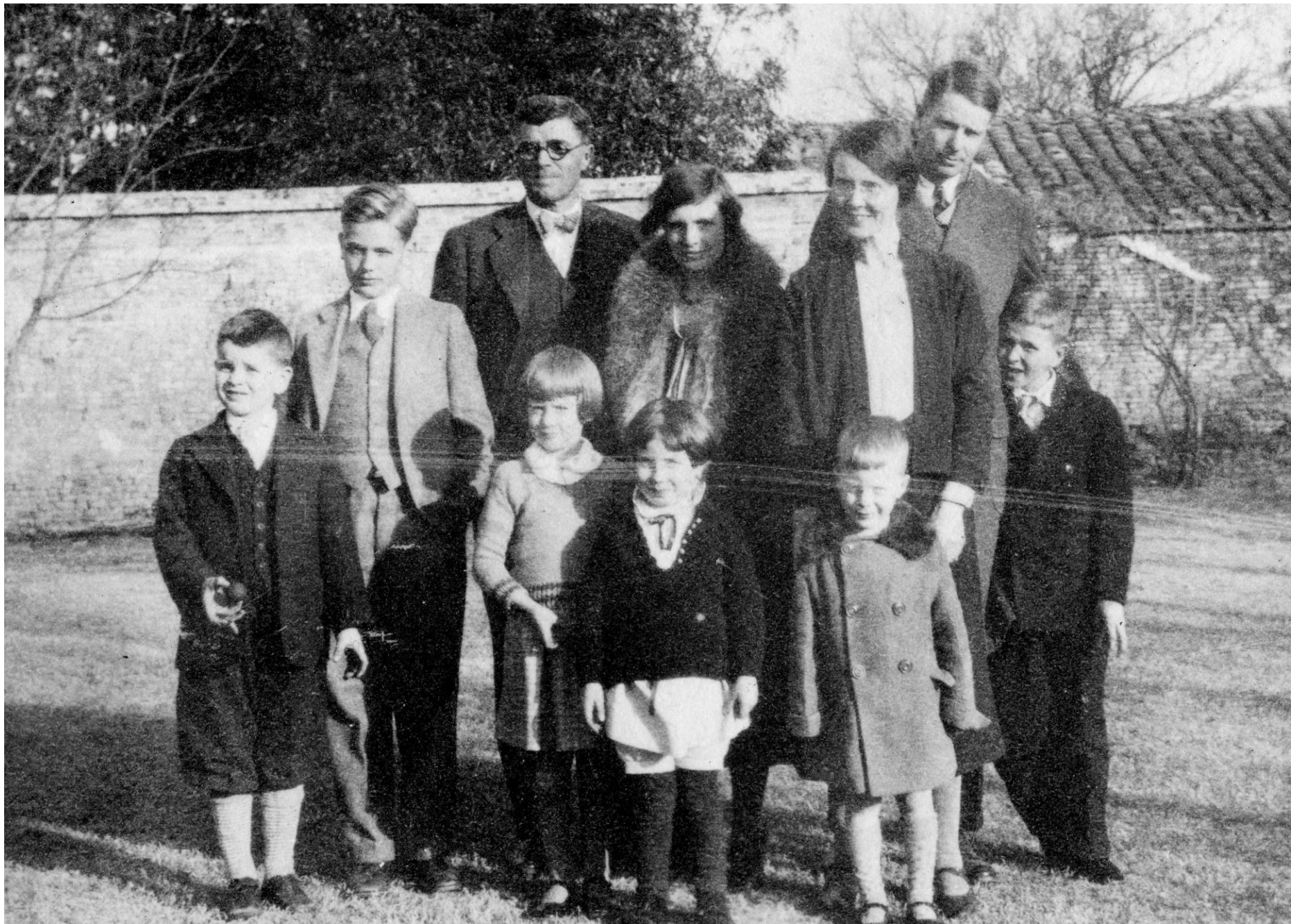


# Pearl Buck in China

The Importance of Kuling

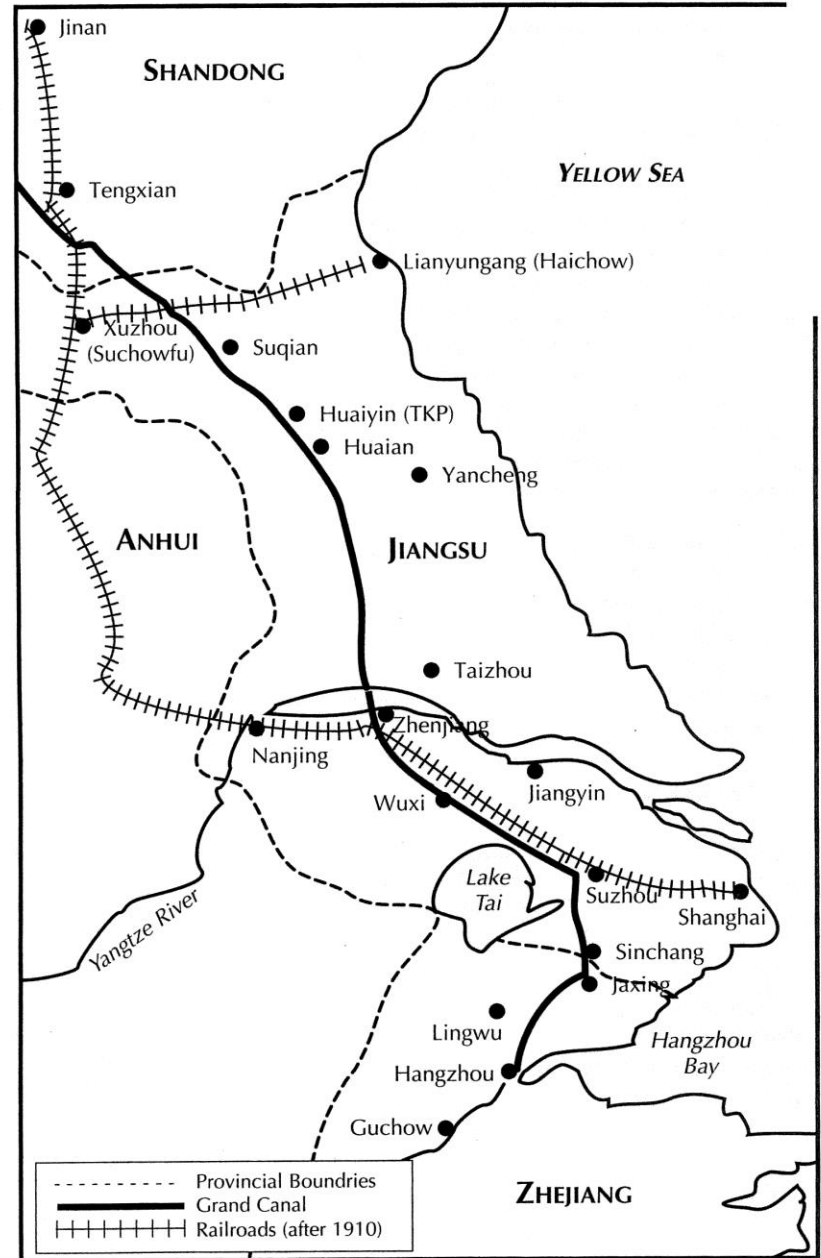
The Life Saving Station







# Presbyterians on the Yangtze



Southern Presbyterian Missions 1867-1937



"Chinese Limited Express"  
Missionary starting on an itinerating trip.  
Large bag contains bedding

# Thomas Harnsberger - Zhenjiang Railway 1917



Chinkiang R.R. Station - 1917  
First picture with my new Kodak



*Chinkiang, the day we arrived in China,  
Nov 17 - 1912. - Vivian 4 yrs.*

Oct 1912 - Thomas Harnsberger – Lanie Gillespie and daughter Vivian arrive at Pearl Buck’s house in the City of Zhenjiang, Jiangsu. Vivian Harnsberger is the mother of US author Sue Grafton.



Taizhou Kids - Jiangsu



"What do you want to be when  
you grow up?"

"He want to be a live!"

Shall we Americans give  
them a chance?



# Sedan Chair



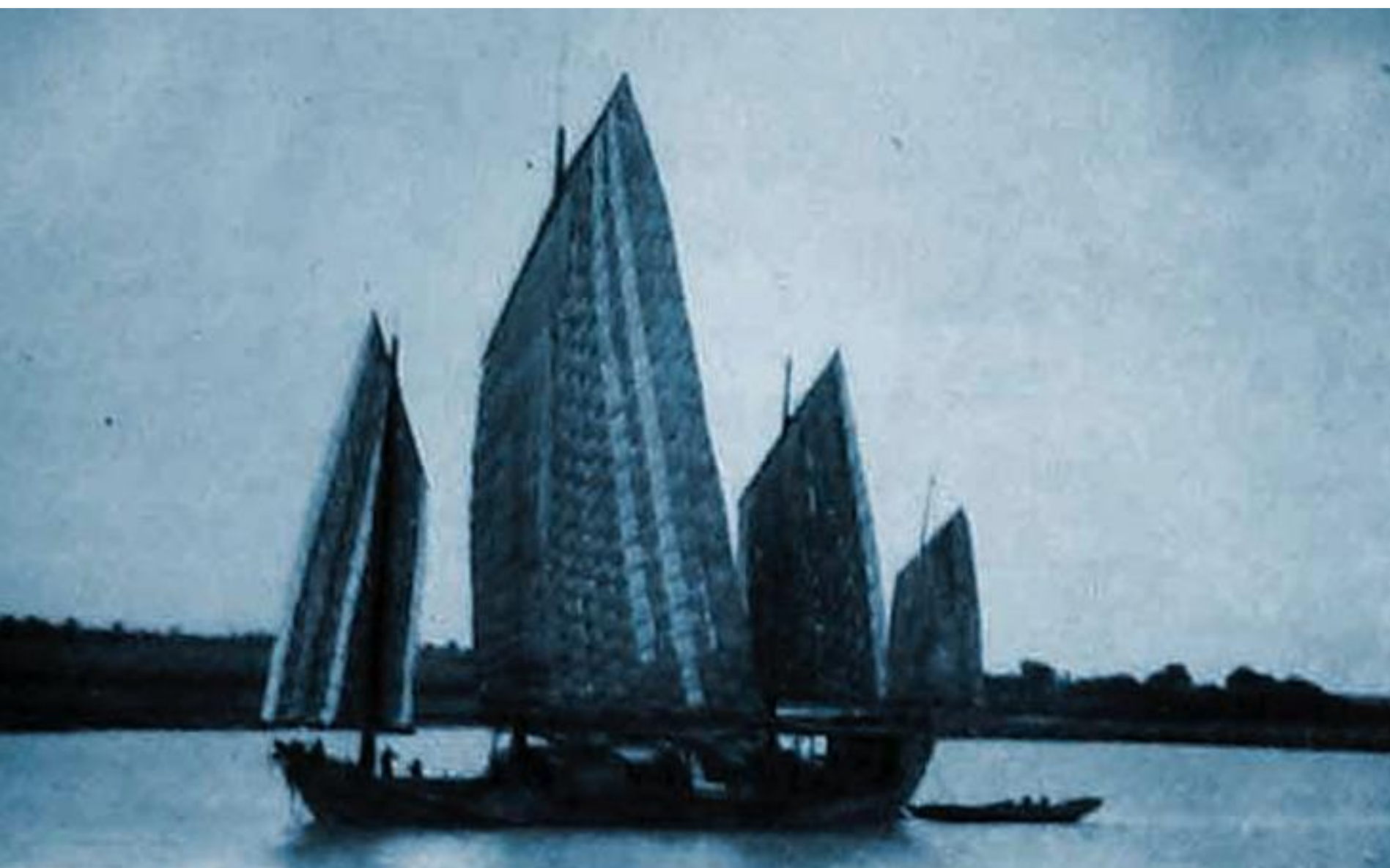




**REV. LYT AND AGNES HARNSBERGER'S 45 FT. HOUSEBOAT  
ON CANAL, ~100 MI. NORTH OF SHANGHAI,  
JIANGSU PROVINCE, CHINA  
TOMMY HARNSBERGER ON DECK, 1929**

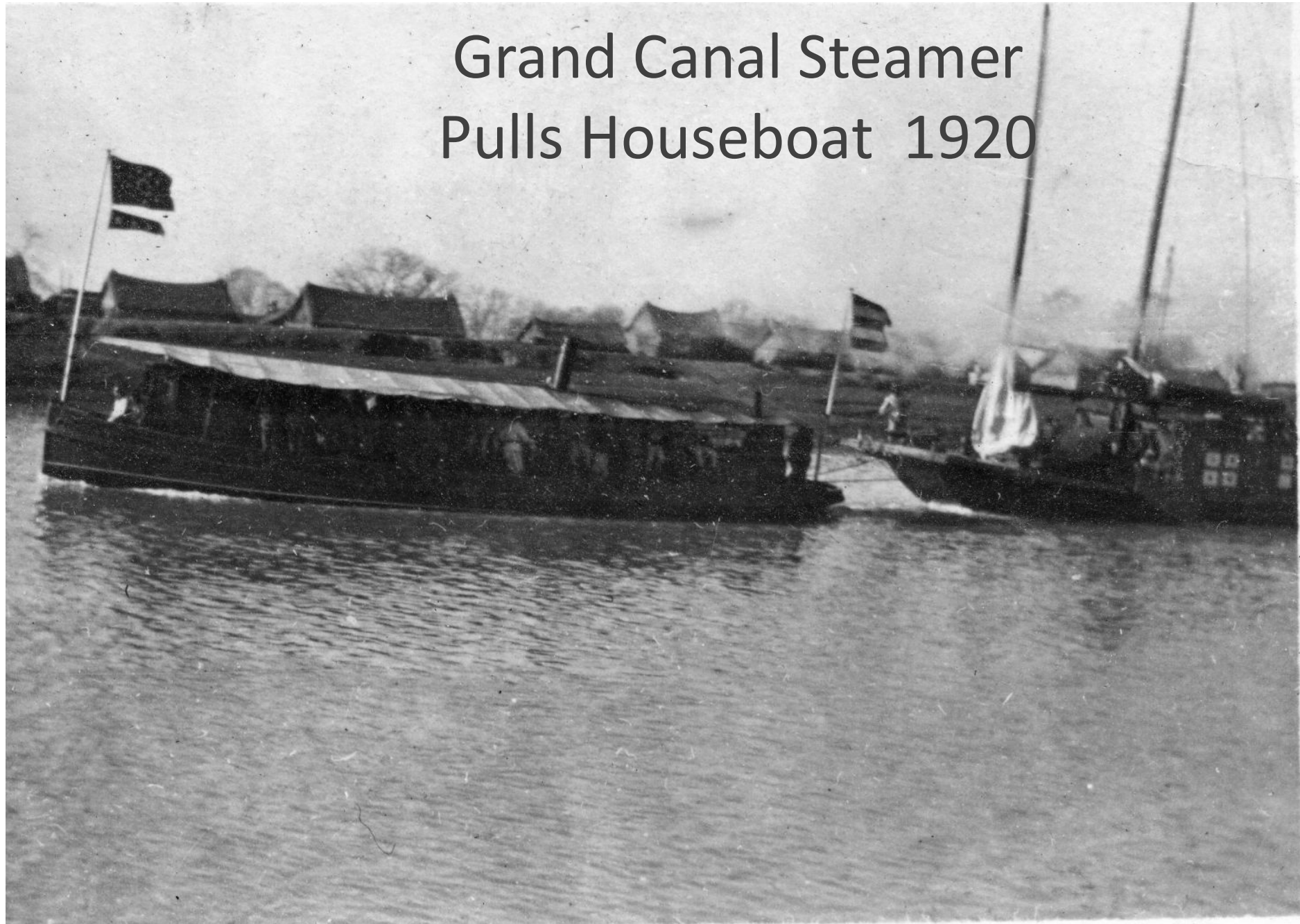








Grand Canal Steamer  
Pulls Houseboat 1920







Houseboat Pullers - 3 Wong Brothers



KERR TAYLORS, LYT HARNSBERGERS & PETE RICHARDSON  
FAMILIES  
MARGUERITE MIZELL, LYDIA WOODS, BILLIE ROWLAND &  
HAZEL MATHIES  
CHRISTIAN (S. PRESBYTERIAN) MISSION STATION  
TAIZHOU, JIANGSU, CHINA  
SUMMER, 1931

# Harvesting Fall Wheat Northern Jiangsu



# 1931 Flood Homeless



# **Pearl Buck coming home to China**

**The exiles daughter**



# Pearl S. Buck

when she won the Nobel Prize for literature:

"Her beautiful gray-green eyes were as clear as jade, frank, and sparkling...

her uneven mouth was cut like a gash in her expressive face.

She was attractive, friendly, natural, easy to be with, but I had a feeling she had never been young."







## **first returned to America**

Pearl when she first returned to America at the age of nine

## **before go to China**

Pearl at the age of five months was taken in San Francisco, just before her parents sailed with her for China





The Sydenstricker family in Shanghai in 1894; the parents, Edwin, Pearl and baby Clyde





## Carie

Pearl's mother, as a child

## “the exile's daughter”

At home in her own country, "the exile's daughter" with one of her own daughters  
(Photo by Ferles)





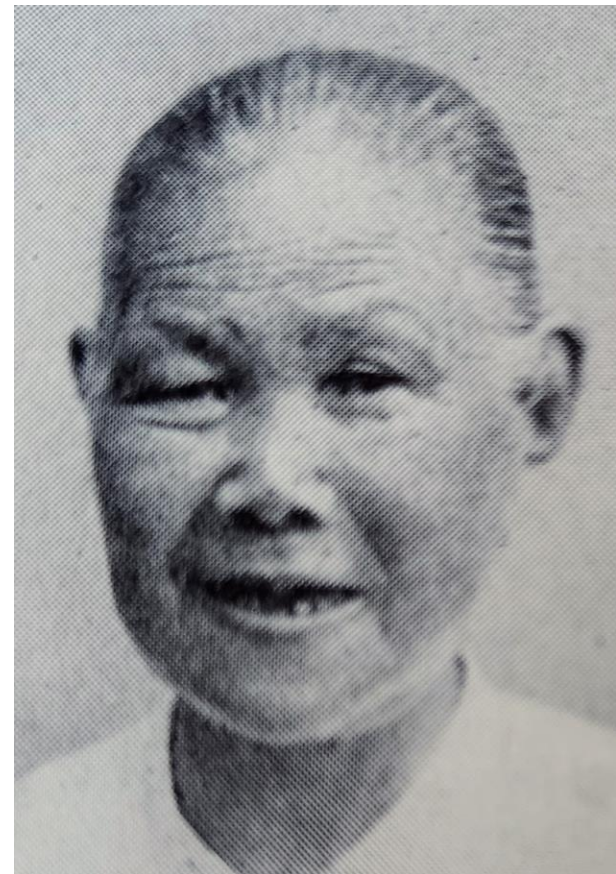
## **Chang Amah**

who cared for Pearl's children in China



## **Lu Amah**

who saved the lives of Pearl and her family  
in 1927



## **Wang Amah**

Pearl's well-loved Chinese nurse



## Nobel Prize

At Stockholm, December 10, 1938, the King of Sweden presents the Nobel Prize for Literature - a gold medal, a certificate for the prize money, and a leather-bound, hand-decorated "citation"

Pearl when she was in college





- The scene of the Nobel Prize ceremony in Stockholm in 1938
- Pearl is seated at left of center (Photo by Karl Sandels, Stockholm)

On the lot where the moving picture of Dragon Seed was being made in 1943, Pearl met for the first time the old water-buffalo who had been a leading character in the film of The Good Earth. He is now an MGM pet (Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Inc.)



## at Washington

Pearl Buck talking with Chinese women in an interval of the hearings at Washington on the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion laws, May 20, 1943 (Photo by Press Association, Inc.)





**Those terrifying steps  
up to the summer place  
at Kuling**







**Pearl Buck House**

# Pearl Buck House



**Under Renovation  
Lushan**

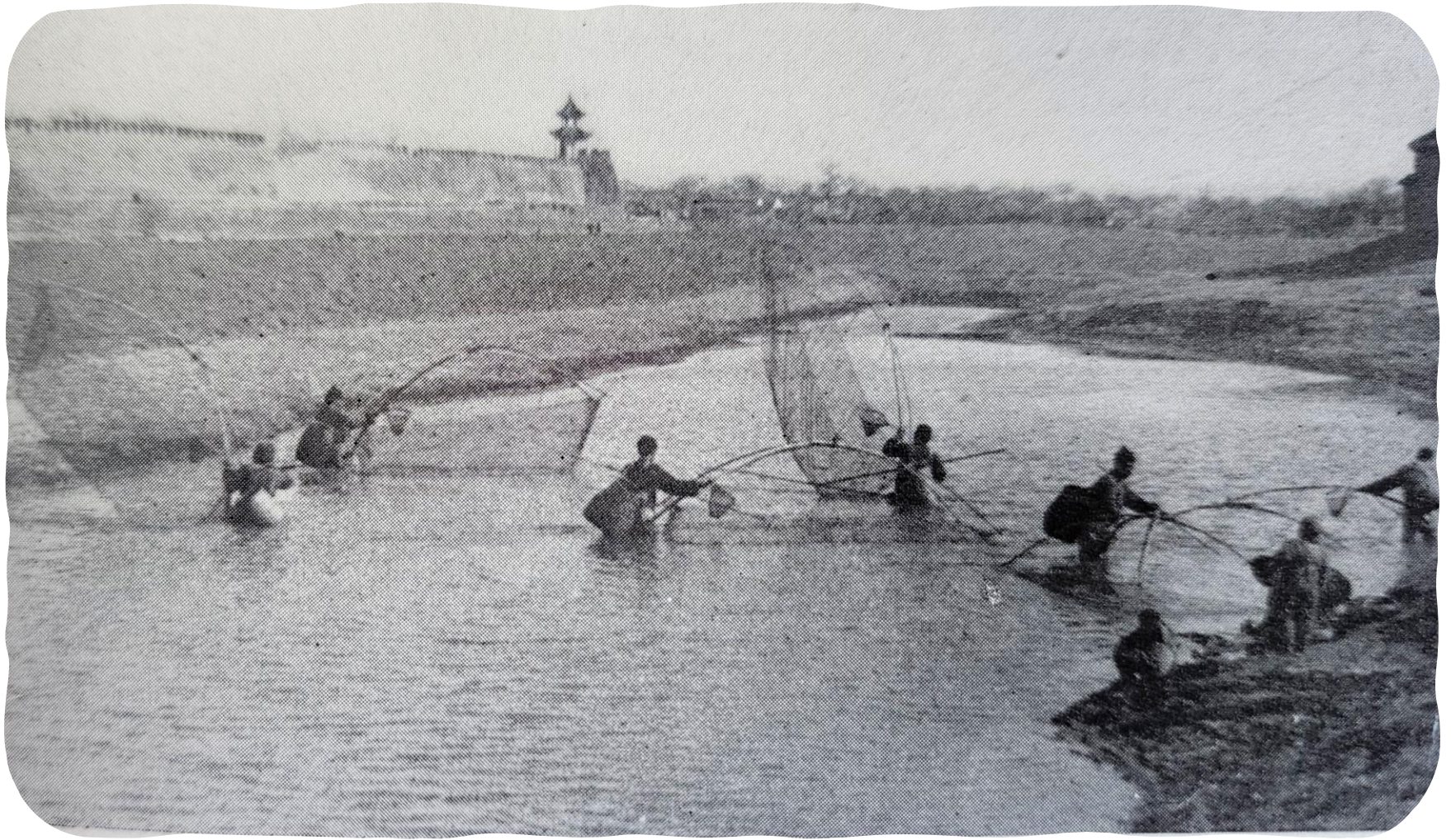
**Oct. 2023**

# A canal scene in Shanghai



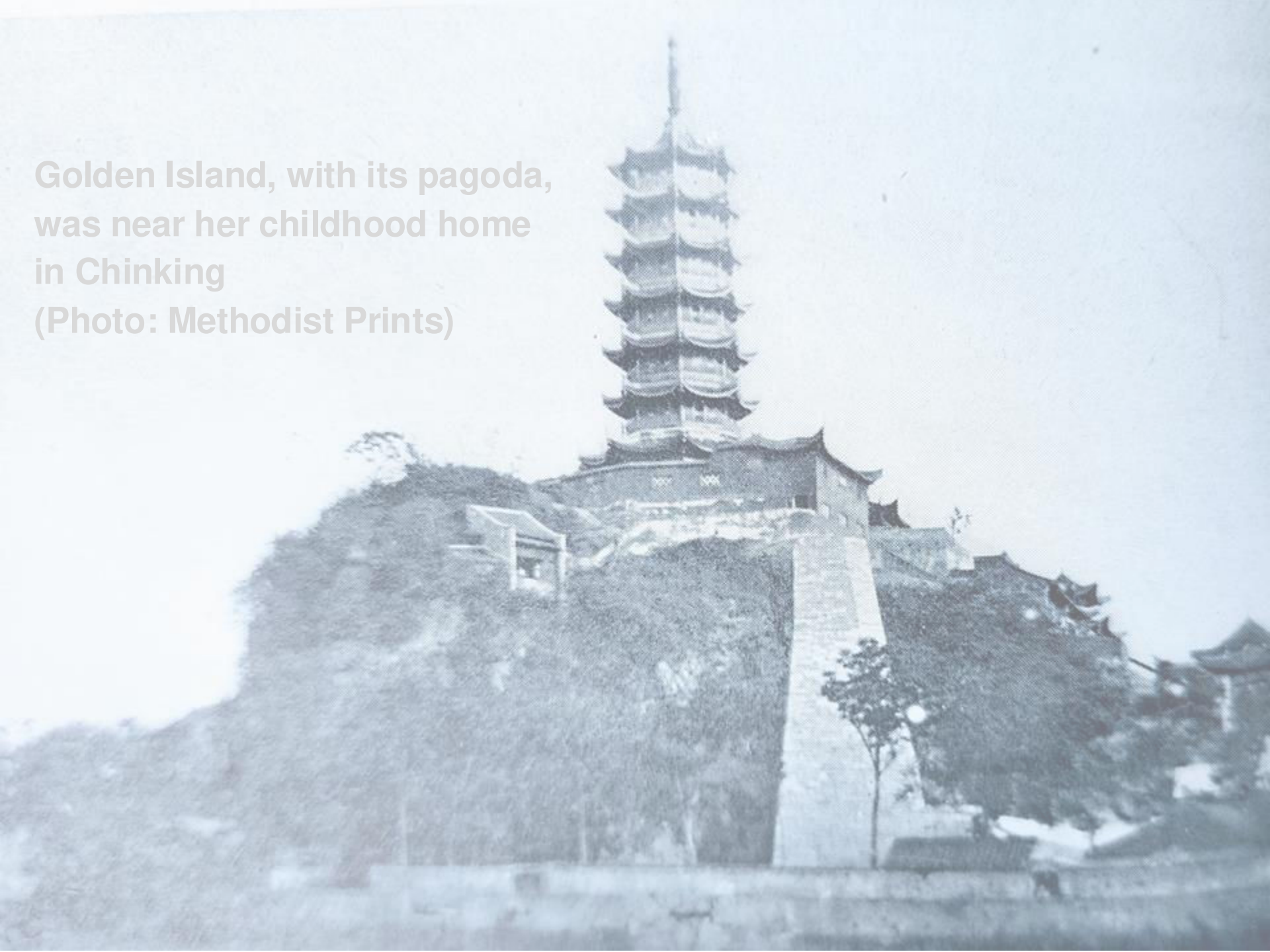


**A street in Shanghai**



Fishermen near Nanhsuchow, the scene of most of The Good Earth  
(Photo: Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions)

Golden Island, with its pagoda,  
was near her childhood home  
in Chinking  
(Photo: Methodist Prints)



## Lianhuadong – The Path to Lushan



“Each June, when the rice seedlings were transplanted from the dry beds to the flooded fields, I knew, the time had come for Kuling.”

Pearl S. Buck

From “*My Several Worlds*”  
*The Importance of Kuling*

# Kuling was 1<sup>st</sup> a “Lifesaving Station” for kids

The importance of Kuling in the lives of the white people in the central provinces of China must now be explained. There were other summer resorts, but none of them, we felt compared with Kuling. It was much more than a summer resort, it was a lifesaving station, especially in the early years of my childhood before it was known how some of the worst of the tropical diseases, against which white people seemed to have no immunity whatever, were carried. I can remember the devastation of malaria, for example, from which the Chinese suffered and grew thin and yellow but from which they recovered far more often than the white people did. At the first rumor that mosquitoes were the carriers my father had promptly nailed cheesecloth over all the windows of our house, and people thought he had gone insane. As soon as he could buy wire screening from Montgomery Ward ours was the first house to have it. Cholera, the autumn menace, we knew was somehow carried by flies,

Pearl S. Buck, “My Several Worlds”



Kuling's  
First  
baby



"Uncle"  
Jim

**The death of children had really compelled white parents to find some place where families could go for the worst months of our tropically hot summers, and my father had been one of the little group of white men who explored the famous Lu mountains, where old temples had existed for centuries in a climate so salubrious that it was said the priests lived forever. I can still remember the day when I was a small child that my father came home from the expedition and reported that high in those mountains, six thousand feet above sea level, he had found the air as cold as early winter, though the season was midsummer. There was a rough stone road up the mountainside, carved no one knew how long ago by priests and pilgrims, and bamboo mountain chairs were available and the bearers were the neighboring farmers.**

**"The air up there is like the Alleghenies," my father said. "and the brooks run clear."**

benches. Early the next morning we were waked as usual by the chair bearers, clamoring to get off, and we rose and ate a hearty breakfast of rice and eggs prepared by the resthouse cook, and then we climbed into our chairs, much improved now, and made of wood and rattan instead of bamboo. Thus we set off across the plains and up into the foothills to the second resthouse, where other chairs waited with mountain bearers, for the plainsmen could not climb. Now came, as always, the magical part of the journey. One caught the first hint of it when a clear mountain brook tumbled past the resthouse and the village houses were made of stone instead of gray brick of the plains. We seated ourselves in our chairs and four bearers carried each chair, suspended by ropes from poles across their shoulders, and thus they mounted the first flight of stone steps with light rhythmic strides. Up the mountain we climbed and soon the frothing bamboos changed to pines and dwarf chestnuts and oaks and we were on the way. The road wound around the rocky fields of the cliffs, and beneath us were gorges and rushing



The 'Thousand Steps' or 'Strong Man Steps' where Sedan chairs hung over the edge



**mountain rivers and falls. Higher and higher the road crawled, twisting so abruptly that sometimes our chair swung clear over the precipices as the front bearers went on beyond the rear ones, still behind the bend. One misstep and the chair would have been dashed a thousand feet into the rocks and swirling waters, but there was never a misstep. In all the years I never heard of an accident, even though the bearers went at an astonishing speed, every step in rhythmic movement.**

**Somewhere near the top of the mountain we turned a certain corner and were met, as I remembered, by a strong cold current of mountain air. Until then the air had gradually cooled, but at this spot it changed suddenly and the bearers welcomed it with loud hallooing calls**

# The Thousand Steps







**Kuling was a refuge from the searing heat and disease of summer in the central plains, and a place to restore their souls with the music of rushing streams, cold pure spring water, fresh sweet air, and the ever present vistas of mountains. Some loved to hike, hunt and swim in the crystal pools that lay here and there along the major streams. Others enjoyed tennis, baseball, concerts and friends from afar. Fortunately for us, they so appreciated Kuling that they decided to give us an opportunity that few of them ever had: the privilege of spending the entire year on the mountain top. Trains and river boats brought us up to Kiukiang, and we hiked up the Lushan Mountains to a coeducational boarding school that rarely had more than 10 students in a class.**

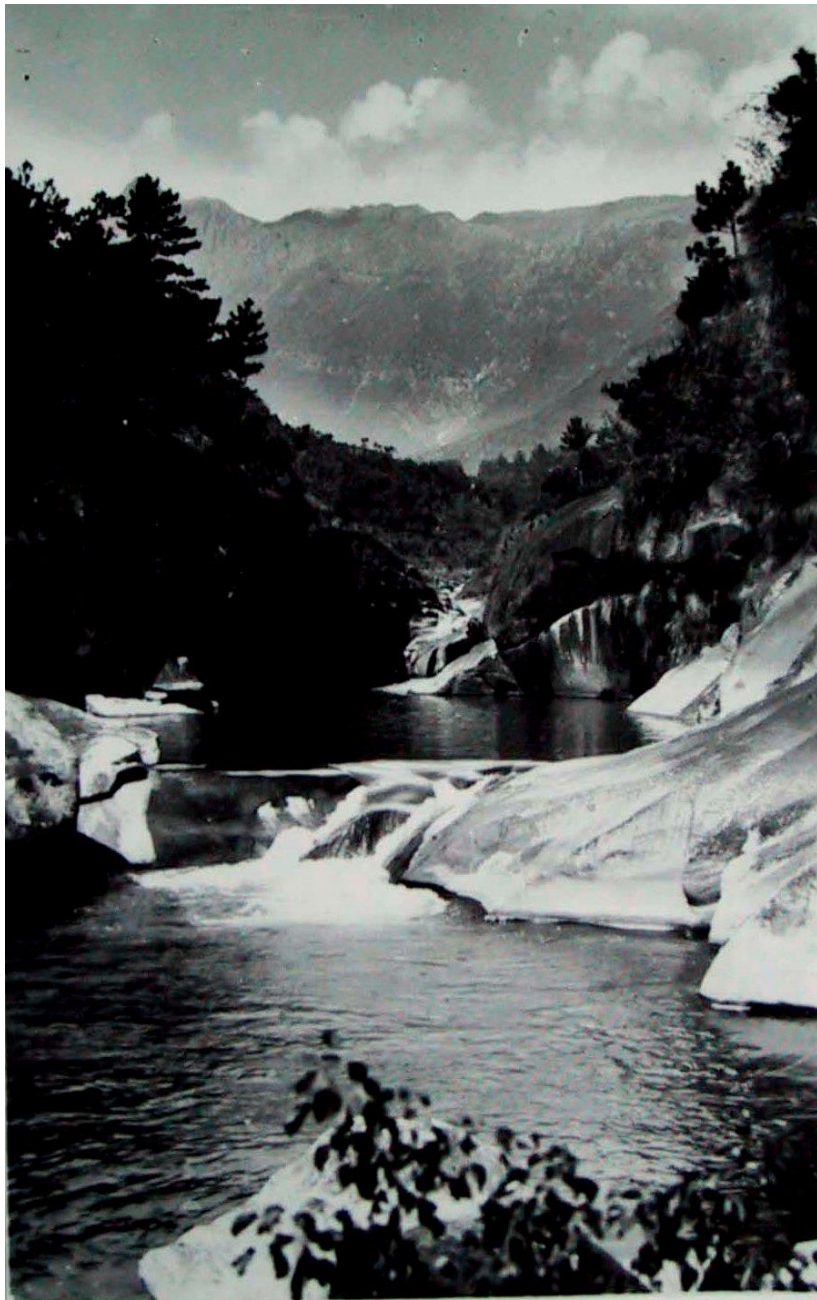
**And we had the "TIME OF OUR LIVES!"**

**Irene remembers Kuling as "A GOLDEN TIME OUTLINED IN ROSE-PINK!!!"**

**Gene calls it "A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN!!!"**

**Sid points to it as his "SHANGRI-LA!!!!"**

Quotes from 'Lushan Memories'



Pools below Emerald Pool - photo by Merwin Haskell



## THE IMPORTANCE OF KULING

**This was enough for my mother. Her joy in the thought of escaping the torrid months of summer and particularly the hot rainy season, when the rice fields were flooded and the mosquitoes swarmed was something I can still see. We were among the first, then, to buy a plot of ground after negotiations had been made with the Chinese for us to do so - a long lease it was actually, for foreigners could not own the soil of China. I remember our first little house, made of stone, for stone was the building material on those mountaintops where only low trees grew. The temples, too, were of stone, and the pagoda on a neighboring peak was of stone.**

Pearl S.Buck





# 'We must let the Chinese come in'



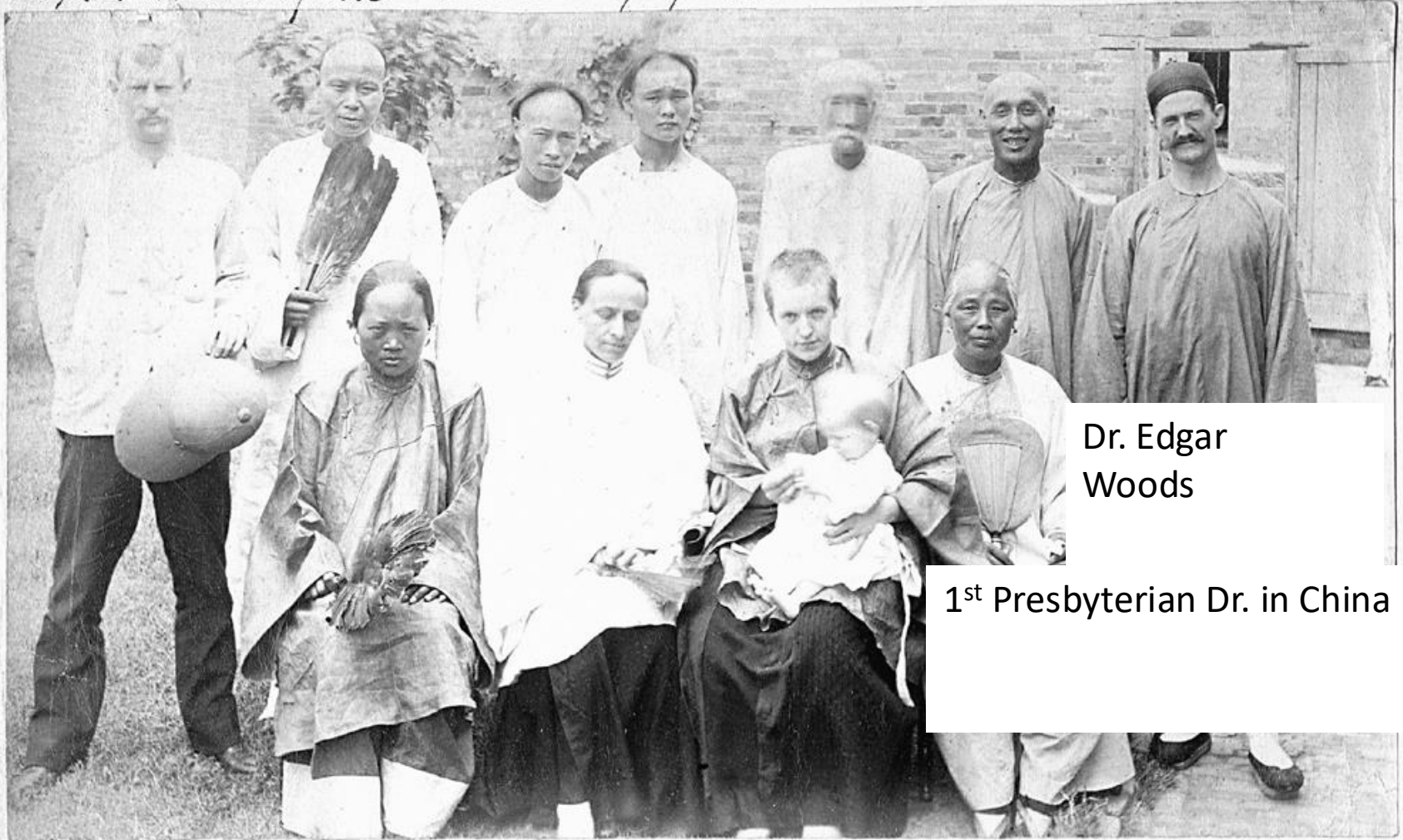
**My mother and I talked together about it, and she admitted the change and said, symbolically, that she no longer dared to drink the spring water unboiled because houses were built above it now. Then she said, "We must let the Chinese come in - I can see it. Perhaps we white people ought never to have built a separate place for ourselves but we did it so we could keep our children. We lost so many little children."**

**She could never mention the lost children without thinking, I knew, of our four buried in the little walled cemeteries, three in Shanghai and one in Chekiang, who died when I was six. The eldest, my sister Edith, my mother considered her most beautiful and brilliant child, and she was the one who had died of cholera when she was four. There was a portrait of her in my mother's bedroom in the mission house, a handsome sturdy blue-eyed child, her dark hair in bangs across her fine forehead and hanging in thick curls on her shoulders.**

# The Woods - Presbyterians in Huai'an China 1902



Rev J.R. Graham Mr Flood "Glorious" "Big Pig" Mr Thunder Mr Lee Dr E. Woods



Dr. Edgar  
Woods

1<sup>st</sup> Presbyterian Dr. in China

Mrs Fang. Miss Emerson. Mrs J.R. Graham. Mrs Bear.  
Tsing Kiang P'u Mission June 1891

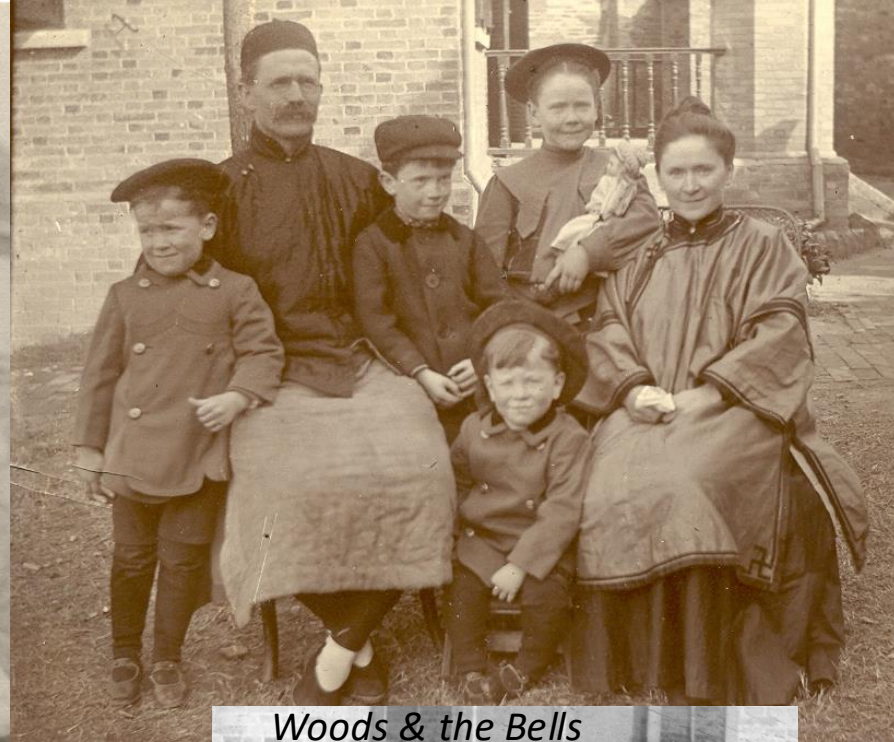
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Presbyterian Missionaries China 1891

*Hutch's Grandparents 1894  
(Lin) James Woods, Bessie (19)  
Went to China in 1892 - 1939  
#1 Chinese Presbyterian Family*



*Bessie Woods  
Dr. James Baker Woods  
More years than any family in the China Mission*



*Woods & the Bells*



# CHINA



Capitol Int'l Airport

North Jiangsu >

Pudong Int'l Airport

Guangzhou / Canton Airport

Gaoyou  
Lake

< 10,000 sq. mi inland sea

< Gaoyou

Grand Canal >

< Taizhou - Harnsberger  
Home #1

Yangzhou

Zhenjiang

Nanjing

Nanjing

Maanshan

Changzhou

Wuxi

Wuhu

Suzhou

Shanghai

N



“Perhaps we white people ought never have built a separate places for ourselves.  
but we did it so we could keep our children. We lost so many children. “

Mother of Pearl S. Buck

