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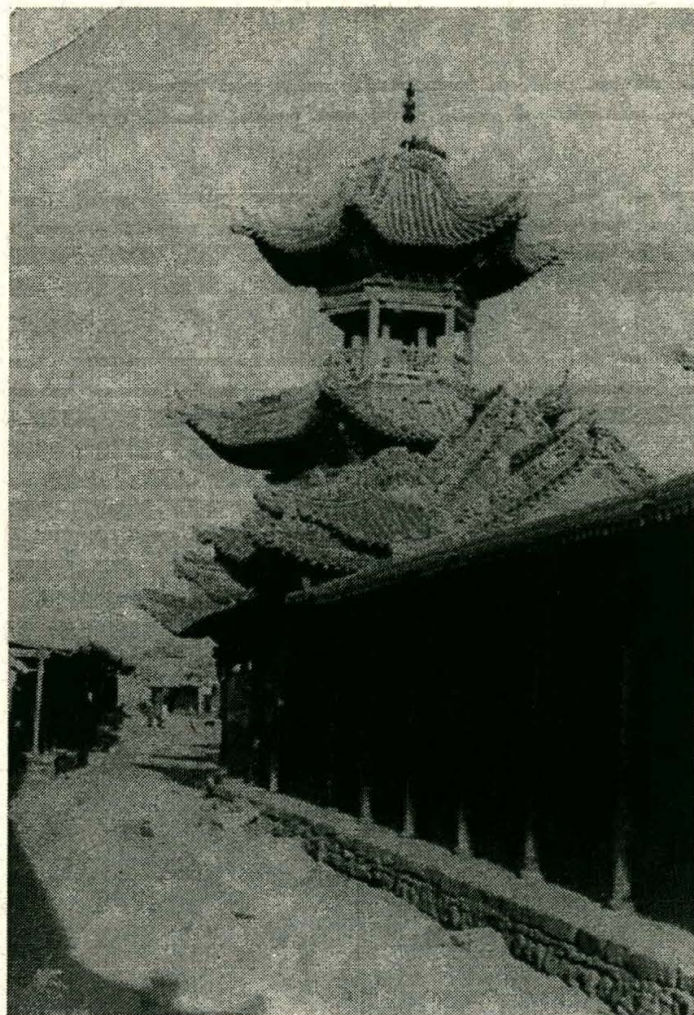
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"In Search of Moslems in China:" the Story of a Journey through Northwest China, April 30-July 2, 1936

Claude L. Pickens, Jr.

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THE STORY OF A JOURNEY THROUGH NORTHWEST CHINA
APRIL 30 - JULY 2, 1936



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“IN SEARCH OF MOSLEMS IN CHINA”

THE STORY OF A JOURNEY THROUGH NORTHWEST CHINA

APRIL 30 - JULY 2, 1936

by

Claude L. Pickens, Jr.

edited by

Martha Lund Smalley

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Yale Divinity School Library

2004

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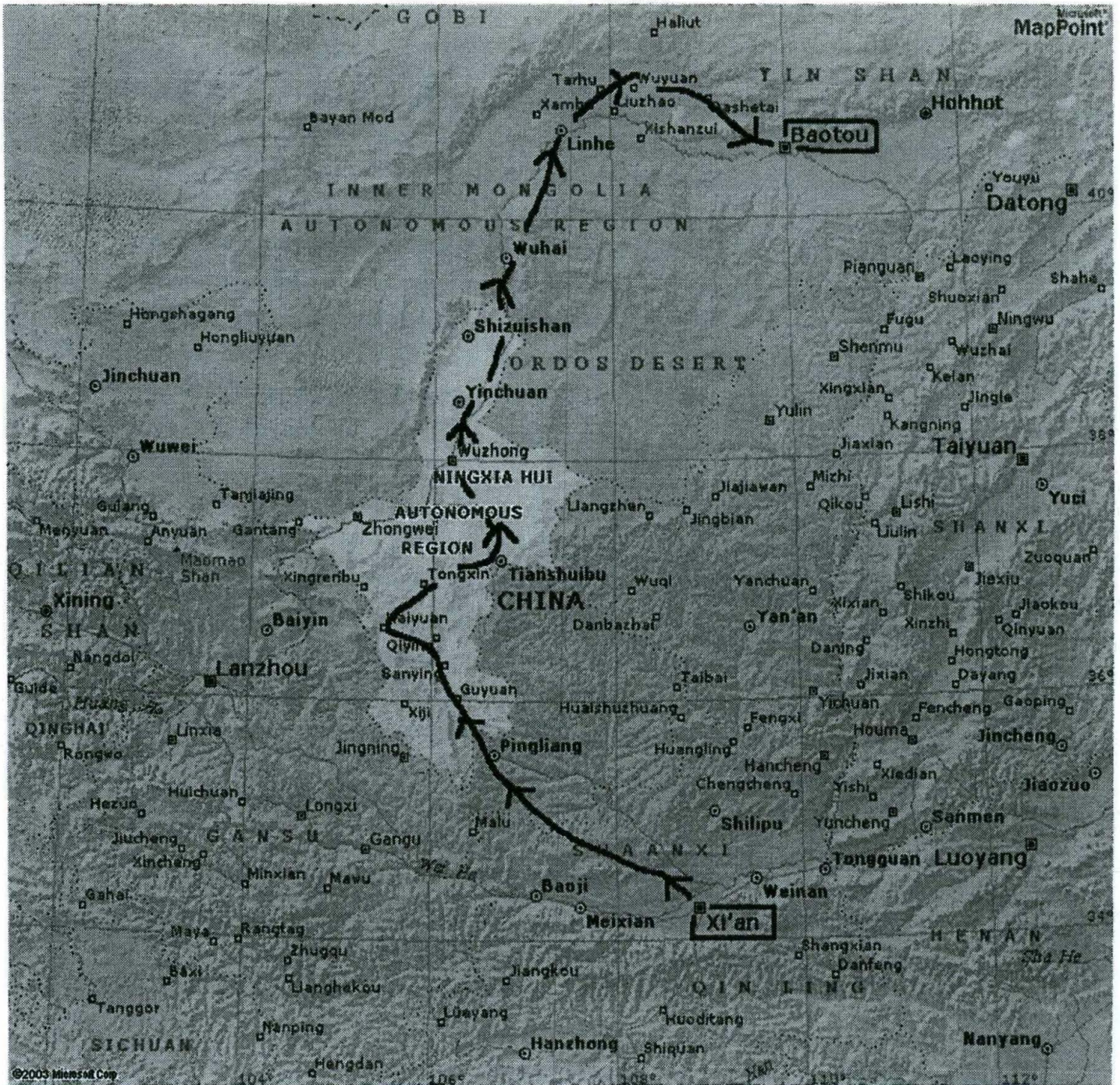
Introduction

This account of Claude L. Pickens, Jr.'s journey through northwest China is being published in connection with an exhibit at the Yale Divinity Library entitled *Missionary Explorers in the Far West of China*. The text and photographs are taken from Claude L. Pickens Jr. papers held in Record Group No. 8, China Records Project Miscellaneous Personal Papers Collection, at the Yale University Divinity School Library. Additional Claude L. Pickens, Jr. papers are held by the Harvard-Yenching Library, including notebooks containing notes on Islam in China, the manuscript of a Chinese-Muslim biographical dictionary, and several photo albums depicting Muslim people and structures in China. An album documenting this journey is available online through the Harvard University Library Page Delivery Service. Additional photographs documenting Pickens' travels, from the Yale collection, can be found in the Internet Mission Photography Archive (<http://www.usc.edu/isd/archives/arc/digarchives/mission/>).

Claude Leon Pickens, Jr. was born in 1900 and graduated from the University of Michigan in 1923. Following theological study, he went to China in 1926 as a missionary serving under the Episcopal Church. In his application to become a member of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Pickens wrote: "In the fall of 1920 I first seriously considered becoming a foreign missionary because of the influence of returned missionaries I had heard speak and the gradual working out of God's will within me." He came to a final decision to become a missionary, "at the Christian Calling Conference at Albion, Michigan, December 1922, after hearing a speech by Dr. Zwemer, and a day later in that same month when I talked it over fully with his daughter." Pickens married Nellie Elizabeth Zwemer, the daughter of Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, who was one of the most famous Protestant missionaries of the 20th century. No doubt influenced by the interests of Dr. Zwemer, Claude Pickens chose work "among Moslems" as his preferred field of missionary service. Pickens traveled widely among the Muslim peoples of China and was a leader of the Society for the Friends of Moslems in China.

This informal transcription of Pickens' account provides fascinating detail regarding the day-to-day activities of an itinerating missionary. The geographic and personal names in the account have been left as they appear in the original text, reflecting the traditional spellings, or Pickens' phonetic approximations of names. A map on page 2 shows the modern spellings for some of the larger towns that Pickens visited. Some corrections of English spelling inaccuracies and inconsistencies have been made in order to enhance readability.

Martha Lund Smalley
Research Service Librarian & Curator of the Day Missions Collection



Map showing the route taken by Claude L. Pickens

Claude L. Pickens, Jr.
IN SEARCH OF MOSLEMS IN CHINA
April 30th to July 2nd 1936

April 30th, Thursday

I left Hankow at five minutes to midnight with five friends, two new Swedish missionaries for Suiyuan, two C.I.M¹. missionaries for Shensi and Ysinghai, and one S.A.M². missionary for Shensi. The first two continued on the train at Chengchow while the rest of us changed to the Lunghai R.R. and went to Sian, Shensi.

May 1st, Friday

CHU MA TIEN. King and I walked through the town trying to find the mosque. Because of the rain we did not go far, so returned to the station and talked with some of the Moslem food vendors. They said there were three mosques, one a New Sect. Told us the mosques were near the South Gate.

YENCHENG. The Moslems near the station told us there were four Old Sect and one New Sect mosques with about 800 families in the city. There were a number of Moslem restaurants and meat shops near the stations.

HSUCHANG. Mr. Syrdal, Vickner and Benson came down to the train to see me. Syrdal leaves tomorrow for America. He has finished the article for the "Moslem World" on "Jesus Christ in Chinese Islam." Mr. Vickner kindly invited me to stay with him during the conference in Kikungshan.

CHENGCHOW. We were due here at 8:30 p.m. but there is a war game on with a fake air raid on Kaifeng, Loyang, and Chengchow so all lights in these places are out. Even the train an hour out of this city had to put out all lights. We did ride for a good distance without lights. As we would have had a two hour wait had the train been on time we did not object to the delay for it allowed us to rest on the train and gave us a half hour to transfer to the Lunghai railroad. King, Philips and Ratsliff transferred with me, but their baggage was left behind. (It arrived two days late at Sian.) The Frenchams were on the train, going into Sian with us. (The Frenchams were in the hands of the Communist in South Shensi last year.) Sammy, all morning we have been traveling through the Royal Domain. Soon we will be at Han Ku Kuan where Lao

¹China Inland Mission

²Scandinavian Alliance Mission

Tsz was supposed to have written the Ta Te Chin. Then we will enter the country of Tsin and where Ch'in Sz Huang Ti lived and is buried.

May 2nd, Saturday

HAN KU KUAN. Well, Sammy and Peter³, I could imagine old Lao Tsz astride his water buffalo riding through this pass on his way west; being stopped by the guard, and staying long enough to write his famous book. We are not far from Tungkuan. It is getting quite warm. For the first time (this is my fourth trip) I see green on the slopes of the Shansi hills across the Yellow River to the north. Quite a contrast to the country this time last year with the drought.

TUNGKUAN. This is a thrilling place with the mountains striding down to meet the Yellow River and forcing it to turn east after a long trek to the south. Here the Hans fought, Ch'in Sz Huang Ti fortified and used, the Tangs captured, and recaptured, Genghis Khan died on the second expedition against it. Recently Feng Yu-Hsiang held it for a long time.

LIN T'UNG. Here we are at the city near which Ch'in Sz Huang Ti is buried. From where I sit in the train I can see the low pyramid containing his remains to the east. Also we can see the famous sulphur springs made famous by Yang Kuei-fei. Someone told me several years ago that those hills behind to the south are the ones in which Aladdin found his wonderful lamp.

SIAN. We arrived at 5:55 p.m. at a new and perfectly lovely station, built like a temple of Peiping. It is more perfectly decorated than any temple I have seen. There was a crowd outside to greet us. The Englunds and daughter, Mr. Swenson, Mrsses Gustafson, Kronheim, Smaell and Michell. There was a great deal of examining of passports at the station and handing out of cards. Sometime previously two Russians were caught smuggling opium, hence the care now. After leaving the station and entering the city gate a hundred yards away we had the same showing of passports and handing out of cards. Finally after a good three-quarters of an hour we got rickshas for the China Inland Mission headquarters just inside the West Gate. After a delicious supper we had the local police in to examine our passports again and to get an infinite amount of information. There was a telegram from Saunders. He wanted to know whether I had arrived: more than likely he has not received my letter saying I was definitely leaving. I wired back to him in Tsingshui to meet me at Lungchow, Shensi, as there is a report of a landslide in the Kuanshan so that no motors can go through. Mr. Gustafson, who is here with his car, hopes to leave here on Tuesday morning with Ratsliff and others and has invited me to go as far as Lungchow with him. I had hoped to leave on Monday but with such a good offer I decided to wait, especially as the busses are not too safe.

³Addressed to Pickens' children.

May 3rd, Sunday

Several of us visited the Pei Lin once more and paid our respects at the foot of the Nestorian Monument. As I come to know more about the early Church in China I thrill each time I visit this monument. We bought several rubbings. I was particularly happy to get some of the horses of Han Wu Ti. Also we secured some of pictures supposed to be of St. Thomas, but which are most likely not. However it is surprising to see a bearded man on Chinese stone. I preferred to call it a picture of a Sikh policeman, the first to come to China. On our way out of the Pei Lin we visited the Confucian Temple which has been redecorated and cleaned up. I think the cyprus trees are magnificent. From here three of us visited the Sen Kung Hui cathedral for morning service. Bishop Shen was not there, but out in the country with a delegation from the Board of Missions. This is a newer building and much more attractive than the other, though still a temporary one. I had tiffin with the Englund and stayed on to a service all afternoon, when the new recruits gave their testimony.



"The oldest mosque in Changan (Sian) Shensi, the capital of the T'ang Dynasty (618-934)"

May 4th, Monday

SIAN. It is raining today and we hope not enough to keep us from leaving tomorrow. I have been to the Public Safety Bureau and received permission to travel west. This afternoon I called at three of the

mosques. At the New Sect one Hsiao Ahung⁴ was not in, so I left the card of introduction from Ma Ahung in Hankow. I had a warm reception from Ma Tsz-ch'in Ahung at the Hsi Ta Sz. I had met him last year. He invited me into his private room and showed me his Arabic commentaries and law books and many others of which he has a good supply. He said he had studied in Hochow. He is a good friend of Wu Ahung in Hankow. He gave me his card to use while I was in Kansu. He was keen to know why I had such an interest in Islam. He would not pose for a picture. Later I went to Tung Ta Sz and met Mr. Chia again; a former student of Wu Ahung in Hankow and who I met here in Sian last year. He is now teaching Arabic to students in private families. Wanted me to recommend him to someone who could teach him English. I gave him a card to Mr. Swenson. He took me in to see Ma Chin-i Ahung who only returned last year from Mecca and Medina. He was a stately old man in his immaculate room with his many books and rosary from Mecca. He is now Imam in the Tung Ta Sz. He made Chia write an introduction for me to the Paotow



"Moslem ahung with rosary of ninety-nine beads"

⁴The term for an Islamic religious leader that Pickens transliterates as *ahung* is transliterated as *ahong* or *ahund* elsewhere.

mosque to Che Ahung. Ma Ahung was formerly there. I found that Yuin who writes for the different Moslem magazines is in Sian and I just missed him at the Tung Ta Sz. He has been to Kaolan on Islamic business, probably in connection to the Hui Chiao Kung Hui. The Moslems seem to be well organized here. Certainly it is interesting to go down some of the streets in their quarters and see men in white caps and all bearing the Islam stamp. Some old venerables I greeted with "*Salaam*" which brought a ready response and a welcome smile. I had confirmed the fact that Mi Fei and Sang Yu-ch'uin were Moslems. Chia promised me a rubbing of Mi Fei's stone when it is made.

May 5th, Tuesday

SIAN. There are seven grown ups and one baby in the Ford, beside enough baggage to keep it on the road. We left the city at 9 a.m. and stopped outside in the west kuan at the Englund to pick up part of the party. A fifty li drive took us to the Wei River at Hsien Yang, the capital of the Chow Dynasty. Ah Feng Kung is Ch'in Sz Huang Ti's palace. About half way we passed a high mound to the north which, I was told, was Wei An Kung, the reputed site of the Han Dynasty palaces. Just outside of Sian we saw the well down which Ekvall, Turnvall, and a Japanese bodies were thrown after being murdered in 1932. Near the Wei River was a temple on another mound which I believe marks the spot from which Ch'in Sz Huang Ti threw to be burned the Sacred Canons in an attempt to destroy all literature before his time. It was because of this that later the Canons of the Sacred books were put on stone at Sian and Peiping to preserve them from the fire. Ch'in Sz Huang Ti's palace must have been there, the palace with a thousand rooms, no one he slept in more than one night. This man built the Great Wall.

HSIEN YANG. Much to my surprise we crossed the Yellow River on a bridge. A shaky thing to be sure but still a bridge. There was also a temporary one for the Lunghai R.R. which now comes to this city on the North banks of the Wei. They are constructing a better and permanent bridge. The cart bridge usually goes out in the summer with the high water. It did since I crossed it. This bridge is someway down the river from Hsien Yang so the approach from the East is very impressive and thrilling when you think of its history. Now much of the beauty is rather sordid and covered with loess. We drove right through the long city and saw some old lovely *pailows*⁵ and gates. The drive to Hsin Ping, 50 li away, was interesting because we could see to the north the many tombs, especially two, one of a Chow emperor and the other of Han Wu Ti. He, the latter, is buried to the north, approached by a road with young trees. This tomb is over 2000 years old. Han Wu Ti was the first Chinese emperor to conquer central Asia, even to Bokshara and Northern India.

HSIN PING. Here we had a very hurried but delicious dinner with the Burgstroms and the Nelsons. There are two old pagodas with more *pailows* and towers, but not enough time to learn much about them. The first train arrived here yesterday, the whistle waking up the town as never before. From here our way lay

⁵Or *pailou* - an arch.

over the vast Wei River valley plain with the Chingling Range to the south across the river, but both these and those to the north were invisible most of the day due to the dust.

WUKUNG. Here we descended the first depression on the Shensi plain, the first of six. One rides along over very flat country and all of a sudden comes to a place where the earth drops away into a valley of over a mile wide and 400-500 feet deep. On the west side of this valley is Wukung. It is a notorious bandit hole. Yang Lo-san, governor of Shensi when Ekvall was killed, got his start here. From here to Chi Hsien is a dangerous country. The S.A.M. have a station here with one lone elderly lady.

FUFUNG. Here we met Miss Dix and Miss Levamore, temporarily stationed because their permanent residence in Weihsien, Kansu is too near the Communist area. We only stayed for a few moments though tea had been prepared for us.

ITIEN. We saw men working in soft stone, the kind used in making inkstones and knife stones. Here and other small places along the road had Fu Yin T'angs at which we made short stops. Chih sien was the last before we reached Fengshiang. They all had many R.T.S.⁶ posters inside and out.

FENGSHIANG. We arrived at 7 p.m. and found a warm welcome from Mrs. Michell, Misses Hinds and Artiby. This compound is lovely. It is lovely. Not far from my window is a wisteria vine which reminds me of Alexandria days. Today is overcast and cold. The city has a very large wall with a population of 250,000 in the city and suburb. The Moslems have one Mosque in the East Suburb, but not a very large community. There are comparatively few Moslems between Siam and this city.

May 6th, Wednesday

LUNGCHOW, SHENSI.

Here we are up in the corner of Shensi not far from the Kansu border. It is a lovely spot in a beautiful valley. We are staying in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gustafson with whom I have been traveling since Sian. His wife came out 10 li to meet us, riding a bicycle. Saunders arrived from Tsingshui by horse at about two o'clock. He came in while we were over at the Post Office trying to telephone to him. We have had dinner and we are now resting in preparation to leaving in the morning by car for Chang Chia Chuan across the Kuan Shan to the west. Our plans have altered a bit. We hope to go over to Chang Chia Chuan tomorrow by car. Staying the night and coming back here on Friday. Then if all goes well we hope to start Saturday morning for Pingliang which is 220 li or two days away. This ought to be in time to meet Laurie on schedule. We are feeling much better about this because the other trip from Chang Chia Chuan to Pingliang is now unsafe. The Gustafsons and Ratsliff will go with us.

⁶Religious Tract Service

The trip from Fenghsiang was interesting. Hills on both sides of us and quite close. The mountains were still invisible because of the weather. About 30 li out we came to the Ch'eng Ke Ta Ch'uan which we climbed over on the China International Famine Relief built road under the supervision of Mr. Gustafson. We had a fine view from the top. The top was only about 3000 feet. On the other side we dropped down to a little under 2000 again. This Ch'ien Yang River Valley enters into the Wei River Valley near Paochi which is to be the junction where the Lunghai R.R. sends one line to Lanchow and the other to Szechuan. We soon reached Ch'ien Yang.

CH'IEN YANG. Here we stopped at the Gospel Hall for a short period of time and ate our "Elevens" given us by the good folk in Fenghsiang. Here the Gustafsons have a temporary home where they come for visits of a week or so duration. We stopped at the Post Office also and while a telephone call was being put through I took a number of good shots of typical Chinese faces of this area, men with the front of their heads shaved and the back bobbed and also pigtailed on some. From here we continued up the valley N. 70 N to Ts'ao P'u. Here we met a Moslem innkeeper who was a friend of Mr. Gustafson. He treated us to eggs and garlic (chu tsai) and tea. This was the beginning of the "garlic way" to Ningsia. He was a Chang Chia Ch'uan Moslem, but refused to let me take his picture. There is a mosque in this village. From here we continued up the valley N 40 W, admiring the lovely clear water and the superb scenery. We passed through Hung Nei Chuan and finally came to Lungchow at 1:50 p.m.

May 7th, Thursday

LUNGCHOW, SHENSI. We are packing up to leave this morning though it has been raining. We hope to reach our destination this afternoon. This is a lovely compound of the Gustafson's. A 300 year old Chinese house with courtyards and courtyards. Mountain roses and Lambard poplars, fir trees, maples, fruit, persimmons especially. R.T.S. posters decorate the front on the street as most of the Gospel Halls along the way.

CHANG CHIA CHUAN. One of my dreams is at last realized. I am now in this area and a more beautiful valley I have never seen. It must be a couple of miles wide with a small stream. The wheat is only a few inches high, but of a marvelous green. The trees are just out with a pale green coat, mainly poplars and willows. The lines of Lambard poplar are perfect. We have not visited the city here or the country about, but hope to do that in the mornings. Every one is a Mohammedan. Just before we got to the inn, situated outside the south wall, we saw about 20 refugee Moslem women working in a field under a taskmaster for their food. Since writing the above we have had a delicious Moslem meal of beef, etc. Afterward Saunders and I went for a three hour walk about and above the city. On our way back we stopped at one of the ten mosques and had a good chat. Of particular interest was the miswack (toothbrush) they showed me. The ones used here they get from a root of a tree called a k'u sen tree. They showed us one but we could not get

it. Also we saw and handled two shoulder blade "horn books."⁷ Afterward we visited an inn where Saunders is known to the innkeeper, a Sian man. He was cordial and jolly. I found out that he was a student for ten years in Sian with Wu Ahung of Hankow and Ma Ahung at the Hsi Ta Sz in Sian. He is quite an Arabic scholar and opened up when I mentioned the two men above. He wrote a bit of Arabic for me.

Just before we crossed the Kuan Shan this morning we passed and visited the kumpei⁸ of a Moslem whose name we could not discover. It is near Ku Kuan.

In the Kuan Shan we stopped and we shot two pheasants. When we got to the inn in the evening we handed them (clean) to the Moslem cook. He refused to cook them because they were not properly killed.

The trees, peach and plum were out in full bloom and simply magnificent. There were all sorts of flowers in the pass in bloom. A number of birch trees were near the top, not like the ones of New England, but a more stunted and with reddish bark. The road in the pass was one good curve after another. Four of us had to stand on the running board during the steepest climb. When we began to slow down we jumped off, one to put a block under the back wheel in case of trouble, the other three to push. There were seven of us in the car. A bit of rain overtook us in the afternoon, but not enough to stop us, only to make us uneasy on the slippy roads and down grades. However it all cleared by four and was lovely afterward.

KUNG MEN CHUAN. We visited the wealthy Moslem tax collector here who had befriended Mrs. T. and Miss Olive Botham in 1927-8. I got a picture of him to send to her. His decayed teeth so fascinated me that for the first fifteen minutes after meeting him I could not keep my eyes away. Although a good Moslem he employs a Chinese to keep his accounts for him. This we found the case in many other places. He took us to visit his private mosque on the hill outside and above the town. Farther above is a private burial grounds, before the tomb of an ancestor of his he has incense burning and the Koran read by his own *ahung*.

May 8th, Friday

CHANG CHIA CHUAN. The market is on and we are off to see it. There is one here every other day. In all my travels I have never seen a more lively market and more people in one given place. It is a beautiful

⁷The Koran was written on bones of camels.

⁸Pickens used various transliterations throughout his account for this term for a Sufi saint's tomb; these have been changed to the version used most frequently: "kumpei." The term "gongbei." is used in modern works such as Jonathan N. Lipman's *Familiar Strangers: A History of Muslims in Northwest China*.

day. We climbed up above the city to get the lay of the land. The Chung Chia Chuan valley runs nearly east and west, with a side valley nearly as large and watered with a lovely stream entering from the north. Up this valley we could see the home of Ma Hsi-wu in a beautiful grove of poplars. Above his place about a thousand feet was Hsuan Hua Kang. We then returned to town and visited the rooms in the P.O. which Saunders keeps for his frequent visits to this town; his own station at Tsingshui being 70 li to the south. Here we met the Postmaster. He was a Moslem from Lanchow and quite intelligent.

HSUAN HUA KANG. After a delicious bowl of *mien* for breakfast Saunders, Ratsliff and I walked up the north valley to Ma Hsi-wu's home and there ascended by a winding path to Hsuan Hua Kang. Here is the home of Ma Hsi-wu. It resembles a temple area, with courts and different levels. Above and behind are the shrines which make the place famous. In the most imposing mausoleum is supposed to rest the head of Ma Hun-lung (His body is buried north of Wu Chungpu near the Yellow River east of Ningsia.) Two others side by side are the graves of Ma Yuan-chang and Ma Kuang-tao. There was another whom no one seemed to know. We did not meet Ma Hsi-wu who was away, but were entertained royally by one of his subordinates in a delightfully clean guest room. He gave us tea, bread fried in oil (*yuko k'uai*) with eggs and vegetables. There were ever so many gift boards. We met one Yunnan Moslem who had traveled via Shanghai with 2 others to worship here. They came from Hohsi, Yunnan. He is the only one of them here now.

Descending the hill we met the Gustafsons waiting for us with the car. We first visited the garden of Hsi-wu. Returning to Chang Chia Chuan I had a tailor run me up a typical hat of this part of the country. We left Chang Chia Chun at 12:45 and had good going on the way back.

MA LU P'U. Here we stopped for a visit with an *ahung* who had within the last two years returned from Ili. Sinkiang. He was not too friendly, but still polite. I think the reason was he had too many around him watching him while we were there. We had tiffin here and then started back across the Kuan Shan. Along the way we saw any number of pheasants and were able to take three. I tried but used more shots than the rest together and missed gloriously. We saw a deer high on the mountain above us.

May 9th, Saturday

HUA TING, KANSU. We left Kungchow at 7:25 a.m. by horse. Mr. Gustafson and Ratsliff came out with us about ten li. Our journey all day lay in a N.W. direction for 110 li, to Hua Ting Hsien. As we were crossing ranges of hills running from East to West our path was pretty much up and down. As far as Ho Hsia Tsuei, where we stopped an hour for lunch and which is 40 li from Lungchow we traveled in a wide valley which gradually narrowed. From here we continued climbing until we reached a saddle on top of the hill. From here we had a good view of the Kuan Shan. After a good walk on the top of a long hill we descended to Hsia Huan K'o which we reached at 2:40. This was 30 li from the place. Along the way we picked up a very friendly Moslem from Chang Chia Chun who was riding a donkey to Hua Ting. He was very talkative. Saunders had a long discussion with him. He admitted that cursing and lying were more

sinful than eating pork.

HSIA KUAN K'O. Here we stopped for tea. There was an Anti-opium man here who wanted to see us and know all about us. He said he had been in the Y.M.C.A. and Salvation Army and looked it. He insisted we should have an escort. Much against our wishes we let them tag along. About ten li out we gave them each ten cents and sent them back. "They" consisted of one man with an antiquated gun and one with a spear. Our Anti-opium friend insisted that as America and Great Britain protected Chinese in their country he should protect us in his. After a series of up and down hills over very pretty country with fruit trees in bloom and a number of pheasants in sight we came to Wu Tung P'u and then climbed again. After walking along the top for some time we descended into a wide valley to reach Hua Ting.

HUA TING HSIEN. Here we entered the Tungkuan and put up at a fair inn, recommended by our Moslem friend along the road. After refreshing ourselves with grapejuice (from a tin) we went out to look for the Gospel Hall which we were told was there. We were directed to the Catholic Church. Finally we found that the once Chapel was no more. Then we went out the West Gate to see the pagoda which we were told dates from the T'ang dynasty. It appeared as though a giant had struck it with a huge knife and cut out a slice of it. Hua T'ing Hsien has 10,000 Moslems. We visited one of the three mosques in the East suburb just as the *ahung* was about to give the call to prayer. He was very friendly and invited us to sit on his *kang* and wait until prayers were over. We had been there only a few moments when a yaman runner arrived with a message from Hsien Tsang, telling us that the latter wanted us to sleep inside the city wall. Our Anti-opium friend had telephoned ahead that we were coming and for us to be cared for properly. After much palava we decided to go and see Hsien Tsang. When we go inside the city the runner tried to have us go to the inn, but Saunders in righteous indignation demanded to see the ruler of the city. We marched to the yaman and finally were ushered into his benevolent presence. He turned out a friendly man and a native of a town where Saunders had resided for a year. Being able to talk their own colloquial patois they got on famously and our path smoothed. Finally our animals and servant arrived and we went off to the inn to spend the night while the animals were to be put in the yaman. This we did not like for it looked a hold up and doubtful whether we could get away early. However after an hour our horses were sent to the inn and we were promised our escort in the morning. But before we could get to sleep the military commander came to call as well as other guests. Even after we were on the *kang* Saunders had an audience of two who wanted to be preached to, so while he did I went to sleep; he finally turned in at midnight.

May 10th, Sunday

This morning we were off at 7:15 after a breakfast and found our guard waiting for us at the East Gate. They proved friendly and on the whole good company. They had no desire for a tip, in fact would not accept anything except a meal and tea. They walked the 110 li to Pingliang in full equipment.

We soon climbed out of this valley on the north slope and then down into another. Then there was another valley, both valleys and hills getting higher as we went along. About 10 li from Hua Ting we came into

another valley down a very interesting path which gave us an excellent view of the beautiful valley. When coming from Pingliang one turns west up this valley to go toward Chang Chia Chuan: the way we would have come had the country been less disturbed. Here among the poplar trees a picture was taken of me with the guards.

TS'UEI TEO P'O. Here we stopped for a rest and a bowl of *mien*. It was a very small place clinging to the hill on the North side of the valley. It was mainly Moslem. After asking to see the mosque we were taken to the level above the inn where apparently was only a thrashing floor. But we were shown a cave in the hill in which the mimbar and mihrab were located and a few goatskin rugs for the worshippers. A real indigenous "Church." We stayed here an hour and left at 11:30. The top of this next hill was nearly 30 li long going up to a height of 6200 feet. We had a splendid view of the Lu P'an Shan and the country between, in fact we were above most everything. We were traveling in a N 40 E direction most of the day. After dropping off the above ridge (we had a wolf scare in which the soldiers pegged away at something which probably was a dog, also one of the soldiers had a shot at an eagle close to the road) we came to Yin Liang P'o where we stopped for tea and rest for a half and hour. We climbed into a gorge which lasted for some 30 li. It reminded me of Kuling at times and at other times of the gorges at Ichang. It was very quiet and hot. Near the end of the gorge where we could see its connection with the Chin River Valley we turned more to the N.W. and climbed to an altitude over 5000 feet. From there we had a gradual descent to Pingliang which we could see well over an hour before we reached the city. We arrived at 6:30 p.m.

PINGLIANG. The city is in a wide open valley almost west and east. It is a long city, 15 li including the suburbs, which are all on the Eastern end, and narrow. There is no west suburb, but four eastern ones practically inhabited by Moslems only. There is a pagoda outside the east suburb but I could get no information about it. We left our guards at the yaman and went on to Mr. Earl Peterson's, S.A. Alliance Mission who received us well and gave us a room occupied two days before by King and Kronheim. We also learned that the Walkers and Dr. Pedley were staying at the motor inn on the way to Sian. The country between Lungchow and Pingliang seemed 90% Moslem. We hardly met a traveler who was not one.

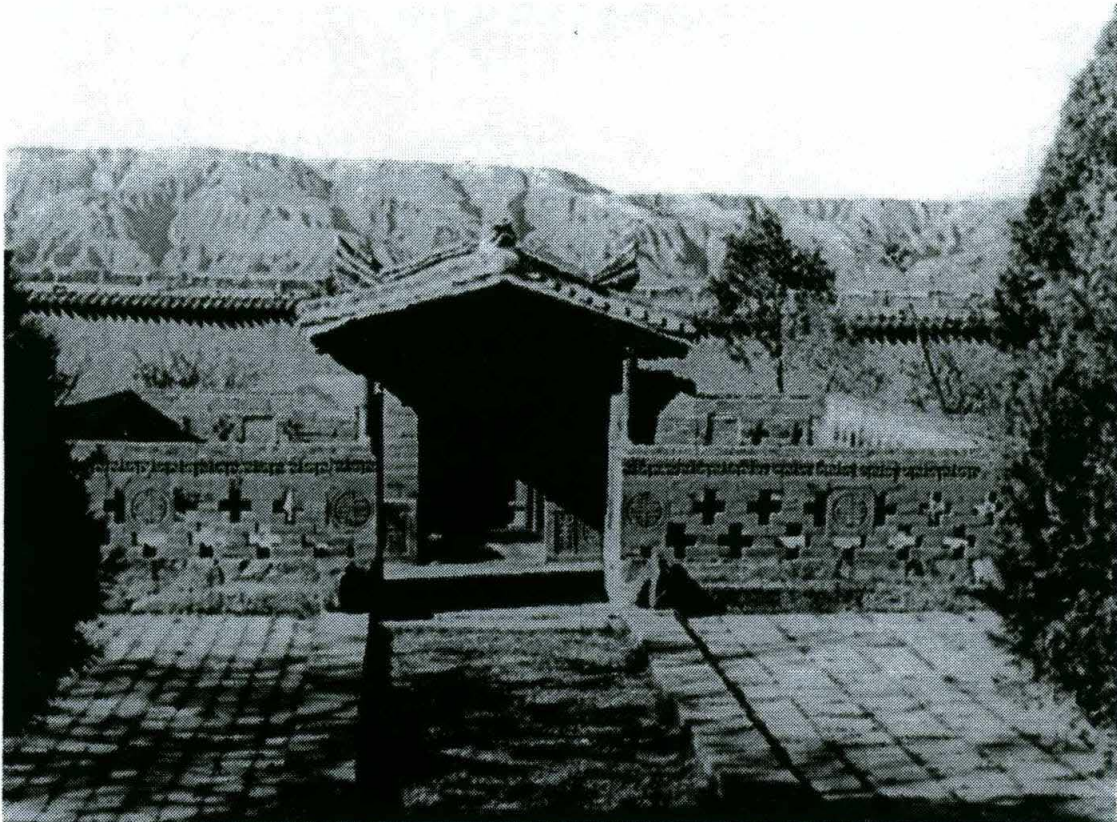
May 11th, Monday

We went early in the morning to the East suburb to the motor inn to see the Walkers and Pedley. The latter is going to see his fiancée on her way up to Fenghsiang, while the Walkers are on their way home, he with very serious eye trouble. The rest of the morning we stayed around the Mission Station, which is situated very near the West Gate. This is a lovely place with four perfectly beautiful fragrant lilac bushes, 2 white and 2 purple, at the moment in full bloom. Peterson showed us his large bookroom and discussed the use of posters, which seems to be his specialty. The S.A.M. stations as well as the C.I.M. are covered outside with posters.

After a very good dinner we set out again for the east suburb and the Moslem quarters. First we called at the Mission hospital which has only Chinese doctors and nurses. The head, Dr. P'i was trained under Dr.

King in Lanchow. Behind the hospital is a fine Church building, seating several hundred.

From here we visited Mr. Lan I-pin, a Moslem friend of the Mission, a money lender. He is an intelligent well read Moslem. He told us that he represented a large portion of the Moslems in Pingliang who were Shensi people driven over in the time of the Tung Tsz Rebellion. This was true in many places in East Kansu. We visited his mosque which was new with a crescent over the top. From here we walked out the South Gate of the suburb to the kumpei of an *ahung* named Seo. His descendants take care of the place. He had any number of cards from Moslems all over China who had visited the place. Ours were put among the faithful. There was a board from Ma Yuan Tsang. I was able to get several pictures of the graves as well as one of Seo Ahung who was a pleasant old chap. Just as I was about to take this last one I saw a "horn book" lying on a table in the wash room. After a good deal of diplomacy on the part of Saunders it was presented to me. We returned to the city, had a good Chinese meal, and went "mosquing" again. This time we found three, two not particularly interesting, the other with Shensi men welcomed us with a Moslem handshake. The *ahung* was from Wa Ting, in this province, which seems to produce learned *ahungs* in abundance. I was surprised here as at many other places to find that Wu Ahung Hankow has an excellent reputation. Yang Ahung at this mosque had a kindly old face.



"The Kumpei or tomb of a Moslem Saint named Mu. This very interesting sight in a grove of evergreens overlooks the Pingliang valley in East Kansu. The city lies between the grave and the hills to the north. This man is one of the early founders of the Djahariah order in China."

May 12th, Tuesday

We left Pingliang at 7:10 a.m. after a good breakfast. K'ung T'ung, the famous Taoist Mountain lay N 90 W from the city, while our road, "The Long Old Road" to Tihua, Kashgar, Tashkent and Staboul lay N 50 W. The valley was wide with a plateau to each side. Two hours from Pingliang we passed through Swei Ho Tsz where we stopped for a cup of tea. We then pushed on to Nam K'o Chuan where the S.A.M. have a Gospel Hall and where we stopped for tiffin, 40 li from Pingliang. Here we saw a kumpei S.E. of the town. It was Ma Sung-teh's, an examiner at Hua T'ing. There are ten to twelve Moslem families here, not many Chinese.

One interesting thing about this road are the stately old willow trees lining the road. These were planted by Tso, the general who conquered Yaku Beg of Kashgar about 1875. After leaving Nan K'o Chuan the valley narrowed and twisted from S 80 W to N 60 W.

HAO TIEN. 25 li from Nan K'o Chuan we came to this city at 5:10 where we stopped for a bowl of *mien*. Travelers by cart usually stay here for the first night after Pingliang. There are from 60-70 Moslem families, three or four of which are New Sect. There are two mosques. West of the city we saw another kumpei which we distinguished by a building facing South with an octagon tomb at the north. This was for Seo Lao Fu Tsz. There was a wrinkled old Moslem woman in charge who greeted us kindly after the dogs of the neighborhood tried to chew us up. From here the valley would in all directions, sometimes a narrow gorge not more than a hundred feet wide which was the case at San Kuan K'o. We finally arrived at Wa T'ing Hsien at 6:10 p.m.

WA T'ING HSIEN. This was not far from the place where the great road crosses the Lu Pan Shan. This city is a walled one which we did not enter, but stayed outside. After taking the packs off the animals we went down to the clear stream and washed our feet in the cold water. We had a good bowl of *mien* and retired early on the *kang*. This was the first place we met Ma Hung-pin's troops. It was on the Lu Pan Shan not far from here where some say Genghis Khan died while on his way to recapture Tungkuang from the Sung Dynasty. This though added a bit of a thrill to the night's stay in this quiet place.

May 13th, Wednesday

We were up and away at 6 a.m. with only a cup of tea under our belts. We were told there were good inns along the way, which we found to be true. Here we left the great road, which continues west while we turned N 60 W toward Kuyuan with the Lu Kan Shan on our left. It was a lovely sight in the early morning light. Carts and pack mules were out even before us. We reached Ta Wan in an hour, 10 li from Wa T'ing, but decided to continue on another 10 li farther while the morning was still cool. 5 li after leaving Wa T'ing we saw the great road zigzagging across the mountain. This new road was done by the China International Famine Relief Committee. Ta Wan has 60-70 Moslem families.

The road here and throughout the day here bore almost due north. At Niu Yin Cheng we stopped about an

hour for breakfast of *mien*. There is one mosque with about 10-20 Moslem families. We climbed out of the wide cultivated valley to a height of 6450 feet at 8:55, which showed us a valley below running E. and W. In this valley we passed through Chin Sz Swei where there was a pleasant group of Moslems who were startled by our "knowledge" of Arabic. There was one mosque and 50-60 Moslem families.

From here we climbed to the top of the watershed between the Wei and the Yellow Rivers, for from here the water flows north past Kuyuan. At K'ai Ch'uen on the other side were 20-30 families of Moslems.

25 li from Kuyuan in a narrow valley is located another kumpei called Nan Ku Sz, with a peculiarity that startled us very much. There were two Ch'i Kans at the entrance which are usually seen at the entrance to a temple. As far as we can make out the man buried here is an ancient worthy from Rumi. A Chinese general in the last dynasty, Hu Tsz Yang Ta Ren from Kuyuan went to fight in the Taiping Rebellion. While in the south a miraculous man fed his army. When asked who he was, said he was the man buried at Nan Ku Sz. The general upon his return put up the Ch'i Kans. We stopped for tiffin at En Sz Li P'u, 20 li from Kuyuan and then pushed on into the city by 4:15. We passed camels coming along. These last 20 li were in a wide valley over two miles wide. The Lu Pan Shan could be seen to the West. I forgot to mention that just before reaching Nan Ku Sz a heavy wind with sand came down from the North and blotted out much of the landscape.

KUYUAN. We entered the city through the south suburb passing through at least five gates. The Moslem population lives in the suburbs mainly, though I did see some homes inside the city. Ma Hung-pin is the general in charge of the troops here. His soldiers seem well behaved. This is a city within a city and a citadel inside the second. The outside wall is faced with brick while the inside is of mud. We found the S.A.M. Station, Mr. H. Swenson's home at the west of the inner city. A very large place well equipped. Mr. F. Nelson is to come up and occupy it next month. Everything is in Chinese style with a large church which could seat several hundred. The work was founded by Mr. Swenson in 1922. That is, he began work there then. We are living in the Guest Hall, for the house is locked. We had a good meal, washed, and retired early.

May 14th, Thursday

It was good to be able to sleep until 7:30 with no necessity to dash off this morning. We had breakfast, prayers with a few of the Christians close by and then went out to send needed telegrams and letters. We visited four mosques in the city during the course of the day. As most things here have been destroyed from attacks from bandits within the past thirty years there is not much in the way of beauty, only ruins and new buildings side by side. Kuyuan Hsien is 6/10 Moslems.

The first mosque we visited was one used by the local people. There was a temporary building and a place for the big mosque. An old 80 year old Moslem, with a good beard, greeted us cheerfully and posed for his photo. The children with their "horn books" also posed. We then went to the Shensi mosque. Yu Ahung

was from Wating. We arrived during a lecture to his seven students on some phase of canon law. It was interesting to hear, especially for the S.A.M. evangelist who accompanied us. We then visited the Nan Fang Sz outside the city where the *ahung* was asleep. Above him on the wall was a picture of the Sword of Ali. I took a picture while he slept peacefully on. This is a New Sect (I believe a Djahariah⁹) mosque. We visited a fourth after tiffin in a Moslem restaurant. Here Ma Yuin-fu was very pleasant as was a Captain Ma in Ma Hung-pin's army, who was there when we went in. The latter was a Hochow man whose home was now in Hsuan Hua, Tsinghai, though he claimed not to be a Salar¹⁰. From here we returned home and had a visit with the local Christians.

May 15th, Friday

We left Kuyuan this morning at 6:50 after a short prayer with a few Christians. We passed out the east gates, one to each of the inner and outer walls. At the second we were stopped by the soldiers, the only time during the visit to Kuyuan. However we had no real trouble to get away. Our journey through the day was up a valley N 10 W which widened out from a valley about a mile wide to well over 10 miles at our halt in the evening. To the west was still the Lu Pan Shan. At eight o'clock we passed through Sz Li P'u. At 9:30 we passed through Sen Chia Ho which is 30 li from Kuyuan. At 11 a.m. we reached T'o Yen where we had eggs, bread and tea and rested for 3/4 of an hour. It was here I secured a picture of a little Moslem lass which I consider one of my best on the trip. We passed through Yang Lang Ch'uen at one.

SAN YIN. We arrived here about 2:30 and stayed over an hour, eating triangular rice cakes stuffed with dates and drank tea. We visited the Chinese-Arabic school next door to the inn where Ahung Hu, friend of Ma Ahung in Hankow, was in charge. I had a card of introduction which pleased him very much. He gave me one to take back with me. He was friendly and received our literature, but said it was not correct to put the "Bismillah" on other than writings from the Koran and the Injil.¹¹ We got several good pictures of the Ahung with his students. The road from here was difficult to find so we lost our way, but came the 25 li glad to arrive among the camels and place to rest our bones and to feed.

HE CH'ENG CH'EN, KANSU. Here we are half way between Kuyuan and Hsicheng where we hope to meet Laurie Wood. At the moment there are nine camels in the inn yard less than 10 feet from the 10 x 10 inch window of our *kang*. It is a Moslem inn as all but one which we have stayed so far. Altogether today

⁹Or *Jahriya*, a Sufi order

¹⁰The Salars were one of several ethnic groups among Chinese Muslims.

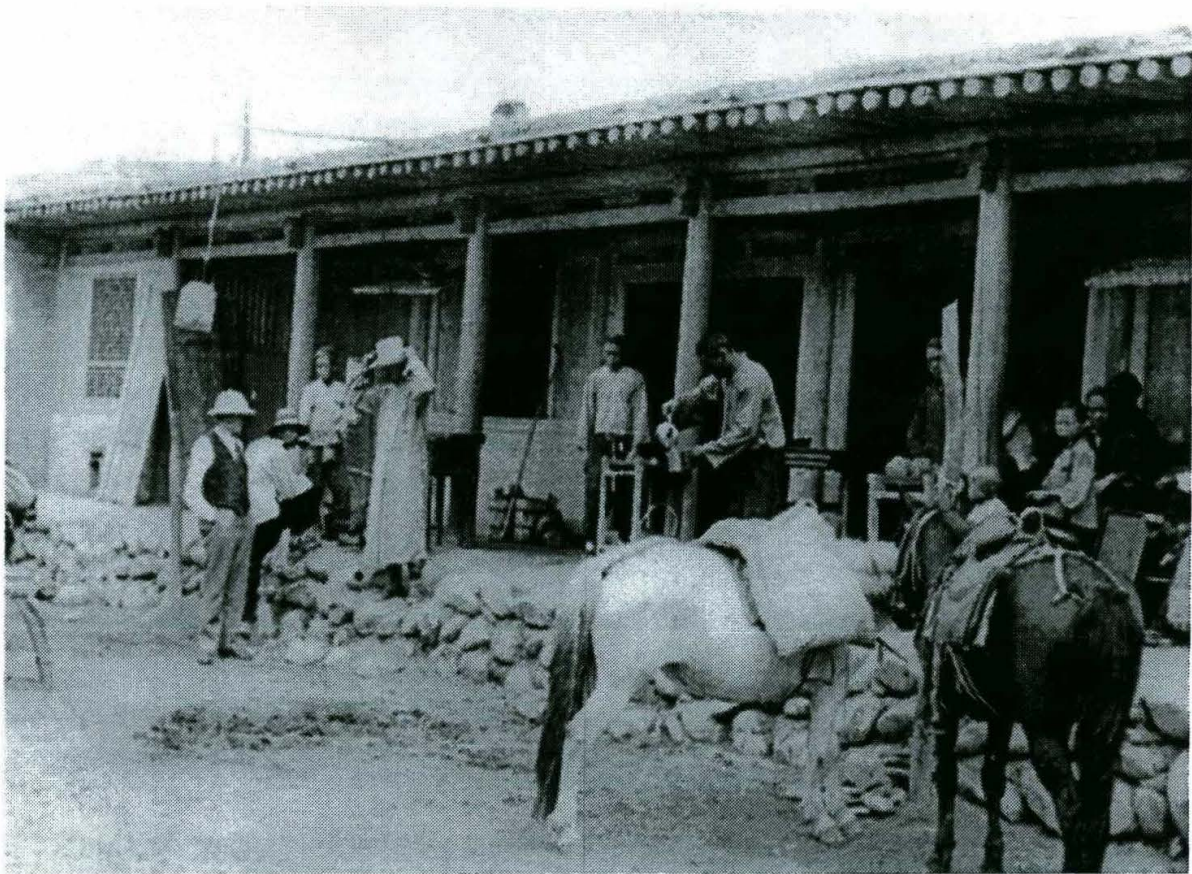
¹¹The bismillah is the opening phrase of suras in the Koran, meaning "In the name of God, the Merciful; the Compassionate."

we have seen more than a hundred camels. The silly camels outside are making strange noises and faces and feeling terribly superior all at the same time. (A month after this the Communist Shensi were all entrenched here.)

May 16th, Saturday

We left He Ch'eng at 5:50 and soon entered a narrow valley, not much more than a river bed, running N 60 W which was a near desert country as we have seen so far. People in this country live in forts, well built and impressive looking. We hardly saw individual houses outside these forts in the whole 100 li. Fortunately we had a cool breeze, otherwise our trip would have been extremely unpleasant. As a matter of fact it was the hardest day so far.

CHENG CHING P'U. Our first stage of the morning was the 30 li to this village, the only one we saw in this distance. We arrived at 9:15 and stayed an hour and a quarter. The inn people said they had never seen a foreigner before and acted the part. Here and all the way along today we were stared at continually. The country is good for sheep and at the moment is quite green in its spring dress. Occasionally we saw an oasis with trees, but this was not often. When we were on top of the hills we could see the Lu Pan Shan to the S.W. Cheng Ching P'u has from 40-50 Moslem families and one mosque.



"Moslem inn along highway"

Above 10 li from the place above we began to climb out of the gorge in a N 50 W direction and reached a height of 6030 feet. For 25 li we crossed a high plateau which reminded me of Eastern Tibetan grass-land. The width of the plateau must be at least 30 li. In a shallow depression nearer the western end was Hua Yang P'ing. They call it a place, but since the earthquake of 1920 there have been only three small houses far apart. Just before reaching there we saw a number of camels grazing whose condition were so poor we could hardly see their humps.

HUA YANG P'ING. Looking around a bit Saunders was able to find a door to one of the compounds in which a very poor Moslem family dwelt. They welcomed us with open arms and gave us water for tea, some vegetables, and treated us really royally. When we left we got a picture of grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, son and daughter. They would not take money for their service; really were offended when we offered to give them some. However they did accept some literature. I am sure they looked upon Saunders, at least, as a semi-holy man. It was really a joy to be welcomed in the middle of the day to the best these poor people had.

We continued on to the end of the plateau where at 3:30 we began the descent to a narrow valley running west. Another ten li and we climbed again and crossed several hills until finally at 5:00 p.m. we came in sight of Haiyuan, nestling in a wide valley running West to East. We approached the city from the south. It was a walled city rather the worse for wear. It was the center of the earthquake of 1920 when G. F. Andrew and one or two others did famine work.

HAIYUAN, KANSU. They say 7/10 of the population was destroyed during the earthquake. After we settled in the inn outside the West Gate in walked Laurie Wood. We had reached the city about the same time but from different directions. That is not bad in China where we were out of communication with each other for a week. After a wash up all around we went into the city to dine. When we tried to get out we found the city fathers had closed the gate. A lot of talk, cards and a slap on a couple of backs by Laurie we got the gate open and back to the inn.

May 17th, Sunday

We had breakfast with a few of the rare delicacies we had carried for such an occasion, including cocoa and a bit of cheese. "Momo" went with this, if you like "momo." We are now enjoying a good rest which we all need. I might say we are not doing so in a private room of a first class hotel, but on our *kangs* with almost as many interested Moslem friends standing in the room as can get in. They take turns. I have suggested we take a collection for the cause or charge admission. We had tiffin in the city about three and then called on the Hsien Tsang. It was a formal meeting but worthwhile. We learned that there were 50,000 people in the hsien, about 40,000 of them Moslem and no missionary of any sort. When we returned to the inn Saunders in his quiet way preached to the multitude for over an hour: he on the *kang* and the crowd standing about. The people were very attentive and well behaved. A terrible sandstorm is raging. We can hardly see the mountains a few li away. Everything is covered with dust. They tell us that these north wind

sand storms do not mean rain. I found this to be true. I give this letter to Saunders tomorrow who takes it with him across the mountains on his way south. He will mail it when he comes to the motor road. In the evening after the crowd had finally left and we had a bit of quiet the three of us had a literature and Moslem work conference, and I feel, got some important questions answered.

May 18th, Monday

KUAN CH'IAO P'U, KANSU. Here we are 60 li N 30 E of Haiyuan half way to T'ung Hsin Ch'eng. We should be there tomorrow, D.V. We left Haiyuan this morning at 8 passing through the city and out the East Gate. We walked from the west suburb around the outside of the wall to near the East Gate where we said goodbye to Saunders who was leaving for across the Lu P'an Mountains and south to Tsingshui, which place he should reach by next Sunday. After leaving the gate we climbed up on a plateau which prevented us from seeing the city a li after we left it. We had not gone far before Laurie's mule, Beauty, stumbled and he went over her head which resulted in a few scars on his hands. There was a strong cold north wind blowing that made a sweater feel not too warm.

We traveled the whole 60 li without stopping for there were no inns along the way, only fort-villages with an occasional oasis with wheat, alpha and apricot trees: of course the willow and poplar trees were there, too. We rode steadily for two hours at a fast walk, as there were only the two of us, no servant walking. Laurie's servant we are to meet tomorrow at T'ung Hsin Ch'eng. At Wo Chia P'u we dismounted and walked for about an hour after which we had almost two more hours of hard riding. At Wo Chia P'u we were down in the valley which we followed to T'ung Hsin Ch'eng. It is not wide and only loess hills on each side. The direction was generally N 40 E. We finally arrived here at 1:20 and after spreading our things on the *kang* had a bit of egg and garlic and what the Chinese call Hui Hui T'ea, a large hunk of Moslem bread, and tea, we rested and slept for an hour or so. Then we visited the large mosque, there are two others, which belongs to the New Sect. Here there was the most talkative *ahung* I have ever met. He had been the *ahung* in the large mosque at T'ung Hsin Ch'eng when Laurie was there last time. He had his 10-20 students gathered around listening to the words of wisdom he was giving us. He talked for over an hour about everything under the sun. I think he was more talkative than learned, though his Arabic books were many. He was much offended at our asking if there was a kumpei here for he felt that Saint worship was a sin. He preached to us and a large audience of students and natives. I never saw quite so much arrogance in a man before. He and his students wore tarbush and turbans. We returned to our inn and had an audience of natives throughout our meal and until finally our candle was extinguished. The door and window of our room were conspicuous by their absence. Laurie was able to preach to them and we sold a good deal of literature.

May 19th, Tuesday

We took our time about getting off this morning at eight. Our course lay NE most of the 30 li to the gorge, then about 10 li in the gorge, which passed through the mountains that ran N 20 our course after leaving the gorge was up the same river bed almost due north. There was practically no village or sign of

inhabitants for most of the journey, in fact few travelers. We could see our destination more than 10 li away. Its skyline is very impressive with three prominent mosques. There are six altogether and very fine buildings. Mosques are easy distinguishable in this area in being the finest and most outstanding buildings in the country and usually very ornate.

T'UNG HSIN CH'ENG, NINGSIA. We have arrived. If we could telegraph I would. Mail goes out every three days here. We crossed the border about 30 li south of here when we came through a narrow gorge. This gorge resembles the San Yeo Tung gorge in Ichang. In one or two places a horse could hardly turn, though the valley behind in some places was a mile wide. We took a walk about the city after a rest. We saw the country around from the top of the wall. We could see some 30-40 camels across the desert toward the NW. They were a fine sight in the evening light marching toward the setting sun. Coming along the road from Haiyuan we saw a number of flocks of sheep and goats. I understand that sheep bring \$15.00 a head at the present time.



We saw a group of young women on the street dressed in all sorts of colors with the black veil on their necks and head, not over their faces. That seems to be the prevailing custom. All Moslem women wherever we have seen them have always had their heads covered. This immediately distinguishes them from the Chinese women. Also they are on the whole finer looking women.

"The Moslem veil in China, such is seen throughout the Northwest"

May 20th, Wednesday

This is certainly a Moslem town. One could easily imagine oneself in the heart of Turkey or on the plateau of Iran. Hats, beards, bearing, everything seems non-Chinese. The roofs of the houses here are flat, only the mosques have curved, tiled roofs and stand out magnificently. At least three of the six mosques have minarets and we heard the call to prayer from the one near our inn. This is practically a 100% Moslem city. Locally it is known as "Half-a-town." Many years ago, during the last century a big flood came and took away part of the city, hence the popular name. Our inn is quite good and the food delicious. So far the bugs have been kind though not altogether uninterested in me. It is surprising how "*Salaam Alekum*" works up here. Along the road everywhere it is used and appreciated. I like to try it especially with the gray beards. Did I tell you that I am still using the "Archdeacon's" horse? When we reach Ningsia I am to sell it for him. It is a great animal. He works splendidly in reverse. I have grown quite fond of him in spite of him frequently seeing things that aren't there and suddenly shying. We visited the local school and met the head teacher, Tsang. He is a Hsuchang, Honan man. One of the few Chinese here. I am glad I brought my Chinese gown, for I use it at every place we stop to visit, like this city. It makes for a better feeling and I am less conspicuous. The valley here is quite wide, probably 10 miles. To the S.E. are the 6000 foothills through which we came. To the west are some low pointed hills, while to the east is gradual rising ground with no abrupt formation. The soil seems poorer up here with not too much cultivation except where irrigation is used, though there is some wheat. Near the city on the road yesterday there was definite sand with sagebrush in blossom. Coming through the gorge we saw an interesting formation of red sandstone with fine lines of what seemed like white marble not more than a half inch wide making patterns through it. Also much of the substance was solidified gravel. The earth here looked as though it had been under great pressure. This is the area of the earthquake of 1920. The valley had a number of springs which started streams that were soon gathered into irrigation ditches or disappeared underground. For stretches there was no water.

In the morning we went out to preach on the street, near the New Sect mosque on the main street. We pinned up a few posters and then Laurie went at the crowd that gathered, for over an hour. His servant and I helped with the singing and selling of books. The latter was not good. We had a late tiffin and a bit of sleep until after four when we went on a second visit to the mosques. By this time a healthy sandstorm had developed so that pictures were almost out of the question. We first called at the prominent mosque on the hill (New Sect) but found the *ahung* was out so only took a look around. This and the one on the main street were built by Hochow men and bore the lovely characteristics of their workmanship. The one on the hill was not so ornate as the other. We then descended the hill to the main street mosque just when the call to the Ti Er Te K'e prayer was being given. We watched the service in the mosque in which about 80 persons took part. It was the best appointed mosque in the city. For the prayer niche there was a vista of a door in front of which was an open book. Above this a colored picture in bas relief of Mecca with the Kaaba. After the service we visited the K'ai Hsiao Ahung whose name was Seo, a Hajj. He had a fine face and was very friendly, after he warmed up. He was writing a letter in Arabic when we went in, answering one written in the same language, but he could not read our Chinese card. He was quite pleased to receive

our Gospel in Chinese and Arabic. He could read and translate the Arabic without difficulty. It is surprising that along the road, in fact the whole trip we have met farmers who could read a bit of the Arabic, but who found Chinese books useless. We also called at the Old Sect mosque and left a few books. By that time the sandstorm was so bad that we returned to our inn. Just as we were about to turn the military inspector of the inns called and wanted literature and a little preaching. Laurie gave him both.

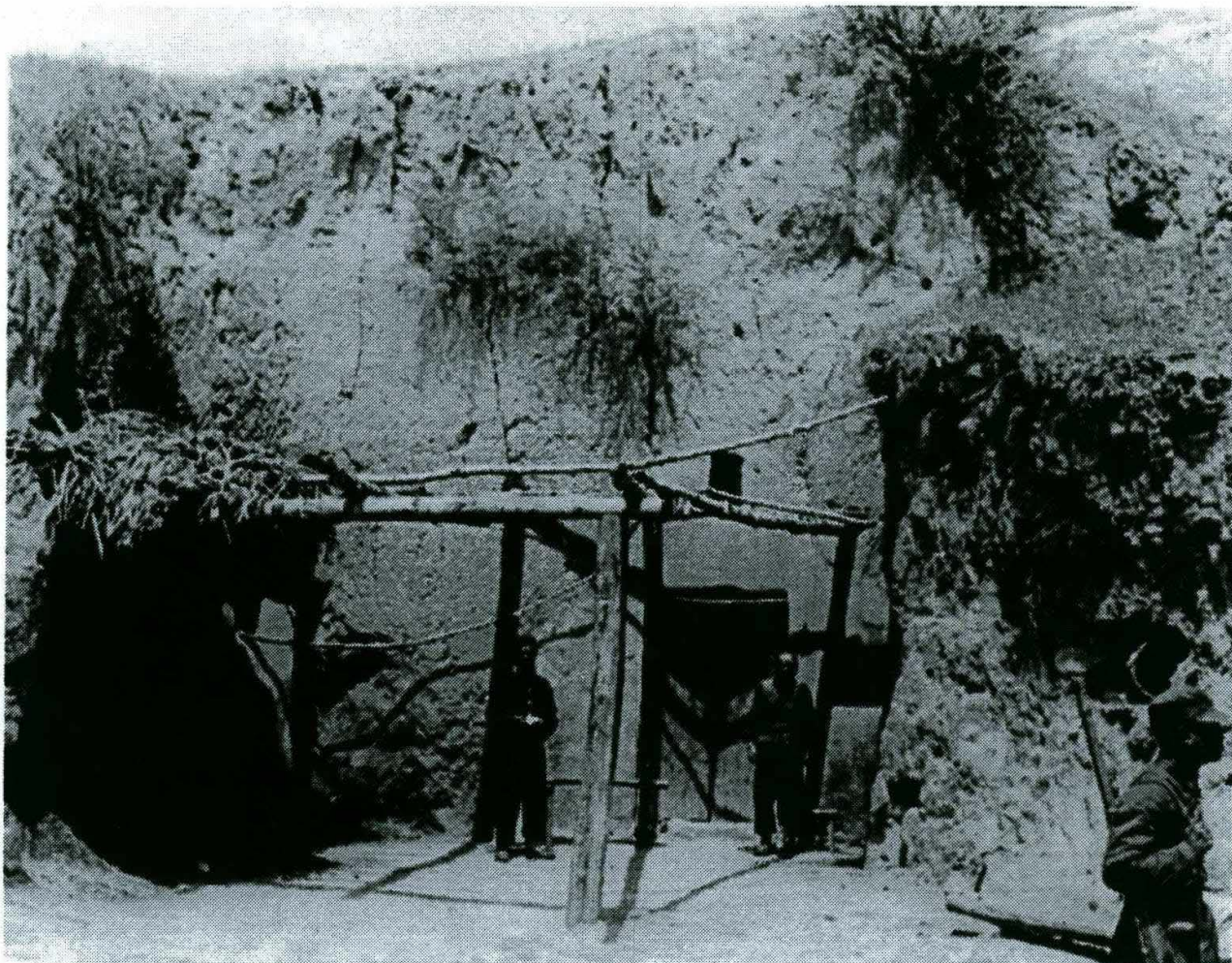
May 21st, Thursday

We were up and away by six. As T'ung Hsin Cheng was to have its market (one every three days) we found many people about and coming in along the roads. Our way at first lay S 70 E to Ma Ko Ta which we reached at 7:25. We approached it across a wide plain, cultivated but also many patches of sand and sagebrush, which was in bloom with a purple blossom. We could see our destination from the start as the mosque dominated the landscape. The village itself had a number of dogs, most unfriendly. Our journey from there was over rolling country to Tsz Yang Chuan which place we reached at 8:50. Here the *ahung* was kind to us. He was teaching the children Arabic when we arrived and brought the class outside for a picture before we left. Several of them had "horn books." From here we descended to the floor of a narrow ravine at no time more than a hundred feet wide and very winding but in an eastern direction. Our path lay up the riverbed, but hardly had we started off at a fast pace when Laurie's mule went lame from an old sore and he never rode it again until the animal had been doctored and rested at Wuchingpu. His servant and I rode on ahead 30 li to Ts'e Lu Ko to prepare tiffin and get a rest. We lost our way, but only for a half hour. We turned up a wrong valley missing the two houses which made up the town.

We reached Ts'e Lu Ko at 12:10 and stayed until 1:45, Laurie arriving about one. This is 70 li from our morning start. About 5 li further on we got out of the ravine and soon reached the top of the watershed up a broad approach. Our descent on the other side was gradual, down a wide valley, cultivated in the side valleys and the main valley but the hills only had sage grass. The descent was in the N 80 E direction. At 4:30 we again climbed and crossed another hill to descend into another valley in an eastern direction, arriving at our stopping place at 6:00 p.m.

SEO CHIA TS'A, NINGSIA. Here we are at the end of 110 li from Pan Cho Ch'eng and 40 more li to do to Yu Wang. We are in a cave. Compared with the outside it is lovely and cool. Our *kang* is near the door. I estimate the size to be about 18 feet wide and 22 feet high and at least 50 feet deep. Beside the door there is a transom window and a window at the very top. There is practically nothing in the cave aside from the *kang* upon which about 5 can sleep comfortably with their feet to the wall and their heads to the outside. This is the usual way on a *kang*, but I am so long I cannot do so on most of them, Laurie and I have to sleep at right angles to this position. We were able to get this cave for the night by going to the mosque and asking for the head man of the village for shelter, who assigned us to the owner of this cave. The latter with his family live in the cave to the left. Beyond that in a cave lives the *ahung* of the village mosque. He came to call after we had settled in and was most friendly. He sat with me for nearly an hour. His told me that his sect is the same as Chang Chia Chuan one (Djahariah). He had been on a pilgrimage to that place.

- He wrote for me in Arabic (he could not write Chinese) the names of the seven saints of the sect buried in China and told me where they were buried: Lanchow, Pingliang, Ch'uan Sang, Si Er Pa, Sz san T'ai, Pien Yang, T'ai, Yunnan. So Ahung has ten students studying with him.



"Entrance to cave mosque"

May 22nd, Friday

The cave was a great place to spend the night, like an icebox. Sleeping in my clothes was just about bearable. We got up late and had the *ahung* in to see us bright and early. He wanted his picture taken in front of the mosque. There are 70 families connected with this mosque. Everyone got on their finery for the pictures. We had a great send off, everything but fire crackers. We left at 9:10. We crossed a hill soon after leaving and turned down a wide valley about 5 li until we began to climb over a high loess hill. At eleven we reached the top and then descended into a wide valley over 30 li across and very long. It appeared to be good sheep country, there was no cultivation to be seen. We could see the city of Yu Wang to the North about 30 li away. It was about three hours before we reached the city; after reaching the floor

of the valley we could not see the city until quite close to it. Our road lay in a N 20 E direction and on the western side of the valley. We hardly saw a human being in this valley for the first two hours. Later we saw a string of camels to the east probably coming from the Wang Ho valley in which Szungchen lies and from which they probably bring grain. They arrived at the city just ahead of us. As we neared the city we saw the mosque, which appears to be quite a large one inside a fort of its own like a walled city. Yu Wang is a large city area with a good brick faced wall. Our inn is just outside the S.E. corner.

YU WANG, NINGSIA. Here we are at the hsien city, the first I have visited in Ningsia. We arrived at 1:50. Our journey was slow with only the lame mule to set the pace. It took us about 4 hours to do the 40 li. The Moslem innkeeper tells us that there are one and a half more Chinese than Moslem in this hsien. Certainly in this city it seems so. Inside the city wall is mainly waste land. It was thoroughly destroyed during the T'ung Tsz Rebellion. Ma Tsung-yin has looted the place badly since 1928. Most of the city is outside the North and South Gates, there are no other gates.

May 23rd, Saturday

We are still at Yu Wang. We had planned to go on to Weichow this morning. There has been a very much needed rain which started about 5 this morning and continued all day. The inn yard would make a good swimming pool if you were not particular about the color and contents of the water. The weather has turned quite cold. My overcoat feels most comfortable. For over a week we have been having sandstorms, so this rain is just what the farmers need. The assistant Hsien Tsang, named Tsang, called a while ago and in the course of the conversation said there were between 60 and 70 thousand people in the hsien which is quite different to our innkeeper and more accurate. He said 2/3 of the population was Moslem. This afternoon late we had snow and about 6 p.m. the mountains to the West were covered. Laurie and I walked up to the P.O. about 4 p.m. and nearly froze. The N.W. wind has a real bite to it. At the P.O. the keeper was out but his wives and children were enjoying themselves with a pipe of opium on the *kang*. We are now sitting on our *kang* with a fire in it. While the fire was being lit we had to go out as the smoke was terrible. There is no window in our room and there seemed to be no chimney to the *kang*. After the fire was started well the hole was sealed. Either we will have heat or blow up. Some of the muleteers who share the inn with us tonight are from Lo Li P'u about 80 li south of here. It is also called Yu Wang Hsien. They say there are two Old Sect mosques and one New Sect Mosque here and a kumpei.

May 24th, Sunday

The weather has changed and though the sun is shining we are nearly freezing. As this is market day here we will try to sell books and Laurie and his servants will preach. Laurie and I went out to visit the mosque. Both to the east and west we could see the mountains covered with snow. There is a strong N.W. wind blowing from off the Lo San. This mountain, they say, has old silver and copper mines. At the mosque we met Seo Ahung who is a Weichow man. He is a friend of Hu Ahung in San Yin, Kansu. He says that here the Old and New Sect worship in the same mosque. As he is K'ai Hsiao Ahung he has six or seven students. There are more than a hundred families of Moslems connected with the mosque. The woodwork

carving is quite good, but the interior is plain. There are Moslem soldiers stationed here at the mosque; in everything it resembles a fort. We were well received and served sweets, including dried dates. We walked against a cold north wind to the market, but found it too early for preaching so returned through the city.

WEICHOW, NINGSIA. We arrived here at 6 p.m. It was 40 li from Yuwang, but a hard trip against a strong north wind. The valley was the same as Yuwang and equally wide. Coming into this valley from the west at Weichow is a fertile valley with trees. We hardly saw one since we entered this valley in which these two cities are situated. Every 5 li along the road there are remains of a tower to mark the road. The line of march was N 15 E all the way. This brought so much sand that the mountains to each side became invisible. The Weichow Pagoda could be seen from the very start, but the sand almost put it out of sight. Believe it or not, I walked the 40 li with a heavy sweater and my overcoat buttoned close up about my neck and was not too warm. There was practically no cultivation along the road, only grazing land for sheep and goats, of which we saw a number of herds. The approach to the city was picturesque, with a stream to cross and irrigation ditches to follow and cross. Near the gate I met an old man to whom I "salaamed," who in his turn became most gracious. Also a group of younger Moslems who came to see when I "salaamed" then stood at attention and were most polite.

Our inn would interest you. Our *kang* is in one corner, large enough for the two of us with the servant at the end. In another corner is a smaller *kang*. In a third corner are several containers of grain. In the fourth is the kitchen. Here we do not have to shout too loud for hot water, etc. One's appetite is not helped by seeing everything done. I might also say that at least 15 people are in the middle of the room watching each motion we make.

May 25th, Monday

This morning while Laurie was preaching on the street I was standing about with Gospels for sale and looking wise, when I noticed a huge black goat being carried across the road from the place of preaching, not four yards away. After a prayer his throat was cut and the blood flowed over the road. Less than an hour later we decided to celebrate and not eat at our inn. The boy was sent out to make preparations for us at a restaurant. Finally, when we were called we found we were to eat at the place our friend the goat was now hanging, halved and during the meal cut into bits while we ate and watched. Incidentally the meat we ate had been part of him. As far as I remember it is the only time I was ever sure of eating fresh meat.

We went for a walk out to visit the pagoda. It stood in a great open space outside the west wall of the city in an enclosure that looked as though at one time it had been part of the city wall. There were no temples or other buildings about. Two tablets dating from the Ming period stood close by, but they were sort of sandstone so badly defaced that it was impossible to make out many characters. One tablet had the characters first year telling of repairs of the pagoda. It is extraordinary to find in a 100% Moslem town such a thing. I wonder if this dates from His Hsia or Tangut Dynasty? This country was depopulated by Genghis Khan and later under the Mings the Moslems came. Certainly Persian and Arab faces are very

common.



"The entrance and minaret of the Weichow mosque"

We visited the *ahung* at the glorious ancient mosque. It probably is one of the best preserved I have seen, certainly west of Sian. It is really a lovely building. When we arrived in the first courtyard there were between 80-100 students of all ages going through lessons in Arabic. The teacher, an old "Tatar," was using his voice and a serviceable stick to keep them in order. He was quite anxious that we should take the picture of all of them. His methods of preparation for the taking of the picture was a circus in itself. The *ahung*, Wang, was a man of 72 years and a Hajj¹². He was mellow with age and very learned. He is the K'ai Hsiao Ahung with some 60 students. There are more than 50 Hajj in Weichow and district, according to him. The Old and New Sect worship together in the mosque and also at the two kumpei outside the city. There are no other mosques here. The *ahung* said there were no Chang Chia Chuan Moslems here. It was interesting to see how the children did not come into the building when we visited him. In other places they

¹²Presumably had completed a "hajj" or pilgrimage to Mecca.

were far too "friendly."

We went to visit two of the three kumpei outside the city, South and East. The latter we visited first but found the *ahung* not in. A number of his students were, however. They did not know whose kumpei it was. They claimed to be Hsin Chiao but not the same as Chang Chia Chuan. The place was in a state of repair so the worship hall was bedroom-classroom. From here we went to the S.W. of the city where among irrigation ditches we met a Manchurian Moslem who was long on salutations and very friendly. He acted as guide and general protector against the fierce dogs. At this place the actual tomb and prayer hall was at the south end of the compound. Tin Fu-Seo is supposed to be buried here. We met an *ahung* connected with the place who was well acquainted with the Gospel Halls from Ningsia to Tientsin. His Arabic was not much better than ours but he used it more. He was friendly and generous with sweets and a most delicious tea. He claimed to be Old Sect. I forgot to mention that but a few li from Yuwang on our way here we passed another kumpei. To understand all of these will be a study in itself. On our way back to the city we saw a number of special Moslem graves. We have sold more than 100 Arabic Gospels and a number of Arabic "Sermons on the Mount." We had a huge send off from Weichow, the largest I have experienced. I never saw people more curious and like flies about candy, hard to keep away. We went to bed with them standing around, dressed, shaved, and did everything with them about. They never missed a trick.

Our journey from Weichow to Hui An P'u was N 20 E across two low hills and two wide valleys. We went 18 li but before we reached the top of the first hill we lost sight of Weichow. Then about 10 li to a "saddle" which had a small village and some cultivation. The second rise passed we descended gradually to a valley almost like a bowl at the NE side of which are salt lakes that make this district famous. The trip took us 5 ½ hours through sagebrush in full bloom and tall grass in bunches. We saw a few sheep and goats but not many. Lo Shan to the West was still topped with snow and the wind felt as though it had arrived directly from it.

HUI AN P'U, NINGSIA. This town is fortified like Nanking to protect the salt industry. Without that the country would be without such a city. Just outside our inn is the central square tower with more loopholes than I thought guns in an army. We have had visitors without the staying power of the last town. In one group was a man with a cigarette. Smelling the smoke made me realize that we had not seen a cigarette in the last 100% Moslem town. We saw lots of lizards today. They certainly move fast. Their color is nearly the color of the ground so one hardly notices them until they move. We also saw rabbits. There is a bird with the same color as the lizard but with a crest like a kingfisher. We visited the mosque where we met Tin Ahung. He is a Weichow man who taught in the Arabic school in Ningsia last year. There are more than 30 families of Moslems here, but the one Hajj left this spring. The mosque is well appointed though repairs are now going on. The *ahung* said that the Han Ren were more than the Moslems here. He has eight students. Some soldiers have just found six baby foxes near here. They seem timid and frightened. We also visited a modern school which is a new feature of the country.

May 27th, Wednesday

Our road lay N 30 W all day. The telephone wires and five li mud mounds were our guide. We hardly saw travelers on the 85 li of road. There were only great rolling hills covered with sagebrush and tall grass. Even the sheep were scarce, hardly two flocks all day. Aside from two ruined villages with nothing standing but remnants of walls we saw one village tucked away in the bottom of a valley. We did see a half dozen rabbits who were very friendly. We also saw one fox which came very close to us. The first deserted village we saw had one family living in it and a small temple with seven bells, which were most likely collected from other temples about. The first 15 li we crossed the dried up salt lake then a stretch of deep sand. Then alternated sand and surface rock all day. Where the ground was exposed to the N.W. wind the sand was blown away and the wind blown rock was exposed, looking like waves of the sea.

PE T'A SUEI, NINGSIA. About 45 li from our morning start we came to the one inn here and had tea and bread. A bit of water has given life to this place. About 15 li from here we saw appearing out of the haze the Alashan Mountains N.W. of here which means that between us is the Yellow River and the Ningsia Plain.

SZ KO I, NINGSIA. The most miserable place that we have stayed so far. It is the village connected with coal mines, 15 li to the North East. In our inn are a number of donkeys which have brought coal down. We are in a narrow valley whose waters run to the Yellow River. There is a road from here to Weichow to the S.W. as well as the one over which we came. These join here and proceed to the Wu Chung P'u Plain. There is an abandoned city wall a li to the south without any city inside. The inns are about the only things here. There was a mosque here and a few Moslems.

May 28th, Thursday

We were off this morning at 6:40 with only a bit of bread and tea under our belts. Our course lay down the bed of a salty river in a N.W. direction. The valley was not 500 yards wide, but contrary to that which we came down from Haiyuan there were no loess cliffs walling us in, only rolling sand hills. My old horse saw all kinds of things this morning and jumped from all of them. It is fun when it is over. After 25 li we climbed out of the valley and from that point got our first view of the trees on the Wu Chung P'u Plain.

PE T'U KANG TSZ, NINGSIA. Here we are 40 li from our morning start. We are right in the desert of sand. It reminds one of a bit of Egypt. As we came along the one street I saw a few Moslems whom I "salaamed." Before we could take our bags off the animals a delegation, including the deaf *ahung* came to pay their respects. The response to this simple salutation is most often generous and wholehearted. For the first 30 li from here we crossed desert country first and then flat wasteland with the welcoming trees in the distance. When we came to the first ditch of water the whole scene changed. Trees, houses, people, cultivation was everywhere. For the last 20 li it was like the Garden of Eden. When the opium is in bloom the scene must be magnificent. We crossed and recrossed canals and irrigation ditches. The land tax is so high and the price of opium seed so negligible that opium was very evident even in Moslem fields. The air

of prosperity and well being was certainly a contrast to much that we have seen in the last few days. As we came along it seemed that most of the population was out weeding the opium. Mosques were easily distinguishable by their pitched roofs, steeper here than I have seen before. Later I found out that many mosques were flat roofed but distinguished by their white walls and semi-gothic arched windows.

WU CHUNG P'U, NINGSIA. At the city gate here we were stopped by two boys in police uniforms with guns. For some reason they were most officious and for nearly ten minutes kept us standing outside. This is the first time such a thing has happened. Usually after arriving at an inn the police will call and find out about us and take our cards. Since leaving Sian I have not shown my passport. This city is not seen afar off. We were upon it before I realized it. Our inn is in the east suburb. We are within 15 li of the Yellow River and only 15 li away from Kinki where the Martin Taylors are living.

May 29th, Friday

Today is market day here. We had a good sleep on our *kang* after a generous spreading of Keatings all about. After breakfast we went out to mail letters and send the first telegram since leaving Pingliang. Then after a bit of looking around we called up the "Vicar" on the phone and invited him over for tiffin with us. He arrived in good time and we three had a reunion over a delicious Chinese meal. We mapped out a campaign for the five days while I'll be on the Wu Chung P'u Plain. I am to go over to Kinki and stay with the clan of Taylors while Lauries stays on at the inn, caring for his sick "Sheba." I rented a bicycle for the time I am to be here.

After tiffin the "Vicar" and I walked out North of Wu Chang P'u to the grave of Ma Hua-lung, about a li distance. Here we met the old caretaker whose duty is to burn incense before the grave twice a day. This grave is supposed to contain the body of the man while his head is buried at Hsuen Hua Kang, South Kansu. The grave is in a large walled area and from the outside a beautiful place with the many trees. The grave itself is quite simple, a contrast to the mausoleum at Hsuen Hua Kang. On our return we passed the North Mosque where we received a warm welcome. On the porch were painted two elaborate pictures, the one on the left being of Lanchow, quite accurate in detail, showing especially the area in which the people from this mosque came. This mosque was peculiar to many in this area. The roof was flat. The woodwork inside was well carved.

KINKI, NINGSIA. We came out of here, the three of us, on bicycles for a delicious tea. The Taylors' home is a lovely old Chinese house. It belongs to the family, one member of which was instrumental in beheading Ma Hua-lung. The Taylors are having the place cleaned and changed a bit and when completed will be a delightful place. The home is inside the city near the West Gate, and just off the main street. This street is attractive with huge willow trees offering shade to the market, which was here today. Laurie returned to Wu Chung P'u after receiving his mail and refreshing himself with many cups of tea. Later I indulged in the luxury of my first bath for 20 days.

May 30th, Saturday

After breakfast Bill Taylor and I rode over to Wu Chung P'u in the face of a strong wind. From there we proceeded to the N.E. to Ta Chia Tsz, which is about 30 li away. At one place about half way we saw an interesting place of engineering work. One of the main canals, over 30 feet wide was carried over a river which comes down from what we think is Yu Wang. The span must have been nearly thirty feet. From this place to Ta Chia Tsz we saw several "beehive" kumpei which are found only in this area of Ningsia. All the time we were fighting a strong head wind. About a li before reaching our destination we saw a large fort which we were told belonged to Ma Tsen-wu. He has another near Kinki and one at Saku, near Kuyuan in Kansu.



"A 'Beehive' kumpei peculiar to the Wuchungpao Plain, Ningsia"

TA CHIA TSZ, NINGSIA. We stopped here for a bit to eat, and it was welcome after the long ride. We stopped at a Moslem inn where we received a friendly welcome. The men mentioned the Ho Fei Er as being the Old Sect. On leaving the inn we saw a man walking through the street beating a board calling Moslems to prayer. Just outside the North Gate we took a picture of two "beehive" kumpei.

WANG CHIA T'AI SZ, NINGSIA. Here we saw a most ornate mosque. It is different from any that I have

seen in China. It looks like a bit of Turkey with a real minaret and pinnacles. We had a royal welcome, with raisins, nuts, and tea. The head of the school for children is a graduate of the Tsen Ta Normal school in Peiping. He lined up his students with flags for a picture. Yang Ahung had been to Mecca three times; the first time alone, the second with his mother and relatives, the third with his family. The mosque itself is known as the T'ai Tsz Sz. There were a few Persian books among the many Arabic ones. The mosque building was plain in color but there was much carving. I have seen many more beautiful but none more strange in this country. It must be Yang's influence after his trips abroad. Some told us that Yang was tainted with Wahabi¹³ teaching though he and others denied it. We returned against an even stronger wind, it having shifted while we were visiting. We had tea with Laurie in Wu Chung P'u and was able to get back to Kinki before the rain.



"Calling to the noonday prayers. This man walks through the streets of Ta Chia Tsz, Ningsia beating his board as well as giving the call to prayer."

May 31st, Sunday

This morning in Kinki we spent quietly. There was a service at eleven at which, in the beginnings of a good Baptist Church, I conducted an Anglican Service. After tiffin Bill and I took bikes and rode out South

¹³Puritanical Islamic sect

to the mouth of the gorge where the Ningsia Plain begins. Here we could see the start of the big canals which water the two plains. There is one on the other side of this river which runs 300 li to beyond Pinglo. We rode up into the gorge at least 3 li on the new road that Ma Hung-K'uei is constructing to link Ningsia with Sian. It will soon be used to bring this province into close touch with the east. On all the roads that I have traveled it would have been possible to have ridden a bicycle. Bicycles are being ridden up from Sian, sold here and opium taken back in exchange. Men on bicycles come in caravans. The ride to the gorge was a good 20 li against a strong wind. The return trip was much easier. The half of the country nearer the gorge was barren.

HUNG LO FU, NINGSIA. On our way back we visited this interesting place. It is the grave of Ma Hua-lung's father and mother and an old teacher named Ma Hsiao-ren. This is another of the forts of Ma Tsen-wu. The man himself is now in Peiping for medical treatment. We received a cordial welcome. Our bicycles were carried in for us. We were shown the graves and the place of prayer, the latter enclosed in glass, where the Koran is read. Many tablets and boards were hung about. Then we were invited into one of the buildings where four dishes of delicious food were set for us. While we ate we were able to carry on a bit of conversation. These are the Djahariah Sect or as they are sometimes called the Hsin Chiao. They said that this sect was the only one which had a Chiao Chu. This Ma Tsen-wu some few years ago broke with Ma Chin-hsi who is also Djahariah and who lives the other side of Kinki at a place called Pan Ch'iao. This latter person is the grandson of Ma Hua-lung while Ma Tsen-wu is the son of Ma Yuan-tsang which would also make him a grandson of Ma Hua-lung through one of his daughters.

June 1st, Monday

PAN CH'IAO, NINGSIA. We left Kinki at 9:30 for Pan Ch'iao to call at the fort of Ma Chin-hsi. We were told he was in so we entered and were welcomed by several men in the guest hall. This room had a number of photographs, one of which was of Ma Chin-hsi with representatives of the Chinese government. We were treated to food and tea and on the whole with great politeness. However we could not see the Pope of the sect. Several excuses were given, the last that he was bathing. The chief *ahung* told us some of the history connected with the place. He said that Hung Lo Fu Djahariah Sect was the same as the Chin Chia Chuan while they claimed to be a little different. I gathered that the difference was mainly of locality, this particular group being mainly on the Wu Chung P'u plain while the other group is more widely spread. This is only a conjecture. Their estimate was that more than half of the Chinese Moslem were adherents of the Djahariah Sects. They confirmed the fact that it was Ma Hua Lung's daughter who married Ma Yuan-tsang. A son in law of Ma Yuan-tsang is buried in Yunnan. The man buried in Pien Yang T'ai, Honan is the elder brother of Ma Chin-hsi. They did not like it that I took a picture inside the fort. From here we went to Wu Chung P'u to lunch with Laurie. Afterward Bill and I went out to Wang Chia Hsiao to see the head of the school, but missed him. This place is 5 li east of the city. The lesser lights in the mosque were quite discourteous. The place itself was a real beauty spot.

HO CHIA HANG TSZ, NINGSIA. On our way back to Kinki we turned off the road to the east and Pan

Ch'iao to visit the mosque. The *ahung* here was very argumentative. Bill had had more than one tussle with him, but he was out when we arrived. However a dozen or more of his students were there and soon made us feel at home. When I suggested a picture they were overjoyed. Each put on his best dress and turban and got the sacred book out on a table and were ready. They were all certain that the Moslems came to this area during the Yuan Dynasty. They claimed to be connected with the Wang Chia T'ai Tsz, even claiming that Yang Ahung was their Chiao Chu. . They said he was not Wahabi. They said they belonged to the Che Ti Ti. When we arrived at Kinki and were just finishing our meal Contento from Chung Wei came in on his bike. He had done the trip in one day.

June 2nd, Tuesday

We went out this morning to the ancestral home of Tung Fu the owner of the Taylors' mansion. We had a splendid opportunity to see everything, in spite of the fact that it was a time of mourning. A large photo of the man himself was shown to us. With a great deal of difficulty enough reflection was taken off it for me to get a respectable photo. The carving and coloring on doors and windows and other part of the place were lovely and equaled some of the palaces in Peiping. We also visited a mosque near by and had a good talk with Ting Ahung. Although ignorant in the history of Islam in these parts he was up on the Djahariah Sect. One named Pan Ting Ye in Yunnan preached the Djahariah doctrine and a disciple came to Hochow. This man had the name of Ma. From Hochow he went to Lanchow (Kuan Ch'uan) where he settled. The doctrine went from here to Pingliang (including China Chia Ch'uan). From there it came to Kinki. He was connected with Hung Lo Fu. The Lao Ku are the Godemu¹⁴ which are the Old Sect connected with the North Mosque at Wu Chung P'u. The Che Ti Ti are the Ho Chia Hong Tao whose Chiao Chu is Yang at T'ai Tsz Sz.

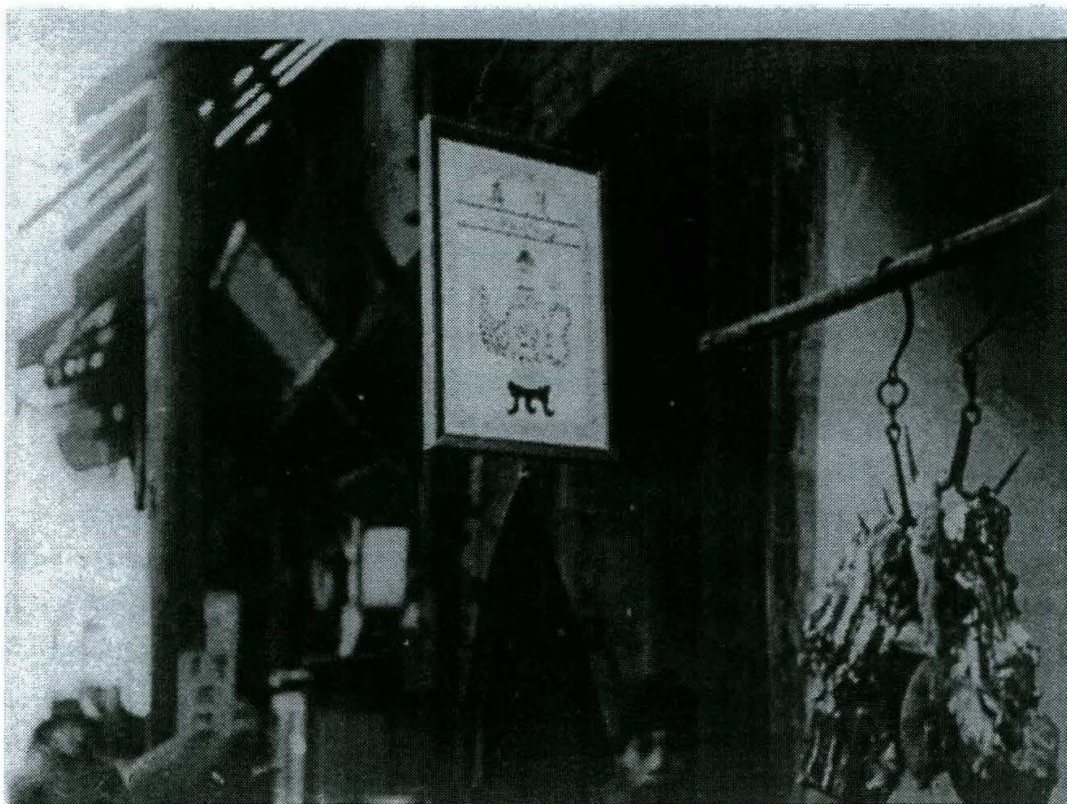
June 3rd, Wednesday

We had a good breakfast before we left Kinki this morning at 6:45. Bill, Contento and I went over to Wu Chung P'u on bikes where mine was turned in to the shop and I took to old "Brutus" once more. From here the three of us with Laurie and his servant left for Ta Chia Tsz. Our three animals and two bicycles made a presentable caravan. Here at the last named place we arrived at 10:20 and stopped for tiffin. This was a great meal in good fellowship. We saw the local military (red spears and all) out drilling, They all seemed Moslems, several having long beards. The Red scare at the moment is making everyone nervous. The Reds from Shensi are attacking two stages to the N.E. along the Great Wall at Hua Ma Cheng. Also we hear they are in the Yuwang area. From Ningsia the soldiers are crossing the river to the East side. In five days the scene has changed from peace and quietness to that of war.

LINWU, NINGSIA. Our ride of ten li was a pleasant one. Here we were at the North end of the Wu Chung

¹⁴Or "gedimu," a transliteration of the Arabic word "qadim" (ancient).

P'u plain. This city is famous in Chinese history. When Yuan Tsung, in whose reign Yang Kuei Fei turned the hearts of men, was forced to flee during the An Lu-shan rebellion he abdicated in favor of his son, Su Tsung. He fled to the north from Sian and was proclaimed Emperor in Lin Wu, in 756. Linwu with Yuwang and Haiyuan were border cities of importance under the Ming emperors. Each has a good brick-faced wall in fair preservation. But each has little inside today. Linwu is the most promising of the three. On market day it was showing some life. To the north of the city could be seen the Odos [Ordos] desert hills with the Great Wall somewhere between. At the North Gate we bid good by to Bill and Contento who were to return to Kinki tonight. I was sorry to say good bye. We had a 30 li journey to the river ferry in a N 40 W direction. The road is over what in high water would be marsh land, but was now dry. The ferry was waiting for us so there was no delay. The Yellow River here is about a mile wide and full of sand bars. We saw a number of sails long before we reached the river. They were square and white. Just as our ferry pulled away from the shore I saw a Moslem put down his bicycle and facing towards Mecca say his prayers. The trip across the river took about 40 minutes.



"A Moslem restaurant sign with the tea pot and the Arabic in the center. At the top are two Chinese characters 'ching' and 'chen,' clean and true. Just these two characters on many signs make a shop one where Moslems may eat. These correspond to the 'kosher' characters on a Jewish eating house."

WANG HUNG P'U, NINGSIA. We reached here at 5:20 p.m. and had the usual refreshing tea. After the revival we went out to see the sights and find a restaurant which could make a delicious *mien*, eggs and

garlic. During our meal in front of the inn sheep and goats stirred up the thick dust as they went past.

June 4th, Thursday

We left this city at 8:40 and pushed on 20 li to YANG HO P'U which we reached at 10:15. We did not stop to fix my saddle that was giving trouble. We pushed on 20 more li to Wang Yuan Ch'iao where we stopped for a bit of tiffin before reaching Ningsia. The whole journey up to Ningsia today was over extremely flat country, cut by the canals but much less cultivated than the other side of the river. There are fewer Moslems on this side of the river, consequently the majority of the buildings did not show as good an appearance. The Chinese are too lazy or too afraid to show their wealth as do the Moslems. One could tell the Moslem from the Chinese in just this way.

NINGZIA, NINGZIA. We arrived here at 3:00 p.m. in time for a good cup of tea. This city is quite large, much more so than I expected. We entered by the South Gate, first passing through the south suburb, which is very small. The streets in the city are very wide, much more so than any other place visited west of Sian. It is the largest and most up-to-date city since the capital of the west. All the roofs are flat. Most of the shops have porches in front of them; this seems to be a characteristic of this province. There are several towers and one pagoda in the city and one just north of the city. The one inside was a guidepost for the last 25 li into the city, the city itself was visible for the last 15 li. We rode through the city to the China Inland Mission Station which is only a hundred yards or so north of the Drum Tower. Our journey yesterday and today was at a pace which left me shaken to bits when I arrived. It was a joy to find several letters and a telegram. After a good rest, tea and dinner I took a stroll about and was fortunate enough to see Ma Hung-k'uei riding about in his new Ford V8. Some of the Christians came in to welcome me and rejoice that "Bishop" Wood had returned. Dorothy, Miss Jupp and Miss Weightman gave us a warm welcome. The latter two live in an adjoining compound to the Woods.

June 5th, Friday

Today was one of rest and relief from the road travel. Laurie and I spent a good time during the morning trying to hire a bicycle for me to use while in Ningsia. Finally I was able to get a 3rd rate one without brakes. However it lasted me faithfully for the time I was here. We tried to visit the government offices to secure a pass from the Governor to take us down country. However we found them closed for the day when we did finally get there. In the afternoon we visited the famous rug shop and were able to secure two typical rugs from this country. As the Governor was having some made for himself we had to take what was already made, which was not a very large selection. The people here are not interested in selling anything at the moment. The local paper currency is \$1.60 to the Bank of China notes. The communist scare has made everyone frightened as to what is going to happen. They do not want to take paper money that may be even further discounted. They would much rather keep their goods. Business seems to be at a standstill. We hear little real news. Troops continue to cross the river. The Taylors are still remaining on the East side. The Hesses are not worried at Ninganpu.

June 6th, Saturday

A phone message arrived this morning from the Hesses saying that they were due to arrive on Tuesday. The Contentos telegraphed that they were changing their plans and would come down immediately. In the afternoon I took a ride to form an impression of the city. I passed the R.C. station which seems to be a large place. A Father van Dyke, who was here sometime ago is a sinologue of note. When the Scovilles were here he came once a week to play his violin with Mrs. Scoville. That is the beginning of Church Unity. In the evening the Christians had a welcome party for me. I tried to get some historical facts from them, but found them little interested. However the conversation led to one of the men securing a copy of Seo Fang Tao Tsz which proved very helpful.

June 7th, Sunday

We had a very impressive Communion Service at eleven this morning, Laurie conducting it. Later I had the morning service in good Anglican style, unblushingly using "T'ien Chu" for God. We had dinner at the Ladies' House next door. In the afternoon Laurie and I took a ride about the city, visiting especially the interesting park and agriculture experimental station in the N.W. corner of the city. There is a monument to Ma Fu-hsiang, father of the present Governor and a former Governor of the province. The park is a splendid place. The pagoda inside the city is not as old as the one outside. Mr. Tse, who brought me the Seo Fang Tao Tsz says that the date of the latter is during the time of Ch'in Sz Huang Ti. The Ch'eng T'ien Sz at the base of the pagoda in the city was built during the Hsi Hsia or Tangut Dynasty. The pagoda is in excellent repair. In the evening we attended a meeting of the Christian Endeavor in which a number took part in a spirited way.

June 8th, Monday

We called at the government offices this morning to request passports. This time we found the Governor's Secretary who received us kindly and granted us what we wanted. Everything was very direct and without padding. He thought there would be no danger for the missionaries on the other side of the river. He was hopeful that we could get boats down the river, at least at Tenkow. So far we have been unable to sell our animals. This afternoon Laurie and I visited the Chinese Arabic School, established under the patronage of the Governor. It is just east of the Governor's "palace." I had a card to Wang, the head teacher, but unfortunately he was not in. We did meet both the Arabic teachers, Ma and Yang, who were very communicative. Ma said that most of the 150 students were Godemu and not Djahariah. There were only 5 or 6 of the latter. The principal of the school is away in Weichow. There has been little teaching but the discipline is very strict, and I would say good for the boys. The Governor comes from time to time to worship in the mosque connected with the school. The students have two hours a day with Arabic studies. We saw some of their books, which came from the Tsen Ta School in Peiping. We were told that the Chinese translation of the Koran by Wang Chin-tsai was good and used some in the school. In the names for the hours of prayer the Persian terms are used instead of the Arabic. These people did not agree that T'ai Tsz Sz was a Wahabi mosque. The school faces on the drill ground in the N.E. end of the city. There was an aeroplane there; certainly the field was large enough for an aerodrome. Later I went alone to visit

the bazaar. It is not large but had some interesting things.

June 9th, Tuesday

Our passports have come from the Governor. In this respect we can leave at once. "Brutus" was finally taken away by another owner today. I did hate to see him go. Wish I could have taken him to Hankow. The Hesses arrived last night after a hurried but not exciting trip. The people in Ninganpu are excited by the approach of the Reds, but there is no immediate danger. The Hesses expect to return by the end of the week.

June 10th, Wednesday

Another day of uncertainty about future plans. The prospect of getting a boat or raft down the river seems to be farther away. I went to the Kung An Chu to get my passport stamped as I had done in Sian. I tried three times but without finding anyone who could or would do it. As I have a special pass it is not necessary so will not bother. The Woods were kind enough to give a feast at the swanky restaurant, Yin Chuan Fan Tien, owned by the Governor. There were some nine ladies and an equal number of men. The Postal Commissioner, Mr. Hsia, was much interested in the historical side of life here, especially of the Hsi Hsia so I was able to get some information from him. He too was disappointed that the remains of this dynasty were so few. He said that Chao Yuan-hao's tomb was west of the city but no one could point out the exact spot. This man Chao Yuan-hao was the founder of the Hsi Hsia Dynasty. The canals which make this area, I find, are attributed to the T'ang Dynasty on the west and the Han on the east. The one across the river is credited to Chin Sz Huang Ti. They say that the present site of Ningsia is from the Ming Dynasty. The old name of the city is the same as the restaurant at which we ate. I enjoyed that talk with Mr. Hsia.

June 11th, Thursday

This morning Hess and I rode bikes out the North Gate and over to see Hai Pao T'a, the pagoda outside the city. This is in good repair, in fact, the temple looks quite modern inside. The Seo Fang Tao Tsz says that during the time of Hsun Tsz (1644) it was repaired and that in Kang Hsi's time (1717) it was heightened from 9 to 11 stories. It has been repaired since then. Behind the pagoda to the west is a chamber with a reclining Buddha, which must be close to 30 feet long. Around it are attending figures, one a Tibetan with the prayer wheel. On the wall are lists of contributors who have helped to repair the buildings. Among these are a half dozen with names of Ma, including the Governor. One board at the entrance had Ma Hung-pin's name. We rode from here out west to a place called Li Pai Sz where there is a thriving Moslem community and mosque. About the place the opium was just blooming. It was some road to get to the place, having to cross the T'ang Ch'u. We finally found a Moslem who was riding a bike the same way and so followed him over narrow paths with small ditches cut at impossible and unseen places. We found the K'ai Hsiao Ahung in. He, Liao Wang-I, is a Pingliang man who has served in many places, including Kalgan and Peiping. As I had just come from Pingliang we became friends immediately. Having asked him to which Sect he belonged he immediately made a tirade against the Djahariah. He claimed the Old Sect and Christians were just alike. He had an Arabic New Testament and many Arabic and Chinese Christian

tracts. He was certainly a character. He dressed up in silks, fez with his Koran posed for a picture. Our return journey through the West Gate was hot in the middle of the day. Riding a bicycle with a Chinese gown is not comfortable. About 3 li out Hess' crankshaft lost a cotter pin and for the life of us we could not find a stone to push it back in, such is the Ningsia plain. I left him and dashed in ahead as I was giving a tiffin for the friends at the restaurant yesterday. Hess came later. We had a good fellowship together before Rowe, who came down from Pinglo yesterday, left for home.

June 12th, Friday

It looks as though this is going to be my last day in Ningsia. Dorothy plans to leave by plane next Wednesday. Laurie and I are to start in a Paotow cart in the morning for a place 4 days west of Paotow, Wu Yuan. Here we hope to catch a bus for Paotow. Our reason for this final decision to use carts instead of boats is due to the Ningsia government holding all boats. We hear that the Reds are surrounding Yuwang where we were two weeks ago. Certainly our plans have been in His hands. The Hesses left this morning to return to Ninganpu. Miss Weightman left with them to go to Kinki to stay with the Taylors. I was feeling ill today, the first day of any tummie trouble on the whole trip. The heat and the Chinese feast yesterday upset me. However I was over it by night.

June 13th, Saturday

We left Ningsia this morning at 7:15. That is we left the Mission Station at that time, but we were held up at the gate while the carter had words with the tax bureau. As we hired the cart the responsibility was his not ours. But it was 8 before we left the North Gate. The general direction today was N 40 E. The road was level except for the many bridges over the canals. I walked the first 10 li then took the cart for the next 20 until Laurie caught up to us on his bicycle. Mr. Yu the evangelist was along for the first day. It was my first experience in a "Peking Cart." Packed well it was comfortable, if one did not mind being rocked to sleep. I could stretch out when lying down, when sitting up one sat outside and let one's feet hang over. Today, however, I spent most of the time on the bicycle. The last 10 li into Li Kang P'u, where we stopped for lunch I rode ahead and had tea in a Moslem inn. The man in charge told me the 100 Moslem families here are Old Sect. It was nearly an hour before the cart arrived with the others. We had tiffin together in a Chinese inn. Our carter was Chinese hence that is where we stayed. In the room next to ours was a woman about 40 years of age so loaded with opium that I doubt if she was ever able to sit up. The room was terrible with the stale smell of opium. While we were in the next room 2 pipes were going in full force. Two soldiers came in and used them. At one time four people were lying on the *kang* under the spell of the poppy. I left at 2:20 in the bicycle and went the 60 li to Pinglo without stopping in a bit over 2 hours. Fortunately the wind was with me. At Ho Pu, 20 li from where we "ta chioned" I stopped to get a picture of the pagoda which resembled the Hai Pei T'a. I saw a good deal of opium in bloom today. Another week or so it will all be in bloom on this plain. The country between here and Ningsia is not good, too much soda.

PINGLO, NINGSIA. When I came to the city gate I was stopped and as I did not have a Chinese gown all sorts of questions were asked, especially about my camera and big hip pockets which seemed to conceal a

sorts of questions were asked, especially about my camera and big hip pockets which seemed to conceal a gun. However there was no difficulty. A small boy showed me the Gospel Hall and the Rowes' home. Here I had a warm welcome and a cup of tea to refresh my spirits. Rowe and I took a walk about the city and paid a visit to the one mosque, but missed Yang Ahung. This is a New Sect mosque. Laurie arrived at the city gates at 8:30 but Rowe was able to get the city gates opened for him. We went down with a lantern to meet the cart. A Mr. Chang from Chengchow, Honan, came to call. He claimed to be a Shen Kung Hui member, but Rowe said his manifestations were pretty poor. The stage today was about 120 li.

June 14th, Sunday

We left Pinglo just before seven this morning and after 13 hours reached our inn in the evening. The first 30 li to Huang Ch'i Ch'iao was uneventful. The evangelist, Mr. Yu (Fish), and I started off with the cart. The road was N 20 E. Just outside of Pinglo we passed a very imposing Taoist Temple, in bad need of repair. The country for most of the day was similar to that of yesterday though the Ho Lan Mountains became nearer and clearer as we traveled. A spur of these mountains comes down to the river to meet a similar one from the other side of the river and forms a kind of gorge at Sz Tsui San.

HUANG CH'I CH'IAO, NINGSIA. We stayed here for 2 ½ hours. Mr. Yu stopped here to preach, then to return to Pinglo. There is a lovely mosque here for such a small city. A number of boys and men were using the liquid mud canal as a swimming pool. A bit further on we saw a number of men and boys trying to get a flock of sheep and goats across the canal. The latter did about everything but go into the water. They had to be dragged in one by one and carried across. The canal was not more than three or four feet deep. It was eight o'clock before we reached our destination. The ride was certainly hot in the cart with a blazing sun overhead. We crossed the last canal about 20 li from our destination. This one is about 300 li long.

SZ TSUI SHAN, NINGSIA. This is a long straggly place which has seen better days. A mosque in the center looked like a Mongol temple. I was fooled until I saw the Mihrab on the West end. This city is very important for it is the west terminus of the camel road from Paotow to Ningsia. Here the camel trains cross the river, leaving the Odos [Ordos] desert. It is the strategic military position on the Northern end of the Ningsia plain. It is easily defended against the North, though I am told, Ma Hung-kuei gave it up without a fight two years ago. The Great Wall which comes from the Yellow River stops at the Yellow River just North of Lin Wu. These 200 li from there to Sz Tsui San have the Yellow River as a protection. Now the Wall begins here again and uses the Ho Lan Shan as a foundation running S.W. as an effective barrier against those coming across the Alashan Desert to the West and North. Our journey today was a good 90 li. We leave the fertile plain here and strike out into the desert.

June 15th, Monday

We left the inn at 5:30 this morning, having been up at 4. We had a good wind at our backs up until 10 when we stopped for lunch and a rest. We are now outside the Great Wall in the desert. We traveled all day

lay quite near to the river all day, sometimes along the edge.

ER SZ TIEN, NINGSIA. Here we stopped in the one building of the place, an inn, the kind Misses Cable and French write about. The place was crowded with travelers by donkeys, cart, and bicycle. We were fortunate in getting a place on a *kang* which had just been vacated. Many were making the best of it in the yard with the animals and smells. The inn was just four walls on the sand with several rooms at one end and sheds for the animals. When we left the inn at 12:30 the wind had shifted from south around the N.W. and blew in our faces all afternoon, carrying sand until I could hardly see. However it was a relief not to be too hot and we would have been otherwise.



"Camel

train"

HO KUI TSZ, NINGSIA. Here we are in the inn for the night which in some ways is less protection than the one in which we had dinner. There is no gate to the enclosure, only two poles across the entrance. We are 90 li north of this morning. Outside our inn there are no other dwellings, but a number of donkeys and camels are grazing while the men are stopping in camps. We are right at the river. Our road was just up and down across plateaus and over rock and sand. Sometime the wind over the sand swept away our road. In the deep sand in places the cart had a hard time, the horses pulling for a bit and then stopping to catch

In the deep sand in places the cart had a hard time, the horses pulling for a bit and then stopping to catch their wind. Through the heavy sand we generally walked. All our food we carry ourselves. We could get *mien*, vinegar and red pepper, but that is all. Tonight we had rice gruel and Delmonte peaches with cream (missionary hardships). The Yin Mountains across the river come right down to the water here. There is a bend in the river to the east with an island at this point.

June 16th, Tuesday

This has been the hardest day so far, with steady going since 5:30 this morning. There was sand, but probably not more than yesterday. Sand dunes to the west have been in view all day. Across the river to the east the Yin Shan were most interesting and pleasing to the eye. I do not know when I have seen hills so varied and fascinating to look upon. A Table Mountain has been in sight all day and the lights and shadows on the whole range were similar to the Grand Canyon, though possibly not such a wide color scale. Our course has been practically north all day though we followed a number of bends in the river. We saw four houses today. The total stretch was about 120 li to our destination.

We stopped for tiffin at the worst place I have ever visited on this trip. The inn, that is the habitable part, was no more than twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide. A *kang* ran along the north and east sides. The rest of the room contained a stove and a place to move about, if one person did it at a time. On our *kang* were two Chinese to the east of me, while on the other side of Laurie was one of the worst specimens of an opium female addict. Just after we came in two men entered and took their positions on the east side of the *kang*. The inn keeper was keeping the fire going. The ceiling of the room was not much over seven feet above the floor. The smell when we entered was anything but what one could wish. When the two men came in they immediately had an argument with the "lady" about the use of her pipe, which she finally grudgingly lent to them. So into this already vile atmosphere these two men in turn grunted and sneezed over their pipes until I could hardly swallow my food. When I finally got out I felt my head would split open.

TENKOW, NINGSIA. We arrived here about 8:30. Although we could see the city across the sand at 5:30, it took us three hours to get here. As we got near to the city we saw a bit of cultivation and some cattle grazing. It was rather a fine ending to the day—the coming to the city in the twilight.

June 17th, Wednesday

We left Tenkow at 6 am and started right off over the sands for 20 li. This took the horses about three hours to make. I tried to visit the three mosques in Tenkow but only managed to see two of them from the outside. The city is a straggling one along the river without a wall. Although there are cities or forts beyond, this marks the real end of the Ningsia government. It is the last hsien to the north. After the 20 li across the sand we had another 10 li to the inn where we stayed for tiffin. Our road today lay in a N 20 E direction as far as tiffin. Again we followed curves in the river. The Yin Shan were still in sight behind us.

40 E direction. We had one stretch of sand after this which was along the river. It was our last on the trip, the rest of the day being grass land, but still without trees. This view of the river was about the last we had before reaching Paotow.

ER SZ LI TSZ, NINGSIA. Here we stopped the night at the end of a 90 li stage, arriving early at 5:40. The place could well have been called Sz Hsu Tsz for there was a whole forest of four trees. There were three houses beside our inn. Our carter did not want to come so far but we insisted that we should make this stage. There had been several other inns along the way. About 20 li before reaching here we could see the first of the Charanarin Ula forming a long line with some ragged peaks at the S.W. end. The Odos [Ordos] desert to the east leveled out from the Yin Mountains to a plain. Just about a li before reaching our inn this evening we saw armed men hold up a donkey caravan. Who they are I know not. They had no uniforms, only arms. As we came up to them I felt sure they would stop us but nothing happened and we passed without being stopped (that is, nothing stopped but my heart). At the inn where we spent the night there were four other carts going toward Ningsia. These were carrying government clerks who had wanted to come via Pingliang but the road had been cut off just after we passed through. The inn consisted of one long room with a kang at each end. Each had nine men on them, next to me was a soldier with all kinds of killing material at my head and feet. On the other *kang* several had their opium pipes. During the night one consumptive chap about coughed his head off. Between the two *kangs* was the kitchen department. Fortunately at our heads was an open window.

June 18th, Thursday

This is the sixth day on the road and life is settling down into a bit of a grind. This is our shortest day so far, arriving at our destination at 5:40. We started off at 5:30 this morning and put 50 li behind us before tiffin. Just after leaving the inn we came into a new country. We saw trees, irrigation canals, villages and at least three forts. The largest of these was San Sen Kung, Ningsia which is the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Bishop of these parts. These people have taken a barren country, dug ditches, imported people and set up villages and farms. This country is a bit of heaven after the previous three days. Certainly the Mission deserves credit for it all.

TIE HSIN CH'U, NINGSIA. This is one of the Catholic villages just north of the See City. We stayed at a small inn run by a Catholic family, in which our carter was able to get a pipe of opium. The Catholics here are from Belgium and Holland.

PU LUNG NGAO, NINGSIA. This is our last village in Ningsia. We thought it was in Suiyuan until the inn guard came to visit us. We got in early and enjoyed the *kang* to read and write. A stone throw away is a thing which is a joy in this country. It is a thick grove of trees, as kind of park, and next to it is a small fort containing a Catholic Church and residence of a priest.

June 19, Friday

June 19, Friday

The day of the Eclipse. 20 li from where we stayed the night we saw a *chorten*¹⁵, rather dilapidated. This probably marks the border between Ningsia and Suiyuan, though we were told the canal a li or so away was the present one. Possibly this *chorten* is the ethnological border of the Mongolian plain. This *chorten* having been erected to keep the influence of the Chinese to the South. At the canal construction work was going on to erect a motor bridge across. Our cart had to ford the canal above the bridge. Fearing it might be deep I moved the bag with my films to a high spot. Fortunately this was done for the whole bottom of the cart was flooded. It was not long before we came to a second and wider canal. This one had to be ferried. Here a bridge was also under construction. This was a frontier station with a guard of Suiyuan troops who examined all travelers, but were kind to us. It took more than a half hour to make the crossing. The road all day was N.E.. The road so far today and for the next 30 li was over flat grass land with little or no cultivation. A motor road was being built.

HUANG YANG MU T'O, SUIYUAN. Here we arrived at 12:15 just after the eclipse had begun. We took a much needed rest after a tussle with the carter who wished to put us in a crowded inn when there were several others empty. It was a hot day though a fair breeze was blowing. Laurie put his eyes to the test by looking at the sun through his dark glasses. He did this many times, while I was unable to do it even once. This was an unfortunate experiment for it made it impossible for him to read the rest of the trip. Our journey the rest of the afternoon was 40 li. It was through well cultivated country interspersed with bad land. There were many canals, so far dry, waiting for the Yellow River to rise and fill them. This made traveling a series of bumps as we crossed them.

LIN HO, SUIYUAN. We arrived here at 8:15 p.m. and went to an inn in the east suburb. It was a brothel of the first order. We went out on the street to try and get something to eat, but found little else than cold meat and bread. The city is very new, its boom began about 15 years ago. It is a real frontier town in a new agricultural area that before was Mongolian grass land now taken over by the Chinese. There is a huge wall with only a very small community inside the wall, the greater number being in the suburb. There were no dilapidated buildings or ruins, characteristic of so many Chinese cities.

June 20th, Saturday

We did our longest day today. It was 130 li and began at 6:15 and continued until after 9 p.m. Our late start was due to a fuss between the inn keeper and the carter of which we had no part except as impatient observers. I was able to look around a bit however and found one mosque and saw a number of Moslem shops. Our road for the day was N 60 E. I walked ahead 20 li to Chiang Chia Miao.

¹⁵Tibetan word for a "stupa."

a number of others were seen in the distance. I went in after braving the fear of dogs and got several pictures. A young Mongolian lama came to my rescue and showed me about. He could speak a bit of Chinese. I asked him to pose for a picture in front of the ornate door, promising him a copy of the picture. I asked him to write his name which he promptly did in Sanscrit. Our morning march of 60 li took us to a small place in the middle of nowhere with an inn consisting of a long room with *kangs* on both sides and the kitchen in the middle. This was Tien T'ai Ch'iao. Just outside of the village to the East we had to ferry a canal where the bridge had broken. Later on we got half way across a bridge before we discovered the other half had a hole large enough to lose the cart through. Our ride that evening in the late dusk and starlight with our carter singing Mongolian ditties was romantic and memorable.

WU CHIA TI, SUIYUAN. Here we stopped for the night. This inn too was long with *kangs* at both ends. Some our fellow sojourners did not like our coming in later and waking them. They murmured especially when we objected to the man next to me using his opium pipe. Laurie quoted New Life precepts, etc. which finally convinced the inn keeper that our bed fellow had to move to perform his sacrifice.

June 21st, Sunday

As yesterday was the longest day so today was the shortest of the trip. This was only 70 li. We were off at 6 a.m. and carried through the day in a N. 75°E direction. Shortly after starting my watch which had been so faithful all the way, for no apparent reason just stopped. The day was hot with a brilliant sun overhead. We had no complaint for we had been preserved from such sun so much of the trip. We stopped for tiffin at Me K'e Su.

WU YUAN, SUIYUAN. We reached here about 4 p.m. This city is really two cities. The governmental city, a new structure, is surrounded by a fine wall lying to the N.W. of the older and important city. Where we stayed was the business city and a more thriving place I have hardly ever seen. We were taken to a very clean and comfortable Moslem inn in the center of the town. After Laurie's sojourning in the public baths and my tour about the city we finished off with a delightful Chinese meal. The "bell boy" at our inn had the name of Ersa which was constantly being used by everyone. There is one mosque here with a goodly number of Moslems.

June 22nd, Monday

Here we changed from the 10th to the 20th century and took a bus. We bought an inside ticket for three dollars for a 400 li ride. Tickets for the top of the bus would have been \$2.00. Our bus was filled with camel hair and wool with only Laurie and me inside. It was an eight to nine hour ride over rather bumpy roads at what seemed flying speed. At the first hundred li place was Pa Tsz Pu Lung the site of a C. & M. A. experiment, similar to the R. C. one in Northern Ningsia, but with much less success. Most of the trip was over semi-desert and grassland with very little sedentary life. The last 300 li was south of the Ta Ch'ing Shan. Every now and then at a distance we could see a lamasary. Half way we stopped at Kung Miao where we had lunch; boiled eggs and bitter water. Finally we a strong wind behind us we reached

Miao where we had lunch; boiled eggs and bitter water. Finally we a strong wind behind us we reached Paotow.

PAOTOW, SUIYUAN. Just as we reached the city it started to rain. Had this happened anywhere else our journey would have stopped until the sun came out to dry things. They say that this is the first good rain in 6 months. We went directly to the Swedish Mission where mail was awaiting me. Mr. and Mrs. Swenson took us in and treated us kindly. This town is very large and the center of much trade with Inner Mongolia and Sinkiang. It was formerly one of the centers of trade with Urga, but this is now stopped. One wonders what will happen when Japan takes inner Mongolia. Of course, it also is the beginning of the camel caravans that go to and from Ningsia and Kansu. There are huge and impressive inns and shops with Mongolian and Chinese characters on them. There are two mosques here, but I was too tired to look for them.

June 23nd, Tuesday

Our train left Paotow at 7:15. It has been raining all night and is still coming down strongly. This is a crack train with third class sleepers, which we are occupying. The trip is along the southern side of the mountains which are lovely in the mist and rain. It is the country called Tenduc by Marco Polo. We climbed all morning to Cho Tsz Shan which is over a thousand feet above Paotow. This was the highest point for beyond we began to descend to Kalgan and Peiping. At Kuei Shui we saw several lamaseries in the hills. The rain kept most of the people away from the stations. We did see a few Mongols here and there.

KALGAN CHAHAR. We arrived at Kalgan about midnight and found Williams who took me to his home. Said good bye to Laurie at the station who was proceeding to Tientsin. I hope to see him there on Monday.

June 24nd, Wednesday

In the morning had a good fellowship with the Williams and saw their compound and something of their work in the city. We visited one mosque near their home and one in the city near their Church. The first is old while the latter is new and inside lovely. I left the city on the noon train and reached Peiping at 7. The trip down was exceedingly interesting and through lovely mountain country. At the Great Wall there were good views of both sides. One's imagination ran wild while traveling through it.

PEIPING HOPEI. I stayed at the Language School for six days and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. It was great coming in over the Marco Polo Route. This is the real way to enjoy the splendor of the city. I was able to visit several of the mosques, the Moslem book shop, the Tsen Da Normal School, meet the editor of the Yueh Hua Magazine who asked for some of my pictures and also Ma Sun-t'in.

HANKOW. I arrived back on the evening of the second of July. I can only give thanks to God for the

wonderful way He made it possible to have such an extended tour through a country that was not peaceful and to keep to schedule the way we did. My many companions made the trip an outstanding success and without their aid it would have been impossible. Above all I give thanks for the splendid fellowship of the road. There is no better way to "bask" in the fellowship of one's friends than the comradeship of the open road.

THE END



"The Friday worship commences. Those with white turbans are Tsang Ahung's student mullahs."

