

WILMETTE GIRL VIEWS CHINA'S CIVIL STRIFE

Miss Dorothy Lloyd Is Eyewitness of Battle; Spends Days Behind Barricades

Editor's Note: Dorothy Lloyd, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Lloyd of Wilmette, former New Trier student, who is connected with the North China American school at Tunghsien, China, is the author of the following extracts from letters received by her parents recently and giving an unusually interesting insight into the spasmodic civil warfare that has been going on in that harassed empire. Miss Lloyd describes graphically just "how it feels" to be under fire, with rifle bullets whizzing by at close range. She writes with the authority of an eyewitness.

"When next we meet, I hope that you will treat me with proper respect; I am entitled to it on several counts. For a whole week cannon, machine guns and rifle-fire have shaken our windows and robbed me of my sleep o' nights. I have spent a whole day in a cellar to be safe from stray bullets, and for the same reason, have composed myself to slumber on a soft blanket spread over a most hard floor. Two bullets whistled over my curly (?) head almost near enough to make a perceptible breeze as they zipped past. From the "tower," I have seen the flare of battles and witnessed the route of the Kuominchun army, heard the servants weeping with terror and listened to the tales of hundreds of refugees who have poured into our compound during the last few days. Four hundred were housed in the Lu Ho basement and all the families of our Compound servants have also been sheltered inside our gates.

City Gates Barricaded

"It is now six weeks since I have been able to get into Peking and it will be at least another two before trains are running again. Even automobile and rickshaw travel is not possible now as there is almost continuous firing across the road and the city gates are well barricaded with sand bags, and need I say that my naturally sweet disposition is suffering and my usually effervescent spirits fail to effervesce?

"I will try to set down in order the march of events since the beginning of hostilities in the Peking area.

Eyewitnesses of Battle

"I dined with Margaret, Len, the school principal and Captain Armstrong Saturday night, April 10, and after dinner we made candy. Len, from the porch where he was putting the fudge to cool, heard rifle fire just north and east of the city and called to us to come out. We hurried into coats, and joining him, were rewarded with the sounds of the first great battle of the war. Cannon and light artillery were booming and popping in the southwest, on the other side of Peking—perhaps twenty miles distant from our compound. In the south, an occasional big gun boomed, and there fighting, though less constant, was much nearer. To the north and east the trenches lie on this side of a little river perhaps two miles from us, and from this direction the pop of rifles could be heard distinctly. It all seemed unreal, for only the rifle pops near at hand could be heard above ordinary conversation. The first thing I heard that really sounded like war, was a loud pop, like a cork coming out of a bottle, followed by a high thin wail—the far off scream of a wounded man or animal, Len said. Susan's, one of the other teachers, window showed a square of light, so I dashed over to the dormitory and routed her out of bed, where she lay comfortably reading. We got into fur coats and joined the others on their way to the tower, where we could see the flashes of the

guns in the south and southwest. We were very much excited of course: Our first battle!

"Monday the firing was much louder and nearer. The lines haven't changed but the worst fighting was along the eastern and southern fronts, two and ten miles from us respectively. The big guns shook our windows with their booming, while machine guns and rifles kept up an almost steady cracking and popping. A few spent bullets landed in the back garden—travelling too slowly to harm anything. The battle still rages and every few minutes the boom of heavy artillery can be heard from above the noises of the day.

Heaviest Firing at Night

"The heaviest fighting is done at night and rifles are used extensively—which seems odd for they can't possibly see what they are shooting at. All the children's (Continued on Page 46)

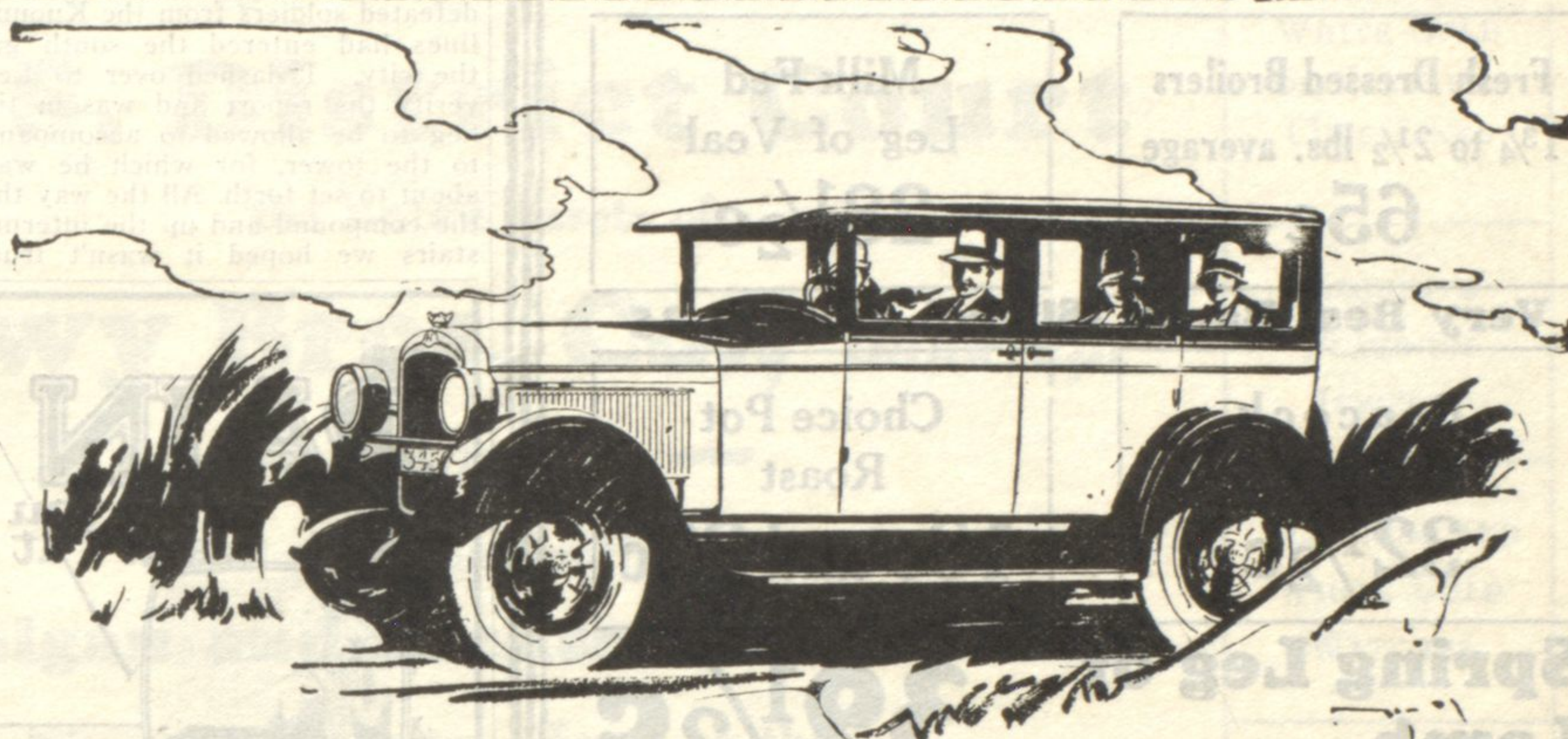
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