

# || *The West China* || || *Missionary News* ||

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APRIL, 1933

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## EDITORIAL

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### Churches and the Church.

The movement in support of National Churches has been much to the fore of late. Among others we hear much of the National Church of China. If this means that the Church is to be nation-wide—that is, to include every part of the country territorially and to be a vital factor in every department of the national life socially—then the sooner the Church in China is a national church the better. But there is a danger that a national church may become restricted in its outlook so as to be strictly limited to the members of one nation and may in time become merely a hand-maid to the narrow spirit of nationalism in its worst sense. Thus we might imagine a national church of China supporting the aims of that country and a national church of Japan limiting its interests to the advance of that nation.

Such a state of affairs seems dangerous not only to the future of the nations but subversive of the whole aim and meaning of Christianity. There is only one Church, that is the Catholic (or Universal) Church in which all men and all nations are united as One Body in Christ Jesus. All barriers of race and nation are irrelevant and out of place. There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female. The very essence of the Christian Church is its worldwide comprehensiveness and its unity. If any spirit of ecclesiastical nationalism is allowed to divide it its strength and greatness will be dissipated in ignoble ends. The divisions of sect and denomination are bad enough, but at least their historical development has

been justified by some deep conviction on an important doctrine or practice. Time may yet heal these breaches. In fact there is a coming together of different branches of the Church on a large scale. But horizontal divisions based on temperament and conviction are a thousand times less dangerous and harmful than vertical divisions fixed by nationality.

#### Expressing the will of God.

No one individual and no one existing nation can realize or express the whole will of God. The Goodness and Beauty and Truth of God can be achieved in no localized national church nor in one type of personality as expressed through a single denomination. The Divine Will can be manifested in no one community but only in the supreme society of which God is the centre and the Holy Spirit its vital power. Christianity at its best is man responding in full measure to the Divine. That implies the twofold operation of the Holy Spirit. He reveals God to Man and he reveals God through Man. And as soon as we realize the position and work of the Holy Spirit we feel how small and temporary are national barriers.

Jesus Christ broke down the wall of partition and slew the enmity which divided race from race. Nationalism breeds fears and suspicions. The Spirit of Christ allays them and draws men into a fellowship which is centred in God and therefore universal.

#### Nationalism and the Future.

Nationalism is the last spasmodic throes of a dying era. All the tendencies of the present age are against it and in the future it cannot exist permanently. It may, like Charles II, be an unconscionable time dying, but it is doomed. Communications, commerce, science, art, education in its best sense, are all the foes of nationalism. These things are patent to everybody, but a deeper, stronger and more insistent force has been and will continue to be working among men, that is the Spirit of Christ in and through His Catholic Church. This undermines the barriers of prejudice and privilege and calls men and women into the "glorious liberty of the

children of God." This is the purpose of God towards which the Churches in every nation must direct their aims.

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## EASTER.

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Easter, as a Christian festival, is vastly older than Christmas. In fact when Christmas first began to be kept as a festival in the Church, Easter was already venerable with three hundred years of history upon its hoary head. And this is as it should be. Christianity began at the Resurrection. St. Paul realizes that fact and builds all his argument upon it. Jesus Christ was the manifestation of the Divine and that Divinity was manifested most clearly in the conquest of the barrier of death. The glory of Christ had not just flamed up and died out again like the glory of Alexander or of Hannibal. He had come back from the prison-house of death and was alive for evermore. His spirit was the power by which every Christian lived—"buried with Christ and raised with Him too". The thought and hope of early Christian writers are centred far more on the Resurrection than on the Incarnation of Christ.

Later, during the dark ages, when literature and thought lay smitten under the barbarian invasion, European Christianity became steeped in mythology. At the same time the emphasis was changed to the suffering and death of Christ and in compensation the cult of Mary and the Holy Babe increased.

The earliest examples of Christian art are pictures of the Resurrection, generally in some easily understood symbolism such as Jonah, Noah or Lazarus. After Constantine, in the fourth century, pictures and ikons are devoted more to the throned Christ, the Christ who has risen triumphant to receive the eternal crown. The Cross in Christian Art (which is the truest key to Christian thought) appears later. It is said that for a thousand years of Christian history no-one dared to represent

Christ as dead. Even the earliest pictures of the Crucifixion contain some emblem of the Resurrection woven into the scene as a reminder that the death on the cross was not the end.

The vogue of the crucifix is a very short one. It was tolerated in England only for three hundred years, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries.

By the nineteenth century the emphasis on the Resurrection was restored to Christian thought. The great Christian writers led men's minds back to the primitive emphasis on the living, triumphant Christ. Unfortunately the supply of Christian hymns in honour of this great feast has not been commensurate with its importance. The nineteenth century produced hymns of personal consecration with special emphasis on sin and atonement, but gave us very few with glorious triumph and exaltation worthy of the Easter festival.

Among Chinese preachers there seems to be some hesitancy in speaking of the reality of the Resurrection. But we cannot afford to omit or displace this most important element of the Gospel from our teaching. The accounts of the Resurrection in the Gospels are clear and simple. There is nothing of mythological ornament or imagination. They are obviously narratives of facts not fully understood by the writers. We too must take this evidence on faith. The living power of Christ in and with His people is a matter of personal experience verified in myriads of Christian lives. The manner and meaning of His resurrection are at present beyond our full understanding, but as miracles of healing (which we were once told "do not happen") are being shown to be more and more reasonable given the proper mental conditions, so it may yet be shown that the Resurrection was difficult to understand simply because we did not know all the facts.

At present our firm conviction and hope may be summed up in the words of a beautiful but anonymous hymn:—

Not ours to see Thy form appear  
In risen power these forty days,  
To find Thy sudden presence near  
Or, at Thy parting, heavenward gaze.  
But here today our spirit cries,  
"There is no death, since Thou didst rise."

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## CHINA'S NATIONAL HEALTH WEEK.

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The National Christian Council of Shanghai is preparing a complete programme for the National Health Week which will be held during the week of May 14th to 20th inclusive.

The details of this programme are not yet completed, and forwarded to the people of West China, but they are in course of preparation and will be out in plenty of time for the Health Week.

Readers of the "News" and their friends are asked to co-operate with the National Christian Council, in making this Health Week a success. It can be done if you all "push". It will fail if you do not. So please make it a success.

Circular letters will be sent out to the West China Constituency, by the West China Council on Health Education and any information about the Health Week will be gladly supplied from our office.

Further details will also appear in the pages of the News.

In accordance with the above announcement, the plans of the West China Council on Health Education, for a "Hospital Day" on May 12th, will be changed, and "Hospital Day" will be a week later. The West China Council on Health Education is co-operating with the National Christian Council in this Health Week programme.

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## YANG MING AN VISITS LITANG.

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J. HUSTON EDGAR.

1. The journey from Tatsienlu to Litang demands the crossing of seven passes between 14,500 and 16,500 feet; the acquaintance of cultivated valleys and illimitable veldts; and a dip into a 'V' shaped valley where, at Ya Chiang Hsien, the turbulent Ya Lung is crossed in coracles or unwieldy barges. En route mission work may be done in Mi Nyag<sup>1</sup> where true nomads hardly exist; in Yakiang where the grouping is of

some importance; and in Ch'ong-Hsi where the farmer and the nomad are unequally divided in favour of the latter. Caravans are constantly being met with and their animals, with those of the nomads and stock owning farmers, may form herds between one and three thousand. Lamaseries at times, also provide opportunities for the enterprising missionary. Brigandage in Mi Nyag and Ya Kiang is rare but common in Litang. The natives of the former regions are probably Rong<sup>2</sup> with Bodpa<sup>3</sup> and other mixtures; but in Litang the Bodpa, with Hor and other ethnic infusions, perhaps predominate. The Hor, whose home is now in Taofou. Lu Hoh and Kanze, may be of Gothic origin and blue eyes and Greek profiles have been seen. We would venture an opinion that the Hor are the survivals of a lagging division of the fleeing Yueh Ti, who in Sze Ma Ch'ien's day, were in the NAN-SHAN. The main horde eventually conquered the Graeco-Bactrians,<sup>4</sup> and centuries later fugitives from the same stock came into Tibet from India.

2. Yang Ming An has just returned from Litang. When in this town in December, 1930<sup>5</sup>, the boisterous good humour of some undisciplined young lamas made it advisable to put about 1,200 of our books in storage, and it was hoped that Yang would not unduly stimulate them if an attempt was made now to get the supplies circulated. The weather, however, was peculiarly execrable and the wastes west of the Ya Lung unsettled. But the difficulties freely stated so excited this specialist in "living dangerously" that I had not the heart to delay his departure. In any case, the weather in the marches had been known to improve. But when it rained day and night for a week anxiety knocked at the door; and as there was no break a fortnight later it was unpleasant to remember that Methuselah<sup>6</sup> was dead. But the bow in the cloud was for us as for Noah and the skies became blue at last and after three full weeks had elapsed "the Herald" was met in Mi Nyag, smiling as usual, but uncommonly like a new species of the *Hominidae*.

3. But what a story he had to tell! Paul in some respects would have been proud of it. The fourth day out, on the Kazhi La, where James Peterson died, he became violently ill with mountain sickness and, perforce, had to camp among spruce, oak, and rhododendrons without fires to warn off leopards, wolves or bears. A cold rain complicated matters, but still sick, he reached the Ya Lung, and crossing its turbid waters, with an aching head he set out on foot

thro' monsoon drenched regions 13,000 to 16,000 feet above the sea. Here he visited encampments guarded by baying mastiffs, and gave out literature diametrically opposed to the religious systems of the owners. On one occasion the watching brigands accosted him but a ready wit and a genius for invention saved him for further experiences. He still went on, and with chronic headaches crossed rivers from 3 to 4½ feet deep twenty times. On one occasion the foaming waters were too much for his heroic spirit, and as a result he was forced to wait three days in the uninhabited wastes on "the other side of Jordan". In summing up he said: "Six times have I slept on sodden sward or in dripping forests and on five occasions the rain fell copiously".

4. At Litang he found the 1200 books in good order: "all except three which the rats—the brutes!—had sampled". Of the remaining 1197 some were given to the "honourable" citizens of Litang, but the bulk were carried to the head waters of the Hor Ch'u and presented to robber herdsmen who treating the agent with scant courtesy, prized the gifts with an intensity bordering on superstition. On the return journey the animals of friendly Tibetans carried him safely over the Hor, and traversing the higher corrugations of the old pene-plains with incredible rapidity he finally arrived safely in Ho Kow or Ya Kiung. He had visited new regions and had put 2200 Gospel portions in circulation under romantic and dangerous conditions. But stimulated by the experience, and longing for new conquests, he was able to say: "There will be thousands of Tibetans concentrating in Litang during October: I must arrange to visit them." "That's the Spirit of the Herald" was my rather conventional reply. Unfortunately about this date his health failed him and he was sick for two months in the Kin Chwan 'never never'.

#### NOTES:

1. The region under the old "Tibetan" Prince residing in Tatsienlu. Formerly "The Kingdom of Yaks".
2. Rong or Yong—the western Barbarians: one of the earliest of the "Tibetan" ethnic groups. Turkic affinities.
3. Bod=Fan. The dominant ethnic element in the T'ang Dynasty known as Tufan ("Tu Bod" which is our word Tibet). Pure Bodpa are rare in E. Tibet.
4. The Bactrians were under the Yueh Ti (Getae=

- Goths?) about 130 B.C. according to Chang Ch'ien, the Han envoy.
5. The Heim expedition of 1930.
  6. There was a tradition that Methuselah's name implied "When he is dead it shall be sent". See Cruden.
  7. The River of the Hor people. Ch'u = River. The blue eyes and Greek profiles would be explained by the later migrations of the greater Yueh Ti entering Tibet after a sojourn among the Bactrians. In Sze Ma Ch'ien the Ti = Ch'i. The Chwan Pien "Hor" may be the descendants of the "Lesser Yüeh Ti."

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## WEST CHINA COUNCIL ON HEALTH EDUCATION

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### ANNUAL MEETING

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The first meeting of the West China Council on Health Education for the year 1933, was held in the Exhibit room of the Council, on Feb. 25th, at two forty-five.

The following members were present.

*Representing, —*

Church Missionary Society,	Mrs. Boreham present;	Miss Tang, absent
W.C.C.E.U.	Dr. Lindsay	Mr. Longley "
W. C. Union University	Dr. Lindsay	Mr. Meng "
Y.W.C.A.		Miss Streeter "
Y.M.C.A.	Mr. Brace	"
Bible Societies	Mr. Franck	"
China Inland Mission		Mr. Sinton "
U.C.C. Women's Board	Miss Wellwood	Dr. Millar "
U.C.C. Men's Board	Mr. Kitchen	"
	Mr. Jolliffe	"
Members of Literature Committee.	Mr. Yang	Mrs. Kitchen "
A.B.F.M.S.	Dr. Morse	Miss Dennison "
Friends' Service Council	Dr. Lo	Dr. Du "
T'ien Fu I Shoh Huei		Dr. Chong "
Nurses Association		Miss Hartwell "
M.E.M. Women's Board		Dr. Manly "
M.E.M. Men's Board	Dr. Liljestrand	"
Red Cross Society	Mr. Wang Ho Ch'in	"



The meeting opened with prayer led by the chairman, Dr. Lo followed by the remarks of the chairman.

The election of officers resulted in,—

Chairman	Dr. A. W. Lindsay
Vice-Chairman	Mr. Wang Ho Ch'in
Treasurer	Mrs. Boreham
Secretary	Dr. Crawford, the Director.

The report of the Treasurer was presented and accepted as printed in the Annual Report.

The report of the Director was presented and accepted, as printed in the Annual Report. Owing to lack of funds, no new work is possible.

The report of the Literature Committee was presented and the following action taken.

*Resolved*, That in addition to the sheets tracts, which the Council has been printing for the last three years, we print the following,

- 1 Sheet tracts, numbers one to fifty.
- 2 Hand bills numbers fifty-one to one hundred.
- 3 Booklets on "The Body and the Mind" by Dr. Phelps.
- 4 Baby book for height, weight and age.
- 5 Health Habit charts, usable for six months.
- 6 Physical Fitness test charts for schools.

7 *Resolved*, That the booklet, "Outlines of Infant Feeding", be held over until the arrival of Dr. Lu Tseh Ren, for revision.

8 *Resolved*, That we revise and print the booklet, "Happiness through health"

*Resolved*, That we write the Mission to Lepers and ask them to permit the Council to stock their publications in the Canadian Press, Chengtu. And that the stock be limited to \$100.00

The Director was instructed to write a letter to Mrs. Kitchen thanking her for the splendid assistance which she has given the Council in the preparation of sheet tracts. Her drawings have been of greatest value to the Council in this particular work.

The Literature Committee reported the sales of the sheet tracts for the last three years, as follows.—

1930	267.000
1931	513.000
1932	819.000

The special issue of Cholera tracts for the summer of 1932 was 130,000.

*Resolved*, To recommend to the Szechwan Christian Council that the date of Friday, May 12th, be held as Health Day in the hospitals of West China, and that Health Sunday be May 14th, and that the Director be instructed to prepare programmes for these two dates.

*Resolved*, That we join with the churches and the Y.M.C.A. in campaign work at the Spring fair.

*Resolved*, That we assist the Y.M.C.A. in health campaigns in the city during the Spring months.

*Resolved*, That we adopt the following budget, for 1933.

	1931	1932	1933
Coolie	75.00	75.00	75.00
Secretary	150.00	150.00	150.00
Postage	50.00	100.00	100.00
Literature	500.00	700.00	800.00
Advertisements	50.00	50.00	
Travel	100.00	100.00	50.00
Magazines	25.00	25.00	25.00
Artist	200.00		
Furniture	19.87	25.00	25.00
Stationery	25.00	25.00	25.00
Books		25.00	25.50
Survey Work		25.00	25.00
Printing Annual Report	125.00	100.00	100.00
Beds, Models, etc.	209.30	200.00	200.00
Translation work	36.00	50.00	75.00
Office incidentals		25.00	25.00
Campaigns		100.00	100.00
Total Expenditures	\$1420.17	\$1775.00	\$1800.00
Total Estimated receipts.			
From participating organizations			1100.00
Sales by Director			500.00
Donations from various sources			200.00
			\$1800.00

The Council then adjourned for tea at home of Dr. and Mrs. Crawford.

## THE TRANS-SIBERIAN JOURNEY.

Our trip across Russia was a most interesting one. We boarded the train at Vladivostok in the evening of September 20 and arrived at the Polish border in the afternoon of October 1, having travelled the whole distance in one compartment-105 degrees of longitude.

It was impossible for us to go through Manchuria as the bandits were making it absolutely impossible for any trains to operate over a considerable portion of the distance. Therefore we went by ship from Tientsin to Kobe, Japan; by rail from Kobe to Tsuruga; and then by another ship from Tsuruga to Vladivostok. This detour took 9 days.

As we entered Vladivostok it looked like quite a modern city, with most of the buildings 2,3, or 4 stories high. The appearance close up was much different than the appearance from the harbor. Apparently nothing has been built, or even repaired since the Czar was killed. All the good looking buildings seem to be crowded with families. The city has more and worse smells than any Chinese city we ever saw. These smells are due largely to fish but by no means entirely so. The people seemed very dirty, ragged, and poor. The main business seemed to be going to market and returning. People were walking over the hills a mile or more and coming home with no more than a fish or a bottle of milk. We went to the market area which was crowded, dirty, and smelly. Many were standing in line apparently waiting for tickets to buy food on. We saw one line of at least one hundred people. At the rate they were going the last ones would have to stay over night (this was at 10 a.m.). Much of the business was being done by Chinese who looked about as they do in China, but perhaps a little dirtier. The food did not look very tempting to one who was not starving. On the way back from the market we passed a Chinese shop where they had some typical Chinese pastries and they looked really good to us.

Vladivostok rambles all over among the hills. The whole region is quite hilly. We went up to the top of one of these hills and the view of the city was quite impressive. Just as when entering the harbor it looked quite modern from a distance.

There is quite a large Chinese population doing the coolie work as usual. The proportion of workers among the Chinese seemed much higher than among the Russians. The Russians seemed to be busying themselves largely with walking around. They have street cars which were all jammed full with people on the edges.

We stayed in the hotel belonging to Intourist, the Official Russian tourist agency. The hotel was an old, high-ceilinged, rambling affair about 3 or 4 stories high. It seemed to be used as a rooming house by all kinds of people. Judging from the rush, the bath and toilet on our floor were the only ones in Vladivostok. There was a toilet on the floor below, which could be smelled "about a mile". The toilets were not equipped with paper.

We travelled third class, which is called hard class in Russia. They have a soft (or second) class which differs only in that you have springs under your bed. Then they have a first class which is considerably more elaborate than third. Third class costs \$150 from Vladivostok to Poland and first class costs about \$250. The third class compartment are four-berthed and in Russia men and women are not separated. However, that makes no difference as they don't undress at night. Fortunately we met a Canadian and a German on the boat coming from Japan to Vladivostok and we arranged for the four of us to have one compartment. We had brought along a piece of cloth for a curtain over Esther's bed. The compartments are very large and have lots of room for baggage. we all brought all our food for the trip from Japan. There was a dining car but it was not very clean and served a very heavy diet. Also it was very expensive unless you can get roubles at private exchange and this is forbidden.

We brought the following things with us from Japan:

9 cans pineapple	2 tins soda crackers
3 cans apricots	10 chocolate bars
4 cans pears	1 jar marmalade
5 cans peaches	5 cans canned heat
6 cans baked beans	1 tin cigarettes for tips for the conductor
3 cans sweet corn	2 cakes soap
6 cans peas	2 rolls toilet paper
2 cans string beans	1 tea kettle
5 cans salmon	1 wash basin
2 cans corned beef	1 thermos bottle

2 cans sausages                    plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons  
2 large cans dried milk    dish towels  
2 packages raisins            2 cans hard candy  
2 tins vita-wheat

In spite of all these unusual aspects for a railroad journey, the trip was fine and the time went past so fast that we hardly noticed it. The Russians were extremely friendly and we could talk a little with some of them in broken German or English or sign language. The Russians riding in first class were mostly officials and while they were friendly, it was impossible to get any information out of them. The persons with whom we were riding (in third class) were very open and willing to answer any question.

Every railroad station was jammed full of people waiting for a train. They were a very poverty-stricken looking crowd. They had all kinds of baggage. It was a common sight to see an old woman sitting on her luggage and gnawing away at a big loaf of black bread. It was frosty weather, but many children were barefooted.

Quite a large proportion of the land through which we passed in Siberia was level with nice appearing soil. Judging from the scattered patches of grain which was just being harvested, it could all be farmed with machine methods and would be fully as good as the western part of the wheat belt of U. S. and Canada. However, even a large proportion of the land right next to the railroad was not being farmed and we saw no place where there was any evidence of agricultural expansion. All Siberia looked like a pioneer country which is standing still. The Russians like to criticize the U. S. for starving in the midst of plenty, but they are doing the same. People in Russia will starve to death by the hundreds in the coming winter at the same time that they have good land waiting for the plow.

Moscow presented quite a different picture from the land to the east. We were there for one day. Here we saw the first evidence of anything new. They have many new buildings and plants there. Of course Moscow is what most of the American tourists see. The people in Moscow all seemed to have shoes and fairly decent appearing clothes. It looked a little as though the prosperity of Moscow is being supported by the farmers. I believe this is actually the case. The farmers are required to bring in a certain amount of grain to the government at a fixed price. This price is far

below what they can obtain on the open market. What this amounts to is furnishing cheap food for the cities.

When we came to eastern Poland, it looked so much better than Moscow that we thought we were almost home; and when we got to Germany we thought we really were home. In November we were in western Poland for a few days and it looked poorer than eastern Poland looked when we came through from Russia. It is all a matter of contrast. In contrast to Siberia and Eastern Russia, Moscow looked good; in contrast to Moscow, eastern Poland looked good; in contrast to eastern Poland, Germany looked fine; but in contrast to Germany even western Poland looked poor. All the Poles admit that the standard of living in western Poland (the former German part) is much higher than in eastern Poland (the former Russian part). When we came through Poland from Russia, our Canadian friend remarked, "When I was through here last year it certainly didn't look as good as this. They must have improved a lot during the past year". Probably the main difference was that last year he came from Germany and this year he was coming from Russia.

The currency situation in Russia is one of considerable interest. Officially a ruble is worth 51 U. S. cents, and that is the only exchange which is legal. Most tourists do business with the official tourist agency, Intourist. There you must use only foreign currency. In spite of the fact that private exchange is forbidden it is very easy to get rubles in this way, although it might be bad if any officials found that you had them. Since this private exchange is forbidden, the rates are quite variable, all the way from 20 to 80 rubles for one dollar. Our German friend got them for 80 rubles per dollar. The fact is that they are having a violent inflation, but will not admit it officially. As near as we could tell, retail prices have increased 3 times during the past two years. We recorded various prices of things selling on the open market (actual sales which we saw in the R. R. stations, for the most part) as follows:—

- 25 lb. potatoes—6 rubles
- 3 small tomatoes—1 ruble
- 1 small tomato—1 ruble
- 10 fair tomatoes—2 rubles
- 10 good tomatoes—3 rubles
- 10 pounds black bread—20 rubles
- 5 pounds black bread—5 rubles

- 2 pounds black bread—3 rubles  
 1 bottle milk (quart)—3 rubles  
 2 small apples—3 rubles  
 1 boiled egg—1 ruble  
 10 eggs—4 rubles  
 1 fried pork chop— $3\frac{1}{2}$  rubles; small boiled chicken—10 rubles  
 2 pound fish—10 rubles  
 1 whole meal on the dining car—3-5 rubles  
 pair low-heeled one-strap women's shoes—70 rubles  
 Pair cheap work shoes for a 12 year old boy—20.50 rubles  
 Deferred telegram from Irkutsk to Toronto—0.58 rubles per word  
 Deferred telegram from Habarovsk to London—0.28 rubles per word  
 Railroad ticket from Karynskaya to Moscow—120 rubles (6 day trip)  
 Newspaper—0.20 rubles. Street car fare in Moscow—10 kopecks (0.10 rubles)

The variation in the prices is accounted for by the fact that they come from different towns along the way. It will be noticed that the government prices are much lower than private prices (telegrams, railroads, street cars, dining cars are government operated). It is evident from the food prices and the prices for shoes that the value of a ruble is nowhere near the official exchange of 51 cents for a ruble. The government prices remain at the old levels.

We found the wages of a few individuals as follows:—

A blacksmith's helper 100 rubles per month

A stenographer 250 rubles per month

A gold mining expert 800 rubles per month

A party leader in Habarovsk 1500 rubles per month.

The purchasing power of these wages is somewhat higher than the above food prices would indicate, as they can supply part of their needs in the co-operative (government) stores, where the prices are much lower than those given above which are for the open market. They must still buy some in the open market at prices as indicated above. The pair of shoes 70 rubles were purchased by the stenographer who receives 250 rubles per month.

The co-operative stores can sell for lower prices than the open market because they get their grain etc. from the farmers through forced collections at a very low price (prices which have not been raised as the currency has been inflated).

There is still another market in Russia—the market which deals only in terms of foreign currency. This is for the tourists primarily. Here you can get high quality goods and services. In the tourist cities there are special stores (the Torgsen stores) where high quality goods are sold for foreign currency. The desire on the part of the Russians to buy a few good cigarettes or a little good writing paper explains why one can obtain rubles at private exchange even though it is forbidden by law.

A taxi in Moscow for tourists costs \$4 per hour. Meals in Vladivostok cost \$1 each. Our room there cost \$3 for the two of us. A Russian transit visa (not good for stop-overs) cost us \$11 each although we had only one passport.

There prices look very chaotic, and if the reader gets the impression that there is no sense to these relationships, he will have the same impression which I have. In fact the one big impression that I got in Russia is that the whole thing is chaos.

In Moscow we met two families of German mine workers. They were German communists. In 1930 they became convinced that Russia was a workers' paradise and so went to Russia to work. They then received 180 rubles per month. Now food prices have increased three times and they still receive 180 rubles per month (as in "unorganized" capitalistic countries, wages lag). Therefore they were waiting in Moscow so that they could obtain a Polish visa to enable them to return to Germany. They said that they could live better in Germany without work, than in Russia with work. (That was our impression and still is). In spite of this these workers remain communist. They are by no means convinced that communism is wrong—only that it isn't being correctly operated in Russia at the present time.

Since coming to Germany I have talked with several persons who have recently been to Russia. They all agree that as far as agriculture is concerned, Russia is in probably worse condition than before the war, but that industrially they are making progress. This would check with our observation that the people looked much better off in Moscow than in the other regions passed through.

One professor from the agricultural college here in Berlin has just returned from a two-months trip in southern Russia. His reports are very discouraging. The large state farms are being broken up into smaller units. The farmers have a great shortage of livestock, due to the fact that they killed large numbers of stock rather than give them to the state when they were forced to enter the collective farms.



## FIRST SYNOD OF THE ENGLISH METHODIST CHURCH, YUNNAN DISTRICT.

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Perhaps it is not too much to say that in every part of the world, Christians have been following with interest, the developments which have led to the Union of the three Methodist Churches in England. However one may view the incidents which, after the death of John Wesley, caused secessions from the Society which he founded, and the formation of new churches, it has been evident for a great many years that there was now no vital hindrance to a re-union of those churches, and for the past fifteen years or so, committees have been working out the details which should make such a re-union possible. Their efforts were consummated in the great gathering which met in London on September 20th of last year when the Wesleyan Methodist Church, the Primitive Church and the United Methodist Church joined to form the Methodist Church.

In some parts of the world, there has inevitably been some overlapping of the work undertaken by the three missionary societies now to be known as the Methodist Missionary Society, but in China the districts have been distinct. The "Wesleyans" were responsible for work in Hunan, Hupeh and South China (Kwangtung) whilst the United Methodist Church have established churches in North China (Hopei and Shantung), in the Ningpo area, in the Wenchow area, and in South West China (Yunnan and Kweichow). It will be seen that in no case do the spheres of work overlap; on the contrary, the districts are fairly widely separated. In 1931, a preparatory Conference was held at Hankow attended by the Chairman and one representative from each District, and it is possible that during this year, a similar meeting will be held at Ningpo to commemorate the Union which has already taken place in the homeland. In addition, later in the year, it is probable that each district will hold a special session to work out in detail the constitution of the new Church.

Meanwhile, however, the Annual Synod of the South West China District was held at Chaotung early in January and all who attended were very conscious of the presence of Him at whose bidding the Church has been established. For

almost ten days, we met in conference, Chinese, Nosu, Miao and English and we were once more made to feel that in Christ there is no distinction of race or tribe, but that it was possible for representatives of races and tribes, so very dissimilar in outlook and tradition, to be of one mind, responsive to the urge of winning South-West China for Him. There are five circuits in this District, the Yunnanfu (including work amongst the Kopu tribe), the Tongchuan, the Chaotung, the Miao and the Nosu circuits, and as a representative from each gave a report of difficulties overcome and of progress made, we could not but feel that the Spirit of the Living God is working here in Yunnan and Kweichow.

An added interest was given to this Synod since during the first week we celebrated the silver wedding anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. Evans, who are now our senior missionaries.

The stationing of missionaries for this year is as follows:—

雲南 昭通 Chaotung, Yunnan

高志華	Goldsworthy, Rev. R. Heber 1921 and wife 1924
王樹德	Hudspeth, Rev. W.H., M.A., 1910 and wife 1925
馬建忠	May, Rev. K. W. and wife 1925
尙德本	Sandbach, Rev. J. E. and wife 1931
普夫德	Button, Miss M. G., S.R.N. 1932
石	Smith, Miss A.G.S., S.R.N. 1928
蘇慕才	Squire, Miss L. O., B. A. 1907

雲南 東川 Tungehwan, Yunnan

顧德維	Cottrell, Rev. F. W. 1923 and wife 1925
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雲南 雲南府 Yunanfu, Yunnan

易維藩	Evans, Rev. A. and wife 1906
—	Moody, Rev. E. H. 1932

F. W. COTTRELL

P. S. The name of this Church is now as follows:—

Methodist Missionary Society  
(循道公會)

Home address :—Mission House,

24 Bishopsgate,

London.

## FIVE HUNDRED MILES BY JUNK.

When we arrived in Chungking on Oct. 24th all the roads to Chengtu were blocked by serious fighting between Szechwan's warlords. We therefore spent five weeks with Arnold and Lois Vaught on the hills opposite Chungking. Margaret Simkin and I helped a little at the Friends' High School there. By land Chengtu is only about 300 miles from Chungking, but the river describes an arc of 1745 *li*, or about 500 miles. The following are diary notes of this journey.

- Nov. 24, 1932.* At last the way seems opening for us to go on. Both Luchow and Suifu have fallen, so at least the first portion of the river should be passable.
- Nov. 25.* Miss Jack and Dr. and Mrs. Hoffman of the Canadian mission are engaging a large boat, as they have a lot of freight. We are negotiating for a smaller one belonging to Captain Ho. The Canadian party wants to start Monday, but we cannot get ready so soon, as we have to attend a funeral tomorrow.
- Nov. 28.* Finally secured Ho's boat and took it down to the steamer pontoon to load our freight. We came within a SQUEAK of dropping our cookstove into fifteen feet of water. The junk swung away from the pontoon and the stove slipped down between. I grabbed the crate and held it from slipping completely over the edge until some of the men came and pulled it back up. At another time I had a narrow escape myself. The four foot sloping border of the pontoon has no rail. As I walked along the edge I slipped on some grease from a leaky tin of lubricating oil and started straight for the water. I only *just* managed to stop as I reached the brink!

We had scarcely started loading when the likin (local customs) officers descended upon us. "What is in this box?" "What in that?" After I had opened four cases on the deck, exposed to the rain, they went away and I hoped we were rid of them. Not so! Back they came to the attack. We had paid \$167 Mex. duty in Shanghai and the customs officials in Shanghai had given us a paper stating that our goods were free of duty from there on,

but the production of this paper was of no avail. I finally prevailed upon the inspectors to permit us to transfer the goods to the junk on condition that the junk should not leave the pontoon without their permission. It was dark when we got the things aboard, so I left them in charge of our cook and started back to the city. Margaret and the children were still on the hills. I picked my way carefully along the slippery shore. Suddenly my underpinning went out, lantern, briefcase and open umbrella described incredible arcs in space and I made a "forced landing" face upward, ending in total darkness! In falling I arched my body on hands and feet, so I didn't get excessively muddy. Nothing was really broken and a boy helped me relight the lantern, I crossed the ferry and soon found myself in the warmth and cheer of the Canadian Mission home.

A trip to the pontoon next morning failed to free the junk. A missionary friend suggested that an application to the head of the Bureau of Navigation might help. He phoned and got a promise that a messenger would be sent to investigate. I went with this messenger to the pontoon and a consultation ensued, after which the likin officials suggested that I apply to General Liu Hsiang's office for a pass. The messenger kindly undertook to apply for this pass for me, but still the junk was not allowed to budge. About four o'clock the Bureau of Navigation sent a letter which had been issued by the Eastern Szechwan General Tax Office. Thus armed I made my fourth trip to the pontoon. The likin office stamped the paper and told me the junk might now go free.

Before we could get together our oarsmen who had gone ashore to drink tea a new difficulty arose. The road tax officials came aboard and said that the junk could not be released until the paper had been stamped by their central office in Chungking city more than a mile beyond the ferry. When I reached that office it was closed, so nothing can be done till tomorrow.

*Nov. 29.* Better success today. Took my letter to the road tax office which gave me a paper to go with it. This the pontoon officials recognized and freed the junk about 11 a. m. I spent the day rearranging cases so as to occupy less room in the hold and loading freight belonging to other missionaries who wish it taken to Chengtu in our

care. Slept on the boat and discovered that the captain is an opium smoker. He and another boatman smoked opium until after midnight. The Canadian party left this afternoon. Perhaps we can overtake them at Luchow.

*Nov. 30.* Margaret and the children came down from the hills this morning. We spent the day digging out warm clothing packed ten months ago and putting the boat in order for the thirty day trip. Our junk is nine feet wide and about sixty feet long. The central thirty feet is covered with bamboo matting. Most of the remainder is covered at night with temporary mat shelters under which the men sleep on the deck, rolled in their cotton wadded quilts. Their food is cooked in a shallow iron kettle over an earthen stove just inside the front end of the permanent shelter. At the front of our section is a partition of rough boards over the cracks of which we have pasted strips cut from the "Christian Century" to keep out the cold. Our camp beds line the sides as far as a curtain behind which are our dining table (a large packing case) and our cookstove which radiates welcome heat. We have been trying, thus far without success, to get the captain to provide doors at the rear.

*Dec. 1.* We hoped to start yesterday as soon as the family came aboard, but even this morning the captain would not start, demanding twenty dollars more than his written contract called for. We threatened to get another boat, so he finally gave in and started. This delay prevented our reaching the inspection station before it closed at four o'clock, so we are held up here five *li* above the city.

*Dec. 2.* We passed inspection at eight and really got started. We have a crew of twelve men and a boy. Eight of these pull from the shore by a cable of bamboo split and braided. The captain's son, a lad of nineteen, poles at the front, and an old pirate stands on a high board at the stern, hand on tiller. These two seem very unskilful and have twice today run us on rocks, producing minor leaks which had to be caulked. The captain spends most of his time smoking opium or making the air blue with the vilest oaths whenever anything goes wrong. It is a very badly managed boat, and I fear we shall have trouble before we reach Chengtu.

After we tied up tonight at Lo Hwang Si we tried to get a walk, but it was not an unqualified success, for

the urchins were so interested in the children that they followed us over a hundred strong, finally getting fresh and one of them throwing sand into Margaret's hair.

*Dec. 3.* Last night some men who we suspected were robbers boarded a boat near us with much angry shouting and commotion. I hastily dressed so as to be ready if they came to us, but it proved to be a false alarm.

*Dec. 4.* Rainy and cold all day, but we travelled sixty *li*. The captain has not yet closed the back of the boat to keep out the cold. In rainy weather travel by boat is better, however, than by sedan chair. Our stove is a great boon on a day like this.

*Dec. 6.* Yesterday we made 115 *li*. We had a favoring wind so we could use the sail. This afternoon we tied up at 2.30, and so lost three hours of daylight because bandits were reported to be at the next anchorage, and it was too late to reach the one beyond.

*Dec. 9.* Dorothy and I took a long walk yesterday by the river. The country is beautiful. Wheat, peas, a kind of coarse bean and many vegetables grow all winter long, so many of the fields are green. We saw the poppy, the source of opium. We passed a group of 39 men washing sand for gold. Mud, stones and water are poured into a rocking bamboo basket. The water carries the mud down over a sloping bed of wood in which are deep grooves. Tiny particles of gold find their way down into these grooves and are later washed more carefully.

We stopped at 4 p.m. at a place which I did not like because it was separated from a village by a wide expanse of stony beach, in summer entirely covered by high water. Only three other boats were there, and it was too far from the village to expect any help in case of robbers. To go on, however, seemed still less safe, as the boatmen said the next sixty *li* was robber country with no proper anchorages at all. I was awake at 12 and at 1. (A flashlight is a great comfort.) At two the trackers got up, lighted their fire, packed away their bedding and mat shelter and started out. I lay awake listening to the shouts of the men and the rush of the rapid water. I was now less concerned about robbers than about the possibility of a wreck, as it was dark and the men had told me that there were many rapids in this section. At 3.45 we moored at a sandbank and the trackers came aboard and had breakfast, squatting about

on their haunches as they usually do at their meals. As they were eating, someone on shore challenged us. "It's a foreigner's boat", went back the reply. Were our challengers local militia or robbers? Who could tell? After half an hour we were again challenged, this time more insistently, with a demand that we send up one of our men. Two men came down to the water and asked some questions. Probably they were militia. At any rate they didn't rob us, but it is the constant uncertainty which keeps a fellow guessing. Our trackers didn't dare to stir from the place until after six when it became light, lest we be shot at as we were by local militia last year when we journeyed down.

For over two hours our trackers sat huddled together at the front of the boat, with totally inadequate cotton clothing, shelterless in the biting cold wind. From their sneezing we knew they were taking cold. One said, "Len de teo" (shivering cold). Half of them have "graveyard coughs". You can hardly imagine the unspeakably hard living conditions of many of the poor people. Only today one of the trackers in boarding the boat to row across river slipped from a rock and plunged into the bitter cold water. This is his second ducking since leaving Chungking.

*Dec. 13.* We reached Luchow Dec. 10 and had a very happy day visiting the three families of missionaries there. They had a very strenuous time when airplanes were daily bombing the city. Some of these bombs were "made in U.S.A." It is a shame that Americans should enrich themselves by selling such instruments of destruction. We overtook the Canadian party at Luchow and have since travelled together.

This morning we had a great scare. Suddenly we ran on a rock. A big seam opened in the forward compartment, and the water spurted in. After the trackers pulled us off a regular flood poured in. We bailed furiously, a second bailing scoop was brought from the other boat, and pails, washbasins and a saucepan were all requisitioned. Nevertheless the compartment was soon swimming with water. For a time it looked as if we were going to have a repetition of our complete wreck the last time we went up. The men managed, however, to check the water with a cotton quilt until they could stuff the seam with cotton. Then they bailed out,

caulked the seam carefully, nailed a board over the place and caulked the edges of this board. Only the two boxes which were in this forward compartment got wet, and they contain things which will not suffer greatly. A partition right across the boat prevented the water's filling the other compartments which contain our trunks and supplies for seven years.

We are thinking seriously of changing to another junk, as this one is so very poorly managed. The difficulty is that we paid, as is the custom, two-thirds of the passage money in advance, and if we should transfer we could not get back anything from this opium sot. He seems to have spent all his money and has not even brought enough to buy necessary equipment for the journey. Twice today he has begged me for additional money to buy bamboo rope, although I had already advanced more than the contract specified. I have compromised by advancing part of what he asks, as otherwise we fear he will try to use too poor a rope in some rapid and wreck us.

*Dec. 15.* We have had two beautiful sunshiny days. Thus far the temporary repairs have held well. Today we went thru a *big* rapid. Some of the trackers from the other boat were helping ours, but we hung in the rapid for minutes, unable to gain. Just then a breeze came up; we raised the sail and the additional push got us thru. We are nearly half way to Chengtu and hope to reach Suifu tomorrow.

*Dec. 16, 1932.* Arrived at Suifu this afternoon and got some letters. Chengtu has had a terrible time, street fighting throughout the city. Both our school premises have been in the line of fire. At Shi Nie Kai soldiers fought from the roofs of buildings, and incidentally looted the school. The principal and the servant lost many of their possessions, including their winter's supply of fuel and rice. Fortunately the wife of the principal was away. The principal, Wu Seo Chin, and the servant spent several terrible nights in the shelter of a mud wall, protecting themselves as best they could with pillows and cotton quilts.

Conditions on the river ahead are bad. The Duncans on their way out from Batang arrived at Suifu half an hour before we did. They were fired upon near Chienwei. Thinking that their boat carried an attacking party, the 21st army continued to fire even when Mr. Duncan



advanced waving an American flag. Mrs. Duncan and the children sought shelter behind a small hill, and finally Mr. Duncan convinced the soldiers that he was not an enemy. We do not crave a similar experience, so we shall wait a few days until travel seems safer. Mr. and Mrs. Wood insist that we stay until after Christmas. They have four small children, so our two girls are having a grand time.

*Dec. 18.* Yesterday went through Dr. Tompkins' fine hospital. So many patients the victims of bomb explosions or of gunshot wounds from soldiers or robbers! This morning I saw 44 new members baptized. Later I preached at the morning meeting. We greatly appreciate the fine spirit and cordial fellowship of our Baptist friends. Since word has come that there is a lull in the fighting we plan to go on tomorrow.

*Dec. 19.* We did not get started today until noon, as the captain had dismissed some of his trackers and could not easily get together a crew. Darkness therefore fell before we reached Su Mao Pin. I went on shore with a lantern to light the trackers and help pull. We almost reached the village, when in the darkness the boat turned too much broadside to the current, dragging us backward until we had to let go or be pulled into the river. Down raced the boat, and I in hot pursuit. For a time I lost ground and wondered where if ever I should find my family. At last the few men on board managed to row into a back current and stop the boat. The trackers finally made their way down in the dark over great rocks and slippery boulders, and we started to recover the ground lost. A second time the boat all but pulled away in the rapid. We slackened the rope and ran to get a better standing ground and so checked it. The captain's right hand, however, got caught and severely crushed under the tracking rope.

*Dec. 21.* Tied up early because we could not make the next anchorage before dark. This is a great sugar raising country. We visited one of the mills. Two water buffaloes, motivated by an urchin with a long whip, were turning big wooden rollers which crush the cane. The juice is evaporated in shallow iron kettles.

From the sugar mill we went to an iron foundry. Three blast furnaces, each with three men working a huge wooden bellows, melt enough iron to cast a salt

evaporating pan weighing about six hundred pounds. The molten iron was conveyed in crucibles, each carried by two men, to one large crucible from which it was poured into the mold, sending up a shower of sparks which greatly delighted the children. Everything is done by manual labor. The machine age has not yet really reached Szechwan.

*Dec. 23.* This afternoon reached Hokeo which is near the lines. The 21st army do not permit up river boats to pass, but they made an exception in our case, so we are now opposite Chienwei, their last walled city. Now comes the pinch. Can we get through into the territory of the 24th army? Miss Jack and I are going into the city in the morning to seek permission to pass.

*Dec. 24.* We started for the city before breakfast. The city gate was closed and barricaded, but the soldiers put down a ladder from the wall, so we arrived at division headquarters before eight. Guards at the door said the commander was asleep and they dare not waken him, that we should come at eleven. We went to the mission chapel. This like many dwellings was occupied by soldiers. Two machine guns stood at the entrance and several loads of ammunition a little farther in. A bible woman was carrying on as best she could under the trying conditions. After an hour or more we attempted to send Miss Jack's servant back to the boats with a note, but a soldier objected to his going over the wall, as he had orders not to permit anyone to leave the city. We decided to visit the county magistrate and seek a pass from him. We had almost reached his yamen when a soldier challenged us sharply. No one might pass along the street. Very well, we would go back. But we couldn't go back, for the soldier 50 yards back stopped us. We were right opposite the post office, so we went in there and found as postmaster an old friend, Mr. Lung, a former student of our University. We had over an hour's pleasant talk with him, but we were getting very cold, for there was no fire either here or at the chapel. At last it was reported that the inspection of the city was finished except on our street, so Mr. Lung conducted us out the back door through a maze of courtyards and alleys until we reached the street along the city wall. Here another sentry turned us back. We entered a transverse street where we were again stopped. Retracing

our steps we were stopped a fifth time. We could go neither forward or back. We slipped into the nearest doorway which proved to be that of a wine shop. There we stayed over an hour, the proprietor treating us most cordially. Everything in the city was at a standstill. Many householders were loitering outside their doors, but no one was allowed to pass. We were only a short distance from the division headquarters, but we couldn't reach it, though it was now long past eleven.

We talked a long time with our challenging soldier at the door of the shop. The chief thing he appeared to know about America was that it produces good guns! Finally he allowed us to go "as far as the next sentry", but he must have given him a tip to let us pass, so we went on to headquarters. The commander was very courteous, gave us not only the desired passports, but sent a messenger to escort us to the city gate which he ordered opened for us. It would have taken so long, however, to remove all the barricades from the gate, that we yielded to the convenience of the soldiers as well as to our breakfastless stomachs and went out the way we had come in, - by the ladder route. We got back to the boats at one o'clock.

This afternoon we pulled through a bad rapid and are now (on Christmas eve) tied up five *li* above Chienwei. On the hill above us are a lot of soldiers, the last outpost of the 21st army. Tomorrow we go through "no man's land".

*Christmas Day.* We got through the line easily. When we reached the first outpost of the 24th army two soldiers challenged us. Our cook and I crossed the river in a small boat to meet them. We called the big boats to follow as soon as we found the men were soldiers and not robbers. Miss Jack and I went to the next village and secured passes from the militia leader named Wang who was very friendly. One of his secretaries had studied English under Dr. Taylor at Chengtu. In returning to our boat I started to cross a plank which the ferryman had put out for me. It proved unequal to the strain and dropped me into the water. I caught hold of some rocks as I fell and so only got a half wetting. Our boat was near, so I did not have to wait long for a change of clothing.

*Dec. 27.* Arrived at Kiating about 2 p. m. and found the

missionary community eating Christmas dinner together. Afterwards Santa Claus (Mr. Jensen) distributed presents from a tree, so the children had a very happy time. Mr. and Mrs. Reed, who have several children about the age of ours, had invited us to spend a few days, so we are staying a night with them.

*Dec. 29.* We are again on our way. We went on our boat last night so as to get off early this morning, but the boatman was not ready, so we did not get off until one o'clock today. Some of the trackers were taken by soldiers to carry baggage. Kiating is in a terrible condition, simply full of soldiers. All day yesterday they were bringing in the wounded from a terrible battle east of here. The hospital is overflowing, and everybody is working overtime helping with the bandaging. Our friends fear an attack upon the city, and there is great danger of looting. The biggest silk shop in the city has perhaps a couple of hundred dollars worth of silk displayed on shelves completely concealing the entrance to the main shop. Outwardly it appears as merely a tiny place. On the closely shuttered door of several other big shops which could not so easily hide their importance I saw a sign, "Ko ho seo bi" (Goods all sold out). Soldiers are billeted everywhere. A horse tied in the open street was eating from a bureau drawer lashed to a bench.

We have come ten *li* and are anchored with 35 salt junks just above Hwan Liang Tsi. For some time salt has not been moving, so these boats have engaged ten salt guards and are hoping to get through to Chengtu. We are anxious about Miss Jack's boat and a third from Kiating containing freight for the University, as they did not get started with us and have not appeared. I am going back in the morning to see about them.

*Dec. 30.* Last night we went to bed pretty easy in our minds, as we thought we were at a safe anchorage. About eleven there was a sudden outcry, followed by a lot of talking on the shore. Our cook said it was the local militia, so I turned over and went to sleep. About two I was awakened by more talking. Several men with guns and a lantern walked along the bank past our boat. I heard one of them say, "Come ashore, Li Laoban, we want to talk with you". Supposing they were the local militia I went to sleep again. This morning we learned that

they were robbers and had relieved Captain Li of \$258. Perhaps they knew that he was treasurer for the fleet and also that the guards were not armed. They did not molest us. I was a little nervous, however, about leaving the family and going back to hunt up the other two boats. Two or three miles down river I found them both coming slowly through a rapid, so after they assured me that they were all right I hurried back and overtook our boat soon after ten. Both on the down trip and on the return I heard some shooting, but nothing came of it. We stopped this afternoon at two, but the other boats have not appeared. Tonight we are again anchored with the salt junks, as it is probable that they will not be robbed again so soon. Lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place.

*Dec. 31.* Miss Jack's boat arrived after dark last night, but tied up across river from us. The freight boat has not yet come. We are very anxious about it. Rainy and bitterly cold all day. We arrived very early at Han Yang Ba, eighty *li* from Kiating. Here another boat with a woman captain named Chang is joining us. It is loaded with wood for some of the University people, as the war has made it exceedingly difficult to get fuel in Chengtu.

*New Year's Day, 1933.* With the fuel boat we arrived at Liu Chia Tsang at 1 p. m. and tied up to wait for Miss Jack's boat which is always behind. This time they stuck in shallow water and had to hire a smaller boat (captain Cheo's) to take off some of their cargo. I went down river to see if I could help. On my way back I met Margaret who had come to tell me that we were in trouble. Soldiers had come aboard our boats and had taken several of our trackers and all of those of the fuel boat except one. For several days there has been a very heavy movement of troops toward Chengtu; hence the impressing of our men. Our cook says that some are even given arms and are forced to go to the front as soldiers. I went into the village to look for these trackers, but apparently they had been hustled off. I tried to find someone in authority, but the place is at sixes and sevens. People told me that soldiers have been passing all day, each group making demands upon the village, so the gentry and all the important men have fled or hidden. We fear that with no one in charge in the

village we may be robbed in the night, but it is too late to go on now, and besides, we haven't sufficient trackers to pull our boats.

*Jan. 2.* One of the joys of boat travel is the necessity of calling someone up once or twice in the night to 'kan tsang' or bail out the leakage water before it rises to wet the cargo which is raised from the bottom a few inches on a framework. The last night we anchored together I counted 175 scoopfuls bailed from Miss Jack's boat,—altogether too many. Last night it was leaking so badly that the Hoffmans began to investigate and found some of their boxes badly wet. I went over to help them. Down in the middle of the hold we opened a huge packing case containing springs and mattresses. The former were wet, but the mattresses were higher and escaped. A mattress belonging to Miss Harrison was badly wet, and we pulled other boxes and trunks out of inches of water. I left at half past twelve. It was 2.30 before the Hoffmans could go to bed, as we had to tear up their whole household arrangements in order to get at the big packing cases below.

By using our combined crews we had enough men this morning to pull one craft at a time through a troublesome stretch of rapids. It was slow work pulling the big one through, then Cheo's and then ours. It was impossible to nurse along the fuel boat with its single remaining tracker, so I told the woman captain to return to Han Yang Ba if necessary and wait for more auspicious times. I went on shore to help pull and to keep the men from being taken, as many soldiers were passing on the bank of the river. We kept ourselves out of sight as much as possible, hiding behind trees or rushes when we saw soldiers approaching. A soldier took one of our trackers in spite of my protests. He drew his revolver (but did not point it at me), so I had to let go of the tracker, but I followed until we came to the soldier's sergeant who kindly released my man. A second case was more difficult, for here my man was put to carry two rifles in a long line of soldiers on a path only wide enough for single file, and some of the soldiers pushed me out of the path when I attempted to follow. I kept as near as I could to my man for nearly half a mile and finally ran into a group of officers halting for dinner. Among these I recognized the secretary whom we met in

the office of Wang nine days ago. In response to my breathless request for help he came with me and released my man when I pointed him out, I don't care to repeat the experience too many times, however. All this afternoon I pulled with our five men whenever we came to swift water, and so we managed to keep going.

*Jan. 3.* Early this morning the boatmen called me to save one of the trackers from being taken by the soldiers. We couldn't get near to shore in the shallow water, so I got my feet well soaked, and lost the man after all. The soldiers hustled the man off before I could reach them. We had to go into Chinsen city to get permission to open a pontoon bridge. We have failed to reach Taipingchang (the Village of Peace) and are anchored in the river below the town, — not a safe place, so far as one can judge.

All along this section of the river are trenches, dugouts, shelters, sometimes at intervals of less than twenty yards. I never saw so many.

*Jan. 4.* The big boat (we have begun to call it "the ark") stuck twice today, so we made only 20 *li*. We came to another pontoon bridge. The soldiers guarding it opened it for us and refused the dollar which we usually paid for the service. Had we been able to go on immediately all would have been well, but it was too late to reach Meichow, so we tied up just above the bridge. The soldiers saw a chance to "squeeze" us, so they came back and demanded six dollars. After a parley we compromised and have paid three.

*Jan. 5.* Last night I was glad we were not in so lonely a place as the night before. About eleven I awoke to hear a man calling out something which I did not understand. Then he said, "If you don't answer I shall shoot". Someone came to life and made a reply which apparently satisfied him. The "ark" is still leaking very badly. Half its cargo has been transferred to Cheo's boat, and we tried unsuccessfully at Meichow to get another small one to take the remainder. The ark is always getting stuck in shallow water. Tonight we are tied up just above another pontoon bridge. The place is literally swarming with soldiers, so to avoid a repetition of last night's extortion we pulled up stream a couple of hundred yards and tied up. We had just finished supper when ten men came and asked the ark's captain to go on shore. The captain called me to go with him, but I

had no desire to go, as I did not know whether they were robbers or not. I therefore asked, "What is your business, that you want us to go ashore?" They replied, "Oh, it is only the captain we want. It has nothing to do with you foreigners". Miss Jack's captain went with them, and, fearing trouble, immediately our three boats pushed off and dropped back to the bridge. We are anchored in midstream.

Jan. 6. We had no further trouble last night. Did these men have some score to settle with the captain, or did they merely wish us to tie up near the bridge? If the latter, why should it have required *ten men* to tell us this? We are anchored this evening in a very lonely spot, but there is no possibility of making the next anchorage before dark. Miss Jack and the Hoffmans have lost hope of getting their big ark through, so tomorrow morning I am going back to Taihochang to see if I can secure for them a small boat belonging to Hsiung (Mr. Bear), a friend of their pilot.

Jan. 7. We have had a day of it, — worked hard from dawn till dark and only made eight *li* (two and a half miles). We shouldn't have done that if I hadn't been successful in engaging Hsiung's boat. When I returned from Taihechang the fleet had advanced less than fifty rods. Our boat had broken its rope and had gone back down the rapid. We pulled through the rapid, stuck in a shallow, took off part of our cargo and tried again, — without success. By three o'clock Hsiung's boat arrived and began to transfer cargo from the ark, so we went back a second time down the rapid to get Hsiung's boat to take part of our cargo too. Thus lightened we managed to scrape over the shallows. The ark, however, though now practically empty, stuck fast. Finally after breaking several ropes they got her over. The captains say that because of the pontoon bridges and the military restrictions on travel so few boats are moving that no definite channel has been made. Our own boat has leaked badly since we scrubbed over that shallow, but the men are bailing and are hunting for the leaks.

Eight or ten men came aboard tonight after we tied up. They were a motley aggregation and had all sorts of weapons, so at first we didn't know whether they were local militia or robbers. They were militia and told a story of just missing some robbers last night who came



- here while they had gone across river to inspect some boats there.
- Jan. 8.* A beautiful day. Two pontoon bridges; I think we have passed eight in all. Reached Kiang Koo about one, where we had a very difficult likin (local customs) examination, but finally we were allowed to pass. We have waited for Miss Jack who has gone to get rickshas for her party.
- Jan. 9.* Miss Jack spent last night at the Panshan mission and returned this morning. No autos are running, nor could she get rickshas. She brought one two-man-chair and a man to carry bedding for herself and the Hoffmans. They abandoned the ark and set off overland to Chengtu after transferring the last of their goods to Hsiung's boat. Our captain had business which delayed our starting until one o'clock, but we have made 25 *li*. Tomorrow we go through "no man's land" into the territory of the 29th army.
- Jan. 10.* Made 45 *li* today, and should have done better but for two fuel boats which blocked the channel for three hours. One of them broke its rope six times. Its boatmen calmly cooked and ate dinner as if oblivious of the fact that they were holding a string of boats waiting. In America a line of autos would have honked their horns with impatience if kept waiting *three minutes!* "No man's land" did not materialize today, as the 29th army has retreated toward Chengtu.
- Jan. 12.* Bitter cold; pulled for a while with the trackers to get warm. At Kiang Koo the captain engaged two young fellows, one to steer and one at the bow to pole. Both are very skillful at finding the channel, but neither ever loses an opportunity of telling the other he is wrong. On this journey we have heard enough oaths to last Methusalch a lifetime. We are still in the territory of the 24th army.
- Jan. 13.* Last night's cold drizzle turned to snow, and this morning the world was white,—quite unusual for Szechwan. The boatmen were simply overcome by the cold and snow and never moved from our anchorage until after two o'clock.
- Jan. 15.* Well, here we are at the University in the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Crawford who are caring for us until we can get settled in our own home. We arrived yesterday afternoon, after forty-four days journey. For

thirty-nine of these days we were actually travelling or trying to travel. In the 500 miles either our cargo or our papers were inspected by likin officials 25 times and by the military 14 times. At five other points we were permitted to pass likin without inspection, probably because we are foreigners. Almost everywhere we met with courteous treatment both from civilians and from the three armies in whose territory we travelled. Again and again where soldiers had received orders to permit no boats to travel we were allowed to pass, and pontoon bridges which had delayed Chinese travellers for a week were forthwith opened for us. I have mentioned the impressing of our trackers by soldiers, but this is the system upon which military leaders depend for moving their troops, and these soldiers treat their own countrymen ten times worse than they do us. Wherever we could reach any higher officer we were sure of courteous treatment.

*Later.* The freight boat and the fuel boat which we had to leave behind arrived about ten and twenty days respectively after we did.

We are getting settled and are glad to be back.

ROBERT L. SIMKIN.

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#### THE COMMUNISTS IN N. E. SZECHUAN.

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Mr. Funnell writes from Paoning on February 12th: "More troops left for the front today. Ts'ai Fu Ts'iu preached a helpful sermon today, on 'Fang Hsin', giving examples of God's protecting power. It was refreshing. He leaves tomorrow for Tanishan, Ilung. T'ang-chin-pa and Hua-tsung-chang. I want him to visit P'u at the Tanishan orphanage, and help him in the carrying out of plans for evacuating there should it be necessary. Paoning is quiet with all these troops about, and no rumours. I hear tonight there was fighting on the Pachow front, with a slight advance of troops, but nothing definite. More fighting today. Fierce fighting on the Kwangyuan front, as they are trying to force a way through there. These recent troops have not got to the front yet, so should make a big difference."

Mr. Funnell writes on the 13th: "Today Keo and I went down to meet Suen, the commander of the forces now operating against the Reds. His army is all here, and he has come to take command. A great crowd of well dressed, smart troops was drawn up, and crowds of civilians. Everyone feels cheerful. People who left are now returning. Bishop Ku plans to return, so confidence is being restored. We hear that there has been some fighting before Pachow, and that the troops went forward several li. T'ien Song lao himself has arrived today. Something should happen very soon, with all these troops. The Lower and Higher Primary Schools open next Monday, the 20th; the Middle School not till the 28th, as arranged. That will give time to see how the situation will develop."

Mr. Funnell writes on the 14th: "A great number of troops left this morning; only about 1,000 are now in the city. The Reds must now be confronted with a fairly large army all the way from the llung region up to the Kwangyuan region. Estimates of the number vary; some say 30,000, some say more. Two days ago the forces at P'ao-t' ai-ya, before Pachow, advanced several li towards the city (P'ao-t' ai-ya, is 20 li from Pachow, and 50 li from Er-yeng-ho); but the Reds were pressing strongly in the llung direction, while the fiercest attack was in the Kwangyuan direction."

The Rev. U. T. Keo also writes on Feb. 14th to say that Paoning can now be considered perfectly stable. Bishop Ku's baby Dorcas has had high fever and is still very ill. Ts'ien-fu-chang people who were planning to leave there were waiting until the situation should become more serious. His letter finishes by saying "Don't be too much worried about us; through prayer the situation is more settled".

Mr. Martin, writing on Feb. 15th from Nanpu, says: "I returned last night from Shunking, where at Mr. Funnell's request I escorted the ladies. Things are much the same here, though owing to the presence of soldiers in Paoning some optimism exists. We had a narrow escape on the river. The boat we first hired was eventually taken by the Paoning Seventh Day Adventists, and was clean robbed a few miles this side of Chowkow. A boat on which many of our boxes were being taken to Shunking was boarded at the same place by robbers carrying revolvers. Strangely, nothing was taken. I believe they expected to see us on the boat, and did not notice the cabin trunks etc. under the boat boards."

Mr. Denham writes on Feb. 15th from Chowkow: "The

situation here is the same, and I trust that the danger of our having to leave has passed."

The latest news before going to the press is more reassuring. We hear that Pachow has been retaken from the Reds by the 29th army. Many Chinese and foreigners are returning to Lanpu and other towns. The Reds are still in possession of Tengkiang and district.

EDITOR

### CONCERNING THE GANG KAR.

Chengtu.

March 12th, 1933

To The Editor,

West China Missionary News,

Dear Sir,

In Mrs. Pruen's Book "Western China" we find an account of the now famous Gang-Kar. During the summer of 1899 this lady, who was in retreat in the mountains near Kwa hsien, says:—

"more than 100 miles, as the crow flies, due south-west of Kwanhsien . . . is the highest mountain yet explored in China, rising to the great altitude of 25,590 feet. (It is situated near Ta (Tsien) Lu on the main road to Tibet".

So it seems that in 1899 a lady missionary of the C.I.M. had both the altitude and location of this wonderful mountain approximately correct.

Yours sincerely,

J. HUSTON EDGAR.

### OMEI-ITES! ARE YOU IN THE SWIM?

All bungalow owners having now had opportunity to buy shares in the Omei SWIMMING POOL, anyone may buy as many shares as he likes until the shares are sold out. Shares are in the hands of Miss Winifred Harris, Kiating.

L. B. J., *Secretary*

Sincerely,

(MRS. J. C. JENSEN)

## CHUNGKING NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. G. Toyne has returned from England and is at Luchow for the time being. He received a hearty welcome at Chungking.

Mr. & Mrs. G. Scott from Ilung, Mrs. Gough and Miss Wilson from Paoning, reached Chungking Feb. 9th, having been obliged to retire temporarily from their stations owing to Communist activities. The sympathy of the community is extended to Mr. & Mrs. Scott, whose baby boy, aged seventeen months, passed away at Lanpu, while they were on their way to Chungking.

Miss Gough and Miss Wilson proceeded without delay to Shanghai where the former is to receive medical treatment.

Miss Hansing of the M.E.M. Mission is in Chungking *en route* to America for furlough.

Miss Luella Koether has reached Chungking and will take up her work at the Girls' High School at Dsen Gia Ngai.

The raising and widening of Tsang Ping Kai occasioned repairs and improvements at the Tsang Ping Kai Friends' Mission. The main meeting room was made smaller and re-decorated. More windows, a wooden floor and several furnishings were added. The result is a more comfortable, attractive meeting house. On December 17th a special meeting was held to dedicate the remodelled premises. Representatives from the other churches were present and participated in the programme.

Miss Mildred Munsell has arrived from Chengtu to take up her work in the Syracuse-in-China Hospital.

Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Bowyer passed through Chungking early in February on their way to Canada for furlough.

Warburton and Henrietta Davidson, for many years members of the Friends' Mission in Chungking, who more recently resided in Hankow retired from work early in December and are now residing in England.

Miss E. Larson of the C.I.M. has returned from furlough and has been designated to Kiating.

Misses Sparling and Russell were February visitors in town *en route* for furlough in Canada. Miss Sparling also visited in Fowchow before starting down river.

The Revd. and Mrs. Stanway passed through Chungking on their way to their station at Fowchow.

Mrs. O. Jolliffe and daughter Mary came through Chungking from Chengtu late in February *en route* for Canada.

Mr. Guinness from Shunking was a February visitor in Chungking for dental treatment.

Arnold and Lois Vaught attended the Szechuan Yearly meeting of Friends held at Suining in January. From T'ong Liang they travelled with Leonard and Laura Walker of the Friends' Mission and Miss Mildred Steed of the T'ong Liang Orphanage. Miss Steed was a guest of the Yearly Meeting.

Rev. R. B. McAmmond paid a flying visit to Chungking returning with Revd. and Mrs. Stanway to Fowchow.

Mr. & Mrs. H. Batstone have gone to Kiangtsing. Miss Whitlow has also returned to her station there.

Mr. Howard Veals has gone to his work on the district.

The members of the foreign community were invited to a George Washington Birthday reception at Chungking Club on February 22nd.

Dr. Parry and Mr. Clements paid a visit to Tungchi.

M. J. C.

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## NEWS FROM CHENGTU.

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Dr. and Mrs. Anderson left on March second for Shanghai. They will spend six months there, while Dr. Anderson works at the Lester Institute, after which they will leave for furlough in Australia and England.

Mr. James Endicott, Mr. Arnold Vaught and Mr. Litchfield drove motor trucks from Chungking to Chengtu. They report the time as being two days and one hour, with plenty of bumps en route. We like the neighborliness that the motor road is beginning to make possible.

Mr. Homer Brown will escort his two daughters, Isabel and Julia to Chungking, where they will join Dr. and Mrs. Mullett's party for the trip to Canada.

Miss Gladys Harger is back in Chengtu after her furlough in the United States.

For the first time in its history the Canadian School in Chengtu has students taking the Senior Matriculation examinations. Graduation exercises were held on Friday, February twenty-fourth. There are three students in the senior class, Isabel Brown, Margaret Sparling and Brockman Brace. Four students will take the Junior Matriculation, Betty and Molly Dickinson, Julia Brown and Dorothy Sparling.

The C.M.S. have been holding Committees in Chengtu instead of the Annual Conference which should have been held in Mienchu in January. Mr. Donnithorne, Miss Wells, Miss Armfield and Miss Jones have all been visitors at the Pi Fang Kai as well as a number of Chinese pastors and evangelists. Miss Whitworth was a visitor on the campus taking the opportunity of getting attentions from the Dental Clinic.

The new C.M.S. Middle School Dormitory on the Campus was opened on March 1st. The ceremony was performed by the Revd. Wu Shuen Hsi, B. Sc. who is a former student of this Middle School. The Dormitory is built partly in memory of the Revds. F. J. Watt and R. A. Whiteside who were killed by brigands in 1923. Some of the funds were from a legacy left by Miss Annie Settle. This new dormitory therefore stands as a lasting memorial to three honoured missionaries of the C.M.S. After the ceremony of opening had been carried out a short but impressive service was held in the Dormitory Chapel when an address was given by Principal Yang Hsiao Ch'uan.

During the Committee meetings of the C.M.S. in Chengtu a presentation of silk embroideries was made to Miss G. E. Wells by her fellow missionaries in commemoration of her having completed forty years' service in the West China Mission. Miss Wells was one of the first party to come out in 1891 and has continued ever since her valuable work among the women of West China in the C.M.S. area. She has for many years been Principal of the Women's School at Mienchow where many Bible Women have been trained and others have had sound teaching in the meaning of Christianity as well as ordinary school subjects.

This has been a month of record breaking in travel between Chengtu and Chungking. Dr. and Mrs. Anderson left Chengtu on the second of March and sailed out of Chungking on the fourth.

Dr. Crawford and Dr. Beech left Chungking at one-thirty

on March ninth and arrived in Chengtu at four thirty the next day.

Dr. Gentry and Mr. Bahnson of the Ford Agency came from Chungking to Chengtu in a day and a half.

Unfortunately, goods do not move with as much celerity as do people.

Dr. Retta Kilborn and Mr. Frank are leaving Chengtu about the middle of April.

Mr Albertson has taken over the work of the University bursar's office and letters regarding work in the photographic studio should be addressed to him.

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#### DEPARTURE OF MR. G. E. STOCKLEY.

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The Foreign Community at Chungking, and in fact throughout Szechwan will be sorry to learn of the departure of Mr. G. E. Stockley, the Assistant Consul, who is about to take up duties at Tientsin.

Mr. Stockley writes:—

"I would be very grateful if you would insert in the next number of the Missionary News a line to the effect that on my departure from Chungking to Tientsin I wish to express my thanks to the Chengtu Community for all their past kindness to me and my hope that I may one day meet them again."

On behalf of our readers we express our thanks to Mr. Stockley for the help he has given us during his period of office at Chungking and, while wishing him every success in his new work, we warmly reciprocate his wish that Szechwan and its foreign community may have the pleasure of his company here again in the future.

Editor.

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#### DEATH

KARL EGER. At United Church of Canada Mission Men's Hospital, Chengtu, on Saturday evening March 18th, after a long illness. Interment in the Chengtu Lan T'ai Sze cemetery.



• 4 Fort Canning Road,  
Singapore, S. S.  
February 8, 1933.

*Dear Friends,*

Since sending out a notice recently that probably we would return to the States during 1933, things have taken another turn with us.

We are leaving Singapore at the end of February, but not for home. Bishop Welch of Shanghai has asked us to go to the General Hospital at Wuhu, China. We will take over most of the business administration of this large and well equipped hospital and do what we can in the way of evangelistic and general mission work.

Wuhu is some 250 miles above Shanghai, about 80 miles beyond Nanking, on the right bank of the Yangtse River. We have often passed the hospital and plant on our trips to and from West China and admired its location. The hospital and missionary residences are outside the city of Wuhu, built on a prominent hill overlooking the river, and seems to be a most desirable place to live.

Both of us are remarkably well. Physically there seems no reason why we should return home for a furlough at this time. The economic depression seems to be a fairly good reason why we should not add to the number of the unemployed. These reasons coupled with the fact that it will be a pleasure again to see something of the church work in China, and again to meet many of our old friends, have decided us to go to China rather than to return home during 1933.

The "General Hospital, Wuhu, Anhwei, China," will be our address until further notice, probably for about one year.

Sincerely yours,

MR. AND MRS. J. F. PEAT

TZELIUTSING NOTES.

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This station is being favoured by the presence of school inspectors R. S. Longley, B.A., B.D. and T. Z. Dju, B. A. visiting all the schools, testing the pupils in their work. The teachers and some of the pupils appreciate the inspectors and gave them a hearty welcome.

Our mission schools including all grades from the kindergarten to the junior-middle boarding schools for both boys and girls are all full to overflowing. Mission schools are very popular although all charge fees. The government is very zealously opposing Communism and combing the pupils in all schools including the mission schools to find communists. We have not heard any opposition to Christianity or christian schools recently and the pupils attend religious services and church freely.

The writer made a trip to several outstations with schools, during the Lunar New Year holidays and not one pupil attended church on Sunday and the teachers did not expect them to attend. Church and all religious services ceased with the commencement of holidays. What we would like to know—what is the experience of other mission stations? How to connect the pupils with the church at all times in holidays as well as in the school term?

This station continues to hold a weekly consecration meeting for the leaders both missionary and Chinese, which is growing in interest and power. Some of us have been reading the new book, "For Sinners Only," and long to see house parties carried on like those of the "Oxford Group" meetings.

May we ask if any station in West China have tried the "Oxford Group" methods of evangelism and with what success?

In this station we are planning to hold Passion Week meetings in all our institutions and in the church. May all Szechwan christians united in prayer for an infilling of His Spirit and with power to testify for Him.

W. E. SMITH.