Dear Friends:

This is the continuation of the travelogue started in Kweiyang. We have covered two hundred and forty-two kilos, 131-1/2 miles, in the meantime and arrived in the northwestern corner of the same province. We've crossed rivers and mountains, encountered snow and ice. We've seen some of the worst poverty that can be found in China as well as some of the most striking scenery. Now we find ourselves the guests of four German sisters of the China Inland Mission and are enjoying good food and wonderful hospitality while we wait for the completion of the building in which we expect to start working. More of that later. Now let me go back and pick up where I left off.

After a week in Kweiyang it seemed best to make plans for moving farther away from possible danger. Many were leaving for Kunming and possibly from there to India. We had decided to try to get our staff and hospital equipment to some point where they could continue work even if it became necessary for us westerners to leave. We had offered our services to the Kweichow Relief Committee and it was decided that we should establish a base hospital in Pi Chieh where medical refugee work could be carried on. We tried unsuccessfully to secure transportation by truck for staff and supplies and so again it was decided that the best thing would be to move the most valuable part of our equipment by small carts and all the staff who felt they could walk where to accompany them. By the morning of December 8th, the carts were loaded and we were on our way. We made quite a picture with our seven man-pushed carts and three horse carts, twelve nurses, ten men, Miss Clawson, Miss McCrery, and myself. The procession wound through the streets of Kweiyang to the highway, the nurses, in their blue cotton gowns and their heads wrapped up in white pillow-cases or towels to keep the dust out of their hair, led the column. For the rest of us slacks, knapsacks, and other hiking paraphernalia were the order of the day. We didn't get started as early as we had hoped so that first day we were only able to do 18 kilos. It was necessary to find a stopping place by four in
the afternoon or else we couldn't be sure of having a place to sleep. We were not the only ones on the highway. All the way along we met and passed families walking, some pushing their own carts or driving their own horse carts, others accompanying their goods as we were. All the way along we were passed by trucks loaded to overflowing with people and their belongings. The villages along the way were small and so it was necessary to send someone ahead to find a place for our party, a place to put the carts and order a meal for all of us. In most places we had to buy our own vegetables and meat. The landlady would cook the meal and provide the rice and a place to sleep. Those of us who did not have to stay beside the carts would arrive first, sit and drink tea and rest our feet until the carts arrived. By that time every available space in the village would be spoken for. Some people slept in their own horse carts, others on top of the baggage carts. It was not safe to be on the roads after dark. Perhaps you wonder what the "hotel" rooms were like in these little villages. Most often we were assigned to the loft of the house, the second floor if you wish to honor it as such. This was usually the choicest because of being the most private. A downstairs room ascertained a constant audience and very little rest. The loft was usually clean and well supplied with straw which we could spread out before unrolling our bedding rolls. The loft was usually warm too because of the heat rising from the kitchen stove beneath. We always went to bed as soon as supper was over so as to get a good early start in the morning.

The second day out things started off beautifully. We were on the road by seven and all in good spirits. The men stayed with the carts while the nurses and we walked ahead. We hadn't gone far when we were picked up by a U.S. vehicle. They took us into the town where our road branched off from the main highway. It was too tempting an offer to turn down even though it put us a good distance ahead of our baggage. The theory was that the group of girls would hike ahead to the town where we were supposed to spend the night and find a good place for the whole party and get a good rest while two of us waited for the carts to catch up. Pearl, our office secretary, stayed with me. We
began whiling away the time by looking at shops, buying straw sandals to wear over our shoes (saves shoe-leather and is much more comfortable) and having a bite of food. The hours began going by. While we were waiting a Chinese gentleman came up and spoke to us and asked if I was the foreign doctor who treated women. We said, "Yes" and asked him what he wanted. Apparently he too was on the road for Chichih. He had started out from Kweiyang with a horse cart, his wife, children, and sister-in-law who was pregnant... The day before, while they were on the road, the sister-in-law gave birth to a young son... somewhat ahead of schedule. The gentleman was quite distraught over the whole affair. He hadn't counted on that aspect of things when he started out. Would I go up the road a ways to their cart and have a look at her. Something wasn't just right and they wanted to have her checked over. So along we went, but found the patient not in the cart but up a small lane in the corner of an empty plot. In the "privacy" of this setting we examined her and performed the necessary procedures to complete the delivery of the after-birth. Then everybody was quite happy again and most grateful and we all went our respective ways. I told the patient where we'd be stopping that night and that she could look me up there if she needed any further attention. Then Pearl and I went back to the business of waiting for carts. It was nearly noon when the first group of man-carts pulled in. They gave us the happy news that one of the horse-carts had broken down and they probably wouldn't be in for a couple more hours. We sent the first carts on their way and continued our waiting. We chose a spot where two roads met, a kind of town square and began to observe the great variety of vehicles and the sorts and sizes of humanity that could be seen passing before us. Trucks loaded high with refugees of the better class. First the normal load of baggage and goods, then twenty or thirty people piled on top. The whole load held in places by sticking wooden planks between the load and the sides of the truck, these planks extending up like a garden or backyard fence were supposed to keep things and people from falling off when
the inevitable bumps came. It made me thankful I was walking to see them in their precarious positions. Other trucks loaded with troops going in both directions. Other troops walking, driving heavily loaded beasts of burden. Milling through the crowd were many of the local mountaineers who had come to town for business and barter. Hair long and dishevelled, sometimes wound up with a grimy turban, clothes that were more tatters than rags and in some cases more holes than tatters. Long intriguing pipes of all designs. (You light a candle back up three feet and then light the bowl of the pipe from the candle!) Some of these mountain folk were beasts of burden carrying on their backs high vase-shaped baskets loaded to several feet over their heads with coal or charcoal or baggage. It is most interesting to watch these burden-bearers trotting along in short mincing steps, but with great speed. When they stop to rest, they have a stick with a curved handle about two inches wide on which they can sit or rest their burdens...reminded me more to the things the golfers use to rest on than anything else I could think of back home. Much interested as we were in the passing show our curiosity could not compete with that of those who crowded round to view us...strange, foreign specimens that we were. Pearl comes from the Dutch Indies and almost always wears foreign style clothes...that is, our style. That puzzled them more than ever, because her face resembled a Chinese and yet her clothes were definitely not. I was the queerest specimen of all, with my red jockey cap, glasses, leather jacket and someone's discarded trousers and of course my Santa Fe gloves with their Indian beadwork on. How those beads fascinated the little children! They never failed to come up and touch them anywhere along the trip. Most commonly heard was the serious discussion of "Is it a man or a woman?" Well, this went on until nearly two in the afternoon when the last cart finally came rolling in. We told them to come on as fast as possible and then we hiked on ahead to join the others. The sun came out to warm us and lift our spirits, the country through which we travelled was beautiful. We passed over high mountains, dropped down to a wide and swiftly
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flowing river which reflected the colors of the sunset. We chatted with fellow travellers and answered their queries as to why we weren't riding in an American truck and where were we going, etc. It was all very friendly and sociable. Soon we caught up with the other carts. They'd had slow going over some of those mountains and they had reached a town, not the one designated, but where they felt they had better stop, as it was growing late and the others had not yet caught up. Then came the problem, what to do about the baggage. The other girls had already gone on past and it was some six kilos to where they had gone. What to do? The cartmen refused to consider going on and there we were. Finally Pearl and I decided that the only thing for us to do was to keep on hiking until we got to the forward party and break the news to them gently that they would have to spend that night without bedding rolls. Others advised us not to go any farther because of danger along the roads. They were afraid we couldn't make it before dark. But we said we were good hikers and the others would not only be cold all night but would worry all night as to what had become of us if we didn't go ahead and tell them, so off we hiked. At first it was fun. The sky was colored with lovely hues, the mountains were dark purple reflecting them we discovered birds we hadn't seen before, we passed rocky peaks with temples atop them that made one marvel at man's ingenuity in getting them up there. We passed exciting looking caves and our imaginations drew pictures of bandit hideouts and we laughed carelessly at the thought. Gradually it grew a little dusky and we quickened our pace after inquiring and finding that we had three additional kilos to go than we had counted on. Someone had misinformed us. Darkness came on faster than we liked. Our pace became an automatic one, arms swinging. We began to feel like we were in a race pushing for the goal line with everything we had. We passed a few dim figures on the road. All passed us in silence. We noticed a number with rifles. They peered at us questioningly, but we didn't give them a chance to look twice. SWISH...that was us! When we finally reached our destination it was dark. We could barely make out
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the outlines of houses. There were no lights visible. How to find our party? We started whistling "You are my Sunshine" as we went down the street. Every house was tightly closed only an occasional fine line of light escaped through the boards of shop-fronts. Our whistling wasn't too successful, so we began yelling instead..."Ren Chi I Yuan! Ren Chi I Yuan! Anybody from Ren Chi I Yuan?!" (the name of our hospital in Chinese...pronounced "ren gee ee youwan"). Finally a door burst open and with it came a tumult of welcome sound..."what happened to you...where have you been...we thought you'd never get here!" Then, less enthusiastically,..."Where are the carts?" as they caught sight of the empty street behind us. So we broke the news as gently as possible. A good, hot meal was soon ready for us and then up the ladder to the loft. We were glad for straw, matting, anything to cover us that night. I guess none of us will quickly forget it! We huddled together and threw our coats over us. The landlord provided a charcoal fire, but it barely phased the atmosphere. We even papered the windows to keep out the breezes. I think we were all glad to see daylight that next morning and oh how good that hot bowl of rice was! In an hour or so from the time we finished breakfast the carts came rolling in. It was a happy reunion and it took no persuasion to make everyone agree that from then on we'd never get separated from those carts if we could help it.

We only had to make 15 kilos the third day and everything went smoothly. We found another warm dry loft for the night. The girls decided to cook the meal themselves that night and, since chicken was very inexpensive in that particular town, we all had chicken...some cooked it Hunan style with peppers, others Cantonese style and probably there were one or two other styles which I didn't analyze, but everyone thoroughly enjoyed it anyway. The fourth day was continuous up-hill and down-hill. The cartmen worked hard and everyone helped as much as they could on the up-hill grind. By afternoon we had passed the highest climbs and most of the walking was down-hill. Just to show off we began running...also it was somewhat easier than walking and holding back. We got quite a bit ahead of the carts, but we knew they could catch up quickly on
those down-hill grades. It was about four in the afternoon when we went around a bend and came upon the scene of a terrific truck accident. It was one loaded like I described earlier, but with FORTY-NINE passengers on top! Going down hill it had lost control, the brakes didn't work, and they skidded, turning completely around in the road and crashed into a small hut at the side, spilling off all the passengers. Two were killed outright. When we found them they were spread out all over the road in every direction. Moans and groans coming from all sides. I looked over the group as quickly as I could and finally weeded out five that were most serious. Hip out of joint, chest injury, severe head injury, two in shock from internal injuries. A worried young man who spoke English came over and offered me his card and told me that this was a Farmer's Bank of China truck and the passengers were all employees. "I know you will save them! I know you will save them!" I wasn't as sure about it as he, but I said if he'd get a truck to take me back I could get some first aid things off of the carts. I was just started on the way back when around the bend came two fast moving n.s. vehicles and with typical western impatience they began to yell at our truck to get out of the way. "Come on, clear the road; we've got to get through here!" Thanks to the congestion in the road I was able to jump down from my seat in the truck and flag them down. They were as surprised to see me as I was to see them, but we didn't have time to do any explaining on either side. I told them there was a bad truck accident and that I'd like to use any first aid equipment they might have with them. Between us we fixed up the worst cases. Of course there wasn't a lot you could do right there on the spot. Morphine to the ones in great pain, sulfanilamide powder to the open wounds, a few bandages. When we'd done all we could, we found time to introduce ourselves. Lo and behold they were colonels, no less! They were BIG enough to be generals or full backs on the ALL American, but at the moment I didn't care who they were except that they'd managed to appear out of nowhere right when they were needed most. We said good-by and they went on their way taking Miss McCreery and one of our Chinese men on into the next town to find a place for us to spend the
night. The nurses and I stayed to keep an eye on the wounded. It was sometime before a truck could be found to take them into town. The one I'd gotten on first had mysteriously disappeared up the road. Others came along, but it took a lot of talking before anyone could be convinced that they ought to get down off their precarious perches and let us put the wounded on. When we finally did get a truck, then came the question of carrying the wounded up onto it. Perhaps it would be best if I didn't enlarge on that episode. I lost a great deal of my Christianity and all of my manners before I succeeded in getting one of the crowd of able-bodied male bystanders to help me load them on. When they were all on...the worst cases, that is, I climbed up too to help hold them on and then we started slowly to wind our way down hill towards the town. To our dismay we found that we couldn't get nearer than two kilos from the outskirts of town. Trucks were lined up in an endless line and a snippy little guard waved us into the end of the line with his red flag. No amount of arguing could convince him that he ought to let this truck with its load of critically wounded on into town. Orders were orders and that was that! Nothing to do but jump down and hike in and see the officer in charge and get a written permit. You see this town lay on the south bank of a river which had to be crossed by ferry. Trucks had to wait their turn unless they could produce some official permit giving them a priority. Some had already waited three days. No Weehawken ferry this! Hand propelled barges carrying one truck at a time were the only means of crossing. There were two barges, but one of them was out of commission most of the time. Carts, too, had to have permits. I let the bank man go on into town to make contact with the Chinese Red Cross there and find a place to put the wounded while I accompanied Dr. Shen, one of our doctors who had been fortunate enough to get a truck ride for his wife and himself and who was waiting there for his truck to get across...had already been waiting two days! Together we went to see the officer in charge. Told him we were an American hospital and that it was absolutely essential for us to go right on across the next morning. He was most polite, wrote out the permit, and told us
there would be absolutely nothing to worry about. This would allow us to pass the guards and bring our carts right into town and we could go off bright and early in the morning. It sounded fine! I hiked back to where our group was gathering. The first carts had just arrived. I waved my slip of paper with the big red chop on it and together we sailed past the guard in grand style. Someone stayed behind to bring the rest of the carts through when they came. We found the town packed to the gills. We thought we might have to roll our bedding out along the "side-walk" somewhere and be thankful for that, but Dr. Shen had gone back after seeing the official and found a place where some soldiers were stationed and gotten permission for us to use some space there. I say space advisedly...the small entranceway to the house and the bedroom of the family who owned the house plus one corner of the loft in which the soldiers were sleeping was the only available space. How we all got fitted in I'm sure I don't know. It was a tight squeeze but we made it. Floor space, bed space, table tops...every available inch was occupied. I certainly appreciated that family and the patience with which they put up with us and fed us too. After supper the officer in charge of the men stationed there made his appearance. A dapper young fellow. They had commandeered the house, so of course it was a great consideration on his part to allow us in. We expressed our gratefulness, told him we hoped to get across the river early the next morning. Said he, "It's very difficult to get across early, but just see me tomorrow and I'll see that you get across before three in the afternoon. Just leave it to me!" It was well we didn't, as we never saw him again. It was nearly three hours from the time the truck load of wounded pulled into line before a place was found for them in a school building and they were able to receive first-hand medical care. A military medical unit was on hand and took over very efficiently. We found the situation well in hand when we went over to see the patients. The worst cases were sent back to Kweiyang the following morning. We didn't wait to get breakfast the next morning. Clutching the permit slip in my hand as tho' it were a matter of life and death, I went on down to the
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ferry with the first group of carts. It looked like it would be easy. Only one truck was at the ferry ready to cross, one truck and one company of soldiers with a number of ponies. Our carts got in place behind the soldiers while I went up to the river's edge to see the officer in charge and show him my permit. I explained to him that we were a hospital group, that we were walking, and that we wanted to get across as soon as possible in order to make the next town before night. I was a little disappointed that my permit didn't impress him more. He seemed more impressed when I mentioned that we were an American group and hinted that at times we served the American army. "As soon as this group of soldiers have crossed, you may go over," said he. That seemed fair enough to me so I trotted contentedly back to the carts with the good news. While we waited I got into conversation with some of the officers. They were curious about this foreign female and as usual wanted to know how it happened we were walking, etc. They were very friendly and told me to keep moving up behind them and we'd have no trouble getting across right after them. It was a slow process: loading men and mules onto the barges, poling them away from shore and then rowing back upstream against the current, unloading on the other side. We had plenty of time to absorb the scenery and it was really worth taking a good look at. The sun was out to brighten the scene. On our side of the river the hills were green and rolling, small farms lay along the river's bank. The town we had left made a pretty picture on the hills above us. The river was a turquoise green, swift and silent. On the opposite side the road wound up from the river into a small village and disappeared beyond it into the hills at the left, but directly behind the town and to the right rose a sheer cliff of solid red rock cutting a sharp outline against the sky and dwarfing everything that lay beneath it. I'd like to go back there some day in a comfortable car and take in that scene again when I didn't have to have my mind on carts and getting a hospital moved across the river. The peaceful scene was suddenly disrupted by the arrival of another truck which honked long and loudly in an attempt to break through the crowd of carts, horses, and soldiers that stood between it and
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the ferry. No one paid much attention to it until finally an officer jumped out, pushed his way through the crowd to the one in command of the ferry. A good deal of heated conversation ensued, the newcomer had a very loud and military quality in his voice, but apparently he wasn't doing so well. The officers of the first group had to put in their two cents worth. Pretty soon a real argument was underway. Then, from behind the truck, dashed a squad of soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets in place, potato smashers in prominent view. Before we knew what had happened a real battle was in progress. Bayonets flashing, men yelling "Kill, kill!" and others answering back, "Who are you going to kill?!" We had to back up a bit to keep out of reach of stray bayonet points. It was some minutes before the officers could get them in control and lined up on opposite sides of the road still calling each other names. I could see right then and there that we were going to have difficulty regaining our position behind the first group of soldiers. The officers had come to an understanding by now and were offering each other cigarettes and making deep exaggerated bows. An order was given and the road was cleared enough to let the official truck through. It took up its place beside the one that was still waiting. Apparently men and carts had precedence over cars, but at least they had the satisfaction of being in position to cross as soon as the order came. The group in front of us gradually grew smaller; we pushed up an inch at a time, but as fast as we pushed up more military equipment and men would appear from behind us and worm their way to the foreground. Just where one company left off and another began I couldn't say. The waiting began to stretch into a matter of hours. Several hot arguments took place to break the monotony, but we tried to be respectful and wait our turn as patiently as possible. I finally decided to speak to the officer again, just to remind him we were there even tho' we were in plain sight, as plain as the nose on his face. I said we had been waiting without making any fuss, that several groups had been allowed to go over ahead of us, that if we didn't get across soon, we wouldn't be able to travel any further that day. He was equally patient and assured me that
two of my carts could cross on the very next barge along with some of the soldiers. That held me for a while. Two more went over after two or three more crossings. By that time another company of soldiers had arrived with many horsecarts and unsaddled ponies. They were being pushed on across as fast as the barge could go and come. I made one more earnest plea to my officer friend putting as much pathos as possible into my voice. He promised that the next barge would take all the rest of our carts. I went back with the good news. We edged up a little closer to the landing and then I discovered with dismay that my officer had gone and another was in his place. The barge drifted into place and I jumped on only to be pushed out of place by an onslaught of ponies with whom I found it useless to argue. At that point I forgot I was a lady! I began talking to the new officer in his own language...I mean with tone of voice as well as words. At first it didn't make much impression. He merely shrugged and said he didn't know anything about what the other man had promised and he had to get the army stuff across first. I talked...faster and louder...it's amazing what vocabulary comes to one at times like that. The crowd around grew interested and began taking sides. Finally a higher officer appeared on the scene and I turned on him with my sad tale. Well, the outcome was that by one o'clock we had a barge that took all our remaining carts and personnel, but even then I had to stand and hold the reins of one of those military horses and gently but firmly impress upon his owner that he was NOT going over on this barge. While I stood there blocking his way the cartmen put all they had behind those carts and loaded that barge in record time! As we began to drift from shore, one of the boys said "Thank the Lord!" in all reverence and the rest of us wholeheartedly chimed in. It was already too late tho' to make a start for the next town. We didn't really care at that point...we were too grateful to have gotten across at all! The rest did us all good. The cartmen took off the wheels, oiled them up, made various repairs. The rest of us rested our feet and by the next morning all of us were raring to go again. We chalked one day up to crossing the river still thankful that we had gotten across when we did.
because only a few hours later the only barge that was functioning sank at the landing with one truck on board and all traffic was at a standstill until the afternoon of the following day.

From the river the road climbed steadily uphill for six kilos. It was the hardest stretch the carts had to do on the whole trip. All of us helped push part of the way tho' we soon discovered it took a lot of "wind" and so didn't keep it up very long at a time. The horse carts had a system of their own. They unhitched one horse and harnessed him up to one of the other carts so that two horses could pull one cart up at a time. This slowed up the party considerably because they went all the way to the top before coming back to pick up the next cart. It was noon before the last cart finally made the grade. I had given strict orders that we were to stay together as much as possible that day because several parties had been attacked in broad daylight on that stretch of road only a few days before. We took turns waiting with the carts while the horses went up and back. Our luck held tho' one of our men reported that he had had a close shave. While waiting for the horses to come back one of the mountain women started down the side of the mountain towards him and just before she reached the road he noticed she had a wicked looking knife in her hand. He said the men with the horses appeared just then and she disappeared back into the underbrush. It gave him something to talk about anyway for several days and made us all very thankful that we had passed that stretch without anything more than a good scare.

Seeing the mountain people clothed or rather unclothed the way they were and seeing the barren country from which they attempt to eke out a living and their dreary, tumble-down huts one wasn't really surprised to learn of bandits and of travellers being attacked and robbed. Too good an opportunity to miss, all these refugees with their good clothes and ample baggage. One could only be surprised that there wasn't more of it. I have never seen such absolute poverty in any part of China. We were cold enough walking well bundled up with mufflers, mittens, and all the rest and we would pass these people with
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about two pieces of cloth on them, their arms and legs blue, hugging their arms
to their in an attempt to find warmth and many a one was seen shivering. I
don't know how they stand it!

December 14th was our seventh day. It was cold and bleak and a fine
drizzle was in the air. Ice began to appear on the grass and shrubbery. We
had gone about five kilos when a bus passed us with the name of the Kweichow
Relief Committee on it. We waved to them and they drew up to say "hello".
They were returning to Kweiyang after depositing relief workers in two towns
along the way and in Pi Chieh itself. They told us there were two American
trucks in Chien Si that were on their way to meet us. It seemed too good to be
true. Chien Si was the town we hoped to make that night, but for a truck it only
meant an hour or two. We waved our friends good-by and started hiking on say-
ing to ourselves that we wouldn't believe it until we saw it! We only had to
go another two kilos the before our good news came true and up came two trucks
with U.S. drivers. Nothing will ever look more welcome I can assure you. And
how did they happen to be coming out after us? Remember those colonels? You
see there are such things as fairy godfathers after all! The trucks had al-
ready picked up some of the Bethel Bible School people and orphans who were
walking ahead of us, but there was room for us to put all our girls and their
baggage and ourselves on board. We put the men in charge of the carts and gave
then directions to go on alone. Later, because the roads became so icy the
carts were unable to go past Chien Si, one of our driver friends went back from
Pi Chieh after them in reply to an urgent telegram asking for advice. So again
we had a great deal to be grateful to Uncle Sam for. We were certainly thank-
ful that none of us had to walk that stretch from Chien Si to Pi Chieh. It
would have taken another good three or four days and it was bitter cold and
icy all the way. Even our trucks had some difficulty making it. We all had
to pile out and throw rocks and dirt on the road and walk up some of the hills
before they could make it. We spent one night at Ta Ting (Great Peak) with
the German sisters of the China Inland Mission there. How good that home
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looked! Hot food, warm fires, real beds! It was like coming back to civilization after a long journey through no-man's land and we weren't quite sure whether we were dreaming it or not.

Eight o'clock at night on the 15th we arrived at the C.I.M. in PiChieh to find ourselves a mere drop in the bucket amongst all the travellers already assembled there, a great many of them in uniform. One sitting of twenty some were already in the dining room, and we made up a part of the second sitting at a festive board. At least it looked festive to us with its bright lights and laden with good food. The Chinese staff was all tucked away into various corners of the church and school next door. I'm sure they were as glad as we were to come to a stopping place, to go to bed and not have to think about getting an early start on the road in the morning.

We had a wonderful Christmas and a really international one too. British, German, Americans and Chinese all celebrated, made merry and worshipped together. Some of the boys went out to the hills and brought back a beautiful Christmas tree which the sisters decorated. The boys weren't satisfied, however, until they had rigged up some car lights in it, covered them with red and green paper and plugged them in to a truck battery. It wasn't quite like the lighting effects one sees at home, but it looked good even if it was different! Christmas night the hospital staff had a party, exchanged gifts, had refreshments, and then we had a time of prayer in which a number of us expressed our gratitude for the safe journey and the wonderful way in which God had cared and provided for us on our trip.

We kept looking for Dr. Tootell to arrive daily. We had heard indirectly that he had left Kweiyang on the 15th to come here. In the meantime Dr. Shen and I visited the local officials and made contacts with the local medical people and began looking for a place in which to set up work. With the help of the magistrate, we were able to secure a new building, not yet completed, for our hospital site. It's in a good location on the main highway coming in from
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the north. We expect to be able to start clinic there next week and hope to be able to take in patients and move in ourselves by the end of the month. In the meantime we are helping out at the Public Health Hospital by taking clinics and being on call for consultation or for deliveries if requested and our laboratory man is going to set up work there in the next few days. It looks as tho' there will be plenty of work for us to do here as the P.H. Hospital is very small and has only one full time doctor and the only other hospital is the Highway hospital which only takes care of the Highway Bureau employees. There is no x-ray in town and no qualified laboratory technician. The Obstetrics and Gynecology has been handled only by mid-wives heretofore. Many banks and business concerns are moving here or if not coming themselves are sending their very families here. As yet only a few of the poorer refugees have been able to reach here. Most who are here now have come by bus or truck.

We were relieved and glad to have Dr. Tootell arrive on the 30th. It had been fifteen days since he left Kweiyang. He and Dr. Lyn, our assistant superintendent, came together with Mr. Hau, one of the lab technicians, and his wife. They brought the news that the group in Kweiyang were also opening up work as most hospitals had evacuated and the city was full of refugees. Perhaps later the rest of the group will also come this way, but that depends on the turn of events and which way the wind decides to blow.

The beginning of 1945 finds us in our third new home in six months time. We've stopped trying to predict the future. Your guess is as good as ours! We are praying that we may know God's will as we go ahead with our plans. It certainly seems as though He is opening the way for us to set up work here for the present. This town is an important intersection. Three highways come together here. One from Chungking and Chengtu; one from Kweiyang, and one from Kunming. We are not as well known in this part of the country, but already a few people are beginning to ask for our services. We are also expecting to serve any American service men who may come this way and need medical care.
January 4, 1945

Happy New Year to all of you! Keep thinking of us and remembering us in your prayers. In all our travels we seem to have left our mail far behind us. In fact, we've almost reached the point where we think we'd fall over in a dead faint if any home mail should turn up for us here. It's over two months since some of us have had any, but one of these days it'll find us. WE HOPE!! As far as our address is concerned c/o China Inland Mission, Pi Chieh, Kweichow will find us. When in doubt send to the American Consul, Kunming, Yunnan.

Best wishes to all of you,

Edith Millican