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MY LIFE IN CHINA, 1910-1936

Eugene E. Barnett

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Eugene E. Barnett

Edited by Jessie Gregory Lutz
with a foreword by John King Fairbank

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Foreword

The end of Cold War attitudes between the American and Chinese peoples greatly increases our problem of mutual understanding. When we can no longer hate and fear each other as enemies, we have to use our minds, not our emotions. Even worse, China and America are becoming too closely involved in vital problems to allow us to find refuge in our customary stance of benevolent sentimentality. As China grows bigger on our horizon, American righteousness and Chinese arrogance may trigger real clashes. Our respective grievances may escalate. In particular we may quarrel with great sincerity over the American role in modern China's tortuous history.

Eugene Barnett was one of the principal leaders in the American cultural-institutional interaction with post-imperial China. He reached China in 1910 and in the following quarter century met and worked with many of Young China's leaders not only in Hangchow and Shanghai in the YMCA but also in the new universities and the urban programs for social amelioration under the Nationalist regime. His Christian hopes and worldly concerns stand forth clearly from his narrative. They represented the best that America had to offer in the era of maximum opportunity before Japan's invasion and Communist rebellion preempted the scene. Barnett handled the vexing problems created by the Nationalist revolution of the mid-'20s and Japanese encroachment after 1931.

Today as we enter a new time of Chinese-American dialogue, Eugene Barnett's prudent and practical work in building the YMCA as a Chinese institution offers an inspiring example. Here was a man who found Chinese co-workers, who came to know their strengths and limitations both inherited and circumstantial and who also knew the limits of what a foreigner could contribute to China's rejuvenation. He described the Republican Chinese scene in vivid detail and one feels that he sensed its dynamics.

The volume has been edited and annotated by Dr. Jessie Lutz with consummate skill.

John K. Fairbank

I.

Preview

Eugene E. Barnett's career as a YMCA. secretary and administrator, 1908-1953, spanned a cycle of great growth for the USA. Widening horizons, increasing responsibilities, and a solidifying national identity characterized America during this era. Barnett, both the product of and an expression of America's optimism and expansionism, spent twenty-six of these years as a YMCA secretary in China. Future-oriented like many Americans, he rejoiced in frontiers to be conquered, and in the pioneering work of the YMCA in China. He felt a moral commitment to extend the benefits of Christianity and democracy to the far reaches of the world. He was confident of the rightness of his course.

Indications of major problems for the YMCA, as well as for the United States as a rising power, had already appeared before Barnett retired in 1953. More specifically, the depression of the 1930s meant severe cuts in funds for YMCA work overseas; eventually Barnett was recalled to the head office in New York and assumed responsibility for handling the financial crisis.

Barnett's autobiography was written during the 1960s, before the full implications of the Vietnam war, racial unrest, and youth revolt became evident. It generally conveys the enthusiasm and happy expectations of the first half of the century. Based on his faith that God is active in history, Barnett continued to believe in the relevance of Christian values in shaping the future. He might question specific trends as he observed them on furloughs home or as he witnessed communist successes in China, but his remembrances convey the confidence of American Protestantism during the growth years. With God sovereign in the affairs of men, Barnett viewed the human drama as part of the larger unity of an overruling Providence. Human beings accorded with God's purpose when they promoted freedom, democracy, and Christianity.

The half century of Barnett's secretaryship was, for China, a time of conflict, internal disintegration, and transition. Changes in almost all aspects of culture quickened and it was only towards the end of the period that significant progress toward reintegration occurred. The 1911 revolution, which toppled the Ch'ing (Qing) dynasty, ended two thousand years of monarchic rule. Although a republic was established, it was fragile, and military strong men stepped into the political vacuum. China's new rulers had limited authority, and many intellectuals frontally attacked the Confucian heritage. Fathers of means frequently steered their sons into business instead of state service. The cohesion of the scholar-gentry class was no more, and because modernization was restricted mainly to a few "treaty ports," the gap between city and countryside widened.

When Barnett arrived in China in 1910, the prestige of America and of Americans was high. The revolution a year later further enhanced the reputation of the USA, and many Chinese intellectuals viewed their nation and the USA as sister republics having a special relationship. Educated Chinese facing West eagerly adopted ideas and techniques from Europe and America, whether their interest was science, political theory, education, engineering, or commercial law. Even Christianity and Christian institutions enjoyed a brief spate of popularity among certain sectors of society.

Young and enthusiastic, Barnett plunged into the task of building a YMCA in Hangchow (Hangzhou) and making it a center for Bible study and community service. The points of

cultural interaction, as Barnett details them, were numerous and varied. He worked to attain fluency in spoken Chinese, and he came to have a real affection for Hangchow, the first city of his residency, for its temples, markets, cuisine, and people.

Among the hallmarks of Barnett's work style were systematic and thorough preparation, and social sensitivity and astuteness. The former doubtless helps to explain why he was later drawn increasingly into administrative assignments. The latter meant that he made a conscious effort to treat his Chinese colleagues as equals, avoiding the reputation for arrogance acquired by many Westerners, including missionaries. Well before the theme of Sinification of Christianity and Christian institutions became a major concern, Barnett championed Chinese leadership. By the 1920s, when nationalistic Chinese launched anti-Christian campaigns, the YMCA had a larger proportion of Chinese in administrative positions than did other Christian institutions such as schools, churches, hospitals, and orphanages.

Even so, Sinification was less than complete. The issue was a complex one that neither the Y (YMCA) nor Barnett escaped charges of foreign domination, and some Chinese Y officials threatened to resign. However open-minded and sympathetic toward the Chinese Barnett was, he inevitably had a dual loyalty and a dual identity which the overriding cause of Christianity could never surmount. He was an American laboring in China, not a Chinese citizen. He considered himself answerable to the Y offices in the USA and to its supporters as well as to the Chinese with whom he worked. Not until after the departure of most evangelists during the 1950s did Chinese Christians attain the Three Selfs: self-government, self-support, and self-propagation.

Barnett's autobiography is particularly informative for his first decade in China when everything seemed new and exotic, when he was meeting his first challenges and developing his methodology. The years in Hangchow are recalled in fond detail. The chapters on the 1920s, however, provide limited data on the anti-imperialist outburst of May 30, 1925 and the Northern Expedition of 1926-1927. Both events were of considerable significance for the future of China missions and the Christian church in China. The chapters on the 1930s comment only briefly on relations between Westerners and Chinese and Christian responses to nationalist demands and political upheaval.

Barnett was heavily committed to administrative work headquartered in Shanghai by the 1920s. Not only did this mean that he spent much of his time within the Chinese Christian community rather than with the general educated populace as in Hangchow; it also meant that he made more frequent trips to the New York offices and devoted attention to relationships within the Y inter-national hierarchy. Isolation of Christians from the political and intellectual mainstream was a weakness frequently deplored by both Western and Chinese Christians. Barnett's influence, like that of most of the Christian community, must be assessed primarily in terms of individuals rather than through organized, institutionalized power.

Easily overlooked in any assessment of how missionaries lived and worked are the family problems posed by their immediate environment. Autobiographies such as Barnett's are forceful reminders of the ways in which illnesses, heat and humidity, poor transportation and communication, and a thousand other physical aspects of life in China affected attitudes and accomplishments. Missionaries might leave for the field determined to live essentially as the local people did, but the costs were high--too high for most families--so that some compromise was sought. After the illness and/or death of one or more family members, most missionaries decided to join other Westerners in summer retreats in the hills, or at least send wife and children there. Mission families set up Western oases: compounds with modified Western-style architecture, landscaping, and furniture. Food and lifestyle were often more Western than

Chinese. Always a dilemma was the question of to what extent should children be reared as American nationals. The dual identity and responsibility was particularly acute for the missionary's wife--the keeper of the household--and Barnett attests to the sacrifices and contributions of his wife, Bertha.

Death all too often snatched away Chinese and Western co-workers after they had been trained, were in their prime, and were ready to carry the work forward. Gaps had to be filled and sights temporarily lowered when this occurred. Even the political fortunes of carefully cultivated Chinese friends could affect methodology and accomplishments.

Barnett writes that whether he was crossing the seas to China or returning to America, he felt he was headed home. At the same time he had ceased to be fully at home in either society. He was an intermediary between two cultures, though not a neutral transmission link or a typical purveyor of American culture. His autobiography is a source book on the background and outlook of idealistic young volunteers who went abroad during the era of America's transformation into a world power. It tells much about the YMCA as proponent of Christianity and Western civilization in Hangchow during the early republic and about the interests and responses of educated Chinese. It also throws important light on the progress and difficulties of Christian indigenization and on Christian attempts to meet the challenges of rising Chinese nationalism. The virtue of an autobiography is that it also reveals the importance of individuals in shaping human events. While in some respects Barnett's views and his career reflected the era in which he lived, Barnett was above all an individual with his own foibles and strengths, his own ideas and character. He was an actor of some significance in the interaction between China and the West during the first third of the twentieth century.

My "life and times" have been of sustained interest to me and even at three score years and eleven I find my interest turning more to the present and the future than to the past. Judging, however, by my own interest in my parents' lives and my wish that they had told us more about them, I have concluded that my children, and perhaps their children, might be interested in such random reminiscences as I can recall. If others interested in "the period" in China or in an individual's encounter with two cultures chance to look over the family's shoulder, I shall not object. In these later years when there is so much talk about "international, interracial, and intercultural interchange," this unadorned tale of one such encounter may cast a ray or so of light on this polysyllabic concern.

Woodrow Wilson in his *History of the American People* set 1889, the year after I was born, as the date when America's physical frontier disappeared and continental America was "settled" from coast to coast. The ensuing years have seen our people, with unabated gusto, probing new and different frontiers, with results which now make them the best-to-do of all history and their nation the most powerful in the present-day world.

Others have told the story of the changes which have taken place during these decades. Science, inventions, and communications have changed the face of America and of the world. I am fascinated by the burgeoning literature on this subject, but this is not a history, nor am I an historian, and so I resist the temptation to attempt my version of that story.

My recollections will center mainly around those places in which I have lived and worked. They will also include gleanings from the very considerable travel which I have done across the years and from my participation in regional, national, and international conferences and other activities in different parts of the world.

My earliest recollections go back to Leesburg, Florida, where I was born and where, except for a year or so in another part of the state, I spent my first fourteen years. Leesburg at that time was a village of less than a thousand people and our links with the outside world were mainly those provided in books and periodicals, the little Methodist Church to which we belonged, and the struggling college beside which we made our home.

We lived for three or four months in Jasper, Florida, where my father, Robert Howren Barnett, took over from the Methodist pastor who had broken in health. In a spacious home across the street from the parsonage, I first met the lovely girl who later became my wife.

At "conference time," about Christmas, my father was transferred to a church in Tampa, and there after a year-and-a-half I graduated from the Hillsboro High School. My class--of February '04--was composed of 5 boys and 6 girls. This small class and the wooden frame school house in which we studied were in character with the Tampa of that period.

From Tampa I went to Emory College, then located in Oxford, Georgia. There, in order to reduce the costs of four full years, I entered the sophomore class, conditioned in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics! These I managed somehow to make up in time to graduate, cum laude, in 1907.

A year at Vanderbilt University followed where I again took on extra courses; that year and the following summer completing nearly half of the B.D. requirements usually covered in three years.

A decisive turn came when I was invited to become the general secretary of the University of North Carolina YMCA in Chapel Hill. This post I held for two years, taking courses on the side in English and Philosophy--in both cases under distinguished professors.

Each of the above transitions meant steadily expanding horizons for me. None of them comparable, however, to those which came next; my marriage and my joining the staff of the International Committee YMCA on July 20, 1910 in Jasper, Florida. This was followed by: several weeks at Silver Bay on Lake George in New York and at Northfield, Massachusetts; a quick tour of YMCAs in the Carolinas' and our sailing in early October from San Francisco for Shanghai.

Our first three months in China were spent in language study in the home of the Fletcher Brockmans in Shanghai. Then in February 1911, we went to Hangchow where we spent nearly 11 years. So attached did we become to Hangchow and our friends and work there that to leave them late in 1921 for Shanghai meant a greater wrench for us than had our earlier departure from America for China.

Shanghai was our home for the next 15 years. There we jostled elbows with many nations, races, and cultures--met in this gateway to China and meeting place of East and West. Long and frequent travels throughout the length and breadth of the country made the terrain of China more familiar to me than was that of America at that time. In Shanghai our four children attended, and the three eldest graduated, from the Shanghai American School.

In 1936 our home address shifted from Shanghai to New York, and a year later to suburban White Plains. There we lived for 18 years until mid-1954 when, six months after my retirement, my wife and I set forth on a leisurely journey around the world. This started in Japan and wound up in the Scandinavian countries. It took us to 20-odd countries in 15 months, during which time we lived out of suitcases.

On our return from this journey we purchased a home in Arlington County, on the Virginia side of the Potomac River from Washington, D.C. There we found great satisfaction in the nearness of our children and grandchildren; in the friends who came our way from many parts of this country and from many other countries in continued participation in a number of enterprises in which we were interested; and in proximity to great events centering in our National Capital.

Over the main gate of his capital city, Akbar the Great Mogul emperor is said to have inscribed these words: "Said Jesus--'May His name be blessed--This world is a bridge. Pass over it but build no house upon it.'" Life for all men is a pilgrimage, and for us this has been obviously and very rewardingly so. Leesburg, Jasper, Oxford, Nashville, Chapel Hill, Hangchow, Shanghai, New York and White Plains, Arlington--these have been the main encampments in that pilgrimage, each of them rich in its experiences and in its aftermath of memories.

These places of encampment have by no means set the bounds of our interests and activities. In China there were the family summers at Mokanshan (Mogans), Peitaiho (Beidaihe), and Tsingtao (Qingdao), and from Shanghai my work carried me from Harbin (Haerbin), to Canton (Guangzhou) and from Shanghai to Chengtu (Chengdu) in China's far North, South, East, and West.

There were three furloughs in America during our 26 years in China--8 months in 1915, a little over a year in 1923, and somewhat less than a year in 1929-30. During these

American interludes I divided my time mainly between "deputation" travel and speechmaking (and twice, university study); our children explored the terra incognita which was in fact their Fatherland; and their parents tried to catch up on what had happened during their absence from the country.

There was my furlough summer spent in 1923 in Europe as a member of Sherwood Eddy's annual seminar--then at its beginnings, and already made up of individuals whose views on international questions were in time to be far-reaching in their impact.

There was our family safari in 1929 when, furlough-bound, we travelled from Shanghai to Dairen (Dalian); from there to Manchouli (Manzhouli); across Siberia and European Russian; through other countries in Eastern and Western Europe; and so back to New York the long way 'round. We did not travel deluxe, but the journey meant much to us, severally and as a family.

During the Shanghai period I took trips to Japan, Korea, the Philippines, and North America--to attend international conferences or for consultation with colleagues in those countries in which I "represented" not America but China.

My work carried me further afield after we moved to New York in 1936. Except for the World War II years there were visits abroad almost every year--
now to South America or Mexico, then to Asia, again and again to Europe, many times to Canada (which never seemed quite "abroad"), and twice around the world.

This in brief has been the itinerary and something of the timetable. It has been a good journey, and I often wonder why it has been my lot to experience all the good things it has yielded. Little did I dream, as a small boy in the village of Leesburg, what the future held in store for me or over what roads its pilgrimage would take me.

It is said of Cecil Rhodes that he planned his moves at least ten years ahead. In contrast I can claim no such foresight or long-range planning for my life. I have endeavored to keep the general directions straight, but beyond that have tried simply to negotiate each stretch of the road as it comes, without fretting over what might lie around the next bend or over the next hill. The way things have turned out point to an over-ruling Providence and lead me to feel that I have been "led."

One of the few books in my study with which I have been unable to part as I have cleaned out its shelves from time to time is a heavily marked copy of Henry B. Wright's volume entitled *The Will of God and a Man's Life Work.* This book of Bible studies was published in 1909, during my two-year stand at the University of North Carolina. Its main thesis is summed up in the title of a famous sermon of Horace Bushnell's from which Wright takes off in his studies--"Every Man's Life a Plan of God." The copious notations on my copy of this book reflect the care with which at the age of 21 I pondered the tremendous assumption which it sets forth regarding a man's life and work and their place in the purposes of God. I accepted that assumption as reasonable and determinative, and after 50 years I see in it one of the truly formative and deeply satisfying influences in my life.

For many years a favorite Bible verse of mine has been that found in the 37th Psalm: "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He will bring it to pass." My accomplishments in life have been modest indeed but even so I have often felt, even in my most active years, as if I were more a spectator than in any important degree the author of what I have seen come to pass along the way.

II.

Forebears

Eugene Barnett came of a background not unlike that of many volunteers for overseas religious work in the early twentieth century. He grew up in small-town rural America and his parents were deeply religious. Both his father and his grandfather were Methodist ministers espousing an evangelical Protestantism. In describing his parents' life, Barnett uses the phrase "spiritual journey," that is, reality was the next life for which earthly existence was a preparation. Material indulgence at the expense of support for God's work was unacceptable.

Though belief in God and participation in church activities and in family prayer and Bible reading were expected, the experience of conversion was an important turning point in many individuals' lives. His father, as was frequently the case, could give the exact day when he was "gloriously converted" at the age of fifteen. Not until two years later, however, did the elder Barnett decide to follow his own father into the ministry. The resolution was not in answer to a dramatic "call;" rather, believing that God guides individuals in decisions, that God is and should be involved in life's choices, he obeyed "the inner voice," even though it was not easy to accept the hard lot of a village preacher.

Certain aspects of Barnett's family background were not typical. He grew up on the frontiers of American society, on the frontiers of north Florida. As a Methodist minister, his father was frequently transferred and spent much of his early career as a circuit preacher traveling on horseback from mission station to mission station. Perhaps this pioneer environment contributed to the sturdy independence of Barnett's parents, as expressed in their willingness to maintain a stand even if it did not accord with that of their congregation, their determination never to go into debt, and their insistence on laboring to provide their needs with only minimal help.

Eugene Barnett later was known for his administrative talent, his social finesse, and his skill as an "organization man," but his ability to maintain his equilibrium amidst the turbulence of early twentieth-century China derived from his personal values and his conviction that he was obeying God's will. His loyalties were strong; he accepted a heavy workload, and over and over again he sacrificed individual desires for greater goals and purposes.

During the early period of expanding American influence in the world, Protestant churches derived strength from their commitment to foreign missions. As mission societies increased in numbers and in membership, they provided a major focus for church activities. Mission groups or churches which "adopted" their particular missionaries in an area such as China or Africa, kept up a running, two-way correspondence, and sent Christmas packages of clothing, books, food items, etc. "Their" missionaries visited them on furlough to tell of their experiences in "heathen" lands. Annual study books for the regular meetings of mission groups often focused on the peoples and culture of a specific mission field. Fund raising became a major task involving professionals. According to Barnett, American investment in China missions eventually exceeded investment in the China trade. Missions enabled women to delineate an independent role in the churches, for they often assumed major responsibility for mission education and for support at the local level; for a time, women organized and controlled their own separate mission societies.

Barnett's great-grandmother was the one to spark his mother's interest in missions and his mother made regular contributions to missions whatever his parents' economic

circumstances. Moreover, his father supported separate women's mission societies at a time when many doubted that females had the capability to administer a national organization while others questioned whether wives and mothers should devote time to activities outside the household. Missions helped to expand the horizons of many women living in small-town America at the turn of the century, including Barnett's mother. In his mother's case, perhaps her deep devotion to missions was reinforced by the minimal cultural life existing on the Florida frontier during the late 19th and early 20th century. Certainly, it is clear that the interest of Eugene Barnett's parents in missionary work had an important influence on him.

Few Americans know much, or care much, about their family antecedents. Not so in China where I soon encountered the difference. "Where is your honorable home?" I asked a Chinese young man just out of the university as I was learning the polite things to say on meeting a new acquaintance. "My humble home is in Kiangsi (Jiangxi) Province," he replied in the customary rejoinder. "Do you go back home often?" I continued. "We have not been back for 300 years," he said. "Things got very bad there toward the end of the Ming dynasty, as we came away, and we haven't been back since." "We"--"300years:" this sense of solidarity with one's family and with the centuries was not exceptional. There is no reason, for example, to doubt H. H. Kung's (K'ung Hsiang-hsi, Kong Xiangxi) claim to direct descent in the 75th generation from Confucius, or that of Jimmy Yen (Yen Yang-ch'u, Yen Yangchu), the favorite disciple of Confucius, or that of C. T. Wang (Wang Cheng-t'ing, Wang Zhengting) from a humble refugee, fled from Honan (Henan) to Ningpo (Ningbo) before the Mongol invasion a millennium ago. I mention three close friends only who were colleagues of mine in the YMCA in China.

My father and mother were keenly interested in their grandchildren but they revealed to us little, if any, interest in their grandparents. What we learned from them about their forebears was fragmentary and went back only a generation or so. I remember father telling us that his grandfather was "one of Francis Marion's men" in the War of Independence. My mother exhibited deep feeling when she spoke of her father, mother, and step-mother, but I recall her making only the scantiest mention of her grandparents, though their farm was less than a mile distant from the log cabin and farm in which she spent her early girlhood.

Grandfather Thomas R. Barnett was a farmer in north Florida, doubling the while as a local preacher or lay minister of the Methodist Church until most of his offspring grew up, whereupon he gave his full time to the ministry. His educational qualifications for the ministry must have been very limited, but I remember one of his sage observations on the subject as father used to tell it to us with a chuckle: "Some people complain of the difficulty they have in finding words for what they have to say. I have no trouble with the words if only I can come up with something to say!"

Father was six years old when his father sold his farm and entered the full-time ministry. It was at this time that Abraham Lincoln was elected president and father had vivid memories of the campaign leading to the election and of the war years that followed. "If anybody (in our section) had hurrahed for Lincoln," he once told us, "he would have been strung up a tree." The first circuit to which his father was appointed straddled the state line between Florida and Georgia and most of the "pay" was in kind. The family grew food of their own and the parishioners added their supplements. They provided corn and fodder also for the horse, required to transport the frontier preacher over the sizable territory encompassed in the circuit.

Church, prayer meetings, revivals, and especially the annual camp meetings were the big events in those boyhood years. In 1965, father's parents and three of their parishioners entered into a compact to meet weekly for prayer "until a revival of religion" came in their small and scattered community. "If ever there was a Christian, my mother was one," father said. My father, then 15 years of age, became so interested in these prayer meetings that week after week he walked 7 miles and back to attend them. It was while attending these prayer meetings that he was "gloriously converted." "That was the third Sunday in April, 1865," he told us.

Two years later this young son of the pioneer circuit rider, pondering his own future, began to feel that he too should enter the ministry. He shrank from the prospect and in

order to escape the home influences which led him in that direction, he decided to join a group of his companions and move to Texas. As the time drew near for their departure, however, he saw plainly that this would be running away. So miserable did he become that he "felt that life was not worth living." In the end he capitulated to the inner voice and decided to remain in Florida and prepare for the ministry.

He thereupon completed high school, taught in a backwoods school for a year, and for a time "kept books" for his brother. There was no college in Florida at that time and so he turned his face toward Emory College in Georgia. His brother William offered to lend him the money he would require for this study. Strange to say, his presiding elder--himself a recent graduate of Emory--advised instead that he start preaching forthwith and carry on his studies on the side. Those were the days when many lawyers, preachers, and even doctors received their training in this fashion, under the direction of older members of the profession who themselves may or may not have been to college. For a year father lived in the home of this presiding elder, taught his two sons, and started upon his studies the hard way. At 20 years of age he was licensed to preach and given his first appointment.

This first appointment was a circuit with 17 preaching places, in each of which he preached once a month. There was one railroad which penetrated the northern edge of Florida at that time. There were few roads, no bridges, and primitive ferries only here and there. His diary is a plain and unadorned record, but in it appear signs of the times, as in the following entries:

> "Had quite a time losing and finding the blazes on the 9 miles woods trip. Jumped a (wild) turkey."
>
> "Swam the Econfina (River) and preached at 7 o'clock at Friendship."
>
> "Dropped my saddle bags in the river."

The circuit had very few church buildings and the membership was tiny. Preaching services were held in schools, courthouses, and private homes. There had been no preacher on the circuit for years.

The young preacher had no fixed place of abode during this first year, but saints and sinners vied with each other for the privilege of putting him up as he made his rounds among the lonely settlements. His circuit stretched 95 miles from north to south. His books he carried with his few clothes in his saddlebags and much of his study was done astride his saddle. There he prepared his sermons and there he did much of the reading required in the courses prescribed by his church for those entering the ministry. He must, at least on occasion, have included a shotgun as part of his impedimenta, for I recall his telling us of game which he shot as he moved through the trackless woods from one settlement to another. At the end of six months he had received in remuneration $5.65 in money! "Of course, they had fed me and my horse," he explained, "and the good sisters had given me more homeknit socks than I ever had before or since." By the close of the year "a remarkable revival" had swept over the circuit and more than 300 persons had sought membership in the church. Also by the end of the year the circuit had paid him $169.00 which, father observed, "sent me away in fine shape as to salary."

Father was the youngest in a family of 11 and nearly all of his brothers and sisters married by the time they were 20. He resolved not to marry until he was 25. Then at 21

he met Sarah Elizabeth Epperson, two years his junior, and it was love at first sight. "In three minutes we found that we were congenial," she was to tell her children and grandchildren sixty years later. He presently recanted the 25-year-old limit which he had imposed upon his getting married, and decided instead to remain single until he completed the study courses required for full accreditation in the ministry. He compromised slightly with both resolutions, marrying the month he turned 24, with his course of study just short of completion. There remained only an unfinished course in church history when his bride joined him in putting the finishing touches on this final assignment. They were married in a little log church in what is now Levy County, Florida, on Sunday, December 3, 1873.

My mother's father, Grandfather John Ira Epperson, left his farm in Cherokee County, Georgia to enter the Confederate Army in 1861. My mother was 10 when the Civil War started, 14 at its end. Those were years of cruel privation and haunting fears. Grandfather was with General Robert E. Lee at Appomatox and on his way home he walked from Tennessee to Georgia over a countryside in ruins after four years of neglect, culminating in General William Sherman's earth-scorching march to the sea. Mother never forgot her father's return from the front. "Father said that, hungry and footsore, he could hardly make it, but when at last the old home place came into sight he did the final stretch in a run." The prospects in Cherokee County seemed utterly bleak and so the family sold out, packed their few belongings in covered wagons, and moved to Levy County in central Florida.

Life in Levy County was less scarred by war but hardly less forbidding than the place from which they had come, and for the 14 year old daughter it was inexpressibly lonely. That loneliness struck abysmal depths two years later when one stormy night her mother took suddenly ill and died before morning. As the mother lay dying she committed the upbringing of the five younger children to this sensitive girl, now 16 years old. In Georgia she had attended classes in a one-room school house, but there were few books in the Florida wilderness. Church services were held in mother's home until, on her father's initiative, a log meeting house was built to which worshippers came from long distances to meet their God--and each other. The young girl's hungry mind found sustenance in the Bible and she read whatever else she could lay her hands on. A few years later as a wife of an itinerant preacher, she found time between babies, preparing meals and keeping house in rude and cheerless parsonages, and sharing with her young husband "the care of the churches," to take correspondence courses then offered by the newly launched Chautauqua in New York. She never got to college but she remained a voracious reader to the end of her days. Before me as I write are lists of the books she read in two typical years--in 1925 and 1926 when she was 74 and 75 years old. In 1925 she read 70 and in 1926 43 books. The lists reflect a special interest in biographies and in peoples of other lands.

As they drove through the cathedral pines from their log church wedding, father and mother made three resolutions: 1) that they would never go in debt; 2) that they would always have family prayer; and 3) that they would always give at least a tenth of their income to the cause of Christ. They were 24 and 22 years of age when they joined in these resolutions and they kept them faithfully, the two of them together, for 63 years and mother alone for another 8 years after father died. In spite of meager and often uncertain incomes they paid their bills as they fell due, put 5 sons and a daughter through college,[1] set the pace for their better-off parishioners by the gifts they made to worthy causes, and laid aside enough to live in comfort in their own little home in Lakeland, Florida when the time came for them to retire, without assistance from the church or government or from their children.

Life to father and mother was preeminently a *spiritual* pilgrimage. They were immensely interested in people and events, yet an examination of their diaries, letters, and recorded reminiscences yields meager information regarding the external conditions under which they lived or the mundane experiences which marked their way. Their reticence concerning themselves was partly a matter of good taste but even more I am sure it was due to the fact that they were so fully wrapped up in the causes to which they had committed their lives that, quite literally, they forgot themselves.

The "class meeting" was a characteristic institution of early Methodism. In it, small groups of church members met weekly for self-discipline and mutual admonition. When pressed by their children and friends to reminisce, father and mother were more than likely to lapse into the language of the "class meeting." They had very little indeed to say about the more prosaic matters which we had in mind--the bare, unscreened and unadorned dwellings in which they had lived, the scattered settlements which they served, their remoteness from the physical and cultural amenities found in more advanced societies, or the downright deprivations and hardships which they endured in the wake of the Civil War and on the untamed edge of our southern frontier. The few early recollections which we did manage to extract from them, though sparse in detail, give revealing glimpses of the road over which they travelled.

One of their early appointments was to Mellonville (now Sanford), Florida to which they were transferred by their bishop. "There was no parsonage, no church building completed, and only 15 members. Our first year we boarded with five different families." During a second year at Mellonville, father recalled that the church paid him "less than $247.00. Of course that was not adequate support for a man and his family, but with the little cash that we had on entering the work and by the good management of the pastor's wife, we lived through the year without going into debt."

For more than 66 years father was a member of the Florida Conference of the Methodist Church, 61 of these years in active service. Back in 1886-7, while pastor of the Stone Church in Key West, he made missionary journeys by sailing vessels to the isolated settlements springing up on the so-called Florida Keys. In them he started Sunday Schools and worship services, thus becoming on his own initiative the forerunner of Methodism in the upper Florida Keys. When 39 years of age, he suffered a serious break in health, succumbing to the harsh climate and conditions of Key West where he was serving as pastor of Stone Church. A chronic throat ailment ensued which made regular preaching impossible for a time. During this period we settled in the village of Leesburg where he could send his children to the Florida Methodist College and its preparatory school, while he proceeded to eke out a living as the state representative of the publishing house of his denomination. Later his pastorates included leading churches in Tampa, Jacksonville, Winter Haven, Ocala, and Clearwater. He retired officially at the age of 81 but continued almost to the last to travel throughout the state, preaching and speaking in the churches. As a preacher he was practical and forthright rather than subtle or profound. He was what is called an expository preacher and his hearers always felt that the Scriptures he expounded he had himself "experienced." He related the great themes of his faith in simple fashion to the everyday life and needs of his people. His commitment to the manifold enterprises of the church was wholehearted and kindling.

Father was an "inner-directed" person--charged, however, with outgoing propensities. One of the watershed experiences of his life came to him when he was 26 years old, in a revival which he attended in Orlando. He had been preaching for five years, and with considerable success, but the Orlando meeting he remembered as "the time when self

became less and less until the ego which had given me so much trouble was reduced to zero, and Christ became more and more until he was all and in all to me." This selflessness became the fixed habit of his life, and it was accompanied by an overflowing interest in other people and a consuming concern for their welfare.

He liked people and rejoiced in their friendship but he was not a man to court their favor. Early in his ministry, for example, he concluded that it was wrong for a church to raise its money by fairs and suppers rather than by freewill offerings. This battle he fought over and over again as he moved from church to church. In his second church as the year neared its end the ladies awakened to the fact that only half of his meager salary had been raised, and they resolved to put on a big fair during the Christmas season to make up the difference. "I told the ladies," he said, "that I knew them to be my good friends and that they had done what they had in kindness, but that I would not accept any money raised for my support by ways that I believed would injure the church financially and spiritually."

In 1878 my father, then 29 years old, attended the General Conference of his church which met in Atlanta, Georgia. It was at this session that this body, after hot debate, voted to *permit* the women of the church to organize missionary societies of their own. Opposition to this action had been strong but father not only supported the decision but proceeded forthwith to do something about it. Four years later, appointed presiding elder or superintendent of the Tampa District, he found that only 3 women's missionary societies had been formed in his area. He proceeded to hold missionary rallies in all his churches and at the end of the year 20 additional societies had been organized.

Mother was a member of the missionary society almost, if not quite, from its beginning. Her interest in the world mission of the church had begun early. She recalled a letter from her grandmother to her mother written when mother was 10 years old. In the letter her grandmother had sent messages to each member of the family and in it had enclosed a small sum of money saying, "I want you to give this to missions. It is all I have." For years mother and father contributed $200 a year toward the support of a Chinese pastor, and there were other generous gifts to "specials" in Korea and Africa. In 1933 mother, then 82, was elected a life member of the Florida Woman's Missionary Society, and in 1942 at the age of 91 was elected Honorary Life Patron by the Women's Division of Christian Service of her denomination. Shortly before she lapsed into unconsciousness for the last time, mother had checks made out for her "missionary special," for United China Relief and for two or three other "causes" in amounts totaling $600.

Some of my earliest and most poignant memories relate not to the family finances, which were never easy, but to the precarious fortunes of the "Conference College" which father served as a trustee for many years. He also took very seriously his responsibilities as a trustee of Wesleyan College, the pioneer college for women in Georgia. For his "unfailing and measureless service" to his church and his "profound interest in Southern College" the president of that institution wrote father that he wished to recommend him to the faculty and Board of Trustees for an honorary degree. Father's reply was characteristic:

> "Yours of April 21 has just been received. I do not know when I have been so surprised, or when my confidence in your good judgment has been subjected to such a strain. Of course, I can but appreciate your good opinion and your kindness in wishing to confer on me the honorary degree. However, I cannot accept it because my educational advantages have been very limited, I have never been scholarly, and consequently I do not think that the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity would be worthily bestowed on me. For this reason it would be more of an embarrassment than a pleasure to me.

So please excuse me from sending measurements for the cap and gown, and be assured that I shall be just as good a friend of the college in the future as I have tried to be in the past."

Father was 81 years old when he retired, or "superannuated" as the Methodists call it. Superannuation for many preachers was a dreadful ordeal. Father's farewell to his comrades-in-arms throws such light upon the sort of man he was and upon the closing years of his long life that it deserves recording:

"Sixtyyears and six months ago today I joined the Florida Conference. I have been trying to work but I fear I have not worked very effectively. I am glad to go out of the active ranks while somebody still wants me. I believe it is best for me and best for the church for me to superannuate.

"I love the Lord will all my heart, and I love God's church better than my own life. The greatest trial about superannuation is to be put on the shelf and not have anything to do. But I propose to go on serving God with all my life. I feel that I belong to the 'upper class' when I join the superannuate list.

"I am vigorous. I can do better work than when I was forty years old. Last Sunday in Tampa I preached four sermons and delivered four speeches for the orphanage. I put my trust in God and went to bed and slept well until next morning.

"If any of you want an old man like me to help you, let me know and I will be glad to come. I will not bother your people about money for myself, but I may bother them about how to make their money and how to spend it! If you will give me a chance, as long as I have strength of body and mind to be active, I will be glad to serve. I am very thankful for what you have done for me in the past, and for whatever I have been able to do in the past for God and the church.

"I have visited 79 churches and preached about that many times during the past year. But, I do not want to give you any statistics. If you will just keep on praying for me and loving me, as you have been doing, and give me a chance to work for the Lord, I am going to keep on working to the end."

Father died in 1936 at the age of 86, on my 48th birthday. Mother lived on for another 8 years, active in body until finally immobilized by age, though active in mind to the very last. Bedridden toward the end, her bedside was the Mecca of an astonishing number of visitors; young and old, neighbors, college students, and not a few friends from afar. Always there were books and periodicals strewn about her bed. One day the word came to me in New York that she was nearing the end and I hastened to her side. When I entered her room she regained consciousness and the first words with which she greeted me were, "Tell me about the baby!," interested still in a newborn great-grandson, and in the ever-beckoning future. On the flight from New York to Florida I wrote down my reflections on what life seemed to mean to my mother throughout her 93 years and more, and on what she meant to her children and friends. With these reflections I close this chapter:

"For many years mother already has been equally at home in two worlds. Intimate and uninterrupted has been her daily walk and conversation with Jesus, and in knowing Him she has quite literally come to experience the power of His resurrection. How lively and sustained was her rapid-fire

conversation with her loved ones and friends! More than anyone I have known, her conversation was always 'in heaven.' Time and sense never set the limits of what she talked about, or wrote about in her long and frequent letters to her children. She has loved this good earth, yet as feebleness has more and more circumscribed her activities we have heard her speak wistfully of that day when this mortal will put on immortality and she will enter into the fullness of that life concerning which she had no shadow of doubt or misgiving.

"Mother never rode in an airplane, as I am doing as I set down these reflections, but hers has been no earthbound spirit. On wings of love and imagination she has kept an altitude from which she has looked down upon the world with a perspective very few attain. Times without number she has admonished her children: 'Don't compromise. Never make concessions to lower or meaner standards of living.' We might never measure up to this admonition but we could never dismiss it, for it came from one who herself, without losing the common touch, maintained a moral and spiritual altitude far above prevailing patterns of pettiness, self-indulgence and easy compromise.

"Not quite six months ago her six living children, the four daughters-in-law and the grandchildren met in the little bungalow which was her home in Lakeland. There was laughter, music, and banter, and prayer started and ended the day--as it always had in that home. More than usual there was that intimate talk of the past, present, and future which takes place in families, knitting together the memories and hopes which make the family bond so tender and yet so strong. Life a powerful magnet she drew us to herself, and held us together through long years of separation. Through what a fragile instrument of flesh her joyous and radiant spirit reached out to us in that reunion, drawing us gratefully to her and to Him in whom she has found an unfailing source of strength for 93 years."

III.

Boyhood and Schooling

Church and family complemented each other as the formative influences on the Barnett children. The church was a social as well as religious center, and members of the family participated as a group in church activities and also in observance of the Sabbath and many recreational pursuits. Though generational lines of authority were clear, the family read together on Sunday afternoons, held family prayers twice a day, and blessed each meal, with the children taking part. The whole family often gathered around the piano to sing hymns on Sunday evenings.

The family attained a high level of interdependence and self-sufficiency; each member joined in the multiple chores necessitated by a pastor's subsistence salary and the frontier environment. Lack of commercial amusements and the small number of clubs and youth groups meant that family and church were the primary sources of recreation. Instead of each child finding his own cohort group with whom to spend time, all members of the family engaged in contests of croquet, carom, and other games. The church calendar dictated many of the social events: the yearly Sunday School picnic and the annual revival, as well as the weekly Epworth League gatherings and the monthly meetings of the mission society (which Eugene Barnett joined at the age of six!). Celebration of religious festivals such as Christmas and Easter marked highlights in family and church festivities. Strict observance of the Sabbath, when all secular activities were held to a minimum, gave rhythm to the week. While the religious emphasis was not quite so pervasive in Bertha Barnett's household, her upbringing was similar to that of her future husband in that the roles of the church and family were central.

The Barnetts would be well served in China by their early training. There too, the family had to rely upon itself for recreation, emotional support, education, and other activities. Barnett retained a deep and abiding loyalty to both his nuclear family and extended family, despite separation over great distances and for long stretches of time. Though his wife assumed major responsibility for the children's primary school education, Barnett carried on a copious correspondence with his parents and with each of his children after they returned to America for higher education. On his furloughs he arranged family reunions and traveled far to touch base with son and daughter in college.

Just as each member of the Barnett family was expected to contribute to and sacrifice for the whole, so Barnett was committed to work whole-heartedly for the cause of the YMCA. As a YMCA leader he was willing on numerous occasions to put the emergency needs of the Y before his own personal preferences. Barnett's religious convictions were a source of strength, while his early attendance at regular revival meetings and the close association between church and family gave a potent emotional dimension to his faith. Over the years Barnett made many intellectual journeys, grew in theological sophistication, and acquired a deep knowledge of other civilizations and religions, but he remained secure in his fundamental beliefs and values. At age fifteen, Barnett signed a six-month contract as a door-to-door salesman, and it was typical of him that he fulfilled the contract despite hating every minute of the work; it was no more than what he felt was expected of him once he had given his word.

Books and forensics loomed large in Barnett's education. He participated, through them, in a universe far beyond the circumscribed cultural life of Florida during the late nineteenth century. Whatever the limitations of the local town schools, localism hardly described the outlook of brothers who made a pastime of inventing tales of distant places and conversations

with notable historic persons. In high school, Barnett debated such world issues as America's annexation of the Philippines, consulting national magazines in preparation for the contests. In college, he cultivated and took pride in his rhetorical talents, and in debates he was quite competitive and ambitious. These skills and qualities proved to be significant assets at the regional, national, and international religious conferences which he would attend throughout his life.

Church-related colleges experienced no crisis of identity or purpose in Barnett's day. Emory College (later Emory University) was a Methodist institution, founded to prepare young men for a Christian vocation, whether it was the ministry or a secular profession such as law, medicine, or education. Methodist clergymen administered the college; students were required to attend daily chapel and Sunday worship; campus revival meetings were a part of the annual calendar, and graduation ceremonies were held at the local church, with ample moral oratory. As in the training of a traditional Chinese scholar or an English gentleman, the humanities loomed large. College officials acted in loco parentis. Students were forbidden to drink or play games of chance; they were not to desecrate the Sabbath by engaging in commercial or frivolous pastimes; they were under some pressure to join the Epworth League and the YMCA with the expectation that they would engage in community service such as conducting Sunday Schools at country churches. For Barnett, the transition from tightly-knit family to college was relatively easy. He expected to lead a spartan life, to work hard at his studies, and to continue as a Christian activist. His college teachers assumed the same of him and his classmates.

Even so, college was an important step toward involvement in a wider world. The broadening experience was, initially, intellectual and regional. The YMCA, which would be central to his whole career, first entered his life during his college days. Bible study sessions of the Y included viewpoints different from those of Methodism, albeit still within the framework of evangelical Protestantism. Discussion guides included questions raised by higher criticism of the Bible. As an active member of the Y and an effective speaker, Barnett attended regional conferences and summer workshops, which brought him into contact with students from throughout the South and also with some of the great national figures of the Y at the time. His intellectual horizons widened gradually, but steadily.

My journey has taken me through the final decade of the 19th century and six decades into the 20th. This has been a period of increasing mobility in the life of man, and the years have brought me to interesting places and events. Westminster Abbey and Edinburgh Castle. The Place de l'Etoile and Sainte Chapelle. The Catacombs and the Parthenon. Baalbek, Chapultepec, and the Valley of the Kings. The splendid temples of Bangkok and the templed hills of Hangchow's West Lake. Bethlehem and Babylon, the latter now buried in desert sands and barely visible from an airplane overhead. The French Riviera, Fujiyama, and the Matterhorn. Egypt's ribbon of green drawn through desert wastes by the waters of the Nile. Afterglow on Jungfrau and on the Chilean Andes. An audience with the Emperor of Japan, descended from Amaterasu the Sun Goddess. A talk with Mahatma Gandhi shortly before his martyrdom and with Hawaharalal Nehru two months after Indian independence. Dinner at the White House on the eve of Franklin Roosevelt's third inauguration. Inside Peking's (Beijing) Forbidden City when the Dragon Throne fell vacant, and outside the gates of the Kremlin after it changed hands. The distances from my boyhood days in Leesburg, Florida to these and other memory-laden places and events of later years span much more than miles and years.

Leesburg was a quiet and lovely spot in which to spend the first 14 years of one's life; or should I say that it was a dull and drowsy place in its seclusion from the outside world? As a boy it never occurred to me to characterize it either way; it was my world and that was that. It is not easy to recapture the thoughts and feelings of a boy, for like dreams, memory is elusive and hard to hold in leash. In Leesburg there were few places to go, the means of getting there were afoot, on bicycle, or by horse and buggy. Yet I do not remember being bored or feeling myself poorly-off. This planet is, after all, a place of discovery and surprise wherever one alights. There were the woods around us. Lying flat on my back on the back porch of our home, I used to watch in fascination the restless clouds as they underwent their endless formations and re-formations in the skies above. Castles there were, great argosies sailing majestically across the heavens, and human forms and faces peering momentarily down upon me and then dissolving into thin air.

Leesburg is situated 48 miles inland from the Gulf of Mexico, 60 miles from the Atlantic, and 150 miles down the Florida peninsula from the Georgia line. It is the largest town in Lake County, so named because of the 1,400 clear, sandy-bottomed lakes which lie among its undulating hills. Roadside signs along the approaches to the town invite the angler to "Leesburg where the bass bite best."

Leesburg now claims a population of 8,000. The figure was 900, as I recall, when we lived there in the 1890s. A handful of stores, the post office, and a bank--all on Main Street--comprised the business section. My first job was in banking; I swept the floors of the Leesburg and Lake County Bank before it opened for business in the morning. Leaving this huddle of stores, one passed a string of residences, and interspersed among them the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal Churches (white wooden structures) and the Baptist Church (brick) on the way to our home on the western edge of town. The streets were surfaced with clay, dug from pits beside the railroad tracks. There were no street lights and the word "traffic" was not yet in use or needed.

The home father built for us was the last house on the western edge of town. A stretch of pines and scrub oaks separated us from our nearest neighbor toward town, and on our west there was another stretch of the same kind of woods, shortly merging into a fine hammock of great trees, luxuriant vines, and thick underbrush. In back of us was a pond with fish, and around and beyond the pond was thick, marshy growth with water birds, rabbits, and snakes aplenty. In front of us at the top of a gently sloping hill, was the Florida

Conference College campus, upon which stood the main building, and the boys' and girls' dormitories--all nondescript wooded structures. Separated from the front yard by an inner picket fence was a grassy enclosure, in a lower corner of which stood the barn. This was the domain of Jim, the pony, and of Jessie, the Jersey cow. Next to the pond was the vegetable garden. There we grew beans, okra, onions, beets, tomatoes, corn, and other vegetables, and also sugar cane to chew. Keeping ahead of the weeds took a lot of doing, but this garden and Jessie's milk contributed copiously to our family larder and kept down grocery bills.

Our pastimes in Leesburg were simple and inexpensive. We developed considerable prowess and took much excitement in croquet. There was also the carom board which we favored during the winter season, with every member of the family taking part in turn before the open fireplace. An elimination match Friday evenings decided the championship for the week. There was baseball, or most often adaptations of the game to which, lacking a full complement of players, we resorted. There was swimming and fishing in nearby lakes and ponds, and alligators stretched on nearby logs were common sights for which familiarity bred indifference. Occasionally one of us took the family shotgun into the woods and came back with squirrels, rabbits, quail, or doves. We played and swapped marbles--my first venture into the world of trade. We built crude traps in which we caught birds and small animals. We made kites and flew them. We matched our marksmanship with hard bits of clod aimed at pine trunks and with slingshots which we made ourselves.

On crisp autumn nights there were cane grindings a few miles away, at which no limits were placed on the amounts small boys were allowed to drink. The appearance of sugarcane juice was that of water, but not its specific gravity, and I wondered why it was so hard to propel my body back home after I had drunk my fill. The annual Sunday School picnic created weeks of excitement in anticipation but somehow failed when the "Great Day" arrived to meet my full expectations. Alongside the railroad tracks near town was a baseball diamond on which adult teams occasionally played. Four years I marvelled at the inordinate size of that field as I remember it. Years afterward, the train on which I travelled passed that way and I was shocked to see the dimensions to which it had shrunk while I was away.

There were, I suppose, at least two reasons why Leesburg's uneventfulness did not pall on me. One was that I knew nothing else. Another, there were chores to do which left little time for boredom. There were five boys and one girl in our family, and work in plenty for all of us. Our sister spent two or three hours a day practicing at her piano, and this meant we boys came in for much of the housework on top of the outdoor jobs. There was the cow to milk and the butter to churn. The pony to be fed and watered. There were fires to be made in the kitchen stove, the woodbox to be kept filled, and the fire-places to keep supplied and going during the winter months. Lamps to be filled with oil, their wicks kept trimmed, and the glass chimneys kept shining clean. We did our own mail delivery and this entailed cycling to "town"and back once or twice a day. The lawns and rose garden had to be kept in order, the vegetable garden planted and weeded, and the picket fences whitewashed from time to time.

For fuel we used pine logs cut into suitable sizes for the kitchen stove and for the fireplaces. It was our practice to lay in a year's supply during the summer months. As I recall, a tall, thick-girted pine cost us 25 cents. First the tree was laid low with the family axe. A cross-cut saw, manned at each end by a brother, then reduced to tree to logs of stove and fireplace length. These we loaded into our wagon and Jim pulled them home. There we stacked them six feet high, to be drawn upon and split into useable sizes as needed.

Schooling in Leesburg progressed from a one-room kindergarten, to public grammar school, to preparatory classes in the Florida Conference College. Forensics were a sport at which we started early in my day. My first debate was on a Friday afternoon in grammar school, on the subject, "Resolved that the hope of reward has a greater influence on human behavior than does the fear of punishment." Later, in the preparatory department of the college, I joined in the national debate then going on regarding America's annexation of the Philippine Islands. From articles consulted in *Harper's* and other magazines and from speeches in the *Congressional Record*, I had my first encounter with "manifest destiny," the "perils of imperialism," and the resounding rhetoric with which these and allied matters were being tackled as America chose a new stance in her international policies and action.

It was during this sub-freshman period in the college that I won my first medal in a declamation contest. Staging the battle in the town armory made it a community affair. Interest was further heightened by the fact that my rival was the son of the Baptist preacher and that he was reportedly sure that he would win. Day after day I practiced my piece in the woods beyond the pond back of our place. There I declaimed to the oaks, the pines, and the cabbage palmettoes until I was sure of my memory and at home with the sound of my voice. When the night came I won the contest. The victory was sweet.

The Florida Conference College was ill-equipped, meagerly staffed, and poorly attended. I was poignantly aware of its struggle to exist for my father, as a trustee, took all its problems and perplexities very much to heart. When classes started in the fall we met every incoming train and watched for the students who never arrived in sufficient numbers to ease the situation. Yet with all its limitations, the college gave us a bowing acquaintance with culture. The faculty was small and undistinguished but its members were graduates of more pretentious institutions further north, and they piqued our young minds with suggestions of a larger world of learning. The music department put on occasional recitals, and debates staged by the Phi Sigma and Philomathean Societies excited interest. Commencement time brought parents and patrons, the latter mostly Methodist preachers, from distant parts of the state, lifting Leesburg for a few hours into the dignity of wider relationships.

College events were centered in the auditorium which doubled as study hall and was equipped with desks for that use. The building was unscreened and the hanging oil lamps, when lit at night, lured clouds of insects from outside. The singing mosquitoes vied with the performers on stage, and I remember one evening when I kept myself awake by seeing how great a heap of mosquitoes I could slay and pile on the desk at which I sat before the concert ended.

It was in the college auditorium that I heard my first Graphophone. The record was on a cylinder, and the recording was William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech which had recently won for him the first of three nominations for the presidency. In reproduction the organ-like voice of the orator was thin, squeaky, and uncertain; but we listened in hushed awe, marvelling at the wonders of science.

Quite apart from its religious role, the church was a social institution of great consequence in American life. This was especially so in our village and our family. Sunday meals were mostly prepared on Saturday and "secular" pursuits came to a standstill on the Sabbath. There was no Sunday newspaper, no buying of anything, no collecting of mail from our box at the post office, and no Sunday travel. (I went through college and a year in university without having ridden a train or even a street car on Sunday.) The sidewalks between our home and the Methodist Church were well-travelled, however, with four regular

meetings every Sunday. In the morning there was Sunday School followed by a preached sermon. Sunday School classes were placed here and there in the sanctuary, and I started our with "Sister" Bryant as my teacher and the "Amen Corner" as our meeting place.

Sunday was hardly a "day of rest," but it was different from the rest of the week. The two morning and two evening meetings at the church took much of the day. Dinner was at noon; the afternoon we spent quietly at home, mostly reading. In the back of the house beside the pump, a Chinaberry tree cast a giant shade in which the family was wont to sit on warm afternoons to read and chat amidst a litter of "Sunday books and periodicals on warm afternoons." I was, for a time, a chain reader of G.A. Henty's historical novels, but these were not considered "Sunday reading." One Sunday, however, I found halfway through his "Siege of Jerusalem." This book was not less stirring than his other stories of romance and history but its title made it seem fit reading for the Sabbath, so I revelled in its pages throughout the long afternoon. After an early supper we returned to the church for Junior (later, Senior) Epworth League which in turn was followed by a second preaching service. Everyone in the Epworth League meetings took part, and in them my own apprenticeship in "public speaking" and in "leadership" had its beginnings. Often following the evenings services at the church we gathered around the piano and sang hymns together. Students from the college on the hill often joined us in these songfests.

Church activities were not limited to Sundays. On Wednesday evenings there was the mid-week prayer meeting which our family attended in a body, and as a matter of course. I must have been a first-grader when I joined the "Orange Blossoms," a missionary society which met monthly under the guidance of "Sister" Bryant in her cottage home. The thing I remember best about these meetings is the refreshments we were served! Most memorable was the grape arbor to which we adjourned and gorged ourselves on the purple clusters when in season. Once a year the church calendar and our quiet existence were enlivened by the "annual revival" conducted by a visiting evangelist. The appeal of the revivalists was addressed largely to the emotions and the will, and their impact on our lives was considerable. This was doubly so when the meetings were held in huge canvas tents, pitched to accommodate the larger crowds which the more gifted visitors were able to attract. The sawdust floor beneath our feet, the unsteady light of the gas flares, the Gospel songs lustily sung, the supercharged voice of the preacher and the listening crowds; these are memories which remain fresh and vivid after six decades.

As important as school and church were in our lives, however, they placed a very subordinate part to that of our home and family. There were family prayers morning and evening in our home, and a blessing before every meal. These were never hurried and they did not become stereotyped or perfunctory. Every member of the family regularly took part, reading or reciting verses of Scripture or perhaps leading in "sentence prayers." Conspicuous consumption and commercialized amusements were completely absent from our lives, but there were always books lying around and there was much conversation in the family circle. We read a lot of books, the church periodicals, and the *Youth's Companion*. A good deal of information must have seeped in through these media. The Lyceum Course, the Fourth of July picnic, and the recurring political campaign turned up oratory which brought us glimpses of a larger world; and "foreign missions," especially the occasional visits of missionaries on furlough, made Wendell Wilkie's "One World" seem old stuff when his epoch-making little book of that title appeared decades later.

One amusing pastime in which my older brothers engaged at one stage was that of making up tall tales of distant places from which they had just returned and of notable personages with whom they had met along the way. The fancied journeys thus recounted

by my brothers, while in their late teens, placed them in direct succession to Marco Polo and other imaginative travellers and tellers of tales. More than we expected, the future would take several of us to many of the places which then existed only in our rambling dreams.

In the summer of 1902 we prepared to move away from Leesburg. Father's health seemed equal to a return to the pastorate and four of the six children had left home for postgraduate study in neighboring states. A vacancy had occurred in the Methodist Church in Jasper and father agreed to fill it until the Annual Conference at the end of the year. It as at that time that I met the Smith family and my future wife, Bertha. Then, after three or four months, father was appointed to Tampa. The move to Tampa was, or seemed, a giant step into the wide, wide world. In population it then stood second in the state. The streets were paved, many of them with red bricks which were never "fully joined together" and were never easy going for the bicyclist or pedestrian. Street cars jangled loudly down the main thoroughfares. Small steamers engaged mainly in Central and South American trade lay tied to the warehouse wharves along the Hillsboro River. There was a United States fort in Tampa Bay. In a tropical park beside the river stood the Tampa Bay Hotel, crowned with Moorish turrets and famed for the ankle-deep rugs which covered its floors. A large Spanish-speaking population lived in a section of the town known as Ybor City; there a pungent fragrance emanating from huge cigar factories impregnated the air. In comparison with Leesburg and Jasper, Tampa's business blocks, residential sections, Court House Square in the center of town, the large brick churches and the Catholic Cathedral built of stone, the shipping in the harbor, and the busy railroad yards were all impressive.

During my two years in Tampa, school and jobs shared increasing segments of time and interest with home. I found my school work easy. I was the editor of *Donnybrook Fair*, the school magazine. I sang lustily in the school chorus. Sports were then casual and unorganized. In school I suffered one failure which haunted me like a bad dream for years afterward. I had been given a part in the school play. In one scene I was to sit at a tea table where I was supposed to engage in small talk with my hostess and several other guests. Whether from oversight in the pressure of other duties or from overconfidence in her prodigies, the coach failed to supply us with the small talk, simply instructing us to extemporize when the proper time came. I was, of course, equally inexperienced in tea-table chatter and in the dramatic arts, and when the curtain rose upon this scene I couldn't think of a word to say! The silence thundered to high heaven, and when the play ended I slipped out a back door and walked alone in the night until I guessed that my family would all be home and safely in bed. So deep was my humiliation and so traumatic my sense of defeat that never again did I consent to essay a part in a stage play.

During the summer vacation in 1903 and from February to September the following year I worked. My earnings were small, though they covered a substantial part of my first year's expenses at college; and the experience gained was a valuable part of my education. My first summer and part of the second I was employed by Tibbetts Brothers "jerking soda" and working in their candy factory. On my graduation in February, 1904, I was invited to confer with a travelling salesman in his room in a downtown hotel. He was in town to sign up agents to sell books from door to door and I succumbed to his smooth-talking enticements. I signed a contract obligating myself to give a specified number of months, and so many hours a day, to the venture--in return my commission would be 40% of the cash received from sales. The book I was to vend was a nondescript volume, handsomely bound, profusely illustrated, and for that time not inexpensive. Fulfilling that contract was one of the severest ordeals of my life. With dread I set forth each morning, samples in hand and trepidation in my soul as I went from door to door. I was relieved when no one answered the door bell. My spirits lifted when my beat brought me to a poorer street, though I found

as time passed that on these streets orders came easy but reneges on delivery ran high. I did the full time for which I had contracted, however, facing music from which I shrank and learning, meanwhile, much concerning my fellow men. At the end I had cleared several hundred dollars and as a bonus won a heavy-weight Waltham watch which served me well until, years later, it was stolen from my bedside one night on a Yangtze steamer.

For a time I undertook to collect bills for a neighbor doctor, on a commission. There are no harder bills, I suspect, to collect. Blue ribbon accounts were, of course, not turned over to me! Those whose bills were given me to collect were more than likely to be both improvident and impecunious, and to have neither the money nor the disposition to pay. My efforts on this job netted little for my employer and almost nothing for me--except experience in dealing with people and their assorted wiles. Also I found short-term employment in a population census and then in an industrial census taken in Tampa during this period. My assignment covered a Spanish-speaking section of the city and extracting dependable data for my lengthy questionnaire was hard going. In most households the men were away at work; many of the women knew no English, and they eyed with suspicion the intruding stranger opening the official-looking sheet in their presence and probing into their personal affairs. My salvation came from the children--"second generation Americans"--who caught on to what I was about, explained my mission to their elders, and acted as interpreters.

Leaving for college in the fall of 1904 meant a major break in ties which had held me close to home and family up to that time. It was a step to which I had looked forward with eagerness, yet when the time came there was the dread with which one turns from the familiar to the unexplored. Mother stood on the front porch--on crutches for she had broken a hip in stepping from a street car before it had come to a full stop. Somehow I sensed, and I am sure mother sensed, the gravity of this parting. I would return home from time to time--on vacations and in later years for visits--but always thereafter as a transient. Yet mother smiled bravely as she sped her next-to-youngest on his way. I smiled back until my back was safely turned, and then my eyes were blinded with tears. When I left home for college, it was my first journey beyond the boundary of my native state. The journey was made in four stages: by train from Tampa to Jacksonville; to Macon, Georgia; to Covington; then from Covington to Oxford and by a mule-drawn street car which "met all trains and carried all mails." It was night time when we left Macon and a hard rain beat against the windows of my coach. Chance gave me for a seat-mate a youthful contemporary also bound for Emory College. Sitting next to the window, he searched the night through the darkness and rain, as if bent on missing nothing which his newly expanding world might reveal. Presently he gave up and turning to me signed, "Well, after all, travel is not what it is cracked up to be."

In 1904 Emory University was a small liberal arts college (chartered in 1836), located in the somnolent village of Oxford, with a faculty of 14 professors and less than 300 in its student body. The "town of Oxford," named after the Oxford in England in which John and Charles Wesley were educated, had streets commemorating these and other "Founding Fathers of Methodism," the main street appropriately being designated as Wesley Street. Lots had been placed on sale with the stipulation that "no intoxicating liquor shall be sold nor any game of hazard allowed on the lots, under penalty of forfeiture." In 1904 Oxford was still rural, relatively untainted by alcohol or gaming, and unmistakably Methodist.

The college was named for a bishop of the Methodist Church, John Emory, who had recently died. My economics professor (whose father had also been a member of the

faculty) observed that "1/3 of the Emory College presidents became bishops," adding wryly that "these presidents were, on the whole, more churchmen than they were educators." Attendance on daily chapel and on church services twice on Sunday was required and no questions asked! Methodist history and Oxford lore merge in a well-known episode. Bishop James O. Andrew, a close friend of Bishop John Emory, became chairman of the Board of Trustees and lived in Oxford. He had a slave, Kitty, left him by bequest. The laws of Georgia at that time permitted manumission only on condition that a freed slave be transported forthwith to Liberia. On reaching 19 years of age Kitty was given this option but refused to leave her Oxford home, where she married and lived in a "neat little house" built for her by the bishop. Thus she remained his slave, though only technically. Because of this connection with slavery, northern delegates to the General Conference demanded the bishop's resignation. Southern delegates threatened secession if he acceded to this demand--as he was more than willing in the interest of peace to do. The controversy over slavery eventuated in the division of the denomination into Northern and Southern Methodist Churches in 1845, 16 years before Fort Sumter. It was customary in my day to assemble all of the new students in the fall to receive the official welcome, instructions, and admonitions of the president. One item in the ritual of this meeting was the reading of the College Rules as they had been handed down from the ante-bellum past. One rule banned students from bringing personal slaves with them to the campus!

There were no dormitories at Oxford in my time. Faculty members from the president down and a number of townspeople boarded the students. My first year I roomed with a ministerial student in the rented cottage of a classmate. My senior year I roomed with my younger brother in what had once been the home of president (later bishop!) Atticus G. Haygood, well remembered for his progressive ideas; his most important published work being entitled "Our Brother in Black." A small memorandum book which has somehow survived records, in minute detail, my personal expenditures as I made them during my junior and senior years. These amounted to $200 my junior and only slightly more my senior year. (I was on scholarship and paid no tuition.) Room rent was $3.00 a month and board came to $8.00. Entries show that it cost me 4 cents to replace a lamp wick and 10 cents for a new lamp chimney. A new hat cost me $2.00 and haircuts 25 cents. A handful of soda crackers (bought from a barrel) and a slab of sharp cheese made a good five-cent snack. Epsom salts, calomel, tar and honey and quinine, self-prescribed as I recall, appear in the record. Not a few text books were priced at less than $1.00 each; none of them reached $2.00. The record shows regular though minuscule contributions to the church and Sunday School and to "missions," plus YMCA dues at 50 cents a term. In late October of my second year I was taking two courses in Greek plus the regular junior work in order to keep my class standing. This, I explained in a letter to my father, prevented me from attending the first week of the fall "revival" services held every night. Examinations on all three courses were passed, however, with creditable grades (83, 88, 92 percent) and so I was able to attend the second week's "revival" meetings--every night.

A glance at the composition of the Class of 1907 to which I belonged will throw further light on the milieu in which I spent my undergraduate years. There were a total of 108 members in and out of the class during the four year period. Of these 45 graduated. Of the 108 total, 95 were Georgians, 7 hailed from Florida, and 6 came from elsewhere. They were for the most part country boys, only 18 of the final 45 coming from towns having populations of 4,000 or over. Though only one-third of the class were sons of professional men, more than one-half (53 percent) entered professions; mainly the ministry, teaching, and law, with a sprinkling of physicians. Thirty percent were the sons of farmers but only seven percent returned to farming. About half of the 45 who graduated together in 1907 were still in Georgia a half-century later; the rest had scattered widely, some to live and work in other lands.

Emory undertook from the beginning to offer a balanced course of training. As late as my time, however, the curriculum remained top-heavy in the classics. I took courses in physics and chemistry but these courses were mostly over-shadowed by Latin, Greek, and modern languages. "Electives" were pretty much limited to a choice between prescribed courses leading to the B.A., the B.S., and the Ph.B. degrees. Those choosing a B.S. or Ph.B. course were suspected of doing so because they were thought to be more easily passed; certainly their offerings in science and in philosophy were not impressive. Analytical geometry was as far as I got in mathematics, and I heaved a sign of relief when I finished it. My physics and chemistry courses were all the science I had. A surviving report card for the second half of my junior year shows the following subjects: Chemistry, Political Economy, Civics, English Composition, English Literature, Greek, French, Bible, and Declamation. I excelled in no sport in college or thereafter. I played some baseball--for fun and exercise only--not making the class team or trying to.

Great emphasis was placed on debating. The two literary societies, Few and Phi Gamma, were almost as old as the college. Their two halls, small Greek temples in appearance, faced each other across the campus, and their society and inter-society debates excited great interest. Even so, in an editorial in the college magazine I was moved to lament the decline in interest in these societies already taking place. "The excessive athletic spirit which dominates so many colleges," I wrote, (and) "the interruptions and distractions which hamper such societies in more populous centers are unknown to us." This, I thought, was a tradition we ought to preserve. "Let us not leave our college days behind us," I concluded, "fleet of foot and faltering in speech. Let us not be content to store our minds with knowledge which will be inaccessible to the world because in the day of our opportunity we failed to acquire the good art of ready, forceful speech."

For intellectual discipline I rate my work in Few Society first among my curricular and extra-curricular activities. I shrank from the impromptu debates which we put on from time to time, but in preparing for a scheduled debate I toiled painstakingly to master the subject. Two inter-society debates each year, one in the fall and the other at the June commencement, were pinnacle points of student and even alumni interest. I represented Few in the fall contest with Phi Gamma my sophomore year and in the commencement debates my junior and senior years. In the second of the Championship Debates (as the commencement contests were called) Phi Gamma confronted us with a debating team of formidable strength. "They are better than we are," I said to my two colleagues. "The only way they can lose is for us to work harder than they do." We did, and they did. A debate easily turns into a battle of wits.

In the Few-Phi Gamma battle my junior year, we debated legislation then widely advocated in Georgia designed to limit the right of suffrage. The educational and even the property requirements imposed by this legislation were defensible; not so that so-called "Grandfather Clause" which was clearly intended to enfranchise all Whites while denying many Negroes the vote. In drawing lots, as the practice was, it fell to Few to defend this legislation--Grandfather Clause" and all--and for the vigor (and success) with which we did so I now blush. In the Championship Debate my senior year, my side advocated government ownership and operation of railways, and again won.

Other clues to campus interests in my time--or at least my interests--are found in the columns of *The Emory Phoenix*, published by the two literary societies, of which I was editor-in-chief my senior year. Two editorials deal with the honor system we launched that year. Campus politics I pronounced good and proper, but I deplored the way in which they had run amuck, wrecking plans for the publication of the college annual. That year we

started a college co-op which I briefly commended, publishing in the same issue an article explaining its operation and placing it in context with the general cooperative movement. A college orchestra was another innovation which I found occasion to applaud. "Emory is isolated," one editorial begins and then proceeds to tell of graduates, most though not all of them missionaries, who had "wrought well in other lands." There were editorials on Robert E. Lee and on the proper observance of Washington's Birthday, on cramming for examinations, on the essentials of scholarship and their relevance to successful living, on the use of one's time, on choosing a career, and on the debt which the college graduate owes society. The range of topics was limited and there was more moralizing than would now be regarded as fitting in a college publication, but in self-extenuation I remind myself that I was only 18 and 19 years old during my editorship and that life in general at Emory was not foreign to the topics and the tone of my writing.

My first encounter with the Young Men's Christian Association took place when I arrived, a new student, at Oxford. The YMCA loomed large on the American campus at that time. Its officers at Emory, all students, received good training in the Southern Student Conference held each summer in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and their leadership was kept in high pitch by visits from travelling secretaries and steady streams of "program helps" emanating from the New York and Nashville headquarters. The YMCA held a weekly meeting in Few Hall. There was a special lecture series on life careers and other topics. On Sunday afternoons we fanned out among the country churches surrounding Oxford, conducting worship services, or more often Sunday Schools. From time to time there were state, southern, and national conventions in which intercollegiate links were forged.

On reaching Oxford I promptly joined the YMCA and took part in its various activities, including a Bible study group. Family prayers and Sunday School had made the Bible a familiar part of my life but this was different. We met in the spacious bedroom of our leader. The surroundings encouraged sociability and the sessions, while serious, were delightfully informal. There was much give-and-take as we discussed the daily readings which we had individually covered during the week. The study outlines prepared by theologians from Oberlin, Yale, and elsewhere, stimulated solid thought and discussion. We had, of course, reached an age when the spirit of enquiry is likely to be strong, and there was no other hour in the week in which that spirit had such free play. Now group work has become a profession and institutions of higher learning offer courses in group dynamics. Then we played by ear, a role which professionals have since elaborated and refined, though there was some wise and skillful coaching. I think it fair to say that group work in this country had much of its beginnings in the YMCA and that YMCA group work had its beginnings largely in Bible and mission study.

The YMCA did much to enlarge my world. I had grown up in a rather tight (though by no means intolerant) Methodist world; the YMCA brought me into active association with other religious backgrounds, beliefs, and practices. My boyhood had been spent in Florida, and in college almost 100 percent of my fellow students were from the south, most of them Georgians. In the YMCA I became part of a national and worldwide organization. The YMCA approach to religion, its books and pamphlets, its conferences, and the activities it fostered brought new breadth and depth into my religious life and steadily extended my relationships. Attendance on the Southern Student Conference near Asheville, North Carolina and on the Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement of North America in Nashville, Tennessee were turning points in my life. Of the latter I shall say more later.

The Spring of 1907 brought reminders that graduation day was just around the corner. Commencements in those days were no hurry-up affairs. They lasted half the week or more during which the village was thronged with visitors. There was endless speech-making, most of it by students. The celebrities invited to preach the commencement sermon and to deliver the baccalaureate address let out all the stops. The Champion Debate was next to the crowning event, for loyalties ran high between the rival societies engaged in this annual duel. The climax came in the closing graduation ceremonies when the seniors marched in their caps and gowns to the platform of the Old Church, the final flights of oratory were put in orbit, prizes were awarded, and degrees were conferred.

IV.

Choosing and Starting A Life Work

Following a burst of enthusiasm regarding mission possibilities in Asia during the mid-nineteenth century, American interest temporarily declined. Mission society leaders lamented a lack of funds and volunteers as Americans became preoccupied with the civil war, industrialization, and the opportunities presented by westward expansion. The Crisis of Missions by Arthur T. Pierson, published in 1886, deplored the general apathy toward missions among church members, suggestingrevitalization by mobilizing the idealism and enthusiasm of students. That same year, the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions (SVM) came into existence when a hundred young men at the first student summer Bible institute held in America, pledged to become foreign missionaries. Formally organized in 1888, the SVM recruited approximately half of the total number of foreign missionaries sent abroad from North America during the next thirty years; these totaled 8,140 by 1919. Under the auspices of the intercollegiate YMCA, the SVM inspired educated young men and women from dozens of colleges to volunteer for mission work and then encouraged them to affiliate with the denominational society of their choice. Although there is little evidence that they were influenced by the scholarly elitism of China, a high percentage of the college volunteers chose service in China.

Other nondenominational organizations in support of missions sprang up. The Missionary Education Movement and the Young People's Missionary Movement joined the SVM in popularizing the cause of missions. They sponsored study groups; published hundreds of thousands of maps, pamphlets, mission study texts, and course outlines; arranged visitations by young volunteers and missionaries on furlough; held summer conferences; instituted mission prayer cycles; and undertook other promotional activities: all calculated to assure that active church members could no longer remain unaware of the mission cause. To finance the burgeoning crusade, the Laymen's Missionary Movement tapped the resources of the business community. Easter mite boxes and women's bake sales were insufficient. Nationwide fund-raising drives, professionally staffed and employing business techniques, helped assure the flow of millions of dollars annually. In the fall and winter of 1915-1916, 75 mission conventions in as many cities secured a registration of over 100,000. The delegates were primarily affluent and pious businessmen and they pledged generously. During 1915 almost $19 million poured into mission coffers from American Protestants. In addition to promoting missions, the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions and the Conference of Foreign Mission Boards, created in 1893, sought to coordinate the work of denominational societies and to reduce duplication in the field. Finally, the Men and Religious Movement deserves mention even though its aim was to bring the Gospel to the poor and unchurched at home as well as overseas. Gaining converts was not enough, according to members of the Men and Religion Movement; every aspect of the West's relations with Asia and Africa must be Christianized. They believed that merchants as well as missionaries must exemplify Christian values; otherwise, all the efforts of the evangelists would be undone.

To explain the upsurge of interest and support for foreign missions, 1890-1920, is not easy. To recapture the outlook, values, and rhetoric of the volunteers is even more difficult. Eugene Barnett, who attended summer conferences sponsored by the SVM and the YMCA and listened to the exhortations of such leaders as John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer, who took the SVM pledge on March 6, 1906, and who himself formed a Student Volunteer Band of 9 at Emory, tries to recreate the exciting atmosphere of those decades.

The workshops and conventions attended by thousands of young students evoked high emotions. They were not, however, haphazard gatherings, but were carefully planned and orchestrated to include a variety of activities and participants. Individual discussion groups, worship services, mass meetings, and recreation filled the daily schedule; missionaries on furlough told of the need for workers; volunteers testified concerning their decision, and great evangelists and administrators like John Mott and Fletcher Brockman addressed the youth.

The language was urgent, even militant. Backdrop to the motto of the SVM, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," was a millenarian belief in the second coming of Christ. Only limited time remained in which to carry the Gospel to those on the brink of damnation. Individual Christians had a personal, moral responsibility to spread the Word essential for the deliverance of millions of "heathen." The sense of urgency and the need for personal dedication were still motifs by the time Barnett volunteered, even if the YMCA was shifting from the millenarian outlook to the Social Gospel. According to adherents of the Social Gospel, the old and disintegrating societies of Asia required social reform and social renewal required the Christianizing influence of the Gospel. Some, labelled Progressives, thought in terms of political and social solutions, but the approach of the SVM and the Laymen's Missionary Movement was individualistic. Both, however, were expressions of what has been called the Progressive Era.

The youths and their leaders were optimists despite the fact that the sinfulness of humankind was a given for them. The telegraph, the radio, the printing industry, the railway, and the steamship had opened up untold possibilities for communication and transportation. Surely, they concluded, the coincidence of the rise of the Protestant powers and the accessibility of the non-Christian peoples of Africa and Asia was not happen-stance. Americans, who were singularly fortunate in having a free and open society and in possessing the resources for industrial growth and wealth, had an obligation, they felt, to share their blessings with the world. If only the faithful would submit to God's will and consecrate their lives to the crusade, the task of Christianizing the world could be accomplished. To Barnett, "it seemed a marvelous thing that in half a century the YMCA had girdled the globe" and he wanted to be part of the Y movement.

Barnett recalls with affection the sense of camaraderie that developed during the summer conferences; life-long bonds were formed. He remembers with awe and respect the uplifting oratory of such powerful personalities as John Mott, Robert Speer, and Fletcher Brockman. John Mott was "The Presence," whether speaking before massed thousands of students or holding individual audiences with volunteers. Robert Speer, with his "capacious mind, heroic spirit, and organ-like voice vibrant with feeling cast a spell over succeeding student generations, including mine." After the emotional experience of conventions, local Student Volunteer Bands provided support groups for those who had taken the pledge to go abroad; volunteers were expected to express their commitment in outreach activities as they completed their schooling and preparation for overseas.

Of course, only a minority of those who attended the Y and SVM conferences actually left American shores for service abroad. Barnett was one of those who did, and in some respects he was representative of that minority. He did not arrive at his decision suddenly; he had long been travelling a road of narrowing options. Already, because of the influences of family, church, and college, he was a religious activist with a deep sense of obligation. Already he had asked himself whether God was calling him to be a missionary. Already he knew that in whatever profession he chose, law for example, his purpose should be service to humankind. Within this context, the conference experiences convinced him that he should volunteer for a Christian vocation abroad.

Like many fellow volunteers, Barnett grew up in a small town, now an urban center, had come from the native-born middle class, and had attended a denominational college rather than a public university. He was not lacking in self-confidence, ambition, and certitude, as his debates and editorials for his college newspaper reveal. The YMCA, to which he was attached, had great prestige and popularity during the first quarter of the 20th century. It was one of the most active organizations on the campuses of many universities and colleges, attracting student body leaders into its fold. Both the Y and the SVM were blessed with officials combining vision with singular administrative and oratorical skills. They helped make these associations relevant for the youth of "progressive America," while they employed techniques that had been made possible by improved transportation and communication. Barnett's varied activities while Y secretary at the University of North Carolina, were replicated on many other campuses.

The decades of the late 19th and early 20th centuries were a time of significant change in the USA. Many Americans felt uneasy as the USA moved toward an urban, industrial, and pluralistic society. The dominant culture of the Protestant, rural, Anglo-Saxon old settlers appeared endangered. Roman Catholic immigrants, the growth of secularism, and increasing numbers of factories were altering the American scene. Alcohol, violence and disorder, slums, and exploitation of workers were cause for concern. Amidst the changes, the YMCA was a haven of Christian certainties. Protestant youths moving from the shelter of small towns, churches, and families to urban colleges found familiar values and congenial friends in the Y. Though dedicated to social reform, the Y avoided doctrinal and denominational controversies as it espoused a Christ-centered theology. For Barnett, as for many college youth, it encouraged intellectual growth; it offered guidance as it insisted that making a career choice should be a moral decision; and it provided outlets for Christian good works.

As was true of most Protestant missionaries, Barnett married before departing for the field. His was a love match, not a semi-arranged marriage as in the case of some women desirous of a missionary career. Bertha did not marry in order to enter mission service, but the similarity in family background and values of the couple is striking--both shared idealism and personal religious convictions. Both had come from a small-town environment, had a history of Christian activism, and were ready to sacrifice for a broader good. Both felt a deep family loyalty. While participating in a great variety of activities inside and outside their home in China, Bertha would accept her husband's commitment to his YMCA responsibilities, and she was prepared to give primacy to the needs of a growing family.

Barnett and his wife sailed for China in October, 1910. With him went his newly acquired knowledge of YMCA programs and techniques and a dedicated and loving wife. He was strongly motivated and imbued with goodwill and idealism, but still had only minimal knowledge of Chinese language, society, and culture. Open-mindedness and humaneness, hard work and ambition, would carry him through.

I do not recall when I decided upon the law as my lifework, but by the time I entered college I had no other future in mind. My early ventures in debating, starting in grammar school, may have influenced my leaning in that direction. Undoubtedly a greater influence was that of an older brother, just setting out in the profession, with whom I dreamed of entering into partnership. My leaning toward the law was reflected in a long essay which I wrote for the college magazine on "The Opportunities Offered by the Legal Profession." The essay, written when I was 18 or 19 years old, suggests some of the considerations with which I then looked forward to this career:

> "The young man has to face no problem of more vital or eternal importance than that of choosing a lifework. . . .
>
> "Every vocation should be a calling, a divine designation; and whenever this is the case, there is added that to life which elevates the profession, exalts the trade and invests with unsuspected dignity the most menial of services. . . .
>
> "There is an aspect of the profession which appeals to a higher motive in our nature than that excited by the prospect of glory and gold; that is to be found in the essential nature and elemental purpose of the law. . . .
>
> "With such an ancestry, with such a high calling, conscious of the stern responsibilities and unparalleled opportunities which his profession offers him, the young lawyer should be inspired to a life of lofty and beneficent service to his race."

The "call to preach" was a concept with which I had become familiar early in my boyhood. My father and his father were Methodist ministers and in due course my eldest brother continued the succession. Our home was much frequented by Methodist preachers; the church college in Leesburg brought many of them to town, and to our table. "When I was called to preach...," "So-and-so has been called to preach;" these were matter-of-fact expressions commonly heard in these circles. Their underlying assumption was that one did not choose to enter the ministry; he was chosen, called in some special way by the voice of God. But what of the rank and file Christians, the great majority who do not enter the ministry? In my youthful essay, quoted above, I was clearly reaching toward a concept of Christian vocation which would take them in.

That my thoughts continued to turn in that direction was largely due to the college YMCA. During my senior year at Emory when I was president of the YMCA, we put on a series of lectures on different lines of lifework. I recall the lecture on the opportunities of the Christian businessman. We had as our speaker Asa G. Candler, founder of the Coca Cola Company from Atlanta and benefactor of Emory University. Similar lectures were being given by the YMCA on hundreds of college campuses that year. At the student YMCA conferences held in the summer in different parts of the country, an hour was given each day to topics related to the young Christian and his lifework.

I spent Christmas vacation of my sophomore year at home in Jacksonville, Florida, whither my father had just gone as pastor of the Riverside Methodist Church. At the close of the Sunday morning service, on the day before my return to college, I was asked to pinch-hit that evening as leader of the Epworth League meeting. After dinner I shut myself up in my father's study to make preparations for the meeting. Turning to the printed calendar published by this young people's society, I was disappointed to find that the topic

for that evening was "The Missionary Call." What could I say of any interest or value on a subject so remote from my concern--or presumably that of those to whom I would be speaking? The Scripture reading was Isaiah 6:18--the prophet's vivid account of his vision in the temple.

When I began to relate this passage of Scripture to the topic assigned, the result turned out to be profoundly disturbing. At prayer in the temple, Isaiah was engulfed by a sense of the presence of God. In that awareness he became sharply conscious of his own sinfulness and that of his people. Aghast at what he saw, he then experienced an inrush of God's cleansing power in his life, whereupon he "heard the voice of the Lord say, 'Whom shall I send and who will go for us?'" Had not that voice been calling all the time? I asked myself. Then relating this thought to the topic of the evening, and to myself, I asked: Could it be that God is calling on me to be a missionary in a voice which I do not hear because I have not met the conditions reflected in Isaiah's experience? Alone in my father's study I was literally shaken, physically as well as mentally and emotionally. I doubt if anyone else was impressed by what I tried to say that evening, but I was profoundly so.

Soon after I got back to college our campus was visited by W. B. Pettus, a travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. He had recently graduated from Columbia University and was headed for China. "A very earnest and brainy man," I wrote my father. As I was piloting Pettus across the campus, he asked if I were a student volunteer. "No," I replied, "I feel no call." "Do you feel a call not to volunteer?" he asked. Pettus little realized how jolting this brief exchange was to me, still haunted as I was by my recent Sunday afternoon experience in my father's study.

The following fall I was chosen by the Emory YMCA as one of its four delegates to the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions which met February 28 to March 4, 1906 in Nashville, Tennessee. This convention met once in four years and in Nashville it brought together more than 4,000 delegates, drawn from 700-odd North American colleges and universities. The attendance target had been set at 3,000; 7,000 had signed up to attend. This number was cut down to 4,000 plus and the extra 1,000 in actual attendance slept in Pullmans, on gymnasium mats, and in other make-shift places. Missionaries in attendance came from 26 countries. The delegates were all entertained in homes throughout the city. I was a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Walter R. Lambuth, friends of our family and missionary advocates. It would be difficult to overstate the impact of this convention on those who were there and on the institutions to which they returned.

Twenty years had passed since the Student Volunteer Movement had been inaugurated at Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts in a student conference called by Dwight L. Moody. Of the 251 students who came together from 89 colleges of the United States in that conference, 100 had themselves "volunteered" for foreign missionary service. During the intervening two decades 3,000 "volunteers" had "gone out" to 30 countries. The watchword of the movement, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation," was in later years to elicit considerable criticism, interpretation, and perhaps some reinterpretation. For five student generations it evoked, not questions and explanations, but vision, challenge, and a response of historic proportions. In 1906 there were student volunteer bands on nearly a thousand campuses, all closely aligned with the college YMCAs and YWCAs. It can fairly be said that no Christian student in my day could get through college without facing the question of whether he should not offer himself for foreign missionary service.

One much-quoted affirmation of that period, I remember verbatim more than fifty years later. They are the words of Ian Keith-Falconer, celebrated Cambridge athlete, Arabic scholar, and missionary to the Muslims:

> "While vast continents lie shrouded in darkness and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism and Islam, the burden of proof rests on you to show that the circumstances under which God has placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the mission field."

"A call, what is a call?" Keith-Falconer said on another occasion. "A call is a need, a need made known, and the power to meet that need."

At Nashville I was impressed by the way a recent graduate of Ames College, soon leaving for the Far East, put much the same proposition in a ten-minute talk to the convention:

> "I had to reduce this world of ours," he said, "to something I could see with my own vision. So in imagination I take a town like Nashville and divide it into two parts by its main street. On one side every man, woman and child has heard of Jesus Christ, has had the opportunity of accepting Him; on the other side not a man, woman, or child has ever had the opportunity of hearing His name pronounced. I conceive myself standing at the head of that street with Christ at my side and asking Him, 'Where should a Christian man as a farmer, for that is what I intended to be, as a doctor or a minister or a whatnot go to live, on which side of the street?' I could not get away from the convention that He would have told me quickly to go on that side of the street where not a person had ever heard His name pronounced. I do not believe this afternoon that the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans are any broader in the sight of God than one of these streets."

This, plainly, was thumping over-simplification; bristling with implications, assumptions, and suppositions of which we took far too little account. There was, however, validity and great appeal in the emphasis placed so vividly and unequivocally on the principle of Christian vocation and every Christian's commitment thereto.

I have taken part in my conferences and conventions since Nashville in different parts of the world, and I have tried not to forget what that first great convention meant to me. The thousands of men and women from a thousand colleges and universities gathered in Ryman Auditorium, the great voices which spoke to us from the platform, the moving harmonies of the famous Convention Quartette, the great missionary exhibit and the first-hand reports from many nations to which we listened in the sectional meetings held in nearby churches--all keyed to the daring watchword of the Student Volunteer Movement: one truly felt as if he had been taken to the summit of a high mountain where the nations and peoples of the world passed in review before our eyes, and one was led to see that somehow his life plans must henceforth be made subject to the things we were hearing and seeing.

Most impressive were the personalities we there encountered. There was John R. Mott, 40 years old, already a world figure, and unsurpassed as a master of assemblies presiding over this vast company and guiding its far-ranging activities with breath-taking virtuosity. There was Robert E. Speer, whose capacious mind, heroic spirit, and organ-like voice vibrant with feeling cast a spell over succeeding student generations, including my own.

There were saintly James M. Thoburn, Methodist Bishop from India; Walter R. Lambuth, physician, missionary pathfinder, and administrator of China, Japan, Africa, and the world; Karl Fries, multilingual student leader from Sweden; Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, speaking with moving eloquence for Africa--and many, many others.

Present also were laymen of eminence and of impressive commitment to the purposes of the Convention. Among them was former Secretary of State, John W. Foster. John W. Foster had served his country also as a Civil War general and as minister to Russia, Mexico, and Spain and at the request of the emperor of China had negotiated the Treaty of Shimonoseki with Japan. In his addresses he spoke of doors being opened on all sides to Christianity; of the origins and reasons for extraterritoriality in China, Turkey, and for a time Japan; of the grave problems which extraterritoriality was beginning to create. He paid high tribute to the missionaries for the work they were doing and to the indispensable contribution certain of them had made, through their knowledge of the people and the languages, in initiating diplomatic relations between our country and the lands they had made their own. He assured those who were "resolved to enter the great mission fields of Asia" that in so doing they would "devote their lives to the most noble of all causes."

My own thinking regarding my lifework plans had been undergoing a sharp change of direction. It was at Nashville that my new mind was made up, in the quiet of my room in the Lambuth home following one of the evening sessions. I waited, however, until my return to the mundane routines of campus life before registering my decision. March 6, 1906 is an important day in my calendar, for it was then I signed the Declaration Card which read: "It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary."

> "This declaration [as stated on the back of the card] is not to be interpreted as a pledge. . . . It is, however, more than an expression of mere willingness or desire to become a foreign missionary. . . . Toward this end he will shape his plans; he will devote his energies to prepare himself for this great work; he will do all in his power to remove the obstacles which may stand in the way of his going; and in due time he will apply to the Boards to be sent out."

I was just past 18 years old when I reached this decision. It is true that the card I signed was not a "pledge" but a "declaration of purpose," but so engrossed did I become in this new purpose that it never slackened but rather tightened its hold on me as time went on.

At Emory we formed a student volunteer band with 9 members and started reading and discussing the excellent literature then available to us on the "mission field," the missionary program, and the men and women engaged in the enterprise. Second only to the Bible study groups in which the college YMCAs were then enlisting students in astonishing numbers, were the mission study circles which they also organized. For these circles, interesting and informative courses were published, periods were set aside for their study in the year's calendar, and room-to-room canvasses saw to it that every member of the student body was invited to take part. It was not long before I was attending a Georgia Missionary Conference to which most of the colleges of the state sent delegates. I had no clear notion of what my specific work should be. For me "volunteering," was no "call to preach," or to engage in any particular form of "religious" activity. Quite simply, it was a decision to live and work in some part of the world where Christians were scarce and opportunities for knowing the message and the benefits of Christianity were in shortest supply. This conclusion obviously pointed from the law to the Gospel as the field in which to pursue post-graduate study. By the time I finished Emory in June, 1907 I had decided to enter the School of Religion of Vanderbilt University. This I did the following September.

Vanderbilt University is situated in Nashville, Tennessee. Then, as now, it was one of the larger cities in the predominantly rural South. It was good, I think, to have had my undergraduate years in the "sequestered" village of Oxford, but the transfer to Nashville meant another step into a larger world. The seat of many institutions of higher learning, Nashville proudly called itself the "Athens of the South," and a full-size replica of the Parthenon in one of its public parks called attention to the claim. My time at Vanderbilt laid the ground for my subsequent bias in favor of an urban university setting for postgraduate study in preparation for the church and church-related professions.

In the School of Religion I found my courses and my professors more stimulating than any I had previously encountered. A transcript of the subjects taken during the year 1907-1908 shows the following: Hebrew, New Testament Greek, the Patriarchal Period, Apologetics and Theology Proper, Gospel of Mark, New Testament Literature and History of the Apostolic Age, Homiletics I, II, and III, Survey of Old Testament Literature, Social Aspects of Christianity, the Family, Crime and Pauperism, Municipal Problems, Public Speaking, Hymn and Scripture Reading, Original Illustrations, Outline of Old Testament History, and History of Methodism. I set upon this mixed fare with gusto.

My professors made a greater impact on my mind and growth than did the courses they taught. This was preeminently true of O. E. Brown, my history professor. He was exacting in his demands upon his students, and he excited in us an ardor for thoroughness by his own mastery of the subjects he taught. He made the human story of the past pulsate with present meaning and relevance. His mind was orderly and his diction, concise and vigorous, made his speech penetrating and memorable. A period of service in China, ended by the ill-health of his wife, had given him a world perspective less common then than now. In manner he was grave and dignified, yet somehow he drew us to him. In later years I was to know him as an inspiring lay leader in the YMCA throughout the South and the nation.

I remember almost nothing of the Hebrew I studied at Vanderbilt, but cherish grateful recollections of our Hebrew professor. He worked us hard enough but his relaxed sense of humor kept us always at ease. Characteristic was a remark he made one day at the Southern Student Conference. The conference leaders had met to review the day's doings. One of our mishaps that summer was the Conference Quartet whose performance on which we had counted for inspiration was yielding only embarrassment. "What do you think of the execution of the quartet today?" someone asked. "I am in favor of it!" was his instant reply.

These and other professors opened new windows and led me toward a much more mature outlook on religion, and on life, than I had known. For the painlessness of this transition from childhood conceptions and positions, I am indebted to my father and mother and the unmistakable reality of their Christian faith and life, and to the combined scholarship and reverence with which these professors led me on. The idiom employed by parents and professors differed, but I did not doubt that they spoke of the same things. In a paper on "The Traditionalist and the Modernist in Old Testament Criticism" I wrote: "If we keep in mind that the Bible is not primarily history [but] rather a delineation of the course of Providence among men and an exposition of the spiritual advancement and destiny of mankind; if we keep ourselves entirely free of bibliolatry, I see little occasion for alarm at the outcome of the controversy over many of the points involved in the debate regarding this historicity of the Old Testament .... The acceptance of the modern view may mean a shock to many early, and therefore fond, opinions. It may revolutionize some of our conceptions but it need not impair our faith .... We have nothing to fear from the free play of the light of investigation upon our Scriptures ...." These sentences culled from a long paper are by no means remarkable, but I am thankful that at the age of 20 I was grasping at the point of view they try to express.

In Nashville the YMCA claimed more and more of my attention. I was active in its program and in that of the student volunteers on the campus and in their city-wide union. Our committees on city evangelism arranged noonday services in five factories, street meetings on week-end afternoons and evenings on the public square and in one of the slum districts, Sunday School classes and song services in the workhouse and penitentiary, and informal meetings in three of the city fire stations. One Sunday afternoon in the Vendome Theater I heard George Tibbetts, of the Washington, D.C. YMCA, give an illustrated lecture on the YMCA--the first time I had heard such a story of this nationwide and worldwide organization. Mr. Tibbetts, I wrote my father that night, "gave us one of the finest lectures I've ever heard, illustrated by the finest stereopticon views (sic) I ever saw." Within walking distance of the university campus were slums in which squalor and crime abounded. One of my student YMCA assignments were a night a week given to a social settlement in nearby "Tin Can Alley." It was challenging to discover that the boys with whom I spent these evenings were so alike in their dispositions, interests, and responses to those living in more favored parts of the city.

Another memorable contrast in religious behavior lay just outside the gates of the campus. Down the street stood the West End Methodist Church, widely known for its distinguished pulpit, its good music, its worshipful appointments, and for the erudition of many of its members. Not many doors away on the same street was the church of the so-called "Holy Rollers," a sect whose members made up in fervor for what they lacked in learning. After the Sunday evening service in imposing "West End" I adjourned on occasion to this neighbor church where the congregation would just be warming up. One way in which numbers of those present gave vent to their exuberance was to traipse to the door of the church, lay themselves prone upon the floor, and then roll down the aisle to the altar while the preacher expounded, the choir sang, the congregation shouted, and everybody gave rein to some form of physical motion. This variety in religious usages provoked reflection.

As I came to the second half of the year at Vanderbilt, I began to feel that I should take a year or so off from academic study. I wanted to earn enough to relieve my parents of further responsibility for my schooling. I hoped that I could spend some time in outdoor work in order to toughen myself physically. After uninterrupted years of intake, I felt an urge to test my ability to give something to others. I wrote my parents suggesting that I might seek the opportunity I had in mind in Texas or perhaps further west. I do not know where the initiative originated, but it was at this juncture that Willis D. Weatherford, Southern Student Secretary, Southern Student Secretary of the International Committee of the YMCA, came to me with a call to become general secretary of the University of North Carolina YMCA. I accepted the call. Anticipating that the YMCA stint at Chapel Hill would be an interlude in my postgraduate studies, I was two years later turning my eyes toward Yale University when the International Committee of the YMCA called me to its staff, and Yale gave way to China. Fletcher Brockman, my mentor both in China and in YMCA matters, tried later to console me by pointing out that the processes required in earning an advanced academic degree could be developed and applied in the work upon which I had entered.

I regret missing the disciplines which I might have had from further graduate study at that time. Also I am sure that it would have been possible to undergo those disciplines and then made small use of them, as I have since had occasion to observe in others more than once. Eventually I accumulated a considerable assortment of academic credits in postgraduate study but, wisely or unwisely, I have made no attempt to make them add up to an advanced degree. The greater concentration in subjects which an advanced degree would have required might have been desirable from a disciplinary standpoint, but the

mixed diet which I chose seemed more nearly to meet my inner needs and the requirements of my work with students. In time two of my Alma Maters came to the rescue and conferred upon me the honorary degree of LL.D.: Emory in 1944 and the University of North Carolina at its Sesquicentennial Convocation in 1946.

The Emory citation read: "In recognition of your distinguished career as executive, as Christian statesman, as a leader of men; and in appreciation of your vision, your wisdom, your devoted service, and the crystal purity and nobility of purpose which have marked your life and influenced for good all those whom you have touched since your college days in old Oxford, etc." The North Carolina citation was also kind: "A religious leader whose resources of the spirit, insights of mind, and sweep of sympathies have made him a spiritual leader of the students of this university, of the youth of China, and of the Christian youth movement of the world."

Precious indeed were the college and university years, both for the immediate returns they yielded and much more for the quests on which they set one's feet. To my they opened trails which invited life-long exploration; they also instilled in me the desire to undertake the venture, and gave me some competence for doing so. A catalogue of my life would show, moreover, that I have had more teachers than I can name or number. "Have you ever entered a cottage," E. Bulwer Lytton asked, "ever travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom, and not found that each of these men had a talent you had not?" I have tried to maintain an enquiring mind and a listening heart, and insofar as I have actually done so, I have found that the whole world is a schoolhouse, the curriculum extends over the whole of life and every person I meet is a member of the faculty.

The move from two church-related campuses to a state university was likewise important in my education. The trepidation I felt in turning from the known to the unfamiliar was, of course, accentuated by the fact that I was trying my wings for the first time at a salaried job. Founded in 1792, the University of North Carolina is our oldest state university. In 1908 it had 750 students enrolled.

During the summer I spent several weeks in the mountains of North Carolina, undergoing intensive preparation for my first full-time year-round job. The summer began with ten days as a leader in the Southern Student Conference. I still have notes on addresses I heard in that conference, addresses which spoke directly to my condition. Among them: a probing exposition of the principles which should guide one in the choice of a lifework; a hard-hitting address on freedom of manhood; characteristically kaleidoscopic addresses by John R. Mott on Crisis in the Orient and on Students of the World; an informative address on the YMCA secretaryship; a powerful address by Robert E. Speer on life as St. Paul viewed it at the end of his journeys; and a profoundly moving address by Walter R. Lambuth on prayer as a working force. In retrospect it is easy to see that this conference and these addresses were preparing me not only for Chapel Hill but for the career I would follow thereafter.

At that time the YMCAs in 15 out of 22 state universities and in 9 non-state institutions had employed full-time secretaries. Following the Student Conference, most of the secretaries working in southern institutions met for a month under the tuition of W. D. Weatherford, O. E. Brown, and one or two others. These secretaries had come up through various assignments in their college YMCAs during their undergraduate years. Some had taken post-graduate study and most of them were planning to take more. Now we were seeking light on the nature of the immediate tasks we were undertaking and on

how to go about them. The coaching we received reflected the exacting standards on which both Weatherford and Brown insisted in anything they did.

We examined the forms of organization which at that time were thought to be most effective; the duties of the several officers; ways in which to involve large numbers of students in responsible participation through committee and other service; the ways (five were noted) in which members of the faculty could helpfully take part without "taking over" the initiative from the students; and the assistance to be had from alumni and other non-undergraduate friends through advisory and supporting relationships.

In September there were to be special evangelistic campaigns in seven southern universities, including North Carolina, and the necessity of making preparations for these gave focus to our study of the aims, meaning, and methods of evangelism. I learned that the University of North Carolina YMCA conducted Sunday Schools in eight country churches and chapels surrounding Chapel Hill; plans for these were developed and set in motion. Personal evangelism--"personal work" we called it--was studied as an obligation and opportunity of the college YMCA. In connection with plans for placing a strong "missionary emphasis in the program, I noted that the University of North Carolina had three alumni in "foreign missionary" service, all of them in China.

"Work for new students" bulked large in plans for the early autumn. YMCA members were to be lined up to board incoming trains, search out new students headed for Chapel Hill, and help them get themselves and their baggage to the right places on arrival. A university handbook and, later in the term a university and village directory prepared by the YMCA, was to be given every student, new and old. A welcome meeting would help orient incoming students to campus life. Correspondence was initiated with incoming new students and also with committee chairmen and leaders already signed up for Bible and mission study groups and for other YMCA assignments. Each chairman was asked to prepare a written policy and program plans for the coming year and to show up at Chapel Hill three days before the university opened to correlate and refine their proposals.

Thorough planning based on ascertained facts, the fixing of a calendar of things to do during the college year, the budgeting of receipts and expenditures, the making of careful records, and appraisal of things done or attempted: these and kindred matters were set forth and discussed during the month.

But we did much more than lay plans and discuss things to do, however. We gave great attention to Bible study; to the discovery, enlistment, and preparation of student leaders; the recruitment of group members; and the prerequisites of fruitful group discussion. We gave almost equal attention to mission study possibilities. There were at the time 36 "mission study" books from which to choose. Twenty percent of the college YMCA members had been in mission study during the preceding year. A national target of 51 percent had been set for the incoming year. There were searching discussions of the secretaryship and its personal requirements--intellectual, spiritual, social, and physical. Alongside the campus preachers and professors with whom we would be associated, we would be, in a sense, "amateurs"--a role which would give us readier access to the students but also would place on us its own limitations and pitfalls. Impressed on us was the fact that amateurism was no excuse for slovenly or superficial habits. Before we separated we agreed to unite during the forthcoming year in a serious study of the life, character, and influence of Jesus.

Pursuant to this study we all purchased and read, in preparation for the following summers's month together, the following books: David Smith's *The Days of His Flesh*; Alfred E. Garvie's *The Inner Life of Jesus*; David W. Forrest's *The Christ of History and Experience*; Patrick C. Simpson's *The Fact of Jesus*; Horace Bushnell's *The Character of Jesus*; J. C. Hall's *Christ and The Human Race*; John P. Jones' *India's Problem--Krishna or Christ*; and Francis G. Peabody's *Jesus Christ and The Christian Character.* This concentration on Christ was characteristic of the religious orientation of the YMCA. The books chosen for our united study the following year were more broadly theological and philosophical in character.

I would do flagrant injustice to this month of introduction to professional, or shall I say semi-professional, work in the YMCA if I did not mention the good fun which we had together. Competition in baseball and tennis ran high. There were mountain hikes which taxed our endurance. High jinks were the order of the day, more especially of the nights, and we went to great lengths in devising elaborate pranks on each other and on our mentors. We were young, full of spirits, an extraordinarily congenial company, and gaiety came easily upon us.

On arriving at Chapel Hill I was surprised and pleased to find the general esteem in which the YMCA was held. A member of the faculty wrote of it:

> "The University YMCA may not be viewed merely as an institution for the conduct of mission work, Bible study and religious meetings. Besides these excellent works which it shares with the churches, it is unique as a democratic student organization wholly given up to solving problems of right living. Its energy, sanity and devotion have made it the most prominent and efficient influence in the life of the college community."

The YMCA building, just completed but not wholly furnished as yet, stood next to the university chapel (in which the attendance of undergraduates on daily prayers was required) and only a step from the "Old Well" and the "Davie Poplar," pivotal points of the then-campus. There were modest offices, a game and reading room, a small auditorium on the ground floor of the building, and rooms for student organizations on the second floor. Over the entrance, on the second floor, was my bedroom. Although hardly larger than a fair-sized cloak room, conversations normally stretched into the wee, small hours, acknowledging no limits.

At Chapel Hill I was to see nearly half of the students of the university enrolled in Bible study groups. These groups drew from the law, medical and pharmacy students, the graduate schools, the football squad, the orchestra and glee club members, and 7 of the 10 fraternities. Nearly one-third of the University students were also in missionary study groups.

My predecessor had been a popular football player and this had contributed to the standing which the YMCA enjoyed among the university athletes. It was presently noted that the intercollegiate debaters and the men working on the various student publications were also coming into the Association in larger numbers. I was singularly fortunate in that the man who was to serve that year as President of the YMCA was Frank Graham, whom Charles A. Beard years later was to list among "America's Ten Most Fascinating Personalities." Small of stature and not too impressive in appearance, he nevertheless exercised, even as a student, an influence of legendary proportions. "No settled tradition in college can be carried through without him," said the college annual, "no new movement

can be successful without him at its head." Following my departure from Chapel Hill he served for a time as General Secretary of the YMCA, then as professor extraordinary of history, and then as president of the university--a post from which he was drafted to serve his Government and the United Nations in various capacities.

Succeeding Frank Graham as president of the YMCA my second year at Chapel Hill was William Hoke Ramsaur, scion of two Confederate generals. "If I can be a friend to those with whom I am associated," he wrote at that time, "how natural it will then be for me to offer a strengthening and purifying suggestion, how natural for them to recognize and obey it." I remember his going to one of the more cynical members of the faculty with his "strengthening and purifying" suggestion when he thought the latter's influence on the campus was harmful, and the respect with which the professor listened to what he had to say. Ramsaur, on his graduation, served as secretary of the University of Alabama YMCA two years and as travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for three years. Then after graduating with highest honors from the Philadelphia Divinity School he went to Liberia as a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His ministry there was short. After three years he and his wife died within five months of each other, he at the age of 32.

As I review these and other names of men with whom I worked closely in the University YMCA, I am impressed by the fact that what I then saw them doing and becoming has in many cases persisted across the succeeding half century. We were fellow-apprentices in a service which seemed limitless in its possibilities. Painstaking planning, whole-hearted effort, and boundless optimism had their rewards. These men went into many lines of work and into many parts of the nation, some of them into other lands. I have never doubted that Frank Graham, say, no less than Hoke Ramsaur, has been following throughout his career an inner sense of the Christian vocation about which we used to talk at Chapel Hill.

Hardly had my work at Chapel Hill gotten under way when, in October, I led a sizeable delegation to a National YMCA Bible Study Convention held in Columbus, Ohio. That such a Conference could bring together 1,022 delegates from all parts of the country--most of them students but among them 124 college presidents and professors--is an index of the place then given to Bible study by the college YMCAs and of their effectiveness in stirring interest in the subject. There we heard students from Yale, Harvard, West Point, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Texas, and other universities tell of the large numbers enrolled in their voluntary Bible study groups. Anything short of "every student on every campus in daily Bible study" constituted a challenge! "There's going to be an uprising of Red Men in America," cried an Indian student from Carlisle College, "an uprising not to collect scalps but to study the word of God." Among those whom we heard speak on the subject was Booker T. Washington whose eloquence held spellbound the huge mass meeting which he addressed Sunday afternoon. To this young Southerner, not the least impressive thing about that great gathering was its complete lack of segregation of White and Negro delegates and visitors. I liked it.

It was during my two years at Chapel Hill that the college YMCAs of the South added studies of race relations in America to their Bible and mission study programs. Chief mover in this development was W. D. Weatherford. In the spring of 1908 he met with six men, two white and four Negro, in Atlanta to consider the "race question" and what the college YMCAs might do to better conditions: W. R. Lambuth; Stewart R. Roberts, one of my Emory professors; John Hope, president of a Baptist college in Atlanta; John Wesley Gilbert, scholar and trusted leader among Southern Negroes; and two members of the staff of the International Committee. One of the decisions reached in their six hour conversation

was that a textbook should be prepared for use by college study groups. Weatherford was asked to produce such a book. His *Negro Life in the South* broke new ground in a field on which countless volumes have since been written. "If this little volume," Weatherford wrote in his preface, "arouses new interest, and stimulates such careful study as will help toward a proper solution of this, the nation's greatest problem, the writer will be more than satisfied."

Not all of our activities at Chapel Hill were planned or calendared. There was, for example, the episode which the Dean of the Law School dubbed "The Battle of Cemetery Ridge." It was learned that an enterprising corps of loose women had pitched their blankets in the woods beyond the cemetery where, under the open skies, they made their bid for business. A hurried colloquy took place at the YMCA in which it was agreed that this practice should be stopped. Members of the colloquy set forth for "Cemetery Ridge" forthwith. We were vague about what to do when we got there, but into the night we went, deploying ourselves in this and that direction as we neared the area. Contrary to later reports, there was no "battle," and the village marshall whom we had pressed hurriedly into service disappeared as we neared the scene of action. So complete was their surprise, however, that the strumpets offered neither resistance nor protest, while their student customers fled precipitately into the darkness. Members of the raiding party hired buggies and drove the bewildered women to the county seat nearby where, we were told, they spent several days in jail.

The whole affair, spontaneous, bizarre, and hardly conforming to "due process," nevertheless nipped an unpleasant traffic in the bud and met with general approval. Said the historian of the graduating class in the college annual later that year:

> "The YMCA has had an efficient administration under the presidency of Hoke Ramsaur. In the elimination of college evils the class of 1910 has ever taken an active part. A comparison of conditions here in 1906 with those in 1910 will substantiate this fact. Patiently enduring the fierce criticisms hurled at any reformers, these men have calmly, unassumingly, yet sternly prosecuted their duties in abolishing college evils, purifying college life and upholding the high ideals of the University."

These lines hark back to the "Battle of Cemetery Ridge" and even more, I am sure, to the operations of the Student Government which had taken unusual initiative during the year in curbing dishonesty, habitual gambling, excessive drinking, or persistence in other forms of behavior deemed "unbecoming a citizen of the University community."

From time to time I was called upon to make visits beyond the limits of Chapel Hill. I recall a visit I made to a denominational boys' school in rural North Carolina: the 10-hour journey covering 65 miles, the succession of meetings with its 400 boys, and the half-done slabs of fat bacon and heavy soda biscuits (more soda than flour, it seemed) with which I was plied next morning at breakfast. Another time I journeyed to Raleigh, the state capital, where I addressed the YWCA in a woman's college on the subject: "Who knows but that you [American college women] have come into the Kingdom for just such a time as this?" During the address my derby hat, left on a rack in the vestibule, disappeared, taken by some girl plainly more interested in picking up an unusual "souvenir" than in listening to my very ordinary remarks.

Fraught with unanticipated consequences was the tour I was asked by headquarters to make of the colleges of Florida, consequences resulting from the inclusion of Jasper in

my itinerary. I may have fudged a bit in permitting this inclusion, for there was no college in Jasper. It was, however, or could have been in the line of travel; its onetime Jasper Normal Institute had been a quasi-college. Though now only a good high school, it still attracted a few boarding pupils from out-of-town to its upper classes. The truth was that I wanted to get back to Jasper, if only for a day! All that I now remember from that day was meeting the young woman whom I had known as a delightful young girl, classmate, and closest neighbor during my three months' residence as a boy in the town. Bertha Mae Smith was the second of eight children in the C. W. Smith family. Her father, who owned a saw mill, a turpentine still, and a general store, was a pillar of the church and a leader in the community. During the eight years since I had left Jasper, I had gone my way and she had gone hers, majoring in music at college and now teaching music in the Jasper Normal Institute. She had lost none of her loveliness--on the contrary! We had not forgotten each other, but our memory of each other, though pleasant, lingered only intermittently. Following that day in Jasper I could not get her out of my mind!

Soon after this Florida tour, in the second half of my second year at Chapel Hill, letters arrived addressed in my care to Mr. E. T. Colton of the New York Office of the International Committee. There had been no correspondence regarding the visit and I was puzzled regarding its purpose. Puzzlement turned into surprise and excitement when he informed me that he had come on behalf of John R. Mott, his senior colleague, to talk with me about joining the staff of the International Committee for overseas service. I still wonder at the temerity of the body in picking one so green for so great an assignment, and at mine in undertaking it. I had just passed my twenty-second birthday. Uninterrupted and "accelerated" study prior to Chapel Hill had brought me in sight of an advanced degree, but I was innocent of specialized preparation for work in another land and culture, and also of any general (i.e. city) YMCA experience.

My pre-service training came that summer in a summer school session and a meeting of the International Committee at Silver Bay on Lake George, New York and in a series of so-called "setting-up conferences" thereafter at Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts. At the close of one morning session I was told that Mr. Mott wished to see me. It had been decided in April that my assignment would be "to the government student field in China, the exact location to be determined later, but undoubtedly in one of the large centers like Canton, Shanghai, Hankow (Hankou) or Tientsin (Tiansin)." When, however, I was ushered into "The Presence," I learned that correspondence with Shanghai had at last elicited the information on which we had been waiting. "The China National Committee," I was told, "in the light of strong appeals from Hangchow, and of an on-the-ground survey of the situation there wishes you to start a YMCA in that city. The reasons they give for this decision let me summarize as follows." In a way with which I became familiar in later years, Dr. Mott proceeded to make a case to end all cases for my taking on this particular assignment in that particular city. In marshalling reasons for any course of action on which he had settled, be it large or small, Mott was factual, logical, and formidable. There were times when his reasoning may have bordered on rationalizing, but in the main it bespoke his passion for thoroughness, his mastery of detail, and an inbred disposition to buttress his desires within an impregnable context.

"If for any reason you wish to question this assignment, your desires will of course be given every consideration," he said in conclusion. I had never heard of Hangchow but the case he had presented for it seemed to me conclusive, compelling and, I must say most inviting. In ten minutes the die was cast and the decision concerning which I had written repeatedly over a period of months and toward which I had been moving several years was made. I was slated for Hangchow, China.

It is difficult to recapture the mood of America in the first decade of this century. America seemed utterly secure between her mighty oceans and Pax Britannica seemed as much in the order of nature as the cycling seasons. Even for run-of-the-mine students with whom I studied and worked at Emory, Vanderbilt, North Carolina and elsewhere, it seemed the world was their oyster and the future was nothing to worry much about. Swords, it also seemed, had a last been beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks; certainly Americans weren't "studyin' war no more." Instead they went their peaceful ways, serene in the thought that "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

Soon this deceptive quiet, this century of peace following Napoleon, would explode in horrendous battles presaging what could be another Hundred Years War. For the time being, however, the outlook seemed rosy and predictable. World peace we took for granted. World trade was opening new channels for American enterprise. It did not seem strange that, in China for example, American activity and investments in trade were outstripped by American contributions in men and money to the world mission of Christianity. To read ulterior designs--political, economic, or imperialistic--into that upsurge of missionary concern is to misread what actually was going on at that time. Naive it may have been in its enthusiasms and expectations, it was not sinister or double-faced as unfriendly critics now make out. The World Service program of the North American YMCAs was part of this rising tide, this outward thrust, overflowing with good will and high hopes.

Fortunate man that I was, I was now to become a part of this great enterprise. My life work and place of work were taking shape. The paths leading to this stage in the journey seemed clear and unambiguous in their claims upon my life. Throughout their course I discerned the hand of God pointing the way, step by step.

The year 1910 was for me a year of momentous beginnings. I married that year, on July 20. That summer I joined the staff of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, a relationship which was to continue until my retirement 43 years later. And as the year neared its end we landed, my bride and I, in China.

Bertha Smith and I had become engaged on my 22nd birthday, her 22nd birthday also being less than a month away. What a birthday gift! Half a hundred years later, I still marvel at its magnitude. "So your mother thinks we are still 'a couple of kids,'" I wrote shortly after our engagement. "I'm glad we are. Think of the fun and joy we would be missing if we were a couple of octogenarians. It will be beautiful to walk together down the sloping path toward the sunset of life, but right now I am interested in our starting out together toward the meridian of life." Actually her father and mother, and mine, were very much pleased with the match.

In China we were to live in a society in which, from earliest time, marriages had been arranged by the parents or by the matchmaker agreed on by the two families. While we made our own arrangements, it was good to know that the judgment of our parents and families concurred so fully with our own, for marriage at its happiest is a family and not just an individual affair. Our two families had much in common. First and foremost, the two homes were devoutly Christian. The church loomed large in the life of both families. I have already spoken of my father's meager income as a pioneering preacher. Bertha's father was moderately well-off but he suffered sharp financial reverses just as the younger children were reaching college age. Yet all the children in both families went to college, and most of them went on to postgraduate study. All four of our parents rejoiced in our commitment to China, distant as that country was in 1910 as compared to 1960.

Commenting on the "study together" to which we looked forward, I wrote to my fiancee, "By the time we return to America on our first furlough we should be much better prepared for life. Add to this growth in knowledge six years of actual experience, and then recall that we will still be only 28--the age at which many just start their lifework--and it is manifest that we are getting an early start. I think it is grand for us to start out in the morning of our youth and to have well-nigh the whole day before us in which to do our service. In all humility I say, it seems to me that God intends that we do some special work for Him and His Kingdom. The thought sobers me, fills me with humble gratitude, yet fires me with great (and I trust unselfish) ambitions."

The weeks preceding our wedding I spent in Monticello, Florida where my father was pastor of the Methodist Church. It was a charming old town of gracious homes and run-down plantations, heavily charged with memories of the "old south."
There, on the last Sunday before the wedding, the Presbyterians and the Baptists adjourned their evening worship to join the Methodist Church in a "farewell service." The presiding elder preached on Abraham's Offering Up Of Isaac, I being Isaac! After the sermon I was called on to say my farewells, which were later turned over to me by a member of the congregation who had taken them down in shorthand.

> "My call to China," I said "has been nothing spectacular or startling, as some seem to think a 'missionary call' must be...
>
> "The call has been very simple, yet to me irresistible. It has been the call which sent William Carey to India, an open Bible before an open map...
>
> "I came to the point where the only question I had to settle was this: in what place in God's great world can I spend my life most effectively in the Master's service...
>
> "I am happy in the decision I made four years ago. I am not unmindful of the hardships and difficulties ahead, separation from faces and scenes with which I have been familiar from childhood. But Jesus said that there is no man that has left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or lands for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, and in the world to come, eternal life!...
>
> "I have looked forward with expectant joy to this hour, when I stand on the threshold of my life work, and one hundred years from now indeed throughout eternity, I expect to be as happy in my decision as I am tonight."

Bertha meanwhile, shortly before the wedding, had visited a wealthy uncle and aunt with whom she was a great favorite. Unlike her parents, they were by no means reconciled to the hard exile into which they saw her consigning herself. Their remonstrances carried no weight whatever with her, for she looked forward to the forthcoming mission with an eagerness fully matching my own. This incident, however, brought home to me a sharp reminder of what she was giving up in throwing in her lot with mine.

Going to China meant no real change in her life purpose or in her basic manner of living, only a change of locale. From childhood her concern for the happiness and welfare of others had been as natural as sunlight, and as lacking in self-consciousness. Her family rejoiced in its light and warmth. "She seems to understand me better than any (others) of my family," her father said to me. The lonely, the ill, and the poor were gladdened when

she sought them out, armed with flowers or, on occasion, a basket of food prepared by her mother. In school, church, and community her help was always in demand and always freely given. Quietly she drew her contemporaries into the activities which engaged her interest, and gladly noted the consequent growth she discerned in them. "She is the finest girl I ever saw, combining intelligence, common sense, sweetness of disposition and good looks." Thus spoke a young lawyer of the town who had seen her grow up from sunny childhood into radiant young womanhood.

It was through a chance conversation with a friend of the Smith family that I learned about "Bertha Chapel" and how it got its name. One year Bertha's father told her that he would like to make her a very special gift at Christmas time and asked her what it should be. Immediately she asked that instead he build a chapel for the community surrounding his mill on the edge of town where, every Sunday afternoon, she had been helping him conduct a Sunday School in makeshift quarters. The chapel was built forthwith and her father gave it her name.

The little Methodist church on Main Street was crowded the night we were married. Her music pupils and members of her Sunday School class, past and present, were all there. So were her schoolmates, and neighbors, young and old. A special section of the church was set aside for her mill children who looked on with stars and tears in their eyes. Our vows said to each other and our farewells made to families and friends, we headed for the Georgia Southern and Florida "depot." The automobile (and paved streets) had not yet reached Jasper and so we took our leave in a horse-drawn hack, to which tin cans and baby shoes had been tied to mark our take-off that dark, starlit summer's night on the sea of matrimony. Our journey began with 30-hour ride to Valdosta in a dusty, day coach lit by oil lamps followed by a few hours in a hotel there. An early morning journey by pullman to Jacksonville, three sunlit days and moonlit nights on a steamer to New York, an overnight journey up the Hudson River to Albany, another short stretch by railway and steamer, and we finally arrived at Silver Bay on Lake George.

There during the next month, and for a week thereafter at Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts, we had our introduction to the International Committee. It might be said that was our introduction to the YMCA-in-general, for the only YMCAs I had known first-hand had been campus associations at Emory, Vanderbilt, and the University of North Carolina. Among the many people we met at Silver Bay, I wrote my parents, "Not a few Bildads, Zophars, and Eliphazes (or their wives) have shaken their heads and wasted their sympathy on Bertha. But not the shadow of a cloud has crossed her sunny countenance and not a word in reply has escaped her lips except of joy at the outlook before us. She could have made it extremely hard for us to go by giving way to the grief of separation of which I know she is capable. By her refusal to yield to such grief and by the joyousness of her consecration to our mission she has made it extremely easy to go."

A conference of student secretaries of the International Committee, in session when we arrived at Silver Bay, kept me from feeling myself a stark outsider on that meeting-ground of YMCA veterans. I knew a number of these men and was at home in their discussions of the work in which they were engaged among the colleges and universities of the country. There were glowing accounts of what had happened during the preceding year, and plans were laid for advances all along the line. Evangelistic teams were to visit 52 of the most strategic campuses of the country (in contrast with 12, including the University of North Carolina, the year before). Forty-four Bible study institutes were planned for, in which thousands of students would receive training as discussion leaders. New Bible study and mission study courses were in production. Among them were W. D. Weatherford's

book on *The Negro in the South*, John R. Mott's *The Decisive Hour in Christian Missions*, and a volume by Samuel M. Zwemer *The Unoccupied Fields of the World.*

All YMCA roads led to Silver Bay in those years and I was amazed to discover the many areas from which they came. There were the so-called City YMCAs, of which I had only hearsay knowledge, never having been a member or participant in one. There were the Army and Navy YMCAs, the Railroad YMCAs, and the County YMCAs serving rural youth. There were YMCAs serving men in industry and in lumber camps in the far north, and special workers serving immigrants then streaming into the country. The workers were not as "professional" then as they were to become later, but many of them were innovators, pioneers, and crusaders, dreaming dreams and working wonders in what was still pretty much as "open field." If the "competition" of kindred organizations which was to come later was lacking, it was more than made up for by that which existed among the several departments of the International Committee and their respective protagonists!

At Silver Bay I sat at the feet of the men who were then giving shape to the YMCA in America and to its cooperation with YMCAs in other lands. Richard C. Morse was there, Mott's predecessor and the first General Secretary of the International Committee. At 69 he was still agile in body and mind, a man of rare culture and vision, disarmingly modest, and the embodiment of friendliness. Also present were Robert Weidensall, pushing 75 and the honored pioneer of work in cities, counties, colleges, and states in the mid-West, the South, and the nation; and George J. Fisher, noted for his physical work, later a chief architect of the Boy Scouts of America. These men gave us intensive courses in YMCA history and principles, and the fact that they were themselves makers of that still-short history and formulators of the principles they propounded made them both interpreters and evangelists. All I remember from the course I took under President Lauren L. Doggett of Springfield College was his trenchant criticism of the Foreign Work Committee for sending untrained and inexperienced men to start YMCA work in other lands. His strictures on the subject increased my own misgivings in the matter to near-panic proportions.

As I learned, during these weeks, of the burgeoning activities heading up in the International Committee--across North America and around the world--and as I met many of its lay and staff leaders, I wondered at our good fortune in joining such an enterprise and such a company. To this neophyte it seemed a marvelous thing that in half a century the YMCA had girdled the globe, and that in the United States it owned property valued at $60,000,000and carried on a program costing $6,000,000a year. That these assets were only a beginning seemed certain as we heard C. S. Ward give his report. Ward was the chief pioneer of the short-term campaign for raising funds--first in YMCAs, subsequently in War Work drives, and after World War I in Community Chests and similar programs of federated financing. During the preceding five years, Ward had himself conducted YMCA campaigns in which an aggregate of $10,000,000 had been raised. I was impressed by the thoroughgoing methods he had developed for these campaigns, and not less by the high spiritual note he struck in his exposition of this new "social intervention." In 1910 the International Committee was supporting 100 "foreign work secretaries," as they were then called, who were stationed in 16 (mostly non-Christian) countries outside of North America. Plans were discussed at Silver Bay for conducting a campaign to raise $1,150,000to help put up "model YMCA buildings" in 49 cities overseas and to add 15 "foreign work secretaries" to the staff before the end of the year. Enthusiasm reached flood-tide during the day's discussion of these plans, and I recall Bertha's saying at its close that she thought this was one of "the happiest days" of her life. "I do not think," I wrote my parents, "that anybody ever enjoyed an opportunity equal to that which Christian missionaries will enjoy in China during the next ten years."

Other things were happening at Silver Bay that month which enlarged one's view of the expanding role of the YMCA. There was a meeting of 40 or 50 of the top leaders of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, a number of whom were also YMCA leaders. This was a movement to enlist laymen in the support of the world mission of the church, inspired in large degree by the impressive offering of life which university students were currently making through the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. It had just completed a spectacular series of conferences across the continent, yet I sensed among its leaders at Silver Bay great uncertainty as to what they should do next. While these leaders talked hopefully, future developments were to show that the movement had shot its bolt, having made a significant though transient impact on the Christian laity of the country. That was a day of large-scale "campaigns," and hardly had the above conference ended before another committee arrived on the scene to lay plans for the 1911 program of the Men and the Religion Movement, another interdenominational enterprise in which YMCA men played a decisive part. Central in the forthcoming program was to be another continent-wide "whirlwind campaign," in which teams of workers would visit 90 important cities. Each of these teams was to be comprised of at least five persons: one to further "lay evangelism" in the cities visited; one to promote Bible study (with stress on recruiting and training study group leaders); one to launch special programs for boys; one to enlist laymen throughout the city in social service projects; and finally a song leader to take care of the music which would play a large part in the mass meetings planned for. This team was to work in each city, through a city-wide Committee of One Hundred, and it was stipulated that this committee, as part of its "follow-up,"would then conduct similar campaigns in 10 or 15 nearby cities and towns.

Another gathering which took place at Silver Bay that month turned out to be history making. The YMCA had invited Ernest Seton Thompson to conduct a camp and put on a two-week demonstration of scouting during this period. Dan Beard was present as the personal representative of General Robert Baden-Powell, father of the Boy Scout movement in the United Kingdom. One evening on the shore of the lake we witnessed a campfire ceremony, little realizing that we were watching the beginning of the Boy Scouts of America. Forty years later while General Secretary of the National Council of the YMCA, I reminded officers of the Boy Scouts of America of that episode, whereupon they asked the privilege of erecting a permanent camp fire circle on the spot and a marker noting its significance in the history of the organization.

The most impressive experience of the month came at the end when the International Committee itself came together in its annual meeting. I was impressed, indeed awed, by the caliber of the men who comprised this body, the large dimensions in which they thought and planned, and the zest with which they committed themselves to great undertakings. "Mr. Mott," I wrote, "is as usual the commanding figure on the grounds. A man of dominant personality in whose person seems to inhere power sufficient to accomplish anything...it is impressive to hear him tell of the absolute dependence he places on prayer..." "Fletcher Brockman's words concerning China," I also reported, "stirred the entire company as few things have during these wonderful days." In one session, along with nine other "outgoing" secretaries, I spoke for three minutes, this was my first communication to the International Committee.

Following these and other experiences at Silver Bay we moved on to Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts for the Foreign Work Setting-up Conference. This was in truth the icing on the summer's cake. The "setting-up conferences" at Mt. Hermon brought together the administrative staff and fund raisers from New York, secretaries on furlough, and the new recruits shortly leaving for their first term of service overseas. There were ten of us in the

third of these categories. I still keep a small notebook in which I wrote down the main points of the drilling they put us through at that time. This "indoctrination" and "briefing" fell under the following headings:

Beginnings and Extension of Foreign Work
Grounds for Association Work in Foreign Lands
Field of Work of Association
Aims of Work
Lessons from Past Experience (i.e. from 1889 to 1910)
Physical Life of Secretary--How Overcome Perils
Intellectual Life of Secretaries--Importance, Perils, How Strengthen
Relationships with Missionaries
Community Relationships ("Emily Post" pointers for those living abroad)
Business Habits of Secretary
Language Study (Will power, not linguistic ability, needed!)
Vacations, annual and quarterly reports, "cultivation" of North American "constituency", furloughs, salary, etc.

Our last session," I wrote my parents, "was a service on Round Top conducted by Brockman. . . . On this spot hundreds of young lives, Horace Tracy Pitkin, Fletcher S. Brockman himself, and others, had first committed themselves wholly to the Lord and His service. On this grassy, shaded knoll Dwight L. Moody and his wife lie buried. . . . Inscribed on his tombstone are the words, 'He that doeth the will of God abideth forever'. . . As I felt the holy thrill of that sacred hour and of those hallowed surroundings, I prayed that I too, in my sphere, might always be faithful in my endeavor to do His will, "that long after I have shuffled off this moral coil I too may live, as does Dwight L. Moody, in the lives of struggling men reaching after God."

A month now remained before we would set sail from San Francisco. The first few days we spent in New York buying certain things which we were advised to take with us to China. This was my first ordeal-by-shopping-with-my-wife. Long before it was over, I was utterly exhausted. She, however, grew fresher and more eager by the hour, and I was reminded that hers was by no means "the weaker sex." The things we bought were commonplace enough: a box spring mattress, a pot-bellied stove heater, a set of dishes, a couple of rocking chairs, window curtains and drapes, heavy underwear and other clothing. They cost only a few hundred dollars, but when they reached us months later in Hangchow they seemed priceless in our eyes.

After the weeks at Silver Bay and Mt. Hermon I found "the clatter and clutter" of New York--its street cars, horses, and human beings oppressive. "Our modern civilization," I wrote home, "is wonderful, with its great buildings, its rapid transit, its manifold means of intercommunication and all the rest. Nothing symbolizes the greatness of that civilization as do its cities, and surely nothing reflects its defects more glaringly..In such a congested, stampede existence as that lived by the average city man in America it is inevitable that thinking (which depends so much on solitude) and human sympathy (which depends so much on unhurried intercourse), should languish, and that great eternal principles (which require time and toil to comprehend and cultivate) should be superseded by mere expediency."

"I am oppressed," I went on, "by the superficiality, the artificiality, and the materialism of our Western life every time I spend awhile in one of our great cities. We dwell to much on the plane of mere material achievement and are fairly drunk with our success in it." It might be observed that this boyish outburst bears no marks of

indoctrination in Western civilization or in "the American way of life," in preparation for a crusade of "cultural imperialism" among the Chinese! Already I was beginning too to see that America itself is part of the "non-Christian world."

After New York there were brief visits in Chapel Hill, Clemson College, Wilmington, and Asheville, designed to enlist interest of the Carolinas in our forthcoming mission. Then came the long journey to San Francisco. "One needs to make this trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific," I wrote back, "to realize the magnitude of our country." In San Francisco there was a wait of three days before we were to sail, during which I wrote a long letter home which my mother preserved--along with others from which I quote in these pages.

"'And Abraham went out,'" I wrote at one point, "'not knowing whither he went'... How little I know what is in store for me, of joy, sorrow, trial, disappointment, failure, achievement, triumph, success. This ignorance I share of course in common with all, but with me it is emphasized by the strangeness of the land and the people toward which I go. I am enabled to face this unknown future with calm assurance because of a sense of God's guidance and assistance which I have felt strongly for at least six or seven years.

"I had a dream my last morning on the Pullman. So vivid was it that I would have supposed it to be a waking revery and not a dream, had I not thought myself back in the observation car while it took place. I was standing on the rear platform, gazing upon the majestic scenery receding before me. My face was turned toward the East and the kaleidoscopic manner in which mountain after mountain appeared and disappeared before me brought home the reality of my departure from the life beyond the mountains and the plains in which my life hitherto had been so happily spent. And into this train of meditation came the words, 'What I have written, I have written'... Yes, I thought, the record of my past life, its many mistakes, its little good accomplished, its successes and failures, is written, and floods of tears or rivers of regret cannot wipe it out. This record is about to close and a new clean volume is being opened. And as I awoke it was with the prayer that with God's help I might be able to write this new volume a record of which I shall not need to be ashamed when I write 'finis' at its end."

V.

Preparing for Action

Eugene Barnett came to have a real attachment to Hangchow, his first station in China and his residence for eleven years. Though the young couple would actually spend a longer time in Shanghai, to the Barnetts home in China meant above all Hangchow, a beautiful city with a handsome setting and with a rich heritage, much more representative of traditional China in 1910 than the hybrid newcomer Shanghai. Barnett describes in loving detail the charms and splendors of Hangchow.

The timing was favorable. Even if still relatively untouched by industrialism, Hangchow in 1910 was a city in transition. A new openness regarding the merits of Western civilization characterized many educated Chinese in Hangchow as well as other urban centers; they had recognized the need to strengthen China and looked to resident Westerners as one source of new ideas and information. Unlike nineteenth-century missionaries, Barnett had little difficulty gaining access to the elite, whether or not they were interested in his religious message. Barnett forged friendships with many members of Hangchow's gentry and close bonds were formed between himself and Hangchow.

Like many other missionaries, Barnett sailed for China in a mood of exhilaration and anticipation. Like many missionaries, he was brought down to reality by the physical hardships of the new environment, by its unfamiliarity, and by the different patterns of social interaction. The difficulties of the language and the paucity of converts presented daunting challenges. Barnett singles out the stench of night soil and the prevalence of grave mounds as the two things that struck him most forcefully on his first train trip to Hangchow. He viewed the graves as symbolic of a wonderful civilization, now "pathetically worn out."

It was January when he and Bertha moved into an unheated bedroom in a house in the Hangchow mission compound. He states that neither he nor Bertha thawed out until the arrival of their American bed and stove some days later, but he retained his optimism, enthusiasm, and goodwill. Resentments toward the Chinese and revulsion at the poverty and other "not so pretty" sights did not seem to build as in the case of many Westerners in China. Perhaps memories of his boyhood in the southern frontier region of the USA reminded him that the gap between the amenities available in the West and in China was of relatively recent origin.

In his work, Barnett stressed the importance of cultivating personal relationships, insisted on working with Chinese leadership and making careful preparation for institution building and program development. During the early years of the YMCA in China, Western secretaries, who themselves came from an educated elite, chose to work with the educated elite of China--particularly students. Barnett studied the power structure of Hangchow and then purposefully sought the friendship of those influential in government, education, and business. The support of such leaders, he believed, was essential for social as well as financial reasons. The hope was that their example, in a hierarchical, status-conscious society, would influence others and produce followers. This approach was sound, but it did entail some risk in twentieth-century China. The unstable political scene meant that fortunes could change quickly and dramatically so that carefully nurtured friendships came to naught or could even become a handicap when political upheaval cast down a local authority. In Barnett's experience this occurred more than once.

Acquiring facility in spoken Chinese was a necessary and time-consuming part of Barnett's preparation for work in Hangchow. Most missionaries in the early twentieth century arrived in the field with almost no language training and only limited knowledge about the society and civilization in which they would be working. Barnett assiduously and creatively labored to master spoken Chinese and succeeded well enough so that he was called on as an interpreter and even, on some occasions, as a ghost writer for Chinese officials welcoming foreign visitors.

In his role as intermediary between Chinese and Americans, Barnett exercised influence that flowed both ways. During the 1911 revolution, for example, when Shanghai students held a revivalistic mass meeting for the cutting of queues, (symbol of Chinese subjugation to the ruling Manchus) Barnett wrote a description of the occasion. The account came out in the New York Post and was doubtless discussed at many meetings of Bible study classes and mission societies in the West. The Barnetts served as hosts when the American philosopher John Dewey came to Hangchow on his highly publicized lecture tour in 1919-1920. When an American representative from a USA silk-testing organization came, Barnett entertained him, thereby indebting himself to leaders of the powerful Hangchow Silk Manufacturers Guild.

Despite Barnett's attentiveness to the Sinification of the YMCA, this proved to be an elusive goal and even Barnett's actions were marked by ambivalence. He steadfastly insisted that YMCA leadership must be Chinese and that his own work should be directed by the National Committee of the YMCAs of China, headed by Chinese. He refused to organize a Y chapter in Hangchow until he had gathered a group of Chinese "able and willing to accept responsibility for managing the affairs of the YMCA and for securing the necessary support." He looked to his Chinese friends for guidance, and adapted his work methods accordingly, taking into account the importance of ritual and ceremony in Chinese social relations.

His salary, however, came from the American headquarters of the YMCA and he obtained funds for buildings and equipment from Christians in the West. Not only did this mean that Barnett was answerable to home supporters for the disposition of monies received, but it gave weight to Barnett's opinions in any decision. When Barnett believed that a matter of principle was involved or where the issue was that of holding true to the purpose of the donors, Barnett exercised his authority to the fullest extent, albeit with courtesy and respect for Chinese sensitivities. He accepted the practice of a dual salary scale and he found comfort in the "little America" that Bertha created. Certain of these contradictions and tensions inherent in the situation were accentuated when the YMCA in Hangchow acquired property and began building a center.

Bertha and I sailed for China on Tuesday, October 11, 1910 at 1:00 p.m. The Pacific Mail Liner, the *Asia*, was an intermediate steamer on which our passage had been booked by Hans P. Anderson, then business secretary of the International Committee and a most watchful guardian of its expenditures. Fletcher Brockman used to say that he had to raise his money in support of the China program twice, once from the donors and once from Hans Anderson, and that it was much easier to "raise" it the first time than the second. Travelling intermediate represented a substantial saving for the committee, but the cost came high to those making the voyage. Quarters were cramped in cabins and public rooms and on decks. The galleys smelled to high heaven and from our second day out weevils appeared in our bread at every meal. The rest of the food was in like character.

Six days out of San Francisco I wrote home: "We passed through the Golden Gate into a rough, choppy sea. Almost immediately I began to experience that 'topheavy' feeling which is the harbinger of something worse. Nevertheless I went down to luncheon and ate a little. By the time I laid my napkin aside there swept over me that strange, clammy feeling which marks every step. The next step after that was to our stateroom. I wish I could describe what I saw when we reached our cabin. The walls reeled about us as if at hide-and-seek. At the sight rose within my throat a lump which promptly became a stream, most of which found its way into the dinky little 'sanitary cuspidor' which slid about the floor.

"I crumpled up on my upper berth (while Bertha sought haven in the berth below) and closed my eyes to the fiendish maneuvers of walls and floors and ceiling. Up, up, up would go one side of the ship, and then down as the opposite side showed how high it could rise. Then the ship would shake itself with the convulsive movement of a wet dog, but before I could finish a groan of relief up would rise the prow of the ship until we felt as if we stood only to sink until the stern lifted and it seemed that we stood on our heads.

"I didn't undress that night. . . ."

There was a day and a half of this misery and then the joys of a sea voyage, even in one of Hans Anderson's intermediate steamers, began to be ours. "The mystery, the immensity and the majesty of the sea!" I exulted, "The sunset! The moonlit waves at night! The pure, sweet, health-laden breezes! The ever-changing moods of the sea, at times clear and calm as molten glass, at times choppy and angry with white caps, at times rising and falling gently and regularly as if with the breathing of healthy sleep." In later years I have crossed the oceans more often by airplanes than by steamers. This saves a lot of time but the losses suffered by the traveller are incalculable.

It is one of the ironies of history that just when science, technology, and communications have all but wiped out time and distance, man should forthwith raise new barriers which make travel more difficult today than they were fifty years ago. In 1910 all that was necessary to enter China or to visit Japan (as we did en route) was the price of a steamer ticket. It was not until World War I that passports and visas erected the first of the hurdles which have subsequently multiplied to hinder, and at times prevent international travel.

In Honolulu we were, of course, still on American soil, and we were surprised to see so far from the mainland a modern city in which America was "written large in its architecture, its street cars, the goods on sale in stores--it its general appearance and in the spirit which pervaded it." The Oriental shops, however, and the Asian faces, costumes, and speech which we encountered during the day reminded us that the distance between us and home was lengthening. In Japan brief visits in Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe, and Nagasaki, our

glimpses of Fujiyama limned against the sky and our passage through the lovely Inland Sea filled our eyes and minds with images which belonged unmistakably to a civilization not our own.

On Friday, November 4th, 25 days out of San Francisco, our little ship dropped anchor at Woosung (Wusong) where we disembarked onto a tender which bore us 20 miles up the muddy waters of the Whangpo (Huang pu) River to Shanghai's impressive bund. There we received a welcome from a company of friends and colleagues-to-be which mitigated, if it did not wholly exorcise, the qualms which I suppose are bound to assail a stranger landing for the first time in a strange land.

Three days later I went to Hangchow, our future home, 120 miles to the south, to explore housing possibilities, only to find that nothing would be available for another two or three months. The journey, however, gave me a first glimpse of "unmitigated China." The China I saw from the car windows would soon become familiar, but in retrospect I recall vividly the thing as which impressed me most on this first "venture into the interior." There were rice paddies everywhere. Every inch of ground was planted in a crop which exacts the ultimate in human toil and care. There were no roads, unless the footpaths plied by sedan chairs, wheelbarrows, and pedestrians can be called roads; but in their stead were canals, busy with barges, junks, sampans, houseboats, and other curious craft doing their various chores. Willows dipped their graceful branches into these canals. There were numerous groves of mulberry trees, grown for their leaves as the raw material out of which the tiny silkworm spun the world's finest silk. Villages dotted the landscape outside our car windows, low-lying huddles of brick or adobe houses covered with tile or thatch, each village encircled by its protecting wall. Now and then a pagoda crowned a lonely hill. When the train stopped at the cities along the way, I can not say which impressed me the more: the ancient walls of heavy masonry and the broad moats by which the cities were encircled; or the milling crowds which swarmed about the stations. Many among them were ragged and wretched looking, yet somehow they seemed charged with an unmistakable inner energy.

The two things which hit me hardest on that trip were the grave mounds which pocked the face of the earth and the smell of human excreta which permeated the atmosphere. "At no time," I wrote home, "except in the city was I out of sight of graves. There are not cemeteries--the deceased of a family are placed on its own plot of ground (usually small, of course) and covered with earth. Thus the whole land has become a graveyard. . . ." The human excreta whose stench was everywhere was the night soil, meticulously collected from every household in city, town , and village, by which the Chinese farmer has kept his precious soil fresh and productive for more than 40 centuries. "On every side, " I observed, "one sees evidences of a civilization wonderful in what it has achieved but pathetically worn out. The graves which cover the earth seem to symbolize the condition of the country. Everything smells of graveclothes."

"There is a bright side," I concluded. "It is the Chinese himself. Someone was saying the other day that he thought the Chinese has in him the best stuff of any race in the world out of which to make men. I am sure that he and I are going to be good friends."

Incidently, railway fares in 1910 furnish one index of the cost-of-living at that time and suggest how it was possible for an International Committee secretary and his wife to thrive on $1200 a year plus house rent and small subventions toward a summer vacation and medical expenses. A first-class ticket from Shanghai to Hangchow cost US $2.50 and second-class US $1.25. There were also third and on some trains fourth-class accommodations which cost 70 and 35 cents respectively for this 120-mile journey!

On my return to Shanghai, Bertha and I went forthwith to Nanking (Nanjing), 250 miles to the north. There was much to see in this "Southern Capitol," its venerable city wall 40 feet high and 30 miles around, the tombs of the Ming Emperors outside the city, and other reminders of past dynasties which made Nanking their seat of the government. What took us so promptly this time, however, just one week after our arrival in the country, was a National Industrial Exposition, China's first, which was just coming to its end. I remember little of the exposition itself, but three or four persons we met there I cannot forget.

There were our hosts, Jack Williams, Vice President of Nanking University, and his wife--Sinophiles to their fingertips. It was good for us to see China through their eyes. It was ironic that when the communists captured Nanking in 1927 Jack should have been a victim of the terror which they loosed upon the city.[2] Though eye witnesses and others claimed that radicals in the National Revolutionary Army attacked foreigners and looted homes when they reached Nanking during the Northern Expedition, historians have not agreed upon the perpetrators or their motives. It was characteristic of both of them that Mrs. Williams, thus widowed, refused to be embittered by her tragic loss and, now in her 90s, remains incorrigibly a Sinophile.

Jack Williams enlisted a student of the university to act as our interpreter and guide about the city. Friendly, intelligent, courteous, even courtly in his manner, this young man seemed to us the embodiment of the "gentleman," or "princely person" about whom Confucius has so much to say. Thanks to a scholarship, he was studying at the university. "You could buy everything his widowed mother possesses for $50," Jack Williams told us when at the end of the day we spoke of the impression he had made on us. Many times thereafter I would have occasion to note the dignity, self-respect, and courtesy toward others shown by Chinese who were poor and of humble estate. It was good to be reminded that princeliness is an inner quality and not a matter or material possessions.

The Director of Works of the Exposition was a man by the name of Hwang, a Christian and a "returned student from America." The substantial sums of money which passed through his hands ($70,000) I was told, would have been regarded as an excuse for a "legitimate squeeze." When it was rumored that he had taken a modest amount in graft (or unstipulated "commissions") he demanded an immediate investigation and cleared himself publicly of the charge. As the exposition neared its end, he was offered lucrative positions in government, business, and industry in Nanking, Shanghai, and Manchuria; all of which he turned down to enter YMCA service. "It is good," I wrote back to America, "to come in contact with a Chinese like Hwang before whom it is necessary to say, 'You are a bigger and better man than I am.' I am glad the experience has come to me so forcibly so soon."

At the gate of the exposition grounds there had been built a Christian Center in which religious services were conducted daily throughout the exposition. On our arrival in Nanking I was asked to speak in this center on the following evening. It had not been too difficult to speak a few nights before in Hangchow, albeit on the spur of the moment, through an interpreter, and while still dazed by the newness of everything--for what I had to say was not wholly strange to the students and teachers of the Christian high school to whom I then spoke. In Nanking, however, this would be my first attempt to present a Christian message to a miscellaneous non-Christian audience. The hall was filled with merchants, ricksha pullers, and scholars--a motley crowd, drawn there mainly by curiosity or by the chance to rest their feet! I had worked and prayed and hoped for years for just this opportunity; now it was mine. The introduction over, I stood with my interpreter and looked into the faces before me. What should I say? My message, I knew, must be Jesus,

but how to make what He had come to mean to me mean anything to this holiday crowd? I am persuaded that the story of Jesus, simply told, holds meaning, fascination, and challenge for men of whatever background or culture. This fact was borne in on me that evening by the attentiveness with which my hearers listened to what I tried to say.

The next three months we spent in Shanghai, Gateway to China, as it was well called. Less than 70 years had passed since this nondescript village had been made one of five treaty ports opened to foreign trade, and now it was a great modern city bearing little resemblance to the vast hinterland stretching into the interior. The populace was mostly Chinese, but there was also a potent infusion of residents drawn from all parts of the world. In this teeming brew the best and the worst of the Orient and the Occident flourished. Here newcomers from all the provinces gazed upon a 20th-century world through eyes inured to the twilight of China's immemorial past. Traditional silk shops and department stores, home handicrafts and modern factories, exchange shops and great banks, Chinese and Western-style homes jostled each other. On its narrow streets electric cars, double-deck buses, huge lorries, and private cars of all sizes and ages made their precarious way among pony-powered carriages, man-powered rickshas, bicycles, one-wheeled barrows (transporting some goods, some passengers), and coolies swinging their loads on bamboo poles or bearing them upon calloused shoulders. Shanghai was not yet China but it was a long way from America.

As I recall the three months we spent in Shanghai in the home of the Fletcher Brockmans and then the first six months in Hangchow spent in the home of the John L. Stuarts ("Father and Mother Stuart"), parents of John Leighton Stuart, president of Yenching University and later Ambassador to China. I wish that every young American going abroad might have the kind of introduction these families gave us to a foreign people and culture. In these two homes the Chinese felt at home, and every day we were meeting them not as "Chinese" but as fellow-humans. We could not fail to see the way in which the Brockmans identified themselves with China and its people without forgetting or foregoing their heritage as Americans, and as members of the human race. My own orientation to China--and to mankind--was deeply influenced by these first months in these two homes.

If Mohomet (Muhammad), could not go forthwith to the mountain, we concluded that the mountain should somehow be brought to Mohomet. We succeeded very shortly in recruiting a Chinese teacher who came up from Hangchow to start us off in our study of the language. Early missionaries were wont to attribute the invention of the Chinese language to the devil as a barricade against the Gospel. In 1910 there was no language school which we could attend, and pedagogy was not in the curriculum of Chinese scholars. Our teacher knew not a word of English, and we were wholly innocent of Chinese. There were sounds in Chinese for which no counterparts exist in English, sounds which we began to approximate only after learning to watch our vocal organs in a mirror with one eye while watching the teacher's lips, teeth, and tongue with the other. I could discover no grammar, no inflections to differentiate number, tense, or gender. Most disconcerting of all was the sentence structure, so completely at variance from that of English that direct translation of words or phrases from one language to the other was meaningless. Presently it dawned on me that like the Kingdom of Heaven: the Chinese language was a prize attainable only as one "becomes like a little child." And so I started learning as a child does, by sheer imitation and persistent trial and error.

Shanghai was not a good place to learn the language. In later years the so-called "national language" or "Mandarin" would be understood by educated people (and many

tradesmen) almost anywhere in the country, but at that time the complex of local dialects made communication between Chinese of different provinces and of different localities in the same province impossible. In Shanghai English was the common language of educated Chinese, even in their conversation with each other, and "pidgin English" (roughly English words in Chinese idioms) was the medium of communication between uneducated Chinese and the foreign resident. After spending hours in "conversation" with my teacher, I would go into the streets to try out what I hoped I had learned on whomever. One day, for example, I worked at length on the Chinese equivalent of the question, "What is this (or that) thing called?" Armed with this open sesame (at least to the names of objects), I made my way across the street to a money-changer's shop to see how it would work. Just then a cat jumped onto a table behind the counter. Pointing at pussy I asked the shopkeeper in my newly-acquired Chinese, "What is that thing called?" "A cat," he replied gravely, in impeccable English. He was as eager to use his English on me as I was to use my Chinese on him.

An extracurricular assignment which I undertook during this period was the leadership of a Bible study class in the Shanghai YMCA. There 18 young men in the class, all but 3 of them non-Christians. All of them spoke English, and a Bible study discussion was something for which the college and university YMCA had given me useful preparation. This was the first of many such groups in which I was to see the stories and other writings in the Old and New Testaments through eyes for which they held all the freshness and excitement of complete novelty. In this group I was struck by the gusto with which these youngsters savored for the first time the Old Testament stories. We studied and discussed their relevance to their own times and situations. Tarrying in Shanghai enabled us to become somewhat acquainted with the YMCA movement as a whole and to observe in Shanghai what this organization could mean in the lives of Chinese men, young men, and boys.

It was 5:25 p.m. on January 26, 1911, Bertha's birthday, that we arrived by "fast train" in Hangchow. Four years earlier we would have made the journey from Shanghai by canal and houseboat, and it would have taken us from three days to a week. Doing the 120 miles in half a day, and in the comfort of a train, reminded us that we had reached China as it was entering on a new day. On the train we shared a compartment with an American doctor, his wife, their daughter, and a niece who were making the grand tour around the world. As we got off at our station, leaving them abroad to proceed to the next one, it suddenly came upon me that these travelling companions were visiting Hangchow on round-trip tickets, while ours were one-way tickets. This was our destination.

There are four railway stations in Hangchow, the one at which we alighted north of the city, the main station inside the city wall and near its east gate, and two south of the walled city. There was no brass band to greet us when we disembarked. Indeed we wondered for a few minutes whether we had been met at all! Shortly, however, a smiling coolie spied us and, pushing his way through the confused mass of shouting people and their impedimenta, handed us a note from Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Stuart saying that its bearer would see us and our luggage to their home.

Our heavier baggage, trunks, packing cases from Wanamaker's in New York, and other household and personal effects, had been turned over to a forwarding agent in Shanghai for shipment to Hangchow by canal. One never travelled light in China, however, and rustling the steamer trunks, suitcases and handbags which accompanied us took on formidable proportions for two tongue-tied young Americans set down in these unfamiliar surroundings. In due course our possessions were assembled and counted; porters tapped

by our guide had suspended them from carrying poles, lifted them to their shoulders, and we disentangled ourselves from the milling throng still surging on the station platform.

Dusk was drawing the curtains of a dull and cloudy winter's day as our little procession got under way. The "road" we travelled was a narrow bank, paved with well-worn flagstones, lying between two irrigation canals. Beyond these, on both sides of us, were flooded paddies interspersed with mulberry groves, sources of the rice and silk from which the region had long derived much of its sustenance and wealth. A quarter hour's walk, and the city wall came into view--a venerable and imposing sight reminiscent of nothing in our previous experience. A mile and a half brought us to a city gate. Entering we felt as if the closely packed buildings lining the narrow streets would close in upon us. Soon we were crossing the Heavenly Water Bridge, one of the numerous bridges which abound within the city. Around the corner was the Southern Presbyterian Compound.

China is a land of walls. There is the Great Wall in the far north. Walls enclose the cities, towns, and villages. And further to reenforce its security, the individual family must also build a wall encircling its private premises. There were three residences inside the Southern Presbyterian Compound, and at one end, on Great Street, a small chapel and a school building. To enter this enclosure from the street was to pass from one age into another in one step. The houses were simple enough, but they were two-storied and they bore the marks of mid-19th century Alabama and Kentucky. Lawns, shrubs, flower beds, and towering trees planted a half century earlier had created a veritable oasis in which beauty held court with quietness and cleanliness. "Father" and "mother" Stuart were there to welcome us and to show us the rooms they were making available for our temporary use. Soon we were seated at their hospitable table, dining a la Dixie on grits and hot biscuits, making us glad to be alive.

That night we learned how indebted we were to the friends in New York on whose counsel we had purchased a good American bed, mattress, bedding, and a small heater. There was only one heating stove in the spacious mission house occupied by the Stuarts, and it was in the dining room. The rest of the house in late January, with the temperature hovering in the 30s and even 20s, was something like a refrigerating plant. When we pulled ourselves from the dining room stove-side and went to our room it was to spend our first night on a "tsong-pang," a fiber-woven bed-bottom overspread with a thin cotton pad on which it was impossible to get one's underside warm. Only when our freight arrived from Shanghai a few days later, and we installed our spring mattress, the pot-bellied stove, and our rocking chairs in our room, did we begin to thaw out. Without jumping to invidious conclusions about the city and land to which we had gone, I tried to remember that Elizabethan England and our own New England in its days of finest flower, had known nothing of central heating, running water, or automotive transportation.

Hangchow in 1910, a city of some 800,000 population, got itself and its goods about without the benefit of a single wheeled vehicle. The tall, picturesque, Omega-shaped bridges, with their ascending and descending steps, denied passage even to rickshas. Local transport depended on canal barges and carrying poles for goods, and on sedan chairs and shank's mares for humans. The vegetable oil street lamps found in the more favored parts of the city did little more than reveal, rather than dispel, the darkness. There were no sewers, no running water. The collection and sale of nightsoil was one of the richest concessions in a Chinese city, and an army of coolies came every morning to every door, filling their "honey buckets" with another day's accumulation and transporting it on carrying poles outside the city. Shallow drains beneath the city's flagstone streets took care of the rest of the filth--more or less. Even so the longer we lived in Hangchow the more we

realized that we had become residents, if not full-fledged "citizens of no mean city." Not without reason had the Chinese long spoken of Hangchow as "Heaven Below."

In Hangchow we found a city packed within a rectangular wall: 30 feet high and 30 feet broad at the top; 12 miles long, lying lengthwise north and south; and spilling through the north, west, and south gates of the city into densely populated suburbs. There were 10 massive gates through which to enter and leave the city, and woe betide the intra-mural residents who over-stayed their excursions outside the city beyond the early hour when the gates were closed and made fast with heavy bars for the night. There were additional water gates through which canal boats and barges came and went during daylight hours.

There is great beauty in Hangchow's natural surrounding. "Mountains" and "water" supply the elements required in classic Chinese "scenery." A criss-cross of canals had made the countryside by which Hangchow is encircled a well-watered garden. North of the city is the southern terminus of the Grand Canal; a lordly stream at this end, the canal was completed by Kubilai Khan in the 13th century, but parts of it existed as far back as 485 B.C. On its broad bosom tribute rice, silk, and tea had for centuries been transported to the Imperial Court in Peking. The distance from Hangchow to Peking is 650 miles, but the meandering course of the canal traverses 1,100 miles.[3]

East and south of the city flows the Ch'ien-t'ang (Qiantang) River, famous for its Hangchow Bore. One early Chinese writer in 150 B. C., declared this tidal Bore to be "the strangest, rarest, most wonderful sight in the world." "When it is large (i.e. at its highest)," said another ancient writer, "there are waves like mountains and breakers like houses, roaring and rumbling like thunder, strong enough to swallow the sky and splash the sun." The bore is formed by incoming tides, piling up their water in the funnel-shaped Hangchow Bay, and then pushing their way over sandbars into the narrow neck of the Ch'ien-t'ang River. This happens every day, but normally the tide reaches its greatest height at the spring and fall equinoxes. In my time the bore on occasion advanced up the river in a tidal wall 22 feet high, and earlier European observers report waves 30 and more feet in height. I have heard this rushing tide 50 miles upriver, advancing with a roar resembling that of a long train of freight cars.

I never managed, however, to see the Bore at its best. Our first attempt was at the time of the first spring equinox following our arrival in Hangchow, in March 1911. This is what happened that time, as I described it in a letter home:

> "Early Saturday the procession filed out of our compound gate in sedan chairs. Ten miles we journeyed--over saturated, soggy streets, out of the city gate, over slippery paths dividing rice paddies brimming with water, finally along a section of the sea wall erected to protect the city against the great tidal wave. . . . We reached the favored observation point before 1:00 and straightway purchasing a rope and tying a rock to its end, we took measurements preparatory to computing later the rise of the Bore. . . .
>
> We expected the tide to come by at 2:00. Shortly after 4:00 a Chinese standing watch cried, 'Yonder it comes!' We strained our vision another notch and prepared to be thrilled. In a few moments we saw it. It advanced rapidly toward us and then swept past--not, however, as it should, in a wall of boiling brine 8, 10, 15, 20, or even 30 feet high, but only in a great heaving swell, with hardly a sign of foam or bubbles. We had witnessed a 42 *inch* Bore."

Skirting the Western wall of the city lies West Lake, or so it did in 1910 (the lake still lies in the same place but the wall has since disappeared before the onslaughts of "modernization"). West Lake, it is said, has been the theme of more poetry and more paintings than any other spot in China. The K'ang Hsi (Kangxi) Emperor two centuries ago, chose his "Ten Most Beautiful Scenes on West Lake," but any visitor could add another ten and still wish to lengthen the list. The lake is man-made, but landscape architecture, in which Chinese artists have long excelled, has produced no finer simulation of nature anywhere. Su Tung-po (Su Dongpo) arrived in Hangchow in 1089 to be governor of the province, and many of the finishing touches in this landscaping are due to his artistry and the large grants he was able to secure from the throne for public works.

A crescent-shaped arc of low-lying mountains frames the lake, one of its horns reaching into the city on the south and the other coming close to the city wall in the north. On the northern horn of this crescent the Needle Pagoda (Baochu Pagoda), dating back 985 years, lifts its long, thin finger to the sky. On the opposite horn, 5 or 6 miles across the lake, stood the massive Thunder Peak Pagoda, built in 975 A.D. In 1924 this venerable pile sank into a shapeless mound of bricks. Tiny rolls of silk were found inserted in holes made in some of the bricks, on them were written selections from the Buddhist sutras. Some of these thousand-year old writings I have seen on exhibit in Washington's Library of Congress, and one of the perforated bricks in my possession is a daily reminder of places and days, far away and long ago.

On the shores of the lake and in the hills beyond it are numberless temples, shrines, tombs, teashops, and villas--many of them hoary with age. These are reached by well-worn stone paths, winding over passes and around the shoulders and to the summits of mountains, passing now and then through tea gardens and bamboo groves, and presenting breath-taking vistas at every turn. Except on temple grounds, the hills have long been denuded of trees, but smaller growth persists and in the spring of the hillsides are red with azaleas and spangled with other wild flowers. In Su Tung-po's time there were 360 temples in these hills and many of them remain. One of the finest of these, the Lingxi Monastery (founded by an Indian monk in 326 A.D.) was destroyed by the Taiping Rebels in the mid-19th century, and it was being rebuilt when we arrived in the city. We saw in transit the magnificent Oregon pine logs used in the reconstruction of its main hall, 8 of them 100 feet long and 16 others 80 feet long, as they were snaked inch by inch from the Grand Canal to the monastery site, a distance of 3 or 4 miles. These we later saw mounted on giant stone bases--richly lacquered pillars supporting the soaring roof above.

There are only three islands on the lake, and each has its own history, legends, and beauty. The largest of these is Emperor's Island, a favorite resort of famous rulers of past centuries, and a mecca still for countless visitors. In its library was a priceless collection of ancient volumes, saved from one of the few imperial libraries remaining in China, and stone carvings of Buddhism's sixteen Lo-han, painted by a famous artist in 936 A.D. and transposed to stone tablets in 1764. Connecting Emperor's Island with the northern and southern shores of the lake are two long and lovely causeways. The bridges on these causeways, under which boats passed back and forth between the "outer" and the "inner" lake, were things of beauty. Local residents remembered years later that I had raised a lone voice in protest when an "enterprising" government replaced them with "modern" bridges over which automobiles might reach the island a few minutes more quickly! In the chrysanthemum show held on the island every autumn we soon saw one of the reasons why the Chinese have long called their country "The Flowery Kingdom."

Boating on West Lake was a favorite pastime for residents, pilgrims, and tourists. Spacious houseboats, handsomely decorated, accommodated sizeable parties. Many of the smaller boats (sampans) were equipped with comfortable wicker-bottomed-and-backed seats, two of them (the width of the boat) facing a low central chess table. Chessmen and tea pot and cups were always in supply. Both houseboats and sampans were oar-propelled by the boatmen--with sporadic "assists" in the sampans from passengers desiring to wield an extra oar. If the wind was right one might catch whiffs of burning incense from the templed hills, or in season the elusive fragrance of lotus blossoms floating in certain areas on the bosom of the lake. The air was not yet polluted by gasoline fumes, nor torn by the rending noises of motor-driven craft. During the eleven years we lived in Hangchow and in the many visits we made there in later years, we nowhere near exhausted its places of scenic and historic consequence, which annually drew ten of thousands of pilgrims and tourists to visit them.

England's Lake District is beautiful, with its charming little lakes, rolling hills, and rugged open country. One wonders what all its loveliness would mean to the English-speaking world were it not for Samuel T. Coleridge, Robert Southey, and William Wordsworth. In like manner, history, much of it literary history, has embellished the beauties of Hangchow for the knowing visitor. The earliest reference to what is now Hangchow goes back to 2198 B.C., when the Emperor Yu, legendary tamer of China's river system, landed on a great rock beyond Needle Pagoda Hill, the countryside thereabouts at that time being still covered with water. Ch'in Shih Huarn-ti (Qin Shi Huangdi), builder of the Great Wall, (who also "burned books and buried the scholars alive") included Hangchow in his extensive travels, visiting the city 210 B.C. More than once the city was the seat of kings, and its heyday came in 1127 to 1278 A.D., when the Southern Sung Emperors made it their capital. It was during the reign of Kubilai Khan that Marco Polo spent some time in Hangchow and wrote of its splendor in his *Book of Travels*. K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung (Qian Long), patrons of literature and the arts and the greatest emperors of the Manchu Dynasty (17th and 18th centuries), each visited Hangchow 6 times, erecting palaces on West Lake as their stopping-place on these visits.

It has been difficult for chroniclers to write to write of Hangchow except in superlatives. Marco Polo writes of "the noble and magnificent city Kinsai (as Hangchow was then called), a name that signifies 'celestial city,' which it merits from its preeminence to all other in the world, in point of grandeur and beauty, as well as from its abundant delights, which might lead an inhabitant to imagine himself in paradise." Friar Odoric, an Italian Franciscan who visited China in 1324-1327, pronounced Hangchow "the greatest city in the whole world, so great indeed that I scarcely venture to tell of it, but that I have met at Venice people in plenty who have been there." The Friar concludes his recital of dubious "facts and figures" by declaring: "If anyone should desire to tell all the vastness and great marvels of the city, a good quire of paper would not hold the matter, I trow. For 'tis the greatest and noblest city, and the finest for merchandise, that the whole world containeth."

These early chroniclers in writing of 13th century Hangchow descanted on its vast size, its 100-mile wall and 12,000 bridges (sic!), its great markets bursting with meats, fruits, and fish, its broad Great Street and the spacious carriages which travelled it, the East-West shipping which centered in its port, its well-built and well-appointed houses, the costly silks and jewels worn by its people, its "idolatries," ant its importance as the capital of one of the 9 principalities into which the Great Khan had divided his Empire for administrative purposes. The afterglow of these splendors remained long after the tooth of time, wars, and civil commotion had in fact greatly diminished them. There were other legacies, less tangible yet far more potent than these, which gave Hangchow its continuing prestige among the Chinese. These were the intellectual and religious traditions which it had nourished and handed down over succeeding generations.

There was a Confucian temple in Hangchow, as there was in every province, fu (prefecture), and hsien (xian, county) of the country, they were variously designated as the Confucian Temple, the Temple of Literature, the Temple of Civilization, and the Temple of Learning. Only once did I attend the official rites celebrated in the Hangchow Temple; this was shortly after our arrival and, I think, it was the last time they were observed throughout the land. It was an impressive ceremony. There were no images in the temple, only a memorial plaque or tablet to "the Most Holy Sage," Confucius, and flanking this, other tablets to his chief disciples. In adjoining cloisters were tablets also to other Chinese scholars, admitted during the centuries by Imperial decree. In the temple enclosure stood a smaller hall for tablets honoring famous scholars of the city and province. Ceremonies were performed in the main hall of the temple twice a year, with elaborate rites handed down through successive dynasties, centuries, and generations. These took place just before dawn and only on these occasions, the processions and genuflections of the participants, the offering of food, and the burning of incense combined to create a stately spectacle. In that eerie hour which marks the end of night and heralds the coming of a new day, it was a deeply moving experience to observe these venerable and reverential rites.

Whether Confucianism can properly be classified as one of "China's Three Religions," or should be regarded rather as a national cult and ethical system containing religious elements, need not concern us here. Buddhism and Taoism were also much in evidence when we arrived. I never got far in my understanding of Taoism. It held its own appeal for those few who found naturalism, quietism, transcendentalism, and mysticism congenial to their spirits. For many it had long since become a system given to marvelous tales of fairies, the worship of strange idols, and the writing of charms, to incantations for rain, the exorcism of demons, and an obsessive search for the elixir of life or "pill of immortality," and to masses for the dead.

One night I walked with a Chinese friend into the less-travelled hills beyond West Lake to watch the goings-on in one of the high festivals in the Taoist calendar. It was past midnight when we arrived at the Temple of the Sacred Mountain of the East, whose spacious courts and halls well-nigh filled a sizeable cove in the mountains. The long village street outside the temple grounds was lined with shops selling candles, incense, and religious objects of Taoist origin. Ten main halls contained lurid representatives of the Nether World, and of the King of Hades and his minions who preside over its affairs. Different room in the Temple halls portrayed the different punishments meted out in the next World for different offenses, all of them hair-raising in their realism. One of the most gruesome was the Hell reserved for women who die in childbirth. I did not linger at this one; the lovely wife of my Chinese companion had only recently died in childbirth. Halls, courts, and the paths leading to the Temple, were lit only by huge red candles flickering in the open night. The air was thick with incense and smoke. Here and there priests--many of them lay priests, doing their turn--performed the prescribed rites. The thronging crowds gave far more heed, however, to the soothsayers and fortune-tellers who plied their trade wherever they could find a little space on which to meet their customers.

When death occurred in the homes of my Confucian friends, I observed that always they called in both Taoist and Buddhist priests to say masses for the departed. I do not recall a single Chinese acquaintance who confessed any other interest in Taoism. Buddhism was something else. It is true that the educated showed scant respect for the priests who manned Hangchow's numerous Buddhist temples, but it was good form to study Buddhist literature (a rich contribution to Chinese culture), and to discuss Buddhist ideas. Hangchow was a center for Buddhism, second to no other city in the country. Tens of thousands of pilgrims and tourists (often interchangeable terms) visited its ancient temples every year. Two book stores selling only Buddhist books did a thriving business.

A half dozen of us, Western residents of Hangchow, formed a group to study Buddhism it its local manifestations. With the help of a Chinese pundit, I supplemented my reading in English with laborious reading in Chinese treatises on Buddhism. "To him who hath, it shall be given;" I soon found that even the scanty acquaintance I acquired with Buddhist ideas and terms was an open sesame when I sought conversations on the subject with thoughtful Buddhist priests and lay scholars. Presently I was invited to attend a series of lectures, put on semi-annually by the Buddhist Philosophy Club, a local lay organization. I attended only one session; I found the lecturer's finespun thoughts and unfamiliar idiom beyond my depth--a handicap which I was able to overcome in conversations in which subsequently I engaged with the lecturer and members of the Club. I cannot forget, however, the 2 1/2 hours in which I sat through that one lecture: the speaker droning away at the small table on the platform; behind him, a rubbing of the Buddha hanging on the wall; two small tables standing at the front corners of the platform with a brass brazier holding 3 smoking incense sticks on one and a vase holding a lotus blossom on the other. Most of all I recall the faces of the 75 listeners in which, as my notes reveal, I saw "a complex of strained vacuity, vague perplexity, and flickering eagerness."

A Western observer of that period came to the conclusion that "Confucianism is a system of morals, Taoism a deification of nature, and Buddhism a system of metaphysics." This summary statement, like all generalizations, is too pat, but as time passed I would see that it was true enough to explain in part the long-lasting coexistence of these three systems; each required the other two to supplement its own inadequacies. It helped to explain also how one individual could be a Confucianist, a Buddhist, and something of a Taoist all at once. This feat was further facilitated by the absence of any membership in any one of the "isms;"one was not called upon to choose among them. Incidentally, this traditional failure to institutionalize religion in China may shed some light on the small membership of Christian churches in China, in contrast with the very large influence which they have undoubtedly exerted.

Hangchow, in brief, was a city set apart by its natural beauty and by its memories of notable personages and great periods of history. One could not move far along the shores of West Lake, without seeing history telescoping the centuries. In a half mile's walk, for example, he could visit four spots which brought together the past and the present in one living frame. First there were two tombs: one, that of Chao Yun (Zhao Yun), 11th century beauty and poetess, and the favorite of Su Tung-p'o; the other, that of Ch'iu Chin (Qiu Jin) the revolutionary heroine who in 1904 gave her life in a premature attempt to overthrow the Manchu Dynasty. Nearby is the grave of Yo Fei (also Yue Fei) renowned Sung Dynasty general, greatly revered as the embodiment of loyalty. Again and again he saved the throne from menacing assaults from the north. Jealous courtiers repeatedly brought false charges against him and, in the end, he was put to death. When the perfidy of his accusers became known, the emperor had them drawn and quartered. Yo Fei's body was placed in a noble tomb, around which stands an imposing temple. Iron images of his accusers stand in the temple enclosure. For a thousand years visitors have kept incense burning before the grave of Yo Fei; and then have heaped contempt upon the iron figures with sticks and stones, spittle, and urine. Not far away stands a monument erected during our residence in Hangchow to commemorate the final assault on Nanking in 1912 which broke the back of the Manchu Dynasty.

Thus we found ourselves in a city charged with memories of the past, but rich too in reminders that history was still taking place. Much of the grandeur of Hangchow, embodied in its ancient palaces, temples, and other monuments, had been wiped out by the Taiping Rebels (1850-1864), but enough remained to keep alive the glory that was and still

is Hangchow. The first Protestant missionaries reached Hangchow toward the end of the Taiping Rebellion, and two of them were still on hand to greet us on our arrival. Entrancing as were the first exposures to China's long past which these patriarchs and others gave us, we were made aware as soon as we got there of underground rumblings which presaged new and unpredictable events. The so-called First Revolution, in which after 267 years the Manchu Dynasty was to expire, was less than a year ahead.

We were singularly fortunate in reaching China just when we did. The Boxer Rebellion was only a decade past, and its massacres and its martyrs were still fresh in the memories of missionaries and Chinese Christians with whom we talked. The decisive defeat of that frenetic attempt to oust all foreigners and to destroy Christianity because of its "alien" connections had been followed by a sharp revulsion in favor of Western things. Racial and cultural pride remained strong, despite the parlous plight into which the country had sunk, but also for the time being the stock of the West, of America in particular, and of Christianity stood high.

The Chinese had much to say at that time about their being "the most peace-loving" of all peoples. Supporting this claim, sympathetic foreigners made much of the fact that the soldier had not been glorified in Chinese tradition as he has been in many lands. Yet China's long history had in fact been punctuated by periods of martial spirit, dynastic wars, and the subjection of neighboring peoples, and it could be argued that her people had most loved peace when they were least prepared to wage war! At any rate our years in China fell during the relatively happy interlude between the violent xenophobia of the boxers and the mounting military might and menace of the communists, even though Hangchow still bore grievous scars from the Taiping Rebellion.

We could hardly have picked, moreover, a time more favorable to my mission as the organizing secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association in that still beautiful and justly proud city. The General Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations of China, Korea and Hong Kong (later National Committee of China) had its headquarters in Shanghai. This committee had begun as a federation of student YMCAs, formed in 1896 to unite the 27 school and college associations which had sprung up during the preceding 10 years. It soon became clear that as members of these YMCAs graduated, provision would be made for them and other young men to have access to comparable associations and activities beyond their student days. This gave rise to the organization of city YMCAs--the first of them in Shanghai, in 1900--and these were shortly incorporated with the student YMCAs under the same committee. The International Committee in New York assigned me to work under the direction of the National Committee of the YMCA of China. My personal support would come from America but my work would be directed by the national committee of China, and the support of whatever work I could develop would have to come from Chinese sources. An American, Fletcher S. Brockman, would serve as general executive of the China National Committee for a year or so longer, but only Chinese would subsequently serve in this capacity.

The China YMCA's in 1910 were small affairs and few in number, but Brockman and his colleagues were developing a strategy through which they believed real influence would be brought to bear upon the entire nation. This strategy called for a movement based, first of all, on China's new literati-students and graduates of modern schools--and on such modern-minded members of the old literati as could be reached. In no nation had degree-holding scholars enjoyed the prestige and influence which they had enjoyed for centuries in China. We believed, moreover, that it would not be necessary, as certainly it would be impossible, to "occupy" all 1900 of the walled cities of China, to say nothing of its countless

villages. If, however, strong YMCAs could be established in 30-odd key cities of the country, we believed that their influence could be made to permeate the land. These cities included the national capital, the capitals of the 18 provinces, the major port cities, and a few other centers of special importance and influence.

Hangchow was one of the 18 provincial capitals. Soon I was writing back to friends in America, pointing out that "Hangchow is the political, educational, and commercial center of a province, Chekiang (Zhejiang) with a population of 17,000,000--2 1/2 times that of Canada, larger by 2,000,000 than the population of Mexico, and equal in number to all the subjects ruled by the Sultan in Turkey and all her tributaries...Were the Apostle Paul attempting to establish Christianity now (I observed), and were China the field of his endeavor, the same considerations which led him to plant his work in the great provincial capitals of the Roman Empire would certainly lead him to choose Hangchow as one of the centers upon which to concentrate his efforts."

Hangchow was not a modern commercial city like Shanghai, Tientsin, Canton, and Hongkong in which city YMCAs had so far made their more promising beginnings. Even though the YMCA had from its beginning been largely a child and servant of the modern city, we believed it could also be made to take root and thrive in a medieval city like Hangchow, just moving into the 20th century. Hangchow was the radial center of one of China's richest, though smallest and most conservative, provinces. Its Silk Guild, housed in the city's masterpiece of pure Chinese architecture, was a powerful institution. The same was true in varying degrees of other guilds, "native banks" and pawnshops, with their connections throughout the province. The provincial examination halls, with their 10,000 stalls in which scholars had long competed for the coveted literary degrees, had only recently been razed. In their stead the government colleges, professional and technical schools, and most of the high schools of the entire province were concentrated in Hangchow. Eighty percent of their students came from outside the city and from every county and town of the province. The circulation of Hangchow newspapers was province-wide.

Through these and other channels it seemed reasonable to expect that if the YMCA could become a significant factor in the life of Hangchow, its repercussions would be felt throughout the province. Subsequent events proved this to be so. As in time, for example, the YMCA was organized and began to make headway, Christian workers from the interior stated that local newspapers reflected what the Hangchow newspapers were reporting concerning Y doings and the support accorded it. This was helping to create a new and friendly atmosphere for Christian work in general throughout the populace. Moreover as students, teachers, officials, soldiers, and others came to know the YMCA, as many of them came to join it, and as they moved back and forth between the provincial capital and all parts of the hinterland, they became channels through which its influence was appreciably extended. (But I am running ahead of my story.)

The mission, the auspices and the strategy under which I was feeling my way seemed sound. Yet as I walked the city's streets or, for exercise, tramped the hills by which the city is girt, I often found it necessary to whistle to keep my courage up! Stating objectives and strategy was one thing; putting them into effect was another matter. I must have taken my misgivings into my dreams, for again and again in the still watches of the night I would awake in a cold sweat, wondering if my embarking on the venture were not a big mistake after all.

Hardly had I reached the city before I found myself under pressure to get going, to organize something, at the least to rent quarters and start a YMCA center. It was generally

assumed by the local missionaries that I would do this, notwithstanding the experience which an English missionary was even then undergoing. Attracted by what he had seen and heard of the YMCA but without training, experience, or backing in the organization, he had started his own "YMCA." Lacking responsible participation or support from the local people, it soon fell under suspicion and was closed down by the police! I quietly resolved to resist all pressures to organize until certain prior conditions had been met. First, I must acquire a working knowledge and use of the language. Second, I must get acquainted with the city, its leaders, its young people and their special interests and needs, and the potential resources for YMCA support. Finally, there must be a Chinese colleague of real capacity and promise. These were conditions which could not be met in a hurry, an it was two full years before we were ready for our "formal opening."

Special chores which I undertook for the National Committee during this period of waiting helped to sustain morale and to advance my own preparation for the tasks ahead. My first summer was spent in uninterrupted language study, but the following summer, 1912, language study was twice interrupted. I served that summer as executive secretary of the Kiangnan (Jiangnan) Student Conference, "the only foreign secretary present throughout the entire conference and one of only two in attendance at all." There I was "impressed by the way in which the YMCA idea, its methods, aims, and spirit, appeals to the imagination and genius of the Chinese." Later that summer I took part in a month's institute for prospective YMCA workers, the first of its kind in China. I conducted a course on religious work in the YMCA.

The rest of this summer I spent on Mokanshan in language study. Mokanshan was one of the "hill stations" which the missionaries had developed here and there in China as a retreat for their families from the summer heat and epidemics and from the year-long pressures of the cities. It was a lovely place. The "ridge" on or just off of which the hundred or so cottages were built, was 2,000 feet in altitude. Feather bamboo covered groves, rivers and canals, and the villages upon which we looked in the plain below. Four or five hours of language study a day were interspersed with recreation and the usual diversions in which a normal American become involved during an extended vacation. Two of us were in charge of the regular Sunday services, one conducted in English and the other in Chinese. I "preached" one Sunday to the predominantly missionary congregation. Superintending the Sunday School took its toll in time and attention. I was one of a committee of two which put on the 4th of July celebration, an annual program of field and water sports capped at the end of the day by a "homeside" picnic. There was plenty of good fun: the tennis courts, swimming pool, hikes, sunset watching from the summit of T'aishan (Taishan), supper parties and songfests, all bring their refreshment to body and soul. In between there was reading, not a little of it read aloud, Bertha and I together.

In the fall of 1912 I made an extended tour among the student YMCAs in the Yangtze Valley and other visits to student YMCAs nearer by. I came back from these visits "with a greater hopefulness for the future of China." "It has been an inspiring experience," I wrote, "to see the work being done in the Christian schools and colleges, to see the way in which God is using the YMCA to develop the Christian lives of students, and to feel the thrill which seems to possess these students as they look forward to lives of service in China." The student YMCA in China was a pioneer, as it had been in the United States, in furthering student initiative and activity on campus. At that time it was engaged in many activities for which there appeared to be a need which nobody else was doing anything about. I noted that these included "athletics, prayer meetings, reading rooms, religious meetings, literary programs, gospel street preaching, extension 'lectures' on government and on the responsibilities of citizens in a republic, Bible study, social parties, free primary schools, work for new students, and visitation of the sick."

One week that fall I spent in attendance at a National Secretaries Conference held in Shanghai, set up to swap ideas and to formulate policies and plans for YMCA work in China. Most of the American secretaries present had come out of rich experiences in college YMCAs in America, but with little or no city YMCA experience. We had met to face the problems involved in developing city YMCAs in virgin soil. There must have been disadvantages in our innocence of American city YMCA experience, but I am sure that there were also advantages! We were not tempted to transplant an American institution in China or to tell the Chinese what forms and activities they should undertake. Rather, we endeavored with them to reduce to the simplest and clearest formulations possible the essential nature and objectives of the Young Men's Christian Association, and together to think out the steps required--in China and in 1912--to fulfill them. We drew, of course, on existing experience in America and elsewhere, and as the China YMCAs took form and grew, the demand for American city YMCA experience in certain of its American secretaries increased.

It is worth noting that in the above Secretaries' Conference there were 41 Chinese workers, as compared with 23 North Americans (from the United States and Canada), 6 Europeans (from England, Scotland, Denmark and Norway), and 4 Koreans. We met in no sense as a "foreign mission." Foreign "missions" are still a familiar device for transmitting ideas and useful experience from one people to another; not only "Christian missions" but military, cultural, economic, educational, and sundry other "missions." Only once, (before I arrived in the country), did the International Committee secretaries in China meet separately from their Chinese (and other) colleagues, and that was for a month of language study on Kuling (Guling). To avoid any semblance of separatism or of caucusing as a group (however informally), we abstained from ever meeting separately again, even for so laudable a purpose as language study. There were 78 of us when in the early 20s I became their "senior representative" in relations with the International Committee and with the National Committee of China. There was much that we had in common which would have made it pleasant for us to get together as a group. That we refrained from doing so was a major factor in our acceptance, popularity and later its survival. Strong Chinese accepted responsibility as lay and staff leaders when they saw that the responsibility was real. The foreign secretaries were their "helpers"--not vice versa.

As 1912 drew toward its close, the Sixth National Convention of the YMCAs of China met in Peking. In preparation for the convention, I spent considerable time in Shanghai, developing materials for an exhibit portraying the YMCA in operation throughout China and worldwide. Getting the exhibit materials to Peking turned out to be something of a chore. They were to accompany me by train to Nanking, from there by ferry across the Yangtze River to P'uk'ou (Pukou), and from there to Peking by the first through train on the newly completed Tietsin-P'uk'ou Railway. The take-off from P'uk'ou was pandemonium worse confounded. As the time for departure approached, I saw there was no possibility of getting my precious baggage properly checked. With the help of colleagues and porters I piled the huge cases unchecked on a baggage car, hoping they would still be there when we reached Peking. They were. The journey was memorable also because of the complete break-down overnight in the train's heating apparatus. One member of our party appeared in the diner at breakfast next morning in his pajamas overlaid with full complement of day clothes, including sweater and overcoat which he had put on, piece by piece, during the night. And still our teeth chattered.

There were more than a thousand persons in attendance on the convention, of whom 440 were accredited delegates. They came from 15 of the 18 provinces. It had taken some of them two months to get there, travelling in the dead of winter by sedan chair,

wheelbarrow, houseboat, and train. The language of the convention was Chinese. Its president, Chang Po-ling (Zhang Boling), and all the other officers were Chinese. "Cantonese, Shangtungese, and Szechwanese; Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists, and the rest; officials, pastors, editors, educators, businessmen": all these and others, I wrote, were on hand. "Meeting in the capital of the new republic," I continued, "in the first year of its establishment, it is not strange that the Convention was marked by a strong spirit of patriotism. There was jubilation over the recent triumphs of popular rights over despotism, but this was tempered by an even more pronounced sense of the grave responsibilities which the new order places upon the individual citizen, especially if he is a Christian."

Makanshan, Peking, Shanghai, and the Tangtze Valley; these were interesting and instructive interludes in my 1911 and 1912 preoccupations. My paramount concern, however, was to meet, if I could, the conditions which I had set for myself as prerequisite to starting a YMCA in Hangchow. First, to acquire a working knowledge of the language. There was no language school in China at that time, and so I proceeded on my own by main strength and awkwardness. My teacher knew no more English or pedagogy than had my first pundit in Shanghai. We made extensive use of objects in the room, pictures in books and magazines, index fingers, body movements, facial expressions, and intuition to eke out such names and meanings in Chinese as I could. There were dictionaries, a Hangchow "syllabary" and "readers," in simple colloquial of which we made such use as we could. In college and university I had enjoyed my study of languages, but achieved no facility whatever in using any of them. Learning Chinese as a working tool, upon which I would be dependent in my every-day life and work, was another matter. Somehow I hit upon a "direct method" of my own. Crude I am sure in comparison with the methods now so widely in use, but in contrast with all the language study I had done in school, it worked. A small fund of words, phrases, and sentences once acquired, multiplies rapidly, as working capital of any kind has a way of doing.

In less than two months I was writing my parents: "It gives a beginner quite a thrill to carry on as I have two or three times the past week a two-hour conversation with a partner who knows not a word of English, on such themes as the ruling dynasty, the provinces of China and their rulers, the character of the Buddhist priests, the population, education and wealth of China as compared with that of America, the relative wage of American and Chinese workers, and the relative cost of living! Great is the marvel of how much talking one can do with a handful of words *plus two hands*. My teacher knows of course the limits of my vocabulary and limits himself accordingly. This conversational method, though, I find the most effective in acquiring new idioms and facility in the use of words learned." Months later I was reporting my progress in terms of "periods of feverish, eager optimism, alternating with hours of dumb, stupid despair. There are days (I continued) when I feel as if I were effecting a real invasion with inviting prospects of final conquest. At other times I feel as if I were trying to dip the ocean dry with a salt spoon. There are moments when I would fain pat myself on the shoulder. At other times I can scarce refrain from booting myself in the seat of my trousers."

The written language is, of course, something else again. There is no alphabet and the ideographs are many and by no means simple. Indeed there are over 40,000 characters in an unabridged dictionary, though six to ten thousand serve well, say, in a daily newspaper. It is well to learn how to write a thousand or so characters in order to become familiar with their component parts and to be able quickly to recognize then in reading. Brushmanship in writing characters acceptably is a fine art, requiring unremitting practice, and I have not known a foreigner who writes Chinese well. An equally difficult hurdle has been the archaic

idiom and the obsessive addiction to remote classic allusions which has long been required in good writing. The written language (wenli), in fact, is as different from spoken Chinese as Latin is from English. I recall the outcries of outraged fathers when their sons (away at school) began writing them letters in vulgate Chinese, i.e. in the idiom and style of the current spoken language. In this sacrilege they saw the beginning of the end of Chinese civilization and incidentally of their own positions of prestige and privilege as members of a very small literary elite! Actually the Literary Revolution, as it was called, would multiply those who could now record fruitful ideas long unexpressed because of the insufferable difficulty of using the only acceptable medium of expression, and vigorous writing on many subjects would find readers in multiplying numbers for whom the old wenli had been all but a closed book.

My work in Hangchow was to be mainly with the literati, especially the modern or modern-minded literati, and I deliberately set out to learn their language, not that of the uneducated. I doubt if anything I did in China was more helpful in establishing rapport with the people among whom I moved than the pains I took to talk with them in language somewhat like that which they themselves used. My Chinese teacher, a wonderful person and friend, took great pride in helping me along. I spent a great deal of time with people who knew no English, and placed no limited on the subjects I would tackle in conversations with friends, always listening closely to what they said and how they said it when we entered unfamiliar fields. For me the Literary Revolution was a great boon, and when books of essays and addresses began to appear, printed in the spoken idiom, I made a practice of shutting myself up in my study (in steamer cabins or train compartments) and reading them aloud from beginning to end. It was gratifying to find how much of what I read rubbed off and was available when I needed to use it. To become more or less at home in a language not one's own is an open sesame to the minds and hearts of those whose mother tongue it is, and it adds great dimensions to the world in which one lives himself.

I was, meanwhile, getting acquainted with the city of Hangchow. I walked its streets and noted the institutions in which those I wished to reach were engaged, and the areas in which they lived. I prepared maps charting what I found; the location of schools, yamens, banks, modern factories, and other modern factories, and other modern institutions, and noted the numbers found in each. I called on school principals and college presidents, bankers and businessmen, local and provincial officials, and other leaders in various walks of life. As I talked with these men about the YMCA, I was impressed to find them only mildly interested in its sports and recreational activities, very much interested in its educational programs, and most interested when I spoke (cautiously at first) about its religious and character-building emphasis. I made the acquaintance of as many young men as I could, a club of post office employees, another Railway Club, students in the schools and colleges, and others. Instead of waiting for them to come to me, or opening a center to which they would be welcomed, I sought them out where they were.

My knowledge of the city grew as the circle of my friends and acquaintances grew. I brought about the formation of an interdenominational committee, and under its aegis recruited and trained 40 college students. They visited the homes and interviewed all of the members of all five Protestant denominations then at work in Hangchow, securing information not before assembled. (After 50 years of Protestant activity, there were 918 members, all told, in these churches.) I conducted this enquiry by ear, and my techniques were circumscribed by my own lack of experience in such matters and by the length to which my Chinese confreres were willing to probe in our explorations. The gathering of facts, however, concerning the city and the particular people with whom we would be working and concerning the churches and the resources they had to offer excited considerable interest.

It also furnished background which would be of real value to use in our future planning and action.

Material for a governing board of directors for the YMCA-to-be was scarce. I was committed to their all being Chinese. Also, established policy decreed that its members should all be Christians, and there were not many among the church members who possessed the qualifications which seemed essential. The 12 men on whom we settled came mostly from the one denomination which had carried on a program of higher education in the city. These were preponderantly teachers with a couple of physicians and an editor thrown in. Men of means were notably lacking. At my request the National Committee addressed a letter to each of the 12 men chosen, asking him to serve on a Provisional Board of Directors until the YMCA was organized, at which time its members, i.e. its Christian members, would elect their board and adopt a constitution providing for future elections. The questions asked me when I took these letters in turn to the 12 men were revealing, and it taxed my faltering Chinese to answer them. What is the purpose of the YMCA? Who will be eligible as members and what will be their privileges and duties as members? What are the responsibilities of a board, and how do these differ from those of the staff? Where is the money for employing a staff, renting and furnishing quarters, and carrying on a program coming from? These were proper, and withal searching questions concerning a type of organization and methods of operation and management not yet familiar in China. Nevertheless all 12 men accepted the invitation and their future performance showed that they were well chosen. Happily a stronger and much more "representative" board came into being after a few years, composed largely of men brought by the YMCA itself into church membership and eligibility for YMCA board membership.

We experienced no real difficulty from the policy of limiting membership on the board to Christians; keeping the ultimate say-so of a *Christian* organization in the hands of *Christians* met with general assent as a natural and reasonable procedure. It was plain, however, that if the YMCA were to become what we envisaged for it in Hangchow, it would have to have a much broader base of responsible participation, leadership, and support than the Christian community alone could provide. It was our conviction, moreover, (if I may borrow the words once used by a Parsee professor in a Hindu university), that "the YMCA is most Christian when it concerns itself least with Christians only." Indeed, while the first YMCA in London started as a Young *Christian Men's* Association, it quickly became in name and in fact the Young Men's *Christian Association*, the membership of which was open to both Christians and non-Christians. How this policy worked out in China will appear as the story unfolds.

The fourth pre-condition to organizing which I had set was not easily met. I was sure that an able and dedicated Chinese staff or colleague should be on the job before the YMCA made its formal bow to the city. There was no reservation in my desire to identify myself with those among whom I had come to live. It was not long before I found myself forgetting, as I am sure some at least of my Chinese friends did also, that I was not indeed one of them. I could not help knowing, however, that this could never be more than partially so. Chinese possessed inborn traits and insights and important information which they absorbed from their native environment to which I could never attain. There were contributions, on the other hand, which undoubtedly I could make because of my heritage and experience and my detachment from deep-seated indigenous forces.

Through the National Committee in Shanghai and the International Committee in New York I sounded out several outstanding Chinese students then doing graduate work in American universities. Two of them were interested but in the end elected to follow more

remunerative and better established careers in which both of them later won distinction. Finally I was joined by K. Y. Ma (Ma K'uan-jung, Ma Kuanrong) recently returned from seven years in Japan where he had graduated from Meiji University and had served part-time on the staff of the Tokyo Chinese YMCA for four years. This Japan background was very helpful, as many of the officials and educators of Hangchow had themselves studied in Japan--participants in the historic student migration from China to Japan which set in following the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-5 and had reached high flood by 1907. Prior to his years in Japan, Ma had taught in his native Ningpo and held posts in the Imperial Postal Service. He joined the Hangchow YMCA at a salary substantially smaller than he could have commanded in government service but considerably larger than that of Chinese church workers in Hangchow. Years later, a member of the Provisional Board of Directors, a government school teacher earning a very modest income, spoke of what a leap of faith it was for him to join in extending the call to Ma, knowing that he was thereby incurring responsibility in the matter, and not knowing where or whether the necessary funds could be found.

The times in which I was seeking to make my way and to lay foundations for a YMCA in Hangchow were uncertain, at times disconcerting, and they were increasingly stimulating. The Dragon Flag of the Manchu Dynasty was still flying, after 265 years, over government buildings and on state occasions, when we arrived in Hangchow. But already there were rumblings that augured ill for the old order. Most of these were in low key whispers concerning a revolutionary "cell" operating "around the corner," whispered references to "The Song of the Pancake," an apocalyptic poem thought to foretell the downfall of the Manchus, a book banned by the authorities and therefore in great demand by students who slipped it surreptitiously from sleeve to sleeve and in great secrecy devoured and discussed its contents; and echoes of uprisings, bloodily put down, in Canton and Szechuan (Sichuan). "Chinese students abroad," I was told, "are writing back urging the students to show their patriotism, if necessary by taking up arms."

Here and there rising discontent exploded in overt defiance. Men started cutting off their queues which their Manchu rulers had forced them to wear as a badge of their subjection ever since their conquest of China in 1644. Just before leaving for Hangchow I had attended a public queue cutting in the Chang Su Ho Gardens, situated on what was then the edge of Shanghai. This I did under the escort of "Charlie" Soong (Sung Chai-jui, Song Zhairui), a graduate of Vanderbilt University. He was then a prosperous printer and entrepreneur and a member of the Shanghai YMCA Board of Directors. His daughter, Ai-ling (now Madam H. H. Kung), I had met while at Emory at a student conference held at Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia where she was a student. Two other daughters Mei-ling (Madam Chaing Kai-Shek) and Ch'ing-ling (Qingling) (Madam Sun Yatsen) were also studying in America. I little dreamed that Sunday afternoon that this impressive little man was the sire of what a few years later would be called "the Soong Dynasty," because of the power which these three women and their brilliant, Harvard-educated brother, T. V. Soong (Sung Tzu-wen, Song Ziwen) had come to wield. I sent to the International Committee an account of what I saw that afternoon, and this was published in the *New York Post*.

This public queue-cutting was sponsored by Wu T'ing-Fang (Wu Ting-Fang), the greatly respected former minister to Washington. The elite of the city were present, as witnessed by the shining private rickshas and the pony carriages in which they had come. Men of all classes crowded the main floor of the great tea pavilion in which the ceremony was carried out and daintily gowned ladies filled the galleries. Students directed operations from the stage normally used by musicians, story tellers, or other performers. "It reminded me," I wrote, "Of a popular revival back home to see them exhorting with all earnestness

those in the audience to 'come forward.' One by one men would screw up their courage and make their way to the platform." There an officiating student would take hold of the long, thick queue, the possession of which would have "filled many an American woman with unholy pride." With dramatic deliberation he would hold the queue full length whereupon another member of the team would draw near, flourishing an enormous pair of scissors, and off would come the despised appendage. As each queue was severed it was handed to its late wearer who would give it a savage jerk of distaste or perhaps lift it high with a grimace of disdain upon his face. The applause accorded each amputation was tumultuous, and the speeches of the shorn ones grew in vehemence as the afternoon advanced. Hundreds of queues fell that afternoon, and these hundreds grew to millions as the contagion spread across the country.

We were in Shanghai awaiting the arrival of our first-born son when, on November 6, 1922, Hangchow joined the revolution. "How convenient," remarked one of our Chinese friends. "Now you will have no trouble in remembering the date of your son's birth." On our return to Hangchow I wrote: "Hangchow has become a Republican city. . . . A prominent Manchu here incited his people to hold back their best guns when they were being disarmed by the Revolutionaries. When this was found out, Kwei, the instigator, and a number of his confederates were invited to dine with the new Provincial Governor. There followed what turned out to be a 'Haman-Mordecai fest' after which Kwei, his oldest son, and two other chief conspirators were led to a nearby vacant lot where they were told to turn their backs to the volley which would terminate their conspiring. In the handsomest coffins procurable, the executed ones were then given a funeral befitting their rank! . . . The city is well policed by the Republicans. The missionaries are carrying on their work almost as if normal times obtained, and a sense of security is enjoyed by all foreigners."

The outbreak of hostilities and its progress was a tame affair as revolutions go. The Manchu Dynasty had been tottering for years; it had plainly "exhausted the Mandate of Heaven," and at the end it suffered not so much defeat as collapse. Even so, we did not know for weeks and then months whether the shadow-boxing might not turn into blood-letting. Armies moved to and fro. The throne called the military commander Shih-Kai (Yuan Shikai) from his involuntary retirement to see if he could not stay the tide. Sun Yat-sen (Sun Chung-Shan, Sun Zhongshan) returned from his years of wandering, dreaming, and conspiring among his fellow-countrymen abroad. Presently representatives of the two sides met in a "peace conference," and we watched the papers to see what the outcome would be. In due course the emperor abdicated and the Republic of China was proclaimed. It was, we thought, a humane act for the new government to permit the deposed emperor to remain a resident of the Forbidden City, surrounded by all the grandeur and ghosts of past centuries.

Many of the new leaders were products of Christian education in China or of American universities and colleges. Leighton Stuart, then teaching in Nanking, reported: "Of the National Assembly members 90 percent are Western educated. So are Sun Yat-sen and 15 out of 18 Cabinet members and deputies, and 75 percent of the secretaries of the various departments. A good many are professing Christians, including Sun Yat-sen, his son, and his private secretary; and nearly 25 percent of the National Assembly, including its speaker and vice-speaker. The vice-speaker is a YMCA student youth secretary, released temporarily from that post to render this service. He and the Minister of Foreign Affairs are sons of pastors. These men come to the front in the time of transition and danger, many of them leaving places of large financial advantage to serve with scarcely even their expenses paid in the Provisional Government."[4] Yet there was rejoicing and great self-exaltation that so great a transition had taken place with so little bloodshed, much oratory

concerning "the two sister Republics facing each other across the Pacific." Some doubted that history could in fact be successfully short-circuited so quickly and painlessly. The succession of civil wars, revolutions, and counter-revolutions that followed showed that it could not. China's "leaning" toward the United States persisted through the ups and downs of this unhappy period, and to have come from the Flowery Flag Country was a great asset throughout our eleven years in Hangchow and most of my succeeding fifteen years based in Shanghai.

I was soon saying, in one of my letters home, that "the period of reconstruction upon which China enters will be a long and difficult one. It is a hopeful sign that so many are recognizing its seriousness and are undertaking its problems with seriousness and dedication and in a spirit of concession and moderation." That I was not wholly obsessed by the stirring political events through which we were passing is reflected in the following paragraph of another letter to my parents, written during the same period: "I am sure that lack of understanding of the mind of the East is one of the greatest weaknesses of Western Christians working in China. We have a universal Gospel to proclaim, but this is not enough to make it universal in its actual sway. Like St. Paul we need to cultivate the faculty of becoming 'all things to all men'; of getting into the shoes of those among whom we work and of looking out upon the universe from that position." Empathy.

Following the visit we made to Nanking only a few days after our arrival in China, Christian leaders had importuned the National Committee to shift our assignment from Hangchow to that city. For days the decision hung in balance, but in the end earlier commitments to Hangchow prevailed. When a little more than a year later Nanking was made the capital of the new republic, I was tempted to feel sorry for myself for having missed so narrowly the glittering opportunities which seemed in prospect for the YMCA under the new regime. Sun Yat-sen was a wholehearted supporter. The Christians in the government, including men active in the YMCA, promised superlative support. The government shortly gave handsome tracts of land to the YMCA, one for a building site and one for an athletic field. It was not long, however, before a turn in the political wheel moved the seat of government back from Nanking to Peking, and dispersed the men who had started giving the YMCA such generous support. During succeeding years no city in China suffered more frequently or more grievously than Nanking--from the recurring scourge of warring factions, the destruction of the city by communist-led students in the so-called Nanking incident of 1927 and the "Rape of Nanking" by Japan's soldiers run amok in 1937. Finally in 1949 it was in Nanking that the Chiang Kai-shek (Chiang Chieh-shih, Jiang Jieshi) government crumpled before the advance of the communists and fled to Formosa (Taiwan).

In Hangchow and Chekiang, on the other hand, the new government soon came into the hands of a group of enlightened young officials which outlasted all but one of the provincial regimes which took over from the Manchus. It was, moreover, an able and vigorous body of men, ambitious to see their nation, and first of all, their province, take its rightful place in the modern world. Chu Jui (Zhu Rui), the governor with whom I was to have much contact, was 32 years of age. Graduate of a military college in Japan, he had distinguished himself in the final assault on Nanking which had sealed the fate of the Manchus. "He bears his honors with great modesty," I observed, "and devotes his energies to the work of reconstruction which lies ahead." ("Reconstruction" was then the magic word, and it would be for years to come.) At his side was a company of like-minded colleagues. Closest perhaps to him was S. T. Wen (Wen Shih-tsen, Wen Shizhen), Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, a man of great vision and personal charm, whose friends among American and other Western residents and travellers were legion. The story of the Hangchow YMCA

during those years of its beginning and later, could never have been what it was had it not been for those men and the friendships I was able to establish among them.

There was no United States consulate in Hangchow and no Western-style hotel, a double circumstance which worked to my advantage in the effort I was making to get acquainted. We soon found ourselves called upon to put up guests from abroad who wished to visit Hangchow. Some of these were men of stature, with whom the progressive young leaders of our province were eager to talk. One of the earliest of these visitors, for example, was Professor Charles R. Henderson of the University of Chicago. He was spending his sabbatical in Asia, as the Barrows Lecturer for 1912-13, and he was lecturing widely in India, China, and Japan on social programs of the west. In Hangchow he was our houseguest and though no YMCA had yet been organized, I engaged the largest lecture hall in the city when I arranged for him to speak. The *Han Min Pao*, the leading daily in the city, the Provincial Educational Society, and three government schools agreed to serve as distribution centers for tickets. Special invitations were sent to college presidents and professors, government officials, editors, pastors, businessmen, and students. When the hour came for the meeting, he spoke to a crowded house. One evening during his visit we had Governor Chu Jui and S. T. Wen in for dinner to meet him and discuss with him some of the problems on which they were currently working--"sanitation, transportation, broadening the streets, improving the lake front, compulsory work for able-bodied beggars, public education, and industrial development. . . . I am hoping (I wrote my parents) that a great deal of good may result from this 'parlor conference.'" One result was a chain-reaction of similar encounters with those I first met in this visit, and later with other visitors.

Another early visit was that of W. E. Douty who was touring the Far East on behalf of a silk testing organization in the United States, set up to maintain standards in quality and design of imported silks. Hangchow was the center of production of the finest silk in China or the world. Mr. Douty came to Hangchow on the invitation of provincial officials who asked us to put him up and to take charge of all arrangements. Before he took his leave, I had accompanied him in illuminating conversations with a number of individuals whom I was eager to know and, incidentally, gorged myself on gargantuan feasts given by the provincial authorities and by the powerful Silk Manufacturers Guild.

This mutuality between our home and the leaders of the budding new Hangchow was illustrated several years later when Dr. and Mrs. John Dewey visited China. The country was ripe for their coming. Everywhere there were leading educators who had been his students at Columbia University. Every time I heard him speak I seemed to hear Confucius propounding his rich humanism and ethnics in terms which made them new. In Hangchow there was plenty of "room for them in the inn(s)," but there was no suitable inn in which to quarter them. Would we take them in? We were more than glad to do so, and for nearly a week we joined them in receptions, private dinners, public meetings, sight-seeing, and good conversation around our own table and in the steady round of events in which I accompanied them. The culminating event was a farewell dinner, Western-style, hosted by the officers of the Provincial Educational Society. Bertha catered the meal and we both received formal invitations and were present *as guests*, in our own home!

It was not long after the Chu Jui government assumed office that I had my first experience in ghost writing. America's early recognition of the new republic evoked great appreciation among its leaders. In Hangchow the government entertained the entire American community, first at a garden party on Emperor's Island, premises long "offlimits" for non-royalty, and a few nights later at a feast in which a lantern parade, a fireworks display, shark's fins and bird's nest soup were among the features. Between these events

I was asked by the governor to prepare for him a cablegram of thanks to President Woodrow Wilson. This I did with pleasure, not stinting the words used (at what seemed exorbitant cable rates) and putting in everything which the governor (and I) thought should be said.

This was a beginning. There were a number of feasts given during that period to visiting "V.I.P.s." It was common practice on these occasions to have the addresses made by the hosts handsomely printed and presented to those present. First, I was asked if I would translate speeches which had been prepared in Chinese for the other feasts, putting them into "fitting" English. Later I was just given the "gist" and asked to provide the amplification and form befitting the occasion. Still later I recall an occasion on which I was asked to write the speeches for the Military Governor, the Civil Governor, and the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs to be translated into fitting Chinese for distribution to the Chinese guests who would be present! "You know what ought to be said," they said when I demurred. By this time I did know pretty well what they would have in mind, and presumably I was better informed than they were concerning what might be in the minds of the visiting Americans. It was all very interesting, though at times I hardly knew on which side of the international table I was sitting. Putting Chinese flavor into what I wrote offered possibilities in "ghostmanship" in which I tried to use discretion!

Missionary neighbors showed interest in what I was doing, but some of them ventured to enquire from time to time when I was going to start doing some "YMCA work." I did not think, however, and in retrospect I am sure that I was not, wasting my time so far as my real mission in Hangchow was concerned. The things I was doing were contributing to the fulfillment of the conditions which I thought should precede formal organization. I was learning the language. I was getting acquainted with the city. I was rounding up a growing company of people whose leadership and support of the organization, when started, would be invaluable. It was all an essential part of my own "pre-service training," my orientation to what was, for me and for the YMCA, new territory. Meanwhile, interest in the forthcoming launching of a Young Men's Christian Association in the city mounted as, in season and out of season, I discussed the matter with those whom I was coming to know throughout the community.

VI.

First Term in Hangchow
February, 1911-June, 1915

Barnett's insistence on fulfilling certain prior conditions before formally organizing a YMCA branch in Hangchow paid dividends. From the early days Chinese held leadership positions; in this, the Chinese YMCA as a whole was ahead of most church denominations. Many mission boards and missionaries felt that financial support and administrative control were linked. They believed, therefore, that the time to place the Christian establishment into Chinese hands would arrive only when the Chinese had assumed financial responsibility for Christian institutions. Until then, missionaries would be responsible for assuring that Western funds were used in ways consistent with the intent of the donors. The flaw in this argument was that mission societies had overbuilt for the size and economic means of Chinese congregations. Not in the foreseeable future would the Chinese churches be able to support the hundreds of schools, hospitals, orphanages, and other social service institutions established by the missionaries; many congregations still lacked the budget even to pay the salary of a full-time pastor. So the expressed desire of all for Chinese control trailed off into the future.

Determined that Chinese would share in the leadership of any Hangchow Y and that support for programmatic activities should come from the local populace, Barnett delayed setting up a Y headquarters until 1913. He was, meanwhile, acquiring an understanding of Chinese society, identifying possible Y projects that would interest the Chinese, and cultivating ties with local leaders. Those Chinese on whom Barnett came to depend formed a distinctive and small group in local society. They were well educated, most of them having had some experience in modern-type schools or some contact with Western learning in addition to training in the Confucian classics. Support and participation came from bankers, lawyers, physicians, business managers and owners, educators, editors, and even military politicians--all were representative of transitional China rather than traditional China. Many were social reformers; some were concerned that China's urban youth had abandoned traditional ethics, but had found no new moorings to replace the old morality.

A significant proportion expressed an interest in Christianity, but the actual numbers joining the church remained small. Nevertheless, for those who participated in fund raising campaigns and assumed responsibility for explaining the Y's goals and propounding its virtues, the process did result in a commitment, at least to the YMCA if not to Christianity. Chinese workers developed a proprietary feeling toward "their" Y.

Barnett himself recognized that the motives of those attending Bible discussion groups and lectures on social issues were mixed. Few were seeking individual salvation, and even many of those who desired new guidelines for social action generally found the exclusivism of Christianity unattractive or too demanding. Many felt that Christian teachings might be useful as a supplement to the teachings of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, but that the institutionalized Christian church could not take the place of the native doctrines and rituals.

Many assessed Christianity in terms of service to the nation, not the individual. They searched for means to strengthen and enrich China. Was there a necessary connection between Christianity and the West's power and wealth, as evangelists like Sherwood Eddy maintained? Or were they separable? Could Christianity provide the techniques and organization to reform and modernize China? Questions such as these were the source of their interest in Christianity.

Barnett, appreciating the fact that the motivation of most inquirers was basically secular and patriotic, encouraged development of a YMCA program around these concerns. The variety of offerings was great: English language training, sanitation and health campaigns, recreational programs, reforestation, and the organization of bar associations. The list was different from that of Barnett's Y at the University of North Carolina, but the "Social Gospel" approach was similar. Religious discussion groups like those Barnett had participated in at Emory College, concentrated on current issues and problems, both personal and national.

The influence of such activities could be multiple and not always foreseen. Building and equipping the Y headquarters spawned a new vogue in "modern furniture" and inspired a rash of concrete reinforced buildings in Hangchow, a contribution to efficiency if not to aesthetics. A "Couples Club" met in the homes of the members, with both husband and wife participating, which differed greatly from the traditional Chinese practice of male-only gatherings in a restaurant (with possibly female entertainers in attendance). The couples even enjoyed "parlor games" á la the Florida Barnett family. Soldiers stationed in Hangchow were introduced to volleyball and basketball; an interscholastic soccer league was organized; and the staffs of the Salt Gabelle and the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs founded social-athletic clubs.

Barnett had cause for satisfaction about progress made by March, 1915, when he received a letter from New York informing him that funds had been allocated for a permanent Y building in Hangchow. And yet, difficulties lay ahead. Even the YMCA became vulnerable to attack by radical Chinese nationalists during the 1920s. Despite its Chinese leadership and local roots, the YMCA was condemned as a foreign institution led by denationalized Chinese catering to capitalist supporters. In the heated anti-imperialist atmosphere of Chinese politics during the 1920s, such accusations were persuasive and inflammatory.

Playing the role of an intermediary between Americans and Chinese was often complicated. Barnett left for the USA soon after receipt of news about the building fund. "There must be consultations with the architects in Chicago regarding plans and specifications; they were familiar with the requirements of a YMCA building as these had developed on the North American continent." True, Barnett could add data concerning Chinese needs and conditions, but the model was a Western one and a Westerner, i.e., Barnett, would supervise the construction and keep donors apprised of the good works resulting from their generosity. When a small group of Chinese Christians indicated that they wanted to form their own church, Barnett persuaded them to affiliate with existing denomination and organize instead a Fortnightly Discussion Society. As populism and idealization of the masses gained adherents, the Y's close ties with China's emerging modern elite, especially the business community, exposed it to criticism.

Finally, there was the property predicament, a delicate problem in which accountability and questions of personal dignity often were at odds. Who should hold title to property: the Association representing contributors or the organization running the local operation? In a situation of political instability, were the risks of investing the local leadership with title in the best interests of either Chinese or Western Christians? There was no easy answer, and discussion of options was often acrimonious. Barnett had to employ all his social astuteness to find a compromise: neither the International Committee of the YMCA nor the Hangchow Board of Directors would hold the deed to the Y property; rather, the National Committee of China would have title but would convey the property in trust to the Hangchow YMCA. This formula was to become a model for other YMCAs but, to achieve it, Barnett had to exercise, he acknowledged, "greater initiative and insistence in overcoming . . . opposition than I had used on any other issue" and not without causing some board members to feel that they were being treated as less than equals.

I was glad to work in a city where, for most inhabitants, Jesus Christ as still "news," and not to have to "build on another man's foundation." There were less than a thousand Protestant and about the same number of Roman Catholic Christians in Hangchow when we got there, a very small minority in a population of 800,000. And of those who would later become members of the YMCA, never more than 10 to 12 percent were Christians. As first on the ground in starting the YMCA in that kind of city, I was free to make my own mistakes. Once formed, first impressions, precedents, and "traditions," have a way of perpetuating themselves in organizations. I counted it a privilege to help form the public image of what the Hangchow YMCA was about and of what in time it might become. I was doubly fortunate in being free to time my own moves, in obedience to local developments rather than to directives from either Shanghai or New York.

I have long observed that it is easier to organize and guide something that is alive than it is to inject life into a dead organization or a lifeless situation. As time passed it became evident that interest and expectation in the forthcoming organization were mounting among those with whom I was making my contacts, on an entirely informal basis during the first two years. A government school principal, for example, voiced his interest in an article, the purport of which is reflected in the following extract:

> "China, cultured but weak, is suddenly thrown into an arena of competition with the outside world . . . students standing on a molehill of knowledge prate shamelessly to the world as if they stood on the crest of a mountain. All manners, instructions, principles and ethics they throw away, as if they were worn-out sandals of straw. . . . Schools have grown up in Hangchow like trees in a forest and thousands of students are enrolled in them. . . . Many of the schools have no dormitories, and so the students live in lodging houses so small, many of them, that men and women are herded together indiscriminately. These students fall easily into sin . . ."

The article then sets forth the expectations of the writer regarding the help of the YMCA in meeting this situation.

Word reached me of another provincial school principal who entertained similar concerns and hopes, so I looked him up. A prominent scholar, he wielded considerable influence in the city. He had learned of the YMCA through a son who had become a member of the Shanghai association. He was glad to hear of our plans and needs in Hangchow and volunteered to bring them to the attention of the governor and other influential leaders of the city and to petition the authorities to donate land for a YMCA building site. This was early in my second year in Hangchow. "That this man," I wrote home, "a Confucianist, should conceive of this idea and offer his services to put it into effect is a matter for wonderment and gratitude."

Meanwhile Mr. Chin Yung-chan (Jin Yongzhang), president of the Silk Manufacturer's Guild, showed up having heard of our presence and purpose in the city through my Chinese language teacher. Mr. Chin was a member of the national senate and was one of the most progressive and influential businessmen in Hangchow. "A group of our members," he told me, "were ready to provide a building site for the YMCA, but now we hear that the governor is about to do this for you. Is there something else we can do for you as you prepare to start your work?" Both the information regarding the guild members' intentions and Mr. Chin's offer came as a bolt from the blue, but screwing my courage as high as I dared, I suggested that $1,000 would enable us to level the ground in prospect for an athletic field and to surround it with an adobe wall. So prompt was his pledge of this

amount and its payment a few days later, that we wondered why we hadn't asked for more! Mr. Chin, not a Christian, became one of our most loyal workers, serving later on the building committee which supervised the construction of the YMCA building.

How we came by the two-and-a-half acres of land as a gift of the government may be worth reviewing. We early started planting the idea here and there that if the people of Hangchow would come up with a suitable lot, friends might be found in North America who would provide the funds for erecting a building especially designed for the uses of a YMCA. It was word of this possibility that had prompted the two wholly unexpected overtures from total strangers mentioned above. A lot fulfilling all our desires came into view early in 1912, following the downfall of the Manchu dynasty and the taking over by the republican regime of the so-called Manchu City. This was a walled city within the walled city of Hangchow, in which first a Manchu garrison and then a more generalized Manchu community had dwelt for nearly three centuries as guardians and then pensioners of the throne.

The Manchu City skirted West Lake and lay in a large rectangular section across the middle part of the city, an ideal location for the YMCA. On taking over this section the republican authorities evicted its erstwhile inhabitants (building new quarters for those unable to shift for themselves), razed all of its buildings to the ground, and laid out the entire area as a super-modern district. We let it be known that we would like to have two pieces of ground in this section--a building lot at a central location and a larger piece of ground further out for an athletic field.

While these negotiations were in progress, John R. Mott, then the general secretary of the International Committee, visited China. I invited Governor Chu Jui to accompany me to Shanghai to confer with him regarding our project. Instead he deputized S. T. Wen to make the trip as his representative. In Shanghai Mr. Wen and I talked with Dr. Mott and other Association leaders, visited the splendid YMCA building (dedicated five years earlier in 1907 by William Howard Taft), and observed what was going on under its roof. In the evening we attended a banquet tendered by the Shanghai board of directors. There Wen heard stirring addresses on "The YMCA and The City," by Ts'ao Hsueh-keng (Cao Xuegeng), general secretary of the Shanghai YMCA; on "The YMCA and The Nation," by C. T. Wang, then on the national staff of the YMCA; and on "The YMCA and The World," by John R. Mott. The "exposure" was effective and upon our return to Hangchow Mr. Wen had no trouble in communicating some of his enthusiasm to the governor.

In a few days I received a letter from Governor Chu saying that our request would be granted, except in one respect: instead of the two pieces we had requested (one for a building lot and another, further out, for an athletic field), we were offered enough ground in one piece for both purposes! This acreage lay at one of the busiest intersections of the city, just a block from Marco Polo's famous Great Street and on the most used thoroughfare leading from the central city to West Lake and the ever-beckoning hills beyond.

The gift was made with breath-taking promptness but the title deeds to the property were not forthcoming that day or the next! Indeed, 15 anxious months passed before we came into possession of the official documents. For one thing, new forms had to be created for the transfer of this long-time Imperial property to private ownership. When at last we obtained the coveted deed the Land Office called our attention to the fact that it was Number One, the first deed issued for any lot in the Manchu City. Then the gift itself had to be cleared with the national government in Peking, a formidable hurdle because of the precedent which might be involved for twenty other Manchu Cities which the republic was

taking over across the country. Then of course there were the usual aggravations of red-tape, common always to all governments, and greatly accentuated at a time of transition from one government to another.

We were never sure that somewhere along the line hidden forces might not intervene and deprive us of the gift. As so often happens, what seemed at the time a grievous mishap turned out in the end to be to the advantage of the YMCA. We were spurred to seek out persons and bodies whose influence would carry weight with the authorities and to secure their endorsement of the gift. Especially important was the support we enlisted from members of the local gentry, "men of family, of means and of education (as one writer described them) living generally on inherited estates, controlling the thoughts and feelings of their poorer neighbors, and able to influence the actions of officials." Some of Hangchow's most influential gentry families made their homes in Peking, and we took pains to track them down and enlist their backing. When at last the deeds came through, it had become a gift not of the friendly governor alone, but in a very real sense, a gift of "the people."

This was not, however, the end of our troubles. When we examined the deed we saw that, quite understandably, it conveyed the land to "the Hangchow YMCA." While the Hangchow YMCA was the operating body which would use the property, there was doubt as to its status as a holding body; as only the National Committee of the YMCA possessed a government charter, local Associations held charters issued in turn by the National Committee. Unless this uncertainty could be cleared up I foresaw that we would not be able to obtain an International Committee grant, for that committee had always given donors assurance that buildings would be erected only on property so held as to ensure its perpetual use for YMCA purposes. As a safeguard against future confiscation by unfriendly governments or alienation by incompetent or irresponsible YMCA administrations, the International Committee had hitherto stipulated in making building grants that the building sites be vested in its own name, the International Committee forthwith executing a deed of trust conveying the use of the property to the recipient YMCA so long as its policies and work were consonant with the standards set by the National Committee of China.

To go back to the authorities with a request that they issue a new deed transferring the property to the International Committee, a "foreign corporation," might well mean the annulment of the papers we already held and calling off the whole transaction. To resolve the dilemma we proposed that a new deed be sought, placing ownership in the name of the National Committee of China, which would execute a declaration of trust conveying the use of the property to the Hangchow YMCA. This was done and a few years later this arrangement was made general policy by joint action of the National and International Committees, so far as projects to which the International Committee contributed were concerned.

One more difficulty arose in the strong opposition within the Hangchow board to my proposal. I exercised greater initiative and insistence in overcoming this opposition than I had used on any other issue. Several members of the board saw in the proposal an affront to its dignity and a lack of confidence in its competence or integrity. One of the best of them held out to the end, prepared to lose the property rather than to accept the terms suggested. Overruled by the rest of the directors, he asked that his negative vote be recorded and then, happily, continued to serve the association with undiminished loyalty. The revised title deeds were finally executed and had the legal approval of U.S. District Attorney Arthur Basset and of Wang Ch'ung-hui (Wang Chonghui), a former minister of justice and later member of the Hague Tribunal. Not many years later, in the late 1920s,

the YMCA in Hangchow and in other cities which had been jealous of their prerogatives in this matter were glad to have their deeds in non-local hands when left-wing regimes came into power and took over YMCA plants, demanding the deeds thereto with a view to making the confiscation "legal."

Meanwhile our Provisional Board of Directors rented a make-shift establishment for the temporary headquarters of the YMCA. The buildings were woefully inadequate and ill-adjusted to our needs, but were admirably located. The rooms of these quarters opened upon three flag-stoned courts and stood wide open to all the winds of heaven. Those winds grew icy in winter, yet throughout our occupancy the entire establishment--offices, classrooms, game rooms, reading room and auditorium--remained innocent of heat. This posed no problem for our members since they were accustomed to wearing their warmth in their clothes, there being no central heat in any house in the city at that time. We did have small charcoal braziers which we used to thaw out stiffened fingers and toes, and those we kept at hand and took with us when we went to meetings. We had the furniture for these rooms made by local carpenters; that was the era of mission furniture in YMCA buildings in the United States, and I assembled pictures and measurements of tables, chairs, desks, settees, and what-have-you which the carpenters reproduced faithfully. (It was not long before, going about the city, we found that we had started a new vogue in "modern design" in Hangchow furniture!)

I had been in no hurry to get a full-fledged YMCA building, thinking it better to limit our institutional activities for several years while continuing to cultivate a constituency in the city. The constituency came much faster than we had anticipated, however, and no sooner had we entered our temporary quarters than we found them bursting at the seams with people and activities. The city was with us, expecting large things of the YMCA, and we feared the reaction if hopes for an adequate building were too long deferred. In early fall of 1914, therefore, I was writing to the International Committee:

> "How to accommodate audiences of two to five hundred in an auditorium which can accommodate only 150; how to keep from being swamped by demands for educational classes we cannot begin to take care of in our present quarters; how to make a solitary billiard table of diminutive dimensions compete with a brilliantly lighted hall nearby, containing a half dozen full-sized billiard tables, and large enough to accommodate a goodly crowd of spectators, along with the players; how to make our small social rooms vie with a dozen teashops, not far away, where music, flowers, refreshments (and sometimes worse things) serve to beguile the hours away; how to make our 'entertainments' entertaining in a building too cramped for moving pictures or for any of the usual games, when a few minutes' walk away two modern theaters, each seating a thousand people, are going full blast, night after night; how to convince the city that the Association has any real interest in the physical manhood of the city, when lack of equipment ties us hand and foot; how to answer those who constantly enquire, directors, officials, merchants, students, missionaries, when we are going to put up a building worthy of the site which awaits it; how in brief to keep alive the confidence and expectations of the city in the Association when the gap between promise and fulfillment continues to be so large, and still no promise of relief can be offered them--this is our immediate problem beside which all others dwindle."

By this time we had a staff in the making. K. Y. Ma had joined us. So had my friend, Eugene Turner, who had done a notable job as general secretary of the Georgia Tech YMCA, D. K. Tong (Tung Tai-kuang, Dong Daiguang), just graduated from Hangchow Christian College, was in training in the Shanghai YMCA. Another important member of the staff was the Chinese writer; his literary style and his calligraphy were both exceptionally good, and in a land which exalted good writing, he was to play a major role in winning friends for the YMCA.

As we incurred financial obligations in connection with staff, rent, and program, it was plain that we must put to the test our faith in the possibility of obtaining the support required without delay. Bertha and I invited a half dozen men to dinner on a memorable evening: three provincial officials, two physicians, and one editor (three of them Christians, three not) in order that we might canvass the situation with them. Dinner over, I reminded these friends of the desire which they and many others had expressed to see the YMCA established in Hangchow. I explained that while my support would come from North America, the support otherwise of the YMCA would have to be found in Hangchow. Hangchow, I told them, was well able to support a good YMCA, but obviously I was not the person to raise the funds; I was an American, and strangers would naturally conclude that the enterprise was also American if I carried the responsibility for its financing. "You men can raise the money required," I said, "the time seems ripe to get going, and I have asked you to come together this evening to devise ways and means."

"How much will be needed?" one of them asked, whereupon I reached into my pocket and handed each of them a copy of a prepared statement of itemized estimates of the expenditures required and the sources from which I thought the funds might come. The totals were modest enough, though they far exceeded anything that the Christian churches or any of their institutions in Hangchow had even before attempted to raise. While the amounts seemed small enough to the six men to whom I was committing the responsibility, it was something new for them to call on their friends and acquaintances to make the contributions which must be made. I had of course told them about financial campaigning in America, and they accepted the responsibility. We set a time limit, and before it ended we had in hand the funds necessary for the coming year's needs. We were able to raise our money in advance every year until we left Hangchow seven years later, paying our bills promptly as they fell due without ever resorting to loans or to an overdraft in the bank to do so. When at the end of the year we had an auditor's report of our accounts published in the daily press, it inspired both surprise and confidence.

That first concerted drive for funds turned up interesting problems. My Chinese co-workers took over, and I was interested in an initial concern with which they started wrestling right off. This was the preparation of a subscription book for use with prospective larger donors, to which they attached great importance. The book they produced contained blank pages made of the finest rice paper, with bright red lines marking off the spaces within which subscribers would be asked to set their signatures and seals and to indicate the amounts which they would contribute. The binding was of beautiful silk brocade within which the pages were hand-sewn. For inclusion in the book, I was asked to prepare a succinct statement concerning the program on behalf of which the appeal was to be made.

This statement I prepared in English and K. Y. Ma put it into everyday Chinese. One would suppose that a university man holding a post-graduate degree would be able to produce a satisfactory version of so simple a document. Not so. Ma's version was then turned over to one of our six dinner guests, Wang T'ien-mo (Wang Tianmo), Chief Procurator of the Supreme Court of the province and an erstwhile member of the Chinese

YMCA in Tokyo. More important in this instance was the fact that he was also a member of the Hanlin Academy, the highest rung on China's lofty literary ladder. He took Ma's draft and several days later came back with his rendition of our appeal for contributions!

Armed with this subscription book we made our calls. I took part in making the rounds, always in the company of a Chinese worker--making it a point to go as his backstop in the interview, not vice versa. There were questions I could have fielded better in the interview, but I was sure that it was important that both he and the person interviewed see that the responsibility was in fact his, not mine. One of our first targets was the governor, who had shown his interest in many ways. S. T. Wen assumed that I would accompany him in this interview, for the three of us had by now met together on a number of occasions. "No,"I said, "You can tell him that he should contribute at least $1,000. If I am present and he suggests a smaller amount, courtesy dictates that I say 'Thank you,' and appear pleased." Actually the Governor did suggest a smaller amount and Wen asked him to make it $1,000, which he did. Thus the governor set the scale on which we had counted as the base for others in making their gifts.

Each call we set up in advance through appropriate channels. The interview opened with an unhurried exchange of pleasantries, accompanied always by a steaming cup of tea and more often than not by cakes, candies, and melon seeds. In due course we broached the purpose of our visit, which of course had in most cases been carefully explained by an intermediary in advance. After making our oral statement we handed the subscription to the hoped-for contributor, and he turned to the opening pages. After a few calls I was greatly pleased to note how effective "my"few words about the YMCA as a worthy object of support were. I asked a Chinese colleague what in it was evoking so favorable a response. "Why,"he answered, "It's the style. Wang T'ien-mo's wenli is so high that much of it is over the head of the men whom you have been seeing."

I was curious to know just what my informant meant, but he assured me that I would never be able to "get"what Mr. Wang had written. Nevertheless I dedicated the better part of a half day in trying to decipher, with the aid of my Chinese language teacher, my own simple statement, twice removed, concerning the projected organization and program of the YMCA. In this way I discovered why Mr. Wang's version was so good--and so far beyond me. Everything I had *said* in my draft he had *suggested* in his; and this he had done by the use of esoteric phrases plucked from classic stories and essays, woven together in a manner dictated by rigid convention. The governor's name and gift at the top of the list was hardly so telling as this wizardry of words and the glow it cast upon the names and subscriptions inscribed thereafter.

As the campaign progressed a Buddhist priest came to S. T. Wen and said, "I have observed the substantial gifts which you and others have been securing for the YMCA. Won't you help me acquire a temple site near that of the YMCA and funds to erect a temple on it?" "When your temple comes forward with a program comparable to that of the YMCA, and with the kind of leadership it commands," he replied, "I shall be glad to do so."

A Scotch doctor whose establishment included hospitals and a medical school occupying a city block, a large leprosarium, and a convalescent home outside the city, remonstrated with Mr. Wen: "I have been serving the people of this city for forty years, and never have I had the local support which you are obtaining for the YMCA. Won't you do for my medical program what you are doing for the YMCA?" "You do not understand," Mr. Wen replied. "You have sources back in your homeland upon which you can draw for the support of your work. We must ourselves find the funds which the YMCA requires for its work. What it does depends on the resources which we can round up for it in this city."

The time had plainly now come for the YMCA to make its bow to the general public. This we did through a week of science lectures given by C. H. Robertson. It was Fletcher Brockman's vision and John R. Mott's backing which had brought Robertson in 1902 from a professorship in mechanical engineering at Purdue University to carry on a highly unconventional and most significant YMCA service in China. China was just moving from the pre-scientific age into the modern world, and "Big Robbie" soon placed the educators in Tientsin where he was located in his debt by helping them establish departments of science in the modern institutions recently established in that city. In 1910 he had moved to Shanghai where he established a Science Lecture Bureau as a department of the YMCA. A rare genius, he combined the gifts of scientist, Christian mystic, inventor, linguist--and showman extraordinary! In his own laboratories he developed equipment with which to illustrate his lectures, large enough to be seen by huge audiences, durable enough to travel long distances under all sorts of transportation conditions, and dependable enough to "work" without disconcerting mishaps three and four times a day.

His lecture on this first visit to Hangchow was on wireless telegraphy, and it electrified the city. The opening lecture was given in the provincial assembly hall, with the city's elite, officials and non-officials, in attendance. The next lecture was given in the Provincial Normal College. Subsequent lectures were given in the largest public hall then in the city. On the order of the commissioner of education, 28 schools declared half holidays so that their faculties and students could march in bodies to the meeting place. Likewise, contingents of military and police officers came in their turn. The speaker's tall, athletic figure (he had been a popular three-star athlete in college), his mastery of the language, his face luminous with enthusiasm as he elucidated the wonders of science, his forays into philosophy and religion, and withal his superb showmanship impressed and captivated the thousands who came to hear and to see. For most of those who came, these lectures were their first direct contact with the Young Men's Christian Association.

There was no hawking of the YMCA from the platform, but every person attending the lectures was given a folder telling about the organization. This folder was written by a distinguished scholar who had won the coveted and rare second degree in the imperial examinations and who served for years as a member of the editorial staff of the National Committee of the YMCA. The style of the writing bore the unmistakable marks of literary distinction and its exposition of the YMCA was keyed to the educated readers to whom it was addressed. Its contents are reflected in the following excerpts:

"The young men of today are tomorrow's leaders of our country. . . ."

"The production of leaders is the concern not only of government; much more it is the responsibility of private organizations of the people. . . ."

"The YMCA has arisen to play its part in discharging this responsibility and in helping to build a new and better society. . . ."

"Why, it may be asked, must the YMCA put 'Christian' in its title? Without Christianity there would be no YMCA, and if it is not faithful to its origin it will be like a tree without roots, or water without a source. . . . For the YMCA to leave out Christianity would be like a man who buys a casket and gives back the pearl. . . ."

"Why does the YMCA lay such stress on the cultivation of character, mind and body?. . . . Does not Confucius say, 'By daily practice youth acquires

habits which in time become second nature to one?' His disciples all say that there is both good and bad in man. The YMCA unites young people to expel the bad and to nourish the good in their natures. . . ."

Then follows a list of the activities through which the YMCA pursues its objectives, a brief comment on the philosophy and program of the YMCA as a center for social intercourse accompanied by pertinent citations from the Chinese classics, a quick summary showing the spread of the YMCA in the world and in China, and a footnote calling attention to the book by H. L. Zia (Hsieh Hung-lai, Xie Honglai) on *The History and Work of the YMCA*. The closing point made in explaining the nature and purpose of the YMCA is introduced by the following sentence: "*The great aim of the YMCA is not to be served but to serve. . . .*"

"Not to be served but to serve" early became the watchword by which the YMCA was best known by its members and many others. These words, or their Chinese equivalent, were inscribed on scrolls which hung from the walls of every YMCA building; they appeared frequently in YMCA print and speeches, and they were carved on the cornerstones of new buildings as they were later constructed. Two handsome boards displaying this watchword flanked the main entrance of our temporary quarters. One day, soon after we had moved in, a distinguished looking Chinese gentleman came into the building and presented his card. He had seen the watchword as he was passing the entrance and he wanted to discuss its meaning and intent further. The man was Chin Min-lan (Jin Minlan), founder and president of a large private law college, president of the Provincial Bar Association, and head of a law firm which had offices in three East China cities. At the close of our conversation I gave him a copy of the folder outlined above.

Several days passed before a messenger dashed into our building with a note from Mr. Chin asking for 200 copies of the folder. Mr. Chin, he explained, was about to make a speech at a meeting of his political party and before doing so he wished to distribute the article among those present. This he did, then proceeded to lecture his fellow party members on the theme, "Not to be served but to serve." "A political party practicing this precept," he exclaimed, "could save China. Yet every one of us knows that in practice we turn the thing around: We are in this party, not to serve but to be served!"

Not until the spring of 1914 did we think we were ready to go out looking for members. By then we had a Provisional Board of Directors, the nucleus of a staff, temporary headquarters, the site for a future building and athletic field, and the promise of community support--moral and financial. Among those with whom we had been consorting in various ways, we mustered 40 men to take part in a "membership campaign." These we divided into four teams named after the four main gates in the city wall: east, south, west, and north. "All gates lead to the YMCA" was the campaign slogan. We went to great pains to rehearse the YMCA story with the team members and to explore with them the rules of the game for which they had enlisted.

On the eve of the campaign we assembled the team workers for a final review of campaign goals and plans. Never had there been a campaign like this in Hangchow's long history, and I thought it would be helpful after all the explanations had been spelled out to stage a skit in which one man would invite another to join the YMCA; the other would raise questions as to why he should do so, and the first man would proceed to give the right answers. For this role-playing I those two lawyers, Mr. Chin whom I have mentioned above and a Mr. Wang, son of a well-known former magistrate of the city. My mistake was in casting Mr. Chin to raise the questions and pose the objections, for he was much the abler

of the two. The make-believe give-and-take turned into a real battle of wits in which Mr. Chin's professional pride was challenged. He won the debate! That the campaign succeeded in spite of his unfortunate victory was a tribute to the worthiness of the cause, and certainly not to my judgment in the roles which I assigned the two men.

The campaign was a success. The 40 team workers went about telling their friends about the YMCA. In telling their story to men totally unacquainted with the organization, they could take nothing for granted. Every time they "made the case," they clarified and strengthened their own commitment to it. It was good to have to explain the nature and purpose of the YMCA, to make commitments as to what its program would be, and to raise expectations in those who joined, for this provided a build-in incentive to those responsible for making good on these commitments and expectations. The campaign brought in 444 members. (In a few years a campaign would engage that many team workers.) Of those joining, 228 were students drawn from every important high school and college in the city. The remainder came from railway, postal, telegraph, and other government offices; from the few modern banks and businesses then in the city; and from homes and circles appreciably modern in their outlook. A post office workers' club and a club of railway workers disbanded and their members joined the YMCA instead. We found it impossible to make much headway in the old-style shops and handicraft industries; employees in these establishments had little free time; apprentices had practically none; and "outside interests," for them, were hardly thought of.

A list of those joining the YMCA as "sustaining members" at this time showed encouraging prospects of the moral and material support on which we had to count. These included: the Military Governor and the Civil Governor of the province, the Chief Justice and the Chief Procurator of the Supreme Court of the province, the president and vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce (then a fairly new organization in the city), the presidents of the Silk Manufacturers Guild, the Electric Light Company, and the Telephone Company, the Salt Commissioner and the chief of the Salt Gabelle, the chiefs of the Provincial and the West Lake Engineering Offices, the Commissioners of Finance, Customs and Foreign Affairs, the presidents of the three "modern" banks of the city, the Magistrate and the Taotai, the chief of the Opium Suppression Bureau, the managers of the Commercial Press and of the pioneering modern silk factory of the region, the principals of the Normal College, the Law College and other educational institutions, and 12 of the 14 officers of the Chekiang Bar Association. Before the end of the year there were more than a hundred sustaining members--a veritable "Who's Who" of the city. Most of them were non-Christians. By and large they were men who would engage only occasionally in YMCA "events" but who gladly identified themselves with the purposes and plans of the organization.

I asked the man who brought the dozen officers of the Bar Association into the membership, all non-Christians, why he thought they joined. "There are two main reasons," he answered. "First because the YMCA is Christian, and, second because it is not the church. They are interested in Christianity and want to know more about it. To that end they welcome the opportunity of association with Christian men and of coming to know them first hand, but they are not at all ready to take a step which might be interpreted as indicating a desire of intention to join a church."

An interesting accession to this body of sustaining members during the year was the abbot of Ling Yin, one of China's oldest, largest, and most popular Buddhist monasteries. The abbot was at the time also a member of the National Senate of Buddhism and treasurer of the National Buddhist Association. On a Sunday afternoon he showed up at our regular

weekly "religion address" meeting in the YMCA, and he was greatly interested in what he saw and heard. He joined as a sustaining member, attended other events as time went on, and his interest grew. It was not long before he had brought in 18 other Buddhist priests as "associate members" of the YMCA, and we were carrying on an educational and social service program within the spacious quarters of his 1300-year old monastery for the villagers tending the famous tea gardens on the nearby hillsides.

It is noteworthy that with nearly a score of Buddhist priests in our membership and with not less than 90 percent of all our members "Confucianists," we experienced no real difficulty in carrying on a forthright "Christian" program including public lectures and study groups for exploring the Christian faith. Was this because of the new, unprecedented and (as it turned out) short-lived prestige into which Christianity had come? Was it curiosity and in fact religious indifference--which we liked to regard rather as religious tolerance? Or was it also the manner in which the YMCA presented Christianity as "a way of life?" Perhaps all three factors played a part. The YMCA approach was practical, down-to-earth, and deliberately attuned to the current concerns and aspirations which we sensed among the people. We scrupulously avoided argumentation and invidious comparisons between our own and other religious faiths. I believed that Jesus, had he lived and taught in China, would have said, "I come not to destroy but to fulfill." We tried both to know and to appreciate China's rich ethical and spiritual heritage, and to understand and make known Him who comes to "fulfill" men's deepest needs and highest aspirations--everywhere.

Bible study groups were our most favored and most popular method of exploring with our members the tenets and the obligations of the Christian faith. Free discussion in informal groups represented a real innovation in a society hitherto accustomed to the public lecture and the printed page. It was not easy to find men who were ready to brave this new method of give-and-take. We therefore organized, quite early, a normal class in which 40 men enrolled in preparation for leadership of Bible study discussion groups. As the leader of this class we were fortunate in having H. L. Zia, editor in chief of Association Press and a richly experienced master of this method. He was a greatly respected scholar and writer and had himself authored a number of Bible study courses and translated others. By 1921, when I left Hangchow, we had some four-score men leading as many as 1,200 men, mostly non-Christians, in Bible study groups.

The availability of Mr. Zia, who resided in Hangchow, enabled us to form a Fortnightly Club for the Study of Christianity in which a number of older scholars enrolled. "This Club," I reported at the time, "originated with a small group of officials and professional men, converted under the influence of the Association. These men conceived the idea of establishing an independent church, for which they would erect a building across the street from the Civil Governor's yamen, in the center of one of the best residence and school districts in the city. Their desire was to establish a church which would appeal especially to the better educated (and better-to-do) classes. I urged the importance of building on the foundation of existing churches, and persuaded them to organize a club for the study of Christianity rather than attempt the organization of a new church. The Christianity Study Club is the result.

"The club was launched at a dinner given in the home of one of the promoters, attended by 16 men, including the editor-in-chief of one of the daily papers of the city, the president of the provincial law college, two or three officials, several lawyers, two or three prominent businessmen, all non-Christians and three or four Christian laymen. The attendance has grown from 16 to 47, nearly one-third of whom are Christians, including three of the keenest pastors of the city. The rest are non-Christian lawyers, educators,

businessmen and officials, men of position and power in this city of 800,000 who have been gripped by the changed lives and enthusiasm of their old friends, the promoters of the club. The club meets fortnightly, usually in the association building, where they spend an hour and a half in Bible study under the leadership of H. L. Zia, after which supper is served, followed by an address on some aspect of Christianity." "The meeting last week," I wrote in a letter home, "was one of the best yet. The Bible study hour was devoted to Harry Emerson Fosdick's chapter on 'The Naturalness of Prayer.' The later discussion was on The Life and Teachings of Tolstoy led by a returned student who studied 11 years in Russian universities."

No effort was made in this club to induce its members to join the church, yet it was not long before eight of its Confucian members expressed their purpose to "live the Christian life." This did not mean that in reaching this decision they had decided also to join a church. They had all grown up in a land in which there were millions of unimpeachable Confucianists, Buddhists, and Taoists, but where there had never been a Confucianist, Buddhist, or Taoist Church in which a believer was supposed, as a matter of course, to hold membership. The lack of a laity was a great weakness of the ancient faiths, for despite all the inherent evils of institutionalism, the *organized* church in Christianity has proved its importance in world religion. Notable accessions to church membership did take place as a result of the work of the YMCA, but it would be very misleading to measure the religious influence of the YMCA, or of the church, by the number of baptisms which could be reported.

Another group organized during this period we called the Tuesday Club. This embraced fifteen or twenty young married couples who met weekly, on Tuesday night. As a mixed group of men and women, this club broke new ground in conservative Hangchow where a man still spoke of his wife as his "Inside Person," and except for intimate family gatherings kept her well out of sight. If for some unusual reason they appeared on the street together, afoot, she must keep her distance five or six paces behind her husband; to talk together on the way would have been the height of impropriety. The men and most of the wives in the Tuesday Club were the products of modern schools and colleges. The men were engineers, doctors, teachers, railway officials, government employees, and the like. The club met in rotation in the homes of the members, and no one missed a meeting if he could get there! Half the time was spent in serious discussion of the applications of Christianity to personal, family, civic, and religious problems. After light refreshments the rest of the time was devoted to parlor games. This too was an innovation and I still wonder at the zest with which these games were taken up and pursued, week after week. I never saw a group have better times together, and as time went on its influence was reflected in the music, the social programs, and other activities of the churches to which most of the members belonged. Years after I left Hangchow I returned to join in the celebration of the 20th Anniversary of the Tuesday Club, which was still going strong.

Sherwood Eddy came to Hangchow shortly after our arrival in 1911, again toward the close of our first term, and twice thereafter. It would be difficult to overstate the impact which this man and his addresses on Christianity had on China, especially on the officials, students, and educators who composed most of his audiences. Eddy was not a philosopher, theologian, or scholar, but China had not seen his like as a flaming witness to his faith and as a crusader for its ideals and demands as applied to the personal, social, and national problems with which his hearers were then wrestling. He possessed unusual ability in establishing rapport with his audiences and in addressing himself to the burning issues of the hour. We managed always to provide him with superb interpreters, and the multitudes who heard him seemed to forget that he was a foreigner and not one of themselves.

The preparations we made for Eddy's visits and the subsequent "follow-up" with those who attended the meetings called forth a great deal of individual and concerted effort. The officials, the schools and colleges, the newspapers, and of course, the churches cooperated in much the way they had done for the science lectures described above. This was also something new in Hangchow, for the attitude of the literati, gentry, and other leaders toward Christianity had always been one of indifference, condescension, or often open hostility. Christian schools and hospitals, Christian leadership in crusades against opium and footbinding, and other activities of the churches had modified these attitudes here and there, but deep-seated suspicions in the great audiences he addressed, he ignored them; and in effect he said: "If you really love your country, you cannot neglect the moral and spiritual resources which Christianity has to offer you, your country, and its people." In a 3-day series of addresses he could not go far in developing this thesis, but the conviction with which he proclaimed it was contagious. Hundreds signed up for study in Bible classes which we promptly organized; not a few (including several prominent personages) joined the churches, and for educated, patriotic Chinese, Christianity became a proper subject of study, discussion, and even personal commitment.

As needs appeared and doors opened, we sought to fulfill our central Christian purpose by activities which reached out in many directions. Our educational work ranged from night classes (another innovation in Hangchow) to lectures and round table discussions in which many leading citizens enrolled. English was the most popular course offered in our crowded night school, for it was rapidly becoming China's second language and competent teachers were scarce. We were able to enlist the best available in the city, among them missionaries and returned students from the West, mostly volunteers who gave their time freely as a labor of love. Both Bertha and I, on top of everything else, taught classes several nights a week. We did not teach English literature but English conversation and composition for the simplest possible everyday use. For me this would have been a dreary chore except for the eagerness of the students and what I knew it meant to them to acquire this second language. Bertha was a much better teacher than I, and she took on this assignment as though it were a high privilege. At the same time she was running a household, managing a brace of servants, keeping accounts in Chinese with the major domo in amounts which ran into the tens of thousands of cash(!) per week, keeping open house for the many Chinese friends we were making, putting up a stream of visiting VIPs as houseguests, conducting two Sunday School kindergartens (one for Chinese and the other for foreign children in the community), teaching piano to several aspiring students, bearing and caring for our first born child Robert and his sister Eugenia Mae, and keeping up with the mounting demands growing out of our relationships with the YMCA and with the "foreign community" (of less than 100 souls).

The seminar, open forum, or roundtable discussions which we set up dealt with issues in which thoughtful leaders of the city were especially interested. There was, for example, a course of lectures and discussions on Literary Utopias and Social Experiments of the West, led by the professor of sociology of the nearby Christian college. Three or four score lawyers, professors, Provincial Assembly members, editors, and the like sat the course through, taking animated part and keeping copious notes. I remarked on the timeliness of this enquiry when I wrote that recently I had secured from one of our members "a secret document containing a program of family, social, political, and religious anarchy which out-Bolsheviked Bolshevism--the program of a group of radical thinkers who had their base in one of the leading schools of the city." We had the American president of a (Christian) School of Comparative Law come down from Shanghai once a week for several weeks to discuss with the local Bar Association the organization and work of comparable bodies in the United States; these lectures appeared in full in the Bar Association journal. Dr.

William Peter conducted a similar seminar on problems of personal health and public sanitation. (There was great interest at that time in anything having to do with "wei sheng," the Chinese expression for hygiene or sanitation--"taking care of one's health." Street signs advertised "wei sheng" laundries, barber shops, food and drink, hotels, and what-not. I used to pass one shop advertising "wei sheng" coffins!)

The colleges and universities were the source of specialists on subjects commanding great current interest but not included in the earlier school curricula of our participants, while the YMCA had contacts with the community which those institutions did not possess. This made possible a partnership through which there developed a program of "adult education: in which the YMCA, the college and university, and the community were all gainers.

We were called upon also to blaze new trails in physical education, recreation, and sports. There were still many scholars in Hangchow who carefully preserved and flaunted fingernails as long as they could grow them, as an indication that their owners did not have to work with their hands. "The inferior man uses his body but not his mind," ran a well-known proverb. "The superior man uses his mind but not his body." David Yui (Yü Jih-chang, Yu Rizhang), who later became the National General Secretary in the YMCA, once told me of his own boyhood in a mission school, where the teachers had almost to drive the students from their books to the sports field. That the gift of land to the Hangchow YMCA included space for sports augured the new importance which enlightened leaders were beginning to see in athletics.

My colleague, Gene Turner, had won some renown and a great deal of experience back home in campus and intercollegiate athletics and in minor league baseball. His leadership in this field was in demand almost as soon as he joined us late in 1913. One of our early ventures was an interscholastic soccer league which he organized. This was a sport in which the Chinese soon would excel, but then it was a new sport in Hangchow. For most of the players, therefore, instruction in its skills and rules had to start at scratch. More difficult to inculcate than the skills and rules were the meaning and the requirements of team play and sportsmanship, whether in victory or defeat. Team effectiveness rather than the display of individual prowess was a norm which had to be learned. It was not uncommon in the early days for the losing team and its schoolmates to seek retrieval of their lost face by launching bodily assaults on the winning team and its supporters! "A sound mind in a sound body," "team play," and "good sportsmanship" were exciting new ideas, not tired clichés, and we saw more clearly than ever before the relevance of the qualities they connoted to good citizenship in a democratic society.

The Military Governor became interested in this aspect of our program, and at his request we brought down from Shanghai two YMCA physical directors to introduce Western games to the troops stationed in the provincial capital. These were George Ho (Hao Po-yang, Hao Boyang), YMCA-trained at Springfield College in the United States, and John H. Crocker, manager of Canada's early Olympic teams and at the time National Physical Director of the YMCA in China. These men gave a week's intensive training in volleyball, basketball, indoor baseball, and other games to fifty junior military officers chosen by their commander. Then under the joint direction of Gene Turner and a member of the Military Governor's staff, these 50 men set about introducing these games in 11 military encampments in and near the city. An interesting by-product of this work among the troops was the organization of social-athletic clubs within the staffs of the Salt Gabelle and of the Commissioner of Foreign Affairs. "The spectacle," I reported, "of mandarins, department chiefs, and clerks, tearing in scanty attire after a basket or volley ball over the yamen law,

persuades one that Old China is passing away." Crocker was also asked to conduct a physical training institute among the government schools, which he did before he left the city.

We reached far greater numbers through our health programs. The Commissioner of Police joined with us in conducting a city-wide health campaign under the leadership of Dr. William Peter of our National Lecture Bureau. In this campaign we concentrated on tuberculosis--its prevalence, fatality, prevention, and cure--and by public lectures, exhibits, posters, newspaper articles, and other media, thousands were alerted, informed, and affrighted concerning the all too familiar scourge. There was a display of charts covering 2,000 square feet of wall space. At the close of the campaign we plastered the city and its suburbs with 13,000 calendars, vividly portraying the dire consequences of tuberculosis and, alongside, ways of preventing or curing it. The students of the city distributed an additional 7,000 copies of the calendar among the tea shops and other places of public assembly back in their home communities across the province.

Our night school students took the initiative in distributing 10,000 pamphlets on Flies Kill People, and later we enlisted the primary school pupils of the city in a fly-killing context. In a neighboring city suffering a cholera epidemic, Dr. Peter put on a long-drawn-out health parade, one exhibit being a 6-foot model of a fly. "If we had flies that big," onlookers exclaimed, "we'ddo something about it too!" In a northern city where grown-ups were brought into a city-wide contest, competitors were given so-much for each pint of fly carcasses brought in. One enterprising entrant proceeded to "raise" flies as means of augmenting his prize money. In Hangchow we escaped these particular diversions but ran into another: in one primary school the pupils all enlisted and put in their requisition for fly-swatters and then had to withdraw. The school was run by a Buddhist society, for which the taking of life, even of flies, was verboten.

There were other things which we were led to do, by no American precedents but entirely by the situation in which we found ourselves. There was, for example, the cooperation we worked out with the Story-Tellers Guild. The professional story-tellers were in demand as entertainers at great feasts, but mainly they plied their art in tea houses. There they drew crowds as sugar gathers flies, holding their tea-sipping audiences spellbound for hours as they recited from memory selections from unexpurgated novels, enlivening these tales with interpolations of their own creation, attuned to the current scene. At the point of these interpolations, certain of our Chinese colleagues saw an opportunity of injecting comments on health, citizenship, and other timely topics. The story-tellers welcomed the innovation, and the YMCA developed men able to help them put the idea into effect.

Another member of our National Lecture Bureau staff was D. Y. Lin (Ling Tao-yang, Ling Daoyang), recently back from American where he had studied forestry at the University of Georgia and at Yale. Bare-bone mountain sides, erosion, and devastating floods made reforestation an urgent matter in China, but throughout the centuries the government had not established a conservation program. The Civil Governor of our province invited Mr. Lin to accompany him on his annual tour of the prefectual cities, in each of which he preached his gospel of reforestation with exhibits reenforcing his lectures. The climax of the tour was a series of meetings in Hangchow which reached the community in much the same way as did the previous "lecture campaigns." At the end the governor ordered every magistracy in the province to plant 25 acres of trees every year, and a public spirited citizen of Hangchow raised the necessary funds and planted 3,000,000 trees on the hillsides around the city. (It was not long before the National Government drafted D. Y. Lin from the YMCA and put him in charge of a newly established forestry bureau.)

Just as we were moving into the various activities mentioned above, and while we were still embroiled in uncertainties regarding the outcome of our negotiations with respect to title deeds, we learned of plans quietly under way for establishing licensed quarters for legalized and "controlled" prostitution on the shores of West Lake. The chief promoters of the company launching this enterprise were high police and military officers--an "unholy alliance," for fair. Many of these men had studied in Japan and it was their intention to pattern their "quarters" after the Yoshiwara with which they had become acquainted in that country. Their plans were well advanced when we learned what they were about. They had acquired a choice area in the former Manchu City, not far from West Lake, and had erected the buildings in which the prostitutes would ply their trade. The quarters were to be divided into first, second, and third class sections, prepared to serve all comers at prices they were able to pay.

The Rockefeller Foundation had just published a study of prostitution in Europe. I sent at once for a copy of this report, which displayed the facts regarding conditions in cities where prostitution was licensed as compared with those where this system did not prevail. One of its important findings was that instead of restricting and controlling the traffic, legalized prostitution created an increased demand for illicit prostitution. In brief, the report seemed to show that while the proposed institution would in all likelihood be immensely profitable to its promoters, it would make bad matters worse so far as prostitution itself was concerned.

Armed with a "case" against the proposal, we thereupon called together a meeting of Christian leaders who adopted a petition urging the government to put a stop to the enterprise. K. Y. Ma and I then enlisted the cooperation of the Provincial Educational Society and of seven leading trade guilds, all of which addressed similar petitions to the government. Finally we presented the matter in a face-to-face interview with the Military Governor, and his prompt and forthright denunciation of the enterprise furnished the death-blow which we sought. Our friend the magistrate took K. Y. Ma and me to task when we met him a few days later for our action in the matter. The governor's intervention constituted a reprimand to him as the local authority directly involved and, besides, we were told that he and his friends were themselves investors in the project. The houses built for the licensed quarters were forthwith converted into family dwellings, and in later years I found special satisfaction in calling on friends who were living happily in them with their families.

We realized that banning the licensed quarters did not solve the moral and social problems with which we were concerned. Many of the new hotels springing up around the lake derived much of their income from the business they carried on as houses of assignation. We attempted to develop an active program of sex education. With the help of physicians and others, and of the best printed materials from wherever available, we assembled and studied the basic information required for this program. Under our direction a competent Chinese artist prepared for us an excellent series of posters on the subject. We enlisted the leadership of a Chinese doctor, a member of the YMCA Board of Directors, who made an intensive study of the field and developed unusual ability in presenting the subject. He was especially effective in dealing publicly with questions raised by members of his audience--not orally but written on slips of paper.

"Of the many organizations which exist to produce men of character," our friend, the Military Governor, had said at the formal opening of the YMCA, "I consider the YMCA the most effective. Its superiority lies in its broad program which devotes itself impartially to the physical, intellectual, and moral welfare of young men." What we did to measure up

to this appraisal may be suggested by the above recital of projects we undertook during our first term of four-and-a-half years in Hangchow.

In early March I received a letter from Fletcher S. Brockman, writing from New York, as follows: "It gives me a great deal of pleasure to write you that Dr. Mott and I have been able to secure from a group of friends $40,000 gold, for the erection of your Association building in Hangchow. The amount is not as large as we had hoped, and not so large as we should have been able to secure in normal times. The financial stress caused by the European war has made the securing of large funds extremely difficult. In fact, the situation is so difficult that we have appealed for no other building in any part of the world, except this one in Hangchow. The amount which has been subscribed will enable you to erect a substantial part of the plant you will ultimately need."

The day before I received Mr. Brockman's letter I had written: "It is humanly impossible to get a building at this time. Yet I believe it will come, for after creating a situation which so urgently demands a building, I believe God can and will provide it." The announcement of the gift evoked many expressions of gratification--and gratitude. Said a Chinese pastor: "The YMCA has brought a higher moral tone to the city. It has brought the churches into contact with officials, educators, and businessmen. We thank God for this building, provided in spite of the hard times in America caused by the War. It will greatly enhance the usefulness of the Association." In a letter Governor Chu Jui said to me: "The earnestness of Mr. Brockman in soliciting the funds and the generosity of those in your honorable country who have donated them are an illustration of the unity of humanity and an example to all young men. I hope that with its new facilities the Hangchow YMCA will go on from strength to strength, and its members will encourage each other in all that is good, thereby becoming examples in society."

The imminence of a construction program made it desirable for me to cut short our first term in Hangchow from the expected seven years to four and a half years. There must be consultations with the architects in Chicago regarding plans and specifications; they were familiar with the requirements of a YMCA building as these had developed on the North American continent and I knew something of the special conditions in China and Hangchow, which should be taken into account. I also needed the counsel of experience in the erection and use of a modern YMCA plant, which was to be had in North America as nowhere else in the world. It also seemed expedient that I get my home leave behind me so that I might remain uninterruptedly on the job during the construction of the building and the first year of its occupancy and use.

So it was that in June 1915 we left Hangchow for a "short furlough" in America. "When I think of what I have witnessed and experienced since reaching China," I wrote Mr. Brockman, "I feel that the events of a lifetime have been crowded into four and a half years." To my parents I wrote more intimately: "We have tried to go one step at a time ever since we reached Hangchow, trusting God to lead us whither He will. Apparently insurmountable walls of difficulty have often seemed to stand in the way. Time and again these walls have disappeared as He has led us up to them. I shall never forget the sense of helplessness which assailed me during the first two or three years, and how I wondered how, where, and when to take hold. I shall never forget our misgivings when finally we called a Chinese associate, rented an unfurnished building, and committed ourselves to a program which would require the raising of thousands of dollars a year in this ancient and conservative city. We have been compelled to walk by faith and not by sight. In our extremity we turned to God and He comes to our aid; and then--God pity us!--we often forget and pride ourselves on what *we* have done."

There were the usual farewells as we took our leave. On the evening before our departure the directors and secretaries of the YMCA, the pastors of the city, the members of the Fortnightly Club for the study of Christianity, and other representative members of the Association tendered us a farewell feast. The speech which impressed me most was made by the chief promoter of the Fortnightly Club, a busy lawyer who for months had been giving fully half his time to YMCA matters and to personal evangelism. He said: "We have been telling Mr. Barnett that we hate to see him go, and we do. But let us tell him also that his going isn't going to make a bit of difference in the work of the Association. Then let us make good on this promise by throwing ourselves wholeheartedly into its service." That was indeed a happy note on which to end our first term of YMCA service in China, and in Heaven Below.

VII.

To the USA and Back

Furloughs often turned out to be a mixed blessing for missionaries. They were designed as a time of refreshment and they were anticipated with joy. After touching base with the home board, one would renew kinship ties, catch up on the national, social, and political changes, renewing one's sense of national identity; then, perhaps, one could read and relax for a few months. For those with children, furloughs were a time to acclimatize their offspring to American society. For those serving in hardship climes, they could be a time to restore good health. Furloughs rarely followed such a pattern. Landing upon American shores immediately required physical readjustment and alterations in social customs. But more than that, one had acquired a dual identity; an American missionary in China was now a China missionary in America. Experiences during the years abroad had set one apart. Identity as an American, frequently accentuated while in a foreign land, turned out to be evasive. Even kinship ties might be strained after a few weeks of visiting.

The greater tension, however, was between personal needs and the cause of missions. A returned missionary, in residence, was a valuable resource for boards trying to keep alive interest and support for overseas work. Churches which had "adopted" missionaries expected to see the missionary in the flesh and to hear about his trials and triumphs. Missionaries like Barnett questioned whether spending the furlough on the lecture circuit was the best investment in the long run, at least in terms of the missionary's intellectual growth and spiritual renewal, but to resist the demands of home boards appeared selfish.

Chinese sometimes complained that missionaries, in order to kindle emotional dedication to missions, told their audiences what they wanted to hear: namely, that millions of "heathens" were living in dirt and sin; only the Gospel could rescue them.

Barnett, who felt strong empathy with the Chinese, resolved never to say anything about the Chinese that he would not say in the presence of one of his Chinese colleagues. On this first furlough, while he fulfilled his obligation to help popularize China missions, he did not present the bleak picture of Chinese society anticipated by many in his audience.

Although much has been written about the turmoil that followed the 1911 revolution and China's descent into warlordism, disunity, and warfare, what this meant in individual terms is sometimes overlooked. Uncertainties engulfed patriotic Chinese reformers. Whom should they serve and how could they best contribute to a new China? The future was unclear. Hope descended into despondency and morale declined as government authorities rose and fell with alarming rapidity. The consequences of backing the wrong officials could be cruel indeed. In the confused environment in China, it was not easy for a patriotic Chinese to know his duty or to balance family loyalties and broader social responsibilities. Was one's first obligation to one's family, to one's superior in office, or to the office, no matter who held the position? During the long Sino-Japanese War of 1937-1945, with the Japanese occupying much of eastern China, selecting the right course of action was sometimes terribly difficult. One of Barnett's associates chose to serve under the Japanese as mayor of Tientsin; he maintained that he did so in order to protect the welfare of the Chinese, but he would later be executed as a collaborator.

Barnett's descriptions of the lives and careers of several friends in this tumultuous era give a personal dimension to the sorrows of China during the early republic. He does so without being judgmental, but his accounts reveal that church membership sometimes was costly for Chinese, and he reminds us that missionaries often had to feel their way without knowing what the future held.

Events had foreshortened our first term and advanced our first furlough by a good two years. So deeply engrossed in our Hangchow experiences had we become that I little guessed the excitement we would feel in returning to America until we boarded the steamer in Shanghai for San Francisco. When eight months later we set sail from San Francisco for Shanghai, I had much the same feelings. Moving in either direction I had come to feel that we were in truth headed "home." I had not substituted one "homeland" for another, but I had come to feel a profound sense of identification with two lands and of personal involvement in their respective fortunes.

There were four of us when on July 4, 1915 we entered the Golden Gate, 4-year old Robert and 2-1/2 year old Genie Mae having joined us since we had left that lovely harbor in the autumn of 1910. The Panama Exposition was in progress and the city was in festive attire, bursting too at the seams with visitors. No sooner had we landed than we discovered that the summer clothes in which we had left Shanghai and spent our three weeks at sea on the "Southern (Sunshine) Route" were woefully insufficient. San Francisco can be cold in July and our first chore was to buy a few warm clothes for ourselves and the children.

Two small incidents occurred during our fist 24 hours ashore to remind us that we were in America and not in China. The first took place when we reached our room on one of the upper floors of the hotel. Bertha picked up the phone and asked the office to send up some drinking water. "Do you mean ice water?" she was asked. "No," she said, "Just drinking water, without ice." There was a pause at the other end of the line, and then the obvious and clearly puzzled rejoinder, "Just turn on the tap, Madam." Potable water was not so easily come by in Hangchow. There we drew our drinking water from a shallow well, tinctured by the seepage of centuries. First it had to be boiled, then filtered through "cotton wool," and sometimes as an extra precaution we added a few crystals of permanganate. The water thus treated we then poured into bottles, also carefully pre-boiled, which we put into small bamboo baskets and suspended just above the water level in the well to cool. Just turning on the tap seemed too easy to be safe!

The second incident occurred the following morning when I met an acquaintance on Market Street. We stopped and exchanged a few pleasantries, and then proceeded on our separate ways. In bidding him adieu I bowed low as I had become accustomed to doing in terminating an encounter, however brief, on the slow-moving streets of Hangchow. Unbowing, I saw the retreating form of my friend, well on his way down the street.

I had a third experience during our passage through San Francisco which impressed me greatly. I learned that Dr. Walter R. Lambuth was in the city. He had been a long-time friend of my parents and I was a guest in his home in Nashville, Tennessee when I reached my decision, "God willing, to be a 'foreign missionary.'" I naturally made a point of looking him up. Dr. Lambuth was one of the great "missionary statesmen" of his time--indeed, of all time. Born of pioneer missionaries in China, he had returned in early manhood to China as a medical missionary. In time he was transferred to Japan where he was the founder of the then Southern Methodist Church in that country. From Japan he was called back to America to head the Foreign Mission Board of his denomination. During that period he made a notable tour of Central Africa, much of it by foot, and established a new mission in the Belgian Congo. From this post he was called into the episcopacy. Holding the highest posts in his own church, he was also a pioneer in what we now call "the ecumenical movement," the YMCA, for example, claiming a large place in his counsels and service.

My call on this revered leader was for me a pilgrimage, and when the call ended I was surprised at what had happened. This renowned authority on missions, and particularly

on China, had spent our time together plying me with questions, as if I and not *he* were the authority! Ability to ask the right questions and a habit of listening to whomever were undoubtedly clues to his greatness, as I have since observed to be the case with other truly great men whom I have met along the way.

This was to be the first of three furloughs which punctuated our 26 years in China. I soon discovered that a furlough is not, as many of our friends supposed, a vacation! I was concerned about the unsatisfactory manner in which the professed objectives were actually carried out, and the year before I had written my parents:

> "I like being busy, yet I wish there were more time for other things than promotion, administration, and organization. When one gives years to a strenuous life of this sort, he tends inevitably to become thin in his intellectual life. I hope very much when I am on furlough that I can spend a half-year in some university, buckling down to a regime of hard intellectual discipline."

It was not to be so in this first furlough. There was little opportunity during our home leave for rest, for visiting our families, or for recharging our intellectual and spiritual batteries.

China in those days still possessed the glamour of the relatively unknown, and though public speaking has never come easy with me, I found real satisfaction in telling my China story. My speaking was mainly to YMCA, church, university, and business audiences. In that initial orgy of reporting and interpreting I formed one habit to which I subsequently faithfully adhered. I quietly determined that in making a speech in America I would say nothing which I would not willingly say if Chinese colleagues or friends of mine were sitting in the audience. I attempted to paint a true picture, leaving out neither the lights nor the shadows as I saw them. My hearers were surprised that so much light got into my portrayal of the land and people of whom I spoke. Had a Chinese listener been present I believe he would have felt that whatever shadows went in were introduced, not only in the interest of truth, but in a spirit of personal involvement and concern and not of condescending criticism.

As this was to be a short furlough we settled down in no one place. I spent most of my time on the road and Bertha and the children visited around. This was hard on all concerned, but those with whom our tents were pitched made us feel that we were welcome. Our concluding days we spent with Bertha's family in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a half day's journey by train from Atlanta in a corner where North and South Carolina and Georgia meet. As the time drew near for us to start back to China, we spent a couple of days in Atlanta, taking Robert with us. On arriving in Atlanta we deposited Robert in a hospital for removal of his tonsils and then plunged forthwith into a hectic round of shopping, buying sundry clothes and furnishings not easily available in China. One of our purchases was a six-year supply of shoes for a family of four. After breakfast next morning we hired a Model-T Ford taxi, collected Robert, still limp and pale, and started redoing the rounds of the day before to pick up our purchases. When the circuit was completed, our taxi was packed from floor to roof with us and our impedimenta. There was just time, with luck, to make the only good train of the day back to Clayton.

A word to the taxi driver and he stepped on the gas. Halfway down a long hill Robert's little white hat flew off. The chauffeur jerked his car to a stop, jumped out, and retrieved the loss. In his haste, however, he omitted putting on the brakes and by the time he had rescued the hat and started back, the car had resumed its downhill course and was

gaining momentum. So wedged were we amidst our packages that we could reach neither brakes nor steering wheel. The driver thereupon made chase, managing to overtake his vehicle, and placing his back to its front end, succeeded first in slowing it down and then in bringing it to a stop. When Robert's sailor hat flew off a second time we ordered full steam ahead. A kindly stranger, however, trailing us on a motorcycle, dismounted, picked up the hat, and took after us in hot pursuit.

When we reached the railway terminal there were only minutes to spare. Unfortunately the tradesmen from whom we had made our purchases had ignored our admonitions to wrap and tie them securely and so we called peremptorily for a cart on which to get them to the trainside. The porters, however, saw greater profit for more men in carrying the bundles by hand, and so they divided the spoil among them. Half way across the concourse a loosely tied string gave way and a six years' supply of shoes cascaded in all directions. We missed our train. A mishap of this sort can be very annoying when it happens. As times passes, it assumes its proper proportions and in the end is remembered only as an amusing incident.

The special concern of this furlough, of course, was to work out with the architects then retained by the International Committee the plans and specifications for our Hangchow building. While this was going on I told a friend who had visited us in Hangchow, Mrs. Frederick G. Mead of Plainfield, New Jersey, what I thought a tower clock might mean if we could include it in the projected plant. She promptly asked if she might not make this contribution, and before we started back to China I placed an order for the best tower clock made in America and, with it, a 2,000-pound Meneely bell, also America's finest, to toll the hours and half hours.

Armed with working plans and specifications we got back to China on March 1, 1916, all set to go forward with the construction of the building. Again we ran into frustrating delays and nearly 3 years would pass before we would actually get going. Exchange, normally Chinese $2.00 for U.S. $1.00 fell to $1 for $1 and then as low as Chinese 85 cents for U.S. $1 before it started back to normal again. Recovery was slow, however, and meanwhile building materials soared in price, catapulted by World War conditions. In the end we re-did our plans completely and prepared to put up only the most essential units of the building, to begin with. Even this required double the original appropriation which the International Committee had made for the project. It was difficult to hold the interest and confidence of our members and of the community, or even of the board and staff, through so long a period of uncertainty and waiting. We continued, nevertheless, to carry on an active program, much of it in facilities made available to us in schools, churches, temples, and factories, and to build the association around persons and programs and not an imposing building. In this necessity there were real compensations.

Our greatest shock on returning to China was to see the deterioration which had taken place in general conditions and in public morale in less than a year's time. There was no doubt that the Manchu dynasty had "exhausted the Mandate of Heaven," but its demise had not ushered in the New Order on which such extravagant hopes had burned so brightly for a time. Shortly we were writing back to friends in America: "We have been in China six years. During this time the country has acknowledged two dynasties, one Emperor in each of them, a 'republic,' and three presidents. Future historians will look back on this period through which China is now passing as one of political and social unrest and upheaval; the old skins are giving way under the pressure of new wine. Providing new institutions to accommodate the new spirit which is abroad is bound to be difficult, and never were lofty and clear-cut goals and strong, consecrated leadership more in demand."

One of the two emperors referred to above was also one of the three presidents mentioned. His name was Yuan Shih-k'ai, one of the most powerful and enigmatical persons of his time. Under the Manchus he had created China's first modern army and while Viceroy of Chihli (Zhili, now Hebei) he had established government-supported modern schools in Tientsin. Distrusted by his imperial masters, however, he was living in enforced retirement when the revolution broke out in 1911. In its desperation the Throne summoned him out of retirement to put down the "rebellion." Speculation was rife as to which "prevailed upon" the dynasty to abdicate and shortly thereafter he supplanted Sun Yat-sen as president. His attempt to make himself emperor, the founder of a new dynasty in 1915-1916, set off a rash of independence movements and he hastily reassumed the title, if not the role, of president. He died shortly thereafter. It will probably never be known whether he died of disease, disappointment, or the doctors. It is known that he was treated by one French and eight Chinese doctors, none of whom knew what remedies the others were prescribing! I met Yuan Shih-k'ai once, at a reception in the Forbidden City given to members of the YMCA Convention when it met in Peking, a monumental man, carved out of granite. As president of a republic he was an anachronism.

Yuan Shih-k'ai died [in 1916], "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." My friend, S. T. Wen, wrote to me from another city: "Yuan is dead. Isn't it great!" The Chief Procurator of the provincial court called me up on the phone to say: "Have you heard the good news? Yuan Shih-k'ai is dead." A member of our YMCA board of directors mused: "God saw the desperate straits of our country, and He has removed the chief source of its troubles."

Unfortunately, the removal of Yuan Shih-k'ai did not rid China of its troubles. The old regime was in ruins and no magic could evoke from its rubble a viable successor-regime. Somehow or other the old mandarinate had held the country together, far beyond its time. Now it was down and out and there were none to take its place. Here and there special circumstances or sheer ability kept an old-time official in power, or sheer necessity kept members of the discredited bureaucracy at routine tasks. Everyone knew only how to play the new game by the old rules on which they had been brought up. It couldn't and didn't work. China fell apart and we entered upon the era of the warlords.

The year following Yuan's heath I was writing my parents: "All over China the forces of progress and reaction are gathering for another struggle. In Peking the old-time officials hold the reins of power, and they have under their control the larger and better trained part of the army. The center of the progressives' power is in the far south and southwest, where Sun Yat-sen and his followers are raising money and troops for an expedition against the north." The sorry tale of these political and military struggles must not detain us here. Brief periods of hope alternated with lengthening periods of disappointments and frustration. One thing impressed me throughout all these ups and downs: more than a century in the "doghouse" had not dissuaded the Chinese people of their inherent superiority. They had known a great past and they doubted not that a great future lay ahead for them. Said a thoughtful Chinese friend to me one day: "We have had 27 dynasties in China. It is always like this when a dynasty falls. A leader arises who is strong but not good, and the people reject him. Another leader comes forth who is good but not strong, and they do not follow him. But in time there emerges a leader who is both good and strong; him the people follow gladly, and another era of stability and progress sets in."

Hangchow was of course caught up in the tides then sweeping the country. Our friend, Chu Jui, the Military Governor, refused to join the independence movements set off by Yuan Shih-k'ai's bid for Imperial title and power. This was his undoing. He was ousted from power. With him went many of his followers, friends also of ours to whom the Hangchow YMCA owed much in its beginnings. To friends in the United States I wrote:

"When the Hangchow Young Men's Christian Association was organized this province was administered by a group of young men, full of the ideals and enthusiasm of young China. They welcomed the YMCA and supported it generously, no less by their friendship and active service than by their gifts of money. The highest officials identified themselves wholeheartedly with the work of the Association and with its secretaries. Their personal cooperation was available at all times and their friendship created throughout the city an atmosphere congenial to the growth of the YMCA. Better roads, improved schools, public parks, and new business enterprises bore witness to the quickened life of the city, in the center of which (geographically and otherwise) the Young Men's Christian Association grew by leaps and bounds, a vital force in the rejuvenation of the city.

"During last winter, however, (1916-17) the political complexion of Hangchow changed completely. Young China was unhorsed and officials of the old type, representatives of what is known as the 'Military Party,' got into the saddle again--for the first time in this Province since the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty in 1911."

Our losses in friends and collaborators were very great. This record would be sadly lacking without at least a further brief mention of certain of these men.

There was Chu Jui, whom I have mentioned a number of times in preceding pages. He came to Hangchow as the top-ranking official of the province in August 1912. A native of Chekiang Province, he graduated from a military college and gave a noteworthy account of himself in his subsequent military career. It was he who took over Hangchow from the Manchus in September 1911 and it was he who led the revolutionary contingent which made the decisive assault on the Imperial Forces on Purple Mountain, Nanking. He was still in his early 30s when he became Military Governor of Chekiang's 17,000,000 people.

He became my good friend and his support of the YMCA was unstinted. Through him we obtained our 2-1/2 acres of choice land for a building site and athletic field. He set the pace in our first financial drive with his gift of $1,000 and was an annual contributor thereafter. At the formal opening of the YMCA he paid high tribute to the organization, its current performance, and its future promise. "The YMCA," he said on that occasion, "is superior to all similar organizations, unquestionably because it has its foundation in the Christian religion." He never became an avowed Christian and was only graciously polite and non-committal when I commended to him the consolation and spiritual resources of the Christian faith.

One night at one o'clock we heard rifle fire coming from the direction of the Military Governor's yamen. There were no police, only soldiers wearing new armbands on the streets next morning when I made my way to the yamen gate, climbing over barricades of sandbags to get there. I learned that units of the army had gone over to the opposition during the night and that the governor had made his escape by launch at 3:00 a.m. The governor's residence, or palace as it was called, was being looted when I arrived. This was no bloodcurdling operation but a most matter-of-fact performance: the peasants-turned-soldiers were simply coursing out of the grounds with loads of stuff as heavy as they and their bamboo carrying poles could manage. On top of one basket of loot I spied, as it passed, my own face and Bertha's in a group photograph taken not too long before at a party celebrating the birth of the governor's twin sons.

A fortnight after his flight I received, from a neighboring province, a long letter from the governor, explaining his departure in the interest of peace and the people. It asked me to give his farewell to mutual friends. Not many months later I journeyed by canal and houseboat to his ancestral home to attend his funeral. On the grounds of the Hangchow YMCA we erected a lovely pavilion and placed in it a handsome stone tablet on which we paid tribute to his patriotic career and his generous support of the YMCA.

Another costly departure shortly thereafter was that of S. T. Wen. His story merits a chapter or an entire volume instead of the paragraphs which can be accorded it in this record. His arrival in Hangchow, in the company of Governor Chu Jui, postdated my own by less than two years. We met as soon as he arrived and I was able to help him find suitable quarters for his offices and also for his family residence, both near the place where we were then living. Wen came from a scholar-family in north China and he bore the unmistakable marks of that rich heritage. He was educated in the Tientsin Naval College (China's newly established "Annapolis"), and after graduation he held posts under several governors and viceroys in Peking, Nanking, and K'aifeng (Kaigang). He was one of the young revolutionists who made China a republic, and at its outset he held minor but responsible posts in Nanking where the provisional government was set up. On reaching Hangchow he soon joined battle with an arrogant combine of foreign opium merchants whom he put to rout. This victory and the manner in which he won it also won wide acclaim for him and for his province. His official post was that of Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, but in many fields he was the governor's closest advisor and aide. He made friends easily and quickly became well-known and well-liked in the widening circles of Westerners among whom he moved.

Our friendship was no superficial affair. After some time I presented him with a New Testament, with a few suggestions as to how to go about reading it. Not long thereafter, calling on him early one morning in his home, I found him with three New Testaments before him; one each in Mandarin (or colloquial Chinese), in classical Wenli, and in English. I had as yet talked no Christology or other theology with him, but as we chatted about his reading he said to me: "Now when I meditate I find myself praying to Jesus Christ!" Following a feast given by the Military Governor and Civil Governor, at which Sherwood Eddy delivered an "evangelistic address" to the top officials of the province, Wen declared his intention to join the church. On the following Sunday morning, October 18, 1914, he was baptized and said:

> "I first heard of Christianity while a student in Tientsin where Willard Lyon was starting a YMCA and leading a Bible class of students. My next impulse toward Christianity has grown out of my close association with Barnett during the past year and a half, as a result of which I came to see the claims of Christ upon my life and became at heart a believer. I have been greatly influenced by the YMCA. To me it is the embodiment of what is simple, happy and progressive in religion. The conception it gave me of Christianity prepared me to become a Christian and a church member."

Wen's baptism created a considerable stir in Hangchow, and it received nationwide attention. Within twenty-four hours I learned of three other men from prominent families who declared their purpose to follow him into the church. One of these, son of an official family, had been holding back from taking the stop because of what he feared it might cost him. Another had stopped short of such a public avowal for ten years to avoid forfeiture of a large inheritance which would in time be due him. The third was a wealthy lawyer about whom I shall make fuller comment later in this chapter. Wen's wife was opposed to

the step he was taking, for she too belonged to a family in which it just was not "the thing" to be a Christian, but her mind changed as she saw the change which took place in his life, and on July 23 the following year she and her small daughters (one of them named for Bertha) joined him in baptism. Mrs. Wen had until then borne him only daughters and he was about to take on a concubine in the hope that she might produce a son. On becoming a Christian, however, he cut off the negotiations already under way for this acquisition, and during the next two or three years Mrs. Wen presented him with two lusty sons!

Chu Jui's successor pressed Wen to stay on but a sense of loyalty to his former chief made this impossible for him. He, therefore, took his leave to hold subsequent posts of increasing importance in Nanchang, Nanking, and Shanghai. This was a severe loss to both the Hangchow YMCA and to me. We kept up a lively correspondence, however, and I visited him in all three of the above-mentioned cities and he made occasional visits to Hangchow. In his letters he commented freely on the state of the nation, frequently with great concern.

> "We are facing our fate as a nation," he wrote in May 1919. "The officials are selfish and corrupt, and the people are ignorant . . . . Our only hope is in the young students who are clean and pure, free from the selfishness and corruption which reign in China."

> "I am standing," he wrote later, "between General Feng Yü-hsiang (Feng Yuxiang) and General Wu P'ei-fu (Wu Peifu). Both are my good friends, and I do not know who is right and who is wrong. So I am spending awhile in Japan until the confusion clears."

A little while later he was writing: "There are apparently two camps in China now. One is pro-Soviet and is supported by the Nationalist Army and Canton. The other is anti-Soviet and it is led by Wu P'ei-fu. The result will be a clash and disaster. . . . What is old Hsu Ch'ien (Xu Qian) (then president) going to do now to meet China's need? Will it be socialism, of Leninism, or what?. . . . Hsu ought to think hard before he starts any movement of violence."

But I am getting ahead of my story. Wen's first impulse on becoming a Christian was to leave his official career and enter "Christian service." This I urged him not to do, lest people conclude that being a Christian and an official were incompatible; it would be better for him to continue in office, at least until he had given a demonstration of what a Christian official might be and do. One of his first acts was to instruct his staff that henceforth there would be no padding of bills for official expenditures made by his office. Ninety percent over actual costs from the fiscal office and 10 percent in "squeeze" were considered proper; when the percentages were reversed the public eyebrow might properly be lifted. At the next annual meeting of the YMCA Wen was elected president. This position he held until he left Hangchow, and in the cities to which he later went his leadership was in great demand and was freely given in the YMCA and the churches.

No one crossed Wen's path on business, in social encounters, or in casual conversations without knowing that he was an enthusiastic Christian. I have in my files a clipping from the *China Press*, dated January 13, 1924, entitled "Commissioner (of Foreign Affairs) Wen of Kiangsu (Jiangsu)." It is a three-column story of his intervention on behalf of the passengers (including a number of well-known Americans) taken captive by bandits in the celebrated hold-up of the Blue Express enroute from Shanghai to Peking, the "Lincheng Incident." Wen risked his life when, in undertaking this mission, he made his way incognito

until he had won confidence into the bandit lair in the mountains of Shantung (Shandong) Province. The article quotes a blasé correspondent who was among the rescued: "Night after night I sat and talked until late with Mr. Wen. . . . He is an honest-to-God Christian, one of the finest men I ever ran across." J. B. Powell, editor in chief of the *China Weekly Review*, was also a Lincheng captive, and he recounted how in the bandit camp Wen was soon preaching Christianity to bandits and captives.

When, in 1919, after many delays we let the contract for our YMCA building in Hangchow, I reopened with Wen the question of his now carrying out his earlier intentions by taking over my post as general secretary of the Hangchow Association. He agreed to do it. Announcements that he had accepted the call of our board to this position had large play in the press and occasioned widespread interest and surprise throughout the country and great joy in Hangchow. Greater still was his own joy and that of his wife, notwithstanding the sharp curtailment in income they were accepting and the surrender of what seemed a bright and secure future in official life. His superior, greatly impressed by Wen's decision, first gave his reluctant consent, and then requested repeatedly that the resignation be delayed. After many delays (delay seems to have been a recurrent note in our acquisition of a lot, of building funds, and of a Chinese general secretary) Wen withdrew his acceptance of the Hangchow call--continuing unabated, however, his Christian leadership in lay capacities. One wonders how much happier his future might have been had he stood by his decision.

The political wheel continued to turn and after several years those with whom Wen had cast his lot were down and out, and he with them. By the time the Japanese took over Manchuria and then North China, Wen was a man, not without a country but without a party through which he could find a niche in the government. In his extremity he accepted the mayoralty of Tientsin then under Japanese occupation. I called on him during his tenure in this position while visiting Japanese China in 1940. It was with heavy heart that I ran gauntlet after gauntlet of Japanese guards before I reached him in an innermost court of the yamen. "You must have very mixed feelings, holding the post you do," I said to him. Whereupon he explained why he felt he was serving his people and his country by the course he had taken. "The Japanese are here only temporarily," he said, "and I am constantly reminding their generals with whom I work that this is so. It is better during this unhappy period that there be a Chinese in this position who has the welfare of his people at heart than for one less scrupulous or competent than I am to represent their interests." On a subsequent visit to the Far East I visited José Laurel in Manila; he too had held office during the Japanese occupation, as president of the Philippines, and I was surprised to find the tolerance shown him by his compatriots for his having done so--for much the same reasons as those which Wen had advanced in our conversation in Tientsin.

When V-J Day ended Japanese occupation, Wen was thrown into prison with other "collaborators" by the Nationalists and later kept there by the Communists when they came into power, in 1948-1949. Through a mutual friend in Hong Kong, I learned that Wen was still "preaching" to his fellow prisoners. I sent him books in which I thought he might find both solace and materials for his preaching. Several times he managed to get out scribbled notes which were forwarded to me in New York. One of these is dated October 12, 1947:

> "The silence between us is long but our love and remembrance are kept fresh in my mind through my daily prayers. Remember, I am in prison but I am finding grace within its walls. When the world is at its worst, we Christians must be at our best. I have promised to serve the Lord, as Paul did, preaching the Gospel to all and seeking to lead them to become Christians. God

has made me very happy in seeing 15 of my fellow-sufferers baptized in the prison yesterday."

Before the end, I learned later, he led 35 of his fellow prisoners and their prison warden to become Christians and receive baptism. He was eventually shot by his Communist executioners in the courtyard of the Third Tientsin Prison.

There were two other friends, also provincial officials, with whom S. T. Wen and I were closely associated in Hangchow who were greatly influenced by his example. One of these was Wang T'ien-mo, the Hanlin scholar mentioned earlier. Wang's literary degree set him at an eminence to which very few of his compatriots, past or contemporary, attained. It was this degree, I am sure, and not any special qualification for the post, which had made him the Chief Procurator of the provincial court; but that was the way it long had been in China. He was an amiable person but soft, with none of the sturdiness of character or natural leadership which Wen, for example, possessed. In his associations with Christians in the YMCA, he exposed himself to Christianity but it never really "took." He told us, privately, that he would join his friend Wen in joining the church, but again and again he found reasons for postponing the step until a "more convenient season." He was a great admirer of S. R. Wen, C. T. Wang, David Yui, and other Christians whom he had come to know. He could not. however, shake off his fear of what being known as a Christian might do to his political career. Actually his subsequent political fortunes did not go well and, in time, he faded out of my view. For a few years, however, he made noteworthy contributions to the Hangchow YMCA.

The other young official I must mention was S. L. Fung, Chief of the Salt Gabelle for Chekiang. Fung came from a gentry family in another part of the province. While a student in Japan he had become a member of the Chinese Student YMCA in Tokyo. When a small group of us started raising funds with which to cover the first year's expenses of the Hangchow YMCA, he showed up at our home one evening. "The YMCA did a great deal for me in Tokyo," he said. "This is a small contribution which I want to make toward its work here." The twenty crisp $5 banknotes which he handed me looked at that stage like a veritable gold mine. Not long afterwards when we opened our night school he came again to volunteer his services as a teacher. "The YMCA in Tokyo taught me my English," he said. "I would like to pass on this knowledge to other ambitious young men in Hangchow."

I was pleased later when Fung felt free to call on me to help him in his preparation in English of an official review of the operations of his office during the preceding decade. This was no easy job, for gobbledygook is an esoteric language in any tongue, and the administration of the immemorial salt tax involved facets which I found difficult to comprehend in either language. Fung never became an avowed Christian but to the end he was an honorable and honored public servant--and a loyal member of the YMCA family. His end came during the war with Japan when a bomb broke loose from its rack on a Kuomintang plane and fell on one of Shanghai's busiest crossroads. Fung was one of two close friends among the many killed in that explosion, the other being Frank Rawlinson, editor of the *Chinese Recorder*. All that was found of Fung's body which could be definitely identified was one foot.

Another loss to which I returned from furlough, more poignant in some ways than others, was that of Chin Min-lan, my lawyer friend. Earlier I have told of his interest and continuing response to the YMCA watchword, "Not to be served but to serve." Chin was an able and successful lawyer and a restless soul. Not long after we met he expressed a desire to study the Bible with me, and we set 8 o'clock in the morning--between breakfast

and my going to the YMCA building--as the only time that seemed possible. It was not long before he accompanied me to his first church service. It was Easter morning and the Easter message moved him profoundly. He became a regular attendant, and though devout in his worship he was discerningly critical of the sermons to which he listened. He decided to join the church, only to find its door closed in his face. It was a difficult and not uncommon dilemma; he was the husband of two wives and there seemed no way of putting either one of them away without inflicting great wrong on her, and in polygamous China, the church insisted on monogamy in its members.

His zeal did not abate, however, and he drastically reduced his very lucrative practice in order to spread the "good news" of his new faith among his friends. When his aged mother died he arranged for a Christian funeral and invited great numbers of his non-Christian relatives and friends to be present. The contrasts between a Christian and China's more traditional funerals were great. It was he whom I dissuaded from starting an independent church, whereupon he was one of the prime movers in forming the Fortnightly Club for the Study of Christianity. He was in high spirits when I left him for our furlough in America. On our return I found him a very unhappy man. I never found out just what happened, but somehow he lost his faith, and with it his zest for living. My efforts to reestablish our earlier relationships ended in failure. It was not long before he turned his back entirely on his profession and on all his former activities and friends and sought solace in a remote Buddhist temple. There I lost sight of him.

My friend, the Buddhist abbot, was another "loss." When he became a sustaining (associate) member and campaign worker in the YMCA, he was the embodiment of gregariousness. Head of one of the richest, most venerable and best loved monasteries in the land, he was very much the politically-minded ecclesiastic and the "man around town," not at all the ascetic, practicing the austerities of his religion. Suddenly he disappeared from public view. Soon I heard that he had entered upon a self-imposed penance for which many precedents existed among his co-religionists of earlier times. He had himself sealed in solitary confinement within a tiny cell, open to the outside world by only a small aperture through which his meager meals could be passed in and his bodily excretions could be passed out from time to time. For three years he sat in that cell, his face to the wall. A strange way, I thought, to "lose" a YMCA member and supporter!

One of the few friends among the top officials who survived the recurring political changes was Hsia Ting-hou (Xia Dinghou). When I first knew him he was chief of the Hangchow police and of the provincial constabulary, and in time he rose to be the Civil Governor of the Province. Consistently a front-runner in our annual membership and finance drives, his cooperation in our health campaigns and other citywide activities was always on call and his personal contributions to the work were generous. As his participation in the affairs of the YMCA increased, his interest in Christianity grew. Finally, during one of Sherwood Eddy's visits to Hangchow, he decided to join the church. This happened shortly before our family moved to Shanghai, and for good reasons he set the date for his baptism several months ahead. On a bitterly cold week-end in February (with not a smidgin of heat on the trains) I journeyed back to Hangchow to be present when he took his church vows. He remained a faithful member of the church, and of the YMCA, to the end.

His end was a grim one. Hsia was a good man and a good official, but he was always deeply involved in the political maneuverings of the times. For some years he was my most helpful mentor on current political goings-on; calling for paper and pen, he would trace the moves and counter moves taking place on the political and military chessboard. As Civil

Governor, however, he came to occupy a coveted post, and this made his position vulnerable. Some time after we had left for Shanghai, news came that Hsia had lost control and had fled the city for his life. After reaching safety he grew troubled over having left his aged father behind, and filial piety demanded that he return to Hangchow to ensure his father's safety also in flight. A day and night he journeyed back, hoping to make his way secretly into the city and out again with his father. Someone along the way saw through his disguise and informed the authorities to whom he had just lost his power. He was captured and forthwith beheaded.

I must mention one more friend whose death during this period deprived me of one of my most cherished friends and counsellors. This was H. L. Zia, editor-in-chief of our Association Press, who on account of ill-health carried on his duties from a home which he had built on the shores of West Lake, Hangchow. He was the son of a Christian pastor, was educated, and later taught in Christian schools. He rose to eminence, in and out of Christian circles, through his work as an author, editor, and translator. At an early age he set out to develop a literary style, "Easy Wenli," which would be acceptable to the literati and at the same time more easily understood by the general reader. His own output in books, pamphlets, articles, and translations was prodigious. He also developed a corps of writers and schooled them in the new literary style which he was pioneering. Falling prey to tuberculosis, for eight years he waged a losing battle against that dread disease, he used every ounce of his waning strength in writing and in administering a staff and program domiciled in Shanghai, 120 miles away. His friends never ceased to wonder at the extensive correspondence which he managed to keep up with young men, former students, men who had heard him at summer conferences, and readers of his writings who turned to him for counsel. He died in 1916 at the age of 44. Fletcher Brockman wrote of him:

> "He was truly a great man. He had a splendid mind which was admirably trained. He had read widely but had not sacrificed thoroughness. He wrote and spoke with singular lucidity. His judgment was balanced. His scholarly attainments did not shut him off from intimate and sympathetic association with men. His kindliness never failed him for a moment toward rich or poor, great or small, old or young, or to any nationality. . . . As I think of all the men I have known, I do not think of one more Christlike."

That I had this man within easy reach during my first years in Hangchow was a circumstance to which I personally, and the Hangchow YMCA in its beginnings, owe an incalculable debt.

In no other land, I suppose, has the written word been so revered as in China. When walking down the streets of Hangchow, I used to see on convenient walls, metal containers, usually well-filled with scraps of paper. These were put there by a society which enlisted the cooperation of the populace in rescuing bits of paper whenever found on the streets of the city. This was a measure not against litter but for preserving the printed or written word from dishonor. Periodically these scraps were collected and taken to some nearby temple court where they were incinerated in great bronze urns, after which the ashes were taken on barges far out to sea and there committed to the unsullied waves. Needless to way, the writer in such a society was held in high regard, and one of the first claims of the Chinese YMCA to public respect and influence was the stream of really good publications put out by Association Press. In Hangchow, for example, we had a large and elite list of subscribers to *Association Progress* magazine which reflected the outlook and policies of the YMCA in China. This was not a house organ, or in any sectarian sense a religious journal, but a general magazine on the order of *Harper's* or the *Atlantic Monthly*. The magazine reflected

a Christian point of view, but its articles, dealing with literary, scientific, and current public issues, were keyed to the interest of people seeking their way out of the Middle Ages and into the twentieth century.

These recollections of friends, fellow-workers, and acquaintances in Hangchow might go on interminably, but I have perhaps written enough to suggest what manner of men they were and the part they had in making the YMCA an accepted and influential institution in a proud and ancient city. No wonder I returned to them from furlough with eagerness and high expectations. It was a hard blow when soon after our return so many of these staunch friends and supporters were swept from the city and others were lost to us by death or otherwise. Six months after our return I was writing home:

> "Many of our best friends and supporters have been affected by recent political events and are leaving the city. I suppose life never ceases to be a series of beginnings. So few things are permanent. This is particularly true at present. In a sense much of the work which has been done here must be done all over again.
>
> "Of course the lives that have been changed have left an influence in the city which time cannot undo, and as these men go to other cities they will carry on the work of which the Hangchow Association has so far been beneficiary, and so in the great economy of God nothing will be lost. Yet in a very real sense much of our support must be won anew, and new men must be won to take the places of those who have gone.
>
> "It would be easy to be discouraged, but He Who in unexpected ways has blessed us in the past has the power to take care of this work still."

In my annual report for 1916, written about the same time, I said:

> "In April of this year the storm broke in Hangchow. The dust and smoke have not yet lifted. The real issues at stake are only dimly discerned (even, one suspects, by the leading actors) and the outcome of it all is yet to be revealed. One fact stands out very clearly, however, in the Association consciousness and that is that many of its largest contributors, most active workers and most influential friends have left the city in the shuffle. However, we must record our gratitude to God that in spite of many untoward circumstances the Association has more than held its own. Its position in the city has not been compromised in the least, although many of its leading supporters have been in the midst of the political maelstrom."

In the same report we were able to record that the total expenses of the Association, as in former years, had been raised locally: "approximately half in membership fees and the other half in contributions from public-spirited citizens."

VIII.

Hangchow Mission Accomplished

World War I marked a watershed for Christian missions as well as for Western civilization, albeit one which became apparent only with the passage of time. For Barnett initially, the war posed difficult questions about his obligations as an American citizen versus his service in the cause of democracy and humanity in China. Along with Americans in general, Barnett accepted the Wilsonian thesis that the battle was between good and evil; implementation of the Fourteen Points would make the world safe for democracy and would usher in a new world order. Only with such goals in mind could one justify the horrendous slaughter under way. The fight for right being one, Barnett decided that he could remain at his China post without slighting his obligation as an American national. Like citizens in the USA, Barnett and other Americans in China led drives to raise funds for the Red Cross and other service organizations. The post-war era, in the view of mission boards, would bring not just democracy, but a renewal of peacetime pursuits such as service to humanity through missions.

Chinese reaction to the war was much more complex. Having looked to the West as the prototype for modernizing societies, and having taken note of the premise that there was a necessary connection between Christianity and Western progress, some Chinese were repulsed by the sight of the "Christian West" doing battle. Did progress lead only to more efficient killing? How could both sides invoke the blessing of God? Where was the force of Christian morality, they asked. Some who had been attracted to Christianity now turned away from it; one was Barnett's friend, Hsu Chi'en (Xu Qian) who decided that Buddhist philosophy was closer to the truth.

Others urged the Chinese government to join the Allies in the hope that victory would bring a new dispensation in international affairs. Japan, having declared war on Germany, had taken over German concessions in Shantung. If Wilson's Fourteen Points were enacted, the Chinese could look forward to the return of the concessions and to acceptance as an equal in the international community. China eventually did enter the war in August, 1917, not long after USA's entry and she sent labor battalions to France to dig trenches and provide other services for the Allied forces.

The Allied success, however, ushered in no new utopian order and Chinese expectations were quickly belied. The Versailles Treaty allowed Japan to keep the Shantung concessions and China's "unequal treaties" remained in force. Idealistic Chinese students felt betrayed. Growing disillusionment with republican government as manipulated by the warlords reached a nadir when the Peking government appeared ready to acquiesce in the Versailles decision. Regarding themselves as an elite vanguard and voice for the nation, students in Peking took to the streets on May 4, 1919, to protest against Versailles and China's warlord rulers. Support for the demonstrators came from numerous sectors or urban China, not only university and mission school students in other cities, but shopkeepers, factory owners, teachers, and other professionals, even some workers.

Barnett's initial reaction to the May 4th demonstrations was, like that of many missionary educators, mixed. He sympathized with student goals, but he recoiled at the substitution of direct action for constitutional methodology. The specter of mob violence was minimal despite harsh police tactics, however, Barnett's admiration of the students' bravery and their aims increased. The disruption of academic routine in the schools, on the other hand, was so severe that most parochial school administrators exerted heavy pressure on their students to return

quickly to the classroom. Emotional patriots accused the Westerners of denationalizing their students by insisting that mundane careerism have priority over loyalty to the Chinese nation.

The May 4th demonstrations, which spread over the country, were part of a larger movement sometimes labeled the New Culture Movement, the Renaissance, or simply the May Fourth Movement. According to many reformers, the Chinese republic had failed because the foundation for democracy had not been laid. Confucian values and the traditional family system were authoritarian and must be destroyed. The populace must gain literacy and acquire a sense of nationhood if they were to exercise their rights as citizens. This required substituting the vernacular for the classical written language (wen li) and rapidly expanding the school system.

With such goals, Barnett could agree; they were consistent with the social gospel of the YMCA, which called for the creation of a Christian society through regeneration and reconstruction of the social order. Barnett and his Hangchow colleagues launched a community outreach program that gained widespread popularity.

This chapter of his memoirs details the great variety of activities of the Hangchow YMCA, many of them emphasizing the duties of citizenship and the social service obligations of each individual. Personal problems arising from social change were thrashed out in discussion groups. The Y programs work found much favor with the middle-class and professional community, and Barnett understandably was proud of the influence of an expanding YMCA. Numerous reformist Chinese identified the Y as their own.

Clouds loomed on the horizon, though, and occasional tempests occurred. Particularly acrimonious in the Christian community in China was the conflict between advocates of the social gospel and those often called conservatives or fundamentalists. The differences went beyond arguments over a literal or figurative interpretation of the Bible. Conservatives contended that monies collected for evangelism were being misused when they were applied to schools, agricultural missions, hospitals, and other social services. The argument heated up in China as an increasing proportion of funds and personnel went into such activities while only a tiny fraction of those benefiting from the programs opted for church membership. Even though Barnett insisted that the spiritual aspect of the Y mission was not being neglected for secular programs, he did not escape the criticism of conservatives. Chinese Christians, for their part, were distressed by the bitterness with which the debate was conducted, while anti-Christians found grist for their mills.

Another source of disharmony within the Christian community was the debate over ecumenism versus denominationalism. Chinese Protestants lacked the Western historical experience with denominations and most were not greatly interested in fine doctrinal points. Consequently, most Chinese Protestants were readier to move toward a non-denominational Chinese church than were most missionaries or home boards. The difference, therefore, could easily become inflated into one of Chinese versus Western control.

Despite Barnett's liberality, empathy with the Chinese, and his opposition to narrow sectarian denominationalism, he had been firmly grounded in the denominational tradition and he did not abandon it even as he worked with the Y in China. Moreover, he viewed the disastrous Interchurch World Movement of 1919-1922 as evidence of the continued viability of denominations. That ambitious and expensive campaign, organized by an ecumenical board representing the leading Protestant denominations, envisioned raising over three billion dollars for a crusade to carry the Gospel to all the corners of the earth. It ended in utter failure, leaving behind a residue of debts and of hard feelings on the part of participating churches. In

competition for funds, appeals to sectarian loyalties were more effective than ecumenism. The collapse of the Interchurch World Movement highlighted issues that were to pose difficult problems for the non-denominational YMCA.

In 1920 came a call for Barnett to move to Shanghai to meet an "emergency" need for leadership in the Chinese national student work program. True to his upbringing, Barnett sacrificed personal preferences for the needs of the organization. Responding to short-run emergencies became a hallmark of his career, one that led him ever higher up the administrative ladder of the YMCA.

Abbé Emmanuel Sieyès, toward the end of a precarious political career overlapping the French Revolution, was asked what he considered his greatest achievement. "I survived," was his sardonic reply. That the Hangchow YMCA survived the losses in friends described in the preceding chapter, the repeated delays in its building program, the ups and downs of revolution and counter-revolution within the country, and the resounding repercussions of World War I gave heartening evidence of the rootage it was taking in the life of the city. It survived because of an inner core of loyal men, steadily replenished as time went on, who forged ahead with such facilities as were available, seeking to meet old needs and new situations as they saw them.

The misgivings we had as to how we might stand with the "new Pharaoh who knew not Joseph" were soon allayed. When on October 10, 1916, for example, the city staged its celebrations of the Fifth Anniversary of the Founding of the Republic, the YMCA was brought into the middle of the festivities. I reported:

> "The Committee in charge of arrangements was composed of representatives drawn from Government yamens, newspaper offices, and other public institutions. Secretaries of the YMCA were asked to serve on the Committee and a disproportionate share of the work devolved on them. The entire Association staff has given itself night and day to this big civic enterprise. The YMCA here has never received more conspicuous recognition than that which has come to it, quite unsought, during these days.
>
> "In the midst of The Zone (where the festivities centered) the largest space accorded anybody was that set aside for the YMCA and its health exhibit. Striking charts displayed the purposes and activities of the YMCA. One, for example, read: 'The YMCA is a world Association, a Chinese Association, a Hangchow Association, a Young Men's Association, Your Association.' Another: 'The YMCA is a sports society, an educational society, a good fellowship society, a moral culture society.' Another chart displayed the always-visible YMCA watchword: 'Not to be served but to serve.' Other charts and cartoons portrayed activities of the YMCA, local and general; and architect's drawings of the projected YMCA building, on view, excited great interest among the passing throngs.
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> "Tens of thousands saw the Health Exhibit, borrowed from our National Committee, which was given the most favorable space in The Zone. Medical students were on hand to reenforce graphic messages with oral explanations.
>
> "The YMCA put on exhibition athletic games, a concert of Western music, outdoor moving pictures, exhibitions of Western magic (performed by a returned student from Harvard), and stereopticon lectures on tuberculosis. It took part in the Grand Parade.
>
> "An estimated 300,000 persons passed up and down The Zone on the afternoon and evening of October 10 alone."

The Great War seemed far away when it broke in the summer of 1914 but its thunders grew louder and nearer as one agonizing year followed another. I was enroute from Shanghai to Yokohama, on the German steamer *York*, when news reached me that the war has started. European steamship lines--English, French, and German--were offering roundtrip tickets that summer between Shanghai and Yokohama for Ch$80, or US$40, each

ticket being good also for the passage of an accompanying servant! The *York* touched port at Tsingtao on its way to Japan. As we sailed into its lively harbor early in the morning, the red tiled roofs of the city presented a charming vignette of Germany, let down on the China coast. The ship's band--a good one--was playing lively German airs while we sidled up to the pier, and a large and nostalgic-looking crowd was there to watch the ship come in.

It was on the following day, as we were sailing thorough the Straits of Korea, that the fateful word came. The long dreaded war had been ignited at Sarajevo. When and where would it end? The ship fairly buzzed with the talk set off by the dreaded news. The calmest persons aboard the *York* were its officers and crew. The ship landed at Yokohama on Sunday morning and was scheduled to remain in port until Friday. But on the following morning, after summarily discharging its passengers and cargo, it put to sea under sealed orders to prey on Allied shipping. Eventually it was itself sunk, but only after taking heavy tolls in its career as merchantman-turned-privateer.

During the succeeding month which our family spent at the mountain resort of Karuizawa, the war was the all-absorbing topic. The Japanese followed events closely. Huge war maps on view in public places marked from day to day the ebb and flow of the contest. There was much speculation as to what Japan would do. Few were surprised that she bided her time to join the Allies. Only when the moment seemed ripe did she take over Germany's holdings on the Shantung coast at a minimum cost. Our next door neighbor at Karuizawa was from the Italian Embassy in Tokyo. "What is Italy going to do?" I asked one morning. "We will wait," he said, "until we see which side will win, and then we will join that side." (He knew his Machiavelli and his Italy well!) A special concern of the China contingent vacationing in Japan was how or whether we were to get back to China, for originally scheduled sailings were all off and new reservations were on a catch-as-catch-can basis. We managed to secure passage, without undue delay, on a P. and O. (British) steamer.

As a young American I wondered whether my duty lay in what I was doing in China or in Europe where the fate of mankind trembled in the balances. The International Committee pressed on us the importance of what we were doing and, following a visit to the White House, Dr. Mott passed on to us the word that the President wished us to continue at our posts. I wrote in September 1918:

> "There have been times during the past year when Hangchow has seemed remote from the great events transpiring in the Western World, the struggle by which the world is being fashioned anew. At such times there has come an undeniable impulse to get closer to the fray. Deeper than this occasional impulse, however, and more persistent, has been the conviction that we are fighting here in China, only in a different way, for the same cause which has called the armies of America to the fields of France.
>
> "The Young Men's Christian Association is working in China as one of the constructive and effective agents of democracy and of international goodwill, at a time of crisis pregnant with possibilities for China and for the world. It has never been so important as now for American Christians to maintain these outposts of unselfish friendship and human brotherhood. . . .
>
> "And so we have regarded Hangchow as our sector in the long battle line of Democracy and Humanity, and to the limit of our strength we have tried to 'carry on.'"

To a high school classmate I wrote in March:

"Theoretically I think I hate war enough to be classified as a pacifist. And yet I have an overwhelming feeling that America's entry into the war simply couldn't be helped. And so, while lacking any impulse to shout or clap my hands or in any way effervesce, I am heart and soul with [Woodrow] Wilson and with our country in the awful, inescapable, and infinitely significant task she has taken upon herself. And so, notwithstanding a belief that I can best serve my country where I am, notwithstanding four cogent 'personal' reasons for doing so (my wife and our three young children), the felling will come again and again that to stand on the outside and look on the struggle is a difficult position in which to maintain an equable mind.

"It is reassuring to see beneath all the death and wounds and greed and envy and burned cities and hate, principles and ideals in mortal combat, and to know that sooner or later Truth will prevail; that all this awful price is going in the end to buy something; and that one hundred years from now the world will be debtor to this age, even as ours is to the days of revolution and terror in France. . . .

"Isn'tit splendid that at this juncture a Woodrow Wilson dwells in the White House?"

As with American communities the world over, Hangchow's three-score or so adult Americans were engaged in various forms of "war work." With us, much of this centered in our newly organized branch of the American Red Cross Society, of which I was president. An unexpected opportunity to lend a hand came in November 1918 in connection with the United War Work Campaign in the United States. The YMCA was one of seven war service organizations which joined in this drive for funds. The American YMCA was engaged in a program of service to the Chinese Labor Corps in France, at an annual cost of $400,000. Under the leadership of U.S. Minister Paul Reinsch, a central committee of Chinese and Americans was formed in Peking, which proposed that the equivalent of US$300,000 be raised in China, as a token contribution toward the total goal of $170,500,000.

On receiving a telegram from the Peking committee suggesting that $5,000 of this amount be raised in Hangchow, I promptly brought about the organization of a citizens' committee, for which I was asked to serve as secretary. In less than a week we were able to transmit to the treasurer of the fund, not $5,000 but $100,000 as our contribution. Actually, I personally had little to do with effecting this result beyond pushing the initial button for business and governmental bodies were all too glad for this opportunity to show appreciation for their American ally. A total of US$1,425,000 went from China before the contributions stopped coming in.

The impact of the war on men's thinking about America and about Christianity was subtle yet profound. The case of the president of the Provincial Engineering College was illustrative. Mr. Hsu Chien was not a Christian, but for sometime he had been seeing in Christianity the "hope" for China and for the world. No man joining the Hangchow YMCA was more intent on learning about the religion of which it was a child and agent. Inviting a colleague of mine to lead a group of his students in a voluntary Bible study class, he called a special convocation at which he introduced this YMCA secretary, himself urging the students to enroll as members of the class. Many of them did so. As the war went on in

Europe, Mr. Hsu was surprised and shocked by what he saw taking place among "Christian nations." Presently he came to see me, to say that he had about concluded that Buddhism after all was nearer right than Christianity. "Buddhism," he explained, "says plainly that the world is essentially evil, and that we cannot 'purify' the world because we ourselves are 'impure.' "Sorrow and disappointment suffused his face as we talked. China's disillusionment with "Western superiority" deepened as the war progressed and as later its flotsam and jetsam, notably "White Russians" in large numbers, reached her shores.

Premonitions of what world happenings would do to China were vague, yet haunting. In my annual report for 1918 I wrote:

> "The eyes of the world are fixed on that long line of trenches which marks the 'Western Front.' It is true that there are mighty issues at stake, the outcome of which hangs the destiny of the world. Meanwhile here in the East there is being enacted another drama, the issues of which are not less momentous. China and Russia! Are democratic principles going to prevail in these toddling republics? We can ignore them today, but if we do we shall regret it tomorrow."

Republics? Toddling? How time has edited one's musings of 40-odd years ago!

As matters went from bad to worse within China I was again struck by an important fact: however gloomy the Chinese might be about their immediate situation, they did not lose faith in themselves. They knew they possessed a great past and a great, though time-worn, civilization and they refused to believe that they had lost their capacity for greatness. For more than a century their nation had floundered in the doldrums, but it was not destined to remain there. It was in this confidence that a small company of professors, eagerly followed by large and ever-growing numbers of students, launched the so called Renaissance Movement. Starting at the Peking National University, this movement quickly overspread the country, leaving no campus or student unaffected. Hundreds of magazines made their appearance, frankly exposing China's weaknesses, analyzing their causes, and proposing remedies. Marxian influence in periodicals and pamphlets was noted but little serious importance was attached thereto. Why worry over the fancy-free speculations of a few intellectuals? Anyhow, as one of Hangchow's leading citizens said to me, "China tried Communism two thousand years ago, and it didn't work!"

One far-reaching offshoot of the Renaissance Movement was what came to be called the Literary Revolution. This movement demanded the use of the spoken idiom in the written and printed language. Incidentally, I have heard Dr. Hu Shih (Hu Shi) disclaim the title of "father" of this movement; its real parents, he insists, were the Christian missionaries who first translated their Scriptures into the everyday language of the people. This they did in face of the disdain of the scholars in whose eyes "written vulgate" was insufferably crude and offensive.

John Dewey and his wife were in China as this movement was gathering force, and the student movement was getting under way as its most active wing. The Deweys' first visit in interior China was in Hangchow where they were our house guests for a week. Their escort and mentor on this visit was Chiang Monlin (Chiang Meng-lin, Jiang Menglin), a former student of Dr. Dewey at Columbia University and at the time president of the Peking National University. One evening, toward the end of the scheduled visit, we were in the midst of a Chinese feast in the Provincial Educational Society building when a messenger handed a telegram to Dr. Chiang. "It is from my university," he said. "My

students are on strike and other students all over the city are joining them. I must take the night train for Peking." The next morning's papers amplified the story of a student uprising which was to shake the nation.

The students' attacks were directed against Japan and her aggressions and even more against certain Peking officials whom they saw selling their country, piece by piece, to this impertinent neighbor. The response of students throughout the country was instantaneous. I can still feel the chill that ran down my spine a few days later as I watched and heard a huge parade of students passing the YMCA entrance shouting their angry slogans as they marched. "The students of China are at present extremely mercurial in their behavior," I wrote my parents. "Most of the (demonstrating) students in Hangchow are either adolescents or just above adolescence. They are obsessed with false ideas of liberty which easily break into attempts at mob rule. Student bodies demand the removal or restoration of members of the faculty, dictate school policy, and otherwise make life miserable for their principals. Hardly a school in the country has escaped manifestations of this spirit."

To a fellow-American, a professor in the local college then on furlough, I write in June, 1919:

> "This time it is a national uprising, deeper in feeling and more widespread than anything I have seen here before. While the movement heads up in Peking, it has been far from dull in Hangchow. The movement seems to have reached down to men and women of the humblest classes--small shopkeepers, ricksha coolies, and working men. It would be interesting to you to go up and down the streets of Hangchow and to see the posters with which the walls and doors have been plastered over. There has been little disorder, but one has a feeling that a lot of inflammable material is lying around loose, and that matches are being tossed about rather carelessly. . . .
>
> "This morning the streets have, at times, been impassable by rickshas because of the crowds. The crowds followed patrols of soldiers sent out to order the shopkeepers to open up, and then bands of 'student-citizens' countermanding the order. You never saw such rapid shifts as the shopkeepers were making, putting up and taking down their shutters.
>
> "The crowds seemed interested in my being abroad, and they had many conjectures to make, their final conclusion being, 'He's an American and he favors what we are doing.'"

Two months later I was writing to the president of the University of North Carolina, in terms which suggested the difficulty we were having in appraising events:

> "The present student movement in China is wonderful. All classes have rallied to their leadership, and they have acted with a restraint and constructive purpose that has surprised even their warmest friends. It is more than a movement to boycott Japanese goods. It is more than a movement to overthrow corrupt officials, in unholy league with the militarists of Japan, though it has brought about the downfall of some of the most powerful of these officials. It is also a movement that is stimulating native manufactures and social welfare along many lines. The students are possessed of an almost religious passion for their Cause, and time and again they have bared their breasts to the bayonets of soldiers sent to suppress them. Boys and girls are

equally in it. The appearance of these students on the stage has radically changed the political outlook of the country. Yet their resources are entirely moral, while their adversaries rule by the mailed fist."

Early the following year, 1920, I wrote my parents: "China is seething. Only the students are concerned. The schools are completely demoralized. Hangchow is boiling. For a week striking students have thronged the streets, declaiming against the government. Great bodies of soldiers and police have been marching back and forth, on alert to suppress any student activity that may appear. There have been several clashes between students and soldiers."

"It is among youngsters of this sort that the Association is trying to carry on its work," I wrote to friends in America. "Under the circumstances the progress we are making is gratifying." The truth is that many young people in China, and not a few of their elders, were feeling that in Christianity China might find its "way out" of the morass into which it had fallen. This hope was not lacking among the hundreds of non-Christian government school students in our Bible study groups.

Another Bible study group which I was leading at that time met Sunday mornings in the John L. Stuart Memorial Presbyterian Church, of which I was a charter member. This class brought together 20-odd professional men, mostly lawyers, doctors, and professors. For these men Bible study was no prescribed rite or pious observance. Neither was it a literary excursion, for the literary quality of the Bible in its Chinese translation was far inferior, say, to the translations available of the Buddhist scriptures from Sanskrit and Pali. These were mature, educated, and thoughtful men who saw that there were important lacks in their individual, social, and national life which Christianity perhaps might supply. "To search the Scriptures" with these men, joining them in their quest, made long-familiar passages seem as fresh and new to me as they appeared to be to them.

In the summer of 1919, in the course of a long letter written to Dr. H. K. Wright, a student of China's religions, I observed:

> "There seems to be in Hangchow a revival of interest among the educated classes, principally among the educators, in Buddhism. I would characterize the movement as a revival of Buddhist philosophy rather than of Buddhism as a religion. Lectures on Buddhism have been frequent the past two years. The Salt Guild is conducting its second annual institute for the study of Buddhist philosophy this summer. Buddhist literature is being sold in great quantities.
>
> "Lectures on Christianity and Buddhism, recently staged by the YMCA, were outrageously long, but the audiences sat through with rapt attention and surrounded the lecturer for further discussion at the close of each session. . . .
>
> "One thing which is restoring the prestige of Buddhism is the devotion to it of some of our present officials. . . . The authorities have introduced teachers of Buddhism into the Provincial Prison, tactfully yet effectively terminating the Gospel meetings which the YMCA had conducted among the prisoners for several years. . . ."

In another report I wrote during this period:

"I have recently gotten in touch with a new eclectic religion which has adopted Confucius, Laotze, and Gautama [Buddha] as its Triad. In less than two years this order has enrolled more than 2,000 members and has established branches in a dozen other cities of the Province. Its members go in for a rather unhealthy type of 'spirituality,' but their zeal for their new faith commands respect and admiration.

"The church is not yet awake to the situation. The social ethics of Christianity have not been over-emphasized but its underlying concepts of God and man and Christ and the Holy Spirit and Eternal Life are not being sufficiently emphasized. The church and the YMCA are much admired for their hospitals, schools, and social service, but they are lightly regarded as authorities to be consulted on religious (as distinguished from ethical) and social matters."

On earlier pages I have mentioned my friendship with a number of Buddhist scholars and my attendance on a highly esoteric lecture at the invitation of members of a local Buddhist Philosophy Club. With several American and British friends I formed a small group to study Buddhism. One of my most rewarding undertakings during the Hangchow years was the preparation of a paper on Pure Land Buddhism in which I consulted a number of scholars, monks, and laymen, visited temples, and toiled through many pages of recommended works on the subject. The metamorphosis of primitive Buddhism on its transplantation in China has long interested students of religion. Instead of Nirvana, Pure Land Buddhism offers a Western Paradise of dazzling beauty and dizzy delights. Its salvation, not by works but by faith through the grace of Amitahba, is closer to Christianity than it is to primitive Buddhist doctrine. So close to Christianity are certain of its teachings that some students, recalling that Pure Land Buddhism's foremost expounder was a fellow resident of the first Nestorian missionaries in the T'ang capital of Ch'andan (Sian, Xian) back in the early 7th century, have surmised that these teachings were borrowed. A strong count against this conjecture, however, lies in the fact that emphasis on these particular doctrines was wholly lacking in the Nestorian teachings!

Much of the appeal which the YMCA held for the Chinese during this period undoubtedly derived from the stress it laid on the social teachings of Jesus. So new indeed was the idea of "social service" that a new term had to be coined to express it, and this was done by our own H. L. Zia. Loyalty to parents, friends, members of one's family, and rulers was deep-rooted, and I was continually witness to the abandon with which a Chinese could "break the alabaster box" for them. This loyalty extended too to one's clan, his regional and trade guild, and, say, to a village temple project. But the day of community-wide commitment to the general welfare of the community--to say nothing of nationwide commitment to the national interest--had not yet arrived. When the Chinese I knew were challenged by these new and larger loyalties, however, they were inclined to be responsive.

The life of Jesus and his social teachings were the main subjects of our YMCA study, for which hundreds, and sometimes more than a thousand, non-Christian men in Hangchow would sign up in a single enrollment. Courses of lectures dealt with the same subjects; our first Sunday afternoon series, for example, dealing successively with Christianity and the nation, the community, the family, and the individual. These were not academic interests on which tired clichés were expounded to our members. They were instead, urgent personal problems for men living in a society "in which the acids of modernity (had) dissolved the ancestral order," and young people were seeking clues to something better.

"'How many are there in your family?' I asked one of our members a few days ago (in 1916). 'Six,' he replied. 'My wife, our two children, my mother, and *my little mother.*' 'Little Mother' was the euphonious term for his father's concubine, and as he uttered it there rested for a moment on his face an expression eloquent in its tale of domestic discord and sorrow."

"'How did you find your family?' I asked a college senior, just back from his summer vacation. I know him well and he answered frankly: 'I did not stay at home. My home is a bedlam. I spent the summer in a school house in my native town.' And then he told me of how his brothers, as they married, took their wives back, as the custom is, to the parental home (in this case, a well-to-do home); and of how the conflicting interests and jealousies of sisters-in-law, of mother and daughters-in-law, and of miscellaneous cousins forthwith made a peaceful and happy home impossible.

"One of our night school students who has recently applied for church membership came in to see me the other day. 'What is the attitude of your family to your joining the church.' I asked him. 'Opposition,' he replied. 'But I shall go ahead, notwithstanding. My father is an official of the old style. Both he and my mother are opposed to modern learning. Time and again they have blocked my going to a modern school. They have been outraged by my refusal to marry an unlettered girl who would become only the maidservant of my mother. Yes, they will be utterly opposed to my joining the Christian Church, but I shall go ahead and join, and they will have to reconcile themselves the best they can to this latest perversion of their son.'"

Lectures in the YMCA dealing with these and other social problems brought out large and expectant audiences. Student thinking was stimulated by inter-scholastic essays and oratorical contests and debates on social issues. The winning essays in an early essay contest, for example, were entitled "My Idea of Personal Hygiene." "How to Improve the Lot of the Poor," and "The Evils of Early Marriage." Students were encouraged not only to think and talk and write but also to act on their new insights and impulses with respect to current social needs. A student sent in a garment for the flood sufferers' collection, attached to which was the verse suggesting that he who has two coats should give one to him who is without. Our night school students served as volunteer teachers in a free primary school, which the YMCA opened for poor children. The "school room" was the high stage standing across the court from the chief idols in the Temple of the God of War.

"In former days," I wrote, "condemned prisoners on their way to decapitation outside the nearby city gate were brought to this temple to prostrate themselves before the God of War and to seek from him courage for the approaching ordeal. The same fearsome image sits in gilded splendor in its old place, but far different is the scene on which it now looks. Instead of terror-stricken victims of a fickle and arbitrary government, it sees bright-faced children studying Chinese, arithmetic, the abacus, music, calisthenics, and Bible stories. Instead of executioners grasping their gruesome instruments of death, it sees a band of earnest young men, armed with chalk and textbooks."

Physicians and medical students were recruited among our members to conduct a 3-day Better Babies program in which several thousand parents attended nightly lectures and film showings, and 153 babies were entered for examinations and the awards given the prize

winners. In one "fly-killing crusade," 79 pupils from 10 primary schools killed 770,000 flies. Handsomely illuminated certificates and brand-new fly-swatters were awarded those showing superior diligence and skill. Volunteers from among our members delivered lectures, "on company time," in our several large modern silk filatures, and later their owners borrowed the YMCA roof garden for events which they put on for their men and women workers. There were the weekly prison meetings and the welfare activities carried on in the Ling Yin Monastery. Openings for "social service" abounded and our members were more than ready to respond.

Frank Rawlinson, editor of the *Chinese Recorder*, observed in his report of the 1920 National Y Convention: "The YMCA is Christianity at work . . . (The Convention) spoke against concubinage, domestic slavery and prostitution, opium and alcoholic liquor, and it spoke for a single standard of morality, the right of every child to a proper opportunity, and the right of labor to a fair living wage and healthy working conditions. . . . The Convention was the largest Christian gathering yet held in China. . . . The Premier has pronounced the YMCA the most effective organization in society."

The pace set by the Hangchow YMCA in identifying community needs and in addressing itself to them led to calls on me to expatiate on the subject in and out of the YMCA. Now it was an address in a neighboring city (overnight by canal boat) to the Chekiang Federation of Churches on "Christian Social Service," an address I was asked to repeat a few weeks later before the Chekiang Preachers' Institute of which I was chairman that summer. At another time it was a course given in the YWCA Summer Conference on "The Social Teachings of Jesus." In that class were two of (Wu Yifang) the first three graduates president of her alma mater, and Mrs. New Wei-sen-to-be (Niu Hui-sheng), who later became a longtime chairman of its board of trustees. "I do not know," I concluded, "but that I admire the Chinese girl just a little bit more than I do her brother."

It was during this period that a wave of militant fundamentalism swept the missionary ranks in China. Harry Emerson Fosdick, then at the peak of his influence, was a special object of reproach and attack. The so-called "Social Gospel" was a special bugaboo, the arch enemy of "the faith" and must be struck down. In this connection the YMCA was, quite naturally, singled out for frequent reprobation in public speech and print. I was not greatly disturbed by the diatribes of these critics for their Biblical literalism, their preoccupation with a narrowly individualistic gospel, and the acrimony with which they attacked those who did not conform to their views as they seemed to me to be self-defeating. Moreover their caricature of the "Social Gospel" was patently unfair, for its best exponents were faithful in pointing out that there must be roots to produce the fruits by which Christianity must ultimately be judged. To a Chinese dean spending a sabbatical year in America I wrote on March 26, 1918:

> "Nothing can take the place of a living faith in a living Christ who brings God and Heaven down into these little lives of ours and makes them worth living. I have done a good deal of Bible teaching in the past year or so among students and educated men. It is not difficult in discussing the teachings of Jesus with them to win their acceptance of these teachings as true and beautiful. But more and more my effort is to help these men see Jesus, to know Him, and to enter into a vital daily relationship with Him. It is only Jesus Christ Himself who can save--He who exemplifies these teachings, who in his own life embodies God, and who reveals to us the highest standards conceivable by which to guide and judge our lives."

Surprisingly, our greatest difficulties during these years were with certain of our fellow Christians, and though in retrospect these difficulties seem very minor in importance, brief mention of them may be called for. Even if the fundamentalist-modernist storm pretty much bypassed us in Hangchow, there were three episodes which gave us trouble in the YMCA and absorbed a great deal of time which could have been much better spent otherwise. First, there was the proposal pushed by three or four American missionaries to establish an interdenominational center in the city which would make it unnecessary and undesirable for the YMCA to work outside of the city's schools. One of the three American missions in the city made available a fine lot near the business center of the city. Plans called for a building and a varied program patterned along YMCA lines. Work in the center would be for men and boys only.

Clearly the issues posed by this proposal were crucial for the YMCA, and I met them head on; in face-to-face with the promoters, I endeavored to show other key persons what the proposal would do to the YMCA. The project came to a halt when equally influential members of the missionary body withheld their support, and it was presently forgotten. I have no doubt that it would have failed in any case, for its promoters looked to America and their American missions rather than to the Hangchow community for the funds and staff required--and for the policy and program decisions which would have to be made.

A second and subsequent project which bred problems for the YMCA was the brain-child of one of our most gifted, and erratic, American missionaries. He became the executive of the union committee of the five Protestant denominations of Hangchow. I had taken a considerable part in the formation of this organization and was consistently active in it, serving year after year as chairman of its most active committee--on city-wide evangelism. (A study I made about that time for the *China Christian Yearbook* showed that throughout the country YMCA secretaries were having a major share in starting the inter-church councils and committees which were then coming into being.)

Tensions arose over an important issue: what should be the role of the Union Committee? Its executive envisaged a committee carrying on a large, and largely autonomous, program *in the name of* the churches forming it. I thought it ought to be a committee *of* those churches, working mainly through them in such enterprises as they might decide individually or jointly to undertake. The executive entertained grandiose ideas of what the committee could become and do, and on furlough in America he entered requests with the Interchurch World Movement for huge sums of money to finance his program. Significantly, that program existed for the most part in his mind only and the "official requests" he made for subventions were the product of his individual initiative, rather than that of his committee, much less of the churches he "represented."

The man-hours consumed in threshing out the problems raised were beyond belief. There were a few who misread my motives, judging that I was trying to "protect" the position which the YMCA had gained for itself in the city. I continued to try, more by deed than by word, to show that I was wholeheartedly committed to a city-wide cooperative enterprise of the churches engaged in fulfilling its proper functions. Most of my missionary, and I think all of my Chinese colleagues trusted my intentions and, in general, concurred in my judgments. The failure of the Interchurch World Movement did much to dispose of these tensions in Hangchow! "My plans have been greatly modified by two things," the Union Committee executive said to me in a friendly note. "One has been the failure of the Interchurch World Movement, and the other has been the phenomenal development of the YMCA."

Presently the Union Committee executive brought together a representative group of Hangchow missionaries to reexamine the situation. The whole history of the committee was reviewed, its accomplishments were lauded, and in the discussion which followed there was general agreement that the time had come for a radical reorganization. "Its mistake," said one of those present, "has been the same as that of the Interchurch World Movement with which I was for a time closely identified. It has tried, willy nilly, to superimpose a program on the churches, and now we see that this cannot be done." "It has acted as the leader of the Christian churches of Hangchow," said another, "but it is a leader without followers, and not very much can be done on a basis like that." When the interrelationships of the Union Committee with the YMCA were brought up, it developed in no time into "a testimonial meeting in appreciation of what the YMCA is doing for Hangchow and the surrounding country. . . . I could but mark the contrast between this 'retreat' and one held three or four years ago when these same men met for a discussion of the Union Committee and the YMCA, and the tide was flowing pretty much the other way." When my views were asked on this occasion I again urged the important role of the committee in uniting and stimulating the work of the Christian agencies in the city, especially that of the several churches.

The third episode to which I refer was a storm which blew up within the inner ranks of the YMCA itself. It started with the dismissal, for cause, of the writer on our staff. I recorded at the time:

> "In Hangchow, there is hardly a man on the staff more important than the writer. With many people the standing of the YMCA is determined not so much by what it does as by the written and printed material that goes out from its office; and the written and printed matter is rated not so much by what it says as by how it says it. So greatly do the Chinese esteem literary style in which our former writer is a past master. It is only fair to say that through his pen he has had a large part in establishing the YMCA in this city.
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> "For years this man has been a member of a small clique (of fellow alumni) which, except for him, is composed entirely of church members of some importance in Hangchow. On being dismissed he got busy among these friends and stirred up the worst trouble we have yet undergone. Thoroughly acquainted with the inner workings of the organization, he set about rigging the forthcoming election with a view to increasing the strength of his particular friends on the Board of Directors.
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> "On examining the ballots (which included a number sent in by mail), I felt it necessary to request, and insist upon, a new election--the most humiliating and saddest thing I have had to do since the YMCA started in Hangchow."

The president of the Hangchow YMCA with whom I conferred admonished me to let sleeping dogs lie. Happily his wife (a doughty soul) succeeded where I had failed in changing his mind. I was told by those who had been elected by bogus votes and their friends, that if a new election were called they would publish the story in the newspapers of every YMCA city in the country, and in terms which would do me and the Hangchow YMCA no good. The new election was, nevertheless, called and held in a meeting in which the offended members vented their anger. Forty-odd years later it all seems like a tempest in a teapot, but while it was going on I found it very unpleasant to hear my name publicly and roundly anathematized. "The silver lining in the experience," I wrote at the time, "was the number of men who stood out and did the right thing instead of the easy thing."

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery which a man or an organization can receive, but it can be embarrassing. This we found when, at the annual meeting of the National Educational Association, the Chekiang delegates introduced and secured the adoption of a resolution called for the establishment all over China of a "Young Men's Association," omitting the "C." The Commissioner of Education who proceeded to carry the movement forward in our city and province told me and a Chinese colleague what he and his co-sponsors of the new organization had in mind. It was not their purpose, he said, to supplant the YMCA but rather to "supplement its good work." He spoke appreciatively of the religious basis of the YMCA but explained that the new movement which he was organizing would be "ethical rather than religious, Chinese rather than international, and instead of promoting world brotherhood it would seek to inculcate patriotism."

Our staff took a half-day off to canvass the situation. We met for this purpose in the quiet court of a temple overlooking West Lake. At the end of the colloquy we were agreed that we should welcome this new partner in the vineyard, and that we would make available our experience, our counsel, and certain of our resources which might be helpful, whenever these were called upon. Called upon they were, for the man chosen as general secretary of the YMA was a Christian, a long-time member of the YMCA, and a first cousin of three of our most veteran secretaries in Shanghai.

The president of the Provincial Educational Society (who was also president of the Higher Normal School) was made president of the YMA. Among the other directors were the Adjutant General of the Provincial Forces, the Commissioner of Education, the president of the Provincial Engineering College, the president of the Industrial Bank and the president of the Provincial Bar Association. In contrast with the YMCA, still in cramped and seedy quarters, the new organization was given ample space in the newly built, pleasantly situated, and modern building of the Provincial Educational Society. A staff of six men was recruited. The constitution and by-laws drawn up for the YMA closely followed YMCA patterns. Robert J. McMullen, a Southern Presbyterian missionary, wrote a long article for *The Christian Observer* in which he told the story of what happened under the caption, "A Disastrous Experiment":

> "Hangchow is a Buddhist stronghold, and emphasizing the 'C' in the 'Y' here would of necessity make against any rapid development. Knowing this full well, the leaders of the 'Y' have not hesitated on all occasions to lay emphasis on the Christian motive and purpose of the Association. The control of the YMCA was put in the hands of 'active members' who must be members in regular standing in some evangelical church. Bible classes and religious meetings and the unqualified Christian attitude of the secretaries left no doubt as to the Christian character of the YMCA."
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> (Then after recapitulating in considerable detail what happened to the YMA, he concluded:) "After eight months of active service the Christian general secretary of the Young Men's Association resigned. This was after two months without salary, and after all the others had deserted the undertaking."

"In spite of its influential support, its excellent program possibilities, and its supposedly wider appeal as a non-Christian movement," was my comment, "it ran its course in less than six months, leaving behind a legacy of unhappy relationships and unpaid debts. . . . A strict Christian basis for a movement in a country where not more than one person in a thousand is a Christian might seem to be a liability rather than an asset. Experience proves that it is the one thing with which the Association, in China as elsewhere, cannot dispense."

I have withheld comment to this point on the repeated delays in the construction of our building. The grant made by the International Committee in 1915 had become insufficient by the time of our return from America early in 1916, armed with plans and specifications. In 1918 the International Committee doubled the original appropriation to offset in part the losses entailed because of wartime prices and exchange. Early in 1919 we were able at long last to let the contract and break ground. At the end of the year I said in my annual report:

> "The building was ready for occupancy on December 31 [1919]. It is a three-story reinforced concrete structure, fireproof, and of attractive and useful design. It contains wide verandahs, a commodious lobby, a large social room (later to be named Barnett Fellowship Hall), a room for billiards and other games, a reading room (later stocked with books and named the J. Leighton Stuart Library), baths and dressing rooms, a dining room and kitchen, a small assembly hall, nine class rooms, service rooms and dormitories for residents, a covered roof garden, a barber shop, lavatories and toilets, and space for storage and living quarters for servants."

At the time of its construction it was the finest modern building in the city, and it was interesting to see the crowds streaming in to watch each stage of the construction. It was also interesting to see how quickly other establishments in the city began using similar materials and methods in their erection of new buildings. Great amusement throughout the city attended the see-saw contest between two prosperous silver shops as they put up reinforced concrete skyscrapers (three or four stories high), each determined to make its building overtop its rival across the street.

With the funds in hand it was impossible to include a modern gymnasium among our initial units; so we raised modest amounts in addition and built for temporary use a full-sized gymnasium of a construction which was within our means. Its floor was hard-packed mud, the upper half of its clapboard walls was open to the outside world, and its roof was inexpensive Chinese tile. This US$5,000 improvisation served us well, and we were pleased when we learned of several similar structures going up in our province shortly thereafter. We wondered if necessity had not led us inadvertently to do what we should have done, setting an example which others could follow.

At the entrance to our spacious lot we erected a clock-and-water tower in memory of H. L. Zia, with funds donated by his friends. The water tank in this tower was to supply running water for the building, an innovation over water buckets in our medieval city. The large, four-faced tower clock would strike the hours and half-hours. No feature of our plant excited more interest than did this clock pagoda, as it was called.

Our water supply was a problem. We wondered if we might not meet it by sinking an artesian well. An experienced Texas oil driller had recently arrived in China with full equipment for drilling. When U.S. Minister Charles R. Crane, after a visit of several days in our home, asked if he could not make some contribution to the comfort or convenience of our living arrangements, I suggested instead a contribution to cover the cost of employing the services of the Texan and his apparatus. If successful, not only would the YMCA benefit, but so would the entire city, which some day would have to face the problem of a public water system. Mr. Crane gladly gave a check for this purpose in the amount requested. This committed us to the project, but I had no idea whether or not I had asked for enough!

I thereupon presented the matter to my friend, Civil Governor Hsia, who quickly agreed to underwrite any deficit that might occur. (Through the grapevine I soon learned that he had covered himself by calling in the managers of our silk factory and of the electric light company, with whom a plentiful supply of pure water was important, and passed the underwriting on to them!) This was a wise precaution, for after drilling to a depth of 672 feet we were left with a hole in the ground from which only a trickle of brackish water came. It had cost us $10,000, twice the amount given us by Mr. Crane. The driller kept a careful log and prepared for us a graduated glass tube, showing what was found as one stratum after another was penetrated.

A printed report of this unsuccessful experiment, in English and Chinese, was pronounced by some of our friends as the only YMCA report of a *failure* on record! American engineers, employed a few years later by the Hangchow authorities to survey possible sources of supply and to recommend plans for a city water system, acclaimed the report and credited it with saving them considerable time and expense. Fortunately we were able to tap a nearby stream sufficient, as we knew all along it was, to supply the water required by the YMCA. (Note: It was fortunate that the Texas oil-driller's purple profanity was an unknown language to most of the curious sightseers who flocked to watch what was going on.)

The arrival and installation of the clock and bell for our waiting "pagoda" turned up unexpected difficulties. Upon finding that the construction of our plant would have to be postponed, I had requested the International Committee to hold the clock and bell in storage until we were ready to build. When that time came and I so informed New York, I was shocked to receive a letter from the International Committee saying that the shipment was on its way, and adding, incidentally, that the four years' storage fees (which of course I had not taken into account) were being charged against my salary! This meant no salary for more than a month. When the shipment reached Shanghai it took many days to clear customs and other authorities, and I was again shocked by the charges which could be chalked up against so simple an operation. In my eyes the charges resembled a laundry list in length; one charge was for a "general average fee." I had no idea what a "general average fee" was, but on enquiry was told that a fire had broken out in the ship on the Pacific, that some of the cargo had been damaged, and that the costs of damages had been pro-rated to all the cargo aboard.

This raised, of course, apprehensions as to whether the damaged cargo might not have included our precious clock and bell. Using elaborate rope-and-bamboo-carrying-poles as contrivances to distribute the weight upon many shoulders, a small army of "coolies" transported the 2,000-pound bell and another crew the huge box in which the clock was packed from the Hangchow railway station to the YMCA. When we opened the big packing case our fears for the clock were confirmed, the heavy pendulum had gotten loose from its fastening and in its wanderings had reduced the works to a jumbled mess. One iron rod in the mechanism, a yard long, as in two pieces. I had written the National Committee office, even before this disaster was unveiled, asking them to send us "the best tower clock man in Shanghai," to install our clock and bell. The nearest tower clock man anyone in Shanghai knew about was in London; a man came out once every four or five years to go over "Big Ching," Shanghai's counterpart to London's "Big Ben," and this man had just completed such a visit and returned home. Our doubts mounted as to whether the tower clock was a good idea after all!

We managed, with the aid of blueprints, to get the clock onto its platform and swing the bell's ton of metal underneath it in the tower. We took the broken rod to a local

foundry where we had a duplicate made. One Sunday afternoon at this point our doorbell rang; it was the local YWCA secretary who had stopped by for a few minutes on her way to West Lake. With her was a week-end visitor to Hangchow, a member of an American engineering firm in Shanghai. When I learned that he was staying in the newly opened YMCA hostel I made an apologetic reference to the tower clock, now so embarrassingly conspicuous because of its failure to operate. "Why!"he exclaimed, "tower clocks were my business in America for twenty years."

On his return from the lake we made our way to the YMCA. When we reached the clock in the tower his eyes fairly gleamed with interest and anticipation. Using the few simple tools available, he took the tortured machinery apart and pounded its bent and twisted parts into shape. "The parts, you see, are very heavy," he noted, "but they are also very accurate." Having put the pieces together again he directed us to hand the wayward pendulum, and then to pull it as far as it would go to one side, where it beeped a "tick." "Turn it loose," he directed. "If it 'tocks' it is working, and it still will be a hundred years from now." With bated breath we let the pendulum go and it was in business, its steady "tick-tock" the sweetest music we had heard in a long time. Our benefactor left immediately for the evening train to Shanghai. Less than a month later we read in the Shanghai newspaper of his death, from smallpox.

We synchronized the clock by wire with the Zikawei (Hsü-chia hui, Xu Jiahui), maintained by the Roman Catholic Mission in Shanghai, and it kept nearly perfect time. Not long after it got going we were pleased one morning to see an "official notice" in the daily paper, announcing that the "12 o'clock cannon" on City Hill which from time immemorial had boomed the noon hour would be dismantled and boom no more. Henceforth the "official time" of the city would be that of the YMCA clock. The Chinese fondness for timepieces is well-known, and one more link between the YMCA and the people of Hangchow had been forged. We concluded, as we had frequent occasion to do, that after all, "all's well that ends well."

We entered 1921 further along in our "Hangchow mission" than we could have foreseen ten years earlier on our first arrival in the city, or seven years before when we celebrated "the formal opening" of the YMCA and moved our endeavors from an inner coterie of friends into the public life of the city. Revolution and counter-revolution rent the land, and the Great War (as it was then called) had torn the world asunder. Student uprisings presaged the awakening of the "giant" concerning which Napoleon had sounded his warning a century before.

In Hangchow we had won a host of friends who shared our bright hopes for the YMCA and then had lost many of them as rival factions took their places. We had rejoiced in the gift of land for a YMCA building and a sports field, and then had spent fifteen anxious months before the prize was made secure in acceptable title deeds. We had rejoiced in the generous appropriation from North America for erecting a modern building, and through four years of frustrating postponements had tried to maintain the confidence and loyalty of directors, staff, members, workers, and community. We had rejoiced in the prospect of a successor in S. T. Wen and after disheartening delays had seen him reluctantly withdraw his acceptance of the call. We had spent many bootless hours in meeting the difficulties created by certain missionary colleagues and had held their confidence and support. The recent flare-up within our own ranks, seemingly ominous at the time, had turned out to be a flash-in-the-pan.

Now we were ensconced in our handsome new building. After six months in the building we noted an increase of 15 percent in the number of students enrolled in our educational classes ("the largest student body of any Christian institution in the city"); of 67 percent in attendance on "entertainments;" and of 69 percent in attendance on "social events;" of 83 percent in Bible study attendance; of 140 percent in attendance on educational lectures; and of 308 percent in attendance on "religious meetings." We were on guard lest our activities become too building-centered and were pleased to record that our work out in the community had not diminished but increased. This was in fulfillment of our hope that the new building would serve not only as a center of work but as a headquarters from which to carry on community-wide work on an increasing scale. We were pleased, for example, to note that educational lectures in schools, factories, and churches had been double those in the building during the first six months.

It was also gratifying to see our new quarters used by other organizations. These included the Hangchow Benevolent Association, a Mother's Club, the Shanghai Boy Scouts, the Shanghai Art School and the Art Department of the Peking Higher Normal School, a Canton college orchestra, the local Society of Newspaper Editors, the Hangchow Association for the Advancement of Self-government, and a long list of churches and church-related organizations--all in the first 6 months. A beehive of YMCA activities, the building had become at once a useful center also of community life--and a well-placed landmark in which the city took pride. When at Chinese New Year's time we picked up our leading morning newspaper, we were pleasantly surprised to see, spread in bold red characters across the top of the front page, the following felicitations: "May the Hangchow Chamber of Commerce Live for Ten Thousand Years! May the Chekiang Educational Society Live for Ten Thousand Years! May the Hangchow YMCA Live for Ten Thousand Years!" The YMCA, I thought, if not strictly speaking indigenous, had certainly "arrived" as a naturalized institution which the city wholeheartedly accepted as its own.

An analysis of our membership at that time showed a noteworthy cross-section of the community. The roster included merchants; manufacturers and bankers; officials and civil servants; members of the gentry; military and police personnel; teachers and "literati;" railway, post office, and telegraph personnel; editors, lawyers, and judges; physicians; Christian workers and Buddhist priests; artisans (among these were many "program participants" but only a few members); and (most numerous) students. There was a strong board and committee organization. The staff numbered more than a dozen men, all college graduates and several of them "returned students" from Japan. K. Y. Ma, my senior Chinese colleague, had just returned from a profitable year on "fellowship" in America. The program was in high gear, and expectations ran even higher. The future seemed secure and bright with promise.

From the beginning I had taken it for granted that the obvious test of my "Hangchow mission" would be found in my success in making myself dispensable. That the role of the North American secretary in China was that of playing John the Baptist to Chinese successors, was accepted YMCA policy, and I worked deliberately toward the goal it set. I worked behind the scenes as far as possible during those busy years of pioneering, trying always to keep in mind what it would look like in an American city for a prominent organization, however good, to be administered by an Oriental executive, however competent and acceptable as an individual he might be. The time had now come, I believed, when the general secretaryship should be turned over to a Chinese successor, and I strongly recommended K. Y. Ma for the post.

The assignment and reassignment of "fraternal secretaries" from North American called for four-cornered consultation and agreement--between the man himself, the National Committee of China, the International Committee, and the Association to or from which assignment was proposed. Against my better judgment (which said that I should leave the field, in Hangchow, to my successor) I tried briefly to persuade myself and others that giving up the general secretaryship in Hangchow might not in my case require giving up Hangchow! I therefore proposed that I remain on the staff as religious work secretary, and that I give major time to studies in some depth of contemporary Buddhism and to the study with my Buddhist friends of Christianity.

Hangchow seemed an ideal place for undertaking such studies and I had made something of a start in that direction. Fletcher Brockman was in China at the time, on one of his periodical visits from New York, and he expressed sympathy with my desires. So did David Yui, the China national general secretary, when I laid the proposal before him in Shanghai. In America and in China I had spent thirteen years in the secretaryship. They had been crowded years spent in organizing, promoting, and administering the thought of shifting gears and engaging mainly in study, discussion, and in time, writing, was to me exciting. The dream soon faded, however, and the "case" I went to Shanghai to make was accepted only 50 percent. It was agreed that I should relinquish the general secretaryship to Ma as soon as board action could be secured, but that I should move to Shanghai to meet an "emergency" need for leadership in the national student work program. This meant, as every subsequent move I was to make, not less but greater engagement in promotion, organization, and administration.

So vanished the dream of the scholar-I-might (possibly)-have-become!

IX.

Family Life in Hangchow

As Barnett concludes his account of his Hangchow tour of duty, he again expresses his fondness for the city and its environs; he recounts memories of good times that the young and growing family enjoyed, and he recalls with genial humor instances in which differences in social mores led to embarrassment on his part and amusement on the part of the Chinese. Cultural sensitivity and greater humility regarding Western civilization, especially after World War I, would distinguish many twentieth-century missionaries from those of the nineteenth century. Barnett certainly was one of those who exhibited a keen social awareness and a readiness to learn from other cultures.

Though he never doubted the truth of Christianity and its superiority to other religions, he refrained from being judgmental in most encounters. He did not rail against superstitious Buddhist or Taoist practices as did many evangelists of the nineteenth century and even some of the twentieth century. When he observed customs he considered superstitious, he was more sad than outraged. This was his reaction to the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration. According to this doctrine, rebirth occurs over and over again until attainment of enlightenment and release from the cycle of rebirth into nirvana. Since all creation is one, humankind is not set apart as unique in God's creation, and rebirth can be at a higher or lower stage of existence according to the merits or demerits of one's previous life, or karma. Charity is one means of gaining merit and this includes non-injury to animals and care for animals which might have been human beings in a previous existence. Barnett tells the story of a Chinese friend who died and was believed to have been reborn as a pig. Barnett does place the Easter story of salvation in counterpoint to the concept of transmigration and does find the former joyous and the latter sorrowful. He engages in no self-righteous preaching, however, but rather studies and tries to understand Buddhist teachings with the intent of comparing the two religions. He and his family enjoy the services provided by Buddhist temples and monasteries: hostels, provision of tea and vegetarian meals, and tourist resorts in landscapes of great beauty.

The life of the missionary wife was rarely an easy one. Multiple obligations demanded her time and energy. As a devout Christian and in many instances herself a missionary, a married woman expected to engage in evangelistic activities. She could be particularly useful in work with Chinese women and girls, for Chinese society restricted male access to females. She, of course, participated in the functions of the local church, often assisting as Sunday School teacher, music director, and member of the alter guild. Acting as hostel for both foreign visitors and Chinese friends was an important task.

As the children began to come along, however, most of the responsibility for their care and education devolved upon the missionary wife and mother. Nurses (amahs) to tend to the physical needs of the children were inexpensive and readily available, for most American missionaries wished their children to be educated as Americans, and this presented a problem. Only in a few cities were there American or English schools; at most mission stations the mother had to take over the job. Many married women gave more and more time to their roles as wife, mother, and house manager and less and less to evangelism, with consequent guilt feelings. Bertha Barnett apparently juggled her diverse responsibilities with expertise, pleasure, and satisfaction. Like the elder Barnett family, Eugene and Bertha Barnett built strong family ties. They kept up to date concerning the American scene through a family reading program and numerous other joint family pursuits.

It is difficult to judge to what extent Bertha, with her activism, became an exemplar for young Chinese women and to what extent she was viewed as a privileged outsider, extraneous to Chinese society. Avoiding the mission compound mentality and its consequent isolation was never completely possible so long as the goal was to replicate an American home and environment. The incident in which son Robert played Santa Claus to the poor is open to variant interpretations; it was an expression of charity, goodwill and friendship, but also of the largesse of the well-to-do; it illustrated the freight that accompanied Western Christianity. The Couples Club and the Good Fellowship Club did allow Chinese to observe the inner workings of a Western household and they did encourage greater social interaction between the sexes. Bertha's English language classes represented an avenue of mobility for numbers of ambitious Chinese.

Barnett believed that he and his family were more at home in China than some returned students who despaired of China's future and missed the conveniences of the West. As had been true of his parents, material hardships and present problems were not overwhelming because of his faith in God's will for him.

Even after so many pages, I am reluctant to leave Hangchow without recording a few more random recollections. It was good to spend more than a decade in the Middle Ages, and in a city where "mankind's mellowest, most mature, and most beautiful civilization" still tarried. In memory I can still hear the harsh cries of sedan carriers warning traffic as they bore their fares through narrow and crowded streets; the insistent sing-song of street vendors, hawking their wares; the heighya-ho's of coolies swinging their loads on bamboo poles as they trotted on their way; the pure note of a bamboo flute or the melancholy twang of a two-stringed violin as I passed the partly open door of a towering compound wall; the steady pounding far into the night of pewter onto paper sheets being hammered into "ghost money" for funerals or for temple worship; the rhythmic clatter of shuttles on silk looms of ancient design; the sharp crack of bamboo stick on bamboo stick as the night watchman followed his beat; when the night was still or the winds were right, the distant booming of giant temple bells accompanying the pre-dawn matins of lonely priests.

I can smell the pungent fragrance of smoldering incense in smoke-filled temples; the faint scent of lotus blossoms on West Lake on a summer's evening; the acrid odor of night soil from which there was no escape, inside the city or out; the sharp fragrance of parched beans in one particular corner in the Lower City; of roasting chestnuts in wintertime on many streets; and the mixed aroma of savory foods, borne simmering in their shallow pans on the shoulders of peripatetic restaurateurs. In the autumn there were the chrysanthemum shows on Emperor's Island, and when spring came the hills overlooking the lake turned red with azaleas, spangled with yellow, white, and purple azaleas which grew in less profusion.

There was no end of places for picnics and excursions and we had our favorites--temples, pavilions, and villas on the lake, on its shores, and in the islands beyond. There were the Smooth-Lake-and-Autumn-Moon Pavilion, the Island of the Three-Pools-Reflecting-the-Moon, the Needle, Thunder and Six Harmonies Pagodas, the Jade-Spring-and-Dancing-Fish, the Monastery of the Spirits Retreat (Ling Yin), these and many, many more all within easy access. These places were the mecca of countless pilgrims and pleasure-seeking visitors, but we were always able to find some out-of-the-way court, secluded guest room, or remote sanctuary honoring subsidiary gods, in which we were welcome to unlimber our lunch baskets. Always there was in prompt attendance a hospitable priest, to place a covered cup and saucer before each member of the party and to keep it supplied with steaming tea as long as we remained. Some temples on request served a full vegetarian meal, with curds and vegetables molded to simulate the missing fish, flesh, and fowl and subtly seasoned with herbs and sauces to appease the carnivore's palate. There were no fixed charges for the dishes served, but the temples lost nothing in letting each party's conscience be its guide in making the payment expected.

Sometimes we stumbled on places of unexpected charm which still remain etched in memory. We were guests one noonday of our friend, the Abbot of Ling Yin, for a sumptuous feast--vegetarian of course. It was the Pilgrim Season and as we looked down from the special guest hall in which we ate, high on the temple grounds, we saw the courts below thronged with country folk in their bright-hued garments and with city folk in their more refined garb. All carried incense sticks and "ghost money" to burn before the huge idols seated in the temple. After the feast we explored the side of the hill over the temple's extensive grounds. The stone path on which we walked through a thick brack of soaring bamboos was deeply worn by the tread of many centuries; the Ch'ien Lung emperor, they said, walked this way when he made his visits to Hangchow two hundred years and more ago. Here and there we passed the rubble of ancient structures, long in ruins.

Suddenly we came upon the Temple of Unending Bliss perched precariously against the brow of the mountain. Two peach trees in full bloom stood sentinel at its gate. Inside we met its sole occupant, an ancient hermit priest who welcomed us graciously, quickly brewing and bringing to us the inevitable cups of tea. The walls of the temple were inscribed with many legends which he had brushed on them during his thirty lonely years on the place. It was not a large temple, but its one main hall opened out upon a spacious platform, paved with flagstones and rimmed by a low stone parapet. The view from this point was entrancing--undulating hills which were almost mountains and lush valleys sloping down to West Lake; beyond the lake the city, reduced by distance to toy-like dimensions, and further on a winding ribbon of silver, designated on maps as the Ch'ien-t'ang river. For our entertainment the priest brought out a long spear of ancient design with which he executed a series of martial movements, part of the routine with which he started each day at 4:00 a.m.

"My father was a Christian," he told us; "one of the Forty Seven Long Haired Kings (i.e.,of the Taiping Rebels, who during the mid-decade of the 19th century laid China waste. Their founder and leader was a nominal Christian, with an assortment of baptized superstitions all his own.) I used to hear him quote Scriptures, sing hymns, and say prayers." "Sing us one of the songs," we asked him, whereupon he launched into a song of praise to "God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost." Suddenly he broke off, saying, "I forget the rest. I was only a small boy when I heard them sing it in Taiping camps. I haven't heard it in fifty years."

At times our excursions brought us unexpected experiences. During our early months in Hangchow, we were invited one afternoon to a community tea on the newly-occupied campus of the Christian college, four miles beyond the South Gate of the city and eight miles from our compound. Young and vigorous though we both were and fond of hiking, transportation was indicated. With the help of servants we soon had two sedan chairs awaiting us at the gate house of our premises. These chairs were box-like affairs and, with my long torso and neck and the derby hat which I was then wearing, their roofs were so low that I could not sit upright. As I started to climb into my chair I noticed for the first time that its roof was held in place by hooks, from which it could be easily detached. I thereupon proceeded to unlatch the roof of my sedan chair over the vigorous protest of the bearers. The matter, I thought, seemed unwarrantably serious to them. Maybe it wasn't customary, but why should I not be comfortable?

Soon the bearers yielded to my obstinacy; the roof was taken off; I crawled in; and we were on our way. Our way brought us shortly into the Great Street en route to the South Gate along that proud thoroughfare made famous by Marco Polo and other 17th-century travellers, and still lined with the city's finest shops. In no time I could see that I was creating a sensation. Pedestrians stopped short and stared. The word travelled fast and shopkeepers and their customers rushed out to view the spectacle as it passed. I was puzzled by the reactions of the spectators, first a look of mingled dread and solicitude, and then an outburst of laughter when they saw inside the chair. This, I thought, is not so funny or so startling as all that. The tension seemed to mount along the street when we neared the South Gate, and as we passed through the gate, across a stretch of rice paddies I saw a standing train--its passengers leaning out of the windows and gazing in my direction.

The comfort I had sought was all gone by the time we reached the campus, and I lost no time in asking our host, the president of the college, to tell me what the matter was. He explained. From time immemorial convicted criminals, condemned to decapitation, were thus placed in de-roofed sedan chairs and carried, as horrible examples to the populace,

down the self-same course which I had followed to the south gate of the city. Outside the gate they dismounted, knelt upon the ground, and awaited the descending sword. On our return to the city I walked!

I must tell the story of one more excursion in the Hangchow hills. After our transfer to Shanghai we tried as often as we could to get back to Hangchow, as many Chinese families did, for the spring vacation. Early one Monday morning in spring we set forth with friends for a long tramp, taking rickshas which dumped us in a mountain village some distance beyond West Lake. There our hike began. I had never seen the Hangchow hills and valleys greener or more lovely with wild flowers. Over swelling passes and down spreading valleys we hiked until at noon we reached the gate into the Monastery of the Resting Cloud. Inside the gate we passed through a dense thicket of kingly bamboos and then a grove of gnarled and towering pine trees to the main temple where we sat down to a good Buddhist repast.

We were genially attended by an attractive host-priest with whom we chatted about many things as we ate. Presently I remarked, "On the way from the main entrance I saw beside the path your Enclosure for Freeing Living Creatures." "Yes,"he said. "Is that not where the former Mr. Yuan Ts'en-ho (Yuan Cenhe) is cared for?" I continued. "No,"he answered blandly, "he is kept in another temple of almost the same name." This brings me to the earlier story of Mr. Yuan Ts'en-ho.

Mr. Yuan was a wealthy silk manufacturer and merchant. His establishment was one of the finest in Hangchow and he had branch shops in Shanghai, Tientsin, and Hankow. He was one of our early sustaining members and campaign workers in the YMCA. When after some time I asked if he would not like for me to conduct a weekly Bible class for his family and employees, he quickly extended the invitation. His premises occupied a large part of a city block on a shopping street second only to the Great Street in importance, and they were surrounded by a wall thirty-odd feet high. Around many courts within these walls were the various quarters, devoted to diverse uses. First there was the sales room, well off the street and reached by a long private passage. In this room priceless fabrics were placed, not on display, but in pigeon holes which lined the walls. Here tea was always served to the customer as he made his wants known, and the atmosphere exuded quiet hospitality with never a trace of huckstering.

Further in were the bookkeepers, accountants, and scribes. Still further in weavers worked at their looms. The innermost quarters were residential. In them lived Mr. and Mrs. Yuan, their sons, unmarried daughters, and daughter-in-law, the grandchildren, a miscellany of other dependents, and a large corps of domestics. These composed my audience on Wednesday evenings. The "study"hour was preceded always by steaming tea and a tray filled with melon seeds, candies, and other sweetmeats. This was one of China's patriarchal families--unspoiled, almost untouched, by time.

Then Mr. Yuan died. That was sad, but sadder still was what happened shortly before and following his death. A great fire had swept the rest of the block and several persons had died in flames, on the other side of the "fire wall" by which his premises were protected. In retribution, the priests told the bereaved widow, Mr. Yuan was re-born a pig. If she would go so many miles outside the East Gate, she would find on the banks of the river a farm house and in it a new litter of pigs, among them an albino pig with a wart on its left hind leg. This was her late husband. She made haste to seek out the farm house and found that it was as the priest had said. Thereupon, she ordered a palanquin such as only high officials were supposed to ride, and purchasing the pig she placed it in a silk-lined

basket which she placed on the seat of the chair, and followed it into the city. There she kept and fed it in her residential quarters. There was much talk of the incident in the city, so much so that she presently arranged with the Monastery of the Resting Cloud to care for the animal with its Enclosure for Freeing Living Creatures. All this I heard about before we moved from Hangchow to Shanghai.

As we left the temple grounds on the day of our hike I turned aside from the main path and entered the enclosure. Stalls lined the walls surrounding its large open court. Cows, dogs, pigs, chickens, and other livestock were in the stalls and some of them wandered about the court--unhappy creatures for whom death as humans had meant descent into a lower animal existence. A good *karma* could have meant their being reborn as humans or, better still, as a *lohan* on the way to Nirvana. A worse *karma* could have brought them back as devils or--worst of all--as disembodied ghosts. There was a one-eyed caretaker in charge of this enclosure and I asked him briskly, "Where is Mr. Yuan?" "There," he answered, "in that stall." I went and looked. The pig, which in its preceding existence I had known as Mr. Yuan, was now an albino hog with a wart on its left hind leg; so large it had become that it would never again be able to pass through the narrow gate of its stall into the sunlight and open air of the court.

This unplanned encounter took place the day after Easter! I had read text book treatises on the doctrine of transmigration and found it interesting. This was meeting transmigration face to face, in the raw, and in a family I had known well. I found it sad.

We lived during our eleven years in Hangchow in four houses: the first one, the home of "Father and Mother Stuart" at the Heavenly Water Bridge, in which we were boarders our first half-year; the next two, houses rented from mission societies. A year after furlough we made our last move in Hangchow, this time to a large and flimsy house recently built by a Chinese friend on Law Court Street, not far from West Lake. Although funds were insufficient at the time to construct the YMCA building in Hangchow, the International Committee suggested that we go ahead and put up a residence on the fine lot which we had purchased in the Manchu City. Funds for this smaller project could be managed. A building superintendent was on the payroll, in China, and free. We did not think it "meet," however to live in a "ceiled dwelling" while the "Lord's house remained in tabernacles." So the house on Law Court Street was our home from 1917 to 1921.

This house had been built with a Chinese official family in mind as its likely tenant. The main building contained many high-ceilinged rooms, curiously interrelated. To the west, separated by a paved patio, was a wing with three rooms upstairs and three down; entry to the patio was by a picturesque moon-gate. On the other side of the house was a large, one-room hall for entertaining guests and parties--a "flower pavilion" they called it. Behind the house was the kitchen, a separate unit. Over the front gate and flanking it were servants' quarters, and stretching from these quarters along the south wall of the compound was a shed for parking sedan chairs and (by that time) rickshas. The house was innocent of modern facilities, the floors buckled in humid weather, and one could slit the window-sills and door frames with a small pen knife. The furniture we had acquired, all second-hand from departing families, was in keeping with the house.

This place Bertha soon made into an attractive and joyous home and a center of boundless hospitality. As soon as we moved in she started planning and planting. "She is making every garden in town pay tribute," I wrote my parents, "and is showing her talents as a landscaper in the way she is laying out her flower beds and all the growing things. Hollyhocks, cannas, chrysanthemums, marigolds, pinks, forget-me-nots, violets, and roses are

among the component parts. We have a very nice lawn started too. The children (then four and two years old) take great interest in the flowers, watering them and watching them come to bloom."

There were times when my family must have felt that the YMCA absorbed too much of me, but they too shared the absorbing interest and demands which it presented. I was fortunate in following a vocation which was also an avocation--one, moreover, into which my wife could enter so fully. "It seems to me," she wrote a friend in America in 1920, "that there is no position anywhere in which a wife can have so real a part in her husband's work as in the YMCA secretaryship in China." For both of us our public and private lives, our duties and pleasures, were so interwoven as to make it difficult to separate them. This must be evident in the discursive and anecdotal pages I have written so far about Hangchow.

Reporting one autumn on the intervening six months, I said that Bertha had "taught Robert and Genie Mae, conducted a Sunday School for the foreign children of the community, had charge of the primary department in the Chinese Sunday School, organized and conducted a children's church service Sunday mornings, conducted a cooking class for Chinese women, organized and conducted a Bible study and prayer group of Chinese women, served as co-director of the choir in the Chinese church to which we belong, and kept open house for friends, known and unknown from Hangchow, other parts of China, and the ends of the Earth." The list could have been made much longer with the endless miscellany of events, scheduled and unscheduled, in which she engaged--in the YMCA, the church, and the community. Her Chinese Sunday School met in our own compound. At the appointed hour on Sunday afternoon the front gate was opened and the children streamed in from neighboring homes and streets. By Tuesday the children cried out when they saw us on the street, "When does Sunday come again?"

Bertha, nevertheless, let nothing interfere with the time she reserved for her own children. At Mokanshan, the hill station, I wrote in the summer of 1919, of the times she was having with them: "She reads with them, sings with them, tramps with them, swims with them. She reads many books on the education and training of children but she 'just naturally' knows what to do with them, to begin with!" In the same letter I told of the weekly Children's Hour she was conducting: "Each week there is a program of instrumental music, action songs and stories, put on partly by grown-ups and partly by children themselves. Bertha is a wonderfully useful member of any community she happens to be in, and the utter lack of self-consciousness with which she does things wins the love of everybody." On my return that summer to Hangchow, I wrote back to Bertha on Mokanshan: "Miss French was at church. She told me about the concert, and said that you had never sung more beautifully--or looked more lovely!"

Robert and Genie Mae had an unusual start in their schooling. Their first school was a kindergarten carried on by the Girls High School, a bare five minutes walk away, in which all the other children were Chinese (a circumstance of which they thought nothing at the time). "Commencement" in the kindergarten posed a problem: Robert was to receive a certificate and we had not yet settled on a proper given name in Chinese for him. His playmates in trying to pronounce "Robert," very difficult in Chinese, had hit on a pronunciation much like that of the word for "turnip." One of Genie Mae's girl friends suggested that her name should therefore be "Cabbage." We had belated recourse to a practice which Chinese parents commonly followed when a son was a month old: we invited a few of our Chinese scholarly friends in for dinner and spent the evening exploring possibilities for a suitable name with them.

Many factors had to be taken into account in choosing a child's name, and I found it a never-failing source of interest at a Chinese feast to go around the table and ask each guest how he had come by his given name and what it meant. "What does 'Robert' mean?" one of our guests asked. Consulting my Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, I informed them that "Robert" means prince. The evening ended without hunch or decision, but a few days later one of our guests came back, fairly beaming. "I have it," he said, and pronounced two characters as near "Robert" in sound as the Chinese language can put it. "That," he explained, "was the name of a king's son in the Chou (Zhou) Dynasty. Because of his character and deportment this son has come down in Chinese history as an example of what a prince should be." That was the name inscribed on Robert's kindergarten "diploma."

The time came when a start had to be made in Robert's American education. There was no American or other English-language school in Hangchow, and unlike many of our British friends we were unwilling to send our son away to school so young, so Bertha started teaching him. I was using one end of the large guest hall mentioned above as my study, and it was easy to yield the other end for a school room, with more than ample space for both purposes. Genie Mae sat near as one "class" followed another, for the company, and soon it was evident that she was learning everything her older brother was. So it was that the two of them went on together through the grades, high school, and college, both graduating the same year at each stage of the journey.

Bertha had taught music before our marriage, but the first years of primary school were something else. Great was her relief when she learned of the Calvert Course in Baltimore, Maryland. This course, designed I believe for lonely settlers on Western ranches and other isolated Americans, came to be a boon also for overseas families. From Baltimore came well worked out courses--grade by grade and lesson by lesson--with all that was needed in the way of textbooks, maps, pictures, and other classroom materials. As always, Bertha went forward with the enterprise with great resourcefulness and enthusiasm. She claimed that the experience was improving her education, not less than the children's.

Alongside the Calvert Course the children were studying Chinese with a young lady who came for an hour each morning to teach them. "In studying Chinese," I explained in a letter home, "it is customary to sing out the lessons at the top of one's voice. Robert is very proficient in this exercise." Meanwhile, it should be added, Bertha was starting the youngsters off on the piano.

One more glimpse into our family experiences in Hangchow may be permissible. It was our last Christmas in Hangchow, in 1920:

> "The first event Christmas morning," I reported, "was the rifling of the stockings. There were seven stockings--three for our children, three for the cook's children, and one for the gateman's three-year-old. After a hurried breakfast we had a brief Christmas service--in Chinese of course. The cook, his wife and children, the gateman and his wife and child, the houseboy, the amah just out of ten weeks of severe illness in the hospital, and an old Manchu woman who has been coming in to play with Dee Dee [De Witt] (3 years old) during the amah's absence, were with us.
>
> "On account of the famine few presents have been exchanged among the grownups this year but there has been no embargo on gifts to the children. . . .

"The dinner was a triumphant success. After dinner (about 4 p.m.) Robert announced a plan which his fertile and generous brain had evolved. Dressing up as Santa Claus, he got a pillow case and poured into it candies, peanuts, and other knickknacks which the day had brought him in superfluity. Characteristically, he seemed ready to give everything he had away.

"Thus arrayed and loaded, he made for the street and headed for the Manchu tenements nearby. Guessing what the outcome would be, I followed from afar and out of sight. It happened. The Pied Piper wasn't in it. Not only children but men and women seemed to rise out of the ground, and in no time they were pressing hard on him.

"He wasn't fazed in the least and tried to stand the crowd off while he continued to hand out his gifts. When it got to be too much for him I intervened, and bidding him to cut through a back alley to a nearby churchyard, I went a shorter way and let him through the gate. Through a high iron fence surrounding the churchyard, free now from the pressure of the crowd, he was able to distribute what remained in his bag.

"Hundreds pressed against the fence, and such a stir our street had seldom seen. When the contents of the pillowcase was exhausted, he turned it upside down to show that it was empty, bowed right and left to the crowd, and then left them, all in high good humor."

Bertha kept open house in Hangchow, as she has done ever since. We had many of our Chinese friends in for dinner or tea. These were always enjoyable, and sometimes surprising occasions. One of our early teatime guests, for example, was a general of the army who asked if he might bring his wife along. At least that is what I thought he asked. In Chinese there is no difference between the singular and the plural form of nouns, and when the guests arrived there were two wives. It took awhile for us to get the relationships sorted out, and when we did Bertha gave no sign of the shock which the situation administered to her monogamous soul. As for the wives, there was of course no thought of embarrassment, for their situation was one to which they were entirely accustomed. An observer might have thought them two happy sisters, wholly absorbed in their first examination of what goes on inside an American home.

We had many Chinese guests for dinner in our home. Most Chinese entertaining was done in public restaurants, and our friends liked eating in a home. Custom decreed that these restaurant meals be gargantuan affairs, and our guests were impressed by the simplicity of our meals in comparison. We were seldom successful in getting husbands and wives to the same meal; it just wasn't done, but our guests enjoyed seeing Bertha presiding over the table and taking her part in the conversation. One of our friends was inspired to follow suit and to encourage others to do the same. "Let us start a simple-meals-in-our-homes-hospitality-movement," said this man, the president of the Provincial Educational Society. "Our present customs in entertaining are wasteful, ruinously so for many when a wedding, birth, or death in the family decrees a feast. Let some of us who have influence and are perhaps able ourselves to afford these expensive feasts, set an example in more simple entertaining."

As he pressed his idea upon a group of friends, he waxed enthusiastic. "I have been a guest a number of times in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barnett," he said. "The meals they serve are extraordinarily simple! But there is good conversation and our time is well spent."

The upshot of his proposal was the formation of a Good Fellowship Club, a major plant in the program of which was home hospitality and simple meals. Membership in the Club was limited to twenty-five members, five each from the Hangchow Chamber of Commerce, the Provincial Educational Society, the Chekiang Bar Association, the Provincial Assembly, and the Christian community. I was asked to choose the five from the Christian community and to act as secretary of the Club. In the five I tapped was Chinese, American, and British representation.

Many of our house guests were from abroad. Stanley Jones was still working in India and was not yet widely known when he was a guest in our home for several days. He enjoyed thereafter recalling a conversation which took place at our breakfast table. He was telling us of the boys' school in India of which his wife was principal, and of one of the boys who had been struck down by a virulent attack of smallpox. "The boy died and we feared that the disease would sweep the school," he said. "But we had everyone vaccinated or revaccinated, and we prayed, and there was not another case." "Why," broke in Genie Mae, then about seven years old, "that was just like a miracle, wasn't it! Or perhaps (she added as she resumed her porridge) it was only a coincidence."

Several times American visitations to Hangchow came in large bodies. For example, there was the U.S. Congressional party, which visited us in the summer of 1920, for whom an entire special train from Shanghai to Hangchow and back was provided. They arrived mid-morning and left about midnight. The Hangchow government and certain civic organizations spared no trouble or expense in their preparations for the day. As the only American in town, everybody else being away at the hill stations, I was party to all the arrangements. I was with the reception committee when the train came into the city railway station. There was a gasp of surprise when the passengers began to alight. Preparations had been made for entertaining a trainload of congressmen, and when the cars were all emptied there were only ten or so in the lot. The rest had remained in Shanghai and sent their women-folk to see the sights of "Heaven Below." There were unattended wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, and other female relatives and friends, bent on sightseeing and shopping.

A number of things happened during the day which might embellish the pages of The Ugly American, but I shall recall only one amusing incident. Luncheon was an elaborate affair served by Shanghai caterers brought down for the occasion in a handsome clubhouse overlooking West Lake. When the time came for the post-prandial amenities, a southern senator (the only member of the Upper Chamber who had come down) stood to speak. A very junior member of the Foreign Office staff stood beside him to interpret. The Chinese are gifted linguists but this young man was new at the business; he was probably rattled, and immediately he was beyond his depth.

"I count it a great privilege," the senator intoned, "to address you on this occasion as a representative of the highest deliberative body in the world to which I have the honor to belong." He paused and the interpreter, in a thin and uncertain voice, translated: "Your little brother counts himself unworthy to stand in the presence of this august body of leaders of your great province." Inadvertently the young man was safeguarding the image of America: he wasn't quite sure of what the senator had said, and so, picking up a word or so in his opening blast, he made the senator say what a Chinese gentleman would under the same circumstances have said. Both men were simply starting off with the customary phrases in use for such an occasion in their respective countries, and the contrast was arresting!

One of the best memories of Hangchow is of the reading we managed to squeeze into our busy lives. There were no radios, and television was as yet undreamed of, but reading matter could be had. Once a year the International Committee enquired about the reading we were doing, and I recall with gratitude a two-page letter from its executive who, after scanning my list, recommended to me three or four books which he thought I would be interested in reading. My reports indicate that I was reading from 25 to 30 books a year, in English, and from time to time was toiling through some heavy, and highly rewarding, reading in Chinese. Our subscriptions to periodicals numbered between 15 and 20, among them *The Literary Digest, The Independent, The Atlantic Monthly, The International Review of Missions, The National Geographic Magazine, The Chinese Recorder*, and *Millard's Review*. By serving as Hangchow correspondent of the *China Press* I received that American daily, published in Shanghai, free. Relative to my income, my expenditures on books and magazines were probably too high, but these have always been my major extravagance; in lieu, say, of tobacco or alcohol.

Notwithstanding the reverberations of World War I, the unending civil wars and rumors thereof, and all the vicissitudes common to man, our years in Hangchow were good years, for me and our family and for the mission in which I was engaged. Toward their end I wrote to a high school classmate, then a rising young civil servant in Washington, D.C.: "I feel at home here. These people have become my people. I like them. The wrongs they suffer make me indignant. Their self-respect I share, vicariously, to the last degree. In all the turmoil and unrest of these years, I am conscious of an underlying yearning and struggle on their part after a new and better order of things. I am thoroughly at home in Hangchow, more so I suspect, than I would be if I were suddenly transferred back to our old stamping grounds in Tampa. Yet old memories will stir at times, and old ties will pull."

A returned student from Harvard, having served latterly as magistrate first in Hankow and then in a neighboring city of Chekiang, came to see me and we talked together for two or three hours. He was utterly discouraged over the way things were going in China, and he said that nothing would suit him so well as to return to America and make it his permanent home. I wrote a friend of mine, a Chinese professor spending his Sabbatical year in America, about the conversation:

> "He asked me how I liked living in Hangchow. I told him that there were of course social and political conditions which were depressing but that I liked living here very much. I like it because of the friends I have here, and also because I believe that the unseen forces which I am trying in my small way to represent are those through which the ultimate salvation of China, and of the world, will come. We shall not see our dreams fulfilled in our life-time; perhaps we shall live to see few of them accomplished. But future generations will enter into the enjoyment of blessings which our present fidelity will purchase for them."

X.

Changing Gears--Shifting Winds

Preparation, Preparation! Barnett's attention to planning, ground work, and follow-through comes out again as he transfers from Hangchow to Shanghai. He continued to develop his facility in spoken Chinese. He was ingenious in making use of travel time for this purpose, adopting the traditional Chinese methodology of reading aloud texts by masters of style in order to imprint on the mind set phrases, allusions, and syntax. His growing ability to communicate in Chinese without an interpreter as intermediary advanced his goal of working on an equal plane with Chinese colleagues. It also enabled him to build an impressive array of contacts. A typical schedule such as that of November 21, 1921, in Kaifeng included not only talks to Y members, local missionaries, Chinese Christians, and parochial school students, but also an address to an Institute of School Teachers on invitation of the Honan Commissioner of Education, a talk at an agricultural college, a meeting with faculty and students of a school designed to prepare students for study abroad, and a discussion with government school teachers about school athletics.

Planning and organization, though, could not anticipate the illnesses so frequently visited upon missionary families. This chapter, beginning and ending with near tragedies that altered plans, schedules, and perspectives, reminds us again of the effects of fortuitous events on individuals. Even so, Barnett's insistence on completing a planned visit to the birthplace of Confucius despite ptomaine poisoning, demonstrated both his will-power and his deep interest in Chinese history.

The Chinese Christian community was, by the 1920s, producing leaders of international stature, with T. Z. Koo (Ku Tzu-jen, Gu Ziren) and David Yui playing prominent roles at home and abroad. Through Koo's influence in the World's Student Christian Federation (WSCF), the first international conference of the WSCF after World War I was scheduled for April, 1922 in Peking, a matter of pride for Chinese Christians and also for Chinese politicians. How ironic, then, that this WSCF meeting sparked the founding of an Anti-Christian Federation in China.

The anti-Christian movement of the 1920s was one facet of the New Culture Movement and an expression of the iconoclasm and nationalism of the student sub-culture during this period--but it was more than that. Attacks on Christianity, Christian missions, and Christian education came from a broad spectrum of Chinese, including professional educators, party leaders, reformers and conservatives, journalists, and other quarters. The movement advanced in two waves, the first in the early 1920s and the second between 1924 and 1928. Even before the meeting of the WSCF, New Culture leaders had criticized Christian doctrines as anti-scientific and therefore a deterrent to progress. Rejection by many Chinese of all religious beliefs and condemnation of religious teachings encompassed Christianity along with Buddhism and Taoism; furthermore, as Barnett indicates, the fundamentalist-modernist controversy within the Christian community did not make any easier the defense of Christianity as relevant for a modernizing society. Many Chinese educators condemned required religious worship and courses in the parochial schools as an infringement on religious freedom, and they accused missionary educators and Y secretaries of bribing immature youth by offering inexpensive training and recreation.

Despite widespread support for the criticisms, Barnett is correct in tracing the origin of organized attacks on Christianity in 1922 to left-wing radicals. Socialist groups and Marxist societies with Soviet linkages apparently took the initiative in founding the Anti-Christian

Federation and in generating much of the early anti-Christian propaganda. Their denunciations generally employed anti-imperialist, anti-capitalist, and nationalist themes more than issues of religious freedom or scientism. The movement started in 1922, died back after a brief flurry during the spring and summer, but the demonstration of the popularity of anti-Christianism would encourage a second wave of attacks during the rising nationalism of 1924-1928.

Most delegates to the WSCF conference were oblivious of the outburst, and Christian literature and reports in English at that time made scant reference to the movement or treated it as a flash in the pan. The Chinese Christian press did offer some rebuttals and call for more rapid Sinification of Christian institutions. Not until well into the second wave of the movement, however, did Christian missionaries generally appreciate the seriousness of the attacks, their broad appeal, and the urgent need for a positive response to nationalist demands. Barnett, along with quite a few Chinese Christians and some missionaries who worked with youth, saw an opportunity to demonstrate the relevancy of Christianity to social reconstruction. Some felt that, even though Christianity was under attack, it was good that there was interest in the subject of religion instead of indifference. Few realized, though, how little time there was for resolving misunderstandings and making adjustments. Barnett includes himself when he states that the rapid headway made by the anti-Christian forces during the second wave of anti-Christianism "caught most of us unawares."

I had to make the physical move to Shanghai single-handed. Bertha was in Shanghai with the three children, her suitcase packed for a dash on call to the hospital, to welcome Doak, our fourth and last child, into the family. Both Bertha and I have squirrel blood in our veins, and what should now be done with the accumulations of a decade was a harrowing responsibility. For years afterward I was confessing the things I should have taken and hadn't and the things I should not have taken and did. Somehow I lived through the packing and the move, and in mid-September, 1920 we became residents of Shanghai. We pitched our tent on Dixwell Road, not far from Hongkew (Hong kou) Park, on what was then the Northern edge of the city. The street was ironically dubbed "All Saints Row" in deference to the North American YMCA families domiciled in a number of houses. The furniture we had to install was even more nondescript than the house; much of it was downright shabby, for it had been acquired, piece by piece, from American and British families taking their departure from Hangchow on "home leave." Nothing matched. Everything showed wear and tear. But it was what at the time we could afford, and so we took no time out to suffer embarrassment or to feel sorry for ourselves. I was then thirty-three years old.

Having settled the family in our new habitat I made a hurried trip back to Hangchow for a last round-up with the YMCA staff in its fall "setting-up" conference. We had made much of these periodical conferences as the staff grew from two or three men to a dozen and a half. In them we set our goals for the coming quarter or half-year, discussed the steps required for achieving them, agreed on a calendar for the programs projected, and assigned committee and staff responsibilities for seeing them through. We all knew that the first item on the agenda of the next setting-up conference would be a thoughtful review of what had actually happened in putting plans agreed upon into effect. The grist for these conferences came from many sources, mainly from the board, the operating committees, and from the staff itself. To each body it now went back as an agenda for action. In addition to this farewell meeting with the staff, I left with them a memorandum in which I undertook to give an orderly account of where projects-in-process stood and to make suggestions as to next steps which might be considered in carrying forward unfinished business or in initiating new undertaking toward which we had been moving.

In November I was still writing my parents of "my home sickness for Hangchow, for the friends there and for the kind of work one does in a local community." "This new work," I went on to say, "is a venture of duty which I would have liked to avoid. So much of our life's blood has gone into Hangchow and the Association there that a break hurts. So I try not to think about it. The son, grandson, and younger brother of itinerant Methodist preachers must not lose weight because of *one* move!" Actually there were substantial compensations, especially for the family, in our move to Shanghai. Over against Hangchow's medieval charm were Shanghai's super-modern conveniences. Also, living in a city which was at once Chinese and cosmopolitan was full of interest; Shanghai gave us box-seat views of China in transition and of the contemporary world in miniature. A major attraction was the substitution of the Shanghai American School, then the largest and perhaps the best American school outside of the United States for our two-pupil, Calvert course "school" in Hangchow.

Shanghai offered many other amenities, but the darts and shafts to which every family falls prey are no respecters of places. Very soon after reaching Shanghai we came face to face with near-tragedy. Bertha and the children had spent a month on Mokanshan and then gone to Shanghai to be near the hospital in which our first three children were born. When "the day" arrived this time, that hospital was crowded and Bertha had to go to another hospital and to a second-choice doctor. Doak was born on October 8 and all seemed to go

well. After several hours, however, things took an alarming turn and Bertha suffered a sudden collapse with which the doctor in charge was unable to cope. At our call our friend, Dr. Walter G. Hiltner, came posthaste and took over. All night it was nip and tuck as he held the enemy at bay. After an interminable night the crisis passed. What a difference that night almost made in the succeeding years for our family, and for many others besides!

Six months later we had a second brush with bereavement. Most of this interim I had been on the road, and in April I was in Peking attending the 11th World Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation. Upon its conclusion I was slated to set forth on another extended circuit of student centers. On the last day of the conference I received a telegram from Shanghai saying that our second son, De Witt (then five years old) was critically ill. I knew that Bertha would not have sent me this message if his condition were not indeed grave. The wire came Sunday evening at 6 o'clock; no train would leave for Changhai until 10:15 Monday morning, and it was 10 o'clock Tuesday night when I reached Shanghai.

On arrival I learned that the lad was still alive--just. For eight days he hovered, unconscious, between life and death. And then he came back to us from the valley of the shadow of death.

> "Times like this elicit untapped resources of friendship around us. The interest and sympathy, the helpfulness and prayers of friends have been wonderful. . . . Life can never be the same after an experience such as we have been passing through. How trivial many things of seeming importance appear in comparison with the life of the imperilled loved one. Things somehow take on a new perspective. Bertha has been wonderful. I didn't know a human being could be so strong and brave and cheerful. Surely nothing on earth is so divine as a mother's love."

The following summer, 1922, we went to Peitaiho, a Northern seaside resort, where the doctors hoped De Witt might find improvement. The train journey from Shanghai was well over 900 miles, and there was a change of trains enroute at Tientsin. Three friends found it convenient to commit their wives and children to my escort for this trip, and I have sometimes wondered what our fellow passengers, no strangers to polygamy, thought of our "family party": one American man, four wives, and a dozen children of assorted ages and dispositions! Leaving the family at the beach, I made off for Shantung Province where I took part in a student conference, meeting at the foot of T'aishan, the most revered of China's Five Sacred Mountains. I wrote home:

> "Two thousand years before Christ, China's ancient worthies climbed this mountain, 5,100 feet in altitude, to worship the Sovereign Ruler of Heaven. Some say this worship was then monotheistic. It is supposed that at a still earlier period the mountain itself was the object of worship. Twenty-five hundred years ago Confucius climbed T'aishan and, looking out, thought the empire small. The view from the topmost pinnacle embraces a grand sweep of hills and plains, visible in all directions.
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> Since 1008 A.D. the mountain has been under the domination of Taoists and the center of some of China's most extravagant superstitions."

One of the hazards of travel lurks in the food one eats. In more than 30 years of almost constant travel I have been badly knocked out a number of times by contaminated good, most often, incidentally, in America. My first and worst upset of this sort, however,

I suffered on the trip referred to above. Descending T'aishan, I spent the night in the home of friends where the ice cream served at dinner did not taste "right." My plan was to go on the next morning to Ch'ü-fu (Qufu), the birthplace of Confucius. When I arose long before daybreak to catch my train to that place of pilgrimage I felt very uneasy in my innards. By the time I disembarked, shortly after 6 a.m., they were the seat of the sharpest pains I had ever experienced. I made my way to a nearby inn, not to go to bed and send for a doctor (there being none to call!), but to await "business hours" when I would hire a Peking cart to take me to my destination, still six dusty miles away. A Peking cart is best known for its innocence of springs, and the ruts in the road were venerable with age. It was early July and the combination of summer heat and ptomaine poisoning was more than I should have risked, but being so near I could not bear to turn back! All day I drank copiously of hot tea and abstained from solid food, a course which probably enabled me to survive the ordeal and to throw off the poison from which (as I later learned) other victims were still suffering ill effects months afterwards. I wrote:

> "The Confucian Temple at Ch'ü-fu is the finest in China. It is built around a great complex of spacious courts, shaded by giant trees. The Temple roofs of golden yellow and green are a splendid splash of color. On the grounds one is shown the stump of a tree planted by Confucius himself--from which a new tree is now sprouting. There also is the well from which he was wont to drink water, and the spot where stood the room in which he taught his disciples. . . .
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> "This room was an open pavilion, on one side of which he kept a big drum, and on the other side of which he kept a suspended gong. These he used to arouse his students when drowsiness began to get the better of them. Ninety percent of the present inhabitants of the town, I was told, bear the names of K'ung and Meng (i.e. of Confucius and Mencius). The present official in charge is a descendant of Confucius; he has three wives, two of them Chinese and one a Japanese. . . .
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> "In the center of the family burial grounds, more than 2,500 years old, stands a simple stone slab on which are inscribed the words, 'In Memory of the Most Revered Sage.'"

When at nightfall I climbed aboard a northbound train, only a fourth-class car was available. There was little unoccupied floor space in the car, but I did manage to set up my cot and pile my bedding and other baggage beside it. The next thing I did was to fall upon the cot and faint! When I came to I found that my fellow-passengers were amused, for they surmised that I was only dead drunk! I looked forward to spending the next week at Peitaiho before going on to my next summer conference in Manchuria. Upon my arrival, however, "I found Doak upset as to his stomach, De Witt emerging from another attack of bronchitis, and Genie Mae with a bad ear." Four doctors pronounced her trouble as mastoiditis and advised us to take her posthaste to the "Rockefeller Hospital" in Peking. Mastoiditis is a fairly common ailment in North China; it is an infection of the inner ear which can be fatal and was in fact often serious in its consequences. So our precious week was spent in a father-and-daughter vigil in Peking's world-famed hospital:

> "There is probably not another hospital in the world which equals this one in the lavishness of its architecture, furnishings, and equipment. Started at an estimated cost of US$1,000,000, its cost has turned out to be $8,000,000! There are 12 students in the medical college and 32 more in preparatory

classes. The hospital has a capacity of 250 beds. . . . "Query: is this the best use to make of so much money when so many hospitals in China are struggling along with less than the bare necessities?"

Speaking of operations, or of illnesses, is a sorry subject for such extended comment as I have permitted myself. But the episodes constitute a significant chapter in the personal story I am telling. What impresses me most about them in retrospect is the slight degree in which, thanks mainly to Bertha, they interfered with the new work upon which I was entering. "Most women," I observed in one of my letters home, "would be nervously distraught as a result of all she has been through, yet she keeps as calm and brave as if life were just one long song."

Work among the students of China in the early 20s was fraught with interest. In response to an inquiry from Frank Rawlinson, editor of the *Chinese Recorder*, I ventured a few "random impressions of the student situation," including the following:

"Much of their thinking may be superficial and sporadic, but the minds of the students are wide awake."

"The prevailing attitude is one of protest against things as they are. 'They resent history!' It is a spirit of iconoclasm, in which there is an obvious lack of perspective or background."

"There is genuine dissatisfaction with the present family system."

"There is a growing sense of national consciousness, part of the great ground swell of racial and national feeling which has followed in the wake of the War (World War I) all 'round the world."

"There is a quickened social consciousness, and students alike of mission and nonmission schools are discussing social problems and undertaking various kinds of social service activities."

"There is a new spirit of adventure among Chinese students which I think did not exist a few years ago. There is a great promise, and at the same time danger, in this spirit which is willing to attempt new, untried, and perilous ways."

"There is a decided sympathy on the part of many students with the struggle going on (in 1922) in Russia."

"A government school principal (from faraway Szechuan Providence) said to me a few days ago, 'Karl Marx has more followers among the students of China than has Jesus Christ.'"

The YMCA, and especially the Student YMCAs, had pioneered the idea and the practice of "social service" in China, the very term for social service being of YMCA coinage. As time went on "social service" gave place to "social reconstruction" in the YMCA lexicon. The literature and the discussions on this subject were copious, but its excitement palled as performance lagged behind the vaulting hopes and dreams then stirring. Thinking turned more and more toward "social revolution" as China's only "way out," an idea to which the communists would give substance and startling dynamism less than three decades later.

Perhaps in no country have students played such an important role as in China. For centuries the country was ruled by the "literati," a literary degree being the necessary and sure passport into officialdom. As old ways gave place to new, the leadership of these old scholars fell into obsolescence, and the students of new modern schools just coming into existence sought to fill the vacuum. Their mass demonstrations against Japan's Twenty-one Demands in 1915 and against the Shantung Decision at Versailles in 1919 showed their strength. Boys and girls came forward as guardians of the national heritage, champions of its preservation and the vanguard of its renewal, and their elders rallied to their leadership throughout the country. At their demand high officials were ousted, traitorous commitments to other nations were abrogated, and the course of Chinese history was turned in new directions. Ch'en Tu-hsiu (Chen Duxiu), leader of the so-called Renaissance and later one of the founders of the Chinese Communist Party, pointed out that in contrast with Britons and Americans who prolong their youth as long as they can, Chinese boys and girls were assuming the responsibilities of maturity and old age while still in their teens.

The Renaissance, centering in the Peking National University and reaching into every student body in the land, was creating a new climate. This movement was also called the New Thought Movement and the New Culture Movement, and its underlying assumption was that political reform, while essential, was not enough: nothing less than a thorough renovation of all life, inside and out, would meet the nation's needs. Youth, it declared, "must be independent and not servile, progressive and not conservative, aggressive and not retiring, world minded and not narrowly nationalistic, practical and not ceremonial, scientific and not speculative.[5] Its leaders challenged the time-honored tenants of Confucianism and relegated the treasured "literary" language to the limbo of dead languages. Hu Shih, "Father of the Literary Revolution," called upon students: (1) to write only when they had something to say; (2) to write what they had to say in the way it is said (i.e. spoken); (3) to write in their own words, and not someone else's; and (5) to write in the language of their own time.[6] Caught up in new and swift-running tides of thought and purpose, the students had little idea at the time where they were headed, but they were on the way!

Inside the church, Christians locked horns in a Fundamentalist-Modernist Controversy which swept the country. This arose in a militant assault made by self-styled Fundamentalists (mainly missionaries) on individuals and institutions which failed to proclaim the Gospel in the precise formulations which they regarded as sacrosanct. There may have been some ground for their misgivings in the influence of the nontheistic humanism then widely held in the West, and undeniably congenial to the Chinese mentality. Much of its attack, however, was levelled on the "Social Gospel," a bad word in their vocabulary, and in this attack the YMCA became a favorite target. The fundamentalists' special *bete noir* was Harry Emerson Fosdick and his writings, of which the YMCA was at the time the principal producer, in English and in Chinese. These critics were, however, able to find little fault with the man or his message when he visited China and spoke in the missionary hill stations in the summer of 1921.

The role of the YMCA in Christian work among students, meanwhile, came in for sharp questioning from unexpected quarters. Since 1885 when missionaries (former student YMCA members in America) organized YMCAs in two Chinese "colleges," one in Yungchow (Tongzhou), North China, and one in Foochow (Fuzhou), South China, the YMCA had been accepted as the organization in which Christian students could best work together in a voluntary program, and the agency through which all churches could best extend a helping hand to such a program. The National Christian Conference of 1907, meeting to commemorate a century of Protestant work in China, called on the YMCA greatly to expand its "student work,"and on its recommendation a number of denominations

allocated men to engage in student work under the direction of the China National Committee of the YMCA. These missionaries had the same status in the China YMCA as did the men allocated to that movement by the International Committee. Now, however, newly arriving missionaries began to raise the question of why the denominations should not carry on student work under their own auspices, or through a new interdenominational agency which they would set up, finance, and control. The ebb and flow of discussion, disputation, and experimentation with respect to this issue would continue for years.

There were nearly 200 student YMCAs when I became their national executive in September 1921. Two-thirds of these were in middle schools; one-third in colleges, universities, and professional schools. Most of the student YMCAs were in "mission schools and colleges." In them were the largest aggregations of Christian students, also Christian faculty members available as counsellors and supporters. But some of the best campus-centered YMCAs were in "government schools and colleges." "There is no country in Europe," said a visiting French secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation in 1922, "in which Christianity has such access into government schools as the Christian Associations have in China." Activity in these institutions was largely an extension from city YMCAs which provided professional leadership and modest financial backing. Where there were not enough Christians to form a YMCA, we sometimes organized Red Triangle Clubs through which non-Christian students (with perhaps a sprinkling of Christian students) could exercise initiative in pursuing together the objectives of a fully-recognized YMCA.

Bible study and social service were the two major concerns of these student YMCAs and clubs. The summer conference was the principal means employed to train their leaders, to knit the scattered Associations together in a united movement, and in general to shape their common goals and undertakings. There were 16 of these student summer conferences held in different parts of the country, and their influence at that time was comparable to that of "Northfield" and other student conferences in America after which they were patterned. In 1921 there were 186 schools represented in these conferences, of which significantly 124 were government institutions!

The immediate task into which I moved on my transfer from Hangchow to Shanghai was two-fold: (1) to give leadership in the student work outlined above; and (2) to help prepare for the Eleventh World Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation, scheduled to meet in Peking in April, 1922. These were, of course, interrelated undertakings which called for the exercise of "unaccustomed muscles," muscles, moreover, which I had little desire to put into play.

In Hangchow it was possible to form close friendships and to see one's day-in and day-out associations making a real difference in other lives and in one's own. In national work one's contacts tended to be touch-and-go, tenuous, and at best uncertain in their results. In local work one could not only set goals but shape processes and in some degree measure the progress being made toward their attainment. In national work one scattered his seed and hoped for the best. In the one case one could deal directly with persons, in the other much of his concern must be with policies or people-in-the-mass. In local work there were countless opportunities of furthering creative relationships among individuals; in national work an unconscionable amount of time must be spent in making or keeping peace between one's own and other organizations pursuing kindred or related purposes. I saw the importance of national organization, policies and programs, and the necessity of national leadership, but my personal bias was for the "grass roots." When after 32 years in national and international work I retired, one of my last acts was to remove from my office desk in New York G. K. Chesterton's reminder that "Nothing is real until it is local."

One demand of the new post which gave me special pause was the public speaking I would have to do as I travelled about the country. I was at home in Chinese in a private conversation or in a board, committee, or other "group" discussion, but a commitment to make "a speech" somehow threw me into a dither--an idiosyncrasy I have not outgrown! In Hangchow I was soon tackling all sorts of subjects in private talks with Chinese friends, but I put off attempting my first "public address" in Chinese until we returned to Hangchow from our first furlough.

As I returned to China for my second term I had wondered what an eight months recess from studying, hearing, or speaking Chinese had done to my ability to resume its use. I had worked hard on the language throughout our first term but had dropped it completely while on furlough. I leave it to the psychologist to explain, but on reaching Hangchow I was surprised and pleased to find that the long recess had somehow increased the freedom and facility with which I was able to handle the language. Emboldened by this discovery, I accepted an invitation to address a bi-monthly meeting of the Christian leaders of the city, Chinese and missionaries. I wrote this address out word for word (in Romanization) and committed it to memory. When the time came for me to speak, no one had to tell me that I put on a creditable performance. Even so I continued to fight shy of public speaking whenever it was possible to do so. In national work this would no longer be possible.

For my platform vocabulary and for whatever facility I gained in its use I was greatly indebted to two circumstances. One was the publication at that time of a number of volumes of addresses on current questions, made by men who were masters of the language, Liang Ch'i-c'hao (Liang Qichao) being my favorite. When starting on a tour in which I would be called upon for many speeches (most of them extemporaneous) I made it a practice to slip several volumes of these published speeches into my bag; the jumps in my journeys were usually fairly long and, shutting myself up in my steamer cabin or my railway compartment I would read one after another of these addresses aloud. When I reached my next stop I found that not a few of the words and phrases with which I had been consorting along the way fitted nicely into what I wanted to say to my waiting audiences. Reading in whatever language, I suppose "maketh a full man," and "speaking" in that language between times "maketh a ready man."

A still greater help to my language capabilities was the fact that I made many of my journeys with Chinese associates with whom, day after day, I shared common platforms in the cities visited. I listened intently to these men as they spoke in their turn on subjects with which I too was dealing. T. Z. Koo, David Yui, and L. T. Chen (Ch'en Li-t'ing, Chen Liting), to mention only three of those with whom I worked most closely, were very accomplished speakers and some of their diction rubbed off onto my speech.

T. Z. Koo joined the national staff of the YMCA at the same time that I became national student work secretary. Koo was a graduate of St. John's University, Shanghai, where he was a great favorite of the American president. On graduation he had joined the National Railway Administration in which he held increasingly responsible posts. In this relationship he bore daily witness among his associates to his Christian faith. He resigned his lucrative post in the hope of finding a career in which he could more directly fulfill his Christian vocation, and sought the counsel of his former university president. "I would be glad to have you on my faculty," he was told, "but just now there is no vacancy." As the conversation progressed he learned of a responsible post, hitherto held only by Westerners, for which the British-American Tobacco Company was looking for an able Chinese. The salary was attractive and it seemed important to encourage the newly adopted policy of this mammoth company to place Chinese in its top positions.

When "T.Z." told his friend David Yui of this opening, Yui promptly remonstrated: "You don't want to spend your life selling cigarettes!" "But what shall I do?" asked Koo. "I am without a job and I have a family to support." "Join me on the staff of the National Committee of the YMCA," said Yui. "We don't have a vacancy either, but there is much to do and we can make a place for you. The salary will be modest but it will be enough to support you and your family." Thus began one of the truly illustrious careers in the international Christian leadership of our times, in the YMCAs of China, in the World's Student Christian Federation, in the World Alliance of the YMCA, and in ever-widening circles of activity and influence. In India and other Asian lands, in university, business, and church circles in North America, Great Britain, Europe, and elsewhere, he soon became a well-known and appealing figure. A superb administrator, he turned his back on administration to exercise his equally superb gifts of prophecy. With almost clairvoyant insights he discerned "the signs of the times," and with simple eloquence he touched the minds of great audiences wherever he went on his far-ranging missions.

"T.Z.'s" first assignment in his new post was to attend a meeting of the Executive Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation in Europe, where against stiff competition he won acceptance of China's invitation to hold its forthcoming world conference in Peking. The fall of 1921 therefore found me starting out as Executive Secretary of the Student Division of the National Committee of the YMCA and "T. Z." taking on the duties of Executive Secretary of the Preparatory Committee of the Peking Conference. For the next half year we were inseparable, travelling the length and breadth of China together, meeting innumerable groups of students and professors, raising a conference fund from merchants, officials, and others, and spending long hours (especially enroute from one city to another) in non-stop discussions of all sorts of things--particularly, of course, the YMCA, student work, and the forthcoming Peking Conference. This was Koo's introduction to the YMCA and to student work and my introduction to continental China--and to one of its most gifted and dedicated sons.

One of the pleasant discoveries of these travels with a wise Chinese companion was that each section of the country had its own special cuisine, and that each city had one restaurant in which its special dish or dishes could best be sampled. Peking, for example, was to be our most important stop, both because of its eminence as a student center and because it was to be the seat of the WSCF Conference. No sooner did we arrive in Peking, and even before we had made any commitments as to our calendar, "T.Z." preempted one long noonday period by making an "engagement" with me for dinner at Peking's most famous duck restaurant! (As to Peking duck, words fail me!)

A letter which I wrote home during our northern tour reflects the tempo of these journeys:

> "I am now in K'aifeng," I wrote on November 21, "one of China's more ancient cities and several times its seat of empire. My schedule today has been as follows:
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> | 8:30 a.m. | Address in Baptist girls school |
> | 9:30 a.m. | Visit with Bishop William C. White |
> | 10:30 a.m. | Address at Institute of School Teachers (from every prefecture in the province)--on invitation of the Commissioner of Education of Honan Province |
> | noon | Tiffin with McNeill Poteat, an old summer conference friend from North Carolina days |

2:00 p.m. Address at Agricultural College
4:00 p.m. Address to faculty and students of a school preparing students for study in the United States and Canada. Also a very satisfactory interview with the school principal regarding the organization of Bible study groups in his institution.
5:45 p.m. Tag end of a missionary reception
7:00 p.m. Address at mass meeting of members of the city YMCA--a fine audience and a fine response
8:00 p.m. Talk to a group of government school teachers, by request, on school athletics."

"It has been gratifying," I observed in this letter, "to see how well my Hangchow 'dialect' is understood. In Hangchow my work has given me constant contact with educated people, and in my association with them I have tried to avoid the use of localisms in common use among the uneducated. I am now glad of this for I find myself understood far better than I had hoped for." My hearers were at times amused by my pronunciation of certain words and phrases, infected as it was by that of neighboring Wu dialects, but the fidelity with which I kept to idioms and expressions with which they were familiar enabled them to follow what I was saying.

The most severe challenge to my linguistic competence awaited me on my arrival in Hankow.

> "Surely," I wrote my parents, "an 'expert' is an ordinary person away from home! At any rate people act on this assumption and call on the stranger within their gates to do things he wouldn't think of attempting at home. A striking case of this phenomenon occurred in Hankow. During the past year or two I have been studying Buddhism somewhat. Somehow the word reached Hankow and on my arrival I found myself advertised far and wide for an address the following evening on Christianity and Buddhism. I had never made a public address on this subject, and I was far from my books. Moreover I was confronted with a full program up to the time of the meeting.
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> Somehow the Lord helps us when we get into a corner, and know it. The hall was packed when the time came, and I spoke with more freedom and force, I think, than in any other meeting I have addressed on this trip. Simply and as fairly as I knew how I tried to give my understanding of the answers which Buddhism and Christianity, respectively, give to man's three inescapable questions: 'Where do I come from? Why am I here? Where am I going?'"

Raising the Peking conference fund turned out to be an easier undertaking than we had expected. Most of those who made the contributions knew little or nothing of the World's Student Christian Federation, but they knew their own YMCA which was sponsoring this conference and they quickly saw the proprieties called for in China's playing host to an international gathering of students. In Nanch'ang (Nanchang) for example, we had hoped to raise $200 toward our total budget of $31,500 but after a day and a half and three calls I was able to report gifts from Nanch'ang totaling $2,200. The largest of these three gifts was made by the provincial governor who also entertained me and Frank Lenz, the local International Committee secretary, at a sumptuous Chinese feast. "Let me tell you later," Lenz whispered as we passed through one of the courts of the yamen, "what happened here last week." The story as he told it was brief and grim. The governor suspected three political rivals of plotting his overthrow. So he invited them to a fine feast, following which

they were marched to this self-same court, stood faces to the wall, and shot. Thus they got "theirs" and we got "ours," all from the same genial warlord and all within the same week.

The Federation Conference was a colorful affair and its impact on China was considerable. Preceding the conference, the General Committee of the Federation met in the posh Hotel Peking; of its 57 members 21 were Anglo-Saxons, 20 others Europeans, 13 Asians, and one each a Negro, and American Indian, and a Latin-American. Moscow also had its representatives in Peking and in the Hotel Peking. One of these published a report of his observations in a Harbin Communist newspaper of which the following sentences are revealing:

> "In the enslavement of the Chinese people various religious organizations are playing a great part. . . . The YMCA is one of the most important bourgeois organizations of young people, and it has branches in nearly all countries. . . . Missionaries are connected with the secret services of their countries. . . . Americans organized the YMCA in China where it is supplied by capitalists closely connected with the American government. . . . In order to attract attention and to gain the reputation of being 'friends of the Chinese people' the YMCA, together with missionaries, opens schools, hospitals and service centers. . . .
>
> "What was (the WSCF Conference) all about? The secret was not complicated. Following hard on the Washington Conference, where America poured out a flood of words about the disarmament of everybody, except of course herself, this YMCA conference (sic) was planned to deceive the public, by its talk of 'disarmament,' 'democracy,' 'equality,' 'Christian youth,' etc.
>
> "As a counterpoise to the Christian Association there was created an Anti-Christian Union which carried out a campaign to unveil the real character of the YMCA. Within a month this Union enrolled 20,000 members, and there was not a city in which a branch of the Anti-Christian Movement had not been organized. Meetings, protests, and demonstrations against the YMCA conference (sic) were held everywhere. . . . I decided to go to Peking for the opening of the YMCA Conference (sic). I stopped at the same hotel where the Conference delegates stayed. It was easy to watch them, the cacophonic English women, Germans, Americans (who showed their style!), Indians, Chinese, Negroes. There were even YMCA representatives from Russia, probably dug out of Harbin. . . .
>
> "Then bang!!! Everybody left the hotel and after a (final) religious service went to a place 20 miles from Peking and opened their Conference there. This they did to get away from the Anti-Christian Movement (sic)."

That these attacks were well planned and carefully timed soon became evident. On the second day of the conference, a Chinese group sent a letter to an English language newspaper published in Tientsin. With the letter they sent a copy of what they called The Declaration; the following sentences are representative:

> "We are students of science. We oppose all belief that is contrary to scientific truth. . . . We oppose especially Christianity which because of its duration and the extent of its influence has done more harm . . . than any other

religion. . . . . (Religion) served certain purposes of primitive people. But it has lost its function in modern society where science and civilization predominate. . . .

"What are missionaries?. . . . They are more or less looked down on by their fellow-countrymen, especially their scholars. . . .

"What are native preachers? Nine-tenths of them would have become beggars, vagabonds, and coolies, had they not chosen this profession for (the sake of) food, shelter, and comfort. . . .

"What kind of education have they been offering? Its sole aim is to get blind followers of Christ. . . . We stand for the principle that no education is better than bad education.

"What kind of an organization is the YMCA? It is an organization, a very successful one, which employs games, amusements, and sports as stimuli to satisfy certain crude senses and instincts of the young people.

"Now they see that their last day is drawing near. So they gather (in Peking) preparing for the last and decisive fight. We with our scientific attitude, analysis, and insights have pointed out the mistakes they have done and the crimes committed. . . ."

During the same week Liang Ch'i-Ch'ao, China's most erudite and revered philosopher at that time, published a letter in a Shanghai Chinese newspaper in which he commented on the rash of similar pronouncements which had suddenly broken out across the country. In substance he said:

"I am not myself identified with any religion. And certainly I shall not take part in the current attacks on religion. But I welcome the Anti-Christian Movement. I do so because too long our people have ignored religion. The present attacks on religion will make it a live issue again, so that men will have to give it their attention and make up their minds regarding its truth or error."

I was inclined to subscribe to Liang Ch'i Ch'ai's view of the matter.

Most of the delegates who met on April 1 on the campus of Tsinghua (Qinghua) University were oblivious of the tempest which their coming together was blowing up. Delegates were present from 32 countries, a circumstance which I was tempted to rue when it fell to my lot to proof-read the official roster with its polylingual assortment of names and addresses. Seated on the platform at the opening session was the august figure of John R. Mott, and flanking his presidential chair were officers from China, Holland, USA, France, Japan, and India. Many of the delegates wore their native dress, to the delight of the amateur photographers present. By previous agreement the Chinese delegation predominated in numbers, nor did they lag in the quality of their participation. Every province in China, including those in Manchuria and Mongolia, was represented, and it was noted that it took longer for the delegate from West China to reach Peking than it did a Brazilian, travelling from Rio de Janeiro via London, New York, and San Francisco. (There were only 6,500 miles of railway in all China in 1922, and only 200 miles of modern motor roads.)

Over the platform a huge banner was inscribed with four flowing Chinese characters--Confucius' well known words, "Under Heaven One Family." the theme of the conference was "Christ in World Reconstruction." Its most important work was done in six forum groups, working on subjects on which the Chinese delegates and doubtless the others, had made excellent preparation during the preceding months. Reflective of the times, the subject which struck the most fire was on "Christianity and International Problems." Henry T. Hodgkin, founder of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, led a hard-fought battle for a pacifist pronouncement by the conference but failed, as a fellow Englishman put it, to turn the WSCF into the FOR. In light of the than prevailing tensions it was impressive to see Chinese and Japanese, Britons and Indians, Americans and Filippinos, Japanese and Koreans meeting and discussing these questions together, not as spokesmen of different, even hostile, nations but as fellow Christians.

No two delegations interested me so much as did the Chinese and Indians--for one reason because of the great interest they found in each other. Both belonged to Asian nations and cultures, yet for centuries there had been little contact between their peoples. Now coming face to face with each other they seemed startled and fascinated to find how different they were from each other. In discussions the Indians were exceedingly voluble, not to say glib of utterance, and their fellow Chinese delegates fairly gaped as they spoke so easily, so lengthily, and so well on the pros and cons of whatever subject was raised. The Chinese were much more matter-of-fact, down-to-earth, and "practical" and the Indians would almost gasp when one of them arose, proceeded by the nearest straight line to the heart of the matter, made his point, and sat down. Other delegates were impressed in much the same way by the Chinese present. "It seems," said Miss Michi Kawai of Japan, "that Chinese people are more like Americans in their manners and customs and in their expression of their thoughts and their social manners than any other Oriental people."

One afternoon the conference adjourned to a special train on which we travelled 40 miles north to Kalgan (Chang-chia-k'ou, Zhangjiakou) to pay our respects to the Great Wall. I have seen this wall at other points in its 1,500 mile course. One evening at twilight, travelling alone, I came unexpectedly upon it in the Northwest. At other times I have stood at its eastern end and watched incoming waves of the Pacific lash themselves upon its huge blocks of stone. Nowhere, however, is this great wonder of the ancient world more spectacular than at Kalgan, on the edge of the Mongolian Plateau; there at an altitude of 4,000 feet one sees it dragging its serpentine way another thousand feet to the mountain pass above. What I remember best about that first visit to the Great Wall, however, is a conversation I had with a Bulgarian delegate as we sat and talked on its massive ramparts. It is not of Ch'in Shih Huang-ti, China's first emperor, that we talked--his building of the wall against the threatening Tartars, his burning of the books (China's ancient classics), or his "burying alive" of 460 "unreliable" scholars of his time more than 2,000 years ago. We talked rather of newer storms then brewing in Eastern Europe, from whence my friend had just come.

The Bulgarian was a Christian Marxist, trying as many thoughtful persons of that period were doing to accept the Marxian interpretation of history and at the same time holding fast to his Christian faith and commitment. Quietly and gravely he spoke of the great gulf which divides the "haves" from the "have nots" of the Earth. Never, he thought, could there be peace among men until these disparities disappeared. Not many years afterward, this man, long a familiar figure in WSCF circles, himself disappeared when the Bolshevik revolution engulfed his country. It was undoubtedly encounters like this, even more than the formal addresses and discussions of the conference, that led one at its end to write: "No gathering has met since the War which more fully reflected the tragedy, discontent, and aspirations which prevail among the youth of the world today."

Shortly after the WSCF conference in Peking, a National Christian Conference brought together a large and representative company of Chinese and missionary leaders in Shanghai. Earlier national Christian conferences in China had been, first exclusively and later predominantly, missionary in attendance. It was characteristic of the times that this conference was predominantly Chinese, both numerically and in its leadership. There was disappointment, however, when an all-Chinese commission, after prolonged labor, presented its summary statement of the Christian message; this message, contrary to expectations, differed little in substance or tone from what an all-Western commission of equally eminent theologians might have produced. One important outcome of the conference was the creation of the National Christian Council. The man chosen as general secretary of the new council was Ch'eng Ching-i (Cheng Jingyi), a modest yet towering clergyman from north China whose platform presence and diction I have not seen surpassed. My colleague, David Yui, was made chairman of the council and served in that capacity during the formative years. I continued active in the council and on its committees, as I had been in its predecessor body.

Subsequent developments showed that the anti-Christian attacks of 1922 were more than passing reactions to the Christian conferences held that spring in Peking and Shanghai. Indeed there is abundant evidence to show that forces, of which at the time we were hardly aware, made the Peking conference and to a much less degree the Shanghai conference, occasions for launching a well-prepared, amply financed, and ably led attack on religion in general, on Christianity in particular, and specifically on the Young Men's Christian Association because of its great prestige and influence. The storm unloosed in 1922 gathered strength as time went on, and it has not yet spent itself.

This of course was not the first time that Christianity had been threatened with extinction in China. Such had been the fate of Nestorian Christianity; introduced into China in the 7th century (635 A.D.),it had won favor and adherents in the Imperial family and had established churches throughout the empire. Then in the 9th century it disappeared, leaving hardly a trace. Again in the 16th century the Jesuits showed up, making great headway especially with the officials and scholars. Unhappily, however, they were unable to keep the peace with their co-religionists, the Franciscans and the Dominicans. The so-called Rites controversy between these opposing orders raged from 1635 to 1715; the settlement than proposed by the Pope involved overruling the Chinese Emperor as to the proper Chinese terms for certain Christian concepts, and so again Christianity was thrown for a catastrophic loss. More familiar is the fanatical attempt made by the so-called Boxers in 1900 to destroy both Protestants and Catholics, root and branch. This latest assault, launched in the early 20s of this century, was more subtle, and the rapid headway it made caught most of us unawares.

Christianity, it charged, is the ally of imperialism; missionaries are the secret agents of their governments, and Chinese Christians are the "running dogs" of the enemy. Christianity, it further charged, is opposed to science and therefore to progress. It propagates superstitions and preaches a slave morality. Its missionaries preach a spacious form of pacifism in order to keep China weak. Christianity is narrow, dogmatic, and intolerant; Christians are too sure that theirs is "the only way." Christian schools denationalize their students and Christian institutions are agents of deculturalization. There are inequalities within the Church itself, missionaries receiving larger salaries and living in better houses than their Chinese fellow-workers. These were some of the charges levelled at Christianity from the very beginning of the Anti-Christian Movement.

In a meeting of the National Christian Council, one of its members, Yang Yung-ch'ing (Yang Yongqing), early called our attention to the fact that the Chinese term for "crisis" is made up of two characters, one of which means "danger" and the other "opportunity." The dangers were easy to see. Would Christians in China and abroad be able to see the opportunities in the situation also? The question, 40 years later, is still pertinent.

Late 1922 found me laying plans for a journey to Szechuan Province, in the far west. Our associations in Szechuan were so far away and so difficult of access that it seemed at times that they were on a different planet, so far as communication with them was concerned, and I was more than willing to make the visits desired. As the time for going drew near, however, De Witt, who had been seriously ill in the spring of 1922, grew worse rather than better, and in December the doctors urged us to take him to America without delay. Inasmuch as our furlough was overdue, this seemed the sensible thing to do. I arranged to accompany the family as far as Japan; if by that time De Witt's condition warranted it, I would return to Shanghai, make the Szechuan tour, and then rejoin the family in America.

One of the really bad moments of my memory came when we embarked from Shanghai. It was a cold day, early in January. Our steamer was late in arriving from Hong Kong due to stormy weather, and in order to make up time it dropped anchor in open waters off Wu song, 20 miles downriver from its usual roadstead on Shanghai's waterfront. Late in the afternoon we took the tender which bore us downstream to the steamer. The ladder from the ship's deck to the tender swung loose, and careless crewmen had let it down at a precarious angle. As I started its ascent, with a very ill boy in my arms, I quickly saw that it would be hard going. Half-way up the blanket in which the lad was wrapped came loose and tangled around my feet. I was stuck swinging midway between deck and the restless waves below. Fortunately a member of the crew spied us and made the rescue. When we reached the cabin De Witt's temperature registered 105 degrees. There was little if any improvement when we reached Yokohama, and so I cabled back my regrets to Shanghai and Szechuan and proceeded on to America. So ended my second term in China.

XI.

How To Spend a Furlough

"Balance" might be the subtitle of the chapter, "How To Spend a Furlough." For four months in the USA in 1923, Barnett fulfilled his obligations to the YMCA, traversing the continent to publicize its international activities and help raise funds. At this stage in his career, however, he had enough standing in his profession to insist that the other two-thirds of his furlough be spent as originally intended: one-third for study and "catching up" on America and one-third for recreation and visits with family and friends.

It was a good furlough, with a good balance of activities, work, and relaxation. The extended Barnett family re-created some of their togetherness of earlier years. A European tour led by Sherwood Eddy included such stimulating companions as the theologian Reinhol Niebuhr, the labor organizer James H. Mauer, and prominent figures in education, business, and the ministry; to Barnett, it brought broader horizons and wider contacts. Study at Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary provided intellectual stimulation and ideas on which Barnett would draw in his subsequent work with students and educators in China.

Barnett's comments on these diverse experiences are prescient and insightful. He had a sense of foreboding about the possibility of a second great war and about the special difficulties the international Y would face as it vied for funds in the face of denominational loyalties and the domestic concerns of the Y. He saw parallels between the visionary idealism of League of Nations functionaries, and the Utopianism of advocates of an ecumenical Chinese Christian church.

Always Barnett was conscious of his dual role as interpreter of China to America and interpreter of America to China. In his lectures he shunned the vague, romantic, and often patronizing image of China held by many American Protestants. He tried to be balanced and fair, to show respect for the Chinese, and to be realistic.

Persons present at the 1897 Northfield (Mass.) Students Conference have told me of the impressive service in which Dwight L. Moody "commissioned" Fletcher Brockman for service in China. His departure for China was delayed until the following year, however, for a very practical reason; he had first to raise the money required to get him there and to support him and his young wife after he arrived! The action of the International Convention of the YMCA in 1889, initiating World Service, had only *empowered* the International Committee to *receive* funds from donors who might wish to contribute toward the support of this new venture. In effect the International Committee's "appointment" of Brockman to China eight years later *empowered* him to go as its representative if he could first find the funds required to send him!

Conditions had improved when, twelve years later, I received my appointment to China. By that time the International Committee was ready to underwrite my support as a member of its overseas staff, but it was made plain that I was expected to help work up a supporting constituency. To that end an important part of my field responsibility would be that of keeping up the interest of this constituency by quarterly letters, annual reports, and other means. Furloughs, when they came around, called for intensified efforts in fulfilling this responsibility. If a furloughed secretary had special ability in telling the story, or if he came from a "field" with an appealing story to tell, the pressure on his time and energies was insatiable. Not infrequently the result was physical and nervous exhaustion instead of the rest and renewal which furloughs were supposed to yield.

There were understandable reasons why the YMCA worker suffered more in this respect than did his church missionary colleagues on furlough. The YMCAs had not yet seriously taken on the responsibility for supporting this program. Here and there an Association put its corporate shoulder to the wheel, but mostly YMCAs, while assembled in convention, voted budgets prepared by the International Committee, and then left it to that committee and its staff to find the funds if they could. A survey made shortly before my second furlough showed that 80 percent of the "foreign missions funds" of the leading Protestant churches of America came in from local churches in response to a general appeal, 20 percent was raised by individual donors. In the YMCA these percentages were reversed: 80 percent of its world service income had to be hunted down year by year and donor by donor. World Service supporters, moreover, were mainly church people, for whom assistance to YMCA work in other lands was an "interest" to assume after the claims of their churches--local, national, and foreign--and a great variety of homeside obligations--including those of the local YMCA--were first taken care of. The membership of the YMCA was, of course, composed largely of young people of modest income and of short tenure as members. Therefore, recourse had to be made to men and women possessing an unusual combination of concern for the spread of Christianity throughout the world, special interest in young people, and belief in the YMCA. To meet this situation the International Committee maintained a strong staff of "income producers" whose skills, industry, and devotion achieved noteworthy results.

International Committee *policy* decreed that one-third of the field secretary's furlough should be at the disposal of these "income producers," another third should be available for study and for "catching up" on America, and the final third should be reserved for recreation and for visits with relatives and friends. In practice, however, the encroachment of the first of these thirds on the other two was so insistent that study and "vacation" went often by the board. This, I thought, was a short-sighted course to follow and I resolved, if at all possible, to make our furlough serve all of its avowed purposes. To a remarkable extent this resolution was fulfilled on this twelve month furlough.

Arriving in San Francisco in January, 1923, and settling the family shortly thereafter in Tarpon Springs, Florida, I reported forthwith to New York for duty. During the next four months I saw almost nothing of my family but much of America. Nights were spent in sleepers and hotels, and daytime hours were crowded with planning sessions with staffs, boards, and other local workers; with speeches to luncheon clubs, school assemblies, YMCA groups and other audiences; and with calls on potential givers. Upon arriving in a city I often found that I had been sent by New York and not send *for* by the local Association. Lack of preparation for the visit was normal. When a visit had been prepared for, it often called mainly for speeches before luncheon clubs, school assemblies, and other readymade audiences--and with an understanding that little would be said about the YMCA and nothing about the support of its work overseas. "Prospect lists" would have to be improvised, and calls made on men who knew little or nothing of the program they were asked to support. By the time I retired, thirty years later, local, state, and area World Service Committees were carrying almost entire responsibility for "income production;" furloughed secretaries served as aides to them in the discharge of this responsibility, rather than vice versa.

In the give-and-take of these visits I learned much about America and I was, in many cases, seeing America at its best. Thus as I tried to interpret China to Americans I was preparing myself to interpret America better to those to whom I would shortly return in China. My associations in Hangchow had been largely with students, professors, and members of the literati, old and new. In the YMCA these men saw a point of contact with the land from which I came in which there was then intense interest and with the larger world over which the YMCA was at work. Fletcher Brockman had said that on his arrival in China, twenty-five years earlier, he had felt as if he had entered a closed room in which every door and window had been shut tight. Now it seemed as if these doors and windows had been not only opened but removed, and the more "European winds and American rains" blew in, the better people liked it.

The image which Americans had of China at that time was generally speaking, vague, romantic, and a bit bizarre, and their attitude toward the Chinese was on the whole benevolent though all too often patronizing. As on our first furlough, I refrained from dwelling unduly on the "differences" between our two peoples, and the respect with which I tried to interpret their current struggles frequently took my hearers by surprise. I could not do otherwise, however, for I had come to see the Chinese people as members with us of one human family, inhabitants of the self same planet, reaching out as we were for a better future for themselves and their children. I had much to say during this furlough about the "five revolutions" then shaking China to its depths. The West, we pointed out, had taken five centuries in which to traverse its comparable revolutions--the Renaissance in the 15th century, the Reformation in the 16th, the 17th century upsurge in science, the political revolutions of the 18th century and the Industrial Revolution of the 19th. Now at long last China had taken leave of her stubborn isolation and the intellectual, religious, scientific, political, and industrial tides now loosed upon the land subjected the people to strains and hazards seldom encountered by man. John Hays's prescient prediction, it seemed, was coming to pass before our eyes. "The storm center of the world," he had said, "will shift from the Balkans, Constantinople, the Persian Gulf, and India to China. . . . Whoever understands that mighty empire--socially, politically, economically, religiously--has the key to world politics for the next five centuries."

Christianity had been a principal agent in introducing this dizzy ferment into China, and it had itself become a major object of scrutiny and evaluation by the champions of a new and better China. "There has been more criticism of Christianity during the past year," said Ch'eng Ching-i (Cheng Jingyi) of the National Christian Council in 1923, "than in the

preceding 120 years" of Protestant endeavor in China. Thoughtful Christians met unfriendly criticism with self-criticism and called for a Christian Renaissance or Reformation--social, spiritual, and fearless in its outlook and free to express itself in Chinese forms.

The personal values I gained from my deputation work in America were capped by three other experiences which I would like to mention because of the contributions they made to my continued work in China. First, there was a conclave of World Service secretaries then on furlough. We met for three or four days under competent guidance to review what was going on in America and, more specifically, in the North American YMCAs. One quickly loses touch with such matters when he goes abroad, and this was much more the case 30 or 40 years ago than it is now. We met in Cleveland, Ohio, and the time we spent together there yielded information and insights on which I had frequent occasion to draw as time went on.

This may be as good a place as any to point out that the World Service secretary is more than a pioneer introducing new ideas to another people than his own, more than a specialist giving seasoned counsel and assistance to a movement desiring it, much more than a staff reenforcement where personnel and funds to support them are in short supply. He goes to his assignment abroad as an informant and interpreter of North American experience in YMCA work. Obviously that experience cannot be transplanted or reproduced, but it can be highly suggestive and helpful to movements as they develop programs and ways of their own. The World Service secretary is expected to identify himself with the movement which has requested his services. He is not to be an outsider, looking on and giving sage advice; he becomes rather a member of the team, with status and functions neither superior nor inferior to those of his "native" staff colleagues. The special circumstances surrounding his appointment and service make him a living symbol and channel of inter-movement unity, mutual concern, and free exchange of ideas and experience.

It is not easy to keep these several functions in balance. A few of our North American secretaries have remained so wrapped up in their North American patterns that they have never really "arrived" in the countries to which they have gone. Others, in identifying themselves with the movement and country to which they have gone, have neglected their North American roots, and in doing so have greatly diminished their ability to communicate the ever-growing experience of the movement from which they have gone. A much larger number have achieved identification without losing their "representative" role in the special relationship they sustain with the movements to and from which they have gone. Also they have done much to strengthen the bonds uniting these two movements with the worldwide "fellowship" to which both belong as members of the World Alliance of the YMCA.

In June I entered upon another experience to which I have been greatly indebted ever since: participation in the American Seminar Group which Sherwood Eddy was to take annually to Europe for many years. Study tours have multiplied since 1923, but at the time this one was pretty much in a class by itself and it set standards hard to match. Eddy's broad and influential acquaintanceships on both sides of the Atlantic enabled him to muster significant Americans for these tours and to enlist the cooperation of important personages in the countries visited. The pilgrimage that summer extended from June 23 to August 24. There were 33 persons in our party; college presidents, professors, ministers, writers, an outstanding labor leader, and a banker-philanthropist.

The seminar started with two days of "briefing" in New York and it continued on shipboard where we spent four hours a day in session during our nine days at sea. In these sessions members of the party made talks, read papers, and took part in discussions on subjects we were planning to explore "on the other side." Being Americans, we were of course organized! My special assignments were the presentation of a paper on Ramsey MacDonald whom we were slated to meet in London, and the chairmanship of the Social Committee. Members of the group threw themselves into recreation with as much zest as that shown in their discussions. "Men after all are only grown-up boys," I wrote Bertha. "This grows clearer as the voyage progresses. A bunch of boys in a summer camp could hardly be more effervescent or irrepressible." "Such yelling, ragging and good-natured banter I haven't seen in a long time," I reported during the course of our shuffle-board tournament. Reinhold Niebuhr was prosecutor and Jim Maurer attorney for the defense in a mock trial in which charges of disloyalty to "proletarian principles" were brought against two members of our party who had accepted invitations to dine in the first-class saloon! Our party was travelling second class--where we were joined by many uninvited guests from first class in our discussion sessions and recreational events.

I soon concluded that I was travelling with "the most stimulating group" of which I had ever been a member. I found Reinhold Niebuhr "the most scintillating mind in the group and one of the most charming persons I have ever met." I had met Niebuhr in the spring in a "parlor conference" at which I spoke in Detroit. He was at that time pastor of the Bethel Evangelical Church in that city, and he was not yet widely known; I had never heard of the man. He made a very great impression on me in the Detroit meeting, and on shipboard I wrote of him:

> "He sees into the subjects we discuss with an unerring clairvoyance which charms us all, and he expresses himself with a brilliance which snaps and crackles. I believe he surpasses anyone I have ever met in these respects. Withal he is a thoroughly fine fellow, with a delightful sense of humor and wonderful freedom from self-conceit."

Niebuhr's transfer to Union Theological Seminary in New York and his worldwide fame and influence lay only a short way in the future.

No member of our party meant more to the seminar or to me than James H. Maurer, then president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor and twice a candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Socialist ticket. Orphaned at six, Maurer was still illiterate at sixteen. His formal schooling thereafter had totalled only thirteen months, but he was by this time in demand as a visiting lecturer at Harvard! We sat at his feet for six hours during the voyage. His account of his early struggles as a boy miner, later as a union worker; of his political battles; of his first visit to an art gallery; and his subsequent ventures into expanding realms of thought and beauty moved us greatly. In London I paired off with him in some of the most rewarding sightseeing and interviewing of the month, and on the return voyage to New York we were cabin mates. These long hours which the two of us had together revealed to me one of the most richly endowed and sensitive spirits I have known. We kept in touch with each other by correspondence after my return to China.

Sherwood Eddy was, of course, the moving spirit of the Seminar and by the time we reached Plymouth we were well conditioned for the four weeks awaiting us in London. In London we bivouacked in a seedy and superannuated hostelry on Bedford Place; there we were registered for "bed and breakfast," and we foraged widely in search of palatable food for the other two meals. Most of our sessions were held in Toynbee Hall, located in

Whitechapel's sordid slums, and described to us as a child of Oxford University and as the mother of social settlements.

This was my first visit to London, and during our month there I managed to get in a lot of sightseeing. There were Buckingham Palace (with its Changing of the Guards), Windsor Castle and Hampton Court; Trafalgar Square, Wesley's Chapel ("the Cathedral of Methodism"); the room in Hitchcock and Williams' Drapery Shop in which George Williams started the YMCA, and the Tower of London. Also there were the lumbering two-decker buses, the sidewalk artists, the open air minstrels, and the "bobbies," famous for the courtesy and lucidity with which they answered all questions. There were excursions to Warwick Castle, Shakespear's Stratford, the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, the Colleges at Oxford, and to country places from which we had invitations.

With Jim Maurer I spent an afternoon in the dockyards where we saw many unemployed men idling their dreary days away upon the streets. There was much debate at that time concerning England's so-called "dole," but it became far more than an academic subject or a political issue as one looked into the faces of these men. We visited the officials of a shipbuilding company which had been in the business for centuries. It was tea time when we arrived--by appointment; the fruitcake served us, we were told, was made by a recipe which "they" had used for 300 years. In answer to our inquiries we learned that much of the current work of the company was in overhauling U.S. Liberty ships. "Your ships are excellent," we were told, "but it is easier to build ships than it is to produce the engineers to run them. Many of your engineers lack the knowledge which comes only by experience and are consequently unable to detect and remedy small 'troubles' when they develop at sea. It does not take long for small 'troubles,' unmended, to become large. Thus, many of your ships are coming to us for major repairs."

Sightseeing of course played a minor part in our month in London. That which filled most of our waking hours and made them greatly rewarding was the succession of men and women with whom we met, their comments on matters then occupying the attention of the post-War world, and the unbridled discussions which followed their presentations. In the House of Parliament we had tea with Ramsey MacDonald on July 19, 1923, and this is how in a letter to Bertha I reported the impression he made on me:

> "The event of the day was our meeting with Ramsey MacDonald, leader of the British Labor Party and truly one of the most significant men in the world today. When he entered the room his presence seemed at one to fill it. There is a gravity, even a sadness, in his face which first arrests and then haunts one. His shock of grey hair crowns a noble head. His body is big and bony. During the war he opposed it, and needless to say he suffered for his convictions. Both his convictions and his suffering have contributed to his greatness of soul and character. Even his political enemies honor him, even as they fear him. There was fire in his eye and controlled passion in his voice when he talked with us."

We were surprised when he told us that he was "afraid" his party would be called upon soon to form the government before the country was ready for its program. Not long thereafter he did become Labour's first prime minister and events soon showed that he and his times were unready for each other. His tenure was brief, and history has not pronounced his record a success.

The country was still licking the grievous wounds it had suffered in the war. Pacifism was in the air. Proposals for recovery and reconstruction were being hotly debated in Parliament, the press, public houses, and Hyde Park. We heard more about the dangers lurking in France's post-war attitudes and policies then those which a Bolshevised Russia might present in the foreseeable future. Many feared a new and horrendous explosion in the Ruhr which might set the world aflame again. There was much talk of "the collapse of Western civilization" and its sure extinction should another World War occur.

Some of us dined one evening with Lord and Lady Astor at their country place. Following dinner there was a reception at which Clivedon House swarmed with such a miscellany of guests as Lady Astor's receptions had become famous for. Lords and ladies, social workers and Salvation Army officers, and other assortments mingled in unaccustomed juxtaposition to each other. Permeating dining hall and drawing rooms, interfusing the entire company, as I wrote in my next letter to Bertha, was "that sparkling, scintillating, flashing human dynamo, Lady Astor, neé Langhorne sister of Virginia, USA. . . . The mother of six children, two of them grown, she is still slender and as agile as an athletic girl in her teens. . . . Her face is Grecian, as strikingly portrayed in a Sargent sketch seen in one of the rooms, but the fire that burns in her face is so intense that one is likely to overlook the profile." Lady Astor's free-wheeling comments on persons and issues, and particularly on her current activities in the House of Commons, were decidedly and deliberately of a titillating order.

We met H. G. Wells and I was struck by his impromptu answer when one of our university presidents asked him what he would like to say about American education. First of all, he said, America should proceed promptly to compile an encyclopedia of all scientific knowledge; Germany would undoubtedly have done this had not the war left her bankrupt, and only America could now afford such an undertaking. America, he continued, should establish schools for the mastery of Chinese and other Oriental languages, an enterprise to which nearly forty years later we are beginning to address ourselves. Third, we should explore the antiquities of the American Indian, before their remaining vestiges disappear. Finally, he declared, America, with England, should cut loose from Europe, a sinking ship on history's tides!

Our session, at Toynbee Hall, with G. Bernard Shaw ran true to form--his form, of course. He had agreed to speak to us, he informed us, about "anything that occurs to me and to answer questions on this interesting subject." "He is tall," I wrote that evening, "his hair and beard are white, his figure is erect, and his face is keen and far kindlier than his pictures show. His face wears a smile most of the time--a smile at life, its shams and self-conceits. His talk, I suppose, was the raciest thing we shall hear. Iconoclast that he is, he proceeded forthwith to challenge the complacencies which he supposed his hearers, Americans and Christians, might have. He ridiculed democracy as impracticable, satirized Christianity as bearing no relation to the religion of Jesus, and roasted education as currently carried on." Christianity, he said, builds its churches all over the land, over each of which a saint is supposed to preside; saints, however, are in short supply and when they run out the remaining churches are placed in charge of safe and sound administrators. The "school" he disposed of as the euphonious name given an institution designed by parents as a place where they can get their offspring out of their way for most of the day. His rambling comments I found "half serious and more than half whimsical," a performance in which his well-known roguishness provoked both amusement and thought.

My notes on the four weeks in London run to well over two hundred pages, but these few paragraphs much suffice to suggest the new horizons to which they opened windows.

From London we moved on to Paris, a distance I found much greater than the actual mileage separating the two capitals. In London I felt myself among kith and kin, in Paris a stranger among strangers. If the French in which I had made good marks in college had "worked" in Paris, I am sure that I would have felt less alien, but it stood me in no stead at all as a medium of communication there. That, however, was only partly the trouble; not less separative were the differences one sensed in Anglo-American and in French outlook and culture, in the different backgrounds and premises from which we and they proceeded in our discussions of the same problems with which we had been dealing in London. "I have not felt more the pressure of paganism in China," I wrote Bertha, "than I have here. Only it seems more saddening here where it is mingled with the symbols of Christianity. . . . France was worshipped too long at the alter of Beauty without paying equal homage to Goodness. The war may have unified and intensified, but it does not seem to have refined 'the spirit of France.'"

France had, of course, suffered grievously from the ravages of the Great War, and unlike Britain she continued to nurse an implacable and ever-mounting hatred for the enemy. I was soon pouring out my misgivings in a letter home:

> "Today has been a sobering, a heart-sickening day. Thoughtful men in England were apprehensive of another European War which would plunge 'Western civilization into chaos and ruin.' Today a hundred tokens--some clearcut and vivid, others muffled and obscure--have told us that Europe *is* headed toward that War. The French mind, as we have been glimpsing it, is a sinister complex of terror, hatred and desire for vengeance. France, despite her 1,350,000 dead, is not exorcised of the war fever. Her desire for peace is surpassed by the desire to see Germany utterly and irretrievably broken. 'Men now living,' France's representative on the Reparations Commission reminded us, 'have known the horrors of two invasions by German legions in their lifetime.' More than anything else France wants security from German aggression--security and vengeance. This spirit in the day of airplanes, poison gas, machine guns and Big Berthas, is a flaming torch in a mountain of dynamite."

In Paris, most of our engagements were set up through an official of the Quai d'Orsay, whom we found "petulantly sensitive and rabidly anti-German." We saw the right people but were made to feel at every turn that we were being propagandized. Of all those with whom we talked only two, Élie Halevey, an eminent historian and Léon Jounaux, secretary-general of the French Federation of Labor, questioned the militant policy of their government or criticized the provocative course it was then following in the Ruhr. The battlefields which we visited were still strewn with the wreckage of war. What we saw in these blood-soaked towns and fields tempered our judgments, but they did not allay the apprehensions created by what we heard day after day in interview after interview. "If this letter seems lugubrious," I wrote one morning at 1 o'clock, "it is because I *am* depressed. . . . A premillennialist must feel that the stage is all set for the cataclysmic intervention which will destroy the many and set all things right for the surviving 'remnant.' One who cannot accept this view of how God works must still feel that portentous and sinister things are afoot for mankind. May God forbid, and may He yet rule and overrule."

Later visits from time to time to Paris and subsequent travel to many lands have not reversed our verdict of 1923 that Paris must be "the most beautiful city in the world." (After a month in London its food was too good to be true!) The Champs Elysées, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Place de la Concorde; Notre Dame on the Ile de la Cité, the Louvre

with its priceless collections; the boulevards and the sidewalk cafes; the book stalls on the Left Bank and the bridges spanning the Seine; nearby Versailles and Fontainebleau--the list runs on and on. Little wonder that Parisians love their city with fierce pride and affection, pilgrims from all parts of the world pay homage to its significance, and invading armies spare its treasured monuments. Yet one could hardly escape, in 1923 or since, the melancholy feeling that he is thrilling to "the glory that *was* France." Bled white by recurrent wars, will France be able to move on to new "grandeur" in the new world upon which we have come. This was a haunting question following World War I; it is more so after World War II.

From Paris we were due to go on to Berlin, but cablegrams from that city enjoined us to postpone our coming because of threatened outbreaks of anti-foreignism then brewing in that city. Instead we made Geneva, Switzerland, our next stop. There I wrote: "We are having a good introduction to the League of Nations and to its 'autonomous child,' the International Labor Office. The men with whom we are conferring impress us as idealists, devoted servants of international understanding, men anxious to make the League of Nations an effective agency for organizing world peace." References to the "Geneva spirit" were frequent wherever we turned, and stars shone in men's eyes as they rolled the phrase under their tongues. But I soon began to wonder: Are these men living in a make-believe world, unrelated to the world of the nations from which they came. "The League," I wrote Bertha, "is coming to remind me of the old China Continuation Committee: a timid voice inviting recalcitrant bodies to unite, a vast compiler of useful information, but infinitely careful not to commit suicide by 'going too far'--significant for what it is doing but far more for what it hopes in time to bring to pass."

Before leaving Switzerland I made my first of several pilgrimages into the Bernese Alps. Four hours by steamer on Lac Leman and four hours more of climbing by electric train brought me to Interlaken. I had broken away from the rest of the party to make this trip and there, alone, I had an experience from which I think I shall never "recover." I reported it thus to Bertha:

> "A while ago I saw the most gorgeous sight I ever witnessed. It was 8 o'clock and I stepped out of my hotel into the square in front of it. Twilight enveloped the world about me. Or I thought it did until I looked up and there, shining down upon us through a gap in the now dusky mountains, stood snowclad Jungfrau, bathed in light. I stopped short, transfixed by the incredible beauty quivering against the sky. Presently a faint shadow crept into the radiance and I thought it was night drawing its curtains. Almost suddenly, however, the shadow turned to rose, and then as it spread across the entire expanse of snow, it turned to living flame. Everything else was wrapped in the deepening shadows of night, but there amidst the encircling darkness stood Jungfrau, aflame against the heavens, as if it had no part in this mundane order. I had long read of the Alpine afterglow, but now I was seeing it and its beauty probed my soul. Presently the flame paled to silver, and then slowly the silver faded into the darkness of universal night."

I have since thrilled several times to the unearthly beauty of an afterglow in the Alps, and once in the Andes, but never again have I been so smitten by Beauty as I was that evening in Interlaken.

From Geneva most of our party went on to Germany, Belgium, and Holland, and several extended their visits into the Soviet Union. I turned back from Geneva, however,

and hurried home in order to join a family reunion for which plans had been some time a-making. We assembled at Brevard, North Carolina, in the Blue Ridge Mountains where we took over a commodious farm house which accommodated the entire tribe. Only our youngest brother, spending that year in India, was missing. the rest of us, father, aged 74; mother, 72; three older brothers and myself; our sister and three sisters-in-law; and all the grandchildren born into this circle, spent a never-to-be-forgotten month together.

At 72 I can now guess what that reunion meant to our parents; it meant hardly less to their children, while their children's children were likewise caught up in the happiness of the occasion. We played games, all three generations of us. Mountain hikes alternated with motoring trips to places of scenic beauty. We read together and, as our custom had always been, we came together daily for family prayers. We reminisced. We caught up on much of what had happened to us all since we had flown the parental nest and gone our several ways. Together we peered into the future with all its beckoning dreams and visions. Thus the third avowed purpose of a furlough, recreation and the renewal of family ties, was happily fulfilled.

In the autumn, four months more remained of our furlough year and the question was again faced: should this time be spent in study or in deputation work? Study won, and according to plan, we spent this final stretch on Morningside Heights, in New York City. There I enrolled in courses in Columbia University, Teachers College and Union Seminary. In the university I had a course on Radical, Conservative, and Reactionary Tendencies in Present Day Morals and another in modern European history. In Teachers College I took the Philosophy of Education--a discussion "group" of 800 members!, Educational Psychology, and the Philosophy of Religious Education. In Union Seminary I took a course in the Philosophy of Religion under Eugene Lyman, and audited lectures given by Arthur C. McGiffert, church historian, Harry F. Ward, left-wing sociologist, and Harry Emerson Fosdick, prince of American preachers. Obviously these courses lacked the "concentration" required for an advanced degree, but what I was really after is reflected in the following paragraph, written halfway through the term:

> "My studies the past two months have proceeded against a background of thirteen years of service as a YMCA secretary in China, and with reference to a continuance of that service in the near future. They have been particularly influenced by the so-called Renaissance Movement now sweeping those elements of the Chinese population among which my work chiefly lies--students, teachers, and other men of modern education. This movement is emphasizing science and the scientific method, democracy, and drastic social reconstruction. One wing of the movement rejects all religion as an obsolete relic of primitive times, unrelated to morality and inimical to human progress. On the whole, however, the movement is eager, critical, impatient of unreality, at once iconoclastic and potentially creative."

Actually I would make little direct use of the voluminous notes I took on lectures heard and books read, but I am sure that recording them was useful in making them an enduring resource upon which I would often draw thereafter. My lists of books read and of books to buy for further reading were good ones. The immediate gains of these months were substantial. Their more important contribution, however, was in starting me off on intellectual and spiritual explorations which I would pursue for years to come.

John Dewey was still lecturing in Columbia during this period. He had the reputation of being as dull as lecturer as he was a writer, but his ideas were the subject of

comment, conjecture, and criticism, pro and con, in every classroom I attended. His philosophy of education was as hotly debated on his home grounds as it was throughout the country, and in certain quarters abroad. The neglect of religion in his writings and lectures was reminiscent of Confucius and his refusal to discuss the supernatural or life after death. Shortly before the end of the term, Bertha and I were dinner guests of the Deweys in their apartment on Morningside Heights. At coffee time the ladies went to the drawing room, and Mr. Dewey and I went into his library. As we were sitting down, apropos of nothing of which we had been speaking, he said: "When I went to China I resolved to say nothing, one way or another, about religion." I pricked up my ears, for a recurrent topic of conjecture in and out of the classroom at Union Seminary was Dr. Dewey's real position on religion. I remembered his silence during his 1919 visit in Hangchow when our conversation moved in the direction of religion. At meals, as we went from appointment to appointment, and in long tramps which we had together in Hangchow's templed hills, there had been many occasions calling for an expression of his views on religion, and I had been puzzled by his studious avoidance of the subject.

"My mission to China," he continued, "was education, and I knew that if I ever got started on religion I would find it difficult to talk about anything else. Religion is too complex a matter to discuss casually. However there was one occasion when I was tempted to break over. That was when I heard Bertrand Russell speaking at a reception tendered him on his arrival in Peking. Russell went out of his way to ridicule religion which he treated as if it were as simple a thing as a football which one can pick up and toss out the window at will. His sharpest criticisms of religion were in fact criticisms of institutionalism, which is found not less in education or government, for example, than it is in religion. As he proceeded with his diatribes I outlined in my mind the rejoinder with which I would like to counter what he was saying." "I would be very much interested, Dr. Dewey, in that outline!" I said. He mentioned several of the points which he would have made had he rebutted his fellow-philosopher, and in an article which appeared several weeks later in *The Christian Century* he reiterated and amplified some of these points.

Early in 1924 we pulled up stakes and headed home, to China.

XII.

Into Heavy Weather

During the first half of the 20th century, China was in almost continuous turmoil; conflicts frequently erupted into armed conflicts. No decade was perhaps more confusing than that of the 1920s. With competing warlords dominating national and regional politics after the death of President Yuan Shih-k'ai in 1916, many idealistic reformers had turned their attention to education and publicity as a means of transforming the cultural heritage and Confucian ethics. Certain New Culture spokesmen such as Hu Shih managed to retain their faith in gradual, peaceful change, but as early as 1921 others concluded that political power was needed to effect a transformation, and they had turned their attention to party building. The Chinese Communist Party was founded in 1921, while the restructuring of the Kuomintang (Guomindong) with Comintern assistance began in 1923. The goal of both parties was to overthrow the militarists and unify China, to end foreign privilege and gain complete sovereignty for China.

The building of new mass parties coincided with a turning away from the Western democracies. The era of goodwill toward Christianity and of admiration for the American republican model was fading and the era of democratic revolutions seemed to be giving way before the era of socialist revolutions.

More was involved than disillusionment with World War I and the Versailles settlement. The Bolshevik Revolution had presented an alternative to the French and American revolutions as Russia appeared to be realizing the total revolution desired by many Chinese nationalists, and most especially by impatient youth. Marxism suddenly became relevant to the Chinese scene. Chinese contrasted the USSR's offer to end all special privileges in China (Manchuria excepted) with Western insistence that peace, order, and a modern legal system must be in place before extraterritoriality, tariff concessions, and other provisions of the "unequal treaty" system could be ended. Sun Yat-sen contrasted the Soviet Union's offer of aid with the Western democracies' legalistic insistence on dealing only with the Peking warlord regime.

Sharing certain political aims, though not a common ideology, the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist Party entered into a United Front to overthrow militarism and imperialism. They organized a "national government" in Canton, which contested the legitimacy of the Peking government, and in 1926 they launched a Northern Expedition to overthrow that regime. The expedition met with amazing success, as warlords gave way before the National Revolutionary Army. The closer the parties approached the achievement of political power, however, the greater the strains were within the United Front so that the campaign halted in midstream for infighting. Rival authorities were organized: a coalition of the left Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist Party set up headquarters in Wuhan while Chiang Kai-shek organized a government at Nanchang that was supported by many military leaders, Chinese businessmen, Kuomintang conservatives, and members of the international community. By April, 1927, the United Front had broken apart and Chiang Kai-shek had launched a White Terror against Communists, driving the Chinese Communist Party underground and forcing the Soviet advisers to flee the country. The Northern Expedition was renewed under Chiang Kai-shek's leadership, with the result that by 1928 a national government under Kuomintang tutelage and located at Nanking had displaced the Peking administration.

Accompanying this national drama was the expansion of fervid nationalism and a rising tide of anti-Christianism. Reactions among Western missionaries and between Western and

Chinese Christians varied, so that deep fissures opened up within the Christian community. Neither a unified response nor a unified course of action was possible. Bewilderment, acrimony, and even apostasy occurred as many Chinese Christians found Christianity and Chinese nationalism in seeming opposition. Despite the YMCA's progress toward indigenization, it did not escape unscathed; in fact, its concentration on youth work made it a favorite target for young revolutionaries.

The second wave of the anti-Christian movement, rolling in during 1924, drew on the themes radicals had propagated in the earlier wave. Rather than emphasizing freedom of belief and scientific rationalism, the Anti-Christian Federation now condemned cultural aggression. The argument was that Christian missions and particularly parochial schools, engaged in a form of imperialism that was even more insidious than economic exploitation or political infringement on sovereignty. They were denationalizing China's youth and transforming parochial school students into the "running dogs" of the imperialists and capitalists.

As Barnett correctly notes, party members gave crucial assistance to the Anti-Christian Movement, providing funds, publicity outlets, organizational structure, and guidance. Not just Communist Party members participated, however; sectors of the Kuomintang and a small party later known as the Young China Party were deeply involved. What had happened was that the political parties, realizing the popularity of the anti-Christian propaganda, had coopted the movement to broaden their support base, especially among educated youth.

In the course of the anti-Christian campaign, the incident of May 30, 1925, burst upon the scene. British police fired upon young protesters in the International Settlement, killing a dozen and wounding many more. Anti-imperialist nationalism reached white heat as demonstrations and boycotts followed, spreading to major urban centers. Further confrontations between Chinese protesters and Western forces fueled more violence, with over a hundred Chinese losing their lives. The parties of the United Front stood to benefit. With the support and guidance of the parties of the United Front, a movement, second only to the May Fourth Movement in impact, had been launched. Barnett observes on a trip to Sian that nationalism was penetrating the interior, sometimes even to market towns.

Barnett's contemporary comments on the Anti-Christian Movement and the May Thirtieth Movement are informed and perceptive, though he underrates the contribution of Kuomintang members as he credits the Communist Party mainly with supporting the anti-Christian campaign. Even without the benefit of hindsight, he appreciated the appeal of nationalism and he sympathized with Chinese Christians facing cruel choices. The inability of the YMCA to provide guidelines for national salvation as distinct from individual reformation turned out to be crucial to its future in China. The nationalism of May Thirtieth, as Barnett points out, was totalistic. In the Chinese view, all who recognized the immorality of the British killing of patriotic students who were demonstrating in the cause of justice should condemn the "unequal treaty" system; all foreign privileges should be immediately abrogated. Proposals for investigation of the incidents as well as for legal procedures in revising the treaties were unacceptable. Christians must take their stand on the side of right. Not all Westerners saw the issues in such simple terms; not all were ready to take a political stand. US consuls warned that personal abrogation of the unequal treaties and extraterritorialityhad no legal force.

Barnett recognized the strength of nationalism and saw the necessity of ending the "unequal treaty" system, but he could not accept revolutionary tactics. The voice of the YMCA calling for cultivation of international understanding and goodwill was drowned out by the emotional nationalism of May 30th and the Northern Expedition.

Devolution, however desirable in theory, proved complex in practice. Barnett spells out the issues which required resolution as the Chinese assumed control: clarification of the lines of authority, personal careers of the foreign secretaries, title to property in a time of political upheaval, balancing responsibility to donors against the desires of Chinese workers on the field, plus the inevitable personality conflicts. How to counter the nationalists' demands for immediate Sinification while effecting a smooth and equitable transition was a true challenge. The YMCA had indeed run into heavy weather.

January 1924 found us back in Shanghai, starting upon another period of residence and work in China, this time of five and a half years. It was to be a stormy period in which the May 30 Incident in 1925, the Northern Expedition and its Communist-inspired excesses, the Nanking Incident, the exodus of missionaries from the interior and anti-Christian agitations throughout the land were to shake the country from one end to the other. "As a YMCA worker," I wrote friends in America, "I find it all very disturbing. As an observer of history I find it absorbingly interesting."

Before leaving New York I had received intimations of a shift which I would be asked to make in my assignment. "I have a very strong impression," Charles W. Harvey, then the Senior Secretary for China, wrote me, "that you are desired and needed to study the City Association problems and to develop a program in much the same way as you worked on the student problem." Fletcher Brockman who at the time was making an extended tour of the Far East wrote me more fully:

> "David (Yui) wishes you to take the city work. . . . He feels that you have every gift for making a notable contribution in the development of city YMCAs in China . . . knowledge of the language and people, your experience in Hangchow, and your gifts for the organization and control of men.
>
> "I think you had better accept. It is a shock to me to think of your turning from student work, but I imagine David has in mind that it is a good deal easier to get a Chinese secretary in the student work than in the complex field of the city association. Your work would be the premier one, so far as foreigners are concerned, in the development of Association policy and plans in China."

The National Committee was apportioning its services and its staff between a City Division and a Student Division. The City Division was related to 43 city YMCAs, situated in strategic centers stretching from Harbin to Canton and from Shanghai to Chengtu and K'unming (Kungming). The Student Division was related to 201 student YMCAs, organized in government and private high schools, colleges and universities throughout the country. Both constituencies belonged to China's new "literari," the main difference between them being that of age. The students were much more mature than their American counterparts, and they wielded a major influence in the patriotic movements of the time, acting mainly on their own initiative, though at times as the witting or unwitting tools of political manipulators. The membership of the city YMCAs was composed for the most part of men of modern schooling, drawn from government, the professions, and business.

I did not find it difficult to relinquish the executive secretaryship of the Student Division, for a highly qualified Chinese secretary was more than ready to take over the post. This was T. Z. Koo with whom I had worked closely in connection with the Peking Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation and in general student YMCA activities throughout 1921 and 1922. Although Koo had come to the National Committee without experience in either student or city YMCAs, he was a quick and perceptive learner, and he was soon exercising commanding leadership in Christian student movement affairs throughout China and abroad. Frequent missions in India, Great Britain, continental Europe, and North America demanded of him extended absences from China, but with the aid of an able corps of associates he gave notable service as head of the Student Division.

In the City Division I was now paired with L. T. Chen, Associate Executive Secretary and a man of unusual parts. Chen was a graduate of Yale and after a period of post-

graduate study at Harvard he had joined the staff of the YMCA in its work among the Chinese Labor Battalions in France during World War I. Like T. Z. Koo, he had come to the national staff without the benefit of experience in local YMCA work. The National Committee was criticized by some for putting brilliant but "inexperienced" men in posts of national leadership, but in a relatively young movement men possessing both the necessary stature and local experience were hard to come by. From time to time I importuned David Yui to reverse our roles, making "L. T." the executive of the City Division and me his associate. He remained my associate, however, until he left the national staff to become general secretary, first of the Peking and then of the Shanghai YMCA. So happy was our personal friendship and the working partnership upon which we entered that differences in race, nationality, and designated roles were matters of indifference to both of us.

Associated with us in the City Division was a sizeable staff of able secretaries, Chinese and Americans. These men were severally charged with a great variety of specialized assignments, and it was my endeavor to weld them into a team, to coordinate their visits and other services to local Associations and to help make their leadership in the Association, and in society, as effective as possible.

After a couple of years in this post I was made concurrently Senior Secretary of the National Committee. Then in recognition of a relationship which had in fact existed for some time, I was also designated Associate General Secretary of the China National Committee. The three titles, Executive Secretary of the City Division, Senior Secretary of the International Committee, and Associate General Secretary of the National Committee, I accepted as descriptive of specific responsibilities assigned me. Actually the three roles were of course interrelated and together they constituted an over-all relationship in which status and prerogatives meant little or nothing to me, but the personal associations and the close partnerships they afforded meant much.

"One of the big problems we encounter in the National Committee," I was soon writing my parents, "is the demand from many directions for expansion. It is true that a movement cannot stop growing and live, yet it is a difficult time to let out sail." Requests were numerous for help in starting new YMCAs, many of which, if organized, would plainly have little prospect for survival. To discourage unpromising beginnings we found it necessary to prepare a statement outlining what we regarded as minimum requirements for establishing a "self-governing, self-supporting, and self-propagating YMCA." Our self-restraint, moreover, was reenforced by increasing signs of troubled days ahead.

"Returning to China after a year on furlough," I reported, "I am greatly impressed by the rapid and profound changes taking place in the mental and emotional atmosphere of the country. Most marked and significant is the growing spirit of nationalism. In America we call this disease 'one-hundred percent Americanism.' Foreigners in China are prone to call the same thing, Christian sentiment. . . . One expression of this new 'patriotism' was the organization four weeks ago of a Chinese Ku Klux Klan, or Order of the Three Ks as it is called here. Its professed aims are as noble and beneficent as those of its American counterpart. It proposes simply to insist (secretly, of course) on Chinese being good Chinese!"

"The prestige of 'Christian nations,'" I observed, "has not been so low in China in many years. The European War, the Versailles Treaty, American movies, cabled news of strikes, lynchings in America and violence in Europe, Teapot Dome exposures--all these are factors in producing skepticism regarding so-called 'Christian civilization.' Nearer home, the presence in Shanghai alone of 7,000 stranded White Russians, many of them begging on the

street with from five to seven hundred of their women living (according to official figures) by prostitution, makes vivid the seamy side of our postwar condition."

We began to note, among the students mainly, a turning from America, long regarded as China's best friend among the nations, to Russia as her new best hope. "The Soviet government," I wrote in the summer of 1924, "is systematically encouraging and capitalizing on this spirit [of unrest] in China. Not only is it sending missionaries to China, but it is taking large batches of Chinese students to Russia where they are trained to return to China as propagandists for Bolshevistic ideas . . . . A batch of 150 Chinese students has just returned from a period of training in Russia, and I am informed that their places will be taken at once by a new group of waiting candidates."

The rising tide of nationalism was limited to no particular section of the country. Its principal centers included cities as far apart as Peking in the north, Canton in the south, Shanghai on the eastern seaboard, Changsha in central China, and Chengtu in the far west. In the spring of 1925 I had occasion to see how far the patriotic and revolutionary slogans emanating from these centers were penetrating the deep interior. This was when I attempted, unsuccessfully, to reach Sian. An emergency arose in the YMCA in that remote city which made it seem desirable for me to journey thither and talk things over on the spot. More than a millennium earlier, Sian (Ch'ang An it was then called) had been the capital of the T'ang Empire, the seat of Chinese civilization at its zenith, and a dynamic center to which visitors from all Asia and from the Mediterranean world resorted. Now for centuries it had been slumbering on the periphery of China's unfolding events.

The usual route from Shanghai to Sian was roundabout and toilsome at best, but that route was now closed to travel by warring troops in civil combat. I, therefore, attempted a much longer and more circuitous route, making first for Peking and then for T'aiyuan (Tai yuan) in the northwest. That information regarding travel possibilities to Sian was no more obtainable in both these cities than it had been in Shanghai was indicative of the prevailing disorder in the country. In T'aiyuan, however, I bought a bus ticket to Yunch'eng (Yuncheng) near the north bank of the Yellow River, hoping that somehow I might make my way from there to Sian on the other side of the river. Bus transportation was new and an improvement over the traditional Peking cart and sedan chair, but it was still fraught with discomfort and some hazard. The bus carried its own fuel for the round trip, three days each way, and cases of gasoline occupied the entire floor space to the level of the plank seats along its walls. On top of these cases were piled bags of mail, on top of which the passengers finally climbed with their mountains of impedimenta. My own baggage included a p'ukai (or roll of bedding), a camp cot, a heavy valise, and a bulging briefcase--and, compared with my fellow passengers, I was travelling light!

In ancient times the home of a resplendent civilization, the country through which we passed had long since fallen into dusty disrepair. Again and again, however, in towns and cities along the way, the green or golden glaze of tiled roofs still gleamed above the crumbling structures of once proud palaces and temples. Seldom had I felt myself so far out on the edge of things or so far removed from the living present. Day after day I sat on my perch, my head, though bowed, scraping the roof of the jolting bus, and stole such glimpses as I could of the scenes through which we were passing. Mercifully our bus stopped early in the afternoons and we spent the nights in inns, each passenger accorded an open space on the floor just large enough for him to place his belongings and make his bed. Around the legs of my cot I sprinkled Keating's powder each night as a deterrent against the bedbugs with which these hostelries were notoriously infested. This done, I spent the remaining daylight in exploring the narrow, darkening streets of the city. On reaching

Yuncheng I found that the warlords were active in that area also. The best I could do, before turning back, was to talk with a Sian colleague by wireless telephone, placed at my disposal by the local military commander, an incongruous touch of modernity in the midst of pre-medievalism!

The great surprise of this journey was to find the city walls by which we passed and the towns in which we spent our nights in those remote regions plastered over with the same slogans with which we were becoming familiar nearer the coast. "Down with the militarists!" "Down with the wicked gentry!" "Down with the capitalists!" "Down with imperialism!" In these slogans I was seeing the makings of explosions which would shortly shake the country and all its parts.

The event which set off these explosions took place less than two months later, on May 30, 1925, in Shanghai. We had invited an English friend, a former neighbor in Hangchow, to have tea with us that Saturday afternoon in our home in French Concession, and she was late in arriving. The street car on which she came had been held up, she said, in the busiest section of Nanking Road where the police seemed to be having trouble handling the milling crowds. The story of what happened need not be detailed here. There had been labor unrest in Japanese-owned textile mills and a Chinese striker had been killed. Students joined workers in staging a demonstration on the city's busiest thoroughfare. Presently arrests were made, whereupon the demonstrators moved protesting toward the International Settlement police station nearby. Later testimony differed as to how menacing their approach to the police station was or how trigger-happy the armed policemen who stood at its entrance were, but after some time the order was given and British "guardians of peace and order" fired into the crowd, killing several of the demonstrators.

The ensuing explosion was instantaneous, and it started a chain of explosions which reached the far corners of the country and Chinese communities throughout Southeast Asia. That night we were with a family of Chinese friends in which two daughters were high school students; the undisguised anger they showed that evening was scorching in its intensity. The volley fired on Nanking Road had ignited passions long in the making. In them one sensed outraged national pride, smoldering resentment against the status quo, and frustrations long pent up. The fury unleashed was directed mainly against the British, as chief among the imperialists, and secondarily against the native warlords and landowning gentry, as traitorous enemies within the gates. Nor did the tumult quickly subside; on the contrary it mounted in virulence and in its demands for change as the weeks passed.

So far, however, it was an outburst mainly of slogans and manifestoes, accompanied by little violence. Christian missionaries vied with the students in issuing "statements" denouncing the "Unequal Treaties," and in certain cases disavowing the special protection accorded Christians under those treaties. These were forthwith dubbed "anti-foreign foreigners" by their standpat compatriots. As the clamor increased, the diplomatic body in Peking, in concert with the Chinese government, set up a Board of Enquiry to determine what actually had happened on May 30 and to make recommendations. Its sessions were held in the spacious auditorium of Town Hall in Shanghai before crowded houses. Members of our YMCA National Committee staff, meanwhile, proceeded quietly to make contacts with different elements in the community and to proffer a mediating and reconciling contribution to the situation. In this connection I wrote a letter to the American editor of *The China Press*, in which I said:

> "It would be a mistake to assume that the settlement of the problems involved in this tragic incident [of May 30] will bring the peace and harmony so greatly

to be desired .... Shocking as that tragedy was, it could hardly have stirred the community and nation so profoundly or so widely if not for the background against which it occurred. ...

"One of these prior realities is the separation, not to say estrangement, which divides different sections of this community. The dearth of intimate personal relations between responsible leaders of the Chinese and foreign communities has been one of the unpardonable facts in the situation. ... Shanghai ought to be a laboratory of international and interracial association; instead it allows itself to become a focal point of international and interracial aloofness and misunderstanding. ...

"The whole country is thoroughly aroused because of the 'Unequal Treaties' which stronger nations have imposed on her. This is true not only in the treaty ports; one has found the same resentments in remote cities far in the interior. Not only are the students aroused; among those most dissatisfied and concerned are Christian leaders of broad vision and goodwill. Blindly to hang on to the status quo is sheer stupidity. ...

"Shall the necessary adjustments be brought about by an evolutionary or a revolutionary process?"...

Apropos the above reference to the attitude of Christian leaders was a long letter which a Chinese Christian wrote to the *North China Daily News*, from which I cull the following:

"So far as the Christian cause is concerned, it would be better if all missionaries who are willing to link up religion with force would return to their own countries, and leave the Chinese Church to go forward unhampered. ... The 25 American missionaries in Peking who forwarded the petition to the American Minister, requesting that no military force be used to protect them or their property, are surely speaking to the point. ...

"It is my conviction that the true Christian missionary could give up all protection of force (under the Unequal Treaties) and be as safe as he is now. ..."

A year later, in 1926, I prefaced a communication to the City Associations in these words:

"Political disorder. Disrupted communications. Depreciating currency. Rising prices. Civil wars. Bolshevistic propaganda. General restlessness, anxiety, and discouragement. Such is the background against which the following report of the City Young Men's Christian Associations of China must be studied.

"... The transition period in the social and political life of the nation is taking longer than many thought earlier it might. ... Such a time tests both men and their institutions. Many social enterprises have succumbed to the forces of disintegration, and not a few individuals have broken down in their faith and courage."

In mid-May, 1927, in ten pages of "reflections" on the current scene, I was moved to write:

> "We have no need nowadays in China to resort to the writings of Carlyle, Dickens, or [Rafael] Sabatini to observe the behavior of revolutions. We find ourselves face to face with a full-fledged revolution in the actual process of revolving. It is a rather terrifying experience. I do not refer to fear of personal peril, but to a certain vague anxiety as to what is going to happen to a world with which one has become comfortably familiar. It takes one's breath to see the bottom drop out of all normal life while one wonders what the outcome will be. This pervasive sense of uneasy apprehension is deepened by stories one hears daily of suffering which numberless men, women, and children are having to endure. . . .
>
> "While the present upheaval is mainly political in its surface expressions, it represents a deeper and more significant cleavage. Two cultures have met. Each is hardy and determined to survive. They stand measuring each other's values and each other's strength. Shall one survive by overthrowing the other? Or shall both survive by letting each other alone? Or will they be willing and able to merge their respective values in what will come out a new and common creation?"

My alternatives left out a fourth course which China would actually follow, namely the rejection of both her traditional values and those of the Western democracies and the wholehearted espousal instead of Russian-inspired totalitarian communism.

The revolution raised other questions, for which answers are not yet forthcoming. In the same ruminations, I asked:

> "What of revolution? Is this the best method of achieving progress? Many believe it is the only method by which a country like China can shake loose from a dead past and make a new beginning. Obsolete habits of thought and life, they say, have become petrified and they must somehow be broken up. Men's emotions must be stirred or they will never overcome their inertia and embark upon so difficult and hazardous an enterprise as that which is demanded. Destruction must precede reconstruction. It may be true that evolution normally proceeds through an innumerable succession of imperceptible changes, but from time to time it makes a leap forward as a result of catastrophic changes. China through revolution, they say, will effect in decades changes which otherwise would require centuries. The method is costly for the present generation but later generations will rise up and call us blessed for being willing to pay the price.
>
> "But, one wonders, is there not a better way? Intelligence has learned through science to reconstruct the physical environment in which we live. Cannot intelligence find some better method of social progress? It is a perilous thing to unleash men's passions, for they have a way of getting out of the control of those who would direct them to worthy and constructive ends. They tend to sweep everything before them, the good along with the bad. Also by the law of action and reaction they are likely to be followed by tragic periods of disillusionment and disappointment in which the ideals fought for suffer costly setbacks."

In July, 1926, the United Front of the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist Party launched from Canton its Northern Expedition, aimed at taking over the rule of the country from the warlords. Opposition toppled like dominoes before its march to the Yangtze River. The Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party, in 1923 had admitted Communists into its membership, and their fervor, together with the practical assistance of their Russian advisors, were decisive factors in this triumphant progress. Sun Yat-sen had hoped that the infusion of Communists into his party would introduce a larger measure of the revolutionary spirit which he thought was needed, and at the same time would bring help in "the techniques of revolution." It did both things. The Nationalist forces, following the Russian model, were led by two complete sets of officers--the military led by Chiang Kai-shek, and the political, "advised" by Mikhail Borodin, Comintern representative. It was the latter set of officers, members of which were assigned to every unit in the armed forces, which set the countryside aflame, blazing a pathway along which the armies advanced with little or no armed resistance.

Peking was the intended destination of the Northern Expedition, but it was halted halfway at the Yangtze River by the Nanking Incident which took place on March 24.[7] I attempted at the time to explain what happened in that incident:

> "What happened in a word is this. Early in March General Chiang, commander-in-chief of the Nationalist armies, had in an address in Nanchang publicly condemned the Communists and the undue interference of the Russian 'advisors' in the affairs of the Nationalist Government. The gauntlet was down and the Communists accepted the challenge. They did so by hatching a plot to discredit Chiang Kai-shek by getting a section of his army to precipitate the Nanking affair. This explanation of the incident is accepted by both Chinese and foreigners, and likewise by friendly and unfriendly critics of the Nationalist Government. . . . General Chiang Kai-shek at once halted his Northern Expedition and turned his foes within Nationalist territory. Reports from Canton, Swatow (Shantou), Foochow, Shanghai and so on up the line to Nanking tell of drastic measures which have been employed to disarm, imprison, and execute young Communists. Blood has flowed--too freely, one fears, for the blood of martyrs has watered many causes other than that of the Christian Church."

I was in Shanghai when news of the Nanking Incident reached us, and as the tale unfolded I wrote a long letter to Fletcher Brockman about it:

> "At one time the news swept Shanghai like a prairie fire that 120 Americans had been massacred. (Actually there were 7 foreigners killed, among them Jack Williams, Vice President of Nanking University, an ardent Sinophile.) The atmosphere of panic created during these days has been indescribable. After two or three anxious days, however, American, British, and Japanese refugees began to arrive in Shanghai on gunboats and merchant vessels. I met a number of these steamers and talked with men and women who had been through the ordeal. Many of them had had to lie out for long hours in hiding, waiting for the danger to pass or their rescue to be effected. There were many narrow escapes from flying bullets. Their plight on arrival in Shanghai was pitiable! Many had with them only the clothes on their backs, some had had their overcoats robbed and taken from them."

The persons and property of foreigners had long been sacrosanct, and this reversal of fortune came as a shocking surprise. There were many tales of succor and sanctuary given them, at great personal risk, by Chinese friends and in some cases by Chinese neighbors whom they had not previously known. The struggle between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists was joined--an unrelenting struggle which 22 years later would eventuate in the Nationalist flight to Formosa (Taiwan) and the establishment of a Communist regime in Peking. The immediate repercussions swept China. Christian properties were taken over by leftist elements in places where they gained the ascendancy, among them the YMCA building in Hangchow which I had seen constructed while there. Chinese Christians were subjected to ridicule and persecution. The lives of missionaries were placed in jeopardy, and their presence became a source of embarrassment and danger to their Chinese associates. This led to their wholesale exodus from the interior, as reported in the *New York Times* on June 25, 1927:

> "There are only about 500 [i.e., Protestant] missionaries left in interior stations throughout China, as compared with 8,000 normally. Of these 5,000 have returned to their homelands either on furlough or on special leave, 1,500 are in Shanghai, and 1,000 have been transferred temporarily to Japan and Korea."

During this period we had as many as three families at a time crowded into our already full home. Shanghai itself, moreover, was an uneasy place of refuge, notwithstanding the foreign troops brought in for its protection and the foreign men-of-war standing guard from the Whangpoo River. Along with other American residents, we received "strictly confidential" advice from our consulate as to signals by which we would be notified "in case of emergency" and "the place of concentration" to which our family should forthwith repair. The nationals of other countries were placed on similar alert. Each member of the family was limited to one suitcase or bag, and we were instructed to keep these packed for immediate departure in case flight became necessary.

The rift in the Nationalist Government remained unhealed. Chiang moved his headquarters from Nanch'ang to Nanking, while the Left Wing maintained a rival base in Hankow where they remained until they were driven out and took their flight across the Gobi Desert and into Europe. Chiang and his Right Wing controlled the army and held the purse strings, and the Left Wing controlled propaganda and the development of mass organizations. "We can handle the situation," one of Chiang's lieutenants in Nanch'ang had said to a colleague of mine. For a time it seemed that they would, though at times the measures they employed appeared questionable. I have mentioned above the wholesale arrests and execution of young Communists. I saw some of these idealistic young people, herded in concentration camps, and I heard of many more. There was the school girl in central China, for example, whose uncle and aunt were friends of mine. Their family was one of the most distinguished in China, and my two friends, educated in England, were well-known. The niece was given the choice of recanting her Communist faith or facing a firing squad, and she chose the latter. As she left for her execution she turned to her weeping relatives and said: "You are weeping for me. You should be weeping for yourselves. You will go on living awhile longer--to what purpose? I shall die, but because I die, along with others like me, there will be a better future for China and for the world." "They are terribly misguided, and they give me no end of trouble," a university president in south China said to me, "but I must say these young Communists are the best we have among our students."

In Shanghai we began to hear whispers of Chiang's use, in circumventing the Communists deployed to that city, of the Tsing Pang (Ch'ing Pang, Qing Bang) and the

Hung Pang (Hung Bang), or the "Blues" and the "Reds." These were two secret societies whose existence was generally known but seldom mentioned out loud. Such societies have been common in Chinese history and, working always in the dark, they have wielded great and at times sinister power for the benefit of their members. "Fight poison with poison," says a Chinese proverb, and this seems to have been done in the use of this shadowy *imperium in imperio*, whose minions were given secret agents of Communism. There were three so-called "Kings"of this Shanghai underworld, and soon we were seeing them at public functions--always with a hefty bodyguard nearby, one hand thrust into the gun pocket of his coat. I had occasion once to call on the chief of this unsavory trio; he lived in a huge establishment in the heart of the city, and never have I passed through heavier iron gates or past more heavily armed guards to meet an appointment.

I was the first American to visit Nanking after "the Incident" in that city. L. T. Chen and I made the trip together. Chiang and his government had not yet arrived from Nanch'ang. Normally the center of a large community of foreigners, mostly missionaries, there was not one foreigner in the city. We looked up Chinese friends and found them glad to see us, yet plainly uneasy at being seen with us. We made the rounds of friends' homes and of Christian institutions in which we had a special interest. A number of residences and buildings had been burned to the ground, others ransacked and reduced to wrack and ruin. There was an International Committee residence in which I had often visited. It was a total wreck, its door knobs, electric fixtures, fireplaces, and other metal parts torn from their places and all its furniture and furnishings taken away. We climbed to the attic where one of our secretaries, on furlough, had left his belongings, securely packed in cases and barrels. These had been broken open by bayonets and other sharp instruments and thoroughly rifled. On one pile of debris I was amused to see one item which had been left unharmed, a framed photograph of John R. Mott! Could it be, I thought, that that impressive visage which I had seen still great assemblies had also stayed the hands of the looters in their rampage of wanton destruction?

The impact of these tumultuous times on Christianity in China was heavy. Plainly, as I wrote an American colleague, "Protestant Christianity in China had entered into a new stage in its history. Its first hundred years, from 1807 to the end of the century, was a period in which it was met with blind opposition. This culminated in the Boxer Outbreak. In the second period Christianity enjoyed, to a remarkable degree, the blind approval of many of China's most influential people. This was particularly true following the Revolution of 1911. The third period dates from the Great War and it promises to be a period of informed criticism and studied opposition. Western prestige suffered a terrible blow because of the Great War, and the prestige of Christianity has suffered with it."

The situation in the Christian movement was very confused. The anti-Christian movement was still raging, yet more than half of the Cabinet Ministers in the Nanking Government were Christians. These included two former YMCA secretaries, C. T. Wang as Minister of Foreign Affairs and H. H. Kung as Minister of Commerce and Industry. Among other Christians in the Cabinet were T. V. Soong, son of a lay Methodist preacher, as Minister of Finance; Wang Ch'ung-hui, son of a Christian pastor, as Minister of Justice; Feng Yü-hsiang, the Christian general," as Minister of War; and Hsueh Tu-pi (Xue Dubi), as Minister of the Interior. There were Christians, too, in the dissident Hankow regime; among them Sun Fo, the son of Sun Yat-sen (son too of Oberlin College); Hsu Ch'ien, the Minister of Justice; and Sidney Kok Wei (Wei Chueh), Vice Minister of Education. Among them also was the widowed Madam Sun Yat-sen, one of the famous sisters of the Soong family, whose parents were pillars in the China Methodist Church.

As indicated above, there were missionaries wholly sympathetic with China's newly aroused national aspirations and desirous of disembarrassing themselves and the Christian cause of the special protection guaranteed them under the Unequal Treaties. This view was predominant among the missionary members of the National Christian Council which represented the major Protestant bodies in China. On the other hand, there was a militant group of missionaries which joined other foreign "die-hards" in railing against this view, dubbing the National Christian Council "a Bolshevik Aid Society." Underneath these conflicting reactions to what was going on, the prevailing mood, I would say, was that of general bewilderment. What was happening in China, in the enterprises in which these missionaries had been engaged, and in their own lives? Answers to these questions were by no means clear.

The times pressed with equal or greater harshness upon Chinese Christians. Strident voices excoriated them as traitors, or (in the current phrase of the times) as "walking dogs of imperialism." The church and its institutions were condemned as agents of "cultural imperialism." The Christian faith was ridiculed as the custodian of the vestigial superstitions of a pre-scientific age and as an opiate administered by the rich and powerful to keep the exploited masses quiet. It is not strange that this pseudo-patriotism won its victories over immature faith, and that evangelism flagged and church membership declined. The Christians after all comprised a minute minority, less than 1 percent of the population, and though appreciative of the moral, social, and spiritual values which they had discerned and experienced in Christianity, they lacked grounding in the theology and the historic roots of their faith. Consequently they were placed unmistakably on the defensive, insufficiently equipped to meet the attacks levelled against them. Replacing the inter-church councils which had grown up during the preceding years, so-called "Patriotic Christian Unions" were organized across the country to proclaim the fidelity of Chinese Christians to the national cause.

There were, of course, shining examples of Christians who kept their perspective and their bearings. Because of its leaders the YMCA fared remarkably well amidst the tumult and confusions of the times. The YMCA had grown up in years when the popularity of Christianity was at its heyday. Would it now, we asked ourselves, turn out to be a fair weather movement, unable to surmount the difficulties which had arisen? Thanks to the caliber and the character of its leaders, it rode the storms well, though not without its anxieties and its setbacks.

Members of the national staff continued their travels among the Associations throughout the country. As executive secretary of the City Division I gave a great deal of attention to the deployment and scheduling of our secretaries, trying to see that each Association got the particular help it needed. Most of our men were specialists, and we spent much time trying to prepare each man to give general help also in the Associations he visited. We made local and regional "retreats" for secretaries and laymen a major activity in our program. We set courses of reading and study for ourselves and took time out to clarify our own Christian beliefs and commitments as these were being challenged in the anti-Christian attacks. We formed teams of two or three staff members who conducted "program workshops," in each of which we spent four or five full days with the entire staff of an Association. My Hangchow experience was useful in these sessions, and my Chinese associates had their own contributions to make, notwithstanding their lack of local YMCA experience. Together we led our local colleagues in analyzing community situations, identifying youth needs, formulating YMCA objectives, and developing specific projects for fulfilling the mission of the YMCA in a given city. On our way to the next city we carefully and critically reviewed the ground we had covered and together prepared a detailed report

of the week's doings and findings. The preparation of these reports was helpful to the team members, and they were useful to the next visitors going from our staff to a given city or group of cities. "Our best method of training men," said David Yui, "is by placing fraternal secretaries alongside educated, intelligent, yet inexperienced Chinese secretaries."

We went to great pains to keep the Association on course and going. When the convulsions following May 30, 1925 were at their height, 85 of our key secretaries, 40 of them from abroad and 45 Chinese, came together to canvass the situation and to examine our readiness to meet it. At its end I reported:

> "One wondered whether even this group could rise above the national and racial suspicion and strife surrounding us. We met for two strenuous weeks. We faced real issues. We ended more closely knit together in heart and thought than we started. Our Chinese colleagues assured us of their appreciation of American friendship and cooperation at this particular time of stress and strain--harder far on them incidentally, than it is on us. The American secretaries expressed their wholehearted desire to be merged completely in the Chinese movement so long as we were in its service. We want no status or relationships which may even suggest that the YMCA of China is other than an autonomous Chinese Christian movement, bound to other national movements only by ties of mutual helpfulness and by common membership in a truly international brotherhood."

The following year we held the Tenth National Convention of the YMCAs of China in Tsinan (Jinan). President Chang Po-ling of Nankai University was elected convention chairman and in his opening address he contrasted the mood and conditions under which we met with those of the two preceding conventions, over which he had also presided:

> "At Peking in 1912 there was a spirit of exaltation over the birth of the new Republic. Old things had passed away. All things, it seemed to us, had become new. Everything was possible. At Tientsin in 1920 the Association looked back upon a period of marvelous achievement. It had become a great movement. Its accomplishments were reported in impressive statistics. The popularity of the YMCA was boundless. As we meet in 1926 we see the Republic rent by discord. . . . We see the YMCA facing financial strains, anti-Christian opposition and manifold difficulties of sobering magnitude. . . . The hour, however, is not one for pessimism but for renewed consecration."

Three series of addresses constituted the heart of the convention program. In one of these Professor Chao Tzu-ch'en (Zhao Zichen) of Yenching University dealt with "The Religious Heritage of China," expounding the religious ideas of Taoism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Mohism. "Listening to these lectures," I observed, "one felt surer than ever that Christ in coming to China would most certainly say, 'I come not to destroy but to fulfill,'" A second series of addresses was delivered by Rufus M. Jones on "Religion and Life." "It seems equally significant," I commented, "that only one foreigner appeared on the platform of the convention, and that he was asked to come half way round the world to occupy the most important place on the program. The Christian Movement in China is becoming more and more self-reliant, but it is still eager to share in the best which the rest of the world can give." Dr. Ch'eng Ching-i, the third speaker, led the daily devotional hours. "Every day for six days," I wrote, "he spoke from one text, 'If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me.' With a simple, stately eloquence of which he is master, he confronted us day after day with his appeal to follow Christ into all the manifold relations and tasks of our lives."

The battle was joined, and in many places the YMCA stood out as a special mark for anti-Christian attack. By the spring of 1927 its buildings had been taken over, for varying periods of time, by Leftist regimes which came to power in Nanchang, Nanking, Hangchow, and Sunning. As an organization living on the land--that is, depending on local sources of support, its financial difficulties mounted. In obedience to consular advice and to disembarrass their Chinese associates, fraternal (i.e., foreign) secretaries had evacuated cities as widely scattered as Chengtu, Chungking (Chongqing), Wuchang, Changsha, Wuhu, Nanking, Soochow (Suzhou), Hangchow, Nanch'ang, T'aiyuan, and Paoting (Baoding). It was expected that these withdrawals would be temporary and most of them were. Meanwhile David Yui, our National General Secretary, was saying, publicly and privately, that he hoped the time would never come when there would not be fraternal secretaries from other movements serving the China movement. Also he hoped that soon China would be sending Chinese secretaries to other movements.

I wrote:

> "We are seeking not only to keep our heads above water but to make a worthy contribution to the work of reconstruction which is going on. . . .
>
> "Association leaders are trying to introduce into the clamor for political reform and the strident claims for this and that panacea a constructive program of citizenship training. In this connection our Association Press has already put out a series of 70 books, pamphlets, and leaflets which are having wide circulation. . . .
>
> "In the midst of international suspicion and strain we are standing outspokenly for the cultivation of international understanding and goodwill. . . .
>
> "In the face of blatant materialism and militant anti-Christian agitation, we are proclaiming our conviction that the salvation of the nation rests on the character of its people, and are resisting all suggestions that we lower our Christian colors. . . .
>
> "In the midst of fiery trials we are working and praying that the Christian fellowship within our movement be more completely fused together by the ideals and purposes we share as members of the Young Men's Christian Association."

As its leaders reexamined the role of the YMCA in the midst of revolution, it reviewed also the place of the fraternal secretary in the movement and the cooperative relationships into which the China movement had entered with the International Committee and certain other national bodies. Of 163 secretaries allocated in 1921 to other national movements by the International Committee, 90 were in China. By 1924 these 90 had dropped to 75. These men had in many cases been instrumental in starting the Associations they served, and some were still acting as chief executives of those Associations. For an American to yield the general secretaryship of an Association to a Chinese successor was regarded, not as a demotion, but as the fulfillment of a major objective in his mission. But the transition, at best, involved difficult and at times painful adjustments all around. The tides of anti-foreign feeling now running, not within the YMCA but in public clamor, made the process at once more urgent and for some more painful. Not a little restlessness arose among the men affected.

Has the time come to withdraw foreign secretaries in China? If not, what should be their special contribution at this stage of development? These questions became the subject of heart-searching enquiry and discussion. The International Committee secretaries had enlisted "for the duration," burning all bridges behind them in North America. They had seen their work prosper and their own part in it held a great appreciation. Their affections and loyalties had become deeply involved in the struggles of China and in the development of its YMCA. Now the climate was changing and the question of whether they should stay on in China or take their leave of it was a very disturbing one. There was no demand by their Chinese colleagues that they leave. Quite the contrary. Readjustments in role and relationships, however, were plainly called for, and it was by no means clear what these should be. In a talk to the China Council of the Presbyterian Mission, USA, in August 1925 I said:

> "We do not believe in the YMCA that the time has come for a general exodus of foreign secretaries. Our Chinese colleagues insist that this is the case. Nor does it seem to us a time for bringing out additional foreign secretaries, except to meet special needs. Our problem, so far as the foreign secretary is concerned, seems to be that of his adjustments to new tasks. Administrative leadership will pass rapidly into the hands of Chinese secretaries. This should mean freeing the foreign secretaries for intellectual, moral, and spiritual helpfulness--along lines of service we probably dreamed of before we ever reached China. Can we convert promoters and executives into new types of servants? Some of us will probably prove to be unconvertible."

Unfortunately a tendency developed for Chinese secretaries to go off and discuss these questions among themselves, apart, and for foreign secretaries to do the same in their corners. Somehow I found myself drawn into the discussions taking place in both groups, and it became plain to me that there was every reason why we should be facing the questions together. In a national conference attended by both Chinese and foreign secretaries in Hangchow, I insisted that we do this. This was as early as 1922. Accordingly, I drew up a list of the questions being raised, phrased in the baldest possible terms; and over the misgivings and some remonstrance from some of my American colleagues, I saw that they were brought forward in open session for face-to-face discussion. At the end I wrote:

> "For downright frankness combined with complete unity of spirit and good feeling it was a conference unsurpassed in my experience. The foreign secretaries without pique or resentment pressed the question of whether their continued presence in this Chinese movement were not now an embarrassment of which it should be relieved. The Chinese secretaries freely discussed the nationalistic atmosphere into which we have entered, but insisted that foreign secretaries are still wanted for many reasons--among them, the fact that their presence represents the more than national character of the Young Men's Christian Association. . . .
>
> "Dr. John Y. Lee (Acting General Secretary at the time) said the closing night: 'The remarkable achievements of the YMCA during the past 29 years have been the work of neither Chinese nor foreign secretaries, but of both working together as one group. We go from this conference one group still, not two, to carry on our common task.'"

In the objectiveness and frankness of these discussions, and in their outcome, I saw "a triumph of Christian forthrightness and brotherliness." We felt ourselves challenged, I wrote to John R. Mott, not by past failures but by our past successes in relationships and by the favorable atmosphere prevailing within our ranks. "If we cannot work these problems out," T. Z. Koo exclaimed, "Who can?"

In a long letter written about the same time to Sherwood Eddy I attempted to explain a special issue with which we were wrestling during this period:

> "All of us are coming to realize more clearly the implications of autonomy in a movement. We are trying hard to purge our own movement of any lingering vestiges of foreign control which may remain. We want the contribution of the American YMCA to the Chinese YMCA to be an outright contribution from one brother movement to another. We want to retain no strings whatever in the administration of men and money given. We want the American secretaries to be absorbed wholly in the China movement while they are serving it, without even the appearance of 'extra-territoriality' anywhere in its administration.
>
> "For years we have, I think, been 95 percent thus absorbed. The doubtful 5 percent centered in the Senior Secretary's office."

The Senior Secretaryship was designed to facilitate communication between the International Committee and the distant national committees with which it cooperated. With a large number of North American secretaries in China, 75 to 80 when I became senior secretary, and with substantial funds raised in North America going into the construction of YMCA buildings in that country, the office seemed a natural and useful link between the two movements. Also the International Committee at long last was putting up residences in a number of cities to house its personnel--clearly an International Committee responsibility and one that it could not manage from New York. In allocating secretaries to the China movement, the International Committee provided their support and maintained a continuing concern for their welfare and that of their families. In raising funds for buildings abroad, moreover, the International Committee assured donors that the money they contributed would be well spent for the purposes for which it was given. The Senior Secretary acted as the field representative of the International Committee in dealing with these and other matters involved in the cooperation of the two movements. The intended function of the office was to lessen the distance between New York and Shanghai in dealing with day-to-day matters. Tensions arose, nevertheless.

These tensions were due in part to the prevailing climate of criticism and suspicion in which all Christian activities were being questioned, but in part also in inadequate definitions and understanding of the relations involved, and perhaps to faulty procedures in carrying out arrangements agreed upon. We thought these matters had been clearly and satisfactorily spelled out in "the Lake Placid (New York) Conference" in 1924. That conference had brought together for twelve days the Senior Secretaries (North Americans), the "indigenous" National General Secretaries of the major movements with which the International Committee was cooperating, and the chief administrative and fund-raising members of the "Home Base" staff of the International Committee. The findings of that conference summed up nearly four decades of significant experience and produced a document which has proved basic to all subsequent formulations of World Service policies--not only of the International Committee, but also of the World Committee, acting on behalf of all movements with the World Alliance of the YMCA.

Undoubtedly some of the difficulty in China was also derived from the lack of rapport which developed between the National General Secretary and the Senior Secretary. Where in the disposition of International Committee personnel and funds did the responsibility of the one end and that of the other begin? The General Secretary came to feel that the Senior Secretary was standing watch over him and the China National Committee, and, whether designedly or not, was interfering with their freedom in the administration of personnel and projects in which the International Committee had a contributor's interest. The Senior Secretary--able, experienced, and utterly lacking in self-seeking--was meticulously conscientious concerning his responsibilities to the International Committee and to the North American supporters. Both men were tense and habitually overworked, and following successive breakdowns both men died too young of heart attacks. Over-wrought nerves were undoubtedly both a cause and a result of the unresolved issues on which they found themselves at odds. Much more, however, was at stake than the reconciliation of clashing temperaments. The underlying issue was that of whether and how two branches of a world Christian movement on opposite sides of the world could continue to work together in a world surcharged with super-nationalism.

I was party to many earnest discussions of this question, especially as it related to the Senior Secretaryship. These started as early as 1922 and continued until early 1926 when clarified understandings and arrangements were finally agreed upon. In the summer of 1922 I helped to formulate a statement in which eleven International Committee secretaries, who happened to be together in a conference, joined. The gist of that statement is reflected in the following excerpts:

> We believe "that in all arrangements made between the China Movement and the Councils of Foreign Movements, the China Movement should be the final judge as to whether such arrangements are in harmony with the principle of autonomy. This would seem to imply (1) that contributions of men and money from movements of other countries should be made on the request of the China Movement, and should be for such purposes as are agreed upon by the movements concerned, and (2) that the administration of such contributions should rest entirely in the hands of the China Movement, care being taken to avoid even the appearance of dual administration."
>
> In concluding this statement we recorded:
>
> "our profound gratitude for the privilege we have had of service in the China Movement. . . . We rejoice especially that God has called into its service Chinese leaders who are so competently dealing with the demands of this period. Under their leadership we as foreign secretaries count it a privilege to serve for such time and in such ways as may best contribute to the strength and usefulness of the China Movement."

The first National General Secretary had been an American who served concurrently as Senior Secretary of the International Committee for China. With great understanding and skill, Fletcher Brockman had fulfilled his dual responsibilities in the two offices, always magnifying the primacy of the National Committee, yet discharging on behalf of the International Committee its continuing obligations to its personnel and to its other commitments in China. When with the accession of a Chinese as General Secretary in 1915 the two offices were separated, it is not strange that confusion should arise concerning their respective functions. It was our endeavor to make it clear that the role of the Senior Secretary was to help the International Committee fulfill its obligations to its secretaries, as

to salaries and allowances, housing, health, the education of their children, and to act for that committee in matters demanding New York action. In the end we dropped the title of Senior Secretary because of the unhappy connotations which had grown up around it. We also made him an appointee not of New York, but of the China National Committee--on nomination of the International Committee!

By February 1926 a revised "Lake Placid Statement" regarding the Senior Secretaryship, jointly agreed upon by the National and the International Committees, was announced, and I was appointed to the post. The statement clarified, and some thought it curtailed, the functions of the office, but the National Committee lost no time in showing that it had no intention of downgrading the opportunities of its occupant to serve the movement. As already mentioned, I was asked to continue as Executive Secretary of the City Division, and a bit later to become an Associate General Secretary as well. To make this three-pronged responsibility manageable I was given an associate in the new office to handle its day-to-day activities. These were by no means inconsiderable with the oversight and service of 70-odd American families and other contingencies arising from building and property matters in which International Committee assistance was desired.

During the early 1920s the International Committee was putting up a number of residences, and also cooperating in the construction of a number of YMCA buildings. A Building Bureau, manned by an American-Chinese staff, supported by the International Committee and administered by the National Committee, furnished the architectural and engineering services required in the program; and the Senior Secretary-City Division Executive-Associate General Secretary was of necessity heavily involved in the operations in all three capacities.

By the mid- and late-20s the titles under which buildings provided by the International Committee should be held became a live issue. Half a dozen of these buildings, put up in earlier years, were held in the name of the International Committee on behalf of the Associations concerned; in each case a declaration of trust conveyed the use of the property to the Association so long as that Association was recognized as a bona-fide YMCA by the China National Committee. To absolve the China movement of any lingering suggestion of "foreign control," however, it seemed important that these properties should now be vested, in name as well as in fact, in Chinese ownership. To whom should title be transferred? The International Committee made known to the China National Committee its desire to follow the judgment of the latter in the matter. Transfer of title was not a simple matter. The National Committee was no less desirous than the International Committee of safeguarding the ownership and use of these properties, and unsettled conditions in the country made it precarious to turn over complete control to local bodies. Regulations for holding property were confused and unstable. Local bodies were vulnerable to action by local regimes desirous of taking over the commodious modern buildings for their own use. Local YMCA boards, moreover, were subject to pressures to alienate their holdings by mortgage or otherwise to meet financial emergencies. The International Committee, in harmony with understandings with American donors and the recipient YMCAs in China, pursued an unalterable policy of permitting no mortgage on any building held in its name. After consultations with member associations, we concluded that YMCA properties in China would best be held in the name of a national holding body, representative of the entire movement. But no such body existed, nor was there precedent for such a body in the country at that time. Later, in 1936, a revised constitution provided for the creation of a National Board of Trustees empowered to hold title to YMCA properties in China and to administer the endowment funds of the National Committee.

As the China YMCA endeavored to make sure of itself as indubitably Chinese in the administration of its own affairs, it tried also to meet its obligations as part of an international Christian movement. The fulfillment of these obligations was publicly proclaimed as a major concern of the organization, and there were many demonstrations of that concern, even when the tides of nationalism were running most strongly. Almost as soon as I reached Shanghai from furlough in 1924, for example, we brought together a group of YMCA and community leaders and organized a committee to prepare for China's participation the following summer in a Pan-Pacific YMCA Conference to be held in Honolulu. That conference was called not to discuss YMCA problems but "to consider contacts and conflicts among Pacific peoples and to foster understanding and cooperation among them." The China committee centered in YMCA personages but was also more broadly representative of the country's leadership. We recruited a strong delegation to attend the Conference, and during the spring of 1925 the City Division of the National Committee promoted studies throughout the Associations of the topics slated for discussion at Honolulu. In urging Associations to join in these studies, L. T. Chen and I joined in a letter in which we said:

> "No movement is in a better position to promote right thinking, right attitudes and right actions in international relations than the Young Men's Christian Association. It is a worldwide movement. Its chain of strong national movements encircle the globe. . . . The YMCA can help solve these problems (of international relations). Surely a first step in attempting to make a contribution to their solution is earnest study."

The Pan-Pacific YMCA Conference was a signal success. It led to subsequent conferences and in a few years to the formation of the Institute of Pacific Relations. As an independent organization, the IPR maintained an international secretariat and set up National Institutes in the major Pacific countries, and its program of research, publishing, and conferences became well-known and influential. In China it continued to draw its leadership from the ranks of the YMCA.

Meanwhile, despite worsening relations between China and Japan, we increased our efforts to further person-to-person and YMCA-to-YMCA contacts between the two countries. (This we continued to do even after tensions broke into open warfare between them.) The presence, summer after summer, of Japanese students in our East China Student Conference was one illustration of this triumph of Christian brotherhood over international tensions. "Again," I wrote following one of these conferences, "Tung Wen (Dong Wen) College was represented, this time by Professor James Sakamoto and seven students." Continuing, I wrote:

> "This college is situated here in Shanghai, its students are chosen by competitive examination from all the provinces of Japan, and its purpose is to train leaders for consular and business service in China. The fact that it is often called 'The Spy College' indicates the attitude of the average Chinese toward the institution. . . .
>
> "In the closing meeting one of the Japanese students expressed what, I am sure, all felt when he said, 'In this conference I have found that I am nearer in my thinking and feeling to a Chinese Christian student than I am to a non-Christian student of my own nationality'. . . .

"Late that night I dropped into one of the dormitory rooms occupied by Japanese delegates. Beds, chairs, and tables were filled with Chinese and Japanese students, their arms thrown over each other's shoulders, their faces alight with the animation of good comradeship, and mutual banter, laughter and serious conversation, were proceeding at a rate which showed utter freedom from self-consciousness and restraint. . . .

"The way in which Chinese and Japanese students fraternized throughout the week showed what the religion of Jesus can do in transcending deep and bitter prejudices. If events like this could be sufficiently multiplied the 'problems of the Pacific' would be brought nearer a solution."

One more illustration of this Christian internationalism must suffice. The May 30 Incident described earlier in this chapter occurred on a Saturday afternoon. On the following afternoon I was asked by David Yui to join him and a couple of other colleagues in his office at National Committee headquarters. "We are in for bad times," he said to us as we sat down. "Anti-foreign feeling is breaking loose throughout the country, and yesterday's shooting on Nanking Road adds fuel to the flames. The British will be the chief targets of recrimination, boycott, and attacks, and the British troops and warships which are being rushed to the scene will fan the flames. We must get busy and see what we can do to bring Chinese and British leaders together, and through them to bring about better relations between their communities in Shanghai and across the land. We need a strong British secretary on our staff to help in this endeavor. R. O. Hall, we think, is that man, and we have been trying in vain to secure his acceptance to our call. We must cable him immediately saying that his coming which we have thought to be highly desirable we now regard as imperative."

Before leaving David Yui's office we drafted such an invitation, couched in the strongest possible terms, and that night it was dispatched to London by cable. R. O. Hall had been a secretary of the British Student Christian Movement, and we had come to know him when he visited China as a delegate to the World's Student Christian Federation Conference in 1922. He accepted the cabled call and on reaching Shanghai had soon established contacts with the leading Britons in the community. We were already quietly at work bringing Chinese and American community leaders together, and with Hall's coming contacts were made also between Chinese and British leaders. Personal and social contacts between these men had been woefully lacking, and we made a point of keeping the gatherings small, and of bringing them together in private sessions around someone's dinner table. These activities were never publicized or reported, but their results were substantial and far-reaching. One consequence of this China mission was R. O. Hall's subsequent appointment and distinguished service as Bishop of Victoria, with his Diocesan seat in Hong Kong.

It was during this period that a group of David Yui's friends, Chinese, Americans, and Britons, paid him tribute in a garden party at which they presented him with a large silver loving cup. Underneath his name the following words were engraved on the cup: Patriot, Peacemaker, Prophet. This three-fold role, splendidly exemplified in the leadership of our National General Secretary, was representative also of the mission to which the YMCA generally was devoting great attention, in the face of rising adverse winds.

The year 1928 on the whole found China in a state of lull. I wrote: "Surely, it is a lull after a storm. Will it turn out to be a lull before another gale?. . . . Communists are being executed in Nationalist territory by the scores and hundreds. Many go to their deaths

with Communist slogans on their lips. Communism has been driven underground by the blood of its martyrs." In the YMCA doors of opportunity continued to be open. Three or four smaller Associations, all in the interior, remained closed but the rest managed to keep going. Buildings commandeered during the "troubles" of 1926-1927 were all back in Association hands. Membership and finance campaigns were successful. Several notable gifts of property to YMCAs bore evidence of public confidence and appreciation. With other members of the national staff I spent much of the year travelling among the Associations. I wrote:

> "New tasks are being tried out, especially among rural and industrial workers. Old tasks are being adapted to new conditions. A Christian movement, a youth movement, rooted in the life of individual communities and schools and linked up in a living fellowship of men, nationwide and world-wide in its membership, the Young Men's Christian Association is aware of the crisis through which it is passing in common with the country as a whole, but even more it is conscious of the high mission to which it is called 'at such a time as this.'"

During this period our family was living in one of seven residences built in Shanghai by the International Committee for its personnel in that city. The houses occupied a single "compound," with spacious lawns, gardens, a tennis court, and plots of ground assigned each family for raising vegetables. Chinese gardeners are among the world's best, and they did most of the outdoor work, but thanks to her green thumb and her loving affinity for all growing things, Bertha became Chief Gardener for the entire compound. At the same time she mothered four growing children, maintained "open house" for friends and passersby, and was active in Community Church, the American School, the American Women's Club, and other community enterprises. For years she was in charge of the kindergarten department of the Sunday School, and the way she held sixty youngsters spellbound during her weekly sessions with them was a marvel to behold. The pulls of the American and European communities upon us were many and strong, but most of our "socializing" was with our Chinese friends. The visits of Chinese colleagues and their families in our home and our visits in their homes are shining memories.

Our third furlough fell due in the summer of 1929. David Yui wrote me:

> "It is with a great deal of reluctance that the National Committee accedes to your furlough at this time, when more than ever before you are needed by the National Committee and by the movement as a whole. . . . It is the earnest wish of the Committee that you will greatly profit by this furlough, and that at its end you will return to your important tasks here, with enlarged vision and renewed energy to render an even greater service to the movement for the young men of this land."

In the course of my reply to this letter I wrote on June 17:

> "In a very real sense Mrs. Barnett and I feel that we are leaving home rather than returning home as we start on our journey toward America tomorrow morning. No people on earth could have done more than have our Chinese friends to take us into their hearts and make us feel that we are truly one with them. You have helped us to see that the differences of race and nationality are altogether superficial as compared with the fundamental unity which is ours as members of God's one great family on earth."

XIII.

How Chinese Communism Looked To Me

In this chapter Barnett gives his views on the Chinese Communist Party before the establishment of the People's Republic of China in 1949. Almost until the Communist takeover of power, many in the West and most educated Chinese felt that communism had little future in China. The individualistic Chinese would find the authoritarianism of Communism intolerable. The Chinese economy was still basically agrarian so that industrialism had not yet produced either the capitalists or the proletarians essential to a socialist revolution.

The Chinese Communist Party was indeed small in numbers during most of the years between its founding in 1921 and the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War and formation of the second United Front between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party in 1937. During much of this period the Chinese communists operated underground or in backwater areas with its activities beyond the purview of the press and political analysts. The Chinese Communist Party, under these circumstances, received minimal attention among historians of China so that many details of party history have been unearthed and have entered history books only decades since the founding of the People's Republic of China.

Barnett admired the dedication of young Communists and their readiness to become martyrs to the cause; he could even wish for such total commitment by Christians. He understood, moreover, that Chinese youth wanted a comprehensive ideology for the nation, which neither the YMCA nor Christianity could offer. The YMCA fell back upon character building and national reconstruction through responsible citizenship and social service by individuals. Possibly the Y could do no other, but Barnett felt sad when he could not provide two of his listeners with a blueprint for national revival; they turned to communism and the guidance of the Soviet Union.

One example of the limitations of the YMCA which Barnett does not mention but which illustrates the dilemma it faced, was the Y's attempt to improve factory conditions during the early 1920s. Long discussions and many hours of consultation with factory owners might finally lead to some modest guidelines for working hours and conditions, but the power of enforcement was lacking. The Y had at its disposal only the instrument of persuasion, and furthermore, what was required was persuasion of some of the very individuals on whom it depended for support. History ultimately demonstrated that political authority backed by the threat of coercion would be required to alter China's economic system and improve the Chinese laborers' lot. The YMCA, meanwhile, attended to such self-help projects as literacy classes, outlets for the sale of handicrafts, mutual savings societies, child care centers, etc.

Though Barnett could appreciate the fact that the Chinese Communist Party had certain objectives similar to those of the YMCA, he could not accept the thesis that the ends justify the means. He, along with many Christians, found it difficult to compete with radicals who argued that revolutions were not tea parties and a little terror should be employed to rectify greater injustices. Even so, Barnett could empathize with those Chinese who cooperated with the Chinese Communist Party in the hope of achieving shared goals, while maintaining a degree of autonomy. His friendship with such individuals held, even when communication broke down.

References to Communism have cropped up from time to time in preceding pages. During the 1920s I shared a common feeling that its activities had real but passing interest. Subsequent developments, however, have been of such importance that it seems desirable at this point to interrupt my narrative to tell of Communism as I then encountered it and of how it looked to me during its earlier years in China. For that round-up I shall first back-track and then I shall run ahead somewhat in my story. The rise of Communism in China has been narrated in many tomes; I shall only recall some of the ways in which it came to my attention, first in Hangchow and then as I moved about China as a national secretary of the YMCA.

Our family was living in Hangchow when the Bolshevik Revolution took place in 1917. The event became a common topic of conversation, but its relevance to China seemed remote. China's historic relations with Russia had been tenuous and sporadic, and the Chinese, I thought, were inclined to dislike and to look down upon their neighbors to the north. They were quite prepared to applaud the overthrow of the Czars, but their fingers were crossed with respect to the regime which was taking their place.

I recall a conversation I had at that time regarding the Bolsheviks with Yuan Sin-peh, the most respected member of Hangchow's gentry. Mr. Yuan was a lawyer, president of a large law college, president also of the Provincial Assembly, and withal a Confucian gentleman and scholar of the first water. It was to him that the city turned for light and leadership whenever a local crisis arose--as frequently happened during those years. "Communism may be all right for the Russians," he said, "but it will never go in China. We tried but its totalitarian methods many centuries ago, and they didn't work. We learned our lesson and we shan't be taken in again.

The subservience of the Russians, for centuries to the Czars and now to their Bolshevik successors, was put down to docility, a trait to which the Chinese were not prone. Sun Yat-sen's phrase was often cited in which he likened the Chinese people to "a sheet of sand," incapable of united action. The Chinese believed themselves superior, man for man, to the Japanese, say, but admitted quickly that ten Chinese were no match for ten Japanese with the latter's genius for working together. Many equated this individualism with democracy, overlooking the fact that while it is an ingredient of democracy, unbridled individualism can create a situation in which dictatorship comes to offer the only alternative to anarchy.

In these and other terms, my Chinese friends and I philosophized as we watched events unfolding in Russia. It was in 1920, as I recall, that I received one day a batch of tracts which, I was told, was being circulated surreptitiously in the city. These were manifestoes issued by Chinese Communists, one addressed "To Our Dear Fellow-students," one "To Our Brothers in the Armed Forces," and another "To Our Comrades and Blood-Brothers of Labor." The tracts were printed on the cheapest paper in the market, but their language was sharp and challenging and their contents were shrewdly directed to the unhappy lot and the prevailing psychology of those addressed. We thought these rather pathetic-looking missives were interesting but unimportant, and it did not occur to me to keep them for future reference.

It was that fall, or perhaps a year later, that we heard of Communists meeting in unknown numbers in Shanghai.[8] We paid little attention to this get-together, for Shanghai was much used during those years as a sanctuary and a meeting-place for all kinds of political "outs," and this gathering, made up it was said of students and underpaid school teachers, did not seem particularly impressive. By chance I met and talked with a man who

may have been one of the delegates, a school teacher from China's westernmost Szechuan Province. He had made a short visit to Hangchow, and we happened to be seatmates on the train back to Shanghai. He was a small, dark man and his eyes burned with unusual intensity. It was customary in China for strangers thus thrown together to exchange pleasantries and to get acquainted, but this man I found unresponsive to my overtures. Presently, however, he broke the silence and turning to me with a scowl he said, "You are a Christian?" "Yes," I answered. "Do you know," he went on, "that Karl Marx has more disciples in China than has your Christ after all your generations of propaganda and work in China?" I was impressed at the time by the man's fervor but not by his claim.

In the winter of 1920-1921 I conducted a Bible study class in the Provincial Normal School, one of 70-odd such classes which the YMCA was conducting in most of the government high schools and colleges of the city. There were 85 boys in this class which met once a week in one of the school buildings. The boys came from countries all over the province, and their interest in our discussions was eager and sustained. One midweek morning two of the keenest members of the class came to see me in my home. It was plain that they had something on their minds and that they had come with a purpose. "Our interest in the Christian Bible," they explained, "is to see what it has to say which will help our people save China." During our first decade in China I had sensed little concern among the students or their elders in "personal salvation," but over-riding concern over "national salvation."

With obvious earnestness these students wished me to cite chapters and verses in the Bible which would throw light on their specific query, but I was hard put to satisfy their search. Christianity might be an appealing "way of life," but it offered no blueprint of national salvation or of social reconstruction for a proud yet backward nation endeavoring to overtake the twentieth century. These young men and their fellow-students were looking not for leaven but for something more explosive, not for generalities but for a concrete program, not for the prosaic processes of education but for more drastic shortcuts to change. Evolution was too slow; they were plainly heading toward revolution. Christianity had been a potent factor in arousing the Chinese from their long centuries of lethargy, in awakening their discontent with the status quo, and in stimulating their resolution to find escape from the doldrums in which they were floundering. Notwithstanding the incompetence of their rulers and the humiliations which they had suffered at the hands of the Western powers, they still cherished the conviction that there must be "a way out" for people so superior as theirs. But what was that "way?" I am afraid that when my conversation with these two young friends ended, they "went away sadly."

The winter vacation interrupted our Bible class meetings for a month, and when we reconvened these two students were missing. "Where are they?" I asked. "They are on their way to Moscow," I was told. The Soviet Union, I was informed, had rounded up sixty students from the provincial normal schools of the country and was taking them to Russia for study. These sixty students, I think, were the first of the thousands who in the next few years would make this pilgrimage to Moscow. Students had been coming from China to the United States since 1870, and in increasing numbers following 1908 when our government returned to Peking a portion of the Boxer Indemnity Funds, to be used for the education of Chinese youth. The Chinese students made fine records in America, and many of them on returning to China rose to eminence in government and society. They took quickly to the many "things" which America makes but had little or no indoctrination as to what makes America what it is. So the student-returned-from-America failed to become a decisive force in the social and political life of his country. In contrast, Chinese students returning from Russia came back flaming evangelists of Marxism-Leninism, heavily armed with slogans,

charged with revolutionary purpose, and meticulously trained in the techniques of subversion and revolution. In less than three decades they would be deployed throughout the land as cadres, prepared to pass on their indoctrination, training and zeal to the great army of party and government workers which Communist China would require.

A very early manifestation of Communist strength was given in the anti-Christian movement, about which I have written in earlier pages. Not all of the participants in that movement were Communists, but far more, I suspect, than they themselves realized, they took their cue from Communist sources. Again and again we saw a handful of students turn a school, college, or university, even the students of an entire city upside down, showing what a small minority can do in manipulating large numbers of their fellows if its members know exactly what they want, whereas the majority only knows that it wants things to be different. While we were uncertain at times of what we should think of these young zealots and their "patriotism," they were very forthright in saying what they thought of the West, and particularly of Western Christianity. In a long letter which I wrote in 1925 I made extended comments on this movement:

> "Recently I asked a group of student leaders in the anti-Christian organization of an interior provincial capital what their chief counts against Christianity were. One after another they spoke, enumerating a dozen or more reasons why they thought Christianity should be opposed. These charges which they expressed frankly and pointedly centered around two main lines: those based on materialistic rationalism and those based on an awakened nationalism. Their remarks made up a disconcerting tissue of truths, half-truths, misconceptions, and prejudices. . . .
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> "Christianity, they said, is dogmatic, irrational, in conflict with science, superstitious, opposed to progress. . . .
>
> "The most vigorous attacks on Christianity at present, however, are expressions of the rising tide of nationalism which, sweeping around the world, has engulfed China. . . . Christianity, say its critics, threatens the political and cultural integrity of their nation. It serves, though at times unconsciously, as the agent of imperialism--political, commercial, and cultural.
>
> "It is impossible to understand the present situation except in terms of war. . . . China and Great Britain have been engaged the past two months (following May 30) in war. It is an economic war, not a war of armies and navies. Apparently, however, the same sort of propaganda is required to sustain both species of war. . . . Opinions have been sharp, absolute, intolerant. . . . Partisans have insisted that 'those who are not for us are against us.'"

This psychology and these slogans have since become familiar, but it is worth noting that they were in evidence nearly a quarter of a century before the communists "took over" in China.

In December 1926 David Yui received an urgent telegram from the YMCA in Wuhan--Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang, 800 miles up the Yangtze River, asking him to make them a visit without delay. Wuhan was in process of becoming the seat of a left wing government, set up when the Northern Expedition was halted at that point. David Yui asked me to go in his stead. In Hankow I was joined by P. Y. Ma (Ma Po-Yüan, Ma

Boyuan), who came directly from Nanchang after talking there with Chiang Kai-shek and other Kuomintang leaders. P. Y. Ma, a veteran YMCA secretary who served Chinese students in Tokyo, was an early follower of Sun Yat-sen and one of his most trusted advisors and confederates. Ma's refusal over the years to accept office or any personal emoluments for himself gave added weight to his counsels in influential quarters. We found Hankow in great confusion. There were no police on the streets; instead blue-gowned coolies carrying batons were in charge of "the peace and order" of the city. "They are conscious of their power," I observed, "and are enjoying it to the utmost." Scores, some said hundreds, of unions were being formed. I wrote about this in my report of the visit:

> "Seamen, sampan coolies, stevedores, domestic servants (especially in foreign homes), tailors, barbers, laundrymen--every possible group is being unionized. A steward on a Yangtze River steamer described the process to me. An organizer boarded his ship, made it clear that every man on board must join, signed their names up on the spot, gave each man a badge and began forthwith to collect membership fees.
>
> "Strikes, the steward believed, were being run off on schedule; he thought his 'classification' would not be called on to strike for another month or six weeks. . . .
>
> "The government (I observed) is not attempting to suppress the uprising of the workers. What it is trying to do to keep them within bounds is not clear. This government is committed to the policy of enlisting farmers and workers in the present revolution."

During our week in Wuhan I noted that the government was highly disorganized, yet a great majority of the people, it seemed to me, favored the new government:

> "The merchants are uneasy (I noted) because of labor trouble. The banks fear levies which the drains made on them by Wu P'ei-fu and others leave them unprepared for. There are many other misgivings in many quarters. Yet the general feeling is that of watchful and on the whole hopeful waiting. I have heard the methods employed by the new regime criticized; I have not heard its patriotism questioned. The people believe it to be working unselfishly, and with almost religious passion, for the salvation of China."

Much of the week P. Y. Ma and I spent, together and separately, with local church leaders and with Christian leaders in the new regime. Toward the end of the visit we brought about a dinner meeting of these two elements in the Terminal Hotel. There we spent a long evening in discussions which led to subsequent parleying and actions which would take too much space to record here. Some of the things said that evening or at other times during the week, however, are worth recording. Said Sun Fo, then Minister of Communications:

> "We are accused of being Communistic and are called 'red.' It is not true. We do stand for the emancipation of the poor; if that is red, then we are red. We stand for the abolition of the unequal treaties; if that is red, then we are red, and so are 399,000,000 [sic] of our people. We stand for a program whereby the masses of our people, now bowed down by poverty, will have enough to eat; if that is red, then we are red, and so is every Chinese save those who live in Shanghai and Hankow and other foreign concessions and

fatten themselves on their fellow-men. We are against the oppressive militarists and for the people; if that is red, then we are red--and as Christians we must be red."

Hsu Ch'ien, Minister of Justice and something of a rabble-rouser, was perhaps the most non-judicial spokesman for the regime. With great fervor he declared:

"We are fighting militarism, the militarism represented by Yuan Shin-k'ai, Tuan Chi'i-jui (Duan Qirui), Wu P'ei-fu, Chang Tso-lin (Zhang-Zuo lin), and Sun Ch'uan-fang (Sun Chuanfang). We are fighting the foreign imperialism which has supported every one of these men in their efforts to put down the revolution. In the present situation the imperialist nations are not in sympathy with us. Only Russia is in sympathy with our struggle.

"Some call us red. We are not red. Our principles are well-known--the Three People's Principles laid down by Sun Yat-sen. . . . I ask you as Christians: Is it right or not to be against oppressive militarism and foreign imperialism?

"Separate Christianity and politics, we are told, but this is no ordinary political movement; it is a people's revolution, seeking to save our country. Several years ago in a conference at Kuling I tried to launch a National Salvation by Christianity Movement, but David Yui, Ch'eng Ching-i and other Christian leaders held back and refrained from going along. Now others have taken the initiative, and Christians can only join belatedly in the cause.

"Beware of Communism, we are told. We do not advocate Communism, but what if we did? Why should Christians who started out propertyless fear Communism?

"Christians should be our staunchest allies," the Wuchang Chief of Police, a Christian, said to me:

"The aims of Christianity and of our regime are the same, liberty and equality. Their spirit of sacrifice is identical; what better example of self-sacrifice can the revolutionaries find than Jesus? The organization of our Party is largely borrowed from the Christian Church as is its emphasis on propaganda, or preaching."

In Hankow I talked with Dr. Yen Fu-chun (Yen Fuzhun) and two of his colleagues who had come from Yale-in-China Medical College and Hospital in Changsha. The lurid stories they told of the ordeal which that city was undergoing under a red regime were not reassuring. The "Party Committee" of the city, they reported, included seven left wing and only three right wing members; this, they thought, accounted for the unbridled ascendancy and the excesses of the reds in Changsha. Former Christians were numbered among the anti-Christian agitators, defections having been particularly marked among the personnel of the fundamentalist, pietistic Bible institute. The party had enacted three resolutions with respect to the YMCA: (1) members of the party must not join the YMCA; (2) members of the YMCA cannot join the party unless they first resign from YMCA membership; and (3) the YMCA must be overthrown. The party had gotten hold of the membership roll of the YMCA and had written to every member, warning him to have nothing more to do with the YMCA.

On my way back to Shanghai from this visit I wrote down "Some Tentative General Impressions and Conclusions, based on a Visit to Central China, December 13-20, 1926." The following key sentences taken from the opening paragraphs of this statement, are indicative of how things looked to me at that time:

> "The present movement is, or is rapidly becoming, a real 'people's revolution.' The Revolution of 1911 and subsequent so-called revolutions were surface disturbances on an inland lake; this is an incoming sea tide.
>
> "The main purposes of the present revolution are such that right-minded persons must sympathize with them . . . national freedom . . . government of, for, and by the people . . . economic freedom for the masses.
>
> "The leaders of the present movement have started something they cannot control. . . . They have stirred desires and aspirations which cannot be satisfied soon. This means a long period of discontent and striving.
>
> "Foreign powers will have to adjust themselves to the processes of change taking place in China, not vice versa.
>
> "The new regime is not afraid of foreign force. In the boycott and the strike it has discovered a method of warfare which even an unarmed nation can wage with deadly effectiveness. What Turkey and Russia have done, China can do in getting rid of international arrangements distasteful to her.
>
> "Russia has played her hand with consummate skill. By revoking the unequal treaties and treating China as an equal she has commended herself to Young China as its only friend.
>
> "The present People's Revolution is a minority movement, as every such movement in history has at its outset been. It is however, an intelligent, patriotic, and powerful minority, and it is gathering the masses rapidly to its support.
>
> "One senses in the revolutionary leaders the force of an almost religious faith and passion. . . . This sort of spirit has drive, it is contagious, it makes men willing to die. It may of course be cooled, even lost, but until then it cannot be defeated by outside forces."

The prominence of Borodin, Russian "advisor" in the Hankow regime, was noteworthy. He and Galen (Vassily Blücher), the Russian military "advisor," had prudently kept in the background during the years of preparation in Canton and throughout the advances of the Northern Expedition. But in Hankow, Borodin stepped into the limelight. Among the banners with which I found the city a-blossom, the largest I saw, 30 or 40 feet in length, paid homage to Borodin. He was also making the principal speeches at mass meetings and was accepting the place of honor in receptions, parades, and other public functions. "This is only Chinese courtesy extended an honored guest." I was told. "Did not Sun Yat-sen say," one added, "that we treat Russia as a friend because Russia treats us as an equal and a friend?" The foreign policy of the Hankow regime was summed up for me as follows: "England--Fight! Japan--Let her alone! America--Remain receptive to her friendly advances! Russia--Cooperate!" In a matter of months the Hankow regime was repudiated, and its leaders were packing across the Gobi Desert in search of sanctuary in Europe.

I divided my long report of this significant visit into two sections. In the first I recorded whom and what I saw and what I heard from the lips of many people. In the second section I ventured to set down "general impressions and conclusions," from which I quote above. When John R. Mott received a copy of this report in New York, he thought it revealing enough for him to take it to the White House where it was read and then discussed with him by President Calvin Coolidge.

Two years later I was again in central China. This is how I contrasted the situation as I saw it, first in December 1926 and then in October-November 1928:

> "In 1926 the rift between the right and left wing was getting wider every day. Chiang Kai-shek had moved on to Nanch'ang where three months later he was to throw down the gauntlet to his left wing rivals. In Hankow Borodin was seemingly at the height of his power. Labor unions were springing up by hundreds, tools in the hands of left wing agitators. Harrowing tales were beginning to come up from the adjoining province of Hunan of open and above-board Communism of the Russian type. City walls were plastered over with lurid posters damning imperialists, capitalists, militarists, Christians, compradores, local gentry, politicians, and counter-revolutionists of every brand and fashion. The 'destructive phase' of the revolution was on with a vengeance.
>
> "It is a far different atmosphere I find in my present journey, less than two years later. With the fall of Peking to the Nationalists and the establishment in Nanking of a central government, followers of Sun Yat-sen declare that 'the period of tutelage and reconstruction' has begun. . . . Plans for the rehabilitation and modernization of China are being turned out at a phenomenal rate. It will take many years to carry them out. . . .
>
> "One after-effect of the Red Terror in central China is that the very name of Communism is now anathema everywhere I have been. During their ascendancy the Communists dubbed everyone who opposed them as 'counter-revolutionists'--than which there was no more terrifying an epithet with which to frighten timid souls. Now the tables are turned and to be called a 'Communist' is calculated to strike even greater terror in the person so charged.
>
> "The authorities are dealing severely with Communists, too severely I am inclined to think, though gentle folks with whom I have talked who have lived under the Communist regime declare that there is no other way to deal with them.
>
> "It would be a mistake, however, to assume that Communism is finished. Among the general run of the people it is thoroughly discredited, but among many of the younger people, especially among students of radical temper, it has only been driven underground. A Chinese colleague met an old friend in Paris recently, one of three Chinese members of the Executive Committee of the Third International: 'Wait three years,' this man said to him, 'and we shall be back in power in China.'"

On this 1928 journey I talked in Nanking with Chiang Kai-shek. "The first thing to be done," he said, "is to complete the unification of the country." For him this meant the

liquidation of the Communists, following which reconstruction could proceed.

In Nanchang General Ho Ying-ch'in (He Yingqin) described the methods he was employing to eradicate the Communists who had made the western borderland of Kiangsi Province their base of operations. With an elaborate system of pillboxes and with 300,000 of Nanking's crack troops under his command, he felt sure that in three months' time his job would be done. The genera's time-table was overly optimistic; five years later on another visit to Kiangsi Province I found the Communists only then in retreat! In an all-day drive into the territory of which they were then taking leave I passed on the road a great company of them, men and women on their way to join in the famous Long March of 6,000 miles to a new base in the Northwest. A more tatterdemalion crew I have never seen anywhere!

Concerning Changsha, which I also visited in 1928, I wrote:

> "Executions have become commonplace. Our boys' work secretary (YMCA) told me that make-believe executions have become a favorite past-time of children in their play. Two men were executed near the International Committee residence where I was staying the day before I came away. One of them went quietly to his death. The other went shouting, 'Long live Communism!' They marched him down the street and out the city gate, prodding him with bayonets as they went. His guards tried to silence him by jabbing first one jaw and then the other with their bayonets, with blood streaming from his mouth he still shouted, 'Long live Communism!' Why do they do it? One wishes that such courage and devotion, and it is not uncommon among young Communists, could be spent on nobler causes."

I talked for an hour in Changsha with Lu Ti-p'ing (Lu Diping) the provincial governor. He had much to say about the "bandit and Communist suppression campaign" which he was waging. Yet a Christian school teacher told me that in his judgment, 80 percent of the students in Changsha were still infected with the "Communist virus." The anti-Christian movement, recently so virulent in its attacks, was for the time being quiescent, but its deputies were keeping watch on the churches and keeping tab on students attending church services.

In quelling the Red Terror the authorities were carrying on what some regarded as a White Terror. In Kiukiang (Jiujiang), up the Yangtze River, I visited a so-called Repentance Camp in which Communist suspects, mostly students, were undergoing intensive anti-Communist "brainwashing." Herded in hordes behind barbed wire (in this and, we were told, in similar camps elsewhere), they were subjected to treatment hardly calculated to effect their conversion. There were many executions among those who refused to recant. "Among the victims are some of our best students," the President of Amoy University said to me when I visited him. Incidents noted in preceding pages reveal something of the spirit of these young revolutionary zealots who "counted not their lives dear unto them," if by their deaths they might advance their cause. Converts to messianic Marxism, they had no doubt about the triumph of their cause and gladly they offered their lives as instruments of history in hastening "The New Day A-Coming."

During this period we heard much of Communist cells being planted in various institutions, notably in schools and colleges. The immediate aim of these cells appeared to be to undermine existing authority and to gain a disguised control of as many situations as possible. An example of how they worked came to my attention in a document seized on

September 15, 1928 when the authorities raided a school in the International Settlement of Amoy (Hsia-men, Xiamen) suspected of harboring a Communist cell. The document to which I refer was a manual on the organization and conduct of secret cells which had been thrown into the school well at the time of the raid.

To read this manual was sobering. In fifteen chapters it laid out the most detailed instructions I had seen for the conduct of any organization. The following sentences, culled from the 12-page English translation of the document, reflect something of its nature and tone:

> "In undermining the power and prestige of the opposition our secret work must be considered the most important part of our activities. . . ."
>
> "At the present time the secret agents of the opposition have had a certain measure of success. . . . Our present object is to protect and foster the existing organization of our Party, and not to cause at this time any unnecessary situation which may react (unfavorably) on our organization or party. . . ."
>
> "If arrested, keep your mind in peace and give your body to the sacrifice. If death is your lot, meet it with courage. . . ."
>
> "If a man proves to be a traitor, or discloses any of our secrets, or turns out to be an agent of the opposition, he should be disposed of secretly by the organization."

The manual contained chapters setting forth specific instructions with respect to the establishment of a secret cell; precautions to be taken in convening a meeting; the safe custody of documents; carrying on secret communications; detecting agents of the opposition; evading agents of the opposition; the art of disguise; the distribution of propaganda; introducing new members; the conduct of members in public places; planting agents in opposition organizations; what to do when a cell is discovered and arrests occur; and how to deal with renegade members and opposition agents.

We knew that the Communists had made the YMCA a special object of their attention, but as yet they had given us no real trouble or concern. In 1928 Paul B. Anderson sent from Paris where he was working with Russian emigrés, a long article which had appeared the year before in *Youth International*, an organ of the International Association of Communist Youth. The article was contributed by a young Chinese Communist, and we found his comments on the YMCA interesting but in no sense disturbing. After giving his version of the penetration of Christian missionaries into China, beginning with Roman Catholic missions centuries earlier, he proceeded to address himself to the YMCA as "the strongest and most active Christian organization which now flourishes in China." The writer discounted the YMCA's championship of new treaty relations with foreign powers as no more than a bid for popular favor with its thousands of student members. He then quoted in part a resolution which had been adopted by the Communist Youth League of China:

> "It must be admitted that the YMCA is a mass organization which has acquired great popularity in the country. Therefore in all campaigns of a general national character . . . the Communist Youth Association must draw

upon the large numbers of Christian youth. This can be done by forming temporary unions between our members and students in the YMCA under the watchword of a 'united front against imperialism and militarism.'

"Our most active members must work within the YMCA and under the mask of being members form radical political factions out of the ranks of its membership. . . .

"Every effort must be made to hinder the leaders of the YMCA in developing their work among peasants and workmen. Their mistakes and blunders should be made the most of, and the uselessness and harmfulness of such an organization must be pointed out to the masses of workmen and peasants. . . .

"The task of the CYA is to work within the YMCA to break its influence on the great masses of youth. To that end the ideological fight must be intensified. . . .

"The CYA of China is confronted with the task of wresting Chinese youth from the influence of the YMCA and in turning them to right paths. We have every reason to hope that we shall succeed in this work. . . ."

Following visits in a number of North China cities, I wrote to my parents of a concern based on my observations there:

"I must confess that the church in all the cities I have visited struck me as failing lamentably . . . in its appeal to youth. Young people in China now breath an atmosphere of revolution. The most vital movements of the time propose to turn the world upside down. They strike out boldly in condemnation of the ills and inequalities of life. True, they are more effective in condemnation than they are in their panaceas. Yet they show awareness of ills which need to be redressed, wrongs which need to be righted. For the church in such a situation to go on preaching an other-worldly and esoteric 'Gospel' cannot stir the pulses or command the allegiance of youth at its best. The situation presents the YMCA with an extraordinary opportunity. . . ."

The Nationalists were still in control of an uncertain situation when the following year in June, 1929, our family started for America on its third furlough. We returned by way of the Trans-Siberian Railway, spending a day enroute in Moscow, zigzagging across Europe, and then crossing the Atlantic to New York. The time and expense incurred in securing our USSR visas were indicative of the times. So were the hostilities which broke out between Nationalist and Soviet troops on the Manchuria-Siberian border shortly after we had left it behind. Our sightseeing in Moscow was done in tow of an excellent Russian guide who had lived in both Shanghai and Peking. He spoke good English, and as we made the rounds of the city we were made to see what was going on through the eyes of an ardent "believer." We found Old Moscow and the New Russia equally exciting. I wrote back to our friends in Shanghai:

"The most interesting and significant thing we saw in Moscow was the Museum of the Revolution--a vast collection of material powerfully presenting the revolutionary cause. There are photographs and replicas depicting the

ruthless cruelty of the czars in putting down revolutionary uprisings in the past. 'The blood of the martyrs' is brought to mind in a hundred ways which appeal powerfully to the emotions--emotions of horror, of compassion, of admiration, and of vindictiveness against the oppressors. There are sections devoted to different areas of the world. I was of course particularly interested in the Chinese and American sections. . . . Then there are maps and statistical tables setting forth the numerical strength, the activities and the growth of Communism in all parts of the world. The whole thing is a great 'missionary exhibit.' It reveals a worldwide outlook, plan, and program. . . . The museum was swarming with parties of young workers and others, each party led by a guide who explained everything with true missionary fervor."

At the end of our day in Moscow we entrained for Warsaw. Hardly had the train gotten under way than I discovered among our fellow passengers a daughter of Eugene Chen (Ch'en Yu-jen, Chen Youren), the brilliant Minister of Foreign Affairs in the erstwhile Wuhan regime. The daughter was evidently in Russia as one of the early pilgrims from China to that Fatherland of World Communism. This is how I reported the encounter:

"That night as our train left Moscow for the Polish border I noted a commotion in a neighboring compartment, in and around the door of which a crowd was gathering. Inside the compartment a young Communist, daughter of a well-known Chinese political leader, was waging an intense argument with a New York Jew. She was ridiculing his religion and setting forth her own faith, upon which he in turn was pouring forth his abuse. The fanatical ardor with which this young Chinese Communist spoke, and the ready repartee with which she met his points and pressed her own, bore the unmistakable marks of confident and aggressive religious revivalism."

I was in America for a year, and in June 1930 I was back in China. The situation with respect to Communism had not changed greatly during the year. The more the authorities bore down on the movement, the more it seemed to thrive. Its activities were perforce carried on underground in a conspiratorial fashion, but on many campuses and in not a few city-wide demonstrations, workers were keeping the students astir. The public hardly knew how seriously to take these manifestations of youthful exuberance, and school authorities were inclined to regard them as an annoying but transient phase which in time would pass. These happenings, however, continued to pique my curiosity, and I tried by keeping my eyes and ears open and by extensive reading to understand what was going on. My interest in the subject led to my being asked to contribute an article concerning it to *The Chinese Recorder*. This appeared in the June 1933 issue of that journal, and it closed with the following words:

"It is hardly necessary to say that a religion which denies God, repudiates spiritual reality, and seeks to establish its paradise on earth by exciting class bitterness and warfare, comes into fundamental and irreconcilable conflict with Christianity. Yet shall we not recognize the ethical challenge which Communism makes--in its relentless hatred of all exploitation of man by man, its ardent endeavor to evolve a 'complete plan for reconstructing the life of the world,' and its belief in the possibility of producing eventually a race of men capable of living together in a classless, cooperative commonwealth?

"A great Russian philosopher (Nicholai A. Berdyaev) has reminded us that in order to overcome the untruth in Communism it is necessary for us to recognize its truth. More important still, we must translate that truth and the fuller, purer truth we profess to believe into actual individual and collective living. Once more Christians are called upon to prove the superiority of their faith by 'out-thinking, out-living, and out-dying' their contemporaries, and by embodying their faith, not alone in splendid examples of individual excellence but in the corporate life of society and the world."

A year later, in June 1934, I was asked to speak one Sunday morning on the same subject to the faculty and students of the [Baptist] University of Shanghai. Among the things I said in that address I note the following:

"It will help, I think, to bear in mind that Communism is at least three things. First, it is an economic theory and an attempt to build a new social order on the basis of that theory. Second, it is a way of life which, if not avowedly a religion, undoubtedly seeks to take the place of religion in human life. And, third, it offers itself to the world as a method of social change. . . .

"In a recent magazine article Joseph Wood Krutch, referring to the essentially non-rational and non-scientific character of Communism, whimsically remarks that 'the exhausted skeptic used to enter the Catholic Church; today the tired radical embraces the Communist faith.'. . .

"Communism, I say, offers itself to our generation as a method of social change. I am inclined to think that it is this aspect of Communism which makes its greatest appeal to youth. . . . Youth is deeply concerned as it looks out upon a world which somehow or other has gone sadly awry. Communism, seeing a society which has broken down and failed lamentably to fulfill its proper function, matches this mood of youth when it says, 'Let us smash this society'--assuming that when this is accomplished a better social order will surely follow. . . .

"Class conflict leads not to cooperation but to more class conflict. Violence breeds violence, and a system established by the sword will in due course perish by the sword. Violent revolution may at the moment seem effective, but history seems to show that it leads not to Utopia but to a long and weary cycle of revolution and counter-revolution.

"Jesus in His day was surrounded by impatient revolutionaries, compromising opportunists and stubborn reactionaries. He associated Himself with none of these but, blazing a new trail, He called upon men to bear not a sword but a cross and to conquer their enemies not with hatred but with love.

"Jesus would have to join Him in this method of building a new world. Its processes are those of the leaven in the lump, changing society from within; of seed falling into the ground and dying, that from the red soil of sacrifice new life may spring up; of faith and hope and love in the face of seeming defeat and disaster."

I cite these words to illustrate what Communism looked like to me in the early 1930s. In its revolt against the status quo and its striving after a better world order, I saw a movement

which invited serious study and even emulation in certain respects. At no time did I see it as "the way out" for China or for the world. Neither did I see in it the serious threat it turned out to be, sweeping away much that was good in old China, along with much that was ripe for change.

In the spring of 1936 we were on the last lap of our twenty-six years' residence in China, though we had no idea at the time that this was the case. I made one of my last long journeys into the interior when I visited Sian in March. There I heard a great deal about Communist "irregulars" by whom the city was surrounded, and of Yenan (Yanan) to the west where the Communists had established their capital following the "Long March" from central China. When I boarded the train for my return journey to Shanghai I bumped into an old friend, Chung Ko't'o (Zhong Ketuo), whom I had not seen for several years. K. T. Chung had been rector of a large Episcopal Church in Shanghai but had left the ministry to serve in the Communist underground. He was on his way from Yenan to Nanking to complete a secret mission when we met. Before we parted he was urging me to visit Yenan, promising safe conduct if I would undertake the journey. My imminent departure for America ruled out this interesting possibility. A few months later it was, I am sure, this friend who arranged for Edgar Snow to make the visit, out of which came his illuminating volume entitled, *Red Star Over China*. On reaching Shanghai I made a summary record of my encounter with K. T. Chung:

> "I have just travelled by train for a day and night with an old friend who has been active for several years in the Chinese Communist Party. From 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evenings we conversed together almost uninterruptedly, as we travelled from Sian to Chengchow. . . .
>
> "My friend lives, travels, and writes under assumed names. He was, and is, a Christian. Doubtless this is why he has been able to win the confidence of the Government authorities in Nanking, while holding the confidence of his own Red leaders. He had just penetrated the Red territory to its capital in North Shensi, armed with both credentials from Nanking and the necessary passwords from Yenan.
>
> "The Communists' goal, he said, is a Communist Republic of China. In thirty years times at most be believed that goal would be reached. (He was conservative, it took twelve years!) The Red Army believes that the future is theirs, or that it belongs to the Cause for which it is fighting.
>
> "Every seventh day (in Yenan) everybody goes to the fields--officials, soldiers, and all--to give a hand alongside the farmers in tilling the soil. Many of the leaders are scholars, some of them returned students, and not a few are graduates of government, private, and Christian colleges in China. It is funny to see the awkwardness with which these men try to handle the implements which their farmer comrades handle with such ease. The symbolism of this practice is significant of the paramount importance attached to the agrarian problem in China. . . .
>
> "Everybody in China who is thinking at all about the basic problems of the country agrees that 'rural bankruptcy' is the root trouble. On the two weeks journey from which I have just returned I have talked with two governors, several generals, and civilian officials, with bankers, merchants, and others. In no case did the conversation proceed far before this problem cropped up.

Everybody is profoundly troubled. Only the Communists seem confident that they have the solution. . . .

"Education (Chung admitted) is unashamedly propagandistic in character. . . . Indoctrination in Communism is at present its main end. . . .

"My friend confessed that there was little gaiety behind the Red lines. It is a Puritan regime. . . .

"There are frequent meetings in Yenan in which, in addition to the transaction of business, book reviews are presented and various topics are discussed. Even on the march these men and women are endeavoring to clarify their ideology and to formulate their plans. . . .

"My friend spoke guardedly of the Party organization. . . . There are not more than 10,000 members, he thought, with probably a million additional adherents. Admission into the Party is difficult. Only after passing through prolonged periods of probation can one be admitted into full membership. . . .

"Throughout the Red territory an airtight system of police surveillance is in operation. . . . This police system is also employed to eradicate and keep down social evils found elsewhere. There are no prostitutes, opium smokers, or beggars in Yenan. . . .

"What about the slaughter, I asked, which your armies have committed; not of soldiers but of civilian men, women, and children? He admitted that this killing had been done, in the belief that it was necessary for the small, poorly equipped, and pursued Red Army to create a reign of terror in the new territories they entered, in order to safeguard their survival. . . .

"Thousands of Communists, my friend claimed, are in special prisons in Nanking, Chinkiang, Soochow, and elsewhere. Their time, he felt sure, was not being wasted! Many had been shot. My friend told of a former colleague, a well-known Christian pastor-turned-Communist, who is now in the Nanking prison. In the Military Court he admitted that he had been serving as secretary of the Central Political Committee of the Communist Party. 'You ask for my secrets' he said to the Court, 'but I will not give them to you. Ask for my life, and you may have it.' My friend was told that Marshal Chiang Kai-shek shed tears when he heard the story. 'He is too good a man to shoot,' Chiang had said, commuting the death penalty to ten years in prison. . . ."

K. T. Chung was on his way to Nanking when we had the conversation from which I cite these few highlights. He was hoping that he could bring together the two parties, based in Yenan and Nanking, in a truly "common front" against the invading armies of Japan. "My friend," I said in my summary statement, "May be unduly optimistic in his belief that the Communists and Nanking can be brought together and together can work for the defense and reconstruction of their country. He may be mistaken, but I believe he is sincere."

How mistaken he was became clear when a dozen years later, Chiang Kai-shek and a remnant of his regime fled to Taiwan and the Communists entered Peking, from which

they have since held sway over the most unified, tyrannical, and arrogant government known to China's long history. Of many of my friends who have remained on China's mainland and given their support to the Communist regime, I would say that they too "may be mistaken" but I believe them to be "sincere." This I would say, for example, of Wu Yao-tsung (Wu Yaozong), my colleague and friend for many years, and since 1948 the foremost leader in bringing the Communist government and the Christian church into peaceful coexistence and even cooperation with each other.

Y. T. Wu had been for years the head of Association Press, a prolific writer on Christian subjects, and a greatly honored leader among Chinese students. Twice he studied at Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University in New York. His Christian pacifism led to his being chosen to serve for years as the China head of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. A devout Christian, he undoubtedly deplored the atheism of Communism, but because of its other merits persuaded himself that this tenet could be condoned as a demerit which in time would be sloughed off. The humanitarian and social aims of Communism, he concluded, were more "Christian" than those presently found in the Christian Church.

In 1950, a year after the Communist "take-over," the International Committee was still making an annual contribution toward the support of Association Press in China. That fall Y. T. Wu sent me copies of eight booklets which he had had published during the year in a series dealing with current problems. I was surprised and dismayed by their contents, and by the whole point of view which they reflected. During the earlier stages of the "Japan War" Wu had formulated a Statement of Policy for the guidance of Association Press which seemed to me so "Christian" that I kept it at hand and referred to it frequently. Contrariwise it seemed to me that the pamphlets to which I refer, instead of viewing the policies and actions of China and of other nations in the light of Christian truth, made Communism the touchstone by which current developments, and especially Christianity, must be judged. I wrote to Wu, voicing my misgivings. His reply, dated November 9, 1950, was the last communication which I would receive from mainland China down to the present time, eleven years later. This lends interest and poignancy to what he said in that letter:

"Dear Gene:

"I appreciate very much the comments you made on our pamphlets. Immediately after I received your letter I looked over the eight pamphlets which you received, but I must confess I find nothing in them which made me feel the series is not in conformity with our earlier statement of policy, a copy of which you enclosed.

"I am at a loss to know how to explain this divergence of views concerning the contents of these pamphlets. The easiest way to explain it is to say that we are actually living in two different worlds of ideas. This fact necessarily affects the way we interpret the Christian faith, even though we may state that faith in similar terms.

"It would take too many words to explain my present position and I doubt whether even the fullest explanation would convince you. Too many things have happened during the past years in China and the whole world, and we should be very poor Christians if history has not shed new light for us, in which we can view the Christian Gospel from a new perspective and in greater depth.

"In view of the above situation, all I can ask of you is Christian forbearance in which you will respect our views and our judgment, just as we respect yours, and a sufficient amount of confidence in us, that we are trying our best to work out the implications of the Christian faith in the new situation in China.

"I have shared your letter and this reply with my colleagues in the National Committee. This letter will convey to you warmest regards from them and from Mrs. Wu.

"Very sincerely yours,

"Y. T."

XIV.

More Stresses and Strains

Most male Protestant missionaries in China were married and had family members with them, while Roman Catholic missionaries were celibate; this made for differences in their methods and their influence. A significant proportion of Roman Catholic priests resided in small towns, visiting their village congregations on a regular schedule and leaving them between visits in the care of Chinese assistants. Many of the priests adopted the Chinese life style.[9] *American Protestant families, in contrast, were more likely to settle in urban centers and American parents ordinarily felt an obligation to raise their children as Americans, their sons and daughters being prepared for education and life in the United States. Missionary residences were in many instances grouped into a compound surrounded by walls.*

The attempt to create an island of America could have varied effects. It could insulate the missionary families from the Chinese scene and invite the envy of Chinese colleagues, who received lower salaries and maintained a lower standard of living. It could, on the other hand, provide Chinese visitors with insights into alternative family relationships and standards in household management.

Always there was the problem of the children's education, and Barnett reminds us of the family sacrifices entailed. The Barnett family was actually more fortunate than most in that their location in Shanghai from 1921 on meant that the children could attend the American school until they were ready for college. In many Protestant families separation occurred earlier, the children receiving their high school education in boarding schools in China or abroad. For Barnett, with his strong family bonds, the division of the family either because of his professional responsibilities or because of his children's college education, was difficult. He worked hard to sustain family ties via long letters to Bertha, so that the family could share his thoughts and experiences, at least vicariously. He continued to exert a moral influence on his children through voluminous correspondence and brief visits with them whenever possible. Not just daily activities formed the content of his letters, but opinions on many issues both personal and international, discussions of his views on priorities in life, his hopes and expectations for his children, praise for accomplishments, and gentle chiding for lapses. Apparently he was successful for the cement of the family bonds them firmly, and his offspring gave a good account of themselves. More important for this autobiography is the fact that much of its material comes from Barnett's letters so that we have contemporaneous reactions to events along with remembrances.

In discussing the controversy over a 1930 survey of YMCA work in China, Barnett spells out in detail the questions of autonomy, "face," nationalism, and communication. Some Chinese Christians were in a difficult position, subjects to nationalistic attacks as lackeys of foreigners; their protestations of autonomy appeared to be negated by the proposal for outside assessors. Barnett's strong sense of duty, his loyalty to the organization, and his remarkable ability to communicate with Christians in both China and the United States, all are evident in the way he helped to resolve the controversy.

Stereotypes die hard. In 1910 "foreign missionary service" was still thought of in many quarters as a career fraught with untold hardship and hazard. Subsequent developments in worldwide communications, not least the exigencies of wars, hot, and cold, have made travel and residence in far-off places a commonplace experience for Americans, but fifty years ago residence in China set an individual somewhat apart from his fellows. What we actually found in China was so far different from the perils and privations which we were supposed to be courting that we were soon speaking of them only ironically, with tongue in cheek. The minimum of six weeks required for an exchange of family or business letters was, of course, a continuing reminder of the distance which we had placed between ourselves and familiar associations left behind, and the absence of certain accustomed amenities in interior China constituted a minor deprivation. New friends, new interests, and new dimensions in one's outlook and experience, however, brought compensations many-fold.

There was one real sacrifice entailed in this service which we did not laugh off. The early sundering of families demanded by the children's schooling was a hardship which we did not deny or minimize. Our family was fortunate in that my transfer in 1921 took us to Shanghai where the children were able to enroll in the Shanghai American School as day-pupils. This was an excellent institution, ranking in its output with the better private schools in America. As a member and for a time chairman of the Board of Managers, I kept close tab on the school and saw how fortunate we were in having at close hand the advantages of such an institution.

The years passed swiftly, however, and in June 1929 we saw our two eldest children graduate from high school in a class of thirty boys and girls. This meant for them leaving home, entering college, and finding their feet in a homeland which seemed more strange to them than the land in which they had been born and so far lived. One week after commencement we were packing our suitcases and storing our household things in preparation for our departure for America; Robert and Eugenia Mae to enter college, their parents for their third furlough, and the two younger boys to savor firsthand the realities of an America which so far they knew only by hearsay.

Instead of returning to America by the usual route across the Pacific we made the journey the other way round, crossing Siberia, Europe, and the Atlantic and landing in New York City. The logistics involved in transporting a family of six, ranging in age from 8 to 41, across these stretches challenged our resourcefulness. The challenge was accentuated by the necessity of keeping expenditures within the amount allowed for the shortest and least expensive route home, plus a modest supplement from our meager savings! On reaching New York I prepared a detailed account of how we managed this feat, to send back to friends in China who were contemplating making the same journey. In this account I cited some of the highlights of the trip:

> "Warsaw is a charming city, previous reports to the contrary notwithstanding. . . . At this juncture I wish to record a generalization which applies to our YMCA people wherever I have found them: They know the city and country in which they work; they are in touch with its leading personalities; and they are able to interpret what is going on in a way which carries conviction.
>
> "We landed in Prague to find the city in festive array, commemorating the 1000th anniversary of the reign of 'good King Wenceslaus.' Forty-eight thousand 'sokols' were in the city, dressed in their many-hued, much ruffled, and greatly varied regional costumes, reminiscent of by-gone ages. So colorful

a scene we have never seen off-stage, or on it, and here it was splashed all over the city. . . . An American soon feels at home in Prague, as he alights from his train at the Woodrow Wilson Station, steps over to Hoover Avenue, crosses into Wilson Park, and comes up to its heroic statue of Woodrow Wilson, on the pedestal of which is carved in English and Latin, 'The world must be made safe for democracy.'"

"We stopped off a day in Dresden to see the Sistine Madonna. We were everlastingly repaid for doing it."

"Every bend of the Rhine is haunted with the ghosts of marching Crusaders and every hilltop castle is redolent of memories of knights and ladies. . . ."

"These customs and passport hurdles predispose one to support [Aristide] Briand's proposal of an economic United States of Europe!. . . ."

"We spent four days at Interlaken and found it hard to move on when our schedule told us to do so. . . . We celebrated our wedding anniversary on July 20 by making the trip to Jungfraujoch. . . ."

"We all liked London. Even the language, after Russia and Poland, seemed familiar! One day we went to Oxford. Another day spent in visits to Warwick Castle, the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, and Stratford shares with the Jungfrau day the red-letter squares in our summer calendar."

From London I back-tracked to Geneva alone to attend a meeting of the World's Committee of the YMCA. The flight from London to Paris was my first experience in sky travel. The noise, the vibrations and the lurching, and the smell of gasoline and vomit on the 18-passenger plane were overpowering, and I was still reeling from the after-effects two days later! Much of the Geneva meeting was devoted to preparations for the World Conference of the YMCA to be held in Cleveland, Ohio two summers later. For me a more important errand was to discuss with F. Ernest Johnson and others the forthcoming International Survey of the YMCA and YWCA, of which he had been made the general director. In Shanghai we saw pitfalls in this survey and we had definite proposals as to how we thought it should be carried out in China.

We crossed the Atlantic, Tourist Third, and landed in New York on August 18, 1929. Bertha and the children proceeded forthwith to Clayton, Georgia for a visit with her family. After a few days of consultation in the New York office I went to Lakeland, Florida for a visit with my parents. In early September the long-dreaded, yet also welcomed, day arrived and our two eldest were off to college, Robert to the University of North Carolina and Eugenia Mae to Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, Virginia. The bonds which had united us in a closely-knit family were loosed, and it would never be the same again. The weaning process, I am sure, was as hard for father and mother as it was to son and daughter!

After convoying the now-truncated family from Clayton to Lakeland and helping them get settled there, I set forth on a strenuous program of travel, speech-making, and fund-raising which took me to many parts of the country. In October I managed to get in short visits with our college children. On a bumpy train enroute from Chapel Hill to Lynchburg I tried, in an 18-page letter, to share with Bertha the hours I had just had with Robert.

"Harry Comer (the YMCA secretary) says that Robert has made a fine impression on the campus, that he is the most mature freshman in the university, and that few students in any of the classes are as mature as he is. He spoke of Robert's honesty, his insight into and grasp of moral issues, the fresh candor with which he asks questions about things he does not understand, and the winning qualities with which he attracts the friendship of the boys. . . .

"Robert's room in Grimes Hall is pretty crude. . . . Neither Robert nor his roommate show West Point proclivities on the score of neatness. I urged him to set for himself a goal of neatness and to buy curtains for the windows and a rug for the floor. . . . Swain Hall is rather rough and unappetizing. He misses the tasty touches and the balanced menu of his mother's food. That there is no occasion for immediate worry is indicated by the fact that Robert is tipping the scales at 154 pounds, or ten pounds more than he weighed in the summer. . . .

"Most of the friends to whom Robert introduced me were upper-classmen and graduate students. I told him last night how gratified I was with the kind of friends he was making. 'I don't deserve any credit for that,' he quickly replied. 'With our home background neither Genie Mae nor I could be attracted by any other kind, nor would we appeal to any other kind.'"

From Lynchburg I wrote of my briefer visit with Eugenia Mae--or Gene, as she would henceforth wish to be called. Said I:

"I am not going to write as long a letter about Genie Mae as I did about Robert, partly because I have seen less of her but mainly because she has done so wonderfully well in sharing her experiences with us through her letters.

"I went out to see her yesterday noon. She was at the gate of the college to meet me when I got off the streetcar. Little old Genie Mae, dressed with greatest simplicity and as utterly unconscious of herself as she has always been!

"We went straight to her room. In contrast with Robert's room in Chapel Hill it looked, well, it looked like a girl's room. The carved camphor chest in the corner, the open Chinese umbrella over the mirror, the pigskin trinket box on the dresser, the framed picture of the Ling Yin (Hangchow's famous monastery), and two Chinese scrolls on the walls gave the room an authentic Chinese atmosphere.

"Her roommate, enjoyed throwing Genie Mae into blushes by talking of her as a genius. It seems that her English teacher has been so pleased with themes she has turned in that she had read two of them to one class after another, heaping praise on their composition.

"I have asked Genie Mae to send copies of these two themes to you. One tells of her early childhood in Hangchow. The other tells of the visits we used to make in the spring to Hangchow Christian College. The themes are simple and they could be improved here and there, but they are rich in feeling and utterly true in their abundant imagery. . . ."

Long and frequent letters passed that fall between our two college freshmen and their itinerating father. It may have been a lingering attempt on my part and theirs to cling to each other and to our common past, but whatever the incentives we managed surprisingly well to keep tab on each other's doings and on much of our current thinking. Indeed it seemed to me at times that we went further in our letters in revealing our inner thoughts to each other than we had been able to do in face-to-face conversation while living under the same roof. In re-reading letters which have survived, I am interested to see how much "talking back and forth" there was in the family correspondence by which we were trying to keep together during these first months of separation in America.

I left the family in Lakeland in September for deputation work and did not see them again until just before Christmas. I was in Chicago on "Black Monday" when the bottom fell out of the stock market. It seemed that almost everybody I met that day, including the telephone girls, the elevator operators, and the stenographers, had been "playing the market," and great was their excitement as bulletins came in of the gathering crash. The country went on, however, nursing the hope that this was only a passing phase, and that any day prosperity would reappear around the corner. I opined in one of my family letters:

> "I am inclined to think that changes are taking place in the structure of American culture as profound as those going on in China. At any rate I find men in this country in as great confusion as their counterparts in China are as to whither they are heading, and as to how men and movements of constructive purpose can meet the demands of a rapidly changing environment. . . .

In another family letter I ruminated:

> "Isn't it strange? Our modern mechanistic civilization which has reached its zenith in American well-nigh appalls me. Certainly, however, its high productivity notwithstanding, it is by no means an unmixed good. Yet Ford's factory in Detroit seems to be the ideal on which Moscow would pattern Russian life, city and rural."

America's influence on China at that time was brought home to me in connection with a visit I made that fall to Springfield, Illinois. In the great clutter of mementoes left by visitors from many lands in the Lincoln Museum I found nothing from China. I thereupon wrote back to Nanking and secured from Sun Fo a Chinese scroll, exhibiting his own brushmanship and seal, for presentation to the museum. Sun Fo was the son of Sun Yat-sen and himself a cabinet minister at the time. I had suggested that the scroll might appropriately bear the Chinese characters with which his father had summed up The Three People's Principles, embodying as they did the political philosophy and program around which the nation was being rallied. Sun Fo responded handsomely by coming back with a scroll 3 by 5 feet in size on which he had inscribed the ideographs suggested, and in addition a passage from an address his father had given in 1921 to members of the Kuomintang identifying the source of these principles.

The Three People's Principles, he explained, derived from Abraham Lincoln's famous formulation: "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." For China Sun Yat-sen interpreted "government of the people" to signify Nationalism; "government by the people," Democracy; and "government for the people," Livelihood. For several generations Chinese students had revered George Washington and Abraham Lincoln as pioneers and exemplars of their own national hopes, and the founding fathers of China's revolution still

looked to America and not to Russia or elsewhere for their inspiration and guidance. Moreover, it was still American *ideas* rather than American technology that most stirred the respect and emulation of the awakening nation.

Mid-December found me in New York, making ready for the Christmas holidays in Lakeland. Robert and Gene were to be home from college, and three days after Christmas we were to celebrate my father's 80th birthday. This conjunction of circumstances (and our neglected Chinese appetites) plainly called for a Chinese meal during the family reunion. I therefore journeyed to a Cantonese grocery store in New York's Chinatown to purchase the "makings." The proprietor, an uncle of the Yale student who accompanied me on this important mission, entered into the spirit of the enterprise, and we proceeded to assemble the bean sprouts, mushrooms, bamboo shoots, ginger root, soy sauce, and other essentials. As I gave the storekeeper our Lakeland address and asked him to send the supplies on by parcel post, I spied a heap of Shantung cabbage. That, I thought, will provide the "last completing touch" to our meal and so I asked that a couple of heads be added to the order. "Where did you say you want this stuff to go?" asked the proprietor. "To Lakeland, Florida," I replied. "That's where these cabbages came from," he informed me. With a Chinese partner he raised Chinese vegetables in Florida for sale mainly to Chinese restaurants in New York City.

In collaboration with culinarily skilled Chinese friends, Bertha had become adept in the subtle arts of Chinese cookery, and the Chinese feast she concocted on this occasion was a Lucullian triumph. I like to recall that my father who had never handled chopsticks in all his 80 years used nothing else that day in disposing of the sumptuous dishes which appeared before him, one after the other. Three thousand years have made Chinese cuisine the most sophisticated, I think, and the most enticing in the world. That meal cost days of painstaking preparation, and before the afternoon was half over it had all been put away! But 32 years later the memory of that meal still proclaims the wisdom of the Chinese who for so many centuries have frankly acknowledged good food to be one of the truly "durable pleasures of life!"

In mapping out plans for the use of our furlough year we had agreed that I should spend the fall in deputation work and the spring in study. The first half year had now been spent according to this plan, and I looked forward to spending the next half year in Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary. On reaching New York, however, I found a situation which compelled reconsideration of these cherished plans. I wrote Bertha:

> "Our spring plans may be completely upset. I *can* go ahead and study as planned! Perhaps it is right that I should do so. If, on the other hand, the threat to our foreign work enterprise demands it, and if I can help a little bit in stemming the impending crisis, it may be that I should volunteer to give up my study plans and keep on the road. I cannot describe the revulsion I feel toward such a course. I have a good program set up for the spring study. I don't enjoy running around and making speeches as some people do, but it may be that duty runs in that direction, and if it does I suppose I shall too."

Three months earlier, as mentioned above, I had been in Chicago when the stock market debacle had broken upon the nation and the world. Notwithstanding much wishful thinking on Wall Street and brave reassurances in Washington, the Great Depression continued to spread further and further, sinking the American economy to greater and greater depths. The nation's leaders hoped for the best but, sad to relate, they were not

prepared for the worst! "I could write you a very lugubrious letter about the financial outlook at International Committee headquarters," I wrote in the letter quoted above. "Nearly everybody is walking around as if in a trance."

> "Mott and Brockman have had critics who charge them with stirring the movement to undertake more foreign work than it can swing. These critics have thought of themselves as hard-headed, business-like, and practical and 'a balanced budget' looms too large as their touchstone of 'a good year.' Now they are finding that practicality can be impractical, and they are feeling the need throughout the movement of the vision and challenge with which Mott and Brockman have pestered them throughout the years. . . .
>
> "What am I to do? I can marshall an overwhelming case for study in further preparation for what lies ahead in China. And then I wonder whether I am not rationalizing --finding 'reasons' to support my desires. . . .

"No one is asking me to change my plans . . .,but to be prepared to cancel them at the last minute if that seems the thing to do." It was with mixed feelings, therefore, that I wrote on January 30:

> "The decision is that I study this spring. Of course, 'the best laid plans of mice and men--.' However I think it will be study and so I am mapping out my courses."

The next day, January 31, I sent a long letter to "My Dear China Colleagues," reporting a week's sessions in New York City which 18 furloughed secretaries had just had together, catching up on developments in America and in the American YMCA during the preceding five or six years. Half of those in attendance were from China!

> "The only fixed point in American culture, we were told, is the fact of change.
>
> "The situation had produced three sorts of reaction in YMCA circles. One group is discouraged. Men of this group feel that the Golden Age is past, and they view the future with foreboding. Another group is not greatly affected by the present flow of events; they are as yet unaware of the new world which is evolving. The third group is optimistic and buoyant, confident about the future of the YMCA and of the soundness of what we are doing. . . .
>
> "Our Home Division is staffed by young men, practically all of whom speak the language of Morningside Heights. They are an exceedingly able group of men, and they are endeavoring to carry on their work as educators rather than promoters. . . .
>
> "I believe the YMCA is still a living organism and that it will adjust itself to the new environmental conditions so rapidly emerging. . . .
>
> "Science will doubtless continue taking Humpty Dumpty apart and analyzing his fractional parts, but education, and most assuredly religious education, must go on putting him together again and dealing with him as a living soul."

At Columbia I picked up two courses where I had left them six years before: Philosophy of Education and Radical, Conservative, and Reactionary Tendencies in Present

Day Morals. Other courses this time were on: Religious Aspects of Contemporary Philosophies, a religious education course of Work With Individuals, a course on Education and Nationalism, and a course with Reinhold Niebuhr on Modern Ethical Problems.

The menu chosen was heavy, but my appetite was voracious. I wrote Bertha:

> "I am going to try hard to relate all of my reading, the lectures I hear, the discussions in which I engage, and the thinking I do to the situation and work to which we return in China. I like William James' insistence that the end purpose of learning, and of life, is not to understand. Ideas should eventuate into action. This does not mean of course a specific action per specific idea; rather one must seek some principle of integration by which all of his ideas and experiences feed into and enrich a central life purpose."

Thus I sought to choose my courses and direct my studies in pursuit of ends which I regarded as more substantial than an advanced degree would be for me.

In early March Bertha and the two younger children drove up from Lakeland to join me in the home I had rented in Yonkers. True to her gregarious nature, Bertha planned the journey so as to visit friends and relatives along the way, with little regard for the inconveniences and extra mileage involved. The journey was interrupted in north Georgia by the death of her father. He and mother Smith had spent some weeks with Bertha in Lakeland and only recently had left her for a visit with one of his sons. He had not been well, but his sudden decline and death was unexpected. I wrote concerning him to our children:

> "It is good to think of the total impression which your Grandfather Smith leaves upon our lives. We shall remember his laughter. He had suffered reverses, physical and financial, but they never broke his spirit. I like to think that Heaven is a joyous place and that already he is finding things there over which to break into laughter. He liked to tell and to hear stories and jokes, and I cannot remember having him tell one that would be out of place in Heaven.
>
> "He loved his children and grandchildren, and to the end remained interested in their interests and concerns. Before me is a letter which he wrote to me not long ago. It is a business letter but in it he speaks with pride and affection of each of his children, and then of each of you, his grandchildren--by name. . . .
>
> "Preeminently he was God's man. I knew him first in Jasper. At that time he owned big lumber interests, the town water, telephone, and electricity systems, a general store, and, I believe, a farm. Busy as he was with many 'affairs,' he always put first things first, his family, his church, and his community. . . .
>
> "His feet were planted squarely amongst the ways of men, but to use an old-time phrase, 'his conversation was in Heaven.' He lived at once in Time and in Eternity. He did not go far in the schools, but he learned well in the School of Life."

The next four months opened many doors of knowledge and enjoyment and

sharpened one's "intellectual and spiritual appetites" for all the years to follow. For the time being I was permitted to turn aside from the day-to-day matters which had come so completely to absorb my life and to devote myself wholly to study. I worked hard, and the discovery and exploration of new worlds made the long hours seem short and the hard work exciting adventure. On the eve of final examination in May, 1930, I was brought abruptly to earth by a telephone call from the Office of the International Committee.

Could I join the senior officers of the staff at breakfast at the Roosevelt Hotel the following morning? They were sorry to disturb me but the matter was urgent. It was a troubled group of men indeed whom I met next morning. As we sat down, I was handed a long cablegram from Shanghai reporting the resignations of David Yui as General Secretary, and of his two Associate General Secretaries, John Y. Lee and T. Z. Koo. Unless these men could be led to withdraw their resignations, the consequences for the YMCA in China would be disastrous, and its repercussions would be worldwide.

That these three men had deemed it necessary to take this step was not wholly a surprise to me, for personal letters had been coming from Shanghai for weeks, expressing alarm lest this might happen. The trouble had arisen in connection with the International Survey of the YMCA and YWCA, its timing, the manner in which it had started off in China, and the unhappy friction which had developed between surveyors and key persons among the surveyed. Unsurprisingly, the survey directors, fresh from New York, did not sense the precarious situation in which the YMCA was trying to hold its own in the face of Communist attacks. Particularly threatening was the charge being made that the YMCA was not in fact a Chinese organization, as it claimed to be, but a cleverly camouflaged agent of "American capitalism and imperialism." Only recently David Yui had made a trip to Szechwan Province in the far west where he had been attacked in left-wing newspapers and heckled in public meetings. While there he received a long anonymous letter, saying: "We warned you not to come. We warned you after you got here to leave at once. We warn you again: if you do not clear out immediately you may never leave alive."

Even so respectable a body as the National Education Association in its recent national convention had lacked only a few votes of adopting a resolution calling upon the party and the government to "take over" the YMCA. Plainly it was important that the YMCA be above suspicion as to its being the Chinese organization it professed to be. David Yui, John Y. Lee, and T. Z. Koo were all well-known national figures, and any semblance of a New York overlordship in their work might well wreck their leadership and do irreparable damage to the YMCA throughout the country. Clearly it was not the most propitious time for the International Committee, with its headquarters in New York, to conduct a survey of YMCA work in China! Nevertheless, the China National Committee had taken action welcoming the survey but proposing that it be a "self-survey,"with such professional assistance from North America as might be agreed upon. The China National Committee would coordinate its self-survey with the over-all program of the International Survey. On this understanding steps were taken to set up the necessary organization which would begin its work on January 1, 1930, completing it in one year, "provided the necessary assistance from North America could be secured." It was decided that a full-time staff of four men, Chinese and foreigners, would be set aside; men with special background training in religion, education, sociology, and economics, respectively. The "expert" from North America would work with this staff in mapping out and carrying forward the projected survey. An estimated budget was also adopted. From Geneva, I had written to David Yui:

"They understand [the International Committee] that the survey is *our* survey,

in which they come in as advisors, and they are happy over this arrangement. They asked whether I thought they should send you suggestions in advance of things they think might be gone into to advantage. My advice was that they send you such suggestions, making plain that they are purely tentative and that you will work out in Shanghai the final draft on which the survey will be carried out. I stressed our hope in Shanghai that the survey will be an educational process in itself, in which those taking part will acquire skills in sizing up the work we are doing. . . ."

It seemed to me as the above excerpts indicate, that our mutual understandings were clear and satisfactory. The rub came in their implementation. On March 12 my friend and colleague, L. T. Chen, wrote me a long letter regarding the disturbing situation which he saw developing. The following excerpts show that there was real ground for concern.

"This is a confidential note to tell you about the situation between 20 Museum Road (the China National Committee) and 347 Madison Avenue (the International Committee). This survey has been very badly managed. One gets the impression that New York has overlooked the fact that the YMCA in China is an autonomous movement, receiving though it does generous help from the North American Movement. . . .

"The idea of a survey is a good one and China would like to make a thorough and comprehensive study of its work, the results of which may serve as a basis for determining future programs. But it is something else for China to undertake this survey merely to give information to the North American Movement. . . .

"David (Yui) is accused of obstructing the survey against the wishes of his colleagues. . . . He is further accused of dominating everybody in the National Office to such an extent that no one dares to express his views when there is a difference of opinion. . . . These unfriendly accusations have cut David deep and he is seriously considering removing himself from the National Committee. . . .

". . . . Everybody ought to know that the YMCA in China is passing through a real crisis. Its personnel is being thinned out, its financial resources are shrinking, and on top of all that there is the opposition against it as a Christian institution. If the China Movement ever needed help it is at the present moment. . . .

"It is not my business to dabble into the relationships between the two movements, but without this background you may never be able to understand if certain developments take place. . . ."

One week later David Yui wrote me a warm, personal letter, bringing me up-to-date on a number of YMCA matters. In a concluding paragraph he informed me, almost casually, of his intention to resign as general secretary! He wrote:

"In order to avoid another breakdown in health, I am deeming it best for me to resign. This, I think, will be best for the National Committee and for myself, for I believe the time has come for the National Committee to have a new general secretary to lead forward its services for the next period."

In my reply to this letter I wrote to David Yui:

"Your thought of retiring from the General Secretaryship of the National Committee strikes me with dismay. Certainly your resignation at this time would be nothing less than a disaster. It would give more heart than anything I can think of to those who have been trying to overthrow the YMCA and to undermine the Christian Movement in China. It would bring disheartenment to our own forces in China, Chinese and foreign, national and local, secretarial and lay. It would have serious repercussions among friends in North America and Europe who are trying to back up the China Movement during these days of fiery testing. God has many ways of revealing His will to us, and one of them is to surround a man with conditions from which there is no escape. It seems absolutely clear to me that you are 'caught' in the purposes of God, purposes which He is trying to work out through you in and through the Association Movement in China."

In the course of a long reply to L. T. Chen's confidential letter I wrote:

"David simply can't quit. This business of cooperation was never easy. It is difficult between two persons, say, husband and wife. How infinitely more difficult it must be between two groups of persons endeavoring to cooperate across a distance of ten thousand miles! Of course difficulties and misunderstandings arise. But these are opportunities for exercising patience, for learning each other's points of view, and for proving our faith that men can trust each other and go on working together, despite misunderstandings. If we cannot demonstrate these possibilities in the YMCA, where lies any hope for peace among nations, or brotherhood in the wider fields of international relationships. I cannot tell you how deeply I feel in this matter, or how much I feel there is at stake. . . .

"You are right in thinking that the survey business has been bungled. It will be tragic indeed if this leads to misunderstandings as serious as you fear. This is all the more so as the bungling has been due to lack of insight and understanding rather than ill intentions on the part of anyone."

In trying to increase understanding and mollify feelings in Shanghai, I went on to tell of the great vogue which "surveys" were having at the time in the United States.

"Almost everybody, it seems, has something on his mind which he thinks ought to be surveyed . . . unemployment . . . prohibition . . . the tariff . . . schools . . . Sunday Schools and religious education in general. Foundations are financing ambitious surveys aimed at identifying and appraising all the forces at work in the social life of a community. Science has undermined many of our old mores and people don't know where they are 'at.' Meanwhile science has also given us techniques for observing and classifying data for study. So, through these surveys people are employing the techniques of science to work off their nervousness, a condition due to the disintegrating processes which science has started going!. . . .

"The YMCA has been caught up in this movement. City after city has called in specialists to survey the community and the work of the YMCA in the community. The National Council maintains a Department of Surveys. . . .

It was in line with this whole movement that certain men in our Foreign Department concluded that the so-called 'foreign work of the North American YMCAs' should be surveyed. . . .

"There seem to be at least two purposes in these surveys: (1) to know the value of work being done and ways in which it can be improved; and (2) to assemble data with which to go to the public, and especially to wealthy individuals, for support! In the 'foreign work' survey the second motive perhaps predominated.

"The motivating impulse was an innocent and generous one. What was not sensed with sufficient clearness was that 'our' work ceases to be our work as soon as it reaches another country. There a survey of 'our' work easily becomes in fact a survey of 'their' work. This distinction and its importance is apparently what failed to 'click' with certain people here. . . ."

I was given a copy of a letter written by Ethan Colton which showed that New York as well as Shanghai was upset over developments. He wrote:

"We recognize that some mistakes of approach have been made both by us executive officers and by representatives of the survey, but with no punishable intentions of anyone, whereas the non-cooperation of the Chinese YMCA in the survey on some plan to be agreed upon mutually, can only be viewed as a capital error, judged from here. Repercussions of such a course with the Rockefeller group one cannot contemplate calmly. Fatal consequences can be foreseen not only for China but for our entire world program. Mr. [John D.] Rockefeller [Jr.] will be the first giver approached for a large, conditional sum on a comprehensive building program.[10] How can we help China in an appeal based on this survey as it must be, if the report from China is inadequate, or worse if it contains the account of China being unwilling to participate, which will be in the report if that is the fact?. . . ."

The upshot of the breakfast parley in the Roosevelt Hotel was an urgent request that I take the next steamer to Shanghai, to see what could be done to resolve the impasse and to get things going again. I had become inured to sudden changes in plans but *this* was a hard one for at least three reasons. First, as mentioned above, an emergency in the work had prevented my taking final examinations on the completion of my term of university study six years before. I wished not to repeat that experience; and it was agreed that I should take the following week to bring my term's work to an orderly completion. Second, my departure for China at that time meant the scuttling of family plans on which we had set great store: spending the summer together at Blue Ridge in the North Carolina mountains. Finally, the job to be done in China was so formidable and fraught with such fateful possibilities that one shrank from undertaking it.

By May 27 I had completed my work in the university, the family had had its hurried get-together, and railway and steamer reservations for my solitary journey to China were made. On that day the National Council sent the following cablegram to David Yui:

"Barnett sailing *President Cleveland* May thirty-first, unaccompanied by family, at my request, to lay before you matters deepest mutual interest and concern. Earnestly request as personal favor you hold your plans in abeyance pending Barnett arrival."

The Northern Pacific train on which I travelled from Chicago to Seattle was the last word in luxury and comfort, but its all-but-empty coaches furnished a sobering index os the Great Depression, now seven months old. In a long letter to the family completed as we neared Seattle I wrote:

> "Myheart thrills at the thought of our visit together last week-end. The hours passed like moments, but what perfect moments they were! How grateful we should be that all of us have been spared, that all of us are well and strong, and that the years have brought us closer together instead of sundering us apart. To miss the weeks at Blue Ridge is a bitter disappointment, but the fine sportsmanship with which every member of the family responded to the call of duty is one more bond which unites us deeply and tenderly together, does it not?"

The passenger list of the *President Cleveland* furnished another startling index of the Great Depression, which all the wishful reassurances of Wall Street and Washington were unable to exorcise. "A total of 20 passengers," I wrote back, "distributed over this big ship accentuates the atmosphere of loneliness. In the dining room a jazz band puffs and blows, beats and bangs away, but its gaiety strikes one as forced." Each day on shipboard I committed to my typewriter an account of the day's doings to send back to the family. Out of many pages I cull a few sentences:

> "Walter Lippmann speaks in *The Preface to Morals* of the emancipation of our generation from old inhibitions and restrictions of various sorts. We have found, he says, that there is no freedom in mere freedom. This is the freest trip I have made across the Pacific; no wife, no children, no basket of toys, no cories filled with diapers, a minimum of baggage. Lippmann is right: There is no freedom in mere freedom. I could even get you-all off my mind more easily if you were on board!
>
> "I am reading the Gospel of John. By an interesting coincidence your Grandmother Barnett in her steamer letter suggested that I read this Gospel on the voyage, giving special attention to what it teaches regarding the Holy Spirit. This year, as you may recall, the YMCAs across the world are celebrating the 1900th anniversary of Pentecost, when Jesus' followers were lifted out of their sense of spiritual orphanage and into a wondrous realization of the living presence of God in the world and in their own lives.
>
> "We passengers met in the social room this morning and 'organized' for the voyage. I am in charge of deck sports. Bridge and chess tournaments are also under way. We are all trying desperately hard to be gay!
>
> "I started today on John Dewey's Gifford Lectures, *The Quest for Certainty*. Dewey's efforts to make the methods of science a sufficient substitute for classical philosophy and religion is a brilliant intellectual feat, but I am one of many whom he fails to satisfy.
>
> "Dewey'simportance for the future will lie in the fact that he makes articulate and self-consistent the dominant interests and beliefs of his age of adolescent science. The philosopher who fails, however, to transcend his times, enabling his readers to see contemporary life '*sub specie aeternitatis*' falls short of his job.

"Our 'Number One Table Boy' told me tonight that he lives next to the Chinese YMCA in Shanghai, that he studied in its night school five or six years ago, and that he had seen me in Shanghai a number of times. . . . I am well cared for at meals! . . .

"There was dancing after dinner tonight on deck. A grand total of three couples danced. The rest of us lounged in our deck chairs, chatted intermittently with each other, listened to the swish of the sea against the side of the ship, and looked out upon the darkening waters of the Pacific. . . .

"Joseph Krutch's *The Modern Temper* is a poignant reflection of the said disillusionment of many modern sophisticates. To such (of whom he counts himself one) the old moral and spiritual values are empty, and he sees no possibility of restoring the 'fictions' and 'illusions' on which they depended. Yet life without them, he confesses, has ceased to have meaning. . . .

"On reaching Yokohama I received a nice cablegram from David (Yui) extending a hearty welcome and affectionate greetings, and expressing appreciation of my coming out at this time. A letter brought me nearly up-to-date on the situation at 20 Museum Road. . . .

"Yesterday's *Japan Adviser* reports the worst slump in the American stock market since October. What a hard time Humanity is having everywhere in assimilating modern civilization. We've got the problems of production under far better control than the problems of distribution. . . ."

A choppy passage across the China Sea, and we were again entering the muddy waters of the Whangpoo River. The welcome of friends on the Shanghai bund was heartwarming. Much had happened to them and to me since our family in China and of those from whom I had come in America made me feel that I had done the right thing in coming. Steamer letters at Seattle and the welcome which awaited me in Shanghai strengthened this feeling and my hope that my coming would contribute to an outcome which also would be "right." Characteristically understanding, and heartening, was the steamer letter which came from my friend, Jack Childs, for years a fellow-worker in the China YMCAs and now entering upon a distinguished professorship in Teacher's College, Columbia University; he wrote:

"I know that it costs you no little to change all your plans and make this hurried exit for the Orient. For a family man of your sort to give up the possibility of the summer with your children is something that approaches sacrifice. That of course is an old-fashioned word and has been ruled out by some of our philosophies of doing what you want, but it seems to me that the reality is still exhibited now and then. . . .

"You are the one man who can meet the need that has arisen. I hope that the outcome of your mission will be successful. . . .

"No one, I suppose, is wholly adequate for a job, if he has a man's job, but you come nearer to it than most people do. You have a man's size job if anyone has. In it you are making the synthesis of action and thought that some of the rest of talk about. Also you are standing in the stream of about as important influences as one finds moving anywhere in the world today.

Better than most of those dealing with the problems of Orient and Occident relations, you see the direction in which things must move."

Extravagant as I knew these kinds words of a good friend to be, they nevertheless bore out my sense of the importance of the task to which I must now address myself.

XV.

Reassessments

The anti-Christian and nationalist movements in China and the 1929 stock market crash in the USA called for reassessments and readjustments by the YMCA as well as other organizations. Though the heyday of China missions was over, Christian leaders hoped that organizational restructuring and changes in program would revive the crusade or at least restore morale and support. The YMCA, which had thrived on conferences and summer workshops during the early twentieth century, convened numerous regional, national, and international meetings to sort out priorities, streamline administration, and improve communications. In a typical American approach, survey committees journeyed to the field, collected statistics, interviewed staff members, and made their recommendations.

In retrospect, one might question the expenditure of so much money, time, and personnel on these efforts at stock taking. Outside committees were not always welcome on the field and they could hardly hope in a few months to understand fully the complex and delicate relationships existing between different individuals and national groups, much less the rapidly changing political and economic environment. Their recommendations often did not go much beyond proposing readjustments in procedures and programs. (In some instances, such as the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry discussed in a subsequent chapter, the assessment and the recommendations of outsiders proved so decisive that implementation was for the most part impossible.)

The Chinese YMCA was essentially an organization of the middle class; though it made a few, largely unsuccessful attempts to serve coolies and factory laborers, its attention was focused on improving work with students and professionals. This was true whether the surveyors were Chinese or Westerners. It continued to work for gradual reform through education and community service by individuals. It struggled to find a balance among commitments to national loyalty, Christian universals, and international responsibility.

In China, time was running out. War would soon overshadow and undermine all efforts at peaceful social reform. In quick succession came the Manchurian invasion of 1931, the brief Sino-Japanese conflict in Shanghai in 1932, the Kuomintang's five extermination campaigns against the Communists during 1931-1934, and eventually the Sino-Japanese War, then World War II, and further civil war between the Chinese Communist Party and the Kuomintang during 1946-1949.

Barnett, because of his administrative expertise and organizational skill, was constantly on call to participate in conferences, give data for survey reports, and serve as a mediator. Since the early days of his mission work, Barnett had appreciated the importance of personal contacts and the value of nurturing friendships. Professional skills, he believed, were necessary but not sufficient; there was a need for individuals who had a knowledge of and were loyal to the country where they were stationed, who had woven the network of personal connections necessary to obtain accurate information and to get things done. Nowhere was this more true than in China. Despite his enmeshment in the Y bureaucracy, Barnett seems never to have lost sight of the critical importance of personal interaction. He maintained a wide range of contacts and friends through a busy social life (aided and abetted by Bertha), through his sensitivity to the nuances of social intercourse, and through an extensive correspondence.

Individual friendships, however, often could not withstand the pull of national loyalties in times of conflict. As Barnett describes Japanese aggression in this and the subsequent chapter, he discusses the attempts of a few Chinese Christians to work for international understanding and to retain friendly contacts. Frustration was the result in most cases and certainly any hope that such individual exchanges could restrain Japanese militarists or obviate conflict was vain. The power of nationalism ultimately swept all before it: pacifism, cosmopolitanism, understanding--all were submerged. By 1937 most Chinese and Japanese Christians seemed to be viewing events from the opposite ends of a telescope.

Barnett experienced in a dramatic first-hand way the difficulty of communication when the Japanese took over Manchuria in September, 1931 and he made a trip north to ascertain the status of the YMCA. It was significant that David Yui asked a Westerner who enjoyed extraterritorial privileges to make the trip. Despite criticism of extraterritorial infringement on Chinese sovereignty, there were times, especially during warfare, when extraterritoriality could protect Chinese as well as foreigners. Barnett's report was very revealing about Japanese meticulousness in consolidating control, their savagery in warfare, and their ineptness in world propaganda. The wide circulation of his report illustrates the role that missionaries, strategically located and linguistically skilled, had played as sources of information and creators of images for Americans ever since the nineteenth century.

I little thought, upon returning to China for a fourth "term of service" in 1930, that I was entering the homestretch, so far as residence in that country was concerned. China had become in truth "home" to us, and I somehow thought of myself as spending the rest of my active years, and perhaps my retirement years also, within its borders. Most urgent among the tasks which greeted my return this time was, of course, the emergency which had hurried me back. As was my wont, I endeavored to keep in touch with the family by copious correspondence and to make them party to my doings, even though we were separated from each other. In a letter sent them a few days after I reached Shanghai I wrote:

> "Needless to say, I have been in personal conferences almost continuously since arriving. I have had very satisfactory talks with David (Yui). I believe his difficulties with New York are pretty much ironed out. There are still difficulties within the staff, due to strong personalities and divergent views. We are working on these, and just how they will turn out is as yet uncertain. David's health is rather precarious and it involves real risk for him to carry on, but he is doing so in splendid spirit. It has been worthwhile for me to come. . . ."

Not all of the "difficulties" alluded to had to do with the International Survey, but that was the main source of the troubles which had to be cleared up.

Happily David Yui, John Y. Lee, and T. Z. Koo withdrew their resignations and agreed to remain at their posts. The "China Survey" moreover, was forthwith set up *as a self-study* in which the New York representatives gave help in shaping its outlines and seeing that it yielded the information desired for the over-all International Survey. Three weeks after my return to Shanghai I wrote a long personal letter to Fletcher Brockman regarding the general situation, in which I commented briefly on the survey:

> "The whole survey matter has left wounds. I believe I have been able to assuage their effects somewhat, but it is easier to inflict damage in a matter of this kind than to retrieve the harm, once done. [Ralph M.] Hogan is doing a good job in the 'special study.' Already he is submerged in questionnaires and data which he is working like a Trojan to whip into shape. It becomes more and more evident that to carry out this 'special study' in anything less than a year would be the height of absurdity. For months our national staff, or a large part of it, will be able to work at almost nothing else, and even so the resulting story will be sketchy and incomplete. One only hopes that it will not be misleading!"

Later in the same letter I unburdened my soul to Fletcher Brockman in these words:

> "I will confess that the past three weeks have been in many ways the hardest of my life. Conditions in the country never seemed to be in a more parlous state, and one sees little on the horizon to inspire satisfaction or hope. The morale of the Christian Movement generally is very low. Then within the circle of one's dearest friends and colleagues (in the YMCA) one sees sensibilities worn raw and relationships sadly criss-crossed. I cannot help believing, however, that brighter days lie ahead. May God help us in this hour of trial to faint not, not give up hope."

In the end, I was later informed, no other national YMCA movement turned in a better contribution to the International Survey than that made in our "self study." The published "Report of the International Survey of the YMCA and YWCA" and the unpublished supporting data assembled in each of the countries surveyed contained interesting and valuable information regarding World Service up to that time. Unfortunately the study never had the attention it deserved or the implementation it might have had because of the world depression, World War II, and the continuing Cold War which were to alter the face of the world with which the survey had concerned itself. As basic background material, however, it has enduring relevance for subsequent studies and for many of the policy decisions which must still be made in this program of international cooperation.

Meanwhile other tasks beckoned. Mid-July found me accompanying Dr. Fong Sec (K'uang Fu-cho, Kuang Fuzhuo) to Canton, to secure S. C. Leung's (Liang Hsiao-ch'u, Liang Xiaochu) consent to join David Yui as associate general secretary of the National Committee, and to negotiate Leung's release by the Board of Directors of the Canton YMCA. En route, between Shanghai and Hong Kong, we ran into a typhoon, a spectacular and awe-inspiring experience. The mission with which we had been charged was an important, and by no means easy one, but Fong Sec was peculiarly fitted for it. In addition to the great prestige he enjoyed throughout the land, in and outside the YMCA, he was returning to his native province. Local and provincial ties carry great weight in China, and Fong Sec by his great career had brought honor to his native province and in return was greatly honored by his fellow provincials.

Fong Sec's background tells us what sort of man he was. He was a boy of 13 when in 1882 he left his native village, near Canton, bound for the United States, whither many of his fellow-provincials had gone to try their fortunes. His father was an opium smoker and the family was abysmally poor, but they managed somehow to scrape together his passage money, steerage, from nearby Hong Kong to San Francisco. There he arrived penniless and was met by an uncle, also an opium addict! Chinese immigrants were not popular in California at that time, and the lonely lad was to know what it meant to be pelted with rotten eggs and tomatoes, handy stones, and epithets. He managed, however, to find employment as a domestic servant at $1.00 a week. He set about at once to learn English, and in this and related pursuits he came under the influence, first, of a Congregational mission, and then of the Salvation Army. His spare time he spent in the public library, and as his use of English improved he took up stenography and typewriting. He became secretary to a Salvation Army officer but later he resigned to enter Pomona College and then the University of California, a venture on which he embarked in the teeth of strong remonstrances from his uncle and even from his Salvation Army employer. At college and university he knew hunger, but he persisted in making his own way, winning many friends the while among his fellow-students, and finally graduating with honors.

In due course he returned to China with post-graduate degrees from the University of California and Columbia University, and on getting back he took the imperial examinations and was awarded a doctorate by the Peking Government. (Years later he returned from China to Pomona College to receive an honorary doctorate from his first alma mater.). Upon arriving with his newly acquired American and Peking degrees in his native village, he was given a welcome comparable in the United States to a ticker tape reception on lower Manhattan. He shortly became editor-in-chief of the English Department of the Commercial Press, just setting out as the pioneer producer of China's modern textbooks (and to become one of the world's largest publishing concerns), and he held that position until his retirement. An early member and in time a director and

president of the Shanghai YMCA, and for years Chairman of the YMCA National Committee, he was greatly honored also for his leadership in other civic, educational, and religious enterprises, not to mention his output as writer and editor. Rotary International commanded his leadership, and he stood well in the vanguard among the pioneers of that organization throughout East Asia. He was withal one of the most modest and gracious persons whom I have even known.

It was a hard decision with which we confronted S. C. Leung. He was then at the height of his strength as general secretary of the Canton YMCA. As the leader and, in large measure, the builder of this organization, he was regarded as one of the first citizens of one of China's most dynamic and influential cities. To leave this situation in which his opportunities were so great and in which his future seemed so secure to become second-in-command to an ailing general secretary of the National Committee was not an alluring prospect. David Yui's ill-health made it imperative that he be given the ablest associate to be found in the country, however, an associate able to take over most of the administrative duties of the office at once, to serve as acting general secretary during David's health leaves and frequent absences abroad, and to take over the general secretaryship should David's health compel his retirement.

In Canton, we were delighted to find Leung open-minded, frank, and plainly ready to do whatever duty might dictate. The president of the YMCA was more difficult; a successful industrialist of large outlook and caliber, he still could hardly book the loss of Leung's partnership in the great tasks in which they were engaged and those for which they had been planning. He proved amenable, however, to the considerations we placed before him, as did other key members of the board with whom we talked; this one at luncheon, that one around a dinner table, and finally on a Friday noon the entire board at a Chinese feast. (Even Paris, in my judgment, does not equal Canton in the gastronomic possibilities of its restaurants, and eating our way to a common mind was common practice among the Cantonese!) "Canton has always had a very able board," I wrote at the time. "It takes its work very seriously and gives unstintedly of its time to YMCA affairs." Following the meal on Friday, Fong Sec and I made our case before the assembled board, Leung came up with the reasons which had led him to conclude that he should accept the call, and the board voted unanimously, albeit reluctantly, to concur.

It was not long before David Yui's health did give way and S. C. Leung stepped into the succession. David was not an easy man to succeed. He was undoubtedly the more glamorous of the two, an outstanding national and international figure whose ardent admirers and followers were legion. "S.C."was a much quieter operator, greatly trusted and honored by those who knew him, but at the time far less well known, except in his own city. David projected greater warmth in his personal relationships; a streak of reticence in "S.C." created an initial impression of aloofness, even to his immediate associates. Both were clear thinkers, very effective speakers in both Chinese and English, and men of vision and of action. In "grass roots" experience and the special savvy which comes out of that kind of experience "S.C."was the superior. The two men held each other in great respect and complete confidence. David wrote me from Tsingtau where he was recovering from another break-down on our return from Canton:

> "I have been dreaming for years of securing Leung's leadership in our National Committee and for our movement. My heart is filled with thanksgiving and great hopes by the realization of this long cherished desire."

Leung's devoted and distinguished leadership of China Associations during the years of Japan's undeclared war, of World War II, and of steady Communist advance; his post-retirement service as a staff member of the World's Committee of the YMCA, the World Council of Churches, and the International Missionary Council; his executive secretaryship of the Centennial World Conference of the YMCA in Paris in 1955; and his continuing leadership in church and civic affairs following his retirement from these assignments encompass a career which it would be difficult to match.

On October 3 Bertha arrived from the United States with De Witt and Doak, our two younger children, having left Robert and Eugenia Mae behind for their second year in college. I had put one of our International Committee residences into readiness against their coming, corralled our former servants to man the household, and moved my personal belongings from a dormitory room in one of the YMCA buildings to the shelter of our own "vine and fig tree." After ten months of separation from the family out of the preceding thirteen months, I was off again after 20 days together for another absence of six weeks. I am not sure how fair I was in leaving the family so largely to Bertha's care and governance while I gave the right of way to the work in which we were engaged. Fortunately she was equal to the circumstances and she accepted whatever came as her way of sharing in a wonderful partnership. I later wrote to Bertha:

> "I do not over-estimate the importance of my presence or absence from home, but I do know that for me to be away from home twenty out of twenty-five months imposes on you burdens over which most wives and mothers would feel themselves greatly aggrieved. Your refusal to dramatize your 'plight,' setting yourself up as the injured heroine in this situation, is one of your many fine traits. You made it as easy last night as it could be, for all of us, for me to leave again.

My journey in the company of two Chinese colleagues took me to the major cities of Hopei (Hebei), Liaoning, and Shantung, where we conducted what we called "Program Building Institutes." The visit in each city was carried through in three stages. First, we spent hours in reviewing information which we had assembled regarding the next city and Association in our itinerary and the matters with which we thought we should deal in the course of our visit. Second, at our destination, there were the five or six days of staff and staff-board sessions, interspersed with interviews, luncheons, dinners, and public meetings. Third, on our way to the next visit we divided the time between going over the visit just completed and the one to follow. Long distances and slow transportation provided abundant time for this third phase of the operation. The full reports we produced enabled us to share the experiences we were having with other colleagues as an aid to their planning and action as well as our own, and they provided useful background for subsequent visits from any of us.

I have before me, for example, a report of our week in Chefoo (Yantai) on October 24-31, 1930. The report starts off with an hour-by-hour summary of what, jointly and severally, we did each of these days. Then follow: (1) A Few Facts About Chefoo (14 in number); (2) Significant Facts Concerning the Association (of which 13 are listed); (3) Some Results of the Visit (11 mentioned); (4) Requests Made of the National Committee by the board and staff--7; (5) Suggestions Concerning the Holding of Program Building Institutes Growing Out of the Chefoo Experience (10 are noted); and finally (6) two pages listing Matters to "Follow-Up" On Our Return to Shanghai. The "institutes" were by no means cut-and-dried affairs, for we conducted them pretty much along lines used in what we now call "workshops." We started off with a clean blackboard or two, and a roomful of men

wondering how we could even spend so many hours as we proposed without lectures prepared in advance by members of the visiting team. As session succeeded this ceased to be a concern! At the end the staff reported its conclusions to the board with respect to the goals, programs, and calendar to which they thought the Association should address itself, and as to opportunities and issues calling for further exploration.

Enroute from Chefoo to Tietsin we were held up for several days outside of Taku (Daqu) Bar. From the ship I wrote a long letter home in which I observed:

> "We spent eight days in Chefoo and had an interesting time of it. It is a very pretty city by the sea. In the summer it is very busy, with hundreds of American sailors in port (for the annual maneuvers of the Asiatic Fleet). Unfortunately their presence in the city does not enhance the prestige of the country they represent. Cheap dram shops, cabarets, and brothels run wide-open, doing a prosperous business while the fleet is in port. The American sailor off duty is less orderly than the sailors of other countries. Why do you suppose this is?"

Travelling later from Tsinan to Tsingtau on this same trip, I wrote to one of my brothers in America:

> "Shantung is a land of villages set amidst fields of grain. The villages are clusters of mud houses which huddle together for such protection as they can give each other, for poverty stalks the countryside and in China poverty means banditry. Civil war, famine, and banditry have brought about during the past two or three years one of the great migrations of history (into Manchuria). . . .
>
> "It was from this province that China sent 400,000 coolies to France during the War to help the Allies win their victory. The man who pulled my ricksha last night from Cheeloo University to the YMCA building was a returned member of China's Labor Battalions in France. He spent three years in France and last night he spoke familiarly of Paris and Calais, of his various experiences in France, of the ready 'service' for example which French prostitutes gave to all-comers, and of the good times which coolies had in the YMCA huts provided them. On his return to China, this man put himself between the shafts of a ricksha, and he has been there ever since. He is now fifty years old. He is one of a quarter million of these laborers now back in Shantung Province. This ancient land, birthplace and home of Confucius and Mencius, has swallowed them up as if they had never been away. One wonders what memories of France, of Paris, of bombing planes, and of other sundry places and experiences come back to them in their village homes as they rest their bones at the end of the day."

The China National Committee erected buildings in several of the counties from which larger numbers of coolies had been recruited and sent in secretaries to see if they could not build on the relationships and work which they had so greatly appreciated in France, but our considerable efforts in this respect came almost to nought. The greatest and most enduring outcome of the work done by the YMCA among the Chinese Labor Battalions in France was, of course, the birth of the Thousand Character attack on illiteracy, and from it the evolvement of China's famed Mass Education Movement. But that is another story, a story not yet ended and far from being limited to China alone. It is not amiss, however, to recall the origin of this significant program now commonly referred to

as "Jimmy Yen's work."

On our return from the above visits to Shanghai I was soon in the throes of conferences with Gerald W. Birks, successor to Fletcher S. Brockman as Administrative Secretary of the International Committee for the Far East. Brockman's shuttling back and forth in this relationship between China and North America had been a high point in the fine relationships of the YMCAs of the two countries. Quite apart from Brockman's unusual stature and his incomparable position as a "founding father" in the two movements, I regarded the post itself an important link in a network of relationships which we strove to keep warm and personal, and not purely "official" or institutional in spirit. The identification of World Service secretaries with the movements to which they were assigned was another essential feature in these inter-movement relationships. With the drastic diminution of World Service staff during the depression, New York presently came up with a proposal under which its remaining personnel would be assigned to regions rather than to national movements. We were glad to have an early opportunity to register our dissent from this proposal with Birks. My own views in this particular matter are reflected in the following sentences, written somewhat later in 1934:

> "I do not think for a moment that we could place our North American personnel in the Far East on an area basis, without sacrificing values of enduring validity in our past and present policy. . . .
>
> "It is suggested that our North American secretaries, serving in the Far East, should maintain a 'detached relationship' to the several movements in the area. . . . That which has distinguished the service of International Committee secretaries in China has been not only the 'skills' and 'values' which they have brought to this country but, much more, the disinterested love which they have shown in their identification with the country and the movement which they have endeavored to serve. . . .
>
> "The assumption that we can better promote internationalism under the regional plan reflects, it seems to me, a doctrinaire cosmopolitanism rather than a realistic understanding of the pathway which must be followed if we are to achieve real inter-nationalism. . . .
>
> "I am glad that the proposal has been adopted only 'in principle' and that it has not yet been implemented. I urge that you check the proposal very carefully with your field representatives and with the national leaders with whom the International Committee is cooperating before steps are taken to put the proposal into effect. . . ."

Meanwhile the political skies grew darker and darker. On December 1, 1931, at the request of Chiang Kai-shek, I got together a representative company of Christian missionaries, who journeyed to Nanking where we had five hours of memorable conference with the President and his wife regarding the mounting "national crisis." There were twenty-six of us missionary leaders, including Americans, Britons, and Frenchmen, Protestants, and Roman Catholics. "In an atmosphere of great simplicity and frankness and of prayer," I reported after the visit, "the President shared with us some of the burdens he is carrying and his conviction of the necessity of religion in curing the ills of China and of the world." He said at one point:

> "Communism set out to destroy all religion and has itself become a religion.

It is a religion, not of love but of hate. . . . In Christianity and Bolshevism we have the two most powerful rival religions in the world. . . . Christians must show that there is power in their religion which can be brought to bear upon actual problems and difficulties, such as we now face. . . ."

As we approached 1931 it seemed to me no time in which to hold the world conferences which had been scheduled for the summer of that year. I urged New York to have the meetings postponed until better times, pointing out my reluctance in incurring the costs entailed in my own attendance, when so many of my colleagues were being dropped from the staff for lack of funds. Dr. Mott, however, was not one to let events, however catastrophic, interfere with conferences whose time in his judgment had come. In reply he voiced his firm conviction that it was never so important in the wake of World War I and in the depths of Depression--for leaders of the YMCA to come together, to take stock, and to mobilize their forces for "the new day!" It was imperative, he insisted, that David Yui and I be on hand from China, and in retrospect I find myself thankful that this was so.

The conferences were scheduled to meet, two in Canada and four in the United States. First there met in Toronto the Third World Assembly of Workers with Boys and the First World YMCA Assembly of Young Men. Thereafter the Twentieth World Conference met in Cleveland, Ohio and alongside its meetings there were joint sessions with the Forty-third International Convention of the YMCAs of the United States and Canada and a pro forma session of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the U.S. National Council! Immediately following these assemblies there was convened a conference to consider World Service policies. This conference was called under the joint auspices of the World's Committee and of the International Committee and it brought together the administrative officers of the two bodies and representatives of related national YMCA Movements. When the time came to leave China for these conferences, David Yui, unfortunately, was bedridden and unable to make the journey, but we had a strong delegation of 22 men (and boys), among them S. C. Leung, Fong Sec, and K. F. Chang, chairman at the time of the National Committee. I wrote back to a Chinese colleague:

"It was saddening to leave David (Yui) day before yesterday, looking so ill. . . . It is not only on the battlefield that 'men die for their country.' David has known from previous breakdowns that he was risking his life in undertaking as much as he has. This breakdown is a warning to him and his friends that he must have relief from much of the heavy load that he has been carrying. . . ."

For S. C. Leung, Fong Sec, K. F. Chang, and me the voyage resolved itself into a pre-conferences conference afloat. I spent many hours digging out data, identifying issues and questions likely to come up, and lining up material which the four of us then discussed unhurriedly in preparation for the interviews, discussions, and debates which we saw awaiting us in America. We reached San Francisco on July 15 and that evening I was on the Sunset Limited, bound for Lakeland, Florida. A day with my aged parents (82 and 80) and other relatives there, a packed session with Genie Mae in Atlanta, a day with Bertha's family in nearby Clayton, Georgia, a day with Robert in a boys' camp in Pennsylvania where he was spending the summer as counselor, and on the 28th I showed up in Toronto, a half-day late for the first of my scheduled conferences.

Like all conferences master-minded and presided over by John R. Mott, the summer's assemblies were truly notable affairs. My own most active participation in the summer's doings took place in the International Committee World's Committee conference on the

Cornell campus where we threshed over the basic issues of World Service and formally adopted policies for the guidance of national movements engaged in such service. I wrote afterwards in a *Chinese Recorder* article, "The keynote of the enterprise as envisaged by the Cornell Conference was *mutual sharing*." I was told some years later that it was my China experience in the extension of YMCA work from one country to another, and the familiarity which I seemed to have with the problems involved, that led to my being called to New York shortly thereafter as associate general secretary, and being pressed five years later into the general secretaryship of the International Committee. The earlier call, to the associate general secretaryship, I managed to side-step.

One Sunday morning at Cornell, in the Student YMCA Building, some of us asked Dr. Mott to share with us the story of his student days in that institution. Most of us had never heard him speak so intimately and informally of his early years as an undergraduate worker in the college YMCA, or of the decisions which set the course of his later years. In after years I begged Dr. Mott many times to write his life story in much the same anecdotal style we heard that morning, but he never got around to doing so! Formal and formidable records of the man's career have been published, but they fail somehow to reveal the real likeness of this man who more than any other individual shaped the course of the Young Men's Christian Association during his long lifetime and made it the worldwide movement we know today.

Returning from this orgy of conferences to China on the maiden voyage of the *President Hoover* I wrote a long letter to our son and daughter, who were about to enter their sophomore year in college. I cull the following paragraphs from that epistle:

> "Strangers often express commiseration when I tell them that I have spent 21 years in China. . . . I do not pretend to say that unpaved and unlighted streets, unsewered excreta, medieval pokiness in transport, hard beds, and unheated houses are more agreeable than paved and lighted streets, the absence of filthy sights and smells, ease and celerity of transport, spacious beds and spring mattresses, and spring-like weather indoors in the midst of winter! But physical comforts and conveniences do not make happiness. . . .
>
> "I have written 160 cards and a dozen letters (to friends left behind in America) yesterday and today. Nothing can compare with friends in making one truly rich. . . .
>
> "China has made us wealthy in friends. The Chinese do not throw their arms around the necks of strangers when first they appear upon the scene, but if and when they let the barriers down, they let them clean down. I covet for those who do not have it, the experience of friendships which transcend national, cultural, and racial barriers--in which differences enrich instead of divide. . . .
>
> "If one is looking for big and worthwhile things with which to identify his life, I wonder if a richer field for such can be found than China. With the possible exception of Russia, China promises to be the most interesting place in the world for the next generation. . . . By some miracle of chance or design this vast civilization has lingered in the pre-scientific age while the Western world has moved from medievalism into the 20th century. . . . Now its vanguard, full of confidence in themselves and in their people, have set out to build a new nation. . . .

"... Some will lose patience, and perhaps interest, as they observe the uneven course of China's development. But others will look with eyes bathed in perspective, will see the romance running through all the sorrowful and disappointing details of the story as it unfolds, and will find the insight and understanding which comes only to those who feel themselves individually and deeply involved in the whole glorious, tragic process. . . ."

We reached Shanghai and disembarked from the *President Hoover* on September 15, 1931. Three days later, on September 18 at 10 a.m., Professor Sakamoto came into my office. The distraught visage and the taut voice with which he greeted me made it plain that he came as the bearer of bad news. This good friend, a long-time professor in Japan's Tung Wen College in Shanghai, had latterly been drafted for special service also in the Shanghai office of the Japanese Embassy. Word had reached the embassy early that morning of the outbreak during the night of hostilities between Japanese troops and a Chinese garrison on the outskirts of Mukden, in Manchuria. A true friend of many Chinese, an ardent worker for peace, and a devoted Christian internationalist, he was horror-struck by what this news portended. At considerable risk he braved the wrath of his chauvinistic compatriots as, quietly but persistently, he continued to maintain his Chinese contacts and to share their indignation over the wrongs to which they were being subjected by the militaristic leaders of his people. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sakamoto have now passed on, but the memory of their friendship and example lingers, coloring one's whole outlook upon the entire people from whom they sprung.

Another representative of the Japanese Embassy through whom I endeavored to bring whatever influence I might have upon the situation was S. K. Inui. Educated in America (and very "Americanized" in his manners), active in Shanghai's Rotary Club and in its English-speaking Community Church, and rather aggressive in his social contacts with the American community, he was a consistent, and by no means subtle, champion of Japan's actions and policies. My plea was that Japan submit its "case" to the League of Nations. "Japan," I said to him, "will assume a heavy responsibility if she follows a course calculated to undermine the prestige and influence of the League of Nations, not too great to begin with." He saw no possibility, he said to me, of Japan's agreeing to "third party" participation in settling "the crisis." Subsequent events confirmed the fears which many of us then had that failure by the League of Nations to cope with this crisis might well be the beginning of the end of the League itself.

A fortnight later, David Yui asked if I would be willing to visit the Associations in Manchuria and to find out what was going on. Communications between Manchuria and China south of the Great Wall had all but ceased since September 18. With a Chinese colleague I was off the following morning and from October 9 to 23 we were engaged in this memorable tour of visitation. Enroute we broke the journey for a day in Tientsin where Chinese merchants and other worried leaders hailed my mission and pressed on me a generous purse to defray the expenses of the trip, including the cost of cablegrams in which they hoped I would "tell the world" what I found to be the situation. I declined the proffer, first because I wished to be free of any commitments, actual or implied, in making my reports, and second, because I did not intend to proclaim my findings from the housetops.

Hardly had we started northward from Tientsin than we discovered, in the diner, that we were being shadowed by a Japanese, dressed in the garb commonly worn by Chinese shopkeepers, but unable when we engaged him in conversation to disguise his give-away idiosyncrasies of speech. Throughout the journey this "shadow" accompanied us, at times reenforced or substituted for by other members of his fraternity. We made a game of

eluding these men and getting at certain personages along the way without their knowledge. It was disconcerting, however, on reaching Harbin, the northernmost city in our itinerary, to learn that our visit had been reported in advance in the local Japanese newspaper. Its report named, in order, the cities in Manchuria which we were visiting and "gathering information." Inasmuch as we had agreed in Shanghai that no notice of our coming would be sent ahead to anyone in Manchuria, I was (and am still) nonplussed as to how the Japanese consul-general got the information which he had passed so precisely to his newspaper.

From Tientsin we did wire the general secretary of the Chinhsien (Jinxian) YMCA asking him to meet us as our train passed through his city. A day or so earlier twelve Japanese airplanes had strafed this border garrison town, dropping 48 bombs during their half hour visit overhead, and we wanted to get from him the story of what had happened. On reaching Chinhsien we were met by this colleague *and* by representatives of the "Provisional Government" of the Three Eastern Provinces, in flight from Mukden! The latter held up our train long enough to drive me and three fellow-passengers around in Russian "droskies" for a first-hand view of the damage done by the bombing. On arriving at Mukden we found that city in utter confusion, and in the hands of an army of occupation. The story of Japan's occupation of Manchuria is now well-known, but this was far from being the case at that time. I kept therefore a record of what I saw, and of first-hand reports given by trusted friends and informants. These were the basis of a long report which I sent, "Not for Publication," where I thought its contents should be known.

The report went, first of all, to the headquarters of the International Committee in New York and of the World Alliance of the YMCA in Geneva, Switzerland. The use made of the report by these and other recipients showed me that the best way to be read is to mark what one writes "Confidential" or "Not for Publication!" The general secretary of the World Alliance was moved to place copies of the report in the hands of key members of the League of Nations, then in session, as "confidential material," of course. It was the first eye-witness report to reach these men, other than what came to them in ex parte reports or from newspaper dispatches.

> "I have also taken the liberty of putting copies in the hands of a few national (YMCA) secretaries whom you know rather intimately. In every case I have been careful to make clear the very personal nature of the document and I am sure this will not be abused."

The person in London to whom a copy was sent had copies made in his turn and shared them, in confidence of course, with the editors of the leading dailies in that city!

In the United States Dr. Mott journeyed to the White House to hand a copy of the report to President Herbert Hoover and to discuss with him the situation it portrayed. Other copies went to the editors of leading New York papers, to key persons in the United States Senate and the Department of State, and to other opinion and policy makers. A copy went to the Federal Council of Churches and to Sidney L. Gulick, then secretary of its Department of International Justice and Goodwill. Because of Dr. Gulick's Japan background I was particularly interested in his reactions to the report:

> "This is a confidential document of 34 pages reporting Mr. Eugene E. Barnett's visit to Manchuria, October 9-23. I have read this long document carefully. . . . Two-thirds of the document consists of a detailed statement of daily experiences in three or four cities in Manchuria, including accounts of

conferences with Chinese, with foreigners, and with a few Japanese regarding the Japanese military intervention.

"Mr. Barnett manifestly seeks to be perfectly fair and to give an objective statement of events. I am deeply impressed by the reliability of his report which shows that the plans of the Japanese army had been worked out with care and detail, and seem to go much further than the exigencies of the menace to Japanese life and property seem to require. The last third of the document deals with Mr. Barnett's generalizations. With these there is room for divergence of opinion, although Mr. Barnett seeks to be perfectly fair."

The Manchurian story has since been told so often and is now so well-known as to make even a recapitulation of my report gratuitous. When I came to my "generalizations" I devoted the first page to Japan's "grievances," which I listed without comment. The following excerpts, drawn from the remaining ten pages, record certain impressions and observations, which I presented as such and not necessarily as facts which I could fully substantiate:

"It is, I think, generally agreed that back of the present military occupation by Japan of strategic points in South Manchuria is Japan's long-cherished ambition to establish an economic hegemony in South Manchuria and Inner Mongolia. . . .

"Many neutral residents share the opinion of the Chinese that the Japanese have been exerting themselves for sometime to create a pretext for occupying Southern Manchuria. . . .

"A state of war exists in Manchuria without the formality of a declaration of war. . . . One cannot escape a sense of admiration, however mixed, for the thoroughness with which Japan acted when once she moved. . . . A newspaper correspondent of international reputation thought Japanese propaganda extraordinarily inept. In his view it is worse than mendacious; it fails to measure up to minimum standards of intelligence. . . . it fails to measure up to minimum standards of intelligence. . . .

"It is a matter of common conjecture . . . that Japan will follow the course she took in the absorption of Korea. (1) The first step is to set up a puppet government. (2) Once this government is established, Japan will extend a 'protectorate.' (3) The final step will come when Japan finds it 'necessary' in order to maintain peace to annex the territory as part of the Japanese empire.

"The tone of all Japanese propaganda with which we came in contact in Manchuria was nothing short of belligerent in its attitude toward the League of Nations and toward the United States. . . .

"China bases her case on the Open Door Policy, the League of Nations Pact, and Washington Conference Pact, and the Kellogg Pact. Japan makes her appeal on the basis of what she euphemistically calls the 'Treaty of 1915' (denounced by the Chinese as 'the infamous Twenty-one Demands'), on the ambiguous Lansing-Ishii Agreement, and on Japan's 'Monroe Doctrine,' as applied to Manchuria. . . .[11]

"One unmistakable reaction of China toward the 'Manchuria crisis' has been the militarization of the minds of its people. . . . The feeling is that might is the only voice heard in international conflicts. If the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact signatories fail to check Japanese military aggression in the present crisis, I am convinced that this militarization of Chinese sentiment will be intensified and made permanent.

. . ."If sanctions are required to supplement the force of world opinion, there exists the economic weapon (the boycott). This may now be regarded as the weapon of the weak, but China may help to prove that under present world conditions it is also the weapon of the wise. . . . Another unmistakable reaction to the present crisis in Manchuria has been a turning toward an alliance with Russia. . . . Some put it this way: We cannot rely on the League of Nations, or on friendly powers like America. Our only recourse is to join forces with Soviet Russia. . . ."

"You are doing more," John R. Mott wrote, "to give me an intelligent grasp of what is going on in the Far East than anyone of the multitude of leaders whose views I have been studying in printed page and in correspondence." Sidney L. Gulick in his letter to me said: "Personally I wish to thank you for the very valuable contribution you have made by your painstaking study and report. It is of great value to me as I seek to understand from accurate information just what the situation in Manchuria has been." "It seems a pity,"wrote Gerald Birks, "that your (document) could not be published at this time." The report, however, was directed to selected readers and not to the general public, and I am confident that it gained a more careful perusal and exerted a greater influence because it was "Not for Publication."

When the League of Nations sent the Lytton Commission to the Far East to investigate the situation, I was importuned by Chinese leaders to journey to Japan in order to accompany the commission back to Shanghai and tell them enroute what I had seen in Manchuria. This I did not do. On the arrival of the commission in Shanghai, however, I had useful conversations with General Frank R. McCoy, the American member of the commission.

XVI.

Aggression and Depression

The Japanese assault on Shanghai in January, 1932, was one of the early instances of massive bombing of civilian population, and world opinion recoiled in horror. The reputation of the Japanese was deeply tarnished. Barnett and other missionaries, in detailing Japanese war atrocities in 1931, 1932, and 1937-1938, helped shape attitudes that would long influence American policy in China. Though the USA would not enter the war until Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor in December, 1941, the sense of outrage toward Japan and sympathy for China strengthened a concept of a special relationship between China and the USA, long cultivated by missionaries. Chiang Kai-shek became the man of the hour in the USA as well as China when, in 1937, he decided upon a policy of resistance instead of compromise.

Chinese, along with Westerners, were surprised and impressed by the courageous stand of the Chinese military at Shanghai in 1932, and again in 1937. Chinese nationalism had become a force to be reckoned with, a force that the Kuomintang underestimated in its concentration on military unification while compromising with the Japanese. It was a force that the Japanese also underestimated as they attempted to dismember China into "autonomous" regions which they hoped to incorporate within the Japanese Co-Prosperity Sphere.

Almost as devastating to the Y's work in China as Japanese aggression was the impact of the depression. The YMCA was especially vulnerable because it relied heavily on national fund raising campaigns; it did not receive the kind of regular contributions that the churches did. At great cost in overall morale and in personal careers, Barnett had the responsibility for reducing international staff in China from 81 to 9 on regular support. Work, nevertheless, continued: student conferences, a revised constitution clarifying relationships and responsibilities, a new apartment building for international secretaries, and a fiftieth anniversary celebration of the first YMCAs in China.

Few new initiatives were taken, however, even though Y leaders were beginning to realize their weakness as a result of neglecting the rural population in a basically agrarian economy. Some expressed increasing concern about the ability of the Communists to use the issue of the inequitable distribution of wealth in the world and specifically in China; they feared lest China turn to the Soviet Union when the League of Nations and the Western democracies did little to deter Japanese aggression. To alter the course of events was beyond their power. Y leaders were struggling to hold their heads above the water, though they kept faith in the rightness of their cause. Barnett, upon the occasion of the Y's fiftieth anniversary in 1935, looked to the future: "New times now call for new tasks. Undeveloped frontiers must yet be pioneered." His hopes, however, were accompanied by apprehension and misgiving. Unlike the tone of the autobiography as a whole, the mood of this chapter is downbeat.

On January 3, 1932, in a letter to our son, Robert, I wrote:

> "The new year has dawned with lovely skies looking down upon a gloomy landscape in China. The weather is glorious but the 'situation' is rottener than we have ever experienced before in this sorely distressed land. I have never known the people to be so depressed. Most of them are waiting, for what they do not know, but they fully expect it to be calamity."

Before the month was over the blow fell--on Shanghai. The 27th of that month, Wednesday morning, S. C. Leung and I left Shanghai for brief visits in Tsinan, Tientsin, and Peking. On Friday afternoon a telegram reached us, in code, in Tsinan. Deciphered, it read: "Families safe." Safe? Why not, and from what? By nightfall, news (and rumors) began to trickle in, bringing inklings of an answer to our questions. It was not until Sunday morning, however, when we reached Tientsin and got hold of the morning's papers that we learned the full import of the cryptic wire, received two days earlier, assuring us of the safety of our families. It turned out that a Japanese admiral had come up the Whangpoo River, anchored his flagship the *Idzumo* alongside the Shanghai bund, and had put ashore a landing party of marines who quickly occupied the northern section of the city. The Japanese Counsel General's residents reached Wu Te-chen (Wu Dezhen), the Chinese mayor, fifteen minutes before the attack was launched. In no time the mid-night bombing from the air, shells fired from the *Idzumo*, the deadly fusillades of machine guns, incendiarism setting fire to industrial and residential areas, and the wild hooliganism of Japanese rowdies aflame with war-lust and saké, turned densely populated Chapei (Zhabei) into an inferno.

Leung and I had railway tickets back to Shanghai, but Chinese and Japanese troops were fighting astride the railway approaches to that city, cutting off access thereto by that route. We thereupon booked passages on a southbound coastal steamer; whether it would make Shanghai was doubtful, for wireless messages were reporting that Japanese warships were shelling the forts which guarded the river entrance to Shanghai. On getting there we did succeed in running the gauntlet. It was a strange experience to steam past 40 Japanese warships and then to stand on the deck of our little vessel and watch the battle going on only a stone's throw away. As we moved up the river we passed the *Idzumo*, anchored alongside the bund and still sending its heavy shells hurtling into the defenseless city from time to time. A few days later, in a letter to our children in college, I wrote:

> "As I write this letter men a few miles away are shooting each other's brains and gouging each other's entrails out. They are dropping bombs from the air, and blowing the bodies of soldiers and of civilians--men, women, and children--to smithereens. Tonight our house will be rocked by the bursting of not-too-distant bombs and shrapnel as men try to wipe each other out of existence. The whole business is grotesque, ghastly, impossible, and every hour that this goes on, it is creating a dozen new problems for every one it seeks to solve. . . ."

On March 4, armed with permits issued by the Japanese authorities, two colleagues and I spent the morning walking through the devastated area of Chapei. I tried to describe some of the things we saw:

> "I was in the ravaged cities of Northern France a few years after the Great War. The destruction there was not greater than that which has been visited upon vast areas of this city in which the population is densest. . . . I would like

to know how the area laid waste in and around Shanghai compares with that destroyed in Tokyo by the earthquake in 1923. . . .

"Fires are still burning in the area through which we passed. One four-story building, a factory of some kind, collapsed as we passed beside it, causing us to quicken our steps, lest we get caught beneath its falling walls. . . .

"Pulverized houses, smoking ruins, bits large and small of shrapnel, undetonated hand grenades still menacing the unwary or uninformed, emptied rifle and bomb shells, shell holes, sandbags: everywhere destruction, diabolical destruction. . . . There stood the Oriental Library of the Commercial Press. Its walls still stand, though torn and scarred beyond repair by shell fire. The valuable treasures it housed, some of them irreplaceable, are gone. . . .

"We shall never know how many people have been killed. . . ."

The stand which General Ts'ai T'ing-k'ai (Cai Tingkai) and his 19th Route Army made against this all-out attack was as valiant as it was unexpected. So unexpected was it that wondering observers in America cabled asking me to explain what was going on and how it came about! Conversations which I had with wounded Chinese soldiers, stories told me by T. V. Soong and other responsible Chinese leaders, and the spectacle as we observed it day after day from our "box seats" in the International Settlement led me to reply that things were in fact what they appeared to be! China, driven to desperation, was at last fighting back. They withstood the onslaught longer than anyone supposed they could, but in the end they bowed perforce to vastly superior force. Months later, in November, while travelling in south China I made a day's pilgrimage to the headquarters to which General Ts'ai had withdrawn. I said to the long, lean, and now famous General:

"For your men, equipped only with machine guns and rifles to stand off the heavy ordnance and all the enginery of war employed by Japan from water, land, and sea, seems to show that after all the human spirit is a more important factor in fighting than mechanical equipment."

"The Japanese," he replied, "were violating soil on which they had no right to be. Our men were defending their own soil, and naturally they fought with a spirit the Japanese did not have.

"I do not want to boast, but our men soon learned that there was no reason for them to fear the Japanese; with equipment equal to theirs we felt that we could easily defeat them!"

At the end of a ten-page review of the Shanghai War, which extended from January 28 to March 20, 1932, I raised the question of whither China was likely to turn in her extremity:

"If the friendly intervention of the League of Nations proves unavailing, China will turn toward Moscow for help, not only in this immediate crisis but also in the longer period of reconstruction which lies ahead. Talk of this possibility I regard as by no means empty threats, made to frighten Japan and the rest of the world. One hears the inevitability, if not the desirability, of this course canvassed on all sides in private conversations. Bankers,

manufacturers, educators, and Christian leaders will support recourse to Moscow if Japan's aggression continues uncurbed. These men believe that an alliance with Soviet Russia, even if made on hard terms for China at the outset, can eventually be established on terms more advantageous and self-respecting than can possibly be hoped for as a result of submission to Japan."

During the height of the fighting in and around Shanghai I received a surprising cablegram from Tokyo. It came from one of our International Committee secretaries in Japan and it started that a party of Japanese Christians and Japan missionaries would like to visit Shanghai, "for observation and informal conversations with Chinese Christians." Would they be welcomed? After a quick canvass of "the right people" I cabled them forthwith to come along. They came, eight strong. Their steamer tied up to its pier in the Japanese sector of the bund, and gunfire sounded in our ears as L. T. Chen, general secretary of the Shanghai YMCA and I went abroad to meet them. We took them to one of the best hotels in the International Settlement, where the roomboy agreed to serve them only after being assured that they were Christians and guests of the Chinese YMCA! There and at a few other carefully chosen spots in the city they spent eight busy days, meeting Christian leaders and others whom I took to them, individually and in groups. The Japanese occupation authorities bid for as much of their time as they could get!

This effort of Chinese and Japanese Christians to keep their lines of communication and fellowship open, even while their two countries were at war, was movingly sincere and pathetically frustrating. The Chinese were surprisingly forthright in confessing the wrongs which they saw in the conduct of their own country, as they endeavored to meet their fellow-Christians from Japan more than half-way. Whether from inbred habit or from fear of consequences which might ensue, or both, the Japanese found it impossible to respond in kind. I wrote following their visit:

"I have had eight interesting days with the Christian deputation from Japan. The Shanghai YMCA entertained them in the Palace Hotel, and I arranged many important contacts for them with Chinese, American, and British leaders. They found their own contacts with Japanese, and plenty of them! The Japanese Admiral and the resident Japanese Minister were among those who entertained them.

"The Admiral wished to invite me and several missionaries to the reception he gave them on his flagship; I managed to head off the invitation. The Minister did invite ten of us to his dinner for the party, but I did not accept. . . . I welcome private conversations with Japanese-Christians or non-Christians, but I did not wish to participate in events which would almost certainly be played up in Japan as evidence of the sweet fraternity enjoyed between the Japanese 'defenders' of Shanghai and defended neutrals!"

Did we find a "formula" for the solution of the tragic conflict then rending the two countries asunder?

"Not even for ourselves did we find a 'common mind' with respect to many of the issues involved in the situation. But for Chinese and Japanese to meet at all at such an hour, under the very shadow of Chapei, Kiangwan, and Woosung (where the fighting was still raging) was in itself a spiritual achievement."

A Chinese reaction to the experience is voiced in the following sentences, written after the visit to a Japanese member of the deputation by Y. T. Wu, who at that time was president of the China branch of the Fellowship of Reconciliation:

> "You do not seem to have understood the mind of the Chinese, or the tremendous sense of wrong which they feel the Japanese have done them by the troubles your government has created in Manchuria and Shanghai. . . .
>
> "I feel that in our interpretation of events we are just as far apart from each other as before; in fact, farther apart because after your visit . . .,you consider your judgment to be based on first-hand contact and observation. . . .
>
> "You have joined your militarists in idealizing a situation which others consider a fanatic outrage in international relations. . . .
>
> "The Chinese have not accepted and will not accept the Manchuria affair as a *fait accompli*, as you have, and I am afraid the future is as dark as ever.
>
> "I have not the slightest doubt of your sincerity. . . . Your present attitude shows, however, how difficult it is for us really to understand each other, not to say to help solve each other's problems.
>
> "I do hope that we may have further opportunities in the future to exchange views on a very controversial subject. . . ."

Several members of the Japanese deputation went from Shanghai to Manchuria, and to them we gave letters of introduction and commendation to key persons in the area. Not long thereafter Y. T. Wu and I made a scheduled visit in Manchuria and met them briefly at the end of their tour. We and they had visited the most important cities in the area when we met in Mukden, and I noted with melancholy interest the difference in their reactions and our own from these visits. They had been impressed by the "spirit of idealism" with which the Japanese they had met were bent on turning Manchuria into Manchukuo ("kuo" [quo] signifying nationhood) and on making the new "state" a cornerstone for Japan's East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. We had been impressed by the arrogance of the Japanese conquerors whom we had met and their disregard for either Chinese sensibilities or world opinion.

The mission which took Y. T. Wu and me to the northeast was to confer with representatives of the YMCAs of Manchuria concerning the problems they faced in the new situation. A principal outcome of our conference with them was the formation of the "Northeastern Advisory Committee *of the National Committee of the YMCAs of China*," composed of "trusted Chinese and missionary leaders." This action was to counter pressures to set up an independent "National Committee" for Manchukuo and to establish channels for continued communication and assistance in the difficult days we saw ahead. The arrangements then made provided for tenuous and surreptitious contact for a time between the National Committee in Shanghai and this "Advisory Committee" in Manchuria. I was able to make one more visit into Manchuria before the curtain finally fell and the territory was effectively sealed against such visits. In the spring of 1933, however, S. C. Leung and I journeyed to Japan where we conferred with members of the Japan National Committee and of the Advisory Committee in Manchuria regarding problems besetting the YMCAs in Manchuria. Later, in 1933, Saito of the Japan National Committee made a visit to Shanghai to consult further with us regarding problems precipitated by developments in Manchuria.

Among his fellow countrymen, Saito was citing the unity of Canada and the United States in the International Committee as a precedent for a united movement embracing YMCAs in politically separate areas north and south of the Great Wall!

We endeavored to keep New York and Geneva informed of our problems and of what we were doing to deal with them, but they were problems which had to be met, on a day-to-day basis, by those immediately concerned. There was not much that we could do to help the YMCAs in Manchuria, but we did manage to avoid their legal divorce from the China Movement! Also, as Japan and China moved further and further apart politically, YMCA leaders in the two countries came closer and closer together as they dealt in a forthright and fraternal manner with common problems. The presence of International Committee secretaries in the two movements supplied trusted "middle men," without whose cooperation this unusual demonstration of Christian camaraderie could hardly have been carried out.

Of the Far Eastern and Indian Conference of the World's Committee of the YMCA held in the Philippines during the summer of 1933, I wrote:

> "The conference yielded greater results than I expected. We had men present from India, Java, Siam, the Philippines, China, Japan, Korea, and the United States. . . . The YMCA has succeeded in building up in these Eastern lands a truly notable body of men for its front-line leadership. . . .
>
> "One fact about the Far East and India stood out: Asia is still an agricultural economy, and its most serious social and economic problems must be fought out in the countryside. . . . How can the farmer be emancipated from his present slavery to debt? How can he be made a larger participant in the enjoyment of the goods he produced? How can he enter into a larger and fuller life than he lives at present? The YMCAs in India and Korea have made more progress in dealing with these (rural) questions than has been done in China. . . .
>
> "The Indian takes to dialectics like a bird takes to the air or a fish to water. . . . I get all fed up with America's concentration on the inductive method in determining a philosophy of life or a proper position to take with reference to a given problem; but nothing has recently made me so tolerant of the American mentality as the exhibition in extreme form of its antithesis by our Indian friends at Baguio. . . .
>
> "The Indian offers a sharp contrast to the Chinese in this respect. The Indian is metaphysical, theoretical, fond of dialectics, extremely practical and ethical. . . . The Indians and the Chinese should mingle more, for each has what the other lacks. . . .
>
> "The Indian likes to stress his solidarity with the rest of Asia. On the other hand I heard a number of Asians from other lands point out the contrasts, rather than the similarities they saw between India and the Far East. . . .
>
> "These Asian peoples are all alike in one thing: They smart under their subjection to white nations and long for the day (which they also fear) when they will be free and independent of the white man again. (This is true, for example of the Filipinos; they are scared they won't get their independence, and they are afraid they will.)"

In China Communism, at this time, was for the time being underground, but it was nevertheless waxing strong on its "diet" of public distress, social disintegration, and its own persecution at the hand of the authorities. Writing from central China where the foothold of Communism was especially strong, I observed in a letter to my mother:

> "The Communists make their way by a skillfully blended appeal to idealism and to fear. Those with whom I have talked here tell of how the farmers over whole countrysides are taken in ('hypnotized' is the expression they use) by the 'Communist Gospel.' Also they tell of whole villages terrorized into submission and support of the Communist regime. . . .
>
> "There is much going on in contemporary China which curdles the blood by its sinister possibilities. Yet one wonders whether it is not ushering in a new day in which it can no longer seem 'right' for men, women, and children to starve, while others wastefully consume, and pile up goods not for use but to fortify their personal power over the lives of others. That even America, with its cult of private capitalism, unbridled competition, and inevitable prosperity is being jarred into a new point of view would seem to be the case when the *New York World* can remark, as it did in a recent editorial, 'Free men will not continue to starve when surrounded by plenty.'"

Apropos the concluding reference in the above paragraph, we began to have mounting evidence in the YMCA in China of the crisis taking place in the American economy. Already by mid-year of the year before (1932) Francis Harmon, having assumed the general secretaryship of the International Committee, was writing me from New York:

> "From the window where I sit I can look across at the Roosevelt Hotel, for which a receivership has been sought within the past week. Real estate values have gone to pieces so completely that you can purchase a sumptuous New York apartment for one dollar, provided you are willing to assume the 99-year lease and pay the taxes."

And in a letter to our children in college I was writing:

> "We are cutting out our summer vacation and making other necessary reductions in our expenditures. We are not yet obsessed by our troubles but are pursuing the even tenor of our lives, with each day's hours full of labor and interest. It would be easy to weep and worry over personal insecurity and the instability of the enterprise in which we are engaged. What really jars our equanimity, however, is the spreading disintegration which threatens our present world order. We seem to be moving toward disaster in almost every part of the world, with the inexorable evolvement of Fate, and it is difficult to see from whence relief is to come."

In letter after letter, and for several years, I was writing of the "cruel cuts" in our International Committee staff, support for which was steadily diminishing. So, in May, 1932: "I open letters from New York these days with anxiety as to what they contain." A month later I put it this way:

> "It seems likely that more men will have to be dropped from our China staff. That is a simple declarative sentence but, oh, what a complex of disappointment, anxiety, and hardship it represents! I have been breaking the news to my close friends of the descending ax until my heart is sore."

The following month Francis Harmon was writing me at length, deeply troubled yet determinedly courageous:

> "The last two months constitute one of the most distressing periods through which I have ever passed. I did not come to New York to liquidate this enterprise."

Demobilizations proceeded, however, toward a point which seemed to us to approach liquidation, and in mid-year of 1933 I was writing:

> "The depression continues to assail us and our work in China. Our American staff has been cut by more than half during the past three or four years. Now comes another cablegram asking for more 'blood,' in the demobilization of three or four more families.
>
> "I have canvassed the group (of World Service secretaries) and have cabled New York our unanimous request that, as an alternative measure, they take the amount available for China salaries next year and divide it among the entire present staff. . . .
>
> "Our salaries were cut last year and this by 25 percent. Recent fluctuations in exchange reduce this amount by another 25 percent. If our proposal to divide up funds available in 1934 is accepted it will put us all, alike, on half-salary or less. This will not be easy as our salary scale in China is already low, and living costs in China have not come down. . . .
>
> "On the other hand, we are not willing to see this work, built up during the past generation, dismantled. The YMCA occupies an almost unique position in China as a mediator not only of Christian ideals to educated youth but also of international friendship and cooperation. It would be a calamity of the first order if this should have to be dropped at this time. When the forces of nationalism are so strong, a movement like our becomes all the more significant and important."

However, reductions continued and in 1935 I again commented on the inroads being made on our staff in this wise:

> "The past year has been a hard one on us, as it has on most of the people one knows about! The depression has bored in very hard on the International Committee and cruel cuts in its China staff have been required. It has fallen to my lot to be the public executioner, and a sad business it is to help one's friends terminate their supposedly 'life service' in this country, at the heyday in many cases of their usefulness."

With North American YMCAs making drastic reductions also in their staffs, and with unemployment rampant throughout the land, it was a grievous time for these men to return to America jobless and with families to support. Fortunately other organizations, some of them in China, were able and glad to take on some of these men. The China National Committee and local Associations in China, at great sacrifice, joined with the International Committee in providing subsistence support for several others, and those returning to America were in due course "placed." In a letter to New York I reported:

"Most of the men demobilized from the China staff are seeking placement in this country, and a very large part of my time goes into canvassing possibilities for them and with them. . . . The prospects seem good. . . .

"I marvel at the spirit in which every man has bowed his head to the inevitable. If there has been a whimper or a complaint from one of them I haven't heard it, and I think I would have. . . . My tears do not lie near the surface but I find my eyes wet many times these days as I recall things these men have said or written in connection with the heart-breaking crisis which has suddenly overtaken them.

"'You remember,' writes Ed Lockwood from Canton, 'how the Knights of the Round Table broke up in The Tales of King Arthur. Something like this scattering is taking place with our fellowship, but the reason for the breaking is different. It has been a good cause to be with and I will always be glad that I was with it.' This is the spirit of all the men."

I wish that the concluding sentence in the preceding paragraph could stand, but it is not surprising that it must be slightly qualified. Our World Service staff in China at its lowest point during this period numbered eight, a drop of 73 men during my tenure as senior secretary! Of these 73 there were just four who did "whimper and complain" somewhat. It happened that all four were among the least indispensable members of the staff, a circumstance the implications of which they found impossible to accept gracefully. All four, let it be said, were shortly placed in other positions, one in an American YMCA and the other three in other organizations.

In June 1935 we brought together in Nanking the surviving members of our International Committee staff, to meet with Francis Harmon who was making a visit in the Far East. I like to remember the spirit of that group as that which predominated among us throughout those difficult years. In the course of a letter to our eldest son, then a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, I had this to say about that conference:

"In Nanking last week we mustered 'the ragged remnant' of North American secretaries left in China. Only nine of the number are on regular support of the International Committee (in contrast with 81 when I came into my present relationship as senior secretary). Several came who in spite of 'demobilization' have stuck at their posts on inadequate salaries to which the local YMCAs concerned and the China National Committee have contributed sacrificially. Others were there who, for the time being at least, are serving other organizations in China. . . .

"What glorious sports these men are! Not a word of resentment or complaint did I hear from one of them during the entire week. A number of them realized that this was their 'last stand,' that their present 'emergency support' would shortly melt away, and that the North American YMCAs would not likely be able to resume their support. Yet they threw themselves into the conference as if they were in mid-career and not at the end of the trail in this service. And facing an uncertain future for themselves, the concern which seemed uppermost in their minds, as it certainly was in their speech, was 'the work' to which most of them have given the twenty, twenty-five, or thirty best years of their lives.

"With some of the men being retained on the staff and others demobilized, there was plenty of room for jealousy, invidious remarks, and strains of one kind or another in relationships. Nothing of the sort, however, showed its ugly head. Our group has been notable in China for the fine comradeship of its men--and of their wives. This comradeship has stood the strain of these awful years when the group has had to be cut to pieces. I feel very humble, and very proud, as I think about it all."

Another China casualty of the Depression was the housing which the International Committee had belatedly provided for its secretaries throughout the country. The new had hardly worn off the long-awaited residences when the staff reductions noted above set in. As demobilizations mounted, these residences were not needed for their intended use, and the International Committee was casting about for funds wherever they could be had. In due course a long cablegram arrived from New York instructing me to sell the lot! I soon found myself engaged in a sprawling 'real estate business,' endeavoring to wangle the best prices possible. I was particularly fortunate in Shanghai where we had seven residences and ample grounds for flower gardens, lawns, tennis court, and kitchen gardens. We soon found a single buyer for this entire property, a wealthy Chinese who promptly accepted the "asking price" I quoted to him, paying the same forthwith in the biggest check I had ever handled up to that time.

From the proceeds of this sale I was able to reimburse the International Committee for the full amount of its investment in this property, with a substantial amount left over which I proceeded to put to good use. I was responsible for the housing of International Committee personnel in China. Houses for rent were hard to come by in Shanghai and the continual hunting, renting, equipping, and vacating of houses for our families as they came and went meant wear and tear for them and heavy costs to the committee. I found that with the balance left over from the above sale I could purchase a small lot and put on it a modest apartment house sufficient for our foreseeable needs. We had sold "the compound" at a peak in the local real estate market. We let the contract and built the apartment house following a "break" in the market which gave us low costs and much more attention from the top French architects we engaged than could normally be expected.

The French architects were greatly intrigued to see what Americans wanted in an apartment house. When completed the apartment was the "talk of the town." There were four spacious, three-bedroom apartments, and a fifth smaller apartment, ample for a couple without children. Large, steel-framed windows let in abundant light. The four large apartments had fireplaces, and all give were equipped with built-in sideboards, china closets, book shelves, clothes closets, and dresser-drawers. Bathrooms (two in each of the large apartments and one in the fifth), plumbing, and lighting were the last word in modernity. An automatic "Iron Fireman" kept the coal furnace going in winter. In addition to the furnace room and small apartment, there were on the ground floor living quarters for servants, a storage room for each apartment, and a garage for the "company car" which we acquired for the use of the staff members and their families. On the roof we put a penthouse which looked down on the gardens around us. The penthouse was an attractive and comfortably furnished room, large enough to accommodate thirty people seated in a circle. In the summer the glass French doors which comprised the "walls"of the room could all be thrown open, leaving us "out-of-doors," except for the roof over our heads. There were steam radiators to keep us warm in the fall and winter, and these were reenforced by a large open fireplace around which to gather. This roof garden compensated somewhat for the limited ground space below, and it immediately became a favorite place of rendezvous for staff meetings and social events of various sorts. When officials of the

International Committee next came from New York to Shanghai and I showed them what we had done, I was pleased to have them respond with an enthusiastic "Well done!"

Accepting the fact that "a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce, or trouble is what you make it," and refusing to capitulate to events, we went on with our work. Indeed there seemed to be no let-up in opportunities for hard and rewarding work, and we endeavored to make the most of them. We held program building institutes, similar to those described earlier, in east China, south and central China, and in China's far west. In late 1934, for example, I spent a month and a half visiting associations in Szechwan, China's western-most and her most populous province, adding to my usual agenda participation in notable evangelistic campaigns which Sherwood Eddy conducted during the period in Chungking and Chengtu. The demand for help in starting new YMCAs was great, and we continued to lay down very exacting conditions, failing which we discouraged organization. New buildings were erected in several cities. Twelve student conferences brought together hundreds of students each summer; these conferences for a score of years had offered an "all-round" program in which sports were stressed, but in the mid-thirties they began to take on the likeness of what later we have called "work camps." Staff members were drafted for important assignments in relief programs, set up to succor the victims of floods and famines. There were of course other conferences, not a few, and much to confer about when we met! Among these were national conferences of secretaries, one in Hangchow in 1934 and another in Nanking in 1936. In the midst of staggering preoccupations we hammered out a Ten Year Program of Advance to which the associations in National Conference Assembly officially committed themselves in 1936.

These conferences were fast becoming almost entirely Chinese in their attendance, and this was notably the case when we met in Shanghai in a National Convention. Only a handful of North American secretaries was in attendance or remained on the China staff. J. Leighton Stuart, then president of Yenching University, later to be the U.S. Ambassador to China, was present. No other Christian movement in China, he declared, could have withstood the shock of such heavy and sudden losses in foreign personnel as the YMCA had had with such resilience and stamina as he found in the convention. The theme of the convention was National Reconstruction through Cooperation--pointing up two concerns currently engaging the attention of thoughtful Chinese; namely, the need of reconstruction and the necessity of cooperation among forces which at the time, unfortunately, were in fact reaching for each other's throats! Two actions of the convention were noteworthy.

First, a new Constitution was enacted which brought about drastic revisions in the national organization. These revisions were the culmination of three years of study and discussion by member associations, secretaries, and regional conferences of both the city and the student YMCAs.

The revised Constitution provided for a National Committee, directly representative of member Associations, to function as the highest legislative body of the movement (instead of the former larger and looser National Convention); set up an Executive Board to act on behalf of this committee between biennial meetings; and created a National Board of Custody and Investment, to hold the real properties and handle the invested funds of the National Committee and of such member Associations as might desire its services in these respects. This second board was of course a Chinese adaptation of the Board of Trustees which is widely known in the West but for which no precedent or legal provision then existed in China. The new Constitution also spelled out the respective roles and the mutual relationships of City and Student YMCAs within a common movement, in a manner which satisfied both the champions of a united movement and the exponents of what many

regarded as a separatist movement which would have divorced the Student from the City Associations.

Second, the Convention adopted plans for a nationwide Youth and Religion program, in which the YWCA and the National Christian Council later joined forces. One of our first steps in this program was to form an evangelistic team which toured the most important "student centers" of the country. This was a team of three persons; a scientist, a psychologist, and an educator-poetess, all Chinese and all highly educated and deeply dedicated Christians. Composing the team were Tu Yu-ching (Du Youjing), known for his ability to propound Christianity and science to critical and eager students; Ch'en Wen-yuan (Chen Wenyuan), who had studied psychology in the United States and Europe but who delivered addresses free of academic jargon and full of understanding and of evangelistic fervor; and Miss Tseng Pao-sen (Zeng Baosen), a granddaughter of Tseng Kuo-fan (Zeng Guofan), a "returned student" from England, a well-known poetess, and founder and principal of a famous girls' school in central China.

Chinese youth, as we have pointed out, were more concerned with "national salvation" than they were with "personal salvation." Through our evangelists, through an active literature program, and through other accustomed channels, we endeavored to set forth the importance of both. Among certain pietistic missionaries the long-time emphasis of the YMCA on the so-called "Social Gospel" had been under repeated attack, but its timeliness during these years led us to increase our emphasis on this aspect of Christianity. I wrote in 1934:

> "Communism has been carrying on an aggressive missionary program in China for a decade. It has appealed enormously to idealistic youth because of its drastic revolutionary proposals which aim at the overthrow of China's 'feudalism' and of the 'capitalism' which is endeavoring to establish itself in this country, and at the erection in their stead of a fairer and happier 'socialistic' society. While Communism in action has greatly discredited itself in the eyes of the people, the feeling persists that Christianity is altogether too vague and ineffectual in its approach to the fundamental problems of the times."

In 1935 we celebrated the 50th Anniversary of the first YMCAs in China: one a student YMCA organized in Foochow in south China, and the other organized at about the same time in a school in Tungchow in north China. I wrote down on that occasion:

> "In general the YMCA has kept the life and the religion of Christ at the center of its message. It has insisted on equating religion with life. It has stood steadfastly for both the 'individual Gospel' and the 'social Gospel,' refusing to play up one side of Christianity to the neglect of the other.
>
> "If it has lacked profundity in its thought life, it has also escaped narrow partisanship and has generally shown itself to be vital, contemporaneous and practical. It has endeavored to guide youth not so much into doctrinal beliefs as into attitudes and habits which make for 'all-round' personality.
>
> "It has consistently bracketed the cultivation of 'Christian personality' with the employment of one's individual powers in 'unselfish service.' Expressive of this two-fold emphasis have been its well-known slogans: 'National Salvation through (Men of) Character,' 'Nation Building through Character Building;' and 'National Reconstruction through Cooperation.'

"John R. Mott recently stated that the Young Men's Christian Association in China is one of the four strongest among 50-odd national YMCA movements in the world. With the widening outreach of its field, the increasing breadth and comprehensiveness of its activities, the growing depth and clarity of its religious and social ideology, and with the strength of its local and national leaders, the YMCA stands at the threshold of its second half-century as one of China's substantial national assets.

"In its first half century the YMCA has played a vital part in the awakening and the progressive modernization of the country. New times now call for new tasks. Undeveloped frontiers must yet be pioneered. The YMCA faces this next period of service in China, prepared to go on building on foundations which have been well laid."

XVII.

Memories

After leaving China, Barnett would have a second YMCA career in the United States, first serving as General Secretary of the International Committee based in New York City, and then as General Secretary of the National Council of YMCAs of the United States, the leader of American Y work both domestically and abroad. His career as Y leader in the United States he discusses in a second volume of his memoirs (issued as "Memoirs of Eugene Epperson Barnett, Volume II," by the Committee on YMCA Historical Resources of the National Board of the YMCAs of the US). It describes the last period of the Depression, World War II, and the immediate post-war period, and deals with Barnett's activities not just in Asia, but in Europe, Latin America, Africa, and elsewhere during those years.

This volume, covering the years up to 1936, concludes with fond memories of China, which had contributed so much to his personal development and to his international reputation. Friendships, landscapes, family joys, and Chinese cuisine and aesthetic creations vie for affection.

During his last year in China, Barnett alternates between hope that "new life is stirring this country" and concern over the contrast between the expectation and exhilaration of the 1911 revolution and the actuality of China in 1936. Through all runs the conviction that the Y had an important mission in China and should continue to serve the Chinese.

Though Chinese Christians suffered hard times during the 1950s and 1960s, he would be pleased to know that the YMCA as well as the Chinese Christian church remain alive in the People's Republic of China and give evidence of a new vitality. Within China, YMCAs have reopened in several major cities, a national board has been reconstituted, and communications have been reestablished with YMCA organizations in the United States and elsewhere.

This volume of Barnett's memoirs ends, however, with his reflections on his last year in China in the mid-1930s.

My own tenure in China had spanned the second half of the YMCA's first half century in that country. My friends signalized this milestone of mine with heart-warming manifestations of their regard. At a surprise luncheon, attended by lay and staff friends in the YMCA and others, I was presented with an ivory seal which I have greatly treasured ever since. It is a lovely piece of Chinese craftsmanship, executed on a squared piece of ivory, 2-1/2 inches in height. At its base is incised my name in Chinese characters, my "official signature." Surmounting the seal are two legendary lions, delicately carved. On one face of the ivory is etched a Chinese scene, "mountains and water." On the opposite face of the seal, in a space 1" by 2-1/2" in size, are etched 739 Chinese characters, summarizing my life story and particularly my quarter century in China. This biographical sketch closes with a tribute to Bertha:

> "During these 25 years she has lived a simple life [high praise in China's traditional scale of values] and has cooperated wholeheartedly with her husband. His great success in his life work is due in no small measure to this cooperation."

That spring, 1935, on a visit to Sian in the northwest, I was entranced by the 7th Century (A.D.) ceramics which were being unearthed in the pathway of highways, railroads, and airfields then under construction. Through a resident colleague who had supplied the British Museum and the Royal Museum at Stockholm with valuable collections of these trophies, I acquired two figurines, seven inches tall, which also belong among our cherished mementoes of China. The figurines are of two girl musicians. one strumming a banjo-line instrument and the other clapping together a pair of cymbals. They had come out of their entombment in perfect repair, and their green, yellow, and reddish glaze, at its perfection during the T'ang Dynasty, remained fresh and undimmed in color. The Greek-like garb in which the girls are dressed, the shawl which each girl wears on a shoulder and the hair-do crowning their heads are all reminiscent of that Golden Age in Chinese civilization, when China's contacts with the Mediterranean world--over the so-called Silk Route--were marked by extensive cultural exchanges. The features of the figurines are delicate and lovely, the embodiment of feminine serenity. "I get a real thrill," I wrote our children in America, "out of living with these two ladies 1,300 years or so old. They would still be graceful and pretty had they been made last week!"

I was never a collector, having neither the time nor the money for that expensive hobby(!), but there did come into my possession also a few paintings and articles of ceramic art which, in our American home, continue to induce alternating feelings of homesickness for China and of being at home among these reminders of China. There are two frescoes, one on linen and one on plaster, removed from ancient temples in Honan Province during the reign of an iconoclastic warlord. There are paintings on silk, several of them centuries old, their loveliness untouched by the passage of time. And there are other articles, mainly porcelains, picked up here and there, which are less rare but reminiscent also of the "glory that was" China.

The year 1935 was marked by an episode which hurt many people and greatly damaged American prestige. That was the collapse of the Raven companies in Shanghai. Frank Raven was rated America's leading businessman in that city at that time. A bank, a finance corporation, and a real estate firm were among his enterprises. These catered mainly to small investors--missionaries, salaried Chinese, and "White Russian" refugees, many of whom had entrusted their entire life savings to his institutions. Great was the shock when the United States Court brought criminal charges against Raven, and after several months of trial and its accompanying publicity sent him to prison in America. The losses

suffered by individuals ill able to afford them was a major tragedy. Hard hit too were several American-supported institutions which had placed large amounts on deposit with the Raven companies. Our personal losses were small, for our savings were small(!), but a fund which we were building up for the college education of our children went with the wind, and the balance of our checking account, on which we depended for current needs, was also wiped out.

An amusing, though unimportant, incident in that episode may be worth recording. We had recently received from my father the gift of an unexpected check, and Bertha and I decided to use its proceeds to purchase a silver tea set in celebration of our Silver Wedding Anniversary and of our twenty-five years in China. In order to safeguard this money from other uses I put it into a sock and stashed it away in a corner of a cupboard drawer. Now we had to filch it from ourselves, and until our next salary check arrived it was what we had to live on; and the silver tea set remains unbought.

In November of that year a party of United States Congressmen, enroute to Manila to participate in the inauguration of the Commonwealth of the Philippines and of Manuel Luis Quezon as its first president, stopped off in Shanghai between steamers. I have among my papers a fairly full account of their visit, but the less I make of it in these recollections, the better it will be! This visit and that of the Congressional party to Hangchow during our residence there reflected little credit upon "the highest law-making body" of the American republic. The following excerpt from a letter gives an inkling of the event:

> "By 10:30 last night a number of our 'statesmen' were visibly worse for the cocktails they had imbibed during the day and evening. Vice President John N. Garner, Speaker James W. Byrns, and Senate Leader Joseph T. Robinson remained in full possession of their faculties, but several of their party were staggering around like bums. One or two were hugging and trying to kiss ladies in their vicinity in maudlin fashion. I wonder if the MPs of any other first-class power in a foreign tour would so lower their dignity."

In Shanghai's beautiful palace-style municipal building, Mayor Wu Te-chen gave the party a sumptuous Chinese feast. One can imagine his surprise when, according to reports I heard the following day, he learned that Chinese $1,600 worth of ivory and silverware had disappeared during the feast into the pockets and handbags of the honored guests as "souvenirs of the occasion."

That fall I attended the Sixth National Athletic Meet, held in the stadium newly built by the Shanghai Municipal Government at a cost of $1,300,000. Po-ling was chief referee. It was gratifying at the opening of that meet to hear him pay public tribute to the YMCA for organizing the first of these meets, and for continuing active thereafter in their conduct. It was as president of Nankai University and of the Tientsin YMCA that Dr. Chang had become a foremost pioneer of modern athletics in China. Great indeed were the strides one noted since the first of these meets, which I had also attended shortly after our first arrival in China in 1910.

> "The [1935] meet was officially opened by a parade of athletes and the officials in charge of the delegations. Between two and three thousand athletes, men and women, including participants from the most remote provinces, marched onto the field, circled the running track, and drew up in formation before the reviewing stand. The vast audience broke into tumultuous applause when teams representing 'the lost provinces of

Manchuria' marched into the field. No single feature of the opening parade, or of the contests which followed, was more symbolic of the social revolution which has taken place in China than the presence of the girl athletes, dressed, some in bloomers, some in slacks, and some in shorts. For these girls to travel distances requiring weeks of time (as was necessary for those coming from such places as Yunnan, Szechuan, and Sinkiang [Xinjiang]), and for them to compete before spectators numbering tens of thousands, is a far cry from the bound feet and the accepted seclusion which prevailed among women and girls less than a generation ago."

It was during this period that the Laymen's Enquiry conducted its studies and published its report in a volume entitled "Re-Thinking Missions." The aforesaid report became the subject of heated controversy between those who viewed its criticisms with alarm and those who welcomed its probing yet sympathetic appraisal of missionary policies and practices. My own reactions are reflected in the following excerpts, taken from a letter which I wrote to the head of the Laymen's Commission, thanking him for a complimentary copy:

"The Laymen's Commission is to be congratulated and thanked for making the subject of 'foreign missions' a living issue in the thinking of Christians on both sides of the world. . . .

"How now can the interest which has been stirred and the thinking which has been started be made to eventuate in increased devotion and a better quality of work and worker? Such, I am persuaded, should be the outcome, but is hardly likely to be so unless far more time, thought, and effort can now be brought to the wide study and application of its findings than were spent in their preparation. . . .

"Cannot some person or persons in your Commission produce at the earliest possible moment a positive, straightforward, constructive missionary challenge, formulated in terms of the conception of the enterprise embodied in your report. . . .

"What I am suggesting is that this positive conception of the modern missionary task be disentangled from the appraisal. . . . and that it be re-presented in glowing terms of positive challenge. I have wondered if the laymen who have produced this report will not now become crusaders, carrying to laymen and to college students across America the vision which has come to you in this period of painstaking and devoted study."

The Chinese president of a Christian university, about to start on a journey to America, wrote asking my view of the laymen's report. I replied:

"You ask what I think of *Re-Thinking Missions*. . . . I regard it as an honest and constructive effort of a group of sympathetic friends from America to single out the main issues in the Christian task in China, so far as Americans can contribute to it. I have a strong conviction that Chinese Christians and missionaries in China should address themselves to the questions it raises rather than spending their time in giving blanket endorsement or disapproval to the document. Certainly its conclusions are by no means 'the last word' on the subjects discussed. . . ."

Bertha and I had taken no vacation for several years and, with the depletion of our "fraternal" staff in China, it seemed likely that our furlough, though due, would be delayed for a couple of years or longer. In October, 1935, Bertha and I slipped away on our pilgrimage to the Diamond Mountains of Korea. Enroute we passed through Japan where we were impressed by the signs we saw of the martial spirit of a people poised to make their bid for their "place in the sun." In Korea we were made aware of the pressures of a police state. On our way back to Shanghai we passed through Manchuria, where Christian leaders and others were being rounded up in large numbers by Japanese gendarmes, and terror mounted throughout the populace. Our brief stay in the Diamond Mountains, however, helped us regain some perspective on our troubled world. I wrote our children:

> "It is a glorious thing to drench oneself occasionally in beauty. This we did in the Diamond Mountains. While there I read one account in English translation of a trip to the mountains made in 1389, another written sometime in the 16th century, another written at the time of our American Civil War (1861-1865), and still another account written in 1922. Thus through the centuries, men and women have sought solace in the seclusion of these mountains and in their marvelous beauty: their lofty peaks piercing a jagged outline across the sky; the glorious conglomeration of green and brilliant colors on their precipitous slopes; the water courses falling tumultuously over sheer falls, swirling around huge piles of fantastic boulders, then gently purling for a time over rocky reaches.
>
> "It gives one a strange sense of enlargement to be in the presence of such beauty, to let its healing influence soak into one's innermost being, and to know that for twenty centuries at least men have responded in much the same way to these self-same surroundings."

This period took heavy toll of us in the death of Chu Ch'eng-Chang (Zhu Chengzhang) chairman of the National Committee, and of David Yui, its general secretary. Chu was a graduate of Yale (which had placed its unmistakable stamp upon him), a successful businessman, an exemplary YMCA layman, and a close friend and next-door neighbor of David Yui. One morning as he was leaving home for his bank, his car was held up by gangsters; and in the ensuing scuffle he was shot and killed. Then on January 22, 1936 David Yui died. In *Fellowship Notes* I recorded his death.

> "The readers of *Fellowship Notes* have lost a great leader and a great friend. It was on January 3, 1933 that Dr. Yui, while calling on Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson in Washington, suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. He had been warned by his doctors that this would probably happen if he undertook the mission in America which leading citizens and citizen organizations pressed him to undertake. He willingly took the risk and accepted the consequences, which turned out to be three years of helplessness and premature death at 54 years of age."

Working closely with David Yui had been one of the finest experiences of my life, and in his death I suffered a grievous personal loss. The YMCA, worldwide, has had few leaders his equal.

> "In his death," said the China National Committee of the YMCA, "we lament the loss of an ardent patriot, a sincere internationalist, an inspiring friend, and a humble follower of Jesus Christ. . . ."

"Judged by every test," declared the International Committee, "he was one of the greatest men of his generation. . . ."

"He was an unusually able presiding officer," said the China National Christian Council, "an eloquent public speaker in both Chinese and English, and he exercised a rare combination of statesmanship and attention to details. . . . He was unsparing of himself in public service, never hesitating to do what seemed to be his duty from fear of the consequences. . . . He bore misunderstanding and misrepresentation with patience and fortitude, and without malice. He had the gift of winning the friendship and loyal support, not only of his colleagues, but also of many others who at first disagreed with his views."

"We mourn him as a devoted friend and sincere patriot," said Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

And John R. Mott wrote:

"If asked to name the ten Christian leaders in the whole world field who have wrought most mightily for the welfare of youth in the last three decades, I would without question include high in the list the name of David Yui."

Tributes like these poured in from far and wide, but this is not the place for their further recital. Upon the shoulders of his colleagues and friends, I pointed out in *Fellowship Notes*, "now falls the responsibility of carrying forward the tasks in which they have hitherto enjoyed his inspiring leadership," and right well these all closed ranks and carried on! The world depression, the near collapse of the International Committee, the steady deterioration of conditions in China, and the heavy losses inflicted by demobilizations, and now by death: these all hit us hard. But in the language of St. Paul we might have said: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed . . . perplexed but not in despair . . . cast down but not destroyed."

Little did we think when 1936 dawned that we were entering our final stretch in China. In April our family spent a long week-end, as its practice was, in Hangchow. There we visited friends, tramped the hills, and went again to familiar spots of historic and scenic fame. We climbed City Hill where acrobats, magicians, sheep and monkey shows, and other entertainers drew their gaping crowds; and there Doak, our youngest, had his future told by one of the army of fortune tellers who flocked thither on holidays to ply their trade. The Temple of Hell on the brow of City Hill; long famous Great Street where we paused to watch an old-style funeral procession pass by; Emperor's Island on West Lake; Ling Yin and the other great temples, nestling among the hills--to these and other familiar places we made pilgrimage. For most of the time it rained. "The Chinese artists love the rain," I wrote our absent sons and daughter," and so for most of our visit we tried to view the city and the surrounding hills and lake with artists' eyes!" On Monday, our last day, however, the rain let up and we took what would be our last long family hike over the Hangchow hills.

"It was sunshiny enough to make the whole landscape of mountains and valleys, lake and river, glisten in its Springtime beauty. We picked armsful of azaleas along the ridge, which now brighten our apartment in Shanghai. The valleys below were a patch-work of tender green rice paddies and yellow fields of flowering mustard. The city of Hangchow has changed in many places

beyond all recognition under the impact of modernization. For example, you would find almost as much difficulty in recognizing the Great Street as would Marco Polo who wrote so superlatively about that thoroughfare 600 years ago. But the hills and the lake, the river and the valleys, as viewed from our mountain trails, remain unspoiled. . . ."

In this letter I was moved to make another generalization:

"One cannot move around China nowadays without being struck by the fact that new life is stirring in this country. Trains and cities are cleaner. The business of life is managed in a more clear-cut and efficient manner. The people are alert. Morale strikes me as strong. While (the) Nanking (Government) has since September, 1931 been 'fooling along' with Japan, it has been building the country up, both in material (especially military) strength and in morale. The country is of course by no means able to meet Japan on the field of battle. Yet one wonders whether Japan, with all her superior military strength, can really run a country as big as China--and one so unwilling to be run by outsiders. . . . The whole situation in which we live in this part of the world is decidedly grim--and exciting!"

In the summer of 1935 I wrote my father regarding our furlough prospects:

"It is possible we may go to America next year on furlough. We are due a furlough then, in fact overdue. However, there are other families also overdue, and since it falls pretty much to me to make the final recommendations as to who shall be given precedence, I suspect that we won't be going until a year later. . . ."

In April 1936, however, my colleagues in New York and Shanghai intervened and urged that we take our furlough that summer. The death of my father two months earlier had robbed this home-going of one of its most cherished anticipations, but it was felt that for both Association and family reasons we should not delay renewed contacts with North America longer.

On May 16, one month before our sailing date, I was writing our children, now one in America and one at Oxford:

"I feel a curious reluctance to leave China this time. One feels that big, and probably tragic, things are about to happen, and that he ought to be here when they break loose. . . . Everybody knows that anything can happen any day, and one opens his newspaper every morning, literally, with bated breath."

To my mother I wrote:

"Bertha and I reached China on the eve of the First Revolution of 1911. What a thrill of joy and expectation swept over China at that time, with the downfall of the Manchu dynasty and the 'establishment' of the Republic. One of the most poignant experiences of subsequent years has been to see the rise and fall of the hopes of the people as they have struggled after a new national life. I have seen these hopes rise high and I have seen a new them sink very low. I doubt if I have seen them sink so low, however, as they are just now. . . . What should China do? . . . These days are badly messing up one's nicely

assorted ideas about the rightness and the wrongness of this and that course of action, a painful experience always."

The foregoing pages, I hope, have reflected something of the way in which the YMCA rode the storms of those tumultuous years. Floods (one of them, "the greatest since Noah!"), civil commotion, foreign invasion, and other catastrophic calamities made the going hard for the YMCA, but we tried to keep in mind how much harder "the times" were on people, especially young people, and to measure up to the unusual demands which their plight imposed on the YMCA. For me personally these were years packed with interest and challenge. In the fall of 1935 I wrote my parents regarding some of the things I was at:

"Associate general secretary of the National Committee, acting executive secretary of the City Division, senior secretary for China of the International Committee, member of the Boards of Directors of the Foreign YMCA and of the Navy YMCA, chairman of the Committee of Management of the Shanghai American School, member of the Committee of Thirty (15 'missionaries' and 15 'businessmen' of the American Community in Shanghai) and of its executive committee, Trustee of Soochow University (and its system of satellite schools), member of the American Advisory Committee of the International Famine Relief Committee, member of the American Boy Scouts Committee, chairman of the Religious Education Committee of Community Church, member of the National Christian Council and of its Executive and so-called Ad Interim Committees; these are some of the organizational responsibilities I am now carrying. It is astonishing how many of these organizations are in difficulties. Dealing with these difficulties absorbs time and emotional energy. . . ."

Early June 1936 found us in the throes of getting out of Shanghai and on our way to America. I wrote our son at Oxford:

"We are plenty busy. We would be busy enough if we had no packing to do, or turning over of jobs to others. Invitations multiply despite our efforts to turn down as many of them as possible. Among our engagements last week, this week, and next are the following: dinner at the Arthur Youngs' (he, Finance Advisor to the Chinese government); a garden party at the Esson Gales' (Salt Gabelle); Chinese feasts at H. C. Chen's (Superintendent of Shanghai Municipal Schools), at Professor and Mrs. Lawrence Lew's (she, our two eldest children's kindergarten teacher), at J. Usang Ly's (president of the M.I.T. of China and chairman of the National Committee YMCA), at John Y. Lee's (physicist and associate general secretary of the National Committee YMCA), at H. C. Mei's (lawyer and ardent Mason), at the H. H. Kung's (Minister of Finance), at Mrs. David Yui's, at Dr. and Mrs. New Wei-sen's (Niu Hui-sheng) (he an eminent physician), the S. C. Leungs' (he, now general secretary of the National Committee YMCA), the Kiang Wen-hans' (national student work secretary), the L. D. Cios' (National Christian Council), the C. L. Hsias' (he in later years a long-time delegate to the United Nations); dinner at the Sid Andersons' and the Berckmans' (of the Southern Methodist Mission); a lawn party given by the National Committee YMCA; a luncheon given by the Shanghai YMCA; tea at McTyiere School, etc., etc."

The Chinese are masters of gastronomy and most of the repasts listed above were

truly Sybaritic in their richness, variety, and plentitude. That we not only survived but thrived on the fare deserves recording! I do not think our friends could have plied us with a more sumptuous or delectable send-off, had they known we were taking a final leave of them, rather than absenting ourselves as we and they supposed, for a year or less of furlough.

We sailed from Shanghai on June 16, 1936 and had planned to purchase a car in San Francisco for the drive east. It seemed, however, that we were fated not to "See America First," or at all as excursionists, for on disembarking I was handed a long telegram asking me to show up in New York as soon as I could get there. We therefore made the journey east by train. There I settled the family in the Blue Ridge Mountains and hurried to New York, where I was flabbergasted to find that Francis Harmon was resigning, broken in health, as general secretary of the International Committee, and that I had been chosen to succeed him. This faced me with the hardest choice I had had to make up to that time. My wife and I wanted very much to return to China. In a family council, with all four children present, we weighed the pros and cons and came up with a unanimous vote in favor of our continuing in China. The circumstances, however, seemed in the end to outweigh our desire, and I accepted the call to New York to take effect on January 1, 1937.

In a letter to S. C. Leung, now general secretary of the China National Committee, I set forth the considerations underlying this decision. In the concluding paragraph I wrote:

> "I shall not attempt to describe what my 26 years in China have meant to me and to my family, or what the wrench of leaving China, even for a period, at this time means to us all. . . . I covet a very real place in your prayers as I attempt at this end to continue my service to China and to other movements with which the International Committee is cooperating in our worldwide fellowship."

NOTES

1. One son died in infancy and one son died at age sixteen of typhoid fever.

2. Though eye witnesses and others claimed that radicals in the National Revolutionary Army attacked foreigners and looted homes when they reached Nanking during the Northern Expedition, historians have not agreed upon the perpetrators or their motives.

3. By the time of Barnett's residency, much of the Grand Canal had silted up and was no longer navigable.

4. The numbers and the role of Christians in the revolution of 1911 and in the early republican government await research.

5. Quotation from Ch'en Tu-hsiu, "Ching-kao ch'ing-nien" (Call to youth), *Hsin chi'ing-nien* (New Youth) 1.1 (September 15, 1915).

6. Paraphrase from Hu Shih, "Chien-she-ti wen-hsüeh ko-ming lun" (On a constructive literary revolution), *Hsin ch'ing-nien* 4.4 (April 1918).

7. The Nanking Incident was actually only one aspect of the intense rivalry between the two factions of the United Front for political and military control and historians have reached no agreement on the perpetrators of the incident. Many members of the left wing of the Kuomintang initially sided with the communists rather than with Chiang Kai-shek's faction.

8. The first Congress of the Chinese Community Party, i.e., the meeting at which it was formally decided to found a Chinese Communist Party, was held July, 1921. There does not appear to have been a representative from Szechuan present.

9. Roman Catholic sisters were generally required to live a cloistered life and so were less able to go as far as the priests in adaptation.

10. Also he was financing the survey at substantial costs.

11. In the Kellogg-Briand Pact of August, 1928, some 23 nations including Japan, renounced aggressive war; no provisions for compulsory sanctions were included. In the Lansing-Ishii Agreement of November, 1917, the U.S. acknowledged that "territorial propinquity" gave Japan special interests in China.

PERSONAL NAME INDEX

Barnett generally uses the Wade-Giles transliteration; pin yin is provided at first citation of names and places. Where an Anglicized name is used, both the Wade-Giles and pin yin transliterations are given at first citation, but the Anglicized form is employed thereafter.