December a few days ago. Boats are again running although they cannot come way up into the harbor. Mail service is quite normal while telegraph communication is rather slow.

The officials in the new government are all Chinese. The mayor is an old man who was formerly a mayor of Tsingtao. Of course everything is under Japanese dictatorship. No move is made without their approval.

Plans are now being made for the opening of part of the Chinese elementary schools. The difficult task is to get the soldiers to evacuate the buildings. I forgot to mention above that had we not been here occupying our building, it is quite certain that it would have been taken by the marines or soldiers. They certainly would not have passed up this building. I can well imagine that would have happened to our equipment. Thank God we were here. Up to the present our school is the only middle school opening. The date set for opening of school is March 1.

Neither the government nor the other missionary schools are offering the students any opportunities for study. In spite of this I do not think we will have a very large enrollment for so many of the people have evacuated.

I think the above sufficiently covers the important events of the past few months. There are still other items to be written. These items include those things which occur in all wars at places where troops are stationed. Nevertheless, I think your radios reported the terrible conditions prevalent in Nanking after Japanese occupation.

When I began this letter I intended to include some news of other places, however, my letter is already rather long, therefore I shall close. I am

Yours sincerely,

Sister M. Eustella,

O.S.F.

forbidden us to have anything to do with the Chinese.

One day in June, a missionary priest came to our school. He had just finished purchasing some supplies and clothing and was about to return to his interior Mission. The Germans were allowed to continue their work with some restrictions but in general, they were quite free since the Japanese and Germans were Axis powers. I asked this Father whether or not he had all he needed. He replied, "My allowance could not cover the cost of a new pair of shoes in addition to the other things."

Of course, I tapped our charity fund and the story began. Every priest coming from the missions in the Interior stated his needs and we helped. We also purchased many yards of bleached muslin and made men's shirts for them, Sister Callista did the cutting and we helped with the sewing. Sister Blanda was assigned the task of facing the small opening above the cuffs. One day Sister was tired and spoke up. "Those priests must be centipedes for I have done so many of these parts." Of course it was 160 for we made eighty shirts.

We went to our own supply room where we still had bolts of black serge bought by our good Sister Fidelis in 1931. "What will happen to all this," I thought, "if the soldiers raid this place?" So we called in a tailor and asked him to take the measurements of all the Fathers who came in and were in need of a suit. How well I remember the first suit that was made - it was for Bishop Weber, later to be an exile and prisoner for years under the Communists — he was a great man.

Soon we had another idea. There were some extra new and used Scapulars in the storeroom. Each Sister checked her own clothing and estimated what she would need for three years. That was the time the war would last and it did — from 1942 on to the end. Every Sister turned in any extra scapulars or even parts. We ripped these open at the shoulders and told the tailor that two would be sufficient for a man's pants. So it went.

It was October 26. We were busy straight through the summer. The last priest to be supplied came and took his bundle of clothing and left on a small coastal vessel for his Mission further south. "Now for our Chinese study," thought I, for our eyes were somewhat rested. Some had been studying part time all summer long. It does pain your eyes, for looking at those Chinese characters is similar to television waves when there is atmospheric disturbance.

October 27 dawned and each went to her work or hour of adoration. I wanted to settle my accounts. The \$1000 were then used up for clothing, shoes, and what-nots. We were all happy about it all. I had one business letter to write plus a little book work, and I also could study. But in the midst of my typing that letter a knock came at the door of our study room. "All American Sisters are wanted at once by Japanese officers in the study room," said Mr. Kwoh, the Chinese principal. We all gathered at once. There were only five of us Americans. We entered the reception room where we found two Japanese

officials. One addressed us in English saying, "You will be taken to a concentration camp at 1:30 pm today." There was nothing to be said. He checked off our names and identified each. Then he told us that we should prepare non-perishable food for three days and take our bedding along. Before the officers left, a German Sister came from Holy Ghost Convent across the street and demanded that they tell us where they were taking us. This Sister Irmengard was the "valiant woman." She had baptized no less than thirty to forty thousand dying babies in her mission life as she made her trips to the slums.

Finally the officials told her that we would not be taken far out of the city. I think the Japanese had also been at their convent where there were about ten allied nationals, but perhaps Sister was not in at the time.

This was 10:30 am - with just three hours left. First I called for a priest to place the exposed Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle. We had Benediction first. There followed one rush. Each Sister was off to find her clothing and pack. I recall Father Dahlenkamp, the Pro-Vicar, running to the dormitories and bedrooms and grabbing bed clothing, began to put it in rolls. Peter, our little Chinese cook boy, ran out to buy us food. Clearly do I still see that huge basket of bread, butter, ham, coffee and other things. We were all ready to go before the truck arrived for us. When it did come, the Franciscan Sisters of Mary from the nearby convent were already in it. I can still hear the Sister Superior say that we should not smile but be very serious, otherwise the Japanese might become provoked.

On our way to the place of concentration we picked up a few more people. We had about eighteen or twenty in the back of that truck. We arrived at a hotel in the resort part of the city known as **Iltis Hook** facing the ocean. Orders were given that we remain in the truck until they would call us. The call came and all scrambled down. Other truckloads of internees were already there. The next orders told us to go to a heap of mattresses on the ground (it was the dry season of the year) and pick up a mattress. All married couples were told to occupy the rooms of the main building; all detached men as the Japanese called them, (bout twenty in all) were sent to the lounge of the hotel; all detached women of course including the sixteen Sisters, were put in a separate building used as a dance hall. That was rather romantic for us, but we knew life there would be no romance.

I observed a woman sitting isolated in the lower part of the garden playing with her huge white cat, a real miniature strapless tiger. Since places were being

[NOTE: Tsingtao Iltis Hydro Hotel. Allied nationals in Tsingtao were interned on 27 October 1942 at the Iltis Hydro Hotel, a dilapidated building about two miles from the city center. Designed to hold 45 guests, 147 people were interned there, including Filipinos, Iranians, and South Americans. The larger rooms held families, while the ballroom served as a dormitory. On 20 March 1943 the Tsingtao internees were the first contingent to arrive at Weih sien Camp, the main internment center for North China. Captives of the Empire: The Japanese Internment of Allied Civilians in China and Hong Kong 1941 - 1945 by Greg Leck]

allocated, I called her. She lovingly took up her cat, went at full speed into the dance hall and cut diagonally through it, until she came to a private room nestled behind the bar section. "Lady, you know this place," thought I to myself. And she did. For five months during which we were in that camp Mrs. _____ and her cat Mimi occupied that room. The rest of us were tumbled together.

But when sister Hiltrudis entered the dance hall she spied a large glazed glass screen standing most probably in the orchestra corner. Sister called to me, "Sister Eustella, here, lets take this and make a little privacy for ourselves." With one swoop Sister dragged that screen into line so as to make one wall for our section. We parked near the entrance which was closed, really nailed shut, for it was the actual outside entrance. There was a very small hallway there and a washroom to one side. In the hallway there stood a heating stove. The other ladies very graciously told us we may have that hallway and washroom for our own use.

The other eleven Sisters found a larger room off to one side, but it was not large enough for eleven single beds, no matter how close they were placed. So for the first nights some of them slept on the floor. I felt very sorry for them. One was quite old; another had had recent surgery and was still wearing bandages. But one of them had worked in a Japanese leprosarium and could speak Japanese fluently. She was very much respected by the Japanese. After some days these Sisters were allowed to move to the second floor of a building in the rear. This floor was not to have been used. The Japanese had pasted paper over each window pane, for from this floor there was a wonderful view out on the Pacific. They probably feared that some of us would signal to possible American submarines out on the ocean. A German lady had told me that in World War I, while the Germans were still occupying the city which they had built at the turn of the century, a British had begged to remain in the city during the war.

The Germans had permitted him to do so, but later it was proved that he had given signals to Japanese and British warships which took the city in October 1914. Whether these Japanese officers were aware of that fact I do not know, but they were taking no risks. Even the Sisters had to leave the paper on the window panes.

Now to return to Trocadero, our dormitory. There were twenty women. One, I recall, whose son I tried to teach as a private pupil, but I do not think I did much for him since he was always dreaming of sailing the seas. His mother, Mrs. Harris, did tell me he was a successful seaman at that time.

Among the rest was a white Russian woman whose husband, a Britisher, had died. But she was then a British citizen, therefore interned. Since Russia and Japan were not at war until six days before the first atom bomb fell in 1945, no white Russians nor Soviets were interned. There were three Lutheran missionaries, a nurse from

Milwaukee and two Bible teachers also in our dormitory.

I do not know what happened in the other parts of the camp that night but I do know that our old Trocadero was not a quiet place. The dogs were restless. One pounded his tail on the floor continuously which reminded one of a drum beat, only not so musical. The other big dog growled in low, warning tones while through it all Mimi barked in a treble from her corner. Every hour during the entire night in came the soldiers. They must have been detailed to make complete rounds of the camp. Stamping in their hob-nailed shoes among the beds, turning on lights and grunting together with the dogs' serenade, made the night a real nightmare. I do not know when I ever lived through a night like this. However, I was not afraid.

Morning came and we were all ordered out for roll call and from that we turned to our food parcels which we had brought. As I now think back of it twenty years later, it seems to me most of us had suffered a kind of shock. It took me three days to recover, and then I decided that I could not sit and look at the ocean forever. Since the weather was mild we were out on the grounds much of the time.

Since no priest in the city belonged to the allied nationals, we had a daily Mass, but arrangements were made that the Japanese would permit a German Father to come to the camp for Sunday Mass. The Protestants who had several ministers among them had Lutheran and Anglican services.

Since our cook was not permitted to come to the gate, we sent word to Sister Callista and our Chinese Sisters that they pack up textbooks and send them to us, for we were anxious to begin classes with the twenty-one children who were of school age. There were twenty-eight children in the entire group of approximately 160 people.

Within a few days we were teaching practically every grade from one to twelve. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary offered to help us, for there were a number of teachers in their group. We taught according to the American and British systems as we could secure books, for that meant maps and we might learn how many islands the Japanese had taken. The fact was that we had lost much by that time.

English, French, German, mathematics, science, and history were included in the high school subjects. All went quite well. Most of us taught outside until cold weather set in later in December. Then we each found a corner for our group in the common dining room.

The question of food was settled in this manner. We had our choice between eating what the Japanese had prepared by Chinese cooks or having friends bring us food. Sister Callista had the cook boy bring ours in. Some we heated on the little stove in the entrance and we managed well. So also did the other Sisters.

One day Mrs. _____, the owner of Mimi the at, and I

had a private little talk. After she persuaded me to loan her some money (only a few dollars for her cat) we spoke about more serious matters. We composed a letter to Mr Egger, the Swiss man who was serving as Red Cross representative. In this letter we asked Mr. Egger to approach the Japanese and request them to loan each person the equivalent of \$6.00 US money per month which was \$50 of their puppet money then used in China. Mrs. _____ and I knew that many people were distressed, for they did need some things and we were sure they would appreciate this. How Mrs. _____ secretly sent out the letter I do not know, but Mr. Egger received it, acted, and our payments began. We Sisters who supplied our own food were given a monthly allowance by the Japanese for the purchase of food.

This set-up which was to last for five months was not too difficult for some of us, but it was hard on families with children. The parents were frustrated; the children became naughty and we saw something had to be done. One boy heated an iron rod and poked it through lamp shades. Some were running wild after class hours. Sister Blanda solved the problem. She formed a club and all the children were to join. They were trained in courtesy and much time was given to games. Soon all was in order.

As Christmas approached we formed a committee of several men and women in order to put some cheer into camp life. I was on this committee and my suggestion was to put on a Christmas play. I knew Sister Callista could send us costumes and we did have a copy of a play entitled "No Room in the Inn." Our problem was to find a place large enough to seat 150 people. Trocadero, our women's dormitory, was the answer if the ladies were willing to collapse and stack their beds. Well, they did and the men improvised a stage. It was lovely and everyone was so happy. I know it did make a few think a little more about that first Christmas nearly two thousand years before. A lovely part of it was that several Jewish children were in the play. The children all received candy and a little gift. On Christmas Day, Bishop Tien, who became a Cardinal three years later, came to offer Holy Mass for us, for all during the five months in this camp we were not allowed to go to Confession. The Japanese would not permit anyone to speak alone with the priest. The Protestants had two services as they usually had on Sundays. The day was a comparatively happy one, considering we were prisoners.

But the following Winter months were difficult, for the spirit of many sloped. No news, a routine day with little diversion. Those men in the smoker lounge must have told hundreds of stories, for they had practically nothing to do. Very little snow falls in that part of China so there was not even any shoveling of snow.

Spring came early. It was a lovely day in March. Sister Blanda's group was happy, having an afternoon of sports, when into the camp came a group of Japanese officials and civilians. They called for our own internee officers whom we had chosen to represent us. After a long

discussion in one of the buildings they all emerged and our representatives told us that we were to be moved. We would have ten days to prepare, and one representative from each family or group would be allowed to go to his or her home and collect what was needed. We were to secure a bed and mattress for we would not be allowed to take the beds and mattresses from this little camp. Clothing - what and how much was our own guess, for who could figure out how long the war would last exactly. Then, too, some had very little and not the wherewith to purchase.

I shall never forget the day we representatives went home for the return was a sad one for many. Their houses although locked had been looted - furniture, clothing and almost everything. I felt very sorry for the parents of children, for some did not know how they could manage. I went to our school where Sister Callista and the Chinese Sisters were still living. There was not much to be said by any of us, for an officer trailed us constantly. Sister would prepare our things, pack our trunks and get the beds and mattresses ready for shipment which the Japanese would manage.

I recall several especially interesting incidents. When the Japanese announced that we were to be removed to another camp, I thought I should write to Sister Callista to tell her what to prepare for us. I thought I would get permission to write if I asked the chief of the Consular police, for he had more power than the soldier-guards we had. This man was called. Mr. Mikita and spoke Chinese quite well. But he was always snooping around into the buildings and even into the women's dormitory during the daytime. He had a rather suave way about him so we nicknamed him Soapy Sam. Well, I asked Soapy Sam to write, but the reply was, "It won't work!" I thanked him graciously, went into the dormitory and wrote the letter. I knew that our cook boy would come later with food. Sure enough, he came but Soapy Sam was there with about seven soldiers and another consular police (blue-uniformed while the soldiers were in khaki). I greeted Soapy Sam for he loved to be recognized. Then I told him a funny story in Chinese and he laughed heartily. Of course, every soldier wanted to know what I had said, so Soapy Sam ceremoniously told them in Japanese.

I walked over for the food and slipped the letter from beneath my mantle to Peter, our cook. Sister then knew what we thought we needed - white habits and all.

One other time during these days Mrs. Zimmerman advised me to sell some silk, a large amount, which I had purchased for vestments in Shanghai before the Pearl Harbor affair. I wrote out all the instructions and when Mary, one of our graduates, came to the gate I slipped her the letter. There were many people at the gate and it was raining thus causing some confusion; otherwise my attempt would have failed. I quietly asked Mary to go to Shanghai, get the silk from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, call in a merchant, sell it and deposit the money with Father Shultz, the German S.V.D. procurator. She

should forward only half the money to some Franciscans who were in dire need in the interior mission field. Just imagine! Mary's report upon her return was this: She received twice the amount in US money that I had paid for the silk.

We set out for our new destination on Friday morning, March 19, 1943. No one was allowed to see us at the station, for the buses drove into the train yards. But we did not mind, for by this time we were prepared for more difficulties. Early in the afternoon we arrived at the station Weih sien where we were to leave the train and go by the bus to a Protestant mission compound about two miles out in the country. Soon we were there and entered the massive iron gates which were to close upon us for thirty months.

A short description of this compound is necessary for a better understanding of our camp life. I think the size of our entire campus was at least sixty acres, rectangular in shape, and completely surrounded by a thick brick wall at least fifteen feet in height. Turrets at various distances on the top of the wall served as sentinel stations. I do not think the Japanese added these to the existing walls, but perhaps they did.

This compound had been built by American Presbyterians and had served as a Chinese college called Ching Ling. Later this college was removed to the Provincial capital, Tsinan, and from that time on the buildings served as a Bible school for young Chinese missionaries. It was not a complete middle school, for emphasis was placed upon Bible study, but the students were of secondary school level or older.

The main large buildings, about nine in all, had served for the college, but when the Bible school took possession of the place, rows and rows of long brick buildings were built to accommodate the boarders. These buildings were only one story high and were divided into a row of rooms about 9x12 feet in size, with only a front entrance, a larger window at the front, and a small window at the rear. The rooms were not joined by doors. Each was a complete unit facing a little courtyard about 12 feet wide and the length of the building. Each building faced the rear of the next and a small sidewalk ran along the edge of the entire group of buildings. I do not know how many rooms there were in all these buildings, but I think there were approximately 450. One thousand Bible students had attended before the institution was taken from the missionaries. In general, families were put in these rooms - a man and wife were given a room; if they had children, doorways were broken through the dividing walls. All men and women whom the Japanese called "detached" were put in classrooms of the larger buildings.

We from Tsingtao were the first to arrive and we were told that since we had five months' training we were to be models, Saturday we were still alone. The Japanese showed the committee of our group the building which was to serve as our kitchen and mess hall (that is what it was). There were to be three kitchens - Tsingtao, Peking,

and Tientsin - for only North China nationals were to live in this camp. Shanghai and other places were to be provided for elsewhere. But North China included Mongolia and far into the western interior thus making it a big territory. About two thousand were to arrive during the following ten days.

THE REMAINDER OF THIS ARTICLE IS MISSING... [I hope to find it in the Motherhouse Archives one day.]

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