HILDA'S BOOK

Faithful to the End:

American Medical Missionary

to China and Korea

in the Mid-twentieth Century

Hilda Weiss-Andrus

Edited by Elizabeth Richardson

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INTRODUCTION

This is Hilda's[1] memoir, not the memoirs of her husband or children. Hilda put it together from her diaries and letters to family and churches. She wrote what was of interest and importance to her at the time, not necessarily what would interest us today. Some of what she left out or that is missing from her manuscripts would be tantalizing to know.

Hilda's writing style was unique, but not polished. I have tried to keep her style and language as much as possible, correcting or adding as necessary for spelling, punctuation, grammar, context, clarity, and syntax. (My own additions are in brackets [ ].) Any errors remaining are mine. I used her single-spaced typewritten manuscripts, plus a few other papers she kept, plus some stories she told us, plus a small amount of data from taped interviews with a representative of the Methodist Board of Global Ministries in 1995[2], plus a little of my personal knowledge of events and persons and places.

Very little of Hilda's day-to-day work was described in detail in her memoir. It was a given – she and Ernest took care of Chinese or Korean patients in the mission hospitals almost every day, for long hours. Or they dealt with the continuous small and large crises caused by living in a foreign country during very tumultuous times. Most of it wasn't dramatic enough to put in her memoir.

There are hardly any scriptural references in Hilda's memoir. It is like the Book of ***Esther*** in the Bible. You know that God was involved throughout Hilda's and Ernest's lives, just not explicitly mentioned over and over. Hilda was not a theologian or minister or Bible teacher, but a medical person and frugal housewife.

Hilda mentions people's names over and over. Most of the names will mean nothing to most readers. Having the names in print is a way of memorializing those people, most of whom are now long dead and gone.

There is much mention of the hired help in Hilda's memoir. That may offend some modern sensibilities. In China and in Korea during the time Hilda and Ernest worked there, they could not have functioned without hired help. There were no modern conveniences. Everything was much more difficult and complicated than it was in the US, even during the nineteenth century. In China and Korea during those times almost everyone either had hired help or they were the hired help. Further, due to the location of their missions in Nanchang and

[1] Hilda Elizabeth Seiter, later Hilda Seiter Weiss, still later Hilda Weiss-Andrus, born May 10, 1915, near Marion, Ohio, to Harry and Norma Seiter.

[2] Diana J. Allen, "Interview with Hilda Weiss", conducted at San Antonio, TX, April 26-28, 1995, © 1995 World Division, General Board Global Ministries.

Seoul, Hilda and Ernest were expected to run something like a hotel for Westerners traveling through or visiting. There were LOTS of visitors. Finally, my own personal knowledge vouches for the fact that they were kind to the help and paid better than prevailing wages.

For most of this book I have used pretty much word for word what I found in Hilda's final manuscript. Several pages of her final manuscript were missing at the beginning of Part 3, the Korea section. I also used some material from another draft that more fully described what was in the final manuscript or that covered some of what was in the missing pages. I edited this draft drastically because much of the material was either already in the final manuscript or contained repetitive, uninteresting details, e.g., ongoing monetary inflation information. I further used some material from a lengthy letter Hilda sent to the administration at Jiangxi Hospital in 1988 called "Nanchang General Hospital, 1939 – 1951." The photographs and exhibits in the book were mostly ones that Hilda had kept through the years. She gave away a suitcase full of photographs from the Nanchang time period when she visited China in 1985. She also gave away or discarded many photographs in 2006 – 2008 that might have enhanced the story.

Finally, the description of what happened in China in 1950 and in early 1951 may be somewhat jumbled as to the time sequence. I could not always tell which year Hilda was writing about. By the time I transcribed her manuscript, it was too late to ask her.

Elizabeth "Betty" Weiss Richardson, 2008

PART ONE

THE FIRST TOUR AS A MISSIONARY IN CHINA

"WHAT NEVER?"

As a young girl there were three things that I decided I would never do: marry a preacher, teach school, or go to the mission field. After many years there were two things I learned. The first was not to use the word "never" and the second was not to argue with the Lord.

I grew up in a conservative farming community near Marion, Ohio, where life was simple but hard and beautiful. Our pastime as children was to dress up cats, play with all the animals and listen to the Victrola. Our amusement was to go to church three times on Sunday and go to town on Saturday night to do the weekly shopping. I could always count on teasing a chocolate ice cream cone out of dad. (In those days a five-cent cone was bigger than a dollar one today.) As we got older we used to talk with the boys. Everybody went to town on Saturday, and who wanted to go shopping with mom and dad when there were boys around? Mother, my sister and I used to take in matinees at the Marion Theatre. We saw such great plays as "Camille". We would have a good cry and then stop by the ice cream parlor and have an ice cream soda. During the rest of the week we had to go to school. After school we had to help with the chores: carry in the wood for the kitchen stove, and help with the milking and other chores. My little sister Magdalene was the "indoor girl". That meant that I did a lot of chores outside. Since I was the older and larger of the two children, I helped in the fields too.

In preparation for future life my parents were quite sure that I should be a teacher. Some of my cousins were teachers. Since I was a good student, it seemed as if teaching was in my future. I had taken some music lessons and was doing quite well. But when I saw how hard a music teacher had to work to make a living, I decided to give up music as a profession. Instead I worked hard on science and mathematics.

I was normal in that I fell in and out of love a half dozen times. But my parents did not allow dating until I was sixteen. I never broke the rules.

My senior year in high school was the beginning of many changes in my life. It was the beginning of the Great Depression. My grandfather and grandmother Mayers went bankrupt. Naturally our home was a bit disrupted.

That was the same year we had a new student minister at our church. He was from TEXAS – you know – one of the states in the USA. He got the young folks

interested in Youth Group meetings. (They were called Epworth League back then.) We did a lot of serious thinking during those meetings and at the same time had lots of fun. A group of us even went to Lakeside, Ohio, to a Chautauqua[3] meeting, in order to be with a lot of other young kids. A group of us got on a rowboat. None of us knew how to row a boat and only one of the lot knew how to swim. God was watching over us. In fact he must have been holding the boat steady when we got into the path of a motor boat.

That year I had the lead in the senior play. As you might guess, I was in love with the leading man. But I wasn't sixteen yet.

That same year, during the spring, our student minister, Ernest W. Weiss[4], brought a team of young men to our little country church from Baldwin Wallace College. They were all going into the ministry. They held evangelistic meetings. School or no school, we were all there every night. One night after Dave Roberts sang a song, I felt the urge to go to the altar and make a change in my life and give it to Christ. As I recall, there was no great change in my life but there was an emotional experience. I knew deep down in my heart that it was the Lord speaking to me. I received only one message and that was to take off my earrings. Up until that point, I was very fond of jewelry. But to this day, each time I put on earrings, I am reminded of that night. As I went to the altar, not my parents but an aunt of mine went with me. She tried to get her daughter to go but to no avail. My parents were very happy about it but said very little.

Then came graduation with all of its excitement. I gave a piano selection, "Moonlight on the Hudson" by G. D. Wilson Op. 60. The day after graduation was an anticlimax. I came down with the mumps, not just on one side but both sides. That kept me out of mischief for a few days. Later in the spring, in June, I took an examination at Baldwin Wallace College and won a scholarship. Already the pinch for money was noticeable. My Grandfather Seiter said that if my cousin

[3] Chautauqua's were sort of like cultural or semi-religious seminars, usually held out in rural areas. They were very popular with the middle class during that era.

[4] Ernest W. Weiss, the youngest of seven children in a poor Texas farm family, was born October 25, 19008, to Fritz and Elise Weiss. He was a grandson of Rev. Friedrich Bohmfalk. Rev. Bohmfalk was a German immigrant to Texas who became a Methodist minister. Several of Rev. Bohmfalk's sons, grandsons and other descendants also became ministers.

According to Hilda's letter to Jiangxi Hospital in 1985, Ernest was a high school dropout. He had to support the family on their farm near Industry, Texas. While working in the cotton fields, again and again the call came to him from God to be a missionary to India. The call was so strong that he had to tell his parents. They were very sympathetic and said that in order to have peace in his heart that he had to answer that call. That meant going back to school, college and medical school. That was all during the Great Depression. His faith never wavered. He got through all of his education by drinking lots of strong coffee and with the help of his mother's prayers. In spite of working at one to three jobs plus his studies, he managed to make top grades.

Stella and I went to college that he would pay our way. But Stella decided not to go and that left my dad holding the bag.

During the summer months mother became ill with sciatic rheumatism. She could hardly walk. She was put on a severe diet and was miserable. It happened at a most inconvenient time during the haymaking and cherry picking time. Therefore it was decided that I was to get on top of the hay wagon. I had to stick a large two-prong fork into the hay to get it moving into the haymow[5] in the barn. I was a strong healthy girl, but it took all my strength to pull the hayfork over to the center of the barn by means of a trip rope. After the fork was loaded, mother led the horse to the end of the barnyard and the hay was carried into the haymow. Then I tripped the rope so it would fall. Finally, Dad packed and spread the hay around in the haymow. All this hay kept our cows and horses fed during the winter months. Part of this haymaking took place on my grandfather Seiter's farm. On one of the trips back and forth with the hay, when dad was going to the field with an empty wagon, he spotted a mother skunk with her four baby skunks. If you have never seen such a sight, it is out of this world. The mother skunk takes the lead and her little ones follow in a straight line with their tails high in the air. The black and white colors are still more beautiful in the young skunks. My dad used to be an awful tease and a wonderful storyteller. He could keep a room full of folks entertained for an evening with his stories. When we had our family get-togethers it was so much fun to hear father and grandfather trying to top each other's stories. Sometimes they were not in just the best taste. I cannot imagine what they said when the ladies left. Well, the day he saw the skunk family my dad called us to see the baby skunks and encouraged me to catch one. Mother leaned off the wagon and yelled at me not to do it. Being young and foolish, graduating with honors from high school, I caught one of those cute skunks. I thought that I had the perfumed end pointed away from me. But somehow I got the full brunt of the special gland of that skunk and got squirted from the top of my head down to my feet with a special perfume. I dropped that beautiful creature but the damage had been done. Even though mother was feeling better, I was banished to the hay wagon.

As I was pulling the fork over to the wagon from the farthest haymow, the trip rope broke. I fell off the wagon making a complete circle while falling, and fell on my back on a hard wood floor. Thank God it was not cement like some barn floors. The pain was terrible and I was out of breath and with the smell of that delightful perfume, I was sick. No one wanted to come near me. We did manage to get into a Dodge sedan and drive home and get to the kitchen where there was a couch. Mother got some hot water and soap to bathe me. In spite of all my pain she insisted on washing my hair, not only once but twice before the doctor came. X-rays at that time (1932) were very expensive. The doctor (my great uncle, Doc Seiter) looked me over and suggested that I might have some

[5] Haymows were the upper parts of the large barns in the northern part of the country. That was where the hay was kept to feed cattle and horses during the winter. Today hay is mechanically baled and left standing in the fields. Thus there is no longer a need for big barns.

badly strained muscles. Nevertheless I was in perfect misery and was allowed to stay downstairs and sleep on the Davenport in the living room. [A Davenport was a sofa that could be opened up into a bed.]

For the rest of the summer I was of little help to my folks. But as soon as I was able to crawl, I got up and walked with an umbrella for a cane. Not until the following year did I find out that my back had been cracked in two places.

Many years later, after I finished my nurses' training, I knew that my life was meant to be for something. I could have been an invalid for life or been killed from that fall. However by early autumn I was ready and eager to start college at Baldwin Wallace. I was given special permission to come home on weekends. That was because our student pastor drove all the way from Baldwin Wallace to preach to two different rural congregations: ours at Zion Methodist and also the one at Bethlehem Methodist. Rev. Weiss and I enjoyed each other's company on those trips and talked about a lot of things. It was not long before we knew we were more than friends. By Christmas we knew we had "something going" as the young folks said. He became "Erne" to me. Before he proposed to me, he made it very clear that the woman he married not only would be a preacher's wife, but a doctor's wife and eventually a missionary's wife. And if he could not find a wife to go with him, he would go alone. Shortly after Christmas we announced our engagement. I must admit that in his six years of medical school I hoped that he might just forget about going to the mission field. So did my parents. The trouble was that I really did not know Erne.

At the end of the school year, even with the scholarship and the baby sitting jobs that I held, my parents could no longer afford to send me to college. Erne was able to graduate from Baldwin Wallace, but it was hard. He was accepted into the University of Cincinnati Medical School. I was accepted at Bethesda Hospital School of Nursing in Cincinnati. At least I could get training and get a job later. The tuition and room and board were free. [In those days nursing students earned their room and board by taking care of the patients. It was hard labor that was free for the hospital, all hours of the day and night and almost every day of the week.]

Erne had a very rough time, even though he held down two and three jobs while going to medical school. He took time to see me once a week. On Sunday we attended church together. Marriage was out of the question [due to them both being students and having no money. Students did not marry in those days, and there was no dependable birth control.] After graduation, I went on to college by day and worked at night as a nurse in order to get my B.S. in Nursing at the University of Cincinnati. In May of 1938 we were married. By that time I had said "yes" to a preacher, a doctor and to missions. But because of debts incurred by Erne while going through school, it was questionable that the Methodist Mission Board would accept us. Even so, we still had a year before

we could go to the mission field. That was because Erne had to complete his residency and I had a course or two to complete at the University.

My great-grandparents had held the first meeting of the Zion Methodist church in their home. My Seiter grandparents were like one of the four pillars of the church. They believed in sending missionaries to the ends of the world, but not THEIR GRANDAUGHTER! However Erne had more or less endeared himself to them. No doubt they felt as my parents did, that as long as I was in his care, all would be fine. How little they knew what was ahead! Thank God that he has chosen not for us to know those things in advance. My parents too were folks of great faith and regular churchgoers and very active in church. Mother gave of her musical talent and other things, while dad was a Sunday school teacher. On Saturday evening dad quit work early, took to his favorite chair, and prepared the Sunday school lesson.

Before going any further, I do want to pay tribute to some of the great Methodist deaconesses[6] at Bethesda Hospital. They knew that Erne and I were going to the mission field. In every way possible they helped nurture our spiritual growth. They followed us with their prayers and letters and funds. Often as I watched these women take care of their patients or perform other difficult duties, I saw that they always did their work cheerfully and very often went the "second mile" to take care of patients that the rest of the nurses did not want to care for. On Sunday these same women served in many churches in Cincinnati. I always hoped that I would be able to be as courageous and as willing a worker for the cause of Christ as they were. It would be wrong to give you specific names of any of those women because they were all so wonderful.

[Erne's dream had been to go to India as a missionary. There was no opening in India, but there was a place in Nanchang, Jiangxi Province, China. So China became their goal. In her 1985 letter to Jiangxi Hospital, Hilda stated that in order to be of help to China and her people it was necessary to learn all they could about China. Fortunately, in 1938, Dr. and Mrs. Blydenburg, a missionary couple serving Nanchang, had come to Delaware, Ohio, on furlough. Dr. Blydenburg had helped in the planning and building of the new Nanchang General Hospital. They told Erne and Hilda about the Westerners there: Evaline Gaw, Ruth Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Holland, Coral Houston, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Libby, Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Schubert, Gertrude Cone and Margaret Seeck.

[6] The title of "deaconess" was given to ordained single women who were nurses, educators or social workers for the Methodist Church in the United States.

According to the 1995 interview tapes, another incident occurred in Hilda's childhood which was very influential. She had a ruptured appendix when she was eight years old. She was in the hospital for about a month. Ninety-nine out of a hundred people with ruptured appendixes died in those days, before there were antibiotics. During her illness and hospitalization she keenly observed the good nursing care she received and the care from the surgeon.]

ON OUR WAY - 1939

At last there was a possibility that we would be accepted for the mission field. The next step was an interview with the Board of Missions in New York. For me it was exciting to see mountains [in Pennsylvania on the way to New York] and New York City. Our interview went very smoothly. We felt that the Mission

Board Secretary for China, Dr. Frank Cartwright, was a real friend, more like a father. From then on everything was focused on getting ready to go to China. For us it was exciting and frightening. For mother and dad it was dreadful. Not until we returned from China in 1943 did we know how much it hurt them. After we left they planted a weeping willow tree in remembrance of us, believing that they would never see us again.

During the summer of 1939 we were busy saying goodbye to Bethesda folks and to our parents. Then on to Minneapolis, where Bishop Raines was then the pastor of the Henopin Avenue Methodist Church. That church raised the money to send us to China [the passage across the Pacific]. How well we remember our stay with the folks who arranged to have a farewell tea for us. That was some weekend. We had just been to Detroit to see Erne's brother, Rev. Edwin Weiss and family. Erne had gotten a nasty sunburn on his upturned nose there. He was peeling like a boiled potato. Our wardrobe must not have appeared the best because one of the members of Henopin took me out shopping to buy a lace dress for the tea. It was beautiful. The home we stayed in, in Minneapolis, was a millionaire's home. But that made no difference. We were treated with the utmost courtesy as if we too were millionaires. We learned through the years whether we were in prison or in mud huts or a president's home, we had something that made us comfortable wherever we were.

After that weekend in Minneapolis we had a few days with our sponsors [at the Methodist Church] in Kane, Pennsylvania [a coal-mining town]. A Sunday school class in Kane led by Drs. Charles and Betty Cleland wanted to support a missionary. The enthusiasm that they shared caused the class members each to become Sunday school teachers themselves, even though some of them moved to other cities. It was almost like heading home every time we went to Kane, as we had such a close relationship. Their dedication not only in gifts of monetary support, but in time and prayers and love was wonderful. Our respect and admiration for them was so much that our first daughter was named Elizabeth (Betty). If we had had a son his name would have been Charles. As a reminder

of that weekend we had a picture of Erne with his peeling nose and myself in that beautiful lace dress and a big pimple on my right cheek.

Then it was goodbye to parents and friends in the north, and on to visit and say goodbye to all of Erne's family in Texas. One thing we did while there prepared us for our trip to China. We took a short trip into Mexico just over the border at Matamoras. We had planned on having lunch there. But after seeing the local butcher shop and the eating places, we decided that we could curb our appetites for a few hours. [Remember, this was in 1939.]

The trip to California by train was long but we enjoyed every bit of it. It was my first sight of the desert and foothills of the Rockies. It was like a honeymoon, since we had never had one. Our boat left from Los Angeles, and we checked in with the boat when we got to California. There was time for us to go to San Francisco to see Erne's cousins Dr. Paul and Meta Streit (in the US Army). They were a godsend to us a number of times through the years. We also had a visit with "Tante" (aunt) Streit who was living with them at the time. Dr. Streit, [who later became a general], took Erne around at the military hospital. Meta took me under her wing and helped with some necessary shopping. The next day saw us back in L.A., to the boat at San Pedro. It was a lovely surprise to see Edith Franz at the dockside. She was one of my supervisors at Bethesda in the maternity ward. I had always been very fond of her.

We sailed on a Norwegian boat called ***Sophoclez***. [Hilda was age twenty-four and Ernest was thirty-one.] Norwegians were fond of fish – fish soup, fish pudding, fish, fish, fish! As for me they could have left the fish in the ocean. One whiff of fish pudding at noon sent me you know where, and for a few days the fish were well fed. To make matters worse, my husband, bless his soul, presented me with a brand new typewriter and an instruction book. He said, "Honey, you have no work to do for three weeks, you can learn to type." That and the fish pudding did not endear my husband to me. Actually he had in the back of his mind that I would be the family secretary. How right he was! He never learned to type well. During our first term in China I typed about fifty letters a week [to supporting churches and individuals, extended family, and the "Board". There were no copy machines or e-mail then.] Later during the trip at sea when the ocean and my stomach calmed down, we were able to play bridge with missionaries to the Philippines, Mr. Franks and his wife and Miss Shipper. They were lovely folks.

[According to the 1995 interview tapes, on the voyage they heard on the short wave radio that war had been declared in Europe. The Norwegian ship captain, who had lost two brothers in World War I, immediately "took to the bottle." Norway was lost to the Germans and remained an occupied territory throughout World War II.]

Then we saw land, Japan! The next morning the boat was swarming with little people. I felt like a giant next to one of them. They had the strength of

elephants. They moved boxes of stuff that made me groan. We got off the boat as fast as we could and went to the Imperial Hotel [in Tokyo, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright]. We went to call our friend Mr. Fukuda, a newspaper man whom we were to meet. He took us on a tour of the city and we visited some temples. As we entered the temples we had to take our shoes off as the temples were holy ground. Of course we wanted to do things properly and we took off our shoes. That night we had our first encounter with a mosquito net. We had to be careful to let the net down over the bed, chase out all the lingering mosquitoes, and hope that they stayed out long enough until we got under the net. If you slept too near the net, the next morning you looked like you had measles. Besides that, it was hot. The next day I bought a hand fan. To this day [when this memoir was written] I carry a fan in my purse. If I can keep my face cool, I am comfortable.

The next day we went to the Grand Hotel to meet Miss Tashiro. She was the sister of an intern at Bethesda Hospital. She took us on a shopping tour and treated us to a Japanese dinner. The following day she went with us to meet the great Christian leader of Japan, Kagawa. What a treat it was to meet such a fine and humble man! When we told him that we were on our way to China, all he could say was “so sorry, so sorry.” We went back to our boat and that night we heard the terrible news of the war [Hitler in Europe, Japan in China]. Our ship took us on to Kobe, Japan. To our surprise we found out that we had a week to wait for a boat to go to China. We checked into the Oriental Hotel and spent the next few days sightseeing. We were on our own. Believe me we got into a few odd situations. I tried to buy some shoe polish and what I got was not shoe polish. Then I tried to buy Kotex [sanitary pads] and what I got was Cutex [nail polish].

We looked up our missionary friends and spent the next few days with them. We were there during a drought. The water was only turned on two hours a day. We were sure to be there when the water was turned on, as it was so hot. There was no air conditioning during those times.

One day we went to the little city of Nara to visit Deer Park. There were deer everywhere, and all so nice and tame. At the gate of the park we bought a string of biscuits for the deer. Before I could blink my eyes twice, they had gathered around me and chewed up the biscuits and had started chewing on my beautiful blue leather purse which my dear husband had given me for my birthday. I was almost in tears. Our faithful rickshaw man called to us and told me to hold up my hands, palms up. Like magic the deer walked away.

At this point I want to say something about pre-war Japan and the rickshaw. The very idea of riding in a rickshaw pulled by a man was revolting to me. Often I would stop the rickshaw man and get out and walk. But when a friend told me that I was embarrassing the men, I had second thoughts. We were taking food out of their mouths if we did not use them. I never did feel comfortable in a

rickshaw. Also, it seemed that the people were over-polite or bending over backwards to be polite during the time that we were in Japan, two years before war broke out between Japan and the US. Of course, not understanding the oriental "poker face," we had no idea of their thoughts. We accepted their friendliness at face value and tried to be just as polite in our American way.

The rains came before we left Japan. We saw men and women drop to their knees on the streets giving thanks to someone. I was sure they were Christian but with hindsight they must have been thanking their own gods.

While sightseeing we visited the Diabutsu Temple in Todaiji. In it was an immense statue of Buddha. To give you an idea, the thumb was 4 feet 9 3/5 inches long. The entire Buddha was covered with gold leaf. Since we were not allowed to take our cameras ashore we could only buy postcards of the Buddha.

At last it was time to leave Japan on the boat, the ***Tokyo Maru***. In those days when a vessel sailed to another country it was done with a lot of fanfare. It was very interesting to us. But then they had to spoil it all when the band played "Auld Lang Sine." That song struck my homesick chord and the tears flowed.

We sailed through the beautiful China Inland Sea. It was a fairly quiet trip except for the Captain's Dinner. The "special" was quail on toast. We both ordered it. When it was put before us, it looked innocent enough. But with one cut of the knife we realized that only the feathers had been removed. I hurriedly left the dining room.

On September 16 we were awakened at 3:30 AM and served sandwiches and coffee. We were then put on a tender [small boat] which took us to shore at Tientsin, the port for Peking.

OUR FIRST DAY IN CHINA

From the boat we were taken to shore where we were to wait at a place called Tangko.[7] It was there that we had our luggage examined and where we went through customs. Then we women (Mrs. Ringwald and Mrs. Rupert and I) went to the Tangko Club. "Club" was only a name as there was no food, drinks, or restrooms. It was there that I learned a very dear lesson and was "liberated." Up until that time Ernest carried both of our passports, keys, money and identification. [He was a typical male chauvinist of the times, from a patriarchal German family]. All I had was my purse and things that women carry in their purses. I had a bad cold and fortunately had carried my steamer rug [blanket].

[7] Most English spellings of Chinese place names in this memoir use the systems common at the time (Wade-Giles or Chinese Postal Map). Some use the later *Pinyin* system introduced in the 1950's.

The men had gone to see about our tickets to Peking and to get our baggage transferred to the train. We women had a rest at the "club."

While the men were at the railroad station buying their tickets, suddenly the doors were slammed shut. They were locked. There were about 200 other folks in the building. This was done by the Japanese soldiers who already occupied that part of China. Mr. Ringwald, the American ambassador to China, could speak Japanese and found out that the night before a man with cholera had walked through the station. Therefore they had to quarantine everyone there for two weeks. In just a short time in one corner of the station some straw or something similar was fixed up for toilet purposes. Of course we women knew nothing of this at the Club until a man with a big wide hat (Chinese rain hat) came

up to me and asked if I were Missy Weiss. I said "yes." He said, "your master, he in jail two weeks." Here I was – no money, no keys, no baggage, no identification, not even a letter. Mrs. Ringwald got her ire up and went to the Japanese consul to complain. At that time, Americans still had some prestige.

In the meantime, there were second thoughts among the Japanese who controlled the port and train station. They sprayed the baggage with Lysol or something similar and the folks walked through a shallow pool of the solution. Then they set everyone free. By that time we had missed our train. It was the last time that I traveled without money, keys, baggage, or identification. About 4:00 PM we were able to catch a train and we were off to Peking.

Prior to that time there had been a flood in the Tientsin area. For three hours we traveled through the flood area. The railroad tracks were padded with sandbags. On both sides of the tracks, as far as we could see, there was only water. It was midnight before we got into Peking. At that time the city was in a complete state of blackout, as that entire part of the country was already under the control of the Japanese. It was an eerie sight. We were tired and worried. But thanks to the Ringwalds, we were put in a taxi. They told the taxi driver where to go. Off we went. It seemed like an eternity until we arrived at our destination. We traveled first on wide streets and then narrow streets, turning this way and that, with high walls around us. It seemed as if the taxi was belching out its last puffs. Honestly by this time I was terrified. I was sure that we were being taken straight to prison. Ernest, the protective one, never let on how he felt but he did not have much to say. At last the taxi came to a screeching halt and the driver was determined to put us out. We had stopped in front of two huge, thick, red doors with a peephole. There was a knocker on the door which we beat on, since we found the name "Language School" on the door (College of Chinese Studies). After a long silence the peephole was opened and a voice asked what was going on. We tried to explain that we were Dr. and Mrs. Weiss and were students. We might just as well have told him that we were President and Mrs. of the U.S.A. We had "sent" three telegrams to tell of our arrival. One got there after we did, another did not have Ernest's signature, and another was still in Ernest's pocket and never sent. So of course we were met with a cold stare. I still don't

remember how Ernest was able to convince the man, but he finally let us in, bag and baggage. We toddled behind him and walked what seemed a long distance. In reality it was only a short distance by means of a flashlight to a room for the night. "Prison" was not so bad after all.

ONE YEAR IN LANGUAGE SCHOOL IN PEKING (1939 - 1940)

We had arrived on a Saturday. The next day being Sunday, we thought it wise to go to the Union Church [English speaking] in the afternoon in hopes of meeting some of our fellow Methodist missionaries. We felt it a bit strange that there was no one to meet us at the station the night before to help us in a foreign land. Imagine our surprise and embarrassment when we were introduced to our fellow Methodist missionaries and they had not known that we were coming or had arrived. There was an explanation. During this time in New York in the Board of Missions office there were many changes and mergers going on. So a letter to introduce a new young missionary couple was one of the less important things. After proper introductions, the Methodist Mission group took us under their wings and we all became fast friends.

Since our boat got us to China a bit earlier than expected, we were the first of the American language students to arrive. The language school then was full of Brits who had been driven out of their [mission or business] stations in China by the Japanese. You can imagine that we had to learn the "King's English" in a hurry and had to really twist our ears. A reel of cotton was a spool of thread; a scone was a biscuit; braces were suspenders; etc. But in no time at all we learned the lingo and found some mighty fine friends among the Brits.

We were often laughed at because of our lack of skill in playing tennis and riding bikes. One of the first things we had to invest in was a type of vehicle. Bicycles seemed to be in vogue. Ernest knew how to ride a bike, but me??? I had a hard time standing on my feet. So in order to learn, we got up earlier than the British and went to the tennis court. It did not take long to get my balance but those tennis posts had a particular fascination for me. I would start towards the left or right of one. Like a magnet I would be drawn straight to the tennis post and then "bang" again. My body was bruised time and again. But I finally graduated to the street for some real interesting experiences. Ernest was very patient with me. One morning real early we went down our alley to the main street (Hateman), got on our bikes and rode with the incoming traffic. And there was TRAFFIC - busses, streetcars, camels, rickshaws, carts, etc. – all going at their own pace and no lanes. Everyone could move in any direction in order to get to their destination. I got caught in a streetcar track, lost my balance and fell. A cart pulled by a donkey rode over me and the bicycle. The owner of the cart looked scared to death. I just got up, straightened out my bike handles, Erne helped me get back on the bike, and on we went. Another time I was not so lucky. I tried to

keep up with two men bikers, got caught in a streetcar track, fell hard and broke a bone in my foot. That slowed me down a little for a few weeks.

Well, we had gone to Peking to study the language and the day of reckoning had arrived. Our first day in language school was tiring but interesting. Not one word of English was spoken. Our head teacher ("Dearest") was such a good actor that we knew what he was saying. We were not allowed to say one word. We were allowed only to listen for five hours. Every half-hour we had a different teacher. Later in the year we divided into small groups every half-hour. Twice a day we had a private teacher. We all were instructed at the same pace. As soon as we began using the language we had to memorize a great deal. On Saturdays we had to go sightseeing to cultural places. In our spare time we were required to read one book a week about China and write Chinese characters. In one year we had the language down well enough to travel anywhere. We had yet to conquer newspapers and Chinese literature.

"Dearest" was our head teacher. Another beloved teacher was "Goldie." (He had a gold tooth.) Another teacher was "Tiger," but in no way was he like a tiger.

One of our classmates named Gertrude Waterman also arrived a bit early at the language school. We spent a lot of time together. In fact Erne taught her how to ride a bike. His balance was better than mine. One morning the three of us started out together to Pig Street. From our school we could hear the squealing of pigs. There we found hundreds of pigs, each with all four feet tied together. They had been carried in from the country that way on carts. They squealed all the way.

Our language school year was a great year in that we rubbed shoulders with ministers from other denominations and other countries. It gave us a feeling of oneness. To this day [at the time Hilda wrote her manuscript, in the 1970's – '80's] we are still in touch with some of them. Our Methodist missionaries took us into their homes for meals and visits and took us to see different Methodist institutions. We can never forget them.

One weekend in November we went to one of the outlying stations called Tingchow. There was a large school for children of American missionaries and business people. We were guests of the Arglanders. Little did we know we would meet later in Korea, and that she and I would be working together in the laboratory at Severance Hospital in Seoul. Her name was Faith Whitaker-Olson.

Another time in November, Ernest, Kenneth Kohler and Dr. Craddock went to see the Great Wall. Since it was rather a dangerous trip at that time, the men went alone, without the women. On the train the men were thoroughly inspected. Just before boarding the train Ken had mailed some Christmas packages to the States and had some leftover twine in his pocket (from tying up the parcels). Before the train was allowed to move, the entire ball of twine had to be

unraveled. Dr. Craddock was a Brit. Because of his British passport his things were inspected extra-carefully. [The Japanese and British were extreme rivals at that time throughout eastern Asia.] At last the train got off.

By Thanksgiving we were cold. The temperatures were lower than in Ohio and our rooms were not kept at 70 degrees. So we invested in long underwear and furs. We learned from the Chinese that fur was worn as a lining instead of on the outside. It was much warmer that way. Later, in Nanchang, we wore silk padded clothes in the winter.

Oriental music and other sounds in China were strange to our ears. Everyone selling things on the street had his own little song. The barber carried his shop around on his shoulder; another man who sharpened knives and shears had his own song. Almost every day we saw a funeral or a wedding going down the street with its special music. If we were not looking at the time, we could not tell the difference in the music [between the wedding and the funeral]. The Chinese themselves could not always tell the difference. Other sounds were the squeaks of the water cart or the night soil cart. Sometimes you could tell by the smell.

One of the strange sights on the street was to see a man with a scull cap and one long fingernail (fifth finger) carrying a birdcage. From friends we heard that it was the custom to carry birds to work.

Shopping was quite a lot of fun. Once you got into a shopping area, you could easily get lost in all the little alleys. But things were cheap and if you looked long enough, you could find what you wanted. Eating out was still more fun. Chinese food was and still is wonderful. Of course for me to go to the kitchen [at the language school or in a host's private home] was a no-no. To begin a meal you started with watermelon seeds and peanuts. Shells and hulls went on the floor. An unstained tablecloth was unusual. You can understand why we only drank hot scalding tea, dipped our chopsticks in hot water before eating, and ate only food that had been cooked or scalded. There were a number of customs that we did not pick up, such as rinsing of your mouth, including a gargle of tea at the end of the meal, and then spitting it out. I am sure that some of those habits are no longer customary. One of the soups that was very good as long as you didn't think too much about it was chicken soup. The chicken was drawn [intestines removed], feathers were plucked, and it was boiled. I will never forget the time a group of us went to a dinner. Two of the group were going for the first time. I was asked to do the serving. With a pair of chopsticks, I lifted the entire chicken (head and feet included) out of the broth. At the sight of the head and claws, one of the newcomers turned pale. We spoiled her taste for Chinese food. Her husband loved it.

Dust, dust, dust. A fastidious housewife nearly went wild keeping house. There was very little rain. Instead we had dust storms. One day I went to the beauty parlor to have my hair washed and set. On the way back home I put a crepe-de-

chine scarf over my head and face. Would you believe it – in less than a mile by rickshaw the dust had sifted through the scarf onto my face! You can well understand that we had colds and coughs all year round. Post-nasal drip was a routine complaint in spite of all the garlic and onions that we ate.

In late October of 1939 we took time off from language school to attend the North China Methodist Conference. To us it was a stirring experience. It was our first time to meet Bishop Ralph Ward. Before we left China there would be more meetings with him under various circumstances.

Before going any further, I must stop to comment on the arts of China. Each Saturday or after school in the afternoon we visited some cultural place. Peking was filled to overflowing with them. One of our most impressionable trips was to visit the Altar of Heaven and Temple of Heaven. Such architecture! Such art! Twice a year, in November and February, the emperor used to visit the famous Temple of Heaven. In February he visited the Happy New Year Temple. The roof was made of purple tiling with purple and green ceilings. To the side of the building was an altar on which an ox was placed. The emperor wrote his good deeds on a paper, tied it on the ox and offered it to the God of Heaven. On the other side of the bridge was the Altar of Heaven. Just before you reached it, there was the Imperial World Temple, which had a whispering wall around it. The whispering effect had come about purely by accident; it was not built that way on purpose. If you stood on one side of the wall and talked to the wall, the person on the other side of the wall could understand you even though you were 150 feet apart. You did not dare to yell because of the temple. We had quite a lengthy conversation. Then we came to the beautiful Altar of Heaven. From a distance it looked like a three-tier wedding cake. It was almost 30 feet high and the top tier was about 50 feet in diameter. The center stone was round and was considered the center of the universe. The emperor visited this place in November and made a sacrifice on a similar altar near the Altar of Heaven. These temples were about 600 years old and were very well preserved.

One of my pleasures other than learning Chinese was teaching a small group of Chinese young folks conversational English. To constantly study Chinese day in and day out can almost break a person. So an hour or so doing something else was helpful. During the Christmas holidays we invited our class for the evening meal and showed them how to eat foreign food. Later we taught them some American and British games.

During the Christmas holidays, Mr. Chang, the dormitory's "house boy," was to be married. His first wife had died and it was expected that he would marry again. Ernest and Kenneth Kohler had become close friends of Mr. Chang and were invited to his wedding. A large group of us were invited to the wedding feast. After the feast Mr. Chang went to the bride's home in a carriage and paid his respects to the bride's parents. He hurried back and was followed by the bridal procession. His bride came in a closed box (sedan chair) carried by about

eight people. A Chinese band played a lot of loud music. Then came the ceremony. Mr. Chang was a Christian and wanted a Christian ceremony but his mother-in-law insisted on the old style. The mother-in-law was the boss. Ernest went along into the inner room to watch the entire ceremony. Following tradition, Mr. Chang had not been allowed to see the bride before the ceremony. He kept asking Ernest before the ceremony if the bride was crying. Ernest had not been well informed about Chinese weddings and wanted to please Mr. Chang. Ernest told him that the bride looked very happy. It was the wrong thing to say. A Chinese bride was supposed to cry and look sad on her wedding day. After the ceremony the very shy bride and groom came out of the inner room and joined the rest of the guests and posed for pictures.

During the Christmas season we had a real treat. We attended Handel's "Messiah," presented by the Yenching University Choir. There were between two hundred and three hundred voices. It was directed by Bliss Wiant [Methodist missionary]. Little did we know that in 1951 we would be on a plane with him and his family and Ernest would literally save his life [on a plane from Hong Kong to London].

Christmas vacation had come and we were anxious to see what had happened to the flooded area. Hordes of people had been left homeless. As the floods subsided the Salvation Army stepped in and did a remarkable piece of work. They set up two camps which could house 9,000 people. There were 5,000 in one camp and 4,000 in another. Also camps were set up in the city of Tientsin. This flood had come up over night. The dikes had broken and the people had no time to prepare. The members of the Methodist Mission in Tientsin had to live on their second floors for quite a while. Outside the city water was still standing in places. You can imagine how severe the flood had been. The camp that held 5,000 people was on a five-acre lot. The huts were all made of mud. Trenches were dug three feet deep and six feet wide the entire length of the camp. These trenches were lined with straw mats and extended about three and one-half feet above the ground, which also was covered with straw mats and mud. Each small hut was six and a half feet by six feet by eight feet, made by partitioning the long hut. In the small hut a family lived. Besides the huts there were three other buildings (a frame covered with straw mats and lined with paper. The floor was covered with mats.) One building was the school; another was the porridge kitchen; another was the office and another was the lavatory. The people were all fed one meal a day consisting of a huge bowl of millet. The children got an extra bowl of rice in the afternoon. The cost was about 95 Chinese dollars or $9.00 (US) to feed 5,000 every day. The camp of 4,000 was run in the same way. Not far away was a squatters' camp which was set up in the same way. But those people had to get their own food. It was a long time until they were all able to leave the camps. In the meantime some of the camp dwellers had some deep religious experiences. Our guides for the day were some Methodist missionaries (Miss Sykes). We later had a bite to eat with the Methodists and then visited four of the Methodist churches and the hospital.

Starvation was not only known there but also in Peking and around Peking. About fifty miles out of Peking there were about 2,000 folks living on cottonseed and cabbage. You can well understand that all our extra cash went for relief work.

Sanitation in Peking was something else. It was not uncommon to walk along our narrow high walled alleys and see where men had relieved themselves against the wall and see children squatting and doing their duties. The little children ran about with split pants so that in the summer it was quite cool. Often, the little boys ran around with just tops on (no bottoms). They only had to run to mama when they needed their bottoms wiped. It was comfortable in the summer but in the winter I felt very sorry for the little ones with the icy wind blowing up and inside their split pants. Their little bottoms were blue with the cold.

January 1, 1940, we were awakened by 97 planes going overhead. A second group came over in a short time. A little later we heard four bombings. There were various reports. Two things we were sure of: they were Japanese planes, and, they went in the direction of the western hills, towards West China (Free China).

At this point I would like to talk a little about politics. As missionaries we had been more or less advised by our Board that since we were going to China, we were guests of the Chinese people and going to serve them. We were advised not to adopt children, or to lend or borrow money. Also we were to keep our noses out of politics. Now that was not always easy to do. We were born Americans and given by birth the freedom of speech. We felt it was right to speak up. But Peking was full of Japanese soldiers. We were careful not to cause an incident. Through the years China had swallowed every other conqueror in the past. Why wouldn't they be able to swallow this one? We tried to keep our mouths shut, eyes and ears open and go along with the Chinese. This advice paid off as the years went by.

January 1, 1940 was important to Americans. It was our duty to call on the American Ambassador and our fellow Methodist missionaries. Later we would learn about Chinese New Year and all of its festivities.

During the second semester of language school we had one elective course besides our professional courses. I chose to do some Chinese art with a Chinese brush. I learned the techniques but the teacher and I knew that my art looked like chicken scratching.

All of the reading and writing of Chinese characters was fun. But when we heard that there were 70,000 characters and fifty-two dialects, we were discouraged. I got headaches and had to get prescription glasses for the first time.

On January 24, 1940, we were dismissed from school to go to a funeral. We were expected to go. It was a bitter cold day. Nevertheless, we had to go. It was the funeral of Wu P'ei Fu, an important general. It was a Buddhist funeral and so it was thirty days after his death. It was in the form of a parade which lasted two hours. The parade began with all kinds of horrible looking devils made of paper and boards to scare away the evil spirits. That was followed by armies made of paper and pictures of the deceased. The body was then carried by in a huge wooden box carried by about seventy men. There were bands and plenty of folks carrying banners and throwing paper, etc. The streets were lined with people from one end of the city to the other. It was reported that the funeral cost 200,000 Chinese dollars.

February 7, 8 and 9 the Chinese celebrated the real New Year as far as they were concerned. We had no school. Everyone who had a little money bought new clothes, incense and paper gods, and took them to the temples and worshipped. They had beautiful fireworks in the evenings. If you know your history you know that fireworks originated in China. Very colorful things were on sale at the stores, including goldfish with bulging eyes and fantails. We were pressed to buy a bowl of goldfish for good luck. It was just another step in adjusting to life in China. A number of the wealthy Chinese families made it a point to invite us into their homes for the New Years festivities.

Chinese people were small in comparison to Americans. I am not even a small American. Therefore I found it difficult to buy clothes. I had to have everything made, including shoes. The shoes looked nice but the shoe "last" was never quite right. That is because the Chinese foot is short and wide while the American foot is more long and slender.

One of the big social events of the year for Americans was the George Washington Ball. It was held at the famous Wagon Li Hotel. All Americans were to attend and had to wear formal clothing. Well, since I thought that missionaries should not be frivolous, I did not own a formal dress. So I had to purchase a dress, at the French Salon. The evening consisted of a lovely American style dinner followed by a program. It ended with a roll call of the states [Ohio, Texas, etc.] and being presented to the ambassador. Dancing followed but we made our exit then.

My piano playing came in handy that year. Sometimes I would accompany the soloists at chapel. Mr. Darvin Dinks was a fine singer and I accompanied him quite often. Ernest spent his spare time, which was very little, visiting and observing at the PUMC Hospital supported by the Rockefeller Foundation.

We had special lectures once a week on philosophy, culture, customs, etc. One time we had a demonstration of the Er Hu. The Er Hu is something like a violin and yet very different. Instead of five strings it has only two and there are only five notes in the scale. There was no doubt in my mind – Chinese music hurt my

ears. But as missionaries we would be hearing a lot of different sounds. Several years later I bought an Er Hu and took a few lessons.

Since pet birds were such a great part of the Chinese culture, we bought a pair of canaries. We were overjoyed one morning to find an egg in the cage. But after a long period of time there was no baby bird. Our neighbor had played a trick on us. In spite of our medical knowledge, we either had a pair of males or a pair of females. We did have a teacher in the school who was an authority on birds of China. He inspired me to watch birds. Later in south China, in Nanchang, I was able to accurately identify many of the beautiful birds. One of the birds that graced the city of Peking was the magpie.

During Spring Break we took several short trips. One was to the Western Hills, about sixteen miles west of Peking. We spent about two hours on mules going up the hills. On the way back we visited the Green [?] Another trip was to the Jade Fountain on March 30. The Japanese celebrated that day as the day they took over the government of that area. The Japanese soldiers were out in full force. Their planes were demonstrating their power over the city of Peking. The Japanese ladies were all out in their colorful kimonos. The Jade Fountain was a natural spring and supplied all the water for Peking. It was twelve miles from Peking. The fountain bubbled up from the bottom of a mountain into a lake. Near the Jade Fountain were caves. On the inside walls were figures carved out of rock, very well preserved.

Dust storms again. One evening we were out in rickshaws and saw a huge circle around the moon, larger than any we had ever seen. We asked the rickshaw man about it and he said that it was the sign of the beginning of the dust storms. This was March and we would have no rain until May or June.

It was not uncommon to see rice seedlings being planted under water by hand; grain ground by two big mill stones powered by a donkey; and women washing their clothes along the river. First the women would dip their clothes in the water, then soap them, then rub them, beat them with a stick, rinse them and lay them along the bank to dry.

Our Chinese was coming along. Still, we sometimes made some ludicrous mistakes. I ordered some PJ's for Erne. When they were delivered there were two tops and no bottoms.

We attended our first Chinese drama. One of our teachers came with us. While listening to the drama we sat there and talked and ate peanuts and watermelon seeds. There really was not much going on, on the stage. One always needed a synopsis of the drama to understand it. The stage directors were up on the stage with the actors, putting a chair here or there and holding up the scenery. The costumes were elegant and the acting was fine.

Already the folks from Nanchang [Methodist missionaries] were writing to us and asking us to come as soon as possible. They had a house ready. Mrs. Alice Libby [Methodist missionary] sent us a copy of the house plans. [Nanchang, capitol of Jiangxi province, was in south China. There were missionaries from several denominations stationed there. It was a major center for missionary activity. Ernest and Hilda had been "called" there to take over from Dr. and Mrs. Libby. Dr. Libby was severely ill, and he and his family were getting ready to go back to the US.]

Before finishing our term in Peking we wanted to visit one of the outlying Methodist stations. The one we picked was Chang-Li. Long before going we had to get a pass from the Japanese, since no one was allowed outside the Peking city walls without a pass.

On April 19 we cut our Friday afternoon classes and started for Chang-Li. It was an eight-hour train ride. The fruit trees were in bloom and so our hike towards the mountains was beautiful. We visited one of the mission boarding schools. Students were charged three cents a day. The work they did there was fantastic. The next day being Sunday we hiked in another direction towards another mountain with our lunch, hymn books, and Bibles. We held our service on the slope of a mountain. From there we could see the famous sand dunes. Going back to Peking we left very early and traveled through the salt fields. As far as we could see there were piles and piles of salt. We also passed through an area near Tientsin which had been flooded out. Water was still standing in some places. In other places it was still too wet to cultivate.

About this time the exchange rate was 20 Chinese dollars to one American dollar. For my birthday Ernest bought me a camphor wood chest for $5.00 US.

Spring was a lovely time of the year. On Saturdays we made sightseeing trips. About May 11 we went to visit the famous Bell Tower, ten miles away by bike. The bell itself was about one foot thick, eight feet in diameter and eight feet tall. The story was that a certain emperor wanted this bell made, but the tone did not suit him. Someone suggested that human blood had to be put into the bell while it was being cast. The last time it was being cast, the bell maker's daughter jumped into the hot fluid. One of her slippers was left behind. The legend said that if you listened closely enough, you could hear the girl calling for her slipper.

Another famous place near the Bell Tower was the Four Pagodas. It was a one-story building with four pagodas on top. Each pagoda had small buddhas carved on it, plus other famous carvings.

The month of May brought warm weather, lovely flowers and plants. It was our first experience of seeing bamboo grow, and I mean GROW! We could almost see it grow. We were told that it sometimes grew over a foot a day. One day you had a sprig and the next, a forest! In June the spring rains came and

everything was MUD. The rain kept us indoors for a reason. It was EXAM time. By the end of the term we had learned to read 1,000 words or characters.

It was time for spring haircuts. Poor folks got their hair cut on the street. A street barbershop was easy to locate. A barber carried his shop on his shoulder and sang his song. On one end of the pole was a chair and on the other end were the tools of his trade. So, when a customer approached, all he needed to do was to put the chair down and he was in business. Most of the men just got their heads shaved so that there was no need of styling. Head shaving prevented a lot of scalp diseases. Folks with more money went to barber shops similar to those in our country.

We got word that Dr. Libby had passed away in Nanchang and that we were needed right away. On second thought it was better for us to get a little more language and avoid the summer heat of Nanchang [near the tropics and very damp]. So, we took our exams, packed our trunks and sent them to Nanchang via Shanghai. We packed our suitcases for the beach at Peitaho. A teacher was assigned to go with us. One of the Methodist families – Art Cooles – offered to take us in for the summer and put up with us. They were so good to us. They gave us lots of courage, good food, time to study and lots of spiritual guidance. Our teacher arrived at 6:00 AM in the morning and we studied until 11:30, with a short break for breakfast. The rest of the day we were on our own. Part of that time was in study. It was there that I learned to swim. Salt water does hold you up better than fresh water.

Dampness at the beach was a real problem. During a storm the spray would come up over the porch. On a sunshiny day the beach looked like housecleaning day. In spite of all the fresh air and sunshine the Kohler's little girl got pretty sick with something similar to bronchitis. Phyllis, her mother, had to spend a lot of time in Peking with her in the hospital.

The first week of July Erne and I were camp doctor and nurse for the Methodist Youth Conference. The medical work was not heavy and we were able to do some work with the youth. We were assigned a room with cots. We were not able to close the door tight because of the dampness warping the door. One night I was just dozing off to sleep when I was awakened by something that had landed on my chest. I let out a bloodcurdling scream that woke up the camp. One of the camp cats had squeezed through the dampened twisted door, climbed up on top of the chest of drawers, and then leapt on my chest. I was sure a lion had attacked me.

Erne was a real tease. He would pinch me while we were sunbathing or throw something at me. I told him that sometime I would let him have it. One day at the beach it got to be too much. I turned quickly and hit back and caught him in one of his "floating" ribs. He had to have his ribs taped. It spoiled his swimming for a short time. I was very sorry but it did stop the pinching.

One of the most interesting side trips of the summer was to the sand dunes. A group of us hired a boat. It took about an hour to get there. We took along our brunch – wood, skillet, eggs, fruits, bread and water. We walked around awhile and then started back to the boat. In the meantime the tide had come in and we had to wade out to the boat. We discovered that we were walking on an oyster bed. We found out later that these oysters just kept migrating all along the beach.

While we were rubbing shoulders with so many other missionaries and government people, etc., we learned a lot about tolerance of other religions. Through these people we heard some thrilling spiritual messages. It helped prepare us for the future.

Before the summer was over we saw one of the great sacrifices that missionaries used to make when they sent their children home to the US for college. How painful it really was we did not realize until about nineteen years later when we sent Betty alone to the States.

Another side trip was to the Great Wall of China. We were very near it and were sure that we would never have another opportunity to see it. It took about two and a half hours by train. When we got off the train we were almost mobbed by Chinese men who wanted us to use their donkeys to go up to the Wall. After we each got a donkey we rode for another hour and then started walking. The name of the place was San Hai Kuan. We walked or climbed to a lookout point which actually was a part of the Great Wall. We crawled in and imagined that we were soldiers looking out the windows in order to guard the palace. At this point we were able to walk on the wall and cross the mountain. The wall was about thirty feet high and ten to twenty feet wide. It was well preserved in some places and other places were crumbling. How they built this great wall around the country of China over hills and mountains was a great feat. Erne and I then took a side path to the top of the mountain and came upon a Buddhist temple. We sat down and had some tea. By the time we got down to our donkeys and back on the train and to the beach we were really tired. But we were happy to have seen the Great Wall.

By the time the summer course was over we had learned to read 1,500 Chinese words and write 500 words. It was the end of our formal Chinese lessons from the College of Chinese Studies. It was the last time that we would see many of the language students and the last time we would see many of the North China missionaries. We learned fast that missionary life seemed to be one hello and one goodbye after another.

We packed our belongings and took a train to Tientsin. Then we were off to Shanghai by a boat called the ***Kaiping***. [Shanghai was the port of entry and missionary headquarters for south China.] Sailing down the coast can be very

rough at times. It wasn't a long trip, but I lived on crackers and apples and stayed in my berth most of the time. In three days we were in Shanghai, a steamy, dirty city. And yet it had all the pleasures of life, the city of anything and everything, people from all over the world. There was a French Concession as well as a British Concession. [The "Concessions" were locations on the coast of China where European countries had stolen special trading rights and other rights during the Opium Wars and the Boxer Rebellion.] We had hoped to be in Shanghai only four or five days. Instead it was almost six weeks before the Japanese gave us a pass to go to Nanchang. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Fuller graciously took us in for that time. We had no idea that Glenn, Jr. and his family would cross our paths many years later in Korea. Bill Fuller was instrumental in starting me on my beloved stamp collection. Little did we know that in a couple of years we would be living in the Fuller home again with red armbands on our arms [because of being Japanese prisoners of war]. The Fuller home was open to travelers going in and out of China. As treasurer of the mission, Mr. Fuller took care of our funds and mail, and sent supplies to us as needed.

Shanghai was full of mosquitoes. It was necessary to sleep under mosquito nets. God forbid if one of them got into the bed before you did. Little Margaret Fuller said that maybe we could cut a hole in the netting and then after all the mosquitoes were inside, we could sew up the hole and then sleep on the couch. Even with coils of incense, you could not keep the creatures from biting. I was tempted to smoke a pipe [nicotine in the body repels mosquitoes].

We spent a lot of time buying supplies. Our grocery order alone was $438.00. We likewise had to buy shoes, kitchenware and some clothes. This would be our last stop before we left "civilization." One item we bought was an album to hold negatives for pictures. Rainy weather plus the heat made the negatives stick together. We were going to learn a lot more about the weather in Nanchang and the precautions we had to take with food and clothing to prevent molding.

Twice the Japanese called and told us that we could go and twice they cancelled the permission. Finally the day came to leave. Before we left we sent word out from Shanghai with a student that we would be writing things in code and that "Jesse" would mean "Japanese". We left on September 6, 1940. Mr. Fuller took us to the boat. As usual we were a bit late and nearly missed the boat. Four pieces of our baggage were left on shore. Mr. Fuller somehow got them on a sampan and to the riverboat. Emmy Fisher had had her baby and had come to Shanghai. She was our traveling companion, which was very good. [Emmy Fisher was Dr. Fritz Fisher's wife. They were from Austria. Dr. Fisher was a Jew and Mrs. Fisher a gentile Christian. They had fled Austria when Hitler came to power. Dr. Fisher was not a missionary, but had been hired by the Methodists to work at the mission hospital in Nanchang after Dr. Libby got sick and died. Emmy Fisher was a lab technician.]

Our noon and evening meals were Japanese and the breakfast was American style. The trip up the Yangtze River was smooth. The water was real yellow until we reached Nanking. The scenery was beautiful, mountains and mountains. We stopped at Wuhu where Dr. Hyla Waters worked. We saw the famous Orphan Rock and the sunken boats which had been used as fortifications by the Chinese. Then we could see the high mountains of Kuling, followed by a stop at Poyang Lake. On the 10th we arrived at Kiukiang. All of the missionaries came out to see us. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, Billy Jones, Miss Pittman, Mable Woodruff, the Ploeg sisters, Mabel Thompson, Jenny Lind and Lucille Libby. We had to take our things through customs. Our photographic negatives really caused trouble until we showed the inspectors the "positives." We had to put our stuff in the transfer [?] so that it could be taken to the train. On the way to the mission station we saw many effects of the war with the Japanese. In order to go to Nanchang we had to apply for another pass.

We were amazed at the work that these few folks [missionaries] were doing in Kiukiang. They were running two hospitals, one orphanage, and two or three schools. Mrs. Libby wanted to take us to the mountains of Kuling for a day or two before we got into our work at Nanchang. But "Jesse" said no. In spite of "Jesse," the gunboats along the Yangtze were still running. We were able to send some uncensored mail via the gunboats.

While we waited for our passes, we went to the hospital to see Dr. Edward Perkins and the Ploeg sisters at work. We went by the clinic first. They took care of 50 – 200 cases a day besides the work at the Water of Life Hospital. I thought that we had seen the worst in Peking but this was terrible. There were ulcers of the leg that had exposed the bone and other ulcers with putrid smelling pus. Some wounds even had maggots. During the fall of Kiukiang [to the Japanese] the mission had housed 12,000 refugees who had eye and skin diseases as well as ulcers due to malnutrition. Right then and there I prayed to God that he sure would have to help me a lot if he wanted me to do his work. Well he always did his part. Sometimes it seemed as if he had left but it was not his fault, it was mine.

The hospital was quite a sight too. The light was poor; they used absorbent paper for gauze dressings; they were out of ether [the only anesthetic] and morphine [the only heavy-duty painkiller]. Their only hope for medical supplies was the gunboats. The second hospital we visited was Danfurth Hospital, which was connected to an orphanage.

We happened to be in Kiukiang on Thursday night, which was prayer meeting night. We were expected to be there. There was no doubt of the sincerity of these folks. They were on their knees for prayer – not for a few minutes but about an hour. I was so tired and sleepy that I almost dropped off to sleep. Then out of nowhere a bat found its target and swooped down on me several times. Maybe I was the only sinner!

I was surprised by the nice missionary homes. But after our trip to the clinic and hospital, I realized that we had to have something nice to come back to after the day's work or else we would soon lose our minds.

On September 13 we started the last lap of our journey. Since the train made only one trip a day to Nanchang we had to be there on time. We traveled in style in a boxcar. We were thirty passengers plus our baggage. It was not comfortable, but passable. Even though the tracks were new, we had to travel slowly over the hills and lakes. It took us six hours to travel one hundred fifty miles. A telegram had been sent from Kiukiang of our arrival. As usual it did not arrive until after we got there, so there was no one to meet us.

NANCHANG

Nanchang had been a flourishing city of about one million people. It now held only about ninety thousand folks. The people with money and healthy bodies had fled from the Japanese to West China ["Free China"]. Only the poor and sick were left behind. The Japanese occupation of Nanchang was different than that of Peking. Probably some of that difference was due to the fact that Nanchang was from fifty yards to two miles distant from the front lines [of the war between the Japanese and the Chinese Nationalists; there had been a great battle there]. People were very poor. They were living on an income of about 1 – 2 cents US per day. It was not unusual to see the Chinese jump up on the back of moving Japanese trucks carrying bags of rice to the front lines. They would stab or tear holes in the bags. As the grains of rice fell on the street they were gathered up.

Since we thought we knew the language we got into rickshaws and started for the hospital. As we were arriving, word traveled fast. All the Westerners stopped work to come and look at us. We were the first new missionaries there in ten years. [It was the Great Depression.] Dr. Fisher was especially glad to see us as he had been treating up to two hundred clinic patients a day since Dr. Libby died. There were four missionaries there besides Dr. Fisher and his wife Emmy: Mr. Holland, Miss Daniels, Miss Gaw, and Miss Houston.

There was a little house there for us. Formerly it had been occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Blydenburg, who had built the hospital. They had left for the US. The house had running water but no electricity. There was a nice garden overlooking the great Kan River. Around the compound was a high wall covered with broken glass which protected us and our trees and garden [from rampant thievery]. We had palms, orange trees, lemons, pumolos, magnolias, jasmine, and mimosa trees.

We were asked to work in the outpatient clinic immediately, until the heat of the summer was over, and then work in the hospital. We arrived on a Friday. On Sunday we went to church, where everyone looked us over. We tried out our

Chinese and found out that we had learned Northern Mandarin. The folks in Nanchang spoke Southern Mandarin. That was no real problem. However, because of the war [and all the refugees from different parts of the country], five or six different dialects were being spoken in the city. Fortunately, even though they couldn't speak it, everyone could understand Mandarin. So it was not uncommon to have to speak to one person and he would speak to another in dialect, etc., until the answer came back to us.

The following Monday both of us had to say a few words of greeting at chapel. In the late afternoon we were welcomed at the hospital. As we walked through the "moon gate" which separated our compound from the hospital compound, we were startled by welcoming cries of "lai liao", which means "they are coming." Strings of firecrackers were going off all over the place. The program was simple. It began with a Christian song followed by a prayer. A welcome was given by hospital business manager Mr. Chang, a man whom we learned to love very much. The welcome was followed by a simple speech by Erne, and then a Chinese dinner. From then on it was work at the clinic and getting our house in running order.

The first clinic day we handled two hundred thirty-seven cases. There were four nurses and two doctors. Because of the high cost of fuel we used rice methyl alcohol to "burn" our instruments [to sterilize them]. We put the instruments in a metal pan. Then we poured alcohol over the instruments and set a match to them. That is a poor method of sterilization but we had little to work with. In the hospital instruments were boiled. In the operating room they were sterilized with a pressure cooker. Regular ethyl alcohol was too expensive to use for cleaning wounds. We used potassium permanganate instead.

The patients un-wrapped their wound dressings, and then the nurses re-dressed them and gave them a clean bandage to take home. The patients took the soiled dressings home to wash. The doctors saw new cases and cases that were not healing or had developed new symptoms. There were many babies with boils and ulcers on their heads and infected mosquito bites, plus malnutrition. It was rare to see an overweight person. You can imagine the crying that went on. We took the babies to a little side room. This clinic was held in one of the downtown churches, the Shin Min Tang Methodist Church.

Nanchang General Hospital (NGH) had been well built, with a central heating system, running water and electricity. It had been built by Drs. Vaughn, Blydenburg, Libby and Wu. Because of war conditions we could not use the central heating system or electricity.

The hospital was inside the Japanese military zone but the clinic was not. So if patients we saw at the clinic needed to be hospitalized, we had to accompany them on the trip from the clinic to the hospital. It was a fifteen to twenty minute

walk between the clinic and the hospital. We all took turns walking patients from the clinic to the hospital.

Due to the many dialects used in Nanchang and surrounding areas it was important to have an interpreter for Ernest at first. Li Da-li was his aide. Li Da-li also took in all the money, registered the patients, and kept order. While patients were waiting, the Bible woman (Phoebe Ho) and Pastor Wang Shi-ching took advantage of the time and preached sermonettes. I worked at home in the afternoons while Ernest was at the hospital. Someone had to stay home and write letters to family and supporting churches in the US. I was on call to the operating room. One afternoon Ernest did a major operation – his first major one at Nanchang. He removed a large stone from a patient's bladder. It was a success. That was so important for his work. Had it been a failure, he might have had to leave.

At the time we arrived only one floor of the hospital was open. Now, in October, 1940, it was necessary to open the second floor.

On October 20 we had a mastoid operation. It was Sunday. But because it was a "ripe" mastoid it had to be operated on right away. The surgery lasted four hours. By 5:30 PM it got dark on us, and no electricity. We had a flashlight with three or four batteries. Mr. Holland stood on a stool and held a flashlight for surgery. Ernest, Fritz Fisher and I were at the operating table. We did not finish until 7:00 PM. During surgery the batteries went dead and someone had to go to the street to buy some more. We could not heat up the operating room with a charcoal brazier because we were using ether. For the same reason we could not use the kerosene lamps for lighting purposes. In spite of all the problems the patient survived. We had no antibiotics then.

By October 28 we had forty-three inpatients and eight nurses. Lao Ko was our operating room prep nurse and Mr. Fan (husband of the Superintendent of nurses) was our operating room supervisor.

About November 7 Ernest did his first leg amputation. It was like signing a death warrant, but it had to be done. There was no way they could get a prosthesis made.

On November 9 we had a rare operation, a varicosity of the hand. It was so large that the patient could not wear a glove. He really had no use of his hand. Still worse, it was the patient's right hand. Ernest told the patient that the surgery might result in him losing his thumb and finger as well as losing a lot of blood. There might be a fatal hemorrhage. The patient had Type A blood. Fortunately for him Ernest and I were both type A. The surgery lasted two and one half hours. As feared, the patient hemorrhaged. He received a pint of Ernest's blood and a pint of my blood. I stayed with him for the night. We all sighed a breath of

relief when he was out of danger. He was now minus his thumb and forefinger but he could wear a glove and had good use of his hand.

Another patient came to him who had TB and could be cured with bed rest. The patient was the only support for his family and said that he had to go back home to work. Ernest and I promised to support his family ($6.00 Chinese currency, equivalent to fifty cents US currency a month) if he would stay and get well. Most of the TB cases came much too late to be cured. According to statistics, 40% of the people in that area had TB in one stage or another. Many children had TB of the spine. They spent months in casts, which was the treatment at that time.

Housekeeping in Nanchang was a real problem. First of all we had to call the tinner to make small stoves and to make us tin cans for storage of flour, sugar, and water. Even though our house had been built with a furnace in it, we could not buy coal [because of the war]. Actually the tin stoves put out a lot of heat in a short time and cooled off just as fast. The chimney of the stove was put through the ceiling so that it went through the upstairs with a water container around it to hold the heat and take the chill off the bedroom. The tin cans kept the rats, mice, white ants, etc., out of food.

Because of the fuel problem we could hardly use the big kitchen stove except to bake bread or cake or pies once a week, or whenever we had guests. The kitchen stove heated the water that went to the bathroom. Heaven forbid if anyone interrupted our Saturday night bath. A tub bath was a luxury. You can well understand why we did not eat American-style food [because of the inconvenience and expense preparing it].

It was beginning to get cold. Inside buildings it was between fifty and sixty degrees F. There was no way to give baths to hospital patients under the circumstances. However, there was a small room on the first floor which we could heat with a small tin stove. We brought the patients to that room and bathed them. The nurse or attendant giving baths wore summer clothing and stayed in that room for the day. In that way each patient got a bath at least once a week.

We missionaries felt a great need to have a Sunday service in our own language and a time to pray and study together. So every Sunday afternoon about 4:00 PM we would have a service led by Mr. Holland or Erne. We likewise had a prayer meeting once a week.

One of the letters from home said that Grandma Seiter had died in a car accident. It was the first death in the immediate family and quite a shock. No longer would we be able to go to Grandma's for Christmas.

After talking with our Chinese staff, we felt it might ease things a bit if we entertained some of the Japanese officials that we had to deal with day after day.

Since some of the Japanese could speak German and we could speak German, it was not too difficult. [Ernest and Hilda both came from German-American families.] I really believe that our days throughout the rest of our first stay in China were made easier because of that dinner.

By this time we had spent enough money to know how our expenses would be running. For the two of us, our food and wood cost about $14.00 US a month. Clothing and bedding and other things were quite expensive.

December 10 was a sad day, as Mrs. Libby started home with her children. She was not a nurse but she could do the work of a nurse and had been such a help to me. We all helped her to pack. She had to make a detailed list of everything she packed. The day she left, the bridge across the river at the outskirts of the city was being repaired. So we had to cross the river in little boats to see her off at the railroad station. Security was tight as bombings had become more frequent.

Just before Christmas we had a smallpox scare. Everyone had to be vaccinated. Even though our last vaccinations had been a "take" it was felt to be unsafe not to be re-vaccinated.

Our first Christmas in Nanchang was far different than in Peking. And yet, it was so meaningful. At the clinic we had a program for all the patients. Through the years Miss Houston had made and remade costumes for the traditional Christmas program. Afterwards she took great care in packing them away for the next year. The wonderful costumes, plus her directing and sincerity, put real meaning into the program. I planned to make cookies and candies for Christmas but lacked a lot of the ingredients (for example, Karo corn syrup). Instead we made other things with "Mi Tang" [?]. We wrapped gifts for our helpers. The gifts were practical things like a piece of fabric, soap, towels, matches and a good Christmas dinner with us. With our Western colleagues we exchanged gifts like canned goods. Each person on the hospital staff got a bonus of 2 Yen [$?] plus a nice Christmas dinner with meat.

Christmas morning we were awakened by carolers, about thirty of them. The custom was to give them cookies and oranges (Nan Feng oranges). After breakfast we went to the hospital and saw to it that each patient got a used Christmas card [the pretty front side of the card, sent to the missionaries by the thousands from US churches]. We had a short service in the ward and then a small service with the rest of the staff and their families. We had dinner with the Chinese staff. In the evening we had all of the Westerners in our home for Christmas supper (chicken, mashed potatoes, dressing, spinach, plum pudding and one luxury item – tinned peas from Shanghai). We thought a great deal about our families in the USA. To tell the truth, we were homesick.

1941

New Years Day was different too than in Peking. There were no fireworks, because we were too near the front lines [of the war between China and Japan]. Sometimes we were a mile away and sometimes much less. In fact we were so close at times that we kept our suitcases packed with a change of clothing in case we had to leave in a hurry. New Years Eve our mission group got together and reread the Christmas story and ended with prayers. What better way to enter the new year than on your knees!

About this time Erne had his first OB case in the hospital. Usually babies were born at home, so this was quite an exception. It was a boy! And it was the first child! Who could top that? According to custom, in a few days we were invited to the family's home for dinner in honor of the new baby.

About this time we met a White Russian [White Russia is today's Belarus] by the name of Ruskins who was employed by an electric company in Shanghai. He loved apple strudel. Every time he came to see us, we had apple strudel. Later we met some of his family in Shanghai.

The day after New Year's, packages came as well as a shipment of supplies for the hospital, including some surgical instruments. It was like Christmas all over again.

Since Dr. Weiss delivered a boy for his first OB case, other women started coming to the hospital for their babies. One such case had been in labor for three days. It was an instrument delivery [forceps]. The first thing the mother did was to beg Erne to tell her if it was a boy or girl. If it was a girl she could not take care of it. If it was a boy she would have to find the means to care for it.

On January 13 we had a crisis meeting. How could we conserve coal and water? Our pump for the hospital was going bad. There was no way to repair it. It was pumped by hand. This pump served two hundred people. At this rate we could only sterilize things for the operating room in the mornings.

Already our garden was doing great. We had violets, narcissus, camellias, aster-like flowers, zinnias, and others. We had radishes, turnips and lettuce. In the back yard we had grapefruit, lemons, and oranges. You could say it was a land of paradise.

Back in the States, my little sister was now getting involved with a young man and thinking of marriage. How could she think of such a thing without our approval? [tongue in cheek] Of course we realized that we could not go home. So without our approval, she and Bill Flach were married. She could not have made a better choice. [Bill Flach died in 2007.]

January 27 was Chinese New Years. To the Chinese it was the big holiday of the year. Everybody went calling on everybody else. We had at least 170 callers. In the evening we went to the hospital clinic for a program. It was unbelievable the talent that was presented that night by the staff, including Erne and Mr. Holland. My choir gave a number and I gave a piano solo. In between time we ate peanuts which were as plentiful as grains of rice. The holiday lasted three days. If you didn't have food or supplies laid in [to entertain visitors], it was just too bad.

One day in February the Japanese officials came and took our pictures. I wondered what that meant. The fighting was getting closer and closer. It got pretty noisy at night.

At that time the results of the opium wars were still very real in China. We still got new patients trying to kick the habit. They came in looking like skeletons, with gray looking skins and with no appetite, plus a peculiar stare. They and their families were ostracized because the patients would do anything for a smoke. If we only had the modern cures of today! In those days it was pure hell for them to go through the treatment, but we pulled many of them through. They were grateful to their dying days. Sometimes during their treatment they got pretty wild and dangerous. But we all survived and prayed a lot for them and for ourselves too.

For a very special treat I used to make fudge or hot chocolate. But sugar was getting scarce and it looked as if candy days were over. Well, doing without was good for our figures.

The bedbugs came with the coming of spring in March, 1941. I had only seen one in the US. But in no time I recognized the critters. We had no DDT at that time. They bothered all the patients, but the patients in body casts were troubled the most. We used blowtorches to "flame" the iron beds, put the legs of the beds in small tins of kerosene (tins that had held Japanese oranges before), made clean straw mattresses and pillows, changed the casts, and moved the beds away from the walls. The smiles on the kids' faces were thanks enough for all the work. The patients loved to see me come with a blowtorch. They knew that for a while their beds would be free of bed bugs.

We had to raise salaries at the hospital. With the raise a month's salary was equal to $1.50 US. It was subsistence only but it was all the hospital could afford.

Letters from home were coming slower and slower. Whenever there was a lot of fighting, mail stopped. Eventually it came. We just kept on writing. From September, 1939, to February, 1941, I typed and sent out 1,000 letters, not including business mail.

The days were filled with major or minor surgery in the mornings. I usually scrubbed for the major cases. Clinic was now held in the afternoon because of the colder weather. What did we do with our spare time? Ernest worked in the garden, and he was an excellent gardener. We played a little tennis and I spent a lot of time on the piano. Our evenings were spent entertaining different groups from the hospital.

It did not take long to spot lepers. They sort of ran wild. There was no law to isolate them. There was a place close by where they could go, but they refused to go there. So others were infected. The treatment then was Chaulmoogra oil, administered intramuscularly into the hip. The injection was quite painful and not always curative. It did slow down the disease. The medicine was not easily obtainable and was very expensive. There was a leprosarium near the hospital, but there was no law at that time to make lepers go there.

As a foreigner I was interested in raising silkworms. Someone was kind enough to give me one hundred newly hatched ones. Ernest was very interested in them too. We used to sit and watch them like two little kids. His interest stopped there, as he was much too busy to help collect tender young mulberry leaves for them. One hundred silkworms would spin enough silk to make one half of a pair of silk stockings.

[One of the missing pages of Hilda's manuscript evidently discussed the care and feeding of silkworms. I personally remember the care and feeding of silkworms. Newly hatched silkworms were the size of the number "1" on this paper. Every day, as they grew, each one had to be carefully transferred from yesterday's mulberry leaves onto freshly picked young leaves. When they were tiny, that was delicate work. You had to use a feather or tiny brush for the transfer. The larger they grew and the more they ate, the easier they were to transfer, and the bigger mess they made.]

……The silkworms ate constantly and grew to the size of my little finger (mine is pretty big). Then my friends told me to fill a bureau drawer full of straw and put the larvae in the straw and let them spin. They were ready to spin when they swung their heads up high in a circle-like formation. We watched them spin their cocoons. They kept on spinning inside their cocoons. Finally they slowed down and stopped. Then it was time to take them to the school [Methodist mission school across the alley from the hospital compound], where they threw them into a huge drum of boiling water. Someone with a pair of chopsticks would somehow get a thread of silk on the stick and would roll and roll the stick until the silk was unwound from the cocoon and they reached the larvae inside. Then those who loved the larvae dipped the larvae into soy sauce and got a free lunch. I had an excuse to leave hurriedly. Now, if the cocoon was allowed to lay dormant [not boiled], in time a moth would chew its way out. Several moths would get together and mate. I provided a paper for the female moth to lay its eggs on for the following season. When the next season came around, I put the

egg-paper inside my clothes to incubate, in the lining of my silk padded dress. Presto! I had a new batch of silkworms. After the moth came out of the cocoon by chewing a hole in it, the cocoon was useless for spinning silk into stockings or cloth. But it was still good as "broken silk," which was used for lining our winter clothes and was very warm.

I was now working in the hospital full time and seldom had time to go to the clinic. When Ernest had a big surgery case, I was in the operating room. At other times I was cleaning, doing inventory and chasing bugs. On April 16 we had a very interesting case. A lady weighing about one hundred pounds looking about twelve months pregnant came in from the country. Her family had made fun of her because she never had the baby. Finally out of desperation she walked many miles to the hospital. It would be a risky operation and the lady knew it. Erne removed a forty-pound ovarian cyst. We took pictures of her before surgery and weighed the cyst afterward. Thank God the operation was a success. The patient looked like a skeleton afterwards. Before she left the hospital she became a real live wire Christian and preached to the patients in the ward. Before she left another lady came in with a twenty-pound ovarian cyst. She was afraid to have surgery. Our newly Christian lady convinced her that she should not fear, as the Christian doctor had the Lord on his side. The first lady left our hospital rejoicing, and walked back to her village. Later we heard that everyone in her village became Christian because of her witness.

By April the real spring or summer began, with the sweating of the hospital walls and drain pipes. The folks who built the hospital had forgotten to take the weather of Nanchang into consideration.

On April 15 we had our first case of meningitis. Since I had not had a post-graduate course in isolation technique, I felt a real lack in dealing with contagious diseases. But we all did the best we could. To our knowledge there were no other cases of meningitis at that time.

April 17 brought us a letter from our mission board secretary in New York that things were getting serious between Japan and the USA, and that we should think about getting out. It was our decision. Naturally we all got together and prayed about it. We decided to stay and wrote to our families about it. We also said that if things got bad that we would not go to the States but would go to West China.

One of our male nurses ("Little Li" or Li Hsiao, son of Li Da-li) came down with TB. He was one of many who sooner or later had to take a rest.

In May our order of supplies from Shanghai came which we had ordered in December. WE WERE HAPPY! In the cases were canning jars, coffee, cocoa, tapioca, powdered milk, vanilla and garden seeds. In the order from Shanghai there were hospital supplies as well as a few personal supplies. Some heavy

underwear came for Erne, which was bady needed. These things had to last a long, long time.

By this time the wear and tear of our work was beginning to take its toll. Both Erne and I had lost weight and Erne was having stomach trouble. It appeared to be a duodenal ulcer.

About that time fleas were found in our linen closet in the hospital. The method then to get rid of them was to seal the room and burn sulfur.

About that time we also got electricity for the hospital. We had asked the Japanese for it for a long time.

Rats and mice were causing problems. We had to purchase cats.

[Page 26 of the manuscript was missing. I believe the famous story about the fleas may have been on that page. Ernest and Hilda had problems in their house with rats. Rat traps using American cheese did not work. These were wily Chinese rats. Miss Rugg, a prim and proper British missionary single lady from the China Inland Mission, offered to let them borrow her cat for a while. She brought over the cat in a rickshaw, and the cat immediately ran up the chimney. Every night Hilda put out milk for the cat, and every morning there were sooty cat paw prints all over the floor near the empty milk bowl. After a couple of weeks Miss Rugg came back for her cat. She called for the cat, the cat promptly jumped up in her lap, and off they went in the rickshaw. Well, the rats were now all gone. But the rats had left all their fleas behind, a terrible epidemic of them. What to do? Erne and Hilda's helper had the solution. The helper and his son rolled up their pant legs and came in the house. They made strange little chirping noises. Pretty soon their legs were covered with fleas. They went outside, killed the fleas, came back inside, and repeated the procedure several times. Pretty soon all the fleas were gone.]

With the terrible heat and humidity, clothing and books mildewed. On a sunny dry day, out went our books and clothes for a sunning.

With the political situation getting worse, some of our nurses and aides left. That made our workload heavier. On July 28, 1941, Japanese credits in the US were frozen. On July 29 US credits in Japan were frozen. On August 1, Japanese ships were held up from sailing from San Francisco. On August 2, no more silk hosiery was sold to civilians in the US. On August 9, all relations except telegraph services were broken with Japan.

By this time I prided myself on my use of the Chinese language. But when dealing with other than every day terms, I got into trouble. I basted a dress and put in a lot of pleats. Since we had no sewing machine, I called in a tailor to do the sewing. When I came home late in the afternoon, I found the tailor at the

ironing board pressing the dress after he had removed all the pleats. I had to put them in all over again.

With all the heat and the tense political situation, our tempers became very short. We found ourselves fussing with everybody else. There were no electric fans.

On August 1 we had a child at the hospital with a ruptured appendix. The child survived without antibiotics [not invented yet]. That was rare in those days.

We had a number of cases of Schistosomiasis (Intestinal flukes). The treatment then was rather severe, and the patients required a lot of nursing care. After they took the medication, they went into a deep sleep. They had involuntary bowel movements in the bed. We had to clean up the beds. Today the treatment is very different. The patients had gotten the flukes by bathing in the river.

September 6 one of our nurses, Miss Lin, had an attack of appendicitis. Her mother would not give permission for surgery. We had to do a lot of "tall" talking since it was Miss Lin's third attack. It was late at night and the city electricity was cut off. We had to prepare a spinal anesthetic. We did not have a real anesthetist and occasionally ran into trouble. This caused Ernest to devise a special operating table for spinal anesthesia. It worked very well and Ernest was able to control the amount of anesthesia during surgery. Unfortunately this table could not be used on all cases. In that instance Mr. Huang, a double leg amputee, gave ether anesthesia. Mr. Huang had been a street beggar. Dr. Libby had trained him to give ether. Unfortunately he did not recognize the danger signs with ether administration. That was the main reason that Ernest devised a special operating table just for spinal anesthesia. I had always hoped that Ernest would write up his cases and write articles about procedures that he used in the operating room. But he never had the time and did not have a dictating machine.

We had a lot of amoebic dysentery. We still had emetine (medication for dysentery) but not much. There was a Chinese herb that was very good and is still used today. I think that the name of it was Ya Tzu or Ya Dan Zu.

These are the names of the hospital staff members at the time:

Acting Superintendent	Mr. Leland Holland
Business office	Mr. Chang
	Mr. Li Da-Li
	Miss Evaline Gaw
Clinic	?
Minister	Rev. Wang Shih Ching
Medical doctor	Dr. Fritz Fisher
Surgeon	Dr. Ernest W. Weiss
Superintendent of Nurses	Mrs. Fan
Ass't to Mrs. Fan	Mrs. Hilda Weiss

Operating room supervisor	Mr. Fan
OR Supervisor's assistant	Lao Ko
Floor nurses	Mr. Ho
	Mrs. Ho (Miss Tsao)
	Mr. Li (Shiao Li)
	Miss Chang
Ida Kahn Women's Hospital	Miss Lin
Nurses	Miss Chi
	Miss Chao

In early September our gatekeeper's only child, a little girl named Cho Cho, became very ill with a kidney problem. She was a charming little girl and every morning gave me a little flower for my hair. (The flower smelled like bananas.) In a few days she died. She was an adopted child because the parents could not have children. She had been found abandoned on the bank of the river. There was no funeral parlor or embalming. The family made a pine box, lined it with white cloth, sprinkled it heavily with bleaching powder and placed the body in it. A brief funeral service was held and the box buried on the grounds. As I heard the earth fall on the box, it was almost too much for me. Then and there I decided that my funeral would be simple. I even thought of cremation.

News was getting worse. Leningrad fell to the Germans on September 25. In West China, Changsa had fallen to the Japanese. The next few days were very noisy. The grapevine said that the Chinese Nationalists were only thirty li away [Chinese measurement for distance like yards or kilometers].

In spite of the noise and the uncertainty, we kept on with our work. Besides medical care we had worship, not only for our staff, but also with our patients. Every other day for fifteen minutes we had a short service on each ward. We passed printed songs to the patients, explained them, and taught them to read and sing. During the day we would hear those little tunes sung, but by the end of the day you would hardly recognize the music. One of them they loved very much was "Heaven is My Home."

Because of the heat of the summer, we were supposed to go to the mountains for a little vacation. First we would have to go to Kiukiang and then on to Kuling. Coral Houston and Dr. Fisher got to go for a few days but then had to come back because of the world situation. The rest of us did not get to go. Bishop and Mrs. Ralph Ward were to come and hold a conference and visit with the missionaries. They were bringing some candy and cheese for all of us, but they were turned back at Kiukiang.

The first part of October one of our nurses, Mr. Ho, announced to me that he and Miss Tsao were going to get married. She was a nurse's aide. Mr. Ho's first wife had died during childbirth (6th child). He asked if he could have the wedding in our home and if I would play the wedding march. This was quite an honor for

me. I told Mr. Holland about it. Well, by accepting the honor, Erne and I became godfather and godmother to the bride and groom. The Ho's never held us to this as our days in Nanchang were numbered.

During the first part of October I was not feeling too well – some nausea, fever and diarrhea. The Ho's planned their wedding on October 10, which is called "double ten." It is a big day in China [the date China became a republic]. I was feeling quite ill the day of the wedding but the wedding had to go on. Instead of feeling better, I got worse. Dr. Fisher suggested I might be pregnant. I sort of scoffed at the idea since two doctors had told me that I might never have children. But before long the rabbit test [pregnancy test used in those days] proved otherwise. Since it was thought that there was a big chance I might not carry a child to term, Ernest and I decided that after the period of usual miscarriage was over that I should proceed to Shanghai and then on to Manila [Philippines] and wait until he came. If things got worse I was to go on to the US. So we applied for passes. We waited. One river gate to our compound was closed and a week later the other gate was closed [by the Japanese]. Our pass was refused. When we asked the Japanese why, they got rather angry and finally said, "Nobody move now!" It was hard to write mother and dad that our pass had been refused. Still worse I could not tell them that we were expecting a baby. They would have worried themselves sick.

November was cold and wood was scarce. We could not heat the wards or rooms of the hospital. We did have a small tin stove in the operating room. When ether was used as an anesthetic, we had to use hot water bottles to keep the patients warm [ether is flammable]. For premature babies we made incubators by padding a baby crib with pads and then putting hot water bottles under the pads.

On December 4 a letter came from the bishop urging all of us to evacuate from Nanchang. He did not know that we had applied for a pass and were refused. He also did not know that we were expecting and that I had lost about twenty pounds. The Chinese were so kind to me and brought all kinds of tidbits to tickle my palate, but to no avail. Li Da-li had even found an American jar of pickled onions. I tried to work every day at the hospital. But as soon as lunch came to the wards, I disappeared like a wild cat being chased by a dog. By December 1 I was beginning to feel better. We kept up our Chinese studies and preparation for an exam. On December 8, while we were taking an exam, a Japanese official came and told all of us foreigners to get to the Military Police Office as soon as possible. We were almost certain that it meant war. We dressed so that if we were taken to prison, we would have enough warm clothing. We were lined up one way and then another way and finally one man in command told us that relations between Japan and the US had become worse. It was quite a ceremony. For the present we were told to go on with our work as usual. Our lives and personal property would be guaranteed. Guards would be placed at our gates and would patrol our grounds, but we would not be disturbed. Later in

the day one of the MP's (military police) came by (Officer Tseneshi). He told us that war had been declared. Pastor Wang (Wang Sher Mu) was with us at the time. In his commanding voice and manner, he stood up and repeated the 46th Psalm. It made quite an impression on Officer Tseneshi and likewise comforted us. We all went to our homes, told our servants and packed our suitcases, ready to leave at a moment's notice to the west. The soldiers came by in the evening to listen to Leland Holland's radio, which was a good one. We heard about the surprise attacks on Manila, Honolulu, Hong Kong, and Singapore.

From then on it became increasingly difficult to do our work. Each time we took medicine to the clinic our rickshaw was searched. Everyone who went in and out of the hospital gate was searched. A systemic effort was made to persuade our employees to leave the hospital and work for the Japanese. Our people were loyal. The Japanese also tried to "borrow" the mission schools and buildings. They visited the homes of the pupils and threatened their parents with loss of permits to buy rice and salt and even the right to live in the city if they kept sending their children to our schools. Therefore, schools were closed the following February. Some of the teachers escaped to West China.

On December 9 we heard on the radio that the Oklahoma and West Virginia had been sunk at Pearl Harbor; ninety-six planes in Manila had been destroyed and two hundred boats rounded up in the Pacific. Instead of waiting until Sunday to hold a service, we had a mass baptismal service and started dividing our possessions among the Chinese.

On December 10 the Prince of Wales [British] and another big boat were sunk. We heard that San Francisco and Honolulu were bombed, and that Manila and Singapore were about to be taken.

On December 11 about 2,300 Japanese-Americans and German-Americans were interned in the USA.

On December 12 Germany and Italy declared war against the USA.

On December 17 a telegram from Mr. Benkman stated that he could no longer send funds to us. How would we pay the employees their salaries, plus severance pay? A similar letter came from the US consulate.

On December 19 the Japanese came and took our short wave radios. We no longer could listen to the Voice of America or BBC. From then on we got all our news through the Japanese military police and the local Chinese. They also took our cameras and bicycles. During the month of December I lost two fillings in my teeth. There was no way to get to a dentist. If my teeth started aching I had to rely on my husband to pull them.

Since there was no more money coming in we sent one of our trusted coolies [common manual laborers, all purpose workers] to West China to contact the Schuberts [Methodist missionaries with mission funds] and bring back the equivalent of $10,000 to pay salaries and severance pay and funds for us to live on. There was no assurance that he could get through the military lines and get back to us. We asked no questions, only prayed that he could get back to us.

Our Christmas was a quiet one. We celebrated the holiday by exchanging produce from our gardens.

1942 - 1943: Faithful to the End

On January 5, 1942, the Japanese insisted on an inventory of the hospital supplies, which took hours of work. It looked like the beginning of the end.

Mail went slowly if it went at all. I sent a letter to mother on January 18, 1942, and she got it in January, 1943. Prior to the war [between Japan and the US] I wrote a letter to mother and dad once a week, but now only once a month. We never received some of our mail from the States. Work was less at the hospital so we tried to let folks leave as soon as they could. We let our cook go as I was at home now most of the time.

Since my shape was changing, I had to think of some maternity clothes. There was nothing. Evaline Gaw had a piece of material, enough for two short smocks. I took the front out of two skirts and that was my wardrobe. The Japanese did not allow me to go to the Ida Kahn Hospital [Methodist women's hospital] with Ruth Daniels to find a basket and baby clothes. (In many other ways the Japanese were very humane.) I did have one piece of flannel, enough for two flannel gowns for the baby. And those were the only new things she would have.

Stress and strain began to tell on Erne. He developed a duodenal ulcer. Fortunately our cow was producing enough milk to soothe the ulcer.

About this time Dr. and Mrs. Fisher were getting very nervous. The MP's went to see them many times and wanted to see their passports. Since Dr. Fisher was a Jew he did not dare to show his passport. Since their salary [from the American Methodist Mission] had stopped they had little choice but to work at the Japanese Hospital. Dr. Fisher promised that he would deliver our baby at all costs. They were under a lot of pressure.

In early February or late January we were told that we would be moved and interned at the CIM [China Inland Mission, British]. We would be allowed to take our groceries, clothing and personal things. So we started packing. Fortunately I had done a lot of canning and that was considered as groceries. Right or wrong, Erne made a false bottom in one of the boxes for a can of kerosene. It kept our lamps lit until we left Nanchang.

One day Erne was walking downtown. Whom should he meet but our hospital trusted coolie. He acted as if he did not know Erne, but very quickly told him where to meet and talk. He had brought back $10,000 which was layered in his sumien pao tzu (silk-lined coat). If anyone ever gets a star in his crown, it will be our beloved trusted coolie. It was enough money to pay hospital salaries and three months severance pay, plus enough to hold us over until we left.

On March 3 we received word that the hospital would be closed on March 7. We would be moved out that day. The Japanese allowed us to give out blankets and pei wos (cotton filled blankets) in lieu of salary.

Then came the day that we were to leave our home. All of the things that we were to move were placed in the yard for inspection. The Japanese were at liberty to take whatever they wished – typewriter, sewing machine, rug and chairs. I sat on one chair and was able to carry it out. I had to fight for the cow. We had her tied to a tree. I simply pointed to my big belly and led her out and tied her to the back of the truck. We were taken across the city to the CIM mission. Leland Holland and Erne and I had part of the upstairs of one house. Mr. Nelson, Ruth Daniels, Coral Houston and Evaline Gaw had the upstairs of the other house. The downstairs in both houses were used for mission work except for the kitchen. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher were moved to another house provided by the Japanese which was about a five minute walk from us.

The day after we moved the MP's came and showed us how far we could walk every day. This included the French Catholic Hospital but not the Fisher's home. We had to have a special permit to see them. Wherever we went on the street we talked to no one as they were questioned later. There was a small cemetery near by. Since Chinese folks did not go there except for burials, I sometimes went there to get away from the crowds. Chinese friends were able to come and see us but they too later were questioned. We were able to help the CIM with their evangelistic work provided there were no more than thirty people there at one time. But there was no limit to the number of folks per day. Erne started working on the garden, which pleased Mr. Melsop.

God works in mysterious ways. Not until we got to Shanghai later did we find out what happened to the folks who left Shanghai on the boat that I should have sailed on, provided I had gotten out of Nanchang earlier. It was bombed at sea and limped into the Philippines. All Americans on board were held there. Conditions there were much worse than they were for us. Had I gotten to the Philippines, I would not have reached the US. Ernest and I would have been separated for a long time, certainly for the birth of our first child.

Even though I had and still have a great faith, there were times when I shook in my boots. Erne never told me his inner feelings but I am sure that he too was fearful at times. I had some real nightmares during those times. One time I

dreamt that I was on a canoe in the middle of the ocean and going into labor. Another dream was not so frightening but wonderful. We all were gathering in a large field near my home in Ohio to witness the end of the world. People came in wagons, on foot, singing hymns. We were meeting all our relatives and friends. Erne was running here and there doing his job and I could not keep up with him. Suddenly there was a great light – and we all knew this was it – and then I awoke, the moon shining in my face. Until today that dream is very vivid in my mind.

Very shortly after moving to the CIM, a group came on Sunday morning and offered to take us all to West China. We had to turn them down. It meant walking cobbled streets, then crossing a river and then walking ??? miles through the battle lines, and then through no man's land and the Chinese lines. The rest of the group felt that I could not make it and would slow them down. If we were caught, it would have meant prison for us and death to the Chinese.

Less than a month after we had been moved to the CIM we were told to be ready to leave for an exchange ship April 14. So we sold what we could. On April 10 we were told that the ship was postponed a month.

During the night of April 18 we heard the sound of a plane going back and forth over the city. It crossed and re-crossed the battle lines. In the morning Japanese soldiers came and searched our rooms looking for an American. Later via the grapevine we heard that an American plane had landed with five Americans. This was the time of the Doolittle Raiders. Later the story came out that one of the pilots got lost from the rest of the group of planes and came over Nanchang. He thought that he was in West China. The plane ran out of fuel and landed on the river. The men all got out and walked in the direction towards West China. The pilot asked a farmer the way to West China. The farmer was so scared that he directed them in the opposite direction, into the city. They were caught and put into prison and later taken to Shanghai. Later we found out that the pilot was executed. Also later, after Coral Houston got back to the US, she met some of the survivors of the Doolittle Raiders. After we arrived back in the US we found a write up in the newspaper that all the Doolittle Raiders had returned safely to their bases that day [incorrect]. During that time there were other bombings. One time American planes bombed the new airport and killed some of our friends. Another time they bombed the old airport. At night there were a lot of machine guns firing, even as close as outside our compound.

[According to the 1995 interview, the Japanese asked Hilda to bake a pie at this time. It was to be used in the interrogation of the Doolittle Raider prisoner they had caught. Hilda told them the truth, which was that she did not have the equipment or ingredients to make a pie. Many years later, in the early 2000's, a Doolittle Raider was a resident at Clarewood House in Houston at the same time as Hilda and Darwin Andrus, Hilda's second husband.]

I was now in my eighth month of pregnancy and having backaches and restless nights. I had also developed neuritis of both hands and forearms. They were asleep and painful, especially at night. I elevated both arms on pillows, which gave some relief. The local pharmacist made a concoction of something high in Vitamin B12 which tasted horrible. But I took it as well as yeast. My sleep was broken. If that was not enough, the rats had the run of this house, especially the bathroom. The bathroom did not have running water. It was quite primitive. We were only allowed a small kerosene light until 10:00 PM. After that nothing at all. One night the rats were so noisy that I finally got out of bed. With a flashlight I tried to corner some of those rats and scare the devil out of them. Within minutes hobnailed soldiers were banging on the door and got us all up. That is how closely we were being watched. They were sure that we were giving signals to the guerrillas. I jumped back in bed. Mr. Melsop, Mr. Holland and Erne finally convinced the soldiers that we had only been chasing rats. I did not chase rats again.

Day by day things were getting tighter in the city. At night Chinese coolies were taken from their homes by the Japanese to be placed in the Japanese front lines. In that way the Chinese [shooting from the other side] were killing their own people. The screams were terrible. It seemed that there was going to be a big battle. Horses and soldiers were everywhere, and more coming. Fritz and Emmy were not allowed to come and see us.

On June 1 orders came for Ruth, Coral, Evaline and Leland to leave on June 3. They refused to let me travel as it meant traveling in a boxcar for a day, and by boat for several days. The Japanese did not want to have an incident. I was due any day. Erne had made up a set of delivery instruments just in case we could go. It was one sad day to see them go, as we were the only Americans left in that area.

Since my due date had arrived we decided it was time to spend the nights at the French Catholic Hospital. Everybody knows that babies like to make their appearance at night. There would have been no way for us to get to the hospital after dark. There was martial law curfew at sundown. So every night at sunset until the baby arrived Erne and I walked to the hospital. Erne slept with the Fathers and I slept with the Sisters. At dawn we walked back to the CIM. This went on for almost three weeks.

Sure enough at 2:00 AM on June 15 it was evident that the baby would come. The Sisters and I communicated in Chinese since they could not speak English and I could not speak French. I was taken to the delivery room. As I came out of the light anesthesia I heard “Oui, oui, mademoiselle.” I knew that it was a girl. Dr. Fisher got there just in time to deliver the baby and help Erne through the trials of being a father. You might wonder how we had funds to pay our bill. Before closing our hospital we knew that the French Catholic Hospital needed

medicines. So we made an agreement with the Japanese that we would give the Catholic hospital the medicines.

Strange as it may seem, a day or two after Betty was born, Officer Tsneshi and another military officer came to see me and presented me with some small cakes and two big bottles of juice which could be diluted – in other words, bottles of extract. I was kept in the hospital ten days. [It was the custom for American women to stay in bed for several days after delivery back then. This custom did not change until after World War II.]

One week after getting back to the CIM, Officer Tsneshi came and told me to put a dress on Betty – she only had one – and for me to put on my best dress and come outside. He told me to sit on a wicker chair on the lawn with Betty on my lap. He took our picture. The camera was our own confiscated camera! We made small talk and after a bit I asked if he would like to hold the baby. Without hesitation he sat in the chair, took Betty and said, "Take my picture." [According to the 1995 interview, Officer Tsneshi asked for their Bible when Hilda and Ernest left Nanchang.]

After one month, Betty was not gaining weight and was crying a great deal. Her lack of weight gain proved that I was not a good wet nurse and was literally starving my child. That is why she cried so much. Fortunately, Evaline had left me a tin of powdered milk. That saved Betty's life. In the meantime we cabled the folks in Shanghai that all was well. From Shanghai they cabled mother and dad. Of course mother knew nothing and when mother answered the telephone she told them it was impossible that I had had a baby. I am sure it was quite a shock. On July 24 Officer Tsneshi came again. In fact he came every day to check on us and ask the same questions over and over again. We were patient with him. He told us to be ready to leave on July 28. So, there was more packing and selling and giving away of our possessions.

On the afternoon of July 27 Captain Uno and his military police came by, inspected our baggage, took what they wanted, closed the front gate and put us under heavy guard. Only Fritz and Emmy were allowed to come and see us. On the morning of the July 28, Miss Rugg, Mr. Melsop (the only Brits) and we were loaded on a truck. I was allowed to sit on the front seat with Betty. Folks came in droves to say goodbye at the gate. They felt as if the world were coming to an end, as we were the last British and Americans to leave that area.

As I was sitting there I overheard one of the Chinese ladies say, "just look at that baby, how white she is!" Betty was a towhead. Another lady said, "I hear that they wash her every day. That is why she is so white." For many of the Chinese people it was their first sight of a blond child. We were taken to the train and put into a boxcar. We arrived in Kiukiang late in the day. We were taken to a Japanese Inn. If we wanted a bath we had to take it with all of the other folks there. I took mine with a few Japanese women. Later in the evening Miss Rugg

said that they had been so kind to her. She had had the bath all to herself. Ernest and I had a good laugh. Miss Rugg did not know that all of the folks in the hotel had already bathed there and she was the last one. When you take a Japanese bath you sit at the edge of the big tub and soap yourself real well and pour some water over yourself and then step into the big tub.

We waited one day in Kiukiang while more missionary prisoners came from Kuling (Browns, Masseys, Cuffs, Herberts, Mrs. Price, Miss Loggins, Charltons and Jones). We finally got on the riverboat which took us to Shanghai, four in a cabin.

We landed in Shanghai on August 1 and were taken to the Columbia Country Club. We had ICE WATER, cold soft drinks and fans. We had folding cots with walking room between. There were about two hundred of us. The men were placed behind the bar.

The British prisoner exchange ship left the following morning, so we never saw Mr. Melsop again. Miss Rugg was so ill that she could not go.

We were more or less free to move around when we first arrived in Shanghai. We saw the Lights, Hawks, Gertrude Waterman, Lilly Stevens, plus the ladies at the McLyne School [all missionaries]. We had a visit with our bishop, Ralph Ward. We looked up Dr. Fisher's friends, the Kumfi's. We heard in November or December of 1942 that the Fishers had their second child, a baby girl. The Fishers felt that the Japanese were putting a lot of pressure on them to show their passports again. So one night they began the walk to Free China (West China). They gave their children a sleeping drug and dressed themselves and the children in Chinese clothes. They put the children in baskets and carried the baskets on poles on their shoulders just like the Chinese coolies. They told their friends and the Japanese guards that they were going to a wedding.

[Many years later Hilda and Ernest met the Fishers again in Seattle. After World War II ended, the Fishers had immigrated as refugees to Canada and had become Canadian citizens.]

After the first group of folks left the country club, there were still others coming in like Dr. and Mrs. Bloom, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, Dr. and Mrs. Alridge, Mr. Proctor, Dr. Bryson, and Mr. Saunders [all missionaries]. Later another exchange boat went to Britain.

Three weeks after moving into the famous Country Club we were able to move out to 540 Avenue Haig, which was the former home of the Fullers. For the next five and a half months we spent our lives with the heads of four other families: Rev. Frank Gale, Dr. Albert Steward, Rev. Gus Nasmith and Lillie Stephens. Dr. Steward took over until we could all get settled. Then we had a council meeting and divided our activities and responsibilities. I will never forget the days we had

together there, as they were rich and rewarding in many ways. As long as we were in the house we were like any other Americans back home. As soon as we were outside the door we had to wear a red armband denoting that we were Americans. There were certain places that we were not permitted to go. My work was cut out for me with the care of the baby and Chinese studies. Ernest was asked to help organize our Americans through the Swiss Consulate. [The Swiss, being neutral, took care of American citizens' affairs in Shanghai during World War II]. That was because there was a big possibility that we would all be interned. That meant that he had to go downtown every day. Who would be going on the next exchange ship? Rumor had it that the ***Conte Verde*** was sailing on September 10. It was a rumor. However, we did sign up to go to the US. Rumor had it that the boat was postponed two weeks, and that too was a rumor.

In the meantime our baby was giving us many happy hours with her cooing and smiling and laughing. We bought a second-hand pram for her. She spent a lot of hours sleeping in it and joy riding. The pram went to prison camp with us.

During this time Erne joined a discussion group consisting of Bishop Ward, Dr. Bundi Li, the Finnish Consul General, Abbott Chou Kung and a few others. It was a philosophical discussion group that discussed many religions.

Until this time we were allowed to go to movies. We caught up on quite a few of the old movies. On September 16 an edict came out that we were not allowed to go to movies, dance halls and other amusement places. AND ***Conte Verde*** was not sailing.

It was almost impossible to buy sugar or margarine, but we were able to make a cake for Erne on his birthday October 25. On November 1 we sent out some Christmas cards to our families and friends. They never arrived.

A strong rumor passed around that all American men would be picked up and put in an internment camp. All the men packed a case. But instead, on November 12, the Japanese came to visit each American and had them fill in forms of all kinds.

I had to have some teeth repaired. We located a reputable White Russian dentist. The first round went fine but the next time I went I fainted after he injected the novocaine. ALLERGIC! [About forty years later, in San Antonio, it was determined after testing that Hilda was highly sensitive not to novocaine, but to the tiny amount of adrenaline that is usually present in vials of dental novocaine.]

The next order from the Japanese was to tag all of the furniture in the house and turn in the lists.

By this time it was getting cold. Erne found a tin stove to take off the chill of the room. Because of the damp climate we had to have somewhere to dry diapers. That tin stove did the trick.

On December 14 we had an air alarm in Shanghai. On December 17 a rumor said that Tokyo had been bombed and that the ***Conte Verde*** was sailing February 30.

Starvation among the Chinese was terrible. On the way downtown early every morning Erne saw at least one body that had died during the night.

On January 23, 1943, a group of folks got called to get ready for internment. On January 31 one group of men went to P'u T'ung Camp. On February 5 Mr. Gale and Mr Nasmith went to the AAC Camp. We were sure that our number was coming up fast. February 7 we went to church thinking that it might be the last time to hear Dr. Smith. We knew that our baggage would be limited. So we bought nuts and picked out the kernels. The kernels took less space than the nuts in the shell and were a source of protein. On the morning of February 15 we saw Uncle Frank Gale and Uncle Gus walk to their camp. We walked along the side of the street carrying some of their things until we could no longer go with them. We were to see Uncle Frank again in Nanchang after the War, but not Uncle Gus. Uncle Al got his call. Before he left Lillie and Erne and I got our calls. We were able to see Uncle Al off. On February 25 Lillie was taken to Chapei. We had an idea that we would be going there too. In the meantime we had a house to close, final Chinese exams to take, some things to store, arrangements to make for someone to send us parcels, the packing of a trunk or two and other endless tasks.

CHAPEI

At noon, March 2, a truck came to pick up our trunks and beds and delivered them to the Chapei camp. We were up all night taking care of details. In the morning we were picked up and taken to the Country Club and then to Chapei, an old Chinese university. I can't remember if we were on second or third floor. There were four families in our room, three people in each family. At the far end of the room were the Morgans. They were from Australia and were business folks. She was a drug addict and kicked the habit while there at Chapei, so it was difficult at times. Their baby was lovely. Next to them were the Langes. He was a representative for Nestle's milk products. They were from Canada. Their little girl was the age of our Betty and we often took our babies buggy riding together. Next to the Langes were the Tuckers. They were Canadian Jews. He was a shrewd businessman and loved our Betty. He could make all kinds of things with his hands. His wife was a concert pianist and had given concerts in Harbin. It was very difficult for her to be behind barbed wires without a piano, without music. Their young boy David, about nine years old, was a bundle of nerves and a bed wetter. We tried to help him medically as much as possible.

We were next in line with our two single beds, the crib for Betty and a folding bridge table and two folding chairs. We were allotted forty square feet per person. On the other side was Mr. Bill Awad and his two young sons, Bill Jr. and Phillip, ages 13 and 9 or 11. Mr. Awad was an importer of laces, etc. [His wife was not interned.] We later visited him in New York.

We left our home on Avenue Haig about 10:30 AM. By the time we found our room and our beds and set them up, we were ready for bed. Our first duty was roll call at 8:00 PM. A Japanese officer and an interpreter made the rounds at 8:00 PM. There was one person who kept ahead of the officer to get us outside our rooms in the hall in time. Then we would stand at attention until our names were called and we were dismissed. If we did not have the babies with us, the officers walked in the rooms and looked at them. After that we went into our rooms until the all-clear bell was sounded. No trips to the bathroom after that. That meant waiting until 1,066 people were accounted for. The roll call was every morning at 9:00 AM and every evening at 8:00 PM. If someone was not at his place we all were held up until the person was found.

For breakfast we had cracked wheat, tea and bread. The cracked wheat had quite a story behind it. Sometime before we got into camp, a few seasons or so before, the cracked wheat had been sent to China for the Chinese through the Red Cross. The Japanese kept it from them. But when we Americans and Europeans were interned, they gave it to us. Well, in the hot and damp climate the wheat germinated or rather attracted bugs, which in turn became larvae. The older folks who could not do scullery work or hard labor or medical work spent their allotted work time sitting in the outdoor shed picking out the living protein from the cracked wheat. Sometimes we got powdered milk with the cracked wheat, sometimes not. If you were hungry enough, you ate it.

Due to the good planning of a group who went into the camp first, they were able to set up an organization to get the kitchen in running order, build shelves along the walls in our rooms, oversee the building of a lean-to shower, build an office, etc. This organization worked very closely with the Japanese officers so that rules and regulations were set up to get us all settled. For lunch we had fish, rice and cabbage. The fish was fried in peanut oil that was a bit rancid and the cabbage was quite often over-boiled. Once in a great while we had beef stew. For supper we had leftovers made into a soup. To this day I am not crazy about fish or fish soup or boiled cabbage. Imagine children on this diet. Up until the age of six the children were given a pint of milk and one egg a day. Once a week the children were given an apple.

Our routine for the day was: up at 7:00AM, breakfast at 7:30, baby food and hot water for baby from 7:30 to 8:30, roll call at 9:00, drinking water at 9:30, baby food at 11:00, dinner at 11:30, boil bottles for the baby from 2:00 to 3:00, drinking water at 3:00, washing in the scullery from 2:00 to 5:00, baby food at 5:00, supper at 5:30, drinking water at 7:00, roll call at 8:00, and lights out at 10:00 PM.

Of course we did not each do these things, but doubled up for each other. Erne would often go for the baby food or the water and at the same time get some for the rest of the folks in our room.

Washing clothes was a problem. There was a lean-to shed where we had running water. We used the old scrub board. Washing sheets was another matter. Erne was able to make a plunger out of a coffee tin. It was quite efficient. We made soapsuds with real fine shavings of soap. We had a drying area whenever the weather cooperated. Thievery was a problem. Someone had to watch the laundry until it was dry.

We had one fairly long shed on the grounds which served many purposes. On Sunday it was our church: first the Catholics, then the Jewish group and last the Protestants. We had a community service in the evening. During the week there was school for the children. Before and after school there was cracked wheat cleaning, choir practice, etc. We had people from all walks of life – doctors, missionaries, businessmen, professors, heads of universities, prostitutes, etc. We were fortunate to have “Carol” and “Cheetah” who were renowned dancers and gave us hours of enjoyment. The medical committee got busy right away and I had a choice of doing nursing in the clinic two hours a day or working in the scullery. Since one of us was with Betty at all times, Erne and I took alternate times at the clinic. I assisted Dr. Hyla Waters. One of the first things to do was to give inoculations. Colds and contagious diseases were rampant. One of the first diseases was an epidemic of so-called bronchitis. Since babies can start off a lot of diseases with bronchitis, we thought nothing of it. But looking back, it may have been a mild epidemic of polio. When Betty started walking she had an odd walk and developed scoliosis of her back.

When anyone became seriously ill they were taken to the hospital [outside the camp]. A doctor would have to accompany the patient. Some news got into the camp that way.

About one month after we arrived in camp, “Red Cross” packages started to be delivered via our friend. In the packages were things we had asked for to supplement our diets, such as honey, sugar for us and orange and tomato juice for Betty, and soap. A commissary was set up. Through the Swiss Consulate we were able to get certain necessary things such as toilet paper. We had been issued one roll a month and that was not enough sometimes. How do you think I kept a diary? Easter Sunday each person was given a bottle of milk and two Easter eggs. The kids were also given balloons. Shortly after Easter each person was given a pound of sugar. On May 5 we were each given an apple.

In the meantime we had air raids and heard bombing in the distance. Just about that time we all received another egg, apple and another Red Cross parcel.

On my birthday, May 10, we Methodists got together in the field behind the camp and had a birthday "cake". We had saved our wafers or biscuits as the British called them, and made a layer cake of biscuits plus jam plus biscuits plus jam. Someone had a candle and put it on the cake but did not light it. (The candle had to be saved for the next person who had a birthday.) Eddie Wise, Peggy Cuddeback, Gertrude Waterman and Mildred Procter were guests. We sang hymns of joy and had prayers together. May 13 was my sister's birthday, and I naturally thought a lot about her. But our attention that day was drawn to Betty. She was able to hold her bottle by herself and clap her hands (not at the same time).

By this time the men were growing beards. There was a reason – to save money, as razors, shaving soap and hot water were scarce.

One of the most popular and busiest centers in the camp was the sewing room. We had one sewing machine [treadle, not electric] and that was placed at the end of our hall. As the children grew taller their clothes were made over for the next generation. Mending was imperative. Mrs. Farrion and her crew really were busy. Everything that we could donate or discard such as thread, buttons or patching materials went to that corner. You can understand why our next child started out with all new clothes [Beatrice, born in 1945].

Beauty operators likewise were busy giving haircuts. We didn't worry about the cost or a tip. No permanents or hair dye, however.

RULES. We made our own rules. As long as there was no trouble the Japanese did not step in. However, we knew that with 1,066 people living together, we had to have strict rules. One rule, no electric bulb larger than 40 watts was allowed anywhere. One flick of light at 9:55 PM was the "lights out" warning. Three flicks at 10:00 PM meant lights were to be extinguished at once. If this rule was not obeyed the master switch was shut off. The rule was published as a warning in the camp's ***Assembly Times*** weekly paper. Another example of strict discipline was demonstrated during a ball game. No matter how tired folks were, ball games helped the morale of the camp. One time someone hit a homer and the ball flew far out into the area which was off limits. The left or right fielder was so intent on catching the ball that he just kept running without realizing that he was on "sacred" ground. At all times the Japanese guards were on the roof surveying us. At that moment they took aim and fired. Of course the young lad was scared out of his wits, as well as all of the other people. Thank goodness the guard's aim was a bit out of range.

There were those who tried to get messages out through the fence at night. Occasionally they were caught or intercepted. As a result the entire camp would be punished. One of the favorite punishments by the Japanese was that no one was allowed out of the building for one day. In rainy weather who cared – but on hot summer days it was torture with all the kids inside. Still worse was when we

were not allowed to take showers. Shanghai heat without fans or showers was not pleasant.

Not too long after our arrival in camp we were allowed daily bread. The Chinese sold it to the Japanese not knowing that it was coming to our camp. They had put something in it that caused mild to severe diarrhea. Can you imagine 1,066 folks with diarrhea using toilets that were the old pull chain style and meant for a lot fewer people? Quite a few of the toilets were not working and were in constant need of repair or running over. We walked on boards in the lavatories. For various reasons the toilet seats had all been removed. We had been advised before coming to the camp to either buy a toilet seat or bring them from the places where we had been living. Most of the folks referred to their toilet seats as "picture frames." During the day it was not uncommon to see someone going down the hall with their collar on.

The role of men in some cases changed drastically. One family near us had a pair of twins shortly before they came to the camp. Their little potty had to be carried back and forth to the lavatory. The man of the house had been a very successful businessman in Shanghai with all kinds of help. Here in the camp he was like all the rest and helped his wife. One day Erne met him in the hall carrying a potty. He was grumbling to himself, "I never thought I would be carrying one of these *@!$* potties!"

Because of the diarrhea and the tension and some other things, in no time at all we lost our pads of fat. In six months Erne lost forty pounds and I lost twenty. Most of us were beginning to look like scarecrows. We all wore sack dresses long before they were in style.

Many amusing songs and poems were written making fun of the Japanese. They had a hidden meaning if you know what I mean. The songs were sung on fun nights and we laughed until we cried. Our guards could not see anything funny. We would then burst into singing "God Bless America" and our guards [not understanding English] sang with us with gusto.

THE *GRIPSHOLM* AND REPATRIATION

Then came the news that there would be another exchange boat. Lists of names were posted. We could hardly believe our eyes, much less our ears. There was much praise and thanksgiving. Of course no one really believed it until we were on the boat. There was so much chaos that I forgot to write in my diary. We were told what we could take, up to sixty-six pounds:

1. special medicine prescribed by doctor
2. powdered milk for babies
3. one blanket, two to three sheets, a pillow

4. personal clothing
5. birth certificate, passport, diplomas, marriage certificate, address book
6. NO writing paper, no silverware, no dishes, no books, no photographs, no flashlights, no electrical appliances

Mr. Awad was not to be repatriated because his wife was in Shanghai. But his two sons were to go to family members in New York. They were put in our care. In return we gave him our trunk full of stuff to care for. It contained our silverware, stamp collection, extra bedding, some linens and photographs. He put his name on the trunk and said that at the end of the war, he would keep it until we came back to China. Or he would ship it to us.

The authorities threatened to give our trunks a thorough examination, as there were spies in the camp [for both the West and the Japanese]. They tore the linings out of the trunks of people they suspected. They also threatened to search our purses and light suitcases thoroughly as well as our bodies if they suspected anything. They even threatened vaginal examinations as there had been cases of secret messages carried out that way. You wonder how I kept a record of our trip without paper? Well, we were issued three rolls of toilet paper and Betty did not use that much.

On the day of departure we had to be ready to be examined at 8:00 AM. Women and children were herded into one area and examined and the men in another. We had lunch there, which consisted of lima beans. The Commandant shook each of our hands and we boarded buses. As we left, the orchestra, what was left of it, played Auld Lang Sine. We were off to the wharf. There we had to go through customs. We sat and waited until about 7:00 PM. Women and children were allowed on the boat first. Erne got on about 9:30 PM. In the process we lost our powdered milk. We finally got to bed at midnight.

Our boat was the *Tai Maru*. Food was better than it was in the camp. There was no food for babies. For ourselves we were able to buy coffee and cake at tea time and in the evening. There were no towels, and no baths unless you tipped the stewards. We had to wash our own sheets and there was no room service. Yet we women were far better off than the men. We picked up more passengers at Hong Kong and had a total of six hundred people. In spite of the inconveniences, we had Sunday morning services and daily Bible classes. By September 29, 1943, we were on our way down the river to Saigon [held by the Japanese]. It was so beautiful with the palm trees waving in the wind and the thatched houses here and there plus the rice fields. As we neared Saigon the natives there tried to bring us bananas. Our tongues hung down to our knees but the Japanese chased the natives away or sank their sampans.

On October 2 we landed in Singapore [held by the Japanese]. It was stinking hot. We saw shacks here and there but forgot about them when we saw all the fruit that was being loaded on the boat. We had our first movie, which took our

minds off the heat. It was the lovely movie “Maytime”. For some reason or other from then on our water was limited to one to two hours a day. There was “water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink.” However, we had again entered the ocean and it was cooler.

On October 4 we started very slowly going through the Straits of Malacca, along Sumatra. Rumor had it that we were going through a very heavily mined area. We had lifeboats, but we found out that they were useless. In addition there were not enough lifeboats to accommodate us. Therefore we all sat out on the decks all night long. There must have been a host of angels and the hands of God watching over us. We had quite a few sick folks on the boat. To add to our troubles the refrigeration system went bad and the meat spoiled. As a result we had quite a few folks with vomiting and diarrhea. One of our Methodist missionaries, Miss Blackford, was very ill and had a light heart attack along with the ptomaine poisoning.

About 11:00 AM on October 15 we landed in Goa, India. [Goa was a Portuguese colony, and therefore neutral during World War II.] Baggage was unloaded and put on the docks. We were allowed to get off the boat and put our feet on land and walk up and down the tracks which divided the ***Tai Maru*** from the ***Gripsholm***. [The MS ***Gripsholm*** was a Swedish vessel used during World War II for exchanging civilian prisoners of war. Sweden was neutral during World War II.] Stewards from the ***Gripsholm*** brought fruit, cheese and cake to us to eat. Soon we would be on that boat. We referred to it as “Heaven.” On the 19th we lined up on one side of the track and the Japanese from the ***Gripsholm*** lined up on the other side of the track, with a wall between us. We could not see them. We were going to “Heaven” and they were going to war-torn Japan. Going up the steps of the ***Gripsholm*** we were welcomed by a member of the US Consulate, who shook our hands and said “You are now free.” On the other side stood Red Cross workers who gave us a twenty-five cent Nestles chocolate bar. Our eyes really popped. We had not seen chocolate for two years. Many of us were ready to eat it in one fell swoop. I ate one strip and felt sick. We all sat on the decks and waited to be assigned to our cabins, etc. In the meantime the stewards began bringing food to a table on the deck. Out of habit people began to line up. But when the food kept coming and coming (Smorgasbord), people began to get out of line and just gape. About 1:30 PM we were able to eat. We could not eat as much as we had hoped. Almost everyone had eaten some chocolate, which took the edge off our appetites. That was the whole idea, so that we would not get sick at our first heavy meal. By 6:00 PM we got to our cabins. I was in room #90 with Mrs. Herbst.

On October 21, as the ***Tai Maru*** took off for Japan, the Christian groups from both boats had a short service and then sang “God Be with You Till We Meet Again.” Later in the day we were allowed ashore to the door of a hotel to see the beautiful flowers, trees, birds, etc. We had a short funeral service for a man who had died at sea.

We set sail on October 22, 1943. That day mail was delivered to us. It took us most of the day to read our mail. As we sailed along, we saw schools of flying fish. The weather was cooler. On October 26 the Red Cross gave each of us some clothing, soap, toothpaste, underwear and shoes. It was like Christmas.

Betty became quite ill with a cough and cold, and on November 2 we were moved to a small private cabin. On November 3 we arrived in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. The people welcomed us with open arms. The mayor declared the city as an "open city". Some local peopled asked to take us to their home for the night. Their name was Hyde. Guess what? They were related to some folks from a church in Gloversville, NY, which helped support our work. They took us on a tour to see the Coca-Cola plant, Firestone Company, and the Cadbury Chocolate Company. Mr. Hyde was manager at the Coca-Cola plant. We had coke anytime we wanted. The next day Mrs. Hyde took me shopping and I saw a Woolworth store for the first time in five years. We had beautiful spring weather. The city was very clean, with red-roofed houses with tan siding. The city was made up of about 10,000 British, 20 American families, Blacks, Dutch and natives. It was said that the folks from the boat bought up all the chocolate in the city that day. Those that lived there would have to wait until the next shipload came in for more chocolate.

We set sail again on the afternoon of November 4 with the Cape of Good Hope ahead of us. On November 5 we were already feeling the effects of the high waves. Billy Awad became quite ill and we suspected malaria. The famous bird, the albatross, was following the boat. What a majestic bird! Whales were with us too. In the evenings we had movies. In six weeks we caught up with a lot of them.

The waves around the Cape were so high that as the bow of the boat dipped into the next wave, the propeller at the rear of the boat came completely out of the water and whirred and rattled and groaned. Then the bow would come up again. It was said that the waves were forty feet high. I believe it! During those days Myrtle Wells and I began a close friendship. We took our children out on the deck for walks. In fact Betty learned to walk on the boat. When we got on dry land she walked like a drunken sailor. Myrtle and I spent a lot of time together. Through the years we kept in contact. Her sister, Dr. Ann Huizenga, was also a good friend. Little did we know that little Shannon Wells would become one of the first women astronauts.

During the next six weeks at sea we had to be two hundred miles outside the path of any other boats. We had to broadcast our position every quarter hour to the world. As soon as it was dark the ship was lit up like Times Square. That way no one could mistake that we were a mercy ship or repatriation ship. Sometime during the six weeks we were very near the Sargasso Sea, in which

many boats had been lost. We could see the sea weeds swirling around in the water, but there weren't enough to get caught in the propeller.

On November 14 about sundown we approached the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. The next morning we saw a glorious sight. There was a cross on the highest peak, Mt. Corcovado. It was in and out of the clouds. Two other mountain peaks were connected to it by a cable car - Sugar Loaf and Urca. We docked about noon and were met by some of our Methodist Missionaries. Miss Cobb was our guide. She took us to lunch at Bennet College and then off to the Botanical Gardens. They were out of this world. There were all kinds of palm trees (Pater Palm), rubber trees, all kinds of flowers like lady slippers, lillies galore and the orchid show. There were thousands of orchids. The next day we were on our own. The Brazilian folks were very friendly. Many of them would tap us on the shoulder and ask if we had seen the orchid show. Prices were high. An alarm clock cost Cr160, stockings Cr29, shirt Cr60, soda Cr5 and apples 20 cents US. When we left port we stayed out on deck until we could no longer see the cross on Mt. Corcovado. The cross was there for a reason – to symbolize peace forever between Brazil and it's neighbor nation.

On November 21 we had Betty baptized with water from the Indian Ocean. Betty was really an international baby. She was born of American parents in China, occupied by the Japanese, born a Japanese prisoner in a French Catholic hospital, delivered by a German Jewish doctor and a Mexican nurse and now baptized at sea by Dr. Hawk, a Methodist missionary.

Ernest became quite ill on November 22. We were moved to a small cabin so that I could take care of him. His temperature was as high as 104 F at times. It was apparent that he had developed one of the severe types of malaria which has a tendency to develop during change of climates.

On November 29 we packed our bags and looked forward to seeing the Statue of Liberty and getting our feet on US soil.

U.S.A.

We docked on December 1, 1943. We waited in line to get off the boat only to be told that we would have to stay overnight for questioning. The FBI questioned all Americans who had been in the interior of China. The next day we were whisked off to 150 Fifth Avenue [Methodist Board of Missions address at that time]. What a surprise! Dad was there to meet us. We had lunch at Childs Restaurant. In the evening we had dinner at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Vaughn. Of course there were conferences and physical exams, etc. We were asked to attend our mission conference at Buck Hill Falls on December 7. It was quite a disappointment that dad could not take us home with him, especially Betty, as they had fallen in love with each other right from the start. But we were under the direction of the Board

of Missions and felt obligated to attend. We did take time out to go to Radio City with Dad.

On December 14 we arrived in Marion, Ohio, to see Mother, relatives and friends. We had our first look at Bill Flach [Magdalene's husband]. We had no idea how much Bill would mean to us through the years ahead. We were asked to take a three-month rest, but folks were so interested in our work that we kept very busy.

1944

In early January, 1944, we were in Texas visiting Ernest's family, relatives and friends. [There were a lot of them – Erne had nearly fifty first cousins and similarly large numbers of aunts and uncles, nephews and nieces.] It was typical January weather in Texas with lots of rain, mud, colds and sore throats. Betty was sick most of the time. Then we went back to Ohio to visit our supporting churches. It seemed as if we were packing and unpacking our suitcases constantly. One of those trips made us realize that we were in God's hands and that he had more work for us to do. We were on our way to Pennsylvania and New York. We had to change trains in Cleveland, Ohio. Because of the weather – snow and ice – our train was late in arriving in Cleveland. We missed our connection. With a baby and late at night, it was no fun. We were all crabby. We waited in the train station. When we finally got a train we had no reservations. We sat somewhere waiting for a place to sleep. After a while the conductor told us, "You should be happy that you missed your train. The train was wrecked outside Ashtabula and a number of folks were killed."

It was great to see the Hydons in Gloversville, where we visited one of our supporting churches. Next we went on to Kane, Pennsylvania. We were so sorry to miss the Clelands, but they were working for Uncle Sam. We got to see the Palmers and the rest of the Cleland "gang."

One treat that we had while on furlough was to spend a few hours with Grandma and Grandpa Mayers for supper. Grandma buzzed around as usual. She still fixed the best mashed potatoes that I have ever tasted. Another treat was to be at home for the annual hog butchering. It was a family affair. All the aunts and uncles got together to cut up the meat, slice some of it and grind some. We made lots of sausage.

[According to the 1995 interview, Hilda and Ernest gave many talks at area churches in early 1944, about ninety talks in three months. People were very eager to hear about China. Many of them wanted to hear something in the talks to help them "hate" the enemy.]

In April Erne went to Cincinnati for a three month course at the University of Cincinnati General Hospital. Bill Flach went into training for Uncle Sam.

July 15, 1944, found us on our way to Detroit where we would be living until July, 1946. Ernest spent his time in the surgical department of Henry Ford Hospital and at Ann Arbor [University of Michigan] working on his Masters in Surgery. Ernest and Dr. Lam published an article for the *American Journal of Surgery* titled *"Tantalum Tubes in the Non-Suture Method of Blood Vessel Anastamosis," vol LXXX, no 4, October 1950, pages 452-454.* This article was under the auspices of Henry Ford Hospital. It was a great step in surgery of bruised, damaged and severed blood vessels.

Those were the war years. We had breakfast together each morning. By 8:00 AM Erne was at the hospital. We were about a five-minute walk from the hospital. Erne would give me a ring at noon and I would put food on the table and off he was – no rest. The same procedure took place at supper time. He usually got home at midnight. Now and then we had an evening off or a weekend. Those times we were out speaking for missions. Once in a while we got together with the other doctors and their wives who were in the same program.

It was great to be in the same city with Ed and Helen Weiss even though they were on the other side of town. Sundays found us going across town to their church. [Rev. Edwin Weiss, one of Ernest's older brothers, was a Methodist minister in Detroit for many years.]

In November, Grandpa Mayers passed away. I planned to go to Ohio for the funeral but Betty got sick.

1945

In January of 1945, Mother came to Detroit to have a thyroid operation. I spent as much time as possible with her while Helen Weiss looked after Betty.

By May I was experiencing morning sickness. On December 28, 1945, we were blessed with a little girl we named Beatrice Ann. While I was in the hospital Betty stayed with Helen. While there she got a real bad case of measles. In the hospital itself there was a flu epidemic. So we patients had to take care of ourselves [because of the shortage of nurses during the war]. I expected mother to come and help out for a few days but she got the flu too. Erne tried his best to keep things going and do the laundry. Well, one time he put one of his black socks in with the diapers. We had pink diapers. No doubt about it, surgeons do their best work in the operating room! When Beatrice was about two months old I had a severe case of mastitis and had to go to the hospital for a few days.

Mother Weiss [Erne's mother] made her first airplane trip by coming to Michigan. She stayed first with Ed and Helen and then came to stay with us.

As soon as the war was over, we were asked by the Board of Missions to go back to China. Ernest could have gone a few months before me and the children, but we wanted to go as a family. Beatrice was not born until December 28, 1945. Ernest was asked by the Board to head up or be superintendent of Nanchang General Hospital (NGH). He turned it down because he had heard that Dr. Ch'i Tong ji was superintendent or acting superintendent of NGH. Dr. Ch'i had been trained at Changsha Medical School, which was a very good school. Both Ernest and I felt very strongly that it was now time for the Chinese to take leading positions in their country, and that we could serve China much better by taking advisory positions or being department heads and rotate to other places as necessary. It was the best decision he ever made. Ernest finally accepted the position as head of surgery.

1946

July of 1946 saw us ready to be on our way to the west coast to go back to China. However, we were determined to see my sister's first child before we left. So we stayed a little longer with mother and dad. We had just gotten to bed one evening after eating a lot of watermelon. Bill called and said that their baby boy had no alternative after all the watermelon but to swim out. For Bill and Magdalene it was parenthood for the first time. I really and truly think that Bill expected his son to be cooing and smiling and giggling the minute he arrived. Either he was joking or he was actually surprised to see a little red wrinkled up baby, not pretty like a six month old baby. But in time Bill could not say enough about his Gary. Three days later we were on our way to Texas, via Cincinnati. It was hard to leave Mother and Dad this time. They would rather have seen Erne and I separate than to go back to China. Many times I asked myself if we were fair in asking for their prayers and worry. It was a hard decision to make. Mother Weiss knew about it. She said that I could never ask Erne to give up mission work. It did not make our time in the US the happiest. This problem was still more aggravated in 1951 after our experience with the Communists.

After a whirlwind of visits with our Texas family, Rev. Paul and Marie Weiss started out with us and traveled as far as Carlsbad Caverns. [Paul was one of Erne's older brothers.]

Traveling through the Mojave Desert with two small children was no small task. But Betty and Beatrice were very good travelers. In California we saw many missionary friends: the Simpsons, Hollands and Stewarts. We thought we were getting on a boat soon but there was a lengthy longshoreman's strike. After a few days in a hotel we found a place in Mill Valley. We stayed in Mrs. Hewitt's house while she was on vacation. Again we were lucky. We were offered the use of a cabin near Downeyville by Mr. Jones, a pharmacist whom we had

known in Shanghai. It was a beautiful vacation up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. At night the deer came out and we watched them. One morning we found the droppings of a bear. That was the last night we went outside after dark. The caretakers of the cabin, Mr. Raymond and Mrs. Penfield, took us to see a gold mine and other interesting things in that area. We became very good friends. Every two days Erne would go down to Downeyville to see if the strike was over. Finally word came that it was over. Off we were to San Francisco to catch our boat.

We set sail on September 28, 1946, on a former troop ship, the ***SS Marine Lynx***. That meant there were about two hundred in our section with thirty-six in our hatch, all women and children. The dining room was one deck up with an open stairway. Can you imagine me taking two kids up that stairway to the dining room, bath, toilet, etc? The men were on another deck. Betty had a bed by herself and so did I. In order to keep Beatrice from wandering all over the boat, we placed a playpen where a cot was supposed to be. She slept and played in there. About one third of the women were seasick. I remember that Coral Houston was ill all the way. There were other women without children who were angels and helped the rest of us with children. After that trip I often said that our Lord forgot one beatitude. It should have read, "Blessed are the single ladies, for they are angels of mercy." Two weeks of that trip was something to remember.

PART TWO

CHINA: 1947 - 1951

CHINA AGAIN

Sometime in 1946 the Mission Board bought a surplus hospital unit from the US Army which was in the Philippines [early version of a MASH unit?]. That unit was to be divided among the mission hospitals in south China. When we arrived in Shanghai, Ernest was delegated to be one of those who divided the supplies. Before dividing the supplies Ernest made a "quick" trip to Nanchang to see the folks at the hospital and the missionaries, and to see what was needed. (The missionaries there at that time were Coral Houston, Ruth Daniels, Rev. Frank Gale and Gertrude Cone.) What Ernest saw at the hospital made him sick. All of the iron pipes, pumps, electrical fixtures, windowpanes, elevator, etc., had been ripped out. Things not destroyed by the Japanese army were destroyed in the interval after the army left. He was impressed by the work that Dr. Ch'i and several other doctors had been doing. They had gotten the medical work re-started under very difficult circumstances. Several post-war alphabetical United Nations organizations were giving help (CNNRA and UNNRA, etc.), as well as the IRC (International Red Cross). The National Medical College which was then opening asked that Nanchang General Hospital (NGH) help provide clinical teaching for their students as well as resident and intern training.

The Andersons took us in when we arrived in Shanghai in October, 1946. They had no idea that we would be there six weeks. Neither did we. We were shocked at prices. A candy bar was 1,800 Mecks, double bar of soap 660 M, coffee 3,000 M a pound, wool for knitting 80,000 -100,000 M a pound, an amah for the afternoon [babysitting] 6,000 – 7,000 M.

We contacted our Chapei camp neighbors, the Awads. They had our trunk of silverware, stamps, pictures, etc.

Within days Betty and Beatrice both took ill with dysentery. Betty recovered rapidly but Beatrice just got sicker and sicker. We finally had to take her to the CIM (China Inland Mission) Hospital where we found out that she had contracted amoebic dysentery as well. She had picked up a banana, and without peeling it, stuck it in her mouth. She looked like a little scarecrow. Finally she got well and it was time to travel again.

After returning to Shanghai, Ernest gathered supplies together to take to NGH and planned to leave about November 23.

No boats would take Western women with children inland [because of the immediate post-war shortages and difficulties]. So it was decided that I would take the children by plane, then wait until Erne got to Kiukiang by boat. That was an unforgettable trip. We were allowed one suitcase and one basket of food supplies for the three of us. Fortunately Beatrice was potty-trained, but she was still eating baby food. I really had to do some planning. I carried a big basket with a thermos, and on one side of the basket I hung Beatrice's white enamel potty. On November 27, 1946, the weather in Shanghai was comfortable. We dressed for fall weather. Betty had on a cute blue snowsuit. We landed in Nanking about 10:00 AM, having left Shanghai at 7:45 AM. The plane was a DC3, with bucket seats [a converted military plane]. One of the other passengers had to hold one of the children. When we landed in Nanking, we were told that we were in the middle of a typhoon and that we would not be going on to Kiukiang. Well, I was not about to go back to Shanghai even if I had to sleep on the floor. The Nanking missionaries had just arrived and they could not take guests. But at least we could have found floor space. Well, we decided to go ahead and eat our lunch since we had gotten up so early. We ate the typical missionary lunch – peanut butter sandwiches, boiled eggs, apple or pear. Beatrice had her face and bib completely covered with Pablum [baby cereal of that time] and Betty was just eating a boiled egg. Then out of the office came the pilot saying with a loud voice, "Everyone going to Kiukiang, let's go!" All the rest of the folks had gone somewhere to eat or find lodging. So a coolie picked up Beatrice, Pablum and all. Another person picked up Betty, egg and all. All that I could think of was her suit. I knew that there would be no dry-cleaning establishments in Nanchang. However our first thought was to get to Kiukiang. There was no doubt about it. We were in the midst of a typhoon and I was glad that one of the passengers was taking care of Betty. We were all airsick. But all things come to an end eventually. Soon we were approaching Kiukiang. The rain was coming down in torrents and the wind was blowing horizontally. The pilot kept looking for the airfield while crossing the Yangtze River. The river looked wider than one mile, though it really wasn't. The airfield was not in sight and yet we were going down. We landed in the middle of a field. Surprise! Frank Gale was there to meet us. Instead of going on to Nanchang as he had planned, he stayed to meet us. He had been thinking that he could take us straight to Nanchang. After walking through a muddy field with the rain pouring down and the wind blowing in all directions, we were soaked to the skin. Frank had brought

raincoats, etc. We finally got on a little boat and putt-putted over the Yangtze, wondering all the while if we would make it. That is one of the many times we thanked God when we reached the shore, and eventually the Methodist Mission. The Perkins put us up for the night. After a change of clothes and drying our wet clothes next to a pot-bellied stove, a warm supper really made us feel good.

Since "Uncle" Frank was going on to Nanchang the next day and had hired a truck, the mission folk prevailed on us to go and not wait for Erne. God knew what he was doing. We did not see Erne until Christmas. Well, next morning bright and early the truck [old canvas-covered military truck] came by our mission and it was full. It was carrying bags of flour for UNRRA and some heavy boxes. We got on the back of the truck with the flour and the boxes. It was to be a hundred mile trip. The roads were something else. We had one river to cross by ferry. By the time we got to the river the storm had caught up with us and the ferry had broken down. It was about 1:00 PM and it was raining cats and dogs and impossible to get to an inn. Not only that, it was turning cold and we were to have our first snow that night. Uncle Frank was prepared. He had several silk-lined long Chinese coats with him which kept us warm during the night on the back of the truck. Food was carried to us from a local inn. But it was a long night sleeping on those floury beds of ease.

The next morning about 11:00 AM the ferry was repaired and off we went. The chuckholes were beyond my imagination. One time we hit one so hard that one of the boxes flew right up to the top of the truck and came down on that little white enamel potty and made it look like an accordion. That was too much! However, in due time we reached Nanchang. It was the day after Thanksgiving. We were very happy, stiff and tired. How the children escaped pneumonia was a miracle. They didn't even catch a cold.

Since all the former missionary houses were completely empty [because of pillaging during the war], we stayed at first with the single ladies who had come back earlier than us: Ruth Daniels, Coral Houston and Gertrude Cone. The next day Chinese friends began to call: our previous cook, folks from the hospital, etc. I called in a carpenter and had some furniture made for the house we were to live in. It was a big duplex in which the Schuberts had lived. The building itself had already been repaired [from war damage and neglect].

Three weeks after we arrived, a telegram came from Erne saying that one of the lighters [riverboats] with cargo for the mission had sunk in the Whangpo harbor in Shanghai. They had only retrieved one ton out of fifty tons of supplies. The next day, through salvage operations, they were able to recover the hospital beds, window glass and some cases of medicines. I was sure that our personal baggage was on that lighter. But later a covering letter said that it was safe. We expected Erne to sail and be with us for Christmas. He actually made it at 6:00 PM on Christmas Eve.

When Ernest and Dr. Ch'i arrived at Kiukiang, they transferred all the cargo to three sailboats. The boats with cargo sailed over to the Poyang Lake at Nanchang with Dr. Ch'i and other hospital staff.

Ernest came to Nanchang by ambulance from Kiukiang with some of the small baggage. [No, he wasn't sick; it was a new ambulance that had to be driven to Nanchang from Kiukiang.]

During this time a famous British pacifist speaker, Muriel Lester, spent a few days in Nanchang. She was wonderful.

1947

We moved into our house and started unpacking. On New Years Day Beatrice, Betty and I all became very ill with diarrhea, chills and very high fevers. Betty was delirious and I passed out. It was a real welcome for Erne. We traced our dysentery back to some cookies that I had bought on the street. Everything that we bought on the street had to be peeled or scalded or re-baked in the oven because of the unhygienic conditions. Somehow I had neglected to have these cookies re-baked. The children and I had eaten some of them with our Chinese guests. Betty and I got well in a few days, but Beatrice did not recover very quickly.

By the middle of January we were ready to go to work at the hospital. Erne had to go back to Shanghai to help divide and sort the hospital supplies. In the meantime we received a package from Henry Ford Hospital [in Detroit] where Erne had been working. The customs duty on that package was 20,250 Chinese dollars!

Erne left at a good time. From the day he left until he came back in April, the children were ill, one or the other. First Betty got whooping cough. Beatrice did not have the whooping cough vaccine before we left the States as she was too young. So we were very worried. We were able to get some vaccine and give it to her, but it was already too late. She had started coughing. If she hadn't had the vaccine I'm sure she would have died, since she had a severe case of whooping cough. One day she stopped breathing for a minute. I called Dr. Ch'i in, and he gave me some good advice. He said that his son had stopped breathing for two minutes [with whooping cough] and was still living. Furthermore if I sent for Erne to come, by the time he got to us, Beatrice would either be better or worse. In case of her death, Erne would not get there in time either. That seemed to be the turning point for Beatrice. Right after that Betty became very ill with a rash of some kind, followed by pink eye. She had picked up these things in Chinese Kindergarten.

On February 20 some cows [from the US] came for the hospital. Since Frank Gale and I were the only folks who had ever milked a cow, we were delegated to care for the cows and teach someone how to care for them. When we milked the cows folks gathered around to see these huge Western cows, plus the two foreigners who milked them. Too bad we were not on TV. Since it was more of a gift than a burden to care for the cows, two of them were sent to our mission compound for a while.

In the middle of March Betty had chicken pox and bronchitis. In between times I was unpacking the medicines and supplies for the hospital that had come from Shanghai. I had to write up the uses for them, as all the directions were in English. They were then put on shelves in the stock room with a complete inventory.

I did take time to observe surgery and see how techniques could be improved, and to prepare them for Ernest's technique. They were very good. Some of them had been trained in the Shanghai Medical School and Margaret Williamson Hospital [a mission hospital]. I was interested especially in seeing the way doctors and nurses reacted to each other in the operating room, as opposed to outside the operating room. The customary polite courtesy was gone. Instead they were very frank with one another. Of course they were courteous, but frankness in the operating room was essential. I also found time to study Chinese with my teacher an hour a day.

Trouble was always lurking around. We had a plague scare. We got word to Erne to send us vaccine. The vaccine arrived and the doctors and nurses in teams of three, accompanied by police, went through the city, door to door. I wanted to go along but the Chinese staff said that a foreign lady would cause too much excitement. One third of the staff was vaccinated each day. We were a bunch of sick people, since we got quite a "kick" from the vaccine.

Now, back to Shanghai. Ernest was able to collect US $5,000.00 on the sunken goods. Actually the loss was about US $10,000.00. He finally got the shipment of supplies in Shanghai plus beds from the USA all together. They sailed the first part of April on a large lighter which carried two hundred fifty tons of things for the three Methodist hospitals in Kiukiang and Nanchang. Because the river and Poyang Lake were high in April, Ernest was able to get a large lighter and travel all the way from Shanghai to Nanchang. He lived on the lighter with the crew. Ernest arrived in Kiukiang on April 18. After waiting there three days to unload supplies, he was on the lighter for three more days on the Poyang Lake. He arrived in Nanchang April 23 or 24. The crew found Ernest quite a curiosity since he was the first foreigner that had traveled on their boat, ate their food, and slept on their boards. They watched him type letters, etc. He had been allowed to sleep in the captain's cabin with the goddess of wealth at his head and the goddess of fertility at his feet. It did no good. He never became wealthy and

never had more children. He learned a great deal about the superstitions and habits of the boat people.

A package from the US came on April 28. The duty on the eleven-pound package was $42,000 Chinese. We were also getting supplies then from the IRC. Dr. Ch'i was in charge of that, but when he was not there I had to take care of it. Some Catholic nuns from Nancheng came to get some IRC supplies, and we had to make a telephone call to Kiukiang. It took only two hours to make the call. The nuns were Irish.

There were bright spots. Gertrude Cone knew that I could play the piano. So she put me to work in the church. Sometimes I would accompany her when she gave a program. She had the voice of a bird. One evening we were invited to the home of a government official. The officials of Nanchang sent their children either to the Baldwin [Christian] or Juchang school. Sometimes, via the children, the parents became Christian. One of the officials became a Christian and was baptized. In appreciation he asked Gertrude to sing in his home. Another time, we were invited to a home where the wife was Christian, but could never get her husband to believe. She died. After that he invited us to his home. With tears streaming down his face he said that his only wish was that his wife could have seen him baptized before she died.

Shortly before Erne arrived, Louis Tsai of the YMCA [Young Men's Christian Association] came back from the US. We were eager to hear what he had to say about our country. His impressions were as follows: 1) the stores were closed on Sundays; 2) the women's hats were crazy; 3) the train stations in New York; 4) the freedom of young boys and girls ages 13 and 14; 5) the Automats in New York; 6) the wonderful women (in reference to their education and abilities); 7) heated homes for rich and poor alike; 8) wonderful education; 9) the lack of Christianity in the YMCA in the US; and 10) the terrible waste of boxes, wooden and otherwise. He was also impressed by the plentifulness of everything, such as convenient homes, refrigerators, two radios per home, one or two cars, rugs on the floors, etc. I wonder what he would say today [1979].

In order to get the boat from Shanghai to Nanchang and bring supplies to Kiukiang and Nanchang, it cost 40,000,000 Chinese dollars. Really, when you think about it, the people back home put a lot of faith into missionaries to handle such large amounts of materials and money. The exchange rate was 12,000 Chinese dollars to one US dollar.

It took three days to unload the boat. Hospital things were taken to the hospital and our things to our home. All the empty rooms at the hospital were used for packing and unpacking supplies: new rolling carts for dressing changes, operating tables, stretchers, X-ray machine, refrigerator, etc. The drugs and surgical supplies took longer. Our office at the hospital was chuck full of things. Then my job began: to inventory the things that came and to find the right names

in English and have them translated into Chinese. Both of us helped unpack at the hospital until 6:00 PM every day, and then we came home to unpack our personal things. At that point we made a big decision. From then on we decided to do all of our own shopping and packing [for non-perishable food and other items]. A brand new sewing machine had come through the trip broken. The box that it came in was fine! That meant that when someone went to Shanghai, they would have to take it and have it repaired. The packers that packed our dishes were no good. A box of salt had spilled and caused all the ironware to rust. At least 50% of the glassware was broken. Baking dishes were bent and twisted so that they had to be repaired. Some things, like the handle to a meat grinder and some tools, were missing entirely. However, the beds and mattresses came through just fine and a lot of the hospital stuff was in good shape.

Since Beatrice had not seen her daddy for almost five months, she really did not know him.

Now that Ernest had arrived and we were unpacked, it was time to start entertaining our Chinese staff, ministers, etc. We tried to follow the local customs as much as possible. Having a meal together was one of the best ways to understand and get better acquainted with our co-workers. We were careful not to mix groups. That is, you could not have the working group [blue-collar group] in with the higher status nurses or doctors. Since we had a cook and an amah to care for the children, it left me free to work at the hospital and not worry about housekeeping chores. The cook had to go to the street every day to buy meat and fresh vegetables and other food. The market was at least a mile away [so the cook had to walk or go by rickshaw]. We had no refrigeration. Washing clothes was done by hand as well as other things. Ironing was done with a charcoal iron. It took us a little while to slide backwards a few years.

The hospital was full of cases of typhoid fever, plague, pneumonia, tuberculosis, deep abscesses of the abdomen and anal fistulas.

The exchange on the black market was $30,000.00 Chinese to $1.00 American, while the official exchange rate was $12,000.00 to $1.00.

On May 19, 1947, we set up the new refrigerator in the hospital. It ran on gasoline and was very quiet. It took five gallons of gas a week to run it.

On May 27 the local university had a student strike. It was put under control by the government officials. The students were our patients. They won.

On June 7, 1947 we had a meeting with the government nursing school and wrote a new contract with them. One third of their students would leave NGH July 1 as they were now building their own hospital, etc. One third would go on vacation, and one third would stay with us. Then later we would consider

opening a nursing school. We would get a Chinese nurse to do that and I would act as advisor.

On June 30 there was a minor flood. Water came up over the bank of the river and up to the first slope in our compound, which was next to the hospital.

June 23, 1947, was a holiday for the fifth month festival, and we ate Tsung Tzu. Tsung Tzu was glutinous rice rolled in corn leaves and then steamed and served while hot. You could dip the rice in sugar. If you ate enough of it you would sink in the lake! [Cooked glutinous rice is very dense.]

Our children were adapting very fast. Beatrice said hello to everybody and already talked a lot of Chinese. When she got tired she would grab a rag and put her thumb in her mouth and cover her thumb and fist with the rag. Betty loved flowers. She picked them and put them in her hair and buttonholes, and offered flowers to everybody. They both made fast friends with the Ch'i girls next door.

On July 8 we took a trip into the country for a picnic. The UNNRA folks took us in a jeep and a weapons carrier. It was a sixty li trip [one li = 500 meters]. Because a bridge was out we could go no further and had to wait until it was repaired. We waited until the last board was nailed down.

One of the finest women I ever met in Nanchang was Lois Wang. I suppose it was music that drew us together. We became good friends quickly. She was going to the US for a year's study. How I missed her! One of our best scholars was also going to the US at the same time. He was not a social butterfly but a fine Christian man. His name was Pastor Ch'u. Later, these two folks would mean a great deal to us.

We had to depend on bicycles a lot. The Mission Board sent them to us packed in relief clothing. In the clothing there were lots of children's dresses and sun suits. I had unpacked all that stuff and put it in the guestroom. One day Betty took two of her bosom friends to the guestroom and gave them each three sun suits. Later when I found out about it, Betty insisted that I go to the street and buy each one of them a hat.

Good news! The railroad between Nanchang and Kiukiang was completed. We could get to Kiukiang in nine hours boxcar style. It was hot and time to take children out of the valley to the cool mountains of Kuling. It was said that in the old days, before Western women with small children went to the mountains in the summers, a large number of them died. So I took the children to the mountains. We were able to travel on a CNNRA truck in July. It took us twelve hours to travel one hundred miles. We traveled in a caravan as the bandits were so bad. We traveled with five trucks and one bus. On each truck were two soldiers. Everywhere we stopped we were like Gulliver in ***Gulliver's Travels***. The country folks would come out to look at the "foreign devils." After arriving in Kiukiang

about 8:00 PM, we spent the night with Billy Jones [lady missionary]. Erne and Dr. Ch'i had planned on catching a plane the next morning to Shanghai, but their flight had been canceled. So they went along with us to the mountains. We started out from Kiukiang by bus to the foot of the mountain, which was about 14 kilometers. We were carried up the mountain by sedan chair. Each chair was carried by four porters. The porters routinely made this trip several times a day, but for us it would have been a real hassle. The kids loved it. Our baggage, food and all, was carried piggyback by some coolies. At the foot of the mountains we were very hot. By the time we got to the valley up in the mountains we needed a sweater. The chair trip took two and a half hours. We had fun watching the clouds. Betty got real excited when clouds rolled down the mountain and hit us. The change in climate of course made a difference in crops. It was from there that we got our Irish potatoes and rhubarb. I was able to take some cans along to can some rhubarb.

A few days later Erne and Dr. Ch'i went on to Shanghai to get an ambulance. They took turns driving it back. Often on their road trip there was a lot of bargaining, with Dr. Ch'i being the interpreter. The ambulance had been sent from the States for Dr. Olin Stockwell [Methodist missionary], but there was no way to get it to him [in another part of China]. So it was sold to our hospital.

During this time I had my first real experience of ESP. (Since then I have had many such experiences.) Ernest and Dr. Ch'i started back to Nanchang from Shanghai on July 26. The first day they traveled to Hangchow, about one hundred miles. It was not too bad. They stayed at the Presbyterian Mission and found some friends there from Kane, Pennsylvania. According to one of the few letters that Erne wrote to his mother, the ambulance was sent by rail along with another car for Mr. Pattee [Methodist missionary]. The three men slept on the flat car with their vehicles until they reached Lan Hsi. They were covered with smoke and soot from the train engine. There they started driving. From then on they were in bandit territory. Bridges were torn out. They got stuck at the first ferry and had to pay a great deal of money to get the car and ambulance across the river. The only way to cross streams was on logs or railroad ties placed length-wise. In one place they were probably saved by some soldiers. It was very difficult to find a place to sleep. They finally went to the leading merchant of the town where they happened to be at the time, and explained their predicament. The Lord had his hand in the matter. The merchant had the cars brought to the outside of his compound and hired four police to guard them. The merchant also provided a bath for the men, and supper and lodging for the night. During that time I was awakened in the night and something told me that the men needed my prayers. I walked the floor. Since that time, whenever I am awakened out of a deep sleep I know that the Lord has a message for me and I follow through.

The men arrived in Nanchang hot, dirty and exhausted. For the first time in his life Erne was completely covered with heat rash.

Kuling [in the mountains] was an excellent place to prepare for the winter. I did all the knitting for the children there. In the winter the children wore knitted sweaters and trousers. The trousers were covered with overalls. They wore several sweaters at a time. One would ask a friend, “How many sweaters cold is it?”

Kuling was also an excellent place to hike. One place they called “Lions Leap,” and it was rightly so called. There was a straight drop of 2,000 feet. Whenever you ran into a cloud, you stopped walking until you could see. Otherwise it was a long fall. In one area there was a strange phenomenon. Three very tall pines stood in the middle of nowhere. They looked exactly like the red firs of California which are very large. Those three trees looked like monsters beside the spindly pines around them.

Another lovely spot was called Sunset Ridge. There we could look over the valley and see the city of Kiukiang and the Yangtze River. It reminded me of Jesus when he looked over the city of Jerusalem and wept.

Missionaries from all denominations and countries, as well as Western business folks, came to this place in the summer. Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek [president of China] and his wife came there too. It was our privilege to sit behind them in church one Sunday. We were glad when he came as he brought his guards with him. That included protection for us.

The flowers and birds were different from the flowers and birds of the valley. We saw many birds including the subtropical birds. I became a birdwatcher.

Beatrice was picking up new words and expressions. Prices were soaring, and when Erne heard the cost of postage he said, “Oh my, no!” From then on we heard Beatrice walking around and saying, “My no my no my no.”

The exchange rate started shooting up again. It was 40,000 Chinese dollars to one US dollar. One egg cost 600 Chinese dollars.

I had asked friends in the US to send packages with crayons, pencils, bobby pins, thread, soap, small toys, etc. These things would be put away till Christmas and then every worker in the hospital would receive a gift. Also I asked for used Christmas cards. The used cards were used over and over again. Some of the students had them on their walls. We learned that food sent by parcel post was a risk unless it was tinned or sealed tightly. Otherwise it would not survive the summer heat. One of the parcels contained some packages of dry pea soup. When we opened up the soup mix it was covered with mold. Dry cereal acted the same way. If we bought a five pound tin of cocoa, we did not dare to open it unless we planned to use it all right away. We learned to open things like that on a dry day and re-tin the rest in small tins.

One of the loveliest ladies I worked with was Mrs. Ruth Yu. She and I shared an office together at the hospital. We shared lots of stories. There were other women too, like Miss Lin, Miss Ch'i, Miss Lo, etc.

About September 15 every year the weather would break and the temperature would drop from about 100 F to 64 F. We would count the days to September 15 like kids in the US counted the days until Christmas.

Our hospital was well known in the southern part of China and was often called the "Little Rockefeller". Nanchang was headquarters too for UNNRA as well as having a large train station. As a result we often had Western [American or European] patients (foreign devils) in the hospital. The Chinese diet normally was not too tasty, and when you are sick, -------! So we would send meals from our home for the Western patients. After surgery they would be in our home for recuperation. During our second term in China, we had only six weeks that we did not have someone staying with us.

We received some cloth for baby diapers from CNNRA. Can you imagine running a hospital without baby diapers. The mothers brought their own diapers. [This was in the days before disposable diapers or disposable anything.]

It was time now to teach people how to clean the hospital halls and rooms. We gave each cleaner a mop, bucket and water. I found out that the water was poured on the floor. Well, one can teach by demonstration. So I mopped floors, and by and by we had clean halls.

Since we had learned our Chinese in Peking, 2,000 miles away, we had to learn a new dialect in Nanchang. In Peking we called a lady teacher a "Chiao Shih." In Nanchang it was "Lao Shu", the word for "rat" in Peking. I was too embarrassed to ask why lady teachers were rats. One day I found out that they were not saying "Lao Shu" but instead "Lao Ssu". This was just one word. You can't imagine the jams we got ourselves into because of language misunderstandings.

On Sunday evenings we went to the English church services at the YMCA. Sometimes the UNNRA folks took us in their Jeep. I wish that I was a cartoonist and could draw a picture of the Jeep and the number of folks in the Jeep and write under it "it gets you there." But since I am just a stupid turnip as the Chinese say, instead of a cabbage head, then I will have to let someone else draw the cartoon.

Occasionally we made popcorn. It did not take long for the news to spread. We suddenly would have a crowd of Chinese children around. Dr. Ch'i's youngest daughter loved bread and jam, and she would show up for a snack. Beatrice would appear at Mrs. Ch'i's doorstep for some Chinese food. Betty and the older Ch'i girl were bosom friends too.

Beatrice was a real mischief already. After Erne and I had been out for dinner and had left the children at home to eat and have a nap, I asked Beatrice what she had to eat. With a twinkle in her eye she said “nap.” I thought Betty would become a biologist. At Kuling she collected cicadas. Back in Nanchang she gathered grasshoppers and asked all her little friends to help.

We started a nursing school. This was with the idea in mind that we would eventually get a full time principal. In the meantime I was acting principal. I did clinical teaching, taught operating room technique and worked part time in the operating room. Our first class had five students.

On September 28 there was a bad fire in the city. More than one thousand homes were destroyed and 10,000 were left homeless.

Earthquakes were seldom heard of in that area. But on the night of October 27,1947, we were awakened with our bed shaking and the windows rattling.

Often we would have groups of folks in for supper. One evening we had the interns and residents over. We asked them what they would like to eat. With one accord they asked for Western food. For all of them it was the first time to eat foreign food. So we instructed them step-by-step on what to do. We had a few laughs. We served jam and bread. The jam landed a lot of places, even on top of the mashed potatoes. One of the men sitting next to me was so excited that the sweat ran off his face. It was November with no heat on in the house. We played games later. We had lots of fun and good fellowship.

We had some unusual odors in our house now and then. Between the dining and living room we had sliding doors. A rat died somewhere in those walls and we could not get to it. We had to cancel all meetings at our house for a while. How I wish we might have had some of today’s deodorizers.

In October, 1947, we had a premature baby in the hospital. We gave it dextrose solution subcutaneously. The baby took one ounce of breast milk at a time via dropper. On October 19 the baby went home weighing four pounds 10 ounces, two ounces over its birth weight.

In November of 1947 there was a celebration of one hundred years of Methodism in Foochow. I stayed home with the children as I had a bad cold. Erne left about 9:00 in the morning. After lunch I laid down to rest and was in the first stages of dreamland when I heard Erne’s voice. I woke up with a start. I was sure I had been dreaming but it was NOT a dream. He and all the Americans on that plane walked in the front door and were with us for the night and the next day. The plane had developed some hydraulic pressure trouble and had to make a pancake landing. Nanchang had the longest and best field to land in. So the plane had to turn around and come back to Nanchang. Erne said that Olin

Stockwell [missionary] had been reading a mystery novel until they got into trouble. He suddenly got out his Bible. One lady asked the pilot if things were serious and he said "damned serious." Erne said that when they approached Nanchang he heaved a sigh of relief. He was sure that if they crashed, at least they would be found. (Fukien, the airport for Foochow at that time, was very mountainous.) The pilot was an American-Chinese and a very good pilot. He circled and circled until he couldn't circle any more. Then he started coming down at the far end of the field. The Lord let the plane stop at the very end of the strip. Otherwise it would have landed in a moat. I got over my cold and was more than happy to feed and bed all the folks. I was happier still when the plane reached Fukien the next time.

I sent a letter to mother about the TB work in China. On the letter I put a Chinese TB stamp which told about the TB work in Shanghai. Dr. Huizenga, a missionary physician, had done TB work in Shanghai. The stamp was in memory of him. Dr. Huizenga died of old age in our prison camp [Chapei] during the War. Dr. S. C. Wu carried on the work and made quite a reputation for himself. We met him in Detroit, Michigan during the war. At one time Dr. Wu had been superintendent of NGH.

In December, 1947, we were really excited about the visit of Miss Louise Robinson. She was the first representative of the Board of Missions to ever visit us. Through her help the old Ida Kahn Hospital in Nanchang [Methodist women's hospital] was to be rebuilt and used as a TB hospital.

The week before Christmas in 1947 was an unusual one. We had snow and the water systems froze. Guess what we crazy Americans did? We made ice cream. It was so cold that we almost had to sit on top of the pot-bellied stove to eat the ice cream, but it was SO GOOD!

Once in a while we had some American patients who kept us in an uproar. Leighton Wiant was working with the United Brethren. He came down with pneumonia and had to have penicillin in oil every three hours intramuscularly. His hips became like a pincushion. He teased the Chinese nurses until they did not know whether he was telling the truth or just kidding. He described their method of giving a shot: First, he said, they scoured him with alcohol that had ice in it to freeze him. Then they found the dullest needle in the place, one that should have been discarded even for use on horses. They pricked him just under the skin and searched for a nerve. After they found a nerve, whamo! they let him have the penicillin. Then he howled as if he was being murdered.

Close to Christmas our choir sang on the radio. I played a few numbers, including "Christmas Fantasia" by Carl Muelle.

I found out in a roundabout way that Betty was to be Mary in the Christmas pageant. Already she had acquired some Chinese customs, that is, pulling surprises like that on me.

Well, Christmas of 1947 was something else. On December 23 we had a double header program of plays at the mission church. The manger scene came first, to be followed by a tragedy. At the last minute street people stormed the gate and crowded into our already overcrowded area where the plays were being presented. They had never seen the manger scene before and laughed because they thought it was funny. It was a great opportunity to spread the gospel. We stopped the scene and told them about the Christmas story and then went on with the program. After the two plays, Santa came to each person on the staff and members of their families and gave a little present - a box of crayons, a bar of soap, needles, thread, etc. I thought of all the folks back home who had made Christmas just a little nicer for these folks. The choir also sang at the provincial medical school and again I played several piano numbers.

On Christmas Day at about 2:00 AM carolers began coming. All night long they came in small groups until 5:30. We then tried to catch a wink of sleep, only to be awakened by our two little angels, Betty and Beatrice. Mother and dad had sent our Christmas packages early so that they were in the parlor. There were dolls for B&B. From then on the dolls went to bed with B&B every night.

Two days after Christmas was Dr. Ch'i's birthday. Beatrice's birthday was on the 28th. So we two families celebrated together. The first time we had the Ch'i family in for western food it was rather amusing to watch Betty demonstrate to the Ch'i children how to eat food western style.

1948

Betty had started to Chinese school. At the end of the semester she stood ninth in her class. She only went a half day. The other half she spent with me while we struggled with the Calvert home school system. She was an excellent student.

Already in the northern part of China there was a lot of noise being made by the Communists. Our folks in the States were worried. We felt quite secure.

One day during the cold weather a baby was dumped on the hospital doorstep. They brought it to me to care for until we could find a foster home. The day the foster mother came to take the baby out of the door, someone set off several strings of firecrackers to ensure happiness for the new home of the baby. How do you like that custom?

Chinese New Years fell on February 10, 1948. People came all day to wish us Happy New Year. Everyone expected something to eat. We served peanuts

and Chinese tea. This went on for three days. By that time the cupboard was bare and everyone was sick. It was a very cold New Years with some snow on the ground. We let Beatrice go out and play in the snow. You should have seen the expression on her face as she played in the snow.

We had a lot of illness amid those that we loved. Dr. Gale [lady missionary] had to have surgery and was on the mend. Miss Ch'i, one of my favorite nurses, was very ill and then better, thanks to penicillin. Peter, a little boy with TB of the bone from a Christian family, slowly died as the infection went to his brain. He had the biggest brown eyes that I had ever seen and was such a good patient. He used to smile all the time.

Rice was now over $1,200,000 Chinese a tan [a tan was a Chinese measurement, like a pint or bushel]. One year ago it had been about $50,000. For the poor folks this was awful. One of the nurses informed us that some folks were just eating rice hulls. Tuberculosis was really taking its toll. One of the nurses was down with it as well as one of our doctors. Then Coral Houston got it.

On March 1 we opened the school of nursing. I was the acting principal until we could get a qualified Chinese nurse to take over. In some ways, as a foreigner, there were advantages to being the principal. I could say "no" to an applicant and make it stick. The Chinese could not say "no" to a relative or a friend. A young girl tried to enter the school without taking the entrance exam. I could easily say "no." It was good as she flunked two out of three subjects. Then she came and asked if she could just try and see what she could do. I tried all kinds of polite talk and finally asked if she could get into the girls' mission school on such marks. She said "no." Then I said she had to be better in order to get into nursing.

With the beginning of March we had trouble with white ants. Our house seemed to have the right kind of wood for their taste buds. They chomped away. Soon we had holes in the floor. One kind of wood they would not eat – camphor. We had to lay a cement foundation or treat the wood with creosol.

About this time we had some fine musicians in the area. One of them was Miss Chang. She really had the voice of a bird. I accompanied her many times.

Mother and dad kept us supplied with packages. In each package they would put the funny papers. Those papers were the first things grabbed. They went from house to house until the papers were in tatters.

The summer birds arrived. Nanchang was on the migration route for many of the birds. Quite a few tropical birds wandered our way. One of the birds was the Paradise Flycatcher. Its tail was about three times the length of the body, with a rusty color. When it flew from tree to tree the tail would just ripple in the breeze.

It was a very shy and quiet bird, not like the jays. They just quietly sang “cheep, cheep, cheep.”

With summer came all kinds of contagious diseases. One day one of the boys from the boys’ school suddenly developed meningitis and died before anyone had a chance to check him. It threw the whole area into a tizzy. One night shortly thereafter Betty woke up in the middle of the night screaming. When I got to her she was delirious. She insisted that she had pain in the back of her head. We were almost sure that she had meningitis. We put her in another room, wore masks, and started her on sulfa drugs. We ordered a room for her at the hospital so that they could do a spinal tap. By the time we were ready to take her to the hospital she had awakened from a nap and felt better. The headache was gone and it was discovered that she had early bronchial pneumonia. Then she got penicillin every three hours.

We received enough screening and netting so that we could make the hospital mosquito and fly proof. Also each worker at the hospital received a net for his or her own bed. We received DDT from CNNRA, which meant the end of bed bugs.

Mold, mold, mold! Rain, rain, rain! It was the rainy season and hot. We could not get our clothes dry. Oh for the drip-dry clothes of today [and electric dryers]! It rained so much that the ground was spongy. When the sun came out in all its fury, the ground steamed as well as our laundry. As a result all our clothes smelled sour. Our shoes molded overnight.

Our house was full of people most of the time. That was because Nanchang had become a travel center. People came from miles around to go to NGH. Nanchang was the place to go to catch a plane or a train or a bus. It was necessary to come here from Shanghai in order to get to Kuling. The week of May 23, 1948, the Fitz family (Nazarenes) came through and looked for a place to spend a day or so. Their son became very ill and so they stayed a lot longer. In the meantime Mr. Paul Wiant, architect and brother of Bliss Wiant [Methodist missionary and musician], came to Nanchang to help us get started with a TB hospital. Because of so many people in the house I had to clean out the storeroom, put a bed in it, and move the kids out onto the upstairs screened porch. We sure enjoyed the wit and help of Paul Wiant. Later he would come again and bring two of his Chinese co-workers with him.

Problems in the hospital were many, and not just with the sick folks. Once in a while we lost a nurse. One of the patients told the head nurse that he saw her husband out with another woman. We knew that her husband was not too faithful but hoped for the best. She confronted her husband and he denied the accusation. He found out who had squealed on him. He raised such a rumpus with the patient, even threatening his life, that we had to ask the husband to leave. That meant he took our good nurse with him.

The Fitz family were finally able to start out again, but could not go because of the flood. At last they were able to rent a truck for the price of $65.00, to go one hundred miles, plus the cost of gasoline, over a dollar a gallon.

One night I had the rare privilege of talking to the Junior English Club of the YMCA about medicine and Christianity. There were about thirty people present and only three of the group were Christian. About half way through the meeting one of the boys asked how he could find out more about this “Christ man.” The meeting was a long one. Such golden opportunities were many.

Erne had taken some X-ray work while at Henry Ford Hospital. It paid off in many ways. He was called to Kiukiang to help them set up their X-ray machine and show them how to use it. Erne was considered the best X-ray man in Jiangxi Province. The weather was hot, hot, hot. When Erne went in the X-ray room to do X-rays, he went in without fans or air conditioning. So when he came out he was dripping.

The hot weather did not help a lot of things. A case of multivitamins came. We had to quickly find some boys to count out a thousand at a time and put them into bottles. Otherwise they would have all melted together.

Miss Gertrude Cone had just come back from furlough. She brought a radio but had to leave it at customs. When she got it, all the live vacuum tubes had been removed and dead ones put in. She had to wait a long time to get new ones.

Beatrice had turned into a rascal. When I said “food” or “bath,” she came running. When she got sleepy she ran upstairs and got her pillow and brought it to me.

Betty got ready for another birthday and planned a party. She debated between ice cream and Chinese food.

Early in the summer we took in an orphan boy to raise. Lin Tang, ten years old, ate at the hospital, slept with the cook’s family, we sent him to school, and we bought his clothes. We had him around the house during the day and helped him with his schoolwork in the evening. Little did we know that later he would almost cause the death of our entire family.

We got a radio, which meant that now we would know the right time.

On June 16, 1948, final exams were held for the nursing students.

It was already very hot. The only way to keep comfortable was by taking two dips in the bathtub per day. We simply filled up the bathtub with water and rinsed off, as it was hard to pump all the water.

On June 22, 1948 three cases of miscellaneous surgical instruments came from UNNRA and the IRC.

We received some electric fans and that made the heat bearable. There were fans for the operating room, the X-ray room, and the house. There was electricity only in the evening.

On July 5, 6, and 7 Miss Porina Chang, a very talented singer, was in Nanchang to give recitals. I accompanied her. It took hours of practice. She sang in English, Italian, German and French.

All of a sudden inflation really hit hard. On June 30 we received a package from the US and the duty was 15,000,000 Mecks.

Besides guests coming and going, we had to have the house painted inside and out. The painters came in groups of three and worked the old fashioned way. They scraped all the paint off first and then painted. Of course we had to move the furniture around here and there and put up with the noise. Our guests didn't mind as long as they had food and a place to sleep. Actually the painters did a fine job. After all the woodwork was done, they put Ningpo varnish on the floors. It had a beautiful shine, could be washed with water, resisted termites, and withstood heat. The only trouble with Ningpo varnish was that it acted like poison ivy when it was freshly applied and you touched it. Right in the midst of all this paint and varnish work another visitor came. She sent her baggage on ahead and all I could do was put her in the middle of a room.

I had planned that as soon as the painting was completed I would take the children to the mountains. Erne and Dr. Ch'i planned to go to Shanghai for some funds for the hospital. We had just gotten word that there was a flood in Kiukiang. Kiukiang was on the way to Kuling so we could not start out. That is what I thought! That night we went to bed thinking that we would stay in Nanchang a few more days. But during the night both Betty and I developed a sensitivity to the Ningpo varnish. There was only one thing left to do – get out of the house.

While the painting was going on we had moved to the parlor to eat. We had moved to the screened in porch to sleep and dress. It was time to can peaches and corn and tomatoes. Because of the news of the flood we had to take typhoid and cholera shots. Betty was asking every day when we would get our shots. She knew that we couldn't go to the mountains until we had our shots. So between the shots and the Ningpo poisoning we were miserable. The only thing left to do was to pack and go.

[The Ningpo varnish was used to repel termites. The termites there were incredibly voracious. One time they ate through Hilda's stamp collection. That

is, they ate all through the paper pages the stamps were clipped on. They didn't eat the stamps themselves because they didn't like the glue on the stamps!]

We got our tickets in hopes that we could brave the flood. We did not know until we got to Kiukiang that we had taken the last train out of Nanchang. Close to Kiukiang the floodwaters had cut off the road as well as the railroad tracks. So we were lucky.

Since we had to take our food, dishes, clothing and other essentials for the summer, we had thirteen pieces of baggage. That also included bedding and wool suits for the cold days. We started out in sun suits, that is, the children did. We left our house at 7:30AM and it took us until 9:00 to get our baggage checked, etc. It might have gone faster if Erne had been there but he was on his way to Shanghai. Ordinarily it took three hours for the train trip but that day it took five hours, as we had to go slowly through some of the flooded areas. Just as we got to Kiukiang we had another downpour of rain. We had to sit and wait. As soon as it was over we walked about a block to a place where we could get a boat to cross the city. We could not get to the mission from there. The boat cost us 8,000,000 CNC, but we were able to reach a hill. There we rented a truck to take our baggage and our two helpers for a half-hour trip to the foot of the mountain. You will wonder why I had to take two helpers to the mountain with me. Well, I was a full-time teacher for Betty and the little one was teething. The cost of the truck ride was 18,000,000 CNC. Then at the bottom of the mountain we had to bargain for sedan chairs that would carry us up the mountain. It was really a hassle. All of a sudden I saw an old friend, Liu Lao pan, who had transported missionaries year after year up the mountain. He looked like an angel among the den of thieves. He took over. As we were about to start up the mountain it started raining again. We knew that the mountain paths would be slippery and that darkness would overtake us. So we decided to stay the night. We were all ushered into an upper room of an inn, which really was an attic. We set up our cots and retired with the chickens.

The next morning we were served some dry biscuits and tea. After two and a half hours of bouncing in chairs we arrived at the place which was to be our summer home. The kids got a real bang out of the ride. I preferred walking, but could not do the entire stretch. In one area I walked the one thousand step stretch. That trip cost a total of 90,000,000. The first thing I had to do was wire for money. There was no doubt about it. Inflation was rampant. We trembled and feared for China. Just two years previously the exchange rate was 3000 to one and now it 8,000,000 to one.

Kuling was beautiful and cool. Our house for the summer was almost on top of the mountain in "Methodist Valley." We could see six or seven ranges of mountains from our dining-parlor area. Since the room was more or less enclosed with glass we could watch the clouds play tag, roll down one mountain and up another. I dare say that God must have had fun dropping a pile of earth

here and there. When we were not watching the clouds, Betty and I were going to school or I was doing the winter's knitting or writing letters.

About August 3 we got word from Erne that he and Dr. Ch'i were on their way back from Shanghai and had spent 30,000,000,000 CNC towards the building of the TB sanatorium. That is a lot of do-re-me in any language. That same day I went down the valley to the mountain village to buy a few drinking glasses. One glass was 400,000 CNC and one tan of rice was 32,000,000 CNC.

Between studying and watching the prices go up we watched a few birds. The tit bird had a fascinating way of standing upside down and making a rustling noise that sounded like a fire. Another bird that was quite noisy and also very colorful was the South China jay. Still another bird which we never identified by name was a dark colored bird with a triangle of white on the wing and an orange tail.

Reports had it that the floodwaters were going down. The prices were still going up. Kerosene was thirty cents for twelve ounces. Floodwaters may have gone down but so had the [community] swimming pool. In fact it had sprung a leak and had to be repaired. So it was dry. One evening right after supper Betty and her friend went for a little walk. They wanted to take Beatrice along for a change. I consented and warned them about the swimming pool. There was a fence around the pool but someone had pulled up some of the stakes. Betty and her friend got to talking and of course, Beatrice wandered off, off to the swimming pool. There was a cement walk around the pool about a foot wide but Beatrice had to have a closer look. She fell in face first. Some of the bigger girls saw her fall and brought her to the house. I bathed her and wrapped up her cuts. But when she turned pale and started vomiting I got scared. I was sure she had a concussion. I sent word that I would take her to Kiukiang. But they sent word back that the heat was so intense that the trip would do her more harm than good. So we just had to sweat it out. I sat with her all night long. By morning she seemed better but her eyelids were black and blue and swollen shut. By Sunday she wanted to go to Sunday School. We decided against it. With her black eyes she would have stopped the sermon or caused a stampede. In spite of her injury I saw her showing a little book of Betty's to the cook and explaining to him what it meant. Betty had been teaching her.

Black and banged up noses were in style. While walking with the children Betty was not watching and fell on her nose. Another time we were out walking on our way to church. When we looked up, right in front of us were Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai Shek. We stepped aside and Madame Chiang gave us a very gracious smile. They had come to church to see all the little children. Later we saw them in church. [Madame Chiang and her sisters were connected with the Chinese Methodist Church in an influential way.]

Erne finally made it to the mountain. The first day we could hardly get him out of bed. Once we got him in a chair he stayed there. He came with the news that

the hospital was getting a blood bank refrigerator. Also a package came with some dresses for the girls that their grandma had made. The duty was only 63,000,000 CNC.

Within a few days after Erne arrived the Chinese currency was changed from CNC's to silver dollars.

One of the missionary families had a pet rabbit. Since they were going down the mountain and then on furlough [to the US, for a year], they gave the bunny to Betty. Well, for days there were fights between the girls as to who would feed him. He got to be a real pet. He would eat right out of our hands and even eat candy.

Another missionary family offered us their big yellow cat, since they too were going on furlough. I wondered who would win out, the cat or the rabbit. Cats were precious animals. The day finally came when we were to go back to Nanchang. How were we going to get a cat and rabbit down the mountain and the children, etc? Betty had the rabbit in a sugar sack with a string around the neck. She went with the amah in one chair. I had Beatrice on my lap, plus the cat, who was tied in a basket with a piece of meat to nibble on. All went well until we got to the bottom of the mountain. There we joined up with some United Brethren single men [missionaries] and a truck which was to take us, bag and baggage, to the railroad station. The truck was on its last legs and belched smoke and jumped and groaned and growled. To our dismay it gave out gas fumes. But it was the only mode of transportation. So we all piled in on top of the baggage. Bumpety bumpety bump. After a little while the amah, Hsiung Sao, looked as white as a sheet. Whenever she felt something moving or saw something moving, she got sick. She was miserable. So I had both the children. After a bit Betty got sick and wanted me to hold the rabbit. Well, it wasn't long until the rabbit laid his ears down flat and looked a sight. It seemed as if we were all getting sick, but on we went. One of the boys who was looking after the cat said "Look at the cat!" All you could see was a narrow slit of the cat's eyes. He was flattened out in the basket with no interest whatsoever in the meat or the rabbit. The rest of us survived the trip to the mission station in Kiukiang. There we had lunch with the mission folks. All that time the cat and rabbit were side by side. The cat was not interested in a rabbit chase and the rabbit was so sick that he was not afraid of that monstrous cat. We boarded the train and again put the animals side by side for several hours. It looked as if peace had come to all creation, including the animals.

After the fumes wore off, after we arrived at Nanchang, we had to keep the animals separated. We couldn't keep an eye on bunny all the time. One day he ventured out too far and that was the end of that story. The cat was a fine ratter and really was worth his keep. But one day he made a dive into the drainpipe on top of the roof. He was probably after a rat. We kept hearing a meow but could not locate the cat until too late. He was so weak that he did not survive. To this

day I can't forget the sight of the two sick people and the two sick animals on the way home from the mountain.

A day or two before we went down the mountain we had dinner with a group of missionaries at a Chinese restaurant. There we met the Moffats. Little did we know that we would meet Sam Moffat in Korea and attend his wedding to his second wife. They endeared themselves to us, especially during the days of Erne's illness [stroke] in 1974.

BACK TO WORK

After coming down the mountain we were thrown into our fall work, with conferences, etc., and lots of visitors. One of our visitors was Dr. Wu. He had married one of our missionaries (Penny Elma Pennybacker). Dr. Wu was an authority on TB. When we went to Shanghai we would visit with the Wu's and their children Annie and Frank. Bishop and Mrs. Ward also visited. Bishop Ward loved to make candy. So on our back steps Erne and Bishop Ward beat and pulled taffy candy while Katherine Ward and I did other things. Paul Wiant came too, since he was going to help with the building of the TB hospital.

Entrance exams were given to the new nursing students (second class of students) on September 16, 1948. So far we had thirteen students. There were nine students left in the first class.

We now had electricity twenty-four hours a day.

In September the hospital was given a new name: Nanchang Methodist General Hospital/Susan Toy Ensign Memorial Hospital and Ida Kahn Memorial Tuberculosis Sanatorium.

In October the hospital was full of flu cases, typhoid, malaria and other odd diseases. Mrs. Yu, the superintendent of nurses, went to Canton for a nurse's convention (two weeks). While she was gone I was supposed to hold things together.

During the late summer months there had been a change in currency and it looked as if the change had been for the good. We were all encouraged. But by November prices started jumping and we all knew we were in for another financial crisis. We had canned a lot of food and bought sugar and flour ahead. Thank goodness we did so because for two weeks we could not buy eggs, flour or rice. The assumption was that the Communists were behind the money crisis. By November 10 the word was that the government planned to move the capital to Nanchang or Canton. One big airport had already moved in so we became an "air" center. Foreigners and Chinese alike had all the ships and planes leaving the country from Shanghai booked all the way through February. The US

consulate advised us to be ready to evacuate in late November, with each person allowed to have one hundred pounds of baggage. [The Communists were beginning to take over parts of China. The US was in the midst of the Cold War.] Well, by November 26 Erne was ill with chills and fever, close to pneumonia. So I did not go. But some of the United Brethren missionaries left from the countryside. I planned to leave on December 1. In the meantime I packed three trunks to go to Shanghai, with plans to stay there until Erne could join us.

Ambassador Stuart [American ambassador] was due in as soon as the weather cleared, to help look around for another capital. That meant that we could stay as long as the head of the government stayed.

Well, when December 1 came Erne was quite ill and still in bed. I could hardly go off and leave him. It was pneumonia by this time. December 17 was the first day he was without fever. On December 19 Beatrice became very ill with pneumonia, same as Erne. I really had planned to leave after Erne got better. We planned again to go right after Christmas, and then Betty got a severe ear infection over night. Erne said, "I think the Lord has answered your prayers and wants you to stay." So we unpacked what we had ready and wrote to the bishop that we planned to stay in China as a family.

Besides the answer to prayer, another event sort of changed our plans for leaving China. Erne and Dr. Ch'i were very close friends and exchanged many ideas, some of which they kept to themselves. In fact they became blood brothers [they exchanged a drop of blood]. One day we asked him about our leaving China. He gave a rather lengthy answer. He was then about forty years old. He said that in all of his forty years in China there had been wars or rumors of wars, fleeing and running ahead of the armies. Now that he had a wife and six children and aged parents, where would he run? [He and his family were not from the Nanchang area.] Dr. Ch'i was a fine Christian. He then made a statement which made us think very hard and really strengthened our decision to stay. You will have to understand that the ordinary Chinese would never have been so straightforward in his answer, but Dr. Ch'i and Erne had become so close that they could exchange thoughts and knew that they were absolutely honest with each other. I don't mean to imply that the Chinese would lie to you but the direct truth or answer was not always given. It was a cultural thing and it took a long time living in China to really understand this way of thinking. Now, on with the story. Dr. Ch'i said that missionaries could pack their bags. When there was trouble they could either go home or flee to a place of safety and wait until the war or revolution or excitement was over. Then they could come back and start over again. But, he said, as for me, I must now stay and face the consequences. He also promised that when and if we became an embarrassment to him and the Chinese people that he would let us know. [He did.] He further told us that we would have to keep our eyes and ears open but

keep our mouths shut and rely on the judgement of the Chinese. Wow! That conversation was riveting.

1949

As of January 5, 1949, things were politically unsettled. But it was quite calm in Nanchang. It was said of the current regime (the Nationalists or Kuomintang) that the head (Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek) was a good man but his underlings had caused a downfall in the political system (nepotism and corruption). From what I had seen through the years, family ties were so strong that relatives had to be hired for positions even if they could not do the job or were crooks. It seemed to have harmed China. This was also true in hospital work.

In January the weather was good enough to pour cement for the foundation of the TB hospital.

The Traulson family left on January 10. Mr. Traulson had headed up the UNNRA. They traveled in a boxcar to Shanghai, which would take three to four days. Everyone traveling then had to take their own firewood to keep warm.

In January the hospital received twenty-three cases of drugs from the ECA [?] in Shanghai. They were miscellaneous drugs requiring a lot of sorting.

In February engineers (Donald Hsu, Morgan Tsao and Paul Wiant) came to carry on the work of building the new TB hospital. They had been here three or four months previously to check things. Now they would stay a while. They had their meals with us and slept here and had their laundry done at the hospital. Mr. Wiant went back to Shanghai after a few days.

I finished working on a book for the nursing school. Miss Heng did the Chinese and I did the English. I never did get a copy of it.

We went to Shanghai in March by air. It took two hours and fifteen minutes. We saw some of our old friends, among whom were the Wu's. We went to see Dr. Dunlap, who was an ENT specialist. He said that Betty would have to have some treatment before taking out her tonsils. That meant that I would have to stay longer and go back to Nanchang alone.

We had fun shopping. It almost seemed like we were in the US. The kids squealed with delight at the things they saw. One night we able to have a steak for dinner. It was a real treat as it was the first in three years. The only kind of beef we could get in Nanchang was water buffalo. That was after the buffalo had worked hard all its life and died in its tracks. That meat could be tough.

I had some dental work done and passed out twice. The dentist told me never to have novocaine again. You can imagine having gas each time I had to have a tooth pulled. So through the years I had to go to the dentist every six months, and get along with non-narcotic painkillers only. Thank God for the high speed drill! [Dental drills used to be lower speed and take much longer].

Dr. Dunlap told us to go home and come back later for Betty's tonsil operation, as she was not in shape to have them out. So back to Nanchang.

In Shanghai there were people and more people, 5,000,000 of them. [There were lots of refugees with the war going on between the Communists and Nationalists]. When you got into a railroad station or something similar, you almost had to rope your group together. Well, Erne was to take care of the baggage and I was to care for the children. How could we follow him? We had bought some flowers and had the bright idea of putting them in a basket. Erne carried the basket on his shoulder. In that way we just kept our eyes on the basket and got on the train. We had to stay in Hangchow overnight. That was some trip! We expected to be in Nanchang the following morning. About midnight we felt the train come to a stop. We had run out of coal. So a little engine had to go to Nanchang to get coal. We spent sixteen hours looking at each other. Fortunately the stop was at a village. We bought rice, tea and twisters. The vendors kept calling and selling. They surrounded our window to watch the foreign devils eat. It got to the point where we could hardly stand it. We had bought some candy in Shanghai with wrappers on it. I made some hair bows out of the wrappers. The girls started selling them to the Chinese vendors. The curious vendors finally figured out the joke and went on their way. Of course the vendors were mainly interested in hearing these little children talking such good Chinese.

After the sixteen hours were up we started on our way again, only to stop on the side of a hill. The coal that the railroad had brought from Nanchang was of such poor quality that we could not make it up the hill. So we had to wait again until we got up enough steam. Away we went. The train master had wired ahead that we would be late. But that message had not included the second stop. Dr. Ch'i, Mr. Tsao and the chauffeur had gone to the station in Nanchang at the time we were supposed to arrive. They got caught by martial law [curfew] and had to spend the night at the station. Our help at home had stayed up all night. We had a sleeper [Pullman-type accomodations] on the train. But we might just as well have stayed up all night. The conductor got us up at 3:00 AM to get us off the train at 5:00. The kids were so excited about getting home that they could not eat breakfast when we got there. Instead they ran to see their bosom friends Lan shu and Mei shu.

By April 10 the exchange rate went wild. The Nationalists went into a panic. Overnight prices tripled, quadrupled and sometimes went eight times higher than the day before. If you had gold bars or silver you were OK but if you had paper

currency it was too bad. In preparation for this we carried advance salaries for the mission and for the hospital in gold and silver bars. It was very heavy to tote around. Since we were carrying a lot of bars, we were very anxious to get back to Nanchang and get it distributed to the various places. More money was needed but this was no time to go back to Shanghai. As long as the Communists stayed on the other side of the Yangtze River we were OK.

By April 20 things were fairly quiet and Erne decided to go back to Shanghai for more funds. He was gone less than twenty-four hours and the Communists crossed the river. Erne was on the way for forty hours and did not know about the drastic change until he reached Shanghai. During that time the peace talks failed [between Nationalists and Communists]. He hurriedly tried to make plane reservations to get back to Nanchang as he was sure now that Nanchang would fall to the Communists and he would not be able to get back in. By April 25 Shanghai, Nanking and Kiukiang had fallen. At this point it was not wise for me to try to go to Shanghai as the railroad was cut in places. In the meantime Erne was still trying to get money and return to Nanchang. He was staying with the Wiants. He and Paul were on the way to the apartment in Shanghai with a typewriter case full of gold bars. It was heavy. There were no elevators and so they walked up the stairway. On the way up the typewriter case burst open. Clank! Clank! went all the gold bars down the stairway. Erne and Paul did a lot of scrambling and recovered most of the bars. There was no way of knowing if they had retrieved them all. Erne kept on trying to get a plane, but there were no planes for Nanchang. Finally they said he could go as far as Changsha. So he got a ticket in hopes that he could work his way back to Nanchang.

Of course in Nanchang we were going through agony. A telegram finally came that said he was on the way. Erne hoped and prayed that the plane would land in Nanchang but had no confirmation. He recognized Kiukiang and the Yangtze River. All of a sudden he saw that they were over Poyang Lake and getting close to Nanchang. Somehow he knew that he was going to land. The pilot dropped on the airfield with the excuse that he needed some fuel. Actually his tank was full enough for the entire trip. Erne asked no questions and got off. Before we could get to the airfield to meet him, the plane was off. I was so glad to see Erne. Uncle Frank Gale was with me. I was so sure that Erne would give me a real hug and kiss. Instead he shoved the briefcase in my hand and another bag at Frank. That bag almost took my arm off at the shoulder. It was filled with gold bars. We had a lot to talk about. From then on there were no direct planes to Nanchang for a while.

While Erne was in Shanghai those days from April 21 to April 27 I aged ten years. The Communists had crossed the river and surrounded our city. Our city was in a state of lawlessness. Miss Ch'i came from the hospital to stay with me. Morgan Tsao was already our houseguest. He was gone during the day but took his meals with us.

One evening about 9:00 or 10:00 PM there was a knock at the door. That was really disturbing, since no one came visiting that late in the evening. I went to the door and there stood Dr. Ch'i. It really shook me up a bit as a married Chinese man would not call on a married woman, much less a foreigner, and after dark. He was pale and I could see that his upper lip had beads of perspiration on it. That was quite unusual. I asked if he were ill and he said no, but he was frightened for my life. Due to the fact that we were in a state of lawlessness, the underworld or "Greengage" was loose and were taking one section of the city at a time, looting, robbing, raping or whatever. He said that he knew that we had a lot of money for the hospital in our file cabinet. The Greengage would come our way that night and surely would clean out the hospital, attack our nurses, and then come to our house. He asked if he should stay and protect me. He also suggested to take the gold bars, except for a few, and hide them quickly. He said to leave the file cabinet open and let the fellows take what they wanted. Any resistance on my part would be useless. I told him that he had a wife and six children and parents to protect as well as the hospital, and lest he forget, the student nurses. I finally convinced him. Mr. Tsao and Miss Ch'i helped me hide the bars – in the fireplace and in the attic – anywhere we could hide them. I set a pot of water on for tea and then we three sat in the living room in the dark and waited for what seemed an eternity. It was deathly quiet after we stopped whispering, but we were all wide-awake. About 1:00 AM there was another knock and I thought, this is it! I went to the door and there stood one of our trusty employees from the hospital. He said, "Mrs. Weiss, they have gone by, you may go to bed and rest." We gave a prayer of thanksgiving. We went to bed. As for myself, I did not sleep. The others said that they did not sleep either. The next day we heard a thrilling story. Years before, during the war years in West China [World War II], Dr. Ch'i had operated on a man. That man was none other than the head of the Greengage. When he saw Dr. Ch'i he said to his gang, "This man saved my life! Don't touch him or anything connected with his hospital." We never did find all the gold bars we had hidden.

After Erne got back from Shanghai on April 29, we thought that it would not be long until our city too would be taken over by the Communists. In fact we were sure that they were coming. Then all of a sudden they sent a radio message to the city fathers which said that they were sorry, but they would not be coming for about a month to "liberate" us. Since we were more or less on the front lines, businesses like banks, post offices and the governor moved out. So did lots of other people. Shops closed their doors and prices dropped rapidly. A silver dollar would buy one hundred twenty eggs. Likewise patient numbers dropped off at the hospital. We all had more time at home to work in the garden. Plane service as well as train service stopped. Looting was rampant. We started night patrols and all took turns.

For days now we wondered what would happen next. On May 22, 1949, noise began. We heard later that the city was sold out to the Communists for $7,000.00. The Nationalist army marched out of the city in orderly fashion and

crossed the Kang River. Then the Communist army marched into the city and we were “liberated.” There was fighting for only about two nights. We spent only one night on the floor. Bullets went over our house and that was that. Work came to a standstill.

During the fighting the ammunition dump was hit. Even though it was on the other side of the river, which was at least a mile away, it set off a train of explosions which lit up the entire city of Nanchang. Erne and Morgan went to the Gale House and stood in the cellar door to watch. I followed closely behind. We took turns using the field glasses to watch the fireworks. Morgan was looking when one of the explosions took place. I guess the field glasses made it look like the world was coming to an end. With one frog leap, he was in the basement. He had taken some special training in the army and really could leap like a frog. It was really comical.

The day after liberation we were surprised at the number of folks who were wearing red caps [Communist]. One of them really fooled us. He was a young boy named Raymond, a senior in high school, who seemed to be quite active in church and made friends easily. In the past he had gotten to know Morgan quite well as well as some of the other folks in the choir. Morgan and some of them would gather in our home and talk. As I looked back, Raymond used to be rather disturbing. You could not always count on him being in choir. No doubt he was running a printing press and handing out propaganda. Well, when I saw him in a red cap, it really made me angry. However, he made it a point to come to our house to say that he would protect our home. Later, when he was sent north and had to leave his wife behind, he came by and told us how he had graduated from several high schools. That was how he had been able to do all of his extra-curricular activities for the Communists. He had the gall to ask us to look after his wife and baby after he left. There were others too. But he was the one that stood out in my mind.

Because of the political situation we had to fill our letters home with utter nonsense.

By that time of the year the herons were back again. We were near the river and had lots of shade trees on the compound. The herons went out to the river and brought back fish for their young. Quite often they dropped some along the way. When we walked back and forth from the house to the hospital, we wore large rain hats because we might get hit with a fish or a white spray. Likewise the “bottle bird” came back. That bird came south in the summer and stayed only one or two days in the vicinity and then went on. When the bottle bird came through, that was the time to plant rice. The foreigners used to say that the bird sang “one more bottle.” This same bird used to sing to us in Peking right under our window at 4:00 AM. Another bird was the black robin, all black except for the yellow bill. Otherwise the bird had all the characteristics of a robin, like hopping along the ground and standing on his toes to pull a worm out of the ground.

Betty was now at the age (seven years old) where she had taken silkworms through a whole life cycle, collecting tender mulberry leaves for their food and then straw for them to spin their cocoons on. She started collecting snails too. She put them in a tin in the kitchen. They started crawling up the kitchen wall. That was the end of the snails. Then she started collecting bees.

Beatrice had a good time too, but differently. She and Mei shu [Dr. Ch'i's youngest daughter] were together all day. Beatrice took her pieces of jam bread after breakfast. One morning we were all sleeping on the porch when we heard a little voice calling "Beé – tray," which was Beatrice's name in Chinese. Beatrice yelled down at her and said in Chinese, "I am still in bed, I don't want to get up." We just laughed to ourselves.

Mail was stopped temporarily. But by the end of the week, mail was coming again. By May 31 things were getting back to "normal." Ernest was allowed to go to the medical school for his lectures and other medical work. Hospital work was lighter, so we decided to take up our Chinese lessons again with Teacher Ch'i. [Teacher Ch'i was Dr. Ch'i's brother])

It was decided to close the nursing school early since other regular schools were also closing early. Betty stood eighth in her class of forty in Chinese school. I thought that was great since she studied her American school [home school] work with me in the afternoon. Shortly after the school term was over Betty developed pains in her joints with fever. After a round of penicillin she improved. We were worried that she might have TB, since she had scoliosis.

There were lots of parades and dances going on. The popular Communist dance was the drum dance, so everyone had to have a drum and a special costume to go with it.

Because of the political situation we were not able to go to the mountains for summer vacation. With electricity and a fan and a bathtub we were able to keep comfortable.

We were having lots of rain. In fact, it flooded. Our compound had several terraces on it. The lower terrace was covered with water. Likewise the hospital compound was flooded in places. We had to take the cows out of the barn as they were standing in water. In order to keep the dikes from breaking, five hundred men were working on them constantly.

Since we had a little more time on our hands, we took a day trip to the country. It was cooler there. Betty found a nest of frogs. We had no rest until we caught them all and put them in a box to take back to the city. On the way back one of the frogs got out of the box. Before we knew it, we had a vehicle full of hopping

frogs. We had to stop and catch them. I wrote to mother and warned her that nothing on the farm would be safe from Betty's hands.

By July 1 there was a disturbance among nursing students and others, especially the students. There was one student in the group who seemed so capable and acted almost like a graduate student. In all the activities she was a ringleader. Later we found out that she had graduated from another school but had transferred to our school as a student during the summer vacation. One day she came to me and said "If you make the students go on night duty plus a few more demands, I will leave." I was prepared and said, "Your papers will be ready in the morning and you can leave." She had no out according to Chinese custom. She left the following day. After that there was less trouble.

Another troublemaker, named Daniel, was the son of a minister. He had come from the country, where he had met Jenny Lind [Methodist missionary]. She had helped him through school. He got into the wrong crowd and had to go into hiding. He came to Jenny and she let him stay with her. After the turnover [liberation] we found that he too wore a red cap. He had to have surgery later. While Erne was removing his adenoids he was at Erne's mercy. Erne made him promise that he would never betray Jenny to the Reds. He promised. As far as we knew he never did betray her, but he did do some other things.

Shanghai was now cut off from us. The postman came to tell us that from now on our mail would have to go [out of the country] by way of Hong Kong. That meant we only had one way out. In spite of that we did get Betty's schoolwork in and out by mail. We were studying a little every day, since she found all day play rather boring. She and her Chinese friends caught dragonflies and flying beetles. The Chinese children caught the beetles and tied a thread around their bodies and then encouraged them to fly. That was their toy for the day.

On July 4 all the missionaries in the city got together. The handwriting on the wall showed that we might not be able to get together when we pleased in the future. There were eighteen of us including the Australians.

As of July 9 we could not exchange checks that came to us. We asked that they be held in New York. There were planes and more planes going overhead dropping propaganda leaflets. Work had slacked off at the hospital, so I spent the afternoons doing home canning. Even though communications to Shanghai had been cut off, some funds came through.

In spite of the hot weather, a violinist, Mr. Sen, appeared. He planned to give a concert August 20 and asked me to accompany him. I really had to work hard to accompany him. He put on eight long numbers, ranging from Mozart to Bach to Drdla to Pierre and Godard Gossec. His last number was a Russian number, "Hejne Kati" by Huaay. It was especially beautiful as well as difficult. After he left we never heard from him again.

The BSU [Baptist?] missionary folks living in the country felt as if their work was being interfered with so much that they moved into one of our apartments. Likewise a minister who had just graduated from Nanking Theological School moved into one of the apartments right next to us. He had not yet been assigned a church, but it would probably be the School church.

About September 2 we received our first letter from Mom and Dad since liberation in May. We were so happy. It was dated July 2.

Suddenly the hospital was full of patients, especially those with typhoid fever.

Folks had gotten over the panicky stage [after liberation] and were settling down.

Some things about the new regime really impressed the people. "Army" had always been a bad word, meaning deceit and no discipline, especially during the last months of the Nationalist regime. When the Communist army marched in, people expected the same. The new army was poor and needed dishes, firewood, etc. They asked to borrow some things. The people were afraid not to give them the things. But when the army left, the grounds were clean and dishes returned and thank-you's said. There had been no drunkenness or other mischief. The people were astonished. For the first time they saw officials work along with students and coolies to repair dikes. Students were willing to work with their hands in the soil for an education. Of course some of this was done with the method of "YOU DO WANT TO DO IT DON'T YOU" or else get sent to "Siberia."

Mass education began for everyone, including grandmothers. Some of the things were good. I had the time and went to some of the classes. I taught our amah how to read and write some Chinese. There were health movements, land reform, etc. For the first time a man could not buy himself out of army training. Formerly all the father had to do was pay a big sum of money to the military or he paid a coolie to go in his place. You can imagine an army of coolies. Of course all these changes made a big impression on the poor. Since the poor were in the majority, it did not take long for propaganda to spread and produce results. This was the "courtship" period.

During the first six months of the turnover, almost everything came to a standstill until everyone had heard the sayings of Mao and could repeat them ad infinitum. This was especially true in the schools. The School for Boys (Yuchang), or Nanchang Academy for Boys, was about one hundred yards away from our house. A small alley and wall around our compound as well as a wall around the school compound separated us from them. Each morning ON TIME the students heard a long talk on Communist doctrine. Then the students formed into small groups and discussed the things that were talked about. In each group there was a Communist. By the end of the day, and that meant late evening, every

student came to think the same about Chairman Mao's doctrine. Also songs were sung over and over again. To this day I can hear those songs ringing in my ears. One of them said, "No Communists, no China, no Communists, no China." Since the weather was so hot our windows were kept open. All summer long we heard the students singing and we heard the speeches over the loud speaker. So in a way we were indoctrinated too. No matter what we did we could not get away from the noise. By the end of six months, all the students and many others were able to think alike. Everything that came out of their mouths was the same OR ELSE.

The churches began to suffer, since rallies were held on Sunday mornings. If you went to church you were questioned later. We ourselves were not being harassed at this stage.

The TB hospital that was being built ran into trouble at this time. It was discovered that the new site had been a former filled-in lake. In order to have a solid foundation, the soil had to be filled in with pylons. This took much longer than anticipated.

Now it was time for school to begin. We were entering the second stage of the Communist regime or the "No, No" stage. New literature was put into the school. One day I asked Betty to bring her books home from school. The first lesson said, "Chairman Mao is our savior. His is the savior of our country," etc. We eventually made an excuse to take her out of Chinese school. Actually her American work was harder now and took a little more time.

American money could no longer be exchanged.

All guns were registered.

Mr. Wiant and Mr. Hsu came from Shanghai to review the progress on the TB hospital in October.

In November I began teaching operating room technique in the nursing school (the school had shut down for a while during the political transition.)

In November parts of the hospital were being repaired and repainted due to flood damage. There were currently one hundred inpatients.

When I was teaching Betty and her work was real good, I would give her a star. Beatrice was not quite four years old yet [towards the end of 1949] and now and then she would insist on coming in the room when we were having class. One day she wanted a piece of paper and pencil and so I gave it to her. Of course she scribbled it all up and then gave it to me, insisting on a star. She was sure that her paper was equally as nice as Betty's.

In spite of all the difficulties we were able to put on Handel's "Messiah" at the local theatre. Since Lois Wang was back from the States she helped with the piano playing. We took turns singing in the choir. Gertrude Cone did a smash up job of directing as usual. It was the last time she would direct "Messiah." Little did she know what was ahead for her.

1950

After a very busy Christmas season, we had a fine New Years program. The hospital folks had supper on the lawn at the hospital, followed by a picture of all of us. Then we had a program and each class in the nursing school took part. There were dances and plays appropriate for the times. The coolies put on a country play which was quite comical. Some of the staff did some theatrical singing which I still could not understand. Someone interpreted for Ernest and me. The Glee Club (chapel choir) put on some secular songs.

Come January there was a gradual increase in Russian plays, music, etc. The girls from Baldwin School (School for Girls) gave a Russian play and needed some furniture, western furniture. They came to borrow ours and we saw no harm in doing that.

A thyroid case was admitted to the hospital weighing 70 pounds. She had surgery. She ended up weighing 150 pounds. The case was written up in the local newspaper.

On January 22, 1950, it was announced that all diplomats and consular officials would be leaving in March.

On February 7 we were ordered by the government to register all the items in the hospital.

Simplification of social activities was implemented by the new government.

In February the children from the Kuling School for foreign children, who were all on vacation, came through on the way to their homes. One of the little girls, ten years old, was brought to our hospital for an appendix operation.

Ernest operated on some unusual surgical cases. What was thought to be a recently dead fetus had turned to stone. He also removed a grain of corn from the bronchial tube of a twelve year old child.

Many missionaries were leaving at this time. The Jorgensons of the YMCA thought it was time to leave. Their little boy was the same age as Beatrice. Those two, when they got together, could cause more trouble than a barrel of monkeys. One day when the workmen were pouring cement in the cow shed, we were having Sunday afternoon service in our home. Those two kids thought they

would put their prints in the cement. They just had a grand time getting the cement in their hair and on their clothes. In the midst of our meeting they came in the door, through the hall and into the living room. I had to throw them in the bathtub.

Early in the year Mr. Wiant and Mr. Hsu came again from Shanghai to check up on the building of the TB hospital. They felt it was time now to have Morgan Tsao, the engineer, on the site full time. After that we saw less of him. He came for church and weekends.

Morgan was rather interested in studying the scriptures. So I started working with him. Little did we know of his background and all the frustrations that he was trying to work out. His sweetheart had died shortly after he arrived in Nanchang. Now he had another problem but he did not disclose it. He really studied the scriptures and asked very searching questions. He attended church regularly, plus youth group and other church activities. He had a good tenor voice and once in a while sang a solo in church. We had no idea of the pressure that he was working under.

On March 21 a “good health” program was started. The public health office sent out smallpox and plague vaccines. All hospitals were asked to send out teams throughout the city and vaccinate folks in every home. It was announced that all those who refused would be punished.

In April we went to Shanghai after applying for and receiving a travel permit. Ernest had an abscessed tooth, and there were supplies to be picked up for the hospital. Meanwhile, a child of someone who worked at the hospital came down with diphtheria. Beatrice had been playing with that child a lot. So both Beatrice and Betty were given the antitoxin. Betty had no trouble but Beatrice had quite a reaction and broke out with hives and high fever. That delayed our trip to Shanghai until April 20.

No sooner did we get on the train when Beatrice became quite ill. It seemed as if she had meningitis. There was nothing that we could do. She lay like a canoe upside down. This lasted a number of hours. But all of a sudden she looked up and said, “Mamma, I want a drink of water.” Those words were an answer to prayer.

Since the work of building the TB hospital had more or less come to a standstill, the engineer also went with us to Shanghai. Ernest had his tooth removed and Betty had her tonsils taken out. I had my last wisdom tooth pulled.

As a treat we got to see “Gone With the Wind.”

When we went back to Nanchang by train, it only took twenty four hours.

Our musical group was going strong. Each of the students who could perform did so. We were about thirty altogether. We would open the sliding doors between the dining room and living room and put the sofa on the porch. After our practice we would have some dessert, move the sofa back into the living room, and wash the dishes.

May 10 was my birthday. It was to be my last birthday in Nanchang. I had to catch a bad cold on my birthday, plus we had foreign patients in the hospital. (Since it was hard for most missionaries and others to get to Shanghai for medical treatment, they landed in our hospital. That meant we sent meals from our home all the time.) But, my birthday had to be celebrated. Before 6:00 AM the kids woke me up singing Happy Birthday and brought me some apples, a luxury in China. This was topped off with some steaks over a charcoal fire, really special.

Our next door neighbors, Pastor and Mrs. Hsiung, had a baby girl and they named her Hilda [English name].

May 22 was appendix day! The lab technician (Shiao li), our amah, and Kimber Den's son were all operated on for appendicitis.

On June 6 the hospital had to do a tracheotomy on a child with diphtheria. He had a bean in his bronchial tube. He survived!

In June I began directing a chapel choir at the hospital. I did not have the ability to do that, but sometimes you do what you have to do.

In June the government asked all hospitals to give cholera and typhoid vaccines. The entire city was to be done in one week. The staff found that they could give 200 shots an hour.

Morgan paid us a surprise visit on June 24, 1950. He had finished his work in Fukien and was on his way to Peking. He said that he was going to Peking for some graduate work for eight months. He was really covering up. It meant that he was going for re-education. And now I can tell you more about Morgan and the great problem hanging over his head. We surmised he had quite a problem when he went to Fukien but weren't sure. He told us his story before he left because we were quite sure we would never meet again. During World War II Morgan had joined up with the US army [in west China] and saw a lot of fighting. His sister, a doctor, joined up with the Communists. His brothers were also Communists. But while Morgan was with the US army he fell among some missionaries in West China. Therein lay the problem. He once said that he had never met a missionary that he did not love and respect. But after all the pressure that his brothers and sister put on him when he was in Shanghai, he could no longer refuse, especially when he was SENT to Peking. He was one sad man. There were many other stories like this. He so wanted to stay with the

Christian group, but family won out. He kept writing to us until we left China. When he heard that we were leaving he asked for permission to come and see us off. But they said “NO.” Right after he left Nanchang the Korean War broke out [July 3].

We had the new interns in for a dinner. It was the first time they had had American food in a private home. They felt a bit embarrassed about eating with knives and forks, etc. We just comforted them by saying that the first time we ate with chopsticks was in Japan, and the whole nation there was watching us.

As of July, the “squeeze”, which formerly was an unwritten law, was no longer allowed. There was a time when a ten percent bribe was reasonable, but now, nothing.

It was the hottest summer in years. There was an epidemic of boils. Because of the heat, Ernest started his surgeries at 5:00 AM.

On August 8 Ernest did a hare lip operation. It was a success.

On August 14 Dr. Gale and Rev. Gale left for the States. [Dr. Gale, a woman, had been at the Ida Kahn Hospital]. Dr. Gale had been ill for some time. Miss Ruth Daniels also left.

This year for the first time we had fresh watermelon to eat. They were shipped in from another province. They were very good and reasonable in price.

Beatrice and Lan-shu [Ch’i] started to Kindergarten on September 4. We thought that since their teacher was the preacher’s wife, there would be no problem. How wrong we were.

Every year about September 26 there was a festival called the Moon Festival. You could buy all kinds of “moon” cakes. Some were better than others. According to tradition, this festival day all of the larks (birds) of the earth made a bridge in the heavens, so that two lovers could meet. Before dawn the lovers had to go back to their places so that the birds could go back to earth.

On September 11, school vacation was over. Nursing school classes began. Also my afternoon classes began again with Betty. At last we had a dean for our nursing school, Miss Ch’un. We now had forty-four students and had needed a dean badly. Mrs. Yu, our Superintendent of Nurses, could not handle all the work. It was not good for me politically to do too much in the nursing school.

October was a big day as it was an anniversary, the first anniversary of Liberation. Since it was Sunday we had no alternative except to change our church service to afternoon. There were parades and parades with flags and lanterns, drums, Russian music and dances. A new stamp, a huge one of Mao,

was published. Most of the coloring on it was red. About nine days later the Youth World Peace Representatives arrived in the city. There was quite a welcome for them. The students had the nerve to come to our house and ask if they could pick our flowers and give bouquets to the visitors. I must admit I was boiling inside. I said, "Well you must not forget that these flowers came from seeds that came from a Capitalistic country. They were planted by American Capitalists and nurtured by American Capitalists. If you want the flowers you may have them." They had embarrassed looks on their faces but they took the flowers.

On October 25 we celebrated Erne's birthday, his last in China. We had hoped to surprise him but Betty had to talk about it. Then Jenny Lind came over and asked what was going on that evening. I had some shirts made for his birthday.

The National Christian Council of Churches (NCC) had become very popular and had many meetings. They had been well infiltrated [by the Communists]. I noted in my diary that on November 24 the Methodist missionaries, the CIM missionaries and the Brethren missionaries all had a lunch with the Secretary of the Industrial Work branch of the NCC. He talked to us and the comment in my diary was "quite dyed in the wool." More and more teachers were heckled and evangelists were questioned. Miss Metz left, Miss Lind asked for a pass and we again asked the Lord for divine guidance.

Our house had become a menagerie. We were raising guinea pigs on our porch for the laboratory. They multiplied so fast! One night a newborn fell out of its cage. Such a commotion you never heard. It got us out of bed. We put the wee ones back in the cages and there was quiet until morning. To make matters worse we had a puppy. He would tease the guinea pigs until they stood up in fear. At last they stopped squealing. The pup got into other mischief too. One day he met his match. Two dogs in the yard got him in a corner. One smacked him on one side and the other one smacked him on the other side. Puppy did not know what to do. I rescued him and he was my friend forever.

Betty was still in school and stood third in her class of forty-seven. She had several notes on her grade card, "loses her things too easily, doesn't take care of her books. But she is kind, polite, brilliant, and works hard." Criticism among the students had begun in her classroom.

Things were beginning to close in. Everything in the hospital had to be registered with the government as well as what was in our home. Chinese New Years is the time of real celebration but this year it was much simpler. Other celebrations were simpler too. That is something we as missionaries had always hoped for because folks would go into debt to have a good celebration.

Beatrice was growing very fast and singing very well. She would start out singing, "Praise Him, Praise Him" and ended up with the "Three Tigers" [Chinese

song]. She spoke a little more English but spoke it just like the Chinese spoke it, since she had learned to speak Chinese first.

Betty taught her little Chinese friends how to knit in Chinese. I couldn't even do it in English. Beatrice came to me and said, "Mama look at dog, she did a dis" and then put her foot in the knitting bag.

Members of the new police force came periodically to check up on the Kahn Hospital and on Nanchang General Hospital, the mission schools, etc.

One of the police was a young man who could sing beautifully. Morgan mentioned to him that I had some solos [sheet music] and could play for him. So one Sunday afternoon he came. First we started out with some secular music and then he sang "Ave Maria." He really sang it with his heart. Then suddenly he realized that he had done something which a Communist never should have done. Without another word, he suddenly left and said, "I can never come here again." Later we found out that he had graduated from a Catholic university. No matter how good a Communist he was, he could never completely wipe out the past.

In spite of all the upheaval, the youth group who were also the choir group came to our house one evening. After chatting a little while, they asked if we would be their sponsors. We wondered if it were wise but we were thrilled that they would ask us. There were many happy times of praying and singing together.

About that time I started some new music pupils, that is, I taught them as much as I knew. One of them was named Luke and the other was Pastor Hsiung. They were both very good.

Beatrice was at the trick-playing stage. We were upstairs in our bedroom. For some reason she though that I was in the closet. She quickly closed the door and waited for some noise. When nothing happened she looked in the keyhole. Well, Erne and I could not longer keep from laughing. The look on her face was something else.

One man I would like to talk about is Pastor Wang. He is the one that stood by us on Pearl Harbor Day and recited the Forty-sixth Psalm. When we came back to China in 1946 he was still going strong even though he was either in his 80's or nearing them. He was a powerful preacher and had the respect of all. He was the chaplain in the hospital. When the Communists came he was fearless when talking with them. We knew that we had Communist patients in our hospital. So we were very careful what we said or did, not knowing who was or who was not an informer. One day I heard Pastor Wang go up to a patient whom we all knew was a Communist. Pastor Wang just walked up to his bedside and said that he would like to talk with him. The patient sort of resisted but Pastor Wang just sat down and started talking and said, "This is our hospital, and you are our guest

and I will tell you all about Christ. When I am finished you can tell me about your ideas." Well, by the time Pastor Wang was finished, the patient had nothing to say. The time finally came when Pastor Wang felt that his years were spent. He wanted to go back to his old home to die. That was very important to the Chinese.

Because the Superintendent of Nurses had to go to re-education classes, I was quite busy. Sometimes the struggles and criticism were so intense that when she came back she was just ill. I am sure that a lot of the folks developed stomach ulcers during that period. The Communists were beginning to put pressure on the folks and increase the study time in the evenings until they thought according to the Communist way of thinking.

Rats! Mice! Out of desperation we borrowed the Gale's cat. The rats had gotten into our soap and did their own carving. They got into the wind cupboard where we kept our food, and got into our bureau drawers. The last straw was when they got into Betty's schoolwork and ate a picture of a chicken that she had colored for the front piece of her monthly home school work. The Gale's cat's name was Tinker. She had a heyday killing all the rats.

Meantime, the Communists were making overtures to Erne to stay in China. They knew him to be a man of his word, and a great surgeon. They wanted to move us away from the mission compound and put us on a salary from the government. We knew that we could never do that. In the first place it would have been treason. In the second place we would have had to do their bidding at all times. Erne had to be very diplomatic. When we both applied for passes, that was quite a slap in the face to them. They did not receive it kindly. But when they needed help, Erne still went to the hospital.

The Brethren Service Unit pulled out in November as they felt their work could no longer continue in the country. Our work was still going well.

People were leaving in rather rapid succession now, including the Chinese.

The Methodist missionaries from Kiukiang packed to leave and had to come through Nanchang. So on December 28, Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, Miss Pittman, Miss Woodruff, and Deanetta and Bessie Ploeg were our houseguests.

Ernest had turned more and more of his work over to his able assistants. He stood by in case of trouble.

On December 12, we started a complete inventory of the hospital supplies.

Ernest and I had both been trying now to reduce our schedules for next semester so that we could get ready to go on furlough.

On December 30, our personal accounts in the banks in Shanghai were frozen.

A vaccine came out for tuberculosis!

Now the third stage of Communism was to begin. We had had the courtship period, the “no, no” period, and now we were beginning to see heads fall. The next six months were a nightmare. All I could think of was a big net lying at the bottom of the ocean and all the fish thinking that they were free. Little by little, the strings of the net were being pulled and then all of a sudden the net was pulled shut and there was no way out.

We often heard folks say that they could go along with the Communists outwardly but inside they were still thinking the old ways – they were Christian. We warned them that sometime the mouth would say what they were thinking inside and then there would be trouble.

During the time after World War II when UNNRA sent lots of food to China there were cases and cases of tinned foods sent to Nanchang. Some of the foods the Chinese just would not eat, like canned cheese, powdered eggs, dill pickles, corned beef hash, pea soup mix, and pudding mix. It was all in big #10 tin cans. Some of this food was sold to the missionaries for handling costs only. We bought quite a bit and placed it in our attic for emergencies. Now was the time to use it as our money had been frozen. At the end of the next six months we never wanted to eat chocolate or butterscotch pudding or hash, or powdered eggs or canned cheese. But it did hold us over until we left China, and what was left when we got out was turned over to Gertrude Cone. It kept her alive.

When the government authorized the nursing school to be re-opened, “re-education” classes were also ordered. The idea was to get everyone upset about everyone else, cause a rift between Capitalism and Communism, get folks to criticize the heads of departments or the superintendent of the hospital, get folks to criticize America, etc. We went to a few of the meetings and saw how things were going. We also found out that every meeting was being recorded in writing so that anything that you might say that was not to their liking could be used against you later. That was one of the times we had to sit and listen and keep our mouths shut no matter what was said. How we boiled inside! Folks got so worked up that husbands did not trust their wives, parents could not trust their children, etc. After a time, the big group was divided into smaller groups of eight apiece. Each time then any member of the group could criticize any other member of the group, and they had better have a good answer. Each person was almost afraid to open their mouth for fear that he or she would be criticized. Everything was questioned. How could a person work under such conditions! I sat in on several of those groups with the nurses and it was hard for me to listen. I cannot imagine how hard it was on them.

By this time we were being questioned. We were tipped off to keep a copy of the first papers that we had made out, memorize them, and then each succeeding time we were questioned, we could give the same answers. If they found any discrepancy at all they would be back to question why. One time they got me alone and asked me what I thought of the government. That was a new question and I had no copy. I just said that after all this was a new government and one had to give a new government a little time to see what could be done. As long as people had work, a good place to live and good food to eat, that we had nothing to worry about. I surely memorized that statement and had to give it many times.

By this time we knew that there were two Communists assigned to each of us. They knew our every move. From then on we never talked to anyone alone but always had a witness. We warned our kids not to talk to strangers. That was difficult as Betty and Beatrice were both friendly kids and their Chinese was excellent. [According to the 1995 interview, Hilda and Ernest kept the blinds drawn all the time then so that no one could see into the house. They lived in constant fear.]

By this time it was not wise for folks to profess their Christian faith. On Christmas Eve we were advised not to go to church but to stay at home. If someone came, we were not to talk, just watch and listen. We did not know what to expect. After the service at the church was over, the cast who had put on the manger scene walked into our house. Without a word they set up the manger scene and proceeded to read the Christmas story while acting it out. Then without a word they quietly walked out with tears running down their faces. We too had tears in our eyes. For we knew that from now on we would not be able to meet with the youth group and could not be seen talking with them. We were sure that this would be our last Christmas with them.

War between China and the US looked like a possibility. Our personal funds in the bank were frozen on December 30.

1951: Faithful to the End

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We were invited to stay in China, but felt as if a furlough was needed to get in touch with more modern medicine as well as see our families again and to get more education. Ernest was interested in plastic surgery as well as chest surgery. He wanted me to go further in nursing or anesthesia or laboratory work. We both promised to come back to China after a year of furlough if the present government of China gave a specific invitation and if our American government would allow us to do so.

By this time Ernest was very well known for hundreds of miles around for his successful surgery. Even the Communists were well aware of this and would send their cases to him. One time they sent him a patient whom he knew was going to be a troublemaker. He was able to deal with that. But when some of

the superiors insisted on telling him how to treat the patient, what medicine to give, and what surgical technique to use, Ernest got his back up. He said, "This is our hospital, you are our patient, these young doctors here are my residents and interns. They will take my orders and mine alone. If you don't like it, go to another hospital." Erne's team of doctors shook in their boots, as they all thought they would be carted off to jail. But, by Erne standing up to them, the superiors finally said, "OK." That was the end of trouble for a little while.

Another time they wanted Erne to sign a paper saying that the patient that he was going to operate on would live and there would be no trouble. Erne again got his back up and said, "Any doctor would be a fool to sign anything like that. Surgery is always a risk." So, on and on they tested Erne. Those times Erne would come home and lie down to rest, usually with chest pain. In mid-January Ernest had developed some stomach pains. As I look back the stomach pains were probably already the beginning of his heart problems.

One day Gertrude Cone asked me if I knew what Beatrice was doing in Chinese kindergarten. I said, "No." Since Beatrice was a good singer and just a little taller than most Chinese children her age, she was made the song leader of her class. When they had parades and demonstrations, she led the class, dancing and singing all the anti-American songs. Some of them were pretty nasty. One of them was "America the Big Bad Wolf." She sang them with gusto. One day the teacher took her kindergarten students to the zoo and showed them the monkeys. One of the things they were told was that we were descended from monkeys. One of the ministers said, "Well, so what if we were descended from monkeys. Just so we don't make monkeys out of ourselves." One day Beatrice came home from school and out of a clear blue sky said, "There is no God." We questioned her and found that she had learned that at school. How could we tolerate such a thing? The wife of the pastor was her teacher. Did the pastor know about it? Did he believe it? Was she a Communist? They were living next door. In order to keep her job she had to teach what they asked her to teach. One member in the family had to make a living, since pastors would soon have no income. We knew then that we had to be extremely careful what we said at home in front of Beatrice, and that we would have to take her out of school. What excuse could we give? Since the mind of a small child is very easily molded, we knew the danger.

At the beginning of 1951, I had to go through a complete inventory of the attic of the hospital and storerooms with the Communists. That took a number of days. Fortunately it was all in good shape. The finances of the hospital were also in good shape.

On January 6, Jenny Lind left and some more of the CIM folks. On January 10 we applied for a pass to leave the country. Our five years were up [regular term of service for Methodist missionaries at that time] and we had been reminded by the Board of Missions that it was time for our furlough. It did not take long for

everyone to find out via the grapevine that we had applied for a pass. Visitors started coming. I finished up my teaching at the hospital as soon as possible. Likewise Erne stopped his work at the hospital except when he was called for consultation. We had sent messages to the US with Jenny and others so that the Board could keep our parents informed.

On January 12 it was so cold that all the plumbing froze.

The first nursing school class graduated.

January 25 was a harrowing day. The boy that we were sending to school and whose food we were paying for at the hospital, and who stayed at night with our helpers, had told some lies about us to the Communists. The soldiers brought him to the house and accused us and wanted to know the truth. We called Pastor Wang to be our witness. After hearing everything Pastor Wang told the soldiers how we had taken the boy off the street, given him an education, fed him, housed him and in the evenings he studied his lessons with our children with my help. Well, the soldiers were so angry about this that they threatened to kill the boy on the spot and drew their guns. We pled for his life but they took him away. You can see how they worked on children to betray parents. He was afraid not to betray us.

On February 8, I spent the entire day at the hospital as a volunteer. We sewed draw sheets, pillow cases, etc. We had heard that they were bringing in seventy-nine soldiers. Most of them were TB patients. By the time we tucked them all in bed it was 9:00 PM.

On February 16, I was called to police headquarters to be told that I had received my pass to leave China and could go anytime. But there was no release for Erne. We were really upset because that meant that they intended to keep Erne under pressure. If I went there was no doubt in our minds that he would never get out. Our Chinese friends felt the same way and suggested that I stay. It was a hard decision to make. I am sure that they thought I was going mad. What excuse could I give for not going? I wrote that Erne had not been feeling too well and needed to go home. I wrote too that I was a poor sailor, which was true for the first few days at sea, and that Betty was a poor sailor. She used to get quite ill. How could I travel with one sick child when I was seasick myself and run after the other child? Of course I needed Erne to help. Well, the police accepted my reasons and said I could stay until Erne's pass came through. Everyone felt that I made a good decision, since they felt that they would never have let Erne out later.

It was time for the foreign evangelists to go home, if they were going. The China Inland Mission pulled out all their folks on February 22 and the Brethren left on February 23.

On March 5, we had to register our personal things, including our accounts. By this time Ernest got called to the hospital only for special cases. Mail was getting through to the States very well. I was doing the cooking now at home, including Chinese food. We were using our spare time to study Chinese with our teacher.

Gertrude Cone had been a favorite with the young folks. She worked tirelessly with them as well as with others. She also was treasurer of the Methodist Conference. Now, anyone who was a treasurer was suspected by the Communists of buying the friendship of the Chinese people. Gertrude was not afraid. But she, in her kindly way, had lent some money to some folks and had also kept some funds in US accounts for some of the Chinese who had gone to the US and back. These funds had been "buried" – some for the Baldwin school and some for individuals. When cornered by the police, someone squealed about the buried money. When the police "dug up" the money, they found the wrong amounts in the wrong accounts. When it is your life in question one sometimes forgets where your head is. The Communists suggested a "People's Trial" for Gertrude. She could not believe it. Our Chinese friends knew that they would have to testify against her. They thought that they could get by with some ludicrous remarks and get her deported.

In the meantime the police were questioning Gertrude almost every day. It looked as if there would be a public trial. The Communists were going to force all her friends to testify against her. Her friends did not know what they could say, as they had nothing to accuse her of. But they knew they had to say something. They had high hopes of getting her deported but could not be sure.

On the morning of March 20, they came and got her and took her to the trial grounds which were on the Boys Academy athletic field. A platform was put up in the middle where the prisoner was supposed to stand or kneel as the group wished. Then the accusations were read. One by one folks had to testify against the person being accused. In all these meetings there were always one or two primed to say "yes!" to the accusations. Then all the rest of the folks who were present had to say "yes" also. If they did not, they were questioned afterward. All through the group were informers who watched others. Before a trial began, everyone knew or almost knew how the trial would turn out. After almost a day of this the last demand would be either to kill, deport, or put in prison. Often we would hear the noise of a single shot and that was it. In Gertrude's case, her accusers tried to make light of things, accusing her of being impolite when they would come to her house. They said that she insisted that they take off their overshoes before they came into her house. Well, we did that everywhere. After fussing all day about things like that, they finally decided that strict house arrest was to be her lot, with no one allowed to see her unless they had permission. Anyone who would dare go to see her would be anti-government and would lose their jobs, etc. Gertrude had to kneel on that platform and listen to that jargon most of the day. She was then led off to her house. Erne and I, as medical folks, asked to go and be with her. They did allow us to see her. She was so upset that

she vomited blood and could not keep a morsel of food in her stomach. Erne gave her a sleeping tablet in hopes it would quiet her down, and some other medicine to help her retching stomach.

At these trials, crowds would come from everywhere. In Gertrude's case, the entire school was expected to be there as well as the teachers, workers, and other folks she worked with, plus those whom the Communists chose to accuse her. We do know that there were many who prayed for her. The night before the trial the Bible Women [laywomen evangelists] and the ministers held a vigil of prayer for her.

This was just the beginning of the trials. Day after day we heard the shouting and shouting of the mobs who were trying the landlords and others whom they had anything against. And then we heard the shots. After that it was quiet and stillness. In one of these trials a son was to betray his father. He went with information to the authorities and a trial was set up. As planned, the father was shot. Any member of the family who would go and get the body for burial was also likely to get a trial. The son, after he saw what had happened, finally realized how low he had stooped. He took his father's body away the next day. This kind of thing happened almost daily. This was the purge.

About this time everyone had to apply for an identification card. Upon request you had to show it. You could not get a job without it. You could not buy certain things without it. You could not go to certain places without it. If anyone was caught hiring you without the identification card, he would be taken to the police as an enemy of the state. Of course the police could refuse to give anyone a card if they chose to do so, especially those who had been connected with the Nationalist government or with certain Americans, etc. Then there were those the Communists thought were non-productive. Anyone who worked with his hands or worked in a factory was considered very productive. Artists or musicians or similar professions were considered non-productive. Those who had lots of money were considered as enemies. Land reform was started. A way was found to relieve the landlords of their land. It was divided among the people. Can you imagine giving a plot of land to a city boy who did not know the first thing about farming? Can you see giving a beggar a piece of land who had no idea what to do with it? And so the promises were kept, to make the poor folks poorer and the rich folks poorer too. Too late many of the folks realized what had happened. They could no longer go back to their old ways. They feared for their lives.

Those who had earlier thought that they would get high places in the new government or receive favors by squealing to the Communists were disappointed. Any one who would squeal on the Nationalists would not be trusted in the new government. They were sort of lost in the crowd. It was too late.

Because we were the only Americans left, the Communists allowed Miss Cone to come and eat with us. We got word around so that folks could come and see her.

Erne was not feeling too well. He had pains in his stomach. Miss Cone was in failing health and we prevailed on the government to let her move to our house so that we could take care of her. Permission was finally given. She had to live upstairs and was allowed to have her meals with us and that was all. It was so hard for her to give up her privacy, but the loneliness [of house arrest] was more than she could bear. We managed to have folks come to see us and then they could go up the back stairs to visit with her while we kept watch.

Easter was a quiet day, but we did manage to get other Westerners still in town to come for a meal. Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Melsop came from the CIM and Mr. Pucknell from the Brethren Mission [all three men were British]. Miss Cone was also there. There were still a few British children coming from the boarding school at Kuling who could not go to Shanghai. They stayed overnight with us. We had a little party for them and made some ice cream. For some of them it was the first ice cream they had had in several years. Their lingo seemed quite strange to our kids. The next day they were on their way out of China by way of Hong Kong. [The British were not in as much of a "war" with the Communists as the Americans were. They never completely broke off diplomatic relations with the Communists.]

The time waiting for Erne's pass to come through seemed like an eternity. Tensions were mounting. On April 15, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Melsop, and Mr. Pucknell left. That left just Gertrude and our family. We tried to kill time by housecleaning, packing, etc. I even bought a two-string violin called an Erhu and had two lessons on it. I planned to buy another instrument that was a wind instrument and sounded like an organ.

We were now trying to get a pass for Gertrude to travel with us to help with the children. The Communists would not hear of it. They finally said that Ernest could go if we got our affairs in order, but Gertrude had to stay. We held out as long as we could. We finally realized that none of us would get out if we persisted. Word got around and a small farewell was held at the church. No matter if we were enemies of the government, they could not refuse a farewell. It was sad because we knew that we might never see any of them again.

Before we could go, we had to give away or sell our things and have someone go bail for us. That is, the person had to sign a paper that said if we had any unpaid debts or had anything against us, that person had to pay for our "sins" with his life. Who would sign such a paper? Well, an elderly man signed the paper. We found out that it was Dr. Ch'i's father. He said that he had lived his life and was not afraid to die. We were then able to buy our tickets. Things seemed to proceed fairly well. It was the calm before the storm. On May 6, two days before

our departure, our house was swarming with police searching everything. We did not know what they were looking for. Finally they seemed satisfied and left. Again we thought everything was OK. About midnight that night the police were at our door and got Erne out of bed to go to the police station. They put him under the bright lights and accused him of being a spy. They took away the train tickets. They wanted him to write a confession and say that he was a spy and that he had been sending out messages with a piece of wire that they had found in our attic. God only knows where they found that piece of wire. Many families had lived in that house. He told them that he could not sign a piece of paper that was a lie – after all, they wanted him to tell the truth. They brought him home but we could not sleep. Again they came and put him under the lights and insisted that he write his own confession. So he wrote that if unknowingly he had done something wrong – with a lot of other nonsense – that he was sorry. Only a person really familiar with the English language would have known that Erne was not a spy and that it was a trumped up charge. Finally they let him go. He was completely drained. I can't remember when we got our tickets back from the police. But when they gave them to us, they said "GO!" So we finished the day giving things away, selling more, and saying goodbyes.

Early on May 8, at 5:00 AM we departed from our beloved Nanchang. We expected only a few to see us off under the circumstances. Many came. Our children were bewildered, but excited about going to see their American grandmas and grandpas. Perhaps the hardest thing was to say goodbye to the Ch'is, who were our neighbors, friends, advisors, our family doctor, our teachers and our signer. Then next to them were our helpers. Our dear amah had been with our children, especially with Beatrice, from the time she was a baby. Our other helpers had been with us a long time and were like family. When Beatrice saw our amah crying, she hugged her and said, "When my hair turns black and I grow up and earn some money, I am coming back to get you." When we said goodbye to Gertrude, we knew that we would never see her again. She was ill and as long as the Communists were there they would not let her go. How difficult it was to say goodbye! At last the train pulled out. We were under guard. We were so sad that we were numb and did not even realize that guards were there.

It was to be a long hard trip, all day and all night and part of the next day to Canton. After eating some sandwiches that were packed, I got deathly ill with what seemed to be ptomaine poisoning. I could hardly hold up my head. Fortunately the rest of the family did not get sick. We each had a seat to sit on but no where to lie down. The next day, June 9, Mr. Elias saw my predicament and said that he had a berth and would let me use it. I was so grateful. I guess Erne took care of the kids as I remember nothing of the trip. About 5:00 or 6:00 PM we arrived in Canton. We had heard all kinds of stories about other folks who were taken out under guard, that they were sometimes taken off the train in Canton and put in prison or sent back to their original station. We were ill at ease! Our minds were put at rest when we got off the train and heard a voice

calling “Hello Dr. Weiss!” There stood Mr. Liang who had been head of the China Travel Agency in Shanghai! Erne had had to deal with him more than once when traveling and shipping things. We were surprised to see him in a Communist uniform. There is no doubt that he felt very sure of his position since he was willing to call our name and take us to the New Asia Hotel. He also took our money and told us to collect it in dollars in Hong Kong and also to collect some for Miss Lind, who had gone out before with too much money. We slept in spite of the heat, etc.

The next morning, May 10 (my birthday), we were up at 5:00 AM. Hopefully it was to be our day of freedom. We got back on the train. Each mile brought us closer to freedom and further away from our dear Chinese friends and colleagues. At last we stopped and were at the border of China. Barbed wires! We were still on the China side and had to pass inspection. If they should find something that they did not approve of, we could still be imprisoned or sent back. We gave a real sigh of relief when our bags were sealed, stamped and moved on.

On the other side of the barbed wire our friends were waiting for us, those from Nanchang who had not yet received a boat passage out of Hong Kong – the McCoys, Faulkners, Pucknells, Elliots, Searles, Miss Dove, and Mr. Melsop. They had flowers for my birthday and a birthday cake. What a welcome!

[Gertrude Cone remained imprisoned in Nanchang several more months. She was deported when the Communists realized she was dying of cancer. After she crossed the border into Hong Kong she lived just long enough, a day or so, to tell her story. She was a martyr.]

We ate and slept for two days. The first thing I did was to write Mother. I quote from the letter: “Please tell all friends who write to Chinese folks in Red China to stop writing letters and sending money. For the American friends it is hard to understand. But for the Chinese individual it may mean death. I must say that all of your letters sent to us were very good except the last one. Our treasurer McCoy censored all our in-going mail [from Hong Kong] and held that one, which was very wise. Again God has guided our footsteps and preserved us from danger. We hope the Chinese will remember us as having stood for our faith and truth. We applied the ‘new thought’ [Communist philosophy] only if it did not conflict with Christianity.”

Now it was time to catch up on two years of news. [Hilda and Ernest had not had access to a short wave radio or Western newspapers since “liberation.”] We knew that we could not go straight home. We had to have time to think a while and get adjusted to the new world that we had arrived in.

Since we arrived in Hong Kong unannounced, we did not have plane or boat reservations to go to the States. [The Korean War was on, so there were no

passenger boats sailing back and forth from the US to Hong Kong. After a few weeks in Hong Kong, the family flew to London on British Airways, and then traveled south through Europe to Italy to catch a boat to the US. At that time international plane travel was still much more expensive than boat travel.] We finally got as far as England. Then, while in Switzerland, Ernest had a mild heart attack. So we had to rest a little and then gradually work our way to Italy to catch a boat. By the time we reached New York, Ernest was doing quite well. But he did not do any hospital work until October.

POST-CHINA 1951-1955

[The family lived in Cincinnati from 1951 to 1955.] Ernest spent time at the University of Cincinnati at the General Hospital and the Dunham Hospital. Dunham Hospital was well known for its work in chest surgery and tuberculosis. He received further training there in plastic surgery. At the same time he was working on his AMA exam part A and B. Those were busy years and difficult, as he was on call every other night. He did not get home much.

I looked into an anesthesia program. Since I would have had to be on call every other night as a student, I applied instead for a course in laboratory training at the University of Cincinnati. I completed the course, that is, the internship. I lacked a few college hours. I completed those at Butler University in Indianapolis in 1961 and then got my certificate as an MT(ASCP).

[Since China was closed because of the “Iron Curtain,” Ernest and Hilda were reassigned by the Board of Missions to Korea.] Ernest planned to go to Korea late in 1953 [immediately after the Korean War was over]. But he had a motor bike accident which damaged one of his knees so badly that he was in the hospital as a patient for about one month. Then he really could not think of doing any heavy work for some time. He finally went to Korea in April of 1954. The children and I went to Korea in 1955. [The delay was because of the difficult immediate post-war conditions in Korea.]

END REMARKS (to old friends in China, written in 1988)

Dr. Weiss passed away on November 6, 1984. He used to talk so much of his beloved China and friends and co-workers there. He wanted so much to see you. He told me that if he should pass away [first] that I should try and go back and visit you. I fulfilled that dream by visiting Nanchang in 1985. It was wonderful to see friends from 1939 – 1951 and to make some new friends, to see students of mine and to see students that Ernest trained. It brought back so many memories. Of course there were some folks missing, which is a part of life.

There were so many changes in China in 1985. The progress in medicine has been phenomenal. I was really impressed at the changes in hospital procedures

and care of patients and the general health of everyone. China is to be congratulated.

I was also pleased that the church is able to help in the development of the country. I am grateful to have served in a small way during the war years and post-war years in China and to have been a part of its development.

[The reception Hilda received at the nurses' conference and private visits with old friends in Nanchang in 1985 was phenomenal. Old friends were especially grateful for a suitcase of photographs she had brought back with her. All of their own photographs from the 1940's had been destroyed during the Cultural Revolution.]

Hilda as a young child, with parents Harry and Norma Seiter, c. 1917

Ernest as a college graduate, 1933

Ernest as a young child, between parents (Fritz and Elise Weiss) and brothers and sisters (Ella, Herman, Edwin, Paul, Alma, and Arthur), c 1911

Hilda as a nursing school graduate, 1936

Ernest, Hilda, Dr. Betty Cleland and Dr. Charles Cleland, Kane, PA, 1939

These Have Sailed for Service!

WITHIN the past few months, twenty-two young people—trained in Methodist churches, colleges, hospitals, seminaries—have sailed from America to serve Christ as missionaries under the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They go as pastor-evangelists, doctors, nurses, teachers to China, India, Africa, Malaya, South America and the islands of the seas. They are the flower of American youth, of Methodist youth—bearers of the gospel for which a Youth gave his life, bearers of Christian youth's highest idealism and consecration "to the uttermost part of the earth."

● In these young people you visualize yourself at your highest and best. They are of you—they serve for you.

14 Others Are Ready to Sail!

FOURTEEN other Methodist young people—doctors, nurses, pastors, teachers—have completed their schooling and professional training and are now "accepted candidates" of the Board for foreign service. They will sail to their respective fields within the next few weeks or months. Each has spent years in preparation for a lifetime of Christian service; each is consecrated to the carrying on of the Torch of the Young Man of Galilee.

● *At least 100 other Methodist youth are today in schools and colleges preparing themselves to give of talent and skill and life to the service of men in lands that but lately have begun to hear of Christ. . . . And The Methodist Church—now in its 108th year of service overseas—is ready to send still more youth.*

● *The passion to give, to serve, to build a better world still possesses Methodism and Methodist youth!*

For further information concerning young missionaries who have recently sailed, those about to go, or about preparation for mission ary service, write Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

Article on commissioning of new Methodist missionaries, 1939. Ernest and Hilda are in the second row from the top

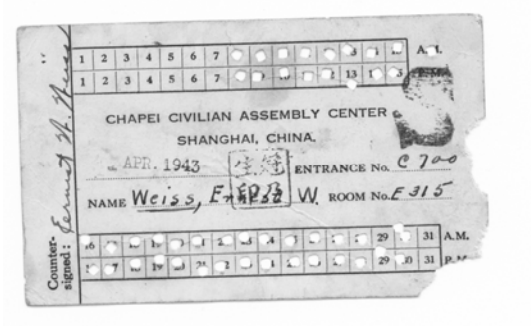
One of the language school buildings, Peking, 1939

Peking street scene, 1939, "Insertion of False Teeth and Eyes, Latest Methodists"

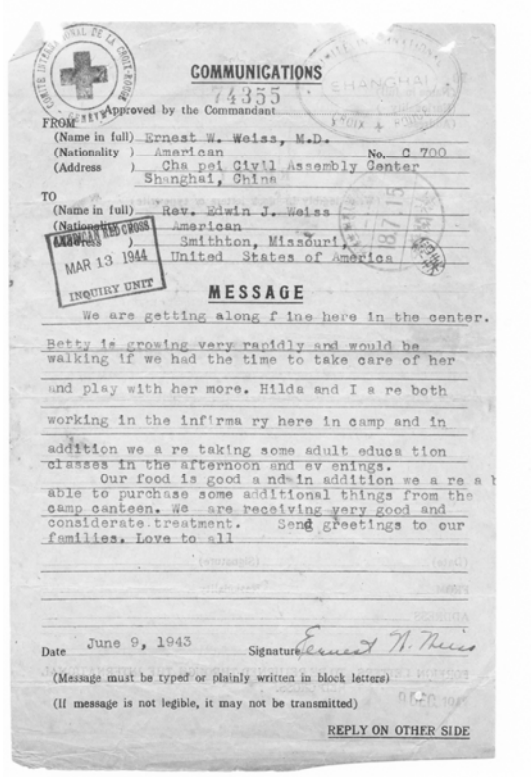
Hilda and Ernest's classmates from language school and Chinese friends out to eat at a restaurant, 1939.

Baby Betty being held by Japanese officer, Nanchang, 1942

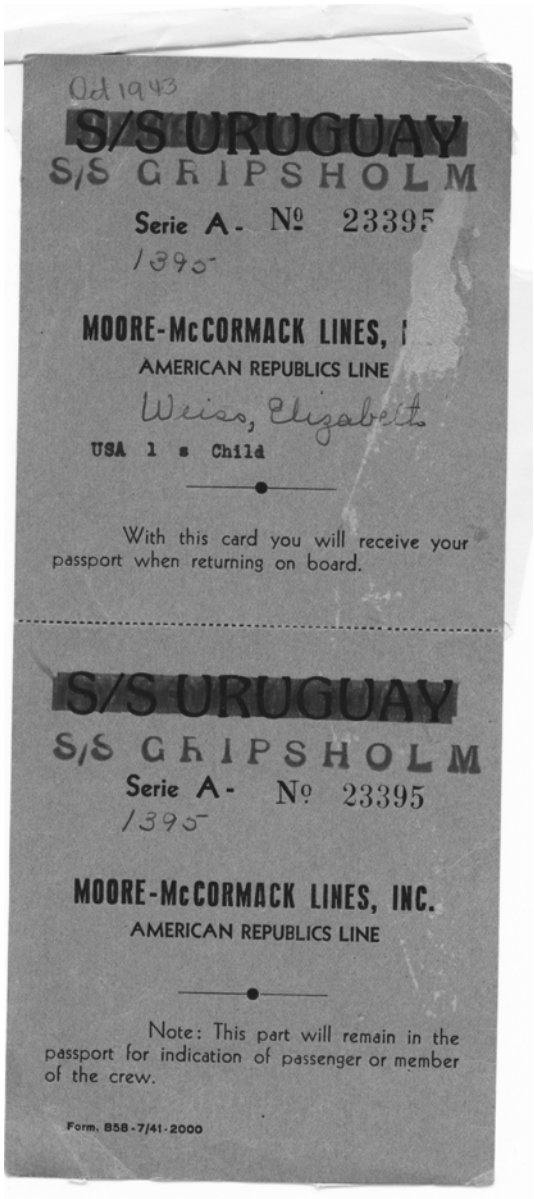
Missionaries and Western hospital staff in Nanchang, 1941. Back row: Dr. Edward Perkins, Ernest, Hilda, Evaline Gaw, Leland Holland, Dr. Fritz Fisher. Front row: Ruth Daniels, Emmy Fisher (with baby Joy), Coral Houston, Lucille Libby



Chapei coupon for Ernest, 1943



International Red Cross message from Ernest in Chapei to USA in 1943


Oct 1943
S/S URUGUAY
S/S GRIPSHOLM
Serie A- Nº 23395
1395
MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, I
AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE
Weiss, Elizabeth
USA 1 s Child
With this card you will receive your passport when returning on board.
S/S URUGUAY
S/S GRIPSHOLM
Serie A- Nº 23395
1395
MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, INC.
AMERICAN REPUBLICS LINE
Note: This part will remain in the passport for indication of passenger or member of the crew.
Form. B58-7/41-2000

Gripsholm ticket for Baby Betty, 1943

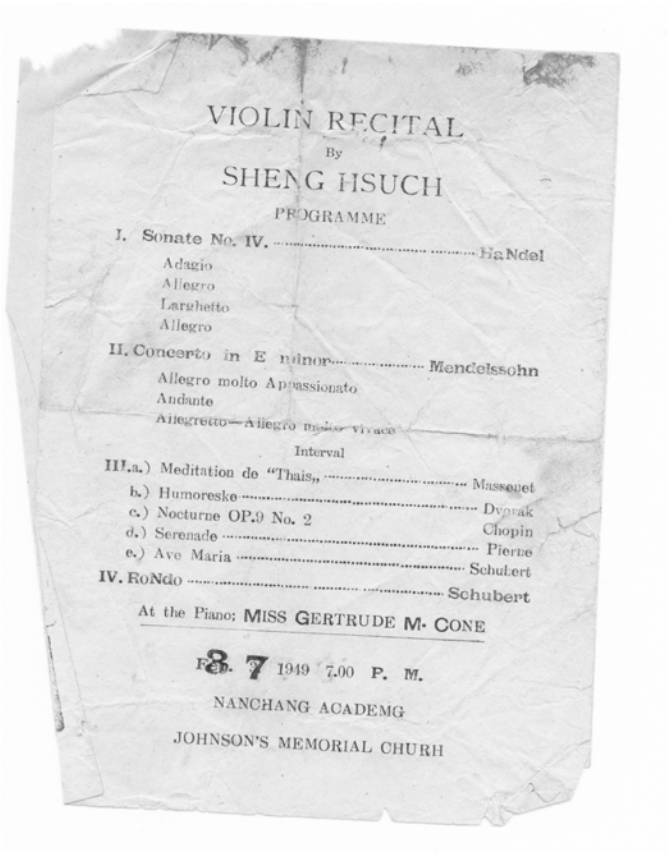
Hilda's sister Magdalene and brother-in-law Bill Flach, c. 1942

Hilda, Ernest, Beatrice and Betty, in Nanchang, c. 1949 (winter time). Hilda and the girls are in Chinese clothes.

Hsiung Sao, Beatrice and Betty's amah, c. 1949

Chinese meal. From left: Beatrice, Hilda, Betty, Ch'i Lan shiu, Dr. Ch'i Tong ji, Morgan Tsao, unknown Chinese woman, architect Paul Wiant, unknown Chinese woman. c.1948.

Betty with unknown Chinese friends in Nanchang, c. 1947.



VIOLIN RECITAL

By

SHENG HSUCH

PROGRAMME

I. Sonate No. IV. ..... Handel
Adagio
Allegro
Larghetto
Allegro

II. Concerto in E minor ..... Mendelssohn
Allegro molto Apassionato
Andante
Allegretto—Allegro molto Vivace

Interval

III. a.) Meditation de "Thais" ..... Massenet
b.) Humoreske ..... Dvorak
c.) Nocturne OP.9 No. 2 ..... Chopin
d.) Serenade ..... Pierne
e.) Ave Maria ..... Schubert

IV. RoNdo ..... Schubert

At the Piano: MISS GERTRUDE M. CONE

Feb. 7 1949 7.00 P. M.

NANCHANG ACADEMG

JOHNSON'S MEMORIAL CHURH

Musical program with Gertrude Cone playing the piano in Nanchang, 1949.

Beatrice with unknown Chinese soldier and unknown Chinese boy, c. 1950.

Nanchang General Hospital staff, c. 1949-50, winter time. Hilda, Ernest and Dr. Ch'i Tong ji are in the center, front row. Pastor Wang Shi ching is the old man in the front row, fourth one in from the right side.

Weiss home on Sagikdong Mountain, Seoul, 1955-60. Note the Jeep in front of the house. A regular car had a hard time making it up that mountain road.

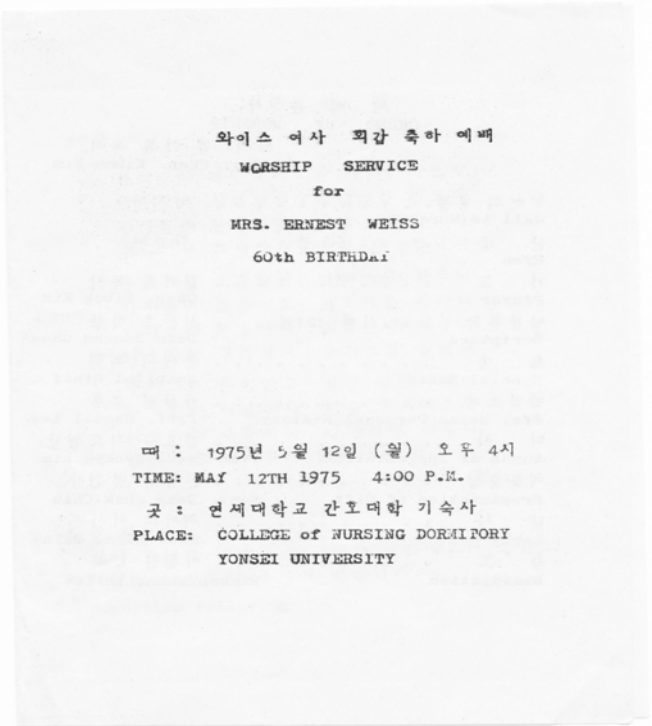
The Weiss cabin at Taechon Beach.

Hilda, Beatrice and Ann Steensma with Korean friends, c. 1962.

Operating room table given to Severance by Ernest's medical school classmates, 1962.

Ernest and Hilda are at the shipyard docks in Beaumont, Texas, in September, 1967, ready to board the SS *Frederick Lykes* to Korea. In the background are Betty's father-in-law, Fletcher Richardson, and Ernest's nephew, Clarence Moeller.

Ernest's *Whan Kap* celebration, 1968.



와이스 여사 회갑 축하 예배
WORSHIP SERVICE
for
MRS. ERNEST WEISS
60th BIRTHDAY

때 : 1975년 5월 12일 (월) 오후 4시
TIME: MAY 12TH 1975 4:00 P.M.
곳 : 연세대학교 간호대학 기숙사
PLACE: COLLEGE of NURSING DORMITORY
YONSEI UNIVERSITY

Program for Hilda's *Whan Kap* celebration, 1975

Severance - Eighth U.S. Army Memorial Chest Hospital
Dedication Ceremony, 1330 hours, 5 June 1962

President YUN, Dr. WEISS, Ladies and Gentlemen:

ON 23 APRIL 1955, ONLY A FEW YARDS DISTANT FROM THIS SPOT, GENERAL LYMAN L. LEMNITZER, THEN COMMANDING THE EIGHTH UNITED STATES ARMY, SYMBOLICALLY BROKE GROUND FOR A MEMORIAL CHEST HOSPITAL TO BE SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE MEN OF THE EIGHTH U. S. ARMY WHO HAD SHED THEIR BLOOD ON KOREAN SOIL FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

TODAY IT IS MY PLEASURE AND PRIVILEGE AS EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER, TO SEE THE EIGHTH ARMY MEMORIAL CHEST HOSPITAL COMPLETED AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE YONSEI UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COMPLEX. WITH ITS COMPLETION, KOREAN FACILITIES FOR THE RESEARCH, TREATMENT AND CARE OF CHEST DISEASES ARE GREATLY EXPANDED. FURTHER, AS AN ADJUNCT TO ITS OPERATION, THE CHEST HOSPITAL AND THE ENTIRE COMPLEX WILL SERVE AS A FOCAL POINT FOR THE TRAINING OF KOREAN SURGEONS AND NURSES IN THE TECHNIQUES OF DIAGNOSIS, SURGERY, AND CARE.

THE ROAD LEADING TO TODAY'S CEREMONY HAS NOT BEEN AN EASY ONE. CHANGES IN PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS, INCREASED COSTS OF MATERIALS AND LABOR, CHANGES IN THE RATES OF EXCHANGE, NON-ARRIVAL OF EXPECTED FUNDS AND OTHER ASSISTANCE -- THESE AND OTHER STUMBLING BLOCKS DELAYED COMPLETION OF THIS CENTER. FOR AWHILE IT EVEN APPEARED THAT THE ENTIRE PROJECT MIGHT BE CANCELED. BUT TODAY - THROUGH THE MUTUAL EFFORT OF MANY WE SEE THE COMPLETION OF THIS MOST WORTHY ACTIVITY.

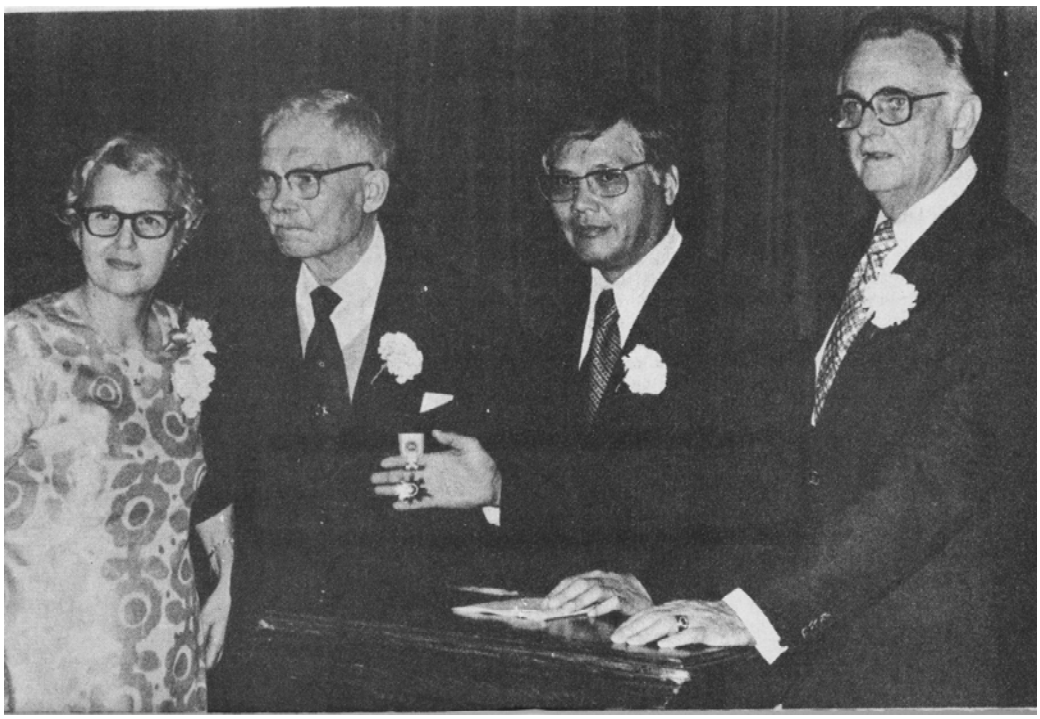
THE EIGHTH ARMY'S SHARE IN THIS JOINT ENDEAVOR WAS MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH THE ARMED FORCES ASSISTANCE TO KOREA PROGRAM. UNDER THE AFAK PROGRAM, WE WERE ABLE TO PROVIDE A SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT OF CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS AND OF OTHER ITEMS NOT READILY AVAILABLE IN KOREA; IN SOME INSTANCES WE WERE ABLE TO PROVIDE OCEAN AND LAND TRANSPORTATION OF MATERIALS; IN OTHERS, WE PROVIDED HEAVY EQUIPMENT -- ROAD ROLLERS,

First page of speech given by General Meloy at the dedication of US Eighth Army Memorial Chest Unit, Severance Hospital, Yonsei University Medical Center, 1962.

Surgical Department at Severance Hospital, Yonsei Medical Center, 1970. Dr. Weiss is in the front row, in a dark suit. Dr. Roberta Rice is in a white lab coat two spaces to the left of Dr. Weiss.

Hilda's colleagues in the lab at Severance, 1974.

Severance Hospital, Yonsei University Medical Center, 1970's. Wintertime scene.



Seogryu Medal presented to Ernest by Indu Kim, Korean consul general, November 4, 1975, in Georgetown, Texas. At the far right is the president of Southwestern University, Dr. Durwood Fleming

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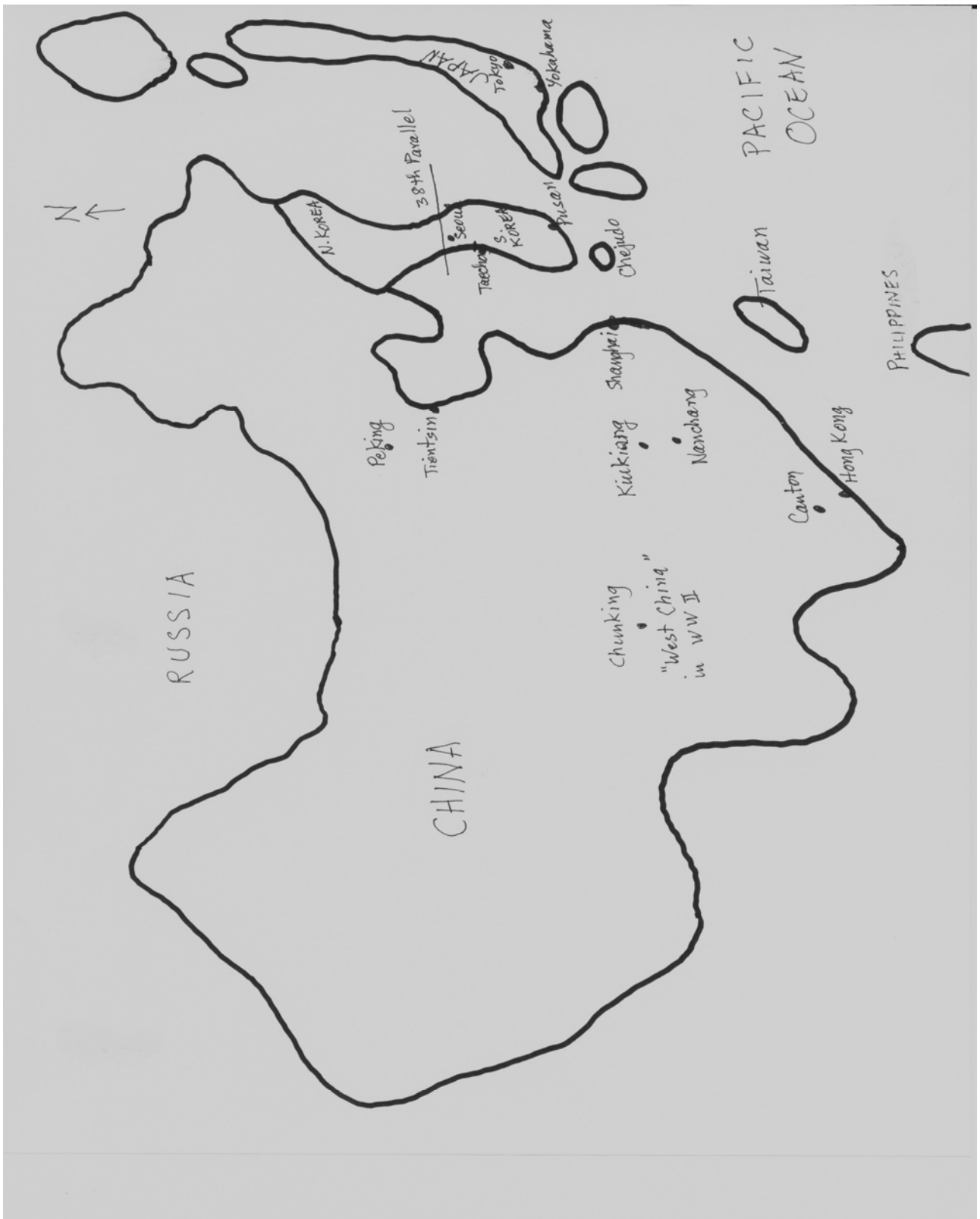
Hilda Elizabeth Seiter Weiss-Andrus at age 93, with great-grandchildren Katy and Chase Wunrow, May, 2008



Place locations in this book

PART THREE: KOREA 1955 – 1964

1955

[The first several pages of the Korea story are missing. The missing pages included information beginning from October, 1955, describing Hilda's first impressions of war-torn Korea and the experiences of the first awful winter. From my personal recollection, there was devastation and destruction everywhere. Everyone and everything looked drab and shabby. There were many piles of rubble from bombed out buildings. Local meat and produce was of poor quality and of little variety and very expensive. Consumer goods were in short supply or non-existent. Hilda and Ernest and the girls arrived at Inchon on October 12, Columbus Day. They had crossed the Pacific on the **SS *Jean Lafitte***, a tramp freighter. Ernest went right to work at Severance Union Medical College and Hospital (mission hospital in Seoul) with very little language training. That was because the medical situation was so desperate and all the Korean doctors supposedly had some English language training. He had also been there for medical work from 1954 – 1955. Hilda's main responsibility the first year was language study. Betty and Beatrice were enrolled immediately in the Seoul Foreign School, being held in a one-room schoolhouse for the few children of missionaries or diplomatic corps people or business people there at the time. Hilda remembered that when they landed at Inchon, the Methodist missionaries greeting them seemed more interested in the bananas they had brought from Taiwan than in them. That was because tropical fruits were almost unobtainable at that time in Korea and incredibly expensive.]

1956

[Summer vacation, Taechon Beach, on western coast of South Korea] Can you think of anything more interesting to do than study Korean at a beach where everyone else is swimming, playing tennis, etc? Well, it was cool and I could be with the family and actually get some swimming in and some social life. After unpacking our things and food, the teacher arrived. The mornings were spent in language study and the rest of the day in chores, catching up on correspondence and on homework. Erne had to go back and forth to Seoul. The trip to the beach from Seoul was anything but interesting. The roads were either gravel or scrub board dirt, with lots of deep ruts and chuckholes. A trip of seventy miles took us almost eight hours in a Jeep, with a stop for a picnic lunch. When we came to a sudden stop we were covered in a cloud of dust. If someone passed you or met you, you had to quickly roll up the windows in order to avoid the dust. You certainly did not stay behind any cars. Usually you had one or two tire blowouts. So when Erne made the trip to Seoul and back, he came dreadfully tired and dirty.

In the summer, at the beach, it was good for us to be with many other missionaries of different denominations. Our children got to mingle with other children. Among the missionaries were some very good swimmers. They gave of their time to teach all the children how to swim. Other folks helped with the programs, still others with the hygiene of the beach, others with law and order, others with Bible teaching, shell classes, and star gazing. Betty spent a lot of time collecting shells and won a prize.

We heard that the slate for our hospital roof [Severance Hospital in Seoul] came from the slate mountain near the beach. We thought it would be interesting to go to a slate mine and see how they did it in Korea. We left the children with friends and Erne and I and our teacher and the driver started out on a twelve-mile trip. It took us two hours. We had to cross a rocky river in four places. There were no bridges. The roads were just plain stone rocks. As we neared the slate mountain we thought we were outside of civilization except for a temple in the distance and a little village. Then we got to the top of the mountain and the scenery was gorgeous. The road looked impassable. On we went. All of a sudden there was the slate mountain. We watched the miners pick or dig out the slate with picks and move it down the mountain side, where they had a more level place to cut the slate with machinery. How they ever got the machinery there is a marvel.

The next day we headed for Seoul. It rained. It was a relief as there was no dust on the roads. Awaiting us in Seoul was our Montgomery Ward order. That was a red-letter day in any language. Our washing machine had arrived! [Laundry had been done by hand up until then.] Now all we needed was water and electricity.

There had been a hurricane [typhoon]. As usual Seoul got the tail end of it. But that was nothing compared to what came on the night of September 12, 1956. While we were all snoring away upstairs we were thoroughly robbed. Usually, because of rampant thievery, we took our valuables upstairs at night (typewriter, camera, etc.). This time we were tired and forgot. Of course that was the night we got hit. We called the police. For a whole day we had police crawling around the place. We served them tea and cookies. Some of them even stayed the night. The robbers had cut a windowpane right under our bedroom window, and we did not hear a sound. [The Sagikdong missionary compound where their house was located was surrounded by a wall topped by broken glass. There were also guard dogs and a locked gatehouse. Many other Korean houses had the same protection. It was because thievery was so bad. On the other hand, one never had to worry about personal safety. Murders and rapes were unheard of.]

Within forty-eight hours some of the stuff had been located. We found out that there had been three men involved. We really could not get too angry. The economic situation was so bad that some people could only make a living

through thievery. Nevertheless it made us feel peculiar. The robbery had been well planned. Earlier in the summer we had had some men digging a well and laying pipe. They had had ample time to look over the place. They knew where everything was, but they overlooked one thing. They forgot how early Erne got up in the morning. They knew that our guard dogs were by the gate. They had drugged them, come in by way of the garden, cut a hole in the fence, and then the window. They took two clocks, typewriter, Soundscriber [dictating machine], tape recorder, cameras and equipment, phonograph records, and a lot of little things. When Erne got up in the morning to sit in his favorite chair he noticed things strewn around the living room. In his mind he was scolding someone for not picking things up. Then he realized what had happened. He called the police right away. He found the pane of glass outside the window with good fingerprints, and a ladder at the garden wall. Within a week most of our things were returned. The police told us that our things had changed hands again and again and had even been found in other cities. Things gradually got back to normal. About this same time we had a big United Nations nurses meeting. Living in the capital city gave us unlimited opportunities to rub shoulders with folks from all over the world.

There were many pleasant things that happened, including some lovely weddings. Sam Moffat, whom we had met briefly in China, married Eileen, a lovely lady. Sam's first wife had died. Erne created a stir by kissing the bride. Through the years Sam and Eileen were very fine friends to us, especially during Ernest's illness in 1974.

Margaret Moore, one of our missionary wives, was quite a violinist. Our husbands got along great. About once a week we got together to have some music. Through the years we played for church services and weddings and for our own amusement. Margaret's mother and father had been missionaries. At one time her father had been a doctor at Severance Hospital.

Already there were plans for us to move the hospital and our home to the Chosen Christian University campus or CCU [It later became Yonsei University. CCU was out on the edge of Seoul, whereas the "old" Severance Hospital was downtown, directly across from the old railroad station. The old Severance had been damaged during the Korean War, was too small, and was outdated. Our house on Sagikdong Mountain was too far from both the current hospital and the proposed site to be convenient.] So we had been looking at sites. It was now a year since we had come to Korea and we were getting used to it. The roads were still impassable at times. The Seoul Foreign School had been moved near CCU. When there was a PTA meeting we had to drive there. Almost every time our Jeep would get stuck. It reminded me of the days when I was a child, and of the terrible mud roads back then. So we always carried boots, gunnysacks, picks, shovels, chains, etc.

Since we were in the capital city, we got to hear some of the outstanding choirs and groups of folks who visited Korea. The Westminister Choir [from London, England] performed at Ewha University, since it was the largest auditorium. [Ewha, a Christian women's university, was founded by missionaries. It was the largest women's university in the world.] It sure was marvelous. The US Eighth Army choir was also very good, but they lacked women. They asked for some volunteers from the Seoul Union Church [English-speaking church], and so a group of us went for practice. Near Christmas we went to the front lines [US Army, near the 38th parallel] to present "Messiah."

One day I had to go to the eye doctor. While I was waiting I was studying Korean and trying to write some sentences. An elderly lady with her grandchild on her back came near and kept looking over my shoulder. She spied a mistake. She picked up my pencil and corrected the mistake. At first I was a little taken aback. Then I realized they all wanted us to talk and write proper Korean.

Some packages came from home. My sister remembered that I liked butterscotch pudding. We sure had a nice butterscotch pie for Sunday dinner. Our Sears order came through with rat traps, mouse traps, good light bulbs and a large supply of Kotex. After one year we finally got a telephone.

On November 20, 1956, Rev. Chris Jensen [Methodist missionary born in Denmark] passed away. During the Communist invasion he had been caught by the Communists and was a civilian prisoner of war for three years. In early November he had been preaching along the front lines, caught a bad cold, and was not quite over it. He had a heart attack and was doing OK. But he got up and about too soon. He felt like he just had to go to the US embassy on some advisory capacity. On the way home from the embassy he died. Korea lost a great friend.

In a letter from Mom and Dad they said that they had sold all their cows. [They retired from farming.] That told me something.

At last we got to go on the big Eighth Army bus to the 24th Division and present the "Messiah." We also sang over the radio and then went to three other places. It was so cold.

We had a real surprise about the middle of December. We got word that the crew from the ***Jean Lafitte*** were sailing into Inchon and coming to be with us. Actually only Captain Borden came, with one other man. The rest of the crew had to stay put and we would have to visit there. It was a great reunion. We were able to get the whole group together who came with us on the boat except Miss Cooper, who was on a world tour.

Mother and Dad wanted to call us at Christmas, but we discouraged them. Trans-oceanic calls took hours to get through. Not only that, we would have to

go downtown to the telephone main office to receive the call. They called anyway. That helped a little with the homesickness.

Surprise! I got a call to accompany some orphans to the States on December 31. [During those days missionary women could get a free round trip flight to the States, with a two week stay, if they accompanied about four orphan babies to the US for adoption. It was a killer of a trip, but allowed for some contact with families.] I wrote letters about the proposed trip to all our supporting churches and family members. Guess what? The trip was cancelled. I was really disappointed.

Our Christmas in 1956 was interesting to say the least. After we got the phone call from home (Ohio) we went to our house and got ready for some GI's [to come for the holiday]. We had called the USO and asked if there were some men who would like to come for Christmas dinner. They sent us six. They seemed quite lonely. After a good meal and some games they livened up a bit and all had a good time. But the day did not end too well. After the GI's went back to their base Erne and I sat in the living room in front of the fireplace. Erne decided he wanted a cup of coffee or something and went to the kitchen and lit the kerosene cook stove and put on a teakettle of water. He did not check to see if the flame had gone all the way around the wick (circular wick). He came back in the living room and the sound of Christmas music and the nice warm fire put us both to sleep. Sometime later I woke up and felt something tickling my nose. I rubbed it and it was black. The room was hazy. I called Erne. As we opened the hall door the smoke came in and when we got to the kitchen all we could see was a tiny glow of light in the ceiling. What a mess. We opened up the house and got rid of the smoke. But the ceiling and walls were a mess. The day after Christmas Erne had to go to work at the hospital. The rest of us spent that day and the following days scrubbing walls and cupboards with Bon Ami. We used up several years' supply of Bon Ami. I can assure you that I blew my top. But that did not clean the walls. It never happened again.

In spite of the mess in the kitchen we managed to have a birthday party for Beatrice on December 28 [ten years old] and dinner for our Korean help and their families. On January 1, 1957, we went to call on the President of Korea, Syngman Rhee. It was the custom. We stood in line and shook his hand and his wife's hand. It was quite a celebration. We had some callers too. While one of them (Rev. Chesshire, Church of Christ missionary) was standing near the heater in the living room the ceiling plaster fell down on his hand. Since there had been so many ceilings falling in the missionary houses, the mission decided to put in plywood ceilings. That stopped the falling ceilings. The reason they fell was that a certain ingredient in the plaster mixture was expensive. The plasterers thought that they could get the same price for their work if they used a little less of the ingredient. [During those first post-war years, it seemed that many things Korean-made were shoddy and of poor quality. There were many reasons for it.]

1957

On January 7, 1957, our Christmas packages came. We could hardly keep the children quiet. They squealed with delight and put on slips and sweaters, etc., all on top of each other and dabbed on some perfume. It was a real exciting time.

More and more we were getting into Korean homes for dinners. All I can say is that once you crossed your legs and sat on the floor you needed a crane to get yourself up. [In traditional Korean homes, there were no chairs. People sat on the floor and slept on the floor at night. Heating in winter was by a system of flues under the floor, a type of radiant heating.] Your legs went to sleep. There was no way for a lady to wear a tight skirt [in style at the time]. There was only one solution and that was to wear a Korean dress [voluminous skirt].

Our Christmas packages from Ohio had all been packed in the weekly funny papers. Our kids read them, the neighbors read them, and then they went to school, etc., until the color was read off them.

We were always running into friends of friends and relatives of friends. One day Miss Sanger turned up. She was the niece of the Wamplers whom we knew in China. She was working in the US Army library. We saw her quite often after that.

One weekend we let some of the missionary children stay for an overnight. As a special treat we let them sleep on the sofa bed in the living room, where it was nice and warm. They chattered until 11:00 PM, when we asked them to quiet down. At midnight they were raiding the refrigerator and at 3:00 AM they were parading to the bathroom. Goodness me, was I like that?

I had begun to get quite a bit out of the Sunday sermons when I went to Korean church. But then again I did not get a tenth of it. I complained to my teacher and he just smiled and said, “Rome was not built in a day.” In the next breath he said to study hard.

We really enjoyed having some of the GI’s come back to see us on their own. One of them, named Leakey, was from Indiana.

Betty was real thrilled. She won a $25.00 war bond from the US Army for writing an essay on “What America means to me.” Unfortunately she was ill on the day the award was presented.

For some time after we got here we were allowed to get our letters <u>and</u> our packages through APO mail [US Army Post Office]. Then it was changed to letters only. Well we got caught in the middle. Our whole Christmas order that we ordered from Sears was sent to our APO number. It was returned to Sears.

We would get it eventually. [It was safer and quicker to get parcels through APO mail. When parcels came through international mail, they tended to get damaged or have things missing, and there was a heavy customs duty to pay.]

Hepatitis was the scourge of Korea and of the missionaries. It was picked up by eating uncooked foods or foods that were grown with infected night soil and improperly washed, or by needles that were not sterilized. Boiling the needles was not enough. There was a strong strain of hepatitis in Korea and missionaries had no immunity to it. Missionaries liked to be polite in Korean homes and liked to eat the foods placed before them. Strawberries and kimchi [the national dish of fermented cabbage] were the worst offenders. Usually when you came down with hepatitis it meant a rest of three months. Several of our missionaries became very ill with it.

I must admit that I was very discouraged about the language. It seemed as if I was getting nowhere. I really wanted to see Mom and Dad. I supposed that, slowly but surely, the language would come. I had worked over a year on it. [The Korean alphabet was phonetic and easy to learn. The language itself (vocabulary and grammar) was extremely difficult].

The Jensen family had been able to make a lot of contacts with Korean officials. After Chris Jensen passed away, Mrs. Maude Jensen kept up those contacts. One evening she had us for dinner along with the Minister of Defense and his wife. The father of the Minister of Defense was the first Methodist bishop of Korea. That evening they told us about the times when Korea had been a Japanese colony [1910 – 1946]. Just think, during that time anyone caught talking Korean in school was in danger of his or her life! When the Japanese needed some men they would just grab men off the streets and from their homes at night. Men would hide in their attics for days at a time.

Our home was used for a rest and recuperation place for Methodist missionaries who lived out of town and were in Seoul for hospitalization. We loved having them because it gave us a chance to get better acquainted. One of those who had to recuperate with us for a while after being hospitalized was Marjorie Schowengerdt.

After medical school exams were over I had to help grade papers for Ernest. He taught surgery in the medical school. Also it was time to get out our newsletter for 1500 folks [the newsletter was sent to relatives and friends who supported their missionary work. Everything connected with the newsletter was manual labor. A mimeograph machine was used to duplicate the letter]. That was a job. Did you know that about one-third of the American population moves every three to four years? To keep the address list up to date was not easy. That fell in my lap, plus the newsletter itself. We tried to do this four times a year.

Dr. Weiss was already doing a lot of surgery. He had been doing a lot of harelips. They were quite common in Korea. There were also a lot of burn cases from the war years [Korean War] that needed plastic surgery. The harelip operations were done in stages. One day, I asked Dr. Weiss why he did not send the children home in between stages. He said that they would be so undernourished by the time they came back that the hospital staff would have to build them up all over again. It was not cost-effective and took a lot more time.

It was very difficult to get good meat in Korea at that time. You either chewed and chewed and chewed, and then gave up, or used a pressure cooker to cook everything. There was no way to get tender chicken or beef. So we decided to raise rabbits. The local rabbits were long and thin and all ears. We crossed them with Himalayans and had some good tender meat. We kept three females for breeding purposes. One of them was a very tidy housekeeper. After she ate her food and drank her milk she put the empty pans inside of each other. One of the other rabbits was just the opposite and had a nasty temper. Two minutes after she got her bean mash she would upset it. If you didn't act the way she thought you should, she threw her things all over the cage. The third rabbit acted as if she was ignoring you and as if she was not hungry. The minute you turned your back she gobbled up her food. The male that we had was a huge fellow and weighed about ten pounds. Even the cat was afraid of him.

You may have heard of Japanese cherry blossoms. Well, the Japanese did one good thing. They brought cherry trees to Korea and planted them at the palaces, Secret Garden, etc. I had our language teacher, Mr. Yu, check to see when the trees would be in full blossom. That day the children and myself and Mr. Yu and his wife took off for the palaces and the presidential grounds with a picnic lunch. My, but the trees were exquisite.

We found out that there were about 20,000 Chinese in Korea. They asked for our help when they heard that we had been in China. Through the years we spent many hours with our Chinese friends. In fact Ernest became moderator of the Chinese church for two years. That meant a lot of meetings.

We inherited a cat, a cat without a tail. It was a Manx cat. She was really beautiful. She had a character all of her own. At the same time every night she scratched on the door and went out for a stroll. At about the same time later in the night she howled to come back in. One time I got mad at her and gave her a bang. She jumped up on the table where there was a jigsaw puzzle, a big one. With her stub tail and front paws, she swept the pieces off the table and then jumped up on the fireplace mantle. With her fur standing on end and her eyes sparkling with anger she as much as said, "Hit me again!"

One of the Korean dishes that Americans liked was Chop Cheh. It took forever to make, but it was good. We served it a lot. You had to chop up beef and pork

into fine pieces and sear them, and then do the same with onions, carrots, spinach and cooked “nylon” noodles. Just any kind of noodles would not do.

Living in the capital city had its good points. We got to see some very important people. On May 5, 1957, E. Stanley Jones [world-famous evangelist] spoke at a number of places. We heard him twice.

There comes a time when you have to house clean. We did it from top to bottom, all except Erne’s study. Now if any of you knew Erne real well you knew that there came a time when you could not get around in the study, much less find anything. Today’s things went on yesterday’s pile until it all fell over. I warned Erne that the house had been cleaned and his study was next. I asked for cooperation. When that failed I conspired with the secretary and the rest of the family. We moved everything out in the hall, waxed the floor, and washed the windows, etc. It was up to him to have everything moved back in. In that way I was allowed to do the filing and put the books on the bookshelf in proper order. That tactic worked for a year.

On May 25, 1957, we had two engineers for supper, Mr. Clark and Mr. Hastings. They would be spending a lot of time drawing up the plans for the new medical center and our new home. Later Mr. Strauss joined them.

Tragedy strikes now and then. I had taken Betty to a movie and had just gotten home when someone came to get Erne. They needed a doctor who could speak Chinese. We found that Wellington Tang had been in an accident. He was in the eighth grade at the Seoul Foreign School, an outstanding student. He and some other Boy Scouts had gone on a camping trip alone against the advice of their scout masters. During the evening, while some of the boys were doing camping duties, young Tang slipped away and climbed one of the high tension electric towers which were strung all over the mountains there near our home, carrying 3300 volts. The guess was that he slipped or missed his step and grabbed one of the wires. Of course he was killed instantly. His father was the Chinese [Taiwanese] ambassador, whom we knew real well. Wellington had been very fond of Erne and had planned to be a doctor. His brother Victor was a classmate of Betty’s. In the States high voltage electrical towers were usually surrounded by big fences with signs saying “KEEP OUT.” Here in Korea they were just free-standing on the mountains, with scattered signs in Korean, English and Chinese saying “danger.” Wellington was outstanding in Math. His father, in memory of Wellington, gave a silver trophy cup to the Seoul Foreign School. Each year the eighth grade student with the highest math grad had his or her name engraved on the cup. Two years later our youngest daughter’s name (Beatrice) was on that cup.

We got word that my cousin Warren Halt [one of Norma Seiter’s sister’s three sons] would be arriving with the Air Force Band. The band would be playing at Ewha. Beatrice and I went to the airport and were able to get Warren released to

go back to our house for lunch, as long as we could get him back to Ewha by 1:30 PM. In spite of the car breaking down and the telephone being out of order, we made it. After the concert we had a little time to talk, and then, back to the airport.

Sample medicines! I could write a chapter on that. We received boxes and boxes of sample medicines. It was up to me to unpack them, sort them, put like drugs in larger bottles, and then put them all in one huge cupboard. In the end they were very useful, but it took a lot of work and time and careful labeling.

I now started to work at the hospital three mornings a week.

Plans for our new house on the Yonsei campus were under way. The plans included space for Erne to be able to see missionary patients at the house.

Up until July 6, 1957, it had been a dry summer. Then it began to pour. The road up the mountain to our house almost washed out. It was a necessity during the rainy season to carry a pick, shovel, burlap sack, etc., in the Jeep, in case you had to repair the road or dig yourself out. During the downpours we were often left without electricity. We had to use the Coleman lantern. That meant we all had to work around one lamp or carry our own kerosene lamp.

The language was coming along now. I could understand parts of sermons. On the morning of July 7 during the announcements the minister made a plea for money to install a toilet in the church. There was not quite enough money collected. At the last minute someone had their child baptized and gave a gift to the church, enough to pay for the toilet.

Besides hepatitis being a scourge, we also had a lot of typhoid. Our neighbor's boy Brian Riggs had a light case of it. One of our missionary nurses died of it. It was rampant among the Koreans.

We had some new K-3's, that is, young missionaries who came out to Korea on a contract basis for three years. Oftentimes they came out for a lifetime after that. Bob Quinlan was one of those. He had a place to sleep but he needed to have his meals somewhere. He took his meals with us. We found it an enjoyable experience. Bob became our mission treasurer for a while.

We were delighted to get a call from the USO from some fellows from Kane, Pennsylvania. They were good friends of the Clelands and other folks there in the church. They were not young fellows but a bit older since they were in the USO service. We were always glad to see them come.

Dr. Firor from Johns Hopkins University Medical School came to be with us. Many of the top men who were interested in mssions gave of their time and expertise to mission hospitals. He was one of them and fit in so well.

My work in the lab was very interesting. In the States my teachers and co-workers were mostly women. In Korea they were all young boys just graduated from high school. I can truly say that they were easy to work with, and worked very hard. They did their very best with the antiquated equipment that we had. You can imagine with water sometimes on and sometimes off, what that does to a lab. You can, or really can't, imagine what happened when the electrical current went on and off or up and down. We had to do a lot of things without electricity.

While all of our guests were coming and going, the flu bug hit the nation. One by one we all had it, plus the rain, and plus a typhoon. One day a typhoon took tiles off the roof right above the pantry and our storeroom upstairs. Relief packages came too and they were soaked. What a mess in that heat!

In spite of the rain, etc., we did some entertaining of US Army folks who were connected with the building of the new hospital. [The Eighth Army was supporting the building of the Chest Unit.] We invited some of our missionaries plus some of the top US Army brass for dinner. The Riggs [next door neighbors] were our co-hosts. General Decker and his wife were the special guests. The day before this affair, I was overseeing the cleaning of the house, the menu, etc. I had washed my hair and was drying it when I heard the noise of umpteen motorbikes coming into our yard. I was there alone. I finally went to the door and found that General Decker's aides had made a practice run to see exactly how much time it would take to get to our home. The night of the dinner it took ten military aides to get five folks to our home. Our yard looked like a military unit. While we had dinner, Betty served sandwiches to the aides outside. (They supposedly had already had their suppers.) Thelma Maw, a physical therapist, was one of our missionary guests. She not only was a good storyteller but a hard working missionary. She kept us spellbound with her stories of missionary life during the Korean War. We found General and Mrs. Decker to be lovely guests. Our paths crossed many times after that. One of the officers was so nervous about the whole evening that he stuffed one of my good napkins in his pocket. The next morning fairly early he roared up our hill in a Jeep and delivered the napkin.

One evening we received a call from Bob Combs, brother of Troy Combs. (Troy Combs' family in the States had taken in James Yu, our language teacher's brother.) Bob visited us many times and we loved to have him.

I had to play the piano for Seoul Union Church a number of times. So I did keep busy. And now it was time for a little vacation. We would have ten whole days. I really needed mental rest from speaking and studying Korean, entertaining and running a house. We stayed at the lodge at Taechon Beach and did nothing but eat and sleep and swim for ten days. The kids really enjoyed that. While there we invested in a tiny plot of land with hopes that we would build a cabin in spring

of 1958. Already Erne was planting pine trees on the property and making plans for a cabin.
Wherever you have a group of missionaries together there is activity. Most of them are workaholics. At the beach we had concerts, swimming lessons, tennis, volleyball, shell craft, Bible classes, library (everyone shared their books), prayer meetings and wonderful Sunday services, just like in a small city. There was a small "home owners" association at the beach. Committees were elected. The committees prepared things for the summer. Non-perishable food was bought during the winter and transported by train at the opening of the season. Doctors and nurses saw to it that there were adequate medical personnel there all summer. We had a central laundry and bakery. We had a lodge for those who did not have a cabin. It took a lot of planning. No smoking or drinking, adequate garbage disposal, proper plumbing. Everyone worked hard to have a meaningful vacation.

After getting back to Seoul I took the cat outside for a bit after breakfast. I did not know that the guard dog was outside too and neither did the cat. First thing I knew two zinnia plants, two carnation plants, marigold plants, a gladiola bulb, cat and dog fur went flying in the air. The last thing I saw was the cat running up a morning glory vine.

In spite of all the rain, there was a terrible fire behind Severance Hospital. There were hundreds of small huts destroyed. If one house went up in smoke they all went. We rushed down right away with relief clothing.

School days - this fall the children went to the CCU campus [Yonsei] for school, which was a long hard drive. [Seoul Foreign School had been in downtown Seoul the first couple of years after the Korean War, and Betty and Beatrice had walked to school. The school sold the downtown property and built a new school next door to the CCU campus. For one year, during the time the new school was being built, they rented four rooms from CCU.] Beatrice got home at 3:30 and Betty at 4:30. They each practiced the piano before going to school, one before breakfast and one after. Then mom and dad started off to the hospital.

One evening we were guests of General and Mrs. Decker. Among their guests were General and Mrs. Matthews and about ten other generals. There were some other missionaries there too. It was a beautiful evening. They were so friendly and loved to be with non-army folks now and then.

I was asked to help out the Seoul Medical School in the nursing department. Since the war they had had to get nurses wherever they could find them. Each nurse did the things as she had been trained in her home hospital. It was up to someone to get them together and set up procedures that would be the same for each floor, plus special procedures for the special departments. I was able to get the head nurses together and demonstrate as well as write out the procedures so that they all did them alike. They in turn taught the nurses on their floors. Then

the hospital was fairly easy to run. You cannot begin to know the frustration that went on there until they got things organized.
Dr. and Mrs. Charles Sauer went on furlough and settled in Delaware, Ohio, for a year. It was nice to know that they would see mother and dad and let them know that we were OK. [Dr. Sauer was a reverend, not a medical doctor. The Sauers were almost ready to retire by then. They were old Korea "hands" and Methodist missionaries.]

Not only do children of missionaries become missionaries but brothers and sisters often do the same. Our Seoul Union Church choir director was Mrs. Richard Underwood. Her husband was principal of the Seoul Foreign School. His father and mother were the famous Underwood family who got the Presbyterian mission in Korea on its way. The father was a member of the Underwood typewriter family. One of the typewriter Underwoods had stayed at home in the US to help support the father and mother of Richard on the mission field. A brother to Richard (Horace) served as interpreter during the Panmunjom peace talks at the end of the Korean War. Another brother (John) was currently a missionary in Korea. A son of Horace (Horace, Jr) was in school with Betty. Mrs. Horace Underwood was a fine teacher in the Seoul Foreign School.

Betty and Beatrice were changing. Betty was always neat looking and took an interest in cooking and baking and plodded along at her music. Beatrice was developing into a young lady and sometimes washed her neck without me telling her to.

It had been two years now since we arrived in the country called "Land of the Morning Calm." I must say that as a forty-two old woman going through those hard years, it was not advisable to simultaneously study Korean, work at the hospital, entertain, run a house, be constantly on display, etc. Thank God those days were over.

For some time I was on the Methodist relief committee. We had bales of clothing to sort out in our guestroom. There were times when we thought that some of the folks coming to our door were not really poor. Now and then I would investigate a case. One day a partially blind man came to the door and told me that one of the other missionaries had sent him. I found out that he was an elder in the church and lived about twenty kilometers away in a small village composed of about seventy homes. None of the folks were well to do according to Korean standards. He worked in the community. They had about thirty members in the church. They helped him build a small mud plaster church. Both he and his wife were TB suspects and the oldest child had TB of the spine. Once a week a seminary student went out there to preach. Well, we loaded up the Jeep and took out some clothing to the families. We arranged for them to get into a free clinic for regular checkups.

Since we had had such a cold winter the previous winter and had such a high fuel bill, Erne decided it would be good to insulate the attic. Well, what do you think we used? First the attic was lined with paper, then covered with tar and then covered with rice hulls and lime. It helped a great deal.

The relief committee was helping a lot of people. But the furniture committee for the missionaries was something else. Just like anywhere some folks were very careful of their furniture and others were not. We finally decided that furniture was moved with the missionary and did not stay with the house.

A routine day here had to be well planned. I studied with the teacher for a while at home, then went to the hospital to the lab, then came home for lunch. Erne and I tried to come home together, and then I went to language school for a while, then to the city hospital to teach a little nursing, and then choir practice in the evening. In between times we wrote letters, etc. There was just one typewriter in the house and we had to draw straws to use it, as Betty was taking typing in school. One evening was the pits. The telephone was ringing, the neighbor kids were practicing on our piano, Betty was pounding on the typewriter and the neighbors were blowing the horn of their car for me to come and go with them to choir. All we needed was someone to thump a base drum.

The young folks in the Seoul Union Church had youth fellowship now and then. We parents took turns feeding them supper. Can you imagine taking drinks and supper to the place where they met, plus the plates and silverware. We had no paper cups or disposable tableware.

In Seoul there was a building called “Korea House.” It was more or less built like a nice Korean home. It was used a great deal for tourists who came through and also for the GI’s. There was one big room where folks sat on the floor. There were regular programs put on by the Koreans such as the fan dance, drum dance, etc. It was very well done. They asked different Americans to come as well as English speaking Koreans to come and be the hosts and bring along some cookies, etc., to eat. This kind of thing was very good to reduce culture shock. In this way visitors could talk with the nationals. They got a better understanding of the country they were in.

We ordered some canned goods and staple supplies from the States by freight. The duty was only 100%! That meant we would be forced to buy on the local economy. We knew that so much of that was black market. [There was a lot of illegal black market trading of American consumer goods by GI’s stationed in Korea.]

One night we had a real good meal. Sweet potatoes were plentiful in Korea. We had potatoes, tough steak, winter spinach, raw vegetables from our own garden, and baked apples.

The official currency exchange rate was a problem. We were thinking that if we could not get a good exchange rate without using the black market, we would have to stop construction on the new Severance Hospital. We refused to use up the money which our American friends sacrificially gave, which was getting only fifty cents on the dollar. With all the pressure about the exchange rate, Erne's old ulcer acted up and started bleeding. It took two lady doctors to finally put him out of action for a few days [Dr. Roberta Rice and ?] [The work on the new Severance Hospital did almost come to a stop for about three years because of the currency exchange problem.]

When dignitaries came from the Board of Missions in New York, we would usually all be invited to Korean homes. One night Dr. Kirkland from the Board was visiting in Korea on the currency exchange problem. We, along with him and some others, were invited to the home of Dr. Helen Kim. Dr. Kim was the president of Ewha and a most outstanding person. Among others who visited were Bishop Pickett and Bishop Osham.

On Friday, November 29, 1957, I had the opportunity to go to Panmunjom with Mrs. Jensen and Mrs. Montgomery. We had to have special passes. On the way Mrs. Jensen told us a lot of interesting stories about Chris Jensen when he was a prisoner of the Communists. Once we got there we were not allowed to talk with anyone except the men who were guiding us. A US Army major first gave us a short history and geographical description, and then took us on a walking tour. We saw the little bridge that divided North and South Korea. We saw the little village or group of houses where the American GI's stayed that did not want to come home after the Korean War. We saw the building in which the cease fire was signed and we saw the bridge where the Communist soldiers left their American shoes and clothing when they were exchanged as prisoners. We also saw the rooms where the officials from the two sides had their meetings. There was a one hundred-square yard area in the form of a circle. This circle was more or less a meeting ground; one half was UN and the other half was Communist. Likewise one half of the building was UN and the other half was Communist. Even the table had to be right in the very center. One day the cleaners had moved it while cleaning and got it off balance a bit. The next day the Communists refused to meet. In the UN camp they had a certain number of Communist guards and likewise in the Communist camp they had the same number of UN guards. We saw no evidence of anything going on but we could hear the Communists drilling.

That night I got home late to find a sick husband. He had the flu. The next day Beatrice had it and she later developed pneumonia. I put them both in the same room. On December 3 Erne insisted on getting up and shaving himself. A drain from the sink was stopped up. When he was prying open a can of Drano [to unstop the drain], the lid flew open and some Drano [almost pure lye] landed in his eye. You can imagine his pain. I washed and washed his eye with boric acid solution and had our secretary reach a US Army doctor. He in turn reached Col.

Bornstein, who came to the house in his military car and took Erne off to the military hospital. I had given Erne a heavy sedative and helped him dress. The first impression was that the cornea was not damaged, but that the surface of the eyeball and eyelid were so damaged that they might grow together. He had to be in a hospital where he could have constant attention. The military hospital was at ASCOM, about forty minutes from our house. Beatrice got better but then the cook got sick with the flu. I was able to see Ernest the following Friday and then I got the flu. Ernest was told that he would not lose his sight. But he was not to use his eye and certainly not to do surgery for four weeks. Our mission suggested that we go to Hong Kong for a vacation, where we would not be bothered.

In the midst of all the trouble, the President of Korea announced that there would be a mission dollar exchange [appropriate currency exchange]. That meant that the building program which had been put on hold could go ahead again.

As soon as Erne was released from the military hospital we took off for Hong Kong. That day the temperature was 0 degrees F in Seoul. When we landed in Hong Kong it was 67 F. We stayed at the European YMCA. No sooner had we landed than we had a visit with Bishop and Mrs. Ward and Olive and Sid Anderson [Methodist friends and colleagues from China days]. We had Christmas dinner with the Andersons and met so many new friends.

We went to church on Sunday morning and ran into friends we had been interned with in Shanghai. Mr. and Mrs. Ho looked us up and invited us to their daughter's wedding. They were related to the Pastor Wang we had known in Nanchang. They gave us some information on what was going on back there. We visited the New Territories and then on to the refugee area where folks were coming across the border to find housing. The city of Hong Kong was already overcrowded. The government built houses for some 300,000 folks, at the rate of six persons to a room. The rent was $14.00 Hong Kong per month. That was very cheap but it was one way to get these folks on their feet. The "White" Russians also flowed in. They stayed until they could immigrate to Australia or South America.

We went to see the Christian mission to the Buddhists. We had visited there in 1951. These were Buddhists who had become Christian. They worked their way through school by painting chinaware. We also went to the border as close as visitors could. We saw the sentry posts from both sides. We saw the train station where we came through in 1951. We were glad to be on the Hong Kong side. We did some shopping for the hospital and for the mission back home, and got our teeth and eyes checked. We also went to a floating restaurant where you could see the live fish you wanted to pick out to be cooked. We got to see Annie Wu, the daughter of Penny Pannabecker and Dr. Shao Ching Wu. Their son was already in the States. Annie had been released to Hong Kong but they would not release Dr. Wu, as he was a specialist in TB work. Penny had stayed with him.

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Erne still had a bad cough and the girls had to go back to school. So we went back to Seoul. In the meantime Betty got the flu. We three women got back on January 9, and Erne came on January 16. We had Christmas all over again.

Letters, letters, letters! There were all the routine letters. Then there were all the letters that had to be answered in response to our salary, gifts for the missions, scholarships, thank you letters, relief packages, etc. To my knowledge, I answered every one, sometimes using form letters with added notes.

Because of the new exchange rate, building really began. We were told to not only get busy with the hospital but also with our new home on the Yonsei campus. That meant looking over plans for a house suitable for Korea, as cheap as possible, big enough to do entertaining in, and at the same time livable. The house would need good equipment, like a good furnace, which could not be bought in Korea. We decided on steel frames for the windows. [There was no suitable dry wood locally because all the trees for lumber had been cut down during the Korean War or before the war by the Japanese.] The furnace had to be a combination of coal and oil. That was because sometimes you could buy one and not the other. Sometimes you couldn't get either oil or coal so there had to be a fireplace or two. Since this home would be like a motel for folks coming in from other mission stations we had to have a place to store food. There had to be locked storage for things like typewriters and tape recorders. We had to have an examining room for patients and a large drug closet, as well as a place for trunks. (On furlough missionaries did not take all their things home. We left quite a bit in Korea when we went on furlough. That way when we returned we could get right to work. So there had to be a big dry secure attic.) Then the building began. One of us had to be there on guard all the time, for example, to see that the cement was mixed properly. Erne was as fussy about the hospital and house building as he was about surgery. You can be sure that there were hassles with the contractors. You can well understand that a hospital and house should be built from the ground floor up, unit by unit. When the parts for building the hospital were sent from the States, unit five might come first and be put into a Quonset hut until unit one came. Finally when unit one came you would find that much of the stuff in unit five or in the Quonset hut had been stolen. You can be sure that living with Ernest during those years was not easy. His blood pressure went up and up. By the time the buildings were finished we were both numb.

We attended our first graduation of the medical students at Yonsei University since the Korean War. No matter what the weather, graduation was outside. It was freezing. We just put on layers of clothes.

Betty and Beatrice were growing, but Beatrice was growing like a weed, four inches in one year. She came up to my nose. I will be honest with you. When a

child grows four inches the clothes are too short on one end and other places too. So I put their clothes in the relief bags from the States and selected something else from the relief bags for Betty and Beatrice, until I could have something made or get it sent from Montgomery Ward. The material available in Seoul was not worth buying. The material faded and was very expensive.

You should have seen some of the things that came in the relief bags. Some things, like high-heeled shoes, were inappropriate and were ditched on the spot. (Korean feet are tiny and the streets here were not made for high heels.) One time a "sack" dress came through. I immediately told one of my friends about it. I told her I knew that sack dresses were out of style when they appeared in relief clothing. She sent what I said to Readers Digest as a humor item. We each got $25.00.

I was now teaching medical English to the medical students. The Christian group at the medical school was very active. They insisted on a prayer before each class began. It was very cold in the classrooms. I wore my wool socks, stadium boots, a couple of sweaters, long underwear, wool skirt and heavy coat and gloves. There was one potbellied stove in the room for about one hundred to one hundred fifty students. It was very hard for them to take notes or write exams. It was no wonder that Koreans schools had a long winter vacation and a short summer one.

Spring was almost here. It was very short. Just before Easter we had our teacher and his family, our helpers and their families and the boys that we were helping through school in for supper. There were seventeen of us altogether. Betty, Beatrice and I did the serving and washing of the dishes. Afterwards we showed the kids how to color Easter eggs. Someone had sent us some dye.

It was vacation time for me and the kids. The girls gave the sewing machine a good workout. Beatrice was making Barbie Doll clothes and was real good at it. Betty was making some clothes for herself, like PJ's, and doing well. I had been trying to teach them some cooking too. So far Beatrice could cook water and make candy. Betty could cook a whole meal, including pie and cookies from scratch. The time would come when both girls would be good seamstresses and gourmet cooks.

Beatrice was quite active and not at all reserved. On President Rhee's birthday (March), Beatrice and her best friend Mary Ed Cronk performed the Highland Fling for a group of Korean children. (Beatrice and Mary Ed had learned the Highland Fling at the beach.) They did it so often that they were asked to perform at school. Their picture was in the local English language newspaper.

I needed another dust mop. I had brought two oil dust mops along in our luggage in 1955. They should have lasted two years. We had no rugs on the floors. The floors were painted and they dusted very nicely. But the helpers

could not understand how to use the dust mop. They just rubbed and rubbed instead of dusting. So they were worn out. I ordered a new one and it was stolen out of the package [in the international mail]. I ordered a second one. It could not be sent because the mop handle was too long. You could not order a mop head separately. So I wrote to Mother to buy a couple of mops without the handle.

Betty made us real proud. She made the distinguished honor roll. That meant that with five subjects she made four A's and one B. Beatrice usually got all A's except in deportment.

Because of the recent war a lot of live ammunition was found here and there. Bob Christophoulus, one of Betty's classmates, got hold of a live torpedo. It went off in his face. He was in critical condition. He survived but suffered some brain damage.

The early part of June we decided to build a hut at the beach, a small one. Earlier in the spring the foundations were laid and the frame put up. The inside needed to be finished and other things done. So I went along with Ernest to cook, pound nails, put in screens, etc. It would be the first place that we could call our own. We had built-in bunk beds for the kids, a one-burner Primus stove, a little oven to set on top of the stove, and a pot-bellied stove to keep warm. One of the single missionaries came to stay with Betty and Beatrice while Erne and I were gone. They had a real good time. I heard that they made chocolate pie.

By this time I was beginning to do a lot of lab work at the hospital. Quite often I also did private duty nursing for some of the American patients. Florence Riggs [next door neighbor] had surgery in May 1958 and I stayed with her.

We received word that our brother-in-law Bill Flach had been very ill. He had fallen in front of a plow. The plow was hooked onto a tractor and he was dragged. How he escaped death was a miracle.

June was quite a month. One Sunday in the Korean church that we attended nineteen babies were baptized, including our teacher's baby. We hoped that the parents would also be baptized. June was time for the exams at school for the children, so we all walked around on eggs. It was also time for our ceilings to be repaired, from the poor plaster job. You can imagine all the dust we had to contend with for a few days. June was the month of commencement and of furloughs for some missionaries and farewells for others. Beatrice had become very good friends with Mary Ed Cronk. Her parents were in the US embassy. We saw them at school functions and at church. They were going on furlough and it was going to break those two girls' hearts. They left their big tom cat with us.

One day in June a GI named Bob Combs visited us. His brother had made it possible for James Yu, our teacher's brother, to go to the States. Naturally our teacher and Bob spent a lot of time together sharing information on James. Bob was a frequent visitor to our home and we enjoyed him a lot.

When people went on furlough they had to find a home for their dogs or cats for a year. When the Harpers went on furlough, they left us their beautiful small dog which was part Chin Do. The Chin Do was a beautiful, easy to train breed of watch dog from the island of Chin Do. Only the male dogs were allowed to leave the island. There were quite a few half breeds around. Well this dog and I got along very well. She minded me real well. This dog even got along with all the cats that we were boarding.

One Sunday in June we attended the Chinese church. The congregation was growing very fast. They had already raised $10,000 for their new church. Soon they would lay the foundation.

Usually the summer rains began in June. This year they did not come. We had to have barrels of water brought in from the Han River for the vegetable garden and house.

Ernest was the doctor for foreigners. He got patients from the embassies. He had the Turkish ambassador and his wife as patients. Later we were invited to their home for dinner.

The Clarks (Presbyterian missionaries) went on furlough. She was a fine pianist and he was a fine tenor soloist. Through the years we became very good friends. They both spoke Korean fluently. He wrote quite a few books and did a lot of country preaching. She was a fine Latin teacher.

Before we started our summer vacation we had to do all our canning and freezing of summer fruits and vegetables first, for the fall and winter. Thank goodness we had been able to acquire an old surplus US Army freezer. The girls were a great help in canning. I did a lot with the pressure cooker. Our cook could not understand why you always had to be near the pressure cooker. She could not understand that it might explode if the pressure went up too high. So the girls watched the pressure cooker while I was at the hospital. Then we made out our summer menus for the beach and I packed the stuff that we had to take along to eat. I would prepare the breakfasts. The girls would make the beds, Beatrice would get lunch and Betty would get supper. Guess who would do the dishes?

Finally it was time to go to the beach. Our neighbor Bob Riggs was also going to the beach on the same morning we left. He had taken his family earlier in the summer. Since he said he would like the company of our kids, they went with him, leaving at 5:00 AM. It was raining lightly. Erne and I left at 6:00 AM. Since

we had a large trailer load, we had to travel slowly. About one third of the way there we ran into several places where water was running over the road. It had rained hard. We kept going. A little farther along we were stopped by some men who said that the road ahead was dangerous. Fortunately our teacher was along. We crossed a bridge and on the other side there was a Jeep two-thirds in the water. Well, that stopped us for a while. I was worried about the kids and Bob Riggs. The men said that there had been a cloudburst, and the water had risen like that in the past hour. We were relieved. Our teacher had laid some stones along the edge of the water to measure whether it was going up or down. Within ten minutes we could see that the water had dropped. At that time a convoy of US military vehicles came by. We all sat and waited for about three hours. First the big trucks went through, then the big buses, then the little trucks, and finally the Jeeps. We went through about one-half mile of water and were happy to get through. Later we found out that Bob had been one of the first to go through when the water began to rise. He hit a chuckhole. The motor conked out and he had to be pulled out. So I guess we were pretty lucky. The next day folks came through and there was no water at all. These flash floods were not uncommon in the mountain regions during the rainy season. While we were there waiting we watched three or four cars being pulled out. They were in such a hurry that they could not wait until the water went down, among them a US military mail truck. Fortunately there were some trees on the side of the road, or this truck would have gone over and all the mail would have been soaked.

After we got to the beach we went to work on the cabin making shelves, etc. In between time we did some swimming, sun-burning, reading and visiting with friends. I was also helping with the beach association musical on the piano.

Beatrice came in with the news that she had gotten her “Circle” in swimming. That meant she had swum one hundred yards without stopping, then dove for a can at eight feet and brought it up, and demonstrated all the swim strokes. She hoped to swim to the reef yet this summer under supervision. Betty swam too, but not so much.

One Sunday after church a group of us decided to visit one of the temples near the beach. We drove about an hour into the mountain area, going up about 3000 feet. Then we got out and walked about a mile upwards until we reached the temple. It was a small modest temple nestled in the mountains and very clean. It was a Buddhist shrine with all the names of the families who regularly worshipped there. They said that it had been there 1200 years. It had a beautiful garden with varieties of flowers that we had never seen. It was so quiet. We could look down over the valleys. We had planned to eat our picnic supper there, but it started raining. We did not want to get caught in a hard rain, so we scooted down the mountain to our cars and ate supper at home.

The last week of our vacation we had a plague of flies, and I mean a plague. We bought all the village's fly swatters, fly stickers, and fly spray. A good hard rain finally got rid of them.

After we got back to Seoul, the rains lingered on. We heard that some of the other main cities were cut off from Seoul. We had an epidemic of encephalitis. All the primary schools were closed.

We were still having rain and floods in September. One day a minister came in from the country and said that he had been flooded out twice during the summer, and that he and his flock needed help. I contacted the other Relief Committee members and got supplies together. I was ready to go early Saturday morning to the country. My teacher was going along. The driver and I waited. Finally the teacher came. He and his family had almost been killed with carbon monoxide poisoning. Sleeping on the floors, the traditional way, could be dangerous. The floors were heated with a coal dust preparation ["nineteen hole" coal]. Every winter many people were killed by the carbon monoxide. It took us almost two hours to find the church, which was on top of a hill. We drove on some real rough, muddy roads that only a Jeep with four wheel drive could get through. From the church we started walking to see the conditions. Some houses had been completely destroyed, others were propped up, and yet others were slightly damaged. With the money and clothing and rice that we took along we were able to help quite a few folks.

I had to play the piano for Seoul Union Church a number of times, and also for a Korean director who had quite a reputation. He had his own choir and they traveled. He really made all of us work.

I met a girl who came from the red light district. Right near the place that was flooded out was a US Air Force base. Right outside the base there were 3000 girls in the red light district. This girl had to support her mother and child, so she was a prostitute. Later she decided that she had to get out of the business. She started to come to church. After she had made the break she had no money. She came to our Relief Committee for help. She asked for $30.00. There were many other stories like hers.

It was October and time to send our Christmas order to Montgomery Wards. The children had been after me to get a nice winter dressy dress. Well I looked at the dresses and patterns and said "thanks but no thanks." Do you remember the styles in 1958?

We had an outbreak of hepatitis among our school children and general population as well. We all wondered who would be next.

Hooray! A new Methodist doctor, Dr. Hale, was coming to the mission field. Erne's load would be lightened after Dr. and Mrs. Hale studied the language. We knew Dr. Hale's parents in China and had met his cousin in Detroit.

We often had visiting dignitaries from the US. If they were in any way related to Yonsei University, we were invited to the home of President and Mrs. George Paik to meet them. They were our neighbors. Through the years they became good friends.

I finished writing a handbook for the nurses called "Laboratory Guide for Nurses."

Once in a while we had US Army folks in for dinner. One time they asked if they could get us anything. I said "Would it be too much to ask for some boxes of angel food cake mix?" We had so many American hepatitis patients that we could not keep them all fed. [Angel food cake contains no fat, so is suitable for patients who have hepatitis.]

Emergencies happened. One day I was typing madly and I heard water running. I just thought it was the cook in the kitchen doing some special cleaning. Well the water kept on running. I got up to look and water was running in the front door. My dear husband had taken a shower and forgot to turn off the water. The drain never did work well. So the water running that long just did not drain out. We had to get out the mop and the plunger. That was the third emergency of the morning.

During Conference time [Methodist church annual conference] we had Dr. and Mrs. Brumbaugh, Dr. Billingsly, Dr. and Mrs. Raines from the Board of Missions, and Dr. and Mrs. Pryor from Michigan.

Our girls were doing very well in school. Both were on the school newspaper. Betty was on the student council. Seoul Foreign School had started in 1954 with only a handful of kids, and now had almost three hundred students.

Life was full of disappointments too. I got another offer to go to the States on an orphan flight, and was all set to go. I had all the instructions from the airline. The next day one of the ladies here got word that her father was critically ill and she needed to go home. So I was glad to let her have my place.

1959

In January surprises came. Ernest was asked to go to the States on business and I was able to go with orphans. We each had to go separately. I left on January 28 with six orphans. I took care of them for thirty-three flying hours. I tried to teach them some important English words like "water," "toilet," "hungry," etc. The first two children got off at Los Angeles and there was no difficulty. The

next one was dropped off at Seattle and the next in Portland. Then came the long trip to Detroit. There was one child left, a little half Korean, half Black seven year old. She was so airsick. I could not get her clothes changed. We were having such a rough time. In the wee hours of the morning we landed in Cleveland. There we were met by a lovely couple, holding a new warm coat and a doll for their new adopted little girl. We all shared tears together. Ok Jin Yu was there to meet me and I tried to tell him about his uncle [teacher Yu]. He put me on a bus for Marion, Ohio. He gave the driver directions to let me sleep until we reached Marion, and then to put me off the bus. What a reunion with the folks! But the time was so brief. I had to make a trip to Indianapolis to visit our supporting church, and that was a wonderful time. I also went to Kane, Pennsylvania, to our wonderful group there, and then on to Cincinnati to see another fine group. Erne and I got to see each other here and there. I got back to Seoul to find that Dr. Rice, who had been staying with our kids, had hepatitis.

It was good that Ernest got home to the States, as his mother was very ill. He got to spend a little time with her in Texas. I only had two weeks but he was in the States about three weeks. Herman, Erne's oldest brother, gave him some of his "famous" homemade sausage to bring back. One of the times our paths crossed in the States Erne gave me the sausage to take back to Korea. While in the States I also went shopping for a dress for Betty's graduation. The children had also begged for some chocolate valentine candies. So all these precious things were packed in my suitcase. I arrived in Seoul on February 14, only to be told that my baggage had not arrived. Well, that was not so unusual. Misplaced baggage usually arrived the next day. By March 9 I was getting real upset about the baggage. I went to the Northwest Airlines office many times. Mr. Herring, the manager, said that I would just have to sweat it out. I wondered how much the sausage would sweat. Mr. Herring was ready to make a settlement. In the meantime Erne had come home. We had a lot of visiting VIP's for the hospital: General Gailey, General Breckenbush, General Lemnitzer, and General and Mrs. White. By the first week in April when the baggage had not arrived I was ready to send in an order for a new dress for Betty, to be sent to a US Army man on his APO number. Northwest Airlines offered me only $100.00 for the luggage. That made Erne mad and he sent them one of those letters that burn the wires. Well, they decided on $250.00. I was ready to sign the papers when on April 28 I got a call that the baggage had arrived. It had been put in the storeroom of another airline. I was anxious to see the condition of the sausage. The suitcase also contained my address book with some 1500 addresses in it, as well as a book with mission gifts listed. The sausage was a little moldy on the outside. We wiped it off and it was edible. The candy was fine. The dress had been wrapped in a plastic bag so it was fine too. It was a day of rejoicing. We later had Mr. Herring and some of his crew over for dinner.

My birthday came around. The family had a real special meal cooked up for me. The kids served me breakfast in bed. All I had to do was get dressed and go to church. They even fixed lunch and washed the dishes without a word. They had

planned a picnic supper somewhere. But when we started out the clutch on the Jeep broke. So it was coffee and cake.

June brought some surprises, departures, etc. Faith Whitaker, my co-worker in the lab and a fine person and loved by the Korean staff, left for the States. We had a wonderful farewell for her.
June also brought graduation for Betty. She was valedictorian. We were very proud of her. She was accepted by several colleges. Beatrice received the mathematics cup prize in the eighth grade. We had a big tea for them afterwards. There were other activities like the prom, etc. It was quite special as this was the first graduation class for Seoul Foreign School after the Korean War. It was a real fun time and we tried to keep it fun the rest of the summer. We realized it would not be long until Betty would be leaving us to go to college, with an ocean between us. She spent the summer getting her trunk packed and her clothes made, etc. We all went to the beach together as a family. While there we had a party for her as most of the school kids were there. We had ice cream and cake.

August 20 was coming fast. As parents we were a bit worried about Betty, as she was always a shy reserved girl. We planned her air trip so that she would be met at stop-offs in Tokyo, Honolulu, Washington, DC, Texas, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. She would have a few days with mother and dad in Ohio and then off to Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana. And then came the day that she left. It took us back to China days when we saw missionary kids go off to college. Now we realized what it meant. There was a terrible empty spot. We were so glad to get her letters. She was very faithful in writing to us almost every week while she was in college.

In spite of Beatrice always fussing at me she was very quiet after Betty left. So we took her places and even let her take a trip to Kang Neun with Miss Gledhill.

On August 29 a woman right near our gate died. The family lived in a shack which was built up against a wall. The husband had no job and no food for his family. No doubt because of stress he beat his wife. She went into labor and gave birth to a baby boy. Something went wrong in the meantime and she died. They brought the baby to us. We cleaned him up and saw to it that he was put in our Methodist Baby Fold [orphanage for infants]. We also sent money and food to the family, and hoped to get a job for the man.

On September 5, Ann Steensma came to live with us. She was the daughter of Juliana and John Steensma of the Dutch Reformed Church. Ann was the same age as Beatrice and in the same grade at school. The Steensmas were stationed in Taejon. Since there was no high school there for English-speaking kids, they sent her to Seoul to live with us. She was a highly spirited girl and won our hearts right away. In a way she helped fill the place of Betty. Believe me, what Beatrice did not think of, Ann did. Between the two of them they led me a merry chase, likewise for their teachers at school.

On September 6 we had a scare. The big brass called an alert. All US soldiers had to get to their posts in a hurry and man their weapons as fast as possible. Come to find out it was a practice alert to see how fast they could get everything moving. Every new chief liked to do this once in a while. It was their duty.

On September 9 the Han River was in flood stage. Our Board Secretaries from New York were coming, namely Dr.T.T. Brumbaugh and Dr. Margaret Billingsley. Because of the heavy rains the electric lines were shorted. That left us without electricity most of the time. When we didn't have electricity we were out of water. (The water had to be pumped from the bottom of the hill, to another hill, and finally to our hill.) Water had to be trucked to our attic tank.

Our Siamese cat and our calico cat had kittens. They both must have gotten mixed up with our neighbor's cat. So we had black cats, striped cats, and Siamese looking cats. They all had blue eyes.

Beatrice and Ann were both taking typing, French, and piano, including boogie woogie. No more peace and quiet at our house.

On September 18 Typhoon Sarah gave us a blow and knocked out the electricity for the entire city. Therefore there were no *Ice Follies* [on tour from the US]. The Gale Shearer house caught on fire [missionaries]. Somehow we were able to contact the children that were involved. All lives were saved but the Shearer apartment was ruined. The next night we were able to go to the *Ice Follies* and it was very good. During one of their acts one of the skaters was injured. Ernest took care of him. He and his wife came to our home for Sunday lunch. They were the stars of the show. It was the first time that they had been in a private home for a meal during their overseas tour.

Some years ago, in order to keep heat in the house in the winter and keep it out in the summer, the roof had been lined with rice hulls. It was a good idea but it did have its drawbacks. Erne had to crawl up in the attic for something and he lost his footing. His leg came through the ceiling, dust, rice hulls and all. It did not help our colds either. We had little bits of rice hulls here and there for days.

It was not easy getting a letter from our homesick daughter. What could we do?

In October we got our first news about Typhoon Sarah and its devastation in Pusan. Mrs. Harper told us about Boys Town Island, that held two hundred boys. Just three months previously their new typhoon-proof structure had been completed. The waves from the typhoon were forty to fifty feet high and the students and teachers all went to this new building and waited. They held a service thinking they might not survive. One of the staff members went to tie the cows in their stalls so they would not swim away. The water was already up to the second floor. As he was tying up the last cow, a twenty-foot tidal wave hit.

He made a mad dash for safety. All the other buildings were destroyed. Boats were thrown so far inland that they were really in dry dock. They had to have another wave to push them out. The new building withstood the storm.

Mrs. Jensen was on the boat at Inchon, ready to go to the US on furlough. She developed an abscess overnight. They brought her back to Seoul and she stayed with us until she was well.

We bid adieu to our Ambassador Dowling. We were very fond of him and his wife.

The flu bug was going around and I got it.

On October 8 the government gave a dinner to honor all the missionaries. It was quite a long program. The program began in the afternoon and lasted until late in the evening.

On October 17 the Elrod house had a fire in it [missionaries].

On October 20 we had our yearly reunion of the folks who came with us to Korea on the **SS *Jean Lafitte***, namely Maude Goff [Methodist missionary] and our two Catholic friends [a missionary priest and monk].

Erne's birthday was October 25. Since the 25th was a Sunday, we gave Erne a surprise dinner on Saturday, with angel food cake and fried rabbit. That evening Dr. Paik, the president of the university, called to tell us that Dr. Fenn had arrived from the US. Because Mrs. Paik was out of the country he could not have a dinner for Dr. Fenn. We took the hint and got a group of folks together for Sunday. I asked our cook to serve ice cream and cake. That was too much. She thought that one birthday cake per person per year was enough. I had a hard time explaining.

I needed to get away for a few days. Someone invited me to go to Che Chu Do (a large island off the southern tip of Korea). The trip was sponsored by the Royal Asiatic Society. We were twenty-five people from all walks of life, from different countries. We were all eager to learn more about Korea and her culture. It would be a rough trip so we did not wear our best clothing. We carried knapsacks, one bag, and our camera. Because of the poor local conditions, our food and drinks for the entire trip were put on the plane with us. It was a two-hour flight with a stop at Kwangchu and then crossing of the sea between the mainland and Che Chu Island. We landed in a field where a fancy touring bus met us. Since this bus was made for Koreans, we had to squeeze into the seats and wrap our legs around our bags. The first thing we saw was Mt. Halla, an extinct volcano right in the middle of the island. The next thing we saw was black lava all around us. The bus took us to a small hotel in Che Chu city. The hotel served two purposes, food and a comfort stop. While we waited for lunch (we

had not been expected) we found the city square. There was a river running through or by it. Here the women gathered to wash clothes, clean fish, wash rice, etc. On this same river there was a carpenter shop on a riverboat. After a tasty lunch we got on another bus which was made for foreign tourists and was a little more comfortable. We traveled several hours to our destination at So-Kui-Po Hotel, or the honeymooners' hotel. We found out then that the food had not been taken off the plane. Not only that, our plane had gone on to Pusan. Again we waited until very late for our supper, after 10:00 PM.

We made a few stops along the way. The first was on the outskirts of the city at a temple. During the Korean War it had been used by the US Army. Now it was being used by the USIS (United States Information Service). Our next stop was a stalactite grotto. To those who had ever seen Carlsbad Caverns, it was only a drop in the bucket. To the Koreans it was very precious. We walked through the caves with only a torch to light the way.

At the hotel we were assigned two to a room. My roommate was Miss Boeatad, a Swedish nurse at the National Medical Center. She was a charming young lady. She spoke Swedish, English, German, French and a little Korean. We had Western beds, with Korean pillows and quilts. On one side of the hotel was a noisy waterfall. It sounded as if we were having rain all night. On the other side of the hotel there was the beep-bop of a noisy diesel engine all night long. That engine supplied our electricity. We all slept well in spite of the noises.

At daybreak we found that our hotel was right on the tip of a bit of land jutting out into the ocean. The falls were on one side and on the other side, out in the sea, were small islands. There was the Sleeping Elephant Island and the Biscuit Island. During our morning walks we saw grain being thrashed and fields plowed with an ox. Most oxen were yellow in color. These were black. We hiked on farther and went up a hill to an orange grove, the only orange grove in Korea. Actually they were tangerines. We were each allowed to have a "kan" of oranges (eight and one-quarter pounds). We hiked down the valley and stopped at the Chong-Ji-Yon Waterfall, and down further to the beach. After a dip we hurried back to our bus. Since it was Sunday we wanted to visit one of the churches. The first one was a Presbyterian church. It was actually a private home church. That was and still is the strength of the Christian movement in Korea. There were four of us who worshipped there, Dr. Gordon Ring, Mr. Homakaye, my roommate and myself. The sermon was from John 16:22-25. The minister was so glad to see us. He said that missionaries came on their rounds about once a year.

The next day we planned to take a trip by boat to the southernmost tip of the island. In the bay it was lovely sailing. All of a sudden white caps were coming towards us. We thought we were in the ocean proper. Instead a storm had descended upon us. I hadn't been so seasick in twenty years. We turned back and steered for Biscuit Island. Some of the brave souls in the group got into a

rowboat and got on the island and went to the top. I had taken Dramamine and was so dizzy that I stayed put. We returned to port. The next day half of the group made the trip by foot to Mt. Halla while the rest of us went to the famous ranch on the island. It was a four-hour trip to the fields of sweet potatoes, bamboo, rice, kumquats, china berry and bayberry trees, buckwheat, pine trees, spruce trees, cryptomeria trees and grass which looked like pampas grass. We didn't see a single temple or church. The only birds that we saw were crows, magpies, finches and sparrows. The homes, fences and schools were all built of volcanic stone. The houses had thatch roofs while the schools either had tile roofs or tin ones. The tin roofs had large stones on top to hold them down because of the violent storms. Typhoon Sarah had just visited there. Flowers were few – wild chrysanthemums, crocus, canna lilies and cosmos. Ferns were abundant in many places. Family graves were not on the mountainsides like on the mainland, but in the fields. Pigs, horses, chickens, dogs and cats were there but scarce. The oxen were plentiful. At last we arrived at the ranch. It was composed of 2,500 acres, 12 government officials, one barn, one guest house, one ranch house and the Stimson house and the animals (cattle and goats), surrounded by forty kilometers of fence.

The ranch was then two years old. It had first started with Angus cattle. They got the "tick disease" and many died. So they imported Santa Gertrudis, Brahma, and Hereford cattle. The year before three hundred of the Brahma cattle bore only one hundred calves, due to Bangs disease. The cows had come from Texas. They had a hard time making it because of the climate. There was two feet of snow on the island in the winter. The first year they were there all their food was shipped in. Now they were being fed on local products such as soybean cake, rice bran, barley bran and wheat bran. [Hilda said many years later that the cattle operation at the ranch failed. Sheep were also tried and failed.] After the tour of the ranch, we started back to our motel, a four-hour ride to the other side of the island. In other words it took eight hours by bus to make a complete circle of the island. [In a personal interview in 2008, Don Clark, Korea historian, said that the entire experimental ranch operation had evidently failed. He was not familiar with it at all.]

The next day found us on our way back to the city of Che Chu with a few stops. One of the most interesting and historical was within the grounds of Samsong-Hyol. There were three large holes in the ground there surrounded by a chain link-like fence. These three holes marked the homes of the forefathers of Che Chu Do (Yang, Ko and Pu).

For me this trip was very restful, filled with excitement, adventure, vacation with no responsibilities, and meeting and talking with another kind of Americans in Korea than what we normally would meet. Also it meant seeing another angle of Korea and its needs. Well, the short vacation on Che Chu Do ended abruptly as soon as I landed in Seoul. It was back to the usual.

On Sunday, November 15, we witnessed a great celebration at Ewha University. Evangelist Dr. Harry Denman came to Ewha about once a year for religious services. He spent two to three weeks with the students. Even though he was sixty or more years old then, he had something that was special. He was able to show the love of Christ to those girls. That particular Sunday morning he baptized seven hundred girls. He made such an imprint on the university that a chapel was built in his honor, called the Denman Upper Room.

Rev. and Mrs. Finis Jeffery [Methodist missionaries] were working very hard on the old fashioned "Class" Meetings. They were more or less a copy of the Wesley meetings, composed of small groups with regular study of the Bible and lots of singing and praying. They were the real strength of the Korean Methodist Church. Eventually Finis Jeffery wrote a series of studies for these groups.

It was almost Thanksgiving. I packed some things for Ernest so that he could go to the beach, to do some repair and building. Then we joined him. We used to go to the beach off-season because that was the time we could really get a rest. First we had to get all the Christmas packages mailed to the US. Our few days at the beach were spent in collecting shells and just resting. We usually attended the local Korean church. It was quite different from the churches in Seoul. We really knew that we were in the country. We sat on the floor and listened to an hour's sermon. We saw what it meant to live a hard life in the country. We were surprised that there was now an express train to Seoul. So Beatrice, Jeannie [last name?] and I came back to Seoul in four hours. While we were at the beach Erne put a barrel above the shower so we could have running water. That was a real treat.

I worked one afternoon a month at the USO. Many of the GI's, most of whom were draftees, went home after a tour in Korea with a bitter taste in their mouths. We tried our best to help change that. About one per cent of the boys made the best of it and learned a bit of the language, went sightseeing, learned all about Korea, and even visited some of the nice homes. Then there were those who got entangled with a Korean wife, although that sometimes turned out well. Some got messed up in the black market. Some considered their tour a real jail sentence. We tried to pick up three or four men every Sunday night for dinner at our home. We had some long-lasting relationships with them.

Christmas had its bad moments. I was making caramel candy. When it started to boil over, I somehow jerked the coffee Dripolator. Boiling water went all over my hand. A pressure bandage saved me from blisters. When the bandages came off it looked like the hand of a ninety-year old woman.

Christmas was so busy. We usually had a one hundred per cent turn out at our lab party. I provided the food and the others provided the games. One year one of the lab people stood at the door and insisted that each person say a Bible verse before he or she came in. They sang Christmas songs all by memory. As

forfeits in certain games they had to sing solos. Dr. Sam Lee, our chief, had to pay a forfeit. He sang a Korean opera song by memory. After the party you could hear them singing all the way down the mountainside.

The day after Christmas we had a party for our help and their families. Another day we had a party for the operating room staff and crew. In the meantime I had been working on a postgraduate operating room nurses course.

A special treat was to see the Nativity scene set up at the central railroad station, across from Severance Hospital. This was done under the direction of Mrs. Margaret Moore. She set up workshops and conducted them all over Korea. Later she put on a shadow play. She took her drama group to many parts of the world. The government was very impressed with her work and allowed her to take her work to the prisons. They furnished buses and travel, etc.

We thought we would have some GI's over Christmas. But General McGruder called an alert. Instead of having men from the front lines we had only two GI's.

In between everything we had a birthday party for Beatrice. It was a skating party, which was the popular thing then in Korea. It got pretty cold at times, sometimes fifteen degrees below zero F. There was very little snow. But the weather turned warm. We did make a freezer of ice cream and a cake and some hot cocoa and played games. Erne got sick on me. So I had to handle it all alone.

The medical school did not want to be left out of having a Christmas party. So we had a party for the seventy-five freshmen students. Everyone came. Mrs. Maxwell and I had been teaching them for some time. We planned to have the party at our home. Mrs. Maxwell could not get to our home with her fancy car. Only a Jeep could make it. So we had to make arrangements to have the party at her house on the US Army post on three different nights. That was a job in itself. The first night was OK. The students gathered at the post and then I took them to Mrs. Maxwell's home in shifts. The last party was almost a disaster. The heaviest fog in many a year in Seoul met us at the door at the end of the party. By the time I got all the students back out to the gate of the post, where they could get transportation home, it was time for everyone to be off the streets [martial law curfew at midnight]. I thought I would have to spend the night you know where, but the police were kind enough to let me go home.

1960 - 1961

On January 13 it was reported that the building of the new hospital was going on quite well. The Chest unit (Eighth Army gift) was almost completed and bulldozing was going on for the nurses' home. Our house on the Yonsei campus was almost ready to move into. Unfortunately the special door locks had not arrived.

Meanwhile, we were worried about the electrical wiring in our house on Sagikdong. The mission housing committee felt that it was OK so we were patient. One evening our lights flickered and went out. After we lit the candles, the lights flickered again and got much brighter, then crackled and went out. We tried to turn off the kitchen light and it would not go off. By then we were scared – spooks? Erne pulled the main switch and it cracked like a gun. We still had lights. Then we saw fire at the switch box. We called the fire department and the electric company. The electric company sent a man who cut the wires to our house. We did not have to ask again to have the house rewired, and we got a new transformer. [Korean electrical current was not the same as American. You had to have a transformer to make American appliances work.]

On January 19, we got word that Mother Weiss had passed away. It was good that Erne had been able to visit with her when he made one of his many trips to Japan and the US for the hospital. In February, while Erne was in Japan, I had to go to the building site for our new house and examine things. It was quite cold. The night that Erne came back, we immediately went there to see how soon we could move in. When we got back to our home on Sagikdong, the furnace had gone out. It was COLD. The oil tank sounded empty. We found out later that there was oil, but it had not been filtered. So the tank had to be cleaned as well as the filter. We all caught colds.

Since there were a lot of Chinese people in Seoul, Erne had a lot of Chinese patients. We had frequent invitations to the Chinese Embassy [Taiwanese] and close connections to the Chinese church. Dr. George Paik spoke Chinese. During the Korean Independence movement [1930's?] he fled to Manchuria. He was there about ten years. It made our relationship with the Paik's that much stronger.

The building of our house was moving so slowly that we thought that the way to get it done quicker was to move into an unfinished house.

GI's frequently looked us up. One time Philip Richey came. He often came after that.

Since I was a USO volunteer, I had some privileges. One privilege was going on USO tours. On February 22 we went to the 38th parallel. We were checked and re-checked. We saw Freedom Bridge and were able to look over into Communist Korea. We saw the famous valley that Genghis Kahn traveled many years ago. We visited the room in which the North and South Koreans met on occasions when important issues come up. The UN flags were on one side of the table and the North Korean flags on the other. If the UN flags were too near the middle, the North Koreans moved their flag. And so it went day after day. The North Koreans had their spyglasses on us and our side had their eyes on the North

Koreans. It left us with a strange feeling. On the way home we saw three Korean statues. The GI's called them Papa San, Mama San and Baby San.

With care a good washing machine should last almost a lifetime. Here, because of language miscommunications and people's scant knowledge of machinery, things were wrecked quickly. One day I came home to find the washer out of order. The drain didn't work. It hadn't been cleaned. The ringer didn't work. A piece was broken out of the inside which swishes the clothes around. Besides that, my carbon steel which I used to sharpen knives had been used as a hammer and was broken.

Sometime in early March we had an earthquake early in the morning. Later in the day we had another little one, but no damage.

On March 14 we started moving to our new house. That same day in the afternoon Erne left for Japan. He left me holding the bag. I fooled him. I just left the study for him to move and settle – not really – I did fix it up for him. The builders worked around us putting on locks, finishing the fireplace and fixing the leaks. The moving was pretty hard on our cats. That day one of the cats had kittens.

On March 27 Capt. Daniels came to see us. He was a friend of Dr. Brewster at the Board of Missions.

In April, 1960, there was a revolution in Korea. Different slants were put on the events by different people. The following "official" words were quoted about the 1960 revolution by Hilda from *Korea Briefs,* April 1960*:*

Seoul's famous Easter Sunday Sunrise service was cancelled by the National Christian Council Executive Committee for fear that agitators might disturb the otherwise orderly 20,000-30,000 people that usually gather for that service on a clear Easter morn.

But they held Easter Sunrise services! Christians in large numbers attend sunrise services every Sunday morning anyway, and so they simply went to church as usual, an hour before sunrise!

Seventy-fifth anniversary. The biggest Methodist church in Inchon was crowded to the doors at 3 P.M. Easter Sunday as Methodists celebrated the 75th anniversary of the landing of Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Appenzeller, at Inchon, Easter Sunday, 1865.

Rev. Kyung-Il Mah, Sec'y of Evangelism, presided in the absence of Bishop Kim now attending General Conference. Dr. Harold S. Hong, Seminary President, delivered the anniversary sermon. Dr. Helen Kim, President of Ewha University, read a Message to the Church in America.

There was scarcely a dry eye in the house as Rev. Kwang-Woo Kim, Seoul District Superintendent, read a message to the Methodists of North Korea.

It is estimated that at least one in three of the audience had relatives in North Korea, relatives from whom no word had come in ten to twelve years.

The program lasted for two and one-half hours, but interest remained at high pitch throughout. The Methodist Church was celebrating! It had come a long way since that Easter Sunday when the first Methodists landed in Inchon.

Back to Democracy in Korea. Easter Monday and Tuesday were dark days, dark with demonstrations protesting the irregular March 15th elections. For over a month peaceful protests had developed into riots under the oppressive action of the police. The word "police state" has become a household word.

No one questions President Rhee's intense patriotism. However it has been clear for sometime that he was not informed as to what the police were doing, and misunderstood the motives of those who did not agree with him. There is little hope that peace and quiet can come until the government recognizes the fact that the people will not accept the March 15th election.

History may well record that Easter week saw the resurrection of democratic government in Korea! There is every indication that the President is now looking for the advice of respected leaders, and that he will swing from police power to a more democratic way of life. After all his people want to remember him for what his life has been (until recently) the great patriot – Mr. Korea.

Korea's economic progress. Korea is making progress. But Korea must have factories to give employment to the thousands looking for work and finding none. We are told that it will take at least another three years to provide the needed electricity. Thanks to our neighbors to the North of the Yalu River [China], electricity has not been available for 12 years. Thousands of families still live in caves, under bridges, or in box-wood shacks. The marvel is that under such circumstances the church is so nearly self-supporting.

And now I [Hilda] will tell you some side stories of the revolution. The day that things began to pop seemed like any other day. We had been reading about the rigged elections. From the Western point of view we would have thought that the voters should rise up. But instead the college students took up the cry. The high schools followed with demonstrations. It started peacefully. But as in any like affair someone dares and the next one gets excited and the first thing you know the lid goes off. The local police fired and then things got worse. The army [Korean army] was called in and martial law was in order. I started home from the hospital just as the medical students rushed into the streets. Upon my arriving home, Mrs. Payne [Methodist missionary] told me she was in labor. She was our next door neighbor at the time. Dr. Weiss was at the new hospital grounds having a building committee meeting. A driver took Mrs. Payne to the new site, picked up Dr. Weiss, and off to the old downtown Severance Hospital they went. They knew that once they got there they would not get back. We never did locate Mr. Payne. It was more than a half-hour trip by Jeep to the hospital, across town. At about the same time the Seoul Foreign School was trying to get their students home. There was no way for them to go, so the students were divided among the different missionary homes on the Yonsei

campus for the night. Beatrice and Ann wanted to see what was going on. They went over the hill and onto the next hill where they could see all the commotion. They had us worried to death, as everyone was shooting at everyone else. Fortunately the telephone lines were not cut. I called the hospital a number of times that night. Once Thelma Maw [Methodist missionary, physical therapist] was in Dr. Weiss's office. She gave us the message that Adrah Payne had had her baby. Then there was a lot of shooting going on right near the hospital and Thelma hung up on me. The hospital was right in the middle of things and patients were being brought left and right to the hospital.

Ernest had quite an experience with a reporter. At an earlier time in our life in Korea Ernest had given an interview. The reporter did not report it as Ernest had said it. Since Ernest was not only an American but was working with the US Army in the building of the hospital and serving as a missionary doctor in Korea, he wanted to be very careful. He knew the ways of this particular American reporter. Ernest told him that he wanted to see what was to be written in the paper before it was published. If there was anything out of order he would sue. That was the last time we ever had trouble with reporters.

The next day after the revolution Ernest was allowed to come home. On the way he saw overturned buses, cars, etc. The worst part had taken place near the railroad station, which was right near the downtown hospital. One of the missionary Mary Knoll Sisters had been caught in the fracas. She had to stay overnight at our hospital. Staying out overnight was strictly against their rules, but the Sister in charge gave her a special reprieve on this occasion.

For two weeks the universities had no classes. President Rhee resigned. Li Ki Pung [head of the Rhee political party] and his family died in a suicide pact. Educators took up the demonstrations. The chief of police resigned. Members of the assembly resigned. Demonstrations continued. Our Korean friends said that it was not Communist inspired, but that it was a revolution. Martial law began at 7:00 PM the day that President Rhee resigned. He walked to his private home [from the presidential palace]. Crowds came to pay their respects to him as he took that long walk. He had been advised not to do it but he refused. Now there was freedom. What next?

For years Korea had been under an emperor. What he said was carried out. Then came the forty years under the Japanese. Children all had to speak and study in the Japanese language. If anyone was caught speaking Korean in a business place, he was arrested. Then came the Americans and the UN, and the Koreans were given their freedom. To us freedom bore responsibility with it. But to the Koreans it meant freedom without responsibility. What chaos there was for a while! You can understand why. You really could not blame them. You could only blame our Americans who could not explain real freedom.

Very early in May the universities were opened again. Evening activities were very much restricted. By May 9 all schools were open. The youth were very active and had a lot of control. Towards the latter part of the month robbers came one night and cleaned us out, keys and all. We had to have new sets of keys made for the house. In the meantime we were getting ready to go on furlough, the first normal furlough we ever had in our missionary career so far. We planned to get off by June 17 and spend some time with Ernest's brothers and sisters in Texas and then on to Chicago to see the Fields [Viola Field was Ernest's first cousin and Homer Field was an ophthalmologist] and then to Ohio to be with my folks.

I was shocked when I saw my mother. She had lost fifteen pounds and was well into the disease of Parkinsons. Dad helped her a great deal and he was slipping too. We knew we could not stay very long with them. So we made trips to Kane, Pennsylvania, to the church that supported us not only in our salary but also in prayers and love. We were to live in Indianapolis, where we were going to be supported by the Meridian Street Methodist Church. They had found a house for us near Butler University and near a high school for Beatrice. Also Betty would be able to come home frequently. So we called 5833 Carrollton our home. Beatrice was in school, I was at the university, and Ernest was in Cincinnati most of the time taking some special work. On weekends we spoke and raised money for Korea. You can understand that we were ready to go back to Korea.

We had left a troubled Korea and were very anxious to get news. It was not surprising that the results of the revolution were seen in every walk of life.

Here Hilda quotes from *Korea Briefs,* September 1960*:*

Bishop Chang Pil Kim won a quick vote of confidence at the special session of the General Conference of the Korea Methodist Church which met at the Ryang Memorial Church in Seoul for 3 days, Aug. 30th-Sept 1.

His staff however was completely reorganized. Rev. Chang-Duk Yun, pastor of one of Korea's larger churches at Inchon, was elected to the department of Evangelism and Rev. Chung-Ok Chyun, former chief of chaplains, became head of the Department of Education. Both are former Crusade Scholars. The associate secretary of the Department of Social Affairs stepped up into first place, and a new treasurer was elected. Of the 28 trustees of the church 15 were replaced by new names.

This shift came as an aftermath of the April revolution in the government. Some young people who misunderstood the meaning of "democracy" thought that every leader had to be displaced! Others felt that the fact that President Rhee was a member of the First Methodist Church involved a terrible disgrace that called for some religious hari-kari, although this was chiefly directed against the memory of the chief of the Rhee party, Ki-Poong Lee. And it is possible that some agitated for a new general conference and an entirely new slate of church

officials with the idea that their hitherto unrecognized talents of leadership might be made available to the church.

The calls to "do something" were so persistent that the trustees were called into session. It was generally hinted that if two or three men would resign from the central organization of the church, the problem would be solved. One of these was the pastor of Dr. Rhee's church. Manifestly he had been guilty of no crime for which he could be displaced. The same was true of the other. It was therefore tacitly agreed that the bishop, his staff, and the 28 trustees would submit their resignations to the general conference, thus permitting the general conference to drop a few names, and supposedly clear the leadership of taint. It was unfortunate that three capable men heading the departments were dropped but they had already reconciled themselves to the fact that it would be a necessary part of a "new face" for Methodism.

In spite of a motion to dissolve the special session and call a new general conference, a motion which some in the galleries were campaigning for, the members turned down all revolutionary changes. In view of the general national spirit, the conference was conducted in an orderly, and what a non-Christian called a very gentlemanly way.

The trustees were given two problems for study, either to act upon or to report on at the 1962 Conference. One had to do with the reorganization of the Korean Methodist Church, the other with missions and mission board relationships.

Both arise from the economic situation. Korea is an agricultural country with 70% of the population depending on the farm for a livelihood. The average annual income per capita for all Korea is less that $90.00 a year. But Seoul is a modern city, where salaries range several times that of the country. Hense the rural church sees very little money.

Within the church, this situation is complicated by a factor which really stems from the religious zeal of the people. Korea probably has more Bible school and seminary graduates in proportion to church membership than any other country. It also has an ever growing number of new churches. The new churches want a pastor of their own. Every graduate wants a church. The result is that the newly organized church with 50 members (which in America would be getting home mission aid) is trying to support a pastor. Even three or four dollars a month in cash is a large sum. Recently mission grant in aid for such churches has been reduced.

All in all much of the unrest is due to the plight of the rural minister. Either the seminary must train men who can supplement their salary by doing other work, or mission funds must be made available for these new churches until the rural economic situation reaches the place where more of the people have good paying jobs.

Hilda next quoted from a letter received from "someone" at Yonsei University:

As of Sept. 29, 1960, university class rooms had been empty for 4 weeks. Because of the problems, the Yonsei University board put three Americans in key

positions on the board to ease the problems for the Koreans. This was to be only a stop-gap. One half of the other members of the board were missionaries from the different denominations of the supporting churches and the other half were Korean. The students were against the election of the elected three key positions but the board held firm. As a result four or five students demonstrated at Dr. George Paik's house. He had been a former president of the university and was now a member of the board. The students demanded his resignation and then went on to Dr. Charles Sauer's home. The demonstration lasted from 4:00 PM to 11:30 PM. There were threats of house burning and bodily harm, etc. It came to a climax on the 15th of November. Horace Underwood, the acting president of the university, issued an order that three students be expelled who had forced some girl students to leave a lecture given by a professor who had been boycotted. The next day students left classes to hold a meeting. Horace and his family had been threatened so he sent his family to other houses to sleep. The student meeting broke up about 10:00 PM and they started towards the home of Horace Underwood. He had gotten word and left the house. The students stoned the house and then went inside and wrecked things – refrigerator overturned, etc. - and did some pilfering. Then they started towards Sauer's house. The police had put up a barricade but the students broke it down. They did their best to demolish the house, inside and out. A heater was overturned and oil was all over the dining room. Plumbing was ripped out and more. On the 17th the students tried to get some political prisoners released. This time the police were ready for them. Students who had been arrested the day before caused the problem. The marchers were trying to force the police to release the arrested students. When the police refused to give in, more of the students volunteered to be arrested. As the police were putting them in the paddy wagons, the rest of the students began to resist. Then there was a real fight with stones and sticks, etc. This went on and on. Korean professors were in hiding. Gradually things quieted down but were still unsettled.

Here in the US we were in a whirlwind. I visited mother and dad as often as possible, attended classes at Butler University, was the chauffer for Beatrice for music, choir and whatever, plus I had speaking engagements one to three times a week. Betty would come on weekends as often as possible. Erne drifted in and out. Sometimes he was on speaking tours, other times on hospital business, etc.

There was more news from one of the missionaries in Korea:

The country had not really recovered from the problems in 1960 and more or less something was brewing. On the morning of the 16th of May [1961] *about 4:30 AM gun fire was heard near the Bando Hotel [best hotel in Seoul]. Someone got a telephone call to the embassy and learned that there had been a military coup by the army and marine forces of the ROK [Republic of Korea]. It was almost silent and swift and very few MP's were killed. The US Army radio station was quiet about the situation until about three hours later. Troops and*

guns were all around the city on major streets. Because of the success of the coup, troops were off the street by the next day. People said that now this is what was needed, as the government had been too soft. The military government decided to clean up the Communists. They said that they had captured over 900 Communists and would impose stiff penalties including death. People began to realize this was military rule. Example: At the bank depositors could only withdraw $100.00 per month. By the 22nd of May people began to realize that the government was in strict control. Schools were opened, banks were opened and churches were told to pray for the new government.

What would we see in Korea? We were too busy by now to think about it. At the beginning of June, 1961, I had final exams at Butler University. I had to prepare for the laboratory registry exam on July 14, pack, attend Conference in June, leave our home in July, have a short visit with Mother and Dad, and leave there on July 29 so that we could get to our boat in San Francisco by August 14. We had a little shopping to do there and also business with our mission board office in San Francisco – to sell our car, etc.

We arrived in Yokohama, Japan, on August 31, 1961. Our Methodist mission travel agent was waiting for us there with a sign saying "Welcome Dr. and Mrs. Weiss" and with mail from my sister. He had also arranged to get us transportation on the ***China Bear*** which would sail the next day for Korea. He helped us transfer our luggage and got us a western-style hotel room. The bathtubs were geared for little people, so that once you got in you had to struggle to get out. Since our passenger boat was delayed a few days we did a little shopping and sightseeing. We decided to take the tour to Nikko. [At this time, only fifteen years after the end of World War II, travel and vacations in Japan were still very cheap.] Well, the trains were on time and moved like the wind. The taxis went still faster. So many changes in Japan! Our guide for the trip to Nikko kept us all on the move and reminded us at each stop that the bus would leave at a certain time and would wait for no one. We went up the mountains to the city of Nikko, saw some fabulous shrines, looked over a crater lake, came down a cable car, then back to Tokyo and on to Kyoto. We looked up a missionary couple by the name of Fukada and had dinner with them. They showed us where there was a church. The following morning we walked to church. Even though the service was in Japanese the printed program was in mixed Chinese and Japanese. So we knew what was going on. We found a place to eat later. They had pictures of the food and all we needed to do was to point our finger at the particular food we wanted and then we ate. We finally got off on September 5 for Pusan, Korea. We had a day in Pusan where we saw the Harpers [Methodist missionaries] and the Mary Knoll Sisters. We had another part of a day and night to get to Inchon. Because of the high tide there we had to climb down a makeshift ladder from the boat and then took a launch [small boat] to shore. We were met by the Samsons and Speakmans [Methodist missionaries] and taken directly to our home in Seoul. Our next door neighbors, the Laneys, had made up our beds and prepared boiled drinking water for us.

We had dinner and breakfast the next morning with them. From then on we were on our own. All we had to do was go to the attic and get our kitchen stuff and buy in some supplies and then go to work.

We got our first impression of the new regime as we went through customs. It was thorough. The next thing we noticed was that police were everywhere and laws were enforced. No more jaywalking. People crossed the streets at the proper places. No more horn blowing except when absolutely necessary. Traffic moved in an orderly fashion. We heard that some folks had still insisted on jaywalking. They had been put in bamboo cages at the intersections and kept in them until they promised to cross the street properly.

The next thing we noticed when we went to the streets to buy groceries was the absence of the black market. Korean products were there in place of black market products. Some were very nice. Along with this came the ban on serving coffee in restaurants. Tipping was obsolete. Instead, ten percent was added to hotel and restaurant bills. Streets were cleaned up. No longer were people allowed to fill the streets with piles of cabbage at kimchi season. [Kimchi was the national dish of Korea, sort of like sauerkraut in Germany. Every family made their own, using huge amounts of Chinese cabbage, using their own recipe, and making enough to last all winter. It was served with every meal.]

One of the biggest changes was that all teachers over sixty years of age were losing their teaching positions. This hit the universities very hard. Military rule was in under the new leader Pak Chung Hee. A five year plan was put into effect. Roads would be paved and reach from one end of Korea to the other; radios would be put in every home and in every little village so that people would know what was going on; buildings would be built properly. If there was deception on a contractor's part, he would be put in prison. If an agreement was made to have a house or building completed by a certain date, it was completed or else. There was the beginning of a brain drain by folks going to the States or other countries. This was immediately stifled by a new law that no one could leave the country with more than $500.00 US dollars, and only one member of a family could leave.

Another observation was that church attendance was no longer on the increase. The hospital building was going on as planned. The Medical Science building had been completed and dedicated, as well as the first dormitory for student nurses. The Medical College was to be moving in about Christmas. The major part of the hospital was to be completed in the spring of 1962. By then we all hoped to move over to the new medical complex.

In the meantime we heard from Betty. She was settled in at Northwestern University in Chicago in nurses training. I received a letter stating that I passed the registry and was now a qualified laboratory technician, MT(ASCP).

In one of my letters to Betty I wrote the following “Please keep up your Bible reading and it will help you through the temptations that you will face. Betty, I was the only girl in our class (1933) who did not smoke and drink and indulge in other unmentionable things. It took a lot of guts sometimes.”

One day, about September 25, the new nurses home was dedicated. Someone brought a kerosene stove so that we could make tea. This stove was different in that the wicks were just laid around the burner. When the stove was unpacked the workmen threw all the packing material in the storeroom, including the wicks. Someone located the wicks in the trash. Those were typical things that happened in Korea. So when anything was unpacked it had to be SUPERVISED.

Packages were beginning to come through again from the States. [Packages coming through the international mail had been stopped temporarily for an unknown reason.] Folks sent us old nylon hose. These were unthreaded and made into many beautiful things.

On October 2, I started back to work at the hospital. Quite a few of the laboratory workers [men] had been called into army service. They could no longer buy their way out of military training. I would be teaching medical English at the medical school. Ernest was doing a little language study – babbling to himself – and working at the hospital and on the building projects. We got word that our personal freight did not leave New York until the last week of September. That meant it would not arrive till Christmas.

We kept up our contacts with the Chinese church in Korea. On October 12 we received a “command invitation” to be at a dinner for the Chinese church. Since we did not have a phone they had a hard time reaching us. We had to go. The story we heard was just fantastic.

About fifty years ago a fifteen year-old orphan boy had drifted into Korea from China. He wanted to learn English, and attended classes at the Catholic church. As a result he became a Christian and later a great builder. He went back to China, and then later came back to Korea. He started the Gospel Mission. He and a group of other builders set up a communal builders company. They tithed and built many of the fine buildings in Korea. Their work was so good that they became famous throughout the East. They set up gospel missions in China and Japan. Among the houses they built were the three missionary houses on the mountain where we had lived [Sagikdong]. One of the houses received a direct hit from a bomb during the Korean War. But the foundation was so well built that it was very difficult to tear down afterwards. They could not break the mortar. The stone broke sometimes before the mortar did. Gradually they chopped some of it apart and brought it over to the place where our present home on the Yonsei Campus was standing.

The group of builders became quite well to do and owned a good bit of property. One of the pieces of property was in front of the present Chinese church. The Chinese church had wanted to buy it when they originally built their church, but they could not afford it at the time. After the Communist takeover in China, the owner of that property went to Taiwan. He came back to Korea in 1960 to sell the property to the Chinese church in Seoul. Unfortunately his rascal son made things so rough for his father that the property could not be sold. The old man went back to Taiwan. During the week of October 15, 1961, he came back again. He said that the Lord had told him he must give the land to the Chinese church. So a party was given for this sixty-five year old man who had come to Korea from China as an orphan. The following Sunday after church he gave his testimony, telling how he had become a Christian and how he had been blessed time and time again. He had to stop once as he was so choked with emotion. This display of emotion was extremely rare for a Chinese (or any Oriental).

General Meloy and his wife wanted to meet with all the missionaries and have tea with them. Both of them were very active in church activities. They worked with Ernest on the hospital building, especially the chest unit, which would be a memorial to the Eighth Army.

Walter Judd, Congressman from Minnesota, visited. He had been a missionary in China. Also Bishop Woerner from the Ohio Conference was visiting. He was sent to help build a new church. Likewise Dean Rusk [secretary of state] was in town to talk with the Korean government. We got a glimpse of him as a convoy of fifty cars escorted him to his hotel.

Mother was not able to write to us anymore. Her Parkinsons had gotten much worse. So Dad was doing the writing.

In the middle of November we put in the storm windows. November 18 was a bad day. First of all there was a lecture at the hospital at 8:00 AM. Then a girl came who said she could type and help me with secretarial work. (We had not gotten our former teacher/secretary back from before we went on furlough.) It took me longer to undo what she did wrong than what she did. She did not get the job. Then the cook told me something was wrong with the kerosene stove. There was water in the kerosene. All the kerosene had burned out and only water was left. So the wicks were soaked in water. The end result was that we had to take the stove outside and empty it. Then we had to put in new wicks and new kerosene. By that time the telephone men came, only a few hours late. They worked until 7:30 in the evening. Now we had a telephone with five other families on the line. When the phone rang all five families answered. DON'T CALL US – A TELEGRAM WILL GET HERE FASTER. The last straw was a rat in the house. Our house was supposed to be rat proof. Someone left the screen door open. As a result we had little rats. Our howling cat did not scare the rats away. I just finally went to bed. My mother never told me that there would be such days.

About December 4 we got word to appear at customs to go through our freight. Since we had shipped a lot of books, we had been forewarned that we would have to list each book with a carbon copy with the author, etc. So we took off for Inchon with typewriter and paper and carbons. In the customs house I sat on baggage and typed the names of the books while Erne read them off to me. It was 26 degrees F. The duty was high, 100% on canned goods and 120% on hardware. The grand total on the duty was $372.00.

Our Christmas packages from Sears did not arrive. Neither did packages from our family. So we had a slim Christmas. In the city Christmas was much simpler this year too. The government issued a request (command) that there were to be no Christmas trees in official circles, stores, or churches. We bought a small potted tree so that we could plant it outside later. We did have a lot of GI's in for dinner as well as the Sauers and Roths [missionaries]. Charles Sauer was in high gear and told a lot of good stories. After a good dinner we all sat on the floor and taught our GI friends how to play the famous Korean game called "Yoot."

On the last day of December we took Beatrice to the HCLA broadcasting station for an interview. They wanted to put on a Korean-English lesson program and wanted a young American girl who didn't know much Korean to be their student. She got the job with 40,000 Huan a month .

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Mr. Strauss, who had been on the hospital building project since it started, went back to the States. Mr. Waller took his place. It was hard for Erne to work with a new man at this stage of the game.

The medical school moved to the new campus [Yonsei] but the rest of the hospital could not move until spring. That was because somewhere along the line the laundry equipment for the hospital was not ordered or shipped. What next?

More problems – in order to get laundry done at home I had to get up at 5:00 AM to do it. Electricity went off during the day. Also, there was less damage done to the washing machine if I did the laundry.

Our Christmas order from Sears came in January. We had Christmas all year around.

Well, we had a new puppy in the house. Who would move out first? The dog? The cat? Humans? The cat took one look at the puppy, arched her back, fluffed her tail, said, "must be something from Mars" and fled.

In Korea when someone offered you a compliment you were supposed to “offer them an airplane ride” [idiomatic slang in Korean]. One of my lab technician friends gave me a nice compliment and I quickly replied in Korean that I would give her an airplane ride. She was surprised that I knew some Korean jokes.

The Redmonds from the Board of Missions paid Korea a visit. It was so good to see some home folks.

Erne was still having regular weekly building committee meetings at our home. I would be so glad when the hospital finally moved from downtown. Then we would be able to walk to work.

On January 27 in the hospital lab we did the blood tests on the Korean Olympic runners. There were three hundred hopefuls.

In February there was a PTA meeting [at Seoul Foreign School]. Food was needed. All of it had to be prepared at home and taken to the meeting. We served sixty to seventy people. We had to see that dishes, thermoses with hot water, coffee powder, sugar, cream, napkins, silver, cleanup stuff, tablecloth, etc., were taken. What a job! [no disposables or dishwashers]

Recently there had been some problems with the NCC (National Council of Churches in the US). The NCC wanted the Chinese church in Korea to link up with all the other churches. The Chinese church needed help. Up until the present the Korean church did not want the Chinese church to join the NCC, because it would have detracted from the money that they would get [from churches in the US]. So there were feelings. The Methodist Mission here was acting as a buffer. There was also trouble in the Presbyterian church and the OMS group [Oriental Missionary Society]. Rumors had it that an American named McIntyre was in Korea for the sole purpose of disrupting the churches. As if we did not have enough trouble! There was also a rumor that anyone who joined the NCC was pro-Communist. It reminded us of the John Birch Society days [1950’s in the US – Senator McCarthy era, witch hunts for Communists].

More and more it seemed as if we were under a military dictatorship. It was whispered that we would lose our APO privileges. Also, that as soon as our salary reached Korea it would go into local currency at the legal rate. That would not bother us, but it would hurt some of our friends involved in the black market. Ernest was very careful about this matter when getting funds for building the hospital.

Controls were getting tighter on many things. In the long run it was good for the country. Many things were overdue, like the eradication of the black market.

Being married to a doctor was not easy. You would plan an evening or a party, and at the last minute the doctor was called out for an emergency. You would have to carry on. In February we were expecting some guests who had been friends of Erne at the University of Cincinnati. For some reason Erne was having nose bleeds [high blood pressure]. That particular day he developed a bad one. As a result, I had to go to the hospital, show the guests around, and entertain them for the evening. Dr. Bryan was head of the Speech Department at the Univ. of Cincinnati and his wife was the private secretary of Mr. Huenefeld. Erne used one of their cars while we were on furlough one time. Another guest was Chaplain Huer, who had married the sister of Helen Gamer Blount, a classmate of mine in nursing school.

There were some new missionaries from Ohio. We became very good friends. We were near them the day that a hole caved in their yard, big enough for a Jeep to fall into.

We got word that Beatrice had been accepted at Southern Methodist University. She still hoped to get into Oberlin.

On February 18 we planned to have a GI from Kane, PA, in for dinner. He was with the CID [Criminal Investigation Division]. At the last minute he could not come. We had some other guests, including Diamond Mountain Yun. He was seventy-five years old and very active. He had more wrinkles than any person I had ever met. He held us spellbound with stories of earlier days in Korea.

Pat Richardson was one of the GI's who came to visit us. He sent some divinity candy we had made to our daughter in Chicago. Betty wrote to him and thanked him. Later he went to see her in Chicago. You guessed it, he later became our beloved son-in-law.

The American news was exciting. John Glenn sailed around the earth in space. Powers and Abel were exchanged [with Russian spies].

The Korean government arranged for Westerners to have a "commissary" where we could purchase some American products. The prices were something else. In the meantime Dean Schowengerdt [Methodist missionary] set up a cannery. That was a great blessing to the community and to the local economy.

The country was besieged with a flu epidemic. There were over 10,000 cases reported as of March1. General Meloy was able to release some vaccine [for use on Koreans].

The official opening day for the new hospital was set as May 1. What a great day for Erne. He worked so hard for this day!

A big shipment of relief clothing came to us from Mrs. Theobold via the US Army. Word got around fast. Our doorbell rang constantly. In order to help folks I had more shoes shined, bought more pencils, and bought more soap at ridiculous prices. We were forced to build a fence around our home in order to protect us from beggars that constantly come by. I kept small bags of barley and rice on hand and packages of relief clothing.

I had a bad week! The washing machine broke down; the cake mixer I had brought from the States broke down; Beatrice broke her glasses, and I couldn't find the prescription.
We just got word about one of our missionary kids, David Moore [a year behind Betty in school]. His mother had not heard from him since Christmas, and it was now March of 1962. He had gotten married without telling anyone in the family [in his second year of college]. It was quite a shock. This was one of the examples of the difficulties of missionary life. We had to put a lot of trust in the Lord that all would come out right.

March 6 was dedication day for Angels Haven (home for beggar boys picked up off the street), run by Jack Theis [Methodist missionary]. It took us forty-five minutes to get there. About half way there we found the road being dug up for a new sewer line. We had to back up quite a way until we got to a wet rice paddy field on the edge of town. Such roads! We all held our breath at various times.

During the week of March 21 Erne had his final Korean exam. He was like a bear. Beatrice was out late and was crabby. I had a sore throat.

In April we made a trip to Wonju. The mission hospital there dedicated the nurses home and a TB unit. From there we went to visit the leper home. Dr. Murray and the GI's in that area had decided to help the lepers there. The lepers were in a small village in a valley between a range of mountains. That isolated them from other people. As soon as their leprosy disease was arrested they were moved into another area. They became a part of normal society. They had their own clinic. The GI's brought them some good poultry stock as well as good pig stock. In this way they could sell eggs and produce to the outside and make a living.

Beatrice took off for the annual Junior-Senior trip to see other parts of Korea. It was sponsored by the Seoul Foreign School. She came back with an injured leg.

Dedication of the hospital was postponed to June 5.

On the night of May 16 Erne, Beatrice and I all came down with the Asian flu. I wouldn't have wished this on my worst enemy. We had to put Erne in the hospital. We had terrible headaches, double vision, chills, fever, dizziness, etc.

At last the dedication of the hospital was over. It was a great day for Erne. It was no small endeavor to prepare for this day. Among the important guests were: General Meloy, the ambassador to Korea, the Eighth Army Band, the prime minister of Korea, plus other dignitaries, plus many guests. Altogether, there were five hundred people. The principle speakers were General Meloy, Dr. Weiss, and Dr. Loucks from the Mission Board. The entire program lasted two and a half hours. The day was topped off by a telephone call from Dr. Gall from Cincinnati [the pathology professor who had trained Hilda as a lab technician]. He had been called as a consultant pathologist for the American army. We had dinner with him and Col. and Mrs. Sherman. The day after the dedication we planned to have Dr. Gall in our home. But there were political demonstrations and no one could leave the military base. That night about 10:00 PM it was announced on the radio that all US Army personnel and civilians were to turn in all their Huan (Korean money) for a new currency. So we had to count all our money and register our wealth. We were each given some "pin money" to last a week ($3.85). The economy of the country came to a standstill overnight. People stood in lines almost a mile long. Police were everywhere. The government issued rice for the very poor at a reduced rate. This business lasted a week. It hit the hospital very hard as we had cashed 10 million Huan. It was all frozen and would only be released at the rate of 10% for five years (10% a year) – dirty politics. Therefore we could not think of moving the hospital from downtown any time soon.

In July all of our mission vehicles were on the blink. One did not run at all and another had a burst radiator. Erne had gone to the beach for a few days and the battery to the car he had went dead. We had to send him a battery by train. We were supposed to get a new car.

Then came our Methodist Annual Conference. Politics had made inroads there too. It took forty-one ballots to elect a bishop.

Thank God for vacations. We took off for the beach. There was now a missile base about one third of the way into the village. So there were a lot of US soldiers around. Also there was an LST [military boat] on the beach. The tide this year was quite high, sometimes as high as twenty-one feet.

Around August 1, while at the beach, we got warning of Typhoon Nora. The rain started. We bolted all the windows and shutters and brought all loose things inside. We brought extra kerosene in the house and got ready for a siege. About 3:00 AM we were awakened by an awful roar and wind and rain coming in every corner. We found out that our cabin was not rainproof, even though it was very well built. Yet our house was better off than others. The next day it was calmer. The following day the sun came out. We had to sun everything including Morton's salt, which always pours, but didn't.

On August 8 we were hit by another typhoon (Opal) without warning. Lots of damage was done. We were awakened by howling winds about 6:00 AM. We got up to close the shutters. The wind from the beach was so strong that the sand hitting our skin felt like the sharp end of needles. Tiles came off the roof; we mopped water; other houses lost roofs; one LST was wrecked. The Army could not warn us about the typhoon because of "activities" at that time. As soon as we could repair the roof and dry out we started for Seoul. About half way home we had had a blow out. While we were waiting for the tire to be changed, a leak appeared in the gas tank. It had rusted through. My chewing gum and a toothpick saved the day. We limped into the nearest town. Believe it or not, they repaired the tank with a blowtorch without emptying the gas tank. Because of the late hour (martial law curfew) we stayed overnight at a hot springs hotel. The next morning we started again for Seoul. We stopped at Anyang to buy fruit for canning. (Anyang was the fruit-growing area.) The next couple of days we canned peaches, tomatoes, grape juice, jam, vegetable soup, and dill pickles. Then I had no excuse not to go back to work at the hospital.

It was wonderful in the new hospital to have windows open and not have all kinds of soot fall in. [The old downtown hospital was across from the main train station. Trains were still run on coal. That created lots of soot.] It was wonderful to have proper sinks for washing test tubes and proper counters to work on and nice looking floors and attractive landscaping. The new laundry was such an improvement over the old one. So were the waiting rooms and the kitchen. It was like going to heaven.

In September Beatrice got word that she won a scholarship (Merit scholarship). Pat Richardson was leaving soon and planned to see Betty in the States.

Margaret Twinem from the Mission Board paid us a visit. She selected new missionaries. She used to work in China.

We often saw the work of other missionaries. One day we went to the House of Grace. This home took care of girls ages eight to sixteen who had been picked up off the streets. They had been prostitutes. Usually as children they had been brought into the city and assaulted by relatives. This left terrible guilt in their minds. Later they just sold their bodies as part of their guilt. At the House of Grace they gave them Christian teaching and also taught them a vocation.

The new government was insisting on getting down to simple things. Thank God for that!

Sometimes our help drove me a little mad. One day I could not find my typewriter pad. Our maid thought it would make a good shoe pad. She put all of Erne's shoes on it. Then she took one of my dirty dresses that was hanging in the bathroom, ironed it and hung it in the closet.

We were very privileged to have Dr. Harry Denman and Dr. Pots in our home for one of our regular prayer meetings.

One meeting which we medical folks enjoyed was the yearly medical meeting of all foreign persons in Korea. They were people of all faiths. We had talks on how to witness better as medical people. We also had talks on medical subjects. The only argument we got into was over birth control. [The first birth control pills came out in the early 1960's.]

About this time the Cuban missile crisis occurred. We wondered if we would have to pack our bags again.

We became good friends of the Philippine ambassador to Korea and his wife. They arrived in Korea on Saturday. Sunday found them at the Seoul Union Church.

1963

In the early part of January we had the coldest weather in many a year. It was 16 degrees below zero [Fahrenheit]. All we did was try to keep warm.

Our medical [lab] technicians were now organized. They attended the city medical technician meetings. The meetings were held at the National Medical Center, a new hospital in Seoul run by people from Europe. I went along with my students.

I got word that two of my uncles had passed away. Uncle John and Aunt Nora had just celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Mom and Dad stood up for them that day. Shortly thereafter Uncle John passed away. Mom and Dad had hoped that they would stand up for them at their fiftieth, to be in April of 1963.

On February 14 I got an overseas call from brother-in-law Bill Flach. He said he had some bad news. Dad had had a massive heart attack and lived about an hour and a half. I was positive that I had heard wrong. Mother had been ill for some time and was gradually getting worse. Not only that but I had received a letter two weeks previously. Dad had just been to the doctor for his checkup. He had been told that for his age he was in great shape, only too fat. Bill assured me that it was Dad.

For once the authorities wasted no time in getting me a visa to leave and to return to Korea, plus an airplane ticket to the US. I was on my way to Chicago the next morning. Betty and the Fields met me at the airport. From there, Betty and I went on to Marion, Ohio. The funeral was on February 19.

The morning of the 14th, my sister had baked a cake to take to Mom and Dad for Valentine's Day. As she took the cake out of the oven it split right down the

center. She said it made her feel very odd. It was the first time that had ever happened. When Dad died later that day, she understood.

That year I taught biology to freshmen and sophomores at Seoul Foreign School. When I had promised to sub for Lois Sauer, I did not realize what it would be like. We survived. First of all supplies had not been ordered from the States. So we had to use local supplies. We dissected local fish (flounders), frogs, snakes, etc. We sure learned a lot about local animals. For one lesson on peristalsis we had Dr. Weiss come and dissect a rabbit. First we had to anesthetize the rabbit until it was near death. Then we watched the heart beat until death, and then the peristalsis of the intestines after death. We were right in the middle of our science projects when I went to the States for dad's funeral. Actually I stayed a month. I wondered how the projects would work out. My faith was a little low, but Lois kept them busy. On April 2 the big science fair was on display. All the students set up their displays. One of them had taken a pair of mice and set up a maze. The student timed them every day and proved that even a mouse could learn. Another student tried to make an alcohol addict out of a mouse and a rat. The rats proved to be smarter by refusing the alcohol. Two girls visited an egg hatchery. They got eggs that had been incubated. They opened them at various stages and preserved them in alcohol. Those that hatched at the proper time were there and did plenty of cheeping. Another student collected shells and classified them according to their common names and their scientific names. Another student took pictures of children at different ages and did a lot of research on their normal activities. Another student collected snakes and lizards and demonstrated how the lizard would attack the snake. He also demonstrated the molting of the snake. Another student demonstrated all kinds of pollen. Another student showed one-celled organisms which he grew and put under the microscope. Another student visited the hospital lab and brought bacterial cultures as well as slides of the bacteria to the fair. One student collected planaria and showed the process of regeneration. I was mighty proud of my students.

Before I left for the States, a US Air Force major had asked if we would allow his wife to live with us (Mrs. Shortridge). She was a dietitian. She arrived while I was in Ohio. Everyone fell in love with her. Even though she stayed with us only six months, she really did a great job at the hospital. She left by March 24 because a major's wife was not supposed to live in Korea. [Because of unavailability of housing that met American standards and the shortage of consumer goods, the US military allowed only high-ranking officers to have their spouses or families live in Korea.]

During this year or maybe earlier, sex education had been introduced into the curriculum [in Seoul Foreign School]. That was hard for me to teach.

After all this we took a week's vacation at the beach house. I thought we would have a lot of time to write letters, etc. But the U.S. Army's I Corps came down

from Seoul to practice missile shooting. Because we were in the danger zone, we had to vacate the cottage from 12:00 noon to 5:00 PM. We found a place to read and watch the activities. Nothing happened, since they could not get the area cleared. This was a fishing area. When the weather was good the fishermen were out fishing. Just about the time that they would have a missile launched, ready to shoot, some little fishing boat would get into range. Then a plane would come out and try to chase the boat back out of the way. This went on for four days. Beatrice and Ann had a ball talking with the GI's.

At the hospital we had some TV stars visit us from "The Nelson Family." They were very interested in the hospital, especially the crippled children's center.

Spring came and we were all busy planting trees. During World War II the Japanese had cut down all the timber from the hills and mountains. One of the Presbyterian missionaries, an agriculturist, went up and down the hills in the country and planted lespedeza, acacia and other legumes in order to keep the hills from washing away.

It was getting close to graduation for Beatrice. She made her clothes, including her graduation dress. She did the ironing every week. She got an $800.00 scholarship from SMU. So it looked like she would go there instead of Oberlin.

Dr. Curran, representative of the China Medical Board, spent about three months in Korea. For a farewell dinner we had him at our home. We had all the English-speaking folks who were connected with medical work. Dr. Gault from Seoul Medical National University told this story at the dinner: The roof of the hospital was leaking. He complained about it and wondered if it could be repaired. After the workmen climbed around on the roof for a while they came to Dr. Gault with a report. "The roof was leaking because it was raining. If it did not rain the roof would not leak." A true statement but it didn't work.

On May 28 we celebrated our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Seldom did missionaries have that privilege. The group celebrating with us was quite large. So the celebration was held at Jensen Hall. We made ice cream for the group. Lois Sauer asked to make the cake. She couldn't get it there in time so we had to take it. Lois was on the run that day. The cake was still warm when she put on the icing. Going down our steep hill with the cake was a hassle. The only way to keep the top layer from sliding off was for me to use my finger as a prop. So I had a taste of it before anyone else.

Graduation for Beatrice came about June 7. Beatrice was the valedictorian. We were so proud of her. On June 17 she and I went to the beach for a little vacation. Erne was to take her to Japan on July 17. Before going on vacation we had Severance Hospital Day to raise money for the hospital. For that affair I was supposed to make nine dozen cookies, punch, lots of ice, two cakes and

one keg of ice cream, plus working at the booths and setting up a lab display. We raised $250.00, which was good in those days.

About that time a letter came from Betty. She and Pat were in love and they wanted to get married. There was no way that we could get home, as our furlough was not due. That hurt.

On the way back from the beach, at Suwon, we bought fruit and vegetables for canning. We bought some nice cucumbers. Erne felt that they should be "sterilized" by soaking in Chlorox solution. They started soaking. I could not take care of them until morning. Erne reread the directions and the cucumbers were to be soaked for only an hour. Our pickles were edged in white and smelled a little like Chlorox.

The time had come. Beatrice and Ann left for Japan by air and then by boat to Los Angeles. Beatrice went on to Chicago to see Betty, then on to Marion to see Mom, then to Texas to see the Weiss family, and finally to SMU. The house seemed so empty.

We were asked to take in four high school girls for the next school year. We were also asked to board an American nurse, Mrs. Harkey.

Around September 9 we had a little earthquake. It shook our house, but there was no damage.

General Song was arrested. Erne was his doctor. The higher ups came to take the general out of the hospital to assassinate him. Erne would not release him [because he was still sick]. As a result things got pretty rough. The embassy called me and gave me a number. If Erne disappeared, they were to be called. That made me feel real good [tongue in cheek]. From that day on we were taken off of Pak Chung Hee's social list.

Around September 15, after the high school girls had moved in and Mrs. Harkey had arrived, we were awakened by a tapping on our bedroom door early in the morning. Erne was still in bed. As a rule he was up by 5:00 AM. I realized something was wrong. In her soft southern voice Mrs. Harkey said that she thought we had been robbed. One look around and we knew that it was true. We realized that we had had some clever robbers. We thought that the house had been sprayed with something, since we were all very sleepy and groggy. The radio was gone, Erne's trifocal glasses, the silverware, all our purses had been ransacked, the silver wedding gifts were gone, the refrigerator was ransacked, the typewriter gone, Erne's doctor's bag, a US Treasury check for the hospital for $4,000.00, our record player, jewelry, etc. The thieves had gotten in under the grating over the sunken windows under the dining room. We found some of the papers, clothes and the doctor's bag strewn over the Yonsei

campus. They had tried to hit some of the neighbors too and tried to poison our dog.

We were in the middle of cholera season now as well as thievery season. One morning the police knocked on the Lunceford's [neighbor's] door about 6:00 AM and wanted to know what they had lost. They didn't know that they had been robbed. The police had found some characters down by the USO. They confessed that they had stolen some things from the Luncefords. So they got all their things back. In one house, in spite of all the locks, etc., they got in and ate a birthday cake that was on the dining table. Then they started ransacking the desk. About that time the dogs chased them out.

The robbers were busy at the hospital too. One night they got away with sixteen telephones. One telephone cost $150.00. They finally caught the thieves. They were a bunch of high school kids. Politically things were in a state. We wondered what would happen next.

In October we got word that Captain Borden would be landing in Inchon. He was captain of the SS ***Jean Lafitte***, the boat that we sailed to Korea on in 1955. So we went to see him at Inchon and had dinner with him.

Thanksgiving was harvest time in Korea. In one of the country places they wanted to build a church but had no money. So they gave time, lumber, cement, etc., and built a building. Then as a thank offering they brought produce and placed it on the altar in place of a salary for the minister. The minister had to work outside the church for a living.

Just about this time we got word of President Kennedy's assassination. What a blow! What next?

It was now time for the American Thanksgiving. We took off a couple of days and went to the beach. We got word that Syngman Rhee was to be flown to Seoul from Hawaii. [He had been living in exile in Hawaii.] He was an old man and ill. He had asked that Erne take care of him. He never came.

We got word that we were to have a four-month furlough in 1964. Erne was dead set on going in April. Betty wanted to get married at Christmas and Beatrice already had a boyfriend [Jeff Hall] – sounded serious. During their Christmas holiday Beatrice and Jeff drove to Chicago to visit his folks. On the way back to SMU they were involved in an accident. We were worried sick. It caused a problem with the university too.

1964

By January 28 we had made some decisions. Magdalene (my sister) and Bill were going on vacation in August. That meant they needed us to stay with Mom. Betty would be graduating from nursing school. She would be getting her BS in Nursing. We hoped to take that in or her wedding. Which would it be? We needed to listen to our boss (Board of Foreign Missions). Since Erne and I had obligations in different parts of the US we could not travel together.

The Korean economy was critical. Thank goodness I did a lot of canning. Sugar was over $2.00 a pound.

While Erne was making a call on a patient, he slipped on the sidewalk and broke his left wrist (Colles fracture). Our neighbor's two year old boy (Theis) had swallowed thirty to sixty baby aspirin tablets. He was a sick little kid for a short time. On the way home from seeing him Erne fell. By the time I got to him his hand was swelling, so I quickly got his wedding ring off as well as his watch. I got his arm in a sling and on to the hospital. The hospital folks brought his work home and he sat in the platform rocker and did his visa work with the help of a view box. [The visa work was the interpretation of medical tests for Koreans who needed visas to go to the US, Canada or European countries.]

The nurse who was living with us left on February 10. In spite of his cast, Erne was able to get a group of agencies together to cooperate in getting rid of intestinal parasites in Korea. When we first came to Korea it was not uncommon to find five and six different parasites in the stools of patients. [Appendicitis due to parasite infestation was common.] So the conference meant great progress. During this conference time Mr. Kim, Erne's right hand man during the building program, got married. These days the weddings were much simpler - no dinner, no cake, no bridesmaids, no flower girl, no best man, and the wedding dishes were borrowed. This was really a drastic change for the Korean people.

I now headed up the bacteriology department. It was a full time job. We were having a lot of trouble at the hospital with labor unions and general unrest. It reminded me of China.

Erne's arm was not healing well.

As of June 1 our salary was cut. We could not understand, as prices were soaring. The Mission Board based its figures on [American military] commissary prices, which had nothing to do with Korean prices. Also we stayed on the legal exchange rate. Some of our missionaries used the black market, so they had enough money. I didn't think that missionaries could afford to use the black market [integrity reasons].

These days there were demonstrations against a proposed treaty with Japan. President Pak finally made a statement that everyone could demonstrate as

much as they wanted as long as they didn't get violent. The demonstrators felt that they were not having any fun, so they quit.

Plans changed again for the timing of our furlough.

Things were bad at the hospital. We had another strike. The labor union was behind it. I sent letters to our supporting churches to uphold our work in prayer.

Here Hilda quoted some statistics provided by US Army chaplains which were "frightening" to her:

During their time in Korea, 80 – 90% of all GI's went to the local village and got themselves linked up with a Korean girl.
40% of the above GI's contracted venereal disease sometime during their thirteen-month tour of duty.

In spite of everything Christianity was growing like a weed. If you had the gift of speech and a knowledge of the Bible you could stand on a street corner and start a church.

Things had come to a head at the hospital. The medical students said, "We have come here to get an education." They told the labor union that if they did not withdraw that they would throw them out. The labor union was asked to resign. The executive committee of the hospital decided to close the hospital and fire everyone, and to give them their severance pay. That way they could rehire the ones they wanted. The result was that the labor union was chased out. Calm reigned once more. But we were all emotionally drained.

About June 3 I got the news that there was a chance to take orphans to the US [for adoption] and I would be leaving about June 9. I could stay in the States for six weeks. That way I could see Betty graduate from nursing school and meet Jeff and Beatrice, and then go on to Ohio to stay with mother while Bill and Magdalene got a rest.

There were a lot of demonstrations at this time, almost daily. There was even talk of a coup. On June 4 there was martial law curfew. On June 5 schools and universities were guarded and closed until August 28. Movie houses were closed. Funerals, gatherings, weddings, etc., were all cancelled until further notice.

In spite of all this I was able to leave on June 9 with orphans. I wondered if I would get back. In New York I checked in with the medical office of the Board of Missions for a general checkup. Then it was on to Chicago to the YWCA, where Beatrice was staying for the summer. She had a job where she was near Jeff. I got to see them both several times. Then on to Betty's graduation from

Northwestern University. I also saw Ann Steensma and her boyfriend Al, and Jeff's parents.

I got to Marion about 2:50 AM. I had called sister and told her to leave the door unlocked. I could just go in and sleep on the couch. Bill had to be at work at 7:00 AM [at the Marion Power Shovel Company]. Sister and the kids were going to take son Gary to St. Louis at noon. They got me to the farm before they left. I met Mrs. Davis, who was caring for Mother. She needed a vacation. As soon as she showed me everything, she took off. After this I had a weekend at our supporting church in Indianapolis. On July 20 I went to Chicago to have a few days with Betty and Beatrice again. Then off to Texas to see Ernest's family. Then on to Silsbee, Texas, to meet with Pat's folks. They really impressed me and I fell in love with the whole family. Then back to Dallas, to Seattle on July 1, and on to Seoul (19,622 miles; forty-plus flying hours; sixty-two hours waiting at stations and airports; I mailed nine packages to Erne).

I got back to Seoul just in time for another hospital strike. This time the doctors, doctors' wives, and other volunteers came in to run the hospital. After seven days there was a break. A few of the lab technicians were responsible for breaking from the union. The stress was a bit much for me. I had a bad case of neuritis and had to have a lot of treatment.

About this time Joyce Williams, a schoolteacher for SFS, came to live with us. Her husband was with the CID. They were both lovely young folks.

On September 8 it rained. It rained for about a week. This was not the rainy season. We had our laundry in rinse water for days [no electric clothes dryer]. We finally tried to dry the laundry with an electric fan or drip dry it on the porch. We couldn't starch anything [no knit shirts or relaxed dress code then; almost everything was cotton and had to be starched and ironed]. We were ready to hang ourselves up to dry. One week later we had a nice day to wash. Right in the middle of washing the water was cut off. We had to have the water carried from the well to rinse the clothes. Right in the middle of that Erne accidentally ran an ice pick through one of his fingers, bone and all, and through another finger. Also, the cat had kittens. It was announced that flooding was possible. One week later there were floods.

We went to bed on a Saturday night, having had a few days of nice weather. About midnight the house did not shake but we heard a terrific noise. We found all our inside doors either shut tight or wide open, and the guest room window flew open. We were in the middle of something. It started to pour down rain, five to six inches in an hour or so. Trees fell, houses collapsed and roads caved in; bridges washed out and places flooded. In the morning our neighbor's yard had a cave-in in their yard big enough to hold a Jeep. They usually parked their car there but that night they had put it in the garage. The newspaper reported that 207 people were killed, 273 were missing, and 40,000 were homeless. It was the

worst calamity in twenty-two years. Downtown there was six inches to a foot of water standing. In the vicinity of the central railroad station there was up to two feet of water in the houses. The rain still kept coming. All the fall crops were lost and good topsoil was carried away.

At last the labor union at the hospital was dissolved. We got a new president at Yonsei University, Mr. Pak.

In October Erne was supposed to go to Taiwan and Hong Kong to find a minister for the Seoul Chinese Christian church. Instead, on October 23, he had to accompany a US government patient to the States (Mrs. Elliot). They asked me to go too, but I was still having treatments for neuritis. It was a hassle to get Erne on that plane. We called that flight the Northwest Airlines airplane that Erne held up. First, he did not start packing until after breakfast, plus he ran some errands. He had to be at the airport by 1:30 PM. It took a half hour to get to the airport. He was taking a shower at 1:00. Then he had to stop at the hospital to pick up medicines and intravenous supplies for his doctor's bag. These things were all put in our Jeep. At the hospital, while our driver looked for the ambulance driver, someone took the medicines and doctor's bag out of the Jeep. The rest of us were already in the ambulance and did not know and did not miss the bag until we got to the airport. Everyone was in a lather. We were late anyway and no way to go back and get more medicine. A colonel wired Japan to have medicine ready. Meanwhile someone else called the nearest army post and Erne picked up the medicine and supplies there. The rest of us loaded the patient in the plane and Erne followed. I stayed in the ambulance to wait for Erne to say goodbye. The plane door began to close. I yelled and said "you have three stowaways." They shoved them off and closed the door and took off. The rest of us went home in the Jeep. We stopped at the hospital and searched for the doctor's bag. We found it sitting in the emergency entrance. None of us had been near there with the bag. What a day!

Erne had hernia surgery on November 2 at St. Lukes Hospital in New York. Afterwards he stayed with the Brewsters.

Thieves were rampant. I had locks to lock locks. I unhooked the telephone every night and locked it up in my closet.

There was a lot of internal conflict at the hospital again. This time it was the position of the dean of the medical school. Dr. Rice [Methodist missionary] was trying to be the mediator. I sure was glad to see Erne come home on the 23rd as he always seemed to have some influence in difficult situations.

Betty and Pat were married on December 26. Erne wanted to extend his stay long enough to be with them for their wedding, but our boss would not allow it. The Jeffry's [Methodist missionaries] were able to be there. Beatrice was the bridesmaid. Betty wore my wedding dress.

PART FOUR

KOREA 1965 – 1974

1965

In our lab at Severance we were doing about 700 tests of one kind or another every day. That was quite a load. Each test took from a few minutes to two hours. I was the head of the bacteriology department now and giving lectures. I prepared the lectures for our students and then the resident doctor in bacteriology took them and gave them in English to another group. She was going to the US.

Erne's clinic nurse, Mrs. Kay Hahn, was a lovely lady. Her husband was a professor in the Yonsei School of Theology. She had had considerable training in the States.

Betty was now working at the Catholic hospital in Beaumont. She loved the nuns and loved her work. Pat was taking exams at Lamar University in Beaumont.

One night during the "Big Cold" we forgot to put the car [Land Rover] in the garage until midnight [the Big Cold was the longest, coldest spell of each winter]. We couldn't get the car started. The Land Rover was a hard car to handle anyway. Erne and John tried to push it up the hill. Suddenly Erne felt something pop in his back. An X-ray on January 10 showed no slipped disk. Much later a compression fracture was found. As of February 5 he was still wearing a body cast and working at the hospital. The cast finally came off April 24.

It happened again! We were robbed for the fourth time. John and Joyce went on a little vacation. While staying with us they bought a lovely hi-fi phonograph and record player and put it in our living room. The Friday before Easter, as usual, we locked all our doors (three locks on each door). We locked all the windows, cupboards and closets, but left one bedroom door open. Erne got up at 1:00 AM and again at 5:00 AM and napped until 6:00 AM. Sometime between 5:00 and 6:00 the thieves got in a window and came through the workshop. They carried out the hi-fi (100 pounds), went into the Williams' bedroom and emptied the drawers, then to the guestroom and took the blankets and spreads off the beds, then to our bedroom and took my jewelry box off our dresser. Along the way they picked up the beautiful afghan that Betty had lovingly knitted, plus foodstuffs out of our kitchen.

On May 10 I was fifty years old. It was also the eightieth year since missionaries had come to Korea. There were lots of celebrations.

Erne was in a brace now. He grumbled but bore it.

On June 23 there were demonstrations again. We were getting used to daily demonstrations.

John and Joyce wanted to have one more visit at the beach. So in July we took them there. On the way back to Seoul we stopped to see some statues just outside Seoul nicknamed Pappa San, Mamma San and Baby San. They had been named by the GI's. The GI's couldn't read the Korean and Chinese characters on the statues.

It was the first time that we had been alone. No children in the house and no one living with us. It was lonely.

In August we were still having demonstrations. The cabinet tried to resign, but President Pak Chung Hee would not accept the resignations. Most universities were closed. Yonsei was allowed to stay open. Everything was tense. We had good reason to believe that all international mail was opened and inspected coming and going, as well as packages.

Our new secretary for Korea on the Mission Board, Dr. Margaret Billingsley, visited Korea. Every institution connected with the Mission Board had a reception for her, as well as the missionaries themselves and the Chong Dong Methodist Church. It was a command performance.

In October we had our annual meeting where medical missionaries of all denominations came together. This year it was at the Mary Knoll Sisters' Hospital in Pusan. Erne gave a report on carbon monoxide poisoning in Korea. I often said that we were closer to the Catholics on the mission field than to the Methodists and Presbyterians in the US. We had chapel services daily – one time by the Catholics and the next time by the Protestants. The rest of the time was spent in sharing new treatments for patients and on ideas on how to handle the labor union.

On the way back home we visited some of the temples which had not been destroyed during the Korean War, such as the famous Pul Kook Sa. We also visited the famous Ulsan Gulf Oil Refinery and the first ice house in Korea. We stayed at a tourist hotel. I could write a book about that. We shared our bed with other living things. I had to crawl over the bed to get to my side. The sink had pipes under it but holes in the wrong places. We went on to see the Presbyterian Hospital and the Moffats. We also saw the great Hai In Sa Temple with its 80,000 volumes of books which were written on wood and could be traced back to ancient times. We were allowed to go in the temple and visit with the monks. We watched them print books from the wooden blocks.

The Vietnam situation was bad. Many soldiers from Korea went there.

It was November, time to wrap rose bushes and to turn on the heat at the hospital. Public places were not heated or were very poorly heated. One of our laboratory workers got married in a wedding hall (one wedding every hour). At a precise moment, the bride was dressed, the white strip of cloth rolled out down the aisle, the pianist was practicing, everyone was yelling out orders about flower arrangements, etc. I saw the lovely bride shaking. I thought she was excited, but she was freezing. She had on a very thin bridal gown. I had on a heavy dress, sweater and overcoat and was cold. (The high that day was fifty degrees F.)

Mrs. Stokes [Methodist missionary] was very ill with cancer, a rare kind, in the area surrounding her heart.

At last sister and Bill and family moved to their new home that they built in Ohio. It was about one-half mile from the old home place in the country.

Our Christmas this year was quite different. Charles Minter from Richwood, Ohio, (who knew Uncle Ed and Aunt Tillie Mayers) and two of his friends from the Army came, plus eight or nine more servicemen that we picked up from the USO. Some were divorced, some engaged, some married, and others? We had real turkey (grown in Korea), skinny, but turkey. Four of the men stayed overnight and then went to church with us on Sunday.

I belonged to the Womens Club. I took Mrs. Ferrell as my guest to the Christmas party at the Officer's Club. A group of Koreans put on a ballet. Unfortunately the stage had been waxed too much and there were a few falls. In between the scenes all the wax was removed.

1966

On January 7 we had an earthquake. Our house really shook.

My work at the hospital was very interesting. I was working on a paper about mycology contaminants and some pathogens. We identified our first case of actinomycoses at Severance and probably the first known in Korea.

Jim Moore [Methodist missionary] was quite ill, losing sensation in both legs and unable to walk. A spinal tap found a blockage in the spinal cord, a tumor. Surgery had to be done immediately. I spent Sundays and sometimes Saturdays and evenings taking care of him. He was paralyzed from the waist down. Gradually with massage and special instructions from physical therapy he was able to function in a wheel chair. The Moores were very close friends of ours. When Erne saw Jim's condition he was really upset. Jim was one who did not complain about a problem. He had seen another doctor who thought the symptoms were the flu. During surgery Erne sent word to me that I was to take

leave of the lab and don my nurse's uniform and do special duty nursing for Jim. It was a rough time for our two families.

We did take time out to relax now and then. We celebrated Washington's Birthday with cherry pie and a nice dinner at home. I attended the American Women's Club and learned some interesting facts about George:

He started crop rotation
He counted the number of clover seeds in a pound.

Late in February the astronauts visited Korea and came to our English church service. What an honor!

Erne was invited to the presidential prayer breakfast. All religions were represented and a regular service was held. At one of these breakfasts, Dr. Helen Kim (president of Ewha University) approached President Pak and asked him to accept Jesus. Pak himself was a Buddhist and his wife was a Christian.

In March Arlene Stokes passed away. She was such a dear person and a wonderful witness from her bed during her long illness.

Conference time again! I attended a committee meeting and found out that the Korean church was sending a missionary to Pakistan. Our Mission Board sent help to Korea to build a church. The Korean Christians in turn collected a bit here and a bit there and sent someone to Pakistan.

We were having important visitors like Harry Haines of the World Council of Churches and Dr. McCoy of the United Board for Medical Missions. Mrs. Syngman Rhee came back to Korea to visit her son and her husband's grave.

On the way home from conference I went with a group in a Land Rover. Our car hit a taxi. I got a broken rib out of it.

We had plans to leave on furlough in June, but the plans were suddenly changed. Dr. Roth said that Erne had a bad hernia that needed repair NOW and that he would not be able to travel until late July or August. Not only that but Dr. Roth said that Erne would have to go out of town for surgery. He knew Erne would not rest and his co-workers would not let him rest. So he had surgery April 26 [in the town where Dr. Roth was working]. We would miss the USA missionary conference in Greencastle, Indiana.

The operation was finally over, but not without some real problems and experiences. Just after we took Erne to the operating room Dr. Roth asked if I would like to observe the operation. I sort of backed off. He said that he was going to give a lecture on this type of surgery to his medical students and I could be his rehearsal. So I consented. The anesthesia went well. Dr. Roth made the first cut in the abdomen and said "There is no bleeding. What is the blood

pressure?" The BP had started going down. All of a sudden it took a nose dive, to 70/? Erne's color was terrible, showing signs of shock. All I could think of was a heart attack. Dr. Roth ordered ephedrine right away. I was rooted to the floor. It seemed as if a voice was telling me "Your prayers for Jim [Moore] have been answered. He will see snow fall on his head but it may cost Erne's life." At that moment I heard Dr. Roth say, "Hilda, get Dr. Mattson." I came to my senses and went to get Dr. Mattson. By the time we returned to the OR, Erne's BP was rising. It leveled off. But the bleeding increased. Dr. Roth had to work very fast and use more drains than usual [rather than stitches]. That experience left me drained. I knew that God had spoken to me and in no uncertain terms. Things would never be the same again.

We found out later that Erne had been taking a synthetic drug for his BP. In very fine print the literature that came with the drug said that it should not be taken a certain number of hours before surgery. I brought Erne home on May 7.

We heard from SMU that Beatrice was on the honor roll. We were invited to a special luncheon there, but of course we couldn't make it. Beatrice was also in a beauty contest (fifteen contestants). She did not win but got her picture in the ***Dallas Morning News***.

A letter came from a priest in Houston whose father had been a patient at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Beaumont. Betty had been his nurse. The letter recommended Betty as a fine nurse. How is that for inter-faith relations?

Seoul was changing. There were elevated highways and subways, overhead walks and subway walks.

I belonged to the Professors' Wives Club (Hospital and University). We got together once a month, about thirty of us. First we had devotions, then a business meeting. With our dues we were able to raise a scholarship. (The dues were pretty high.) The medical wives met once a week and made bandages and did other kinds of volunteer work.

On June 23 we had a very interesting evening in the home of our university president, George Pak. We and the Van Lierops [Presbyterian missionaries] were the only guests besides the Pak children and grandparents. During the dinner and evening they told us about their lives in Pyongyang [capital of North Korea] before the Korean War, their flight to Seoul, and the flight to Pusan and back to Seoul.

On July 4 we went to church at Chong Dong [Methodist Church]. We saw 1000 folks take communion. What a sight!

We had a lot of cancer among our missionaries. I did a little study on it. Everyone with cancer had either spent some time in Japan near the atomic bomb

blast right after the war, had gone through the area, or had worked in an open lab in Korea.

At last, on July 26, we were on the way to the US. We had a visit in Houston, then went to Chicago, and then on to Ohio. There I stayed with Mother while Mrs. Davis [live in aide] had her vacation and the Flachs had a vacation. Ernest went on to Houston to find an apartment and attend medical conferences.

It was very difficult to take care of Mother. We knew that Mrs. Davis could no longer handle her. So we made plans to put her in a nursing home. It was very difficult to do this, but it was the only solution. On October 23 Magdalene and I took her to a nearby nursing home.

From then on we were making plans for Beatrice's wedding. Mrs. Hall [Bea's future mother-in-law] and I kept the telephone wires burning and the mail carriers busy [no e-mail then]. Erne took a concentrated course at Cook County Hospital in Chicago during that time. A few more days in Ohio and then I was off to Chicago for the wedding of Beatrice and Jeff. We stayed at Garret Seminary which was near the church (First Methodist Church of Evanston, Illinois). Ernest performed the ceremony December 27, 1966. Magdalene and Bill came in from Ohio. Magdalene poured tea at the reception. Betty came in from Texas to be the matron of honor. Jeff's brothers were the best man and ushers. Afterwards the wedding party gathered at the Deavers for dinner. That is where we met Jeff's family (Agnews and Moores). When we got to the Deaver's home Mrs. Deaver asked me how I felt. I said that my feet hurt (new shoes). With that she said "off with the shoes!" All the women followed suit and we threw our shoes on a heap. Therewith we started a new fad. I had a picture to show it. The next morning we awoke to see that we had had a heavy snowfall during the night. Our hearts sank. We had to get Betty to the airport. We literally crawled there. We had three more hours of driving in the snow. We saw twelve cars and trucks in the ditch along the way. One truck was overturned. A couple of days later, we were almost to Houston. The car started sputtering. We were happy to see a small town and a Texaco sign at 8:30 PM. As we pulled into the station the car died. An attendant there called his friend out of bed. He came and fixed the car (southern hospitality.) We needed a fuel pump. We walked into our apartment in Houston after midnight.

1967

The next few months I took some special work at the Public Health laboratory in Houston and Ernest took some special work at the medical center and at different hospitals such as Ben Taub. He also took in some medical meetings around the country.

Both of us were well settled in our work when a call from Magdalene said that Mother was very ill and not expected to live. I went to Ohio. She passed away February 16. Even though she was not in her right mind the last weeks and so crippled, I sure missed writing those weekly letters to her.

In April, back in Korea, Jim Moore passed away. He was still on chemotherapy. Someone had come to see him with a bad cold. The result was that Jim caught the cold, which was followed by pneumonia. Then he died.

On weekends we spoke at churches in Texas. At various times during the year, as it fit in with his medical meetings, Ernest was free to speak at churches. In June we attended the Southwest Texas Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church in San Antonio, at the Travis Park UM Church. At that time we did not realize that eight years later we would be living in San Antonio and joining the Travis Park church.

On June 4 we started on our trek back to Korea by attending the golden wedding anniversary of Erne's oldest brother and wife (Herman and Veronie Weiss). We had a visit with Beatrice and Jeff in Dallas. Then on to Matoon, Illinois, to visit John and Joyce Williams. Then on to Ohio. Magdalene and I started cleaning out the home place. It brought up a lot of memories. Next we went to Michigan to visit Ed and Helen Weiss. And then on to Grand Rapids for Ann Steensma's wedding. Would there be a wedding? Joy (Ann's sister) was still fixing her hair; Dirk (Ann's brother) was waiting for his tux; Joy was taking things back and forth to the church; Julianne (mom) was taking care of the laundry; John (dad) was doing last minute errands; and there was no sign of Ann or Al. In spite of the devil, the wedding went off without a hitch. Then on to Greencastle, Indiana, for the annual missionary conference, up to Kane to see our Cleland class, and back to Houston. Betty and Pat and Pat's folks saw us off to Korea at the boat, on the **SS *Frederick Lykes***. We went down the Neches River, across the Gulf of Mexico, through the Panama Canal, and then to Long Beach, California for twelve hours. Leland Holland, Coral Houston and the Pipers met us there [former missionaries and friends]. We reached Japan on August 27. During that time I wrote 127 letters.

Betty and Pat were moved by the military to Lawton, Oklahoma.

After landing in Japan it seemed wise for me to go ahead to Seoul by plane and get the house in order, with Erne to arrive later on the boat with the baggage. I got there August 29. In the meantime two families had lived in our house. The last family had moved all our furniture to the attic or the basement; the refrigerator was broken in several places; the garden was full of weeds and the yard not much better; and there was a big leak in the basement and other places. There was no time for mischief. Barbara Theis [Methodist missionary] was in the US with their critically ill baby. It seemed wise for me to stay with Jack Theis and their other small children. Their baby died and Jack was beside himself.

Barbara was having a hard time coming back. Another missionary's baby died and still another missionary child drowned (age five and a half), all within a few days. What a welcome back to Korea. After a few days we got things under control. One beautiful thing happened. Charles Stokes [missionary and widower] married Marilyn Terry. Erne arrived in Inchon by boat on September 11.

We heard news about several missionary kids: Brian Riggs [next door neighbor's child on Sagikdong] got married; Harold Voelkel was injured in Vietnam and was on his way to the States [Betty's classmate at SFS]; Bill Shaw, Jr. was getting his masters in Korean and studying at Yonsei [SFS friend of Betty and Beatrice]; Carlene Judy was in an accident and paralyzed from the chest on down [SFS friend of Beatrice]; Breck Jeffery was sent to Vietnam [SFS friend of Betty and Beatrice].

I was put to work immediately:

- Proctoring for medical students taking exams in order to do further work in the US. The competition was severe. During the exams one of the students had a grand mal epileptic seizure.
- Duty on Saturdays at the USO.
- Head of bacteriology department at Severance, plus lectures.

Through the USO we were able to contact Gary Primmer, who was from Marion, Ohio. On the way home from the USO we had an accident. An official sideswiped our Jeep. I was cleared and the other party paid all expenses.

Dr. and Mrs. Nay of the Meridian Street Methodist Church in Indianapolis visited Korea. Meridian Street had bought Severance a new X-ray machine. The Nays officially presented it to Severance at the dedication. They arrived on November 11. We helped them meet a lot of the Yonsei folks.

We had an epidemic of typhoid fever.

At Christmas Gary Primmer and his friend Dan Certuche came. They helped us make candy and stuff a turkey, a Korean turkey. We took them to Ewha to hear the Vienna Boys Choir. On Christmas Day at 5:00 AM Erne took them along with the nursing students and some other missionaries to distribute food, clothing, and sing carols to the folks living along the river bank. All they could say when they came back was "I would not have believed it." Later we went to a Korean church for their Christmas service.

1968

Our missionaries were restless. The Riggs wanted a two-year leave; the Ferrells wanted to leave altogether, and the Roths and Mattsons left. There were frequent political incidents. Early on the morning of Sunday, January 22, a well-armed and well-planned group from North Korea came into Seoul and got close to the "Blue House," the presidential mansion. Some of our missionaries lived at Pai Wha right near there and heard the machine guns. In the skirmish six South Koreans were killed and twenty-eight wounded. There were thirty-one infiltrators. Six were killed and one captured. Then on January 24 a US ship (Pueblo) was captured by the North Koreans in international waters. We were all feeling a bit insecure. The police were all over the Yonsei campus. They told everyone not to open the door to anyone. By January 29 we had each prepared a suitcase. Lots of stores were closed and there was a midnight curfew. It was not helpful to know that one of the infiltrators had been hiding in a temple about one mile from us. During this time all GI's had to stay put. So we did not see any of them. If we did they were in full gear. As of February 4, twenty-eight of the infiltrators had been caught. We Americans had all been notified by the US embassy on what to do in case of a real emergency. During this time we listened regularly to the 7:00 AM, 12:00 noon, 3:00 PM, 6:00 PM, and 10:00 PM newscasts every day. We had been instructed to do so by the embassy even if guests were present.

In the US, Pat, our son-in-law, completed officers training. He was now a second lieutenant. He was accepted for helicopter training.

We were very happy to locate the O'Donnels. They were with the Peace Corps. She was the daughter of the Blydenburgs. The Blydenburgs had lived in our house in China (Nanchang) before we did.

Language was always a problem. A flight attendant was supposed to say, "Hope your flight will be pleasant." Instead, it came out as "Hope your fright will be present."

By March conditions had eased up. Some women came from the United Board for a five-week visit and were staying with us. Dr. Bergerand and Mrs. Caulkins, lovely ladies, did some work at the university.

Frequently Gary Primmer brought folks from the army our way. We kept Sundays open for GI's and friends. Also, Erne's contacts with the Eighth Army officials and the building of the Severance Hospital Eighth Army Memorial Unit brought majors, colonels, generals and their friends to our home.

Two afternoons a week I helped teach medical students the short cuts of laboratory work. That was a challenge.

On the first Sunday morning of April a lady came crying to our gate. She told us that the night guard had either gotten drunk or gotten into a brawl. Someone

threw gasoline on him, or perhaps he tried to commit suicide by burning himself. The family had no money and needed help to pay the hospital admission fee. He was critically ill and so badly burned that they had to put in a tracheotomy to help him breathe.

Our house was like a railroad station with beds instead of trains. Missionaries from out of town came and spent a couple of nights and then went home. We told them they had to fend for themselves, and they did. We had guests in for dinner at least once a week. This was one way to get acquainted with medical folks, ministers, educators, etc.

We took a little vacation at the beach. Gary Primmer was able to arrange his R&R [Rest and Recreation] time and be with us.

Conditions were still a bit unsettled. We kept our suitcases packed. In spite of the conditions, changes were taking place. Major Kim ("Bulldozer" Kim) was creating underpasses, overpasses and "noodles" (clover leafs). It used to take us an hour to get to the airport. Now it took less than twenty minutes. Other changes had also taken place. All teachers had to cut their hair properly, shave and wear coats – no hippies.

In the lab at Severance we started a new procedure. We had weekly seminars, usually a lecture. I insisted on having some demonstrations as well [practical knowledge in addition to theoretical knowledge]. I started the trend by demonstrating anaerobic bacteria.

During May we became involved in a "tent" church in the slums of Seoul, Kum Dok Church. It took us an hour to get there – first to the east end of Seoul and then up a few alleys. Had we met another car – God forbid – one car would have had to back up. The tent was not up yet. In the meantime we met in the pastor's home. The main room was only as big as our dining room. Over thirty of us sat on the floor, toes to back. Fortunately I had the wall to lean against. If the wall had given way I would have rolled down a ravine.

At the end of May there was a big celebration for Dr. Helen Kim, one of the "greats" of Korea. She was a teacher, professor, and president of Ewha. She had received many national and international awards. She had attended Ohio Wesleyan College. Dr. Kim had finished fifty years of service for Ewha. There were 1400 guests for dinner, a choir of 420, and an orchestra of several hundred, all done by the students of Ewha.

In June we became grandparents. Bea and Jeff had a baby girl, Shaleen Kimberly Hall. At the same time news about Senator Robert Kennedy's assassination came over the wires.

On June 17 we went to Che Ju Do Island with the Jeffery's to check out medical and church facilities for future work.

A letter from Betty said that the Army was moving them to Mineral Wells, Texas, for Pat to have helicopter pilot training.

In Korea it was like pulling hens' teeth to get folks to donate blood. All the blood for transfusions had to be bought. The people selling their blood came to the lab early in the mornings. They were a motley crowd, mostly former veterans. They were also a dirty quarrelsome lot. If they were not accepted because of low hemoglobins, they would fight with the technicians and even threaten their lives. Because of the scarcity of blood, surgeries had to be cancelled. The Severance Auxiliary decided to take things in hand. First came education. Our ladies donated their time. Blood donations were started from the top down, beginning with the president of the university and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Pak. Professors and their wives followed. Our auxiliary furnished tea and cakes. Each donor then received a card that entitled him or her to a free pint of blood if they had to have a transfusion. This idea spread to other universities through the untiring efforts of Dr. Samuel Lee, whom I worked with for about twenty years.

During August activity along the DMZ [demilitarized zone, thirty-eighth parallel] was worse again. One day two spies were caught and another time a spy ring of one hundred fifty or more were rounded up.

In September our slum church was no longer in the minister's home, but in a tent. Erne was instrumental in getting a pup tent from the US Army. The place was ten miles from our home by car and then one or two miles up a lane. Then we walked about a half mile. In places I had to have support with a cane. The attendance had doubled. The floor was a dirt floor covered with grass mats. It was completely "air conditioned" with the flapping of the tent walls. The thermostat kept up with the solar system.

The Chinese church was also growing.

In October Severance sent a group of us to Che Ju Do Island to set up a lab. Erne was to advise the management of the hospital. We planned to send doctors there later.

On TV we watched the space ship Apollo land on the moon.

Erne celebrated his "Whan Kap" on October 31 [Korean sixtieth birthday celebration]. Actually his birthday was on the twenty-fifth, but the hospital set the affair for the thirty-first. We worked until noon that day and then Erne was sent to his office and I was sent to the blood bank. We were dressed in ceremonial clothes. From there we were taken to the auditorium for a worship service. We were presented with rings from the university, plus a special gift for Erne. Before

the celebration we insisted that we did not want gifts, which were traditional. If they insisted on gifts we requested that they give money in Erne's name for a medical scholarship. After the worship service we were taken to the nurses' home. There we put on traditional Whan Kap trimmings over our Korean clothes.

We were placed behind a large table loaded with Korean goodies and a huge cake (Dok). Groups of people came to pay respects to Erne by taking off their shoes, kneeling and bowing in Korean fashion. This went on and on. We were each given a cup of grape juice, signifying that we would start a new cycle of life together. The hospital folks told us that we were their children, since our own children could not be there. A scholarship was presented to the medical school in Erne's name. The interest would be enough to pay the tuition for one student. It was a time to remember with great thanks.

In December Betty and Pat were moved by the Army to Alabama.

We visited our tent church. It had been boarded up and glass had been placed over the plastic window and an oil heater in the center of the tent.

1969

Late in January we had one of the biggest snowstorms we had ever seen in Korea. The temperature was below zero F.

In February our own dear Barbara Reynolds [Methodist missionary] and Si Rae Pak announced their engagement. The wedding was March 1, and Erne gave the bride away.

I had been making regular trips to the Holt Orphanage to help get some of the children ready for adoption in the US. I drew the blood from the babies and Erne did all the other work [physical exams]. One afternoon we took care of forty-three babies.

We received a salary cut.

Ann Steensma Schipper, who called us Mom and Pop number two, was due to deliver her first baby.

Dr. Murray, one of the outstanding Canadian doctors, left Korea. She served in North Korea before the Korean War and had a great deal to do with the leper program. Prince Yi and his wife came for the celebration. (Prince Yi was the last heir of the Korean royal family, from before the time Korea was a Japanese colony.)

We were notified that we would be able to escort some orphans to the States at the end of April. We could stay one month in the US. I visited churches in Kane, Dyersburg (Tennessee), and Indianapolis. Then on to Texas to see Betty and Pat, Pat's parents, and Bea, Jeff and Shaleen in Dallas. Then on to Ohio. Before leaving Ohio I stopped in Columbus to see the Sidwells, who had served as Methodist missionaries in Korea. I gave them an update on the situation in Korea. Ed Weiss and his family came from Michigan to see us. I got to see Gary Primmer and his wife, Charles and Lois Sauer, and last of all, the Fields in Chicago. In Los Angeles Jeff's mother came to the airport to see us. By May 25 we were back in Korea.

Pat was due to go to Vietnam and moved Betty to Pasadena, TX. By June 9 we heard that he was stationed at Ben Hoa near Saigon. Thelma Maw, the physical therapist [and Methodist missionary] who had done such a great job at Severance, was requested to go to Vietnam to help the amputees get their lives together.

The Mission Board office in New York was having a difficult time. A Black group stormed the Presbyterian and Methodist offices and demanded $300,000.00 plus a manifesto. What would be the outcome? A white-lash?

In June the tent church started a building project. Only two years before they had had eleven members, one year ago they had twenty-five, and now they had close to one hundred. Before they bought land and built a concrete church, the members individually went up the mountain and spent the night in prayer. The answers were awesome. Friends and members saved enough money to each buy a cement block. Others sold some of their precious possessions. Some took in roomers. Bit by bit the cement blocks became a building.

Erne's cousin Viola Field was quite ill with breast cancer. She did well with cobalt treatments.

There were more political demonstrations. We stayed clear of them so as not to get involved, even at Yonsei.

Erne had repairs to his hernia repair on July 24 under local anesthesia. The table on which he lay during the operation was sent to Korea by his medical school classmates. In the new special wing of the hospital there were beds that had been discarded from a US hospital and sent to Korea from a Wisconsin Methodist conference, under the direction of Bishop Alton. The beds were repainted and looked new. Erne rested on one of them.

In late August we had a few days at the beach. As usual there was trouble. While we were there some Communists came into the country by sea and got caught.

The universities, including Yonsei, opened in the fall, only to be closed because of demonstrations.

Cholera was identified in the south. It spread to Seoul with 75 dead and 805 known cases. In October, in spite of all the vaccination efforts, cholera was still spreading. There had been over 1300 cases.

On October 25 I gave a lecture and demonstration to the national society of laboratory technicians of Korea. I talked on anaerobic bacteria. I demonstrated the use of the Gas Pak which I had shipped from the States.

Here are a few hospital statistics:

Last year we had 10,000 inpatients. One thousand of them became Christians. A follow up showed that 200 of them remained very active in church attendance.

On November 1 at 6:00 AM I woke with a start. My first though was of Pat Richardson being in danger [in Vietnam]. Erne and I had a special prayer for him. Later Pat told us that he had been in a real dangerous situation on that day. More and more I realized that I had ESP.

1970

Early in January the Jefferys brought their baby, David, from Pusan. He was so ill. He had picked up several bugs, among them shigella. He loved to pick up all the shoes on the floor and stuff them in his mouth. That is probably where he got the bug.

We ran out of oil for our furnace on January 10. We couldn't get more oil until January 23. The temperature range was 0 – 32 F.

On January 17 there was a bad fire in Seoul. The arcade at the Bando Hotel burned down. It was the elite shopping center for tourists. The fire was between the Bando and Chosen hotels, where there were one hundred forty shops. There was a large building under construction nearby. A nineteen-year-old boy had been sleeping in the construction shed. He accidentally knocked over a kerosene stove that started the fire. The winds were very high. All the water pipes were frozen and the fire engines could not function.

Pat and Betty met in Hawaii for Pat's R&R. Betty left baby David (born December 12, 1969) with Grandma and Grandpa Richardson in Texas.

Dr. Helen Kim, president emeritus of Ewha University, passed away. She had made all her own funeral arrangements. She insisted that it be a joyous occasion. She had been an outstanding Christian leader as well as an outstanding educator. She was given one of the nation's highest awards. The

large Ewha auditorium which held 5,000 was filled to capacity. The “Hallelujah Chorus” was sung on the afternoon of her funeral. Students and friends who could not get into the funeral were lined up two and three deep all the way from Ewha to the OMS compound, on both sides of the street. Dr. Kim had insisted that each Ewha student, prior to graduation, spend a two-week break in the boondocks of Korea to witness to the people [Christian witness].

A hijacked airliner (Japan Airlines) caused quite a stir. Most of the passengers were released after sixty-five days. Fortunately, two of our Methodist missionaries had missed being on that plane.

March 22 we were at the beach. We had been so busy that we just had to take a few days off. We attended the local country church (unheated). There was snow on the ground. I wore two wool sweaters, two pairs of socks, plus TV wool slippers, snuggies, slacks, my heavy coat, and a warm scarf. Sitting on the floor, I was still cold. At the cottage we put hot bricks in our bed at night.

Around the first part of April there was a terrible calamity. One of the big apartment buildings in Seoul collapsed. Then on April 12 another apartment building collapsed and rolled down the hill, killing over thirty people and injuring many others. It was faulty building construction. The injured were brought to Severance. We could see those buildings from our home.

Apollo 13 got up in space and then had a safe landing.

Around April 25 we were sent to Che Ju Do Island to look at prospects for doing medical work there. We might go there for our last term before retirement as missionaries.

We received a cable. Brandon Gordon Hall was born at 4:22 AM on April 26. Mother, baby and father were doing well. (Brandon had been overdue.)

On May 19 while I was working at the hospital I was called to the front desk. There stood a tall Korean officer in military uniform. I had expected to see a Westerner. Finally he asked if I was Mrs. Weiss. I found out that he knew Captain Richardson in Vietnam, and sent his special greeting. The Korean officer was Captain Kang. It was a special treat, like a visit from Pat. We took Captain Kang home for lunch. By June 1 Pat’s tour in Vietnam was over and he had arrived safely back in Pasadena, Texas.

In July the Glenn Fuller, Jr., family came to Korea. Glenn was the new Seoul Union Church pastor. We had stayed with the senior Fullers way back in 1940 in Shanghai. The Fuller boys, who helped me get started on my stamp collection in Shanghai, had grown up. Glenn, the older of the two, was married and had been a minister in California.

On August 4 a group of thirty from southwest Texas arrived, led by Dr. Ted Richardson [no relation to Pat Richardson]. Since we were from the Southwest Texas Conference we took the group to our home. On the hottest day of the year the electricity was out for weekend repair work. All I could offer them was a cool drink of water without ice, and some hand fans. The next day representatives of the church took them on a tour. Then we joined them at a Korean restaurant for dinner. Another day they had a tour of the hospital and lunch at the home of the university president. That day we were able to furnish the dessert – ice cream and cake.

An order costing $100.00 arrived from Sears. The duty was $30.00. But the item I really needed had been removed [stolen]. In its place a Korean party pocketbook had been put in the package. At the same time our washing machine broke down and our only room air-conditioner broke down. It was only 97 degrees that day. On the way to the tent church our gearshift went out. We had to walk to find a taxi to get to our car and then drive home in first gear. What a thrill it was with all the cars and buses honking behind us.

On August 22 a group from Meridian Street Church in Indianapolis came on a musical tour. They were with the Indiana Hoosier Chorus and were excellent.

We went on a short furlough to the States beginning October 6. We checked a retirement home in Los Angeles where there were retired missionaries living. We had a stop over at Berkley [University of California] and I was horrified at the things I saw – students on dope, unconventionally dressed. Ruth Stewart [Methodist missionary nurse working on a master's degree at Berkley] walked us through the main campus.

We settled in Houston at 7205 Selma, Apartment #50. Erne attended surgical meetings in Chicago. We were able to get our children and grandchildren all together at Christmas at Betty's home in Ozark, Alabama. This was the first time we had all been together in ten years. We spent some time in Ohio with sister and others and then in Texas. It was time to have Brandon [Beatrice's son] baptized. Erne did the honors. All during this time we were involved in speaking engagements.

1971

In January I started work at the public health laboratory in Houston. It was a general review with extra work in viral studies and mycology. On January 20 Erne had prostate surgery.

Just three hours before we were supposed to leave to head back to Korea, deep sorrow struck our family. Jeff and Beatrice lost their youngest child, Brandon, in a tragic accident. Needless to say we changed our plans and stayed with Bea

and Jeff as long as we could. Then off to Seattle. There we met an old college friend, Bob Uphoff. We also met Dr. and Mrs. Fritz Fisher. (Dr. Fisher had delivered Betty in China.) They told us all about their escape from Nanchang.

We had a few restful days in Hawaii. We met Dr. Shirky from Cincinnati and had a visit with the Hesterleys. We had a very interesting talk with an eighty-five year old Frenchman, born and raised in Hawaii. One day as we were out walking we passed by a pretty little garden. The Frenchman was working in it. We said hello and praised his garden. Well, the conversation went on and he told us about the early settlers in Hawaii and the bitter feeling that the Hawaiians had. He blamed the early missionaries for it. He had a good reason for not liking missionaries or Americans. Erne and I gave a quick look at each other and gradually we went on our way. The next day we passed his garden, and again we exchanged greetings. Soon we were good friends. We were invited to meet his family and had tea with them. This went on every day that we were there. On the day we left they insisted on taking us to the plane. We knew then that we had to tell them that we were missionaries. Not only that, but we were Americans. They were not at all surprised or didn't show it. They only said, "well, you are not like any other missionaries that we have met." We corresponded with the family for several years. When we came back to the US in 1975 via Hawaii we stopped to see the family. Our friend had passed away.

Before we left the main island we stayed overnight with our cousin in Honolulu, Army Chaplain and Mrs. Muenzler. We left there on March 23, reaching Korea on March 27.

While we were on furlough Nellie Minor lived in our home. She was leaving for the US real soon. We took her and her fiancé to the beach for a weekend. While getting off the train in Seoul and into a taxi, Erne's brief case was lifted. It contained credit cards, passport, money, etc, plus the checkbook. What a welcome back to Korea!

I was assigned a new project at Yonsei. I was to get a research lab set up in the medical school along with my regular lab work. The doctors had equipment which they could share. Other big equipment was coming from the States. They needed someone to watch the machinery and keep all the doctors happy. It was a challenge. I was also told that I was to help with a two-year project, fluorescent work on the Treponema Palladium.

At home our house needed painting inside and out. Right in the middle of that the Dennys came. They were to do some special work at Yonsei. In spite of the paint they were great guests.

It was springtime again. It seemed the senior classes of universities could not graduate unless there were demonstrations. The demonstrations went on for

days while we were painting and having guests. It got complicated at times for transportation, etc. We just had to keep our ears close to the radio.

Missionary monthly meetings could sometimes be really upsetting. Most missionaries were strong-minded, hard working folks. The late '60's and early '70's brought some revolutionary ideas to the mission field. Those of us who had been on the mission field for twenty or thirty or forty years had a hard time dealing with those ideas. At one of our mission meetings we discussed a paper that a young American had written after he spent a year in Korea. He was very critical of missions. He was especially critical of medical missions. Fortunately the paper had not yet been published. The man in question admitted that he came to Korea with the idea that he was to tear things apart. Well, we all let him have it with both barrels.

About July 1 we had a surprise cable from our daughter Beatrice that she was coming to Korea for a visit. Of course we knew that she wanted to go to the beach where we were really a family. At the same time Gordon Hall, her father-in-law, came on business. So we had a real nice visit.

The Ogles [Methodist missionaries] were deported. Korea had been going through some turbulent times. It definitely disturbed the missionary group and caused some real nasty meetings. We tried to explain how Communism worked. We felt at that time that it was making inroads into Korea. All of this disturbance was also causing trouble in the churches. The bishop of the United Methodist Church was forced to resign.

Late in August the North Koreans made an attempt to get into South Korea by way of Inchon. South Korea was always on alert, but this really shook up everyone.

There were strikes everywhere. Even the doctors went on strike. There was also a shipping strike, which hit mail delivery hard.

In spite of all the turbulence we still had guests coming from the States. Guests did take time, for laundry, meals, etc. Usually they were connected with the university or the hospital.

American revolutionary ideas spread to Korea – with long hair, sloppy clothes, etc. Korean people liked to be neatly dressed. The government announced that all men and boys with long hair would either cut their hair or be jailed. For a while they would not let anyone into the country with long hair, including the Japanese.

The church was still having serious political problems.

Great news! At last Betty and Pat were parents of a little girl, Mary Elizabeth, born October 8.

About October 9 the Weavers arrived. They were visiting all mission works and taking pictures. Then they were going back to the US and giving talks as part of their work for the Lord. They were truly an inspiring couple. We took them to Yong Nak Presbyterian Church, the largest in Seoul, on a Sunday morning. The previous Sunday they had had an attendance of 4,000 during four services. The collection was over $4,000.00. This church was a refugee church and had helped start over one hundred small new churches. Later we visited our tent church. There were a hundred folks there. The little church was steadily growing.

The country was still in an uproar, so much so that between October 12 and 22 a number of universities were closed. The military was on all the campuses. There was opposition to the [Korean] ROTC program. Guards were all over the campus at Yonsei. The entrance was closed with barbed wire. Even the medical school was quiet. The universities re-opened on November 9.

Recently the daughter of Dr. Hale had been scared by a robber. In fact she was knocked out. The robber got away with some things but the police caught him.

At last our tent church was no longer a tent, but a concrete church. We were able to attend. This time there were one hundred ten folks there. Ernest gave the sermon. Rev. Kim checked his congregation. At the announcement time he said that there were forty-one folks missing. On the spot he announced a list of forty-one folks commissioned to visit the absent ones that day. Already because of our tent church another “tent” church had been started.

On December 6 there was a declaration of a [national] state of emergency. There were practice alerts.

On December 25 there was a terrible tragedy. The Taiwondkah Hotel burned down. It was a twenty-two story building. Two hundred and three guests were in the hotel, plus two hundred thirty-five employees. There were one hundred fifty-seven known dead. Firefighters could not get to the upper floors because there were no ladders beyond the eighth floor.

1972

The report on the hotel fire came out on January 3. There were one hundred sixty-four known dead and more than sixty injured. One American guest had gone to Walker Hill [entertainment area] for the evening. When he went to get his car it was missing. Therefore he had to stay the night at Walker Hill. He said it was the happiest day of his life [he missed being in the fire]. One of the girls who worked at the hotel had had the day off and had gone to the country with her

boy friend. Her parents didn't know that she had gone to the country. They were worried sick and actually claimed one of the bodies. It was a great shock to see her walk in the door late that day. One man had tied a mattress to himself and leaped from the tenth or eleventh floor, only to have the mattress turn over in the air. He landed headfirst.

We missionaries had a retreat. We had a number of Korean folks talk to us about the religions of Korea. The one religion native to Korea was Shamanism. Buddhism was flourishing. In 1936 there were sixty-seven new religions. As of January 10 this year there were two hundred forty.

Unusual weather patterns in Korea were rare. But it was January 17 and the weather had been so mild that the trees were budding. Do you suppose God was pushing the wrong button?

News Flash! Twenty-three more infiltrators were caught.

We watched the landing of President Nixon in China on TV. It caused quite a stir in Korea.

The last Saturday in February was my day at the USO. We were having a busy day as usual. About 3:00 PM I noticed a pretty young girl sitting on a chair near the front desk with a glass in her hand. All of a sudden her glass fell to the floor. I expected her to make some move to clean up the mess on the floor but she did not. I rushed over and saw that she was ill. I checked her pulse and eyes. Her pulse was very slow and thready. We picked her up and took her to a little room. By that time her boy friend showed up. They were both fourteen years old. They had each had a drink of vodka on an empty stomach. By that time the boy was feeling sick too. I checked the girl's eyes again and her pupils were getting smaller. By that time I realized that she was on drugs as well as vodka. These kids were from the US Army school. Here friends showed up at this time. I pressed them hard to tell me what drugs she was on. Her life was in danger. They told me. By that time the ambulance had come. In the meantime we had contacted her folks. We found out that the boy was a chain smoker as well as a liar. Then he conked out. I was told later that the percentage of kids on drugs, drinking liquor, and smoking was quite high in the Army high school.

The flu bug got both Erne and myself. For a month we were not too much good to anyone.

In April Dr. Charles Germany, our Board secretary for Korea, resigned. It was quite a surprise.

The Yonsei University Professors' Wives met pretty regularly at our home. Sometimes we Americans showed them how to make some American foods, such as sweet and sour cucumbers with vinegar.

Recently I had had a little chest pain. Dr. Li suggested that I avoid stress, eat small meals, and avoid weight gain. How could that be done here?

In May Erne was asked to fly a patient to Manchester, England, and then take care of some business in London and New York. Erne got back on June 3. He did not seem too well. He slept an awful lot. That was quite different from his usual five hours sleep per night.

We received word that the Jefferys were not coming back to Korea.

On June 18 we were invited to the Kims' golden wedding anniversary. Both of them were leaders in Korean society. They had both been involved in the Independence Movement for Korea [Korea's fight for independence from the Japanese during the 1920's and 1930's]. He was a Rotarian as well as a member of the Korean-American Association Club. [Ernest was a Rotarian in Korea.] Likewise both of them were leaders in their church. They held a big dinner celebration at Walker Hill. No hard liquor was served, which was a witness to their faith and their country. Time and time again different folks stood up to congratulate them for their fifty years, plus their great Christian faith.

We received some very sad news from Beatrice in June. She and Jeff had separated.

One morning we woke up to find our kitchen and pantry flooded. Our water tank in the attic had sprung a leak.

On August 22 there were floods again. This was not the rainy season. There were 381 dead, 133 missing, and 326,000 homeless. There had been 19 inches of rain, 130 bridges washed out, 144 retaining walls damaged, four out of the five bridges across the Han River were closed, and the dam floodgates had to be opened. It was the heaviest rainfall in fifty years and the worst flood.

Ernest was not well. He had high blood pressure.

Gary Flach, our musician nephew, was off to another country. He was teaching music in the American school in Cairo, Egypt. [Through the years, Gary taught music in American schools in various places in Africa, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia.]

Talks were going on between North and South Korea, but they were not going well. On October 18 there was martial law again. The universities were closed, but high schools remained open. No political meetings were allowed.

On October 20 we attended a breakfast at the Chosen Hotel to hear Apollo 15 astronaut James Irwin speak. He gave us a sermon.

On November 11, Ernest had to make a sudden business trip for the hospital to Germany and the US. While in the States he made a side trip to see Dr. Roberta Rice. Dr. Rice was in a hospital with a broken femur. He also had a very short visit with each of the children. Then he went on to San Francisco.

Things fell apart as soon as Erne left. The circulating pump on the furnace went out and it took four days to repair. In the meantime I had to use the fireplace. Next the seal on the license plate of the car was stolen. The garage man had to go to city hall and swear that it was our car and that we were Methodist missionaries, etc., plus paying $15.00. And the temperature dropped to 16 degrees F. And the hand brake on the car froze and I started down the hill sideways. And one of our portable heaters smoked in our bedroom, producing more laundry, etc. Fortunately the door was closed and so only the bedroom was smoked up. Finally Erne got home and all was well.

On December 18 an old friend arrived, Dr. Roy Smyre. He was an amateur photographer working for the Mission Board, going from country to country.

This year the Christmas decorations in the hospital were especially beautiful and creative. The different wards and departments were competing for a prize. The first prize was given to the children's ward. They had a snow white Christmas tree made with white chicken and duck feathers. The second prize went to the lab. Their tree and church and manger scene were made of Styrofoam packing.

1973

Women's lib was on its way in Korea. It came with the new missionaries. The wives wanted a separate salary from husbands, and the ability to earn extra money.

Beatrice was having a very rough time. I had one of my ESP experiences concerning Beatrice.

Another nasty problem! Up until the present time when missionaries were on furlough we were expected to raise money for our projects on the mission field. It was a known fact that some folks were not good at raising money. So a change was made. All monies raised in the US and otherwise were put into a common pot with no names attached. This made many of the donors in the US unhappy, as they wanted their money to go for certain missionaries' projects.

An addition to the medical school and the new library were dedicated. I hoped that this was the last building project that Erne had to oversee.

As of February our tent church, now concrete, was flourishing. It had already helped another church get organized, and was talking about starting still another one. Where did the power come from? Could it partly come from the fact that frequently a number of these “unlearned” folks spent their entire nights seeking help at the source of all knowledge and power?

Long-haired men and boys were not allowed on the streets. They were caught and sheared. Pressure was being put on Americans and other foreigners coming into Korea. No more spitting on the streets. No more cigarette butts on the street. The government was working on noise pollution. (By the time we left Korea tooting of car horns was almost nil.)

One day while showing folks around the hospital, someone lifted my wallet out of my purse. No money was taken, but important things like my drivers license were taken. The wallet was found later in the men’s bathroom on another floor in the toilet tank, water-logged. I was teased ever after about using the men’s bathroom.

I had ordered some assorted greeting cards from the US. When they came they were all sympathy cards. What would I do with fifty sympathy cards? Erne said I could start sympathizing with him every day.

On May 19 we were invited to the American embassy to celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of American diplomatic relations with Korea. Ambassador Habib had had a fine relationship with the Korean government and we were very fond of him.

We had planned to retire in 1973, but the hospital asked us to stay on a couple of more years to finish up a project. We said that we had to have a break to see our family.

The Billy Graham Crusade came to Korea in June. The first night 500,000 attended. On June 3, the last night, 1,000,000 people attended!

Currently at the Mission Board there was a movement to send out only short-term specialists, and to get rid of the life time missionaries and old folks. My big question was, how would they manage without knowing the language? Really, there was a place for both kinds.

Prices were skyrocketing. One and one third pound of beef cost almost $3.00. We were eating soybean curd twice a week [much cheaper and similarly nutritious].

On July 8 after church we took a tour of the foreigners’ cemetery. According to our guide Dr. Allen Clark [Presbyterian missionary], he had found the grave of Samuel Foreman Moore, the man who helped the butchers of Korea back around

the end of the nineteenth century. [According to Don Clark, Allen's son, the butchers/garbage collectors were the lowest class of Korean society, a "necessary evil." Rev. Moore had tried to introduce democracy to Korea by inviting the butchers to church along with the higher-class people who were already Christians. It didn't work. The higher-class people left the church.] We saw many children's graves and others where death had been due to smallpox.

The lane beside our house was going to be paved. We could hardly believe it. It was one of the roads to the university.

We had a real problem with our upcoming two-month furlough. If we went now we would not be able to come back [one way of getting rid of old missionaries]. We were shook up. Other older missionaries were told to prepare for early retirement.

Our maid had an engagement party. Of course we went. It was lovely.

The Stanley Bohmfalks (Erne's cousins) came to Korea for a visit. We had a great time even though it was a holiday in Korea.

Friday, September 9, was quite a day, like Friday the thirteenth doubled. It was our Severance Auxiliary meeting. I was supposed to get the room ready and reports ready. Beaulah Bourns [Methodist missionary nurse] was supposed to bring cake and cups. She didn't show up. Margaret Moore, the president, was supposed to bring cake. She forgot the cake. I called the nursing office and asked for cups and water. I sent word to our house to send a frozen cake. (I always kept some on hand.) We got the meeting started. Our speaker came quite late. When he finally started his film, the projector stuck. We had to search for another film. At that point Beaulah Bourns walked in. She had broken her arm. She was supposed to escort an American patient to the US the next day. Of course she could not. We were able to contact a Peace Corps girl to go with the patient. (Just in time for this escort mission, the Peace Corps girl had received word that her own mother had died, so she needed to get back to the US in a hurry.) During this time Erne took care of the Bohmfalks. September 11 was the Korean Thanksgiving holiday. The Bohmfalks got to see the crowds going to the cemeteries and see how they celebrated.

On invitation from the nursing school in Inchon, I was asked to teach a lab course to the nursing students, with one microscope. That meant I had to carry a microscope back and forth to Inchon for each class.

The possibility of our early retirement was upset by the medical school. They said in no uncertain terms that they wanted us back in Korea until 1976. This really put a wrench in the plans at the Board of Global Ministries. They had been sure that the Koreans would not ask for the older missionaries to stay.

On December 4 President Nixon was in trouble.

Dr. Edwin Fisher, Board Secretary for Korea, arrived. Plans for missionary terms of service were radically changed. Now, we would be able to take a two to three month furlough in the US and come back for a three-year term. We really felt it not wise for Erne to come back for three more years, and settled for a two-month furlough and two more years in Korea.

The energy crisis hit Korea. Neon lights were almost gone and lights were turned off. The heat was on for only two hours a day in public places. The sweater business was flourishing.

Our maid got married in a wedding hall, modern Korean style.

On December 16 we left for the US. We had Christmas with Betty and her family at Fort Bliss (El Paso). We had Christmas again on December 26, in Dallas with Beatrice and her family.

1974: Faithful to the End

On January 2, in Houston, we started our medical checkups and visits with our families. January 9 found us in Austin with brother Paul Weiss and his family. On January 11 we were in San Antonio at the headquarters of the Southwest Texas Conference. On January 12, we visited our supporting church in Dyersburg, Tennessee. From there we went on to New York to check in with the home office to finish up medical exams and prepare for work for the next two years. Then we were on to Kane on January 19. The church in Kane was our sponsor for all of the years we were in China and Korea. On January 21 we were in Detroit with brother Edwin Weiss and his family. We got to Indianapolis on January 24 and stayed with our dear friends the Nays. We met with different church groups there. The Sauers and M. Cassidy came to visit with us there. The Meridian Street church had been supporting us in Korea. At last we got to Marion on January 28. In Columbus we had a visit with the Wiants [retired China missionaries] and the Sauers [retired Korea missionaries]. Then two days with Bea and two days with Betty. Then San Francisco, where we spent time in the Mission Board's west coast office getting supplies for the hospital and some personal items. It was not a restful furlough. We started back to Korea via Hawaii on February 13. We had a week of rest in Hawaii.

On February 22 it was cold, down to zero degrees F at night. Oil prices had quadrupled. Gasoline was now $2.00 a gallon. Duty on packages was $10.00 - $15.00 per package. Because of the oil crunch and cold we carried steamer rugs to meetings and wore two or three sweaters.

During the first part of April there was a series of very destructive storms and tornadoes in Ohio and Indiana. We were very worried about the Flachs in Marion. We were so glad finally to get a letter from them. They were not harmed, but they found papers in their yard from as far away as Xenia, Ohio.

There seemed to be a problem between the New York office and the Korean mission. It had sifted down to the local missionaries. We had a mission meeting and Erne got upset. When he got fired up he could really lay things on the table and quote from the Bible. We didn't know how things would turn out.

Once in a while we did take pleasure trips. We attended the groundbreaking ceremony for a public health branch of Yonsei Medical Center on Kang Wha To Island. On that island they had dolman stones similar to those at Stonehenge in England.

In June we had an epidemic of hemorrhagic fever, 300 cases.

Beatrice was having trouble.

July 1 was one of those days. We had Dr. Phil Hong, Dr. Rice and Mr. Love for breakfast. The waffles stuck to the waffle iron, we spilled the coffee, and dropped some yogurt in the sweet milk and turned all the milk sour. Last but not least we were late for Sunday School.

Our plot of ground on the Yonsei campus was an experimental agricultural station. Erne and Mr. Ku had worked together and had developed different strains of strawberries, blueberries, nuts, cherries, etc. Mr. Ku came from the Suwon experimental station with his pollen, etc., and Erne went to Suwon with his pollen. [Erne had always loved to garden. He had a green thumb. Gardening and Rotary Club were almost his only outlets from work.]

On July 28 Erne and I were on TV. It was Sunday morning and we had gone to Chong Dong UM church. There was a man there taking pictures. Since we were the only Americans there, our picture was taken. Monday morning at the hospital we were greeted with "we saw you on TV."

On August 15 the wife of President Pak was assassinated. The bullet was meant for the president. According to newspaper reports the killer was hired by North Korea. He was a Korean living in Japan. He had been working for the Communists since 1972.

We had some very interesting guests, Mr. and Mrs. Black. Mrs. Black was the great niece of Dr. Avison, one of the founders of Severance. Both of the Blacks were missionary kids and wanted to see some of their old friends. Also Mr. Allen came to Korea. He was the grand-nephew of Dr. Allen, another one of the founders of Severance Hospital.

In September we usually took a few days rest at the beach to close the cabin for the winter, usually on a weekend so that we could go to the local Methodist church. Since it took only four hours now to drive there instead of eight hours, we left Seoul on Friday afternoon. Saturday we spent the day doing this and that, just enjoying life. Erne usually got up at 5:00 or 5:30 AM to read, study the Bible and meditate and then later make a pot of coffee. On Sunday morning, September 15, he reached for the coffee can and dropped it. It wasn't because he planned it but because he had a severe stroke. I heard the noise and got up, saw what had happened and got him in his chair, ran across to the caretaker's home and called Seoul to send a car or ambulance. In the meantime the caretaker had seen a neighbor come to the beach and the neighbor called the US Army post nearby. The Army sent a helicopter and took Erne to Seoul to the 121st Army Hospital. I closed the cabin and waited for Dr. Rice and then proceeded back to Seoul. We found Erne in intensive care, where he was getting first rate care. The next day we moved him to Severance. Friends came from everywhere to help out, including nurses, doctors and lay folks. We started passive physical therapy right away.

On October 10 Betty came to help take care of Erne. By October 18 we had him dangling his feet on the side of bed. Beatrice arrived on October 23 and Betty left on October 25. On November 4 we got him up in a chair. Beatrice left on November 6. By November 11 we had him a wheelchair and by November 19 he was standing up.

About that time the South Koreans found out that the North Koreans were tunneling under the ground at the DMZ. Schools and universities were closed.

On November 19 Erne walked to the sink with help, sat in an ordinary chair, and had a haircut and shave. He went home on November 27 for Thanksgiving. He was able to walk to the bathroom and back. I set up a special bed at home with a Balkan frame. By December 3 he walked by himself with a cane. On December 25 we were able to go to the Underwood's home for dinner. Erne could now take a shower by himself but needed some help with dressing.

1975

By February Erne was walking up and down stairs with a railing. Now and then he wrote a letter. On February 4 we had an earthquake, just a good shaking up. Erne had reached a plateau. He was beginning to do some desk work. On February 19 he attended Rotary.

March 4 was a "number ten" day, as the Koreans would say:

- The Presbyterian Executive Secretary wanted to talk with us at 8:00 to 8:30 AM, which meant getting up real early to get Erne dressed, etc.

- I dropped a glass coffee maker on the kitchen floor.
- I dropped a pitcher of cream and broke the pitcher.
- A man who was supposed to grind our four different kinds of toasted grain into cereal, ground it into flour.

On March 11 we got word that we could get into a retirement home in Georgetown, Texas, until we could find a permanent place.

On March 24 there was university trouble again. There was a movement to oust the president of Yonsei because, without the consent of the government, he had re-instated a student who had been arrested previously. Finally they had to close the university. There were some demonstrations. The president resigned and Lee Wu Chu was appointed as acting president.

As of April 21 we had a place for sure at Georgetown and then a place at Morningside Manor in San Antonio [Methodist retirement community].

Erne was making progress again. He could dress himself. He took his treatment four times a week while I did my work at the hospital.

On May 10 the hospital insisted on celebrating my sixtieth birthday (Whan Kap). I finally agreed if it could be kept simple, with no gifts. Erne could take part if it was simple. If there were gifts, they would have to be in the form of money towards a charity bed. They granted my wish and collected $400.00 towards a charity bed. There was a lovely Christian service followed by a tea. I was presented a gold ring and a special medal. The day was perfect except that our children could not be there to help celebrate. In Korea, the custom was that the children had to help their parents celebrate the sixtieth birthday. Our Korean friends kept telling us, “we are your children.”

Beatrice and Louis Scoones were married in June, 1975.

All my spare time now was spent in sorting things, throwing away things, selling things, giving away things, and packing trunks or barrels to take to the States. There were many farewells. It was so hard to leave friends that we worked with for twenty-one years.

On August 6 quite a large group of friends gathered at our home for a Christian farewell service. Later a much larger group came to see us off and hold another Christian service at the airport. The airport personnel were kind to us and gave us a room to hold the service. A nurse then came and took charge and traveled with us to Los Angeles. Erne traveled by aero stretcher. And so ended another chapter in our lives.

HOME IN TEXAS

We rested a day in Los Angeles at the Hacienda Hotel where we made telephone calls to the family, Dr. Rice, Rev. and Mrs. Fuller, and the Board in New York. Kim Kui Sun, DD, our former dentist in Korea, paid us a surprise visit. On to El Paso to see Betty and family for two days of rest. Paul and Marie Weiss met us in Austin and escorted us to Georgetown. We stopped along the way to get my driver's license renewed. For two days we only slept and ate. Then routine exercises began for Erne. He seemed to improve every day. Friends from far and near came to visit.

Pat and Betty moved again [RIF from the army]. They moved to Spring, Texas. We bought a car and I was able to take Erne for a little drive most every day and take him to Rotary. Dr. Nay from Indianapolis called and Erne broke down and cried. They had always been such good friends. Dr. Soh, who used to live in Seoul, was now a professor at Southwestern University at Georgetown. He called on us.

In September we drove to San Antonio with Paul to see the cottage at Morningside Manor where we would make our home. It was not quite ready but would be ready by November 1.

Erne was making steady progress. I could now send him downstairs to get the mail.

About October 14 we got a call from Washington, DC. Erne was to go there and receive the Seogryu Medal from Korea [the highest award for foreign civilians]. There was no way that we could go [because of his stroke]. So arrangements were made to have a Korean consular official come to Georgetown and present the award at Southwest Texas University.

In the meantime Ed and Helen Weiss came from Michigan for a Weiss family reunion at Somerville, Texas. From then on we were getting ready for the "big day." There were interviews and broadcasts on the radio and TV. We were taken to Industry (Erne's home church) for another celebration. The big celebration, the award from Korea, was on November 4.

On November 5 we both spoke at the UM church in Georgetown and prepared for our trip to San Antonio. Paul met us early on November 6 and we were on our way. We stopped at New Braunfels to have some special wurst. By the time we arrived at our cottage, number 9A, Betty had arrived. She helped us get settled and lay in some supplies. Our freight from Korea had not arrived. Beatrice came on November 7 to help unpack the freight which had not arrived. MSM rented us some beds. We bought a folding table and chairs and we were ready to settle in. On November 12 we bought furniture. We then located a

family doctor (cousin, John Bohmfalk, MD), a neurologist for Erne, an eye doctor, a urologist, a lawyer and a dentist.

EPILOGUE

Hilda and Ernest lived in San Antonio at Morningside Manor until Ernest died on November 6, 1984, of a massive stroke. He was seventy-six years old, the youngest of his brothers and sisters to die. Hilda had been kept busy taking care of Ernest and doing volunteer work at Travis Park UMC and Morningside Manor. Ernest attended Rotary meetings regularly. Now and then they both gave speeches about Korea and mission work. There were lots of visits to and from old and new friends and relatives. They enjoyed their grandchildren. In 1979 they heard again from China for the first time. Hilda went back to Korea and China for a visit in 1985. Many of their Chinese friends were still alive and well and came to greet her in Nanchang. Dr. Ch'i was still alive, but had lost his mind during the difficulties of the Cultural Revolution. (The Red Guards had sent him to the country for re-education and to work in the rice paddies.)

Hilda continued to participate actively and to volunteer at Travis Park and Morningside Manor until 1995. At age 80 she married Rev. Darwin Andrus, a widowed Methodist minister from Houston. Darwin did not have any children. They lived at the Methodist Clarewood House Retirement Community in Houston until 2006. They were active in the Bellaire UMC and at Clarewood. In 2006, with both of them in declining health, they moved to Arlington, Texas, to be closer to Hilda's daughters. Darwin died in October, 2006. Hilda remained at Eden Terrace in assisted living, surprising relatives and acquaintances by talking to them in Chinese or Korean or German and playing her piano.

RESUMES

ERNEST WALTER WEISS, MD

1933	B.A. in Science	Baldwin Wallace College, Ohio
1937	M.B.	University of Cincinnati
1938	M.D.	University of Cincinnati
1938		Diplomate of American Board of Medical Examiners
1937-38	Intern	Methodist Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana
1938-39	Resident	Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio
1939-43		Missionary physician - Peking, Nanchang and Shanghai, China
1943-44		Cincinnati General Hospital
1944-46		Resident in Surgery, Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, MI
1044-46		M.S., University of Michigan
1946		Fellow of American College of Surgery (F.A.C.S.)
1946-51		Head of Surgery Department, Nanchang General Hospital Professor of Surgery, Chung Cheng National College
1951-54		Surgical staff, University of Cincinnati College of Medicine
1955-75		Professor of Surgery, Severance Union Medical College Chairman of building committee, Yonsei University Medical Center

HILDA E. WEISS

1933-36	R.N., Bethesda Hospital School of Nursing, Cincinnati, OH
1936-39	Staff nurse, Bethesda Hospital
1939	B.S., University of Cincinnati
1939-43	Missionary nurse, in Peking, Nanchang and Shanghai, China
1946-51	nursing and teaching nursing, in Nanchang
1952-55	student/staff, medical technology and blood bank training at University of Cincinnati (Holmes Hospital)
1955-75	staff, Severance Hospital lab and research Lab
1960-61	post-graduate work, Butler University, Indianapolis, IN
1961	MT(ASCP)
1975-88	volunteer nursing at Morningside Manor, San Antonio, TX

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