

In the spring I made a trip east by rail, On the Southern Pacific Railway. I passed Chocolate mountain with lifelike chocolate colored cube shaped rocks scattered over the top as though some giant had emptied a bag full of giant chocolates.

I stopped at San Antonio to see Miss Kethly who was recovering from her dread experience with cholera and visiting two cousins there. She seemed to be well and later returned to the College. I saw the Alamo and the other old missions and also had a real Mexican dinner in an old restaurant.

Then on through the huge state of Texas over 900 miles from El Paso to the Louisiana line. I stopped over a day and a night in New Orleans (in the Roosevelt Hotel) ate breakfast in a French restaurant, took a tour of the old square with houses with iron grills, the Cemetery wholly above ground, the great park with the old live oak trees with moss hanging from the branches.

I had a good visit at the Southern Baptist Bible School where one of Miss Kethley's aunts is house mother. The students do a lot of very successful home mission work among Jews and Catholics.

From here I went to Tuskegee to see the famous school founded by Booker T. Washington. On the little train from the main line to Tuskegee the only other passenger was a young candy salesman of European origin from New Orleans. He said the people at Tuskegee were nice but the trouble was they wanted to shake hands!

I was met on the campus by the youngest son of Booker Washington who introduced me to his widowed mother and conducted me over the campus with its workshops and many fine buildings built by the students.

I saw George Washington Carver and much to my surprise he was the only really black person that I saw among faculty or students. The Business Manager had red hair and beard. There was a fine statue of Mr. Washington on the campus.

From Tuskegee I got back on the main line and resumed my journey to Atlanta. All through the deep south there were more white people in the cities and many places one saw only negroes in the country. In Louisiana there were old columned plantation houses with a cluster of negro cabins built in the cheapest manner apparently with one good sized room and a lean to kitchen behind just as in slavery days and in good repair.

At the convention I was assigned to the home of Judge Ganz, a fine Presbyterian layman who resented the presence of a Northern Presbyterian church in Atlanta. There are no Northern Baptist churches in the South except in some of the border states like Missouri and Maryland.

During my stay in the Judge's home they invited the brother of Carter Helm Jones who is a pastor in Atlanta and their Presbyterian pastor to dinner. My stay in this hospitable home was very pleasant. The Judge said he liked to entertain missionaries for the sake of their children, a fine young man and woman. He said he was going to write to the editor of the "Atlanta Constitution" suggesting that he come out for Coolidge. (Now 1950, the Southern Dixiecrats are voting with the Republicans on all conservative matters.)

While here I went out seven miles to see Stone Mountain where the head of Lee had been cut in the face of the cliff; there was also the outline of the whole of Lee's staff on horseback on the cliff. But Borghum and the committee had had a violent disagreement and he had destroyed his sketches and left. (Later he did the heads of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt at Mt. Rushmore in the Black Hills.)

I ate dinner one day with Lottie Ufford's brother, Charley Hartwell a missionary in Shantung. I also saw other Southern Baptist missionaries from China.



The Convention was quite interesting and very enthusiastic but too large to work democratically. As usual, they made me an accredited delegate representing the College.

I met Miss Kethley's Aunt Marg, a Mississippi state worker. Her aunts resemble her especially in their apparently fine character.

I visited Richmond a number of times to attend College board meetings, staying in the Hotel Richmond on the old square. In an avenue there is an equestrian statue of Lee on his favorite horse Traveller. But there is no statue of Jeff Davis. Nobody loved him. In the old capitol building in the old square I saw a picture of Governor Joseph Johnson, my father's foster father, and had a photographer copy it. Just off the square is the governors' mansion built of wood where the "Old Governor" held forth. The governor's family were on vacation so the old negro in charge pointed out a beautiful cherry side table that he said was there since before Johnson's time.

Dr. Ray drove me out past old Libby prison and the graveyard where the famous negro preacher, John Jasper, was buried and then to the little old Episcopal Church where the Virginia Colonial Assembly met and the very pew where Patrick Henry uttered the famous words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

I went down to Norfolk and visited Hampton Institute with all its interesting work with its all white teachers because they said the negroes were so badly needed elsewhere. I ate with students and heard them Sing the Hampton grace. They gave me a copy and we have sung it often since.

Before we left China I was commissioned by the Association of College Presidents to request President Coolidge to reappoint Judge , judge of the American court in China. I requested and received permission to call on the President which I proceeded to do when I reached Washington. When I approached the door of the White House offices, the door was opened and there confronted me two huge uniformed guards. I told them my name and was ushered into the large office of the President's secretary. Very soon a fine looking gentleman in civilian clothes entered and I was sure I knew who he was because I had often seen his picture and he looked much like Dr. Paul Munroe of Teachers' College. Then there came in two Catholic priests in black gowns. After waiting some time my turn came and I was ushered into the President's office. He shook hands and asked me to sit. I then proffered my request. He replied that he thought that ten years was long enough (he was appointed to a post in the Caribbean). I arose to go and he kept me for another fifteen minutes while he asked me questions about China.

As I came out the Secretary said to the gentleman who came in after me, "It's your turn, General", and so I knew he was General Pershing.

While in Washington one of our alumni who worked in the Chinese Embassy took me to the Embassy and introduced me to the Ambassador. I visited the Lincoln-Oldroyd Museum, the house in which Lincoln died which was then the property of Gertrude Oldroyd's relatives.

I stopped in Philadelphia and saw Faneuil Hall and other sites as well as the headquarters of the American Baptist Publication Society.

I went on to New York and then to Chicago where I attended Convocation (Commencement) and the President of the University insisted on my marching in the procession, although I was the only person without a gown.



From Chicago I went to Milwaukee to attend the Northern Baptist Convention. Dr. Gilkey was on the train and I was assigned top room with Moody of Africa; the man with the whiskers and the most dynamic missionary speaker I ever knew. He became a good friend.

After visiting our relatives I went back to California by way of San Francisco and Palo Alto to see Wilcox about returning. He introduced me to Pres. Ray Lyman Wilbur and later Secretary of the Interior in Pres. Hoover's Cabinet. What a fine campus has Stanford. They were just having an exhibit of Mark Twain material including an envelope addressed to his wife on which he had scrawled, "Opened by mistake to see what was inside."

While I was away the family made a trip to Big Bear, Gilbert driving the somewhat perilous road. He is an excellent driver. Once we went up into the High Sierras to look for a summer job for him, he doing the driving through the most perilous slushy road to a ranger station without mishap. (With our hearts in our mouths.)



## Chapter 23

THE FIRST CHINESE PRESIDENT OF A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

1928

When the time came to sail, Philip, Gilbert and I left Edith in Upland and drove to San Francisco. On our way to the dock on one of the angling crossings where you couldn't tell whether to stop or go, we went and a policeman blew his whistle and as we drew up, shouted, "Where are you from?" I meekly replied, "Upland, California." He probably said under his breath "country hicks" but motioned us on and we put the Dodge on the dock to be hoisted into the hold without crating at a charge of only \$85.00 instead of the \$140.00 we had paid for the Model T Ford in 1917. (Plus boxing).

We also bought bicycles for the boys at Wards and made the journey across the Pacific without our "Mother". She came a month or two later with Gertrude Oldroyd in order to avoid the damp heat of Shanghai.

We didn't have any trouble with our car in San Francisco. But now we had a-plenty getting it through the customs in Shanghai. I finally had to turn it over to an English firm and they got it through and put it in condition to run.

Edith arrived the last of October and then we had Mission Conference and guests from America; the Pierces from Minneapolis and Dr. and Mrs. Laws from New York. Not long ago Dr. Laws let the Fundamentalists edit the Watchman one week with mourning lines about every page telling of the sins of the Liberals and with confidential letters which Dr. Franklin's secretary had stolen from his files. I was proud to be one in such distinguished company as Dr. Burton and many others.

When Dr. Laws came to the Campus he laughed it off as a joke! Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Laws were fine. Dr. and Mrs. Pierce stayed with us four days and before they left Dr. Pierce said, "I came with suspicion but I have found nothing wrong." When he got to South China, a good old brother got his car and he wrote me that he took it all back, that much was wrong.

Mr. Treat had given me money to put heat in the three large buildings he had built and also our house because of Edith's arthritis. So I had our house repaired and the ground floor revarnished and with a new living room rug and some new pictures we had a new White House for Christmas, but the best of all was Edith home and quite well after a few more months in California.

I cannot pass over a single year without reference to the many enjoyable occasions in our home the White house when we had hosts of guests. There were tea parties for individuals and groups with Chinese and foreign friends, students and teachers.

There was Thanksgiving when we always had as special guests J.B. Powell of the China Weekly Review and Mrs. Powell and Bunny and Billy. Other guests too. There were weekends of Gertrude and some of her friends from Shanghai and the usual Chinese dinner on Saturday for the "Children" home from the American School.

But of course the great time was Christmas when we had all the American girls teaching in the College and Academy, sometimes as many as nine with some additions from Shanghai all staying over night, with the stockings in the morning.



And the carols early Christmas morning by a group of the Chinese girls as they sang all over the Campus and ending it with coffee and doughnuts at our house. They were led by our "Dare Hannah" our pet name for Hannah Plowden.

## 1925

This was the tragic year when disturbances broke out in Canton. Students in Shanghai rushed a police station in the municipal settlement, the police fired on them and some were killed. The students at St. Johns lowered the flag to half mast. The bishop ordered the president to take down the flag, the students left in a body.

Our students as well as all others were much agitated but we did not close though we were unable to hold commencement.

All through the year the air was surcharged with trouble. But as usual our college kept on with its work, constantly growing in numbers. There were many sleepless nights, many rumors, many fears; but steady advance in spite of all difficulties.

## 1926

The twentieth anniversary of the founding of the College and the fifteenth of my presidency. When I became president I hoped that in five or at most in ten years we could find a Chinese to elect president so this year I offered my resignation to take effect when a Chinese successor was secured thus spurring the Board to endeavor to find such a qualified man.

Frank Lee, who was vice president, was offered the presidency but refused because he knew only English and Cantonese.

John Y. Lee of Y.M.C.A. was next offered the presidency, a wonderful capable Christian man, also refused because of the same handicap.

In preparation for Chinese administration, a majority of the Board of Directors this year were Chinese.

Dr. Chu, our campus doctor, was imprisoned in Nanking because a friend had asked him to take his daughter to Nanking, and when her baggage was examined, a picture of her Communist friend was found. I had a letter written to the authorities and Dr. Chu was released. I am sorry I do not know the fate of the girl.

For some years we have had a one day Country Fair when we invited all the farmers nearby to bring their produce to compete for prizes. I instituted it in memory of my delight in the fairs of my youth. They are always a great success as hundreds of country people come and are entertained by the students.

This year Gilbert graduated from the American School and as Roberta in 1923 he was voted by the faculty and students as best liked and most helpful boy in the school, receiving the \$200 prize given by the American Business Mens' Club.

He sailed by way of Europe, walked a little in Switzerland; saw something of England, slept in a haystack near Southampton and coming to America entered Denison University, Granville, Ohio where Frances and Roberta had graduated.

## 1927

This was the year of the Communist advance from the South (See the Story of the Un. of Shanghai, p. 43). Because of the generally disturbed situation the U.S. Consul urged that the women on our campus seek refuge in Shanghai. After a few days, without consulting the



Consul Edith and Miss Dahl returned and our family life was resumed as well as all College activities.

For once we did not celebrate Christmas in our own home with numerous guests, but went to Shaohsing and were guests of our dear friends the Goddards. Edith, Genevieve Chapin, Philip and I and Helen Goddard who had been refugeeing with us and Stephen Goddard from the American School went to join Dr. Frank. (see picture in "White House Guests") We had a lovely time in what had been our old home twenty one years before. (1950-Rumor has it that our dwellings in Shaohsing have been confiscated by the Communists. Whether this is true remains to be confirmed, probably true.)

### 1928

In February Dr. Herman C.E.Liu was inaugurated as the President of the College; the first Chinese to become president of a Mission College in China.

We asked to take our furlough in order that Dr. Liu might have a free hand without any seeming interference from the President Emeritus. When we came back to teach I do not believe that Dr. Liu ever had any cause to think that I was meddling in the affairs of his office. Our relations were always the most cordial. When asked to be permitted to move into a smaller house, he would not consider it. Like all administrators, Dr. Liu was sometimes under fire, but I supported him to the fullest extent.

My seventeen years as president have sometimes been tempestuous but always full of interest and especially enjoyable as I have seen the college grow from very small beginnings to one of the greatest Christian colleges of China. From one major building to twelve; from 35 students to 900 with a teaching staff of 85 and living quarters for all the teachers and students on the campus.



## Chapter 24

AROUND THE WORLD

1928-29

We sailed March 10 and the ten days of March were filled with all sorts of engagements. In fact, they began the first of February. During the month I spent the time in conferences with Dr. Liu, in finishing correspondence and in packing.

In March the seniors feasted us, the whole student body feted us and the Alumni gave us a banquet at the Bankers Club and presented us with the lovely copy of "Peking the Beautiful" in which those present wrote their names, the most precious part of the book. A hundred friends gave us a banquet at the Majestic Hotel and finally the Faculty had a supper for us and presented us with three precious volumes of "Reproductions of Chinese Art" which started my collection of over 2000 prints of Chinese Paintings, one of the largest collections I know about.

The students had a marble slab made to go in the library. We look forward to returning next year to teach until our retirement in 1935.

Everybody said so many appreciative things that one almost believed they were true. It reminded us of the time in 1920 when the faculty and students celebrated my 50th birthday and after it was all over Edith said to Mr. Tong, "You shouldn't have said so many things that were not true", and he replied, "They were pretty nearly true!"

On the last day, March 10, they had a panoramic picture taken of Faculty and students with us. And two hundred of them escorted us to the ship with banners and firecrackers and streamers. They seem to appreciate the fact that the College has always kept open in spite of all difficulties and that ours was the first Christian college to turn over the administration to Chinese.

AROUND THE WORLD

We are on the Messageri Maratime Sphinx, Second Class on a second class ship. The passengers are mostly French. One table is devoted to missionaries; Mr. and Mrs. Evan Morgan of the English Baptist Society and the Christian Literature Society, Mr. Bailey a Scotchman who founded the Agricultural Department of Nanking University, the Fletchers of Korea and Edith, Philip and I.

There are some Catholic nuns and a number of French military officers and their families.

The deck is not bad except for piles of huge baskets of eggs, many broken and spoiled.

The food is well prepared and served course by course, a meat, a vegetable, etc.

We have several kinds of cheese, in fact before we got to America we had ten varieties. The one the French liked best was Pont le Vec, almost liquid with a splendid flavor if you hold your nose, but fouler than Limburger. The coffee is terrible with sweet condensed milk. The oats and eggs are fine. Wine is furnished as the standard drink and our British men drank it.

The weather was stormy up to Saturday. But Saturday dawned clear and warm. Today, Sunday, a little warmer and a calm sea, thank the Lord. We started to read Bunyan's "Holy War". Philip thinks it will do! We are also doing some "French Without Tears" served to the whole family while waiting for breakfast.



Monday, Mar. 12. It is quite rough but came on so gradually that no one is seasick.

Tuesday, Mar. 13. Hongkong. Early in the morning the sea was tumbling its green water and soon the hills of Hongkong and the mainland of Kowloon hove in sight. There was no glimpse of the sun all day and it was cool enough for an overcoat but no rain.

We arrived at the dock at 9:30 a.m. Mr. Wilbur, Charles Lin and Yen met us at the wharf. Philip and I went to see the school presided over by Mr. Hwang in which Lin and Yen are teaching. It is a very interesting school partly financed by business men where they have religious services and all are required to attend. On the way we saw the old city of Kowloon, the smallest walled city I have ever seen, probably five to ten acres. It is smaller than Veng Hwa, Chiang Kai Shek's native city.

At 11:00 o'clock we went back to the ship and went across to Hongkong and ate a Chinese feast which we thought was very good especially the Zah-pan-yu. After the feast we walked to the English Cathedral, a pretty, old place. Then took the tram to the Peak where one gets a fine view of the harbor and on the seaside where it looks like Unzen. We came back through the Botanical Garden of semitropical plants.

On shipboard we showed our guests the Silver Pagoda and the Jade Bell the alumni had given us and had Lin and Yen write their names in the "Peking the Beautiful".

Leaving Hongkong at 4:00 p.m. the sea was rough and the weather cold and many did not get out for meals.

Wed. Mar. 14. Sailing into summer seas, warm and quiet. We began to read and look at the pictures in the lovely volume of "Masterpieces of the Paintings of the Far East". (Chinese)

Mar. 15. Sailing down the Cochin China Sea. By noon the heat was tropical but cooler again by four. No land in sight all day until about four we came in sight of the southeast corner of Cochin China and we are running close to a wrack of mountains.

We are reading "Peking the Beautiful". We finished the Chinese Paintings but will come back to them a hundred times.

Friday, Mar. 16. Saigon. At six o'clock in the morning we left the open sea and rounded the point St. Jacques and followed along by picturesque hills across Ganhai Bay and up the Saigon river winding tortuously until at 9 we came to the wharf.

### SAIGON

Winding up the river it was one vast swamp covered with low palms and other small trees and then rice fields as far as the eye could reach.

Many freighters were anchored in the stream. It was quite cool at six but very hot by ten. Singhalese money changers came aboard and a Chinese laundryman.

Took a picture of a junk. I started with ten packs of films.

Edith wishes dishonorable mention of the cheese we had today; Pont Le Veque. She did not taste it; she couldn't help but smell it. We also had Camembert, French Edam (called Hollande) Roquefort, Gruyere like Swiss, Savoy, a good little white cream, Gorgonzola Italian like Roquefort.

The bank and Post Office are closed from 11 to 2 p.m. We are in the tropics 10°.



Sat. Mar. 17. Went out between 9 and 10:30. Took pictures of picturesque bullock cart and Hotel de Ville.

In the afternoon Edith, Philip and I went to the Grand Magasin de Chamer and then on through the avenues of tall trees to the Jardin Botanique, a beautiful place, came back to a lovely cool evening. In a woody party of the garden we saw a little black monkey swinging through the branches 100 feet from the ground, going faster than we could run.

Sunday, Mar. 18, Went to 8 o'clock mass at the Cathedral filled with 1200 gaily dressed French, Indians, Chinese, Singhalese and Anamese. Mass of course in Latin and the sermon in French.

A hot day, did not go out in the afternoon. Rained a little.

Monday, Mar. 19. Philip and I went to the Botanic Garden again. Many animals but no lions. An elephant when given pennies took them and bought sticks of sugar cane.

Took a picture of a beautiful temple built in memory of Anamese soldiers killed in the Great War.

Philip bought a green cocoanut at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents and drank the milk.

Tuesday, Mar. 20. Sailed at 1:00 a.m. The ship must have looked beautiful with all its lights to all the people on shore. Rough and too cold for comfort all day as we sailed steadily south toward the equator, though we never got quite to it.

Our passenger list is now complete with French Marine Officers (There is a general in first), Nuns, Business men and their wives and children and an Italian with a French wife, and a Frenchman with an Anamese wife, a Polish woman going to Europe to marry a Swiss. (The Russians would not permit her to bring her small son out of Russia.) We saw islands in the afternoon.

Wed. Mar. 21. Sailing on a summer sea with the usual flying fish.

Thursday, Mar. 22 Singapore. We got in at 7:00 a.m. Across a narrow strait from the docks were hilly islands with dwellings with grassy gardens. Rickshaw men took us an hour to find the Y.M.C.A. where we got a car and drove through rubber groves to Johore where we saw the Sultan's palace and the great Mosque with its acre (?) of rugs.

We came back through the cocoanut groves to the Botanical Gardens with all kinds of tropical plants and gorgeous flowers.

### SINGAPORE

Here we are only a little more than 1 degree above the Equator. The oxcarts with humped and perpendicular horned oxen are one of the queer sights of this tropical land. There are three main races among the people: Malay, Chinese and Indians. The Indians are very attractive in face as well as costume. Singapore is like a dream. The climate must be always the same.

The President Polk, one of the Dollar Line around the world ships loading rubber; great slabs 10 inches thick, 2 feet wide and 4 feet long. We saw a car with a tiger head on the radiator. The view from the harbor is one of the most beautiful we have seen. Sunny Singapore is one of the best stops; is the crossroads of the East.

We took on a Dutchman with a Malay wife and a pretty daughter, British subjects. They add to our collection: A Frenchman from Saigon with an Anamese wife, a French woman with a Eurasian (Chinese) husband and a Fijian woman with a white husband.

We are sailing along three miles from the Malay Peninsula coast with steamers always in sight. All day in the straits of Malacca. The hottest day yet. In the evening it lightened a great deal and the wind constantly shifted. Finally about 9 P.M. a squall struck us with rain which cooled the air and made our cabins pleasant. Read "Seeing London".



Sat. Mar. 24. A cool, cloudy morning. The mountains of Sumatra in full view.

It is two weeks since we left Shanghai and three weeks until we reach Marseilles. Most of the day with the high mountains of Sumatra on the south until we came to Acheen head, the end of Sumatra. To the north there were islands with cocoanut groves. In the afternoon we overhauled a British steamer. A strong, cool west wind all day. We are reading "So You're Going to England". Prodigious historical knowledge.

Sunday, Mar. 25. In the Indian Ocean; purple and wide expanse with nothing but one ship in sight. Being a French ship there is no religious service. We are reading Bunyan's "Holy War", "The Journal of Religion" and "So You're Going to England", Three storms with wind and rain this afternoon.

Monday, Mar. 26. A delightfully cool morning with a cool head wind all day and no rain today. Read more of "England".

### COLOMBO

Tuesday, Mar. 27. Could see a wrack of low hills at 6 a.m. and arrived at 11:00. Mr. Bowery came a little afterward and Philips and I walked around and took some pictures. The harbor is small inside a mole. The foreign business part of the city is not large. Pettah, the native business section, is extensive and very interesting with its market selling queer fruits and little shops selling very nearly everything.

Got two packs of films developed 60 cents gold for developing each pack and 7 cents for each print! Robbery!

Mr. Bowery insisted on buying us a pair of ebony elephants. (Because of our hospitality to him and Muriel in Shanghai.) Looked at Serangs and silk. Mailed letters 20 cents gold. Got letters from Frances, Roberta and Elgie. Exchange one rupee .37 gold.

The people are very interesting, no Chinese for the first time. All brown or so black they are almost blue. Some have long kinky hair and whiskers. Even rickshaw men speak understandable English.

The people's clothes are very colorful. Checked reds, whites, etc. with bright turbans or fezes or rimless hats. In the stores the Singhalese clerks wore English clothes, coats in spite of the heat, but barefoot.

At 6 p.m. Bert took us for a drive an hour and a quarter through the city to Mt. Lavinia. After passing the Pettah with its crowds we went through the old resident section with the wide verahdahed bungalows and park like gardens. Then on the road to Mt. Lavinia through miles of tall cocoanut groves and odorous flowers, low but inviting looking huts and people and people and people and people, mahogany colored and bright clad; also yellow and scarlet robed Buddhist monks. But the sky of the sunset with bright rose and blue through the palm fronds was brighter still. Flowers, bright red, bright orange, bright purple, bright yellow and bright pink were heavy with the odors of the tropics.

Wed. Mar. 28. We left at 12:30 a.m. in the night. The heat was impossible in the cabins until we got underway but the air was good the rest of the night. I had a headache because of the late hour and stayed in bed until lunch. We had green-colored Ceylon oranges for breakfast (in bed). They were eatable, not even sour. Yesterday we saw the people eating rice and curry on a banana leaf with their fingers. Today is bright and cool.



Three Singhalese men took passage on our ship going to London to study medicine. The first two are black. The last is much lighter colored, fine looking, speaks perfect English, is a Christian and very friendly. He may be Eurasian. He is a practicing physician and going for graduate work. We enjoy talking with him.

Thursday, Mar. 29. Cool, bright day, and the cinders from the smokestacks are so bad that a committee from the French on board asked for a portion of the first class deck which was refused. So the second class refused to take part in a fete in first.

Friday, Mar. 30. Cool mornings and still cooler at night in spite of latitude 10°, the edge of the Arabian sea and the Indian ocean.

Saturday, Mar. 31. Still cooler morning and cool and calm all day with a lovely sunset with little wisps of clouds. Flying fish again.

In the evening we had our first entertainment, a high class concert. A French lady and her Italian husband who sits at our table played violin and clarinet, a pianist and cellist from third class and two lady vocalists and a wonderful baritone.

Sunday, Apr. 1. A beautiful, quiet Sabbath day. At three in the afternoon we came in sight of the long low line of Socotra and then two islands of Abd al Kuri, and here we saw schools of sharks (?) leaping in the waves made by our ship; also a swordfish.

Monday, Apr. 2. We came in sight of Cape Guardafui, the east point of Africa, early in the morning and have been skirting the headland for some time. A cool morning with a good breeze blowing. In the afternoon it became very cool so that I had to put on a wool coat, although in the Gulf of Aden all day and all night.

We are really approaching Africa for the first time.

### DJIBUTI

Tuesday, Apr. 3. We arrived at 11:00 a.m. Barren hills all about stretching away to Ethiopia. There may be desert scrubby growth. Everything is dry as dust and burning hot in the sun. Djibuti is the capital of French Somali land and the end of the railway going up to Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, from which it brings coffee, the principal export.

Philip and I went for a half a mile past the governor's white palace to the town. There are no white people in sight. There were two story buildings with long verandas filled with black women sorting long mounds of coffee. People are all brownish black. The somalis have straight hair some held straight up on their heads with some kind of stiffening 15 to 18 inches high. Some Somalis and Ethiopians have woolly hair. There was a rude mosque. Also great piles of salt.

When we got back to the ship from the burning hot streets there were no white people visible and suddenly there came rushing over me the feeling that I ought to be black also.

On board was an old man and his son and an attractive grandson who spoke English who looked like Arabs. I asked the boy if they were Arabs. He disdainfully replied, "No, Jews". They were selling ostrich feathers. The black man who was superintending the loading of coffee was well dressed in a velvet jacket but barefoot. He turned to me and said in good English "How do you like it?" I asked him where he was from and he said "English Somali Land." He said he spent seven years in Britain and several years in America selling coffee.

Here we first heard the word "Baksheesh". Also small beggars who knew enough English to proclaim, "No fader, no moder." The black coffee merchant said you couldn't tell any difference between Somalis