

Sample Letter Excerpts

Comments by Charles Bright

Letter of September 9, 1937

Robert and Emma McMullen returned from furlough with two of their children in August 1937. After a tour of Europe, they travelled via the Tran-Siberian Railroad to Korea where they learned that the Japanese had landed military forces in Shanghai and a major battle for the city was under way. After consultation with the Mid-China Mission office in that city, it was decided that Emma McMullen would return to the U.S. with the children while McMullen himself made his way back to Hangzhou. This is the first letter he wrote upon arrival on the campus of the Hangchow Christian College, giving a long report of what he had seen and heard on the journey back. Because he was writing to his partner in China of 25 years, he could assume that the people and places he mentioned were well-known to her. We made annotations throughout the published collection trying to identify and contextualize what is mentioned in passing. We include these notes in this excerpt as a sample.

College Hill¹
September 9, 1937

It has been a whole week since I told you all goodbye on the McKinley. It seems ages. I have had not a few new experiences since then. I guess I had better start at the beginning and relate them in order.

After I left you all, I went to the railway station and bought a ticket to Nagasaki. I could not get any berth but secured a seat in a second class car. I then went to Dr. Myers² to get my things. I had told him that I would not get in until midnight and I was afraid that I would miss him but he turned up at ten-thirty, not long after I reached his house. He was duly shocked at my sudden departure but helped me get my things together while he hinted at the folly of my course. I couldn't get a taxi there. After being run over by them all over the city it seemed strange not to be able to find one. After a couple of blocks' walk I found one and reached the station a full half hour before the train. Just before time for it to pull out Anderson³ came up and we boarded the train together. There were three other Americans on—a captain in the Navy going to Canton⁴ to take command of our patrol in that part of China. One was a teacher in a Japanese school in Nagasaki and third was a special messenger of state department bearing important secret letters to China.

The car was not half full and Anderson and I each got seats, turned them together and stretched out for a sleep. The others had berths. I slept fairly well, better than Anderson. We got to Shimoneseki about ten o'clock. We had to cross to Moji on the ferry and then catch the train for another few hours. The day was very warm and the trip was not too pleasant. We rushed over to the boat office to get reservations fearing that we would miss a bunk again but found that there were not very many on the boat and so had no difficulty in getting cabins. Anderson and I had one together. He was increasingly cordial and suggested that we take a room together. While in Nagasaki we roamed around the streets and drank ice water at the rotten hotel. We had about four hours to kill before we could go on board. After a poor supper which cost 2 yen and a half each we went aboard. There was a conglomeration of peoples. A number of women were on board and several babies. All were headed for Shanghai. There were many Japanese and third class had about a hundred in plain clothes who seemed to be bound for the army, in Shanghai. Anderson said that on the trip over this boat carried about 150 wounded soldiers and as well as he could estimate ashes of about a thousand dead.

¹ The campus of the Hangchow Christian College (HCC, 之江大學), on the hill overlooking the Qiantang River (錢塘江).

² Harry W. Myers was a long-serving Southern Presbyterian missionary (SPM) in Kobe, Japan. He was later interned and tortured by the Japanese and recounted his experiences in a small memoir *In a Japanese Jail*, published by the Presbyterian Church Board of Foreign Missions, 1943.

³ Probably Sydney R. Anderson, a Southern Methodist missionary in China from 1913 and pastor of the Moore Memorial Church (幕爾堂) in Shanghai from 1921 to 1949.

⁴ Guangzhou (廣州), capital of Guangdong Province; may also refer to Guangdong Province (廣東).

We went aboard at 8 o'clock Friday night and sailed at six the next morning. The sea was perfect and we had a wonderful trip. The four mentioned above stuck together and spent most of the time in conversation. A white Russian and a German joined us for brief periods once in a while. Sunday morning we were up good and early. I was out when he reached the pilot's light ship. I had my field glasses and soon discovered seven planes far ahead. They seemed to rise out of the river and crossed in the distance to the North. Later we heard three cannon shots in the distance. For the next five hours we were in the war area and never saw a single plane nor heard a single shot of any kind whatsoever. We went up the Yangtse to Woosung turned up the Whangpu⁵ through the thick of the battle area to Wayside Wharf where we landed and took a bus down Broadway and over the Garden Bridge into the settlement and all without seeing a plane or hearing a shot. We stood up on the upper deck and with my glasses I studied the whole battle front in a perfect calm. In Hongkew⁶, as all along the river we saw the terrible destruction caused by the war but no sign of its being under way while we made our trip through the lines. It was the more remarkable because during the whole of Friday and Saturday there had been a fierce fight raging all along this route and boats trying to get in either had to delay or run terrible risks.

At Wayside Wharf we found that a bus line was being run to an office almost across from the Chocolate Shop on Nanking Road. \$3 per person and \$1 per piece of baggage.⁷ I was delighted to give them my five and get through with my two bags. I did not know just who was in Shanghai and because Anderson was so cordial I accepted his invitation to go with him to his home. I found this was a couple of blocks from the Winling Road compound, where the Smiths and Y folks live.⁸ We got good baths and were ready for dinner. It was terribly hot and I found I had forgotten just how hot and sticky it could be in Shanghai in September. They say that it has been the hottest week of the year. The thermometer was 97 to 99.9 each day. After dinner we went down and sent you all a radio message to the steamer saying "Delightful trip". We hoped this would set your hearts at rest about us.

On the way down and back he drove by the various places that had been struck by bombs.⁹ Some had been cleared up but still signs could be seen. The one at the corner of Ave

⁵ The Yangzi (揚子江) and Huangpu River (黃埔江); Wusong (吳淞), a port town on the Huangpu, 23km north of Shanghai's center.

⁶ Hongkou (虹口).

⁷ Here McMullen [RJM in the annotations] is speaking of Chinese dollars, approximately \$3 Chinese to \$1 US in 1937. When he means American dollars, he uses \$US to indicate the difference.

⁸ Wenlin Road (文林路). The Rev. H. Maxey Smith was a Southern Presbyterian missionary who arrived in China in 1901, married a Northern Presbyterian evangelist, Margaret Jones, in Hangzhou in 1905 and was by this time in charge of the Associated Mission Treasuries in Shanghai which administered funds to Presbyterian missionaries in the field. Interned by the Japanese in 1942, they were repatriated to the U.S. aboard the *Gripsholm* (described in the Epilogue) along with Robert and Emma McMullen, in 1943. The "Y folks" mentioned were probably Eugene and Bertha Barnett who had arrived in Hangzhou in 1910 and were good friends of the McMullens in their early mission years. Barnett built the Hangzhou YMCA and in 1924 was transferred to Shanghai as a national secretary.

⁹ On August 14, 1937 Chinese planes attacked the Japanese flagship *Idzumo*, anchored in the river off the Bund, in the first major engagement in what became the Battle of Shanghai. In the late afternoon, Chinese planes returning to their base at the Jianqiao Airfield near Hangzhou flew over the International

Edward VII and Thibet road near the New World seemed to be the worst. They were still working on repairs there. Later Oliver¹⁰ told me that Mr. Vong¹¹ who was no. 1 in the Salt Gabelle in Hangchow when Oliver was taken on was killed by this bomb. He and his son and chauffeur were going home from the office. They did not get home and no trace could be found of them. Later they found that a car utterly destroyed had an engine number which was found to be his. Only one foot was found in the car. Not another trace of any one of the three. This type of utter disappearance was not seldom found in these areas. Anderson said that he saw a skeleton sitting at a wheel in front of the Cathay Hotel. Not a bit of flesh left on the bones. 1200 died on Sat. the 14th from these bombs.¹² Later a bomb was dropped on Sincere's and sprayed Wing On.¹³ Another fell near the American Club just behind the Metropole Hotel where all the consulates are now housed. It went through four concrete floors without exploding. A bomb the other day was dropped on South Station killing hundreds of people fleeing from Shanghai. Jessfield was bombed the morning I was in Shanghai killing 60 farm people. In none of these was a single soldier killed. In fact none were near these places at all.¹⁴

Sunday afternoon I went by and saw Oliver. Found him all cut up. A cable from Manila saying that his wife had fallen and broken her neck. Later another cable seemed to hold out

Settlement, releasing bombs on the Nanking Road (南京路) in front of Victor Sassoon's legendary Cathay Hotel and, a few moments later, at the intersection of Avenue Edward VII and the Thibet (Tibet) Road near the Great World amusement park, killing over three thousand civilians, Chinese and foreign alike. Whether an accident or a deliberate ploy to draw Western powers into the fight was not clear. For a graphic retelling of these events, see Harriet Sergeant, *Shanghai: Collision Point of Cultures, 1918-1939* (London: Cape, 1991), pp. 298-306.; also Frederick Wakeman, Jr., *Policing Shanghai, 1927-1937* (Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press, 1995), pp 279-281. For the military story, see Peter Harmsen. *Shanghai 1937: Stalingrad on the Yangtze* (Oxford: Casemate Publishers, 2013), pp. 54-62. Contemporary accounts include *The North China Daily News*, Sept. 15, 1937, called "A Bomber's Story", p. 398 which tells it from the point of view of the Chinese pilots. Flight Captain Jook Hing-sing blamed the accidental drop on Japanese anti-aircraft fire that damaged the plane's weapons bay and caused their release. *The Chinese Recorder*, vol. 68, September 1937, pp. 537-41, contains a full report of the incident and an appreciation of Frank Rawlinson, its long-serving editor, who was killed in the street.

¹⁰ J.C. Oliver worked for the YMCA in Hangzhou and later in Shanghai from 1917 to 1943. He and his wife were friends of the McMullens in Hangzhou and also repatriated on the *Gripsolm* repatriation in 1943. He was a district inspector for the Salt Gabelle or Salt Administration (1934-36), a Chinese government bureau jointly staffed by indigenous and foreign officers that collected tax revenues from the sale of local salt and issued licenses for salt production. See "The Salt Administration of China," *Bulletin of International News*, New Series, Vol. 4, No. 2 (July 23, 1927), pp.2-4.

¹¹ RJM's rendering of S.L. Fung, the former Chief of the Salt Gabelle in Hangzhou, who was also closely affiliated with the local YMCA there and a friend of Eugene Barnett; Fung received an education at the YMCA in Tokyo and became an early teacher and benefactor of the Association in Hangzhou. See photograph and brief biography at <http://umedia.lib.umn.edu/node/554052>

¹² At the time, the number of casualties was not firmly established and estimates were all over the map; official reports later put the total at 825, though the real figure was almost certainly much higher.

¹³ The Nanking (Nanjing) road ran from the Bund (the waterfront) westward through the International Settlement, becoming more Chinese in character as it went. At the Chekiang (Zhejiang 浙江) Road junction were two fashionable Chinese-developed department stores, the Sincere (先施百貨) built in 1917 and across the street, the Wing On (永安) store of 1918. Both were damaged by a bomb on August 23rd, which killed 150 people.

¹⁴ These latter two bombings were outside the International Settlement, dropped by the Japanese in the on-going battle for Shanghai.

hope that it was not fractured. Did not know the final decision when I left but he hoped for the best. Saw the Maxcy Smiths and learned from them that our folks are either at Tsingtao, Kuling or Mokanshan.¹⁵ Kitty¹⁶ and family evacuated from Chinkiang via Hankow¹⁷, Canton to Hongkong and perhaps later to Manila. The Youngs, Lucy Grier and Miss Satterfield and Miss Sloan are working with wounded soldiers in Soochow Hospital.¹⁸ Only Miss Wilcox in Kiangyin.¹⁹ No one in Nanking or Kashing. I am the only one here. The Salt Gabelle man who took Oliver's place and I are the only Americans here.²⁰ Sturtons²¹ and several nurses at the hospital. There are a few Germans. Altogether there are perhaps a dozen foreigners in the city.²²

Monday I had to look after baggage. After a bit of trouble I discovered the four pieces we shipped from New York on the Van Buren. The other trunks were due in Shanghai on Sept. 26th. These boats are not calling at Shanghai now and there is no news as to where they have gone. I got some clothes and bought a large cheap grip to carry them in. The thermometer was 99.9 in the shade and I was in a stuffy go-down.²³ Found that it was most difficult to get money through to Hangchow so I collected five thousand dollars for the college to take to Hangchow on my person. Got a couple hundred for myself and was ready to start.

¹⁵ These were summer retreats that foreign missionaries used to escape the heat and hold annual mission meetings. Tsingtao (青島), by the sea in Shandong Province, was the former German concession and then a direct-controlled municipality. Kuling (牯嶺) was located near Mt. Lu (廬山) in Jiangxi Province. Mokanshan (莫干山, Moganshan) was about 65 km from Hangzhou and much beloved among missionaries in the region. In the pre- and postwar periods, wealthy Chinese individuals owned a number of villas there (Chiang Kai-shek paid a few visits). After 1949, the area was given over to the People's Liberation Army. In the years following, the Communist leadership used (and continue to use) the resort for recreational and official business. It is now a resort open to international tourists.

¹⁶ Kitty Caldwell McMullen, RJM's sister and also a missionary who married Stacy Conrad Farrior, briefly on the faculty at HCC. Together they ran mission high schools in Kashing (嘉興) and Chinkiang (current-day Zhenjiang, 鎮江). They were interned in 1943 and repatriated on the *Gripsholm*.

¹⁷ Hankou (漢口), a major city and treaty port (later merged into the provincial capital, Wuhan) in Hubei Province, 563 km due west of Hangzhou.

¹⁸ Mason Young was a medical missionary who ran the Elizabeth Blake mission hospital at Soochow (Suzhou, 蘇州), a city 175km northeast of Hangzhou. Lucy Grier was the RN there, Ruby Satterfield the hospital treasurer/administrator, and Mary Sloan the mission station secretary. The hospital was looted and destroyed by the Japanese in November 1937 during their advance toward Nanjing and the staff was evacuated.

¹⁹ Marion Wilcox ran a girls' orphanage at the Kiangyin (Jiangyin, 江陰) mission, where Emma McMullen's brother, Lacy Moffett, was an evangelist and George Worth, father of the Charlie Worth who appears in these letters, ran the hospital. The city, together with the Presbyterian mission were badly damaged by Japanese bombing and subsequent occupation; the school, church, and clinic were closed down and Wilcox remained under house arrest until 1942. See Lawrence D. Kessler, *The Jiangyin Mission Station: An American Missionary Community in China, 1895-1951*, (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1996), pp. 117-24.

²⁰ He is later mentioned in the November 14 letter as "Chapman of the Salt Gabelle."

²¹ Stephen Douglas Sturton was an Anglican missionary who ran the British Church Missionary Society (CMS) hospital (Kwang-si) in Hangzhou. He was interned by the Japanese for the duration of the war at the Pongyang Road prison camp in Shanghai and recorded his experiences in *From Mission Hospital to Concentration Camp* (London: Marshall, Morgan, and Scott, 1948).

²² There were well over 100 people at Mokanshan for the summer sojourn who would be evacuated through Hangzhou to Shanghai later in September.

²³ Colonial slang (of Indian origin) for a dockside warehouse.

I saw the consul at Nagasaki and he did not seem disturbed about my going to Shanghai for he was helping two officials to go. In Shanghai I avoided going to the consul. Monday night the two officials with whom we traveled invited Anderson and myself to dinner at the American Club. When we got there whom should we find as fellow guests but the consul general and three vice consuls! We talked about my going to Hangchow and they really did not seem terribly worried about my going. The Admiral and the consul wanted to get to Nanking and planned to come by car to Hangchow and I was to meet them. Fearing that communications would be cut they planned to call me over long distance, telegraph and also to broadcast. The consul general seemed to approve of my being in Hangchow though he was not asked for permission nor did he give any.²⁴

Tuesday morning I went to Jessfield station about 7:30. Train was scheduled to leave at 9:30. The Nanking train left a half hour earlier from this station via Kashing and Soochow. The crowd even two hours early was immense. Lines formed for a quarter of a mile down the road to buy tickets. This in spite of the fact that the Japanese were daily dropping bombs in the vicinity trying to destroy the station and the roadway. The day before they had killed 60 farmers across the tracks but failed as usual to hit their objective. I got on early and secured a good seat first class on a second class ticket. Found another American on the train. He was a young man, Canadian not American, who was on his way to Ningpo to assess the loss on the hospital and the Riverside School which had been burned.²⁵ The former lost one wing though the latter was entirely destroyed. Not bombs, just ordinary fire catching from burning buildings in the neighborhood. Lucky. They can collect insurance whereas if it resulted from bombing no insurance could be gotten.

The train was jammed and I mean it was packed. My Canadian friend said that he envied sardines in a can. The bridge just this side of Sungkiang²⁶ across the Whangpoo had been hit by a bomb and trains could not cross. So about 12:30 we all had to get off and walk a mile across the bridge and get on the other train. Everyone had pukais²⁷ and other truck. The country people flocked around to carry baggage and sell eggs etc. It was terribly hot and the crowd was terrible. My five thousand dollars in such a jam was not too comfortable. My Canadian friend was traveling very light so he rushed ahead and got us seats while I tarried behind with those toiling under my two big grips. There were fewer cars on this train and so the jam was even more awful. I had a country woman sitting on the table in front of me with a cooking rice pot by her side. People could only get out and in through windows. It was very hot and crowded but we saw no soldiers or planes and heard not a single shot the whole way to

²⁴ An oblique reference to efforts by the American consul general in Shanghai, Clarence E. Gauss, and other officials to get missionaries to evacuate – a call many resented and ignored, McMullen included.

²⁵ Ningbo (寧波). This turns out to be a Shanghai-based insurance agent known as “Buster” Brown, who turns up later in letters from May 15 and 21, 1938 and is probably the source of the information that follows. Sturton depicts him as both fearless and careless. *From Mission Hospital to Concentration Camp*, pp. 68; 76-7.

²⁶ Songjiang (松江).

²⁷ A heavy quilt or mat that could be rolled up and carried on journeys.

Hangchow. At Dzangan²⁸ I got a stranger to take some money and go to a long distance phone on the street and phone the College that I was coming. At the city station I was welcomed by a bunch of baggage coolies I have known along with the two station masters. At Zahkow Yin Tai-so and the car met me.²⁹ Had gotten my message only a few minutes before the train arrived at 9:30 p.m. Lee³⁰, Van and many others were at the garage to welcome me. Dzaoling had the house open but no supper. He fixed some for me and we soon got under way and now things are running as smoothly as one can expect under the circumstances.³¹

The train that left Jessfield just twenty-four hours after the one on which I came was bombed at Sungkiang by the Japanese planes. They dropped over a dozen bombs and sprayed those fleeing or hiding in the grass with machine gun fire. Five cars were destroyed and according to the North China Daily News over 300 were killed and over 400 wounded. There were no soldiers on the train which was standing in the station when bombed. Two German missionaries going to stations up our river were on the train but escaped unhurt. Upon hearing of this my two friends called off their Nanking trip by telegram and radio. It has reacted very much on our communications and though we have not heard, the chances of some of our faculty or students being on that train are very great.

Upon arrival here I found that all plans were being made for opening college. New students were supposed to enroll Friday and Saturday. (It is now Sunday morning. Have not been able to finish this letter.) So far 60 have turned up. Others will come and tomorrow and Tuesday we will register old students. We expect to have about half our regular number or some three or four hundred in college and middle school together.³² The latter will not open for another ten days as a new dorm is being built for them and will not be finished for another week

²⁸ Dzangan (長安, Chang'an) is a city about 50km northeast of Hangzhou that has since been absorbed into Haining City (海宁市) as Chang'anzen (长安镇).

²⁹ Zhakou (閘口, which RJM spells variously as Zahkow, Zakow, or Zahkou) was the western terminal of the train from Shanghai, a half-hour further on from central Hangzhou and a short walk from the college campus. Yin was the college business manager, Yin T'ai Su (殷太素, Yin Taisu), who remained on the campus with McMullen during the war. He eventually disappeared in December 1941, reportedly "abducted by the Japanese on charges of espionage and...never seen or heard from again." Clarence Burton Day, *Hangchow University: a Brief History* (New York: United Board for Christian Colleges in China, 1955), p. 98.

³⁰ Li Pei'en (李培恩) or Baen E. Lee, was the president of HCC between 1930 and 1949. A former student of the college who had graduated in 1910, he later earned a Master of Arts degree from the University of Chicago and a Master of Business Administration from New York University. He served as the English editor of the Shanghai Commercial Press before taking a position as acting president of the college in the fall of 1929. He became full president in May 1930, during the college registration debate. Having taken a two-year leave for study in the U.S. (1938-1940), Lee served as president until May 1949, when he left the college under pressure by "the Communist element in the student body." Day, pp. 64; 70; 74; 134.

³¹ Van is a rendering of Fan Ting-chiu (范定九, Fan Dingjiu), the Dean of HCC. Dzaoling, whose name cannot be positively identified, was the main house servant at the McMullen residence on the campus.

³² HCC was both a college and a middle and high school; RJM makes a distinction between these divisions when discussing enrollment and his classes in the letter of September 16th. The college was founded as the two-year junior Hangchow Presbyterian College in 1897; it became a four-year "union" college (PCUS and PCUSA) in 1918 and acquired a new charter and name, Hangchow Christian College in 1920. See Day pp. 18-20, 41, and *passim*.

or so. It is being built on De Long De³³ beside the building erected for the Primary School and used as a college dorm when we went home. The Primary School building will house seniors and the new building will have to accommodate one hundred first and second year senior high students. All the college girls can be accommodated in Wilson Hall since the new dining room for them has been finished. The new Economics Hall is in use.³⁴ It is very convenient and houses a post office, students store and bank. It looks o.k. from the river and cannot be seen from our house except the clock in the tower. It is an eye-sore from the main building since it cuts off the river view from the main campus. Could have been worse, but not much worse. There are a few other buildings – small ones – erected during our absence. The Chapel has been repaired and things seem in good shape.

There have been many changes in the faculty. S.C. Wang³⁵ is gone. Ruf Hsu³⁶ is away on a year's leave of absence and is on the Island Hainan south of Canton building a railroad. Mr. Liao³⁷ has taken his place as acting head of the engineering department. He has joined the church and is a very devout Christian and seems to have increased in quality of work till now he is considered quite fine. Yin, Tsang and Miss Dzien are on the job and seem to be doing good work.³⁸

Our house seems in pretty good shape. It is quite lonesome for just me and you can well imagine how much room I have to get lonesome. After the hottest spell in September in 64 years a typhoon with wind 164 miles per hour (a world's record) tore Hongkong to pieces but cooled us off so that I have slept under two blankets on our porch. I had forgotten several things. Among them how delightful our porches are. Also how many mosquitoes there are on this hill. They are terrible. The reservoir is as beautiful as ever. I sat there yesterday and thought until I got too homesick for comfort, so beat it down the hill.

Opening the College raises innumerable impossible questions. Many of the staff and a large portion of students can't get here and many others are afraid to come. We have paid old

³³ The local pronunciation of a bluff called the "First Dragon Head" (頭龍頭, Toulongtou) immediately north of HCC, between the college and the Liuhe ("Six Harmonies") Pagoda. Chinese faculty residences were located here, with a primary school further down the hill, on "a sort of natural mezzanine terrace called 'Hsia Lung T'ou,'" (下龍頭, Xialongtou) as described by Day, p.35.

³⁴ This building, erected during the McMullen furlough, was dedicated in the fall of 1936. See the *North China Daily News*, November 4, 1936: "A New Economics Building for Hangchow Christian College", p. 181.

³⁵ Huang Shih-chin or Wang Seh-chin (黃式金, Huang Shijin), dean of studies and head of the Department of Education.

³⁶ Ruf Hsu or Hsu Lu (徐籙, Xu Lu), a civil engineer then working on Hainan Island (海南島), was head of the HCC Department of Engineering, and reappears later in the letters.

³⁷ Liao Wei-tzu (廖慰茲, Liao Weizi), a railroad engineer and instructor at HCC, succeeded as the chair of the Department of Engineering upon Ruf Hsu's subsequent death, and when the department was turned into a College of Engineering in the late-1930s (with departments of civil, mechanical, and architectural engineering), he became its first Dean.

³⁸ Yin is the previously mentioned business manager, and Tsang is likely Chang Nai-piao (張乃彪, Zhang Naibiao) the HCC treasurer; RJM refers to his surname either as written here (Tsang) or as Chang, usually referring to his role as treasurer. Miss Dzien has not been positively identified.

teachers 30% of August salary and have made no promise as to the future. We have no way of knowing how many students we will have and how much money we will have to use. Some supplies are going up each day, since the war blockades our shores and cuts off supplies. Yesterday I bought nearly a year's supply of mimeograph paper. This has already advanced 20% in price in two weeks. This paper is important as no text books are available and we may have to depend largely on mimeographing our text books. We are trying to get enough chemicals for the lab work, tho we have no idea how many students to prepare for or how long it will be before the Japanese will break up our work. The bomb will do the trick. The government has ordered that only fees for half a term can be collected at a time. This causes much confusion and uncertainty.

Letter of December 23, 1937

McMullen spent the fall months trying to run the college in the midst of a steadily deteriorating military situation around Shanghai and regular Japanese bombing raids on Hangzhou and its surroundings. In November as the tide of battle shifted, Hangchow Christian College was closed down and with its students and faculty scattering, McMullen remained as the caretaker of the campus and its remaining inhabitants. He was increasingly active in the city itself, trying to establish safe refuges for those displaced by the fighting and to conduct negotiations with both Japanese and Chinese authorities to have Hangzhou declared an open city. This letter, written on the evening before the Japanese entered the city describes the general evacuation of people, the demolition of the local electric plant and the blowing up of a new railroad bridge across the Qiantang River next to the campus. It also holds out hope that there will be no battle of Hangzhou (McMullen's account may be compared with those of Kepler Van Evera and Eugene Turner, also posted on this site.) We post the letter here as typed up by Emma McMullen shortly after it arrived in Louisville. The originals, written by hand, are all long lost.

Dec. 23, 1937

Much has happened during the past week and it seems we are all set for the Japanese to take charge of the city. It is reported that their troops have already entered the north suburb and have their advance guard spending the night in the Wu Z. We are unable to verify these reports because the telephone service has broken down and there is now no way to get word from the city.

The plan we have been working on for the saving of the city seems to be working. For several days there have been troop movements about Hangchow. It is marvellous the way the Chinese have succeeded in keeping their troops under cover and though it seems probable that a very large number of troops have been moved, we have seen very few of them. It is reported that some crossed the river and others went up the river towards Fuyang. We are in a favored position to observe these movements and yet have seen very little of them. There was certainly no panic and if it has been a general retreat, it has been in good order.

The troops stationed in the city have all gone and with them the last remnant of the provincial and local officials. The city was left entirely without protection when the police marched in a body, and in order, past the college up towards Fuyang. It will be a wonder if there is not disorder in the city tonight and the people in there must be on a great strain. There are a few members of the Chamber of Commerce including the chairman, who have been left in the city to try to hold things together. They are all housed in the CMS hospital compound and are awaiting an opportunity to turn the keys of the city over to the Japanese.

Aside from those mentioned above almost all of the upper class people and very many of the others have left the city. There is no way to tell how many have really gone in these last few days. There has been a constant stream passing us, up the river and across the bridge to the south.

It is extremely interesting to watch these refugees. They are fleeing from they know not what. Many of them are taking almost nothing with them. Some seem to be very poor and yet they are running as if from a very much worse condition. On the whole they seem to be in a good humor though they are naturally in a great hurry and vehicles are in great demand. Some are carrying bundles. Others are children, all staggering along up the road, going they know not where and facing a future which holds for them they know not what.

This evacuation has been accelerated by hearing heavy gunfire almost constantly to the north and northwest of the city. It seems that the Japanese troops are coming from that direction. We were all startled about 6 o'clock the other morning when a great explosion occurred. Many of us thought this was the long expected destruction of our bridge. I found myself sitting straight up without knowing how I got there. I looked immediately at the bridge but found it intact and people crossing it in an unending stream. I later learned that it was the Zahkow Electric plant that had been blown up. I have since learned that Sturton and others in the city worked hard to save this plant. They learned that orders had come for its destruction from General Wang who immediately left the city for Chinhwa. Those who were instructed with this job seemed inclined to change the plan but since none could be found to countermand the order, it was carried out. The dynamos were blown up and that part of the building set on fire. In this way we close the chapter in the development of the new Hangchow when the electric plant of which we were so proud seems to be permanently out of commission. The report is that it is rendered utterly useless. We hope that this will prove to be an exaggeration.

Though this explosion startled the city it was nothing to be compared to the one that came this afternoon. I was sitting in the office when one of the servants told me that some men were running back and forth on the big bridge in an unusual way. I went out to see what was going on. It was in the middle of the afternoon. I took my stand near the camphor tree to the west of the main building and they were still crossing the bridge. The great crowd of people which had been crossing to the south in an unbroken line, for days and nights, were going in all directions using cars, rickshas, wheel barrows and any other kind of conveyance. mingled with these were great numbers of pedestrians. At the same time there were three or four men running back and forth from the south side to the third and fourth piers, from that end. As I stood watching them I noticed the line of refugees broke on our side. No others seemed to go on the bridge. Gradually the line closed. I was then sure that we were ready for the big event and was all intent.

So intent was I in watching what was going on that I did not once think of what damage might be done on our campus. A few of the servants gathered around and as we looked, the bridge was clear. Just at 4:10 p.m. by our own clock, we saw that end of the bridge settle down in the water. It was a very remarkable sensation to see these great spans just sit down as it were, without any noise or commotion. Up to that time we had seen no smoke and heard no explosion. As we stood amazed at this sight we saw a great lot of very black smoke arise from the scene and following the smoke there came the noise of the explosion. It was terrific and shook the buildings around us. It echoed and re-echoed back and forth amongst the hells on the two sides of the river, sounding like heavy thunder and continuing for many minutes. It seemed a very long time and I really think it must have been ten or fifteen minutes before quiet again reigned. Added to the commotion was the sound of breaking glass on all sides of us.

I had warned the servants against keeping the windows all closed. They seemed to think that danger can be kept out best by closing things tight. On this occasion I had failed to see whether the windows were open or not but soon I was caused to realize that most of them had been closed for glass was breaking all about us. Entire windows in the Science Hall fell out and scattered on the ground. In all 404 panes of glass were broken in our buildings. This added to the noise of the explosion gave us an experience not soon to be forgotten. And so the line was cut.

Dzao Dien, one of our servants, had already taken accounts and packed his things preparatory to going across the river. He had taken his family and came back to get his things and advance payment before following them. I was telling him goodbye when the bridge was blown up. He looked rather hacked when he found that he was an hour too late in getting away and was now cut off from his family. On the other hand, Ah Fu, our former ricksha man, had gone to Shaoshing to take money to his family and was to return to the College on this afternoon. He planned to remain with us during the turnover. He did not get back and the line is broken. I do not know whether he reached his home or not. We hope for the best.

As we see it, the job of destroying the bridge was not too well done. It is, of course, impossible to use it in its present condition but it seems that it would not be difficult to repair it sufficiently to use. It makes one sad to think of this destruction. We had heard so much about the plans for building the bridge and had watched with so much interest all the progress and had seen the last span put in place only three months ago, this is indeed a tragedy. It may be possible to use the piers again and should not be too difficult to repair the bridge. It is just an example, however, of the terrible destruction caused by war and the way it sets progress back.

We are on a strain tonight not knowing what lies ahead. I am prepared to go to the city the first thing in the morning. As you know, I am the one to represent the various organizations of the city in interviewing the commander of the troops that first enter the city. We know not what may happen, and can only do our best and pray for guidance and strength for the work to be done in the days that are to come.

Letter of January 18, 1938

McMullen wrote three letters in the new year describing in one degree of detail or another the harrowing days of looting and rape that followed the Japanese military occupation of Hangzhou. The third of these, reproduced here, was the longest and most graphic, casting a kind of retrospective eye back over the previous month of intense crisis and ceaseless activity. For all the lurid detail, the tone of these letters is strikingly matter of fact, suggesting a deliberate flattening of voice in describing horrifying events. This may have been to avoid alarming his family back home, or it may have reflected the fact that these letters were carried to Shanghai by Japanese military couriers and read by censors, causing McMullen to experiment with a performative voice of description without emotion so as not to offend those upon whom he depended. This letter also gives early indication of collaborative moves among locals (in the formation of Peace Preservation Societies), and it shows McMullen giving Japanese officials credit for their cooperative efforts in protecting foreigners and their property, while singling out ordinary soldiers (along with “riff-raff” Chinese elements) as being bent on looting and responsible for the killing and raping that McMullen reports.

January 18th, 1938

My last letter was very hurriedly rushed off as I heard in the city that a plane was leaving early the next morning and would take letters. I was due to preside at a meeting and scribbled off a note before all got in and hope it will at least tell you that we are all quite well and that there is no reason to worry about us. This letter tells the same story.

It has now been nearly a month since the Japanese came into the city on Christmas Eve. Things are very different from then. There are no Chinese looters as during the first part of the Japanese occupation of Hangchow. While very few shops have opened up as yet, there are many hucksters selling vegetables, salt, and meats on the streets. One sees them gathered at the doors of billets and selling to the soldiers. An effort is being made to establish a Chinese police force of a thousand. So far only about two hundred have been secured. These are being organized by the newly established "Peace Preservation Society" composed of the chairman of the

Chamber of Commerce and some of his business associates. Many of these are from the Wu Z district and all are old acquaintances. They were organized on January 1st. With them the political department of the Japanese army is cooperating with headquarters at the Japanese consulate. They have a very difficult task and we wish them success as they strive to bring order out of chaos in this city.

Yesterday during a battle less than five miles up the river on our side and midst bullets flying from across the river, I went into the city to check up on the refugee camps. We had been informed that we were soon to be ordered to close these up and send the women and children home. Some seemed to misunderstand our motives in keeping them open. It was said that we were trying to embarrass the authorities by making it appear that the conditions here were so bad that these women could not safely return to their homes. On yesterday while at Wayland visiting with Clayton who was sick in bed, our very faithful Japanese military policeman, Lieut. Fujimaru, came with three officials from Shanghai. One lieutenant colonel and one major accompanied the secretary of the Japanese Embassy by plane to Hangchow to investigate the situation here among the foreigners. They were most courteous. The secretary spoke beautiful English and it was indeed a pleasure to talk with him. We told him of the dangers in which various foreigners had found themselves. At any one of these times one might have been injured or killed but that due to very good fortune no foreigner was killed or had been seriously injured though we were often in danger and embarrassed. We also made it clear that though several houses of foreigners had been looted, no house no house occupied by a foreigner had been so molested and that the percentage of loss had, on the whole, been small. We detailed the losses as fully as we could and they visited some of the houses where such losses were greatest. We were embarrassed in stating losses because of the absence of those owning the lost goods and so were unable to determine the extent of the loss. On behalf of the foreign community I thanked him for the services of Lieut. Fujimaru. In this all members of our community will heartily concur.

As president of the United Charities and of the Red Cross I stated the case for the Chinese. I tried to show how we had organized these camps with food for four days because we thought that after a day without any organized protection whatever, we estimated that it would take the Japanese two or three days to get control. We failed to estimate the difficulty they would have in controlling their own soldiers. It has now been four weeks and we still have between twenty and thirty thousand women and children in these camps. Their condition is pitiful in the extreme as they sit for weeks on the bare floor or cement pavement. They have only one meal of gruel per day. They are afraid to go back home. They are decidedly uncomfortable where they are. It is hoped that in a few days conditions will be such as to enable them to go back to their homes and dwell in safety and in some comfort.

The Great Street and the Manchu City were the sections where the greatest damage was soon. The East Great Street and the Tai Bin Gyao section seemed to have fared best. What happened throughout the city is difficult to describe. Soldiers were all over the place. Some have said that they had over a hundred thousand here. They roamed about with pick axes. They went in groups of three to five, with usually a couple of guns among them. They broke the locks of doors or broke them down and glass windows seemed an especially fine thing to break. They seemed to be looking for money, foodstuffs, bedding, warm clothes, fuel and small objects of value. They broke open all trunks, boxes, drawers etc., and rifled everything in the place, taking all they wanted. Often they commandeered the services of the owner, his servant or a passerby to carry the loot to their billet. Any interference was promptly met with force and not a few have not lived to tell the tale. Not one group but dozens went through the houses and shops and nothing wanted by them was left. Of course cigarettes and wine was taken.

What was left by these soldiers, was quickly carried off by the above mentioned beggarly elements. Such houses as were broken in through the front gate or front door suffered most. The doors were left wide open and anyone who wished to do so could come on in and help himself. The riff-raff which I had such a time dispersing became the pals of the soldiers. They put on arm bands with the rising sun on them and with the words "Welcome Imperial Japanese Army". They led the soldiers to such places as they wished to loot and helped them do their job so that they would get out of the way and let them finish the job. This they did quite thoroughly all over the place. Literally not a speck of food was left, unless it was most exceedingly well hidden, as was not often the case. Chickens, pigs, cows etc etc do not exist in this section any more. All the cows of the man from whom we took milk have been killed and eaten by these men. They have scoured the countryside for chickens until I suggested that we stuff one and put in in our museum as a very rare bird what was to be found in this section before the Japanese invasion.

Such houses as were entered by climbing a wall suffered far less than the ones just described. Such were Fitch's and the ones at T'ien Swe Gyao. Fitch's back gate was finally broken open and while guards kept people out of his front gate things were being carried off over the wall and later through his back gate. They took mostly the things described above and most of his much prized Chinese things are still o.k. They tried to take his car but could not make it work, so left it there. I understand that his losses may reach several hundred dollars gold.

The first gang to loot the T'ien Swe Chiao houses came in a group of six. They climbed over Charlie's west

wall from the newly made alleyway. Two guarded the gate while the others rifled the place. They were followed by two other gangs that did a similar job. Then Mrs. Blain's house and Miss Wilson's were visited a fourth and fifth time but they could find nothing worth carrying off. These houses are in terrible disorder. Every trunk was torn open; things from drawers etc scattered all over the place. The servants have left things as they were so that the next gang will quickly see what the situation is and leave what is left alone. Charlie lost his hunting guns; Mrs Blain lost Mr. Blain's gun and her radio; all lost the type of things mentioned above. The front gate was guarded by servants and over it were signs and posters declaring that it was foreign property and that no trespassing was allowed. So none of the Chinese got a chance to loot. Even the American flag and the official Japanese notice did not seem to disturb the Japanese soldiers though these notices were on the front gate and on the front door of each house. As wrote Donaldson's car was stolen from in front of Charlie's door. I immediately made a protest but nothing has come of any such protest except "Sorry, sorry". At Dr. Fitch's house a guard was of no use at all.

The condition of the poorer class of people can be pictured with difficulty. Often the very last bite they had was taken. Their bedding was stolen and often used for horses of which there were literally thousands here. I never saw so many horses not such poor specimens of them. They needed covering but one hated to see the bedding of the poor used for such a purpose. The soldiers seem to lack overcoats and warm clothes. They also seemed to depend up their ability to collect for any bedding they needed, except one rather thin army blanket. In their zeal to get what they could, things were taken from persons as well as from their houses. While Clayton was telling me at the Wayland front gate that a Japanese officer had described the Japanese soldiers as the most civilized and best disciplined in the world, a group of said soldiers were taking the wrist watch from the wrist of Swanghsi, our chauffeur not ten feet away, sitting in the college car with both a Red Cross and an American flag flying over it!

Similarly while an officer of the military police was telling Willis of the APC that there could be no further looting of his things in the Decker house, for he had given instructions to the police in the district regarding its protection, some of the police accompanying him relieved Willis' servant of his gold ring within six feet of the officer. The ranking officer in charge of civil administration here during the first days was being shown over the looted houses at T'ien Swe Yao when in Miss Wilson's house he found a twenty cent small money coin. He asked if he might take it and put it in his pocket. The Chinese are regularly searched and relieved of anything they have that is wanted by the searchers. Another day, Mr. Dzao, a YMCA secretary and an elder in the Wu San church in charge of the Hongdao refuge went to his home to see what shape it was in. While there he met a group of soldiers who

relieved him of his pocketbook and some of his clothes. This was on the tenth day after the Japanese had taken the city. One tried to take the leather passport case of mine. He was a sentry who wanted to see my passport and when I took it out of the case he tried to get it but I did not let him get his hands on it.

As indicated above, all this is going to create a tremendous problem in the future. Where will all these people get food? None is left in their homes. Stores are afraid to open for fear that any stock what they might secure will go the way the other stock went. There is now an effort to stop looting and I think that the Chinese will not be able to do much more. Really there seems nothing left to loot except in the houses of the looters. Great numbers of soldiers have left the city and only a tithe of those who were here are now here. This helps a lot and a great increase in the number of Chinese on the streets is noticed. These are selling vegetables. Rice can be bought in certain registered stores but no one can get it without getting a permit from the Chamber of Commerce which is under Japanese control. Then he can only get three sen, or rations for three people for one day. But where can these people get money to buy it? No banks are open. Cash has been taken from them. In their homes there is no food. What will they do? Then the country has been looted as clean as the city. Their horse carts have gone everywhere and come back loaded down. Groups of soldiers have walked all over the place collecting chickens, hogs etc. Famine seems to be linked with war in these parts. Not yet has it come in its worst form but it seems likely to come soon and unless conditions improve there will be no crop planted this Spring and so no crop next Fall. This will be true of the whole of the great rice growing section from here to Shanghai. There also are no animals for plowing or irrigating. I fear for the future. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We are having plenty to eat these days.

Perhaps the most efficient soldier we have met and certainly the one who has shown the greatest desire to really help foreigners here is a graduate of a mission school in Kobe. He knows Dr. Fulton and Dr. Myers well. He had New Year's dinner with us. He speaks English better than any others of his race I have met and is a superior person. I wish there were more like him. It must be a nuisance to him to be called upon so much by the foreigners but he is always courteous and tries to do all he can. More than once he has faced the terrible realities of war and with conviction has said, "I hate war". May his tribe increase!

We were prepared to care for some ten thousand women and children for four days in the refugee centers established by us. We have now had over three times that number for five times that long and we can see no hope ahead. Getting food supplies for so large a number is quite a problem but so far we have been able to provide short rations to all. We are feeding them two meals a day

What all dread even more than raping is killing. It is so sudden and so final. On January 1st a great crowd, several thousand Japanese soldiers came down the river from towards Fuyang. It is reported that they were retreating after the Chinese had defeated their army and killed several thousand Japanese in the hills near Tunglo. I do not know how true this is but I do know that as these soldiers were coming down the auto road in front of the college the Chinese across the river opened fire on them. They then came up over our campus. A great stream of them passed in front of Wilson Hall and the Main Building and over the bridge to De Long De and on to the pagoda. This was natural and we only feared some incident. Things were pretty lively around here. Cannon were firing from the athletic field, the pagoda and Dso Tswen. Machine guns were busy in the Wang tea garden, on the road just in front of the garage and at De Long De. There was constant firing for several hours. Bullets from across the river fell all over our campus and Japanese soldiers were even above the observatory. One of these bullets hit the hedge in front of our house and then landed only eight feet from where I was sitting on the stone slab in front of our house under the camphor tree. I have saved the bullet as a souvenir. I saw a group seize old Chin Moh on the girls' tennis court. I rushed down and got him away from them. You see they were quite jumpy and afraid of plain clothes soldiers. He had gone over to close the doors of the main building instead of staying hid. Lauten was with me and we came on with these soldiers until they left via the bridge. Then we went on up home.

When we got about half way between his house and mine we were challenged by five soldiers. I immediately raised my hands in the air. A record high reach! When they saw we were foreigners they were very polite and saluted us. These are, perhaps, the very men who upon turning the corner at Day's servant's quarters and heading up towards our house ran suddenly upon Lien Han and as he reached into his pocket for a letter stating he was one of our employees, he was shot with this letter unread in his hand. It was about dusk and he had a carrying pole in his hand so that in the dusk he could have been taken for a plain clothes man with gun and pistol. He was not found for perhaps a half hour and when Lauten, Chin Moh and I got him up home and Miss Yih, the nurse, came, he was about finished. I started to get the car and see if I could get through the mass of retreating soldiers at night, to take him to the hospital, when he died. He died calling on "Min Sien Sen" for help and with a death grip on my pants leg. Many of the killings have been because of this kind of misunderstanding. Others have been because they could not talk and did not understand what was wanted. Some were killed by refusing to cooperate by leading the way, etc. Many have been killed for being thought to be plain clothes soldiers. Especially is this true in the Nansinchiao and Zakow sections. There are ten dead within a mile of this place. Of these we know. How many there are in the whole city one has no way of telling but I would say at least a thousand. With seventy five Chinese on the Hill I feel a constant load of responsibility for life, limb and food.

Letters of February 21 and 24, 1938

The human emergency occasioned by the initial military entry into Hangzhou gradually gave way to the grinding quotidian hardships of life under foreign occupation. In the early spring of 1938, Mullen travelled less to the city and became more confined to the campus, a few miles upriver. The Qiantang River itself became the battle front, with Chinese forces dug in on the south side and Japanese units deployed on and around the campus on the north shore. Firing across the wide river was sporadic and largely without effect, but it added to the everyday tension that was occasioned by the billeting of a large number of Japanese troops in the neighborhood. The two letters reproduced here are really one, composed for the birthdays of his two oldest children, both now finished with college. McMullen sets out to describe the mundane and unremarkable activities that filled his days – securing college buildings, doing audits and keeping records, managing a dairy herd, finding food supplies, conducting church and pastoral duties, supervising tea picking – and above all constantly being called on to intercede when Japanese soldiers were found wandering about, breaking into a house, or threatening Chinese women. Being a foreigner with some leverage, he was able to carve out a precarious “safe zone” on and around the campus, made all the more fragile for being in an active war zone.

February 21st. 1938

This is a joint birthday letter to my big girl and big boy. I fear that before this reaches you, both of you will have added a year to his age, even if not a cubit to the statue. It is hard to realize how old you are getting. It was not many years ago when I was twice as old as all five of you kids put together. It won't be long now before you two will, together, be as old as I and that is some old. I know. It would be difficult to tell you how much you have meant to your Dad during these years. You have heard me tease mama by saying that all kids are a nuisance. Well that is true. They always cause a lot of work and worry, I think you all have caused less than most any bunch of kids I know. On the other side there is much more to say. You have been the cause of untold joy to both mama and Dad. It has been a delight to watch you develop and to see how you are devoting yourselves to the more important things of life.

Right here I was interrupted by the coming of seven Japanese soldiers. They had just finished stringing a line for a military phone between their two camps just to the east and to the west of us. The day is one of those warm sunshiny days in the midst of winter. They were hot and wanted to rest and drink tea. So in they came. We keep hot water in thermos bottles and have tea all ready. I passed the cigarettes and tea and Mr. Yin, our business manager and Mr. Chang our treasurer entertained them for about an hour and then bowed them off. This is a part of our daily routine. Some days only one or two groups come while on other days there are several. They pass here all through the day and often during the night, making our

walks their road instead of using the motor road below. That our road is being used by them is known to the Chinese across the river is shown by the bullets coming on our campus. President Lee's house has been hit and we have picked up quite a few in front of the main building. All of this makes one sort of watch his step though no bullet has struck anyone on the campus yet, as far as I know.

Perhaps this interruption was providential to stop my preaching. I really did not mean to start a sermon but just sort of did it anyway. It may be that you would be interested in what one does out here on this hill. Well, I'll try to tell you what I have been doing today. I was up at six o'clock. After my setting up exercises, shave and bath, I dressed for breakfast which we finished about a quarter after seven. Lauten was going into the city today and as he felt it best not to risk the trip by car he decided to walk through the hills. He also decided not to make the round trip in one day so he expects to spend the night. After breakfast we had prayers and then got down here to the office about eight A.M. Yin and I talked over plans for work for the coolies and went out to see what all the bombing was about. It seemed as tho it was in the city or east of it. Soon there was a lot of anti-aircraft gun firing and this seemed to prove that it was Chinese bombing. We could not hear the explosions very well but they were near enough to shake our windows. We could not make out where it was nor what happened. These planes were audible for a couple of hours though we did not see them.

Then I went around to inspect the buildings to see if anything had happened to them. We try to go several times a day to each house and look fore and aft to see if it has been molested. Nothing has happened for a week now and tho seven Chinese teachers' houses have been entered, I think that 99% plus of our stuff on the campus is o.k. For this we are very grateful. It takes time to make this trip around and sometimes takes a bit of nerve for soldiers have been found in them and sometimes a dog may make a noise which one's nerves interprets as soldiers and it requires a bit of self control to go in to investigate. So far we have had no trouble.

After my round I came back to the office and had a talk with Yin about our religious work here. Yesterday we had over seventy at our afternoon service. Many people from the neighboring hills are coming and we have a good time. I have been giving a series of talks on the parables. This was the eighth. I spoke on the "laborers in the Vinyard", trying to interpret it in the light of the verse preceding and concluding the account. These two verses seem to me to clearly indicate what Jesus was trying to teach them. We are planning a sort of vacation Bible school for the kids and some Bible classes for the adults. Some are enquirers and for them we want to organize a special class.

Then I went back to my auditing. Our school year

closes the end of July. At the end of last year Mr. Schmuser a chartered accountant, who audited our accounts, did not get here before the war broke in Shanghai and so he did not audit the books for the second half of last year. Then the same is true of the first half of this year. So we have a full year to audit and as there does not seem to be any chance to get an expert to do this job, I have decided to do it myself. Lautenand Yin checked the Vouchers against the entries and I have undertaken to check the Mathematics including the making of the annual and the semi-annual statements. This is some job and with the adding machine I have turned out something like a hundred yards of figures. I am about through with this job now and will have to take on another. The next will be in the Dean's office, trying to check grades and complete records. They will need these in Shanghai as they are opening for this semester.

About the middle of the morning the milkman came in and reported that our old bull was dead. He was a giant of a specimen, as high as I am. He seems to have died of old age. At any rate it required that I call the coolies in to skin him and pick his bones so that I will have the hide and bones to sell. They should bring fifty dollars. Usually the coolies are glad to eat the meat but this was decayed in spots and so I forbade their eating it. I had to plan for the burial of the carcass that is left etc., etc. Then as one coolie took a piece of meat to feed to his dogs, he dropped some blood on the walk and as soon as it was seen by a passing soldier, here they came to investigate it. This took me up till noon, keeping me pretty busy and not allowing me too much quiet time though I did get a little before I started on the books.

This afternoon we have had several groups dropping by. The man in charge of Brummer's house, that is the one he rented from President Lee, came by and reported that our two visitors last night, of whom I wrote in my last letter, had been to his house before coming to ours and had tried to get hold of his wife. He claims that her wails and their head bumping finally got her rescued. He wants a better place as they are within a couple of hundred yards of a billet and half that distance from a nest in front of them. It is a hot spot. I had to try to work out some plan for him. I advised him to move to the city and try to use his long experience as a cook to start a small business in cakes and cookies. It took quite a lot of time to talk things all out with him. He not only needs a safe place for his family but also some way of making a living as he now gets only four dollars per month as caretaker for Brummer. He and his wife and baby, together with a father and mother-in-law will not be able to live on so small an amount. They are from Shantung and so have no friends to fall back on. Brummer's leaving leaves them stranded.

So the time has passed and it is now time to make the rounds again. It will soon be time for a walk and the day is gone. We usually try to get everyone under cover by dark. We use a pressure oil lamp which gives a very bright light.

perfectly dark from the outside and settle down till ten o'clock at reading or letter writing. So it goes. One job follows another. Among those that require time are several not mentioned in the above. Trying to help the people in the district around here to protect their women and secure something to eat is one of them. For the past several days I have had a group taken to the Hong Dao each day. This requires lots of talking and planning. Another job is the securing of supplies for the nearly one hundred people living on the campus and just next to us on the farmer's place near by. Being busy helps the time pass.

Thursday Night
February 24th.

Well, it has been a long time since I was called away from the writing of this letter. The day about which I wrote was different from today by a whole lot. Dzaoling ran down to the main building in his apron and all excited saying that soldiers were in the Stuart house where Mrs. Yin and the children were alone with a servant girl. We ran up there and got him away. He had seen two flashlights and wanted them but I told him that they were not mine and he left them. This seems to have been a tactical error. Today a house on Er Long De was entered and I went to the commanding officer to report this. On my way back I was again introduced to shootings several of which were getting very warm. Upon my return to the campus the servants ran up to me saying that three soldiers were up at Lee's house. I rushed up and got hold of them. They said that signals were being given by flashlight at night to the enemy across the river. There may have been such signals given but I am sure that none of our group gives any. This and the flashlights found yesterday were an excuse for three groups to search houses. Stuart's where Yin was, Mattox where he moved for last night and mine here, where he is tonight were all entered today. I think we got by fairly well though they took three flashlights and Yin's watch.

The above kept us going most of the day. We wound up by bringing Miss Yih, our college nurse up here to Miss Rebecca's room. Lauten has joined me and treasurer Chang and his wife and daughter are in the room over the study. Yin, wife, brother and two children are in the room over the kitchen. So for a change, we have a house full of people. I am glad to have the women here for they have been on a tremendous strain for a couple of days. Soldiers have been in Mrs. Yin's house three times in twenty-four hours. We are most fortunate so far but it might have been just too bad any time.

Tomorrow I go into the city and will have another schedule. I plan to leave in the car, perhaps under fire as I usually am when in the car, go to Linyin temple and pick up a woman who is expecting her first baby in a few days. Her husband is a farmer at Machawu over the hills from us. His sister who like her has been living in constant fear and hidden away in the hills is to go with her to the Sin Min Zwe. Out there I am to take on a load of supplies, eleven dozen eggs, some bran for the cows, wheat for all of us.

*Against
Cabbage*

nine o'clock meeting of the Red Cross executive. We meet every Friday. I am chairman. While I am meeting the chauffeur will get some three hundred pounds of carrots, beh tsai, turnips and a half dozen other kinds of tsai. This is for some fifty people and for the cows for a week. Our big bull died Tuesday so we do not have to feed him. After the meeting is over, at say ten-thirty, I am to go to the Japanese headquarters to see if I can get Chang, the treasurer, to Shanghai. He wants to take his wife and daughter and it may be difficult to get a pass for the three. Then I want to try again to see what I can do about getting a pass for Charlie Worth to come to Hangchow. I also want to see what can be done about getting back his car. I will then go to the headquarters of the military police and see what can be done to stop this entering our houses. Then to the hospital for dinner. At two the Hangchow Masonic Lodge has a meeting. Without my consent I was made Senior Warden, second highest officer and will have to meet with them, I guess. Then to T'ien Swe Chiao, T'ai Bing Chiao, Wu San and Hong Dao to check up on things. Then home again, doubtless to the finale of swishing bullets. If all goes well I should get back before dark and call it a day.

Letter of March 13, 1938

Throughout the early months of 1938, the Japanese and their puppet government pressed to have the refugee centers closed down; the Red Cross refused to comply as long as the authorities failed to control their soldiers. This letter captures how McMullen handled the matter; it also shows the local “self-government” putting pressure on foreigners and Chinese alike to reopen secondary schools in the city and how responding to an obvious need under difficult circumstances created bickering among his Chinese colleagues and new problems with the Japanese authorities. Beneath the particulars described in this letter are hints of the dilemmas posed by the need to “get along” without “going over” and the tenuous and disputed line between what some saw as collaboration and others regarded as a necessary accommodation to the realities of continuing occupation in the interests of everyday survival.

March 13th.

This has been one very unusual spell of weather. We have scarcely seen a ray of the sun for eight days. Snow is all over the place and wonderfully beautiful. For days it has been melting but is still not gone for each day there has been a bit more that has fallen and once or twice it has fallen quite heavily. We will be glad to welcome the return of spring which we had for a few days last week. This weather however, is not without its compensations. We have scarcely had any shooting for these eight days and very few soldiers have crossed our campus. Today there

has been quite a bit of shooting and one or two groups of soldiers have gone through. No doubt they will be out in full force as soon as the sun brightens things up again.

We had some fifty-five at service this morning. I talked on the parable of the sower. They listened quite well. Tomorrow we are starting our Bible classes. I am to have one for our college servants including Swanghsi and P'in San. Yin is having the men living over at the farmer's. Mao is to have the children and I will have another class for the women here and over there. We think that we will have these classes from eight to eight-thirty three mornings each week. The children will meet for about three hours each day. We don't know exactly what we are going to use as a text book for only half a dozen can read at all and these very little. Don't know how I am going about this class but we believe we can help them to understand the Gospel as well as learn some characters. We hope by Easter some of them will be ready for baptism. Almost every person on the hill will be in a class.

At our meeting of the Red Cross last Friday a representative of the new local "self government" appeared and made us quite a speech in favor of opening schools. He appealed to the foreigners to open all their primary schools and start make-up classes for high school pupils. He promised to secure text books from Shanghai that were there used in schools and approved by the Japanese. He insisted very strenuously that all the Red Cross refugee camps should have primary schools started at once. He also presented another plea. He stated that of the "300,000 people in Hangchow" many were destitute, without furniture as well as clothing and food. They had no money, at least two-thirds had no funds with which to buy things needed and that there were no such things here to buy. He asked the Red Cross to handle this little job of providing things to buy and presenting the people with funds with which to buy them.

After he had finished his thirty minute appeal, I, as chairman, made a statement to the following effect. That the number of primary schools subsidized by foreigners in Hangchow during recent years was but a fraction of those conducted by them some ten years ago. The records of the former city government would show that very few such schools have been run during the past year. The Red Cross has nothing to do with these schools but has only to do with the refugee camps. These camps the Japanese have insisted that we disband and send the people home. This we hope to do just as soon as their officers are able to control their soldiers and so stop raping, stealing and assaults. We hope that this will be in the near future and that we will not be called upon to run these camps except for a short time. This being the case we doubt the wisdom of starting regular schools in these camps though we expect to continue to have character study classes for all groups as long as they remain in our camps.

In addition to bringing pressure to bear on his

colleagues in the government to speedily bring about a state of order that will permit us to disband our camps and send the women home, we hope he will also take up with these authorities a question which twice I had, as representative of this organization taken up with the authorities and about which they had made no reply to our letters. This was in regard to opening a camp for the refugees from the districts near Hangchow which had been burned by the Japanese. I spoke of the S Shang and the Gyao S districts where there had been wholesale burning of homes and slaughter of people especially the men. From these places widows and orphans had finally managed to get into the city and would have to be cared for for an indefinite period. We hoped that the self government organization would take on this task. We then could close up all our camps and invest such moneys as we had left in other forms of relief. Until the local authorities had done these two things we could not foretell when we would be relieved of responsibility for many thousand women and children. Our limited funds were therefore tied up and we would not feel that we could assume further obligations.

As to his plan for taking responsibility for bringing in furniture and other supplies and providing money to the people with which to purchase them, we had no such funds and the plan was useless so long as soldiers continued to loot. Had we distributed ten dollars to each person during the beautiful weather of ten days ago and they had taken this to purchase bedding and furnishings we would have expended three millions of dollars. Then this new batch of rough troops from Formosa arrived in the snow and followed the example of our early comers and looted for themselves and their horses and split up furniture for their fires, our three million dollars would have largely gone into the making more comfortable these soldiers of Japan in active service. This was contrary to the principles underlying the Red Cross. Thus we had no money to do anything other than what we were now doing until they restored order and controlled their troops. Even if we had the money it could not be used as suggested by him until soldiers were stopped from looting and wanton destruction of private property.

This little speech seemed to give him something to think about and he sort of tried to withdraw his second request and emphasize the opening of schools in the camps so that these blessed children would not be denied their chance to learn to read and write. His attention was then drawn to the fact that the YMCA had tried to open such a school. Most teachers are women and all voluntary. In writing the textbooks some unwise person said something about the "three Northeastern provinces". As these lessons have to be submitted to the authorities and approved by them before being used, this expression was seen. All the teachers and officers of the Y school were ordered to appear at the Japanese headquarters where they were roundly

scolded for saying these provinces were a part of China. They were Manchukuo. Then they were asked whether this was a part of China or of Japan. By this time most of the ladies were in tears and the men scared stiff. Of course all these volunteers wanted to resign at once. With the coming of textbooks from Shanghai this problem may be eased up a bit but in them there are doubtless things that a Chinese will not want to teach.

Other problems will arise such as normal classes, constant inspection of schools etc., etc. Then the danger to any teacher who is felt not to co-operate with them in presenting their view point is very great. I had urged the Hong Dao not to start a regular school. Mr. Dzao, an elder in the Wu San church and a secretary in the YMCA, an old protege of Dr. Mattox, is in charge of the camp there and was strongly in favor of following the Y lead. He did not get official sanction for opening, however, as the Y did. So here they came, demanding when they were authorized to open a school etc., etc. They had to apologize and then carefully go through a long lot of red tape in getting under way. The Wayland crowd refuses to open a school as we are also doing at the Sin Min Zwe. The Buddhist temples are also refusing to do so. I do not know what is ahead of us in this matter. The fact that these two have opened will make it more difficult for others not to do so and at the same time it will not be a bed of roses for those that are open. The Catholics used the pretext of opening a school to close their camp. Now they are having a lot of trouble with their school and regret having opened it but are not able to close it as they find it impossible to state the real reasons for so doing. Please pray for us for this is a real difficulty ahead of us. Some think we may get by at the Sin Min Zwe because our school rooms are all being used as emergency hospital rooms. We may get by out here at the College so long as we are on the firing line. But the Hong Dao and Wayland are a real problem.

Chow, the head of our Sin Min Zwe school, has become an inspector of schools under this new government. He may feel that it is necessary for the Sin Min Zwe school to open. I turned down his request some ten days ago. He is very jealous of Dr. Dih who has been very much in the lime light during the last two months. Chow sees in this job a chance to get some protection for self and family. Dih had refused a position on the head committee and opposed Chow's taking this job. I knew nothing about it until it was all done. I am a bit nervous about what Chow may pull out there. He may try to bring pressure through his crowd to close up the hospital and open the school. The gentry are with Dih and I hope Chow will not turn traitor to the work there.

In a recent letter I mentioned vaguely that there had been a slaughter near us. These seem to be the facts. On a hill some five miles west of us is a temple with roads from three directions. Into this temple had run people from S Shang,

Yien Lin Bu and Fuyang whose homes had been destroyed. They lived there without any visits from the Japanese until all of a sudden soldiers closed in on them from these three sides. The men - some hundred and fifty - were separated from the women and children and then before the eyes of their wives and children were mowed down with machine guns. That night one who was thought dead, but was not seriously wounded, as he had fallen with the others, found his way across the hills with some of the women to a village where he is now living. Later other women came to this village and this is the tale they tell. There were no soldiers, plain clothes or otherwise, among these people. Only farmers. This is the sort of thing that happened at Nanking and has doubtless happened all over the place. Terrible.

Thursday night three soldiers with lanterns went into Me Cha Wu, broke into houses and found three young women, two brides of a few months, and raped them. In this same place a couple of weeks ago, the mother of a newborn baby was raped and died from the effects. While we are not molested and have so very much to be thankful for, our hearts are saddened above measure at all these things going on about us. It is said that in the less prominent streets and alleys of the city things are as bad as ever. Only in the important places has a change for the better taken place. This last batch of troops seem worse than the others. These are colonials from Formosa and are a bad lot of Japs. They are billeted mostly along the East Great Street and the folks there who before have fared better than in other parts of the city will now have their headaches. It is reported that our Christians in that area have gotten along fine. No houses burned...none killed.. few assaulted, though houses largely looted.

Letter of May 28, 1938

As a technically neutral foreign national, McMullen had some buffers against the rigors of occupation and some leverage in dealing with the occupiers. But the letters report numerous moments of personal danger. We include this one as a sample, as it shows both the risks he ran interfering with Japanese soldiers and the way he used these incidents to carve out small zones of protection for his Chinese friends and associates. We present this letter in transcribed form because the original is too faintly typed to be posted.

May 28th, 1938

This is our anniversary. It was just twelve months ago today that I left Farmville for Nashville, Europe and all points east. During that entire year I have been with my sweetie some six or eight hours in London and from August 12th to September 2nd on our trip from Paris to Kobe. This is exactly three weeks and there are at least three more months to go. By the end of the summer I will be tired of this life out here and surely hope that some change can be made in our plans.

Hurrah for the end of this sort of thing even if the war has not ended. I think that it would be o.k. for you to come on out here and live on the Hill. There are times when things are sort of tense but on the whole life is very calm and though danger stalks about we have not suffered from him so far.

I wrote in my last regarding an experience I had been wrestling with that soldier who tried to keep me from reporting his breaking into our De Long De houses. Well I have since had another experience which can match it at least. One morning I was calmly reading here in my office when some boys ran in and reported that a Japanese soldier had entered one of the houses on the farmer's land. I rushed over there and found him seated and ordering hot water. This is the usual way of demanding a woman. They want the water for after washing. When he saw me he was evidently much disgusted. Yin did not follow me and so I could not talk to him. All I could do was to sit down and smile at him while he glared at me and made a fool of himself by gargling the water and spraying it all over the room. It was quite evident that he was drunk. How drunk I did not realize until he started to leave and I was accompanying him off the place. I found he staggered badly and a few times almost fell.

When we started along, me following, he motioned to me to come on that he wanted to bayonet me. When we got to the bamboo grove just back of Ho S Vu's place he took out his bayonet and in one blow cut a bamboo in two. This he repeated and then turned and indicated that that could be done to me. In doing this his point was some three or four inches from my own tummy. Not a very comfortable feeling but I could only smile and indicate that it would never do to carry out any such plan. I helped him through the grove and around Ho S Vu's house. When we got into the open space in front, he tried to make me take the bayonet and kill him, suggesting that I could either cut his throat or stick it into his stomach. I patted him on the back and smiled and finally got him to put his bayonet into its scabbard. He had no rifle and this knife-like bayonet was carried at his side.

After taking him by the arm and finally having to put my arm around his body to support him we made some progress towards the east dormitory. When about half way along this quiet path, he took out his revolver and showed me that it was loaded. He then stuck it twice into my stomach while he uttered his guttural threats in Japanese which I did not understand. Then as before he turned face about and taking the cord attached to the handle of the pistol from around his neck, he tried to give me the whole thing and indicated that with it I was to shoot him. Of course I would not touch the thing for fear it would lead to further trouble with him and the

authorities but after much petting and kidding he put it away again. This he was not inclined to do and belching and slobbering he insisted that I kill him. We finally got under way and reached the junction of this road with that from the main building to the bridge over to De Long De. I was planning to see him off but he insisted that I go on to the office.

I hid and watched him stagger on off the place. I did not want to raise a fuss about this drunken sub lieutenant but took occasion to call the attention of the guard at the bridge to the fact that they had allowed this dangerous man, he is known as a bad man, to pass them drunk and alone and come to our campus. I suggested that it would not look too good in American papers to report that they had permitted a soldier of bad reputation to get howling drunk, leave his billet alone, pass the guard who did not interfere or take any notice of him, come to our campus and kill the acting president of an American University on his own grounds. They sort of got a shock as they visualized this but as usual only laughed upon thinking about the antics of the drunk. They always regard these as amusing and of no concern. They all seem to drink and some of them indulge a lot. They are dangerous as any drunks are and there is no telling what they will do or what idea they will try to carry out.

Later I had a casual opportunity of telling this as an amusing story to a group of military police. These also laughed but did not like my description of the reaction that might have followed had he sort of borne down on that trigger as he poked his pistol into my tummy. They went away and talked about it. Yesterday they sent a couple of their men to investigate. I told them to forget this incident and would not give any description of the man but insisted that in the future they see to it that no drunk come on our campus. I have borne down on this one thing and hope that we will be spared further trouble. The sentries should take such a one in hand and refuse to allow him to come this way. I hope later to emphasize this some more and may be that we will not have further trouble.

With this exception we have had a very quiet week. Less firing across the river than for many weeks. The report that they have crossed the river some six weeks ago seems utterly false as we have believed all along. That they have some idea in mind is evident however. We did not see the planes but I have a leaflet that is supposed to have been dropped on the city by Chinese planes. They were quite numerous. They stated that Japan was to use air, army and navy to attack Ningpo and called upon all lovers of Ningpo and Shaohsing to oppose this with all their might. The Japanese local daily states that the Chinese are retreating toward the Fukien border way up the river at Changshan. It is also reported that an important officer visited Hangchow a few days ago and that he expressed great dissatisfaction with the lack of progress across the river. It is said that he gave his forces big spy glasses and that they are climbing hills around to take a look at the prospect across the river. So far nothing seems to be happening. It is well into the sixth month and things are just as they were the first day as far as extending their rule. In fact, their lines are much less extended than they were about here on Christmas Eve.

When Dih was out here over the weekend I asked him to try to get his number one military police officer friend to give me a pass to visit Yuhang, Lin Bin, Chien Chiao and Gyao S. I also sent by Dih a present to said officer of twelve pounds of strawberries, a layer cake and a

pound of candy. Even with all this set up which we thought very effective, I am without said passes. He was quite kind about it. He suggested that I could go to Dzang An, the train stopped there. He could not stop the train at the other places and to go by car was very dangerous. Couldn't be thought of. Regarding Yuhang it was amusing even to think of it. The fighting was east of that city, that is it is on the Hangchow side and only two days ago there was heavy fighting there. Nothing doing. So that is that.

We are putting on bibahs¹ here. We have a half dozen trees that were very heavily loaded but we did not get any from these. The kids, adults, squirrels, and birds took them all. We are buying in the city and I am putting up about twenty quarts of fruit. Will try to save a bite for you if you will be good and hurry up and come back. By the way, I had tiffin at Van Evera's last Sunday and Fujimaru and his superior officer were there. We asked regarding the return of our wives. They said that they did not see why Mrs. Van could not come back to Hangchow. They thought you could too if they ever cut out the fire on this firing line. They are concerned about having people living where bullets are falling. So you might get back in time to eat some of these good things. I really do not know just what we have. Will take stock one of these days. I have filled all of our jars and borrowed a couple of dozen from others. And the time for peaches and plums is ahead. I'll have a stock of fruit even if we cannot get other things.

The milkman has just come from town with a note from Mao saying that they got back from Shanghai yesterday afternoon. He has brought four tins of kerosene. This makes nine in stock and guarantees, I hope, light and refrigerator for the summer. He is also bringing a battery for my car. Arthur's was entirely worthless. The milkman also reports that the owners of these cows want me to keep them. This raises problems. By the way, one of the cows has presented us with the biggest calf I have ever seen. It was 2 feet 11 ½ inches tall and lots of hair and fat. He is a whopper bull calf. They all say he will make a wonderful bull. Now he takes all of his mother's milk. Everybody gets milk but us. We have to be satisfied with the trouble of running the place.

Our gardens are not too good. I fear the money we are putting into them will be a loss but we will perhaps get something from them. One advantage of selling milk in the city is that we can buy things in the city each morning and get them here by noon. This helps a lot with supplies. He rides a bike and seems to be able to bring anything regardless of bulk or weight. He can also carry notes. Though the Japanese often take from him the radio news that Van or Turner write out for us. It helps, however, to keep in touch with others and supplies.

I went over to Clayton's for dinner. Turner, Fairclough and Fujimaru were there. We had a good dinner with ice cream for dessert. It is the first I have had for ten months, I think. First time I ever had it served as a root beer ice cream soda. It wasn't bad. As soon as I could get away and finish some business with Sturton and Manget I hurried home but it was then nearly four o'clock. So I changed my clothes, took my walk, got my bath, and settled down to enjoy my mail. You know me and how I like to do it this way. Just get all set and then enjoy it. I don't know

¹ Pipa (枇杷) or loquat, a fruit common throughout southeastern China.

how many times I read your letters and how much I thought about them, and it was certainly fine to get them.

In the same mail came some letters from Shanghai. One from Nat with notes on the Board meeting and three from Lee regarding same. They voted to give Lee a year's leave. He hopes the Reynolds money will be available and that he and Mrs. Lee can go to America for a year. If this is not, he may try to go anyway and hope to get the money later. If this is not practicable, he wants to go to West China and get into touch with the government authorities there regarding the future plans for schools and colleges. In any case he wants me to take over this summer and be in charge for all of next year.

A cable from Cressy² asks that they take an option on some property in Shanghai suitable for housing the four colleges there in one place with their library and lab facilities. He asks that the amount of rent required be cabled him at once. He intimates that he can get this money and that it may be possible for St. John's, Shanghai, Soochow, and Hangchow to have their work together next year. This will certainly cut expenses and change the whole program. It should also be a long step towards our future amalgamation. After all it may be possible that it will bring about the plan about which I wrote in T.C.³ Lee wants me to have full charge of all such negotiations. It will be interesting to see how things work out. Nanking and Ginling are in Chengtu.

The Board talked a lot re. our Middle School. Some wanted us to run our own. I am opposed to this and am writing Lee to this effect. I am not terribly sure we will ever want to open up again and certainly we cannot be sure that students enrolled in Shanghai will return to Hangchow with us. All depends upon conditions that follow peace. I am in favor of joining the joint middle school and co-operating as far as possible till we see more than anyone can now see.

It is becoming more and more apparent that Mao has not talked his engagement out with those concerned. The girl's mother here is almost crazy. I have withdrawn all connection with the affair and am writing Mao to advise that he go a bit slow. How different our daughter's affair!

It is reported that some of our men traced the twelve garments stolen the other night⁴ and found that the lot had been sold for three dollars. One new garment was bought at a bargain for six, not to speak of the value of the others. No word from the authorities as yet. We are still moving things from outlying houses into our central buildings so that we can protect them more easily. Nat reports that a committee of Farrior, Charlie and Dr. Young has been appointed to go west this summer and investigate. This sort of puts a crimp in our plan to have Charlie come here and take my place so that I could go to Shanghai and take over the work

² Earl Herbert Cressy was missionary educator, head of the Wayland Academy in Hangzhou until 1925 when he became the China secretary of the Committee (later the United Board) of Christian Colleges in China and general secretary of the National Christian Council of China.

³ This refers to the Teachers College at Columbia University and the dissertation RJM completed there.

⁴ This is an odd displacement from an incident reported in the next letter, of June 8th.

there. I don't know what can be done. The safeguarding of the property was passed up to the missions concerned. I think this no solution at all and it simply balls things up. It is refusing to face reality and gets no one anywhere. I cannot leave here with out some definite and more or less adequate provision being made for the protection of our buildings and equipment. I'm writing Lee to this effect this morning.