

Diaries of General Joseph W. Stilwell (1900–1939, 1945–1946)

Introduction

These diaries of General Joseph W. Stilwell are those remaining in the Stilwell Papers at the Hoover Archives that had not been placed on the Hoover Archives web site. In addition to chronicling his career and activities up to and following World War II, they offer insights into his developing character, as he matured from a twenty-one-year-old second lieutenant, fresh out of West Point, to a mature four-star general officer. They provide evidence of his early passion for exploring and observing different cultures and people and his innate curiosity, which led to an expanding mind and widespread interests. The entries also reveal his keen sense of humor, his ability to assess the character of others, his command of the English language, his artistic abilities, and his warmth for his family.

The diaries were Stilwell's private writings and notes; he never intended others to see them. Some of the language used in the diaries was commonly accepted during the periods in which they were written; it is not appropriate or valid to apply today's standards to it to draw conclusions about Stilwell's character or views. Writing about some of the language and labels in the diaries, Barbara Tuchman, in her book *Stilwell and the American Experience in China*, makes the following statement, "Lesser vulgarities he used easily and seemingly without pejorative content."

Often the diaries contain short notes and observations made by Stilwell. Some of those entries he incorporated into the daily entries, some he later crossed out, some were simply meant to remind him of something, and some are so cryptic they make no discernible contribution to the diaries' historical significance. In those cases such entries have not been transcribed. When they are of interest or add to the daily entries, however, they have been incorporated into the transcripts.

The diaries were first transcribed several decades ago, when his widow and a daughter-in-law, Bettye Stilwell, manually typed them. The diaries, along with the rest of Stilwell's papers, were deposited at the Hoover Institution in stages from 1951 on. In 1998, my cousin, Deborah Bunce, began entering the manually typed transcriptions into a computer database. When Richard Sousa (senior associate director) and Linda Bernard (deputy archivist) agreed that the diaries should appear on the Hoover Archives web site, I began proofing the computer database text against the original diaries. Lisa Miller (associate archivist) provided the impetus for the project and coordinated formats, scanning of drawings and maps, and integrating the various elements into the final product. Lisa Nguyen (East Asia curator) transcribed and translated the Chinese characters Stilwell used in the diaries. Russell Rader (digital archivist) and Daniel Jarvis (digitization production specialist) did the scanning of the drawings and maps and the integration.

Principles of Transcription

Stilwell's spelling throughout the diaries was remarkably correct. Distinguishing between his handwritten n's and u's, however, was sometimes difficult, and errors in place names or names of people containing those letters could have made their way into the transcripts. Based on Stilwell's superb spelling elsewhere, then, any such errors must be attributed to the transcriber, not to Stilwell.

In some of the diaries Stilwell included drawings of maps, people, places, and things that interested him. Those drawings have been incorporated into the transcripts, with the exception of partially completed drawings or those not germane to the diaries.

Where Stilwell wrote Chinese characters in the diaries, those characters have been translated using the Wade-Giles convention, which was in use at the time he wrote them.

SYMBOLS USED IN THE TEXT

* Indicates Stilwell's use of military unit designations that have been translated into words because the designators are not reproducible online.

*** Indicates words or sentences redacted. Redactions were made where the words or sentences might negatively affect persons still living or where words or sentences are personal and have no impact on the historical content of the diaries. Redactions were made in the 1935, 1938, and 1946 diaries.

Words written in italics are editorial comments for which explanations were warranted.

Select Bibliography

Haith, Michael E. "Joseph W. Stilwell as Attaché, 1935–1939: Foundations for Command in the CBI." Thesis submitted to the Temple University Graduate Board, April 1985.

Schaller, Michael. *The U.S. Crusade in China, 1938–1945*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1979.

Tuchman, Barbara. *Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911–45*. New York: Macmillan Company, 1970.

-John Easterbrook, 2012

Copyright Statement

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1927

1926-27 – Winter – In Jan took 2nd Bn. – E Co. to Tangshan. – On May 1, took over Marshall's job of regtl. exec. till after Cummins came in Sept. Cummins had Prov. Bn. till Nov 1, '27 when I took it again & he became regtl. exec. I kept it till Feb 22 & then was taken over as Post Exec. by Gen. Castner. Lincoln, C. of S., practically relieved of his job in July '27. (His nasty attitude & manner to me – as if I were the cause of his flop.)

On July 1, 1928, detailed on G.S. & became C. of S. Lincoln left in June & the air became clearer at once.

Sept 28, '26	- arr Tienstin
Jan 1, '27	- K.O. 2 nd Bn.
May 1, '27	- Regt'l Exec. Marshall left
	In command of regt. during summer
Nov 1, '27	- (Cummins arr.) Back to Prov. Bn.
Feb. 22, '28	- Post Exec.
July 1, '28	- C. of S.

The Castner-Lincoln fight.	Charges.
The Castner-Newell fight.	Inspector.
The Castner-King fight	?
Who is next?	

Castner seriously ill from Jan 1, 1928 – Nervous breakdown – hallucinations – tape-worm – lumbago, etc. etc.

Nance joins T.C.C. in May 1928. Almost daily swims & handball with Pearson. Learned his stroke.

New Years' parties at Club. Horrible messes. '27 had a party ourselves. '28 with Huffords, NEVER AGAIN.

The arrival of the Nationalists at Tientsin (May-June 1927 – Hsüchowfu trip.) (Sept. '27 – Korea & Japan.)

Joe off to school July 3, 1928 via Japan with Anderson.

BWS II July 11, 1927.

P'eng finally fired Sept 1, '28. Feeding Whitcombs as well as us. Hau back again.

No. 1's	1. Chang – fired – squeeze
	2. Chao – fired – thief
	3. Ho – fired – dumb
	4. Liu – fired – drunk.

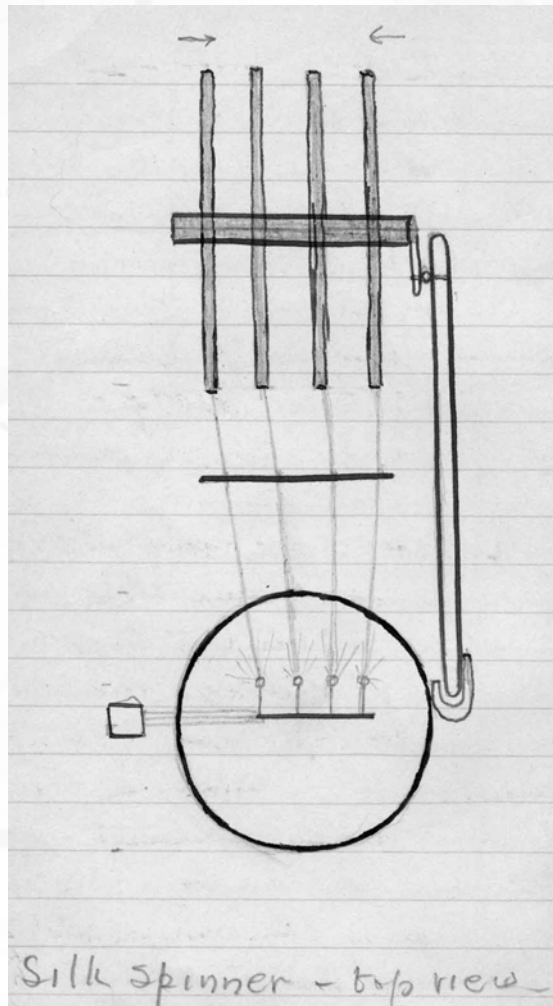
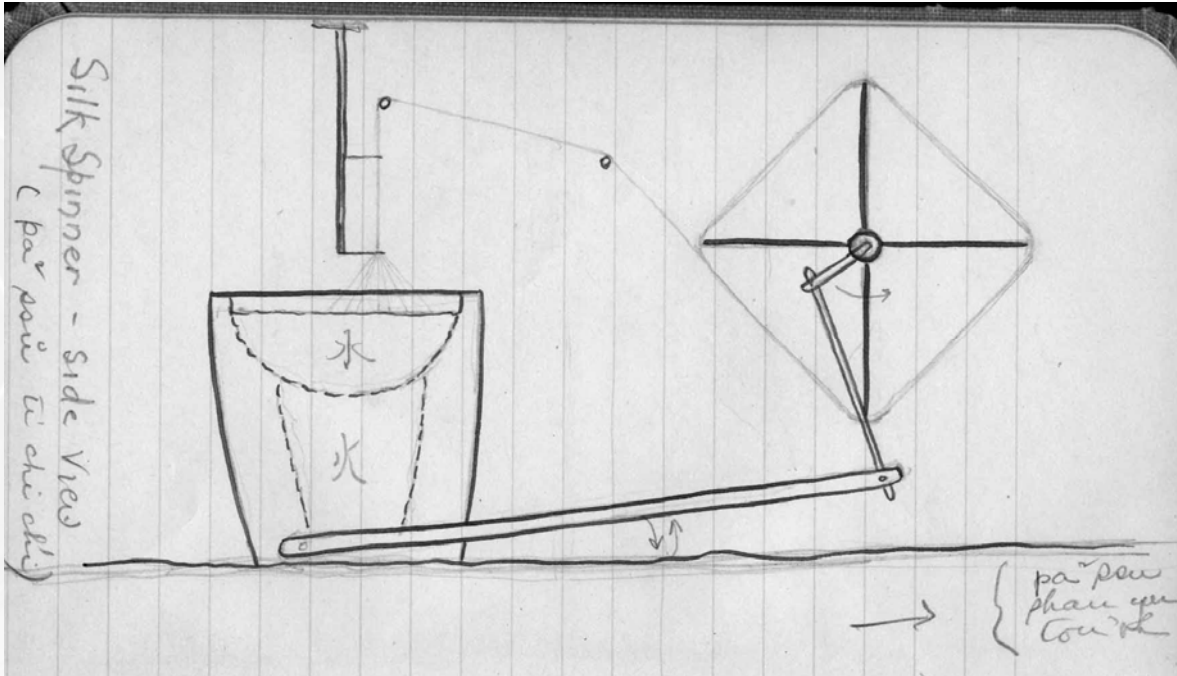
Tues May 24: Magruder phoned at midnight last night for an officer to get off right away for Hsüchowfu. Lewis got T'ao going at gov's yamen. I went down at 2:30 with Kuan & played hide & seek all over the place. Went to 8 different offices looking for Ch'ing Fu Kuan. – (No one knew him, his name being T'êng.) Back to compound – Telephoned to T'ao – Back to yamen. Taken right in to T'êng!) O, yes, hu chao, will be sent at 6.

Wed May 25: No hu chao – Telephone to T'ao. Finally, he said it was ready. Too late for 1 P.M. train. Did errands, got reserv. for 9:10 P.M. 3:30, phone, no train at 9:00, goes to-morrow at 7!

Thurs May 26: Up at 4:30 – off at 5:45. – Station at 6:15 – O, no, train doesn't go till 10! Got on board, & the damn thing went to the east station & stood there till 9:45! Back at 10 to central station & out at 10:25 A.M. Slow going & long waits. Flat uninteresting country all day. Passed Tsing Hai & Ts'ang Chow, t'ai p'ing hangouts – Tehchow about 7:30. The Chihli wheat crop is sure a failure.

Fri May 27: At Tsinan at 1:30 A.M. Met Swaney, who had nothing new, & little old. Talked till 2:00 – turned in. (Jap feelers to put troops in Tsinanfu.) He thinks only 20,000 so. no. of Yangtze. Considers Harry's gang rotten & ready to run. Russkies behaving well & doing all the work. No troop movements north. At dawn passing through a rocky, hilly country – relief after the Chihli plain. Very pretty views to Taianfu (7:00 A.M.) – “Pao piou-ti” – towns mending walls all over Shantung that have lain in ruins for 100's of years. Repaired in mud. – Terrible condition of rolling stock everywhere. – (Eats – bread, peanut butter, bologna – cocoa – radishes – tea – bananas.) Lunch – prawns & pumelo – lemo. & bread – Hot at noon – Fine wheat country. Wide valley – low hills east & west. Dozed along. 2:00 P.M. LINCHÊNG. – No troop trains north all day. No wounded – all quiet. Left at 3:30. Bum loco. – Every roundhouse has 1 or 2 wrecks standing in it. Rolling stock all gone to hell. – Good natured pings at LIKUOYI & HANCHUANG. – One of them said he knew that I was an American as soon as he saw me. (Lao³ mao² tze 老毛子) Stops to get up steam. (Troops 5 months without pay – Man t'ou & rice only food & water.) – Finally got in at 7:30. Yards full of rolling stock. Town jammed with pings. (Drunken russkies) To a chau – no room – pushed out & went to Y.M.C.A. “Mr.” Têng made us welcome. Had some more chow & turned in at 10:45. Had previously walked around & bought some bread, & cakes & cream of wheat at a clean bakery, foreign style. Canned goods. – Am. & Br. Mr. Têng – says – So. can come in when they want to. Only 20,000 north of Yangtze. Chang has 40 to 50,000 at Pengpu, & 200,000 in all. His hqrs. are on the train! (Not so, but close by.) All set to go. Rumors of Mukden reverses in Honan. All quiet here. Min jen all put out in the street.

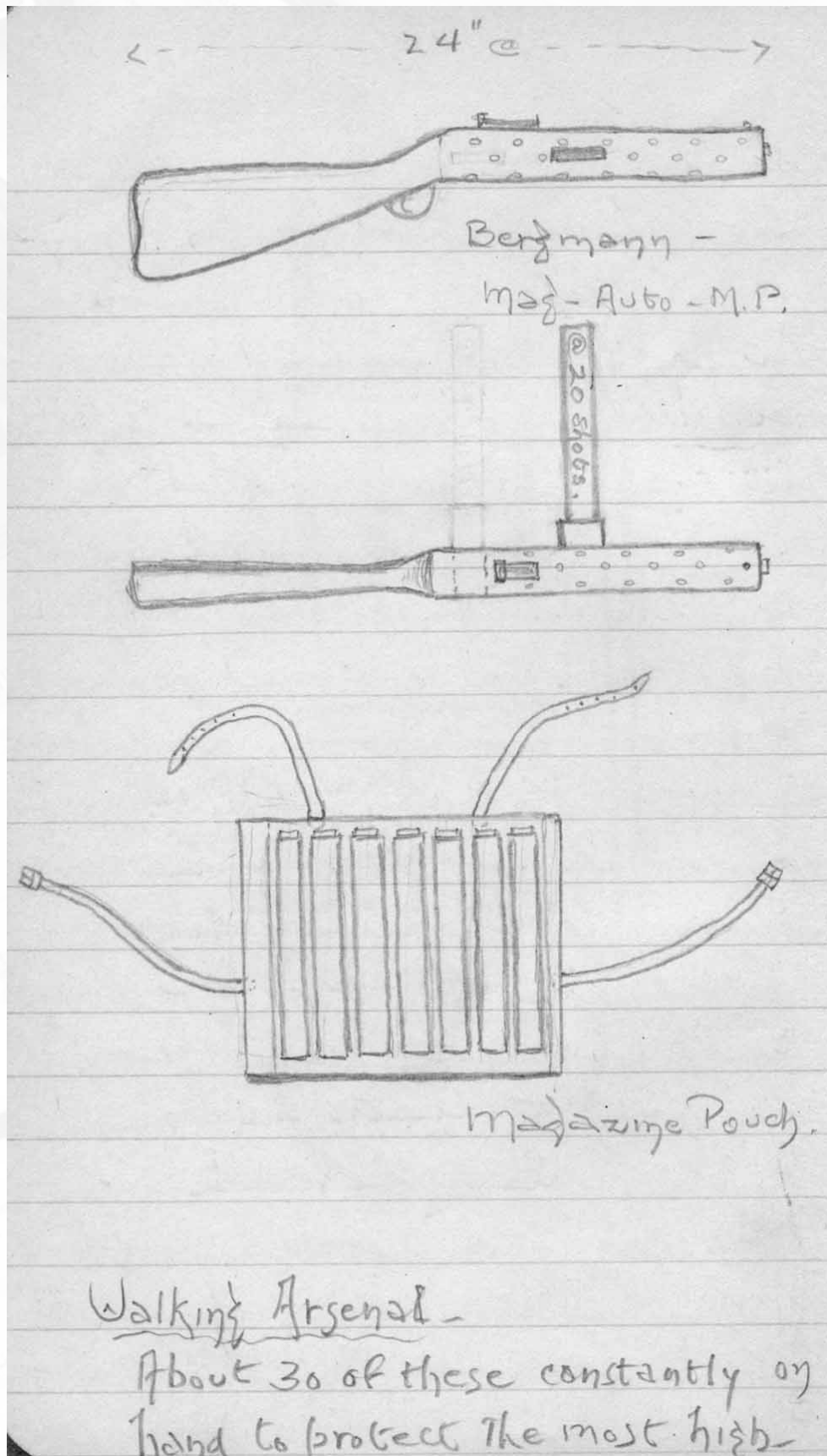
Sat May 28: Up at 7:30 Bath! Ran down the 司(ssu) ling pu finally – nobody up. Walked around & up the hill. Fine view of town & old bed of Huang Ho. Regt. “drilling”. Formed & sat for 2 hrs. while a kuan gassed 'em. Destitution everywhere. Min jen out of luck, & out of doors, too. Beggars lying in the streets, apparently dying. 3 armored trains (t'ich chia chê) in yards. (Long wall – Ching Pei – & another) One went down the line. All Russky crews. About 200 cars & 20 locos here. One troop Russ cav. Rough customers. – Back & forth between ssu

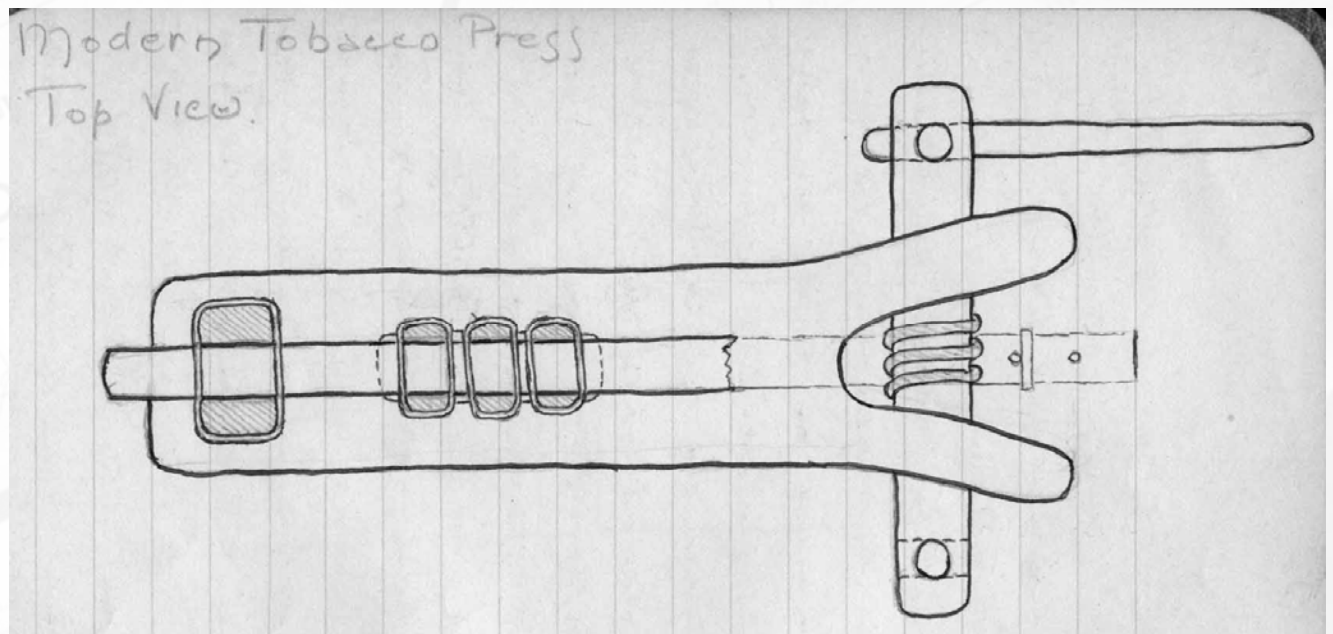
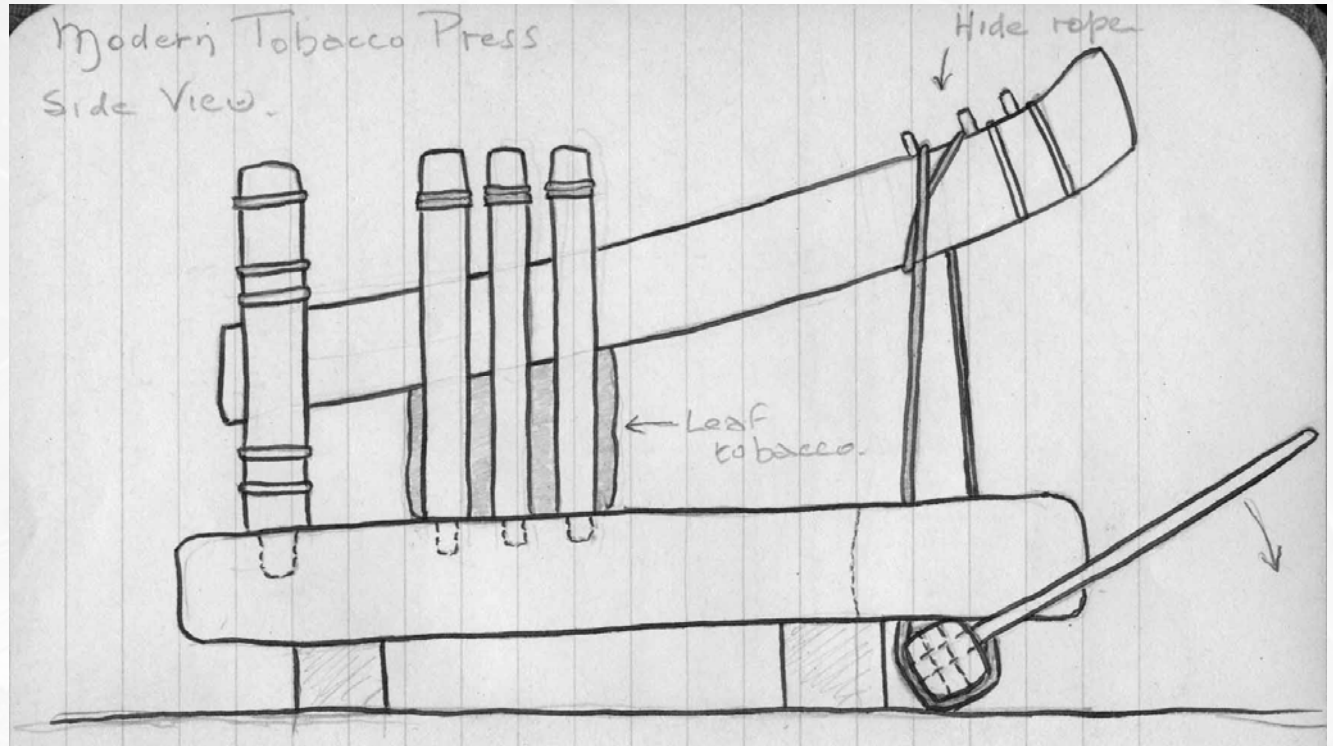


ling pu & tsan mon ch'u. Found 常(*Ch'ang*) K'ô 長(*chang*) & explained my presence. Tried coded telegram. No go. Most pings susceptible to a grin & a grind as usual. – Hu wei ping – about 30 men with Bergman automatics, slide magazines @ 20 or 30 shots. Guns @ 24" long. If they all get excited at once, God help the innocent bystander. One A.A. mg. 6 foot barrel & wheeled mount at Hqrs. No dope @ conditions South of here. (Radishes 32 cop. a lb.)

P.M. sent a straight wire to Peking & wrote Win. At 3 P.M. went to tsan mo chang's office. "Come back at six." O.K. Walked all over hill. Group of 15 blind women leading each other around. Crossed old bed of Huang Ho to walled town. – Free distribution of big round bean cakes – pig food. Beggars dying here & there. The bird with his hand on his hip. I thought he had a gun. Gave me a light & passed on. Considerable business still going on. A lot of canned stuff still left. Units – 20th Chün – 6th Chün – 7th Brig – 195th regt. – Estimates 20-40,000 men here. (Of every 100, 30 have rifles). Units at drill, ½ with guns, ½ without. Interesting visit at silk shop – big baskets of ts'an chiao³-rh (cocoons) in pale pastel shades of pink, yellow, orange, slight tinge of green, white. Clever machines for spinning the silk. Friendly shop keepers. Walked the tail off Chao; who got a blister. Found some hsiao mi on way back. Terrible sights among beggars. Went to ssü ling pu at 6. "Please come at 9". O.K. Getting to know the gang. R.R. yards full of cars. (Looks like slowly pulling back from down the line.) One train – 10 cars – fully loaded, pulled out for south, however; & chow is being sent (flour). Man on platform run over by train – dying – No doctor, no help of any kind, just a crowd of curious coolies jammed around him. – No women, except old crones, visible on streets. Saw 1 girl at a corner & one in a doorway, a soldier with his pants pulled up on his legs deviling her. (6 candles – 2 cakes of soap = 6 mao!) – 9:00 P.M. went again. Hooray – Received by Ma Ts'an Mou Chang – and his 4-eyed assistant. Much slobber. Net result – stay here till Bingham comes. The old boy was doping out a campaign on a piece of b-wad. Very intricate. We are now hung until Sheridan gallops up. Back at 10:00 & turned in.

Sun May 29: Write up an audience with the Great – for instance MA T'SAN MOU 長(*chang*). Fine day. Out at 9:00 – Russky cav galumping around. New arrivals from the south. 1 train load of carts in charge of 北京(*Pei Ching* – Beijing) la chè ti. (Wagonlits Hotel stand.) He says troops haven't been paid for a year. (Div. 長(*chang*) pays – once in 2 mos., lü chang once in 3 mos., tuan 長(*chang*) once in 4 mos., ying 長(*chang*) once in 4 mos., lien chang once in 6 mos. Maybe.) Says men won't fight. – All afraid of Red Spears, who kill 'em off without mercy, wounding enough so that they live 3 or 4 hours. They're afraid of them all right. No threat from the Tang Chün; it's the Red Spears they fear. Men & women belong, & go to it like good fellows. Says Chang will have to beat it & is gradually pulling back now. The armored trains poop up & down but that's all that's going on. Several lines of defense being dug, one about 20 li south of here. Gave him some coppers & beat it. – The game seems to be to talk a gang to death & send them south; pulling out another bunch that's been there a while. Very few men comparatively beyond here, 20,000. Man t'ou is all they get. Very few men, comparatively, beyond here. 20,000 – Man T'ou is all they get. Very few guns beyond here. Mutiny is anticipated by taking arms from doubtful troops. If they had guns they'd blow up. – Went over to NAN KUAN, the grain market. Fewer soldiers, considerable business. All streets paved with stone blocks. – Interesting tobacco press. – Import leaf, press it & shave it. – Old miao on hill, very truculent gang, but we had "seen the tupan last night" so it was all right. Moral: Use names freely. – On into city – bought combs, mi tsao³, sardines from Monterey, etc. – A ying leaving – about 200-250 "men", 20% under 4'6". About 50 rifles, 2 T.M.'s & the rest ta tao tui or nothing.





A hell of an outfit. Question: Ammunition for T.M.'s? Chow & snooze. Out again about 4 P.M. Luckily took a notion to nose around station. Yards full of trains – ammunition & chow on board. No chow in storehouse. A btry. of 75's being loaded – ah – Ha. North of station a gang of pings. 22 T.M.'s & about 3,000 men. Ah Ha! They milled around & then sat down, – in line – as usual. The usual galloping arrival of the shih chang, all bustle & rush. As soon as he got off his horse he had nothing to do, of course, except stand there & drink tea. – Families of pings on cars with the 75's. Russians all drunk – Altogether it looks like a definite move. No way to tell which way – I guess north. Right. Bummed around trying to dope it out. Local bills still being taken. The gang south of town all loaded & ready. The busy shih chang & mtd. escort came galumping over the bridge to another of his tuis south of town. – N.B. the sick turned out with their outfits. Question: Would a move south be made in such a rush & such a mass? Back at 6:30 for some chow. Têng says “north”. He is scared – Question – Which way did yesterday's gang go? -- The scare-crow regiment – old tottering men, boys of 14 or less, & lots of them – some without hats, most without guns – all colors, kinds & conditions of uniforms, all dirty, some barefoot. – Just like Falstaff's gang; except that the wildest stretch of the imagination could not envision this rabble in action, except running away.

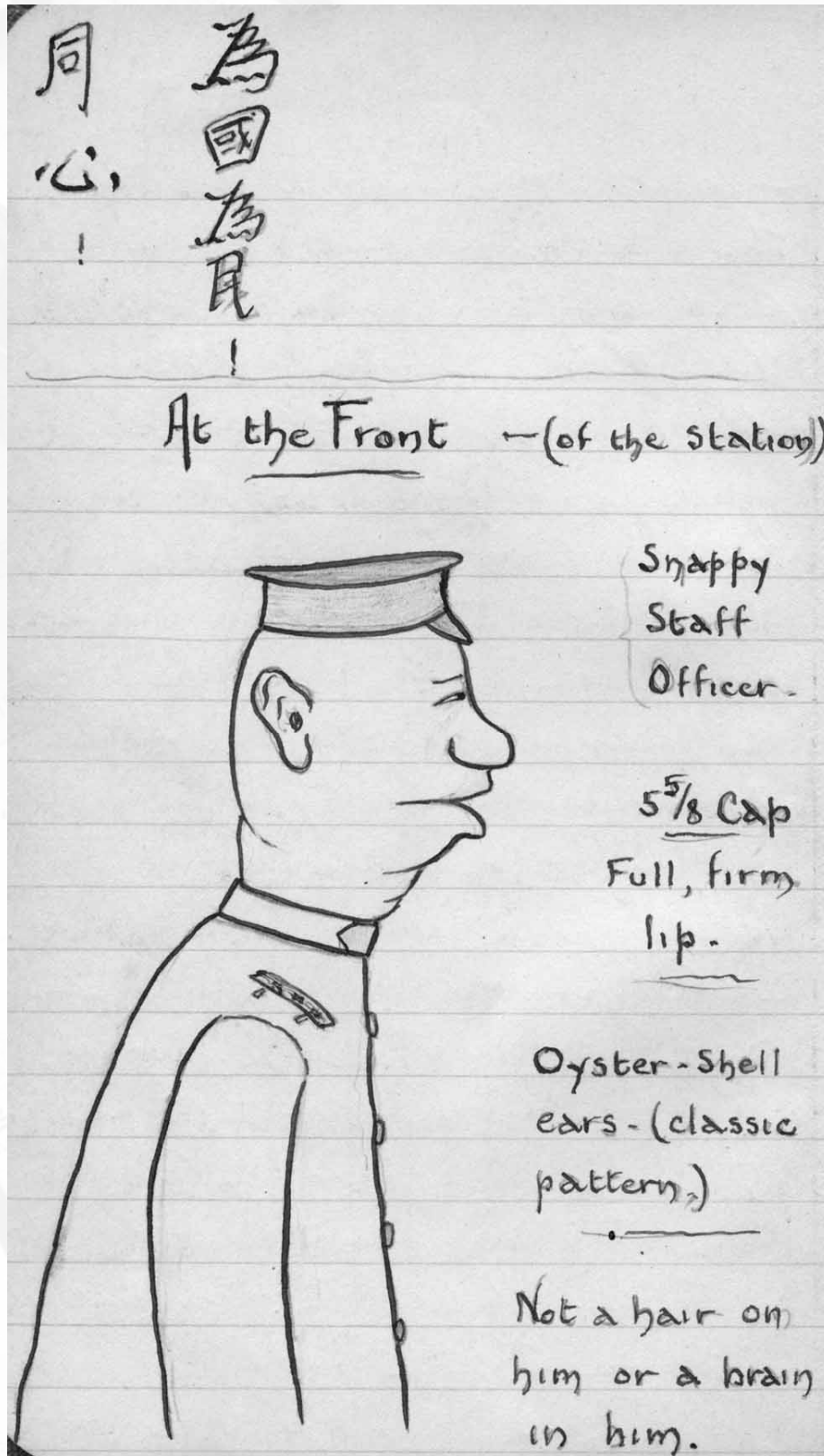
Loot auction just down the street; all sorts of junk – women's clothes etc. They steal & sell horses, etc. cheap. Then come along & “find” the stolen stuff. Fine the household everything in it. No wonder the lao pei hsing love them dearly! –

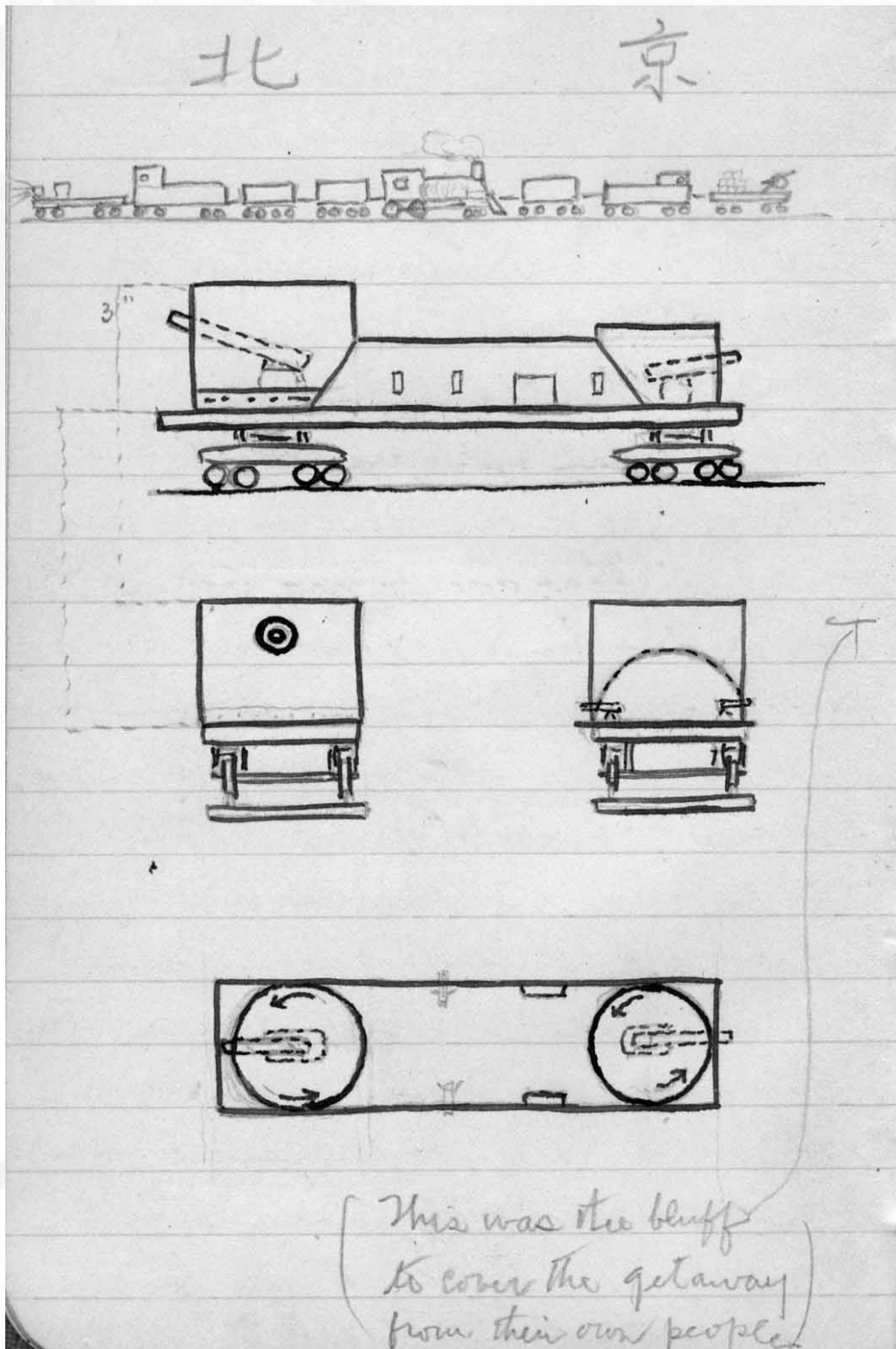
A Chinese Army = 1 Ssü Ling Pu with all its trappings. – Ta Tao Tui – HU WEI PING, K'ê Changs – sentries – challenges – glares – salutes – and a grave & serious manner on all the great men who go in & out. – Then you get 500 bugles & simply blow the hell out of them. Buy a few guns & grab up 3 or 4 times as many coolies. – Teach them the goose-step & about face & your army is completely org., equipped & trained. – Steal a few railroad cars, bulge up & down the R.R. & you have a war, & become a WARLORD. N.B. reserve one train for conks mah chiang. – For extra polish, buy one AA mg., 1 btry of 75's, 2 planes, 2 armored trains & a few 100 Russkies. (Extra dirty.)

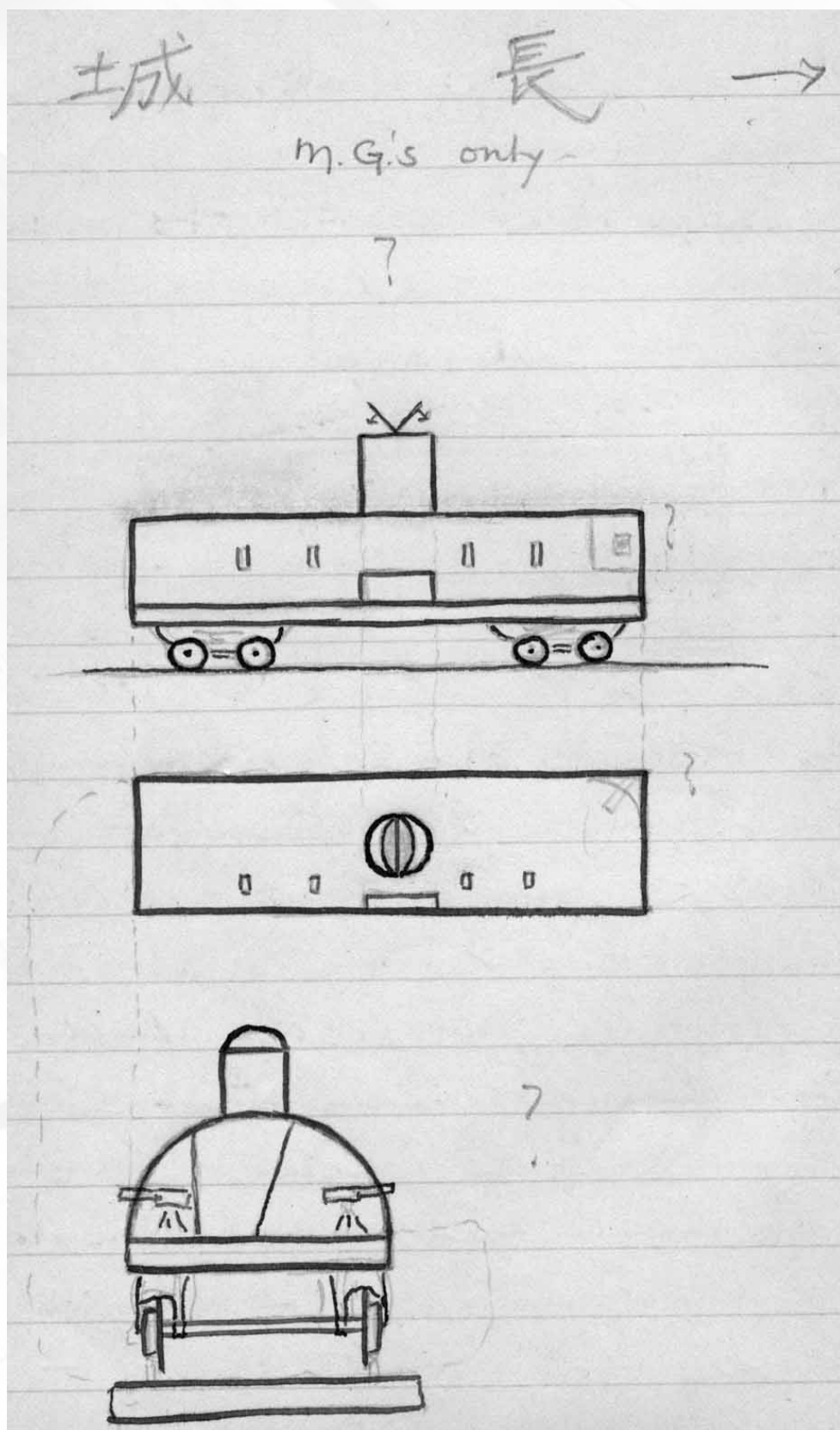
Mon May 30: The usual 2 planes went over. Out at 8:30 – The move is still on, but they are going south! Where did he scrape up such audacity? That means about 1 regt. on the 28th, & 1 brigade on the 29th, four 3” guns & 16 T.M.'s. To-day another brig. is getting sunburned north of the station. (The action of the sun's rays takes the place of a de-louser.) Same shih chang that was galumping around yesterday. To-day 8 3” guns, + 4 lighter 3” (?) guns (blue, on platform), + 4 3” (?) hows. + 2 Schneider 3” on 1 16-er T.M.'s + m.g. and about 2500 “men” are getting ready to push off. Looks like a complete move – Flour etc., wood, am., all loaded up. Pings say that they are going to Suchow. – The 2 armored trains are still here. (So is the big cheese.) Units are clearing out all their stuff, kitchen utensils, fêng shans etc. Large numbers of disarmed patriots charging to and fro.

Walked over to the Lung Hai station. Everything quiet there & trains running to Kaifeng. Station men say the line is quiet. Back through 北門外(*pei men wai* – outside the North Gate), the 可看的地(*k'o k'an te ti* – viewable place) fang. Nothing but dirt & squalor. Over old bed of Huang Ho to city. (Note – 16 trucks – Federal, G.B. & Berliet, ready to spring backwards to Liücheng over the ch'i ch'ê lu.)

Looked up the 中國 (*Chung Kuo* – China) yin hang, & of course they spit on Tientsin notes. Insulted them & the country, talked loudly about the tupan taking a hand & walked out.







Back through the vegetable market. Poor stuff, & little of it. Usual stunts, pings offering bills the vendors can't change.

R.R. yards still full of trains. Looks like an ant hill. Getting tired of jumping off the sidewalk because a damn lousy coolie wants to ride his horse on the sidewalk. Also of smiling & cracking bum jokes every time somebody yells 老毛子(*Lao Mao Tzu*). The one hope for China is a strong hand. Kill off all the snots & robbers & rule 'em. Take the ao. man ti ta 人(*jen* – person), cut the seat out of their pants & beat hell out of them.

Beggars lying around in all the alleys, dying. Sick soldiers staggering around 沒有人(*mei yu jen* – no one)³. Invited to go down to Suchow by a ping. Must try out Ch'ang K'ê Chang.

Jap spy, hovering around with the Russians. Of course, I'm nothing like that. About 800-1000 kuomintanglers are supposed to be here, but they haven't any guns. One enterprising guy opened a hospital, put on a uniform, & stuck up signs, such & such a unit. That's banking heavy on the dumbness of the ssü ling pu, but it was quite equal to the strain.

Well, well – Out at 4:00 & got a shock. Almost ready to send word Harry was going to Casey, but instead its McLarens.

Went over to station. Great activity. Was on bridge when train pulled out for the north – loaded to the gunwales. Chased off the bridge by a ying chang. Went up on the hill where the R.R. people live, & fell in with a couple of good guys, who spilled the beans. Heavy movements last night. Chieh Ying sent down to Ch'u Yü P'u at Chia Kou. Most of the boys going up the line, probably to Hauchuang. Between 4:30 and 6:30, four trains went out. None to the south. (About 20 locos & 200 cars here. About the same number in Chia Kou.) The RR people sit pretty; no one dares bother them. Don't get much pay now, though; in 3 mos, 15 day's pay.) N.B. The new Chrysler went north. Activity continue in yards. Engines coming back from up the line. Can't be very far.

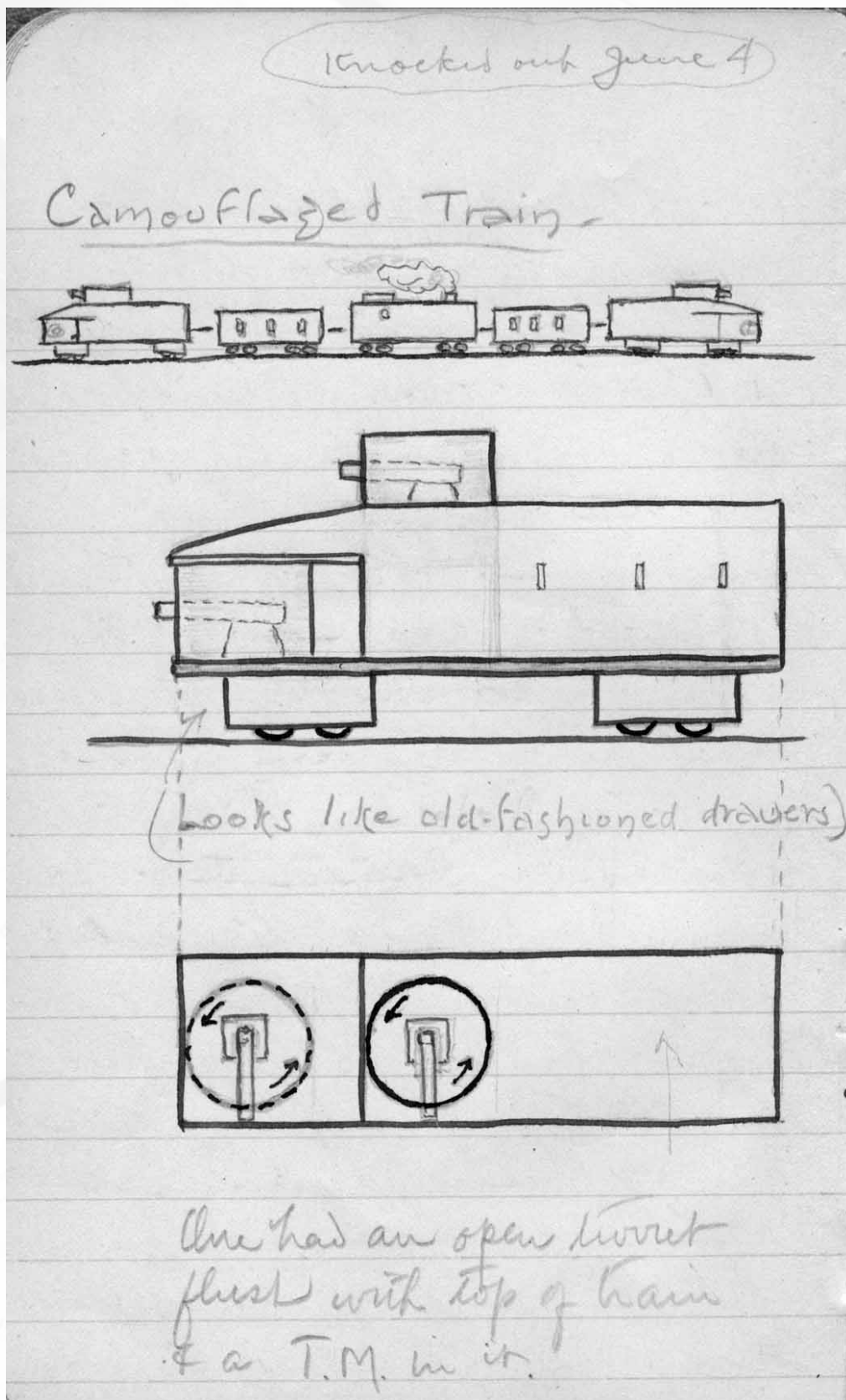
Sent wires to Lewis & Magruder. Pings seem snottier than a few days ago. Chao also takes care not to walk alongside of me. The Russkies also are too damned curious.

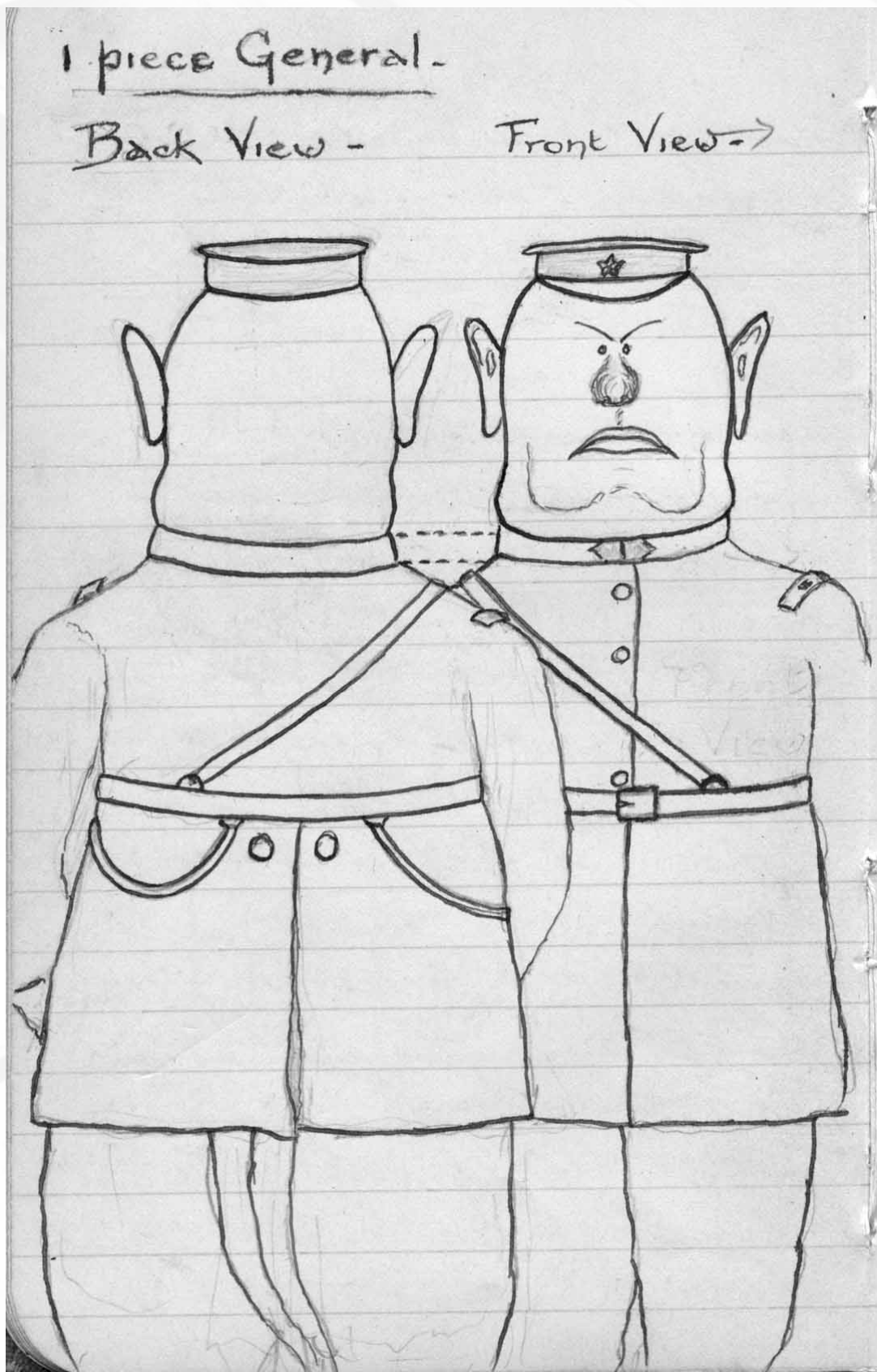
A big pack of telegrams in the office for lu 長 s (*chang*)s & shih 長 s (*chang*)s & chün 長 s (*chang*)s. (Hao chi kuan. Also R.R. men.)

Another kid run over in the yard & laid aside on a piece of matting.

The whistling S.O.B.'s. – 3 x 3 – & a long finish. 20 locos all going at once; after a month or so you want to stick knitting needles in their balls.

Tues May 31: Tricky Tuesday. Good God what a day. Went out at 9:00 & up the hill where the R.R. men live. In 30 minutes 6 trains went out. It's the grand rush and no mistake. The station looks like a piece of cake in a Chinese kitchen. In, on, & under the cars. All their junk & ammunition going out, sick wandering here & there, – terrible looking sights, most of them. The tupan's train standing by. – (Hsü shê.) We looked it over & beat it back home, threw out our bedding & started for the station with knapsacks. Nobody at the tupan's train knew anything. Up ahead. Down behind. Back & forth. Went to the ssü ling pu. No luck. Back to the train back to the ssü ling pu. Back to the train. At about 1 o'clock, went back to the Y.M.C.A. & got some tea. Back to the station with Mr. Têng. Again to the ssü ling pu. Again to the train. We looked in vain for ma ts'an mou chang, Hsü fu kuan chang, mao chiao shê chang, & every other damn chang. Of course the whole damn gang had sneaked out early. – Went back to the Y at 3. Wrote a letter to MA. Chao couldn't get past. Came back. I went with him. Snotty lot in the ssü ling pu. Wouldn't do anything. Of course, they couldn't. Gave it up & came back. Met a







Looking for the 1st Aid Sta.

(沒有)

ying² chang – Nieh – , who leaves to-morrow. He can't do anything. – Stuck. Walk? O.K. except for the Red Spears & the pings themselves, the latter being worse than the former. Têng says sit tight till the Tang³ Chün gets in. Everybody pleased to see this crew leave. And I don't blame 'em.

They say that Fêng has reached Chêngchow and the Mukden crowd has been licked badly in Honan.

Lüchang hit a soldier across the face with a riding whip at the station. Socko. All same Prussian. It was the same horse's ass that dashed up on a horse at 60 per at the station day before yesterday, & then stood around for hours. I hope they get him. Discipline is noticeably looser than it was. I wonder who looks after the poor buggers who are too sick to crawl.

Sentry hit a little kid with his rifle at the train. Just for not moving quickly out of the way. Sappy-looking bandit guarding the empty tupan's train. (Empty tupan is good.)

My God, another jump. The p'iao ch'ê has come in. Like idiots we believed it & again beat it to the station. Of course it hadn't come, so we came back.

All the pings are out of the walled town. The hou wei tui came in, tired out & dragging their tails. They didn't look so bad; more like soldiers. Had some mountain guns – about 2.5". Were strung out all along the road. Thus endith a perfect day.

Wed June 1: Worried Wednesday. Nance's birthday. Can't send wires without silver or 上海 (Shanghai) notes.

Chang's lambs are now raising hell in the streets, shooting & stealing. Donks are for sale for \$3.00 – Hell of a fusilade south of town. About 10,000, rear guard arriving & the station is still lousy with them.

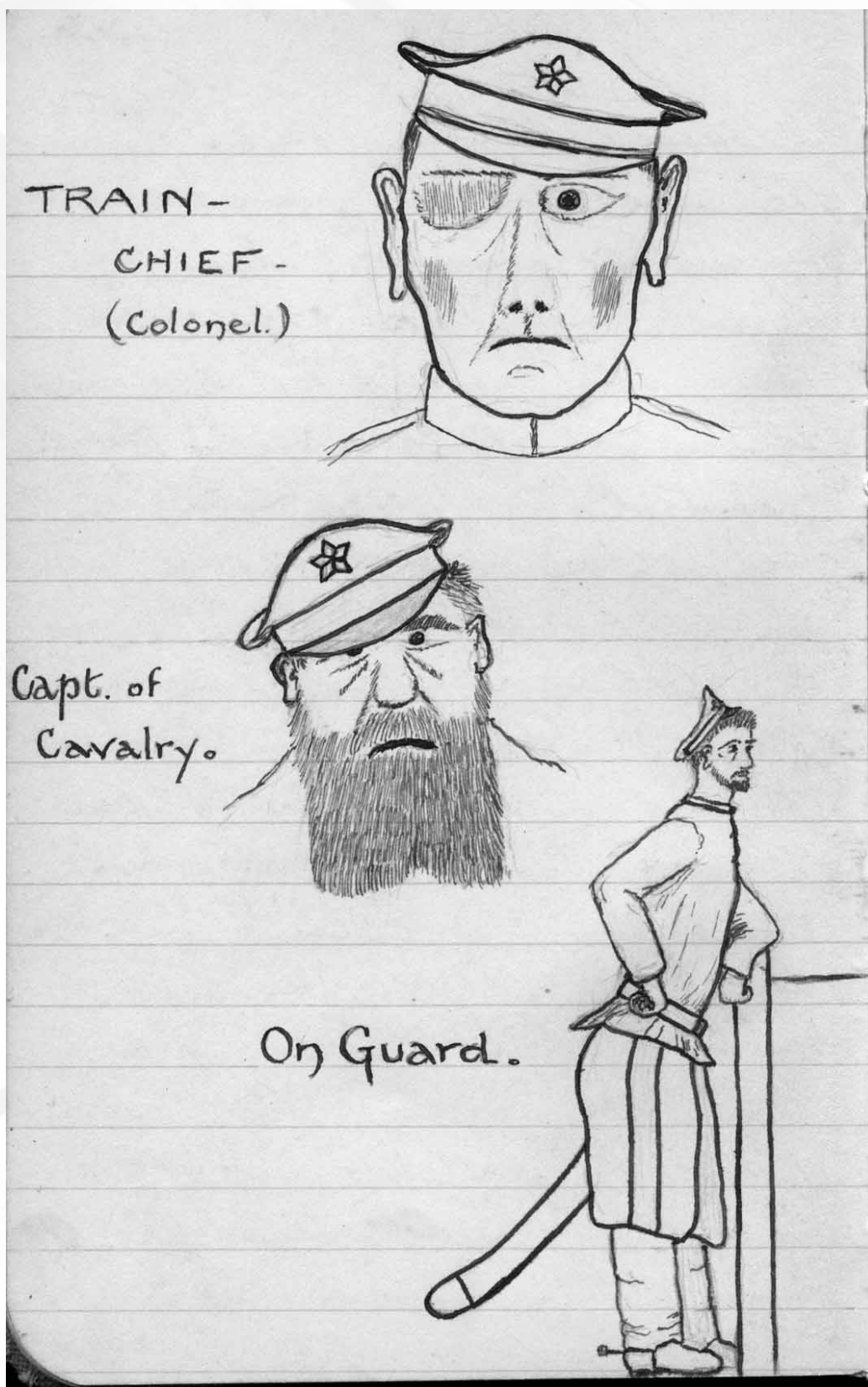
Tien pao chü barricaded with stones. Wire cut to the north – no wires to the south except for 上海 (Shanghai) notes. No food for sale – shops shut. Hot day. I stayed in & dubbed around. (Attacked Monday night by the chickens tapping on the windows.) (The leper over by the R.R. men's place.)

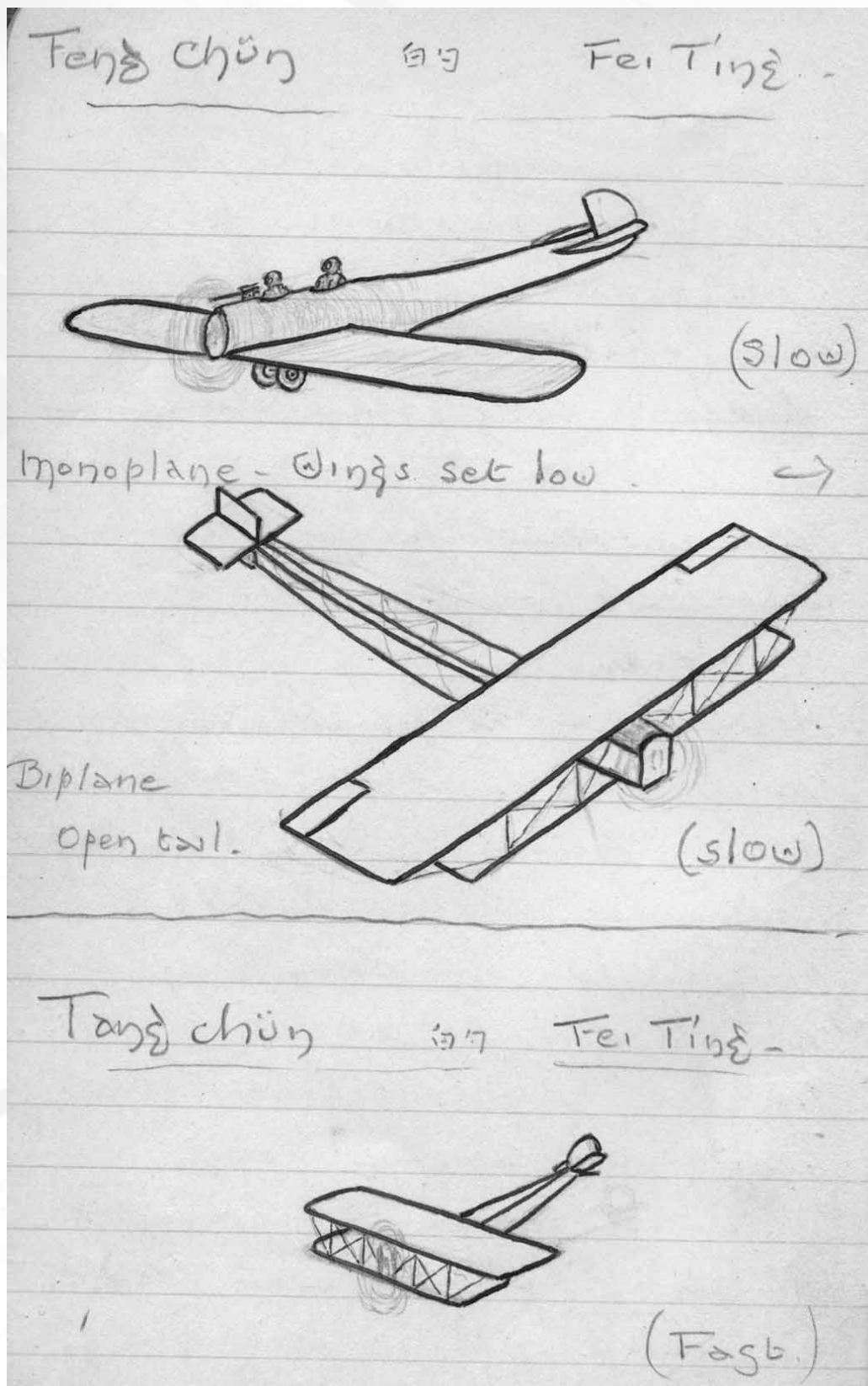
Stuck my nose out this afternoon – Pings still trailing by. Almost all the timbers pulled out of the godowns just north & burned. Window frames, doors, gates, all gone.

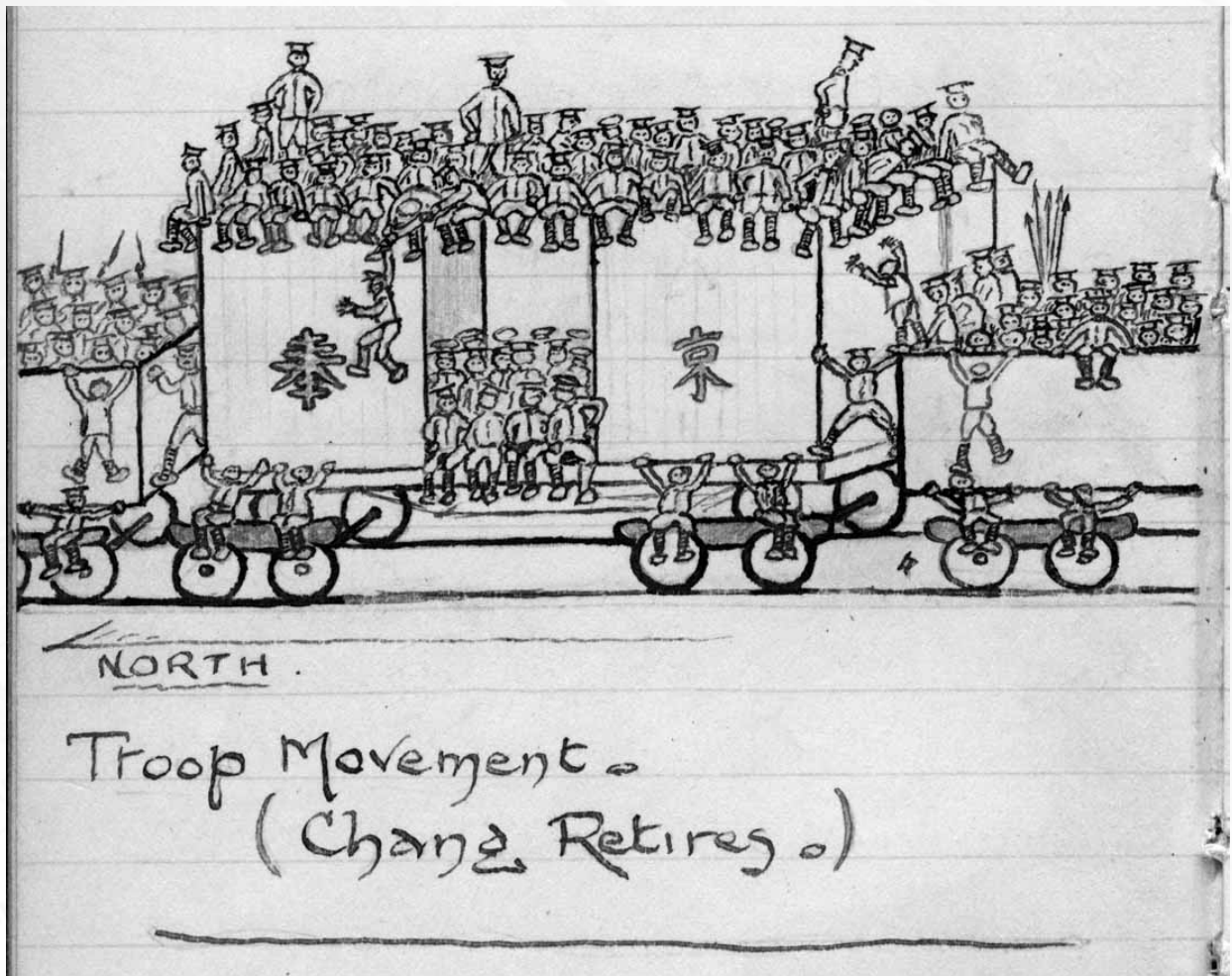
Hsing K'uei we didn't try the dusty roads. The pings were impressing laborers & shooting, & the Red Spears took a hand in it, too. Three roads full of fleeing robbers. The Tang Chün can't be much worse, if any.

Considerable popping off of pistols all over town, died down towards six. Went to bed at 9 & Têng came in with a rumor that Ch'u Yü P'u had left a brigade here especially to protect the place from pillage. About 10:15 hell let loose, an engine screeching the alarm (----, ----, ----) and pings yelling. From then till 3:30 A.M. it was a more or less continuous performance. M.G.'s, field guns, rifle & pistol fire – though who was firing at whom, God only knows. Armored train & rear guard firing at reconnoitering party probably. Only a few bullets whizzed over our way. (Têng got rid of several parties of pings to-day, by bluff & giving them money.)

Thurs June 2: Well, well, here's another day. There wasn't much sleep in this town last night. 2 armored train still here, & troops still streaming by. The min jen are crouching in their holes waiting for the chance to jump out & steal something when the pings get out. – I asked Chao if many of them were dying off & he said, "Sure, they have nothing to eat, the sun beats down on them, and there are the soldiers." More calamities, the worse being the soldiers. – The Russians







began looting last night; luckily there aren't a great many of them. Killed some 10 people in a village near-by. – If Capt. Kidd had a harder gang, I don't know where he got 'em.

It would probably be funny for a bystander to watch us walking around doing nothing. Têng comes in scared, & says “沒有什麼事ch'ing”(mei yu shen mo shih ch'ing – nothing's going on) and we say “No, no that shooting isn't anything.” Then Têng says the pings will soon be gone, & we say “Yes, everything will quiet down then.” (Knowing that the local talent in banditry is waiting for just that opportunity.) Then he goes out, & we walk around – pretty soon in he comes and says “沒有什麼事ch'ing”(mei yu shen mo shih ch'ing – nothing's going on) – “That shooting & yelling 沒有什麼(me i yu shen mo) kuan hsi” – And we say “No mei yu shen mo kuan hsi”. And he says “The Tang³ Chün will soon be here and everything will be 平安 (p'ing an - peaceful).” And we say “Don't the southerners loot just a little?” and he says “No, oh no. I guarantee everything will be all right then.”

Imagine these poor devils going through this kind of business every couple of months. Just once is enough.

(Tried to reassure Têng about rifle, & M.G., & 3" fire, but unluckily mentioned T.M.'s as being dangerous in enclosed places like ours. Did my best, but he went out muttering “Mei yu shenmo shih ch'ing – mei yu shenmo kuan hsi.” Afraid I didn't comfort him much.)

(I admire this boy Chao. Calm, quiet, ready for anything, good common sense, faithful. Says for me not to worry about him; he can join the Tang chün if he can't do anything else. Says he knew when we got to Hsüchowfu that we'd have a hell of a time getting out. Never opened his trap except to ask “What next?” His principal worry has been how to get word to Tientsin if I get held up somewhere.)

The camp of shacks just south of here is full of howls & lamentations. – The poor devils are dying off fast. 沒有 (mei yu – no huo² t'ou²)

4:30 P.M. Break in looting & shooting from noon till 3:30 so that the boys could take naps. At it again now. Pretty soon they'll have to stick each other up to get anything.

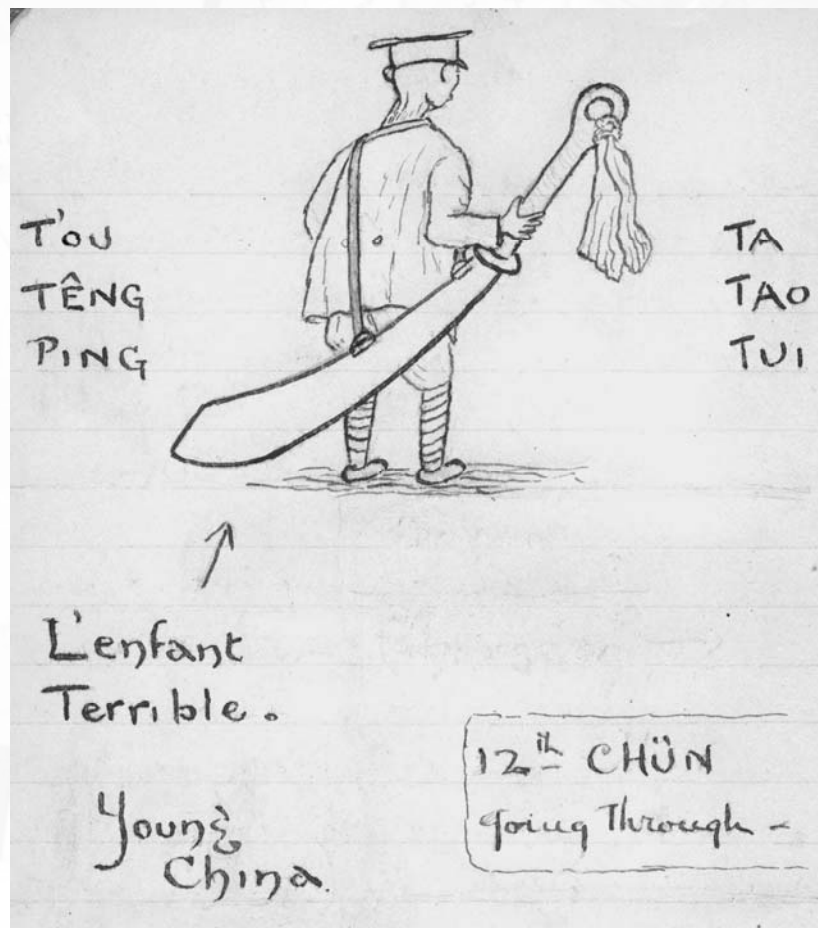
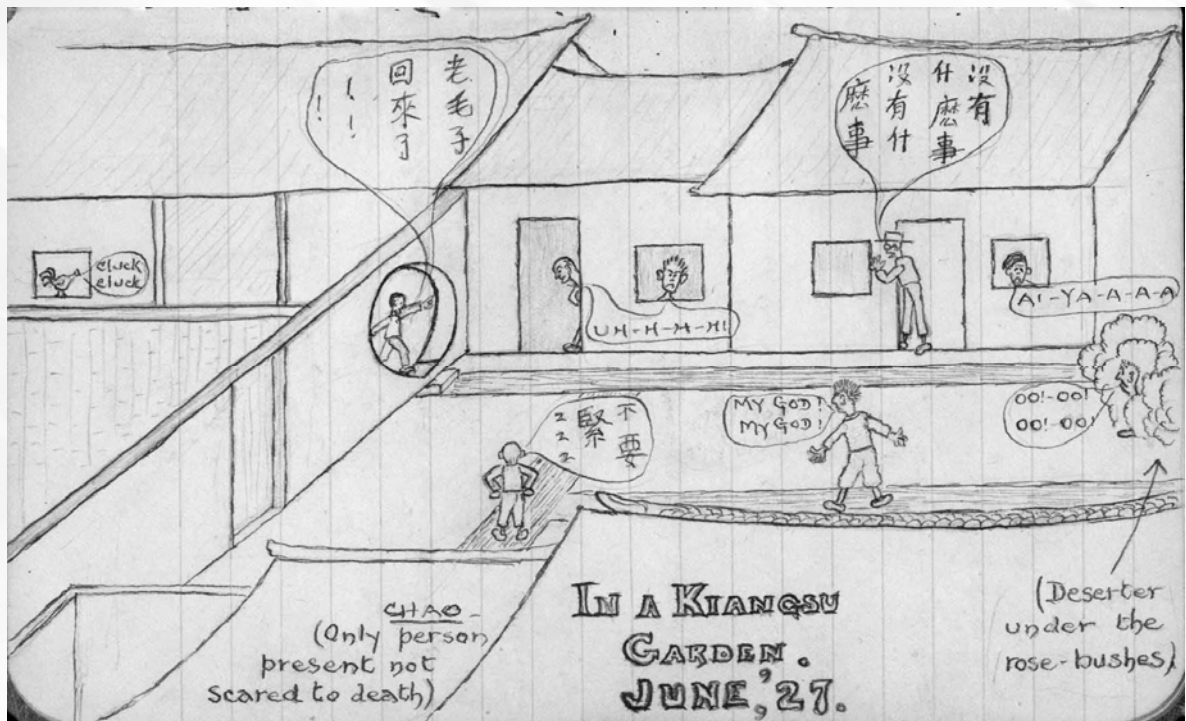
A few toots & Changs brave gang beat it. At 5:30 Têng came in & told us that the Tang Chün had arrived. No shooting. Treating everyone well. No beating. ???

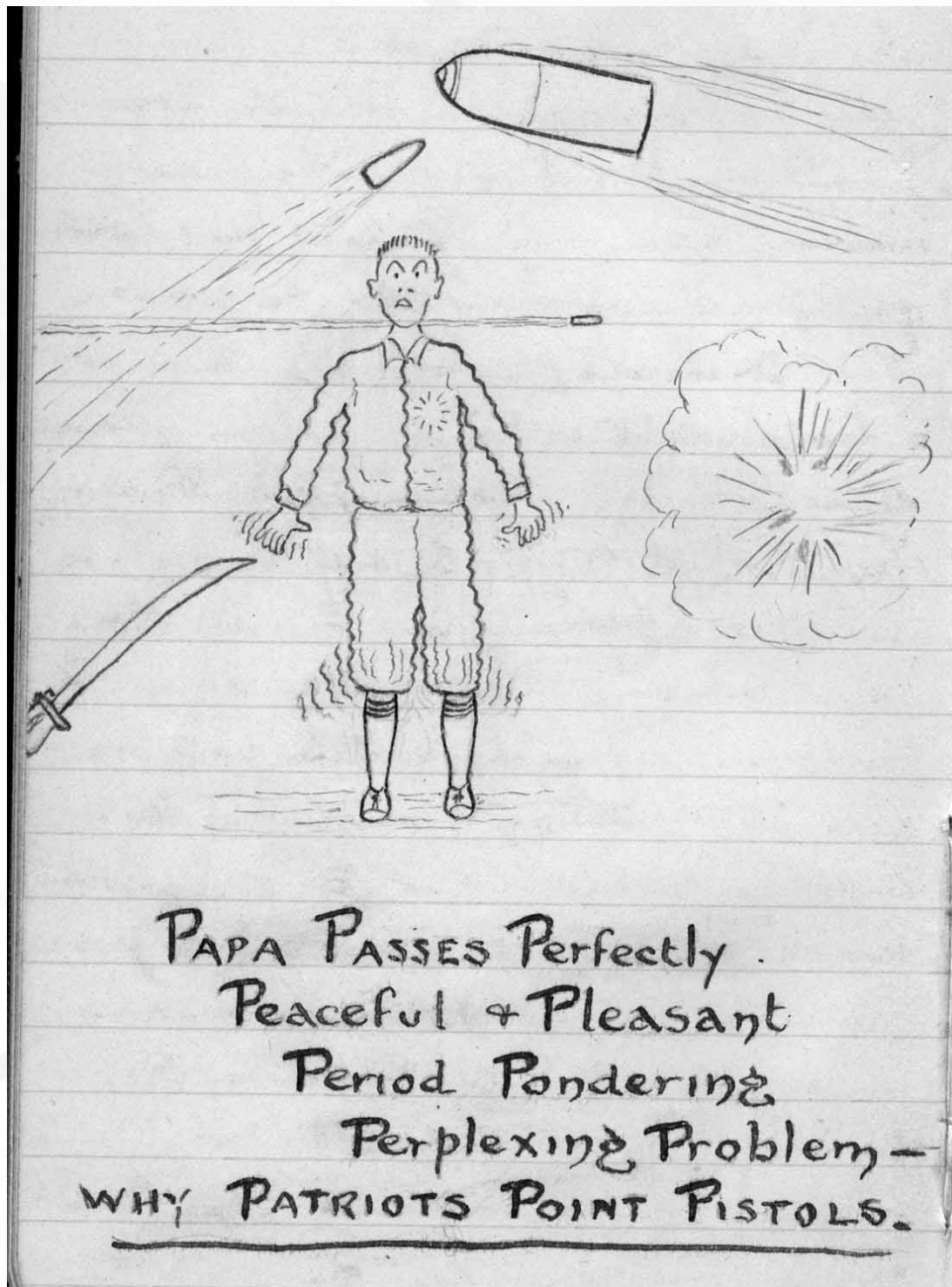
Chao says the shops are all open for business! Good sign; wonder what they have left to sell.

Têng gleeful – Got a paper flag with 全國 (ch'üan kuo – entire nation) huan ying” on it, hung out, but at 7:00 pulled it in again. Some Russians are raising hell north of town & Têng thinks they will attack. Not many southerners in yet. (7:15 – The flag is out again.)

Fri June 3: Fidgetty Friday. Quiet night. No looting or shooting. Prices have fallen. (kuo³ tze = 2 coppers for a big one instead of 4 coppers for a small one. (Confidence.) Shops not supposed to be open yet. Chao got me some chino skags on credit – God knows where. – No ssü ling has come in yet. – they don't risk their precious skins much so I have to stay in my hole and dodge 兵s (ping – soldiers) who don't discriminate between one 老毛子 (lao mao tzu) and another. After ducking trouble with the Rooshians, looting Fêng Chün people etc., it would be hard luck to get beamed just before some responsible Kuan got here. Chao won't let me go near the front door. Têng says everything will be p'ing an, but I'll believe it later rather than now. There can't be much difference fundamentally between one of these gangs and another. (IDEA! – The way the Chinese will grab an idea or an empty slogan, & go to all lengths with it, apparently changing their very natures. Boxer affair. This nationalist movement, Feng's discipline. etc.)







The shooting up the line last night was an attack on the armored train, which they say was knocked out. (Maybe.)

Chao is some rustler. He has raised 4 potatoes, 2 cucumbers, some peanuts & sunflower seeds. (The Tang Chün had the kindness to bring the potatoes) And now Têng comes along with cocoa, sugar, milk & some cookies! Potatoes & eggs for lunch.

Tang Chün approaching LI KUO I. Resistance expected at Han Chuang. – The Tang Chün have no trains (R.R.) – they are pulling their stuff in those terrible carts. (4-wheeled)

All the people in the neighborhood know there is a lao mao tze here. Why doesn't one of them tell the pings? Maybe they would if I had acted differently, or if Têng weren't so well known to them. Then again, maybe one of them will. I don't believe it, though.

Chao & Têng went to the reception for the Tang Chün. Only a few hundred present. Washout, says Chao. Firing just north of town – 3". Armored train pooping back & forth. – Report is that they managed to get the track in front & behind it torn up & finally ran it off the track. About 40 or 50 Russkies came out, whereupon the chinks surrounded & captured most of them. (This flock of lambs had just about massacred a village for tearing up the rails at some point up the line.)

Sat June 4: Sappy Saturday. Up at 8. Chang the Bold is steadily forging back on Yenchowfu. He will in Tsinanfu in a week or so, & then I suppose it will be "on to Tientsin." I can imagine the two streams coming together from the south & from Peking, & the delightful jam on the 山海關 (Shan Hai Kuan) line.

The 4th day of hiding. (Tang Chün here since 5:00 P.M. Thursday the 2nd.) Must do something – hike south seems to be the only feasible plan, – & hope for luck at a RHD. – Got off a wire to Tientsin – "Harry sick. Morale low. Loosing weight." Hope they get it.

Deadly day. Getting dopey. Chao says they haven't gotten the Russians yet. Afraid to attack them, I guess. Chang going back to Yenchowfu. – Russkies shot up the station yesterday & knocked down the Hsü Chow Fu sign. Very playful. – Drew pictures & scribbled all P.M. To bed at 9:00.

Sun June 5: Soggy Sunday. Not having any RR transport the Tang Chün can't walk nearly as fast as the Fêng Chün can ride. Any show of resistance at all would call the bluff of the weak So. advance det. In 48 hrs. only about 10,000 men through here & no sign of rail movements. The 3rd Chiao T'ung Tui are in this A.M. working on R.R. & wire, & a load of flour came through from Peng Pu. (2 ½ days since advance came through.)

This hiding in a hole is getting on my nerves. Must get out of here somehow soon. Chao says "têng³ i têng³", but there's a limit. Nothing whatever to do except draw pictures and now I've run out of subjects.

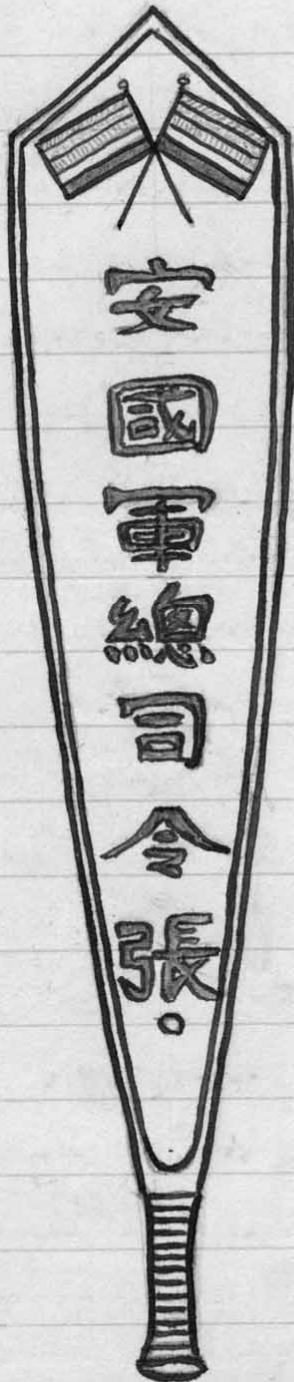
Têng getting cool. I wonder if he has heard he can't get anywhere by giving shelter to 老毛子 (lao mao tzu)? Chao has gone out to snoop around & ask questions (3 P.M.) – No dope. – Jumped over wooden horses for about half an hour to keep from going nutty. – Two women callers on the Têngs to-night. Question: Where have been hiding?

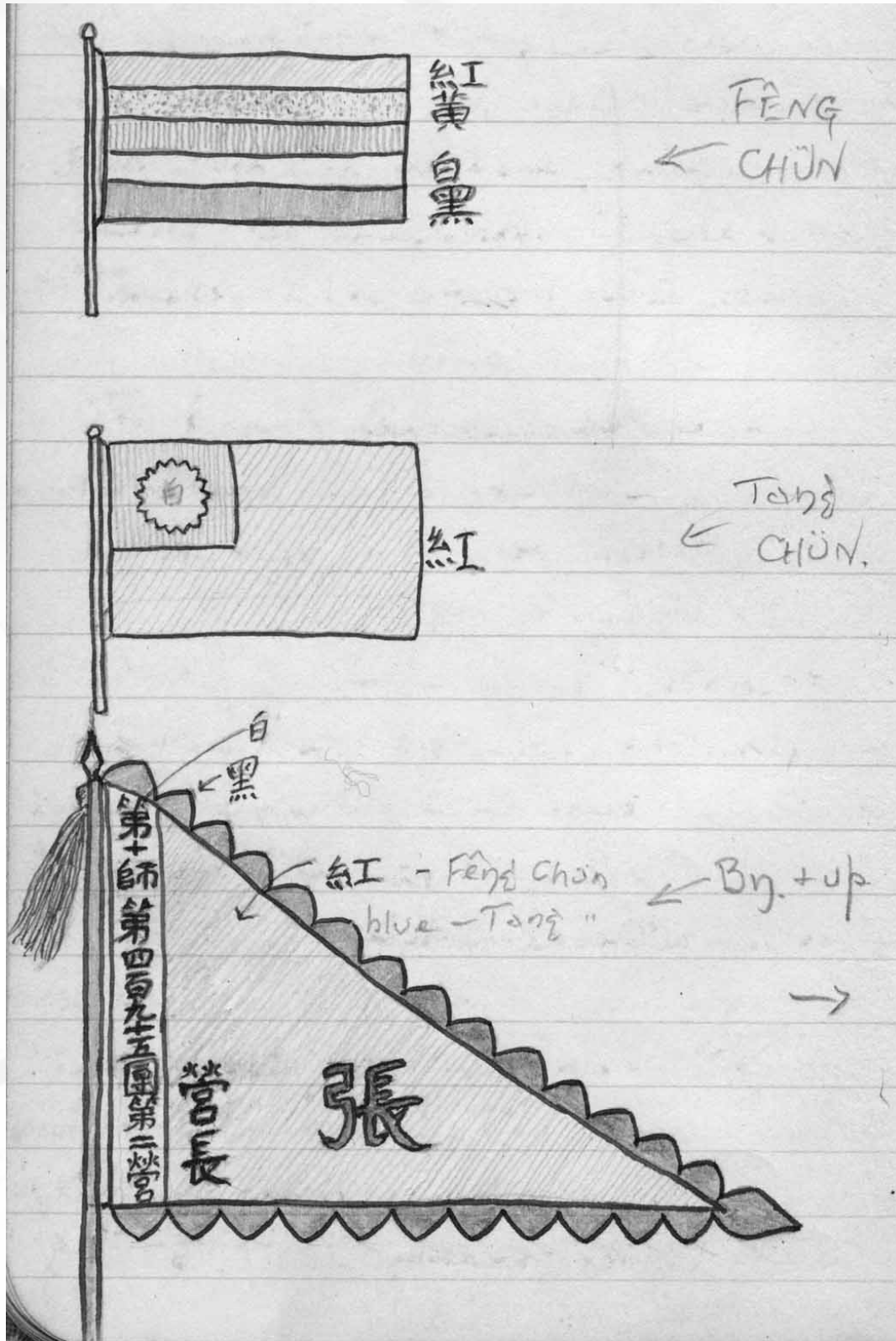
Mon Jun 6: Going to break out of jail & go somewhere pretty soon. –

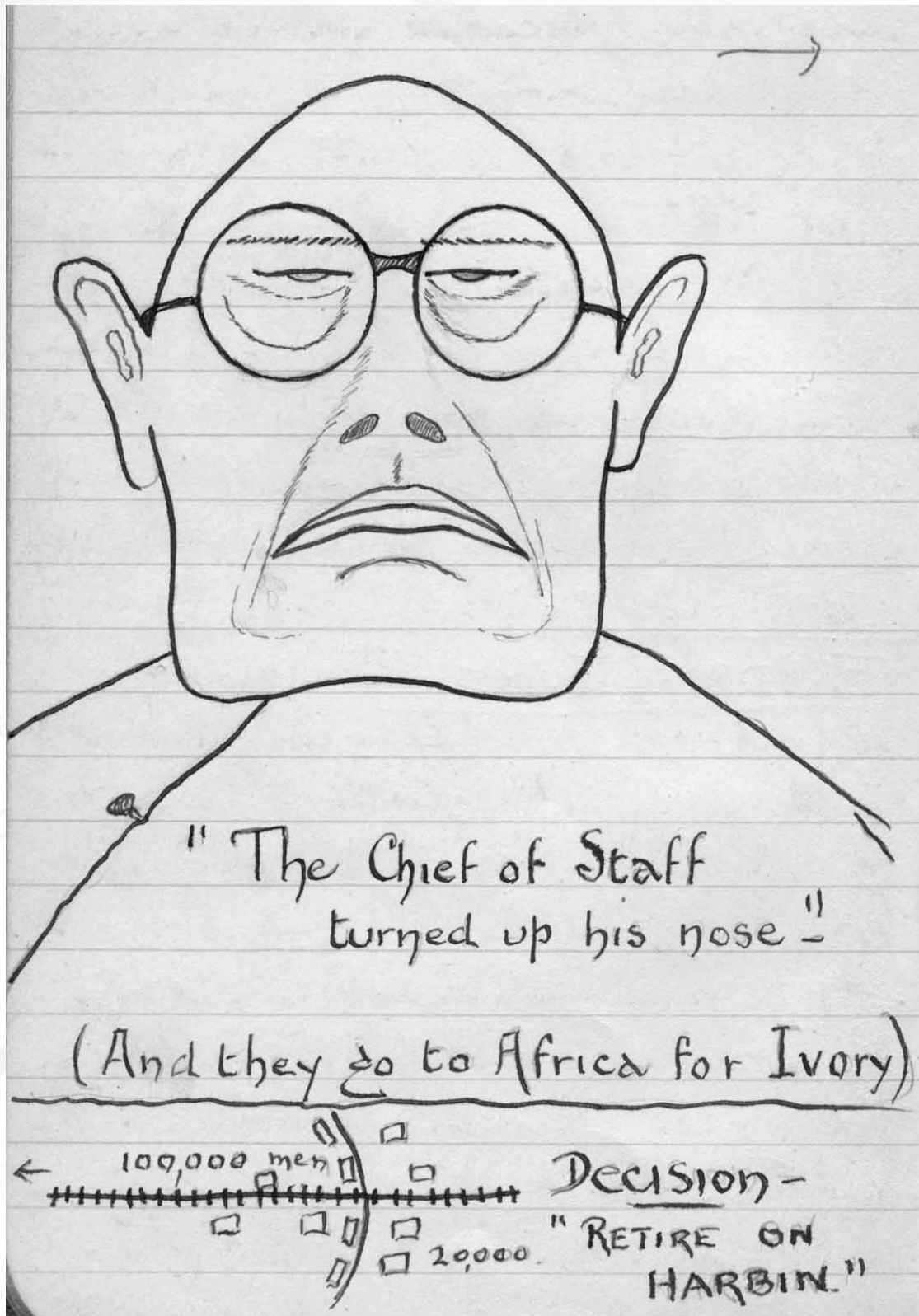
Plane came over about noon and dropped a few small bombs. Anything to break the monotony. – 4 days since the Tang Chün got in. (Têng doesn't go out. – I think it's because there's a lao mao tze here & he is afraid they'll take it out on him if it leaks out to the pings.) 3

Caesar's Eagle.

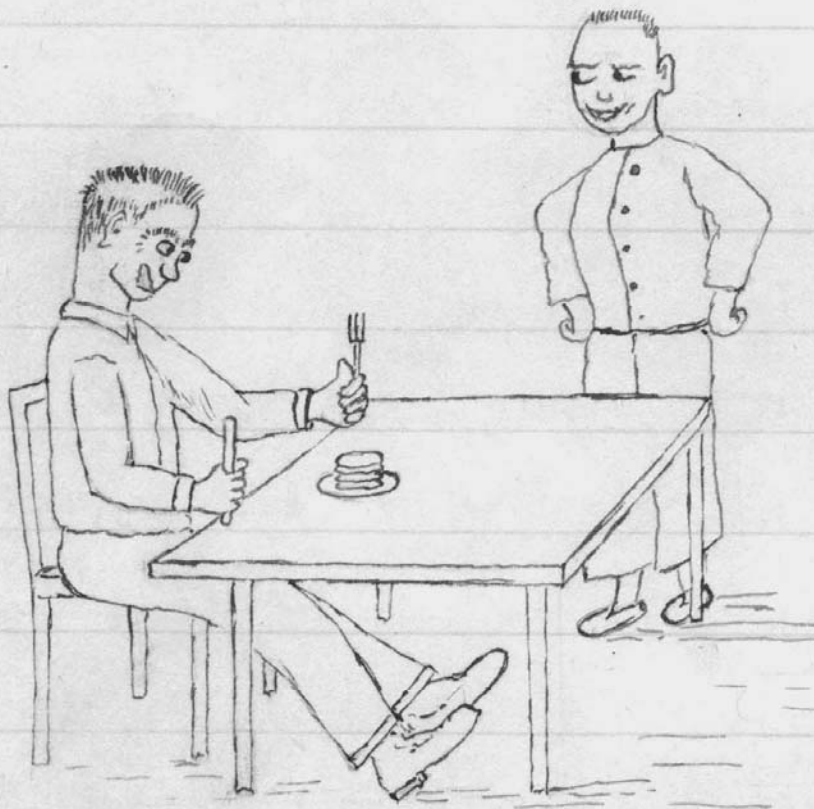
"Ling Chien"
(K.O.'s Arrow)







JUNE 6, 1927



CHAO PRODUCES PANCAKES !

P.M. Chao said “come on let’s take a chance so we walked out & got acquainted with the Tang Chün pings. They are a cheerful gang, mostly boys, many not 16, surely. Little runts, narrow shoulders, no weight, all sorts of uniforms. It’s more & more inexplicable why the northerners should run away. Went to the station. (one small hit on the tracks – no damage.) 3rd Chiao T’ung Tui welcomed me & we chewed the rag. All of them are for America & they all know that the U.S. is friendly. Most of these pings are from Kueichow, & their hablar is hard to understand. They all seem to get the kuan hua however. – The 長城 (*Ch’ang Ch’eng*) armored train – 7 cars – is here, painted black now, instead of the camouflage.

Went up on the hill – the place is full of pings – all kids. The Russians had sacked the place, broken Sun’s leg, & stolen all the HHG and his savings of 8 years! – Got off a wire to Lewis. – Walked around. Business everywhere. Damage being repaired – carpenters busy. Dead lying around in alleys – dying lying around everywhere. At least they have every appearance of being about to die. The shack towns are terrible, filth, disease, starvation – Whew! Many of these people dragged from their homes so that Chang could have a war, & unable to move out of here for years. – Many Kuomintang flags flying – posters everywhere. – (The picture opp. p. 46 didn’t signify after the first 5 minutes. – I was in cits., & after meeting the pings at the station, I knew everything would be sui pien.) The comparative peace & quiet after Chang’s gang is delightful. Women & children as well as hsien shengs, out on the streets.

Tues June 7: HAIR-CUT. A spry little chink with a dirty box full of weapons. Clippers as big as horse clippers, hold one handle & work the other. Then the scissors work & then the shave. Borrowed a cake of soap & worked up a lather on a toothbrush. God knows who had thrown it away. Shaved my ears, inside & out, went up my nose, tried for my eyebrows, & was disgusted when I wouldn’t let him work on my ears. 20 big coppers.

Rainy. Chao produced shrimp fritters for lunch. – Drew pictures. – Out at 2:45. To Tien Pao Chü. – no answer to my wire of yesterday. (Goes via Shanghai.) – Walked out to the town & shopped & looked. All the pings have been filled full of pro-American propaganda; they think America will actively help them.

Great numbers of small kids, all friendly – (The shy guy with the Mauser pistol who wouldn’t have his picture taken.) – The Min Jen gaze at me in astonishment. –

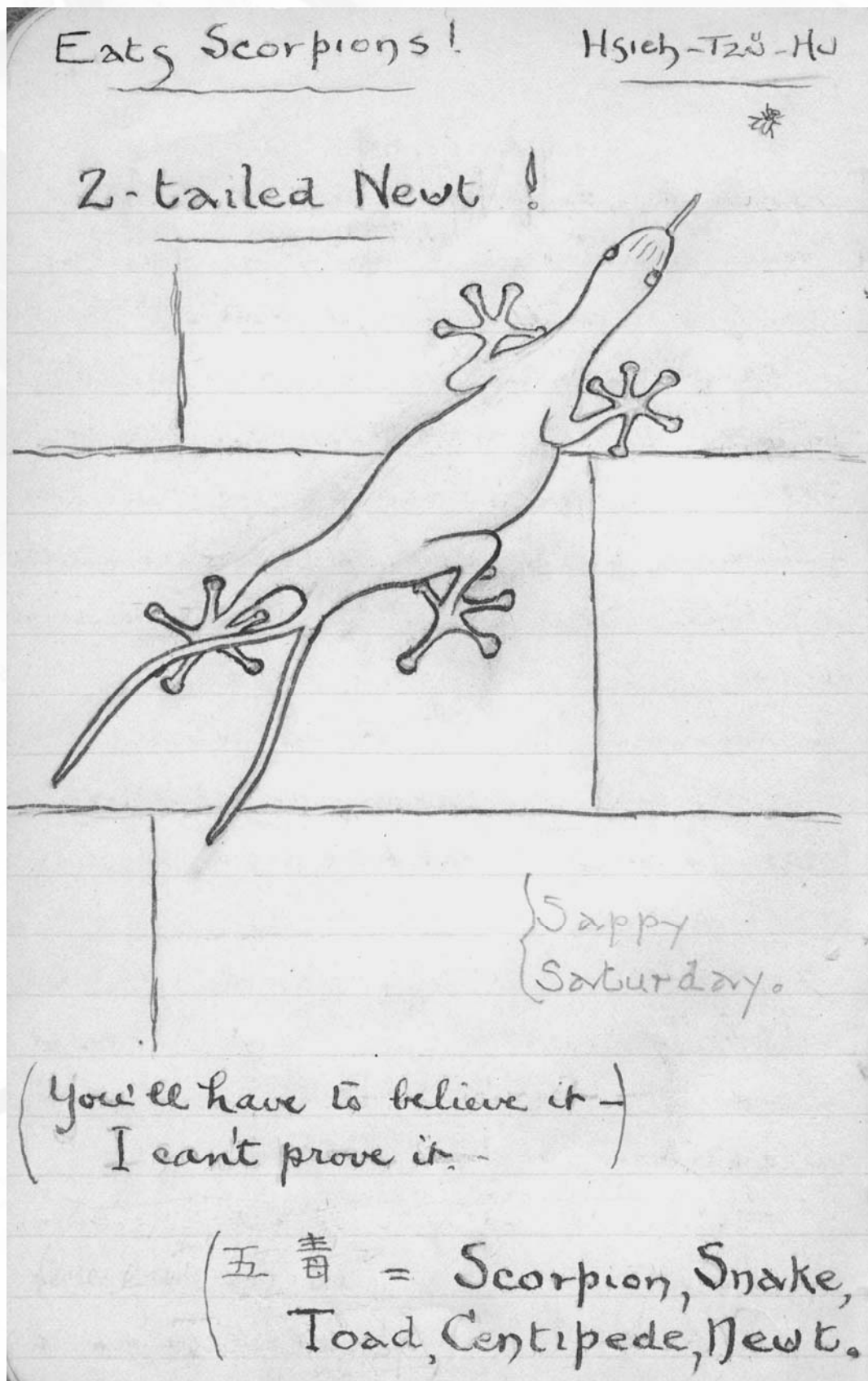
Went up Yün Lung Shan. – Pings quartered there. Pictures in the ch’a kuan’rh at the foot of the hill. “Old Ch’u” – several shih-ko-lan-tai-hua’rhs with swords, etc. All good runners. Back at six. – “In America, is it every man has his own name?” – Do you go by rail or boat to the U.S.?” etc. etc. – Chao has a rumor that the Fêng Chün is coming back. That could be nice for the people here, just as they get business going again.

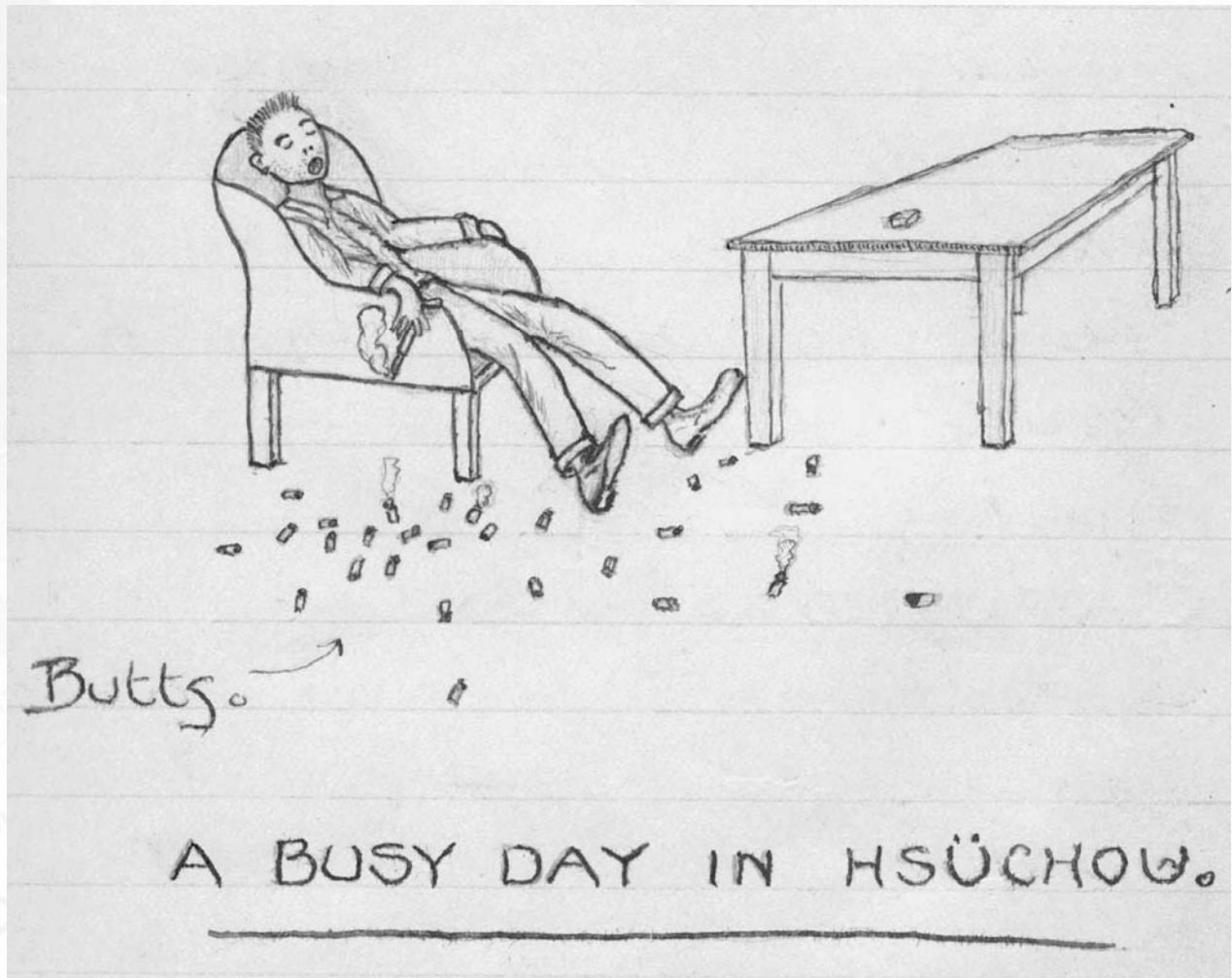
Wed June 8: Fine day. Indoors all A.M. inking the illustrations. Pig meat & liver for lunch. P.M. Inked some more.

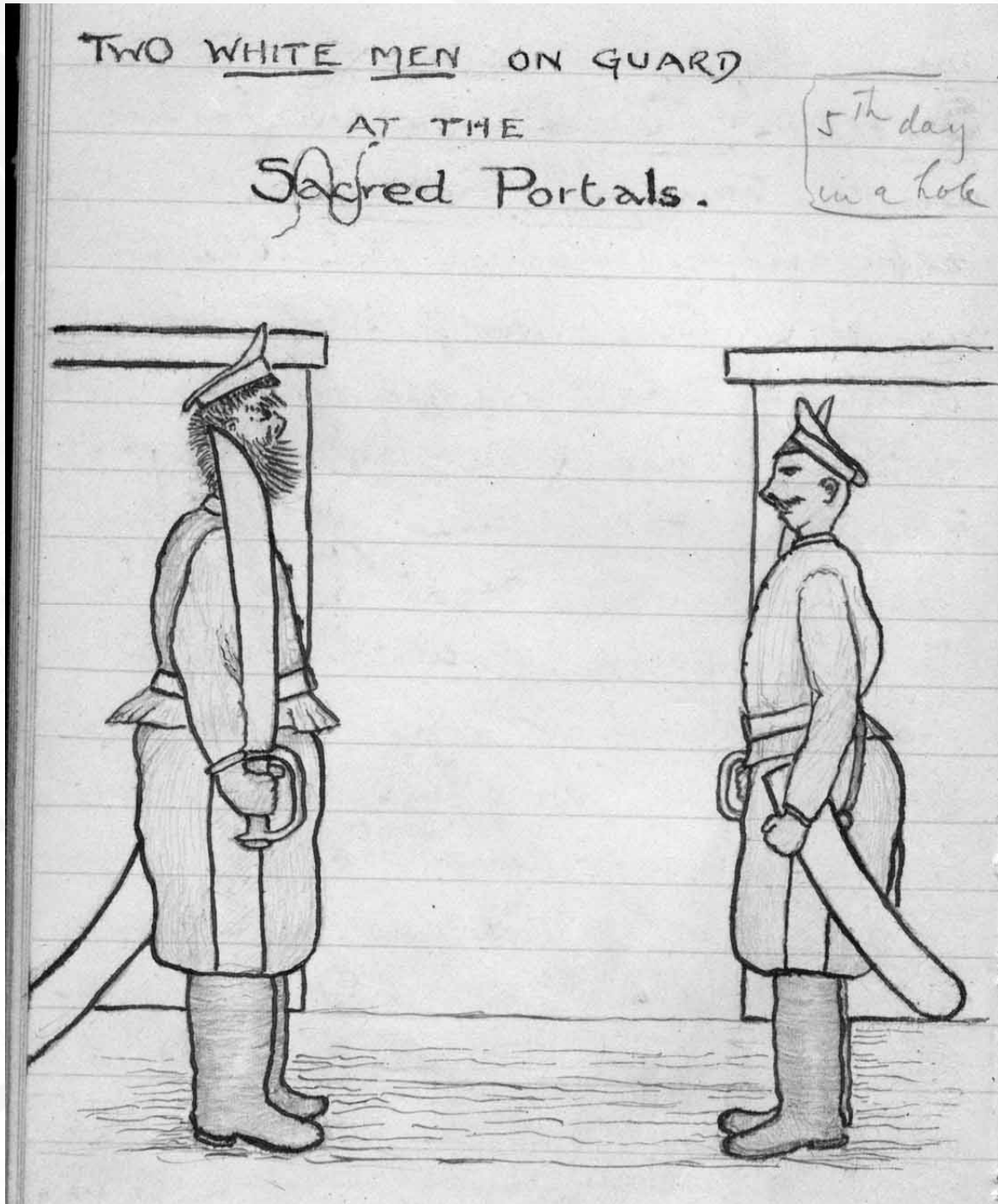
Two pings came in & stole a table after considerable racket. I wonder if this is the beginning. – soft pedaled for a few days to get them to open up, & then go to it. Later another gang came in after boards.

Chao is a bit sick – stomach “chao chi² chin jô.” The usual dope.

Went out & walked around about 5 and went up on R.R. hill. – A guy there said there would be a ch’ê tomorrow for Peng Pu at 2 o’clock. Maybe there will; anyway, here’s to our chance to leave quietly & safely. – Everything stolen by the Russians up there. – Went in & looked over the B.A.I. house. It was a wreck. They took everything but a big couch & some







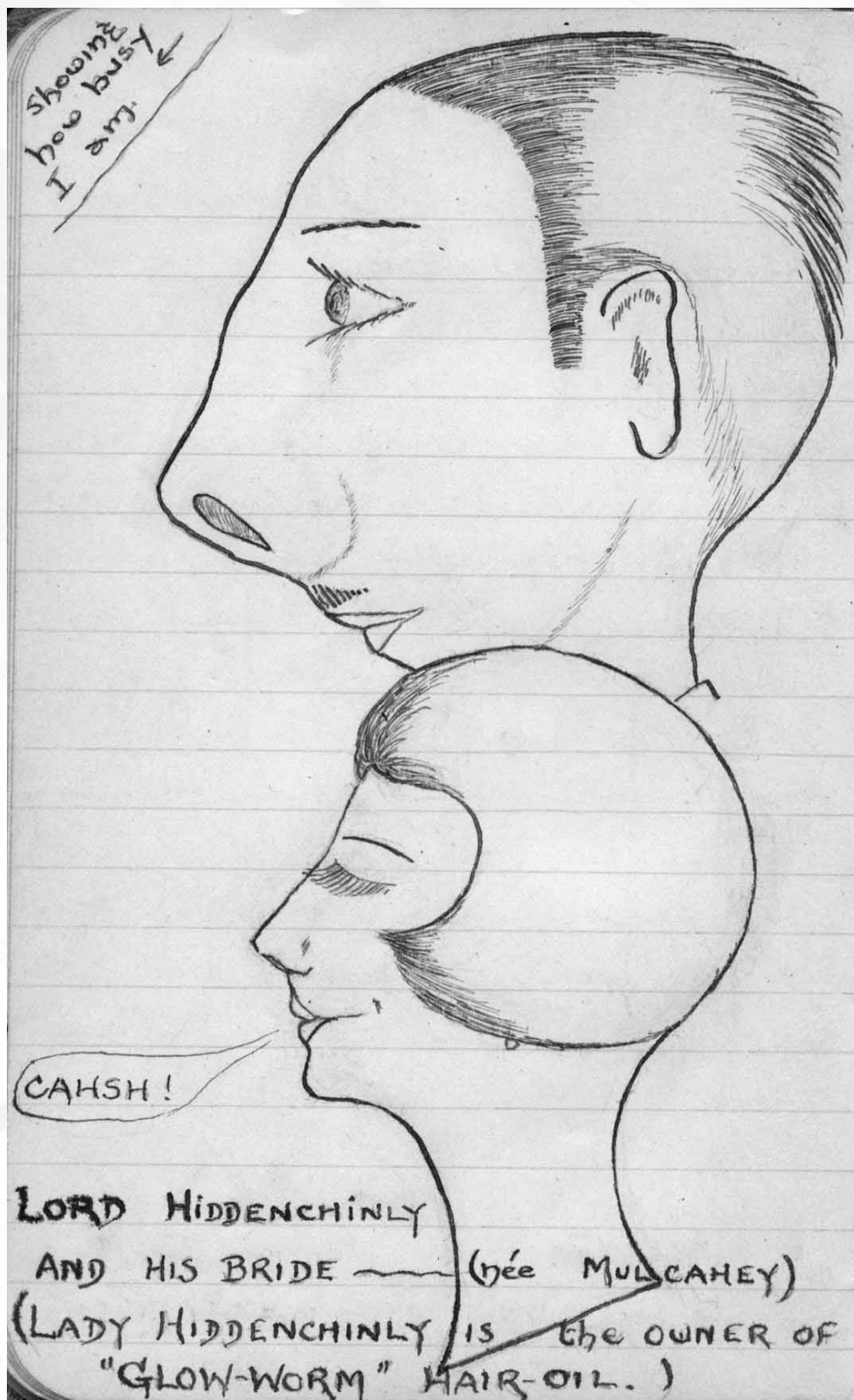
college boy pictures. That armored train must have been full of stuff. Mrs. Williams now in 上海 (Shanghai) is the mgr.

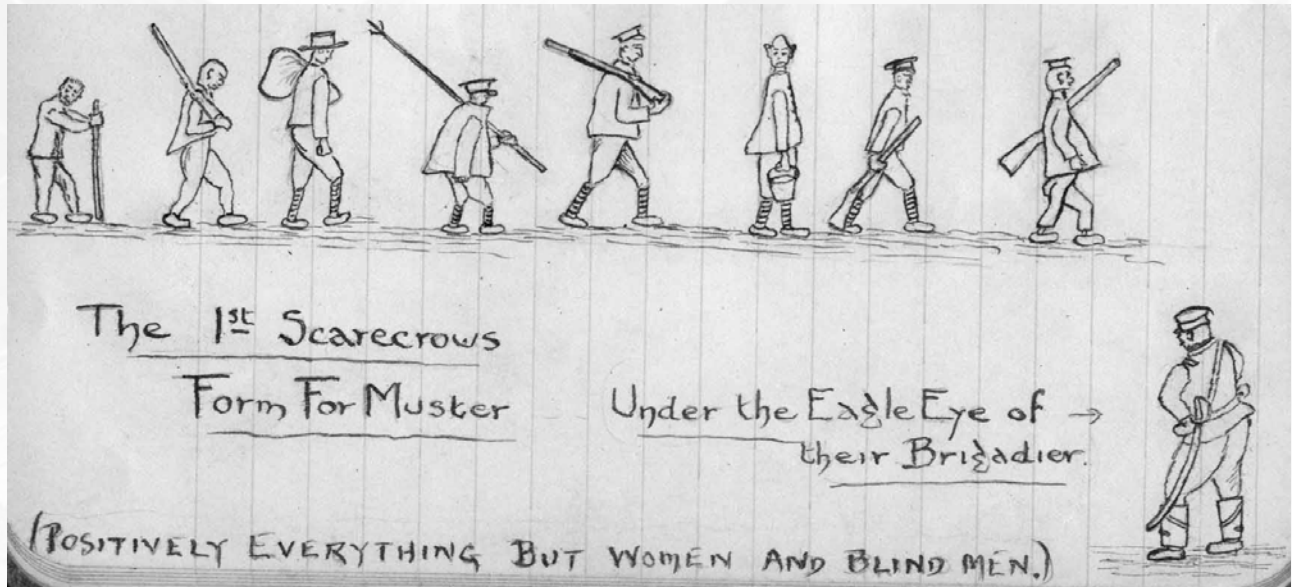
Back at 6:30. The sights in this town are terrible. A burial unit of the Red Cross has come, but they will be busy for some time. The apathy of the chinks, with dead & dying lying around the streets is startling. Business as usual. A dying kid is nobody's business. And what's the use of saving its life? It would just be knocked around some more. Here's a good place for a little practical famine relief, though. – Wire from Lewis. "Return to Tientsin"! Ha-Ha. (k'o i fang hsin)

Thurs June 9: 2 weeks. If the damn train goes, this is the day we shove off. I'm not very optimistic. Bath – shave – packed. Ready at 9:00. To the station at 11:00 – no got – but coming – back at 12:30 – and the damn train came in at 3:30 – A lot of flats and 1 3rd class wreck. The usual rush – fight – & scramble ensued. We ended up with 8 bruises & 2 seats in the ark. Then, of course, just as everyone was settled, up comes a guy & says "this car doesn't go." Of course, – it was already hooked up. So we had another bargain counter fight for places in another ark. I ran around the end & up the off steps unopposed while the field was wildly milling at the near steps. A cinch. We had as good seats as you can get in a 3rd cl. wreck. Luckily the window was entirely out & when my seat companion tried to fart me over further, it didn't work. I just leaned my head out the window & inhaled fresh air. The garlic he had eaten nearly killed me, however.

Well, we left at 6:30 P.M., & at once ran into a heavy rainstorm which cleared things up nicely. We had Chao's umbrella to keep the worst of it out. Good moonlight up to Peng Pu which we reached at 2:30 A.M. Stayed on the ark till 5 A.M. when we got busy looking for our train.

Fri June 10: Little we knew what a day was ahead of us. – I don't ever remember putting in a day that could compare with it. After standing from 5 to 6:30, we crowded into an open steel car which was jammed with pings and coolies and assorted S.O.B's, all of whom I should love to kill, & we were in it all through one of the hottest days I recall, till we got out at P'uk'ou at 4:30 P.M. Nothing to eat, of course, & little to drink. At every stop we were climbed over, stepped on, mauled, pushed, spilled on, spattered, jostled, etc. by the whole gang, once getting off & once getting on. Then of course the car was at once filthy with egg-shells, snot, seeds, tea, water, spit, shells, rinds, chunks, & all the other trash the chinks can throw around. Mix this up with continual spitting, coughing, belching, nose-picking & boo-flicking, pooping & grunting, sucking & choking, & you have most of the picture. Three days of it would kill me. Then there was the worry of the unknown ahead of us, & that due to two bastards, – one, an inspector, who simply stole my pistol & hu chao, & one, a snotty goddamned little shit, who did his best to get me to mix it with him so he could turn me over to the crowd. The things I stood from that pig bastard to avoid trouble! God damn him if I ever get my hands on him. – Well, I stood it, & we got to Pukou at last although when the engine broke down about 4:00 P.M. 100 li out, I thought I'd pass out, too. When my friends had a discussion about arresting me & Chao at Pukou. Wouldn't have cared if they had. The Kiang looked good & the 2 British ships lying off Nanking looked good too. – Typical Chinese fight to get on & off the ferry. – Landed & were taken to a lousy dirty inn, & were too tired to change. Nasty reception in the streets. – "Lao mao tze" & dirty looks. Got a bottle of ch'i shui, ate a can of sardines & some bread & turned in on the floor. Eaten alive by bedbugs & fleas all night. Slept five minutes & scratched 10.





Behind the Bars.



Tweet-Tweet



Item in Sentinel -

Haj. Stilwell is spending
a few days in Kiangsu,
on D.S.

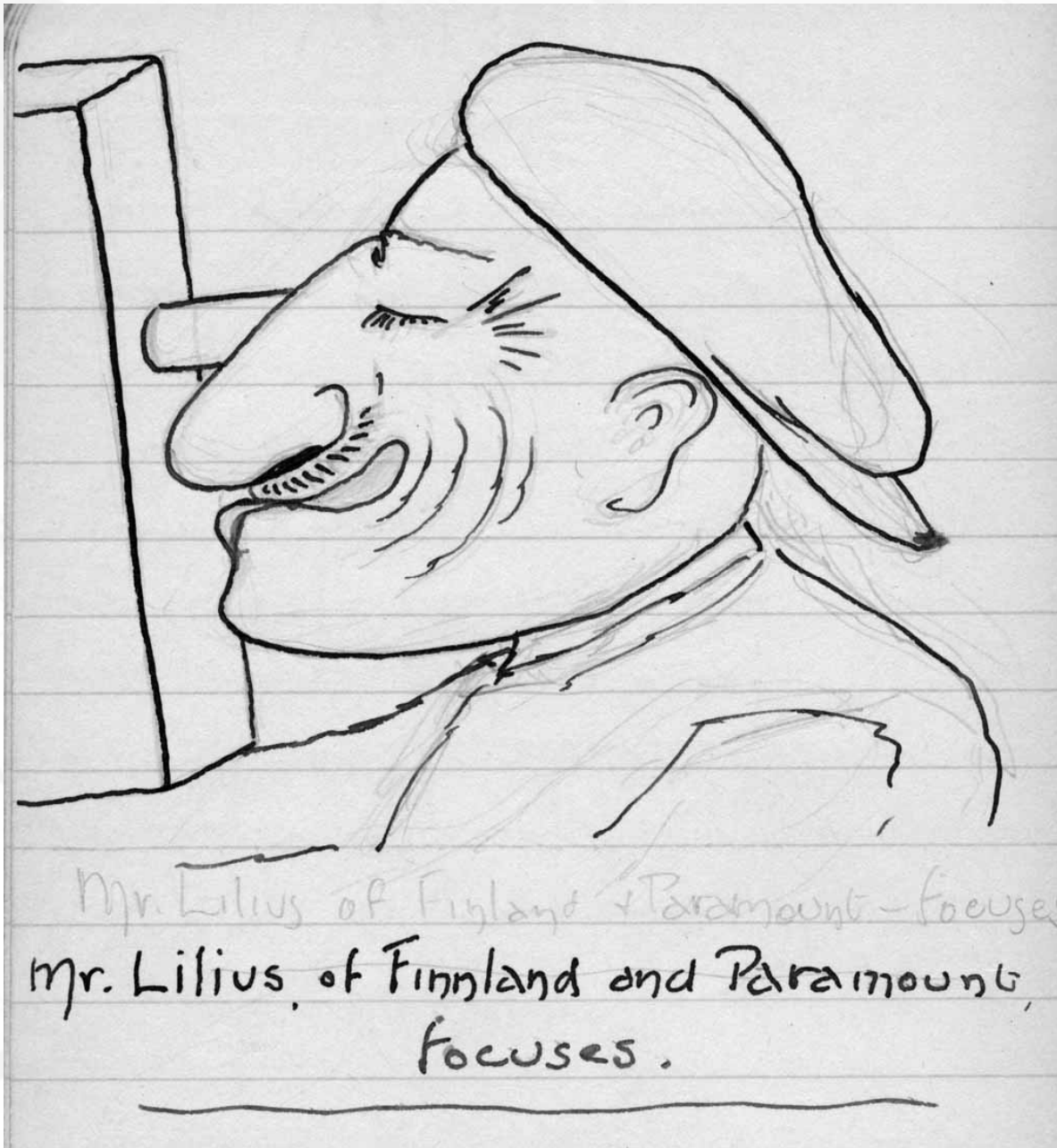
Sat June 11: Up at 5 & off about 6:00 after the usual squabble about not enough money. They should have paid us to stay in their lousy dump. Got er têng³ seats and were glad to pull out shortly after 7:00 A.M. The last leg. Chinkiang – Changchow – Suchow – carabao – bamboo – canals – boats – rice – tropical aspect of the flat country. T'ai P'ing haunts, all of these towns – The Lion hill at Nanking – with monument (Tsêng Kuo Tan?) on it, overlooking the city. Must have had great days during the siege. The old trench lines still run over the hills. Naturally, I didn't go walking around there any. – Go to Shanghai at 4:30 after a hot day. Got a ma³ ch'ê & went to the Y.M.C.A. Room – Chao taken care of. – bath – (money changed by the room boy – at about 95¢ on the 1.00). Inquiries being made about boats. Due to-morrow perhaps. – Chow in YMCA restaurant – (dirty & the usual management.) – then walked to the “Hsin Fêng” to arrange passage. Went aboard “Pittsburgh” – (movie going on) – got off a radio to Magruder, Vernon not on board. Left a note & beat it. Turned in at 10 – Chao slept on the floor. Had not been looked after. Of course not, – Y.M.C.A. promise.

Sun June 12: Up at 6:00. Breakfast (coffee & toast) in Y. restaurant. 30 minutes wait to get some sour soggy pancakes, which I sent back. Why can't the Y.M.C.A. ever do anything right? Walked to the boat & got on at 7:30. \$90 for my passage. Don't know about Chao yet. Have just about enough dough. – Two movie men on board, one with a terrible hangover. Pulled out at 9:00. – River full of ships – cruisers, destroyers, airplane carrier, etc., etc. Cool & cloudy. Windy. Took a nap. Walked on the deck. Turned in at 10.

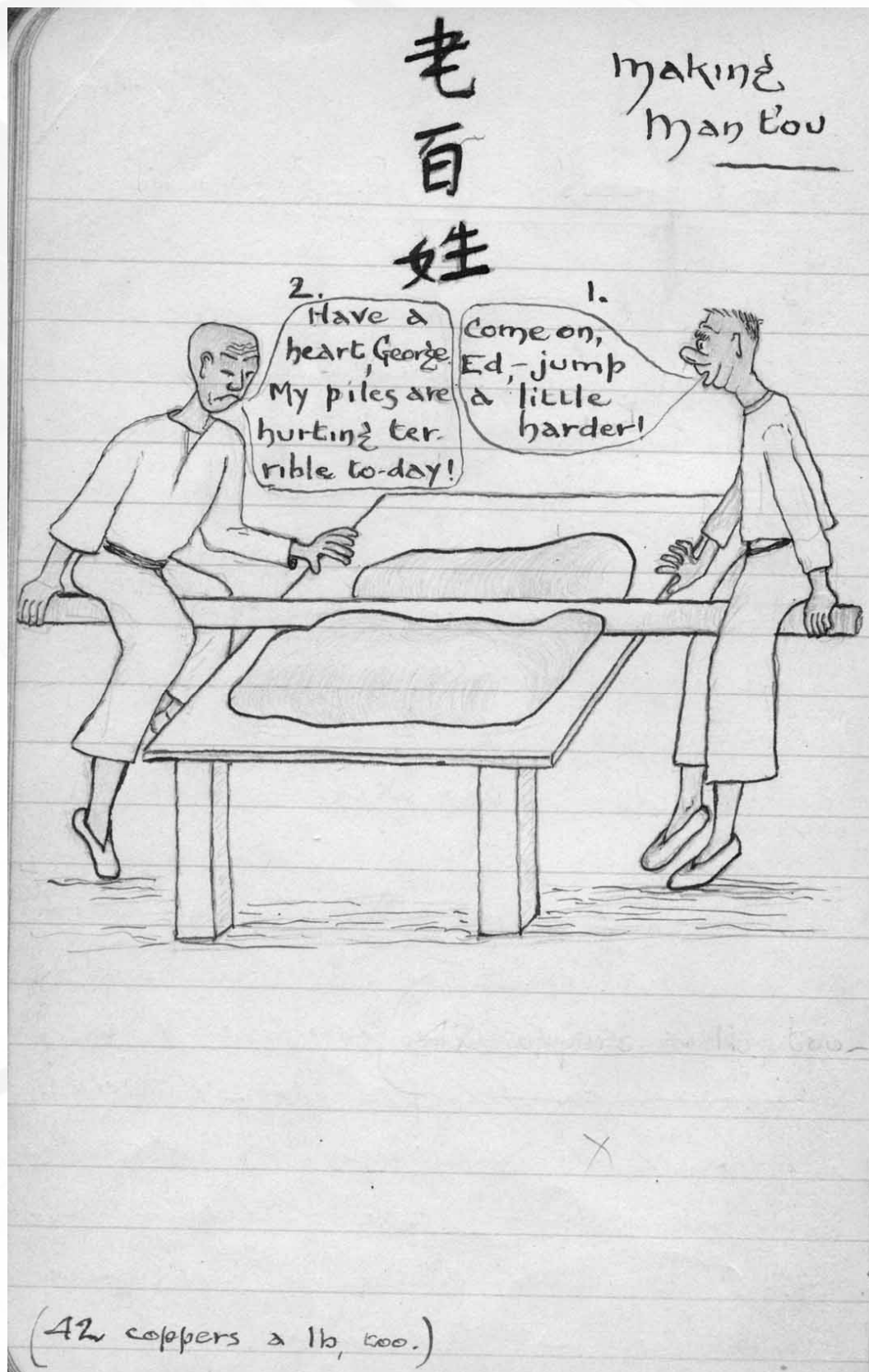
Mon June 13: The hangover (Wallin) has dysentery. The other guy (Lilius) is a Finn, working for Paramount. They have been all over the world shooting pictures. – Learned about Chamberlain's flight to Germany. – Talked with Capt. Ross about the situation. – “China is weak to the strong and strong to the weak.” True enough. His company – C.M.S.N. Co. – is being squeezed at both ends – only one boat can leave Shanghai at a time. Hoists the five color rag at Chefoo & the Canton rag at Shanghai. 22 years with this co., & disgusted. Not paid for May yet. – Cloudy day but smooth going. (Chao & I are in the alcove off the dining saloon. Haven't paid anything for Chao yet.)

Tues June 14: Fog – whistle going since 2 A.M. Cleared at 8:00. This may delay us a day at 天津 (*Tientsin*). Got up & bathed & shaved. – No word from the bullets I swallowed. (“Hsüchowfu to Chefoo” without relief –) – (Wrong – exploded off Wei-Hai-Wei.) We went in to Chefoo at 1:00 P.M. & Lilius & Wallin & I & Chao & Lilius' boy went ashore & walked all over the place – fast. L. & W. sweat like a bull, & Chao gave them the horse-laugh – 不 (pu – no) nêng 走道兒 (*tsou tao erh* – crossing) Back aboard about 3 – sailed at 4:30 –. 7 U.S. destroyers in the harbor, 1 limie, 1 Jap, & the “northern Chinese Navy.” My God, one tiny little cruiser & 2 tugboats. – Fine cool day & beautiful scene as we left the harbor. Capt. Ross is afraid of fog again tonight. Hope he's wrong. – (Strawberries, prawns & dried fish were all that Chefoo had to offer.)

Wed June 15: No fog last night – but a rain & wind squall hit us about 2 A.M. and made the old tub jump all around. Many who had held their loads, gave them up this morning. 2nd off. & I only ones at breakfast – Cold morning – Sea calmed down & we got to Taku Bar at 12:30 – Just enough water to go in at once. Went right up the river. Increasingly warm all the way up. Got the dock at 5 P.M. & got a car to the house, arriving at 5:15. (21 days.)







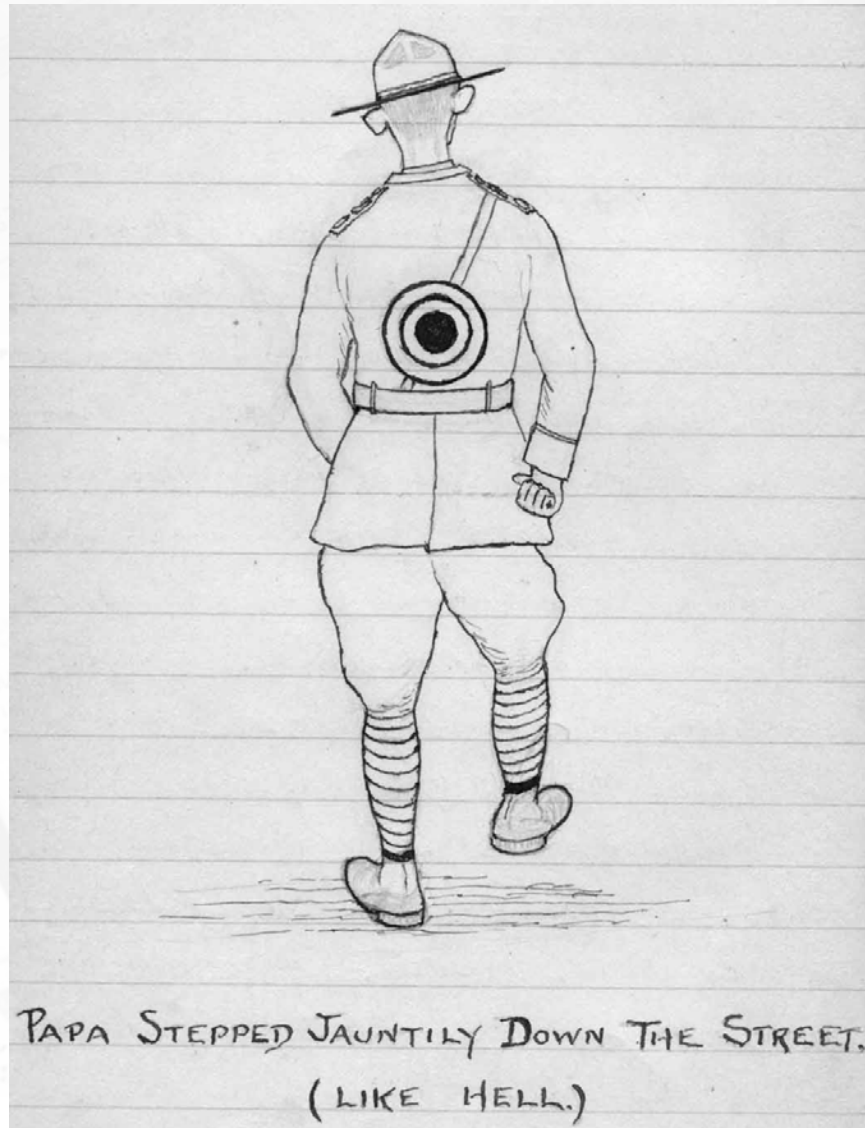
Thurs June 16: Newells called last night & I went over the trip. This A.M. Newell took me over to Hq. & Gen Castner listened to the drool. Very enthusiastic & complimentary. Doped out a report & had it typed in P.M.

Fri June 17: To Peking on 9:10 – saw Magruder – had lunch with them. Saw minister (MacMurray) at 3:00 P.M. Both he & Magruder very lackadaisical & noncommittal. Ratay very enthusiastic. Queer attitude up there. Caught the 4:30 back. Got my check for expenses. Back home before 8.

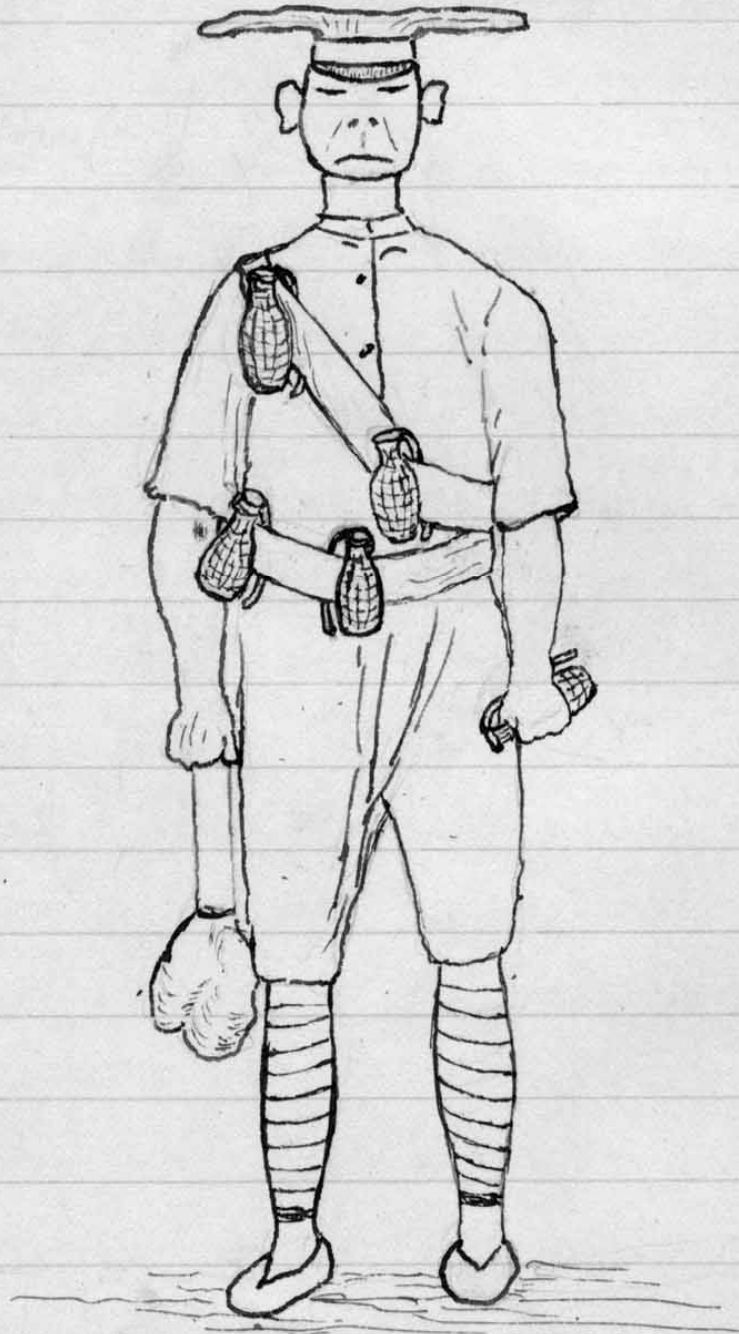
McMurray feels discredited, after hollering for the Yellow Plan. (Bum advice from Magruder). Butler now trying to get the legation moved to Tientsin.

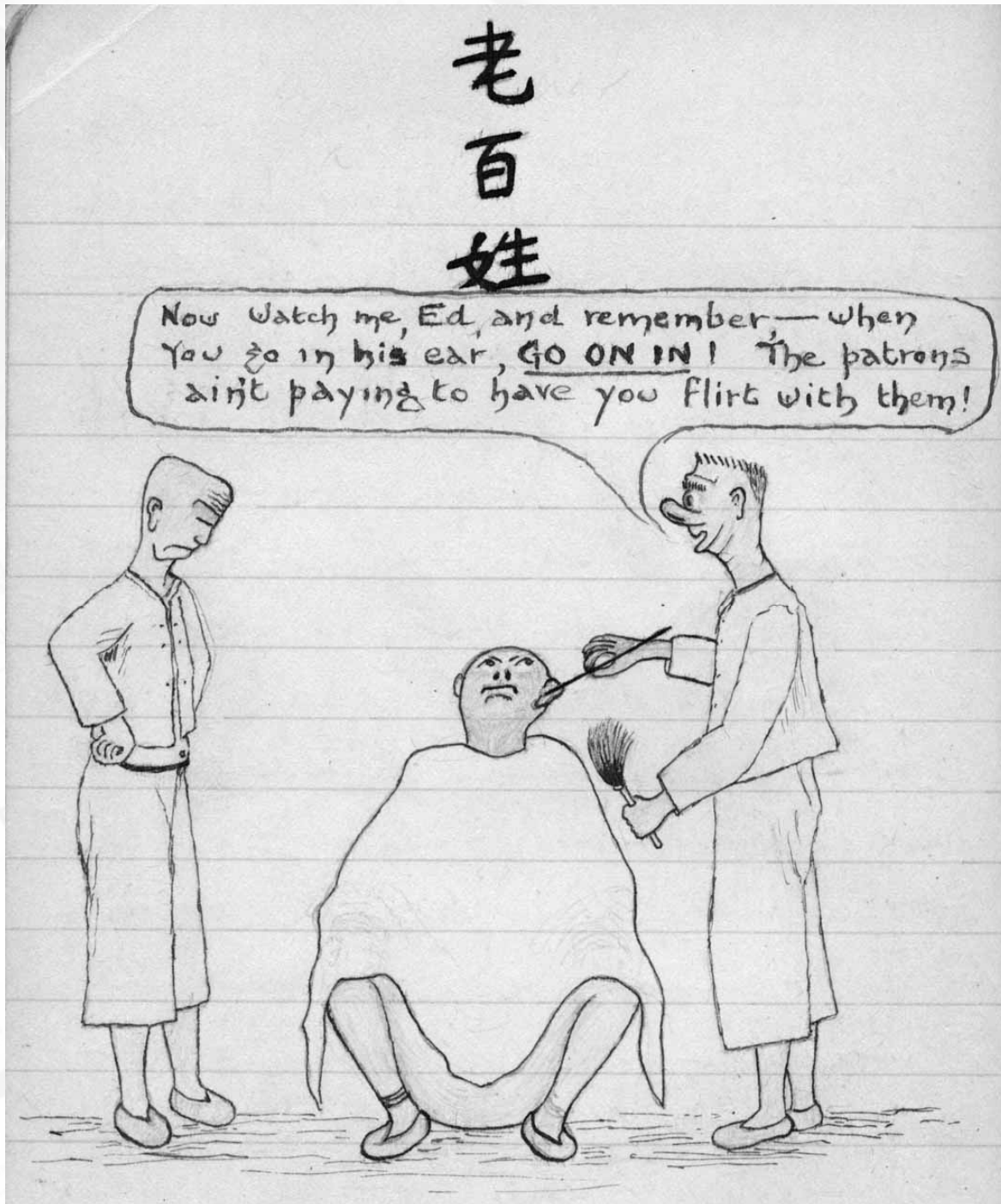
Sat June 18: Review. Got to lecture on Tuesday. Took kids for ride in P.M.

Sun June 19: Wrote etc.

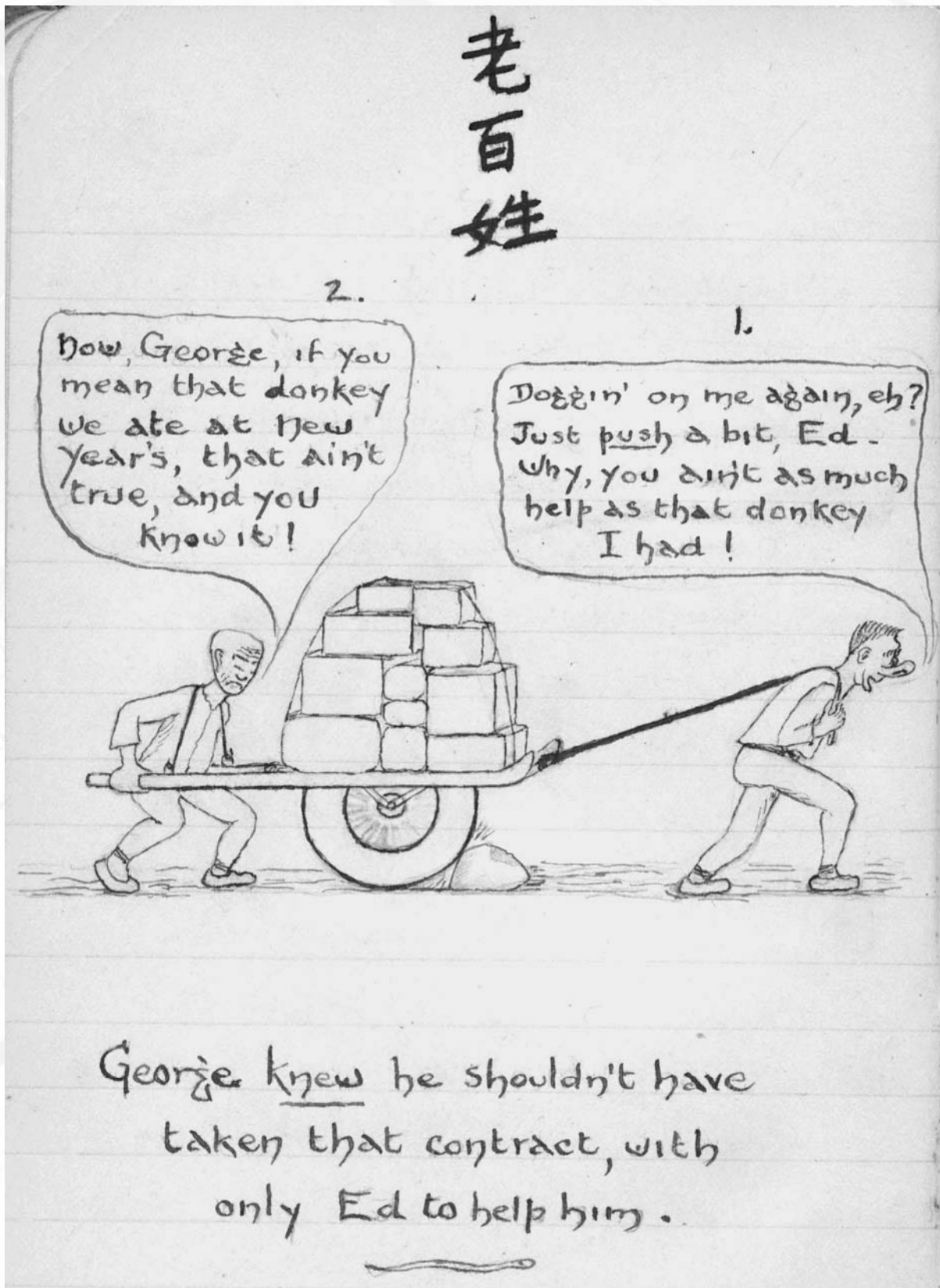


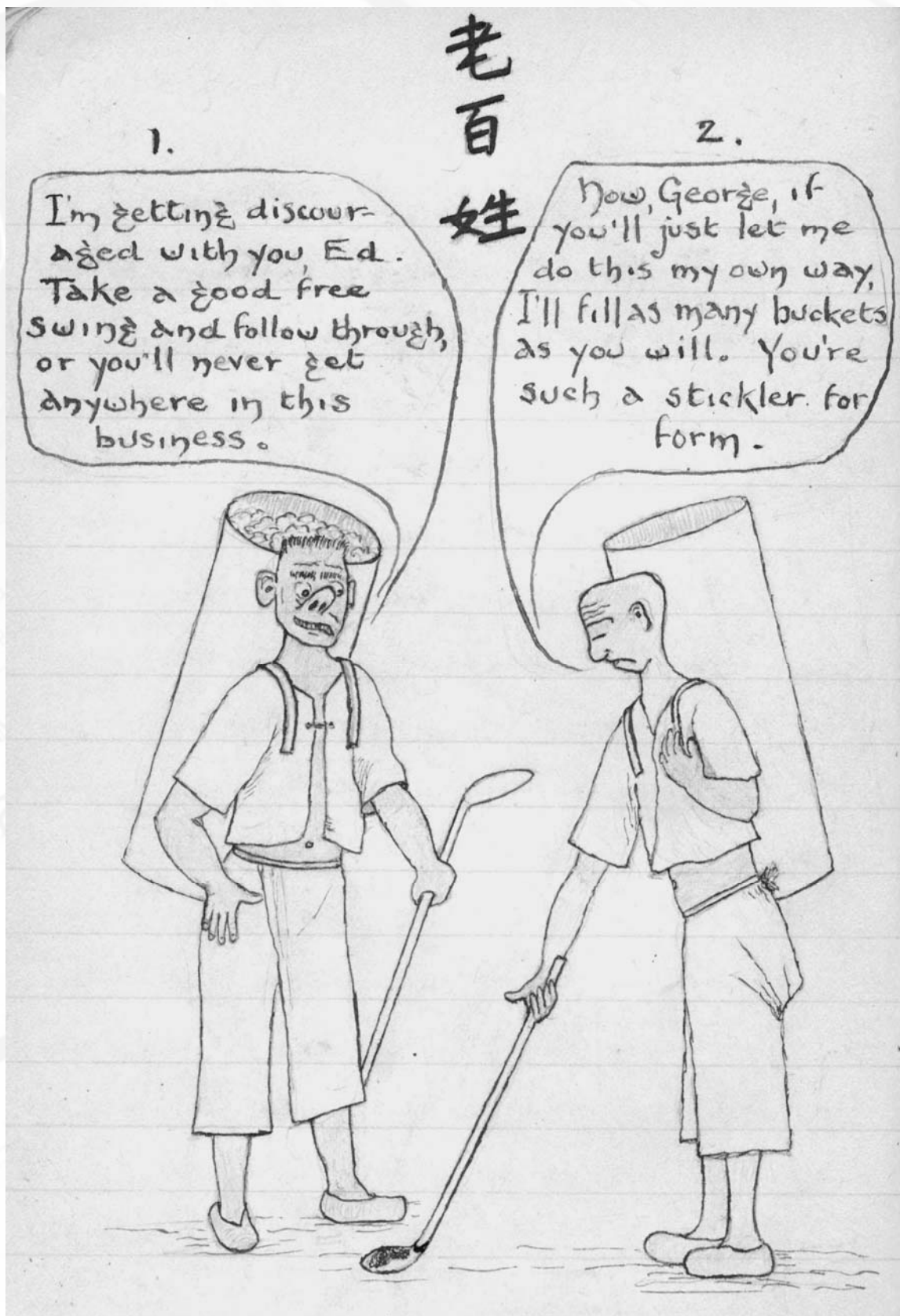
GRENADE HOUND.



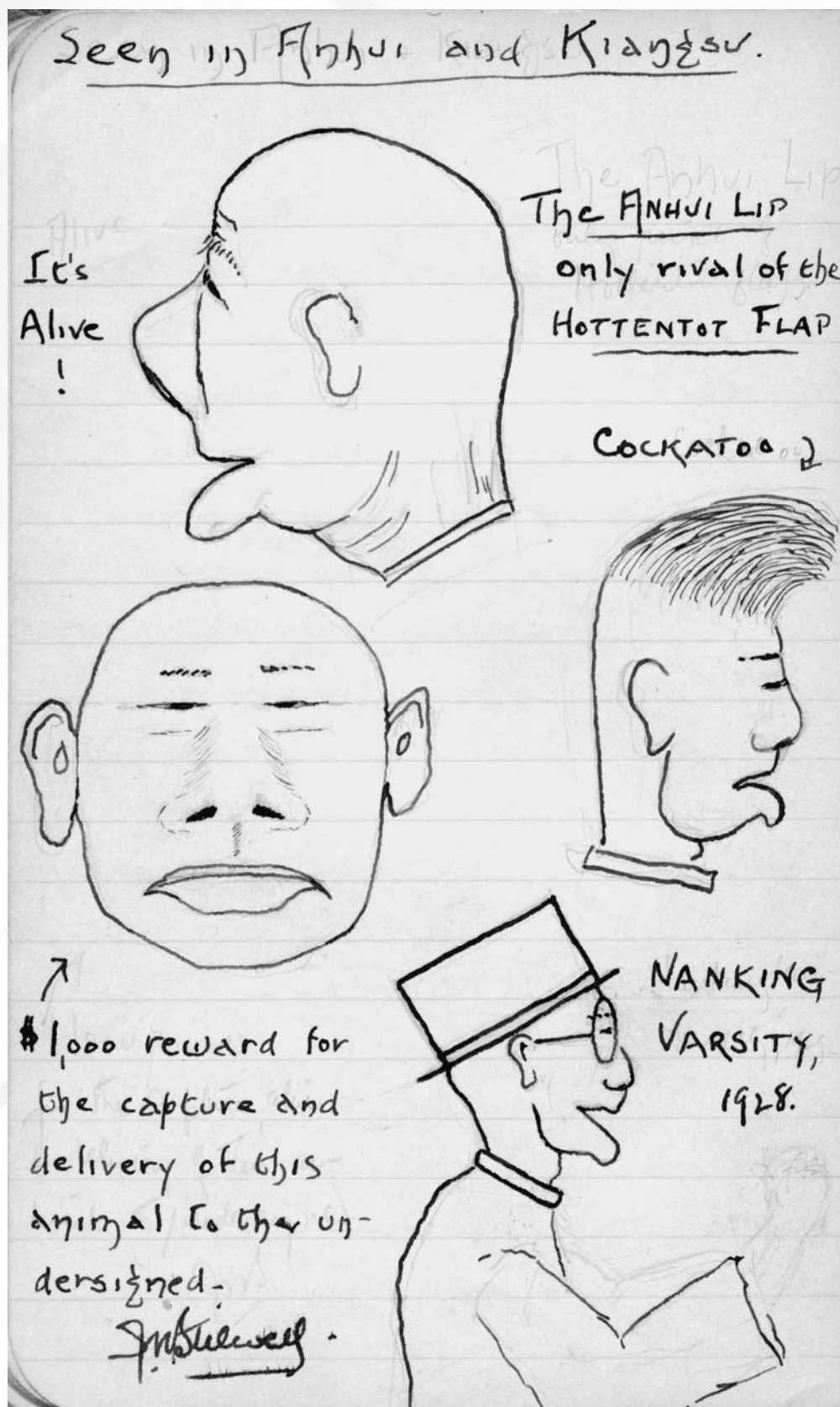












Mon Sept 5: [Korea and Japan] Ten Cho to Dairen only. Therefore I'll go by rail. To station at 10:30. – Reservation made for the 6th!!! Jesus to Jesus. Sit up all night again. Met Storck. Train crowded. Bunked in with Storck & a Hun, Dr. Eix. Got some sleep however.

Tues Sept 6: Saw Joe at Ch'inwangtao. He looks fine. On to Mukden. A Mr. Foltz – Standard Oil went part way. Big crops. Train full of conks & soldier lackeys. Basin full of goldfish in one compartment. Usual mutt “officers” – boy majors, etc. all very truculent & important. →The porter stored his bedding in my compartment for safety. “Chinese man very bad – Steal.” Imagine such pessimism. Arr. Mukden on time. Yamato Hotel porter stung me 1 yen on exchange. “O! that Chinese man! Very bad!” “Yes, isn't he naughty!” I tipped the bastard nothing, & told him not to let the naughty Chinese man cheat him any more. Walked around. Left at 11:00. 2d cl. very good. Even the 3d cl. beats Chinese 1st. Batch of recruits for Chang Tso Lin. 8 or 10 “instructors” yanking & yelling at them and they laughing.

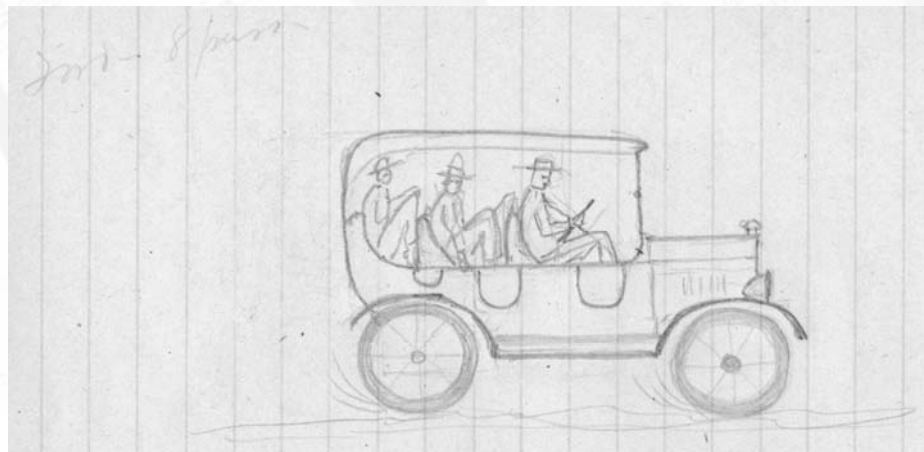
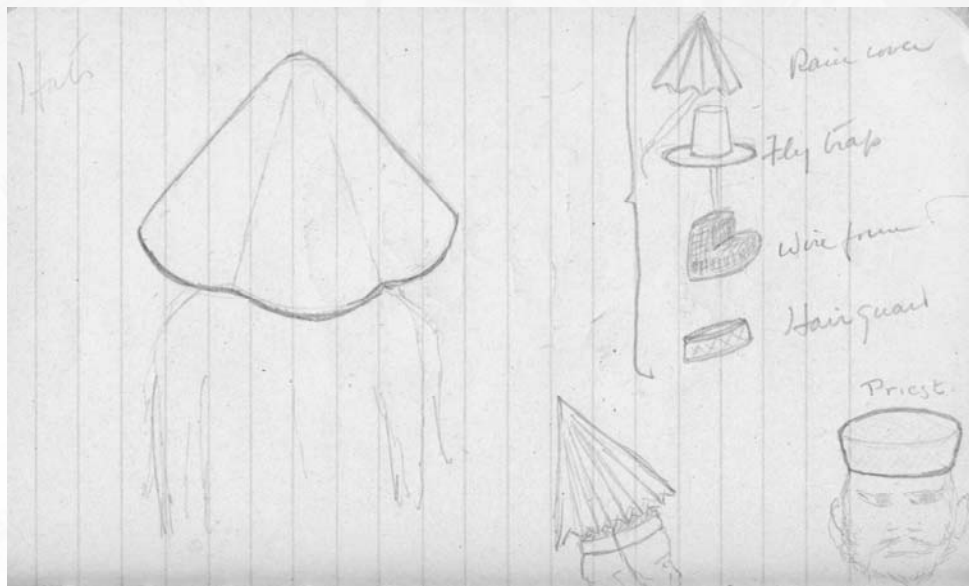
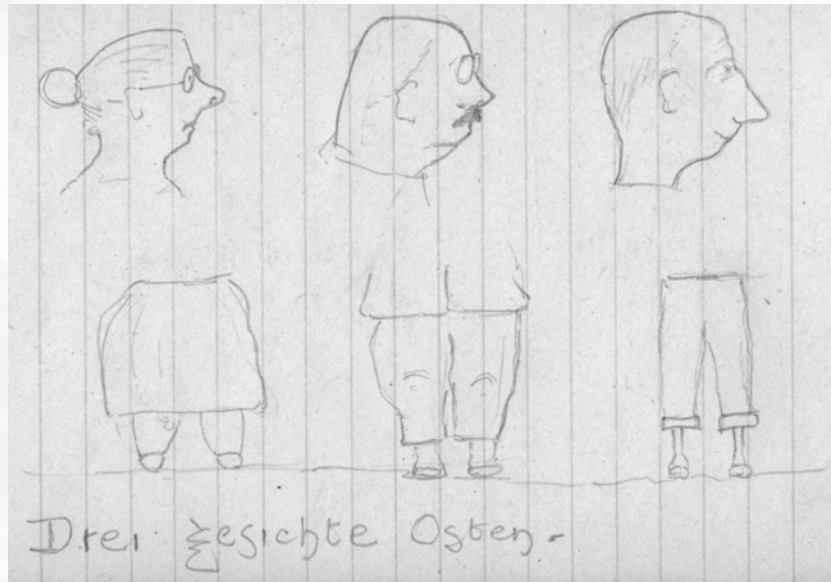
Wed Sept 7: Up about 7:00, near *An Tung* 安東. Crowd of missionaries going to a conference. Mr. Ross & Miss McLennan from Honan. All godly folk. They discussed God & Feng & the Methodists & got off childish “jokes” all the way down. Arr. Keijo 9:30. To Chosen Hotel with a jiggy.

Jap stations neat, flowers, a pine or maple on the platform.
Korean graves on hillsides – cleared grassy path leading up to them.
Pumpkin vines on Korean houses. Pumpkins on fences supported by cords & wooden rests.

Beautiful hilly country.
Old ruined walled town perched on hill.
Fish drive in river, 6 men abreast.
Lumber rafts on Yalu.
Bento: fish – beans – bamboo sprout – lotus root – salt veg. – meat – rubber – cheese – 40 sen.
Doot's remembrance – Pressed flowers.

Thurs Sept 8: Up at 5:45. Walked up on hill. Beautiful approach & layout of steps & temples. Back for breakfast. Blowout right after. – Left at 7:45 – & got on wrong train. Went to Shui Se Shuihoku. Obliging chan chang. Walked through villages & climbed hill for view over fields & river. Beautiful day. Back to Seoul at 11:30 – & out on mixto at 11:35. From Ryuzan at 12. – Big athletic lay out – b.b. track, pool, etc. Hay market, piles like balloons. – up along the river 50' flat boats – more hay. Hiroshige landscapes. At 1:00 P.M. about 1 mi. from E. gate of Seoul. Slow train – long waits. At E. gate a gang got on, filled the car. Very little smell. Clothes all clean. People mostly clean. Quiet lot. Very fine eyes uniformly, – open much wider than Chinese, some light brown. Flock of kids on & off train – 6 to 14 years. All interested in little tricks. (arm, disappear coin, makes faces, etc.)

– Koreans asleep with legs out of window. – Mr. Li – Korean school boy, finally got up his courage & tried Eng. No use. We got along in Chinese. An old red nosed Korean thereupon broke in in Chinese and we went along fine. Thought I was 50. – Rush of kids to watch writing of English by Li's hairy friend. – Up a long hard pull to high ground & Tetsugen. Foreigners coming out – all pricks. – Station master sent green hat to show me hotel – man at Seoul had telephoned for him to look out for me. – Walked over to Tetsugen proper. 1½ miles away.



Beautiful hills all around. Adventure with motorcycle being photographed. – They didn't know what to do when I butted in. Back to hotel at 7 and had chow – the usual attempt at foreign stuff (meat etc). Asleep at 8.

Fri Sept 9: Up at 7 & shaved. Fine day again. – Walked out west & had luck. – pot factory in full blast. Big shed, pots piled high in dim light pine branch thatch. Dim light – tins of charcoal hanging to keep clay warm – potter's wheels going. Working the clay – making the bologna rolls, building up a pot – roll after roll – patting it flat – turning the top. Decorating. Stored to dry & burned in a long sloping kiln. Cleaver workers. One bird was turning out 4 foot pots, one in ½ an hour.

On west – building a house. Our Carmel model – roof turned up at all corners. Pretty effect.

Everybody polite and quiet – No jamming around as in China. The Koreans seem to lack that intense curiosity. Have seen or heard no jaw fights. It's the land of the morning calm, all right.

On west, a reservoir – Jap progress. Engineering looks all wrong but there she is. Got back at 11 – Charged ¥3 for the night & 2 meals. 1¥ tip, not bad. Korean friend from So Bend, Indiana. Says Koreans accept Japs, but don't like 'em. Owns a lot in So Bend & can't sell it.

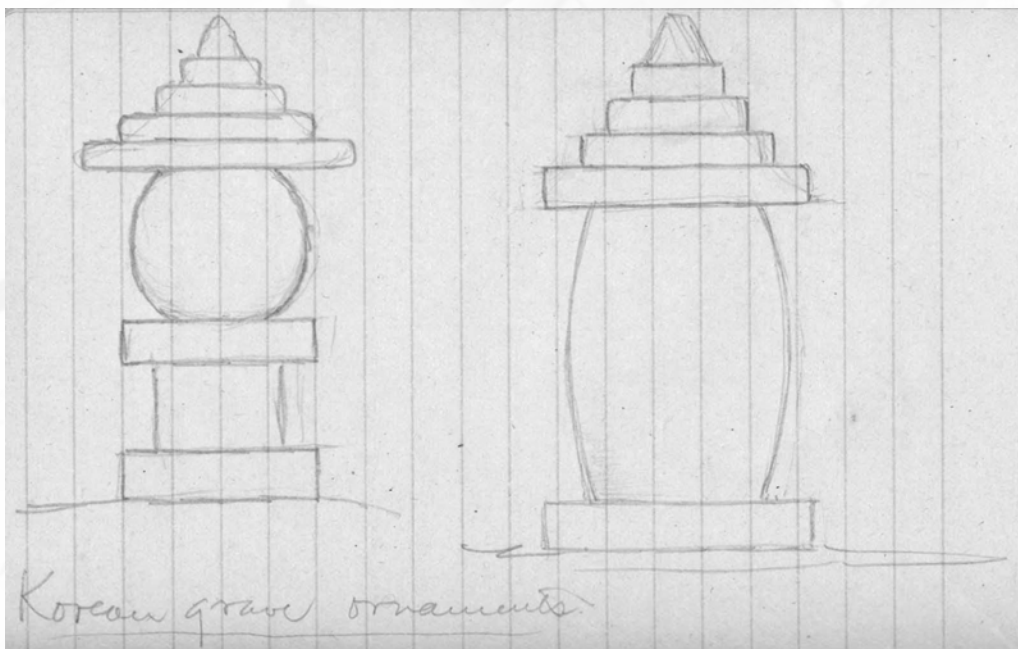
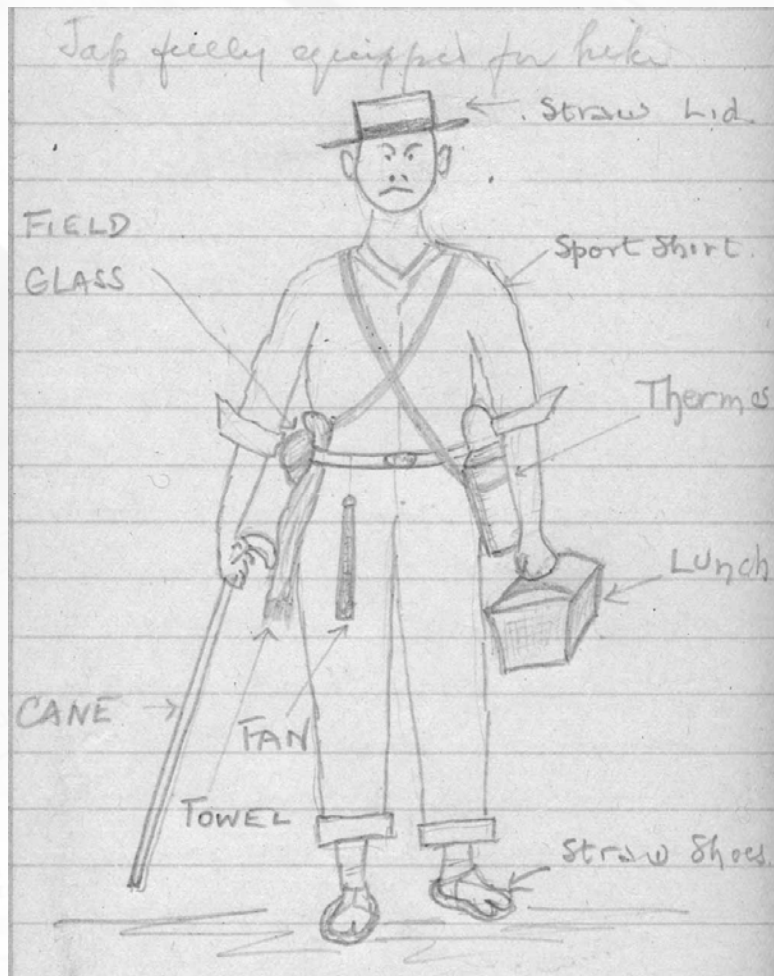
The Korean bull. Takes place of cart in China. Big loads. With him and the jiggy, why use railroads?

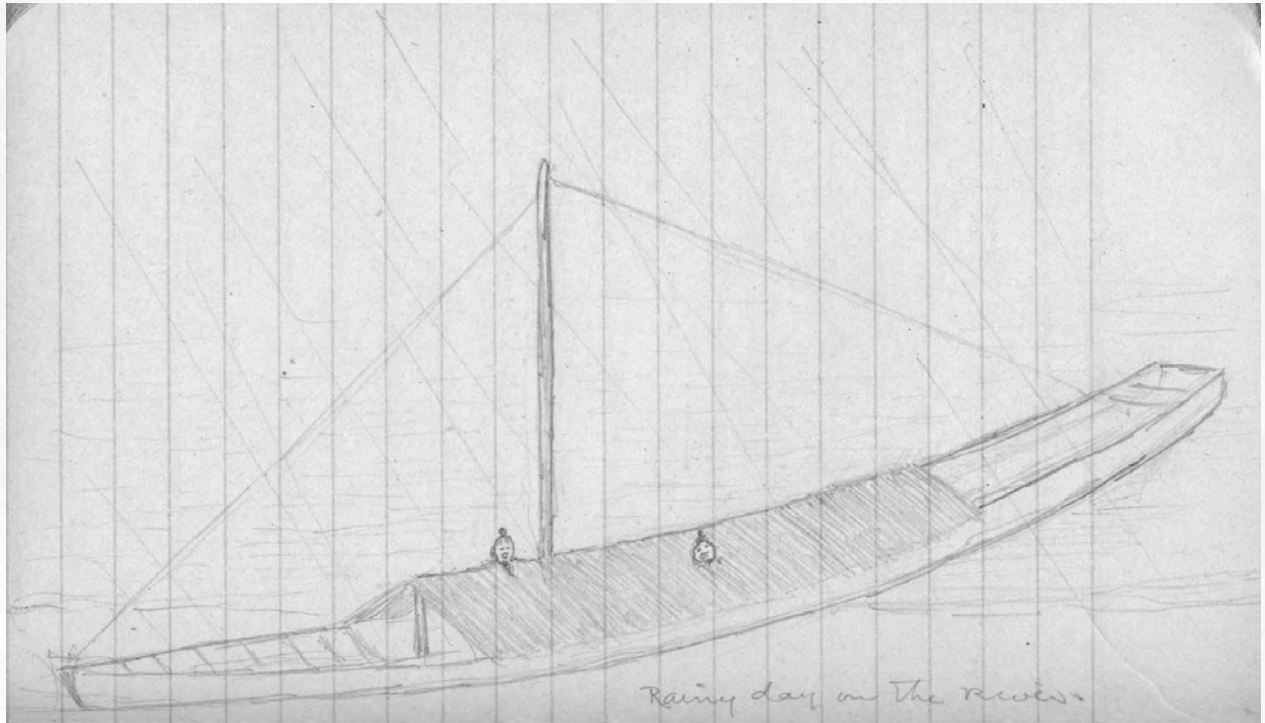
Off by electric at noon. Two Huns, man & wife got on. Behaved themselves 60 miles to Shodo. Beautiful ride through low hills. At Shodo got a “motor car” – Tried to put 3 in the middle seat. We sat tight & finally shoved off. A crazy wild Jap school boy driver – put on speed for all turns & wet places & down hill. Yelled at him & slapped him on the back. He calmed down some, but not much. Couldn't enjoy the scenery for fear of a crash. Four solid hours to Choanji. Arrived at dark. Two punctures. Gorgeous country. All streams have rocky beds & crystal clear water. Pine, oak, & chestnut on the hills – crisp weather, light rain. – The broken wooded grassy tree country we love. Have a fine dinner & to bed at 9.

Sat Sept 10: Up at 6 and had to climb out window to get out. Up to the monastery at Cho An Ji 長安寺 & back. Beautiful rocky stream. Breakfast at 7, & left with Chaw, guide at 8.

Reached ?? 軍台Bo Gun Dai at 11:30 & was well rewarded by the view. Pt. Lobos on the grand scale. Elevation about 2500 above hotel. – A bitch of a climb, hands & feet, & chains at the top. Past beautiful pools & through fine woods. Back half way for chow at 1 P.M. Took a plunge in the ice water, much to Chaw's surprise & sat on a rock naked eating lunch. Back to hotel – got some photos – had a bath. Walked around – kids playing prisoner's base. – Beautiful sunset light on hills. – Chow. Full moon – Friendly kids – say “thank you” for a nickel.

Sun Sept 11: The old legs seem all right. – Up at 6 – chowed. Saw the Dutch & British off – (8 in the car) – & left with Fishface at 7:25 – up past Chang On Ssü & Shinkeiji to Maka En – The most beautiful wild scenery I ever cast eyes on. The clear water forms pool after pool all the way, with falls between. Circular eddys have cut holes in the rock. – Immense boulders in the stream. Only a picture can describe it – we stopped at pool after pool and looked. Each one prettier than the last. Emerald green water – smooth clean rocks – cliffs running up, sheer for 100's of feet – pines everywhere. Got to Maka En (nothing) at 10:15 & climbed a crag above it. (Hakumedo). Gorgeous view in every direction. Felt like sitting on top of a flag pole. Down to



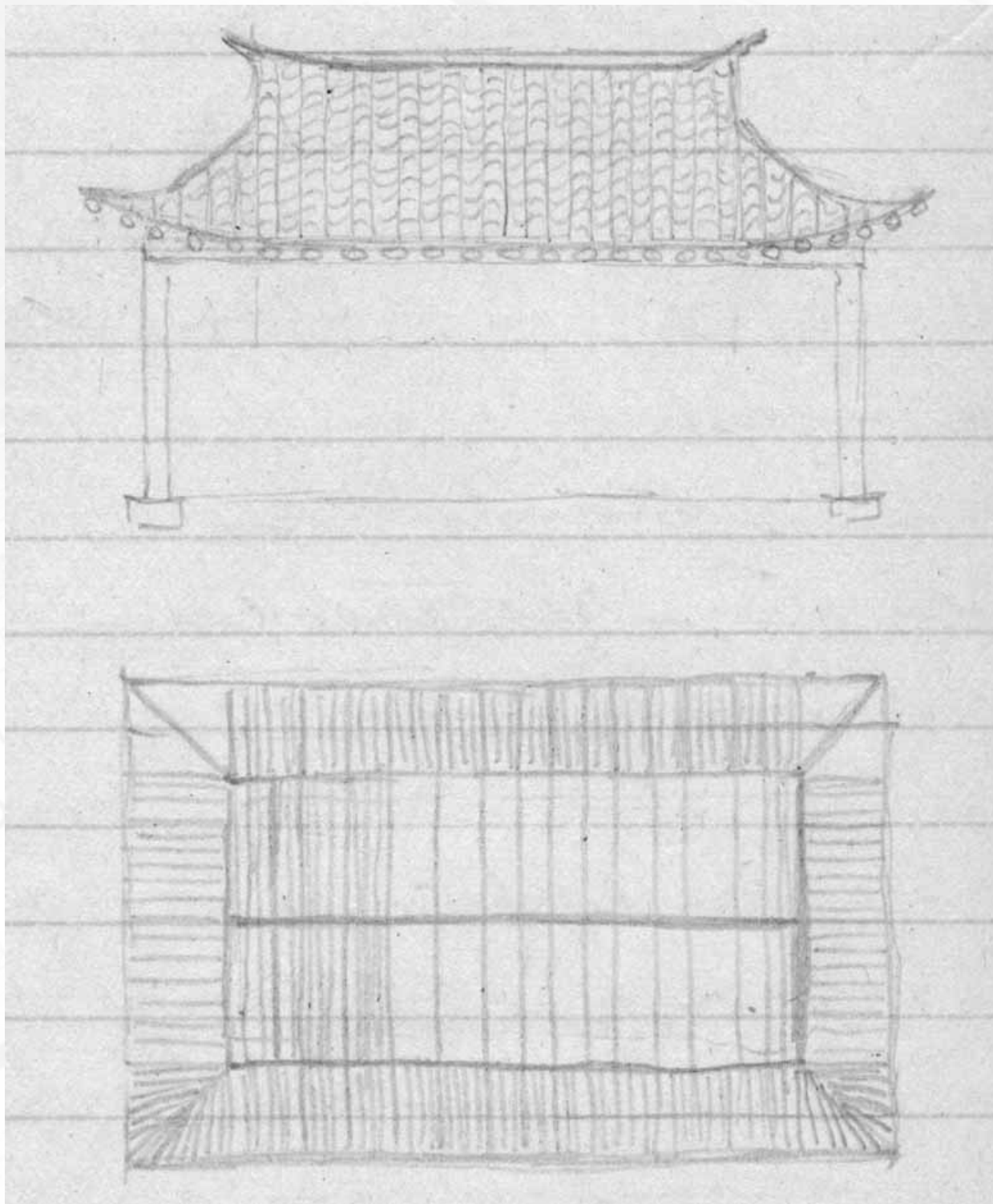


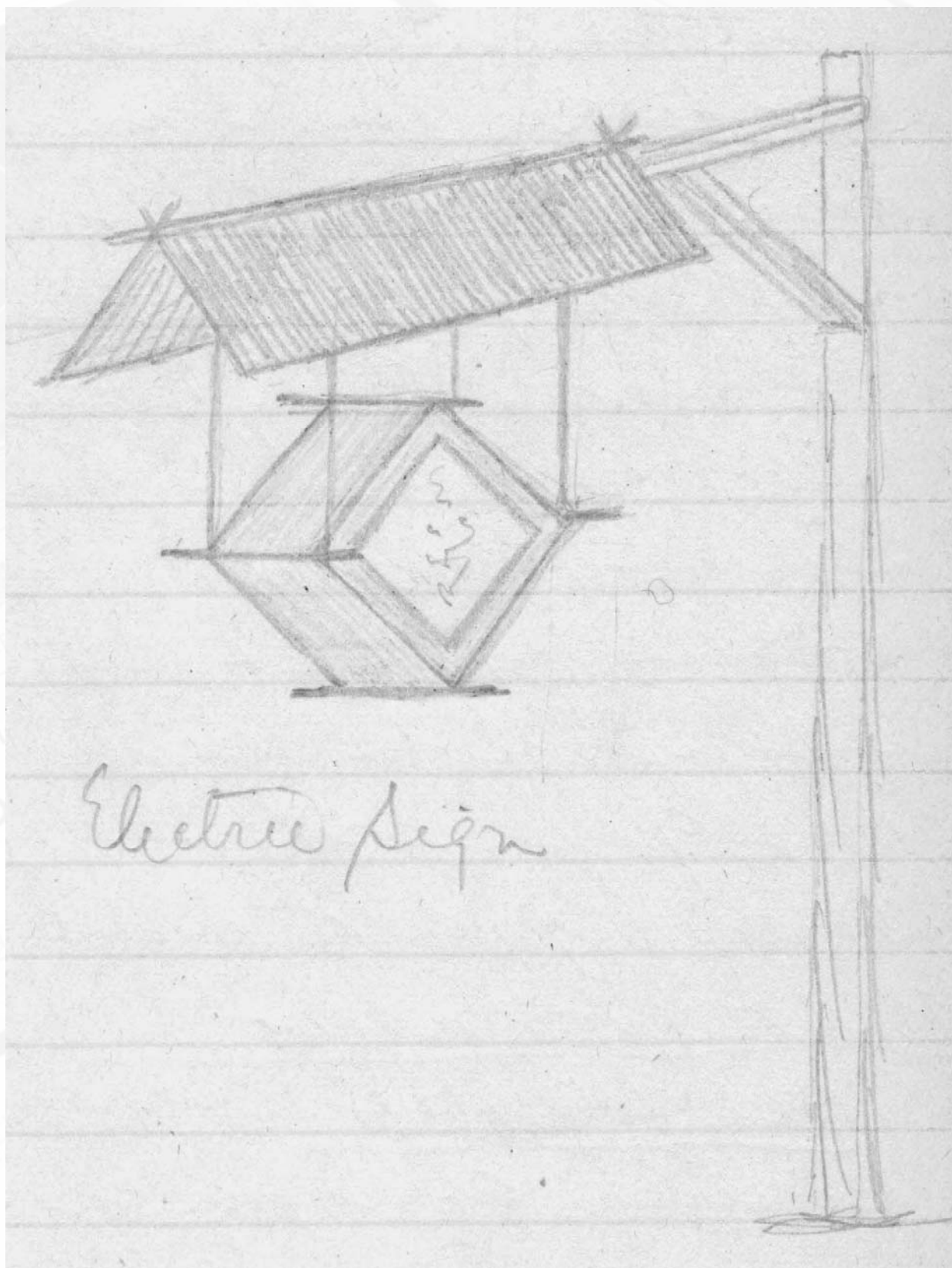
the “hotel” at noon – chow – hell of a time asking for mushrooms, & finally carved a potato to show them. – Some fat horse’s ass came in on a chair & spoiled the place, so we beat it. Chair coolies gambling – simply dealt cold hands with 25 sticks, 5 apiece. Fishface is weary to-day. I left him behind, but he managed to hurry up & get his tip before I took a bath. Gorgeous autumn day. Dozed around. The bear out back – kids playing around. Korean kids are always running. Fine dinner. Paid bill (40 ¥ inc. 7.30 tips). Arranged to go to Onseiri.

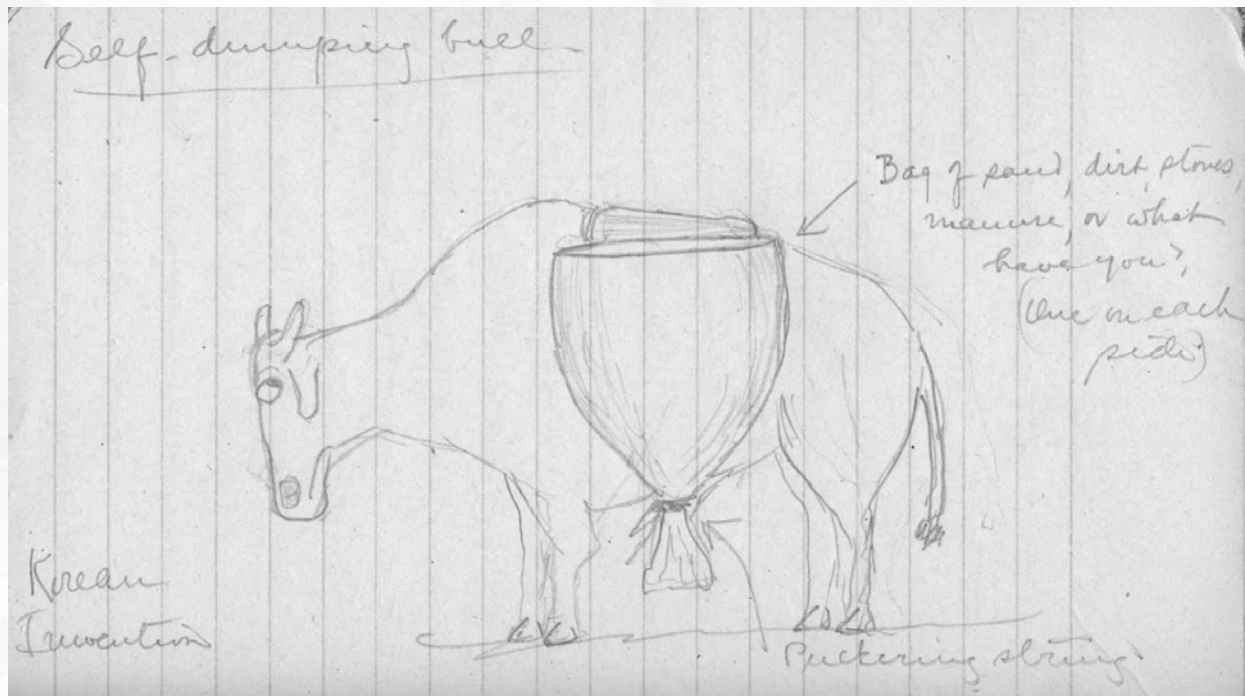
Mon Sept 12: up at six, (No “ch’u kung” since Seoul!!) “Motorcar” late – finally off at 9:15 with a good driver & in the front seat. – Crossed one divide and then turned north up a pretty valley & at 10:15 came to the busted bridge at Kando. Out came a jiggy man; we saddled up, & off we went – in the rain. Some service the Japs give you. On the motor road to Shim Po Ri (Hsin Fêng Li) and then by trail over the mountain. In 1 hour from Shimpori, we came out at the top of the divide looking down to Onseiri. Recognized the little wayside temple at once. Chowd at the pass (12:30), and at 3:00 reached the hotel. Jim the jiggy man tried to make it ¥2.50 – but didn’t quite do it. “Sorry, the engine is broken, & there is no bath.” The “pool” turns out to be a big tub with rocks on the bottom. Got a hot soak in the tub after a walk through town & up to the little Shinto shrine. A Jap “shiriodo” is here – quartered in the primary school. They have lectures, take walks, & howl all night – singing song & yelling Hai p’a – Hai p’a endlessly. About 150 of them. Sort of a Chautauqua affair. Town full of inns & curio stores – curios being local wood & rock, & pictures.

Tues Sept 13: Looks like rain. Woke up with a rotten cold. Haven’t crapped since last Thursday. Breakfast at 6:30. Off at 7 to Kyurya-En. Sinkeiji temple & grounds very pretty. Good path up the gorge. The usual gorgeous water & views at every turn. Arrived at falls at 9:08. – Stayed till 9:30. Back at hotel at 11:20 (Called a six-hour trip.) Up near the falls the path is partly on logs pinned to the face of the rock. The falls are a fine sight. Didn’t know till later that they are as near Choanji as they are Onseiri – Maka-En just over the hill – But what a hill! Stopped for a drink on way down. Korean woman who looked 18 & had 4 kids, was having trouble with her clock which wouldn’t stop ringing. Passed the two fat slob Japs with a retinue of chair men & coolies, also the stubby little Jap with the foreign clothed, she-jap. (Only the coolies are simpatico to me.) – As I got back the shirioda started up in full cry – cameras, of course. Had a bath & shave & after lunch a CRAP. Hallelujah. I was worried over my bowels. – Got off at 4:00 in a hell bent Ford & made the boat handily. The mgr. had written a letter about redeeming my ticket & a boy went down to get it indorsed at Changen. 100 ton motor S.S. took us to Gensan. Beautiful evening views. Service again. Tea & champagne wafers – blanket over me as I lay there getting cold – etc. Into Gensan bay by moonlight & kicked out to station, misdirected about ½ mile. Got after station master & much to my surprise, he handed over about 9 yen without demur. Got an upper to Seoul & had a good night.

Wed Sept 14: Up early. Raining. At Seoul on time of course. For 1.00 ¥ had a fine foreign breakfast at the station. And a crap. Two days running. Checked bags. Walked around. Hit on a Korean shop with oodles of chests, – all high 150-180, is nothing for a real old one. (Old wood, new brass.) – Got the little kids some amber & got a hat. To hotel, letter from Win. Chao fired. Ha –Ha. Got my laundry & beat it to station. Tried to get by without express ticket. The usual Jap official rushed out & bought it for me. Nice ride to Fusan. Trip a success so far. Arrived at 8:00 at the pier. Great sight to see the crowd loading. Long line of 3rd class. Many







Koreans are carrying an old woman on his back. Spick & span boat, everybody on the jump. Got my money changed – had a good bath & turned in – (After we had left the harbor.) The 2 tugs quietly standing by, ready to pull her away from the pier at 9:30. Not a sound. Off at 9:30, of course.

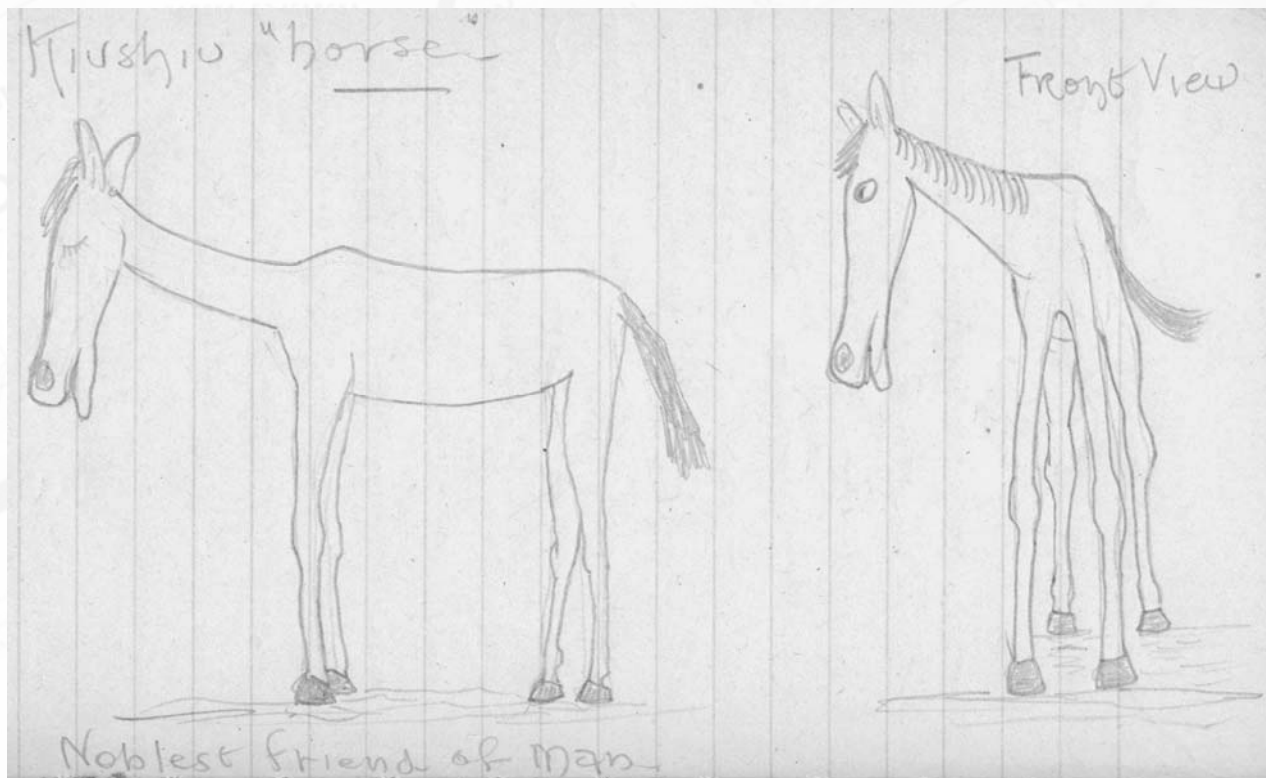
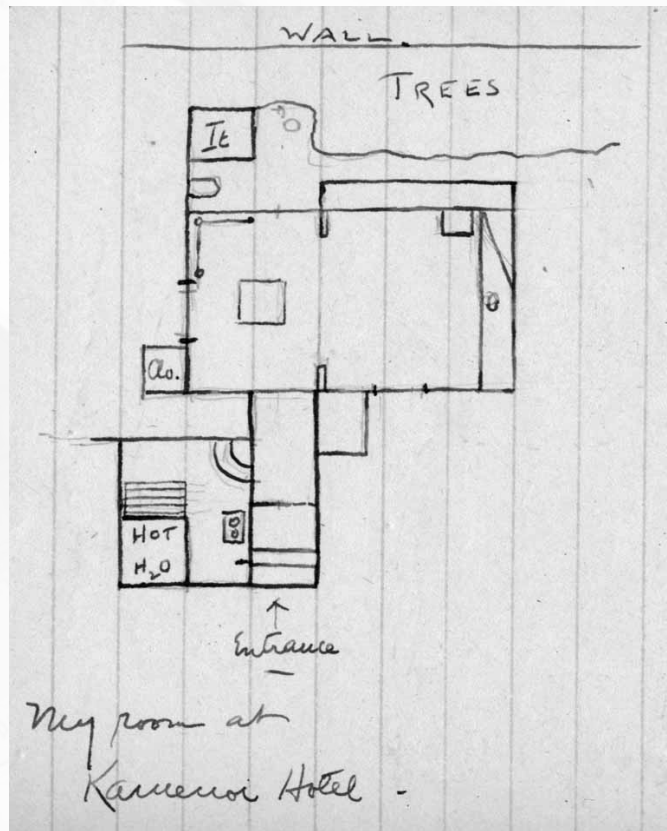
Thurs Sept 15: Up & shaved. Saw the sunrise – Pretty sight coming through the straits. Docked at 7. – Passport stuff. – Last night the passport man already had my name in his little book. – Got the ferry for Moji – & got the 9:05 out. (Breakfast on board at 6:30. – 2 o-ba-na-nas at 8, & some ice cream at 9, & a bento at 11:30. Pretty trip to Beppu. To Kamenoi Hotel, Mme Aburaga showed me around & I took an outside Jap style. – Changed clothes & started out. Beppu is crammed with jimcrack seaside stores. Cake & candy places, etc. Very interesting streets. The water front is a frost. I hiked up to a Shinto temple with some beautiful trees. – giant camphor & cryptomeria. And on up a rocky trail to God knows where. At the top had a drink & then came down. My damned old big toe, left side is given me hell. Got a good HOT soak followed by a cold hose & felt like a million \$ – Phoned for chow to be sent over & had fish (2 kinds) chicken, beans, chestnuts, cucumbers, etc. with rice. – Turned in early & snoozed some.

Fri Sept 16: (My four bag carriers at Fusan.) Korean kids. Bright & simpatico. Not like Jap kids. – Up at 6. Good chow. Down to the boat at 8. Farewell ceremony with paper streamers from friends on dock unrolled as boat pulled out. – Back & changed clothes – up to Ojigoku & the big “hot” on the trail. A bunch of syphilitics boiling out. On over to Kamagawa – arrived at 1 P.M. (Hiking since 9:30) – Lunch of cider & wheat cakes. Some Jap boys came by who actually had a sense of humor. Rested till 2 – back to the hotel at 3:30 along the shore. Had another red hot bath & stubbed my poor toe as I got out. Jesus. Chow at 6:30. – (Rained as soon as I got in.) Chestnuts – sweet smoked fish – cucumbers – boiled fish – pork balls – & and some other stuff – all good. Two figs for dessert. I can now say “Call a cop.” (Junsa wo yonde koi) All set for Miyajima. I hope there is a boat.

Sat Sept 17: There is. Up early & off popular. Big chow. At boat a streamer farewell. Went 2nd Cl. which was correct. Left at 8, & had a wonderful sail to Miyajima (4:30). Inland sea all the way. All kinds of islands. Fishermen out pulling nets, & beating the water to scare the fish back in. (Hiroshige print.) Rained as I got off. Sprinkled all day. Went to the usual little inn under the paddle temple, & they remembered me. Changed at once & beat it up the mountain. Got on a new trail. 1 hour up. The old legs are under me now. Beautiful place & no doubt. For curried & combed & arranged beauty, Miyajima has them all beat. Deer in the streets. Shops all open. Streets clean sand. It makes you want to bring the gang & just lie around. Had a bath in the family tub & they all came in to see how I was getting along. – A wonderful blowout today, as result of 1 vegetable pill yesterday (2 derby hats.) Figs at Beppu, “O-bananas”, the fish & vegetable arcade. Vegetable auction. Fish – (balloon) – prawns – crabs – lobsters – eels, etc., etc. Turned in at 9 – Raining hard.

Sun Sept 18: Walked before breakfast. This place is being built up more & more – improvements on waterfront, parks, etc.

Priest graft – chanting in front of shops. Of course, it's the shrine that brings most of the customers, so the priests go around & hold 'em up.



Over to the hotel, paddle temple, etc. & then up the hill. Not so spry to-day. Beautiful weather luckily – though the view was partly spoiled by teaching a Jap vendor to say “toilet” & “water closet.” Many people out today – Service at the Buddhist temple. Some guy was getting his money’s worth in drumming & chanting & bell ringing & praying. – Tame deer; ate raisins out of my hand. Back thro. Momijitami Park & chow at 2 P.M. – Shaved. Out at 4 & strolled till 6 – Bath – chow – Beat it at 8. Last sight of Miyajima, lights on the trail just showing. Got an upper to Kobe.

Mon Sept 19: Kobe at 6:12 – Dead so early in the A.M. Located N.Y.K. office – (open at 9) & then rustled chow – coffee & toast at a bakery just below old Pleasanton, which looks dingy enough now. Down & out like lower Woodworth Ave. Happy days gone by. Got a Jap to put new rubber heels on my shoes before he ate breakfast. Gave ’em a shine & now I don’t try to hide my feet. Bummed around docks till 9. Not N.Y.K. but K.Y.K. Got passage for ¥63. (Terrible) on Hokurei Maru day after to-morrow. To Saunoneiya station & caught 9:59 for Kyoto. Rainy. Kobe & Osaka almost touch. At Kyoto at noon & walked by instinct bang into Kiyomizu. Affable Jap showed me around. Found the little curio shop on the steep street. Went to Chion In. Went on looking for Nomura & Bang! SHINMONZEN & then S. NOMURA. Went in & went crazy at once. (He will take a check.) On to Tsuruki’s – prints, boxes & ivory. Then hunted the Sawabun. Finally ran it down. A beautifully clean place, changed shoes & socks & walked all around this section of town. Fish & vegetable arcade, fan shop, paper shop etc. etc. At 5:30, realized I hadn’t eaten anything to-day. Hot bath at 6 & chow at 7. Kyoto is as charming as ever. Same temples & woods on hills & little balconies with plants over the canals.

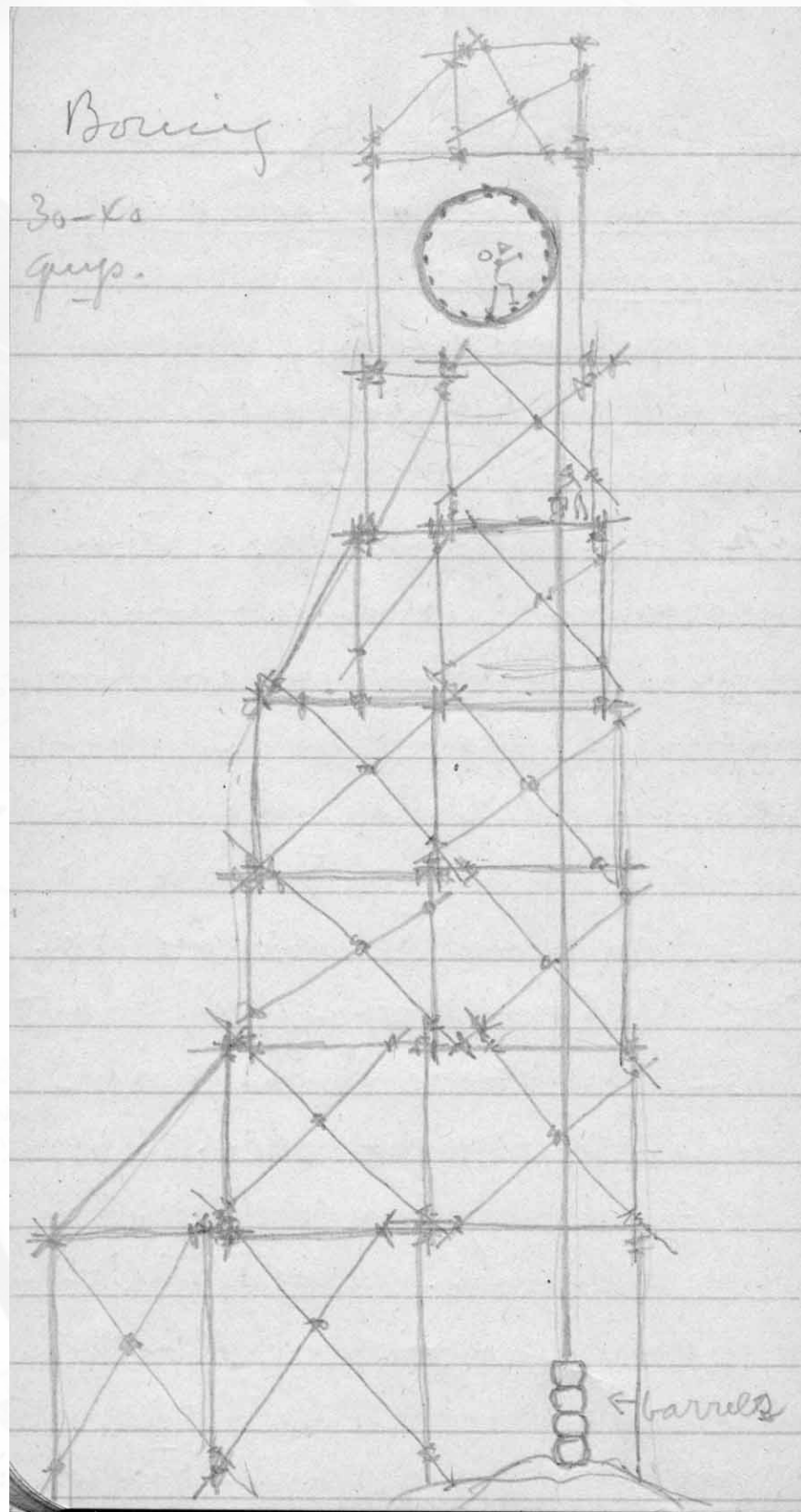
(Affable priest at Itsukushima. We had quite a talk about the fishermen.

Incense burning on fish stands to cut the odor.

→Wonderful chow. Nice lacquer dishes. All fish of course – chestnuts, soup, rice, lobster & pear.

Walked from 8-10 & went crazy some more. Night crowd out. Shops all lighted. A fascinating place to roam around.

Tues Sept 20: Coffee and toast. Out at 8 & strolled till 3 P.M. when I got a haircut. Back at 5 for 5. – Got a lacquer tea caddy at Tsuruki’s, bamboo skag holder at Kimura’s – paid bill at Nomura’s & went up and strolled around Chion In & the pigeon temple. Got an agate fish in the little steep street & some clay figures on Teapot Alley. The old boy finished his chow before he’d come out. Meticulous care in marking & wrapping. Left umbrella & sweater & on to Kiyomizu. A lot of women were standing under the three waterfalls & praying while the water splashed on them. Undoubtedly made them feel good. Bought a pear and ate it slowly so I could watch the proceedings. Changed their wet nightshirts for dry one right out in the open. On around up the hill & back thro. Kiyomizu. Picked up stuff & on to Yoshido’s – got a cloisonné vase. Much imitation Chino cloisonné here. Terrible. None of the best Nara stuff. Got a haircut & shampoo by a boney handed barber. Back for a hot soak at 5. Chow at 7. Raw fish dipped in mustard & Chiang, smoked fish, fish in the soup, & a sort of soufflé fish, sliced duck & figs. O, boy. – Kicked hell out of my poor toe & the nesan rushed up with adhesive & slapped it on. This will either kill or cure – kill, probably. – Clothes all washed, including clean socks. – Walked all evening; (doll store – orangeade.)







Wed Sept 21: Up at 6 & coffee at 6:30. To station in a Ford, accompanied by the nesan who had to go the whole way to do me honor. Going away towel from the other nesan. Everyone very pleasant & apparently sorry to see the crazy foreigner go. At station at 7:14 – caught 7:18 after rushing around like a chicken, looking for the ticket office, & doing a beautiful flop on my ass on the slippery slimy pavement. Well, I got the train & arr at Kobe at 9:15, salvaged my bag, got a kuruma & went to the dock & on board the Hokurei Maru. Usual steamer farewell. (Also “Paul” somebody, a nice young fellow came down to see “Willard” off. Stood & waved his hat & his hand for about an hour.) – All P.M. through beautiful scenery in the Inland Sea. – I stayed out on deck at night on a wicker couch chair. Rainy.

Thurs Sept 22: Cleared up. In to the straits at 6:30 & at Moji at 7. Fusan boat just in at Shimonoseki. Went ashore at 8:30 & walked up to Horse Temple & out to the tea house & temple at the strait. Back & around town. Met the two wet men of God up on the hill south of town & took them on up to the top. Down to the 11:30 boat which we missed. Walked till 12:30 & then went out. – Sailed at 2 – Anchorage had about 15 ocean going ships. Outside the straits it was rough & the water came right over the boat deck at times. Little Willard took one look at the fish at dinner time & took it on the run, closely followed by Mrs. Tightass the long nosed son of a bitch. None of them was seasick of course. They had all gotten off the stuff about being the only ones at meals except the ship’s officers. Little Willard Simpson, my cozy roommate, is some sort of forestry bug. The long nosed mongoose is a missionary from Pao Ting Fu. And they are a congenial pair of pricks. – Went up on deck at midnight, but gave up & turned in below.

Fri Sept 23: Fine day. Off S.W. tip of Korea among the islands. Had a bath. Breakfast at 8:30 is terrible. – Left land behind about 2 P.M. Smooth as glass. Much worried by the S.O.B. Jap who walks on his heels & thinks he is Christ’s brother – name is Shiba, “merchant” in Tientsin. Affected horse’s ass. It develops that Mrs. Tightass hates missionaries. One bond between us. Slept below.

Sat Sept 24: Beautiful day. Raised Shantung early, & passed Wei Hai Wei about 9:00. The Galt missionary has a cabin all to himself, begod. – Sanborn still runs the Pleasanton in Kobe, & the missionaries run it all over him. Kanizawa, acc. to Mrs. Tightass is completely owned by them. In at 6:00 A.M. tomorrow.

