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## The Journal of Chester Fritz: Travels Through Western China in 1917

Chester Fritz

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*The Journal of Chester Fritz*  
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*The Journal of Chester Fritz*  
*Travels Through Western*  
*China in 1917*

*Introduction by Dan Rylance*

*Edited by James F. Vivian*

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## Introduction

Chester Fritz began his six-month circular journey on Valentine's Day, 1917. He ended where he had started, in Hong Kong, 174 days and more than 6,000 miles later. The means of travel included ocean steamer, railroad, pack horse, sedan chair, river raft, and, sometimes, by foot. The trip cost approximately \$1,200.00 American dollars, which represented nearly the whole of his savings from two previous years of employment in China.

His desire to see the deep interior of China kindled only weeks following his arrival in Hong Kong in 1915 as a flour salesman for the Fisher Flouring Mills of Seattle, Washington.

The Hong Kong Club had a wonderful library particularly strong on books about China. I spent many evenings sitting under a wooden fan and [in] comfortable leather chairs reading their books on China. Fantastic!

In particular, I was impressed by a book written by Edwin J. Dingle entitled *Across China on Foot* (1911). The Dingle book had a great effect on me and I decided definitely when the time came or it was possible, I would like to make a safari through western China and reading that book is what started me on the trip.

An opportunity to accomplish the trip developed unexpectedly. As the United States inched steadily closer toward intervening in World War I, the federal government prohibited the export of flour to the Far East in favor of meeting projected domestic needs and aiding the Allied cause. This meant that Chester Fritz suddenly lost his job. Having no inclination to return to Seattle, he told his surprised employer that he had reached a decision: "I want to go to the interior of China."

Preparations proceeded with the expectation of finding a companion. None volunteered; "there was nobody as crazy as Chester Fritz to go on a trip with him like this," summarized the general reaction. Racked by strife and civil war, western China seemed an altogether improbable object of interest to an itinerant tourist, especially given the uncertainties of communications and accommodations that likely afflicted some of the more remote and stricken areas.

But, to Fritz, it was the "chance of a life-time," and he hardly hesitated to commit his savings to the venture. Although he had started to learn Chinese, both northern Mandarin and Cantonese, he claimed no fluency. Yet, neither could Dingle, whose book nonetheless contained many helpful suggestions. Unlike Dingle, however, Fritz would end his journey on the Yangtze River rather than begin it there; and Fritz would not hike the route — he would ride over it in a four-man sedan chair. "It is

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very important, at least I thought so, because it gives you a status. It shows you're a man of substance and means. You rarely see a four-man chair. So it's a bit of a sensation."

Today, in the autumn of one's life, the 1917 trip through western China remains a favorite topic of conversation, the foremost example of personal courage and achievement of his early adulthood. At age 89, when memories tend to grow dim, Chester Fritz still describes in plain yet poignant phrases his recollections of that precious moment some 64 years ago:

The Lord of Fortune or Fate brought me to China and carried me on my safari in West China which was a unique experience. And brought me much valuable experience and a certain amount of prestige.

I had long held an irrepressible desire to make a trip into the interior of China. But when I started, I never had any idea of extending it into a six-month journey. But the lure of an open road and a fascinating civilization, and at times the beautiful scenery, it lured me on. And I saw many strange people, aboriginal tribes' people, who were in China long before the Chinese came. I felt I was in Biblical days, where they lived in simplicity and medieval surroundings. Most things to me then were in reverse. White, for example, was a sign of mourning and red was a sign of joy. It seemed to be a never-never land where everything seemed to be true and yet false, where nothing is wasted. The Chinese lived in a most frugal way. And they didn't seem to have much happiness, at least, that was my observation. While their faces in the aged were heavily wrinkled, they were the wrinkles of anxiety and worry and not the wrinkles of smiles or laughter.

Then, at age 25, Fritz had already journeyed far from his native prairies of North Dakota. He returned to Hong Kong in mid-1917 with no permanent employment to equal the maturity of his experiences in China. Nevertheless, having decided to stay there, it proved his best alternative for obtaining further employment until prospects improved. By 1918 Fritz had demonstrated himself a person of spiritual faith, inner confidence, independent resolve, and decisive judgment. These attributes would shortly stand him in good stead and eventually carry him farther than perhaps even he imagined.

## *Provenance and Editorial Note*

The original journal consists of a pencilled log written on seven small tape-bound notebooks. Their provenance is quite simple. The notebooks remained in his personal possession until the completion of the Chester Fritz Library at the University of North Dakota in the fall of 1961. Between 1961 and 1964, his aunt, Katherine Macdonald Tiffany, collected the original notebooks and, according to her nephew, "edited them and polished them up." Mrs. Tiffany effected grammatical changes, altered the written quality of the account, compiled a map, inserted an introductory statement, and prepared a typewritten copy of her efforts. Several copies of her version were produced under the appropriate title of "Chester Fritz's Six Month Diary Through Inland China to Tibet" and distributed to personal friends. Both the original notebooks and available copies of Mrs. Tiffany's edited rendition are now preserved in the Orin G. Libby Manuscript Collection in the Chester Fritz Library.

The addition of an introduction remains the most doubtful feature of Mrs. Tiffany's work. Although Fritz intended the diary to be entirely personal, merely to satisfy the divers needs of a 25-year-old traveler, his aunt supplied a second, deliberate purpose: "after his fact-finding excursion he was also instrumental in having shipped from China to the United States quantities of tungsten, then much needed in the production of high-speed steel."

The statement is erroneous on two counts. Chester Fritz had not been engaged in a "fact-finding excursion," especially in the sense of a premeditated assignment; and neither did he discover nor ship tungsten to the United States as a result of time spent in the interior of western China. It is true that upon completing the trip, Fritz investigated the area north of Canton, where he verified the presence of tungsten ore and shortly became involved in the first shipment of the metal to the United States. Yet none of this stemmed from his six-month journey and, indeed, cannot rightly be considered as having been any part of it. Fritz himself provided the clarifying explanation during oral interviews conducted in 1979:

She wrote in the introduction [that] she was afraid people would say — well, Chester Fritz was in China getting away from the war. I planned the trip long before the war. I started the trip and was en route two months before America entered the war. So the introduction to the diary is not correct. She was trying to save me from being criticized. I did not go on that trip to look for tungsten.

Moreover, the entry dated August 7, 1917, is of Katherine Tiffany's

composition and not to be found in the original notebooks:

In Hong Kong again. The long journey completed, three ambitions achieved: really seeing those places, getting to know firsthand how those people live; and discovering new production fields of tungsten, now needed by the United States.

The photographs used to illustrate this publication of the journal text are, however, authentic. They were taken by Fritz during his trip and subsequently identified and chronologically assembled in an album entitled "Album 3: Six Month Journey into Far-Inland China in 1917." This album, as well as many others pertaining to later trips elsewhere in the world, are also preserved in the Orin G. Libby Manuscript Collection. The 35 photographs chosen for this publication have been selected from a total of 250 taken in the course of travelling through western China.

The text presented in this publication is a literal transcription of the original notebooks. Professor Vivian has carefully reconstructed the journal and supplemented it with informative and explanatory annotations, while remaining faithful to the organization, presentation, syntax, and abbreviations. Emendations have been consciously kept to a minimum and then applied only in the interest of accuracy and comprehension. Also, the photographs were chosen with a view toward enhancing the narrative and complimenting the annotations. The editorial balance thus achieved aims at a higher quality than the previous edited version and seeks to render the journal of lasting historical merit.

## The Journal of Chester Fritz

February 14, 1917 — Wednesday. Away at last, Suen my Manchu "boy" and self by the B & S steamer "Sungkiang" lifted anchor at 12 o'clock, having on board all my supplies, bed, bedding, etc., for the long planned & much desired trip across China, overland by sedan chair, horse, caravan, boat & on foot.

Comfortable boat & one other passenger, Mr. Tong, District Inspector of the Salt Gabelle for So. Kwangtung, formerly he had been in the Chinese Consular Service in New York & Honolulu.<sup>1</sup>

Third day out we put in at Pakhoi, a treaty port.<sup>2</sup> Visited a few firms — great piles of manganese ore on shore ready for shipment.

Sanpan woman & her little 6 yr. old boy, rowed us to the shore. She said she had bought him for \$4.00, he was an Anamite [sic], his father was a soldier serving in France.

The "Mayor of Pakhoi," Jimmy McGee, the kindly Captain Trowbridge.

Arrived early on a Sunday morning at *Haiphong*, the 4th day out from Hongkong. Took on a French pilot at Dason at 6 o'clock & slowly steamed up the Red River's shallow channel. First Officer "fixed it" for my luggage to go ashore, without inspection.

After breakfast Anton Poulet came on board & we went to the Standard Oil House, where I am stopping during my stay in Haiphong, the port of entry for Tonkin, which along with Annam, Laos, Cambodia & Cochin-China make up France's Asiatic possessions.

Everything has decided French atmosphere. But the streets are so quiet & little business. On every side French soldiers & government func-

<sup>1</sup>The salt trade was a government monopoly that dated from the Imperial past and substituted for a head tax. Foreign administration and inspection of the revenue-raising monopoly commenced operations in May, 1913. The term "gabelle" derived from a comparable salt tax system that prevailed in France until 1970. S. A. M. Adshead, *The Modernization of the Chinese Salt Administration, 1900-1920* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1970).

<sup>2</sup>Prior to 1842 all foreign trade with China had to be conducted through designated "hong" merchants at Canton. In that year the Chinese Imperial government and Great Britain entered into a treaty ceding Hong Kong to Great Britain and opening ports at Canton, Amoy, Shanghai, Fuchow, and Ningpo to direct British trade. In 1844 similar privileges were extended to French and American citizens. Other ports were added to the list in later years, until in 1898 steamers obtained permission to penetrate the interior to the limits of navigation. Pakhoi became a treaty port in 1877. World War I greatly reduced export sales of Chinese manganese.

tionaries. Business is all at a stand still, most of the men having been mobilized & wounded soldiers, sent back to this colony.

The government seems to have any number of officials — in fact it appears top-heavy — excessive red-tape. The excessive import duties on goods of non-French origin, makes living higher & more costly & retards the growth of the colony.

The Annamite native, is small of stature & very effeminate in appearance. They put black lacquer on their teeth to preserve them. Women are of good carriage & seem the more assertive of the two sexes. French are very hard on the native, each must have his government card of identification & must pay small tax for moving about, going to the city, etc. The head man of each village pays so much to the government & then it is up to him to get his back & more by whatever means he can, from the villagers under his jurisdiction.

French do not allow the flag of any other nation to fly on a launches & harbor craft, except on special & rare occasions.

The city is well layed out, as the French excel in this. Rickshaws are the finest in the East.

In the late afternoon the carriages, cars & rickshaws journey out on the boulevard toward Dason, where Poulet & self motored on Sunday afternoon, in the evening dined with the Hulmes & Capt. Richie.

Had my passport & Suen's visced [sic] by Haiphong officials & left on the 6 o'clock train Wednesday morning for Hanoi, the beautiful capital city, some 4 hours by rail thru the flat delta country of the Red River. Was met by Mr. Young & transportation was arranged for Yunnanfu. Stopped at the large, empty & *expensive* Metropole Hotel.

Early Thursday morning the 22nd, left for the first leg of the three day rail trip to Yunnanfu.

First day was interesting over the meter gauge track constantly turning & twisting to avoid hills, etc.

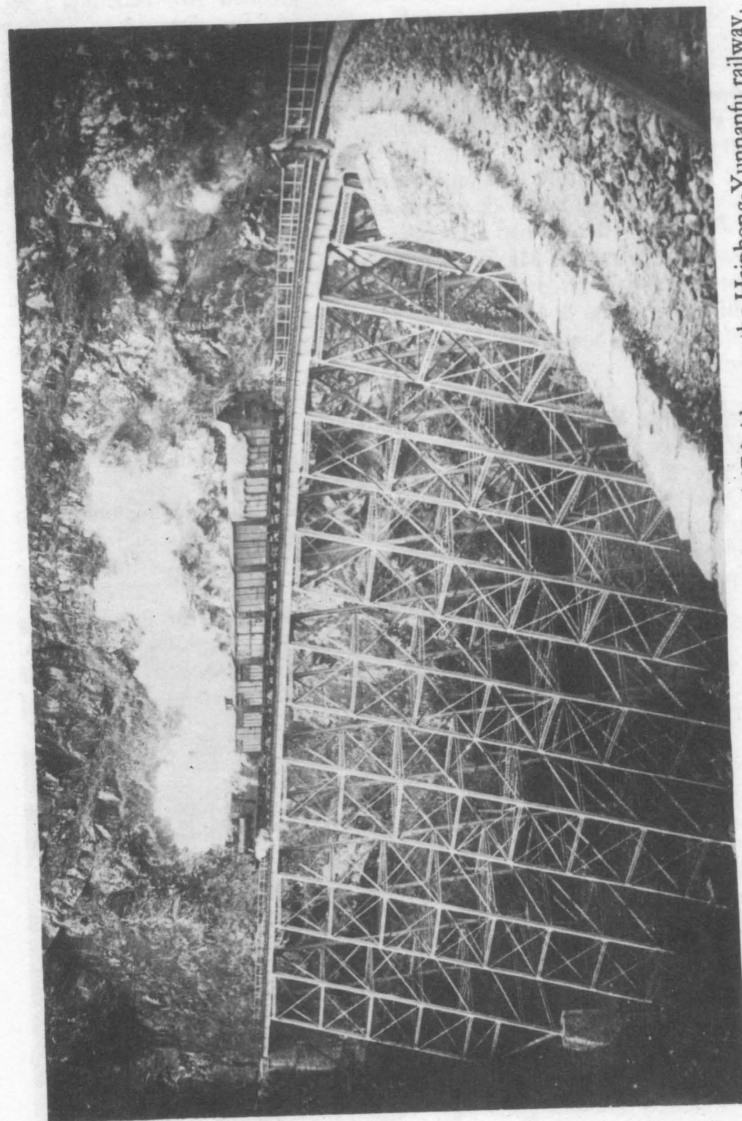
Had an abominable tiffin (dejeuner) \$1.75 at R.R. station & arrived at Lao Kay & was met by the ever present police officer who took our passports.<sup>3</sup>

This marks the boundary on the Red River between French & Chinese territory. Here is stationed a garrison of French soldiers & across the Yunnanese are busy drilling, doing the goose-step, which they learned from their German trained Japanese instructors in Yunnanfu.

On the 23rd crossed with my luggage to Kekou & was passed by the friendly British Chinese [sic] customs officer, with whom I had a long chat. Second day was very interesting thru gorges & canyons, presenting seemingly insurmountable obstacles, over the "buckle" bridge & had tiffin the train sent by the French hotel at Lao Kay.<sup>4</sup> Alighted at Mongtze-Pi-tche, chair, [sic] took two chair and carrier coolies to go overland to Mongtze — 13 kilometers across the Mongtze plain. Stopped at the Kalos Hotel — good chow & wine. Visited Mr. Pihet, French Bank & met the

<sup>3</sup>Tiffin is a British term for the noon-day meal; and Lao Kay is also frequently spelled Lao Kai or Lao Cai.

<sup>4</sup>French interests completed the 289-mile, narrow-gauge railway in 1910. The bridge in question is a "bascule" or cantilever bridge of French innovation.



One of 67 bridges on the Haiphong-Yunnanfu railway.

d'Anjous, Mrs. d'Anjou being an American. Had dinner at Pihets, lost \$13 at game & tiffined at d'Anjou next day leaving immediately for the R.R.

Mongtze is the great tin market, & furnished 90% of China's tin. The large caravans come in from Kochiu some 8 hrs. distant.<sup>5</sup>

Stopped after two hours rail at Ani-tcheon,<sup>6</sup> French hotel, a truly French atmosphere. Next day fine scenery & countless tunnels & finally arrived at Yunnanfu & was met by Howard Page,<sup>7</sup> at whose house I am stopping, pending arrangements for my caravan, etc. for Kweiyang, some 20 days to the east.

*Yunnanfu.* Truly a unique provincial capital city, the furthest from Peking, housing many races, predominated by Chinese.

On day of arrival had a Chinese dinner at the *official* residence of the Director of Finance, Mr. Wu. Other Europeans, being Dr. Vallet, French doctor newly arrived from Servia, Mr. [blank], Japanese Consul, Jap. Military Attache & Vice-Consul, Mr. Carpenter, Britisher, Page & myself. All the others were Chinese officials. Dinner was semi-foreign. Rose champagne!

Mr. Wu, is one of Yunnan's big men. He is Director of the government bank, "Fu-tien" — truly a strong bank;<sup>8</sup> founder of the law school, Director of Yunnan Tin Co., strongest mining concern in the province & director of the Milati Antimony Co. He is a Lingnan man.<sup>9</sup>

Enjoyed several evenings at the Yunnanfu Club. Had dinner with Page at Mr. Goffe's, British Con. General, Page Patrick's [sic]; Wear's, Carpenter's, tiffin with Pillson. Sunday enjoyed a unique tiffin at the Flower Temple, with Page, Baron de Cartier & friends.

On Saturday spent the day on horse-back with Wear in seeing the various temples in the country, Black Dragon, Flower & Copper Temples.

Have bought a fine large leopard skin [for] \$12 & also Chinese fur waist-coat, bear skin [for] \$5.00. Bought 1½ dozen choice pictures of Yunnan, natives & their environment.

Called on the Foreign Secretary, who speaks French & arranged for my soldier escort across Yunnan Province.

Report out that a big caravan was robbed & much plunder secured by robbers who made off-on the Kweiyang Road. Not altogether encouraging.

Have arranged with a 4 horse caravan at Chinese \$40.00 (US \$20.00) [for] the trip to Kweiyang & with a chair hong for a 4 bearer chair at \$11.00 to Chu-ching-fu (5 days).

Have bought a saddle, bridle, & blanket for \$17.00 from the Government Saddlery. A splendid buy!

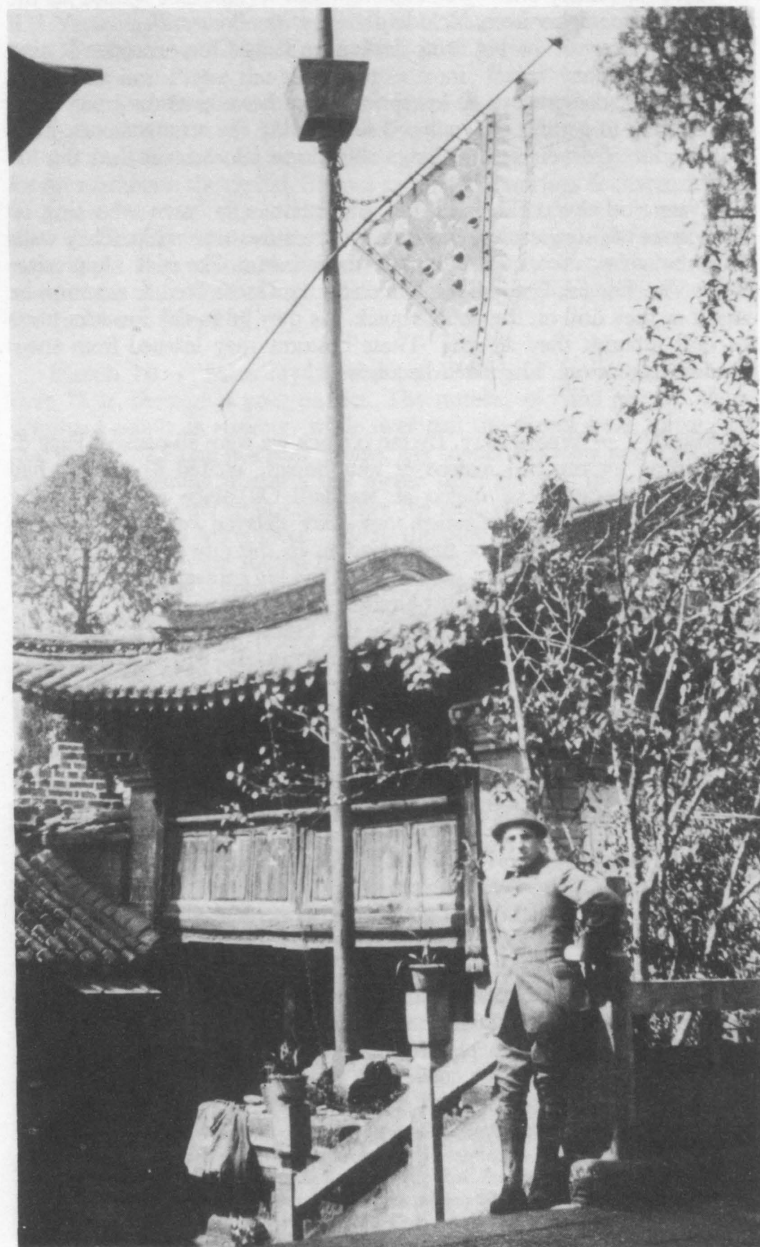
<sup>5</sup>Mengtse, at 4,700 feet altitude, became a treaty port in 1886. The tin mines centered at Ko-chiu chiang begin about 30 miles to the west.

<sup>6</sup>Probably A-mi chow.

<sup>7</sup>Yunnanfu, modern-day Kunming, is at 7,000 feet elevation. Page was manager, Standard Oil Company of New York (SOCONY), for Yunnan province.

<sup>8</sup>The Yunnan Futien Bank, a provincial bank.

<sup>9</sup>A graduate of Lingnan University at Pingshih, Kwantung province, originally and more commonly known as Canton Christian College, founded by the Presbyterian Church in 1893 under the regents, State University of New York.



Chester Fritz at a Buddhist temple, Yunnanfu.



Have sent many films to Hongkong. Had several rolls spoiled by the Chinese photographer here, including those of the flour mill.

Visited a few of the big firms dealing in Tung-Chwan copper & zinc & also an antimony firm.<sup>10</sup>

S. O. Co. comprador & interpreter have been kindness itself. Page was untiring in getting me equipped & planning the arrangements. Endless amount of detail getting things ship-shape for the trip thru the interior.

In some of the coolie tea shops are entertainers, men who sing or chant stories & songs to the customers & to attract the trade. They walk about the tables, constantly beating a wooden drum-like stick. Appreciated the Vice-Consul. Chinese soldiers doing the Goose-Step & chanting in unison as they drill on the double-quick. As they go to the barracks from the drill grounds they all sing. These customs they learned from their Japanese instructors. Their weird equipment!

**March 7 — Wednesday.** By ten o'clock we were all packed. Page & self waiting for the two mafoos & four horses. Waited & waited; had early tiffin. Located one mafoo at Standard Oil office with Kweiyang caravan innkeeper, who claimed they were delayed because the other horses of caravan could not finish loading in the city that day & they wished to leave on the morrow & go with the big caravan of 45 horses & so have greater protection against pirates.

Am not feeling any too well. Saw the French doctor. Had dinner at Carpenter's & at met [sic] Mrs. Elliott, Americans, Mr. & Mrs. Wear, Mr. & Mrs. Ortalano, Pillson, Page & myself.

Carpenter's cozy home. Mrs. Elliott of San Francisco, spends most of her time traveling.

**March 8 — Thursday.** At last on my way. Left Page's house with caravan at 1 o'clock & reached Ta Pan-chiao at 5 o'clock. Small village & fair inn — 40 li.<sup>11</sup>

Out of the provincial capital good wide, stone flagged road. Our horse caravan mostly carrying salt, in quarters, as molded in evaporating pans each weighing about 4 [blank]. Met many coolies carrying woven baskets toward the capital. Charcoal in bullock carts, etc. Road leading out from capital borders, along the high embankments, which are lined with fine trees. Weather ideal & am pleased to think that at last am on my way overland across China. Chair coolies are splendid to walk rapidly & with ease. Two of them have been to Kweiyang before [with] Chinese minstrels & performing monkeys.

<sup>10</sup>Tung-Ch'uan fu is about 100 miles north of Yunnan fu. Incidentally, Yunnan means "south of the clouds" — the clouds of Szechwan, that is.

<sup>11</sup>Actually Tai-pan chiao. A li equals about 600 yards or one-third mile. However, the measure varied in different areas. In hilly country, five li might correspond to a mile. Ten li commonly meant an hour's march, so that used also as a unit of time, the li is both a measure of distance and time.

**March 9 — Friday.** Today a short stage to Yang-lin — about 65 li.<sup>12</sup> Yesterday afternoon covered 40 li. In Yunnan can figure on 10 per hour. Paid innkeeper 30¢ & one soldier 20¢. Arrived early at Yang-lin & found fair inn. Prefer the top room in front, for it is freer from prying eyes, noises of the court & adjacent stoves & also from the stinks which are legion!!!

All day passed coolie after coolie carrying baskets of eggs & chickens for the markets at the capital. Bullock carts with short logs & charcoal.

Injured my back this morning[;] very painful if I move to a new position. Can hardly turn over in bed. Thought at first it might be my kidneys. Must keep to my chair every step of the way. Yang-lin has an attraction for me, interesting people with red [illegible] puttees around their ankles & [illegible].

**March 10 — Saturday.** Arrived at Yi-lung at 3 o'clock, covering over 75 li, through a poor district. The number of blind people, idiots, deformed people is appalling, while over half the people have goitre, and that badly.<sup>13</sup> Yi-lung is a poor village. My soldier was very near-sighted & had to hold reading matter a few inches from his eyes in order to read. He was showing my chair coolie how his gun, an old antiquated piece, it must have been a Ming piece,<sup>14</sup> & all the time he calmly pointed the gun at me & suddenly he started the [sic] ejecting shells. The gun had been loaded all the time. I sure read him the riot act.

Two soldiers generally accompany me each day for one stage & return the following morning. They carry a large-sized letter to the magistrate of each village & so I am passed along.

**March 11 — Sunday.** On the road before 7 o'clock in the morning, have a long stage ahead. The villages look more forlorn than those of previous day. Filth & squalor everywhere. One old man had two strings tied around his waist & chest to keep the wind from blowing the tatters too much.

Every so far, tea rest-houses are stationed along this trade route. Rice cakes, tea are sold to coolies. And always the ever present grass sandal for the coolie — 1¢ and 2¢ per pair.

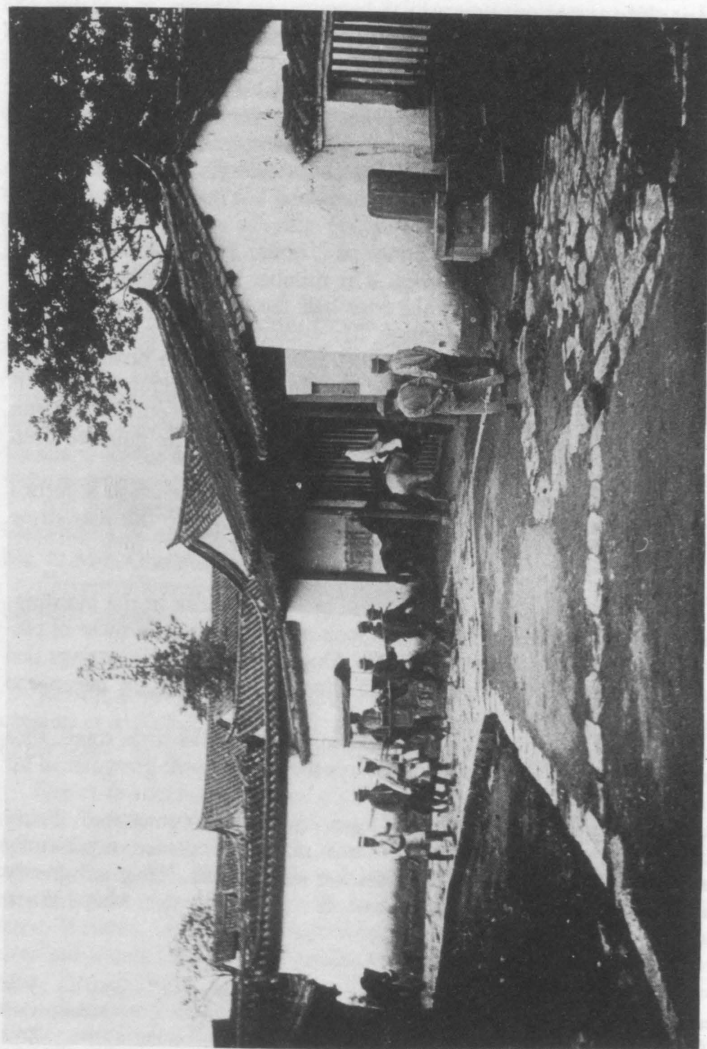
Arrived at Ma-lung-chow, the largest town since Yunnanfu.<sup>15</sup> Fairly good inn. The two little sons of a Yunnan mandarin became very friendly & called on me. Their older brothers are also officials. They are greatly pleased with the illustrated magazines & continually talk Mandarin to me.

<sup>12</sup>Marco Polo reported that post-houses in China during the 13th century lay 25-30 miles apart, and that they were reliably outfitted with a variety of accommodations for travelers. Perhaps the quality of those accommodations had declined in the interim, as Fritz comments, but the idea of travelling by stages endured. See *The Travels of Marco Polo*, intro. by John Masefield (New York: D. P. Dutton & Co., 1926), pp. 206-207.

<sup>13</sup>R. Cecil Robertson, "The Problem of Endemic Goitre in Yunnan Province," *China Journal*, 32 (June, 1940), 26-36.

<sup>14</sup>That is, manufactured prior to 1644 when the Ming dynasty ended and the Ching dynasty (or Manchu empire) began.

<sup>15</sup>The altitude here is 6,980 feet.



Chinese caravan entering courtyard of inn.

March 12 — Monday. Away early for wish to arrive at the prefectural city early, to call for cash at Fu-tien Bank & on Mr. & Mrs. Fleischmann of the C. I. M.<sup>16</sup>

Today the Chinese ladies are dressed in their best coats & trousers, carrying a basket with joss sticks to burn before the altar of the Goddess of Mercy, for she is the one who deals out the much wished for son to all faithful devotees at her shrine.

The magistrate issued a proclamation in Chu-ching-fu forbidding the women to go to the temples, but still they go.

At noon met Mr. Anderson of the Bible Society, enroute from Chu-ching-fu to Yunnanfu, the first foreigner I had seen in five days.

From a distance Chu-ching-fu has a grand & stately appearance,<sup>17</sup> for her wall & battlements are intact and there are no outlying suburbs, for all dwell within the city.

Arrived early, received \$50 in Yunnan half dollars & called on the Fleischmanns after getting located in a very good inn. Found the C. I. M. a very fine compound. Enjoyed a good dinner & pleasant evening.

March 13 — Tuesday. Mafoos failed to show up this morning. My chair coolies believe this is the native district of the mafoos and that they live in a village some 20 odd li from the city. It is now past 10:30, too late to start for Peh Shui. No way of reaching mafoos for no one knows just where their village is. Must wait for them to have their family visit for the day & hope to be on my way tomorrow. Their taking French leave has set me back one day. Had tiffin & dinner with the C. I. M. & also took some interesting pictures for today is market day & Chinese are here in great numbers. Great district for raising chickens & eggs. Bought 2 good chickens for 40¢ & 22 eggs for 10¢ Mex.<sup>18</sup> Fine large pei-fang being constructed by a wealthy merchant for his widow mother who remained unmarried after her husband's death.<sup>19</sup>

In the evening took a walk on the city wall & there on the west wall, in the large unused pit used by soldiers in time of defense, I saw a small new-born baby recently thrown there by its mother, this seems to be a common practice.

<sup>16</sup>British Protestants sponsored the China Inland Mission starting, operationally, in 1865-1866. With time the C. I. M. became responsible for more missionaries in China than any other single agency, Protestant or Catholic. Mr. & Mrs. C. A. Fleischmann first arrived in China in 1902. China Inland Mission, *List of Missionaries and Their Stations* (Shanghai: Shanghai Mercury, Ltd., 1925), p. 26.

The C. I. M. was avowedly non-denominational in its creed and increasingly international in its membership; it sought chiefly to diffuse the Gospel throughout China, as opposed to winning converts or building a Christian community; and it encouraged its representatives to adopt Chinese social and living conditions, including Chinese dress until after 1900. Kenneth S. Latourette, *A History of Christian Missions in China* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1929), pp. 382-391, passim, remains a standard source on the C. I. M. and practically all other missionary efforts.

<sup>17</sup>Elevation at 6,400 feet.

<sup>18</sup>Mexican coinage circulated freely and desirably in China, after having been counter-stamped, because of its assured silver content. China and India operated on silver standards until the 1930s.

<sup>19</sup>A personal or family memorial of either modest or extravagant proportion.

A visiting Chinese & small son called at C. I. M. & were much frightened by the "foreign dog" that ran out barking to greet them. The child was badly scared & so the father started patting the ground & then the son's chest to bid the spirit again return to the son.

Just before saying good-bye to the C. I. M., a telegram arrived stating Baghdad had fallen to the British forces.<sup>20</sup>

My inn has three separate inner court yards, one passes thru to the third where I have my room. Each inn had its loud barking dogs, its grunting & squeeling pigs & the poor chickens find it a task to make a living.

Curiosity of the crowds is annoying and discomforting. One finds no privacy, every gesture & movement is followed with marked attention.

**March 14 — Wednesday.** At 8 o'clock the 2 mafoos appeared & by ¼ to 9 we were on our way pushing our way down the crowded market street — out thru the N. Gate. For three hours we journeyed across the plain of Chu-Ching toward the mountains & reached here about noon & started climbing which we did for some two hours, a continual ascent, for a good 2,500 feet, reaching an altitude of over 9,000 feet. Strong wind. This road is a short cut to Peh-Shiu. Most of caravans go around these mountains. Did not see a village until arrival at Peh-Shiu for the night. Good inn. Fine substantial appearing landlady, a Mohammedan. Very friendly with the official & son in the adjoining room. Bitterly cold this evening. Had large charcoal fire in hoh-pan. My soldier & his opium pipe & tiffin time, high up on the mountain.

**March 15 — Thursday.** Bitterly cold this morning, with a fine drizzle & driving raw wind — thermometer 38° — coldest day thus far. Away early — to Ping-yi — little climbing — mostly gradual ascent. Walked most of the day.

Suen very ill last night. Poor fellow groaned thru most of the night.

Arrived at Ping-yi about hour ahead of caravan & inspected 2 or 3 inns & in looking around, walked into room occupied by a Yunnanfu mandarin official, sojourning for a few days in Ping-yi.<sup>21</sup> Refused to let me go on my way, insisted I stop & rest in his room, which had a large canopied bed & fine family altar. He brot [sic] me cakes (good) & good tea & insisted [on] my using his jade cigarette holder, while with his own hands he roll[ed] a small cigar of vile tobacco leaves. Dressed in fine silks, wide of jowl & broad of girth, he was a genial & courteous host. With much bowing he insisted I take seat furtherst [sic] from the door, while he himself was content to sit nearest the door in proper Chinese etiquette. Truly, a Gentleman of the East, born to the yellow.<sup>22</sup> We sat around the hoh-pan, & he chatted merrily on & I in English. We understood not a

<sup>20</sup>General Frederick S. Maude defeated the Turkish command on March 11, 1917.

<sup>21</sup>Ping-yi hsien is at 6,300 feet. At this point the reader may wish clarification on some suffixes: "hsien" indicated a district; "chow" a subdivision, like a township or county; "fu" a prefectural center; and "king" a capital.

<sup>22</sup>The mark of nobility or official status. Yellow and, in combination, green were the imperial colors of the Manchu dynasty.

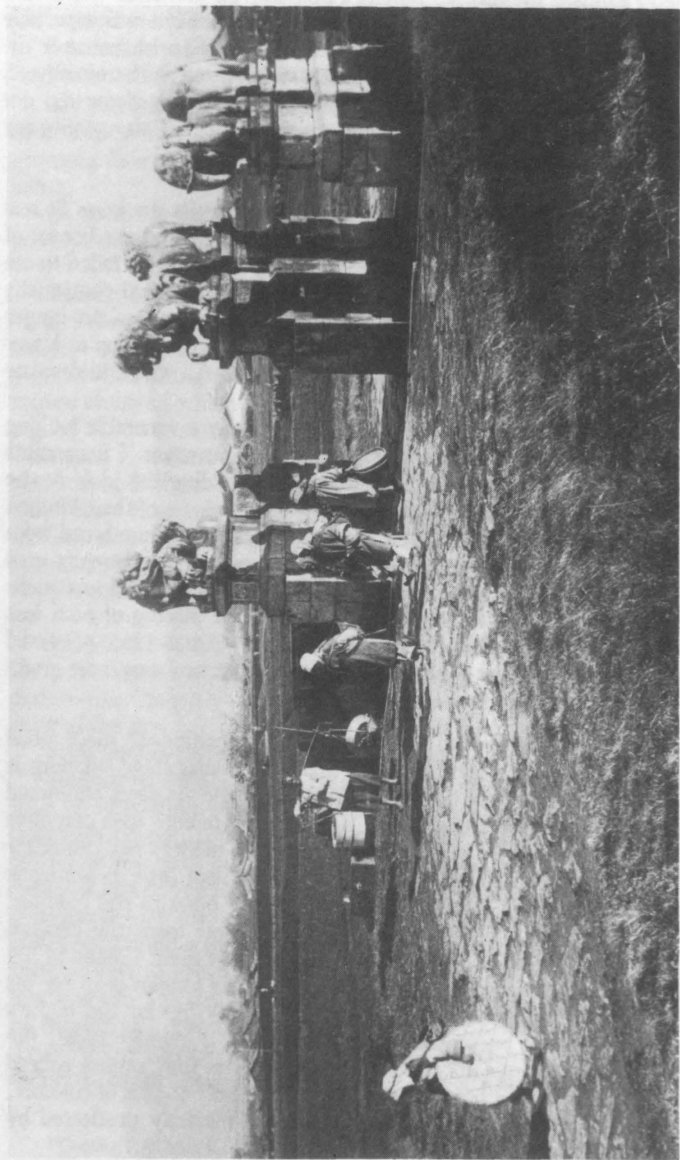
word of each other but got on famously. He asked me to dine with him that evening, but I declined. Finally the caravan having arrived & boxes unpacked I excused myself. At 5 o'clock he called on me. Suen was absent & I entertained with good tea. Showed him by kodaks & he was especially amused with my binoculars. My American magazines with pictures delighted him. At 7 o'clock he left & Suen went ahead with my dinner. Very cold & burned coke in hoh-pan. My anticipated medicine did not arrive. Suen still very ill. Room temperature around 42°. This evening my Chinese fur waist-coat is mighty comfortable.

**March 16 — Friday.** After [being] on the way for an hour & half sun tried to break thru. 15 li from Ping-yi-hsien we crossed the border of Yunnan/Kweichow — the four lions — 2 facing each way — failed to see scales on the lions. Scenery takes on a wilder appearance, trail continually descending & ascending. Few very small villages — houses no longer made of mud bricks, but of rock. Towards afternoon as we drop to lower levels becomes warmer — few level cultivated spots. All wild and desolate looking.

Found no satisfactory room at the inns, & finally a venerable looking old gentleman of means wished me to see his "front room." It contains the family altar, & fine carved black wood table holding the idols & the joss sticks. The weird Chinese map on the wall. Have use of their kitchen & Suen is now cooking my chicken & rice, & still have some bread from Mrs. Fleischmann, also fine jam, cocoa. What more can a hungry man wish for? About 8 o'clock the old gentleman came with lighted joss sticks to place before each idol & grandly bowed after the placing of each joss stick brought in, also a fine bronze jar in which a small piece of sandal wood smoldered. For their pleasant & neutralizing odor I was most grateful.

**March 17 — Saturday.** Away early this morning & made good time, so pushed on 20 li further (70 li) than the regular stage stopping at Lu Kwang Ting. This place had no inn and one of the residents consented to let me take his main central room. My coolies & mafoos took complete possession of the house. My room was the entrance hallway and center for all traffic from kitchen to dining & living room. Slept little as someone was continually passing thru & leaving the doors open to the cold air. Dogs & pigs were bumping [?] around. In the next room the caravan horses with the deep toned bells boomed all night. At night I dined in full view of the village populace who thronged to see the foreign devil eat his chow. The old gentleman was pleased with his 20¢ fee for the night's lodging for myself & Suen. If one does not make a regular stage, the accommodations are very uncertain, but at the worst they cannot exceed the inns, which in Kweichow are the last word in filth & lack of comfort, which seems not to effect the Chinese, who are perfectly unaffected by discomfort or disagreeableness.

**March 18 — Sunday.** Today saw several Miaotze women, high up on a hill side, standing silhouette against the horizon. Their skirts made them look distinctive. Made a long descent to a river & up again to Shang



Monuments marking border between Yunnan and Kweichow provinces.

Choi, a spoor small village where we put up for the night in a low, filthy but very crowded quarters & oh the smells. Suen is very ill & moaned much during the night.

**March 19 — Monday.** This morning Suen was very ill — could not use his hands [and] had no control over them. They would not open or close. It was with difficulty that he could stand. Packed him into my chair & I rode the horse all day. Today [sic] march was the hardest of all — there being two very long & steep grades. About 1:30 I came to the village of Lao Yung Ka, famous for its strong paper made from the bark of the mulberry tree. Paper called "pichih." All afternoon I met coolie after coolie carrying bales of these strips of bark from the east towards this village, which is set in among a border of very high mountains, from this ring we descended the longest grade yet crossed. This the third day of forced march, in which we crowded 4 stages into 3 days. I arrived in Hua Kung, well ahead of the luggage caravan & later return[ed] over the road to look for the caravan, for I feared for its safety, also the possibility of ascent coming down the tortuous grade about 15 li from Hua Kung. It was indeed a welcome sight when I caught sight of the caravan about 7 o'clock. The horses were very tired. No more forced marches!!! I was dead tired, Suen still ill, so had to unpack & arrange by myself & cook my dinner. The best inn was crowded & found a small room in the remaining inn. The walls were of loosely woven bamboo strips, could hear every move in the adjoining room filled with crowds of carrier coolies. The coughing, spitting, etc. stench[es] [sic] stench[es], were the worst yet.

**March 20 — Tuesday.** This morning Suen was some better. I dosed him up with aspirin yesterday, got a special mountain chair for him to ride today. The grades were not so steep today.

Since entering Kweichow, which has been well named the "Switzerland of China," I have not seen a single level spot exceeding ten acres. It is a continual succession of ups & downs, most trying to pack animals. The roads, properly speaking there are no roads in China, are rocks of varying shapes and sizes loosely placed together, with no attempt at fitting, and the traffic has worn the stone blocks smooth, and it is like stepping from one cake of ice to another. One must watch each step. The horses are continually slipping & sliding off the rocks to the earth in between or onto the neighboring rock. Going downhill is especially trying. The chair coolies descend a hill faster than a horse; but the horse ascends the hill in quick time, for it is then that the coolies "pan-go-lai" with a slow, even step upgrade.

This P.M. at 1:30 o'clock we ferried across the Mao-Kow-Lo just [a] few hundred yards from where it issues from a very deep gorge. From the ferry to the village of Mao-Kow-Lo is but 20 to 30 minutes, here we stopped for the night, making a very quick stage & arriving very early, a most desirable thing to do at a Chinese inn with your caravan. Here we paid the dearest price yet for a good sized chicken, 15¢.

A wonderful view can be had looking towards the gate from which the river emerges from the steep walls which enclose it, out unto a brief space of hilly country.

Yesterday the road led thru the most desolate, weird country yet traversed. Only one or two villages all day. No cultivation, but constant rock mountains barren & cold looking. Truly an inhospitable land. The inhabitants wretched looking, poorly clad & . . . [half] starved looking, they look as if they had a hard struggle for existence.

Tomorrow is to be the hardest climb of the trip from Yunnanfu to Kweiyang. Good inn.

**March 21 — Wednesday.** Up at the dawning & for over five hours a constant climb, ascending at each step & at noon the air was chilly at this altitude. Tried to buy a brass tobacco box from a Miaotze woman, but became frightened & ran away.<sup>23</sup> The site of Mao Kow Lo is completely surrounded by high mountains, the town appears to be situated in the bottom of a gigantic bowl. At about 10 o'clock we passed a long caravan of horses, a total of 74, all loaded, with a few exceptions with huge packs containing large straw hats, enroute Kweiyang to Yunnanfu. The two leading horses carried each a bright red banner bearing in black character the name of the hong. As we met my chair coolies & the mafoos had a lot [of] arguments over the right of way. The fou'ton (head man) came running along & when he saw that I rode in a four bearer chair he immediately turned the caravan back, we were in a deep trench like [sic] trail worn deep by water in the rainy season. This caravan was indeed a pretty sight as it wound on down the mountain side, the leading horses with their deep toned [sic] bells.

Just after we reached the pass & started descending we passed thru a group of several horses & all the natives ran out to see the stranger pass along. The stranger walked, yet he had a chair & saddle horse, but still he walked. Truly these foreigners are made men.

Little surface openings, beside which were piles of coal dust were [sic] to be seen everywhere. Coolies carrying same to the villages were [sic] it is moulded into large pieces.

Lang Tai Ting we approached at 3 o'clock, a walled city, with an overflowing suburb. As we passed along the main street . . . towards the leading inn, the natives, in greater numbers than usual, followed to "look-see." Seems a foreigner was of greater curiosity to them.

After being settled at inn, I took a walk thru the city, pending the arrival of the caravan. I paused at a table raised above the ground, it was covered with a red cloth & an elderly gentleman was auctioning off baskets of coal that the coolies had brought in from the nearby mines. As soon as I appeared all interest in the auction was lost & all stared at me — no bids were being made & the old gentleman rattled on, but to little use. I moved on, & it must have been a relief to him.

<sup>23</sup>The Miao-tze or, alternately, Miao-chia are aboriginal peoples concentrated in Kweichow but also found in Yunnan, Szechwan, Hunan, and Kwangsi provinces. Historically, they comprise five ethnic groups: Miao, Yao, Lao, Chuang or Tai, and Keh-Lao. The neighboring Han (or Chinese) peoples had repeatedly defeated and divided them over the previous 500 years until the Miao shared only a common cultural inheritance that stubbornly bridged their mountain isolation. See Ruey Yih-fu, "The Magpie Miao of Southern Szechwan," in George P. Murdock, ed., *Social Structure in Southwest Asia* (Chicago: Quadrangle Books, 1960), pp. 143-155.



Miao people in Kweichow province.

I visited a temple, which had a series of ten displays or group tableaux, of figures carved out of wood. Each scene portray[s] a different method of physical torture. In the background of each scene presided a figure of mature years, evidently a judge & in the foreground the victim & the torturers.

Here one receives 12 coppers for one silver 10¢ piece. In Mao Kow Chou 13 coppers & in Yunnan 14 coppers.<sup>24</sup>

The Miaotze women were [sic] skirts with ample folds & a pleated apron fore & aft, with puttees wrapped around their ankles, long (in circumference) silver rings in each ear. They look much like a cross between a Jap. & Chinese, the latter despise them & look down upon them & call them barbarians.

This city is the largest city yet visited since leaving Chu-Ching-fu.

This is a good inn & the paper covered windows only have a few holes in them. In the other adjoining room a gentleman of means.

This forenoon passed the first chair I have yet seen with 4 bearers.

Today & two days ago, when I gave a soldier his cumsha he got down on his knees & kowtowed to me & shook his own hands. He unbalanced Suen's dignity when he bowed & kowtowed to him. They are most grateful for the equivalent of 15¢ silver that I give to them in coppers. To each returning soldier I give my card, which he returns to proper officials, thus indicating that I have passed safely thru his district.

**March 22 — Thursday.** This morning saw 24 coolies carrying a large stone — the display of levers was indeed clever.

Two soldiers of quite respectable appearance accompanied me today. The road led thru a narrow valley & passed many squalid houses, built of roughly woven bamboo shoots for walls & thatched roofs. All had a high & heavy stone compound. Passed several Miaotze women. Here, as for the past ten days, many of the women & children wear white cloths wrapped around their heads, believe they are Mohammedans or in mourning, they are of finer & cleaner type than the ordinary Chinese, who dislike them & their [sic] still remains the old feeling from the disastrous Mohammedan rebellion of some forty & fifty years ago, which so rapidly depopulated & injured Yunnan. The last Mohammedan stronghold of any importance to fall, being Tali-fu.<sup>25</sup>

At tiffin time we descended into a small village, it was market day & numbers of the country folk were in from the mountains. Each sale was accompanied with much heated argument. Many Miaotze were there with corn, tobacco & skins (deer) to sell. One chap offered to sell three small deer skins for \$2.50. While sauntering around I tried to manoeuvre [sic] so as to get a picture of an attractive & picturesque dressed aborigine girl.

<sup>24</sup>Fritz means Mao-kow lo, as before.

<sup>25</sup>Between 1853 and the 1880s a series of Chinese Moslem rebellions convulsed China's western provinces and territories. One movement temporarily succeeded in establishing a sultanate at Ta-li, on the shores of Lake Er Hai, in western Yunnan. Jean Chesneaux, Marianne Bastid, and Marie-Claire Bergere, *China from the Opium Wars to the 1911 Revolution* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1976), pp. 113-116; C. P. Fitzgerald, "The Tali District of Western Yunnan," *Geographical Journal*, 99 (February, 1942), 50-60.

Her tribe I did not know. She suspected my intentions altho I did my best to get to a position, having my Kodak in my pocket & already adjustment [sic]. I could see she eyed me closely & the moment I brot [sic] forth the Kodak she fled down the street & into a house.

In each transaction strings of cash were carefully weighed & in some cases of larger sales, small pieces of silver, cut with chisel from larger chunks of silver, were weighed & paid for produce. Today the carrying coolies carried salt, which was shaped different from Yunnan cakes, being much smaller & darker in color.

Bales of coarse tobacco wrapped in straw & small iron hot water kettles, crudely fashioned[,] was the next most important item.

The trail was easy in gradient & the country not so wild looking & somewhat more prosperous.

Reached Po Kung early, and took a walk out to a nearby temple. The day being over-cast, it was difficult to get any good snaps of people & so took several time exposures.

As we entered the city a wedding was in progressed [sic]. The bride dressed in her best as were some of her close relatives — they wore *green* trowsers [sic], which were not bound around the ankles with the usual red or blue puttees.

Unbound feet among the Chinese women are as rare as bound feet among the young Chinese girls of HK, more so.

The inn is just new & it is a pleasure to find fairly good quarters for the night.

Pork sells for 10¢ per 1½ catties. (1.75 lbs.)<sup>26</sup>. Chickens as usual at 20¢.

Over many of the graves, observed white streamers of fine thin paper, looking like pampas[sic]plumes waving in the air from a distance.<sup>27</sup> The graves are of different type from those of Kwantung. Many rounded mounds, with stone walls & earth domes, like an igloo. Others have a large rectangle slab, standing on the narrow side, with characters chiseled on the surface.

The natives make use of a pea flour & mix it into a most thick & tenacious dough, which is very tough — almost like taffy — this they pound with a large wooden mallet with a long handle & manipulate it most roughly. These are then baked in their large flat kettle pans, the cakes are white & thick shaped like a "hot cake."

My chair coolies always clean & dress the chickens that Suen buys, they getting the entrails, feet, head, etc. One of them is a very good cook & his dishes appear very savory. As we arrive at each inn the coolies go & buy their stuff & cook it in the kitchen of the inn. I understand each guest is allowed some 10 minutes at the fires, if the inn is crowded. Last night the coolies had a big feed, having bought a "black chicken," which they consider a rare delicacy — believe me no particle was wasted.

Bowls of rice along the road, [sic] cost 1¢ per bowl & on the table are several dishes containing chopped spices, chopped boiled eggs, boiled

<sup>26</sup>One catty equals about one and one-third pound.

<sup>27</sup>The rhea is an ostrich-like bird indigenous to the Argentine pampas.

cabbage, etc. With these they eat along with their rice. The tea cost some 4 cash, and they have the privilege of having their cups filled with hot water 3 times, using the same tea leaves.

As I write these lines, there is a great crowd of youngsters & men (no women to my regret) standing at the door & windows peering in, giving the foreigner the "O.O."

We traveled some 65 li today — *mountain li*.

**March 23 — Friday.** The afternoon brought out a fine drizzle with a cold wind which we had to face. In the late afternoon as we drew near the city of Chen-ning-chou, we were constantly meeting groups of returning villagers & mountain folk, who had been to the market in the city, this being market day. Many Miao women, about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of them, being Miao, who still wear their distinctive tribal dress. They look hardy and have a somewhat timid look. Feet unbound & walk with a good swinging stride of the hill folk. They wear puttees & skirts, & kimono fashion dress to the waist, brilliant & flowery borders to the collars & cuffs.

Put up at a fairly good inn. Called at the Catholic Mission, Padre Roux, being alone, he spoke no English. Finally had to use Suen for an interpreter. The old gentleman was of venerable appearance, some 77 yrs old & had been in China at that same post for 48 yrs & never had returned to France & never intended to.

He had some war news but this was difficult to receive thru Suen, who speaks a somewhat rickety pidgin English.

Had a long conversation with their "compradore" (Catholic) at the inn after dinner.<sup>28</sup>

**March 24 — Saturday.** Away before 7 o'clock. Very cold as usual this morning around 40°. Saw many Miao women, the men are hard to distinguish from the Chinese, who dress they have adopted [sic].

Arrived early at An-shun-fu & put up at an inn & then called at the C. I. M. & met Mr. Slichter, Mr. & Mrs. Page being absent at an out station.<sup>29</sup> Dr. Fish was in Huhan.

Received my telegram from HKong & money order from Yunnanfu. Took my belongings to the C. I. M. compound & will rest & spend the Sunday here. Slichter is a Canadian boy & very devoted to his work. We called at the Yamen & had an insight into official etiquette.<sup>30</sup>

Enjoyed dinner, linen, etc. Had a long chat in the evening.

**March 25 — Sunday.** Today is my 25th birthday. I attended Chinese morning services.

<sup>28</sup>Compradore or comprador was a term borrowed from the Portugese to designate the Chinese businessmen who functioned as dealers, agents, or managers of foreign firms operating in China. Sometimes the roles of agent and interpreter were combined.

<sup>29</sup>An-shan fu is at an altitude of 4,600 feet. Mr. & Mrs. Morris Slichter came to China in 1915; he and his family were killed in 1927. Dr. E. S. Fish and his wife served as medical missionaries since 1911. C.I.M., *List of Missionaries*, p. 25.

<sup>30</sup>The yamen refers to the magistrate's office, a kind of city hall. The translation of Kweichow is "precious state."

In afternoon we had a walk around the wall of the city. The wall is in excellent repair, is supposed to be the finest wall in the province. Saw different stages of the silk industry.

The tall, thin pencil-like monument called "wen bih" — literally pencil — which is conducive to increased productivity of the city's literary sons. The two water gates at the wall. The bean-curd (do-fan) factory.

Many Miao, one day north [at] Tan Ten & great center at Ta Ting, where are three German lady missionaries.

Mr. Adam, the former chief here, Church's aid in law suits. Church register & Yamen. Chen Ning chou last legal case, etc.

**March 26 — Monday.** This morning Schlichter did the Chinese fine custom & escorted me out of the city & did speed the parting guest in accordance with fine Chinese custom.

Passed some dozen pei fangs & beggars at each arch. In this town there are many & go from shop to shop. It is a profession like any other calling in China.

On Saturday they were very much in evidence, as that was market day.

Today, as nearly every day I saw a new type of Miao. The heh (or black) Miao & also those called Chungwha.

The road is much better & followed thru an accomodating [sic] valley to Anping. At tiffin we stopped at a busy town, being market day & the Miao were in the great majority. The sellers of like articles being grouped together. Each person has his little scale for weighing out the little chunks of silver, which are mostly chiseled pieces from crudely-moulded discs about the size of 50¢ piece, called sui yin. There are also large chunks, looking like a custard cup called Piao yin weighing some Taels 10.<sup>31</sup>

After going some 83 li, we arrived at 5:30 o'clock at Anping Kwei & stopped at the C. I. M. having a letter to Mr. A. Hayman, an interesting young Australian; & rich in experiences among the Miao, especially the black Miao, in Panglai.<sup>32</sup>

Their interesting custom of the courting ground of each village. The beautiful custom of speeding the parting guest & the continued long drawn [sic] notes sung & from the hill-tops, its far carrying sound, the bamboo organ like sounding musical instruments. The Miao's fear of demons. Above is placed a small box & placed outside the house of sick person, thus fooling the evil spirit, by making him think it is the dead body of the ill person.

When the young Miao man wishes a bride, he dons his best sport suit & parasol & goes to a village & to its courting yard & begins to give a low toned, long whistle & bye & bye the young female eligible appears in their [sic] best dresses, & if he fancies one he makes friendly advances & the

<sup>31</sup>The tael was both a unit of coinage and a measure of weight. Consequently, one exchanged a particular quantity of a commodity for its equivalent weight in silver.

<sup>32</sup>Mr. & Mrs. A. Hayman began serving the C.I.M. in Szechwan in 1913-1914. C.I.M., *List of Missionaries*, p. 23.



Black Miao aborigines.

two lovers chant each others praises back & forward. He later sends his friends to her home to enquire what presents the father would like or require, in pigs, casks of wine, bags of rice, etc., then follows the big feast & she moves to his village & after the first son is born she returns to her village & the son is to reside there. In the event a village has two courting grounds a girl who changes her field or lot is liable to severe beating.

Miao's are much more easily reached by the missionaries & the Miao will travel many days to attend the great semi-annual meetings.

Fine compound & many buildings in Anping C. I. M. station. Splendid house.

I bought a Miao man's silver breast decoration which Hayman had bought for one of his church members hard pressed for funds [;] he gave its weight in silver Taels 2.91, which I gave for it. Also left \$2.00 to get Miao ear-rings & forward to HK & left my Kodak & dozen films to take pictures of the available types of Miao women & coolie is to bring one to Kweiyang in three or four days.

March 27 — Tuesday. Away early & Hayman accompanied me some 5 li outside the city wall — really regretted saying good-bye to him. I was the first caucasian (European) he had seen in some 9 weeks. Europeans other than missionaries are rarely seen. When I had arrived at the C. I. M. compound in Anping, the Chinese said, "Oh! a new pastor has come!"

Hayman gave me letter to Mrs. Cecil-Smith & one to Mr. John Yorkston.<sup>33</sup> The former I met in Ching chen-hsien, an outstation of Kweiyang

to which she had come to visit & direct the erection of a new building on their newly acquired property.

I put up at a fair inn & sent letter & my card & she sent for me to call. We had pleasant chat. She having been a missionary in China for 27 years, her husband is not in charge of Kweiyang. She told me that the Czar had to abdicate but according to wire from British Consul-Gen. in Yunnanfu, "all was quiet in Russia (?)"<sup>34</sup>

Today, I ate some fried doughy cakes of pea-flour, & very good they were. Tonight after dinner had some excellent pulled taffy coated with caraway seed.

Road today had only two bad climbs — road being considerably better than for the two weeks previous.

The yamen runner called, as usual at each stage, & ask[ed] how long I was going to stop, as the head official wished to call, but each morning I am on my way & then avoid the exchange of calls & empty formalities.

March 28 — Wednesday. A cold drizzling rain & wind met us face on all day — it was a most cheerless ride.

Many beggars along the road leading out of the city. Coolies, mafoos & self all anxious to get over the last stage as soon as possible & arrive in the capital city of Kweichow.

In the afternoon met many hua-gons & 3 bearer chairs coming from the city, no doubt officials returning to their posts from the capital city. Many caravans of yarn were coming from the city & met coolies & horses with empty coal baskets coming from the city. As we neared the city passed along the bank of a small stream on which were located water-wheel mills for grinding corn, etc.

Many fine stone pei fangs & in *good repair*. Walls of the city suddenly burst on our view as we rounded a sharp turn & issued from between the mountains. At the great gate we were stopped by officers & gave my card & after questioning Suen we passed on. My soldier shouting & attempting to make a way through the curious throng. The chair coolies were yelling & screaming, it was truly an uproarious procession, lacking in stately dignity. We proceeded to the "No. 1" hotel, but their rooms did not suit, for I may have to stay some several days, waiting a telegram from Hkong, before I shall know which way I can proceed.

After looking over the rooms, I sat in my chair & waited while the soldiers & Suen scouted up the other hotel, & the crowd gathered around & blocked the traffic & watched with open eyes & mouth the strange foreigner. Finally settled in a small room & fair inn, overlooking a dry stream bed & a market. Few foreigners visit Kweiyang, because so inaccessible & long overland journey, no river traffic.

In a large Chinese city one can observe the improved & greater variety of eating houses & tea houses, the grouping of like shops & trades along the street. I am on the shoe & hat street.

<sup>33</sup>Mr. & Mrs. J. Yorkston assumed duties first in Ko-pu, Kweichow, in 1912 and 1915, respectively, *Ibid.*, p. 25.

<sup>34</sup>Czar Nicholas II abdicated on March 15, 1917.



I have not seen any goitre for about two weeks. Yunnanese seemed to be afflicted the worst of all.

The kites of Kweichow seem to be very different from those seen elsewhere. Today as I entered the city I observed one shaped like a great crab, where an inland people got the idea I do not know, also like eagle with feathers, etc. I have not seen a single boat, thus far in Kweichow, excepting the one ferry crossing the river at Mao Kow Lo.

Each district seems to run towards one or two fashions in pipes, which are unique & distinctive, especially the very long, reed-like ones, some five feet long, which I have seen the old men light by standing erect & placing the fire bowl in a fire on the ground & also by laying a light taper & walking back a step to light. Yesterday my soldier had a pipe like an American policeman's club, thick & heavy, with a heavy knob on the end.

Suen is getting the dinner ready & says he had to pay 30¢ for the chicken, "Kweiyang belong more dear."

As I write, two buglers, in the nearby yamen are tooting out the most hideous calls, one is generally about two calls ahead of the other & the discords, hie-yoh!!

In the morning will call at the C. I. M. & the P. O.

Today marks the close of the Yunnanfu to Kweiyang leg of the "Great Trip," and this leg has been & no doubt will be the most trying of all. Kweichow has been well named the "Switzerland of China," for the entire trip thru this province has been over & thru mountains, largely of a strong, rugged & forbidding nature, with few of the rounded & wooded (none) & grass covered hills. Truly an [sic] vast sea of mountains, rendering agriculture a most difficult calling. I have seen cattle, high up on the steep mountainside & feared any moment they would come tumbling down. How they ever got up there is a mystery. Have seen the Miaos, tilling little terraces, only a few feet square, where they stood to plant & harvest, I know not. So crowded, the poor Miao has been constantly pushed out of the little plots in the valleys, bottoms & batsi & forced to retreat into the remote sections of the mountains. The Chinese usurping the fertile & tillable plots. The Miao is making his last stand in the mountain fastness, & a poor beggardly lot they are. Their crude house has generally three rooms, one for the farm implements (such as they are), fanning mill, second room for the cattle, pigs, chickens, etc., & the third for themselves. This room will have a shelf, a bench, a few straw mats & old rags in a corner for a bed & a hole in the ground in the middle of the room for the fire & two stone grinders. Many are too poor to eat rice & eat a boiled roughly ground corn. There are many types & tribes of Miao, perhaps the Heh Miao outnumbering any other tribe; Big Flower, Little Flower, West of Water, Red Turbaned, Tight Bottom Miaos, etc., etc. The tragedy of Kweichow — retreat of the Miao.

March 29th — Thursday. Late last evening four Chinese officers & several soldiers came to my inn & wished to see my passports & seemed to be quite satisfied — they also had the names of my chair coolies.

This morning went to the P. O. & secured my letter with money order \$125.00, will take the silver later. Enjoyed a pleasant chat with Mr. Liu, the Postal Commissioner of Kweichow, the only Chinese commissioner in all China.

Called at the C. I. M. and met Mr. Yorkston & found two telegrams for me from HK. Moved to a room (rats!! at the inn) in the C. I. M. with a beautiful view of the city. Mr. Yorkston [is] a Scotchman [sic] & we are both enjoying good Chinese "chow."

Received permission from HK to proceed to Chungking & will there receive further instructions. Visited the Public Garden, I believe the only one of its kind in all China. The photographer shop, with the extra suits of foreign clothes to rent to the complete outfits to have their photo taken in Chinese. Few Miao are to be seen on the streets. Took a walk thru many of the streets. Many fur shops. Shops stocked with cheap foreign goods, principally from Japan. Buying of oranges on the street!! Visited a "coolie hong" largest on the Chungking/Kweiyang route — they want 30¢ Tael per man a day & I must furnish the chair.

The crowds are very curious to see my leather leggings. Few foreigners, aside from missionaries come to Kweiyang.

Catholic church has a Chinese pagoda effect for the usual church spire.

At the table we try to observe some of the Chinese table etiquette — the little salute with the chop sticks — at the finish of the rice & several side dishes. "I have sinned against you." "Please, lay them lower down." etc. "Chin."

The best way or method for one to finance on a trip [sic] thru Western China, would be by having a number of certified drafts (in small amounts) on Shanghai & a few on Hongkong. I have lost 11% on some of my money.

March 30 — Friday. Slept fine after a hot bath & fresh change all around. Called on Mr. Liu. Sent telegram to Hk. requesting them to forward my mail to American Consulate, Chungking.

Arranging for three horses to take me on to Chungking & will take same chair, from Yunnanfu with two of the same coolies, they to get two other coolies at Kweiyang. Contract price \$30.00 — 4 bearers. (15 days.)

Mr. Cecil-Smith returned from a 19 day trip in the country — a most interesting man, wears Chinese clothes and has lived many years in China, especially in this province. He is a most interesting conversationalist.

Route to Chenyan & then down Yuan River, which is very low just now, would take a long time. Eight days to Chenyan & some 20 odd days to Changteh & doubtful as to weather & favorable winds to Changsha, the lake being very shallow. Tushan, 5 days away & then overland to Kuchow & partly by river, Miao boat, & then small boat to Luchow & so

by launch to Wuchow & then by regular steamer to Hongkong.<sup>35</sup> Much prefer to see Szechuan & so on down the Yangtze thru the great gorges.

Secured a pair of silver ear-rings. 50¢ of Miao & these to go with my man's ornament of silver — secured at Anping \$4.00.

Transportation in the province is very expensive — rice double[s] in cost with each 120 li. The rivers of the province only becoming navigable as they are leaving the province.

Miao="sprouts"/Chinese by the Miao are called "visitors."

Province a labyrinth of hills & valleys — an ocean of small hills, hundreds of them, of every shape, but largely shaped like that of a pyramid & sugar loaf.

Chinese are settled along the great highroads, in the villages & cities — but away from these the aboriginals outnumber the Chinese. Also "Old (original) Chinese" & "Immigrants."

Dialect of Mandarin is more like that of Peking than that of Nanking. Market days generally once in 6 days, crowded with men of different types & tribes, the varied & picturesque costumes of the women.

Non-Chinese of K. are the Lao or Keh-lao; Miao (chia); Chung-chia & I-chia. "Chia" means "family" or tribe. Miao & chung-chia are the most numerous; Keh-Lao nearly extinct. Laos closely related to Chung-chia.<sup>36</sup>

Population [of] K. 8 millions[,] half Chinese. Miao came to province before the others.

Miao's love of litigation encouraged by the yamen underlings.

Morally below the Chinese. Heavy drinkers. No decent women among the Ta-hua Miao, around Weining. Some married several times.

No written language, legend having swallowed same with water of Tungting.<sup>37</sup>

Musical festivals (great occasion for social intercourse & courting) once or twice a year, to insure a good harvest. They have no idols & worship no gods — no temples or priests. Practice certain rites in reference to the dead & demons, rather to appease evil spirits. Their bamboo musical instruments, with long reeds 3 to 15 ft. long — monotonous notes. Their dances more like steps or pacing, women & men very sober & not smiling while dancing. Buffalo fights generally do not materialize.

Believe in soothsayers & sorcerers. Miao young people, unlike the Chinese, do their courting quite openly. Marriage & feast at bridegroom's house & guests bring presents.

Legends of the tribe are chanted, sometimes one singer will lead & others will chorus. Sometimes guests will sing the virtue of their host, praising the kindly way he received them & the rich food provided for

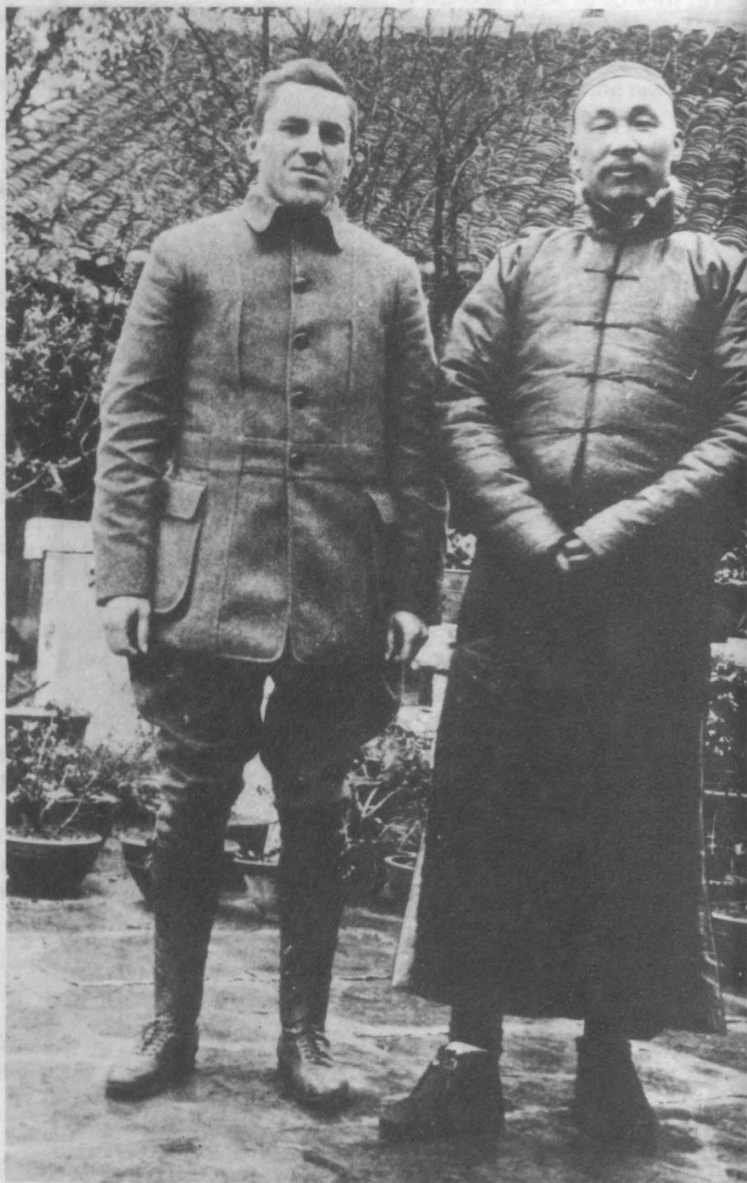
<sup>35</sup>Fritz is projecting two separate routes: eastward via the Yuan River to Chang-te and Chang-sha, Hunan province; or southward through Ku-chow, Liu-chow, and Wu-chow, Kwangsi province, to the coast. The latter tour he accomplished, albeit in reverse order, during the autumn of 1917, when he traveled from Canton to the mountains bordering southern Kweichow. Unfortunately, the journal of this tour has been lost.

<sup>36</sup>See note 23, above.

<sup>37</sup>Lake Tung-ting, Hunan province, is China's largest inland body of water.



A Chinese family portrait.



Mr. Wong, chief magistrate of Kweiyang city.

their entertainment. He replies belittling himself & grieving over the contemptible style in which the guests have been treated. Return of the bride to her parent's home a festive occasion — where she remains until sent for by her husband's family.

Chung-chia, of all the non-Chinese people, are the most numerous — in Burma called the Shans, in Tonkin Laos. Chinese do despise them as they do the Miao. They always wish to be considered as Chinese. Fear is generally the chief motive in sacrificial observances. Taoism is chiefly concerned with demons and malicious spiritual influences.

Magistrate is ostensibly for administration of justice & collection of taxes, & extort all the money possible. All money from litigation goes in pockets of magistrate, his secretaries or his underlings. "Pocket patriotism."

Lolo in Chinese means basket — for Lolos believe they keep souls of their parents in a miniature basket — 4" x 6". Lolo (Mo-su, or I-chia). Two classes. Black, who are the patricians and the White, plebians who are serfs, tenants, & often slaves. They live in the feudal system & many or most of the lairds or chieftains are afraid to enter Chinese city, for many charges are laid against them in the yamen by the Chinese — whom they continually pillage & retreat to their mt. fastness.<sup>38</sup>

March 31 — Saturday. This morning Mr. Wong, called, he is the magistrate of Kweiyang. Said he had called at the inn, but I had moved. Very interesting & jolly chap. Extremely happy over his 5 month old son, "Dragon Precious." He stayed for tiffin (Chinese Chow). His boast of never having taken a bath, he hands me a cookie! In the afternoon we return his call & he takes us thru several courts & halls to the high honor room, gives us tea & "min." He presents me with his photo, I have my Kodak & take his picture & also one of he & I together. He sees us away out to the furthest door — a high honor.

When we arrived & had been announced an old Chinese with slow & stately walk preceded our entrance into the audience room, holding the two cards in one hand, held on high before him & thus we walked — characters of card facing him.

We later walked out thru the South Gate & obtained some fine views of the long line of Pei fangs, the two bridges, temples & then back to P.O. to secure my \$125.00 silver. Postal Commissioner arranged for my 3 horses at Tls. 6.00 per pony to Chungking.

Had dinner, Mr. Liu being present.

Passed Mr. Wong on the street & could not look or recognize him, if so he would have had to get out of his chair, bow & speak. In summer time, they shield their face behind their fan.

<sup>38</sup>Additional information, both historical and cultural, on the Miao tribes can be found in Harold J. Wiens, *China's March Toward the Tropics* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1954). The Chinese census of 1953 classified 33 "national minorities" whose numbers totaled 35.3 million or 6% of the whole population. The Miao of Kweichow and west Hunan provinces numbered about 2.5 million and the Yi (Lo-Lo) of western Yunnan and Szechwan another 3.2 million. Thomas R. Tregear, *A Geography of China* (Chicago: Aldine Publishing Co., 1965), p. 103.

British Consul at Ichang has left Chungking today for Kweiyang — to inspect the province for opium in conformity with the Anglo-Chinese Opium Treaty, opium traffic & growth to be terminated this month. Provincial officials have been very strict in suppressing the opium. Will meet the Consul enroute, many Chinese officials have hurried to the Szechwan/Kweichow border to meet him & escort him to the capital.<sup>39</sup>

April 1 — Sunday. Kodak & films with Miao group pictures arrived by special coolie from Anping, 2 days away. Also fine set of black silver ear-rings, which were bought on special trip 30 li away from Anping. Cannot be bought at shops & hard to buy from Natives. For some of the special Miao group pictures, natives (two women of Ch'in Miao) came 30 li to be photographed. They are Christians. Group of Shin-hie-Miao — West of the River — playing the instruments came 35 li to be photographed. Other groups etc. Mr. Hayman rode 20 li out to take two other pictures.

Attended morning services this morning. The chapel was packed, being divided & partitioned off into sides for men and women.

Called at a big Kweiyang firm — big dealers in silk, foreign piece goods & quicksilver.

Dr. Fish arrived this evening enroute from Tengyuan to Anshanfu,<sup>40</sup> he is a Canadian doctor in the C. I. M.

Mr. Smith has prevailed upon me to wait over for another day. Each household worships the God of Wealth & the Goddess of Mercy. Also a less important Kitchen God, who several days before end of the year, goes to the No. 1 God on high & reports to him the doings in that household. The Chinese place a bowl of sugar before he leaves to report, so that his words shall be "sweet words" & thus tell only the good.

April 2 — Monday. This morning Yorkston & self escorted Dr. Fish to the large arch some 5 li outside the city. This arch had two wooden tablets with characters welcoming back new arrival & speeding the departing guest. The Kwang Hua mandarin talk is the conversational Chinese & type read by the average Chinese, while the Wan lie is the book language read & enjoyed only by the scholars.<sup>41</sup> It is less definite & vague in meaning. While returning we met a Buddhist priest with the nine brands on his scalp. The brand is made by placing a live coal on his head & if no pain is felt by the priest, he is a true believer. Nine is the highest degree.

<sup>39</sup>Late in 1906 the Chinese and British governments signed a treaty providing for the coordinated suppression of the opium trade and opium use that was to remain in force for ten years. See Roger V. Des Forges, *Hsi-Liang and the Chinese National Revolution* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1973), pp. 94-95.

<sup>40</sup>Chen-yuan.

<sup>41</sup>"Foreigners often confuse Mandarin with the literary idiom or *wenli* . . . Mandarin is a dialect or a group of similar dialects . . . and is actually spoken. *Wenli*, on the other hand, is neither a dialect nor a language . . . It is only an idiom with its vocabulary and grammar, but no pronunciation of its own." Yuen Ren Chao, "Languages and Dialects in China,"

Some of the inns have high sounding & extravagant names; "Prosperous Star," "Increasing Righteousness," "Broad Harmony," "Accumulating Prosperity," "Virtue Abundant," "Virtue Displayed," "Great Prosperity." "Don't adjust your shoes in a melon patch or straighten your hat under a plum tree." (Chinese proverb.)

The Chinese barber after giving me a hair cut, cleaned my ears having some 11 different knives, scrapers, hooks, brushes, etc., & he would have shaved inside my nose, tip of eye lids & forehead had I not headed him off. The most novel and startling of all was the massage of the body, more like being man-handled! The vigorous arm swinging, jerking the body & permitting same to fall & almost touch the floor, wrapping your arms & jerking, etc. Then pummeling the back, etc. I shall never forget that Kweiyang barber, he was also the man who had the distinction of attending the Provincial Governor. I paid him 20¢ for all, being twice the fee had I stopped at his shop. This afternoon took a walk to a few of the early pagodas & in a Buddhist temple saw a painted lady, with her "golden lily feet," kowtow 3 times & 5 bows at each Kowtow to each & every idol in that large temple — had she slighted any one god he would have been offended. The Buddhist temple was in the best repair of any I had yet seen in China & the tea rooms quite full of visitors. Some people bring their friends & entertain them at these temples, giving dinners & entertainments.



Chinese barber massaging a British missionary.

Mr. Smith, Yorkston & self called on two very wealthy men of the gentry, but they happened to be away from home, fine large homes! Bought 2 catties of fine Chinese honey, it comes from the southern part of the province, Tushan some five days away. Hsien Seng — an ping, "Teacher-peace," thus do former Chinese friends greet one, former chair coolies, etc.

Have an invitation to dine this evening at Mr. Liu's home, the Postal Commissioner, a Fukien man.<sup>42</sup>

The kites this afternoon, I noticed some like a dragon-fly, centipede (having numerous extended legs dangling from it), eagle covered with chicken feathers, and having great claws, looking very realistic.

On each of the two house doors are brightly painted the two Door Gods — who are deified ancient generals who repelled a great invasion of China, hence their ability to thwart the entrance of evil into the home. One god has a white face & the other a brown face.

In days gone by the Catholic mission had two pictures of their doors of French soldiers! — painted in bright colors. Have seen that have here a blank wall in front of the main door, similar to all large Chinese houses and at the entrance to the villages on the main street. These walls stop or divert the course of the evil spirits, so that they will not enter the house or pass on into the village.

**April 3 — Tuesday.** Last evening enjoyed a fine home Chinese dinner, Mr. Smith, Yorkston & self with Mr. & Mrs. Liu. The cooking was excellent, with several Fukien dishes — served family style, with large bowls in the center of the table, they have a very comfortable home.

This morning after breakfast & morning prayers we left about 9 o'clock from the C. I. M. Mr. Smith & Yorkston escorted beyond the wall of the city, beyond the suburbs & to the pei-fangs and bid these two loyal friends good-bye. I had enjoyed their fine fellowship & their views and experiences in Kweichow. Mr. Smith gave me a copy of a marked New Testament.

One of the old Yunnanfu coolies is still with me, as also a Chu-ching-fu coolie, others having returned. Two new coolies did not act very experienced, believe the fou'ton is squeezing too much. Suen feels quite proud of his position mounted on a foreign saddle. We met many horses & many coolies carrying salt from Szechwan to Kweiyang. Also about a dozen coolies, carrying on their backs, Szechwan style, great slabs of special paper, no doubt this is for the large printing & lithographing plant in Kweiyang, which employs two Jap. foremen, the machinery being Japanese. This plant is the hobby of a Kweiyang millionaire who made his wealth in salt originally.

Arrived at 6 o'clock at Chatso,<sup>43</sup> covering some 70 li over fair roads. During the latter part of the day we were in company with a small party of two or three mandarins in their chairs & the usual retinue of soldiers, baggage coolies & followers. Always the personal servant who follows

<sup>42</sup>That is, from Fukien province, bordering on Taiwan Strait.

<sup>43</sup>Actually Cha-tso.

carrying an umbrella & the pipe for his master when he calls. Room at the inn is quite respectable for a Chinese inn.

**April 4 — Wednesday.** Today has been the finest weather since coming to Kweichow. The difference in the spirits & behavior of the coolies, mafoos & soldiers was very noticeable — the reflex influence of the good weather. The natives, especially the women, were sitting outside by their washing & actually I saw one child being bathed!!

Greater part of road was descending and the air becoming warmer.

Met three coolies carrying four tremendously large bales of pith from reeds to be used with the native bowls for illumination purposes, in burning the vegetable oil. Made the fou'ton fire one of the new chair coolies, "too much squeeze," "watchee No. 1 chair coolie."

Found Hsuh Feng, the end of today's stage,<sup>44</sup> a fairly large market town, & today being market day. Found the best inn already occupied with mandarins and so had to resort to next best. On the road noticed so many Chinese women smoking pipes. It is revolting to see a mother nursing her baby & herself sucking a long dirty tobacco pipe.

Passed many fields, of small area, blossoming in yellow flower which gave the seed, that produces the "vegetable oil" for illumination. Underneath the thin board flooring of my room are stabled the horses & the pigs are housed as visitors with them. I hope for a peaceful & brief night.

**April 5 — Thursday.** Splendid weather today and away early. Bright sun conducive to taking pictures, but am low on films, having used so many on the fore part of the trip. Two mandarins in chairs had large escort of soldiers & two with long brass trumpets that made a hideous blare. One mandarin had a semi-foreign chair & was unusual in that he broke away from their hollow dignity & supercilious expression & wished to talk to me but we were unable as Suen was in the rear with the caravan.

These two past days the Chinese women have been busy washing & sewing during the bright weather. Usually they have a coarse brush with which they scrub the clothes — but some are so poor they have no brush & so use a corn cob instead.

One of the chair coolies started a row with the Mafoo of a passing caravan & the argument developed into all hands joining to the aid of his respective companion. It started over the right-of-way. The fouton received startling information regarding his ancestry and then there followed a mutual exchange of compliments. Made Mei-chu-cheng in good time & it was market day — covered 60 li. In front of my inn there is a Chinese Punch & Judy show and I attempted to take some pictures, in so doing attracted a bigger crowd than the show.

**April 6 — Friday.** The day was downcast, but no cold wind as in former days. We lengthened today's stage by 10 li, so we may arrive at Tsunyi tomorrow.<sup>45</sup> The two, 4-bearer mandarin chairs & their followers,

<sup>44</sup>Or Hsi-feng.

<sup>45</sup>Or Tsung-yi.

hua-gons, etc., are still with me. As they approach a village the two trumpeters with long brass trumpets bedecked with red cloths & a small yellow flag with characters, precede the procession. The hideous blare brings out all the inhabitants to the main street. After resting in the village, the trumpets are again blown to gather all the coolies for the next leg of the day's stage. Today noticed man tread-mill water elevators, in lifting water from one paddy field to another. Today was market day at a large town. Here I mailed letters to Hong Kong & Kweiyang.

As we passed down thru the street of Lang Pantang it was thickly packed with people, only with difficulty were we able to make our way.<sup>46</sup> Today the fore part led over many hills & one long stiff climb after we crossed a river in a ferry. Quite a wide river,<sup>47</sup> where it issued from a steep-walled canyon. From the top of the steep walls it was indeed a pretty sight. The fouton hired another coolie to take his place. From Yunnanfu to Kweiyang the coolies did this frequently for part of a day's stage, paying but a small wage in cash to some poor poverty stricken wayside coolie.

**April 7 — Saturday.** Last night after I had gone to bed, a servant presented a card of some Chinese official, & on the back of the card were some several [sic] French words. Suen said I had gone to bed & so the incident was closed.

Only 40 li today to Tsunyi, over a fairly level road. Chair shaft broke twice. As we approached the city saw three large water irrigation wheels, which are turned by the current & elevate the water so 20 to 30 ft. [sic]. Many chairs were coming away from the city. Large Confucian Temple just outside the walls. In the houses of the large suburbs, noticed so many hand looms. Tsunyi is becoming an important silk center, rapidly increasing. With past year or two, shipments have been made to Shanghai, some finds its way to Kwantung & Kwangsi via Tushan. A very course silk made from cocoons which the moths have eaten their way out is shipped to Tibet via Chungking. Tsunyi makes a silk peculiar to this district only, where formerly it was sold only to Kweichow & Szechwan. I bought two rolls, made from wild silk worms, about 36 yards. 57 Chinese ounces at Tael 1.7 amounting to Tael 9.69, about Mex. \$13.64 and this year it is much more expensive than last, owing to the increased demand from Shanghai.

Stopping at the C. I. M. with Mr. & Mrs. Olesen, Australians.<sup>48</sup> Just completing their pretty little chapel.

Bought 3 small boxes, pewter, but covered with finely woven bamboo threads, only to be had in Szechwan, & at one Szechwan guild shop in Tsunyi.

Tsunyi and Anshunfu are ranked on equal standing as next in commercial importance to Kweiyang. Great business center, most foreign goods being Japanese, coming via Chungking.

<sup>46</sup>Apparently Lan-pa tang.

<sup>47</sup>The Woo Kiang; kiang is one word for river.

<sup>48</sup>P. O. Olesen came to China in 1905. C.I.M., *List of Missionaries*, p. 25.

Next door to C. I. M. the man with 8 wives, the last one "New Wife." Just now engaged in a law suit, which had last[ed] for over 3 years & liable to ruin the family. The Chinese love of litigation on which the officials bleed the litigants & delay action. The desire to save face keeps them spending money. The slave girls, bought for a few thousand cash — a Mexican dollar being worth about 1600 cash. Then at marriageable age the desire of master & slave to marry because of the difficulty in controlling the slave; the bamboo beatings. Slave girl on her way to marriage must not pass out thru the front door, but this house (& wall) had no back door, so had to use the C. I. M. Compound back door.

Interesting & novel story is told of having actually happened in Chen-yuan,<sup>49</sup> unusual in that justice was done so quickly & in such an ingenious method. A small boy had come in from the country with some chickens & when the boy later discovered his chickens were gone, he started crying and attracted the attention of a passing mandarin who enquired as to why the boy was crying, what was his great sorrow. The boy claimed the butcher had taken his chickens, the butcher denied it. The mandarin asked the butcher, what he fed his chickens & he replied "Rice"; he then asked the boy what he fed his chickens & he replied, "Corn." The mandarin ordered the chickens cut open & found them to have eaten corn. The chickens were given to their rightful owner & the butcher was severely punished.

The gentry & officials are in a great quandary as to how to entertain the British Consul of Ichang,<sup>50</sup> who is arriving tomorrow evening enroute Kweiyang inspecting the province for opium. Borrowing foreign cutlery, pictures from the C. I. M.

**April 8 — Sunday.** Slept fine last night after a hot bath — how good is that feeling of cleanliness, after a hot bath. The delightful relief from Chinese inns.

Am told that only one foreigner on an average year comes along this road — that is exclusive of missionaries. Every preparation is being made to receive the British Consul, flags, etc., tomorrow night a feast, with foreign chow for two people, have had pressing invitation from the Gentry to stay over for the reception tomorrow & help "pay" the guest. Many chairs of officials from Kweiyang, Tsunyi have gone out on the road to meet the Consul. Officials very much concerned about just what to do in way of food, & are borrowing servants, cutlery, etc. from C. I. M. Many natives, some say hundreds (mostly opium smokers) have left the city during the short stay of the Consul, they greatly fear complication. This the conclusion of the Anglo-Chinese Treaty & after this final inspection, the opium question will be China's own concern, hence the great anxiety to create a favorable impression. Officials have drastic measures to stop the growing of opium.

<sup>49</sup>Chen-yuan.

<sup>50</sup>Ichang on the Yangtze River, in Hupeh province.

April 9 — Monday. Weather mild, but downcast. Streets of the city were gay with the national flag. As we passed along noticed the flags have no set form, the official flag is five stripes of blue, red, yellow, white, black. But every shopkeeper seemed to have his own idea about the order of the colors, & if they were short of a certain color, they would [?] one another, as brown, pink, etc. A piece of cotton print frequently does service. Some flags only had the 3 wide stripes! All the flags were homemade. Some stripes ran parallel to the pole, others at right-angles.<sup>51</sup>

All morning & early afternoon met coolies carrying salt, this all comes from the salt wells of Szechwan.

Met some several chairs of officials preceding the B. C.<sup>52</sup> & later himself. The No. 1 Mandarin of Tsunyi "Da Kwan" came along & got down out of his chair & we exchanged cards & a few unintelligent words. Many soldiers accompanied the procession & about 20 chairs altogether.

Just before reaching Tzan Sang, had a short steep climb & then a long descent & the trail then led at the bottom of a narrow canyon, with high walls — more like bluffs.

Had some fine boiled sweet potatoes & opened one of my tins of butter for the first time. Also had the good bread from Mrs. Olesen.

April 10 — Tuesday. The greater part of the road followed up a narrow valley — more like a canyon, frequently with precipitate walls rising straight up to a great height. We climb a rather low pass & then a long descent.

The mountains are of a different type than those of western Kweichow, being of greater mass; not so many small ones.

All day long passed coolie after coolie enroute Kweiyang with heavy loads of salt. Also saw some few dozen coolies going north carrying 3 & sometimes 4 bales of the coarse silk, wrapped in oil paper, destined for Tibet. Also some few bundles of Kweichow paper, bound north.

Today for the first time, saw an eating shop, weighing out bowls of cooked rice to the customers. The Chinese in their trading are constantly weighing the articles. The silver chunks are weighed. Each shopper or peddler carries his Chinese scale, in a wooden case, thrust thru his girdle, like a sword & thus he goes forth to haggle & perhaps buy. To argue & haggle the price is one of the joys & sports of the Asiatic & especially the Chinese. They also quarrel over the accuracy of each others [sic] scales & the quality of his silver chunks.

On cold days some Chinese carry around with them a small basket in which is set a jar or metal bowl which holds a charcoal fire. These baskets they hold under their long coats or robes so as to get the full benefit of the heat. They are also placed in the closed chair.

West of Kweiyang I noticed many mountains or high cone-shaped hills with stone walls upon the peak, these were generally near a village, to which the villagers fled when marauding bands were near.

<sup>51</sup>The flag of the Republic of China, 1912-1928, suggested the disunity of the period: five unembellished horizontal bars bearing the colors, from top to bottom, red, yellow, blue, white, and black.

<sup>52</sup>British Consul, that is.

Have noticed occasionally that some of the Chinese still wear the pig-tail, some seem loath to part with this badge of servitude, required by the old Manchu regime. Most of those who have cut their que [sic] are at a loss just how to wear their hair. Many follow the fashion of shaving their heads as formerly, but allowing the unshaved part to hang about 8" to 12" long, unbraided.

The dogs of China are indeed a sorry looking lot — exceeding even the poor caravan ponies, which slip & slide over there [sic] tortuous, rock roads. The dogs find the scraps few & far between from the Chinese dinner table. They are mangy, many have festering sores, & continually [sic] growling at one another, seldom having enough sand [sic] to offer fight, unless the odds are overwhelmingly in their favor. They assist the children in their toilet. The chickens appear more healthy. They run & peck at each expectoration, & the Chinese are continually coughing & spitting in a most offensive manner.

In some of the larger cities one sees the Chinese peddler, who has a large brass water pipe & furnishes this with a pipe-full of tobacco to willing customers as he passed down the street. This man ranks very low on the social scale. The barber also has a low rating, socially.

Many of the Chinese officials wear a ceremony hat, frequently wear a foreign derby or bowler hat, sometimes a black felt hat. This is worn on top of their small Chinese hat!! It is worn on gala occasions. The old magistrate of Tsunyi wore one yesterday as he escorted the Consul.

In Itzu-hung, where I spent the night in an old gentleman's best room, there was an empty coffin stored in the adjoining room presented by the dutiful son to his worthy father. This was considered an extreme mark of affection on the part of the son & is considered a very fine thing to do. I was glad when the old gentleman assured me that the coffin was empty.

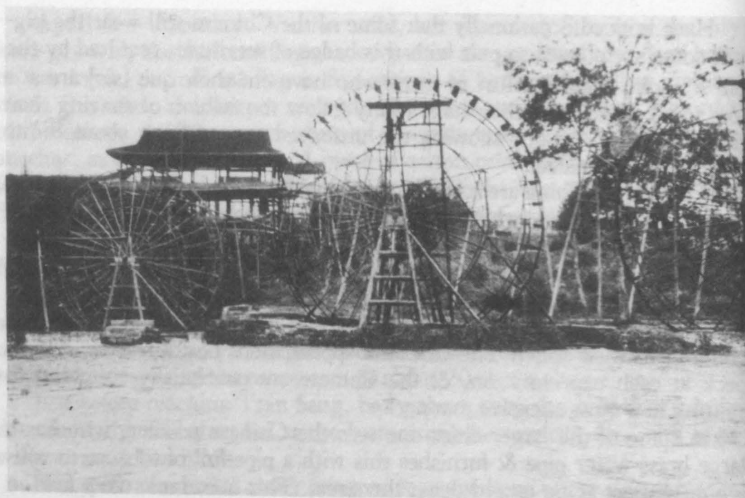
The valley opened out slightly as we approached the city of Tung Tzo,<sup>53</sup> of more than ordinary size. I again had the same room as at Tzan Song, which had been specially fitted with a new bed for the B. C. Large canopy, etc.

April 11 — Wednesday. Shortly after starting we started to climb slowly & continued to do so until about 2 o'clock, when we reached the head of the pass, which was shrouded in mist & quite cold. We were unable to see the nearby mt. tops because of the mist that was blowing in. The road then descended down towards a small river, & we followed this river valley for some distance. For over an hour we followed along the river, the path at the bottom of the canyon, with its steep walls, not unlike that of the Namti River in Yunnan,<sup>54</sup> up which the French R.R. runs.

Today many of the inns were built over the road, for the steep slope did not allow room alongside [sic]. Many small inns are noticeable —

<sup>53</sup>Tung-tse.

<sup>54</sup>The Nam-ti River, a tributary that partly parallels the Red River and merges with it at Lao Kai.



Coolies treading water-wheels.

serving to endless string of coolies [sic] carrying salt from Sung Kan.<sup>55</sup> The salt comes from the great salt wells of Szechwan & it is over this road that Kweichow receives practically all its salt. The coolies, who carry the large black packs of salt arching high over their backs & heads, carrying about 120 catties (170 lbs) & for the journey from Sung Kan to Tsunyi, which ordinarily takes a chair 4 days, but requires 7 days for this method of heavy weight carrying. For this they receive 4,000 cash, or Tael 2 (\$3.00).

Noticed some coolies carrying bundles of Szechwan medicine to the south, also great bales of dried orange peel.

Today's scenery was the most beautiful I have yet seen. Took a picture of two irrigation water wheels. Also saw a small unused plant for making paper, with the rough chipped stone roller on a chipped stone flooring — cement-lined vat & trough, etc.

Here is my reading list since leaving Kweiyang: the Bible, Science & Health & Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. I enjoy a bit of each daily. Covered 70 li & stopped at Chin Tzan,<sup>56</sup> a great salt market & found a very filthy inn. My room was over a pig pen & other smells!

**April 12 — Thursday.** There were three climbs today — not very high. Most of the way the road followed the river, which in places flowed thru a high-walled canyon. It seemed there was a constant stream of salt coolies & quite a number of boys and I saw one woman carrying a small pack on her hobbling feet! Many, many coolie inns were strung along the road, usually the road passed right thru them. At one place there were

<sup>55</sup>Also Song-kan.

<sup>56</sup>Possibly Ching-yang.

several connected and we passed under [the] roof for some distance. This morning as we left Chin Tzan we crossed a roofed bridge sheltering idols & gaily stone carved pillars to the bridge. One notices the variety of carrying packs. Unusual is the tripod one which extends far out in front. The wood frame shoulder strap pack for heavy loads. Then the regular carrying pole with a resting hooked stick and the loaded [pack] balances one end on high.

Sung Kan has a pretty setting & it is too [sic] here that the flat shallow draft boats carry the salt from Szechwan & the coolies carry it on. Many large wealthy salt firms here. They have started a separate suburb with all new buildings. Hence there are great numbers of carrying coolies in the town, which has many coolie inns & many shops selling the strong native woven cotton cloth. The river here is very shallow & the boats carry very light loads. I was followed by a great crowd as I walked along the packed street & when I crossed the river & climbed the opposite bank for a picture of [the] city, a great crowd thronged either bank watching me climb up. Two soldiers crossed over & followed me, two others met on this side again & followed behind me thru the street. I paid .08¢ for one orange!! A young Chinese official called, who is travelling to Chungking also. He said that beginning tomorrow when we crossed the Szechwan border we would be in the danger zone for robbers — that is for three days. He wished to bring his silver & put [it] in my boxes, thinking they would be safer than on his person or luggage. He spoke French & Japanese. As we entered the city there was the body of a man who had just been executed for robbery & by his side sat his wife, weeping bitterly.

**April 13 — Friday.** Late last evening the young mandarin brought a roll of silk robes & wished me to carry them for the coming three days — past the danger zone.

The trail immediately struck off on a steep ascent & followed a wild & picturesque canyon. The road crossed the narrow gorge twice. The most weird & wild scenery I have yet seen. There was one long ascent and we made only a short stage putting up at a fair inn at Kwan Yin Chow<sup>57</sup> — only going about 45 li. About 30 li from Sun Kan we crossed the Szechwan-Kweichow border, marked by a large stone slab & another bearing the name of a Chinese official who was particularly active in ridding this notorious road of robbers. Three years ago no one dared to go over it. I made the chair & horses stay close together all the way. The young mandarin's chair also stayed very close to our party. Took a few group pictures in front of the tablets at the S-K border.

**April 14 — Saturday.** Away in the rain this morning but it cleared after a few [hours] however, we took a *sharp* high ascent & the trail then followed high up on a long ridge for a long ways before descending to the river. We ferried across at Kan Shui where 2 rivers join[,] where the coolies had tiffin & I sardines & crackers.

<sup>57</sup>Apparently Qi-yang chow.



I won the affection of an elderly citizen of the village by giving him the empty tin. Such articles are much prized in interior China. The scenery was very pretty following along the river bank. Many boats coming and going — all small ones with three men & of very shallow draft & carry little cargo. Have a new coolie, an old hand, who is splendid. His lusty & frequent cries keep the chair at a fast pace when he leads the four. At four passed a village, Tai-ping-chow which must be quite a shipping place — many inns. The horses here took another road & feared I had lost them, for we waited at the head of the canyon for some time. One coolie presumed they had taken another road[,] so we proceeded on to Dzen-Tzu gi where we stopped for the night, covering some 65 li. Here they have a blast furnace for smelting iron, with charcoal, & an air pump on a horizontal water wheel. The iron comes out in forms some 4 by 3 feet, very crude looking — & crudely shaped in this awkward plates [sic]. The stand has an outer case of wood & the rock is filled in up to the fire brick — standing about 20 feet high. Unable to buy a chicken here. Last night the town only had one chicken for sale & when we picked it, found it was black!! Chinese consider them a delicacy.

April 15 — Sunday. On the road by 6:30 — up at 5 o'clock — as we covered some 80 li. The road for a long way followed high up on a long line of hills. The country looks more prosperous & people better dressed. Many small patches under cultivation. Less mustard is being grown. Some of the inns boasted of a chimney to their stove, which had more of a workmanlike appearance — they are clay moulded around wicker work — with large round shallow pans. Today marks the end of the danger zone for robbers. The last 10 li of the road followed on the bank of a wide river giving a fine view of the boats coming & going. The stone road was extremely good — being large stones — fitting closely. The town of Ki-Kiang, of considerable size, is stretched for several li along the river bank & not very wide, the high steep bluffs not permitting much growth in that direction. Called at the Catholic Mission but the padre was out. The only chickens to be had are of black meat. Bought 2 oranges for 16¢. For \$1.00 we got 1600 cash. Fou'ton is much improved in health. He has had a substitute for 3 days. He is the only one that has come all the way from Yunnanfu with me. On high ridges along the road from prominent lookouts I noticed sentinel soldiers — for robbers.

April 16 — Monday. Ferried across the river after leaving the inn & had an [sic] steep ascent — the stage being very short today. Had trouble with my chair coolies — too much stopping & resting. At one place when I called for the chair to start two of them stayed away & found them in a rooming [house] lying down smoking. I grabbed them & threw them both out, much to their surprise. The military officer in charge of soldiers at Ki-Kiang passed in his chair with much pomp — it was like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Met no horses today. The caravans usually stop at Sung Kan, a few go as far as Ki-Kiang, where there was no stable for my horses — having to go back some 10 li. I notice that here in Lung-

gan this evening many people gathered around to look at the horses. This [is] a small village — situated on a bluff — all the houses joined & the road passes directly thru them all — like a great American R.R. snowshed. The inns and eating houses have their waiter call out the qualities of the establishment — “barkers.”

Along the road the natives are very keen for fertilizer — the smell resulting from their efforts is abominable along the road.<sup>58</sup> What a great thing if some one [sic] would convert this foul air into a good fertilizer. Am told that the young Chinese student can not study, silently, but must sing & shout his lessons in chorus, also that he *must* study aloud with his companions, being unable to study alone. Many of the fields of Szechwan are more advanced in preparation for the rice — some paddy transplanting plots being in evidence. Unable to buy a white meat chicken here!

April 17 — Tuesday. Had a row with the fou'ton last evening — told him things were very unsatisfactory & that one coolie must be discharged. Today the chair made excellent time & things went fine. We covered 80 li over a fairly good road, but very narrow — bordering between paddy field & noticed many wheat & barley plots. The Szechwan people are very stingy with the ground for the roadway — so narrow. The horses arrived long after chair, two of them are about exhausted. The remaining 40 li will be about all they will be able to do — am glad for their sake that there are no more days.

Every night in Szechwan it has rained & the mornings drizzling & so foggy & misty — but the afternoons have cleared up fine. Took two time exposures of fine bridges — have 3 films left & will “shoot” the chair & coolies. Hope to arrive by midday at Chungking.

Last night as I lay in bed I could hear Suen talking to the villagers — all seated in the big court, where are the tables, stools, stoves, etc. He was telling them of the trip we had made thus far, of the places visited & further thrilled them with a long list of places that we had yet to travel to — I was quite surprised at the extent of the trip yet in the future — some of it was startling information. The yokels exclaimed their wonderment at such great travellers. Really it was an interesting tale, exceedingly well told. The inn this evening is fair — it has one fine feature — its proximity to Chungking.

April 18 — Wednesday. On the road at 6 o'clock hurrying on towards the great city of *Chungking* — Metropolis of Western China. Coolies, mafoos & self anxious to get to the end of the journey. Left horses & mafoos to come on later — two of the horses are about exhausted — they frequently laid down yesterday. As we passed thru the hills bordering the River noticed many foreign houses — summer homes of Chungking foreigners. Within a few li of the River we started descending sharply & rapidly. Not many chairs coming up from the river. We took a flat bottom boat & ferried across the river. The boat could not make the landing &

<sup>58</sup>Human waste, generally known as “night soil” to westerners, is widely used in Asia for fertilizer.



Scenes of Fritz's caravan in Szechwan province.



was swept past [sic] by strong running current & we swung around in the swirl below some rocks, which we had just missed. Coolies at one of the big sweeps were thrown down & coal tipped over.<sup>59</sup> Finally landed down river & it was a long ride to the American Consulate where I found mail. Called at the C. I. M. American Consul leaves in two days for sea board so am staying at the Chungking Hotel — fairly good Chinese hotel. I was surprised at the size of the River at this distance from Shanghai.

April 19, 1917 — Chungking. The Yangtze River known to the Chinese as the Great River requires some 20 minutes to cross,<sup>60</sup> the swift current carrying the boat far down the opposite shore. Many foreigners have bungalows [sic] up on the First Range, being cooler in the summer & free from the smoke & filth of the native city.

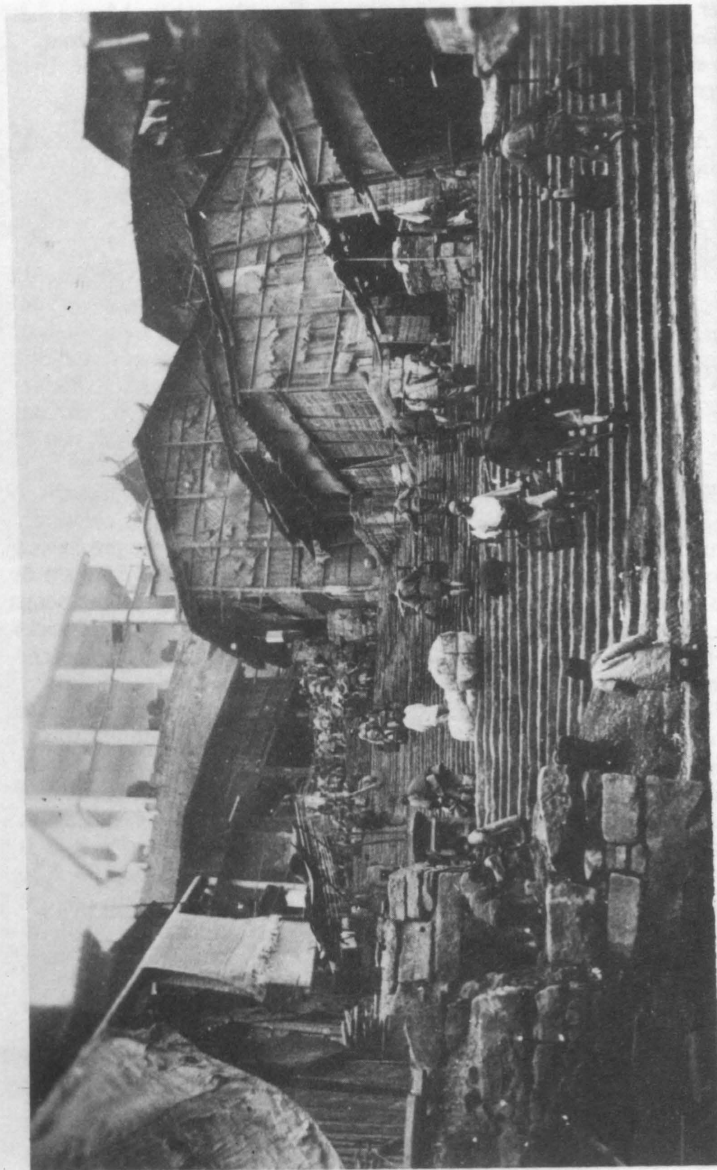
Taiping Wen in the chief gate thru which passes all the river cargo up the steep stone steps from the boats to the various streets. There is a constant stream of coolies carrying merchandise & produce up these steps & also a never ending string of coolies carrying water to supply the city. The Customs House is just here and I am stopping with Mr. Cheshire (Eng.) & Carl Neprud (American.) They have their "mess" on first floor [sic], being the indoor staff. Very comfortable quarters & splendid view of the river, far down below.

The city is built on the junction of the "Small River & the Great R." On a great high rock, like a miniature Gibraltar. The city is compactly placed between these two rivers — with walls rising from the precipitous rocks. Great numbers of river craft of all sizes are plying down stream & then coming up stream are the boats towed by chanting coolies some times 16 or more to a boat. Then a swimmer frees the rope from the rocks & obstructions. It is hard and perilous calling — constantly slipping and falling over wet and slippery rocks — in & out of cold water.

The steamer had just made its first trip — the new crack boat with high speed & shallow draft — to run the Gorges was filled with fine roomy cabins. Three other boats are in the service to Ichang (600 miles down stream). No insurance company will carry the risk on these boats. The returns are very high as freight is very expensive, about 03¢ an English pound — up river, \$60.00 per ton!! The fare down river 1st class is C\$40.00 & \$3 per day for chow — up river it is about C\$80.00. The cargo junks carry the great bulk of the freight — insurance on the cargo is 8% to 10%!! It is surprising the vast volume of cargo which passes down thru Chungking from points of this wealthy province — Much freight is carried on the many rivers of Szechwan, which are navigable for extreme lengths. Szechwan is a great exporter of Chinese medicines — largely of

<sup>59</sup>"In the centre of the prow of the boat is fastened a long stick of timber which extends back into the boat from ten to fifteen feet and even further out beyond the prow, where it tapers to the size of a large oar. It turns from side to side as if on a pivot, and is managed by means of ropes. It is called a 'sweep,' and its use is to turn the boat in the rapids and swift currents where the rudder is not of sufficient power." The Rev. Virgil C. Hart, *Western China: A Journey to the Great Buddhist Centre of Mount Omei* (Boston: Ticknor and Co., 1888), pp. 33-34.

<sup>60</sup>The Yangtze is 300 yards wide at Chungking, where the water level varies 70 feet between summer and winter. Tregear, *Geography of China*, p. 232.



Main custom house in Chungking.

the Chinese materia medica — they range all the way from Tiger's bones to bat dung, etc. The main exports are hides, casings, feathers, bristles, silk, wood oil, ramie,<sup>61</sup> hemp, insect white-wax and vegetable tallow. Musk & wood from Tibet also are big items.

Have met many missionaries[,] English, Canadian and American. Missionaries are firmly established, many schools to the west of the city. Thursday 19th attended evening prayer meeting for the missionaries. At Friday tiffin had Chinese chow with Americans at Dr. McCartney's, a fine gentleman.

American river gun-boat "Pellos" left 19th April for down river, Shanghai — the crew to return to America. It was upon my arrival in Chungking I first heard of America declaring war on Germany (1917).<sup>62</sup>

Sunday had tiffin at Buttz's on the "First Range" & dinner with Bruce Smith in his comfortable bungalow. It is the custom here when dining across the river to stay all night. Monday night stopped with Widler, a very interesting fellow, who has been in about every province in China for Williams P.P.P.P.<sup>63</sup> He is a great trader. Tuesday night dinner party at Rucker's & received my telegram (from Hong Kong) giving extension of time & so am leaving for Chengtu (via the great brine wells) & then to Tachienlu [sic] — "Gate to Thibet"!!<sup>64</sup>

Mr. Andrews of the C. I. M. arranged with the coolie hong to take my chair & baggage to Chengtu, 12 days, 7 men for 63,840 cash — at the rate of 760 cash per day per man, U.S. .12 cents.<sup>65</sup> Five cities were stipulated for payment to be made in route 21,000 cash was paid at Chungking. Also the proviso, that if I stop I am to pay .10¢ silver (5 cents U.S.) to each man per day. On my letter of credit to Hongkong for \$3.00, received \$291.

On night of the 25th when I was all arranged to leave in the early morning, Suen backed water & cried, not wishing to. The real cause of the matter, is his delicate physique and homesickness for his kin & countrymen in Hongkong. He is not rugged enough for so strenuous a trip overland, altho I have furnished him with a horse all the way from Yunnanfu. He has been ailing & complaining & has been really a drag — a *very poor* travelling boy. We at once set to work getting clues out for an English speaking boy — a scarce article in this port, so far up river.

Sent out 60 li in country for a man we heard had just returned from Peking. At Mackenzie & Co. Mr. Nicholson put me in touch with a good prospect. Boy came & found he spoke good English, having spent some

<sup>61</sup>A perennial plant indigenous to Asia that produces a fiber capable of being spun or woven into a coarse fabric resembling linen.

<sup>62</sup>The Senate adopted a resolution of war on April 4, the House of Representatives on April 6, 1917. The U.S.S. *Palos* was an armed, shallow-draft vessel of 190 tons built specifically for duty on the Yangtze River. *Jane's Fighting Ships, 1931* (London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., 1931), p. 486.

<sup>63</sup>"William's Pink Pills for Pale People," a patent medicine.

<sup>64</sup>Tachienlu was less commonly written as Tatsienlu and Tach-ienlu; and "Thibet" is the archaic rendition popular in the 19th century and earlier.

<sup>65</sup>H. Edwin V. Andrews first served as Secretary of Schools in Chefoo, Shantung, upon arriving in China in 1906. C.I.M., *List of Missionaries*, p. 19.

time in England, been many years in employ of Nicholson's [sic] & Clark-son's. Originally a river trader, of fine physique. He spoke good Western Mandarin. Agreed on \$18.00 per month (U.S. \$9.00) & .50¢ silver per day chair allowance. The day was half gone & so had to wait over. On the following morning the man came & said his father wished him to return home & so brought his brother, whom I liked better. Chang Ta Fa spoke better English, not "pidgin" English & much cleaner looking. He had worked for Nicholson's for some thirteen years & understood foreign ways. Took him at same wage & in half hour he was ready and we were on our way by 9 o'clock.

Along the River are temporary mat sheds — the "line" at 40 cash per — equivalent of .01¼¢ gold.

Day before leaving walked out into the country & called on the 7th Day Adventists, for they had made the trip to Tachienlu a few months ago. Their information was very meager.

Many well dressed young Chinese in the city — most all wearing a short black broad-cloth jacket and long coat and trowsers [sic] of silk. The large silk shops have many well dressed young fellows sitting about — indicating prosperity. Also on the streets great numbers of beggars in filth and rags, many are cripples. Noticed one man's ear had all rotted away and a large circular hole reached far into his head, he stood holding his head, how he lived with this awful sore, I know not. In Anshunfu I had seen a man with a large hole reaching from his lower lip to within an inch of his eyes, running matter and you could look into his throat. A most hideous sight!

These beggars are to be found chiefly in the large cities, where they flock from the small towns.

Chungking exports much "vegetable tallow." The fruit is 3-celled & after drying in the sun, they open & give 3 seeds covered with a white substance, which is tallow & is removed by steaming & rubbing thru a bamboo sieve, which withholds the seeds. Fat [that] is melted & moulded into cakes is known in trade as "Pi-yu." An oil is also extracted from the seeds, known as "Ting-yu." Sometimes the tallow, seed & all are crused [sic] & mixed product is known as "Mou-yu." Yield of fat & oil is about 30% by weight of the seeds. All 3 products are used in making candles. But Pi-yu is the best, having a higher melting point & requiring less insect white-wax. All three products are used in Europe & A. [sic] for soap-making. The tree itself is long-lived & grows 40 to 500 feet high.

[Six-day Stopover at Chungking — No Entries]

— April 27, 1917 — Friday. Immediately upon leaving the West Gate, 52 near the American Consulate, we passed over low rolling hills, simply

packed close with Chinese graves; this continued for some little distance. Some say it is the largest grave-yard in the world!!<sup>66</sup>

The day was ideal and the coolies walked at a good swinging stride. Two carrying coolies each carry 80 catties — about 100 English pounds. Fu'ton carries some 30 catties for which I will give him extra cumsha at Chengtu. The chair I have borrowed from Rucker of the B-A.T. Co.<sup>67</sup> The entire caravan looked efficient and ready for long stages. The Chinese li — varies in measurement — the li of the plain & the mountain li — the hundredth part of the distance a man can walk from sun rise to sun down.

The country we passed thru was gently rolling — with many patches of wheat and barley headed out, the latter turning ripe. The little farmstead looked very prosperous compared to those of Kweichow. More people & better dressed also. Little clumps of bamboo trees, like great plumes around each cottage. The villages were at very frequent intervals.

We covered 80 li and arrived at *Tsou Ma Kang*, where we found a fair inn. The Fu'ton was very helpful & soon everything was ship-shape. We arrived late, not having left Chungking until 9 A.M. We passed under many fine "pei-fangs," with fine scrolls & figures in stone of their gods & scenes of every day life, all artistically portrayed in stone.

April 28 — Saturday. Up at 5 o'clock, when fully dressed, breakfast was ready. While I ate the Fu'ton knocked down the bed & racked same & bedding & all loads loaded, but one box waiting for my breakfast dishes. By 5:30 o'clock we were on the road travelling!! The way the Boy (Chang) arranged every-thing was marvelous. I never experienced such speed and dispatch before on this trip. Truly it is a great blessing to have a Boy who is resourceful and experienced, and possessing executive ability. I do not have to look after every little detail & do many things for myself as formerly. Suen was more like an infirm little old man, taking much time to do little and showing little "savee" at the game. I would far rather have this fellow at \$28, than Suen at \$18.00, instead of visa versa [sic] as before.

We passed thru two large market cities, which would be considered very important in Kweichow. Here are so many people, a constant string of traffic, but few pack horses. We covered 120 li arriving at *Yung Chuan Hsien* at 6 o'clock, where we found a very good inn.<sup>68</sup> Here I paid the coolies 10,500 cash — exchange at 1620. I had just sat down to do my usual writing when in walked the Boy with my dinner (boiled chicken) already prepared. He had bought the chicken at the previous stop and hurried on ahead selecting the room & starting the dinner as soon as the

<sup>66</sup>The Revolution of 1949 produced some land reforms long promoted by agriculturalists. Since Confucian teaching required great reverence for ancestors, cemeteries and gravesites often occupied some of the best farmland available, perhaps as much as 2% of the whole. Thus, many cemeteries have been converted to food production again and some larger graves moved to marginal sites. Cf. Tregear, *Geography of China*, p. 109.

<sup>67</sup>British-American Tobacco Company. James A. Thomas, *A Pioneer Tobacco Merchant in the Orient* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1928), is an interesting autobiographical account.

<sup>68</sup>Yung-chuan hsien.

chow boxes arrived. He has the fastest coolie carrying these. The fou'ton puts up the bed and in no time things are all set for the night.

We went to bed early as it had been a long and hard day. The road was in much better condition than those of Kweichow — the flag stones are better laid.

April 29 — Sunday. Awoke & found it raining, which it continued to do until about 4 o'clock & then it let up. We covered 120 li again today arriving at Yung Ch'ang Hsien, a large city with many soldiers in evidence.

The inn was the finest I have yet been in. I had the "Mandarin Room." Large black-lacquered bed & fine hand carved chairs and one large table with two smaller ones. Picture and character scrolls decorated the walls. The court yard was large and spacious and the many tables in the front part were all filled.

The inn was but recently built and everything was in good repair. The large "cafe" crowd stopped late and my six soldiers, who had just received the 1200 cash from me, were having a large party, with much conversation. An officer called & said that it was quite necessary for me to have six soldiers again tomorrow — as it was "bad country." He stated that the soldier escort would not be permitted to carry guns unless their [sic] were six soldiers, for a smaller number increased the danger of robbers stealing the guns from the soldiers! Why do Chinese inns place the piggery with noisy pigs so close to the best room?

April 30 — Monday. On the road by 5:45 A.M. and covered 100 li arriving early at Lung Ch'ang Hsien 3:30 o'clock.<sup>69</sup> The chair coolies farmed out their jobs at frequent intervals & with this constant change of fresh recruits, we made very good time. The carrying coolies did likewise. Much argument always precedes each agreement, which is sometimes actually closed only after the chair has gotten under way. Each coolie appearing indifferent to each other's counter offers until the very last second.

This noon we passed thru a large city & there was a procession with a large painted paper house carried on a float as it passed down the main street. [E]ach householder and shopkeeper threw into the house some candles and the sacrificial paper money. Chang said it was to appease and satisfy the gods, to ward off fire — so that no home might suffer from being burned down. Later the paper house was to be burned.

Noticed many cows in groups of twos and threes carrying large packs of very fine looking coal in huge chunks. The pack saddles in Szechwan are of wider spread and longer sides, with much better and softer native made saddle cushions or blankets.

Obtained a good view of an ornate pei-fang with the chair in front. Also one of an old coolie carrying a tremendous load of iron water kettles. The weather was ideal, in sharp contrast to yesterday's all day rain.

<sup>69</sup>Lung-ch'ang hsien.

The inn here is very large & seems to enjoy a large patronage. The entrance to the last court, where are located the best rooms has four large folding-doors — lacquered black, with a great rampant dragon in gilt charging across — truly a unique entrance.

Here I again paid the fou'ton as per contract — 7000 cash with exchange at 1636, better rate than last evening.

This evening for dinner the market was sold out of *live white* chickens & so had rice with scrambled eggs, fried sweet potatoe, stewed prunes, bread, jam and cocoa. Not a bad dinner for far western China?

Last night the fou'ton came asking for a "pork money" allowance. I promised that they might have some at *Tzu-liu-ching*. This amounts to about 110 cash per man, for a ½ catty of pork. The granting of this allowance lies largely at the discretion of the traveller.

May 1 — Tuesday. Branched off the main highway — between Chungking and Chengtu and still kept going west over a very good stone road. Weather was dull and fine for walking. Shortly before noon passed thru quite a large city holding market, *Huang Chiao Ch'ang*[,] and a continual stream of people going to market, many of them were bringing a few rolls of the "ching ma" thread to sell. At 3 o'clock we arrived at Niu-ko-tu and found a fair inn, covering much ground, having several courts & not all in a direct line. Boy bought a fine chicken enroute, the fou'ton carrying it on his load.

China is rich in raw economic products of vegetable origin, that is in plants yielding oil-producing seeds, lacquer, fibres & paper-making products. Along the way from Chungking observed many wood oil trees. Wood oil is shipped in great quantities from Wanhsien, the latter & Changteh are the two great shipping markets — primary markets. The Young Brothers Trading Co. are building & later to build a steam plant & ship by junk direct to Hankow. Sometimes it is called "Tung Oil." It is attracting attention as a substitute for linseed oil.<sup>70</sup> It is a small tree preferring the hillside & rock locations. The white flowers are now in evidence — later a green apple-like fruit ripens in Sept. which has 3 to 5 seeds — much like Brazil nuts. Fruit is gathered[,] covered with straw & fermentation sets in[,] & seeds are crushed in a circular trough by a heavy stone. The mass is partially roasted & then placed in wooden vats fitted with wicker bottoms & steamed. Then made into cakes 18" in diameter & placed in a press, worked by driving wooded wedges & squeezing out the brown oil. It is then packed in tubs & bamboo baskets. 40% of weight of kernels produces oil. Refuse cakes are used for fertilizers. It is the paint oil of China, for boats, etc. If boiled for two hours it is used for waterproofing silk. Mixed with lime & bamboo shavings is used for caulking boats — also used to adulterate lacquer, varnish. The lamp black from

<sup>70</sup>Tung oil derives from two species of indigenous trees, the hardier and more productive of which grows in Szechwan, Hunan, Kweichow, and Hupeh provinces. Efforts to grow the tree in the U.S., mainly Florida, began in 1905. *China Weekly Review*, XLIX (July 13, 1929), 306, noted that 100 million pounds of the oil, valued at \$13,319,000, had been exported during the previous year.

burning the fruit husks is used for making Chinese ink. Seeds look something like shelled Brazil nut, but smaller.

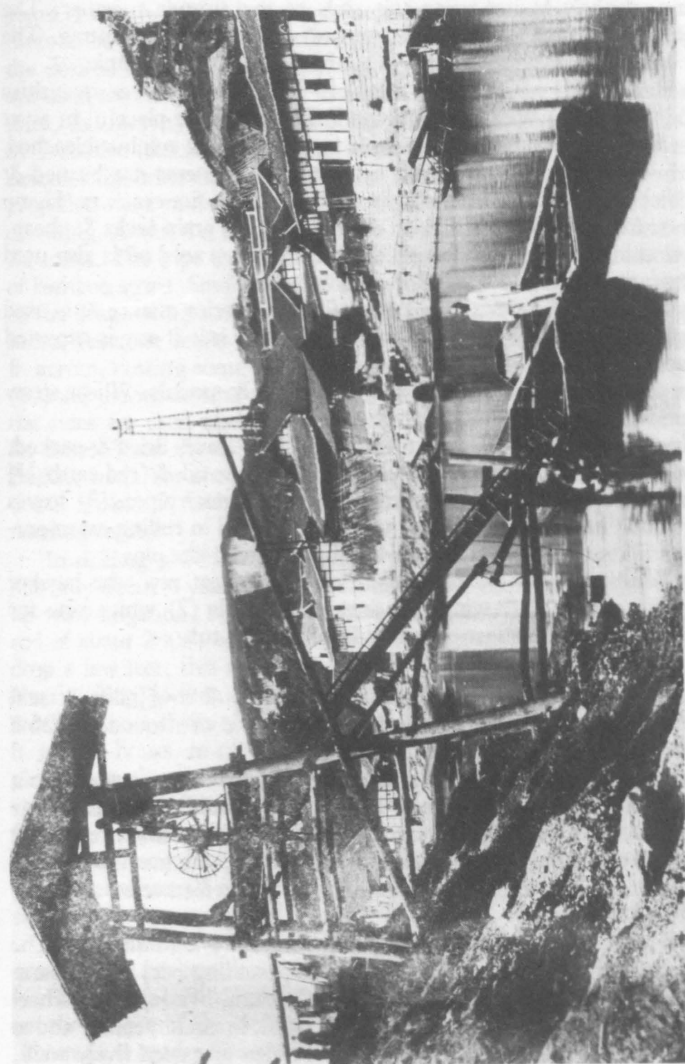
The varnish tree is also in bloom on rocky hillsides — but is a much larger tree ranging upwards of 40 feet or more. The trunk is tapped in early July — incision from 4" to 12" in length by 1" wide in bark down to the wood & sap is collected in bamboo tubes. Tapped in the morning, containers are gathered in the evening. Sap continues for 7 days, when another slice is made — this is repeated 7 times. Then [the] tree is allowed about 5 years to recover. A large tree will yield about 5 to 7 lbs of varnish, which is pure white, but changes to black. Crude varnish is black, & is the most indestructible varnish known. Brown varnish — mixed with boiled wood oil gives the brown shade. Cinnabar is added in equal parts to brown varnish to make the red. Orpiment is added to the brown to make the yellow varnish. 3 tests for adulteration[:] (1) smell; (2) if varnish is allowed to drip[,] [the] strand will remain unbroken if pure, but will break if adulterated; (3) placed on [a] sheet of soft Chinese paper, the varnish "Runs" if adulterated, because paper absorbs adulterant. Foreign name is "Ningpo varnish" because [of] Ningpo carpenters. Hardens only & best in moist atmosphere — for by slow drying at normal temperatures oxygen is absorbed, amounting to 5.75% by weight of the original substance. Complete oxidation due to action of a ferment. Chinese lacquer in raw state is poisonous to many people — producing swellings. Seeds of the tree are also pressed & oil used for making candles.

May 2 — Wednesday. We seemed to meet a coolie carrying salt every minute or two, or continual stream carrying the crystal salt from *Tzu-liu-ching*.

After rounding a sharp turn on a hill-top we saw against the horizon many scaffolds, like oil-gushers — being the famous salt wells of *Tzu-liu-ching*. There were any number covering the many hills, stretching far to the west. Coming to the first suburb we saw many boats lined up to one shore loading with salt, which was to go down river, join a branch which joins the parent river (Yangtze) at *Luchow*.<sup>71</sup>

The city was strung out over a great area — in long straggling rows leading to the main salt well areas. It is said that all told there are some million people in this district. It is the center of millionaires & clan fortunes in W. China. The streets were very busy and had much difficulty in securing a room owing to the large number of Yunnanese troops which are moving up from the South. After getting a room, called at the Canadian Methodist Mission & was invited to stay with Mr. & Mrs. Jolliffe. Also met some of the other families & Dr. Crawford & looked over their splendid big hospital. Dr. C. is a young Canadian from Toronto & a fine chap. Mrs. J. comes from Winnipeg. Have arranged to visit the various phases of the salt industry tomorrow, one of China's oldest industries.

Today again we passed many people bringing to market rolls of fibre thread — this is what the Customs call "Ramie," but the raw product is really "China-grass" or "Ching ma." The poorer quality is exported;



Salt wells, bamboo pipelines, and loading docks in Szechwan.

the best is kept for native weaving. The poorer grades serve the purpose in using with foreign machines. In Chungking I saw samples of underwear cloth made in Denmark from this fibre. The plant grows from 3 to 6 feet tall, the leaves are large & silver on the underside. Every farmstead has a little patch & I have seen day after day many women sitting in the doorways of their homes tying the ends of the strands together. The Szechwan grass cloth is coarse, as compared to that of Kwantung. The export is the fibre & not the cloth — but both are classed as ramie.

(Cannabis?) Hemp — "Hon Ma" [—] is raised in large quantities around P'i Hsien[,] Wen Chiang Hsien.<sup>72</sup> The stems are place[d] in a vat of water for a few days & then sun-dried in & stacked & sulphur-bleached. Then the fibrous bark is removed by hand. Wood stems are burned & ashed [sic] mixed with gunpowder in the making of fire-crackers. Hemp is the best for cordage & rope. Also used for making grain sacks & cheap, coarse clothing — river-boat people use much. Hemp seed oil is also used as a lubricant — does not congeal in cold weather.

Abutilon — "Tung-ma" [—] has a fibre of inferior quality & is used principally for making string & in caulking boats. Little if any is exported from Szechwan.

Rice-straw is used for making bed-mattresses & sandals. Wheat straw for large, wide-brimmed hats.

Tobacco is treated in 3 different ways. (1) large leaves dried & packed, (2) small leaves dried & treated with Chinese rope-oil & red-earth [?] then pressed & shaved into fine shreds & used in water pipes, (3) leaves are cut with a part of stem & hung up to dry & used in rolling extemporaneous little cigars to fit into the bowl of the long reed-like pipe.

Two kinds of sugar (1) red stalks, which they eat raw, the hawker shaving the outside & leaving red rings at intervals (2) white-cane for extracting a brown soft sugar packed in large wooden tubs.

May 3 — Thursday. Up at 6 o'clock and by 7 we (Jolliffe & self) were on our way to see the big salt & gas wells. We went out some 25 li taking [in] the chief wells & other sights enroute.

Truly this is a most interesting industry. The correct ideas worked out along primitive lines, with a waste of cheap labor and materials. Many fortunes have been made & the community is one of wealth. At one time 19 gentry of this place held influential posts in Peking, purchased with their money. These well owners have fine homes, are well-traveled and very keen on foreign goods.

We first stopped at one very large well, close to ¾ of a mile deep. The stand or derrick was about 110 ft. high, thus permitting [sic] a long bamboo bailer. Under the adjacent shed was a great drum, like [a] Ferris wheel laid on its side, measuring 18 ft. in diameter, 50 ft. in circumference and to this were hitched six large caribou, who were kept at a good lively walk, by the six drivers, who were continually beating them. Around the drum was wound the cable as it came up from the well. Each large well has between 80 to 100 caribou, the water buffaloe [sic] are used for two trips,

each trip lasts from 10 to 20 minutes. The W.B. then rest for 8 hrs.; the average life of a W.B. is about 4 years, the fast walking being very exhausting to these slow-moving beasts. They afford also an important by-product which is always very much in evidence. There are about 50 men to a well, making a total expense of about \$35. Each large well produces about 4 tons of salt. After this brine is hoisted it is headed for a gas well, there to be evaporated. There are various devices to transport this brine to the desired location. The many rounded hills offer obstacles. The coolies are used for carrying in short distances. Usual method is by bamboo pipe lines, in a gravity flow. For climbing hills the Dragon bone lift, propelled by 2 coolied (naked) treading on revolving wheels — with 3 or 4 of these cascades the brine can be lifted over a hill. Also continuous chain-buckets, propelled by a mule up in a high wooden tower is another method for elevating. About the longest pipe line from a salt well to a gas well is some 10 miles. The pipe line with cement of chalk and tung oil over windings of bamboo strips. Small scows filled with brine are taken up or down river to the evaporating shed, where sometimes a gas well supplies 100 pans or more. Pans are made of cast iron in cement moulds & measure about 4 ft. across, costing some \$60 & are good for about 70 heatings. Iron pieces (15) are placed around the sides of the shallow pans, to give capacity — the sides are mud cemented & covered with a salt glazed & then heated for 8 hrs. Then the brine is turned in & it continually drips into the pan. Boiling last[s] for about 4 days until a 4 to 6" layer is made & then taken out & broken & ready for the market. Iron pans are constantly cracking & needing repair.

In drilling a well, a long tedious process, lasting from 6 to 20 years, but only about 4 years of actual drilling[,] the rest of the time being taken up with litigation, breakage, lack of funds, etc. The drill is a 12 ft. iron rod of about 200#, with a 4" drill side. This rod is lowered & allowed to drop a few feet, this rod is raised with 4 coolies constantly stepping on a lever, lifting & then stepping off, dropping the iron drill. These coolies work in short shifts of a few minutes. The drill will sometimes average 3 ft. per 24 hours. In case of a leak of fresh water into the well, the well is plugged at the bottom with cement & drilling is commenced thru the ceement. Some 300,000 tons [of] salt annually are produced. A tax of \$1.25 per picul is imposed by the government,<sup>73</sup> making a big revenue for the G. [in] one year exceeding the customs. Production costs about ½¢ a pound and retails for about .3¢. Transportation of the finished product cost[s] 1/5 cent per pound for every 25 miles.

There are about 10,000 wells, less than half of which are active. The area of wells covers about 60 by 15 li.

The bailer is 3½" in diameter and from 60 to 110 ft. long, depending on the height of the derrick. A large bailer will lift over 650# of brine. The rope is made of bamboo strands, each of 30 strips each — measuring from 24 to 28 ft. long. The rope lasts about 20 days. A few wells have started to use steam donkey engines, with indifferent success owing to lack of knowledge with steam engines.

There is one interesting well that is used for feeding water by pouring water down it replenishes [sic] the supply of water, between the rock strata; the water becoming brine & so prevents 23 wells from going dry. The owner has used rice hulls to detect which wells are benefited by his water well — they paying him for the use of his well. In the afternoon visited this well with Dr. C. & had dinner at his home. Later met Mr. McIntyre & [illegible] of the C. I. M. at Wushan at Jollifes.<sup>74</sup> Many prospective refugees are quartered in the mission compound, fearing the Yunnanese troops, who control the town. The various approaches are controlled by the Y. soldiers. Yesterday I crossed "No-Man's Land" & no soldiers would dare go with me fearing they would be seized by the Yunnanese. At Chengtu matters are still very strained. Much looting & burning has been done. It is estimated that over 8,000 people have been injured, shot or burned by the revolting troops. They refuse to leave until receiving their pay & assurances of future employment.

May 4 — Friday. Started late from the C. I. M. compound & arranged for a draft on Chengtu. The road was very good, a little narrow, but in good repair. The country in topography resembled the "bad lands" west of the Missouri in N. Dak. The frequent mesa-like formations & eroded valleys. Little traffic on this road, as compared to the Great Highway. We stopped at *Lung-hui-chen*,<sup>75</sup> covering 65 li & found plenty of room, did not wish to go on 30 li further as there are some 500 soldiers billeted there & all accommodations [sic] would be taken. This morning the mission received a letter from Chengtu telling of three missionaries being robbed 90 li out from Chengtu. They were relieved of 3 watches, a gun, \$20, cutlery, etc. The robbers were farmers, & not soldiers, which is some relief. They reported to the magistrate, who said he knew who the robbers were, but that he could do nothing as Chengtu would not send him any soldiers. Lawless characters will start operating as they fear little from a provincial government that is split with fighting rival military groups — Y. & Szechwan.

Mr. Jollife's interesting questionnaire [sic]: For the Chinese: "Why have the salt boats twisted bows?"

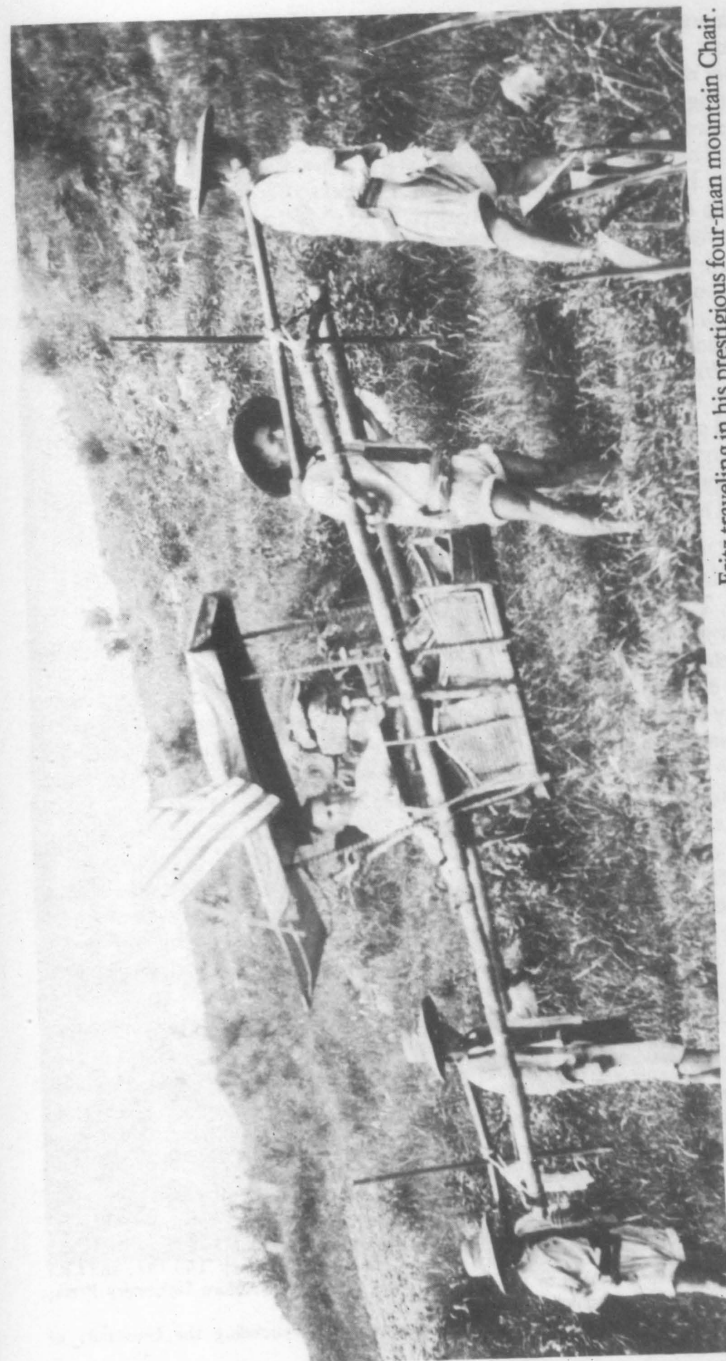
Foreigners: [" "]Why are the front wheels of a buggy smaller than the rear wheels?" Practically the same answers were given to both questions.

May 5 — Saturday. Today much cooler — yesterday being the hottest day yet experienced on the trip. Little of interest & little traffic. As we approached *Tzechow*,<sup>76</sup> we had to cross a ferry! We passed down thru busy streets thronged with Yunnanese soldiers enroute to Yunnan. Their bearing & general attitude was not very respectful. Everybody seemed keyed up & the general atmosphere of everything was one of tensions. Soldiers were enroute to their home province, to be disbanded, perhaps many will turn pirate. We spent over an hour looking for a room. Then called at the

<sup>74</sup>Wu-shan is situated on the Yangtze River in eastern Szechwan. R. L. McIntyre had been in China since 1902. C.I.M., *List of Missionaries*, p. 11.

<sup>75</sup>Lung-shui chen.

<sup>76</sup>Tzu-chow.



Fritz traveling in his prestigious four-man mountain Chair.  
(Note hoisted American Flag.)



American Methodist Mission & was invited by Mr. Torrey to stop with them, Dr. & Mrs. Libstrand, which I was glad to do and thus get away from the boistrous & rowdy soldiers. No one knew when they might start rioting & then looting, the favorite pastime of retiring soldiers. They seemed to be but in poor control.

*Tzechow* is a great sugar center, perhaps one of the few leading markets. Here I bought a catty each of preserved oranges, taken out of the syrup & then rolled in sugar, dry[,] and some loquats in the syrup. They are very fine & very hard to get elsewhere. Many large shops of baled native tobacco — we also passed many carrier coolies carry[ing] the crates to Tzu-liu-ching.

Dr. & Mrs. Libstrand are from Syracuse U. Mr. Torrey is from Baker in Kansas.

When I had sent my coolies to get the luggage from the inn to be taken out to the mission compound, the soldiers on guard at the gate refused passage & insisted on breaking open my boxes — they, not believing the coolies were in the employ of a travelling foreigner.

Some 500 soldiers arrived here from the north. Lo, the Yunnan leader, is to send his 14 *tai-tais*' (wives & concubines) in two more days.<sup>77</sup>

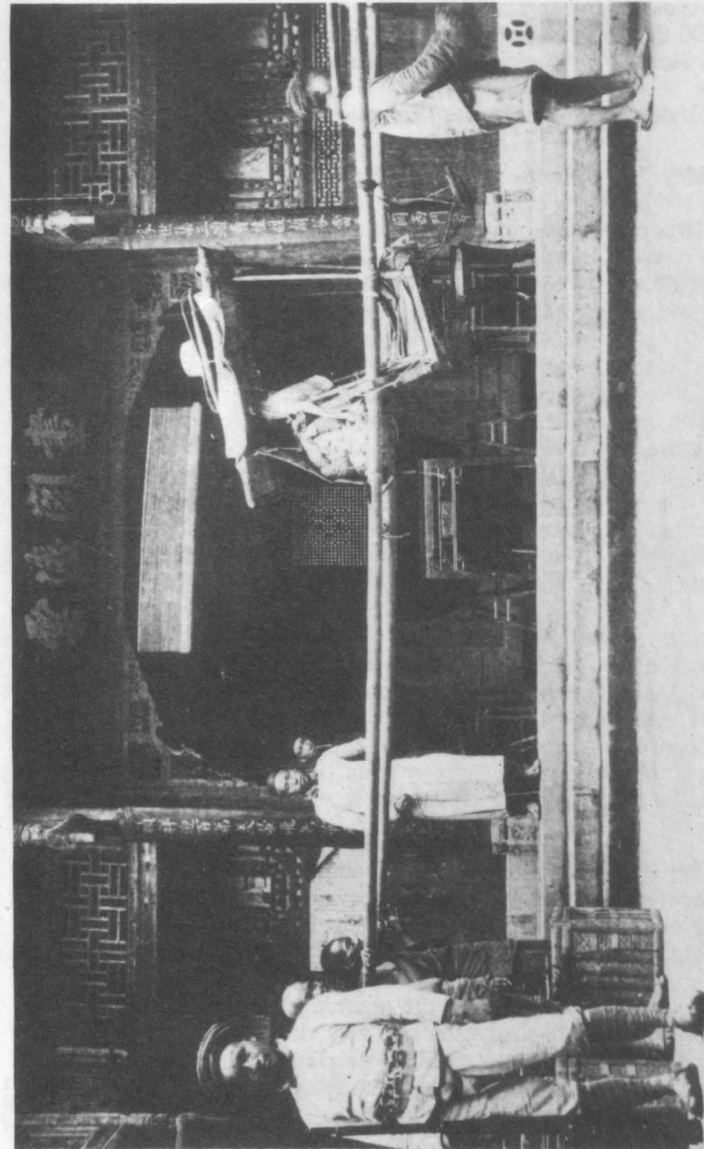
May 6 — Sunday. A fine sleep after a refreshing hot bath last evening. This morning at breakfast as I was just ready to leave, I learned that Torrey is a Δ.T.Δ.<sup>78</sup> Imagine my surprise! Left late this morning. Coolies complained of being seized by soldiers this morning & ordered to carry their equipment. Coolies had their hands bound & my boy had much difficulty in freeing them. Coolies are being commandeered right & left by soldiers in *hua-gans*!! All day long met straggling groups of soldiers in threes and fours, then came a long string double file. They were a hard looking lot. Also must have passed over 200 pack horses & mules loaded with a few small field guns & many boxes of ammunition. The soldiers came dribbling by all day.

The country became more pronounced by mesas & towards evening this became larger, with greater intervening spaces. Many fields of wheat, barley, beans, peas, mustard were in evidence, there being few paddy-fields already to receive transplanted paddy [sic]. The barley was practically ripened & the wheat just turning.

The vegetable oil plant, the oil being used for illumination was being cut.

<sup>77</sup>When President Yuan Shih-k'ai declared an intention to re-create the monarchy, "the National Protection Army raised the standard of revolt on December 25, 1915. The Army had its beginning in Yunnan, largely under the leadership of Liang Ch'i-chao," but other provincial leaders soon joined. Rival warlords in Yunnan, Kweichow, and Szechwan warred over the latter province between 1917 and 1920, and in 1920 fought a terrible battle for control of Chengtu. Well before Yunnanese forces had deteriorated into rampaging bands given to inflicting wanton destruction upon life and property. George T. Yu, *Party Politics in Republican China* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1966), pp. 140-142; and Ch'i Hsi-sheng, *Warlord Politics in China, 1916-1928* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1976), pp. 94-95. See also note 92, below.

<sup>78</sup>Fritz pledged to Delta Tau Delta fraternity while attending the University of Washington, 1911-1914.



Mountain chair stopped at better Chinese inn, Szechwan.

Did not arrive at *Nan-ching-yi*, until 8 o'clock when it was dark [sic]. Was agreeably surprised at finding a room immediately — room a coolie room, but at the south end of town & so not grabbed up by the soldiers who came from the north. No more late starts on long stages!

On this Great Highway between Chungking and Chengtu, the town of *Nei-chiang-hsien* is said [to] be the largest town between the two large cities.

Chinese say we passed over 1200 soldiers today.

May 7 — Monday. On the road this morning at 5:05 A.M.!! Covered 100 li arriving early 3:00 P.M. at *Yang-chia-Kai*, where we found a fine large *new* inn. Things very clean. The Gwan (Kevan?) Room had a large carved blackwood bed. Wished to get in early as I have letters to get off to Hongkong & have reply in Chungking on my return. At 9:00 A.M. we passed thru the large city of Tzu-Yang-Hsien & here changed escort — receiving two soldiers with no guns!<sup>79</sup>

At Ling-chiang-shih we met many chairs — mostly of petty officials & Chinese ladies, some fragrant with strong perfume.

Just before reaching Tzu-Yang we crossed a ferry — the river was rather wide, but shallow.

All along this Great Highway are returning chair & carrier coolies at each village & these chaps bargain with my men to "swang" the loads for a number of li. The arguments are long and loud, before terms are agreed. My boy takes a "hua gan" or 2 coolie chair at times & I have observed that the deal does not generally close till Chang is on the outside of the village or town, the bargaining continuing during the leave-taking — he being very independent.

In Tzu-liu-ching I showed-up my fou'ton, in his prices on chair ropes — his 3.00, I buying thru the mission coolie at .76¢! I have used this incident to good effect several times.

Passed several fine pei-fangs, beautifully carved. It would be a splendid thing if the time, work & money spent on these ornamental memorials would be spent on the improvement & up-keep of China's abominable roads.

May 8 — Tuesday. Last night a young Yunnan official in the adjoining room entertained quite late. I could smell opium & hear the dice going & the loud laugh of some Chinese daughter of joy.

On the road between the hours of 7 and 11, I counted over 90 chairs, mostly 3 men chairs — mostly all ladies & a few children. No doubt wives, children, sweethearts of the returning Yunnanese officials & military people. Some of the chairs were very elaborate, others queer make-shifts. Then there were [sic] the usual long line of coolies carrying, & etc.

In the afternoon we met many horses & coolies carrying weighty boxes of silver, the silver being in T1s 10 chunks. This money is being paid to the Yunnanese troops & officials by the Szechwan troops to leave the province peaceably. We passed money box after money box.



Chinese official and his personal attendant. 65

At 9 o'clock this morning we passed thru *Chien-Chow*,<sup>80</sup> a very large town — the streets, inns & temples were packed with soldiers, horses, camp equipment. Many of the mounted officers had the fine Yunnan-made foreign style leather saddles, similar to the one I purchased in Yunnanfu.

The country has lost its mesa-like appearance & has taken on the aspect of soft rolling hills, well-tilled. Natives are harvesting the barley, by plucking the heads & threshing on concrete flooring or cutting stalks close to [the] ground & beating heads against side of portable wooden bin. Each stone bridge, the flooring of which was used for threshing, are [sic] generally covered with barley heads or the branches of the vegetable oil producing [sic] plant.

Covered 100 li again today, arriving in rather poor time at 5 P.M., the weather being very hot. Fair inn here at *Ch'a-tien-tzu*.

This morning bought some fine walnuts, coated with candy, & very good they were. The past three days, Widler, the medicine & watchman has kept one day ahead of me.

This forenoon passed a young Chinese lady, sitting in her chair, wearing the white turban of mourning, she was weeping. Her story was that she had just buried her father, a man of means, and was in her chair resting at an inn, while enroute home, when she was compelled by a Yunnanese officer to go with him — so she was enroute to Yunnan.

Have been told that there have been many cases of the Yunnanese taking young women & forcing them to go to Yunnan with the returning troops!

May 9 — Wednesday. This morning met a couple of old ladies on the road with baskets of freshly picked cherries, which were splendid. Fresh fruit I enjoyed very much.

At Lung-chen-yi, which lies on the edge of the Chengtu Plain, is the last town held by the Yunnanese & the town was thronged with these soldiers. On the roadside we met a fairly well dressed lady, weeping as I have never seen a Chinese lady weep before. Her story ran thus: she & her daughter lived a few days north of Chengtu — a Yunnanese soldier or petty officer, having promised to marry her 15 yr. old daughter[,] was taking the latter & mother in chairs with him to Yunnan, but here he had told the old mother that he did not want her & so shoved her out into the roadside alone, friendless & with little money. The loss of the daughter & her own plight were very hard for her to bear. The daughter was powerless & so they were thus rudely separated.

The Chengtu Plain is reputed to be densest populated area in China — very fertile and productive. The plain is about 85 miles long by about 60-70 miles wide, at the wider point.

Many large homesteads dotted the landscape, with the usual grove of bamboos, like giant plumes waving in the breeze. When one observes the endless number of uses to which the bamboo is put, then comes the thought — is it not the bamboo which holds China together.

On the Chengtu Plain the passenger (single) wheelbarrows come into being & they do a thriving business on the Main Highway. Every so often a small group are found waiting fares, much like the rickshaws of the Treaty Ports on the seaboard.

Shortly before 3 o'clock we arrived at the suburbs & then as we reached the great East Gate, the noise & shouting and confusion, it cost me 3 cards to get thru the gates!

We passed thru unusually wide streets and well stocked & interesting shops & then turned into the long court of the leading inn, the most pretentious one I have yet seen. Covering a large area & an overabundance of servants & lackeys. Got a nice room top-side, two rooms — at .36¢ per day, whether I take the Chinese chow or not!

Chengtu had a great surprise in store for me, for the city boasts of a fine Chinese bath house! Here I went & found many tubs in little stalls, with hot & cold running water. We undressed in a large common dressing & lounging room, with reclining divans, with a cup of hot tea always at your elbow. In coming back to dress, perfumed steam towels are given you at frequent intervals. I called for service & attention to my feet, & out came a neat & smiling chiropodist of about 15 or 16 and with peculiar instruments & in a mode so different from ours, my toe-nails & corn were trimmed. No — the chiropodist was a boy.

My bath cost 220 cash, chiropodist 60 cash & cumsha with four attendants 20 cash! Less than .9¢ gold.

Too late to make any calls so took a short walk, with Widler, who had arrived the day previous. He has come with William's Pink Pills for Pale People & their own line watches & family medicine boxes.

The streets are wide & the shops look so prosperous & well-stocked. The number of trees are so noticeable. The city is spread out over a large area — such a contrast to congested Chungking.

Found some of the streets still barricaded & sections burned near the Imperial City.<sup>81</sup> Along the wide streets where formerly ran the wall separating the Manchu Street, crude rickshaws and canopied wheel-barrows traffic for passenger[s] for short stage.

May 10 — Thursday. This morning I called upon Mr. Robert Service of the Y.M.C.A., a fine man & from U. of Calif?<sup>82</sup> Met Brace & Hayes. We then went & called on Hibbard of Canadian Methodists & their compound. Anderson of B.A.T. Co., Reib of S.O.Co., C.I.M. & there learned that Dr. Parry had just left — too late to catch. He is enroute to Tachienlu. Have a fine tiffin at the cozy home of the Services. After tiffin we called on Crawford of the American Methodist & also George Newman, a Δ.T.Δ. of Wesleyan.

<sup>81</sup>Chengtu was the capital of the short-lived Shu Han dynasty, 220-263 A.D., following the collapse of the Han dynasty. The Emperor Liupei and some other associated personalities later assumed legendary stature in Chinese culture.

<sup>82</sup>Grace and Robert H. Service (d. 1935) pioneered the YMCA in China when they established the first branch in Chengtu in 1905. E. J. Kahn, Jr., *The China Hands: America's Foreign Service Officers and What Befell Them* (New York: Viking Press, 1975), pp. 59-61.

Packed my things at the Inn (Great Welcome) & moved to Service's. Have fired my 4 chair men for \$1.00 per day. My other coolies are enroute back to Chungking.

May 11 — Friday. Bought some Tibetan articles on Wei-fu-gai, the curio shop street. Six pieces for \$6.00 — price declining from \$12.00. Also bought 2 dozen of the Chengtu crepe ties and 3 of the Chengtu scarves, the kind Marco Polo commented upon over 600 yrs ago.<sup>83</sup> Many silk shops & so many little shops weaving & stringing the silk strands. Had tiffin with Crawford outside the South Gate — on the fine campus of the Union University of West China. It is operated by the American Methodists, Am. Baptists, Canadian Methodists and English Friends — some 15 men in the faculty — the middle school, high school, normal school & college. Medicine is one of three courses.

At afternoon tea at homes of two Canadian families (At Homes) met most all the faculty — Mr. Noodha, Postal Com. In evening we had a "min" dinner with five Quakers (English).

The campus has fine large lawns & several fine buildings with splendid adaptation of the Chinese roofs to foreign buildings. Fine homes for the teachers have been built. Some 200 students are taught & have their dormitory & board costing about 3000 cash or \$1.00 U.S. [per] month. 75% of students are Christians, few of the gentry class.

Spending the night with the Crawfords, Mr. C. being a Minnesota man, teaching psychology, etc. here.

May 12 — Saturday. Tried to buy a Chengtu panama hat — the Jap. imitations, etc.

This afternoon Mr. & Mrs. Service & self attended a feast at one of Chengtu's wealthy families — feast in their Gung-kwang. The many courses, different dishes from the Cantonese. The silver mouth rinsers! The old Tai-Tai's room, chests, bed, account books, etc.

In the evening we "walked the street" where on Dung Dai Gai between 7 & 9 o'clock come many peddlars [sic] & vendors of curios. Many interesting & quaint old Chinese pieces are on sale. Miss Marks, U. of S. Calif. now of the Am Methodist Mission[,] went with us. The hurried return because of the sudden shower. The fine compound & building of the A.M. mission.

Bought a fairly good Tibetan picture for \$6.00.

There is much talk on the street of more trouble — many people are leaving the city, some taking boxes of their valuables & storing them in the houses of foreigners. Many of the gentry are making arrangements to live on the property of foreigners, in the event of trouble.

<sup>83</sup>Chengtu impressed Polo because of its many rivers and advanced irrigation system, its handsome and practical stone bridges, and its active trading center featuring fine cloth and crepes. Polo, *Travels*, pp. 235-236. Szechwan means "four rivers" — after the principal tributaries of the Yangtze that flow through the province.

The West China Union University, discussed below, dated from 1910. Its 60-acre site at the edge of the city had attracted an enrollment of 258 by 1914, and the institution, divided according to sponsoring mission, enjoyed supportive relations with local and provincial governments. Latourette, *Christian Missions in China*, pp. 632-633.

The factions are the Kweichow soldiers about 3,000, they have the Civil & Military Governor & then the Szechwan troops — whose leaders wish to oust the Kweichow, but fear the Yunnan troops will return to assist the Kweichow faction. Trouble may break loose at any hour.

May 13 — Sunday. Intend to wait over until Wednesday morning as I wish to meet Dr. Parry in Yachow, so the two of us may proceed on to Tachienlu together. Dr. Parry of the C. I. M. has been many years in China — his companionship on such a trip would be a great treat.

This afternoon took a walk along the southwest corner of the wall, which is very wide — in good repair. Most other cities a fairly good view may be had of the city from the wall, but the great number of trees in Chengtu prevent this. The city covers a great area, & has only 4 gates for this great circumference, while Chungking which is much more compact has *nine* gates. The people opened two new gates, one on the east and one on the west walls, but these have been closed up, as the people contend that since the opening of these two new gates, misfortune has visited the city as rioting, looting, etc., have followed in quick succession.

On way back to Services house [sic], passed the Government College, now closed & saw a large military hospital.

May 14 — Monday. This morning called on the Foreign Office for permission to proceed to Tachienlu — and for a "fusong," military escort. Mr. Chan, educated in England[,] is the chief official in that department. He was very cordial & promised to inform me tomorrow afternoon.

Mr. Brace of the Y.M.C.A. had tiffin at Services. In afternoon went on the curio street & bought about \$8.00 worth of Tibetan articles & a large drapery, embroidery of Chinese warriors at \$6.50. Bought 4 strings of beads cheap at from 70¢ to 90¢ per string. Chang evidently made a nice little commission — altho he tried to tell me no.

May 15 — Tuesday. This morning bought a fine brass Tibetan Buddha for \$5.00 — the best I have yet seen. Also bought a fine, round silver-topped Tibetan charm box for \$1.80.

In the forenoon went to call on Mr. Davies of the American Baptist Mission,<sup>84</sup> but he was out & so arranged to leave some silver with him & to have draft on Yachow forwarded latter [sic] to Service's home.

Had tiffin with Mr. & Mrs. Brace, who is loaned by the Canadian Methodists to the Y.M.C.A. They have a cozy home — Mrs. B. playing the piano beautifully. Packed up this afternoon. Curios will be sent to meet me in Kiating.<sup>85</sup>

May 16 — Wednesday. Up early this morning. The fusong "on deck" — but no coolies arrived. Had agreed with a coolie hong — for overland travel — at a price of 3000 cash per man — & 7 men to go on

<sup>84</sup>John Paton Davies, Sr., and his wife settled first in Kiating in 1906, but moved to Chengtu in 1912. Kahn, *The China Hands*, pp. 53-55.

<sup>85</sup>Also Chia-ting fu, where the elevation is 1,100 feet.

the trip. But no "ding" money had been paid, as the contract was to be concluded later in the evening, but the master did not appear. So here I was stranded. A coolie hong — carrying for city use, offered to go at 4000 cash per man! They knew they had me. No other hong cared to make the trip on such short notice — so rather than be delayed a day — we finally agreed to paying 4,000 cash per man & 6 men to go. So I have had to pay only 3,000 cash more on the total sum. Exchange being 1,830 per C\$ today in Chengtu.

We were underway in a few minutes & travelling toward the South Gate by 9:30. Had an escort of 4 soldiers, which were changed at the hsien city of Shuang Liu,<sup>86</sup> some 40 li out, which we reached at 1:30 o'clock. This is a very large city — & took some little time to pass thru.

The roads were lined with pedestrians & wheel-barrow, carrying passengers, rice, pigs, etc., towards Chengtu. There seemed to be a constant stream of traffic — like a city street.

The large number of trees was very noticeable & made the view of the country very limited. The chair men are city men & not accustomed to long overland travelling — but go fairly well. Have a large load in my chair — am carrying a ham to Sorensens in *Tachienlu*.

At 6 o'clock we had covered 80 li and put up at Hua Chiao Tzu, this town is still 15 li from the Hsien city, the regular stage, but we hope to make it up tomorrow — going 105 li on to Ching Chow.

The rumors among the gentry of Chengtu were that last night things were to break loose, but nothing was started. The President of the Provincial Assembly had intend [sic] to come anyway & occupy the same room with me at services, but decided his skin had better prospects, since the governor had attended the Assembly gave a quieter complexion to the troubled city.

The British Consul General, when hearing of my intended departure for Tachienlu, said I would never get thru. I trust he is wrong.

It is said the Lolos are rebelling & have set up independent Chieftains & pillaging Chinese villages. Also a queer story, reading like fiction, comes from some of the aboriginal tribes a few days from Kuan Hsien. The tribes believing they have found a "heaven sent emperor." They are moving against the advisory Chinese officials, a few being killed. The new prophet is a young boy, formerly a beggar boy, and then attached to a household as a servant. The family being attracted to him by his personality. The neighbors on repeated occasions have seen a "strange light" at night where the boy sleeps — later a lama, who is travelling searching for a "leader" which a vision has revealed to him, will be found in the locality, where this boy resided. The boy is acclaimed the "leader" as revealed to the lama in his dream or vision. This has affected some of the Chia Rung States, feudal states more or less attached to China, some

entirely independent — exercising all the rights of a sovereign state.<sup>87</sup> In a few of the vassal states, a Chinese official sits in an advisory capacity. Correctly speaking these states are no part of Szechwan as most maps show them to be.

May 17 — Thursday. After travelling 15 li we came to the hsien city of Hsin Ching — where the "fusongs" changed.<sup>88</sup> My coolies fooled a wheel-barrow man — they took my saddle & Chang's bedding off the rear of my chair & piled it on a carrying load & loaded it onto the wheel-barrow themselves — so the man thought he was agreeing to transport a carrying load. The w.b. carried the load for some four hours, & they then inveigled a big, simple looking coolie to carry the load, he only lasted an hour at the job. My chairmen laughing how they put it over "the country yokel."

This morning crossed the bridges of 4 streams within 15 minutes just before entering Hsin Ching — part of the remarkable irrigation scheme of the Chengtu plain. This wonderful project has its head at Kwan Hsien.

At midday the sun broke thru the clouds & the day became very hot. Many farmers were busy threshing their barley and the mustard plant. This is the threshing period and also the rice is being transplanted to the hastily plowed & flooded areas. Liquid fertilizer being sprinkled over the newly plowed field. No rest being given to the ground.

Few pei-fangs of poor & mediocre design were along the road, which was strung with traffic. At six we reached Chiung-chow — a large walled city — with fine paved & broad streets.<sup>89</sup> It looks very prosperous & the streets were filled with people — [I] located in a long entrance inn — with fair room. Then called at the C. I. M. & had dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Webster — Mr. & Mrs. Oleson [sic] having just left this morning on furlough. Met Dr. Parry — a small quiet English gentleman. He goes also to Yachow, from where we will travel on together to Tachienlu.

The local magistrate sent his greetings with his card & said he wished to send four armed soldiers — as the road tomorrow was dangerous, having many robbers.

Last night I rowed with the inn keeper [because] he tried to charge me 1,000 cash for the night. I explained to him how I rated his hotel & immediately the price dropped.

The story is told in Chengtu, that during the recent troubled [sic], when the street thief gates were closed & soldiers picketed along the streets forbidding the people passage[,] that the Chinese at the Y.M.C.A.

<sup>87</sup>In 1910, Chinese forces under Chao Erh-feng occupied Lhasa, causing the Dalai Lama to flee to India. Despite the Revolution of 1911 and strong Tibetan resistance, the Chinese Republican government continued to press Manchu imperial claims in the region. In 1913-1914, mediation under British auspices took place in Simla, India, wherein Tibet reestablished its sovereignty over the disputed lands as far west as Tachienlu. However, the Chinese government refused to signify its agreement and insisted on exercising varying degrees of control as far east as Batang. The conflicting claims remained unresolved even after World War II. H. E. Richardson, *A Short History of Tibet* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1962), chap. VII.

<sup>88</sup>Also called Tien-chien.

<sup>89</sup>Sometimes called Kiong-chow.

wished to get word to Mr. Service — so a Chinese, who had lived in the States, placed a large badge (used at the International Y.M.C.A. convention) & a red heart shaped book marked [sic] tied to a string, upon the breast of the messenger. The book mark bore the magic foreign words trade at Drexell Drug Store, N.Y.! This the Chinese guards thought was some insignia of foreign consuls & so the messenger passed.

Another Chinese had been sent with a foreigner's card out thru the South Gate & the card kept by the guarding soldiers — the Chinese messenger was at a loss how to get back thru the S. Gate, so he took a Ladies Home Journal from his master's house & showed it to the ignorant soldiers who allowed him to pass.

A newly converted Chinese cook was something of an artist in decorating his pies & so once when a visiting foreigner came for dinner, he intended to out-do himself. He made a pie & on the top he wrote the strange foreign words he saw in his Chinese newspaper, they read: "Doan's Kidney Pills."

A similar case in which a cook placed the English words which he had recently learned at the mission, on top of his pie & when the guest of the house saw the pie placed on the table he saw these words confronting him, "Prepare to meet Thy God."

**May 18 — Friday.** We were moving before 6 o'clock and on leaving the South Gate, crossed a long & wide stone bridge. The sun came out hot in the early morning, but about 9 o'clock he went behind the clouded sky & remained there for the rest of the day.

Some officials were travelling along with us[;] they had a large standing mirror, carried by 3 coolies, & the heavy blackwood supports by four other coolies in groups of twos. Chang said the mirror was to be taken 18 days beyond Yachow — to Hweilichow — close to the Yunnan border on the long arm extending south.<sup>90</sup>

The road is unique in that it is so very wide, being recently built for military purposes. Round stones from 4 to 8 inches in diameter are strung along the center, making rather unpleasant walking. A recent rain has left the road very rough. Towards the end of the afternoon we began to leave the Chengtu Plain, the country becoming rolling — the villages fewer & farther between. The villages did not look quite so prosperous. But still we saw the usual halves of pork, hanging in the streets. They dress the pig so well — the skin is snow white, even using tweezers to remove hair that may have escaped the knife.

With our 4 soldiers we had no trouble from brigands.

Chang has a touch of fever this evening and so have given him a good dose of quinine. This is the one foreign drug in which the Chinese have much confidence. I trust he is better tomorrow — we arrive at Yachow tomorrow where we are to [spend] Sunday & rest for the hard days beyond.

Two of my coolies have large running sores on their legs — one is an awful sight & have told them to keep away from my bedding, clothing,

etc. Poor chap could not understand why I did not want his helping hand about packing, etc. Had a good room at a fair inn here at Pai-chang-yi.<sup>91</sup>

**May 19 — Saturday.** Country becoming more hilly and great mountains are coming closer. This district, especially the road we covered yesterday[,] is noted as a district for brigands and robbers. Into the C. I. M. mission came many wounded by the robbers, they said there was always some one [sic] requiring medical attention. The robbers are wanton & reckless about injuring. The past two years Chiung Chow district has had an evil reputation. Here Mr Webster almost lost life in mediating between the Northern troops and the Szechwan troops at the time of the trouble with Yuan Shih Kai.<sup>92</sup>

It was a long 89 li today and arrived at Yachow about 5 o'clock, crossing a very unique bridge, made of bamboo poles. It is a floating bridge, and the swift running current makes a big bulge or curve in it. A long & large in diameter bamboo cable anchors the bridge on either bank. This cable is lifted when the boats pass under. The "boats" are the famous bamboo rafts of the Ya River. They looked like great skis, with up-turned bow to throw the spray. They are some 80 ft. long and are the long type of craft that can navigate the rapids-infested Ya River.

Am stopping with Mr. & Mrs. Bailey of the American Baptist Mission. They have a fine home. In evening we went to prayer service at the hospital and met several other American Baptist[s], one Frank Smith, who had engaged in relief preaching in Seattle one summer. Dr. P. is also staying here with the Baileys. Have arranged to borrow the mountain chair of Smith's & will use three coolies. Will leave many things here, to pick up on my return to Yachow from Tachienlu, as I wish to go light, with two carrier coolies, each carrying 60 cattles. Fear I shall be unable to return the Short Road from T.

**May 20 — Sunday.** Paid off the Chengtu coolies & have arranged with the coolie hong here for carriers on to T. Coolies (chair) command a very high price, because recently so many have been commandeered by marching soldiers. Finally agreed to 1,000 cash per man per day — eight days going & 8 days returning — a total of 80,000 cash for the trip. Have had the coolies fix a special chair top for sun & rain protection.

Had dinner with the Smiths and enjoyed his splendid pictures, he has a large Graflex, Eastman.

Mrs. B. has the farthest west piano in China — shipped from America in sealed tin lined box.

Yachow district is the growing district for great quantities of tea which are packed & carried into Tibet. This is a very coarse tea — largely "false

<sup>91</sup>Here the elevation is 2,500 feet.

<sup>92</sup>Yuan Shih-k'ai (1859-1916) succeeded Sun Yat-sen to the presidency of the Republic of China in March, 1912. In May, 1914, Yuan assumed dictatorial powers under a newly adopted constitution, which was shortly revised to provide for a life-term presidency. In December, 1915, he announced the restoration of the monarchy, with himself as Emperor Hung-hsien. Yuan died in June, 1916, without having resigned the presidency in the face of continuing revolts. Jerome Ch'en, *Yuan Shih-k'ai* (2nd ed., Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1972), chaps. 8-11.

tea," with sweepings, twigs, bark, etc., mixed in the lowest grade, there being 4 grades. The leaves and twigs are collected & brought to the market in large sacks & there purchased by the tea firms. The manufacturing is controlled by the Government & provincial authorities, who issue a definite number of licenses to firms in Yachow; there are some very wealthy tea hong in Yachow. The best leaves are for local consumption — the old leaves & twigs being for Tibetan trade. The leaves are fermented for a few days & then sorted in 4 grades — the sticks, chopped fine, with the coarse leaves & sweepings make the 4th grade. First quality is steamed in cloth over boiler, then the steamed mass is placed in collapsible moulds, together with tea dust & leaves which have been treated with glutinous rice water to make it cohere, then pressure is exerted. The bricks are 11" by 4" weighing about 6# English. The bricks dry for 3 days, wrapped in paper, the chops placed & in the No. 1 quality — small gold leaf slip of paper & also a red piece, to indicate the quality. Four bricks are placed end-to-end in a plaited bamboo cylinder, called "pao," weighing about 25# and measuring 4 feet long. A small bucket is inserted sometimes in the end of the "pao" as a cumsha to the repackers & muleteers at Tachienlu. These "pao" are carried on the backs of coolies, the average load being 8 "pao," loads of 12 and 13 are common — while I saw one carrying 16 — weighing 400#! From Yachow to Tachienlu it is about 140 to 145 miles & it takes the coolies from 15 to 17 days to cover this distance — chairs cover it in 8 days. The carrier, if going up the mountain, rests about every 20 or 30 yds — on the level he rests about every 100 yds — resting his load on a small wooden crutch, never setting his load on the level ground, for he could never lift it up by himself. Thousands of men & even boys are engaged in this traffic — the wage is quite good & attracts them.

At Tachienlu the best grades are repacked & placed in raw Yak-hide — 12 to a side — & sewn with the hair inside. From T. the tea goes on yak & mules.

The coolies pay toll in cross[ing] the bridge at Lu-ting-chiao.<sup>93</sup> The road is a most tortuous mountain road, with two very high passes.

It is estimated some 6,000 tons or 12,000,000 lbs pass thru Tachienlu for the great Tibetan trade. Formerly the Chinese government forwarded ½ million bricks to the Lhasa government & lamaseries as a subsidy.<sup>94</sup> There has been much talk that Indian tea, raised so close to Lhasa, might displace China's tea trade. Lhasa is only 30 stages from Darjeeling, a tea growing center, while Tachienlu is 3 months away. But the Tibetans are accustomed & prefer the C. tea, much inferior to Indian tea. The poorest quality & sweeping of the latter is too good a quality — T. say it is too "heady," too strong.

[Margin entry] Tea-oil is pressed from the seeds of a tree, a close relative of the tea plant.

May 21 — Monday. Left Yachow 7:30 o'clock in a drizzling rain, which ceased after a few hours. Yachow marks the boundry [sic] of the



Tea coolie transporting an oversize load to Tibet.

<sup>93</sup>The elevation here is 4,850 feet.

<sup>94</sup>Lhasa is the archaic, 19th-century spelling of the Tibetan capital.

sudden change in the topography of the country. The road followed up a river, flowing between abrupt *high* banks — really forcing its way thru high hills. The road here as all the way from Chengtu is very wide, for a Chinese Road, having been built for military purposes by that active military general, who was Warden of the Tibetan Marches, Chow Er Tung — later murder [sic] & an immediate cause of the Rebellion against the Manchu.<sup>95</sup>

At noon we stopped for tiffin & I ate in the inn — heretofore I have always carried my tiffin & thermos under seat of my chair. But a mountain chair forbids such and I now tiffin in the tea houses. This practice services as a drawing card for the tea house & increases the trade, automatically the price per cup of tea advances from 3 cash and up.

At tiffin we stopped at a tea house which had a paper lantern hanging in the streets. On one side were 4 characters which with a free translation read: "When you smell these savory odors you will dismount from your horse." The 4 characters putting it very tersely. On the other side of the lantern were the words: "Our flavors are boundless (or limitless)."

At 4 o'clock we arrived at a very fine Chinese inn — brand new!  
"What is so rare as a day in June."

A new inn in China. Fine wood carving — a pretty balcony running around the inner court — a chiseled stone supports or foundations [sic] to each pillar.

Had a pleasant chat with Dr. Parry — we are travelling on the T. together. He has been in China 33 years — a C. I. M. man.<sup>96</sup>

The name of the inn was rather poetical for one hear [sic] in these great hills — "The Call of the Deer."

Had the coolies readjust my chair & it is now much more comfortable.

May 22 — Tuesday. This morning I rowed with the chair-men — they claiming they should not carry Chang's "pukai." The only additional weight they had besides myself — was my blanket & the ham (for Sorensen's.) Told them the Chair Hong said I might carry 20 catties — I am well within the limit. They submitted rather sulkily — the biggest coolie (a big strapping fellow) is causing all the disturbance.

It rained for the first five hours out & that cleared — with a dull grey sky overhead — fine and cool. The road making a steady by [sic] gradual climb during the late afternoon, when we arrived at 5 o'clock at Huang-ni-p'u., covering some 70 li — they were long mt. li.<sup>97</sup> We put up at

<sup>95</sup>"In September 1911, a revolt against nationalization [of railroads] broke out in Szechwan, and Viceroy Chao Erh-feng was beheaded by the people. Protests against nationalization were also raised in Hunan and Kwantung. These events precipitated the outbreak of the revolution in Wuchang on October 10, 1911." Ch'en, *Yuan*, p. 84; Arthur W. Hummel, ed., *Eminent Chinese of the Ch'ing Period* (2 vols., Washington, D.C.: GPO, 1944), II, 781.

<sup>96</sup>Dr. Herbert L. Parry and his wife arrived in China in 1884 to work for the C.I.M., based at Chungking. Later he served on the Mission's China Council. D. MacGillivray, *A Century of Protestant Missions in China, 1807-1907* (Shanghai: American Presbyterian Mission Press, 1907), pp. 147, 150.

<sup>97</sup>The elevation is nearly 3,900 feet.

another good inn, entering off street on 2nd story, fine court, etc., by name: "Joyfully Come." As I write I look out of the window of my room, the "Kwan Room" & see the great mountains all about & the mountain stream hurrying & tumbling down over a course strewn [sic] with large rocks.

The Chinese settlers along the road, find experience difficult farming [sic] — the mountains, not unusually large ones[,] are covered with trees, which gives them a more pleasing appearance — so different from the bleak mountains in Kweichow.

The road is becoming rougher & more difficult.

Have noticed, at some of the inns, etc., two sheets of narrow red paper, pasted on the wall in the shape of a cross — X, & this is done on the 8th of the fourth moon (Buddha's birth). The people not desiring to kill a small hairy caterpillar that infest [sic] the houses — write on these papers a pious wish which can be translated (freely) as follows:

"The caterpillar maidens wed  
On Buddha's natal day.  
May they go far among the hills  
and there forever stay."

The sting of the caterpillar is very annoying.

This late forenoon, after we passed thru the hsien city of Yung Ching,<sup>98</sup> we passed under a "pei-fang" of fair construction, dedicated to a virtuous widow. These "pei-fangs" are also constructed to the memory of daughters, who do not marry, but remain virtuous under the parental roof. Sometimes one may be constructed to the memory of a group of maidens such as the one near Chung King. Officials who are worthy & popular also receive this honor, but his family is generally the chief contributor to the cost of erection. Men of letters also receive this honor. Since the passing of the Manchu dynasty very few have been erected. In those days it was necessary to obtain imperial sanction from Peking — so one may observe at the top the two characters, "August Decree," (showing permission granted).

5th of 5th Moon — Dragon boat festival, commemorating the drowning of a faithful statesman [in] B.C. 295 — the efforts made with boats to find the body.

15th of 8th Moon — Worship Old Lady Moon.

The past two days we have passed great strings of rapidly travelling coolies — each with a relief — bearing the little scales or "galls" which contain countless minute light brown eggs. The "gall" is about the size of a new cranberry. These eggs are packed in paper or coarsely woven hemp sacks & carried in airy crates with all possible speed to farmers near Kiating & around Hungya.<sup>99</sup> Hundreds of coolies are engaged in the transporting. The little larvae hatch quickly & if the weather is hot, the coolies frequently travel at night with lanterns. The 200 miles over the exceedingly most difficult mountain roads in 6 days! Aided by relays 30 to 40 miles per day are covered. These little "galls" are tied up in a big leaf

<sup>98</sup>Yung-ching hsien is at 2,300 feet.

<sup>99</sup>Hung-ya hsien is also at 2,300 feet.



and suspended to the branches of the tree. The larvae quickly hatch and ascent to the leaves & stay their [sic] for 14 days, as the Chinese say, until "their mouths & limbs are strong." During this time they are said to moult. The insect then descends & attaches himself to the underside of the branch & begin[s] secreting wax. In the early stages, wind and rain are greatly feared, as [they] might injure the insects. The deposit looks like snow or hoar-frost. 100 days from the time of hanging up the leave-like sacks, the wax is scraped off. Sometimes the branches are cut & soaked in boiling water to obtain the wax, which is skimmed off, the insects sinking to the bottom, later to be crushed for any remaining wax. Some scientists regard this strange secretion as an act of nature to protect the insect from its enemies. Chinese say the insects live on dew & perspire the wax!

It is most interesting, the phase of these two remote districts cooperating in this ancient and unique industry. Owing to the peculiar climatic conditions of the two districts it seems the best wax is produced from the eggs of the Chien Ch'ang valley,<sup>100</sup> hatching & depositing on the trees around about Hungya & Kiating.

*Kiating Notes:* The wax is colorless, inodorous, tasteless, brittle, melts at 180°F. & is largely used in coating candles — ordinary fat melts at 100° F. It is also used by paper shops to give a gloss to high grade paper, coating for pills, & supposed to possess medicinal properties. Gives polish to jade & lustre to cloth. Approximately over 100,000 piculs are produced annually — practically all coming from Kiating & shipped over all China.

This evening had some delightful new small irish [sic] potatoes — these together with macaroni, tomato sauce, & pomersan [sic] cheese, bread, raspberry, jam cocoa, etc.

This forenoon we stopped for tea at an inn at Chung Ying, by name "Congratulatory Grace."

One of soldiers startled the quiet narrow valley this P.M. by shooting across to the opposite side at an *imaginary* deer. A small cottage nearby, with the people working around outside, all ran for the door of the house & closed the door. Perhaps they thought robbers were operating in the immediate vicinity.

May 23 — Wednesday. Away by 6 o'clock with a dull day — but thankful for there being no rain. The road made a continual ascent all forenoon, until we topped the pass at 2:35 o'clock. The pass is 9,200 ft. high, we having climbed over 5,400 [ft.] in 45 li. Little patches of snow were seen in spots on the lee side of ledges, cliffs, etc. It was quite chilly at the top. About an hour before reaching the top I stopped at a peculiar little temple & had tiffin. A quaint old priest sold fine walnuts — 5 nuts for 10 cash — rather dear.

The view from the head of the pass was a beautiful panorama, far to the west reached the great mountains — those thru which we had just passed being of no small size themselves. Scrubby & dwarfed bushes grew almost to the top of the two mountains on either side of the pass. In ascending we

could see from four to six rest houses reaching to the horizon, & on topping the horizon, the same scene would be repeated — it seemed we would never reach the pass.

From the top of the hsien city of Ching Chi could be seen far down on the tablelands below.<sup>101</sup>

It took us over three hours to reach this walled city, where to my surprise, my coolies had reached before me & everything was arranged — they having taken a short path down the mountain side.

About 6 o'clock we reached the inn, which was very good. The inns on the road thus far have been much better than what I had anticipated.

A yamen runner called & I gave him my card. He said this magistrate understands English & so wished I would write my foreign name on the rear of my card. The runner enquired how many coolies I had — how many chair bearers, etc.

All thru the three provinces little baskets are to be seen hung up on the houses or shops along the street or road. The Chinese have a reverence for the printed character & always collect or pick up scraps of loose printed matter & place it in these baskets. The baskets bear the four characters: "Reverently pity printed paper."

Also on the outskirts of a town or village along the road, a small stone pagoda shaped monument, having a hole into the hollow interior for the burning of the collected printed characters. This stone monument bears the two characters, "Character Treasury."

On some houses a printed paper is sometimes seen, appealing to the passer-by:

"The baby cries at night  
Kind Sir, in passing read these lines,  
And when the babe no longer cries,  
A thousand thanks to you shall rise."

May 24 — Thursday. Away at 6 o'clock this morning and arrived at 6 o'clock for the night at a fairly good inn at Ni t'ou, a small city some 4,900 ft. altitude. We covered 75 li and they were very long li — (mountain li).

It was delightful this morning as we passed under the West Gate & immediately began to descend deep down to cross the river and then climb up to twice the height again.

The site of Ch'ing Ch'i (Clear Stream) is unique — a similar one I have not seen.<sup>102</sup> It stands on a high table-land surrounded by great mountains. On two sides, south & west[,] the plateau drops sheerly down[,] almost perpendicular to the two rivers which join here. The city wall is perched along the border of this cliff-like formation & looks like an impregnable feudal fort and refuge.

We had tiffin at a small inn known as the "Heavenly Prosperity."

On many houses there is noticeable on the front doors which meet when closed & complete the two halves of a paper with the characters on, "Open door, great good fortune," (K'ai men Ta chi).

<sup>101</sup>Here the altitude is 5,700 feet.

<sup>102</sup>The elevation is 5,800 feet.

One of my fusong today was mounted on a horse, Swank! The foreign printed card must have impressed the Chi Su — the Magistrate. Chi su means "Knows Affairs" — freely translated — One who knows the affairs of that city. Each "hsien" city has a magistrate & is responsible direct to the capital city. So the old style prefecture & sub-prefecture cities have been done away with — and all the "hsien," "fu" & chow [sic] cities have been done away with & all are hsien cities — that is those cities of sufficient size to require a magistrate. Since the revolution many of these cities have had their names changed. So the official names are now different from the colloquial names.

My chair coolies are becoming very unsatisfactory & also one of the carriers. They get tired quickly & always grumbly — especially about the weight. Now the chair men carry only myself & one blanket. They hiring another coolie to carry the "ham" & Chang's bedding. The fu'ton is O.K. [;] he is strong & very willing. The other four are opium smokers — this accounts for the poor service they are giving.

The mountains are becoming barren in appearance — little shrubbery. At most of the rest houses along the way — cakes of wheat flour, but chiefly of corn meal are sold. The coolies largely depending on this diet. Little rice is in evidence. Beans, barley and corn are the chief staples.

I paid 9000 cash to the coolies here. They asked for "pork" money — but I refused, giving only to the fu'ton. The Chinese term is "ya dji" — literally means "sacrifice to the teeth."

Had the surprise of my life when the fusongs refuse[d] to accept my usual cumsha of 200 cash per man per day. This is the first time it has happened to me since leaving Hong Kong, 3½ months ago.

**May 25 — Friday.** By 6 o'clock the A.M. we were leaving the inn — with fair weather. We followed up a deep canyon, climbing steadily. We passed many groups of tea carriers, slowly toiling up. One man had 13 of the bamboo woven bundles! Amounting to over 325 lbs. I took a picture of him & gave him 20 cash for posing. It was nearing sundown [at] 6:30 so am doubtful of the results.

After tiffin it started raining, the road became abominable. The grade was killing & after the climb, most exhausting yet, we reached the head of the pass at 4:30 o'clock & started a rapid descent over a road that clung to the side of the mountain. Temporary posts & boards helped over landslides & in other places where the rain had washed away the embankment. This pass is said to be a little over 10,000 ft.

The poor, forlorn looking houses — walled with loosely set stones and rough-board roofs weighted with rocks. Now many of the houses show the Tibetan influence. They have a square hole about 1 ft. deep x 3' square in which they build a fire & from a large linked chain hung from a cross beam, a heavy hot water kettle hangs. Around this fire the Chinese squat on little benches arranged in a square. I sat with them for the day was very cold — the rain intensifying it.

My chair coolies were about all in — we did not arrive at Hua lin p'ing until 7:30, after darkness had fallen, over 13½ hours on the road. The city has an altitude of about 7300 ft., being just across the pass & located on a high table land.

Here we met Emil S. Fischer[,] an Austrian of over 20 yrs. residence in Tientsin. He was returning from Tachienlu & later was going to go overland from Chengtu to Sianfu — to R.R. in 26 days & then on to Peking by R.R. He has visited our mill in Seattle — knows the Seattle Chamber of Commerce.<sup>103</sup>

Have felt very seedy the past 2 days. My throat has become swollen — & the lymphatics in the neck are enlarged. A strange swelling starting at the top of my forehead & moving across & down my face — not hurting much — but the strange performance. Every night I massage my stiff neck with kerosene which seems to be a great help.

**May 26 — Saturday.** Moving at 6:15 o'clock, said good-bye to Fischer. The road condition was splendid & weather fine. Late in forenoon we came to the Tung River & followed [it] far up on the steep mountain-side bank for the rest of the day, arriving at Lu-ting-chiao at 5 o'clock — after a fine day, such a contrast to the exhausting day of yesterday.

The panorama along the turbulent Tung — hemmed in by great steep mountains — was [as] beautiful as a picture. No hard ascents.

Noticed many of the Chinese women wear much more than the usual amount of silver ornaments — rings, bracelets, ear-rings, etc. It is the influence of the Tibetans who are very fond of decorating themselves. Many of the women are half-castes — they wear bright stripes[,] embroidery across their jackets and sleeves. The two influences are beginning to weave in together.

This forenoon passed thru a village that had but recently had a fire [—] it is astonishing how quickly they recover, building new houses & temporary mat structures.

Only the stage towns seem to have rice. At the way-side rest houses — carrier coolies may be seen mixing their rice with corn meal & then steaming it in the large pans. Each man his own cook — I observed 8 of them all busy mixing, each with part of a hollowed out tree slab — for a work-board & trough. These corn meal cakes are fashioned about the size & thickness of a layer from a layer cake. Each coolie having one or two stuck to his "beitsz." This is the staple diet thru this rough & mountainous country.

Chinese, when in mourning, paste white strips of paper on either side of the doorway. Some of them read like this: "The white clouds are in sympathy with my feelings." (White being the color of mourning.) "While I keep my mourning, the sun sets, yet how should I notice it." "The parent's grace is deep as the sea." "The son's sins are like a great mountain." "Mother is not, what else matters."

**May 27 — Sunday.** At six o'clock said good-bye to Dr. P. who intends to spend Sunday — or part of the day [—] here in Lu-ting-chiao.

<sup>103</sup>Sing-an fu, capital of Shenshi province, was then the railhead for the line running east to Peking. The mills in question are the Fisher Flouring Mills of Seattle, Washington, in whose branch office in Hong Kong Fritz worked as assistant sales agent since 1915.

Coolies said that it was raining too hard to start travelling. Their point was over-ruled & we started, the raining stopping before 9 o'clock. They wanted a rest [,] that was their motive — as they are about all in.

My hotel — a new, small inn [—] was on the very edge of the abrupt bank by the bridge. This bridge is a large iron linked chain suspension bridge[,], one of the largest in China. Stretching more than 60 ft. above the Tung river[,], over 370 ft. long & 10 ft. wide. Flimsy, loose boards are tied across the 8 chains on the platform or runway & 2 chains on either side for guards.

The bridge swayed at every step. Two small pack horses loaded with machine guns crossed over — after much urging.

As an escort I had some retinue. I kept in company with a company of 110 soldiers hurrying on to Tachienlu.

Runners and information we received in Chengtu have been further developed in the last few weeks. The lamas, leading the Tibetans, to the north of Tachienlu have seized the tribal capitals of Romei Chango and Mongoon.<sup>104</sup> The few consulting Chinese officials having had to flee, those that were not killed.

It is said the Tibetans intend to oust the Chinese at Tachienlu. May see some real excitement.

The road followed the Tung River, along the left bank, until within 30 minutes of Wa-ssu-kow, which lies on the banks of the Tachienlu River just before it joins the Tung. The village is very small & straggling, having an altitude of 5,300 ft.

The panorama from high up on the river bank was beautiful — the road clinging onto the steep mountain side.

Far upon the mountains & along the . . . mountain streams that joined the Tung — could be seen little Tibetan villages — just a few houses grouped together, away from this *much* travelled road.

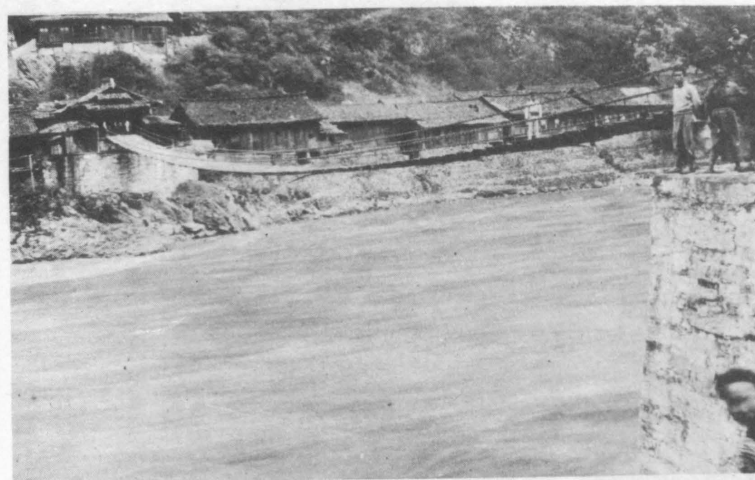
How they pick a living on these extremely steep slopes & on little, small levels along [and] between tributary streams & the Tung.

Many of the tea coolies were strung out along the road all day. Also passed many coolies going towards Yachow, carrying great bundles of long wool. Also several lady passengers, each with her bedding tucked under her. There she sat perched high about the shoulders of the coolie, sitting on the "bei-tsz." Her little feet dangling down, she having to lean . . . forward over his head. It must be similar to riding a jerking bobbing elephant.

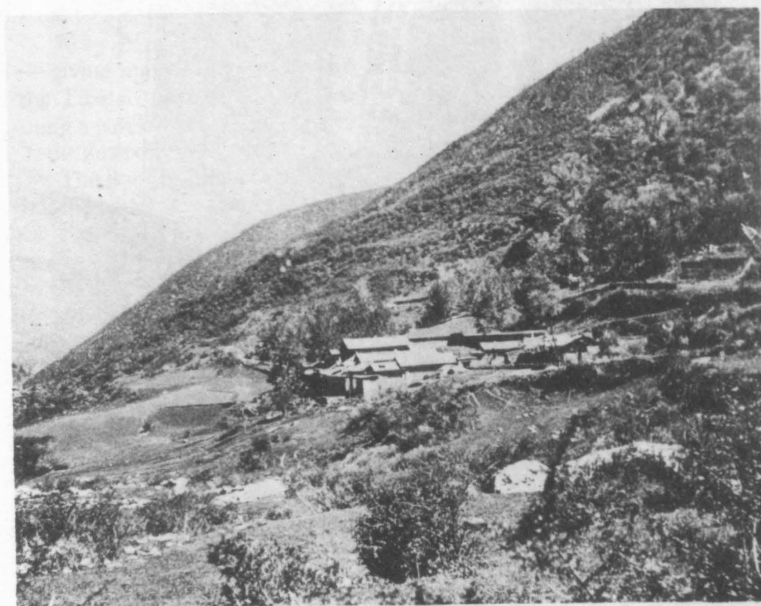
Had a row with my chair men, they kept me waiting so long at a stop this afternoon, I investigated & found them peacefully smoking opium — while I could stand & wait on their convenience. I gave them a sharp talk & they seemed much crestfallen & we made remarkable time from then on.

This is the worst day yet, that I have had with my neck, swollen both in & outside. Hurting to turn or swallow & the saliva flowing freely.

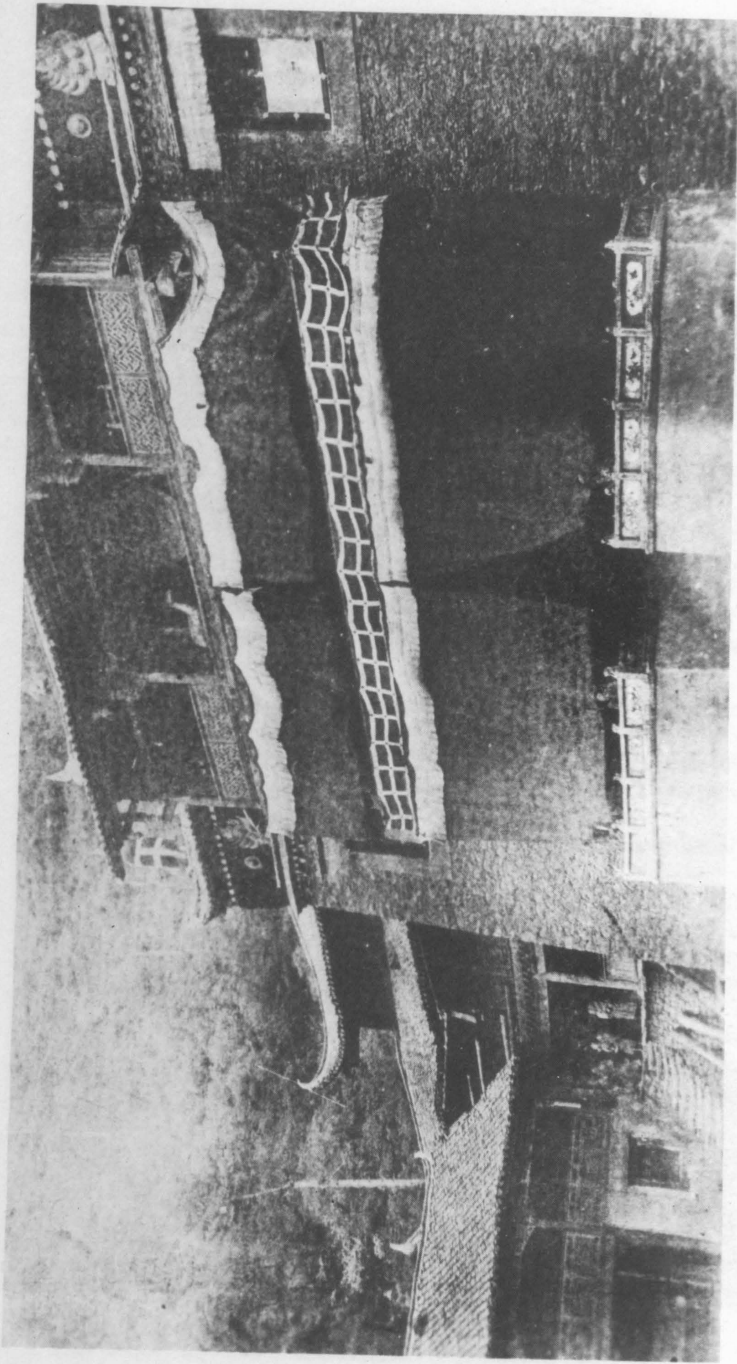
Tomorrow night shall be in T. & have a chance to recuperate. It is difficult to shake any sickness under these travelling conditions. Dr. P. changed his mind & arrived this evening.



Chain suspension bridge across the Tatsienlu River.



Temple and palace of the King of Chiala. —



Tibetan lamasery near Tatsienlu.

May 28 — Monday. The road today ran thru the narrow rocky gorge of the Tachienlu, the mountains rising perpendicularly on either side to a height of several thousand feet. Huge masses of rock had detached themselves and rolled into the stream, which for the entire 18 miles to Tachienlu was a mass of foam, a succession of cascades down the rapid descent — falling over 3,000 ft. in 18 miles.<sup>105</sup>

At intervals the river was spanned with bamboo rope, anchored with heavy rocks on either side of the stream. A sliding bamboo cylinder slid along the rope to which was attached a small sling, where the passenger sat & pulled himself along by a small hand line — a primitive contrivance found all along the Tibetan border land.

Many tea houses were along the way for the resting tea coolies. Indian corn was the chief staple. A few pack horses with wood were seen — but the trail is practical for only foot-travelers. The coolies live chiefly on maize cakes & vegetables.

Twelve li away from T. Mr. Clements met us & had tea, sweet-meats, etc. for us at one of the houses. We walked on a little further and here were met by a number of Chinese gentlemen & we again had tea, sweet-meats, fruits, cakes, etc. These men had come out over 10 mountain li to meet Dr. Parry — illustrating in what warm affection he is held by the Chinese. It was my good fortune to be along with this “Great Teacher” of West China & share in this pretty custom.

Mrs. Sorensen welcomed us at the C.I.M. compound and it was good to get in clean quarters — I immediately went to bed as I was about done up — with my neck & the back of my head.<sup>106</sup>

May 29 — Tuesday. Stayed in bed all day. Mrs. Sorensen was very kind — giving me some special dishes. Had plenty of good milk and butter, for the Tibetans, unlike the Chinese, appreciate butter and milk. Butter forming a part of their every day diet. Little Olaf was very lively and interested in the newcomers.

The last fire, that swept T., burned the C.I.M. chapel and out-buildings but the house was saved.

Feel much better this evening — a good day of rest here was what was needed.

May 30 — Wednesday. This morning left for the “Summer Palace” of the King of Chiala — some 30 li out. The day was ideal and we passed out thru the town and after a few li, crossed the “Bridge of Tibet” — a large stone single span, arched bridge. The road gradually ascended — passed a lamasery. Tibetans were passed on the road, a small yak caravan was coming in towards Tachienlu, they are a wild shy animal — with long

<sup>105</sup>Tachienlu was the Chinese name given to the site; the equivalent Tibetan name, Dar-tsendo, derived from the confluence of two rushing rivers there. The prevalence of boulders is partly explained by a severe earthquake in the mid-19th century that buried an earlier town. Peter Goullart, *Land of the Lamas: Adventures in Secret Tibet* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1959), pp. 15-16.

<sup>106</sup>The Sorensens arrived in China in 1896 and later served in the Mission Home in Shanghai. C.I.M., *List of Missionaries*, p. 22.

black hair & wide spread of horns. The parcels were sewed up in hides, their wooden churn was tied to one load.

Arrived at the Palace — which the King of Chiala is not using just now & there met Mr. Coales, the British Consular Agent, who has come out to spend a few weeks at the Palace. We had fittin & fine walk about. I enjoyed a *hot* bath in the King's private bath house — it was a hot sulphur spring.

Some years back, looting soldiers, during the Revolution, his private temple was broken open and the large idols broken open to see if they contained valuables. These idols and sacred Tibetan books have now been removed to an upper room, which I occupied. The books are about 26'' long — 8'' wide & 8'' deep. Two loose boards serve as covers, the sheets are large, with a border, the part for "writing" is black & the ink is yellow or golden in color.

Became very cold, as we are up some 10,000 ft., with snow-capped mountains on all sides. The building became very cold. From [the] room [there] reaches out the usual Tibetan flat roof — which is used for recreation, praying, threshing, etc.

Found Mr. Coales very interesting having been 16 yrs. in China — travelled in to Chambdo & also thru rural Japan on foot.<sup>107</sup>

May 31 — Thursday. On horse-back started for the town of Che-ta — the carrying coolie & Chang to arrive there at their leisure, for I hurried on to make the Che-ta Pass. The road was a gradual ascent. On a small flat or table land were some Tibetan black tents, made of Yak hair. The usual Tibetan dog was staked out nearby — these dogs are very large and accompany each caravan and when tied up are very ferocious having deep baying voices.

The town of Che-ta is quite Tibetan — altho there is a Chinese inn, the last one going west. Most of the Tibetan houses are of stone, two storey & sometimes three — with flat roofs. The lower floor is usually for the animals & they (T.) sleep above.<sup>108</sup> A notched log serves as a stairs. A Tibetan I don't believe ever washes. He wears a heavy skin, long coat all the year, which when it becomes too warm he lets one shoulder hang loose, sometimes the coat hangs from the girdle unused. They are tanned with sun and dirt[,] almost black, a *dark* brown.

The women wear large gaudy ear-rings, rings & beads. Prayer wheels are constantly turning sending up the six mystic syllables, "Om, mani, padme, hum!" Meaning "Hail, Jewel (Buddha) in the lotus, amen." They believe a constant repetition, piling up great quantities of these prayers insures them of a certain and safe arrival in the paradise. Each Tibetan has his hand prayer wheel which he is constantly turning, his rosary of 108 beads, & the 3 strings of counters. Fluttering prayer flags, water propelled prayer wheels are everywhere sending up prayers — thus great merit is being accumulated.

The weather was ideal. The great peaks of the Snow Mountains were reaching up on either side — it became quite cold when we reached the head

<sup>107</sup>Chambdo is west, northwest, across several mountain ranges.

<sup>108</sup>That is, the Tibetan occupants themselves.

of the pass — the poor horse was about all in. The view of the great mountains was wonderful — the pass known to the Tibetan as the Gi-La and to the Chinese as the Che-ta, is 15,000 ft. in altitude, off to the north is Mt. Ja-ra 25,584 ft.<sup>109</sup> Some Mountain! Down below on the other [side] a high table-land stretched, it is on these high-plateau that fine grass lands are obtained for the yak caravans, which only make half-stages. The picture made by these great mountains, Himalayan in character, with their snow-caps against a delightful Tibetan-blue sky, was indeed marvelous. Its like I shall not see again. Far down on the table-land were yak grazing and a small Tibetan camp of black tents.

Hurried back to Che-ta arriving a little after dark, but the weather was good. The day now measure very long [sic] and one can crowd in a good deal in one day when pressed for time.

Che-ta village must measure about 11,000 ft.<sup>110</sup> Such dreariness in these little clusters of a few Tibetan houses. Few settlements are to be seen grazing [sic] — nomads & robbers. Polyandry is practiced over 10,000 feet — it is social convenience at that altitude.<sup>111</sup>

June 1, 1917 — Friday. Away early and arrived in Tachienlu in good time for tiffin.

The streets of T. are most interesting; Tibetan muleteers, lamas, Tibetan traders, Chinese, T-C half-castes.

Ta. is very important commercially and politically — it is on the great highway from Peking to Lhasa. The Commissary for the Tibetan Marches is here. A Commissioner is the high official. Correctly, has it been called, the "Gateway to Tibet."

There are some very large Chinese firms here, dealers in musk, which is the principal article sold by the Tibetans. It is used in Am. & Europe for manufacture of perfumes — its strong odor. It is the pod — the skin gland on the genital organ of the male deer, secreted during rutting season. Annually some 60,000 pods from Tach. Easily adulterated this very expensive commodity: There are 3 tests against adulteration: (1) Smell; (2) few grains are extracted from the pod & placed in water, if these remain granular musk is genuine, if they melt it is false, (3) Place a few grains on a live piece of charcoal, if they melt and bubble on the red surface, it is pure; if they harden & a cinder forms, it is adulterated. Also, rubbing a threat, rubbed with garlic, thru the pod; if no odor remains the perfume is held to be sufficiently pure. It is frequently adulterated with blood, liver, etc. Quinine is also another test, if the odor of the latter remains strongest it is adulterated. Tach musk is the best. The little deer has no horns & inclined to stoutness & usually trapped.

<sup>109</sup>Systematic surveys to determine the height of several peaks in the area did not begin until the 1930s. Mt. Jara, 28 miles north of Tachienlu, is 19,455 feet high. Minya Konka (Gongga Shan), about 30 miles south, is just a few feet short of 25,000 feet. Richard L. Burd-sall and A. M. Emmons, *Men Against the Clouds: The Conquest of Minya Konka* (New York, 1935).

<sup>110</sup>Che-to village, about 10 miles southwest of Tachienlu, is actually at 11,300 feet elevation.

<sup>111</sup>Goullart, *Land of the Lamas*, p. 28, reported on a 28-year-old woman of high standing who recently divorced her 25th husband.

This afternoon called on the King of Chiala,<sup>112</sup> first sending over our cards — asking if he would be at home to receive us.

He was *not* an impressive man. His secretary was a pleasant faced old-man. Both wore Chinese dress.

We were received in the Guest Room and tall Tibetans waited on us serving tea & cakes. Then came the great national dish — in fact the national diet of Tibet. Thick tea with butter making a thick brown beverage was first taken[,] tea & butter churned — some  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the cup was drunk. The king himself served me & showed me how to mix the "tsamba." A ground, roasted or scorched barley flour was mixed in the tea cup, with two large, extra, [sic] slices of butter being added. This is doughed & after butter is melted with the right hand into a dough-like consistency [sic]. The taste is not half bad.

The King now thanked me profusely for the presents I had brought along — a servant carrying them before me. Each package wrapped in red paper. I gave him a 2 lb. tin of Jacob's cream crackers, two brightly colored Chinese pictures, a good wall thermometer and a tin of sardines!

He is very fond of foreign articles. He returned my call this afternoon, his secretary & a great large Tibetan lama accompanying. This red lama — a very large man is a "living Buddha[,]'" an incarnate abbot of a lamasery. He was fat & seemed quite satisfied with himself. We showed the king the two gold watches, my large silver watch, and the two family medicine cases. These articles I had brought from Chungking so as to barter for good Tibetan pieces, which they otherwise would not part with, if they were not attracted by some article I had. I told him what pieces I would like and he (King) said they would exert every effort to get these articles. I gave each two pictures, to the secretary & the lama. They were all very much interested. I wish for a praying wheel, Tibetan picture, tea-pot, rosary, rugs, and bell. The few vendors here ask tremendous prices — the reason being of the scarcity of articles for sale.

The King was very friendly and courteous & wished me to stay on for another week, he & his retinue would go to the mountains with me to hunt. He had a large bundle under his coat, which gave him the appearance of having a large stomach. What really caused the pouch, was that he wore 2 or 3 large silver cham boxes, to ward off evil influences.

In his court-yard at the great massive gate, was securely tied a great Tibetan dog. He wore a large fluffy red wood collar & tugged & barked at his rope — looking very fierce & shaggy.

In days gone by the King was very powerful over a large area — for 8 days south, 5 days to the north, 5 days west & 3 days east. He controlled Tachienlu, the gate-way of a great trade highway & big source of revenue. But now the Chinese have broken his power & his power is limited.

His palace is visible from my window. The compound has not been rebuilt since the burning and looting during the revolution. His houses are now wooden structures, his private temple is also wooden.

Saturday — June 2. Bought a very good Tibetan picture — these pictures hang in the rooms of the lamas. There are only a few Tibetan rugs & tea-pots to be had — all at *fancy* prices.

After tiffin we walked out to the largest lamasery and found many pilgrims — as this is the Dumb Festival, on every other day for 16 days they must not speak to one another. Many old ladies were there — counting their rosary with their left hand and mumbling the mystic prayer. We entered the front altar room — in the background were 5 large Buddhas on whose outstretched hands hung "Katas." On the altar railing on a pyramid shaped rack were very *many* butter-lamps. On the side walls were great Buddhistian painting. Three red lamas were lighted up. Along the walls on the floor, were floor mats where lamas sat, with their drum[s], bells, thunderbolts, incense pot, prayer-wheels, etc.

The King's daughter & party — all dressed in fancy, bright clothes. They threw rice at the gods & then did several "Kow-tow's," but between these, with joined hands touching forehead, mouth & chest — almost liking [sic] the Catholics crossing themselves.

In a side entrance door, were many prayer wheels, for the passer-by to turn as he walked.

We passed on to a great court-yard, on three sides of each were two storey-buildings, with balconies, where lived 80 lamas. Opposite the entrance was the main building with great long curtains hanging over the entrance doors. Inside the main room, with large Buddhas, opposite the entrance & then several mats for the lamas to sit as they chanted their prayers, led by the abbot. Along the walls were large paintings of Buddha in his various existences — for Buddha had 550 rebirths.

We had tea in the Steward's room — in typical Tibetan guest room style. In the large outer room, were *many* tea pots, Buddha statuettes.

Coming and going from the first & outer altar were many pilgrims, largely women, mumbling their prayers — dressed in their picturesque costume [sic].

I finally persuaded one very well-dressed family to pose for a picture — in their interesting costume [sic], I had to promise him a picture — which would reach him some 2 months hence from Hankow.

We had received permission to see the lamasery thru the King — whose son-in-law, who explained many things to us.

The Tachienlu River flows just below and a large grass pasturage opens out — here was a yak caravan of some 60 odd feeding — as they are very shy — with long black shaggy hair.

A band of mounted Tibetans went by on horses, they sit high on their horses, with a short stirrup — with their queer swords & their odd guns on their backs. They made a wild & strange group.

This evening we attended a large Chinese feast. It seemed the courses came one after the other — without end. It was well cooked and so many dishes. There were many new dishes to me — Bear's foot tendons, heart of the lotus flower, Shan-si dates, bean powder with egg & sugar, (very sweet & good).

Am still talking with the Chinese about a picture deal (4) and silver ornaments.

Mr. Coales arrived this late afternoon from the Summer Palace.

88 <sup>112</sup>The word is variously spelled Chiala, Chāla, and Chola, after the ethnic name collectively applied to the native population.

Bought the 4 pictures at \$12.00!! Mr. Clements said this is the cheapest buy he has yet seen.

**June 3 — Sunday.** Called on Mr. Coales[,] the British Agent (Political) [,] and we had an interesting visit — he had many fine Tibetan articles — tea-pots, charm-boxes, etc. and a good prayer-wheel.

We visited five of the largest “go-chwangs” in the town — there being some 20 odd. They are the inns where come the Tibetan caravans and where the deals are put thru. The wife of the proprietor being the go-between — she receiving a percentage on the business. One very fine one, had in the reception room many Buddhas, pictures & Tibetan articles. It also had its private temple & lamas. In the open square — court-yard — the yak are brought for unloading — great piles of tea were stored under the balconies — mostly packed in raw-hides — 12 bricks to a hide — the yak carrying 2 bundles — & one on top, sometimes.

We were entertained at several private Tibetan apartments. In one we saw them packing bunches of silk heavy thread [sic] — to be taken on the Lhasa — the thread coming from Chengtu. Some Chinese sweets were also being taken in — also silk cloth, scarfs & Katas. In the Tibetan furnished room, low flat bench seats are fitted with the T. rugs & a brightly polished “ho-pan” set down in a long, flat box-like bench. The ash banked so neatly & the brass tea-pot — brewing a “battered tea” a deep brown. The tea & butter are churned together in a narrow, deep churn. The T. butter is churned in a skin, this accounts for so many hairs. They hold the skin & roll it back & forth.

Mr. Coales’ Tibetan interpreter acted as our guide & interpreter. He is a keen looking young fellow & well known. He was the leader of the Embassy sent by the King of Chola, to regain his lost power & official rank. He & the King are now not on friendly terms. He secured for us the entree to three lamaseries. All were small ones for lamaseries. In one we found lamas sitting & chanting, counting their beads, with the little butter cup lamps lighted. One had many of the small T. pictures hung on the two sides — all new and of good design. Fine massive, brass decorated doors, swung open into the main altar hall — containing the idols, painting, equipment, etc.

**June 4 — Monday.** Today again visited musk firms. This is one of Tachienlu’s big trades — the largest trade from Tibet. Some of these hongts are wealthy & have very securely built shops for protection against looting — which the soldiers indulge in every few years. Also two of the big thick-walled shops, have reserve bricks to build up the doorway in case of fire, which seems to visit T. at regular intervals.

Bought, finally, the 4 pairs of large massive silver Tibetan ear-rings — also three rings. Stones have to be bought from the Shan-si merchants.

Bought a fine tea-pot Derge-make. Thru Mr. Coales I was able to get a prayer-wheel. These are especially hard to obtain — as they are handed down from generation to generation — thru the family. It is a family heirloom, much like our family Bibles.

The King of Chala sent his son-in-law and secretary & wished only to barter for one family medicine chest, for which I received in return a fine brass Tibetan tea-pot.

For a return present he gave me two T. pictures “tan Kars.”

His son-in-law wished to give me a silver mounted Tibetan gun & sword, if I would send up river to him a pocket automatic revolver & 300 rounds of shells. It is too cumbersome to take out a rifle — altho they are very rare. His son said he would take a gold-watch — but later backed out.

Had an interesting evening at Mr. Coales’ home, he lives in a temple. Enjoyed his dinner. He has made a 6 month trip across Asia, from Shanghai, Chengtu, Sinning, Kashgar & then to railhead & on to Moscow — he also has some splendid pictures. He has made some interesting walking tours thru Japan & the Japanese Alps.<sup>113</sup>

**June 5 — Tuesday.** Left at 8:30 o’clock, with a clear day. Mr. C. & Dr. Parry accompanied me to the edge of the city. After much maneuvering finally got a picture of some Tibetans, who were very shy & ran, but suddenly turned on them & caught them, after making believe I was interested in another group. It is at this gate entrance that the tea coolies are stopped for likin, & searched for opium. Their loads were stacked, resting on the stone-walls about.

Bade good-bye to two good loyal friends, who had done so much for me. I gave \$10.00 for the Tract Fund for the Tachienlu Station of the C.I.M.

I came away with some [\$]55.00 worth of Tibetan curios — quite a swag — but regret I had insufficient silver to buy a rug — but that can come later by post.

We made excellent time — going down-grade dropping with the turbulent Tachienlu river. We arrived in Was-ssu-kow by 4:30 — doing it in 8 hours, while in going it required 12 hours. But I have now 2 good, new coolies — I having refused to go back with two of the others — both opium smokers, sulky & one, especially[,] a troublemaker. They being always weak & easily tired.

Tonight — I had 2 delicious fried mountain trout — & had opened before me the program & menu of an Alumni banquet [—] as I ate I read & lived in memory.

**June 6 — Wednesday.** We were on the road at a quarter to six — with good weather for travelling. At 9 o’clock I had a large breakfast at Da-pung-ba. Formerly there used to be a coracle in use across the Tung ho here but the officials have taken it away to Lu-ting-chiao, where is located the long suspension bridge, where the officials can control the traffic — also gather all likin charges. Thus for days, there is no means for crossing the Tung ho, except the one chair suspension bridge. Across the Tung ho, were a few hamlets, with a distinct Tibetan architecture. Some of the houses were two and three stories high — frequently with flat roofs. On this side of the river, where all the traffic flows along the road, is a different social order, the Chinese following along the trade route, the tribes people. . . occupying the more inaccessible spots & less desirable spots & away from the road. The river makes a sharp & distinct boundary.

<sup>113</sup>Sinning is far to the north; in modern-day Qinghai province; Kashgar is in eastern Turkestan, now Sinkiang province; and the Japanese Alps refers to the Hida Range west of Tokyo in Central Honshu Island, a favorite attraction for Mountain climbers.

**June 7 — Thursday.** A more enjoyable travelling day upon this trip, I have not spent. The weather was ideal, cool, with the sun breaking thru fleecy clouds against a deep Tibetan blue sky.

The road from Liu-ting-chiao followed along the east bank of the Tung ho<sup>114</sup> — the road was from 500 to 700 ft. about [above?] the river upon the steep bank, thus affording a beautiful panorama, that changed with each bend of this swift flowing river, upon whose current no boat can live. In breaks of the steep mountains bordering the river, the beautiful & lofty Snow Mts. were to be seen. These mountains average around 18,000 to 20,000 ft. and are Himalayan in character. Their snow clad peaks, with the sun flashing upon them against the Tibetan blue sky, afforded a picture that shall live long in my memory.

About 11 o'clock we passed thru a busy market town, upon a mud flat along the river, & here flourished a busy town. A recent fire had practically burned the entire town & many temporary & new buildings lined the main street. Here I bought some good taffy candy & a peculiar "water nut," small in size & black-shaped, irregular. At first glance it looked almost [like a] machine made iron article. It tasted like a water "nigger-toe" nut.

At 5 o'clock we arrived at Hua-ling-ping, a quiet little town about 7,200 ft.,<sup>115</sup> when compared to the busy places of Lu-ting-chiao & its great stream of traffic converging there to cross the suspension bridge.

Last night I went to bed at 6 o'clock. It was raining & dismal — with a poor light reading has little pleasure & there seems naught else to do. Today I feel the best I have felt in many a day — more like myself. We are at the foot of the 10,000 ft. pass.

**June 8 — Friday.** This morning at 5:15 when we were ready to start, one of the chair — coolies were [sic] missing & later was found, down in an opium den, smoking. Three small pellets of opium may be bought for 250 cash.

The ascent commenced upon leaving the town and we make very good time, making the head of the pass at 8:30 A.M. having stopped for breakfast enroute. The pass must be well over 10,000 ft. Major Davies, does not give it on his map.<sup>116</sup> From the pass it was a constant descent, until we arrived at Ni-t'ou (4,900 ft.) at 3 o'clock, making excellent time.

A beautiful view was to be had at the head of the pass — towards the Snow Mts. & then on the other side of the pass, a wide panorama stretching for miles. There were no extremely large mts., for a background, but the mts., as they were, were of no mean size. The road over this pass is extremely bad, a sharp grade & many loose rocks in the road, truly the Chinese roads made a lasting impression on all who travel over them. It is nobody's real business to look after the roads — Every year the roads thru

<sup>114</sup>Lu-ting chiao is at an elevation of 4,850 feet.

<sup>115</sup>Also Hua-lin ping.

<sup>116</sup>Major H. R. Davies, *Yun-nan: The Link Between India and the Yangtze* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1909), whose "united journeys, not counting roads which were traversed twice, covered a distance of nearly 15,000 miles of land travelling" since 1894.

the rice field area, become narrower & narrower. Many of these roads owe their origin [to] military conquest (T.-Batang) or commercial interchange between distant localities.<sup>117</sup> Frequently towns or villages are located in valleys or on the banks of streams. Many of the numerous paths originated in illicit salt traffic.

Horse back or sedan chair is the only means of getting over these roads in any degree of comfort. The latter especially so, for one can read in the chair. In many cases, it is a necessity, for it is an outward visible sign of respectability & its presence insures respect. In out-of-the-way places, it is of greater service than a pass-port.

Another great draw-back or inconvenience in overland travel thru interior China (aside from the matter of financing a trip) are the foul & uncomfortable conditions of the wayside inns. One's sense of decency forbids detailed description of some of them. Still some are not bad (for Chinese inns) as those along the Great Highway between Chungking & Chengtu.<sup>118</sup> No doubt they are the same as traveler's [sic] took as a matter of course several centuries ago in Europe.

Here I paid 230 cash per catty for a chicken (total 805 cash — about .50¢ silver). I gave pork money to the coolies tonight — 220 cash per catty. Here exchange is 1700, 100 cash over last night — this is a help for I paid 10,000 cash to the chair coolies.

**June 9 — Saturday.** We were on the road at 5:15 — with good weather & a good stretch of road. I walked the first 25 li, in the cool of the morning. We covered 75 li today arriving at Ch'ing Ch'i Hsien at 3:30. The last hour held an especially beautiful panorama, looking down on the city, situated high up on its table-land, with precipitate walls dropping on two sides to the river, far down below.

At Fu-chuang, we branched off the main road, which leads to Ning-yuan-fu<sup>119</sup> & on to Yunnanfu & we swung over a low divide & from now on we proceed in a general northeast direction, while formerly it was a general southeast direction.

Chung-chi-hsien is about the largest town we pass thru enroute T-Yachow.<sup>120</sup>

The number of drug stores is very noticeable thruout Szechwan, which produces the greatest variety of drugs & the most of any province.

Chang bought about \$2.00 worth of a mud-covered worm, with a long tail-like growth. These he bought half a day out from Tachienlu, [sic] at about 10 cash per piece. He said in Chungking they are very dear. He said he was going to cook them along with his chow — to make him strong.

<sup>117</sup>Batang is toward 200 miles west of Tachienlu. Chao Erh-feng, the expansionist governor-general of Szechwan, ordered the road widened and improved in 1908-1909 in the course of invading Tibet. Richardson, *History of Tibet*, pp. 97-101.

<sup>118</sup>Hart, *Western China*, p. 11, advanced a similar observation.

<sup>119</sup>Fu-chuang is at 3,500 feet; Ning-yuan is in south-central Szechwan.

<sup>120</sup>Ching-chi hsien or Tsing-ki hsien is at 5,750 feet.



"Chinese Herbal" is a book on medicines & their uses, written by a Chinese scholar several hundred years ago — it is still the standard work.<sup>121</sup> It is said to contain 1892 prescriptions. A few are very good, many are absurd, for instance; [sic] for forgetfulness, the patient should eat the heart of a white horse! For tooth-ache use the wart-like growth or corns on the hind legs of a horse. These are called "night-eyes." For restlessness, the patient should drink the ashes of a skull in water.

Nearly all the high-valued drugs, excepting ginseng, cassia-bark, camphor & acra-nut, come from the shrub-clad highlands of the West & Szechwan offers the greatest range in topography & altitude, from a fertile irrigated plain to great mountains. Great quantities of rubarb [sic] (the root) are exported from Tachienlu, a great market for herbs & various barks, medicines — it produces 189 of the 220. Ginseng is used for restoring health — it is largely imported, coming from America, Korea & an inferior grade from Manchuria.

Tomorrow we cross the "Fly Across Pass" [sic] 9,200 feet.

This is a very decent inn here this evening. Just now I take my breakfast after covering some 10 or 15 li — also tiffin at the wayside inns.

**June 10 — Sunday.** This morning up at 4:00 A.M. & was on the road travelling by 4:30. It is our intention to make the remaining three stages to Yachow in two days. Today we covered the longest stretch, between the two hsien cities, Ching Chi and Yung Ching — 105 mountain li!<sup>122</sup> We arrived after 7:30 P.M., being about 15 hours traveling. After crossing the "Fly Across Pass" (or Flying Eagle Pass) . . . , we met a dense fog cloud & descended in a fine mist all the way down. We had breakfast at 6:00 A.M., tiffin at 1:00 P.M. & dinner at 9:45 P.M. It was a most tiring day. After one o'clock it rained heavily all the way & slowed us up.

I promised the coolies an extra "tea money" allowance, 200 cash per man, & 300 cash to the fu'ton, if we made the stages in 2 days — besides that they earn the 3 days wages in 2 days.

Found a large, roomy inn at Yung Ching — and was glad of comfortable quarters after such a long, wet day.

Bought a large fish, which tasted fine, fried to a turn, boiled Irish potatoes, boiled dried peaches, & chicken broth, (from tiffin). Some dinner!

The morning's weather started out very promising, but in the afternoon the rain turned the road into an awful mess — & made the going very slow & the coolies very stubborn against the lengthened stage. To travel in the interior of China, patience, tact and an abundance of time are essential. The more primitive & decidedly less comfortable methods of travel in China require a certain amount of roughing it from the "foreigner." Yet China alternately charms & fascinates, irritates and plunges into despair all who travel thru her interior provinces. The roads & inns are the bug-bears. Her ways of living & doing are still the same as those of the biblical days — she is the link which connects the 20th century, with the beginning of civilization.

<sup>121</sup>Li Shi-chen spent 27 years compiling the *Great Herbal*, which he completed in 1578 A.D. Ralph H. Major, *A History of Medicine* (2 vols., Springfield, Ill.: Charles C. Thomas, 1954), I, 94-95.

<sup>122</sup>Yung-ching is at 2,300 feet.

**Monday — June 11.** Away early with good, cool traveling weather. I walked the first 25 li — during the cool of the day. The road was very good today — broad & few climbs.

On leaving Yung Ching — we had to cross a ferry at a swift running stream. The ferry was held in line, by a large bamboo cable stretched across — which could be tightened by a horizontal hand windlass. As we crossed, a water buffalo was swept out into the strong current and before it regained the farther side, it was carried far down the river. We all were very much excited watching this splendid swimming animal fighting the strong current.

Had breakfast at the town, where I stopped for the night on the first stage of the journey to the "inside."

We made good time, arriving at Yachow at 4:30 o'clock, beating me [sic] letter from Ching Chi — we had made the 3 stages in the 2 days.

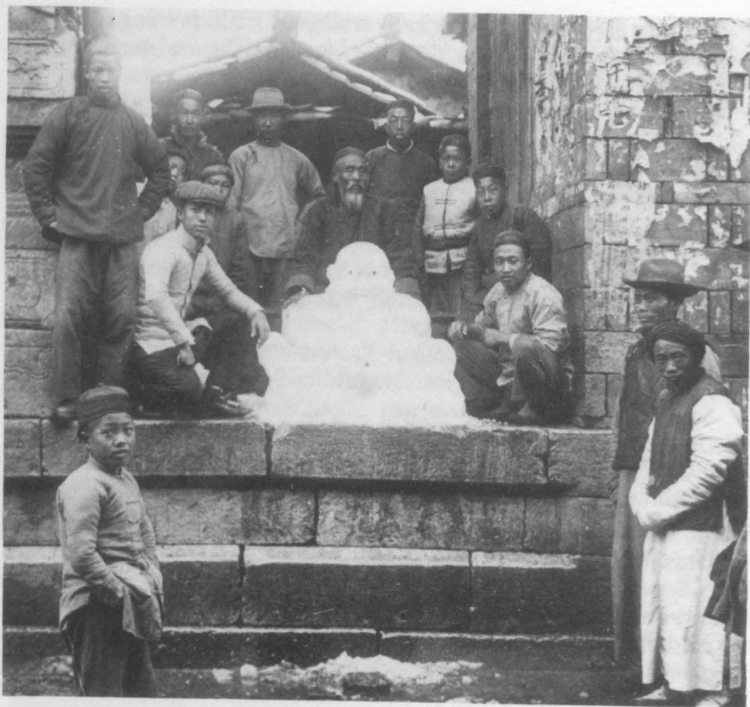
Stopped at Bailey's & here met Miss Alice Job, a most interesting elderly American artist, who has traveled all thru the East & Europe, spending some 8 years in the various countries of the Orient — being twice into Cashmere.<sup>123</sup> She travels into out of the way places, sketching & painting.

This P.M. had a disastrous hair-cut — the Chinese barber clipped too short & terrible cutting — then Mrs. Bailey improved it — Reib and Mr. Bailey also did some cutting — 4 people & such a hair-cut!

Had dinner at Mr. & Mrs. Smith & then we went down to the raft, where we slept, so as to get an early start in the morning. On way down, found the North Gate locked so had to wait while a soldier went to the yamen for the keys. Our bed was built up one foot from the raft to avoid the wash over the raft.

**Wednesday — June 13.** The raft started early — shooting the rapids just off Yachow. The raft was about 80 ft. long & 10 ft. wide. With mat coverings for our bed, which were raised a foot off the raft & straw placed on the cross-pieces. Our chairs & luggage were piled on. The raft cost 7,000 cash for the trip. These rafts require 15 days coming up river from K. to Yachow. The freight being 10 cash per catty. Trackers pull with bamboo strips. The river was a series of succeeding rapids & how we would speed on arriving at big drops. The rafts are the most efficient type of craft for such a stream, which in any other place but China, would be considered un-navigable. The bamboo, lashed together & plugged at the ends, give a good bouyancy & draws only a few inches. The strong current is constantly rolling stones down its river bed, & thus gives a swishing sound which is emphasized by the bamboo tubes acting as a sounding board. We passed thru many gorges — with precipitate-like banks. The river making right-angled turns, swinging quickly to the helm. Reib & self wore our Chinese sandals & as the water would wash over during the rapid shooting. Fine weather, making [it] most enjoyable to be floating swiftly down-stream after so many days of tedious, slow overland travelling. Put up for the night at [blank].

<sup>123</sup>The state of Kashmir, in northwest India.



A "God of Wealth" produced from white-wax, Szechwan.



Chinese gentry who entertained Fritz at dinner in Kiatingfu.

Thursday — June 14. Twice this morning our raft was hailed by soldiers — these were disbanded troops of Lin-tsun-ho — the cashiered No. 2 military man at Chengtu. He was the chief man for Szechwan soldiers. If we had not been foreigners, Mr. Tong the interpreter said, that they would have helped themselves to anything they wanted. Some tried to get on our boat for a ride to Kiating — but we refused. At eleven o'clock we arrived at Kiating — a prosperous walled-city — forming at the junction of the Min & Ya rivers. The Tung Ho also joins at Kiating. Across the river, high up on the bluff[,] rests the temple and large Buddha, cut out of the solid rock — sitting over 125 ft. high. The face has just been cleaned — It is a gigantic figure and a historic temple, where come many pilgrims.

R. & self are stopping at the new S.O. Co. agent's office, fine quarters — much more desirable than any inn.

Bought some of the fine heavy Kiating silk — very suitable for shirt-making.

This is a wealthy city — a great silk center. The silk being of high quality. This is also the center for the unique & ancient industry of insect white-wax.

Met HRM Vice-Consul Meade, who is being transferred from Chengtu to Peking. He and Brace's family were making good time — having an additional boat — with Kweichow soldiers — so called "neutral forces" during the present trouble.

Friday — June 15. Called at the C.I.M., American Baptists (Mr. Bradshaw) & there got my package of Tibetan 'd [blank] from Chengtu. We called at the Canadian Methodists — Mr. Quentin and met Mr. & Mrs. Carscalen.

In afternoon, beginning at 4 o'clock we had a fine Chinese dinner, given by Mr. Tang — at a fine new "Kung Kwan." There were present a number of the Kiating gentry — all venerable old men, averaging over 60 yrs. The dinner was of many courses & fine good chow — many new dishes. The game[s] of "Seven," "Stone & Scissors," & Choi-Mu were played for drinks.

June 16 — Saturday. At 7 o'clock Reib & self in 4-man chairs & four carrying-coolies & the 2 Boys, Chang & Dung, left the city — Kiating — for Omei hsien — 80 li away — thru a level, rich country. About Kiating were fields after fields of corn. 30 li out from the city we ferried across the Ya River & passing thru the large market town of Shiu K'ow — here we make a fine picture of the bridge.<sup>124</sup> The country was very fertile & many coolies were hurrying towards Kiating with loads of raw silk.

At 3:30 P.M. we arrived at the great temple [blank] at Omei hsien — where we stayed for the night. Our coolies refusing to go further — the next day we learned why. A fine temple — with a large "Goddess of Mercy," a massive figure with 48 arms — it was being gold leafed at Tls. 18 per arm. The Abbot, a friendly old Chinese, called in the evening & a long visit [sic] — with a tray of various Chinese sweet-meats. He said there were 50 monks [and] thus he gradually led up to a gift to the temple. He told of what one

<sup>124</sup>Or Shin-kow, at 1,750 feet.

foreigner; had given (of course the biggest benefactor.) We promised to pay in the morning & signed the book, I signing T. Roosevelt's name.

We had some of the famous sweet tea of Mr. Omei — It is made from a false tea leaf. [Mt. Omei is] One of the fine sacred mountains of China, the only one in West China, rising to an altitude of over 11,000 feet.

June 17 — Sunday. Left with our chairs — going [blank] li — walking most of the distance[,] the coolies being slow & unsatisfactory. [About] tiffin time we arrived at the Elephants Bath [blank] Temple — a large establishment, where they have a large brick building — covered with a frame building.<sup>125</sup> Here is housed the famous big brass elephant, with the 3 tusks on each side. The elephant carries the figure of an Indian saint who came to Mr. Omei. Here are 3,000 small Buddhas & 24 large ones. The tooth of Buddha is kept here — a large mastadon tooth — yellow with age — the old monk did chin chin before opening the box containing the tooth. The tooth measured 14 inches long! Here we had a big row with our coolies — paying them only for a half day. Their plan to work for a full day did not work. But here when we tried to hire local bei-dze for the balance of the trip — they said they would have to take 6 carrying coolies — when we had come with 4. We had to abandon our chairs. The bei-dze men wanted \$5.00 each for the return trip — about 5 times the regular price. They thought we had to take them, that we were up against it. R. & self decided to go light & leave everything at this temple. We took a roll of blankets, tooth brush, plate & etc., some biscuits & started on up the mountain — Chinese fashion. Thus having arrived with 12 coolies, we were leaving with 1 — being rudely brushed from the lap of luxury into coolie "pidgin" & so we climb [sic] up ragged stone stairs for 30 li — stopping at a temple.

Here were over a 100 pilgrims. We found fair quarters — the priests being very kind. We arrived shortly after 7 o'clock. We witnessed a Buddhist ceremony & had a light dinner.

June 18 — Monday. We climbed the remaining 30 li — over some frightful grades arriving at the "Ching Ding" (Golden Summit) at 1 o'clock, where we tiffed at the temple[,] the one on the left side. All three temples facing out to the east, situated on the very brink of the precipice, which drops straight down for over a mile. Fog & mist obscured the view & the air was very chilly.

15 li from the top we saw a large wild monkey seated on a large rock in a small clearing thru which passed the road. We stopped & soon noticed others off in the trees. We got some rice at a nearby temple & threw [some] to the monkeys & soon had the entire family out — 11 all told. One old fellow was very bold — eating from my hand. Reib took several pictures — but the light was bad. We were very tired when we reached the top — having made excellent time — making the top in 2½ days.

The 3 temples at the top are of little interest. In front of each are fences on the edge of the precipice — one a chain fence to prevent pilgrims from

<sup>125</sup>Some persons regard the temple as a lesser architectural wonder. Built entirely of brick and stone during the 10th century, the building is almost perfectly square and features an unsupported red-brick dome. Hart, *Western China*, pp. 211-213.

falling over or from jumping over. Some become fanatic when they see "Buddha's Glory," a peculiar natural phenomena [—] the sun cast one's shadow, bordered with a hallow, upon the clouds, far down below. It is believed to be Buddha's spirit & sanctifies [sic] the place. It is said Mt. Omei is the highest mountain in height from its adjacent hills or base. It practically rises from the river plane, over 10,000 ft.

It was the pilgrim season & a constant stream of pilgrims were "chin chinning," before the altar in each temple & then hurrying down off the summit. Because to live on the summit is very expensive. A bowl of rice costing 100 cash.

The two priest[s] in the Altar House of the Ching Ding Temple (Golden Summit) were very friendly & R. entertained them by telling their fortune — all [of] which they believed.

June 19 — Tuesday. The morning broke with clouds far down below. Soon there was a rift here & there, where glimpses of the landscape, far down below could be seen. These little patches were most beautiful — as the sun brightened them. Later the clouds began to clear & the valleys of the Ya & the Tung could be seen — to the East — with the "hsien" in the foreground. It was a wonderful panorama. To the west could be seen the distant Snow Mts., of Tibet rising 20,000 ft. in height.

R. told more fortunes — his clientele increasing. We enjoyed & practically lived on the famous potatoes of Mt. Omei. All day long the pilgrims came in single file — mostly elderly ladies — mounted high up on the back of the coolie in the bei-dzes. Practically every pilgrim carried his Omei staff — crudely carved — with Buddhist design. They are of various types & styles — we bought some 16 staffs!

June 20 — Wednesday. It was 8:30 before we actually started the descent — making up our minds at the last minute — the weather not being very favorable.

We descended over the tortuous trail in a fine mist & rain.

15 li below we again met our friends the monkeys — my old friend — stole our jam bowl, we gave chase, & he soon dropped it.

I wore Chinese sandals & made the mistake of placing a paper sole in my sock, which soon was a pulp ball & blistered my feet. We reached the [blank] at 1:30 o'clock — 60 li! Where was all our luggage.

This Elephant Bath Temple is considered a good day's stage. We decided to push on 40 li further & made the hsien that evening dead tired — covering 120 li. Making the 2 stages in one day, over the most difficult road I have yet seen. For 60 li we seemed to be descending rough, wet & slippery stone stairs — a most exhausting walk.

20 li out from the hsien we went in bathing in a mt. stream — the cold water seemed to give us renewed vigor. Bed seemed awfully good — but we were so tired we could not sleep.

June 21 — Thursday. Here we resumed our 4-man chairs — we were so stiff we could hardly move. Bid our friends the Abbot & monks good-bye & started at 7 o'clock. 10 li out from the hsien we met two carrying coolies — who had been badly cut up in the back by robbers, who had attacked

with knives & stolen their loads of raw silk — valued at Tls. 200 (?). Their backs & trousers seemed all covered with blood — just ahead we saw a group of people — where the affray had occurred. This was a bold & brazen robbery committed in broad day-light on a much travelled highway. Further on we met about 20 coolies, carrying raw-silk to Kiating — under soldier escort.

At Shiu Kow, we dismissed the coolies & did the remaining 30 li by boat — arriving at 3:30 — at our quarters at the S.O. Co. agency — here we had a good big feed again — eating the chicken we had purchased some 4 or 5 days ago & had carried to the Elephant Temple & back again.

Mr. Tong said that no boats were going down river — fearing attack from robbers. All traffic was held up. River between Kiating & Suifu being controlled by pirates.<sup>126</sup> This stretch is really “No-Man’s Land” — the Szechwan hold Kiating & Yunnanese control Suifu — & are so busy watching each other that the robbers have full play.

**June 22 — Friday.** Called on the local magistrate, with Mr. Tong as interpreter. He was a friendly elderly gentleman of the old, polite school. He said he would give me an escort — as I was to leave Saturday noon. He said escort could only proceed as far as Ma-ling-cha — for from that point down the river to where Yunnanese controlled started [sic] — was infested with several large well-equipped robber bands. He did not seem to see the incongruity of the situation — escort until the robber zone!

Called at the C.I.M. — met Dr. Parry again, Mr. and Mrs. Ririe.<sup>127</sup>

My boatman & self finally had a big row — he taking too much freight & the price for passage too high in proportion. I wished more than the 5 rowers.

**June 23 — Saturday.** Today, 5th day of the 5th Moon, is Dragon Boat Day and all the Chinese are dressed in their best. It is noticeable, that in this wealthy silkgrowing district — the well-dressed people commonly wear silk garments. Noticed in many of the shops the little altars & special candle arrangements. Also on the doorstep or sill are placed papers — blotched with the blood of a dying rooster.

This afternoon R. & self had a Chinese dinner with Mr. Tang and enjoyed the good chow — altho the Chinese flower wine is *very* strong. Regret had to refuse invitation by Canadian Methodists for a supper picnic on a near-by hill.

**June 24 — Sunday.** Have made arrangements to leave in morning — good boat with 9 rowers for trip to *Chungking* at \$40.00 — they are to be allowed 20 packages of medicine for ballast cargo. So will try & run the gauntlet. In Kiating are many boats & waiting for Kweichow soldiers to come from the capital — Chengtu [—] to escort them down the river. Doubtful when they will come & cannot wait so will go on.

Have noticed little figures, God of Wealth, Kwan Yi, etc., made from the unique white insect-wax of this district.

<sup>126</sup>Sui-fu is at the confluence of the Min and Yangtze rivers, at 800 feet elevation.

<sup>127</sup>Mr. & Mrs. B. Ririe came to China in 1887 and 1891, respectively, having been stationed first at Kiating fu. C.I.M., *List of Missionaries*, p. 23.



Chartered boat on upper reaches of the Yangtze River, near Kiatingfu.





Fritz inspecting damaged boat and contents.

June 25 — Monday. When myself & loads & escort of 4 soldiers came down to the boat — here were 12 more soldiers who had occupied one end & said they wished to go down to Chen Wei Chien — some 120 li.<sup>128</sup> This was really too much of a good thing — but let them come. It developed that my escort of 4 soldiers — one was bringing a “friend” & another soldier brought a coolie boy to carry his gun. The boy wore the soldier’s coat & carried the big gun & assured me, he was a “proper big soldier.” So we had quite a passenger list — with 9 rowers, a “tai kung” (& his friend). The lady owner & her two children, Dr. Parry & Mr. Cunningham, going too.

We started at 9:30 o’clock & crossed the Min River towards the great Buddha figure, where the water of the Min River races around the steep cliff, making a right-angle turn just as it is joined by the main current of the Ya & Tung rivers — making a tremendous current. We were swept towards the cliff & the stern of our boat missed the rock by inches — we thought the danger past — but the next moment, the left side of our boat crashed into a great rock, forming part of the bank, throwing a soldier into the water & staving in part of the boat, about 2 inches above the water line — with large leaks below water line. [A] 100 yds. down stream we tied up in shallow water & proceeded to calk [sic] her up, repair the damage & have 2 men busy bailing out the fast flowing water — they making little headway until the worst holes were fixed. We landed our luggage & waited some hours. Here our soldier passenger guests left us, having had too bad a scare — preferring to walk & said our pilot was incompetent & urge[d] us not to go aboard again. Thus we lost a large complement of our guests. We floated down some 40 li to [blank] and there we tiffined & they spent a few more hours repairing the broken side. Fortunately a large timber tied along side broke the force of the blow. Here we said good-bye to Mr. Cunningham & we were on our way by 3 P.M. & at 5 P.M. arrived at Chen-Wei-Hsien. We tied by on a grassy bank below the walled city. At dinner time the magistrate’s representative called & said he could give no escort & advised us not to go on — but after much talk decided to go on in the early morning, without escort.

In the evening the “Tai Kung” & ourselves talked over the various plans, & decided to call at the village 60 li down & interview the “head man” — he might be able to advise & pass the word to the robbers. A saucer with wick placed all around the edge & lighted was placed below the boards of the deck — thus insuring good luck on the morrow.

June 26 — Tuesday. At 5 A.M. o’clock we were moving toward the “robber zone.”

We arrived early at Ma Lin Chiang — 60 li — breakfasted & waited for a reasonable hour, then called on the head man — a queer looking individual, a rather weak looking chief. He said he thought the robbers would not take our personal things — but might take silver, fire-arms, watches, etc., having a certain amount of respect for the foreigners. But the boat people were loathe [sic] to leave. Wishing us to tell the robbers that the cargo was ours, or else guarantee the safety of same. Also saying they only had one life to live. Finally the Tai Kung said, if it came to a “show down” & we were

<sup>128</sup>Actually Chien-wei hsien.

trying to persuade the robbers not to take the cargo, we might each pay a dollar to the robbers as a final argument, said money to come out of his Chungking payment. We finally pushed off — all feeling somewhat dubious as to what the future had in store for us.

We had gone only 20 li down stream & were just coming abreast of the town of Yo Bo, when 3 or 4 rifle shots came from the town. We immediately ordered the crew to pull for the shore, but the swift flowing current carried us 3 or 4 li beyond. The soldiers came running along the bank — the leader ordered the others back & we met him on the bank. He bowed & greeted us. He said, "please don't take it to heart!" We had gone another 30 li, when from a farm house cluster, we saw the smoke of 3 rifles & we pulled for their shore, they running along. The current was very swift at the steep, deep bank. These robbers were of a different type. No discipline, poor leader-ship & acted like men in desperate straights. They took every precaution against a surprise attack. As they ran every now & then one or two would crouch down behind a rock & aim his rifle at us & we all frantically waiving [sic] to him not to shoot & shouting that we were doing our best to land. They scattered well along — some ran high up along the ridge of the steep high bank — finally we landed. A few of them came a little nearer — the others stationed themselves at points of vantage. The few came along the bank & peered cautiously into the boat, to see if we had a soldier escort. Then more came down, they examined our cargo & questioned us, but said they did not want the foreigner's "dung shihs." They advised us against Yunnan soldiers, further down the river[,] said they were a "bad lot"!!

So it went all the rest of the afternoon. Later we were fired on by various out-posts of Yunnan soldiers & they were very reckless with their rifles & raised hob with the boatmen for not being able to make stops quicker. They were very suspicious of boats coming down river — fearing Szechwan soldiers. They said they "were looking for robbers." Imagine! This afternoon we were stopped seven (7) times. In Suifu we found the water front lined with boats, waiting to proceed up-river to Kiating — but not daring to — & still unable to get an escort. In the late evening the Lady Owner held a dinner party, which lasted till ten o'clock, when we suggested they adjourn.

At this party — were 3 captains of river cargo boats, bound for Kiating & Chengtu — waiting here. They report conditions very bad between here & Luchow. One old fellow saying the river was the worst he had seen during his long experience on the river. He named 12 different locations, holding robber bands between here & Luchow. Told of Mr. Ballantyne, who was escorting the C.M.M. boats & robbers taking all the cargo & even his wrist watch. The small steamer between Chungking & Suifu was robbed recently, losing Tls 10,000 in silver & over Tls 4,000 in opium. The steamer comes no more, but now only runs to Luchow.

Just before dusk — the crew sacrificed a rooster — cutting the throat & let the blood drip upon the blessed end of the bow (the Dragon Head) which had been moistened with rice wine & sacrificial paper money place[d] on the end of the bow. Feathers were placed on the sticky blood & chin chins & kowtows performed. Two candles, lighted were placed burning all evening.

104 This should please Wang Ta Yeh — the Chinese River Neptune. At the

"Horse Door" — the entrance during the day to our compartment — the young swimmer placed a few joss sticks & "chinned."

June 27 — Wednesday. Boat people refuse to go on & propose to wait until the Jap., with his 8 cargo boats obtains the large military escort. It seems they cannot agree on the price.

Called at the American Baptist Mission & had tiffin & dinner with Dr. & Mrs. Tompkins. In afternoon went to Suifu's picturesque "Half-way Up Temple," situated on a bluff & overlooking a long bend in the river. It is used as a popular tea house by the gentry.

Suifu is filled with Yunnan soldiers — as is the surrounding district. The city is on the inside of the V formed by the confluence of the Yangtze & Min Rivers. It is the chief city between Chungking & Chengtu. It is a great shipper of hides, and is by far the best market in all China for white pig bristles.<sup>129</sup> It is a great center for sugar raising. Much wheat is shipped by the Japs, clear to Tsingtao. Northern Yunnan products drain thru Suifu, as it is the starting point of the overland caravan road to Yunnanfu.

This afternoon met the Adams family, just ready to start for Mt. Omei, leaving in a large salt junk.

June 28 — Thursday. Still inactivity — getting on my nerves, lying here in a small boat, waiting, waiting. Had meals again with the Tompkins. Saw some interesting cases in his hospital — sewing up the side of a river tracker's head, crushed by a falling rock. Army officers frequent visitors & their affliction!

The river water front is lined with boats tied-up — none daring to proceed, either up or down river — estimated between 250 & 300 boats.

This is a wealthy city & of very great military importance. It was the center of fighting between the Northerner's (Yuan Shih Kai) and the Southerners. The Yunnanese distinguishing themselves.

June 29 — Friday. Am "fed up" with this waiting. In company with Dr. Tompkins called on General Wong of the Yunnan troops of this military district — some 12,000 troops. He assured me that the military escort would be down at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning — to accompany our boat & the Jap. boats. One hundred soldiers are promised. He also gave me a chopped card & message to the commanding officer at Nan chih-sien[,] 120 li down river.<sup>130</sup>

Dinner with the Tompkins & met the C. I. M. ladies<sup>131</sup> & the young ladies of the A. B. M.

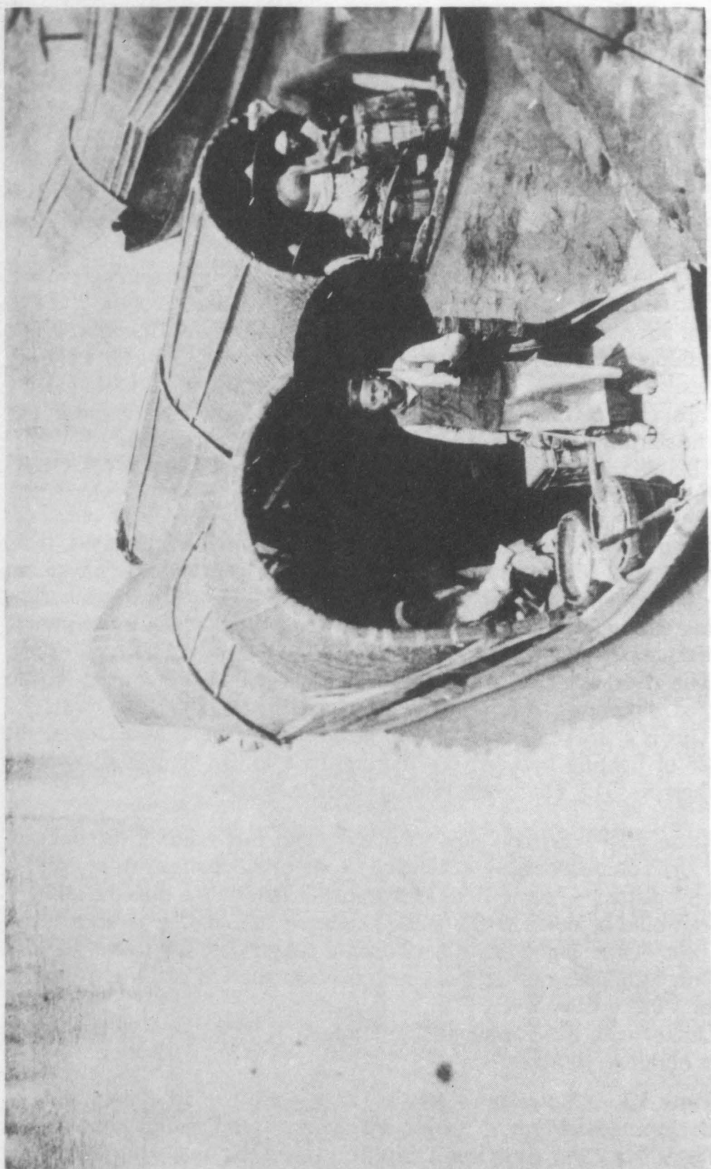
June 30 — Saturday. Away at last — and at 6:30 o'clock with all hands on time!!! My boat carried 20 soldiers & the commanding officer. Our boat flying the American flag & the flag of the Yunnan soldiers. Imposing sight as we speedily floated down the swift current and our 9 rowers chanting as they rowed, leading the procession.

About 80 li below Suifu some robbers started shooting, but when they saw how large our escort was — they stopped. Our boats hurriedly landed

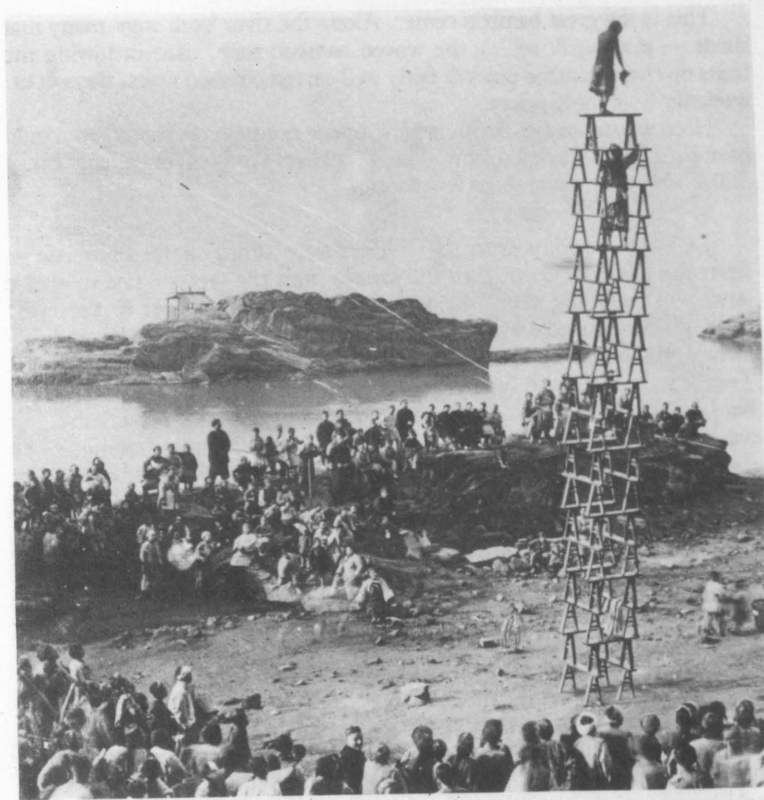
<sup>129</sup>Toothbrush manufacturers once depended on these bristles.

<sup>130</sup>Or Na-chi hsien.

<sup>131</sup>Miss E. L. Larsen had been at Suifu since 1914. C.I.M., *List of Missionaries*, p. 23.



Boat congestion in the "robber zone," Yangtze River.



Chinese acrobats performing on banks of Yangtze River.

— but were unable to find the pirates. Rocks & shrubbery on the steep high bank affording good cover.

At Nan-chi-hsien we exchanged soldiers for the second time, this caused long delays. We tiffed at *Nan-chi-hsien* — large walled city with a pretty setting & many large pagodas on the river banks near by.

The Jap. said that he had stopped for 16 days — (120 li — below Kiating) and then made a start unescorted & at Yo Bo, was held up for 5 days, where he had to pay the robbers \$500.00. From there on he made a run thru each robber band — his men & crews hiding down behind the bales. His cargo consists chiefly of goat skins, bought at Kwan Hsien — the great market for goat skins.<sup>132</sup> He also had much wool & cheap silk.

Had an opportunity to take some good pictures of our boats & the large escort, for which the Jap. has to pay about \$80.00 per day — for some 70 soldiers.

Chiang-an-hsien — "Peaceful River", bitter irony — is the center of robber gangs — here we stopped.<sup>133</sup>

<sup>132</sup>Or Kuan hsien, on the Min River north of Chengtu.

<sup>133</sup>Or Kiang-an hsien.

This is the great bamboo center. Along the river bank were many mat sheds — making & selling the woven bamboo rope, used in towing the boats up river. Bamboo poles & fairly well carved bamboo vases, trays & ornaments — at cheap prices.

Here we stopped at 3:30, when, under normal conditions, we could have gone on & made Luchow. The Y. soldiers [are] levying a daily tax of 300,000 cash & many shops are closing.

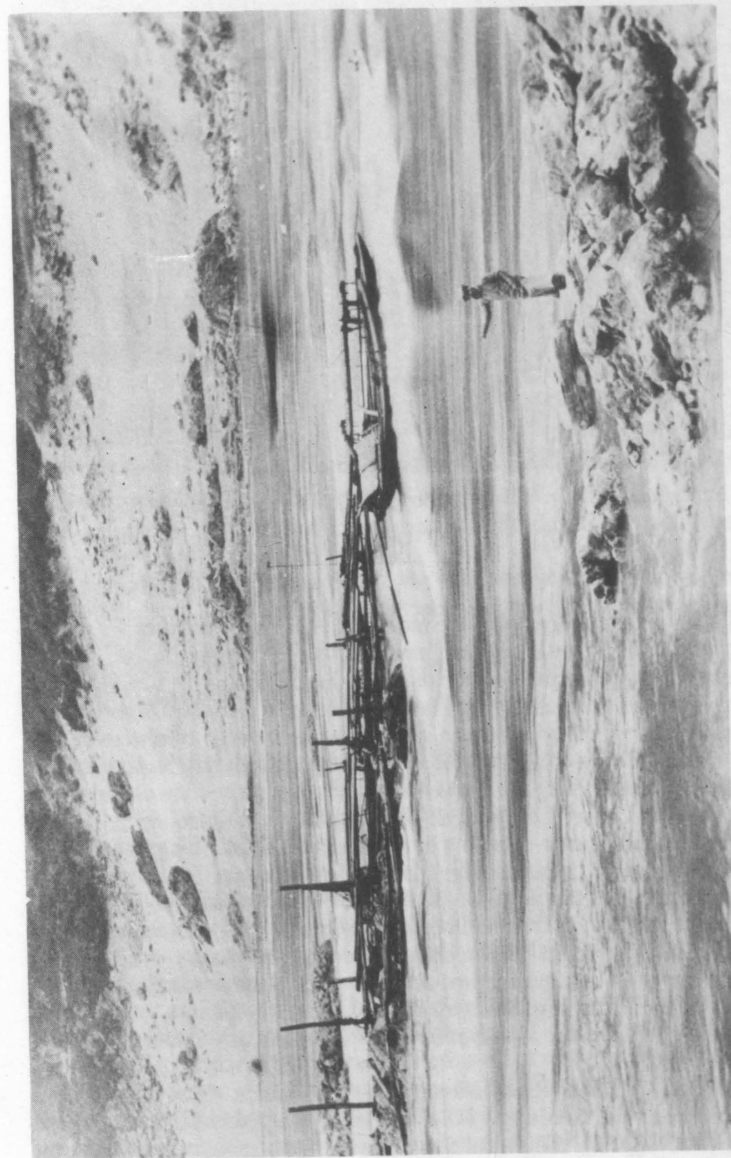
**July 1 — Sunday.** Over 110 soldiers were loaded on the 9 boats & we started out to pass down thru the stretch with the worst name of all for pirates. After going about 40 li, we rounded a bad corner & the boats proved hard to handle in the big swirls of current. With our heavy complement of rowers we were able to keep in the lead & free of other boats. Two boats crashed into each other, in a big swirl & then a third large boat bore down on the two & so one boat was jammed between two others. It was hurriedly beached & we all were forced to lose 5 hours waiting, while the large bales of wool were fished up from the bottom & loaded onto other boats, commandeered by the soldiers. At noon, we again started & during the afternoon we were fired on from three different locations, but at long range. Most of our soldiers had landed & were going along the banks. We had two boats, expressly for the large escort. At six o'clock we arrived at the city of Luchow and had dinner at the C.I.M. & met some 8 missionaries [—] this is a very large station with 28 out stations.

**July 2nd — Monday.** Luchow is a very important shipping port from the wealthy salt district. It is also a great sugar & fruit district. Products from northern Yunnan also come to Luchow, which is on the confluence of the Y. & Foochow Rivers.<sup>134</sup> City is in the hands of the Yunnanese. These soldiers compel the cash shops & other shops to accept at par their Yunnan chopped Bank of China Notes. The official forces the wealthy gentry to buy certain allotments of these notes, which are of little value. He has taken over all the likin, wine, tobacco, port, etc., taxes & none of the land tax goes to Peking.

To the south & north of here the brigands are very numerous & powerful. There is some talk of them setting up their own city officials. It would offer little change in conditions as they are — either regime is a gang of robbers. There is little traffic — the river is deserted, where formerly many boats were always in sight. The inns are empty — no travel.

Telegraphed to Chungking (Neprud) that I hope to arrive tomorrow evening, July 3rd.

We left at 2:30 o'clock, Mr. Ballantyne coming with us, with 630 li to cover in 1½ days. We reached Ho Chiang Hsien at 7 o'clock — 180 li — averaging 36 li per hour.<sup>135</sup> This stopping place is a great wood & lumber market, coming down the small river from Kweichow. The nights are very hot & the days also.

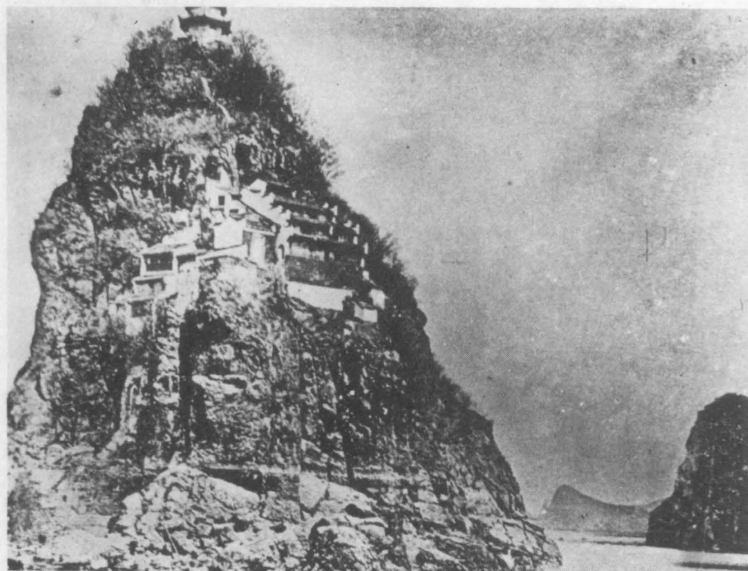


Scene of the Yangtze gorges.

134 Correction required. The Chung River meets the Yangtze at Luchow, not the Foochow River. See note 75, above.

135 Also spelled Ho-kiang hsien.





Another scene of the Yangtze gorges.

July 3 — Tuesday. We were moving at 4 A.M. o'clock for we wished to cover 450 li. The sun rise [sic] was beautiful — a rich red. At 7:30 we put into (Chung) Pai Sha — great wine producing district — this being the great trade of this unwalled city. There are said to be 240 distilleries or wine shops. From here the wine sent to great distances in large cumbersome jars — with small bases & openings & great bulging sides. Our boatman left large jars, to be filled & picked up on his way back up river. At one o'clock, we stopped at Chiang-Ching-hsien.<sup>136</sup> This is a great walled city — a very respectable looking city — with a large rich middle class. The streets were wide, well paved & clean looking shops. Here I bought 3 rolls of 24 feet (Chinese) each of Ma Pa, of the number one quality, for \$5.50. This is a great center & market for this linen cloth. Perhaps the greatest producing district is inland towards Tzu-lin-ching at Lung-ch'ang-hsien.

Great crops of oranges are sent down river for great distances, the Mandarin orange. Pickled vegetables are shipped in large quantities.

Here had the boat & rowers pose for their last picture — two refusing to do so.

At Chiang Kow (River Mouth) the Chi Chian flows down from Kweichow & is the river up which all the salt is shipped for K. consumption to be trans-shipped at the border town of Sung Kan, going in from there on backs of coolies. Just below Chiang kow, [sic] the river takes a right-angle

turn — being shunted off by abrupt cliffs — in which are several caves, some containing idols — a rather picturesque sight. The scenery being quite beautiful today — the hills higher & more rugged.

A small boat rowed out to ours & a Chinese passenger got on to ride a short distance down river. When he wished to get off he would yell at the top of voice & a small boat put out from a small hamlet to take him off. Such small fares go to the rowers — the large fares going to the boat owner. This passenger offer [sic] 90 cash — the rowers refusing, & started to row rapidly on down the river, making it impossible for the small boat to catch up. The passenger raise[d] his offer by 12 cash — they refused & finally at 110 cash, the small boat caught up & everybody laughed [at] how they squeezed the additional 18 cash.

We passed a small narrow high island with a pretty pagoda on top, known as the "Little South Sea" — a pocket edition of the famous Buddhist retreat on the Coast.

At 8 o'clock we arrived outside the walled city, Chungking [,] having come 450 li in one day. Left my boxes on board & hurried along shore to the only Gate — Taiping — that was still open. Found Neprud home at the Customs House — & am stopping with him & Cheshire — the Indoor Staff Mess of the Customs.

July 4 — Wednesday. Attended reception at American Consulate this forenoon; large gathering of foreigners & officials. Then adjourned to Ruckers for more champagne.

After tiffin went up on the hills to Dr. McCartney's grounds, where had a programme [sic]. The Americans entertained all the other foreigners. Smith & self put on a boxing match!!

After the fire-works took chairs & went over to the Second Range, to the roomy & cool Customs Bungalow.

July 5 — July 9. Received my mail from American Consulate — my first mail in over five months. Learned of many of my former college friends — joining the army & officer reserve training corps.

I made several calls.

July 6 — Friday. — had dinner with Hanson A.T.A. Cornell, the new American Consul — formerly at Swatow.<sup>137</sup> Was very interested in Tachienlu — plans to make it — after submitting suggestion & cost estimate to Washington, D.C.

Saturday called at the C.I.M. & settled my draft & account. Gave \$10.00 for the Tract Fund at the Tachienlu station. Called on Afsing.

Sat. 7th spent the night at Smith's bungalow & next Sunday had tiffin at Dr. McCartney's, spending the night at the Customs bungalow with Neprud. In afternoon attended the small church on the Second Range.

Monday morning came back to the city and made arrangements to leave in the early morning on the Standard Oil Vessel "Mei Tan."

Monday afternoon "Mei Tan" held a reception — this being her maiden trip to Chungking from Ichang.

Have "fixed it" with the Local Manager & Capt. Lyons — she has a finely furnished extra cabin. She is purely a freighter for S.O. oil.

Tuesday — July 10. At day-break — we lifted anchor as we were making the turn in the river — waived farewell to Neprud, who was watching far up on the front port of the Custom House Mess. We make tremendous speed. The Mei Tan is small, built like a destroyer to run the rapids & Gorges. She has 1,500 horsepower, about 10 times the power of the Mei Ming — a large boat. We averaged 22 knots coming from Chungking to Ichang. When we would hit a rapid [sic] her deck would be awash. When we hit a big whirlpool, which have tremendous force, the bow would swing & then we would roll. She should have 4 rudders like the other passenger gorge boats. Many junks were floating down river and as we went on the banks became higher & the hills larger — we were nearing the section of mountains where the great Yangtze forces a passage thru the mountains.

At 3:30 we passed Wanhsien — the great wood-oil market. Great lines of junks on either side — each junk looking like new with their care & use of wood oil — which is a varnish like [sic] & water proof.

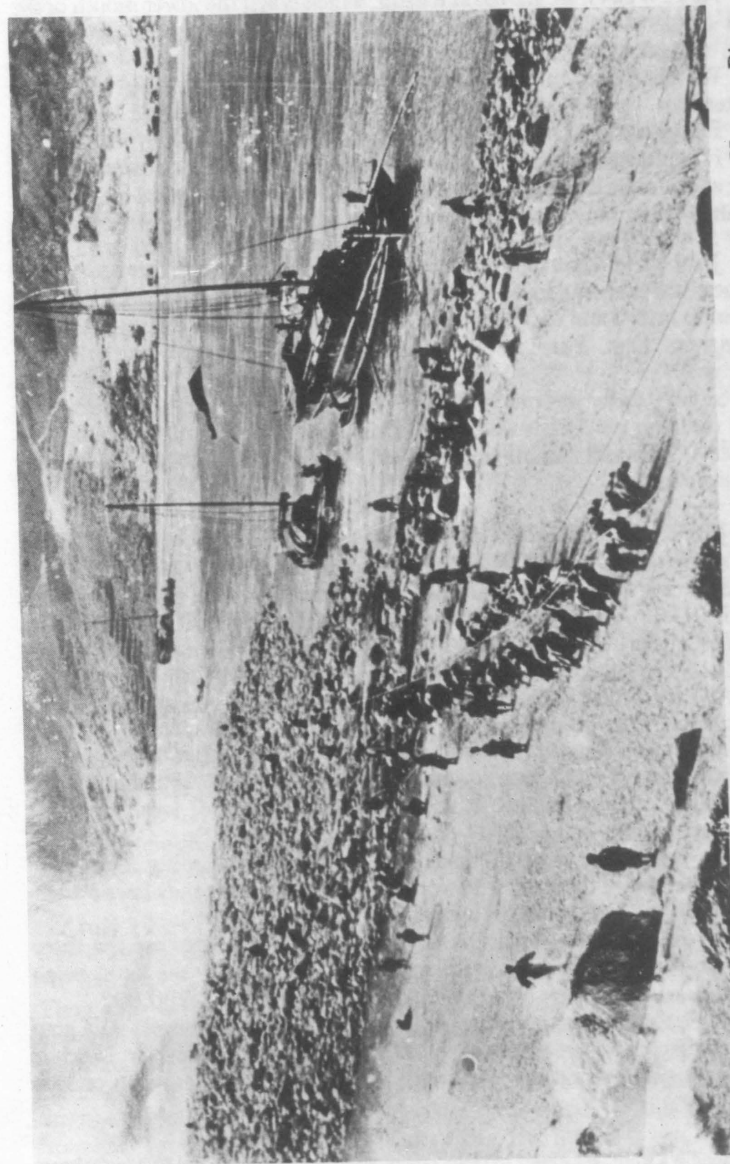
At 7 o'clock we tied up at Kwei-fu — a walled city — very compact, between mountains just at the entrance of the great walled Kweifu Gorge.<sup>138</sup>

This city is noted for its wood carvings — especially chop sticks and wooden combs.

The M.T. had gone 3 hours past the regular tying-up [sic] places, making record time.

July 11th — Wednesday. At day-break we were off with a bang — tearing down thru that dark & gloomy K. Gorge — whose walls rise straight up for hundreds of feet. Paths chiseled out of the solid rock walls, are used by the trackers in groups — sometimes [as] high as 150-200 trackers to a large junk. If the junk hits a heavy swirl & jerks back before the trackers can — untie their lead rope, they are pulled off the high cliff & killed on the rocks or drowned in the whirlpools. Each year the toll in death of the Gorges runs into thousands — some say 20,000. Frequently the bamboo towing rope breaks & away goes the helpless junk, caught in the whirlpools & perhaps thrown on the dangerous rocks, which are numerous. This is the great danger. It is said, that about 20% of the junks are wrecked. But at this season of the year (flood currents), the per cent is about 80%. We saw few junks going up river. Coming down the river, no small boats, for it is too dangerous for them. They run the additional risk of being caught in the vortex of a large whirlpool and being sucked under.

Gorge after Gorge we raced thru, at what appeared to be mad speed. Capt. Lyons said if we ever hit a rock, at our speed, there would be an explosion and all would be over.



Chinese tracker coolies towing boat up Yangtze River.

It was like a ride on a wild horse racing over obstacles. It was a trip I shall not soon forget. The scenery, gorges, canyons, rapids, whirlpools — all terrible and yet wonderful.

At 11 o'clock we arrived at Ichang, which is a[t] the lower mouth of the last gorge. The Capt. & Chief Engineer Bishop moved their boxes ashore and only carry the necessary clothes.

We came down in record time — and our trip became the talk of the waterfront.

Put up at the S.O.Co. Mess. Menjou & Reid.

Had planned to take a four day launch trip with Menjou down river — but at 7 o'clock the trip had to be called off — owing to arrival telegram & so after dinner moved my boxes out to the steamer, where I spent the night.

**July 12 — Thursday.** On board the S.O.Co. [sic] best river boat — the largest and best equipped — the S.S. Mei Foo — Capt. Beach. Have a fine cabin to myself and in two days will be in Hankow. Crew of Mei Foo has 5 foreigners. Capt. Beach being an American — an old pilot on the Lower Yangtze.

Scenery today was much tamer — being practically a flat, level country and the river constantly widening. This is the high water season. In low water — I am told nothing of the surrounding country is to be seen — only the mud banks.

**July 13 — Friday.** Slept on deck last night & my berth spring fell off the supporting chairs & rudely woke me up. Lawrenson, the Chief of the Construction Dept. for Hankow Territory is an interesting character. Being in the U.S. Army in the Philippines. A major artillery in the First Revolutionary Army of China — (against the Manchus). Some queer tales — also of Harbin & Port Arthur.

At 7 we arrived in Hankow & I stayed aboard the steamer for the night.

**July 14 — Saturday.** Went to the foreign concession. The Bund of Hankow, over 2 miles long, is a fine wide promenade & well kept up and well policed.<sup>139</sup> The English, Russian, French, German & Japs. have concessions.

The Japs have a powerful hold on the trade & the shipping. They control the out-put of the great iron works at Hanyang. Here they have a wireless station & 15,000 soldiers in barracks.

The Han & Yangtze join here — and at the confluence are the three cities or Wu-Han—: Hankow, Hanyang & Wuchang — the latter being the capital city.<sup>140</sup> There being a total population of about 1,200,000.

The Russians have great godowns for their large tea business — a government affair.<sup>141</sup> 2/3 of the black tea of China comes from Hankow. Much is made into odd tea-bricks — with a R. droshky picture impression on one side.

<sup>139</sup>Bund is a word, apparently of Hindi origin, widely applied in the Far East to designate an extensive embankment or retaining earth-work at the edge of a body of water or river.

<sup>140</sup>All in Hupeh province.

<sup>141</sup>Godown is a popular Far Eastern corruption of a Malayan word for warehouse or storeroom.

Hankow has 6 flour mills, ships 2/3 of the sesame seed & a great shipper of buffalo & cow-hides.

Called at the S.O.Co. & American Consul — no mail or telegram for me.

In afternoon, went to the Victoria & Empire Gardens, dinner at Hankow Hotel. Had a fine drive around the city — out towards Hanyang & the Chinese race course.

Notice city is very large — many large & wealthy tea hong.

In the evening went to the cinema after my 6th dish of ice cream — for which I have been so hungry.

**July 15 — Sunday.** Went to Belgium Consulate & had visit with McKay & then went to Hankow club for tiffin & spent the afternoon with them.

Smith, A.T.A. of S.O.Co., just out.

Fine club & good library.

**July 16 — Monday.** Took my films to Jap. for development & obtained the films from Hankow Dispensary, films that I had mailed from along the way.

Took a long walk thru the native city. Was surprised [at] the large number of pewter shops & shops exclusively for water pipes.

**July 17 — Tuesday.** Terrific wind on the river, stopping shipping.

Called at Consulate & S.O. office. Had dinner with Cook and then went on board with all my luggage. Everyone is keen to see my Tibetan curios — & am "fed-up" showing them to people.

Left on a small Standard Oil freighter & tanker for a trip from Hankow to Changsha, capital of Hunan to the south.

**July 18 — Wednesday.** All day we worked up river against the current — which is stronger than usual, owing to rising river. Short cuts [sic] in parallel creeks are made, sometimes, thus avoiding the stronger current.

On the neighboring low-lying hills — temples can be seen to crown the summit — with a clump of trees around them.

**July 19 — Thursday.** We passed the Custom House of Ching Ling and then appeared the city of Yochow. A fine view to be had of this walled city. We had left the Yangtze and were now going up a river which drains from Tung Ting Lake — which in the winter (dry season) is practically all dried up, with only a few shallow channels. The steamers are unable to run & launches ply between Changsha & Hankow. The lake varies in size according to the quantity of water backed up into the lake from the Yangtze. Strange to see a few lonely trees growing in the middle of this large lake. Sang Kiang is between Changsha & Lake Tung Ting.

**July 20 — Friday.** Went ashore as soon as up. Called at the S.O.Co. & met Anderson, Fleming, Johnson & Corbett. Baldwin of Changteh was over.



Fritz striking a pose aboard the *Mei Tan*.



Agent Reib of the Standard Oil Company.

Johnson of the American Consulate — A.T.A.<sup>142</sup>  
Had tiffin at the Junior Mess of the S.O.Co. Met two Anderson, Meyer men.

Called on Wah Chong — the largest people here & the world's largest producers of antimony.

Changsha's sky line [sic] to the south has quite a manufacturing appearance, with all the smelter chimneys. Hunan is a wealthy mineral producing province, especially antimony — of which this province produces 60% of the world's supply. Manganese is also shipped.

The city is a progressive one — with a fine long sea wall on the river bank — a substantial rock Bund — for which the cost is being met by charging the foreign firms wharfage on their imports.

In the evening crossed over the river & had dinner at Corbett's home.

In the river is an old tea clipper — now used as a residence by Jardine, Matheson's man.<sup>143</sup>

**July 21 — Saturday.** Spent the entire forenoon inside the city wall & was very much impressed by the appearance of the streets — their order & cleanliness. The shops were substantial looking — some very ornate with grotesque and extravagant carvings & ornamentations.

Here there are many wealthy hong. Many wheel-barrow were going thru the streets loaded with coal & raw ore & a few with blocks of antimony.

The majority of the shops who are exporters or agents for foreign firms or the firms themselves are located outside the wall, between the wall & the river.

From one of the wall gate towers I secured some good views of the city. Here in the cool breeze refreshments were being served to Chinese. (The shops were very prosperous looking.) An interesting market Bazaar in a large building was a busy place.

I can agree with the statement that after Chengtu, Changsha may be the finest city in all China. The wide streets, cleanliness, order, prosperity, absence of beggars help make it so.

Hunan was the last province to open to foreign influence and to the missionaries; & became known as the "Tibetan province of China." For many years missionaries worked in all the surrounding provinces but were denied admission by the Hunanese who are independent & self-reliant, but very aggressive & have made great strides since opening up.<sup>144</sup> At one time, under the Manchus, of the 7 Viceroys of China, 5 were Hunanese.

<sup>142</sup>This is Nelson T. Johnson, afterward U.S. ambassador to China, 1930-1941, and U.S. ambassador to Australia, 1941-1945.

<sup>143</sup>Jardine, Matheson & Company, one of the oldest and largest foreign business concerns operating in the Far East. A British company, its activities dated from the opium trade in the 1840s.

<sup>144</sup>"By 1877 Protestant missionaries were to be found in each of six coast provinces, in Manchuria, and in three inland provinces . . . By 1890 Protestant missionaries were residing in all of the provinces, with the notable exception of Hunan." Anti-foreign attitudes in Hunan eased after 1900, and missionaries established themselves there by 1904.

Latourette, *Missions in China*, pp. 406-407, 571.

This evening we are steaming across Tung Ting Lake & tomorrow will again be in Hankow.

It is in Tung Ting Lake where are built the very large rafts of timber & logs, which have a number of houses, practically a small village, with their pigs & chickens. These gigantic rafts carry sometimes as many as a hundred people — they go to Kankow & Kiukiang — both large lumber markets.<sup>145</sup> The trip will last from 8 months to one year. If trouble starts between owner & coolies, etc., they ground the raft & settle the difficulty. Large sweeps are used to assist in steering. Also a small tender carrying a large bamboo plant wall, a sea-anchor, is used to swing the boom end around.

**July 22 — Sunday.** Last night — a fine breeze. On the Yangtze — one sees now & then — large flocks of ducks (200-600) — these a few small boats will herd down the river to the desired market. From a distance they look like a patch on the water. It is a new idea in cheap transportation.

Arrived in Hankow just a dinner time. The previous night (last night) we had to anchor at the entrance to Tung Ting Lake, being unable to cross after dark because of the lack of signal lights along the narrow channel.

**July 23 & 24 — Monday.** Secured my prints & films Tuesday, being better than I had anticipated. Received my fat Hong Kong letter and white clothes.

Called at the American Consulate. Went on board Tuesday evening for the down river trip to Shanghai — a roomy, large, fine passenger steamer. We sailed away at 9:30 P.M. — a fare well [sic] party. Two Russians!

**July 25 — Wednesday.** Arrived early this morning at Kiukiang, where we spent about 4 hours. This is the great market center for porcelain ware, as Kiang-si province is chief province in this ware.

Great numbers of peddlers came aboard. The Chinese passenger buying much, for their own use and on "speck." I bought several pieces and one — mandarin wine jug — on shore — rather unique style.

Some 16 miles from Kiukiang is the great missionary summer resort in the mountains — Ku-ling.<sup>146</sup>

In the evening we arrived off Anking — capital of Anhwei, the site of the language school of the C.I.M.

**July 26 — Thursday.** At 5:30 o'clock we were in Wuhu — discharging some wood oil & indigo. This is a growing commercial port. At 1 o'clock we were at the river port for Nanking, where today is located the Chinese provisional government, just following the attempt to set up the lit-

<sup>145</sup>Kiu-kiang is at the head of the Poyang Lake in Kiangsi province.

<sup>146</sup>After 1900, Protestants of many denominations frequented Ku-ling, one of the five most popular summer retreat sites. Latourette, *Missions in China*, p. 672.

the Manchu emperor.<sup>147</sup> We stopped here but a short while. Our vessel now passing thru the province of Kiang-su.

July 27 — Friday. Arrived today in Shanghai, the leading commercial city in China — the main shipping center of China & fifth port in the world & 6th city in size in the world.

July 28 — Saturday. Spent much of the day on the Bund, observing the various kinds of cargo & produce moving to the ships and the warehouses.

July 29 — Sunday. Sailed for Hong Kong on Japanese passenger steamer.



One of many pagodas viewed by Fritz in western China.

<sup>147</sup>During the first week in July, 1917, one of the more traditionally minded warlords, a former protégé of Yuan Shih k'ai who insisted his troops perpetuate the passé fashion of wearing pigtails, attempted to restore the Manchu boy emperor, Pu'i, to the defunct throne. After two days of battle, the neo-monarchist army hurriedly retreated to the safety of Peking. Jean Chesneau, Françoise Le Barbier, and Marie-Claire Bergere, *China from the 1911 Revolution to Liberation* (New York: Patheon Books, 1977), pp. 37-38.

