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THE CHINESE CHIMES.

Hurdle Number

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LU HO GIRL NATIONAL HURDLE CHAMPION.

The winner of the low hurdle race at the National Track Meet in Shanghai a few weeks ago was one of my students in Lu Ho (Jefferson Academy). She was, in fact, the only student in this area a good enough athlete to be sent to Shanghai. While this girl is a Lu Ho student, and was formerly a student in our Fu Yü (Goodrich School for Girls), neither of these schools can claim much of the honor which she won at Shanghai. Her name is Wang Luh E and most of the credit for her athletic achievement should go to her father, Wang Pao Ch'uan. He is a big husky fellow who loves to hunt, swim and ride a bicycle, but he also gets out and digs in the garden where he raises excellent vegetables. The reason he deserves so much credit for his daughter's victory is that he made her get out and run every day, along with her sister and brothers. One brother is an excellent athlete in Lu Ho but there was too much competition for him to win a trip to Shanghai for the National Meet. Not many girls in this vicinity have fathers who make their daughters run every day, which undoubtedly is the reason that Luh E won her race. Knowing the Wang family as I do, there is no doubt in my mind that it was the training and discipline of the father which brought honor and fame to his daughter, and to our schools.

OTHER LU HO HURDLES.

I have mentioned this hurdle victory in the first paragraph of this number of the Chimes because I have just finished a short period of my life which in some respects was like a hurdle race. Last March I was asked by the North China Kunglihui Council, which supervises Lu Ho School, to serve as acting principal to the end of the school year. A situation had developed in the school, which may have been stimulated by outside enemies, so that the Principal, Mr. Ch'en Ch'ang Yu, feared that a serious situation might develop and it would be better to have a foreigner at the head of the school for a while. Since I was on the spot, had taught in Lu Ho a year in Sian, I was asked to take over, and Mr. Ch'en was invited to do some work in Peiping for the Council. I imagine that I felt like the boy who was asked if he could play the violin. He replied, "I don't know, I have never tried". I had never tried to be a principal in a Chinese school, and since fools rush in where angels dare not tread I accepted the challenge. I knew the deans, and some of the teachers, well enough to believe that they could run the school if I gave them a free hand and followed along to help them over any hurdles which we might encounter.

We met one obstacle after another but took our time to get over, or around, them and the school closed at the end of the term without having exploded. Mr. Ch'en is back as principal, and as the Council has ordered all schools to cut down the number of students to reasonable size classes we are trying to weed out the undesirable ones. I am glad that I do not have to take that hurdle for some of the boys who have not done well are refugees who have no place to go, except into the army. School begins early so as to have a long winter vacation, and thus save on coal.

I am not in a position to see how many hurdles I cleared at Lu Ho, nor how many I knocked over; I only know that I finished the course, and was not knocked over myself. I claim no credit for that, nor for the fact that five of the eight students who were recommended for the special examination for entrance to Yenching University were

admitted. Last year three out of eight were admitted and we felt satisfied. Middle School students have had a tough time these last few years and it isn't strange that some have not done very well, and others have fallen by the wayside. Their hurdles have been numerous, and some of them every high. Good teachers have also been scarce and hard to keep.

HURDLES OUTSIDE LU HO.

In a sense, the whole past year in T'unghsien has been, and still is, a hurdle race. All the work in our North China Mission has been on a "touch and go basis". Some weeks ago the Chinese and American leaders of the mission met in Peiping to discuss what our policy should be and where we should go, if we had to leave North China. Some of the Chinese said that they would remain even if the Communists came, and some Americans had similar ideas. Everybody was free to decide for himself what he would do. Some might go to America, others to Foochow, and at least one family is now planning to leave for America, whether the Communists come or not. Our missionaries have recently left Taiku, Shansi, two single women having gone to Fenchow before they knew that the others would have to leave. Taiku and Fenchow are both occupied by the Communists now and the last reports we had indicated that the two women from Taiku, with the two who lived at Fenchow, are all at Fenchow. There was no fighting at either place and notices were put up that foreigners were to be well treated. There were 50 patients in our hospital in Fenchow and more than 30 at Taiku. Medical work seems to be possible and there are indications that the Communists are taking a somewhat modified attitude recently. They carried off foreigners at Ch'angli last year but recently they recaptured that city and didn't "carry off" anybody. I think there were no foreigners there. They tried to persuade Chinese to go with them and some teachers and students went willingly. Missionaries have left Taiyuan, Shansi, but so far as we know the city, and at least one airfield are still held by the Nationalists.

THE INFLATION HURDLE.

The highest hurdle that we have met this past year is inflation. \$1. U.S. has exchanged for as much as \$9,000,000, CNC recently and we have bills in 500,000 CNC denominations. The papers tell us that we shall have 5,000,000 CNC notes soon. Budgets are mostly guesses and it takes a lot of time to count money and keep accounts. We who are fortunate in having our salaries on a U.S. basis don't suffer but our Chinese friends who have to take their pay in CNC are in a very difficult situation. Even though their salaries are raised monthly prices go up faster than salaries. We wish that somebody could tell us what the "exploding point" of inflation is but nobody seems to have the answer to that question.

A CHURCH HURDLE.

When Mary and I returned to T'unghsien last year one of the jobs which was handed to me was the work at the Drum Tower Church in T'unghsien city. From reports that came to us it seemed that a funeral service would be most appropriate. The place had been occupied by Japanese soldiers for several years, the primary school there had been closed and Chinese soldiers were still living in the school buildings. All the buildings were in great need of repair and there was no money in the budget for such purposes. It was a formidable hurdle and one of the Chinese leaders on the evangelistic committee said that it was useless to try and resurrect such a "bag of bones".

Generous friends provided money with which to reopen the school in the church, and after many interviews with military authorities in T'unghsien and Peiping the school

buildings were returned to us and the school moved there at once. Since then more friends have contributed funds which made it possible to repair the buildings and we are now nearly ready to receive 100 students next month.

The Drum Tower Church has profited by the political situation in other places in that we have secured the help of some workers who were not able to return to their former places of labor. Last fall and winter one of the pastors from our Lintsing, Shantung, field, Mr. Wang Hsuan Min, was in the Workshop for Christian Workers here in T'unghsien for six months. When the Workshop closed Mr. Wang could not return to Lintsing so we secured his help for the Drum Tower Church. The same happened to Mr. and Mrs. Wang Hsi Chi of the Church of the Brethren in Shansi. Later another Mrs. Wang who had worked in our mission at Fenchow came to us so we now have two men and two women, besides the two teachers in the primary School. The church services are well attended, largely by refugees from temples outside the city. We have a workshop where some of the refugee women make hooked rugs, envelopes and do knitting. We have a reading room and a games room and the Rural Service Union sometimes gives movies which they get from the U.S. Information Service in Peiping. Miss Helen Dizney also carries on some of her Public Health work from the Drum Tower Church center. This center is getting some help this summer from a Student Work Camp which Hal Leiper and some other leaders are conducting in T'unghsien for a couple of months. The hurdle at the Drum Tower Church was a high one but we got over because we got so much help from our friends. Perhaps if there was more cooperation in the world we should find that even unsurmountable hurdles would disappear.

A HOSPITAL HURDLE.

As a member of the board of managers of the Lu Ho Hospital I soon learned after I reached T'unghsien that that mission institution also had some hurdles. Dr. Chang Chih Hsun had been working in the hospital twenty years, carrying on right through the Japanese occupation. He was badly in need of a rest but we could find no doctor to relieve him. There were also personnel difficulties but gradually changes in the staff were made and a few months ago we found a young Chinese doctor who has proved very satisfactory. He is Dr. Su I Sun who was educated in a Catholic Medical School in Shanghai and worked in a hospital in Paotingfu. There was a hurdle of a residence but some rooms have now been fixed up and the Sus have a very attractive apartment in the hospital yard. Mrs. Su is a very attractive young person and is expected to come and occupy the new residence soon.

Dr. Adaline Satterthwaite, and her engineer husband, Bill, were disappointed that they could not go to Shansi where they hoped to open a medical center with some friends of the Church of the Brethren. Again T'unghsien profited by a bad situation for the Satterthwaites were assigned to work in the Lu Ho Hospital. They did not want to live in a large foreign house some distance from the hospital so they are to have a residence right beside the Sus. Work is going on there and the residence should be ready by the time the Satterthwaites want to move, probably about the end of August. When those two doctor families get settled in their new homes the center of gravity of this compound will have moved considerably towards the northeast corner. With three doctors and their families living there, the Lu Ho Hospital stands a good chance of winning the 1948 hurdle race of this mission compound.

A VACATION HURDLE.

With all the hurdles which have confronted us during the year Mary and I felt that we would like to have a change this summer and began to investigate possibilities. Peitaiho, where we had spent so many enjoyable summers, was out of the picture because of Communist activities in that area. We also thought of the popular seashore

resort at Tsingtao. One can go there by boat or by plane but the hurdle is in the form a place to live. The U.S. Navy seems to have gobbled up all available houses and because they are there, as well as for other reasons, many Chinese find that a desirable spot. Our minds wandered father afield and we asked about the mountain resort, Kuling. Some of our friends are there and we learned that there is a hotel where we might be able to stay but since it meant going to Shanghai by boat or plane and then taking a long trip up the Yangtze we decided that it was a higher hurdle than we felt like undertaking at the present time.

We decided on something much nearer home and these lines were written at Hsiang Shan, in the hills west of Peiping where we spent a very enjoyable week. We were in a cottage which was formerly the home of an ex-premier of China, Hsiung Hsi Ling. He ran an orphanage there for many years and although he is no longer living his widow carries on that philanthropic work. Some friends of the London Mission rented the place for the summer and when we learned that they were to be away for a week and we could have the use of the place we decided to go. Robbins Strong took us out in the American Board jeep and came to bring us back in the same vehicle. It takes only about two hours from T'unghsien and most of the way there is a good motor road.

Hsiang Shan was the hunting park for former emperors and there are still lovely old trees but no deer, or boar, as there used to be. Some of the trees are said to be a thousand years old and they look it. There are cedars, pines and other varieties with many roads and paths. Somebody spent a lot of money to fix the place up but most of the buildings are not in good shape now.

One day we went to the Summer Palace in three-wheeled rickshas, and to the Jade Fountain Park which were pleasure resorts of the emperors and empresses. There are two five-hundred-year-old pagodas in the Jade Fountain Park and another lovely porcelain pagoda built by Emperor Ch'ien Lung about two hundred years ago. A guide led us around in the Park but at the Summer Palace we strolled along the promenades and in the grounds but did not wear ourselves out by climbing to the high places. We found a lovely spot where food was served in an open pavilion beside a lotus pond with the island and famous Camel Back Bridge across the water. There was a cool breeze and we were quite satisfied with our rice, scrambled eggs, salted peanuts and tea which we had for lunch.

Another day we walked to Pi Yun Ssu, a lovely temple in a wooded valley about a mile from where we lived. This is the temple where Sun Yat Sen's body lay in state for five years before it was removed to Nanking for its final resting place. We saw the silver casket which it occupied and the guide told us that the clothes he wore are still in the casket. We only saw it through a window.

OTHER HURDLES AHEAD.

Sitting in the shade of the lovely thousand-year-old cedar and pine trees, with a cool clear stream of water gushing out of the mountain side just below us; listening to the singing, laughter and hand clapping of students from a Catholic Mission School, it was not easy for us at Hsiang Shan to realize that there are tremendous hurdles ahead for those students and the generation which they represent throughout the world. How can we of an older generation help those young people win their races? Personally I feel that Wang Luh I's training has a suggestion worthy of consideration. As I mentioned in the first paragraph, her father made her practice, and I feel strongly that there is need for training and discipline in any education which will prepare youth to win the races into which they have been thrown without their consent or desire. "Freedom" and "Liberty" have been watchwords in my generation but my present opinion is that only

those will be able to make good use of freedom who have undergone difficulties and hardships, and have hardened themselves, or have been hardened by their parents and teachers. There was an article in the Saturday Evening Post, which I may have mentioned in the Chimes before, which I want to mention again. It was by Will Durant and the title was "Self Discipline or Slavery".

Nor would I limit this training to youth. We oldsters never outgrow this need. In a book, du Nouy's *Destiny of Man*, which Rowland Cross sent this station for Christmas, and which I finished at Hsiang Shan, there is on page 118 this sentence, "Liberty is not only a privilege; it is a test." And on page 117, "progress depends on personal effort, and to suppress this effort constitutes a crime." I believe that it is Dr. Nels Ferre who uses the expression "pushed by progress and pulled by purpose". In another book which Mary gave me for a birthday present, and which I finished at Hsiang Shan, Dr. Coffin in his "God Confronts Man in History" says on page 71, "this is a chief compulsion moving Christians toward unity." The word which I would underscore there is "compulsion". This has not been a very popular word in my generation but if we are to clear the hurdles ahead, and are to train young people to clear their hurdles, we will be the loser, and not the winner, if we fail to realize that there are still "Thou shalt's", and "Thou shalt not's" operating in the universe which will spell our own failure if we disregard them. The Father of Mankind does not spoil his children with too easy a life, as some modern fathers try to do. He has set tests for them to undertake and it requires training and discipline if they are to pass the tests. We cannot avoid this "compulsion" if we are to do his will, but isn't that the hope of the present world situation? If the solution of the tremendous hurdles ahead depends on our tiny intellects, and on our flabby wills, we face a dark future, indeed; but if there is a plan, and a will that is working it out in history, we can still live hopefully. We then have a motive for preparing ourselves, and helping to prepare others, to win the races that are before us.

"Make me a captive, Lord, And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword, And I shall conqueror be."

H. W. Robinson

Postscript—M.S.R.

Last winter when the families of our three children decided that instead of exchanging Christmas presents, they would send a gift to the Lu Ho Hospital, they added a convenient word to our vocabulary, for they called themselves the Siblings, later shortened to Sibs. Recently I have given myself a new title, Expectant Grandmother. Doesn't the grandmother who is expecting three more grandchildren deserve some recognition? We have received a radio with the glad news of one of the expectations, Stephen Robinson Ratcliffe, on July 7. He is a year less than a week younger than our granddaughter, Katherine Robinson, who hopes for a brother or sister in November, and a cousin who will belong to the James Robinsons. Katherine and Stephen will live near enough to play together frequently next year, for Katherine's parents are to live in Newtonville, and Stephen's in Framingham. Katherine's father will have work at the Lahey Clinic in Boston, while Stephen's Daddy is resident at the Veterans' Administration Hospital in Framingham. Uncle James and Aunt Hope are in Philadelphia, where James is now resident in medicine in the Pennsylvania Hospital, but we think they have leanings toward Boston. We are very proud of our Sibs and look forward to the day when we can spoil the little ones as much as we wish. We wonder if we shall wait until the scheduled 1953 to see them.