

Monday, May 17. Worked on speech for evening. Dia. still continues, so decided to continue sulpha, only one aspirin left so took it with second dose but got headache anyhow. Pastor Chu preached at 9, very good, after meeting about eleven left for Ho-li-shi, suggested two by two visitation instead of street preaching but left final decision to local committee. Went with Mrs. Chang to street to buy flashlight bulb, & aspirin. Felt very strongly that in spite of dia. should go on south with group if they go. However not necessary to decide it today. Because of headache from Sulpha did not go with group street preaching, also doubted advisability of group of women going alone. When they returned, said that it had not gone so well as there had been some hecklers, but nothing serious. Sounded as if Mrs. Chang had been able to hold her own against them. Miss Li arrived about 4, came by launch.

Evening meeting. Mrs. Sha, wife of man who led singing on Sunday, a young woman presided and led singing. Miss Li spoke after Mrs. Chang and myself, and very well, summing up and tying together what we said.

Tuesday, May 18. Mrs. Chang left early to return to Wuhu. Miss Li and I waited for Pastor Chu to return from Ho-li-shi, to decide what to do next. She and I talked most of day and she told me the story of her life, we also read Phillipians, she in English and I in Chinese.

About noon, Pastor Chu returned, said that he could get very little information as to whether Pastor Ling from Tan-shi would be able to bring anyone to district meeting. He suggested that we go the next morning to Ho-li-shi hold a three day evangelistic meeting, and then decide about the District meeting.

Wednesday, May 19. We got up at 5 o'clock and packed up, got all ready to go, even Mrs. Chang (of Hsuan-ch'eng) was to go with us to be on the team. It was raining hard and after waiting around for an hour, discovered that there was no bus that day. Pastor Chu suggested the following plan, that if it cleared off by the next morning, that we go to Ho-li-shi, otherwise give up for the present the evan. meeting and the district meeting and return to Wuhu by launch. In the afternoon, it cleared off a little, so Mrs. Chang, Miss Li, the old servant woman, and a little girl went out for a walk to a section of the city formerly a park called Ya-feng. Formerly (previous to 1937) it was filled with big houses, but now nearly all gone, just open fields. It started to rain while we were out. Saw the ~~mm~~ ruins of what was a big Confucian temple. We called on the daughter-in-law of ~~Tsun~~ Tsu Yu-ho, formerly principal of the local middle school and a member of the conference.

Thursday: May 20. As it was raining, we returned to Wuhu by launch. Much better trip than coming, as there was no boat towed, and we saw in the regular apartment of the boat. Not too crowded. Arrived about 3 p. m. and went with Pastor Chu to I-chi-shan, the hospital compound. Found Hyla in and she got me a little to eat and then went to Shubert's to prayer meeting and supper. Evangelistic meetings with a Shantung preacher being held here. I was very tired and went to bed early. Decided to stay over Sunday.

Friday, May 21. Slept most of day. Went in the evening to hear the evangelist named Tung. Quite good, but a little difficult to understand. Wrote up diary of trip.

Saturday. Went to Sommerfreund's for dinner. In p. m. went to Whartons for tea and tennis, & then shopping, back via Green Hill.

Sunday: Went to second St. for church. Pastor Cheo introduced me to congregation, and after church the B.W. Miss Ting and Pastor took Miss Youtsey and me to a restaurant for dinner. Had tou-fu-kan, and pao-ts and mien-p'i. Returned and rested on Ly Kwo-mei's bed (Miss Li's niece) at primary school and then to afternoon meeting at which evangelist Tung preached. Good sermon. Person most to be pitied is person who doesn't know. Invited by Prim. school teachers for supper along with others. It poured rain during and after church. Went to Miss Li's brother house to eat Hsao-ping. Saw her brother & family. Came home by ricksha but was quite wet.

May 12: started from home about 7, had coolie take me to the bus Mrs. Kwo, pastor's wife from Yuin-tsaio also on it, but seated far up in front. Found the bus already loaded, the aisles piled high with baggage and people sitting in aisle, nearly the last person to get on. Seats all reserved in advance. My seat not very good, over the wheel, but seat make a nice Chinese man who allowed me to put the duffle bag between us and the musette bag at his feet. Rather on his feet since he was too polite to put his feet on it, but it was not very heavy. Perhaps he did not understand my assurance that it would not matter if he put his feet on it. When the bus started a few minutes later, it was filled up by several standing in front of door so that it was literally impossible to take on any more passengers. However at each stop, there was a long ~~and~~ argument between the driver and passengers, usually soldiers who insisted upon crowding in. He refused to start unless door could be closed. There seemed to be no provision for the people in the towns along the way, since the bus was filled largely with through passengers, so there was a lot to be said for their side. At once place, it looked as if I might be thrown to the lions when a group of the Ch'ing-nen-twan, insisted that some way be provided for letting them on to the bus. Someone suggested that the foreigner be put off to make room for them, but when the ~~same~~ argument persisted for a while, the passengers began to come to the assistance of the driver and urged them to be reasonable as there was really no room for them. Had a pillow to sit on, and the road was certainly much improved from the last time, more than a year ago, when I went over the road, but at that my poor old fanny took quite a beating. However I've learned that the best method is to relax and bounce somewhat as one does riding horseback, not to hold oneself too rigidly. Other buses and truck which we met had men riding on the fenders, on the hood of the engine, even on the bumpers, but the driver refused to start until his was clear. He apparently had very strict instructions. A Chinese crowd in such circumstances is always amazingly patient and good-natured. We arrived at Wuhu about a half hour ahead of schedule.

At dinner, there was Hannah Stocks and Sylvia Whitman of the Adventist missions, also Miss Cassidy and Miss Rediger from the same mission, the two former being refugees from a country station threatened by the Communists. In the afternoon, Pastor Chu, the D.S. called and said that because of the recent heavy rains, we would have to go by launch, would need to start early in the morning, to be at the wharf at least by six in order to get a place on the boat. Later Edith Youtsey and I went down to Second Street to the church, to call on Miss Ting, the principal of the school, but she was not in. E. want me to talk to her about certain financial matters. We looked at the school building and the work, met the teachers, and then called on Pastor Cheo at the parsonage, also found pastor Chu there and had a nice visit with him. For supper that night, Culley came. I promised to stay with her on my return. I gave Pastor Chu my check for four million which he said he could get sent to Hsuan-ch'eng for me through a shop which did business in both places and wanted the money in Wuhu. Ticket cost 685,000, Nanking to Wuhu.

May 13: Thursday. Got up at 5, too early could not eat any breakfast. Then a long ricksha ride of about a half hour to the wharf where we had to wait about a half hour for the D.S. Tickets however cost only \$200,000. Boat was very crowded but he found a place for us in a boat being towed, a barge covered with a matting roof. To get onto the boat, had to step onto a raft which was made of very slippery wet boards about six inches apart and only barely above the surface of the water. Then he hauled me up on the boat which was about four feet up, but I managed to make it. Mrs. Chang had more difficulty, as her Chinese dress was tight and to step that high, she had to pull her dress up and not being so tall, it was all she could do to make it. The Chinese are not so daring and agile as I am and such things worry them. She and I sat on my duffle bag on top of which I also put my musette bag and pillow, as I am taller and my stiff knees wouldn't stand being stretched out all day. The trip althou long and tiresome, we finally arrived about six p. m. was not difficult.

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The crowd was curious about the one foreigner travelling down that way but friendly. On the floor in front of us, there sat an old Chinese peasant, who was really enjoying the trip. He went around and talked with everyone including us. His daughter, with her five year old "baby" (he was still nursing) were with him. In the morning the wind was cool so that I had to get out my steamer rug to keep warm, but later on it got warmer, and in the afternoon the wind changed so that the exhaust from the engine came into the boat and gave me a bad sinus headache. However it stopped after I got off the boat. The tow-boat was tied along the side of the regular launch. I no sooner got out of the house at E. Y's than I need to go to the W.C. so I asked Mrs. Chang to see if there was one. She looked about and could not find any but Pastor Chu guessed what we wanted and pointed it out to us. So I stood in front of the door and waited until a Chinese man got out of it. There was only one. But it was not too bad considering, and very welcome on a day's journey starting too early in the morning.

When we arrived at Hsuan-Ch'eng, we found the local B.W., also named Mrs. Chang waiting for us, together with some women church members. They had looked for us on the bus that morning and when we did not come, they had divided into two groups, one going to the bus station in case there should be an afternoon bus. We had to walk clear across the city, from the east gate to the north gate, about 30 minutes. An old coolie woman, (a church member) carried my duffle bag. In 1937, this was a walled city, but the wall, I learn was torn down by the Chinese to prevent it becoming a Japanese center of resistance, torn down in two weeks by the local populace. This is an old fashioned Chinese city, paved with wide stone slabs, which reminded me very much of Hingwa and some of the cities in Fukien. It suffered heavily during the war as it was on the line of march of the Chinese Japanese army in 1937 to attack Wuhu and Nanking. The Church property losses here also very heavy, the church and parsonage being destroyed, also all the woman's Div. property, a school and B.W. residence. The last, however has been rebuilt out of Crusade funds, a really nice one-story building with six rooms and a larger assembly room, being designed not only as a residence but also as a center for women's work, Bible Classes, adult education classes, etc. Mrs. Chang and I went there to stay but the D.S. went to stay with the local pastor, Shen Yu-shu. He came however to our place for supper. We found the beds all made, so that my bedding was not really needed after all. She had borrowed enough for the two extra beds.

The street on which this house was built (partly out of old material) was formerly a very busy street, lined on both sides with shops. Now it was very quiet. Large areas of the city, formerly covered with houses, was now ruins, or fields. The city looked as if it had at one time been very substantial, as many of the houses were either large Chinese style houses, or two stories, but well built.

Pastor Chu outlined the plan of what we were to do. At nine o'clock for each of three days, there was to be a prayer meeting with church members I to lead the first day, Mrs. Chang the second, and himself the third. In the afternoon, together with local people, he wanted to do some street preaching, and in the evening, a "wai-t'an" evangelistic meeting, that is for non-Christians. He said that he would take the burden of the street preaching but wanted us all to help in it. The same with the evening meetings, that is all three of us, if possible were to speak.

May 14, Friday: Our clocks were about a half hour faster than the local time. I got up and worked for a while on my talk for the first meeting before breakfast. Used the story of the Seas of Galilee and the Dead sea as to what happens to Christians who won't work! The roof of the building used for the church had fallen in during the recent heavy rain so that the meetings had all to be held in the small hall in this house. It had backless benches, crowded as close together as possible, so that 80-90 people could be crowded in. On the first morning, I counted 14 men. The women were two or three times that many but I could not count them. We finished by singing Isa. 32:15.



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Pastor Chu said he also hoped to have a special meeting at the local primary school, conducted by the local church, which had not been satisfactory. Also with the teachers, with the hope of giving the school a closer tie-up with the local church.

The Woman's work building was very nicely situated on a little elevation about 15-20 feet above the street level, with a small garden (not completely covered with broken tile and bricks). Formerly there was a small girls' school building on this site as well as a B.W. residence.

The food was simple but tasty, consisting of "chang-teo" a kind of lima bean, salt pork, eggs, and various kinds of greens, mostly from her own garden. We had leeks several times. No fresh meat at all, said it was impossible to buy it there. Each morning before breakfast she brought me an egg poached in a sweetened drink somewhat like ovamaltine. For breakfast, we had a salted vegetable (somewhat like sauerkraut but made of another leafy vegetable) a kind of cheese made of bean-curd, and peanuts. Mrs. Chang had a woman helping her but did the cooking herself. She speaks with a sort of a drawl which reminded me of American southerners.

The school here a problem as it is entirely without mission support and the teachers get such a small salary that it really could be said to be run on a voluntary basis. The principal is also the dean of a local government school, a Christian, a graduate of the Boys' high school formerly conducted here, but his regular job kept him very busy so that he really gave little time to the school. He was a member of the local church board, a second generation Christian. His daughter was dean of the school. All the reports we have had of the school was that it was conducted in a haphazard manner, with very little equipment and supervision. The local people are determined to keep it going even on these low standards. It has about 300 students.

After supper, yesterday, we went to call on Pastor & Mrs. Shen Yu-shu. After moving here a little more than a year ago, he suffered what he considered was a slight stroke from which he made quite a good recovery, but this week, he felt that he had not been so well again. So far as I could see, however, he walked and otherwise got around as usual. I urged him to come to either Wuhu or Nanking and have a thorough examination made and end his uncertainty. I was sure that he had years of useful service ahead of him. He is about 58 years old, I think. He seemed a little depressed in spirit and not so talkative as usual. They were living in a few rooms in an old hospital building there under very bad conditions. Another building was being repaired for parsonage (Chu said) Shen had offended the carpenter and he refused to finish it. It looked as if a couple of weeks work would finish it. His present quarters too inadequate and unhealthy. He gave me the sense that it was a sort of camping out, that somehow he had never gotten his roots in here. I was really much touched by his hopelessness. My guess that his sickness is mostly mental and spiritual, and the more the pity, since he is really an able man, a gifted speaker, and in his way, deep with a trace of the mystical in him. Such when he loses out, seems to lose everything. He frankly admitted to Tracey before he left Nanking that he was thoroughly disillusioned and would have left the church if he had not been too old to get into something else.

The situation is complicated by the fact that the former pastor, Tsu Ming-kwan, who came here first 32 years ago is still here, now in a supernumerary relationship (or retired, I'm not sure which) and acts as if he were in charge. It reminds me in many ways of the situation at Hwei Wen with old Father Kiang. He acts as if he really owned the place. He really controls the property and finances and is in a position to make it difficult for any succeeding pastor.

Friday, after morning service, at which I spoke, very briefly, but Pastor Shen said O. K. since people had to go to their work, but felt it was too bad that such a large group did not have a better preacher. After meeting we went to the school compound across the street and a little to the west. They told me that the compound wall had to be taken down and moved in about 7 feet as street was to be widened. All buildings in a bad state of repair.)