

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

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

-John Easterbrook, 2012

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1929

March 10: Departure of the Castner trash from Tientsin. Saw them off at 5:15 A.M. & hope to Christ I never again lay eyes on them. The only people at the station were the hqrs. staff, 1 wop, 3 Japs, Mrs. Bishop, Miss O'Donnell, & Mrs. Auer. – Turned over my desk to Lewis at 10 & left the office forever. P.M. crazy dinner at Patricks' – neighborhood crowd – & went to movies afterward.

March 11: Up at 3:40. Walked to Astor House & got a rickshaw to station. Train out at 5:15 & reached Tangku after a cold ride at 6:45. Went aboard Tientsin Maru, a fine new ship – good deal like O.S.K. boats, Choko, etc. The Ways are on board, – Mr. & Mrs. & daughter-in-law. Had breakfast with them. Cold morning on deck – wind blowing like hell. (1.00 & 27.00 S.S. ticket) In with a Hun named Werther. He's all right. Mrs. Ting, wife of 1st Sp. Area Ting, on board. Passed up lunch & took a nap in P.M.

Big load of coolies going to Manchuria – 600 – Jammed around like cattle. Good-natured & inoffensive. Jam getting aboard up a steep ladder, encumbered with junk. Some women & children with them. Hold full, & deck covered with them. Cold night coming, too.

Tues. March 12: Dust storm, high wind & cold. The poor coolies were marshalled about 6:00 A.M. & stood like sardines on end till 8:30 when we went in. Got off & walked to station – misdirected twice – got there at 9:00. At 9:50 finally decided to go to Pt. Arthur. Got the 10:00 A.M. & shoved off (1½ hrs). Usual barren & rocky North China outlook. Cut through the inner ring of forts along estuary. At station went up Jade Hill & had a view of entire ring of defense & the bay. Narrow entrance. 203 m. Hill off to west. High wind blowing. Tea with a Jap woman & down to look for the Chi Nien Kuan. Got a 馬車 (ma ch'e) & drove out. Old Russian officers' club. Lot of old type guns, some muzzle loaders – one, UNG JE SERVIRAY & “Dieu et mon Droit” on it. Interesting museum. Complete junk taken from the Russkies. Models of forts & types of works. Arms & implements. Grenades, uniforms, etc, etc. Hospital stuff, even enema bulbs. 5 rifle M.G. mounted on rollers. – From museum drove out to Ch'ing Tê Shan. – Nan p'ao t'ai, & then to the 北 (p'ei) p'ao t'ai. (Model in the museum) Air full of dust, so view limited, but foreground much like Côtes de Meuse. The Russkies should have held them off – though their concrete work was all smashed up. Fine line to hold, with a murderous glacia. Dumb to attack on this side. 203 m. Hill was the bet. Observation into town. Back to station at 4:00. ¥1.80 wasn't enough for my Jehu. – Back to 大仁 (Ta Ren) at 6:00. Chow in buffet (no lunch) & bummed till 9:00 P.M. to Mukden.

Wed March 13: Reached Mukden at 6:45. Walked for an hour, but it was bitter cold. Big new bldgs. in town. New memorial plaza with a terrible block pagoda dingus. Sort of hall of fame for Russian war. Back to sta. & out at 9:00. Had a light breakfast on the train. Clear, crisp Montana spring day. A dust of snow on the mts. Streams melting, had been frozen solid. A rugged country. Sparse vegetation. Coal mine, Pen Shih Hu. Rock quarry. Bridges all guarded. Concrete block houses. Jap squads at all stations. Mills along the streams. Towns “Toad Pond” “Phoenix City” “Chicken Hill” “Lin Family Pass”. More & more rugged to about 30 mi. from Antung – then the hills grow smaller & less rocky. (Jap cop at Dairen station – “Law & Order.”) At Antung at 4:30 – 171 mi. from Mukden – 598 to Fusan (Dairen-Mukden, 230) River still frozen over. Genial train-master, 25 yrs old! “A German Lt. Col. would not talk to me. The

Americans are so young and veevious (vivacious?)” Pleasant impressions of Korea. 2 Japs & a Korean drinking in diner. 1 Jap quite drunk. The Korean went to sleep. Turned in early.

Thurs Mar 14: Seoul at 7:05. Passed Suishoku at 6:30. Just the same as fall, '27. Beautiful crisp morning. Not so cold. Fine breakfast at Seoul station. Good coffee, good oatmeal, good toast, good eggs, good orange. 1¥. Out at 7:30. Korean mushroom villages – long legged pines. – Wonderful new station at SUIGEN – “Classic Korean style” after palace design. Dull red. Big model farm at Suigen (Next station is “Cake Store”) (“Three Wave Ford”). The church at Wakwan, a red-brick-with-spire monstrosity in the classic missionary spirit. On a hill where you have to see it. Had a bento & a nap – Brush harvest in the south – Dark at 7:00. Arr. 7:20 & “welcomed” by Mr. Kim & Co., who fastened on like burrs & escorted me to the hotel. Got a car & rolled around town, through the yoshiwara, which was the cleanest, best-lighted, & prettiest section, & the business streets. Mr. Kim asked me if I was on Public or Private business! I rather enjoyed the party. The porter who got my ticket turned up with 8 yen in change (20 – 12.15 = 7.85) Expected me to give him a yen. Fat chance. I told him to buscar change, but the boat shoved off and I still had his 15 cents. One foreigner they didn't do. Out on the dot at 9:30. Beautiful harbor. Another customs inspection – on board.

Fri Mar 15: Much milder. In at 7:00 – Lengthy passport drool. Breakfast at Sanyo (no tip to cabin boy) No telegram from Tientsin. (Pill worked) Crossed at 8:20 & got 9:05 for Beppu (3.60) Trees loaded with oranges – masses of bamboo poles stacked & drying – a lot full of umbrellas – half-painted. (Beppu 85 mi. from Moji). Hard climb over the peninsula and fast shoot down to sea level. Beppu in sight. (Tour of USA!) Arrived at one & walked to Beppu Hotel. There was old Tanaka at the door! Big welcome from entire staff. Tanaka mad at Miyajima Hotel, – never answered his wire. Changed clothes & started for the hill east of town. Tanaka as guide. He insisted on going about ½ way up so I wouldn't get lost. Hot climb. Got to top about 4. (2000 odd feet) & had gorgeous airplane view of Beppu, Oita (7 mi. away) & the bay & mts. Had tea at farmer's house going down. 20¢ – Happy. Took a soak & had a big chow. Walked around the stores till 9:30.

Sat Mar 16: Tanaka-isms. “O, I can walk with you – I have very strong feet.” – “Front side is free; back side costs 5¢.” “O, this is a good cow. He is a very strong cow.” Chow about 8 & looked up some furoshikis to give the Tientsin Japs. Got Beano a dog & a toy. Mailed them. Went up the hill south of town. Up by the new cable-way, & on to the waterfall, a beauty. Back through the park, where two big monkeys were taking turns making fruitless love to each other – both being males. Had a fine soak, shaved & wrote. Boat leaves at 10. 6¥ to Uwajima, due Sunday at 10. Whole crew went down to the dock & we shoved off at 10. – 2nd class rather crowded, & all good snorers. Had a time keeping the ambitious Jap next door off of me. Lights on full tilt all night. It wasn't so easy to sleep. Stops here & there all night long.

Sun Mar 17: Up at 6:30. Must have slept some. Gorgeous sail to Uwajima (10:30) getting better as we went. Most irregular shore-line; islands in shoals. Went to the Tsü Taiya Inn by a fast rickshaw – 50s. Walked. The firemen are having a hell of a time in the river, squirting streams. The old 10 man pumps & a couple of motor pumps. Much ado about nothing. Looked over a temple nearby – crazy ex-votos – pictures of ships, human hair, a foreign beer ad, photos of athletic teams, etc. Camelia trees 15 & 20 feet high, in blossom. Back for chow. Dozed till

2:30 & then started up the hill south of town. It turned out to be a Bitch about 2500 feet high. I went up till 5:00, & then came on down. Back at the inn at 6:00. Wonderful views over a bunch of islands. Uwajima has a beautiful location but isn't much of a town. Some nice stores, however. – A bird-singing contest at the temple at foot of hill. Four cages put up at a time. The judges sit in a row & watch the birds. At every burst of song, a judge throws out a counter. After a given time they pull the cages & count the clackers. In about 3 minutes one bird got 81, another 70-odd. This was considered good. The hotel is full of Japs, so I'm going on. Don't like to be kept waiting for a bath – (USAFC dissolved to-day. T'hell with it). They sure have a fine bath here – with a boy to hold towels & help scrub. – Had a terrible thirst at 1:00 A.M. & went down for water.

Mon March 18: Sat & wrote tzu last night for an hour with a “business” man who is going to Matsuyama & Dozo with me to-day. Undoubtedly a police agent, though I didn't tumble till Matsuyama. Left at 8:00 & had a fine ride over a mountain road for 3 hours to O-dzü (大洲) ½ way to 松山(Matsuyama). High walls all along river at this town; she must come up heavy. From Odzu on is mostly level & along the sea. Much like Cal. coast. Nothing unusual about Shikoku so far. “Picture” scenes of boats on river near Odzu. 4 piece sails. – Fine views of sea & mt., but in general this section hasn't the upkept look of places like Kyoto. – Impressions of the Jap of Shikoku – ape on its hind legs – (the one in the car with us) – pig eyes – hair bristly all over & growing forward – high heavy cheek bones & full lips. Flat heavy noses. They haven't been out of the trees long. The women are TERRIBLE. I could kill 'em all to-day, especially the God-damned Jap School boy, the most obnoxious living creature. Arr. at DOGO about 2:30 by train from Matsuyama. To FUNAYA YADOYA – classy place. Tried to rest, but the God damn junsu kept sending in emissaries to get information till I got mad & took him for a buggy ride. Picked out the nearest hill & took him right up & right down, then struck out for Matsuyama Castle where we made a world's tourist record. Nobody ever saw it quicker. A wonderful old place – must have been impregnable in the old days. – Down running with no rest & around the base & up the back. Sherlock began to weaken. Down the front I left him & went to the trolley station & ate oranges. Came back to hotel & was on way to bath when he showed up – with a bunch of cloth samples to prove he wasn't a sleuth! I gave him the razz. Big bath house – 2 free tickets a day from hotel. The dirty stunts the Japs pull in those pools! Chowd at 7:00, & went to bed, after resisting attempt at rape.

Tuesday March 19: 46 to-day but don't feel it. Raining like hell at reveille – 7:00 A.M. – but promising better. The official spy came in about 8:00 & said Goodby, – he was going to Kochi with his cloth samples. Terrible thought; could I possibly have been wrong & given an inoffensive bystander hell for trying to be polite? The chances are much against it, – his appearance, the way people looked at him, his whispers with several persons, the anxiety at the inn, etc., etc. – Good breakfast – toast, coffee, orange, omelet. – Walked around Dogo & Matsuyama. Up in the shiro a self-appointed guide went around with me & made me mad, saying “That is a gun.” “Those are soldiers” “That is the sea” etc. till I bawled him out & stilled him for a while. Finally hid from him to get free for a quiet look at the old place. Outside I went to look at an old gun & the caretaker snarled so that I snarled back a dam sight louder whereupon he smiled. My guide then shook hands & bade me farewell. Glad to get away, maybe. Walked through Matsuyama & up the river. Weather cleared before a strong wind from the north. Temple with extremely twisted old pine – 6' thick in the trunk. – Lot of pilgrims doing their tour.

On up the river about an hour. Nothing unusual, but very pretty. Back to Dozo & up the hill at the “tree” temple on the way, for the view. In at 4:30 & over for a bath. 5 Japs were in my place already. I went right on in. As I left, a Jap came in with 2 little girls, one about 2½ & the other 6. To bathe in a pool where men were washing their balls! -- Had a look in the hotel kitchen. Spotless. Had some more of those twot looking things for supper. They taste good. Went to bed at 7:30, thus ending a virtuous birthday.

Wednesday March 20: Breakfast at 7. Bill was 13 yen – gave ’em 16 & made ’em happy. A first class joint, the Funaya. Literally anything you want – best obtainable. Took trolley to station & observed the pleistocene man on his native heath till train time (9:25). Interesting views of mountain & sea. From Takahama along shore & then cut over to Mabari. Funeral party got on here. The ashes, in a box with a white silk cover, occupied a place on the seat & were bowed to frequently. A big party was waiting where they got off. Some big gun. The ape-like little master of ceremonies, – had a coachman’s high hat & his big brother’s Prince Albert. – They put the ashes in a copper dingus with a phoenix on it on a sort of kuan ts’ai frame – for the procession. Had a bento. Reached Tadotsü at 2:30 & expected to stay over, but there was the Kotohira train, so I jumped the track & got on – without a ticket. 35¢ put me right & we shoved off. Only about 6 or 7 miles to Kotohira. And it began to rain, after being clear all day. Snow on the mountains along the way and a chilly wind. It looked like a bum prospect, but Kotohira was a pleasant disappointment. Went to the 1st Yadoya across from station, changed pants & beat it for the hill. They have some marvelous stuff there. A wooded hillside beautifully parked, with temple after temple all the way up. Crowds of gift lanterns, stone railings, & money markers. Literally for 100’s of yards, both sides the path, stones touching (about 1’ wide) – ¥ 100, 200, 300, 500, 1000, 2000, 3000. – This place sure does pull the dough. Shinto. Gorgeous view over the valley. Typical Hiroshige landscape – cultivated fields, etc., with volcanic cones & the sea & islands in distance. One flurry of snow on way up. Swarm of ex-votos in top temple – inc. one picture of the Brooklyn Bridge. Mostly crude paintings of Jap warships, etc. Lot of junk models – 3 to 5’ long – dandies. Pictures of nags – in fact, they have 2 sacred skates here. Back down the main entrance, which is a long broken flight of steps with stores (like Teapot Lane) on both sides. Walked around & found a fine looking spot upstream a bit – temple grounds by the river & a hotel opposite, like the Kamenoi apparently. Back to hotel & had a wonderful bath, assisted by bath-boy. Also a fine chow, served by a really bright, attractive, intelligent nesan! This fact is important & should be noted. She begged an American skag & put the pillow under the covers for a “chüsai beppin.” If what I got for supper is 4 yen chow, I’m glad I didn’t take 5. – Must get a kicking frog for Beano tomorrow. Turned in at 8.

Thurs Mar 21: Attractive perforated wall-boards at the inn. (Pine trees & cherry branches sort of stencil & jig-sawed) Big red lantern at inn opposite. – Out at 7:30 & up to the temples. Crowds of people. Many pilgrims, with a box of junk hung around the neck, in colored clothes. Gangs from Nakahama (p.e.) being herded around. Many old people on excursions. Usual mob of school kids. Got beano a frog. Back to hotel & had to write out a kakemono for the nesan. “Kotohira for impressive temples & beautiful views, & the Wo Sei Yadoya (魚清旅館) for a cordial welcome, excellent food, & courteous treatment” Sgd. Had to do a fan for the nesan. Bill 4¥30; gave ’em 6, & they were overcome. Left my charmed audience & got the 9:52 for Tadotsü. We went in to the station abreast of the train from Matsuyama – Some connection. (Pill worked O.K. 2nd blast in temple grounds.) Song for Beano “There is sunshine in his soul.”

Got to Takamatsu about 11:30 & found, with the aid of a rickshaw boy, that the Kobe boat goes at 8:00 P.M., but the Uno boat at 1:55. Decided on latter & bummed around till boat time. Cop presented his card; anxious to help. I helped straighten out the buttinskies at the ticket window. "Ah, so deska" "Yes, so deska". They smiled & went to the end of the line. Off at 1:55. Cold. (A flurry of snow this A.M. at Kotohira) – (What a terrible thing for this nation if the long woolen underdrawers had never been invented.) Fine trip across to UNO. Pretty bay. Got 3:20 for Okayama – just a big flat town. A cop fastened right onto me, & I whiled away an hour having fun with him. Spotted another & asked this guy if that was another junsu, & he said yes (Had denied being one.) Got the Tokyo express – Jammed – Spotted a chink & sat with him. No one else would. Several on board, – eyed with hate by some pig-faced Japs. Himeji after dark, Saunomiya, – 8:30. First thing. "Excuse, are you Mr. S.?" Yes, what do you want to know for?" etc. Well, I told him to go to hell, & the rest of the God damn police with him. I'm tired of it. Walked up to Sanborn's. He was out. Turned in. Cold night.

Fri Mar 22: Saw Sanborn at reveille, without his teeth. Same old boy. Had a good breakfast, & walked up to the temple. The monkeys were active – crisp morning – one little one trying to break in on a wrestling match. No luck, they stopped to chase him. Back at 10 & downtown to get passage. Decided on Keizan – 25th. Back & changed & then walked all over the hills, back of Nemobiki & down to it, back again & over next two ranges, & down the gully to town. Fine views. Back at 4. Hot & cold bath. Tea & looked at magazines. Good workout, & I must be in shape, – I didn't even notice it. Turned in at 9:30. (Sanborn has a cabbage out front, all purples & pinks – on several stalks.) (The Jap female at Okayama. Foreign dress.)

Sat Mar 23: Got the 8:13 for Kyoto. (Chinks at Shinto shrine. Kobe.) Arr. 10:10. To Kyoto Sta. Hotel – left bag & walked. To palace grounds & got in the stream. Once in, no escape. Round & round, mile after mile. Nothing to see. Grounds ruined with benjos, rest shacks, restaurants, checking places, etc. Ground littered. The show was nothing. All the symbolic dingus shacks still up. Street decorations tawdry. Walked on to Kurodani & ate 3 oranges. Then started for Eizan temple – mixed with Hieizan & the cable line. It turned out to be 150 miles from town. I skirted the hills so as not to miss it, & made it about 2:15 or so. Tired. Went up in the cable car. Jammed at the top ... total loss. Haze cut the view to 10%. Climbed for a look at Biwa, & every bet went wrong. All paths deep in mud. Finally came back & down again for a cider. Trolley to edge of town. Bus into town. Went to Shinmonzen. Saw Nagai & Harry Kudo. Dated him for dinner & walked back to hotel. (Stopped at Ginkakuji on way out.) Hot bath. Rest. Harry came at 7, & we went to Yaomasa's for dinner. Table d'hote, & excellent. (¥2.50) Shrimp cocktail, cream of asparagus soup, fish, skewered chicken, loin of pork, salad, dessert, fruit, coffee. We stuffed & then went to the movies on Harry's pass. "Divine Lady," & Clara Bow. "3 week-ends." – Jap pony ballet was a scream. Also antics of a Jap in foreign dress who thought she could dance & pose. .

Sun Mar 24: Up at 7:30 & had a good breakfast at the hotel. Walked up to Daimaru's & went through. Zoo on the roof. Store not as good as Kobe's. – Streets slimy with wet mud; hard to walk. – To screen matting shop & got a screen for 8¥. Then on over to Shinmonzen & picked up a netsuke (15) and some bell pulls (9 & 3.50) at Nagai's. The new store is much better than the old. Said good-bye to Harry, & walked up to Chion-In. They were just carrying the head abbot in for a service. Crowds there. Got a jitney & went to hotel & station. 12:12 for Kobe.

Arr. 1:45. Took stuff to hotel & walked down through Motomachi. S.S. offices closed. Went to (大) (Daimaru) store, & then got some hot chocolate, & went back for a rest. Feet still tired from yesterday. (Crabs at (大) (Daimaru store) – 18" from elbow to elbow). Sat dumb at dinner with man named Kirley (Eng.) till he suddenly broke out & began to talk. 15 years a teacher among the Japs. Leaving to escape being a lunatic. On verge of nervous breakdown. Says Japs are impossible, – not a grain of sense or any brains. Rule followers simply. Nothing in the Jap to work on. No humor. No originality. No power of thought. Walking apes. Totally disillusioned on the matter & very thankful for it. – Story of his first night alone in Japan when he got massaged, but not in the right place. – Sanborn's story – man out of gas, taken in by widow. 2:00 A.M. "Are you lonely?" "Yes." "Well, move over. There's another fellow out of gas, & he's coming right up." – Turned in at 11. Rain & wind in night.

Mon Mar 25: Sailing day. Packed up, borrowed Sanborn's suitcase, & left at 9:30. Got ticket & went aboard. – Sanborn sent things to everybody, of course. Dull, drizzly day. – Out at 11. The passengers: – 2 Japs (business), 2 Japs, (bride & groom), Pinyamall & I. They all suck soup, smack their chops, & snuffle. Pinyamall keeps saying "No beef, no beef." The S.O.B. would murder a baby, but he's moral, – he won't eat beef. – A beautiful sail, especially near Takamatsü & on by Tadotsü. Passed Tadotsü about six P.M. Got the reverse of the view from Kotohira down over the plain. Turned in early.

Tues Mar 26: Went into the straits at 7:30 A.M. Rainy. Bad prospect for a walk. Wind from east blowing harder. Went ashore about 9:30, but it was no use – raining harder and harder. Bummed around a curio store, got some bananas & chocolate, & came aboard again. As we left the straits, the wind died down a little, but she jumped & tossed in the P.M. & at dinner. Mr. Pinyamall & I were alone. The chop-smacker. During the night everything banged & crashed & fell on the floor. Not much rest.

Wed Mar 27: John's birthday. Calmer this morning. We are in the islands off the south tip of Korea. Still rainy. About noon, cleared entirely & grew calm. Went through Korea's Inland sea all day till about 3 P.M. Purser says Tangku early Friday morning. The quicker the better. Walked & wrote & read & had a bath. – Will just about last till Tangku with these food-suckers.

Thurs Mar 28: Last day! Home To-morrow! -- Raw & rainy, but who cares? Very rough.

Fri: Calmed. Over bar at 6:30. In at 7:00. Train pulled out. We docked at 7:15. Got 11:30 up. Home at 1:00. Barbara Karlstad here.



