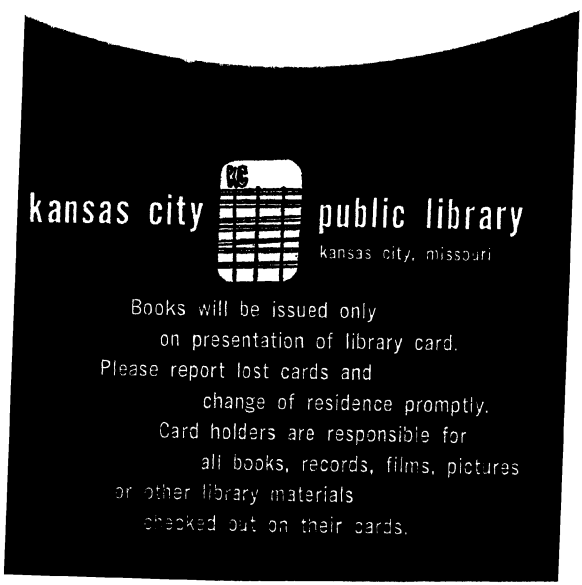

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The Chinese Ginger Jars

THE CHINESE GINGER JARS is a bright and intimate portrait of the adventures, trials, and achievements of an American housewife who lived through dangerous days in modern China.

When Myra Scovel arrived in Peking in 1930 with her medical missionary husband and infant son, China was a land steeped in an ancient culture, mellow as the smooth cream ivory of its curio shops, relaxed as the curves of a temple roof against the sky. Twenty-one years later—as the Scovels were forced to leave China by the Communists—it was a country of fear, of terror, of hatred toward the foreigner. The dramatic events that transformed China are recounted here from the fresh and poignant viewpoint of an extraordinary American wife and mother.

Myra Scovel

With Nelle Keys Bell

The Chinese Ginger Jars

Harper & Row, Publishers
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and London

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For the six of them, lest they forget

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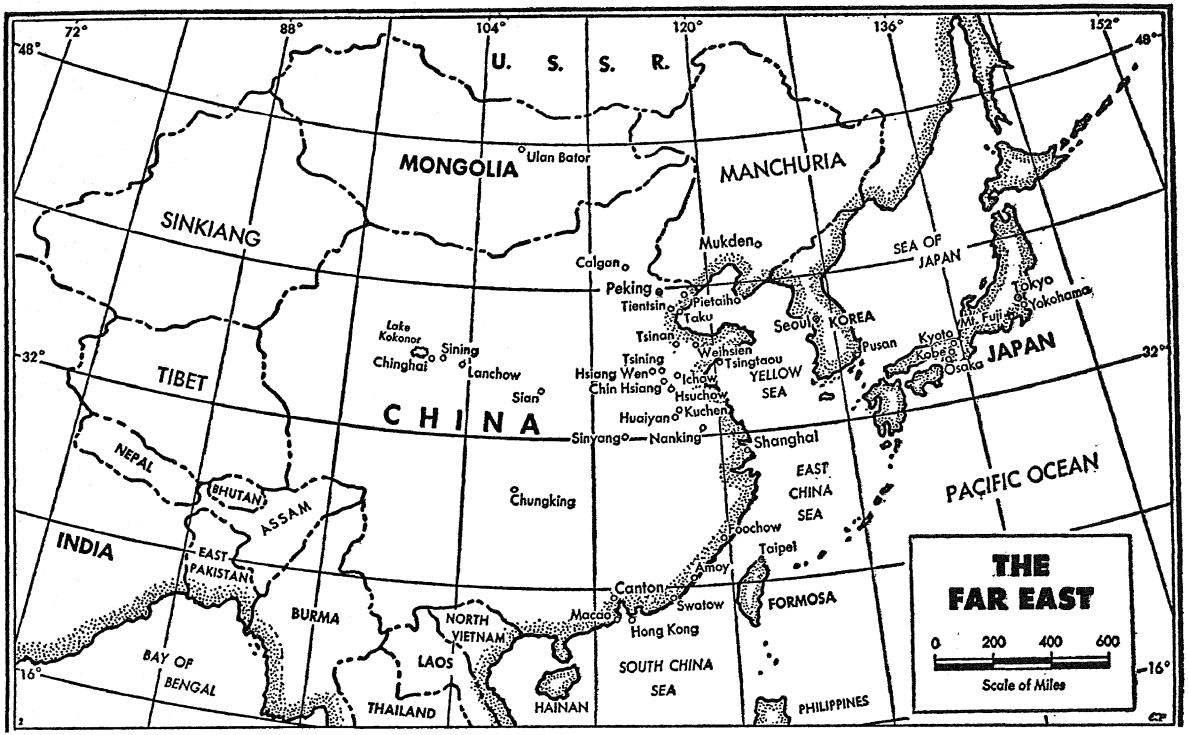
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The Prologue
The Ginger Jars

We found them, quite by chance, this afternoon in the junk shop kept so carelessly by the old Sikh gentleman with the long white beard—two Chinese ginger jars, sitting squat and proud among the empty bottles and the broken tins. The jars were not a perfect pair, although identical in size and both covered with the same rich, jadelike glaze.

We looked at them for a long moment; then my husband smiled and put his hand in his pocket, pulling out the necessary coins. He carried the jars carefully as we climbed the steep hill back to the cottage.

They are green, the color of quiet water. My husband crumples the newspaper wrapping from the second jar of the pair.

"Look at it," he is saying, as he puts one of the jars into my hands. "Do you remember . . . ?" I turn it slowly, contemplating the plaques embossed on its six sides. China, home to us for more than twenty years! There is a memory of that home in each design—the gourd, the grape, the chrysanthemum, the peach, the flowering plum, the bamboo.

The glaze feels like cold stone.

"Let me see the other," I say, and I give him the one I have held.

This one has three scenes, once repeated—the Jade Pagoda;

the poem written in brush strokes in an ancient script; Lao Shou Hsing, the birthday fairy. Yes, the memories are all here.

We look at each other across the ginger jars, across the years.

One
The Jade Pagoda

Peking in 1930! It was a city straight from the pages of Marco Polo. The Temple of Heaven still retained its patina of age, unaware of the desecrating renovations that were to come. The whole city seemed steeped in the culture of its people, mellow as the smooth cream ivory of its curio shops, wise with a wisdom drawn from the deep pools of its clearest jade, relaxed as the curve of a temple roof against its sky. How did I, born and brought up in Mechanicville, New York, happen to be walking its streets?

Events had exploded one after another since that morning, a little more than two years before, when Miss Montgomery, the director of nurses, called me into her office in the Cortland County Hospital, in New York State. I was young, proud and confident in my new status as supervisor of the maternity ward, but I flinched at the summons. What had I done or what hadn't I done? I can still feel the panic beneath my starched white as I hurried through the corridors.

Miss Montgomery rose from her desk as I came in. This was worse than I had thought. "Miss Scott, I understand you are seeing a lot of Dr. Andrews." (I am, but what is that to you? I thought, a little resentfully.) But the cool blue eyes were twinkling. "Just don't give your heart away until you've met Frederick Scovel. He's the new medical student up in the lab. That's all."

Frederick Scovel indeed! If he had *that* effect on the director of nurses, he was probably handsome—and knew it. He was bound to be conceited, and pompous, and—and icky! I seethed all the way back to the ward.

Naturally I found an errand to take me to the lab. I had to see this paragon. The first thing I noticed about him was his ears. They were slightly reminiscent of faun's ears. He was tall; I had to look way up to see the light brown hair, brown eyes, and a Roman nose. Unbelievably, he was shy. Of course, nothing about this man was of the slightest interest to me. I picked up my test tubes and went back to the ward.

"Shy" was hardly the right word.

A week later, after eight hours on the ward, I hurried off duty to keep my third date with him. I remember that, as we sat in the living room, he bent to remove my shoes and gently rubbed my tired feet. Then he smiled, amused at something.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"I was just wondering what that Dr. Andrews would say when he finds out that I'm going to marry you," he replied.

Before I could think of anything else to say, he'd risen and walked across the room. He sat down in the chair farthest away and said quietly, "I shouldn't have said that. I can't ask you to share my life. I'm going to be a missionary."

A *what?* This mild, disturbing man who had so quickly become the center of my existence did not look in the least like my mental picture of a missionary. And I couldn't, by the farthest stretch of the imagination, see myself in the role of what I supposed was the typical missionary wife—high-topped shoes, umbrella firmly clutched in the middle, straw suitcase tied together with twine, hair snatched back in a bun. Me? Well, hardly! But he'd probably change his mind.

It was natural for Fred to be drawn to such a calling. His

father was a minister; his mother, the daughter of a minister. Both grandfathers had been ministers, for that matter. Missionaries had been in and out of Fred's home for as long as he could remember.

I forgot all about missionaries in the whirl of happiness that followed.

It was a beautiful wedding with peonies everywhere. I wanted to wear a mantilla, because the comb would make me look taller. "We'll look silly standing in the front of the church," I had said, "you six feet one and a half, and I five feet and half an inch."

"If I'd wanted a tall wife, I could have had one," he had answered conclusively.

There was a halo around life together, around our planning for the future. We talked of the day when we would go to China as missionaries, but that seemed like another age to come. I knew that Fred was in correspondence with what we always spoke of as "the Board," meaning the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. But the joy at hand wrapped us in a cloak that shut out the winds of the world. We did not see each other often enough or long enough at a time to discuss anything at length. Fred was interning at Memorial Hospital in Syracuse, New York, and I was still working in Cortland, some forty miles away.

All other considerations were temporarily put aside when we knew we were to have our first child. During the last two months I went to live with Fred's parents in Cortland. "Just see how God answers prayer," said Father Scovel, who was more like Christ than any man I have ever known. "For twenty-six years I prayed for a daughter, and now God has given me one who even looks like me."

How Father's black eyes would shine when someone would mistake me for his own daughter and think Fred the son-in-

law! But both men were cut from the same pattern, the tall frame, the slope of the shoulder, the "Scovel" nose. It was only that Father and I had the same black hair and dark eyes. And, as one friend put it, "I thought she must be your daughter because you look as if you loved each other so much."

Mother Scovel was a tall, queenly, cultured lady of the old school, with golden blond hair. She was a perfect minister's wife—kept a beautiful home, was an excellent cook, could lead a meeting with sparkle and verve and never fail to give you something that you could take home and live by. It might have been a difficult position for me, being the wife of an only son, but never in that home. I was accepted and loved.

Father Scovel wanted us to have a little girl. He always spoke of the baby as Carlotta. (Father's name was Carl.) But when our little son was born, we named him James Kiehle Scovel. "James" because he looked as if he should be called Jimmy and "Kiehle" because it was Mother Scovel's maiden name. China didn't exist.

Then, in one moment of time, the vague future became the crystallized present.

Young James Kiehle Scovel had been delivered in the Syracuse hospital where his father was interning. I was lying in bed that morning, a few days after the confinement, when Fred came into the room with the day's mail in his hand. He kissed me and sat down in the wicker chair beside the bed to read aloud the congratulatory messages from friends.

"'. . . so delighted with the news . . .' 'How lovely for you . . .' Um, here's one from the Board."

What was he saying? "We are looking forward to your sailing in August and have booked passage for you on the *President McKinley* from Seattle. That will get you into Peking in time for language school. . . ."

Peking? Language school? August? This was April! I looked at him, incredulous. But he had picked up another letter and was reading.

". . . We are so happy to hear of the birth of . . ."

I couldn't believe it. Our safe, comfortable world was crashing down upon our heads, and to him this bombshell was just another letter. After what seemed like hours, he was called to see a patient and I was left alone to think.

It was high time I did some thinking. I hadn't looked ahead to anything except the birth of our baby and a comfortable little home of our own somewhere nearby. Now, while I was still exhausted from a sixty-hour labor with complications, life in far-off difficult China was laid in my lap. I hadn't seriously considered Fred's call to a lifework.

There was little in my background to prepare me for a missionary life. My practical father would snort at the idea. "Aren't there enough heathen in this country?" I could hear him say it. Mother would know that I must live where my husband wanted to live. All that I knew of such a life in a foreign country had been learned from a few stories told to us as children when the mite boxes had been passed out in our beautiful gray-stone Episcopal Church. China was the picture of the sampan in our geography books, and my father's detective stories of the Mandarin with the slim silver knife hidden in his sash, Dr. Fu ManChu. My father called him Dr. Fume and Chew.

But did Fred really *want* to be a missionary? Perhaps he was doing it to please the parents he loved so much. It would certainly be gratifying to them to have their only son give his life in full-time Christian service. But surely they would understand if he changed his mind now.

"If you could do anything in the world that you wanted to

do, what would it be?" I asked him when he came in that evening.

"Why, I'd be a medical missionary and go to China," he said casually, folding his six-foot-one-and-a-half into the wicker chair. "You know, I can remember wanting to be a medical missionary before I knew that 'medical' meant doctor. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I was just wondering," I replied.

He is so *sure,* I thought. Yet how can I bear it? How can I take this beautiful baby halfway across the world to a strange, germ-infested country? Is it fair to this child of ours? Suppose something should happen? How can something not happen?

I thought of the new nursery furniture which our son would probably never get to use, and came near to tears; but suddenly a new picture began to form in my mind. I saw our home in China—neatly plastered mud walls, a thatched roof, curtains at the window, the black, wrought-iron candlesticks upon a shelf.

Then it came, the Voice of Gentle Calm: "How little you trust Me who have brought you all the way."

I would take that nursery furniture to China.

Father and Mother Scovel went with us across the country to see us off at Seattle. Difficult as the parting was, for us it was colored by our starting out on a great adventure. What must it have been for the two on the dock as they watched their only son sail away to be gone for five years!

We left the *President McKinley* at Kobe and boarded the *Choku Maru,* a tiny Japanese ship that carried us through the Yellow Sea to Taku in northern China. We had a very rough crossing; even the captain and the purser were seasick. I turned out to be the world's worst sailor, a great disappoint-

ment to Fred, who loves a heaving deck. The voyage to Taku was memorable for one great event—the discovery of our baby's first tooth.

China didn't look like the picture in the geography book but it didn't feel like a strange country, as I had expected it would. I was not frightened by the jostling coolies on the dock, nor by the rickshaw-pullers haggling for fares, nor by the crowds on the third-class train during the journey of several hours from Taku to Peking. The sights and smells were different from anything we had ever known, but from the moment of our arrival in China, we felt at home. How does one express that quiet quality of friendship with which a Chinese reaches out to you? People were so good to us. A wizened old man moved over to make room where there was no room; a tiny, bright-eyed woman offered us chunks of chicken with a bright-red glazed sauce. The flies were thick and we didn't dare accept it, but we smiled our thanks as best we could.

We were thankful that we were not making this first train trip alone. Knowing how difficult travel with a small baby would be for newcomers, sandy-haired, salt-witted Tex Eubank had taken the trouble to come down from the language school to meet us; so my first Chinese words were flavored with a Texas drawl.

"How do you say, 'Please don't touch him'?" I asked Tex when the first passengers pushed and shoved to handle the white carrying-basket that held the baby, to feel the soft wool blanket and, horrors, to pinch his fat little cheeks!

"Pia tung," said Tex.

"I don't hear the 'please,' " I said.

"Never mind. You just use the words I give you and smile. They'll understand."

I was kept so busy with my first Chinese sentence that I

had no time to learn another before the train chugged to a stop in the Peking station.

We had talked about riding in rickshaws before coming to China. We had agreed that we could not let another human being pull us around behind him. I do not know what we have done to our moral standards, but we both think now that of all the modes of travel there are in the world today, travel by rickshaw is by far the best. There is a snapshot in our album, showing my first attempt at sitting in one. There was no other conveyance to take us from the railway station to the language school. There I sit, bolt upright, the baby held stiffly in my arms, protest written in every line of my face.

"Relax, gal," said Tex.

The streets were wide. I had pictured them as narrow lanes. And oh, there was so much to see! There were shop signs with huge gold characters in bold relief against black lacquer; there were chubby, pig-tailed children playing a game with short sticks; there was a wedding procession coming down the middle of the road with sedan chairs of bright red satin heavily embroidered in gold. Three or four black-bristled, scrawny pigs scurried into the street, their sagging bellies dragging the ground. And there was a camel! Our eyes were tired and we were sootier than we had ever been in our lives when we pulled up at the gate of the College of Chinese Studies on the street called T'ou T'iao Hut'ung.

The smooth green lawns of the interior courtyard with their potted evergreens and pools of quiet, chiffon-tailed goldfish were a welcome we will not forget. A smiling houseboy in a long white garment took us to two comfortable rooms overlooking the courtyard. It was our first home alone.

Such a new young family from such a new young world! It was appalling how little we knew. But we were there to learn and we took our places in the classroom the morning

the language school opened. Our First-Born was left in his basket at the hostel to learn Chinese as it should be learned. We found a little old amah (almost entirely bald) to look after him during school hours. We thought En Nai Nai was perfection until we found her poking holes in the rubber nipple with the silver pin she wore in her hair.

There must have been a hundred and fifty of us in the classroom that first day of school—businessmen, consular officials, Catholic priests, men in army uniform, Protestant missionaries. All of us had our eyes on the door through which our first Chinese teacher would come. Someone had passed on the incredible information that no teacher in the school could speak English. This, we felt, was a serious mistake on the part of the administration. If Chinese were anything like what the laundries at home had led us to believe, these teachers were going to need a considerable command of our native tongue.

The door opened to admit one of the most charming gentlemen I have ever seen. He was wearing a long black gown with a sleeveless jacket of heavy brocade. His smooth young face beamed happily as he approached the desk. Someone murmured, "Dearest," and from then on we never spoke of him as anything else. Dearest wiped his heavy horn-rimmed glasses, and the lesson began.

"Wo," he said, pointing to himself; "Ni," with a long singing upward tone, pointing to us.

"What does he mean?" We looked at one another. Dearest repeated the words and the gestures. Light broke—"I," "You."

With a gesture that included us all, he continued, "Wo men, ni men."

"Ah, the 'men' sound means plural," we guessed.

We were learning the language as First-Born was to learn it after all. First we listened. We listened to the same thing

over and over for days. We heard old teachers and young teachers, men teachers and women teachers, teachers who spoke crisply and distinctly, and teachers who insufflated their words through a fringe of mustache. Only after many days of listening were we allowed to speak the words ourselves. Finally we were shown the printed character. We were not surprised when we heard that John Dewey, the great educator, had called Dearest the best teacher he had ever known.

The unfolding of the language revealed the beauty of this ancient culture—the calligraphy, the poetry, the wise old sayings handed down since the time of Abraham. Every Friday was Proverb Day. We were taught the sayings and the proper time to use them: "A fat man is not made so by one mouthful"; "The husband sings and the wife follows."

"Doctor," said the teacher one Friday, "what proverb comes to your mind when you think of your wife?"

Obviously the answer should have been, "The husband sings and the wife follows."

I was a long time forgiving Fred for his reply: "If the old doesn't go, how can the new come?"

Language study continued after school hours as we tried out our new words on long-suffering shopkeepers and the rickshaw-pullers. What companions they were, those rickshaw men! Even small shopping expeditions became personally conducted tours. They would tuck the fur robe cozily about our feet and start off on a jaunt to a side street to show us the amusing shop signs—"False teeth and eyes, latest Methodists," "Tailor Shop. Ladies have fits upstairs." If we gave directions in a brand of Chinese that was almost beyond comprehension, they were quick to sort out the meaning.

Best of all we liked the ride to church on Sunday mornings. Then the streets were hushed and quiet. The fronts of the shops were closed and boarded up. The air smelled like

orchards in the fall, and the sun spilled long shadows over the pavement of rut-worn stone. The pat-pat-pat of the pullers' feet echoed in the empty lane. Occasionally a slower pat—pat—pat would be heard, and a caravan of camels would appear. What a picture they were, their proud noses in the air in spite of their ragged coats! Some of them would be laden with coal and some would have flung over their backs large burlap sacks containing hand-woven Mongolian rugs. The whole caravan would move along the street like a stately, rhythmic poem.

These were thought-provoking days and I was troubled. Before we had left America, there were those who asked, "Why do you want to go way out there and impose your Western religion upon the Orientals?"

I had been very sure of the answer then; now I wondered. What did I have that these wonderful people didn't have? And (did I dare whisper it, even to myself?) what did Christianity have to give them? I had thought that, seeing how happy we were and how well we did everything, the Chinese would flock to our gates to find out more about the God we worshiped, the Christ we loved. So far no one had asked me a question. The only Chinese we had even met—aside from the faculty of the school, who did not seem particularly impressed with the benefits we had to offer—was a young student who came to practice his atrocious English and who invited us out to eat impossible things like sea slugs. (Fred loved them.)

As I stood looking out across the quadrangle one day, Fred said, "Something is troubling you. Are you homesick?"

"Isn't it strange that in this strange country I have never felt a moment of homesickness? No, it is something deeper than that," I replied. "*You* never seem to have had a doubt in

your life. Will you understand if I tell you?"

He has always understood, usually before I can voice my thought.

"Why don't you take this Weymouth translation of the New Testament," he suggested, "and imagine you are a Confucianist or a Taoist. You've never seen a church. All you know of religion is the dusty temple where you go on feast days to pray for a son without which you will be a disgrace to your husband and mother-in-law. Read it through as if for the first time. Don't even try to make any decisions. Just read it."

The Bible suddenly came alive. Here, in this very city, sat the beggar at the gate; here two women were often seen grinding at a mill; here one had to know which were the high seats and which were the low seats at a feast. I began to wonder how such an Oriental religion as Christianity had ever taken root in the West.

Then Christmas came, and like turning on the lights of the tree, all the little lights turned on inside me and I knew what I had to share. It would not be men seeking me to find the way, perhaps not even men seeking God to find the way; but God in His infinite love, in the humility of a manger and the simpleness of a Baby, forever seeking men. "God, in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself."

"You've found a text," said my husband. "Shall I get you a soapbox?"

Two
The Ancient Poem

Before my couch is the light of the effulgent moon.
Perhaps it is hoar frost on the ground.
Raising my head, I gaze at its brightness;
Lowering my head, I think of home.

—Li Po (A.D. 701-762)
(Poem on the ginger jars,
translated by L. Carrington Goodrich)

In my complacent ignorance I had always pictured China as a warm, sunny country. In spite of the specific instructions from the Board to take plenty of winter clothing to Peking, China was the Orient; and to me, the Orient meant hot weather. Our first Chinese winter furnished another of the enlightening experiences that China was constantly giving me. It was cold, bitter cold. The wind that blew down on Peking from the Gobi Desert felt as if it had been swept across Arctic ice. And seeing red lacquer temples and green pagodas through a whirling snowstorm was like living in a mixed-up dream. Fred finally bought a ponyskin coat for me from a Mongolian peddler. The Chinese teachers had their long garments lined with fur, but most of the populace kept warm by donning layer after layer of padded trousers and coats. Their clothing was so bulky that if a child fell over, he couldn't get to his feet and someone had to come and pick

him up. I understood now why the pastor of the church had told me that the seating capacity of the pews was ten in summer and eight in winter.

The winter passed swiftly, though, for we were very busy. We worked many hours a day at language school and at home. Until we could communicate with the Chinese in their own tongue, we could not begin the work which we had come so far to do. Our mission considered language study of primary importance. No matter how much Fred fretted and complained that his medicine was getting rusty and he must see some patients, there stood the inexorable rule that two years of language had to be passed before he could take on the responsibilities of the hospital. He was to be thankful for that rule in the years to come. I was given a little more leeway as to time, but we both had to pass five years of language study before we could be voted back after our first furlough.

So we kept at it, that first winter in Peking, and at last our diligence began to bear results. We practiced on anyone who would talk to us. We were still far from *thinking* in Chinese, but we could understand a little and we could, by repeated efforts on our part and an uncanny perception on the part of the Chinese, make ourselves understood.

Emboldened, I set out to learn another skill without which I had been told one could not get along in China: bargaining. One day in November as Fred and I were walking about the temple fair, I had spotted an incense burner, a tall pagodalike brass piece about ten inches high—a hideous thing, I was to learn later; but being new to the beauty of simple bronze, I thought it was typically Chinese and I wanted it badly.

The shopkeeper was immediately aware of my interest. After the usual exchange of greetings, I ventured to ask in

my classroom Chinese, "To shao ch'ien?" "How much, how little money?"

"The price is fifty dollars," said the shopkeeper, rubbing the brass with the sleeve of his faded coat. "But you have just arrived in our country and I want you to have this, so I will give it to you for forty dollars."

Um, not bad, I thought. Exchange is almost five to one. Less than nine dollars our money. But I mustn't forget this bargaining business. I'll begin ridiculously low.

"That is very kind of you," I said, "but I really cannot spend more than ten of your dollars for an incense burner."

"I am very sorry, T'ai T'ai," he replied. ("T'ai T'ai" meant "Honorable Mrs.")

He put the incense burner back on his improvised shelf, a board on two packing boxes, and smiled sadly. Round One was finished and we retired to our corners.

Many times that winter I was tempted to meet the price of my smiling, innocent-faced shopkeeper as he went from forty to thirty-five, to thirty, to twenty-five. I could hardly resist as his smile disappeared and his eyes grew sad. I would look from the lengthening face of the shopkeeper to the stern face of my husband and come away each week without my incense burner.

Then suddenly it was blazing spring. The Orient with its heat quickly redeemed itself. Within a week we were to leave Peking and continue language study at the cool seaside village of Peitaiho, northwest of Peking. We were eager to get to our first mission station, Tsining, but the missionaries there had written that on no account were we to bring First-Born into the heat of the Shantung Plain before September. In the midst of the packing, I remembered the incense burner and dropped everything for one last round with my shop-

keeper. Fred came along to pick up some old coins he had seen at another shop.

"We are leaving Peking, as you know," I began. "Do let me have the brass piece for ten dollars."

"Yes, you are leaving," he replied, "and though I cannot afford it, I will give you the incense burner for ten dollars. It will mean that my old mother and the children will have to go without food today, but I want you to have it. Though I lose money, I want you to have it." He actually brushed away a tear with the back of his hand. For the fraction of an instant I wavered, but I did not lose the fight. Fred, who'd been off buying the coins, came up in time to rejoice with me that, for once, I had stood my ground when left on my own.

As we were leaving the temple grounds, on an impulse I ran back to the shopkeeper. "You and I have had an interesting winter of bargaining," I said. "I am new to your country, as you have said, but I am going to be here a long time. I want to learn how to bargain properly. Tell me, how much did you really pay for this incense burner in the first place?"

The shopkeeper laughed and said indulgently, "Just three dollars. Good-by, T'ai T'ai. I lu ping an—all the way, peace."

We had a glorious summer at Peitaiho, aside from Fred's swimming miles and scaring me to death by staying out of sight for hours. There were sharks off the coast. Sometimes I would be so furious that I'd wish they'd bite him; then I'd be so frightened at the thought that I would walk out into the sea as far as I could just to be that much nearer to him. I dared not swim out for fear of the sharks. He could never understand why I worried. He could swim, couldn't he? Cramps? Nobody ever had a cramp who used his head. And he loved the ocean and the gulls and the feeling of being alone in creation.

First-Born added a few words to his vocabulary and learned to walk by digging his fat toes into the wet sand of the beach. He was so fat that his little mouth was lost in a hole in his face. The Chinese thought that anyone who was fat was beautiful. I took it rather badly the first time a friend tried to compliment me by saying, "Teacher-mother, how fat you are!" The only thing that troubled our Chinese friends was that the baby had blue eyes. Once when some country women were watching me bathe him, one of them said to the other, "She'll kill that child, washing him so much. How beautiful he is! So fat, so pretty, so white. If only he didn't have those goat's eyes."

At last the day came when the train puffed into the Tsining railway station. What a welcome we had from our fellow missionaries, the Eameses and the D'Olives and the Walters, Miss Stewart and Miss Christman; and from the Baptist friends who lived across the city—the Connelys, Miss Smith, Miss Frank and Miss Lawton. They were all at the station to meet us. Their first words were prophetic of what our life in China was to be.

"The city was taken over by bandits last night," Frank Connely said casually, picking up a suitcase and maneuvering me through the crowd.

"Bandits!" I gasped.

Our senior missionary, the Rev. Charles Eames, who was hurrying along behind us, stepped up to the rescue.

"There is nothing to worry about," he said quietly. "Shops will be looted; there may even be some shooting, but life for us will go on as usual. Really, there is nothing to worry about."

Maybe we should get right back on that train, I thought. Fred looked as if he were enjoying the excitement. Just the

kind of an adventure he'd looked forward to, I could read behind his twinkle.

But the streets were quiet as we drove through them in our cavalcade of rickshaws. In Peking I had been surprised to find that all Chinese houses were behind walls. Here, too, the streets were lined with mud or brick walls; closed doorways with scrolls of letters across their tops and down each side marked the entrance to a private courtyard. For that matter, our compound was walled and the spacious grounds of each of our homes were surrounded by another set of walls. We did have access to one another through a path that ran along the back of the compound—an arrangement that was to stand us in good stead in the years to come when it was too dangerous for us to be on the street.

We stopped first at the Eames house where we were served tea. I was impatient to see our home. And what a surprise I got when I saw it! The thatched-roofed hut of my imagination turned out to be an imposing structure of gray brick that looked like a small factory with a front porch. Our house had been the one most recently built. The other houses on the compound were more in keeping with their Chinese background, with lattices of Chinese design and pillars on the porches. There had been an outcry when the first two-story building went up, many years ago; it would be possible for *foreigners* to look down from a point of vantage into the courtyards below. But by the time we arrived, a few of the more progressive Chinese inside the city wall were building two- and three-story houses themselves.

Fred picked me up in his arms, carried me across the threshold of our new home, dumped me in the front hall among the luggage and was off to see the hospital.

The house looked huge after our two small rooms at the language school. We had a living room, a dining room, a

kitchen *and* a study on the first floor, and three large bedrooms and a small one on the second. There was a third floor that could be finished off if we ever needed it.

"We'll never get this much furnished," I told Fred that evening as we sat in borrowed chairs before our own fireplace. "Mrs. D'Olive said something about furniture made at a model prison. Somewhere in these trunks I have a furniture catalogue. We can show them pictures of what we want. I'll fish it out and we can have a couch and a chair made to begin with."

"I'm glad we brought our own beds, even though the freight was so terrific. And we're lucky to pick up the dining-room furniture that belonged to that couple who've gone home. What were their names?"

"I didn't get it."

"Well, honey, there's one room you won't have to worry about furniture for—our goldfish bowl of a bathroom; doors in three of the walls and a window off a porch on the fourth! Did you find out what time of day the man comes to empty the can?"

(The can arrangement didn't last long. While walking along the Grand Canal one day we discovered a house deserted by the Standard Oil Company when the last foreign resident left. Fred climbed to an upstairs veranda and saw through the window that there was a good bathroom in the house. He wrote at once to the office in Shanghai for permission to buy the outfit complete with pipes. He installed it himself and designed the septic tank from one of his medical books on sanitation.)

"Now tell me all about the hospital," I said as we drank our bedtime coffee.

"There's too much to tell and you're tired. I'll take you over and show it all to you the first thing in the morning."

That night when I got up to cover the baby—and for months afterward—I looked down the stair well to see if one of those bandits had broken into the house and was even now on his way upstairs.

Right after breakfast next morning we walked the half block and crossed the road to the hospital. Could it be called a hospital? The wards were rows of mud huts; the beds were boards on trestles. There was, however, a good little operating room in a small brick building which also housed the outpatient department. I fell in love with the little room that was the pharmacy. The shelves were filled with beautifully painted porcelain jars. I found it difficult to believe that they held such modern and prosaic things as zinc ointment and unguentine. I felt that if I lifted lids I would find tiger claws, lizard skins, and scorpion tails.

The operating room was across an open courtyard from the wards.

"What do you do with postoperative cases in the dead of winter?" Fred asked the immaculate operating-room supervisor.

"We just wheel them across to the ward on a stretcher and pray that they won't get pneumonia," he replied. (There were no antibiotics.) This was only one of the reasons why, some time later, we converted a well-built school building into a very usable sixty-bed hospital.

We got a language teacher at once, for Fred was determined to complete his second year by January so that he could take over full responsibility for the hospital. He was allowed to take a clinic for only an hour a day and the rest of the time had to be devoted to language study. Adopted Uncle Eames, being a minister, would be delighted if Fred could relieve him in time for the spring itineration trips to the country Christians. Young Mr. Wong, our teacher, had a silvery laugh and a pleasant disposition. He was one of twenty-seven children, only

three of whom lived to grow up. Old Mother Wong was a tiny woman who looked like a gnarled crabapple tree. She always ended the story of her children by saying with a sigh, "I would have had more, but my husband died." Fred operated on her for an inflamed appendix when she was well over seventy, and she walked after a fractured hip and recovered from pneumonia several years after that.

After he had passed his examinations, Fred went out every morning and came back late at night. He took time out only for a brief lunch and a more leisurely dinner. I would beg him not to go back to the hospital at night when he was so tired, but he would insist that sleep was half of getting well, and he wanted to make sure that everyone was going to settle down for the night. He did everything—surgery, medicine, obstetrics. We had a good Chinese surgeon off and on (whenever we could persuade one to leave the port cities and come into the interior for much less pay). Chinese doctors seemed to prefer surgery and they were very adept with their hands. Getting an internist was another story and was probably the reason Fred eventually became a specialist in internal medicine. And we had an excellent obstetrician. Dr. Kung was a dear, tiny woman who had stopped counting after her thousandth delivery. It was only when she was on vacation or when her strength gave out that she had to call on Fred to take over.

Almost all the patients were very ill. Few came to the hospital in those days unless every other means had failed to cure them. Typhoid, dysentery, malaria, an occasional case of smallpox were apt to be found in the course of a day's rounds.

I helped out wherever I was needed—sorting linen, making inventories, making rounds with the superintendent of nurses whenever she needed me; and I taught classes in nursing

ethics, English, and bedside care to the students in the training school.

The missionary wives had had servants for us waiting to be interviewed. They assured me I was to make my own choices, however. Servants who worked well for one family did not necessarily do so for another, and servants who had been failures with one family sometimes turned out very well for other families. We finally settled down with Hu Shih Fu, the cook, an old man who made noises as if he were cooling broth all the time he was cooking, and who did not like to have me in the kitchen trying out my own recipes; Li Ta Ke, the gateman and gardener; Chen Wu, the houseboy and washerman; and Ning Ta Sao, the amah. I rebelled at having so many. Why did I have to have all these servants around? I soon found out. It took all morning for the cook to do the shopping; he had to bargain over the price of every egg. Our food bills would have been astronomical if I had attempted the bargaining. Li Ta Ke raised the vegetables for our table, did the errands in a different part of the city from the food market, bought light bulbs, carried mail, took notes to people in the city, was gateman, telephone and messenger between the hospital and the house. Chen Wu did the washing and ironing, and there was a lot of it during the hot season with Fred's daily uniforms; he did the cleaning and dusting and there was a lot of it during the dust storms. Ning Ta Sao looked after the children.

Ning Ta Sao was an arrogant, uninhibited little woman who was a constant challenge to me because I simply could not stand her. As time went on, neither her disposition nor mine improved.

"I feel terrible about this," I told Fred. "Here I am a missionary and my attitude toward that woman is anything but Christian. I ought to love her—she needs love; and I

cannot bear to have her near me. What am I going to do?"

"Let's face it," he replied. "You two are not temperamentally suited to each other. We'll get her another job. You will find that you can love her easily if she is a bit farther away from you."

But I was not willing to fire her when I knew so well that the failure was not hers but mine. In a short time the problem solved itself. She ran off with a married man, and was soon happily settled as the proprietress of her "husband's" grain shop.

I struggled on without an amah, running home between classes at the hospital to see if everything was all right. Then one morning heaven opened. When I came into the garden on one trip from the hospital, a happy little woman with a pock-marked face was hanging diapers on the line. They were snow-white.

"I hope you will not mind, T'ai T'ai," she said when she had taken a clothespin out of her mouth. "My name is Chang. I came to apply for work and while sitting idle waiting for you, I did this washing. I hope T'ai T'ai will not mind."

T'ai T'ai did not mind at all! From that day on, Chang Ta Sao was a member of the family.

A short while later, special services were being held in the church next door and Chang Ta Sao attended Christian worship for the first time in her life. She came home with tears in her eyes.

"I can't believe it, I can't believe it," she kept saying, "I'm only the Fourth Girl Child; I never even had a name. I'm a poor, poor woman that nobody knows, and yet Christ who is God died for me!"

Then it was true. Those words could pierce the heart, could open a whole new world. It was a first experience for Chang Ta Sao, and for me; we were both overwhelmed by it.

I envied Chang Ta Sao. Though it took her two years to memorize the few simple sentences in the catechism, she never tired of it. She would say the same thing over and over again as she leaned against the swing where First-Born was playing, pushing it back and forth with her swaying body, droning away the same words day after day.

"I should think that you'd be so bored by now that you'd want to throw the book away," I said to her one day.

"Every time I read it, it seems more wonderful," she replied. "Doesn't it seem wonderful to you, too?"

I wished fervently that it could mean that much to me.

For I was having trouble with my soul again and at a time when I wanted to be thinking only the happiest of thoughts. Fred, First-Born and I, with Chang Ta Sao, traveled to Cheeloo University Hospital in Tsinan where Dr. and Mrs. Randolph Shields took us into their home to await the arrival of our Second-Born. After nine tranquil, radiant months, I was more depressed than I had ever been.

"Even my faith is gone," I told Fred. "If religion means anything, it should be a stand-by when you need it. My religion is no good to me at all. I am depressed when I ought to be happy, and I have not one ounce of courage left to face the labor ahead."

"You're not in any position to judge your religion or anything else when you're not up to par physically," he said. "When this is all over and you are completely well, you can make your pronouncements. When you come right down to it, is there anything of importance in your past life that you would want changed?"

I thought about it for a few minutes, wanting the answer to be a truthful one.

"No, not one," I said slowly.

"Of course not," he went on. "You admit that 'all things have worked together for good' in the past; there isn't any reason to suppose that they won't in the future. It's a good verse to hang on to."

The onset of a difficult labor followed shortly after. With all my strength I clung to the verse he had given me. Then the blessed relief of the anesthetic, and my vision—if vision is what one calls a more-than-dream.

I was moving back in Time—down a long, long road by the side of which the women of the ages were standing, presenting me with gifts held in their outstretched hands. The gifts were their suffering and pain. Because through the ages women had suffered, it was now possible for me to have my baby without pain. As I went back in Time, I knew beyond all doubt that God *is*. I felt sorry for people on earth who had to make an effort of faith in order to believe. Here in Reality there was no striving for belief; one simply knew. It was the greatest peace I have ever known.

Then words began to swim into my consciousness—stubby, blunt words through the haze of the anesthetic, and the doctor's voice: "She'll never get these shoulders through. . . ." And later, "Nurse, kao su Hsien Sheng shih i ke nan hai tze" —"Tell the father it's a boy."

We named him Carl Robert for Fred's father and for mine.

"Two sons. You are blessed," said our Chinese friends when we got back to Tsining.

"Honey, I want you to meet Mr. Yang Ping Nan, the Magistrate from the county seat, Hsiang Wen," said my husband, coming in for his tea one afternoon. He ushered in a dynamic-looking gentleman wearing a loose-fitting foreign-style jacket.

"I am honored to meet you," I said.

"It's no honor, believe me," he replied in excellent English.

"Wait until you see Hsiang Wen."

The two men took out their pipes, exchanged brands of tobacco with the usual ritual, and settled down to talk. Chen Wu brought in the tea.

"I'll pour your tea and leave you to your discussion," I said.

"No, no, no. We want you to hear this," said the Magistrate, and launched into a vigorous recital of his plans for Hsiang Wen, punctuated by rapid puffs on his pipe.

Mr. Yang had given up the chair of sociology in one of Peking's leading universities because he wanted to see if what he had been teaching in the classroom was applicable to the poorest county in the province.

"Eventually our plan will take in fourteen counties," he said. "You know the setup—agrarian reform, mass education, flood control. . . . My immediate problem is to stamp out opium smoking. And here's where I need your help. Doctor, haven't you got something that will stop the horrible craving? I've arrested everybody caught smoking the stuff, men and women (that's why we want you to come too, Mrs. Scovel), and they are all going mad in the prison up there. You can't do this to people. Isn't there *something* you can give them?"

"Yes, there are several methods being used," Fred replied. "I'd like a chance to try out the one I read about just the other day in the *Journal of the Chinese Medical Association.*"

"Whatever it is, it will have to be cheap. I haven't much money for this program, and this item doesn't come under any category," said the Magistrate, reaching for a homemade cooky.

"It'll be cheap," said Fred.

Cantharides, the drug called for, could be purchased inexpensively in local medicine shops. This was ground to powder on a stone mill, mixed with vaseline fifty per cent by weight, and bandaged to a spot the size of a silver dollar

on the patient's upper arm, the bandage to be left on overnight. By morning a large blister would have formed. With a hypodermic needle and syringe, the fluid from the blister would be withdrawn and injected into the patient's pectoral muscle. I could hardly believe that it would work, but Fred was eager to try it out.

"How soon can you come?" asked the Magistrate. "We'll need you at least three weeks."

"I'll have to arrange for the children," I said. "The women on the compound will run in every day and Chang Ta Sao is wonderful with them. But it won't be easy to leave them for that long a time."

"Fortunately the hospital isn't too full right now. Dr. Liu can carry on with the men and Dr. Kung with the women," Fred added. "How about Monday?"

Mr. Yang Ping Nan certainly carried us along on the wave of his enthusiasm.

"First I will take you to the museum," said the Magistrate soon after our arrival at his headquarters. "Be careful as you step over the doorsill. I've collected all the stuff of historical interest and put it into this little room. Don't expect too much, but we do have a few good things. Confucius himself was once the Magistrate of Hsiang Wen. Here is one of his shoes."

"Such a long shoe," I said. "Was Confucius such a big man?"

"Stop asking embarrassing questions," he replied. "How do you expect a cloth shoe to last two thousand years? Someone has to make a new one occasionally and every pattern must be taken from the last shoe made. Eventually Confucius will have been a giant. Just out here to the right is the mound where he stood when he preached to the people. I gave them a good talk from that spot myself the other day."

I wanted to linger in the museum, to touch the bronzes

that Confucius had touched, but we were swept along by this new day for Hsiang Wen and were powerless to stop long enough to discover what place the old might have in the thinking of this present moment. Mr. Yang hurried us on toward the jail where the opium smokers were imprisoned, the women in one building, the men in another.

"Here we are," said the Magistrate. "I hope that treatment of yours works. These folks are pretty miserable."

At first the patients took the treatment to be slow torture. It meant a sleepless night from the discomfort of the burn. But on the whole they were good sports about it and when they saw how the craving began to leave them after one injection, they accepted the plaster gratefully. After three or four injections they were well enough to be discharged, and the craving had left them never to return unless they deliberately went back to their opium smoking. Fred was delighted and so was the Magistrate.

One morning after a delicious breakfast of crisp, fried cabbage leaves dipped in beaten egg, hot cereal gruel and long, unsweetened crullers, Fred and the Magistrate went off on a trip to examine the widening of the dikes. I was left alone to change the dressings. Fred had applied the ointment to the men's arms the previous day while I was doing the women's section; this morning I was to take a look at the blisters to see how they were rising. Those in the women's ward were coming along nicely.

By this time I knew the men pretty well, and when I entered their ward, I noticed that there were several newcomers in the group. I began the usual banter. "If you will get me a stepladder, Mr. Tall One, I will change your bandage." I was met with a sullen silence. Strange, I thought. They usually enjoy a laugh. Perhaps the dressings were more painful than usual. It didn't take long to discover that the men

had removed the dressings and had wound a layer of gauze around their arms with no medicine underneath.

"What is the meaning of this?" I demanded sternly. "Are you babies that you are not willing to stand a little pain for your own salvation? You know that you will be executed if you are caught smoking again. The doctor has left a hospital full of sick patients to come out here to help you, and I have left my babies at home to give you my time so that your children will not have to suffer from this terrible habit of yours. And you—big, strong men that you are—will not even accept one night's pain to help yourselves. Stand up here, every one of you, and I will again apply the ointment."

At night I went back to see the results. But I had had time to think, and by this time I was frightened. I remembered all I'd been told about loss of moral integrity among opium addicts; how, when thwarted, they would not stop at anything, even murder. Why hadn't I just backed out of the place that morning saying, "All right, all right," and left it for the men to take care of when they returned? No, I had to wax eloquent. Where were Fred and the Magistrate anyway? They should have been back before dark.

The prisoners slowly surrounded me as I came into the room. One small kerosene lamp hung from the ceiling, making a circle of light on the clean straw covering the floor. There was not a smile on anyone's face as the men drew within that circle of light.

They know the doctor and the Magistrate are away, I thought. They could finish me off in a minute and then say I never came into the prison. I looked at the guard at the door; he could have been my little boy, and . . . Oh, no! His gun was plugged with cotton, I remembered. No help from that direction.

A huge man who seemed to be the leader stepped forward.

"T'ai T'ai," he began, "I have something to say to you."

This is it, I thought.

"T'ai T'ai, the men have asked me to speak to you. They want me to say that they are very sorry for what happened last night. After all that you and the doctor have done for us, we want to assure you that what happened last night will never happen again."

What a relief! The tension had snapped and we were all laughing. I thanked them for their cooperation, changed the dressings and got out as quickly as I could lest anyone change his mind. But not without giving them the farewell that never failed to amuse them—"Pu sung, pu sung."

It is a delightful custom of the Chinese to accompany a guest out of the door to the main gate and then to walk with him some distance down the road, the guest all the while protesting, "Pu sung, pu sung—don't bother to accompany me. I am not worthy of such honor." These prisoners, not being allowed to even approach their own door, took a wry pleasure in the parting words, "Don't bother to accompany me along the road."

By the time two weeks were up the Magistrate was complaining that the treatment was too successful. "These fellows are eating me out of house and home," he said, running his finger along the inside of the collar of his black uniform. "Their appetite had been so deadened by opium that they ate nothing at all when they first came in. Now they're hungry again and enjoying it. Look at old Wong. He's gained pounds."

"Yes, the men are fine," Fred said. "I only wish that I could have had as much success with the women. They are so much harder to cure. That one old lady in the east wing is beating the wall with her hands and begging me to give her opium or kill her. I'll try her on glucose injections today but it will cost you money, brother.

"When you women go in for anything, you never do it halfway, do you, Honey?" he added, turning to me.

In no time at all the three weeks were up. It would be so good to get back to the children, but we hated to leave the village of Hsiang Wen. We took a last walk around the top of the wall and watched the sun set over the rows of thatched houses.

"I'm so glad you could be with me on this trip," Fred said to me. "It's been interesting, hasn't it?"

"Yes," I said, remembering the episode of the prisoners, "and I'm mighty glad to be going home with you, too. Do you think the children are all right?"

"Sure to be with Chang Ta Sao looking after them," he assured me.

Only one more night and I would be seeing them again. It must be bedtime for them now. Chang Ta Sao would be standing between their beds with her hands folded in prayer.

"Cheemee, Kalo [her pet names for Jimmy and Carl], pi shang yen—close your eyes. Wa men ts'ai t'ien shang ti Fu—Our Father who art in heaven." Then sentence by sentence she would repeat the Lord's Prayer in her own language. They would tease her as usual by not saying amen until she had called each one of them by name.

"Amen, Cheemee."

"Amen."

"Amen, Kalo."

"Amen."

During the summer of 1932, Evy Shields and I took the children to Peitaiho to escape the heat. So Fred was alone in the house when the cable came—Father Scovel had died suddenly from a heart attack. Fred shut himself in his room until Li Ta Ke, the gateman, knocked softly at the door and said,

"Don't cry any more, Doctor. It's too hot." The logic of it made sense and Fred could face the world again.

We urged Mother Scovel to come to China, and bravely she packed and sold and stored and came out to us; but she was determined not to be a burden. We were able to get a small house for her at the other end of the compound, since that was what she wanted, and she soon became Beloved Grandmother to the whole community. She taught English to hospital staff members and in the schools; her home was a haven to which we all turned; and she could read Browning and Thackeray to children and make the reading fascinating.

One of her ministrations was to give up her little house, in December of 1933, and to move into ours to look after the family while I was at Cheeloo University Hospital for the birth of our first little girl, Anne Elizabeth, the Golden-Haired One. The big house was filling up.

Beloved Grandmother often said that her mission in coming to China was to amuse the missionaries with her brand of Chinese. She learned to speak the language in her own fashion, to the amazement of our Chinese friends who wondered that such an ancient lady should even attempt study. She did remarkably well except for occasionally misplacing a word, as she did that evening after dinner when she said to her maid servant, "Big Sister Wu, go into the bedroom, open the top drawer, look into the left-hand corner and bring me the kindling wood."

With never a smile Wu Ta Sao did exactly as she had been told and returned with a small box of toothpicks!

There were times when Beloved Grandmother and I had our difficulties, when our quiet disagreement left Fred puzzled and helpless. But if we did not always see eye to eye, we did see heart to heart. I wonder what we would have done without her. In addition to hospital work, there was that five years of

language study to complete before furlough. For my classical examination I was translating a long poem of Po Chu Yi. How I mutilated that beautiful poem! After the examination had been passed, I found Arthur Waley's translation of it and tore mine into bits.

And there was the daily teaching of the children to be done. For their first year they attended the Chinese kindergarten and had as their teacher a very pretty curly-haired Chinese girl who became my close friend. She was the only curly-haired Chinese I ever knew. Since there were no Chinese schools in Tsining that would prepare our children for school and life in America, I had to teach them myself. We had a classroom and went into it every morning at eight-thirty. We used the Calvert Course, a correspondence course sent out by the Calvert School in Baltimore. I knew nothing about teaching, but the instructions were so clear that "wayfaring men, though fools, need not err therein," to use Beloved Grandmother's quotation from Isaiah. I stuck to my guns and saw each day's lesson completed before play could begin. Fred was amused by our being so conscientious and came in to snap a picture of Second-Born and me sitting up in bed with high fevers, Calvert books spread out before us.

But the children had fun, too. The boys had a feud with the Li boys, the sons of a schoolteacher next door; the cook's children were "on our side." The feud necessitated much stalking through grass and running through gardens at top speed. The Golden-Haired One helped to roll out the dough, cook (and eat quantities of) the long, round noodles for the cook's table.

One afternoon following an unusually tiring morning at the hospital, Fred and I went for a short walk in the nearby wheat fields. We came back refreshed, as we always did after

a few moments out there in the quiet. As we entered the house we heard great thumping noises coming from the nursery overhead. In alarm we dashed for the stairs and reached the nursery door breathless. Nothing seemed amiss; there were our two innocent sons peering under the bed. What had caused all the noise?

A huge, roly-poly figure in a cassock crawled slowly from under the bed with a toy truck in his hand and an embarrassed grin on his face. He looks just like Santa Claus, I thought—the same apple cheeks, the same benevolent rotundity, the same beatific, jolly smile.

Our guest delivered the retrieved truck to First-Born before turning to us with a courteous explanation of his presence under our son's bed. He was Brother Linoldhus, a German lay brother from the Catholic monastery six miles north of Tsining; one of the priests was ill, and he had cycled over to ask Fred to visit him. Li Ta Ke had informed him that the doctor was absent but would soon return, so he had taken the opportunity to become better acquainted with the young men of the family. From the affectionate smiles with which the boys regarded him, it was obvious that he was already accepted.

Brother Li, as he was always called by Chinese and foreigners alike, spoke to us in Chinese. We did not know any German and he did not know any English. Chang Ta Sao was highly amused that two foreigners had to speak Chinese in order to be understood by each other. Didn't they even know their own language?

A continual flow of Chinese was coming from Brother Li now.

"As I was coming through the village today, a smart young fellow called me a foreigner. I got off my cycle and called him over. The usual crowd gathered. 'Young man,' I said, 'how

old are you?' 'I'm eighteen,' he replied. 'So, you've been in this country only eighteen years and you call me a foreigner. I've lived in this country for over twenty years.' How the villagers laughed!"

We liked this cheerful, friendly man as much as the boys did. That afternoon began a friendship that still endures. And although we had no intimation then of the dreadful years ahead, Brother Li was to be the instrument to bring us help when we needed it most. But that is a story that belongs to a later time.

One never knew what a day would bring forth in that city so far from the stream of the world. A Chinese boy knocked at our front gate one morning with the message that Fred was needed at once; a foreigner was dying in the fur-buying place across the canal.

"A foreigner?" the doctor asked. "Are you sure? There are no foreigners in Tsining except at our missions. Never mind. I'll be ready as soon as I pick up my bag."

The boy had been right. The man, a White Russian, was dangerously ill with pneumonia. In those days before antibiotics, nursing care was essential if he were to live; so Fred brought him home, and the whole family, including the children, nursed him back to health. From then on, the Russian fur-buyers would have turned the world upside down for us and even juggled it a while with Venus and Mars for our amusement. Fortunately they could speak English. They were a gay lot, those Russian boys, and the children loved them. Their laughter and rollicking music always made us feel as if a blast of clean, fresh wind had blown through the house.

Oh, the wonderful dinners at the fur-buying warehouse, with all the food brought in from the port city—liver paste, eggplant fixed in a special way, caviar, salads, the table bearing up proudly under the weight of the elaborate hors d'oeuvres

called "zakuska"! There would be hot borsch soup with a dollop of heavy cream floating upon its crimson surface, Kiev cutlets of pounded chicken breasts waiting to be pricked open with a fork to release the flow of hot melted butter, piroshkis (triangles of pastry filled with chopped savory meat and hard-boiled eggs), desserts, coffee and chocolate bonbons! Then the ride home under the brilliant stars, the sound of the rickshaw-puller's feet echoing hollowly against the boarded-up shops in the deserted streets. Our little dog, Ber-ber, barking with staccato insistence, would wake the gateman as we pulled up in front of the house.

"Who is there?" the gateman would call sleepily.

"Bandits!" my husband would reply in a gruff voice. The door would immediately be opened for us.

I wonder how many children in the world have camphorwood boats sixty feet long to use as a playhouse. We certainly didn't know what we were getting into that day when Adopted Uncle Eames asked us casually, "Wouldn't you like a nice wooden boat for your children to play with? You can have it for about fifty dollars."

The boat in question had been used by the evangelistic committee for reaching the floating population on the Grand Canal. It had never been an unequivocal success, tending to tip over in a high wind. There were two good-sized rooms in it, one of them with a small kitchen attached. The evangelistic committee, being short of funds and finding that the canal people could be reached as easily by wheelbarrow along the bank, had tried in vain to sell the boat. Its unseaworthiness was well known along the canal. Adopted Uncle Eames thought he had found a way out.

It was not until after the purchase was a fait accompli that

we realized that the boat was fully half a mile away and in the canal.

"We'll take care of that," said Adopted Uncle, who always took care of everything; who was our rock, our fortress, our bulwark of love.

One night it rained, and the next morning the roads were covered with soft mud an inch deep. Sixty coolies hauled the boat out of the water, up the short incline and into the muddy road. Soon the "ayaho, ayaho" of their chant could be heard as they slid the huge bulk along the main thoroughfare. The children left the breakfast table to see what was happening.

"Daddy, Mother, come quick! A boat on land! Why, look, it's stopping right in front of our house!"

And then everyone looked at everyone else with a "Now, what?" expression on his face. The boat was far too wide to get through the front gate. Nothing to do but call Lao San and his workmen. While all the astonished traffic was held up in both directions, the front wall, twelve feet high and a foot thick, was torn down, and the boat slid across the wet grass to its final resting place under the trees.

Not until some time later did we learn that the Christians of the community thought the doctor had had advance warning of a flood, as Noah had had. The doctor and his family would, of course, be spared because of this preparation.

Not long after this, we actually had a flood, and though its waters never reached the city, its tragedy did. The Yellow Dragon was always bursting its bonds. Through the centuries the water had come down from the hills, depositing layer after layer of silt, so that now the floor of the river was many feet higher than the surrounding land. It could be kept in its channel only by high dikes. A few holes in one of these had

passed unnoticed, and now the whole countryside was flooded.

We took a trip down the canal by boat to see the extent of the devastation. It could have been the ocean, except for the trees sticking their tops out of the water like growing celery. Villages, constructed entirely of mud brick, had been washed away.

We took with us Mosely Eames, the teen-age son of Adopted Uncle. As the corpse of a man floated toward us, I did my best to divert the boy by pointing out a submerged tree on the other side of the boat. I thought I had succeeded. On the way back the same corpse, or another, came in sight.

"You again, pal?" said Mosely quietly.

Our city was the terminus of a branch line leading to the main railway. This was the outlet to safety for all the flooded area, and thousands of people collected at the railway station. Illness broke out, babies were born under freight cars, and our hospital was filled far beyond capacity. Fred and the hospital staff became a team that worked as one man. The challenge of the emergency called out the best in each member of the staff. For days nobody thought of sleeping. Fred had to insist that they take time out to eat.

Nobody could guess how many months it would be before the waters would recede. The Yellow Dragon was in no hurry to decide where it would cut its new channel. Governor Han Fu Ch'u did an excellent job of moving each village as a unit to a place where it could make a fresh start. Each person's name was carefully written in a register as was the place where he had formerly lived and the place to which he was going. In this way friends and relatives did not become separated. The Governor provided food and transportation for the journey and even vacated a large section of his palace so that the refugees would have a stopping place en route to their destination.

After the waters had subsided, we heard the exciting—and to me somewhat alarming—news that Governor Han would make an official visit to the hospital to thank the doctor and his staff for all they had done. I did not have a notion of the protocol attendant upon a Governor's visit. I asked myself, "What would I do in America if a Governor came to call?" That didn't help a bit, and there was no one to ask. I would just have to pretend that the Governor was a stranger coming to town for an informal cup of coffee. Coffee it would be, with brownies and ice cream. I sent to the fish market for a cake of ice and we borrowed the biggest freezer on the compound. We had no idea how many there would be in the Governor's party.

I had a few bad moments when I saw two truckloads of soldiers milling over the front lawn setting up machine guns. Did they all expect to be fed? Why were they setting up machine guns, anyway? "To protect the Governor, of course," the cook enlightened me. For a brief second I wondered what would happen if the Governor never came out of our house—if he had a heart attack and died there. Suppose he should get acute food poisoning and collapse? Had the cook been careful not to get any of that dirty ice into the ice cream?

The two boys were having a wonderful time with the soldiers, who were showing them how to fire a machine gun! I had no time to make a tactful rescue; the Governor and six giant bodyguards in long silk Chinese garments were walking up the path and into the house with Fred. They were chatting away as if they had known one another for years. There would only be these seven to be fed. When they were seated, I gave a nod to the cook to come forward with the coffee tray. Standing in the doorway with his mouth wide open and his hands hanging limply at his sides, completely

overawed at having such an august personage in the house, he could not move a step.

I got up and did the serving myself. Apparently the Governor did not know I was in the room, so engrossed were he and Fred in their discussion of the flood. "More brownies, Governor Han?" I asked, passing him the plate. He took three.

"And let me fill your cup."

He passed it to me sideways without turning his head from my husband. He liked his ice cream, I could see that. I'd been a bit worried about it because most Chinese dislike anything made with milk or flavored with vanilla. I'd given this a heavy dose of maple and caramel.

"Doctor, are you a Christian?" the Governor asked as he finished his coffee. "But of course you are. I do not need to ask that question. You wouldn't be doing what you are for my people if you weren't a Christian."

As they rose to leave, the Governor said, "Doctor, I don't understand this at all. Most of the American men I know have to wait on their wives, but you seem to have this one pretty well in hand. Thank you both for everything. Good-by."

"And I never gave you away at all," said Fred when we were back in the house. "I let the Governor go away without ever telling him the truth."

Three
The Gourd

"The passengers think you two are on your honeymoon," said the stewardess. I cannot remember on which of the Dollar Line ships we were traveling from Shanghai to San Francisco for our furlough year at home after five years in China.

"Our honeymoon! With three children?" I asked.

"They think the doctor has been married before—the children are all blonds and you have such black hair," she said. "And they think it is very generous of you to take your mother-in-law on your wedding trip!"

It was June of 1936. We had had a spectacular send-off at the railway station in Tsining, with flags and banners and even a band which tootled its songs as we said good-by to our friends. It stopped playing long enough for the school children to sing their farewell song. The Chamber of Commerce was there to a man to express their appreciation for what the hospital had meant to the community. (We had been surprised to find a full-fledged Chamber of Commerce in Tsining.) It was hard to say good-by. These had been such rewarding, happy years that we hated to leave.

But America is a wonderful country too! We hadn't realized how wonderful it was until we came into it after six years away. There was hot running water, crisp celery, smooth roads, and comfortable cars in which to ride over them. There were

rolling hills, clean villages with tall white spires catching the sun. We could sit together as a family in church instead of separating at the door for the men's side and the women's side. There were friends who had known us all our lives. There were family and home. My beloved father and mother were suddenly converted into my children's grandparents, who scolded us for not being strict enough with them and then spoiled them outrageously themselves.

The year passed quickly. Fred attended clinics at Cornell University, taking a course in X-ray diagnosis to help him in one of our major medical problems, tuberculosis; and he was buying equipment for the hospital. I was buying shoes for the seven years ahead; patronizing every counter of the five-and-ten; buying bolts of cloth for pajamas, underwear and curtains, and yards of dress material for the Golden-Haired One and me. The winter clothes could wait. I always knitted dresses and suits for the children each winter, and yarn for these could be picked up in Japan on our way back.

There were days when the newspapers made us wonder if we would ever get back to China. Remembering my qualms of five years ago, it seemed ironical that now I had to pray that I might be willing to remain in America if that turned out to be God's will for us. I did not even try to defend myself when friends said, "You are crazy to take those children out there at a time like this." There was no explaining the deep compulsion in any way that would make sense.

But we got off, and Beloved Grandmother was with us, willing to face whatever might come.

While we were still on shipboard, it was announced that the Japanese army had landed at Shanghai. We could take our choice of getting off the ship at Japan or going on to Hong Kong. There seemed a slight chance that we could

obtain passage from Japan directly to our province, Shantung, so we disembarked at Kobe.

But we did not get away from Japan as easily as we had hoped. We spent futile weeks trying to obtain passage and permission to travel. The Presbyterian missionaries took us into their homes, though it cast suspicion upon them for harboring such close friends of their enemy, China. The David Martins loaned us their dear little house at the foot of Mount Fujiyama for several weeks.

What a gem of a country Japan is! It was here that Fred first began to work with pastels. One of our neighbors, a China missionary refugee too, would go off into the woods each morning with her box of chalks and a pad of paper, and come home at night with her achievement for the day.

"Look at this one," she would say, laughing. "Did you ever see such a tree?" We hadn't. "But you have no idea what it has done for my morale," she would add.

As the days wore on and Fred became more and more frustrated at not being able to get back to his work, I suggested that he, too, might take up drawing.

"Me, draw?" he protested. "Never. When I was in school I got my poorest grades in drawing." But I sent to Tokyo for the materials.

One rainy day I said to him, "Go upstairs and take a look at Fujiyama. It's just peeking its head above the clouds. And here, take these with you. Not one bite of dinner do you get until you have put something on paper."

We were both surprised at the results. To some discriminating individuals his painting might have appeared a very amateur attempt, but to me it was as if he himself had created the beautiful, snowcapped mountain.

Back at Kobe we made every attempt to get on to China.

Reluctantly we decided that Fred would have to go on alone and leave the rest of us in Japan. He talked it over with a friend in the United States consulate, and though nothing official was said, there was a sympathetic understanding of Fred's desire to get back to his hospital. The first step was to secure a passport for himself alone—all five of us were now included in his. Great care had to be exercised because the true reason for obtaining separate passports could not be told. No official sanction could be given to a civilian for taking himself into the middle of a war.

We two walked into the office of an under-secretary that gray, drizzling afternoon, feeling the burden of the separation before us. I sat down on one side of the room and Fred on the other. We could not trust ourselves even to look at each other.

"Name? Age? Which one of you will have the children? Have you ever been divorced before?"

Divorced? The ludicrousness of the situation dawned on us. The secretary thought we were seeking a divorce! Well, she would just have to go on thinking it.

Not many days later, when the clouds were so thick that I couldn't even see the ship in the bay, Fred stepped into a little gray cutter and was taken out to sea, the long V of ripples widening the distance between us. I watched the small boat disappear into the wall of mist and wondered if the children and I would ever see him again.

Barbara Hayes, another China missionary refugee, and I kept trying to find passage for our families. It did not look as if the war would end in the near future and we decided that, come what may, we were going back to our homes in China. Together we walked the streets, going from one office to another. At last we persuaded one company to take us on board the *Havel,* a little German freighter. The captain did not

like missionaries and was perturbed when he found that some twelve of us were booked to travel with him.

It had not been easy to manage alone the passage, visas, finances, children and Beloved Grandmother. I hadn't realized how much I had come to depend upon Fred for everything, especially for thinking out loud to. We hadn't heard from him in weeks. The newspapers in Japan had repeatedly told of the bombing and complete demolition of our city, Tsining. It was the repetition in the papers of the term "complete demolition" that gave us hope. Too many "complete demolitions" couldn't mean accurate reporting. But the question remained, where was he? Would he get our message? Would he be on the dock to meet us?

It took seventeen days to make what was ordinarily a three-day journey. In spite of Germany's being an ally of Japan, the ship was held up by the Japanese authorities at every port. Sometimes we were held in quarantine several days before being allowed to proceed into the harbor. The passengers became one family, and the distraught captain an anxious father to us all.

But at last we *did* put into port at Tsingtao, and Fred *was* on the dock to meet us; and he had brought Chang Ta Sao with him. By some miracle our cable had reached him. Though he could stay with us only a few days, we took comfort in being in the same country together. We decided reluctantly that, for the present, it was best for the family to remain in Tsingtao rather than to risk the dangers of the road while armies were on the move. We were able to rent a house and we unpacked our Lares and Penates and set up a new home. Then Fred went back to Tsining to continue his hospital work. He did not open our big house, but made himself as comfortable as he could in Beloved Grandmother's smaller

one. Letters were frequent and we settled down to the long winter ahead.

It was late November when I received his telegram:

HOSPITAL FULL OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS
NEEDING OPERATION. NO ETHER

"He must want me to buy ether and bring it in to him," I said to Beloved Grandmother. "There is no other way to get it into the interior; but I just don't see how I can do it. How can I leave the children and you at a time like this?"

"If it is right for you to go, the way will open," Beloved Grandmother replied. "Chang Ta Sao and I will look after the children with no trouble at all. Only—do come back for Christmas, both of you. That will give you more than three weeks there."

"Don't worry; we'll be here for Christmas!" I said.

I went from shop to shop, buying a can of ether here and another there. I also bought Christmas presents for the children and wrapped them in gay kite paper at odd moments. I was determined to be back with them for Christmas, but so many things could happen. At least they'd have their presents.

Supplies were not coming in and ether was hard to find. I finally collected a suitcase full of it. The next step was to get on a train. All of China was on the move. Crowds of refugees clung to the sides and covered the roof of each train. People were traveling in both directions—in toward the line of battle and out to the coast again. They seemed to feel they were safe as long as they were moving.

We were only a few miles outside of Tsingtao when the train screeched to a jerking stop. At once the myriad passengers started to shove and claw their way out of the windows; all exits were jammed. I didn't understand what was going on but I had to protect that ether from damage. Whether or no, I

was swept along with the refugees who swarmed down the sides of the train and scattered over the fields to cast themselves flat in any available ditch. As I threw myself down alongside the suitcase of ether, fear and understanding reached me at the same moment: Japanese bombers were flying low overhead.

Finally the engine tooted, and there was an equally mad scramble to get on again before the train started. A few miles farther on the same thing occurred: the jarring halt, the frantic rush. This time I sat still. I thought it safer for the ether—and for me—to avoid the jam. Again and again the train came to a stop and each time I had the luxury of a few moments of space around me, tinged with the thought, however, that I was a sure target.

After an all-day ride, the train pulled into Tsinan, where I had to make connections for Tsining. I battled my way out of the station and selected a rickshaw from the crowd of them that hemmed me in. It took me across town to the other railway station. Here people were packed in a radius a half mile deep around the building—all of them waiting and hoping for transportation. I could not move forward one inch through the mass.

In desperation I told the man ahead of me that wounded Chinese soldiers would die if I did not get through to them with the medicine I carried, and asked him to pass the word through the crowd to the station master. I don't know what the message sounded like by the time it got to him, but eventually he came out with a squad of policemen. People were unwilling to give up their places so the policemen had to take small rope cords and strike at the people on either side to make a pathway to the train.

The policemen lifted me into the baggage car; it was crammed with soldiers but again they beat a path through

to a seat for me. I sat bolt upright on the hard bench with the suitcase of ether in my lap, completely immobilized by the soldiers jammed close on either side, and went sound asleep. When I wakened the train was under way. A soldier was asleep against my right shoulder, another on my left shoulder, one across each knee, and two across my feet.

"At last," I said to myself, "I've solved the problem of how to keep warm on a train."

From time to time someone would wake up and start a conversation with me. The soldiers could not understand why I was traveling alone under such circumstances in order to help them. Why should anyone care whether they lived, suffered or died?

"Brother, please do not smoke in here," I would say to them. "*Please* do not smoke near this suitcase. It is filled with ether and may explode."

"What difference does it make, T'ai T'ai, to be blown up here or a few days later on the battlefield?"

"One very big difference, brother. I shall not be with you on the battlefield!"

Wonderful, wonderful people! They could always laugh. They had learned, over the long centuries, never to take themselves, or life, too seriously.

I had wired Fred when I began the journey, and he met me the next morning at Yenchow, the nearest railway station on the main line. With unutterable relief I handed over the ether. Our city had not yet fallen, Japanese newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding. As we rode across the flat plain with its fields sprouting winter wheat, Fred outlined his plans.

"You know the rumors we are hearing about the on-coming army. They may be true and they may not, but the young girls in the nursing school are afraid and want to go inland to

safety. I can hardly keep them here against their wishes. But the Boys' School at Tenghsien has closed and the boys have come home. Do you suppose you could take some of the most promising of those boys and give them a short nurses' aid course? Then we'll put them on the wards and teach them as they go. A few of the older nurses have family responsibilities and can't leave. We'll put them on the women's wards, and the boys can work with the men. With all these wounded, most of the patients are men anyway. What do you think?"

"It sounds like a very good idea," I said. "But what about the children and Grandmother? I promised we'd both be there for Christmas."

"Yes, I know. . . . Well, we'll see what we can do in the next three weeks, and if there is any possibility at all, we'll try to get out for Christmas. If not, you'll have to go back alone and . . . but I can't let you do that."

Somehow or other the work was accomplished. The boys were given the fundamentals and an older nurse instructed on how to carry on. We even managed to work in a birthday party for Fred, inviting a few friends from the city. It was an evening to be remembered. We sat around the fire singing Christmas carols, each in his own language; the old German woman and her son singing "Silent Night, Holy Night," the Chinese singing it softly in Chinese, the Americans humming softly too—all of us with our eyes on the German woman's beautiful face, as her still lovely voice rose above the rest.

And then it was time to take the journey back to the children. What a trip the two of us had! We climbed in and out of train windows, were carried along by the surge of crowds, ate whatever scant food we could find along the way. But we made it! We arrived in Tsingtao on the evening of the twenty-first of December.

Since the Christmas gifts were already bought and wrapped,

we planned to use these last few days making popcorn balls with the children, melting old candles into wax stars with wicks (for the Adopted Aunts and Uncles), and decorating the house. We sank exhausted into bed, expecting a long night's sleep.

But I could not sleep. At first I thought it was because I was overtired; but gradually I realized a firm, insistent urging, as if God were trying to speak to me.

"Get up. Leave the city at once, all of you. You are to go back to Tsining to your home. Now."

This is just plain silly, I said to myself. Who would dream of taking the children and Beloved Grandmother directly into the line of battle? Why, I couldn't face the trip myself after these last days on those awful trains!

But long before morning, I knew that I would have to wake Fred and tell him. No, I wouldn't have to wake him.

"You know," he said, "I have the strangest feeling, a strong compulsion that we must all get out of this city and go back to Tsining—children, Mother, all of us. It seems crazy. You know I'm not like you, seeing visions and dreaming dreams; but this is it and there is no doubt about it."

"I know," I replied. "It's like Lot at Sodom, only this time the wife is not going to be turned into a pillar of salt. I'm sure that we must go."

Beloved Grandmother did not seem at all surprised when we told her. Had she, too, had a vision? Once again she was ready to disrupt a peaceful life and to go with us into danger. We found that she could go by a special train that had just been put on, for which we would be able to buy reservations. We telephoned the two "ladies" from our station, Miss Christman and Miss Stewart. They, too, had been waiting at Tsingtao for an opportunity to go back to their work, and hadn't heard about the special train. (The unmarried women of the

station were always called "ladies" by the children to distinguish them from "mothers" who were not "ladies"!)

We worked all day packing. We put the children's Christmas gifts in a separate suitcase, for it looked as if we would spend Christmas on the road. We went to the landlord, who was convinced that we were insane; we got Beloved Grandmother and the ladies off on the train; we wired young Adopted Uncle, Deane Walter, who was already in our mission station, to meet them with his car at the railway junction. We learned later that that train was the last one to leave Tsingtao for many months.

Fred and I, the children, and Chang Ta Sao were going to attempt a cross-country trip of something under seven hundred miles in order to take with us the Ford truck a friend in America had given us for use as an ambulance. Before daylight on the twenty-third we started out, the children excited with the new adventure. Chang Ta Sao was sure that she was going to be seasick all the way. She was.

Looking back on it, I can remember only snatches of the journey, as one recalls a bad dream. We went through a winding river eight times, never knowing how deep the water in the middle of the stream might be. The truck had double wheels in back; we crossed one bridge that was only as wide as the inner wheels so that we bump-bump-bumped over the stumps of piles that held the bridge. We spent the night at Ichowfu, another of our mission stations, with Katherine Hand. Katherine could hardly have been more surprised when we drove up to her gate. She hadn't seen one of her own countrymen for months.

In spite of Katherine's entreaties and the temptation to spend Christmas with her, we hurried off early next morning for another grueling day across the level plain. (The plain was level enough but the road was anything else but.) At dusk

snow began to fall, and by dark we found ourselves behind a column of marching soldiers whom we took to be Japanese. We were afraid to ask. Apparently the soldiers thought that the truck was part of their own unit, for they paid no attention to us. The marching file eventually turned off. Some time later the road petered out and became a small village. As a last straw the truck slid into a deep hole previously used by the village animals as a wallow.

I often wonder what the villagers thought when that snorting monster of a truck came to such an abrupt halt at the edge of their village that cold winter's night, and such queer-looking people piled out into their street. Exactly as we would feel if a spaceship from Mars landed on Main Street in River Bend, I suppose. No white person had ever been in the village before.

"Hsiao h'ar che ma pang, lien che ma pei," the villagers said as they crowded around us. ("So fat the children, so white their faces!")

"Where have you come from and what do you want here?" a thin-mustached old gentleman asked Fred.

"Ni kan. T'a ti t'ou fa ch'uan pei la!" "Just look," said a young girl carrying a baby, "the little girl's hair has all turned white."

"It isn't white, it's like gold thread," said a woman who might have been the girl's mother, "and it's all in little circles. See?"

She pulled out a ringlet from the Golden-Haired One's head, and was delighted when it snapped back into a tight curl. At once everyone, young and old, wanted to try it. I had all I could do to keep my daughter from being frightened as I held her in my arms. Fortunately she was a very outgoing, friendly child and rather enjoyed being the center of attention; but the crowd almost smothered us.

Fred asked for oxen to pull the truck out of the wallow, but all their animals had been commandeered by the army. He and a few of the men went off to the surrounding villages to see if they could find some oxen. The other villagers pressed closer, feeling our clothing and pinching the children's cheeks. The questions they asked were endless; and we were so tired.

At last a motherly looking woman came out of her house, took in the situation at a glance, and having elbowed the people out of her way, swept the three children into her capacious arms.

"Come into my miserable hovel," she said to us. "Here, T'ai T'ai, sit down on the bed. Boy, get some straw for the fire. I'll have some soup ready in no time. You are so cold and hungry."

She called it a miserable hovel; but she said the words as a queen would say them, asking you into her palace. A palace could not have seemed more inviting.

Fred didn't come back and we grew even more tired and hungry.

The night wore on. I sat on the board bed with the weary children and could not keep from crying. First-born, puzzled at this phenomenon, crawled over beside me and whispered, "Don't cry, Mother. Everything will be all right. God will take care of us."

Finally Fred returned with the news that no oxen were available anywhere. What were we to do? The village men were not easily thwarted. They put their backs to the huge, awkward vehicle and by sheer manpower lifted it out of the muddy pit and wheeled it into the road.

"Shall we stay here the rest of the night?" Fred asked. "The villagers want us to spend the night here and go on in the morning. We are about five hours from home, if nothing else stops us. One of the men has offered to go with us to show us the way." (When our guide returned to his village he had a

Bible and other reading material for the village schoolteacher to read to them all.)

"Well, what do you say? We'll do whatever you want," said my husband.

It was not difficult to see that he was longing to get out on the road again, to finish this ghastly journey and see us all safe at home.

"Let's go on," I said.

"But not until you have had some of this hot soup," said our hostess, dipping a gourd ladle into the simmering kettle. The light from the fire caught the satiny sides of the gourd as the soup, with its hot chunks of sweet potato, slipped into the heavy porcelain bowls. Never was hospitality more gratefully received.

At last we said our good-bys, after expressing our gratitude as best we could, and started out with our guide on the final lap of our journey. Aside from having to get the magistrate out of bed to give us permission to go through one walled city, nothing untoward happened; and not long before dawn, the car turned in at the mission compound. It was Christmas morning.

Christmas morning and home, with Beloved Grandmother and Stella Walter there to welcome us! Stella had opened the house, had it thoroughly cleaned, taken all the furniture out of the storeroom and arranged it exactly as it had been the year before. The beds were made and, joy of all joys, she had put up a Christmas tree and decorated it! We opened the suitcase full of Christmas gifts and laid them under the shining tree to be unwrapped later that morning.

Tired and thankful, thankful, thankful, we all fell into bed.

A few days later, Fred came back from the hospital with a strange look on his face—joy? bewilderment? wonder?

"What is it?" I asked.

"I've just learned," he told me quietly, "that the Chinese have begun to plow up the roads we came over; they're planting them with winter wheat so that the enemy won't find any road at all. If we hadn't come the day we did, we could never have made it."

Four
The Grape

Three weeks later our city fell to the Japanese. I had been doing the rounds of the hospital one afternoon, chatting with the patients and giving each one a flower. Even the men liked to hold a blossom in their hands.

Now I noticed that the planes were zooming lower and lower, and that the sound of the guns was getting louder and louder. One deafening detonation must surely have awakened the children from their naps. I hurried out of the hospital and saw that planes were strafing the courtyard and the roads nearby. Keeping close to the high compound walls, I reached the street and ran as fast as I had ever run. From the sound I thought thousands must be running behind me, and I turned to see that I was leading the retreat of what seemed to be the whole Chinese army. Well, they would have to continue without my leadership. I slipped in at the gate of our compound, negotiated the open space between the street wall and the house, and arrived, breathless, in the front hall just as the children were coming sleepily down the stairs.

Try to keep life normal for them, I thought.

"Let's have some fun this afternoon. Let's take a plate of cookies and some books and go down into that little cellar room that Daddy has built for us to play in." It was a bomb-proof shelter—we hoped.

I am not sure the children had ever been fooled by my

efforts over the last weeks to keep things normal—to continue with school every day, to move casually to some other place in the house when the bullets started to come through the windows. I have a suspicion that they, too, played the game, because they didn't want me to be frightened. Now they amiably agreed that playing in the little room would be fun.

The cook's wife and children were already in the cellar. We sat on the floor and told stories, first in Chinese and then in English, lifting our voices in what First-Born called a "quiet roar" in order to be heard above the noise of the guns outside. We ate cookies and waited. We had no way of telling which way the battle was going. Once I came upstairs and found the cook standing in an open doorway watching the progress of the fray.

"Hu Shih Fu, come down into the cellar with us. It's dangerous here," I said to him.

"Never mind, T'ai T'ai, pu yao chin. I'm all right here. . . . Ai yah! What was that?"

"That was a bullet through your hat, Hu Shih Fu. Now will you come down with us?"

The battle lasted only three hours. It seemed like three years. The din grew so terrible that all I could think was, "If only the noise would stop! Let them come in. Let them take the city—anything to have it quiet again."

But when the battle closed we were stunned by the ominous silence that fell upon the city. The next morning there was a Japanese flag flying from every shop front.

It was a strange feeling to be "the enemy"—completely at the mercy of an army that had been promised the freedom of the city and who took unspeakable advantage of that freedom. But the American flag was still respected by the Japanese, and at least for the time being, our compound and the people in it remained unmolested. Thousands of men, women, and

children flocked into the compound for refuge, and it was heartbreaking to have to turn away the thousands more for whom there was no room.

We did our best to provide shelter for the refugees. Most of them had been able to bring food with them. Sanitation was the major problem; Fred realized that an epidemic in the crowded compound would threaten the refugees with perhaps even more danger than there was from the enemy outside. Deane Walter was in charge of the committee who collected able-bodied men to erect hasty shelters and make bore-hole latrines, and try to control the myriad flies. We lacked sprays in anything approaching the amount needed, so an offer was made to the children: three pennies for a hundred flies. Dead flies. The response was so overwhelming and the weather so hot that Deane found it impossible to count the corpses of the disintegrating insects, and quickly changed the offer to three pennies an ounce.

Military victory can be a terrible thing—an evil, corrupting, fear-generating horror. As we walked the streets from our compound to the Baptist mission to see how our friends there had fared during the battle, evil was so palpable in the air that you could almost reach out and touch it. Half the shops were closed and the best wares buried lest they be confiscated, but saki must have been available by the barrel. Drunken soldiers roamed the streets. Women, no matter how old, hid out in the fields at night, so a shopkeeper told us. I could not believe it and thought he was exaggerating the danger, but the day came when I, a Christian missionary, was glad to see that the army had shipped in a trainload of prostitutes. Poor, hard, unhappy little girls!

There were those among the Japanese, officers and soldiers, who hated the whole situation as much as we did—more, perhaps, because it was closer to them. Our compound, our

home, was a comparative lake of peace in this morass of mud. Many times a day the doorbell would ring and our few words of Japanese would make a soldier welcome. But I never heard the clomp of army boots upon the stone walk without a moment of fear.

At the beginning this feeling of fearful uncertainty was almost overwhelming. What was happening? What was going to happen? What was the rest of the world doing? Did our families at home know what had happened to us? We could learn little of real fact, although there were constant rumors. One recurring rumor was that the Chinese army was about to recapture the city. Certainly we could hear continual firing in the outskirts of the city and there were times when the guns sounded much closer. But the weeks passed and nothing happened. We gradually grew accustomed to having the soldiers drop in, and began to take the firing for granted.

In an effort to keep up morale and to break the monotony of our restricted life, we celebrated every celebratable occasion and some that are not ordinarily considered so. We had always been a station that made the most of any opportunity to have a party—the anniversary of someone's coming to China, engagement anniversaries as well as wedding anniversaries, everyone's birthday—including George Washington's, which was celebrated by an Early-American fancy dress dinner—and St. Patrick's Day. The same scanty food would be served, but it was a challenge to cook it or serve it just a bit differently; and it gave us a chance to be together, to hear Adopted Uncle Eames tell his jokes, and to exchange the latest rumors.

One day, six months after the city had fallen, I was dressing for a luncheon party the Walters were giving to celebrate Stella's birthday. Bertha Smith, the children's Adopted-Aunt-from-across-the-city, had come in from the Baptist mission and

was sitting in the bedroom with me. I remember I was tying the bow at the neck of my yellow cotton maternity dress when the sound of a shot zinged through the air.

"That must be near here," I commented. But gunfire was so commonplace that we went on talking without a second thought. Another shot crumpled the quiet.

"Fred will probably be late to lunch," I said. "He's so busy at the hospital now. But there is still plenty of time, isn't there?"

It was then that we heard the gateman's wife lumbering up the stairs in a great effort of speed. She threw open the door and stood there quivering.

"They've shot the doctor and we can't find his body!" she blurted out. (She told me later that she had insisted she be the one to tell me because she would break it to me gently. "After all, one needed to be careful," she said, ". . . in your condition.")

In her crude way she did break it to me gently because I didn't believe her. I did not believe her at all. "Now, Li Ta Sao, just because you have heard shots near the hospital, it doesn't mean that the doctor has been hurt. You are always worrying."

The gateman appeared in the doorway. "Please, Teacher-Mother," he said gently, "will you go and see?"

As soon as we reached the street, I knew that it was true. Not a word was spoken, but people were looking at me with such compassion in their faces. At the hospital gate I faltered; could I go on? Bertha caught my arm fiercely. "Come," she said. "God can take care of this, too."

Stella Walter met us at the door. She had come over as soon as she had heard the second shot. I looked at her mutely, and she answered my unspoken question. "He is alive. He was shot in the back and the bullet went all the way through his

body. Dr. Kung is with him. She cannot tell yet how badly he is hurt."

As we hurried up the stairs she told me briefly what had happened. A drunken Japanese soldier had come into the hospital courtyard waving a gun and looking for nurses. (The gun wasn't loaded, but nobody knew that then.) Fred and a few of his staff had gone out to stop him. Two of the boys in the nursing course took the gun away from the man; another went out into the street to find a soldier on duty who would taken the drunken one away. But the soldier from the street, either misunderstanding the situation or interpreting it as a slur on the Japanese army, drew his own gun and forced the boys to return the weapon to the drunken soldier. Then he immediately left the compound.

By this time the drunken soldier was furious. He put a clip of five bullets into the gun. He singled out Fred, perhaps because he looked different from the rest—taller and wearing his white uniform—and motioned with the gun for him to lead the way to the women's quarters. Fred stepped into the path, thinking to guide him to the back gate and out into the street. The rest of the group scattered.

Fred was about fifteen feet ahead when the soldier shot him. A second bullet went wide of its mark because Fred had fallen into a flower bed. ("Not *fallen*," he protested to me later. "I knew I'd been shot, and people usually lie down when they're shot. The flower bed looked like a nice, soft place.")

As he lay there, the berserk soldier came and stood over him, with three bullets left in his gun. (Even now I am weak with the miracle of it. "God sent an angel to touch that gun," said Brother Li later.) The soldier aimed at Fred's head and pulled the trigger. Drunk as the man was, he could not miss, but the gun did not go off. People who know those Japanese guns tell us that they never jam—not even when they are hot

from having been fired all day. Again the soldier tried, and again; finally he wandered off into the street. After a few moments Fred was able to lift himself and walk into the hospital—that was why his body could not be found.

It was typical of him that, with two first-class rooms empty, he had put himself to bed in the third-class ward with the rest of his patients. I went over to him, afraid of myself and of making a scene in front of that roomful of sick. "How are you?" I said. "Will you be . . . all right?"

His face was flushed and his eyes showed the strain, but he answered quietly, "We won't know for a few hours yet. But don't worry. Please, honey, don't worry."

The external bleeding had almost stopped, but there was no way to tell whether the liver had been damaged. We might need surgical help and need it badly—and Fred was the only surgeon. I did what I could to make him comfortable, as cheerfully as possible, but underneath I was desperate. I had to be alone for a minute to get hold of myself and to say a fervent prayer in private.

As I opened the door, I saw a beautiful sight: Lay Brother Li was bounding up the hospital stairs. "Is it true?" he gasped, out of breath. "Will he. . . ?"

"Yes, it is true," I said. "As to the rest, it is in God's hands. We won't know for at least twenty-four hours whether he is safe from internal hemorrhages."

"What can I do for you? I was on my way to the city."

"You can take the message out. Get it to the nearest American consul if you possibly can."

I seized some blank temperature charts and wrote a report of the incident, ending with the plea, "Please send help as soon as you can. There is no other surgeon within this area of five million people." (Our Chinese surgeon had fled to West China a month earlier because he did not feel that he

could work under the Japanese.)

I quickly folded the papers and gave them to Brother Li. "Do get this out as soon as you can."

"Depend upon me. God give you courage," he said, and hurried down the stairs, tucking his cassock around his portly waist as he went out to pick up the bicycle he had dropped at the door. There was something very comforting in the sight.

Someone had gone for Beloved Grandmother, whose little house was at the opposite end of the compound. Later our wonderful friend, Dr. Kung, who stood staunchly by us through it all, remarked, "I never realized before what the long heritage of being a Christian through many generations meant. Mother did not come in screaming or wailing, as we would have done. She went to him smiling, and took his hand. None of us could have done that."

As I sat beside the bed, looking across at Beloved Grandmother, we were overwhelmed with wave after wave of gratitude that he was still alive. And, too, it was so like God to have sent Lay Brother when He did. Now there was hope that another doctor would arrive.

I watched Fred's respiration: the pulse held strong. No sign of internal bleeding yet. (God, O God, don't let anything happen to him!) Suddenly I remembered the children. I must tell them before anyone else had a chance to. I told Fred where I was going and that I would hurry back.

I was too late. Precious old Chang Ta Sao, overcome with grief and anxiety, had somehow got hold of Fred's bloodstained shirt and was sitting in the middle of the nursery floor, rocking back and forth and wailing, "Your father was shot. Your father was shot!" while the stunned children huddled in a circle around her. They looked up at me as I came into the room and did not say a word.

"Yes, Daddy has been shot," I told them, "but he is all right.

Chang Ta Sao, please get up. The doctor is all right and is going to be all right. Come, children, we are going over to the hospital now. You can see for yourselves that he is only hurt a little. Chang Ta Sao, you come too, and then you can bring the children back home and give them their tea."

When the Golden-Haired One saw Fred, she went over to the bed and very quietly felt him all over from head to foot to see if any part of him was missing. Reassured, the children went off with Chang Ta Sao and Beloved Grandmother went with them to be sure they were no longer frightened.

Fred slept at intervals during that long day, while I stayed with him, checking pulse, temperature, respiration. Occasionally I would look up to find him watching me with a semblance of the old grin on his face. By nightfall we knew that the immediate crisis was over, and the prayers of intercession became prayers of gratitude. As soon as we felt sure that he could be moved without hemorrhaging, we put him on a stretcher and brought him home to the quiet of his own bed. Every person who had ever known him, it seemed, had come to the hospital and demanded to see for himself that the doctor was alive. At one point during that interminable day I had counted seventy-five people jammed into the room and out into the hall. Their loving solicitude was touching, but Fred was still in danger and that had to be our first consideration.

Among the refugees living on the compound were several Chinese businessmen. A few of them were firm friends of Fred, although they had never been moved to become Christians; but most were shopkeepers whom he hardly knew. These men went to the pastor of the church next door and asked, "Sir, may we go into the church? We would like to kneel down and thank the God who saved our doctor's life."

The Chinese church next door had come to mean a lot to us. It had no beauty of architecture, being of the same gray-

brick "factory construction" as our house, but helped a little by tall, slim, glass windows. Too, the service was not the hushed, dignified one we were used to. Though our splendid Chinese pastor tried his best, nothing could prevent an occasional outburst from someone breaking into the service to announce that "Uncle Wong has just come in from the village and you'd better hurry home." During prayer a dog might brush past you to pick up the steamed bread the child next to you had dropped. Beloved Grandmother's first Sunday in church had been quite a shock. I did not help her any when, in reply to her question, "Myra, what are those Bible verses written on the black lacquer pillar?" I replied, "It says, 'Don't spit on the floor.' "

But these were the "outward appearances" we completely forgot as, Sunday after Sunday, we worshiped with our Chinese friends. There was a holiness about the church that was good for the soul. We all sang together lustily, "Chi-i-i-i lai! Ch'uan shih chieh ti tsui jen" ("Arise, all ye of the world who have sinned") and such old favorites as "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Miss Christman pumped faithfully at the little organ, Fred played the violin, and I directed the choir. The preaching was done not by the missionaries but by the Chinese pastor; for the church had fulfilled the aims of the Board of Foreign Missions in becoming self-governing, self-propagating, and self-supporting. When the pastors and elders had called upon us that first autumn of 1931, we mentioned a tithe of our salary as our regular contribution to the church, and met a situation which we have never experienced in any other church in the world.

"That will be too much," said the pastor. "Save part of your money for starting new work. You see, we are self-supporting and we do not want too large an amount to come from foreign sources."

I could not always understand our pastor's sermons, which were delivered at the speed of Morse code and with no more inflection. But I loved to sit in the choir facing the congregation of earnest, seeking faces—old Feng Ta Sao with her patient, tranquil smile; the robust local carpenter; the intelligent young professor with his head cocked to one side; the mother with her crying baby, rocking her body back and forth and patting the baby without taking her eyes from the pastor's face; the ancient anesthetist, dozing as if he had succumbed to his own ether. He would awaken presently, and fix the pastor with that rapt attention one uses to cover a doze. And the slim bamboos, swaying against the front window beyond the crowded pews, were a benediction in themselves.

The church was opened the morning after Fred was shot, though it was a weekday, and more than a thousand people knelt to give thanks to God for saving their doctor's life. I could not leave him to attend the service, but Adopted Uncle wrote us an account of it, telling how the pastor had taken this opportunity to tell again the story of Christ's coming to earth and giving His life for us all.

"So God uses even the wrath of man to praise Him," the letter ended.

We talked about it as Fred lay there—how you work so hard on the mission field, year after year, with no apparent results. Then suddenly one day, doing just the next thing to be done in a long routine of things to be done, something is accomplished, some wall broken down—not by your planning at all, but by the very circumstance of the hour. But Fred was embarrassed beyond words when people said to him, "You are just like Jesus. You shed your blood for us."

Brother Li was one of the first visitors to call after we had moved Fred home. He had got his message through and had taken the first train back to tell us about it. Dr. Theodore Green

would be arriving from Tsinan almost any time now.

"But how in the world did you manage to be here at the very moment when we needed you most?" I asked.

"Ah, that was God's doing," he replied. "I was cycling in from the monastery to the railway station, and I thought to myself, I'll just stop by and see the doctor and his family for a moment. I can take the road past their house as easily as any other. But no, Father Superior doesn't want me to spend so much time visiting unless I have business. I cannot honestly say that I have business there today."

At this point, he had come upon an overturned ox-cart which blocked the road completely. Estimating that it would be a good three hours before the road could be cleared, Lay Brother took it that the Lord Himself had barred his path. There was nothing to do but take the other road, past the doctor's house.

As he pedaled into the south suburb, he felt a tenseness in the atmosphere. Something had happened. He called to a passing Chinese, "Peace to you, brother. How are you today?"

"Aya! Sir, have you not heard the terrible news? The doctor has been shot. It is rumored that he—"

"Oh, no-no-no! It cannot be!" Brother Li had raced to the hospital and had met me just coming out of Fred's room. I pondered again upon God's perfect timing.

Brother Li was a machine-gun conversationalist. "Did I tell you the fun we had at the monastery last week? One of the new priests is—what did you call it the other day? An eager-r-r beaver-r-r? The Old Brother who rings the bell for prayer at four A.M. has been doing it for years. How Old Brother loves to ring that bell! But this new young man decided to relieve him of the job. Nothing the old man said made any difference. So some of us fixed the bell so it wouldn't ring. We left the rope intact, but wired the clapper so it wouldn't swing when

the rope was pulled. Poor young man! But he took it well. He is so young, and he will learn, he will learn. We all have had to. It is not good to take oneself too seriously, is it?"

What a man Lay Brother is, I thought. I wonder what the rest of his family is like? How could his mother stand to be separated from such a son for over twenty years? I thought of the story he had told me of his mother's death. One morning at about two o'clock he had been awakened by a bright light shining all around him. At first he thought that he had fallen asleep while reading his book and had not turned off the light. But this light was far brighter than any other he had ever seen. While he was puzzling, his mother came into the room. "Son, I have come to say good-by," she said. He knew then that she had died, and that God in His infinite mercy had granted him this blessing that he see his mother once more. It was six weeks later that the letter got through telling him that she had died, and the date and hour of her death. He was not at all surprised to find that it coincided perfectly with the time of his vision.

Now he was off on another story.

"Last week I went down to the railway station with a truck to pick up some boxes of clothing. On the way back the Chinese guards stopped me and wanted to know what I had in the boxes. 'It would be better for you not to know,' I said to them. That did it. They demanded that I open every box. 'O.K.' I said (I say O.K. just like an American, don't I?) 'O.K., you've asked for it. You want those boxes opened? Then you take the responsibility for what happens. Do you still want them opened?' They started talking among themselves, not knowing what to make of this crazy man. Well, I'd teased them long enough, so I leaned over and whispered, 'Brothers, I've got Japanese devils in these boxes. If I open them you'll have devils all over the countryside.' They had a good laugh at that and said, 'We might have known that Lay Brother would have

something up his sleeve.' I asked them, 'Why else would I wear such broad sleeves?' They love a joke, don't they?"

Fred was amused, but he was looking very tired.

"One would think that you never had a serious moment," I said, laughing. "Let's go downstairs and have a cup of coffee. It's time for Fred to have a nap."

"Brother Li, you've made me feel like a new man," said Fred. "Happiness is good medicine."

"Happiness is my mission in life," Brother Li replied as he rose to go.

"Happiness is my mission in life." I thought of the words as he pedaled out of the front gate and I remembered the day Brother Li showed me the pair of shoes he was making for an old priest who was having trouble with his feet. He had explained his contrivings to make the shoes comfortable.

"You are wasting your time making shoes," I said to him. "You would have made a wonderful priest. Why didn't you go on and study to become one?"

He had looked at me as if I were a child. "You do not understand," he said. "I make shoes for God."

Dr. Green arrived next day and immediately gave Fred a thorough examination. It was unutterable relief to learn that the liver had not been damaged and that no surgery would be necessary; the deep wound was beginning to heal and, given time, would take care of itself. It only remained to see that the dressings were changed daily.

Work at the hospital went surprisingly well in Fred's enforced absence, with the staff taking care of patients, and the supervisor of the operating room doing what minor surgery he could handle. Members of the staff came to Fred's bedside for consultation, and carried out the treatments he directed.

Dr. Green did what he could in the few days he was with

us, but he soon had to return to his own work at Cheeloo University. His biggest service was during the repeated investigations by the Japanese army. The first—and from my point of view, the worst—of these had occurred before his arrival; within an hour of Fred's being shot, a military doctor had come to the hospital to examine the wound. Powerless, I watched him fish dingy-looking forceps from one pocket, a metal box of alcohol swabs from another, and with these doubtful objects probe deep into the wound. From then on I stood guard over Fred and would let no one but Dr. Green, or later our own staff, touch the wound.

Another military doctor, whom we called "The Terrible," arrived every morning at six o'clock, ordered the gateman to lead the way, and then kicked him all the way upstairs! I made sure that the dressing was always finished before his arrival so that there would be "no need to do more than look at it." If the surly examiner moved to touch the wound, I would step between him and Fred. When I think how powerless I was to save the gateman his daily kicks, I marvel that I got away with it.

A few days after the shooting, the General in charge of the town came to apologize. He was a soft-spoken, white-haired gentleman whom I liked at once. He seemed genuinely grieved at what had happened.

"But, Honored Lady," he said at the conclusion of a long interview with Dr. Green and me, "how did you succeed in getting the message out? This doctor-from-the-distant-city says he is here because you sent for him through your consul. But how did your consul know? I assure you that within half an hour of this dreadful occurrence every road was closed and every means of communication no longer available to you. I have checked back on everything very carefully. We know, too, that you have no radio transmitting apparatus." (This all had

to go through an interpreter, the tallest Japanese I have ever seen.)

"My dear General, there is one more thing you know, isn't there?" I replied. "You must know that I cannot tell you how I got the word out." Brother Li had taken the road to Yenchowfu not ten minutes before every traveler on it was examined.

"We accept your apology," Dr. Green went on, "but, General, we are citizens responsible to our government and we would be wrong not to let our consul know what happened."

"I understand," said the General, running his hand over his short-cropped hair. "But this may mean my dismissal. You see, I did not report it."

"Oh, General, I hope it will not mean that," I said, and meant it.

(A year later he paid us his final visit, coming to say good-by on his round of official calls before being transferred to another city.)

"But now, may I see the doctor?" he was saying.

We went upstairs and we all began to talk of our happy days in Japan. Then the interpreter said, "The General wants to know if you want the man who wounded you shot."

"No, by all means, no," said Fred vehemently. "What good would that do? He was drunk and didn't know what he was doing. He had nothing against me personally. I feel sorry for the poor fellow. I hear he has been sick and was left behind by his regiment, and has nothing to do all day except to get drunk and make trouble."

"Then, sir, what do you want?"

"I'd like to see better discipline in the city when the soldiers are off duty. Do you know that no woman is safe in the streets? And this isn't the first time that a civilian has been shot," said Fred.

"It shall be as you wish, Doctor," said the General. "You speak of having climbed Mount Fujiyama. I came here expecting to find an enemy and I find a man whose heart is as kind as Fujiyama is high. Good-by, sir."

From that day on, order was restored. The reason for it was so obvious that when we took our first walk through the city after Fred's recovery, merchants came out of their shops to shake his hand and to say, "Thank you, Tai Fu. You have saved us."

But the poor sick soldier was shot at last. I had asked about him over and over again and had received only evasive answers. Finally an officer said to me, "Madam, do not ask about him, please. We know how your husband feels, but this was a very bad man. Your husband was the seventh person he had shot."

One day the tall interpreter came to call, bringing a box of candy bars for the children. It was the first candy we had seen for a long time.

"My mother sent these from Japan," he said. "I want the children to have them. May I see the doctor? My former visit was an official one and today I want to say personally how sorry I am. I have many American friends and this grieves me very much."

Coming into the bedroom a few minutes later with a trayful of tea things, I stopped aghast at the threshold. The interpreter was lying face down across a chair drawn up beside the bed. His long samurai sword was dangling on the floor, and such contortions as he was going through! Fred did not look at all concerned.

"What on earth——" I began.

"I'm showing the doctor how to do the flutter stroke," said the interpreter. "I am a swimmer. I have just been telling him how I swam in the Olympics against Johnny Weismuller."

"I don't mind so much getting shot," Fred said to me one day, "but I surely do dislike being apologized to!"

This time the Major, the highest ranking officer in the whole area, had sent notice that he would arrive with his retinue. (I could never figure out why the Major seemed to have a higher position than the General.) Our Chinese friends were worried about the visit. "Remember, he is a very great man," they said to me. "If anything goes wrong, there may be retaliations upon us."

"Nothing will go wrong. Why should it? There is nothing to worry about," I told them with more assurance than I felt.

Just now, within a few minutes of the arrival of the great man, I was anything but confident. I had asked the children if they would like to wear the kimonos made for them in Japan by the mother of their little Japanese friend. They would help me serve tea to the Major in Beloved Grandmother's Japanese wedding cups. The two boys allowed themselves to be persuaded, but with no enthusiasm. Little Golden-Haired One could hardly wait.

There was a bang on the door and I took the Golden-Haired One by the hand and went downstairs; the boys followed reluctantly. The Major had arrived. He stood there scowling. A round-faced man he was, with a huge sunburst of a beard surrounding his face like the rays of the sun itself. I had never seen anything like it before. Neither had the children. I began to talk feverishly lest they make some remark about it.

The Major stalked upstairs and into the bedroom, brushing aside the doctor's greeting with a wave of his hand. He stood at attention and delivered his oration. It was translated by his interpreter. His official duty done, the Major sat down in a rocking chair and relaxed. Like a flash, the Golden-Haired One streaked across the room and jumped into his lap. She leaned back against his shoulder happily and began to pull

the hairs of his exquisite silky beard, one by one.

What do I do now? I wondered. How can I get her to stop? How will the Major take it? He may be very sensitive about that beard. I motioned the child to get down.

"My dear lady," said the Major in perfect English, "please do not disturb your little girl. It has been a long time since I have had the privilege of holding my grandchildren on my lap. Do you mind if she stays here?"

The next day the Major's orderly called to present a package to the Golden-Haired One. It contained a beautiful Japanese doll.

On January 10, 1939, little Fourth-Child was born—a beautiful yellow-haired baby with stars in his eyes.

We named him Thomas Scott Scovel.

Fred was now back at work in the hospital and I was busy at home, adding the care of a new baby to the teaching of the other three children. The Golden-Haired One was really too young for school but she loved to sit at a desk and color a picture—anything to feel that she was part of the classroom.

It was best to keep busy in the house, or at least near the compound. If we went for a walk of any length, we had to bow to the Japanese guards at the gate. This meant a really low bow from the waist. It is not easy for Americans to bow low; and this situation was not made any easier for us by our having to cross a wooden bridge just before we got to the guards. Across the bridge were nailed steel rails which clearly read, "Bethlehem, Penn."; so we were furious before we even got to the guard at the gate.

But we truly had much for which to be thankful. We had enough food—of a sort; we had a good home and enough clothing and bedding to keep us warm, and we had friends.

God was good to give us such friends as the adopted aunts and uncles in the compound. They were really more than friends, they became our family. Then there were the Baptist mission aunts and uncles, the Russian fur-buyers, the Catholic priests and nuns, Brother Li, the Swiss nurse from the north suburb, the German friends who sang, and the Chinese with whom we lived and worked daily. We spoke Chinese far more hours of the day than we did English. Such good hosts were our Chinese friends that we forgot we were guests in their country and thought that China was our home.

It is difficult to choose out individuals above others—the teacher with the brilliant mind with whom Fred delighted to converse, the manager of the Standard Oil Company in our inland city who was lonely for life in Shanghai, the owner of the ancient pickle factory who came out of seclusion to help us with the refugee camp (and who wore an arm band that read REFUGEESCAMP!). (How we loved to take visiting friends through that pickle factory with its acres of huge porcelain vats containing every variety of local vegetable aging in its own particular brine! Inside there were special cheeses made of bean curd and kept at just the right temperature to grow an inch or so of feathery, yellow mold.)

There were others of our friends, but there is still enough fear left in our hearts to keep from naming any except those who, by now, have gone far beyond fear. It has been a long, long time since the tranquility of China was broken. Even as long ago as the summer of 1940, fear struck the heart of a little family who were among our dearest friends.

Five
The Chrysanthemum

"Han Fu Liang is in jail!" The cook brought the news with our breakfast pomelos. "You know that Little Teacher's husband has been a leader of guerrilla troops out in the country. I can't understand why he, an educated man, the principal of a school, should want to be a soldier. You know our saying, 'One does not use good iron to make nails nor good men to make soldiers.' "

"But how did he get caught?" we asked.

"He came in last night to see his family, and some Judas told the Japanese. They arrested him at the railway station this morning." Hu Shih Fu snuffed and snorted his contempt.

"And do you know what Wang Lao San heard him say to the men who arrested him?" he asked as he brought in the eggs. " 'Yes, I am your enemy. I have worked against you and I will work against you.' That's what Principal said."

The Japanese were shrewd enough to recognize the potential value to them of such a loyal man. It would be worth while to win him to their side; they used every means to do it. When they found that their arguments, their promises, did not sway him, they put full responsibility for her husband's life or death in Little Teacher's small hands. "If you can persuade him to come over to our side, he will be released," they told her. "If not, he will be executed. It is entirely up to you."

"Little Teacher, how can you bear it?" I asked her.

"God gives me strength," she said, "but do pray for me. I am so afraid I will weaken."

Finding that she could not be moved, they tried to use the two children.

"You don't want your daddy to die, do you?" they said. "Go in and tell him that if he will work for us, he will live. He may go home with you and your mother now."

But those little children had the courage to say, "Daddy, the soldiers have told us to say this to you, but you do what God wants you to do."

Han Fu Liang asked for his Bible and read it through three times during the following months of imprisonment. All of that time he was questioned again and again, especially concerning the American missionaries.

"It is true, isn't it, that they are spies in the employ of their government?"

"No, it is not true."

"Then how do they get their money?"

"Well, you see, it is with them as it is with us in the support of our temples. Several old women [sic!] in America give of their money, a few cents here and a few cents there, and thus the missionaries are supported."

"That is very hard to believe."

One day the Japanese officers came to him with a letter. It was one of those being sent routinely by the consulate to all Americans in China urging them to leave on a ship sailing from Shanghai.

"Now you will know for certain that these foreigners are spies for their government," they said to our friend. "Here are their orders to leave at once."

"You will see," he replied. "They will not leave. Some of them have already left, but that was because of bad health or

because their furloughs were due. This letter will not make any difference. The ones who are here will stay. You will see."

It was the evening of Thanksgiving Day, 1940. We had all been across the city to the Baptist mission to have dinner with Adopted Aunt and Uncle Connely. We had eaten all of the traditional Thanksgiving dishes, some of them planned for months in advance, the ingredients purchased on furlough and carefully hoarded. We had sat around the living-room fire with the traditional stuffed Thanksgiving feeling. We had sung, "For the Beauty of the Earth" and "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come" and each of us had had his separate memories. Now we were back at home. The children had been put to bed and Fred and I had settled down in the little upstairs room over the kitchen which I used as a study, a sewing room, and a place to bathe the baby. On this cold night it was the warmest room in the house. And now we had one more thing for which to be thankful—the mail had come.

In the midst of reading those wonderful letters from home, Fred handed me an official-looking letter. It was the one from the American consulate. "May we advise you that . . . the ship will leave Shanghai on . . . Women and children are especially urged to . . ."

"I just can't walk out and leave a hospital full of sick patients," Fred said flatly.

"Does this mean that I will have to go alone with the children?" I faltered. "We've talked this over so many times. It's the same old circle—is it right to keep the children here? Is it right to leave you here alone? In the end will separation from you be harder on the children? I'm never myself when I am away from you, and the children feel it. I've prayed and prayed about this and the only thing that comes to me—and it always comes—is the verse, 'For ye shall go out with joy, and be led

forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.' If I am led forth now, it will not be with joy, it will be with agony."

"We've had such a wonderful day," he said, "so very much to be thankful for! Let's not say any more about this tonight. Let's go to bed thinking about our happy Thanksgiving and trust Him to guide us to His decision for us. In the morning we will tell each other what He has made clear to us."

By morning I was still disturbed. I had a decided assurance that the right thing to do was to stay, but I couldn't be one hundred per cent sure that it was not my own strong desire to stay that made me think it was divine guidance. We had both been so critical of missionaries who had failed to heed consular warnings in the past. We had vowed that we would never fail to take the advice of our government, and here we were doing that very thing. Again the old treadmill of thoughts —suppose we were lined up and shot? Suppose the children should have to *see* us being shot?

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee—whose *imaginations* are stayed on Thee."

If this thing is right, it is right all the way through, no matter what may come, I thought. I have to take only one step at a time.

"Another cup of coffee, dear? More milk for your cereal, First-Born?" I went on with the usual routine of breakfast.

"No, thank you, Mother," said our ten-year-old First-Born. He looked across the table at his father; then he turned to me, and said steadily, "I heard you two last night when you were reading that letter. I don't know what *you're* going to do, but I've prayed to God about it; I'm going to stay."

"That just about makes it unanimous." His father smiled.

What a wave of relief swept over me! And through all the

troubles that followed, we never doubted that this decision was truly God's decision for us.

Little Teacher's husband was kept in jail for many months. One night a Korean interpreter came to him and said, "The whole garrison is changing. I am the only one left who knows you are here. It might be a good time for you to walk out."

Sitting in our garden one moonlit night, our friend told us his story. When we heard how he had answered his questioners, we were glad that we had not caused his prophecy regarding our staying on at our work, to fail.

Early in the spring of 1941 Beloved Grandmother returned to America to keep a promise made years before that she would be with her sister on her Golden Wedding anniversary. We hated to have her go, and she hated to leave us; but with the future so uncertain it seemed the only wise thing to do.

One day after she had gone, I was shocked to hear First-Born telling Second-Born and the Golden-Haired One that he thought I was going to die.

"She gets whiter and thinner and she is in bed all the time and Dr. Kung comes every day," he was saying.

I called each of them to me separately as I lay on a cot in the garden and told them the wonderful secret. It was such a happy day. The sun sparkled on every leaf. After I had been carried into the house, the Golden-Haired One flew across the room, knelt at the side of the cot, buried her head in my lap and whispered ecstatically, "Baby, I'm your sister."

But aside from a few oases of happiness, it was a grim summer. I managed to get permission from the Japanese to travel to the coast with the children, hoping to find some relief from the fever. "Huo T'ai," the Chinese called it, "the fire pregnancy." With no pun intended, it was the "freezing" that finally cured me. I was too frightened and there was too much

to be done to indulge myself any longer. Japan was freezing all American assets in China in retaliation for a similar move made in the United States on all Japanese assets. I was caught with almost no money. Luckily we had friends in Tsingtao who loaned me enough to buy the railway tickets for our return to Tsining.

When I tried to buy the tickets, I found that money was almost the least of my troubles. The Japanese no longer permitted any Americans to go into the interior. I kept pleading, "I must get back to my doctor husband before it is too late."

("One look should have been enough to convince them," Fred said later.)

They examined every inch of my luggage. The new baby clothes helped to reassure them that I wasn't trying to smuggle something in that way. The guards almost balked when they found my brother's army address on a loose slip of paper in my address book. They puzzled over it for a few moments; I offered no explanations and they went on with the examination. Miss Christman, one of the "Ladies," was traveling with us; we had another very bad moment when the soldiers were leafing through her photo album. She grew more and more nervous as they turned the pages. I could see that she was at top tension when they stopped to look at a full-page photo of her brother in the uniform of World War I, broad-brimmed hat and all.

"So-o-o . . . American cowboy," the examiner remarked, and turned another page.

Just as the train was about to pull out, two more guards came aboard and took away my travel permits and passport. Those hard-fought-for permits . . . the weary miles I had trudged from government office to government office, always in the heat of the day, to obtain them. And my passport! Without it I was helpless. Would I never see any of them again?

By now it was late at night. I undressed the tired children and put them into their berths, wondering as I did so if I would have to get them up, dress them and get them off the train. No, I won't, I resolved. If they get us off this train, they will have to drag us off.

The whistle was blowing when an officer rushed into the car and put the precious documents into my hands. He looked at the sleeping children, then at me. "It is difficult these days," he said with a sad smile. "Good luck to you." That officer never knew how close he came to finding himself in the happy embrace of a foreign woman.

"And he got his wish; you did have good luck," Fred said when I told him the story. "You got here. I was afraid you'd never make it. And here we are with only eleven people in the house to see that we do no wrong."

I had arrived home to find nine Chinese soldiers, in the employ of the Japanese, on duty in the house guarding Fred, and two Japanese soldiers quartered in the study. Their total mission seemed to be to watch his every move. It was disturbing, of course, but we had lived on the edge of danger and difficulty for so long that the thing that bothered me most in the whole absurd business was the bayonet scratches on the piano where the Chinese guards had rested their guns against it.

I consider it positive proof of my husband's genius that he was able the next day to have the nine Chinese guards removed by the simple expedient of telling the authorities he did not think it suitable to have me alone in the house with that many men all day while he was at the hospital! Headquarters, however, refused to withdraw the two Japanese soldiers; evidently they felt I would be perfectly safe with them. As I was.

We have so often wondered what became of those two fine young Japanese soldiers. They themselves closed the door to

the study when they first took up residence there, and it was never opened except when we knocked at it each evening to give them a plate of cookies or a bowl of fruit. They had all their meals sent in, and even took their baths in the middle of the night so as not to disturb us. We never heard them talking to each other. During the day they spent their time looking after the cook's baby or playing with our children in the yard. I longed to know more Japanese. Once when an interpreter came in on hospital business, we learned that the sister of one of the boys had begged him to become a Christian before he had left home. After some effort we were able to get a New Testament in Japanese. The young man seemed very grateful.

It was certainly no trouble to have them in the house. We even felt a little sad, after their many weeks with us, when they came to tell us they were being sent to Singapore to fight. Night after night I prayed for them, never trying to fathom what their living might mean—to my own brothers, for instance, who might one day be in that very place fighting. I knew God was able to sort out my prayers and use them.

Before leaving for Singapore the guards returned with an interpreter to thank the family for all that had been done for them and to say "Sayonara," that loveliest of all farewells, "Since it must be." After calling on us the Japanese guards called at the home of each of the servants to thank them. When we got back into the study, we found that the desk and papers on it had remained untouched. There was not a single cigarette burn on any of the furniture. We wondered how many of our American boys would have done as well in a Japanese home.

It was autumn again—the autumn of 1941. There were chrysanthemums in every conceivable corner; pots of them in the dark musty teashops, large gardens full of them ready for the annual chrysanthemum shows, great golden sprays of them

spilling over the backs of the junks on the canal. There were crisp, white, snowball ones, and tawny sparse-petaled ones like dragons stretching their claws in the sun. And in our own garden little Fourth Child ran about trying to catch the butterflies as they lit on the beautiful blossoms. It was time for me to open Beloved Grandmother's house, which had been closed since her return to America.

And at last it was over. I lay in Beloved Grandmother's big mahogany bed thinking that to have produced five such wonderful, healthy children was a good job well done. Five children. A perfect family. Chang Ta Sao came in with Judith Louise in her arms.

"Oh, Teacher-Mother," she exclaimed, "at last the brown-eyed ones have started to come!"

The miracle of it was that this baby, who was so beautiful that she might have been carried off from a Reuben's canvas, had not been born in a concentration camp, or in the corner of a prison yard, though she might easily have been in those troubled days. She had been born in Beloved Grandmother's bed, cared for by our own doctor. I couldn't help thinking of the words of one of our oldest friends: "I have had many troubles in China. Most of them never happened."

But some of them did happen.

"Today is another week," Fred said as he got out of bed that Monday morning of December the eighth—still Sunday, the seventh, back home in Mechanicville. I was never to hear him say it again without shuddering; but then it seemed like such a usual Monday morning. We were on our way downstairs for breakfast when Second-Born came running up the stairs to meet us.

"There are Japanese soldiers guarding our gate," he said.

Fred went out to ask the reason why, but the answers he got

were noncommittal. Not long after breakfast an officer, followed by a group of soldiers, came up the front walk with the characteristic cl-lump, drag, cl-lump of heavy army boots—the sound that never failed to produce a sinking heart. The door opened and the officer said, "You are under arrest."

We stood in the front hall, stunned. Fred spoke to the officer. "May I ask why we are under arrest? Have we done something we should not have done?"

"You know very well why you are under arrest," the officer replied. "These are your orders."

The Brown-Eyed One, just ten weeks old, began to cry. The officer said, "Here, let me hold her." As he rocked her in his arms, he read to us the document from Tokyo.

"You are not to leave the house. Everything you formerly owned is now the property of the Imperial Japanese Government. . . . There, there, don't cry, little one, everything will be all right. . . . You are to make lists in triplicate of everything in the house. Your money is to be counted, the house searched in the presence of this officer. . . . There, there, don't cry, don't worry, little one."

This day was a blur of soldiers milling all over the house, upstairs and down; of lists being made, corrected, remade; of the scramble to find food enough to feed all the soldiers who were tearing our house apart. I remember looking around the table and thinking, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Night came. The soldiers were getting ready to leave when a message came from headquarters; they were to bring Dr. Scovel with them. Fred walked down the path through the garden, chatting to the soldiers as he went. How many more times would I have to watch him go, not knowing whether or not he would return? Or would this be the last? "Don't worry about me, please," he had said. That is easy to say, I thought.

He was back within an hour.The chief officer at headquarters had been most kind and communicative.

"I suppose you know that Japan has declared war on America. Several American cities have been bombed. We have not come away unscathed either," he told Fred. In the light of what happened that day at Pearl Harbor, we have always wondered why he added that last sentence.

For the next ten days we were not allowed to admit patients to the hospital. Then the Chinese Chamber of Commerce requested the Japanese to permit the doctor to carry on as usual, and the request was granted.

It was quite an experience to be interned in one's own home for a year. We were guarded by Chinese soldiers, one of whom used to sit on a soapbox at the front gate and embroider beautifully on pieces of grass linen, his gun propped up on his shoulder. Fred was the only one allowed out of the compound, and he was permitted to go only as far as the hospital, a few doors down the street from our own gate. We read our books over and over again, going through sets of Shakespeare and Thackeray that before had only been dusted. We bicycled around the tennis court for exercise. We had picnics on the roof and in every corner of the yard, and did all the things we had always thought we would do if only we had the time.

Once we had orders to prepare for repatriation. Trunks were packed, examined by the Japanese, repacked, kicked open and the contents strewn; repacked, re-examined and finally sealed shut. But nothing more happened. Every time an officer came to call, we would ask him, "When do we go to America?"

"Wait one week. If you do not go then, wait one month. If you do not go then, wait one year," was one not-too-helpful reply.

One day, after many weeks of waiting, we asked an officer the same old question, "When do we go to America?"

His English was not too fluent and he had to think a long time. Then he said, "Long, long ago."

"That's just what I thought," I told Fred. "That settles it. We unpack the trunks and go back to living normally again."

There was a new arrangement at the hospital. A Japanese who called himself a pastor-doctor had been appointed superintendent; he came down from the capital city once a week to make his inspections. He was a member of the newly formed Church of Christ in China. (The already existent Church of Christ in China, consisting of many denominations working harmoniously as one church, had been functioning successfully for many years.) The pastor-doctor seemed also to be a member of what was called Special Services, whose duty it was to investigate subversive activities. It was difficult to figure out just what the pastor-doctor was doing. We had a good time together one evening as he taught us to sing a hymn in Japanese, "Where He Leads Me, I Will Follow." His prayer before retiring that night was in English, heavily sprinkled with the Japanese word "No" which he seemed to use merely for emphasis. Or was it the English word "No?"

"Doctor very good man. No. Doing very good work. No. Bless him and his family. No."

Fourth Child fell to the floor while he was jumping on his bed one morning and broke his thigh bone. (What a day that was!) Pastor-doctor was most gentle and skillful in applying the cast after Fred had set the leg; we were so grateful to him for his ministrations that day. Once I asked him why he didn't wear the uniform of the Secret Service—or rather, Special Services—Department. He seemed very shocked at my question and said, "I am not worthy of it." Altogether he was a very puzzling person.

One day during the six weeks that Fourth Child's leg was strung up on pulleys, a soldier from the ranks, whom we had

never seen before, knocked at the door. He made us know that he wanted to see the boy with the broken leg. He stood at the foot of the bed for a long time, watching Fourth Child play happily with his white rabbit, which ran all over the bed and nibbled at his cast. Sobbing great sobs, the soldier turned and plunged down the stairs and out the door. We have been forever in the dark as to what prompted his visit or why he was so moved.

The next problem that presented itself was that we ran out of money. "Hu Shih Fu," I said to the cook at last, "as you know, this is all the money we have left. Two dollars in this currency won't buy much, but it ought to be enough for food for your family and ours for today. I suppose people can't understand why I still have a cook when we haven't one cent of money. They don't know that you haven't been paid, and that you have brought grain in from your land to share with us, and that we share the little we have with you. I feel very bad that we haven't been able to do more for you. Perhaps you can find another job."

"No, no, Teacher-Mother. I will stay here. We have talked about all this before. You are doing your best and we are doing our best. But what shall we do now that the money is gone?"

"I don't know, Hu Shih Fu. We have learned the meaning of the prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' God has answered it so far. Just think what a miracle it was that we were given a sack of rice last week. God has not forgotten where we live."

That very afternoon a member of the Japanese consulate called to give us five hundred Chinese dollars from the International Red Cross. We had had no idea that the world knew we were still in Tsining. "Comfort money," they called it. I hope the International Red Cross knew what comfort it

brought. First of all, I paid Hu Shih Fu; then we laid in a supply of fresh vegetables to supplement the diet of lentils and blood sausages our German friends had given us.

And now it was Christmas again. There was no money to buy gifts for the children; every cent of the five hundred dollars had to be used for food. But there was a precious evergreen in the front yard; we would cut it down and decorate it. There must be *some* evidence of Christmas in the house.

This was not the first time we had been faced with a presentless Christmas. Once the gifts we had ordered from a mail-order house failed to arrive, and the Russian fur-buyers came down from Tientsin in the nick of time, their arms full of bundles. One package contained a toy gun that worried me. The rule of our house had been no guns to play with. Guns were used to do harm. We were people who healed. But the boys wanted guns so badly. I finally rationalized myself into agreeing that, since the children knew how I felt about it and that I would never buy them a gun, it might be all right for them to accept this gift of the kind Russian uncles.

But this time there were no Russian uncles. I looked through the trunks and found a few books I had meant to save until the children were older—*Huckleberry Finn, Pinocchio, The Stars for Sam.* There were some scraps of cloth with which I could make and dress rag dolls for the girls. Fred carved out a horse's head, painted it, and put it on a broom handle for the boys. A strip of fur from the bottom of my coat made a glorious black mane. Christmas cookies would have to be omitted. There was no sugar.

There was no sugar at all. I had hoarded half a cup of it, but a Japanese officer called one cold afternoon, bringing with him a little prostitute waif who looked so thin and so sad that I took out the sugar for their coffee. I put a meager teaspoonful

into each cup, but after the coffee had been handed around, the poor little girl crossed the room, took the sugar bowl in her hands and emptied its entire contents into her coffee. If I tended to regret the loss of the sugar, I had only to think of those burning eyes as the girl gulped down her coffee. My children could do without cookies.

"Teacher-Mother." It was the gateman with a message. "The Catholic Sisters are here making their Christmas calls." (Each year they came to thank the doctor for what he had done for them.)

The Sisters had brought a package which they now gave to the children. "You must open it carefully," they cautioned.

"Oh, Mother, look! Little angels and stars, and oh . . . they are made out of sugar cookies!"

"Sugar cookies! Sisters, how on earth did you——" I stopped myself. "Really, you shouldn't have done it," I finished feebly.

They ventured a smile at each other and began at once to help the children hang the little angels on the Christmas tree, insisting that a few cookies must be eaten while working.

"And you must come over to the church and see the crèche," they urged. "The children of the school are giving a play."

"Perhaps we may be able to get permission from the Japanese this once," I replied. "It is such a special occasion."

The crèche with its exquisite figures, made by a brother of one of the nuns and brought out carefully from Germany, the old carols sung in stilted English by the Chinese children of the school—this was Christmas.

And Mother Superior confessing to me, "I vowed that these poor Sisters, who have gone without so much all year, would have sugar for Christmas, even if it cost every cent we had in our meager treasury. So I bought a few pounds though the price was unbelievable. The Sisters insisted on dividing the sugar in half and making cookies for your children. We all

love them very much, you know. I remember so well when little Golden-Haired One was a baby. It was the first time I had ever called on you. Do you remember? I hadn't seen a white baby in fifteen years. She looked like a little cherub. And now look at her, chatting away in Chinese to our girls. The children are pleased with the cookies, then?"

This—*this* was truly Christmas.

Six
The Peach

There was nothing we could put a finger on, but something was in the air. We found ourselves becoming squirrels; we hid things. We took all of Beloved Grandmother's old family mahogany and stowed it behind a chimney in the attic. Then we built a false wall across the room and plastered it over to look as if there were nothing behind it. We took our precious music records and slid them down on ropes between two walls. We scrambled up to hidden recesses under the eaves and concealed our best-loved pictures. Fred filled an old camphor box with our wedding silver, sealed it shut, painted it with a heavy coat of white lead, and buried it in a deep hole under the porch, along with his stamp collection, Father Scovel's pulpit Bible, and the children's baby books. We had no money to hide.

We tried to spread the remaining furniture around to look as if nothing were missing. Beloved Grandmother's things were no problem; they had been brought up from her little house, and the Japanese did not seem to know that that house existed. Once started, we couldn't stop. One room in the attic had an outside window and a door leading into the attic guest room. The room was as apparent as the front street gate, but we put away dishes, some cherished curios, a few more pieces of furniture, and plastered the doorway shut.

The plaster was still wet, the door clearly outlined, when a

Japanese officer and five soldiers arrived to search the house. Had they been tipped off? The officer was either extremely stupid or extremely kind; I incline toward the latter view, for he found nothing. He stood with his back to the plastered doorway while his men made a cursory search of the guest room, looking behind chairs, under the bed and in the drawers of a washstand. They went through the house in the same manner and then left.

Why were we hiding things? We said little to each other, and nothing in front of the children, of the fear that hung over us. Yet I couldn't believe it when the Japanese officer began his polite conversation that afternoon in early March of 1943.

"We fear for your health, here in the interior. Everything is so dirty." It looked like a routine call, but he shifted uneasily in the rocker. Now he leaned forward. "So we are putting all foreigners together in one place where we can look after you properly under hygienic conditions."

"Oh, you mustn't worry about us. We're making out very well and we'd be much more comfortable in our own home." I was slow to catch the implication of his words.

But Fred looked very serious. "When do we leave for the concentration camp?" he asked. "And, by the way, where is the camp to be?"

"You will leave the day after tomorrow for Weihsien, halfway between Tsinan and Tsingtao, Doctor. Here is the paper with your instructions." He edged to the front of the rocker. "Well, I must be going now. I'll be here at five in the morning to take you to the station."

"Why are you doing this to us?" I asked as the officer rose to his feet.

"Madame, it is in retaliation for what your government is

doing to Japanese civilians; your country is putting them into concentration camps."

"But that can't be true!" I protested. "I *know* my government would not do such a thing. I was in America during the first World War and a German even taught in our school. They were not put into concentration camps."

The officer only smiled. "What's the use of trying to explain it to her?" the smile said.

I was furious but I tried to hide it. After all, the poor fellow had been duped and deluded into believing tall tales about the United States.

"I'll see you at five, the day after tomorrow," he said as he left.

Well, at least we knew now what was going to happen to us. In a way it was a relief. We wouldn't have to worry now every time the boots came up the walk. We were not going to be shot; we were going to an internment camp. We could take our beds with us, the instructions said. They were to be shipped ahead. Ahead? We were leaving the day after tomorrow. There was a lot to be done. Another glance at the instructions informed us that we were to take all the food possible. We had no money to lay in a supply, but we did have enough to buy a large sack of whole-wheat kernels. I would send the cook to the market at once and have the kernels broken on the large stone mill. But first we had to tell the children. To this day they hold it against me that I told them we were going on a camping trip.

Early next morning John and Agnes Weineke of the Weimar Mission across the city came with a large pillowcase full of the little fruit cookies called "pfeffernuesse." They had stayed up half the night baking them. (One cooky apiece was to be our dessert for weeks.)

"How did you find out so soon?" I asked them.

"Trust the grapevine," Agnes replied. "The whole city knows it. Pfeffernuesse keeps forever so you won't have to worry about these drying up before they are used."

Chang Ta Sao was sure that she was "going to prison" with us. The Japanese officer had to tear her away from us that cold gray morning. The last time I looked back, she was still sitting in the middle of the dusty road; her hands covered her face and she was rocking back and forth as she wailed her grief. For the first time since I had told them, the children were shaken. They never saw her again.

The mission compound at Weihsien we knew very well, but it looked sadly different to us when we arrived there next evening. Japanese officers were living in the homes where we had been entertained so hospitably in the past. School buildings were barracks—the girls' school for the women and the boys' school for the men. But, unbelievably, we were not separated. We were to be together as a family in two tiny rooms in a small courtyard shared with five other families. Our beds, sent ahead, hadn't come nor did they for several weeks. We lay down with the children on the cold, damp bricks and tried to sleep. I was sick, sick, sick; but I would have to pull myself together. I would have to learn to take it and to keep cheerful. Before morning I knew that it was not fear that was disturbing me; it was pregnancy. Wave after wave of nausea was all too familiar a symptom to be passed off as anything else. I had ample time to consider the chances for a child born in prison camp. Those long hours before daybreak were an all-time low.

Hygienic conditions indeed! The first thing the men did the next morning was to wall off a corner of our small courtyard as a latrine. (It was in constant use as everyone had "camp tummy.") The next project was the building of a

stove out of old bricks. Having scrounged (a good camp word) coal dust from the coal the Japanese officers burned, the men would sit down on the ground, mix the coal dust with mud, form it into balls and set it out to dry in the sun. This was the fuel we used in our fireplace type of stove.

But for the first few weeks Fred had all the work to do alone. I tried again and again to get up and finally got it through my head that it was harder for him to have to clean up after me *and* dress the children than it was to just dress the children. Poor, dear man! I will never forget his efforts to get the Brown-Eyed One's dress over her wiggling, fat body, nor my agonizing to get my hands on it. "Worse than delivering a head through a contracted pelvis," he would mutter.

It was wonderful to be sleeping in a bed again and not on the cold floor. And I was more than grateful for all the kindness being shown me. Every day someone would come in with a tray of some precious hoarded delicacy. A bowl of mushroom soup became water from David's well, though I never had David's courage to pour it out upon the ground. Every drop was consumed and enjoyed, in spite of the sacrifice of it—perhaps *because* of the sacrifice of it.

Two of the nuns offered to go on teaching the two older boys. The new teachers were careful to send home each book for us to look over before they gave it to the children lest it contain some Catholic doctrine that we might be unwilling to have the children learn.

And there was the cold, bitter March day when everyone was away from the house. The bare branch of the stripped tree was tapping at the window with such a melancholy sound that I burst into tears. The tapping of the branch became a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said, when I had dried my eyes. Into the room

stalked a tall nun wearing a blue habit with a stiff white headdress sweeping up in wings from her scrubbed, shining face. She began to talk volubly in what I took to be Dutch. When she saw that she was not being understood, she made a quick tour of the room, searching everywhere, and finally found what she wanted underneath one of the beds—a basket suitcase overflowing in all directions with dirty clothes. The thought of that ever-filling basket and my inability to do anything about it had been one of the reasons for my tears. She took the clothes away and brought them back a few days later transformed into sparkling clean and neatly ironed garments. The children called her "the Dutch Cleanser," and until the day when the bare branch against the window became a bough of pink, and I knew that I could face the world once more, the Dutch Cleanser, bless her beautiful soul, performed these devotional ablutions once a week.

It was indeed good to be up again, to be taking some of the burden from Fred so that he could be free to work in the hospital. A small building had been set aside and the sick of the camp were taken care of there. The doctors and nurses had gone from door to door, asking for each family's supply of drugs, huck towels to be used for operating towels, and bandages. It was a little frightening to give over everything for the common good when you did not know when your own family was going to need a drug that might already have been used up on someone else. But people were generous. The doctors had been allowed to bring in their instruments, and soon a reasonably well-equipped hospital was set up. We feared epidemics, but aside from "camp tummy," none broke out. When people complained to Fred that there seemed to be a lot of sickness, he would say, "It's only because you know everybody and you know when a person is

sick. There are really fewer than the average number who are ill."

We never ceased to marvel at the way the fifteen hundred people in the camp met the emergency—people from all walks of life, businessmen (two of them millionaires), Belgian and Dutch priests, nuns from several different countries and from different orders, beachcombers, Protestant missionaries, and prostitutes. These last came into camp with lovely auburn, gold, or platinum hair. As time went on, inch by inch of black, gray, or mouse appeared at the hairline, the children wonderingly reporting the progress of it on each individual.

We hadn't been in camp overnight before one of the millionaires planted gladiolus bulbs. When they bloomed, their flaming flags made us lift our heads a little higher as we walked by. We thought it was a little disconcerting to the Japanese to see the way this conglomeration of humanity formed itself into a community, elected its officers for self-government and appointed various camp duties. Three big kitchens were set up and the food doled out to us so that one could either eat it on the spot or carry it home. The children took turns standing in line with the bucket, for we preferred to eat together at home perched on beds and trunks with a small table between us.

We were more than grateful for being allowed to live together as a family. One of our two small rooms was so filled with beds that the only way to get across the room was to kneel from bed to bed. This took care of the children, and our double bed all but filled the remaining room. To Fred, the greatest horror of internment was sweeping underneath those beds. But the two little rooms became home to us. There were curtains at the windows and a clean cloth on the little table. Our Chinese embroidered piece hung on one

wall. We called it our culture corner. This, and a drop of perfume on my handkerchief, kept me from forgetting there was another world.

There came a time when the curtains at the window had to be cut up and made into clothing. These were the curtains that had hung in the schoolroom at home in Tsining. They were of dark blue coolie cloth with appliquéd suns and moons on them, and though these had been carefully ripped off, Fred's pair of shorts showed very clearly the outlines of sun and moon over each rump, much to the delight of the whole camp, especially when he bent over to do his stint of a thousand strokes at the communal pump each evening.

Our own courtyard was a cross section of the entire camp —a Greek restaurant owner and his wife; a Belgian with his wife and two boys; an American missionary couple, a British businessman and his wife, their twin boys and an adorable little girl whom everyone called "Queenie"; and another British businessman who had a Russian wife and two teen-aged children. In spite of the rumored "affair" of the Belgian wife, the continual Mah Jong playing of the Russian wife, and the continual pot-scouring of the Greek restaurant owner's wife (putting all the other housewives to shame), we all got along well together. We learned to walk softly on those days when one of us had had all that he or she could take, and to shut our ears tactfully when the angry shouts from one room became too loud.

Fred was studying calculus. "I can think of only one thing worse than being interned," I told him. "Being interned and studying calculus." Certain of our number volunteered to teach the eighty classes in adult education, and one could study anything from flower arrangement to—well, calculus; and there was a full-fledged school for the children.

Sometimes I worked in the kitchen with a group of women,

helping to prepare the stew, paring endless mounds of vegetables that seemed to vanish without a trace in the huge cauldrons of water. One of my jobs was to help make breakfast "porridge." Orange peelings were collected from those who had been lucky enough to bring fruit in with them. These were dried and then cut into tiny pieces, an infinitesimal amount of sugar added and boiled with hunks of stale bread that had been allowed to soak overnight. This made a hot gruel that had better staying qualities for the working men than tea and dry bread—all we were allotted for breakfast. Our family was able to avoid the hideous porridge for several weeks, until the cracked wheat gave out. Breakfast of whole-wheat porridge with no milk would have been a delight to us if we had not had to endure the smell of frying bacon as the Russian wife prepared quantities of it. She sometimes gave us a little bacon fat, and this we would use to fry potatoes fished out of the weak stew and covered with one or two beaten eggs for the seven of us. It was a feast for us, and to this day it is a favorite family dish, prepared now with lots of bacon and lots of eggs.

The eggs were purchased from the black market and it went against my conscience to use them.

"I know we don't actually buy the eggs ourselves," I told the family, "but I don't like the idea of asking anyone else to sin for us."

For the black market was run almost entirely by the Catholic Fathers who did not consider it a sin, and who did it as an act of service for the entire camp.

"If we are caught and executed for this," they would say, "well, there will be one less priest in camp, but if one of the fathers of a family is caught, there is the added suffering of his wife and children."

The priest at the head of the whole project was a mild-

mannered, saintly gentleman who belonged to an order whose priests take the vow of silence. He had done almost no talking in his fifteen years in the monastery, and now he was thrown into this vocal vortex of humanity where all such vows had to be laid aside temporarily. The priests used a clever system to inform each other of the arrival of a Japanese guard while the actual buying was in progress. Priests were stationed at intervals in all directions from the scene of the buying—a corner of the back wall where the Chinese could bring their eggs, peanut oil, fruit and vegetables. As a guard approached, one watcher would scratch his head, the next man getting the signal would flip out his handkerchief, the next would bend over to pick up something, and in no time at all the news had spread, and the buyers and sellers would retreat to a place of safety.

One day the Silent Father was almost caught. He disappeared into a latrine, took off his cowled cloak, and came out smoking the cigarette of a man who had gone in before him. But though the Silent Father was threatened many times by the Japanese officers in charge, he still continued his benevolent, nefarious practices. At last he was caught with a chicken in his hand and was given his sentence—solitary confinement in the small shed near the homes of the officers.

His reply must have been somewhat disconcerting. "Thank you so much," he said to them. "I am used to solitary confinement and I like it. In my cell at the monastery I was always alone and I could pray. Here in camp I have little opportunity."

Overnight he became the camp hero. Children wrote him notes and slipped them under the door of his shack; women saved the choicest food and prepared it especially for him. The officers in the nearby houses frowned upon this but had little to say. They would play Mah Jong until two or three

o'clock in the morning, and what really troubled them was that this prisoner had the horrible habit of awaking at four to begin his devotions with loud hymns of praise. It was thought best to release him, and he was soon back at his old post by the outside wall.

Thoughts of food filled all my waking hours. Nutritionists, interned with us, assured us that we would not starve to death on the diet we were getting. "Do our stomachs know that?" my husband wanted to know. Mine felt as if it were in the last stages of starvation. Within reason, one could have all the bread one wanted, as the Japanese had confiscated large quantities of white flour, and the Belgian priests had constructed ovens and were the self-appointed bakers. The children were continually filling up on their nicely baked bread, but the adults found it more and more difficult to face the endless slices with nothing to spread on them to make them palatable.

These same nutritionists, realizing the lack of calcium in the diet, prepared ground eggshells for the pregnant and nursing mothers. We met everyday for "tea" of ground eggshells in bonebroth.

Eggshells in bonebroth! When all I wanted from life was a plate of fried oysters and a mound of salted peanuts, and to have hot water enough to be clean just once. To look at my beautiful baby all grimy was bad enough, but to have to do it on an empty stomach was even worse. I vowed that I would never again accuse poor people of being shiftless and lacking initiative. I could not get my mind one peg above that plate of fried oysters. And I could do with a chair to sit on.

"People are imagining all sorts of things about what we are suffering," I said to the missionary next door as we were

doing our washing together, "and all I long for is food and a chair with a nice, comfortable back. Anyone with a baby in front needs a chair in back."

"I wish you had the nice little rocker I brought out from America with me," she said. "It belonged to my grandmother. I tried to bring it into camp with me but the Japanese wouldn't let me. Only beds, they said, could be brought. This little chair was so comfortable—it just fit the small of your back."

"Don't talk about it," I said.

"You know, for the first time I realized how much God expected of Lot's wife, telling her to leave her beautiful home in the city, with all those little treasures she'd been accumulating for years, and not even look back once. I tell you I looked back a good many times when I left my house."

Lot's wife again. So much had happened since that night we had decided to leave Tsingtao. If I had it to do over again, would I do what I had done that next day or would I stay on in Tsingtao? I had to admit that I would have gone on into Tsining even knowing what I knew now.

"You're very quiet," said the husband of the missionary next door as he came out of the house with a few more clothes for his wife to wash. "Come on into the house a minute. We have something for you."

"I wanted to give it to you, but he wouldn't let me. He wants to have the fun himself," said his wife.

We wiped the suds from our hands and went into the house.

"Shut your eyes. Now open," said our friend.

In his hand was a luscious Shantung peach. At the very sight of it I felt a lump rise in my throat. I knew that he had risked the danger of dealing with the men outside the wall, and oh, the peach was so beautiful that I had all I could do to keep from bursting into tears.

"This is for you," he said, "but I will give it to you on one

condition—that you do not share it with anybody. You are to eat the whole thing yourself."

After the long days of gristle floating in water with a few anemic vegetables added, the peach was from heaven. In the end I broke my promise, as he knew I would, and gave each member of the family a bite of it.

Time lay upon us like a weight, but life fell into a pattern. There was the one daily pail of hot water, and a small one at that, for all the washing that needed to be done for the seven of us, including faces, hands, baths, and clothes. Little Brown-Eyed One, obsessed with getting her hands into any water available, would start calling "wata, wata," as soon as she was dressed. She would sit in the dust of the courtyard happily washing handkerchiefs in her little basin as long as I was there to work beside her.

But life in camp was not all drudgery. The Negro band from the Peking Hotel was interned with us and they put on a dance every Saturday night. We were fortunate to have an excellent musician who led eighty voices in a glorious Holy Week production of Stainer's "Crucifixion." Hearing that music in such a place at such a time was an experience to remember. The solemn occasion was not without its moment of humor when the Japanese commandant walked down the aisle, having arrived late, to the chorus singing at its peak, "Fling wide the gates, fling wide the gates, fling wide the gates!"

The boys, now aged thirteen and eleven, were busy with scouting, organized games, and watching the baseball league with another Catholic Father hero as pitcher. The scout badges were squares of green felt with the scout emblem embroidered in gold by the nuns.

The Golden-Haired One was happy as long as there were

people around and she went from courtyard to courtyard, calling on her little friends and talking with their mothers and fathers. She came home with such bits of information as, "The little Russian woman in the next-courtyard-from-the-corner fought all night with her husband. She has a black eye. She told me she was going to leave him as soon as she can get out of here."

Or, "You know the family that lives next to Susie's? [The other millionaire family.] Well, the children say they've never had such a good time before in all their lives. The mother used to leave them to the Nanny, that's a kind of amah, and go to a lot of parties and things all the time. Now they're having so much fun together that they don't want to leave even when the war is over!"

Then one day little Fourth Child disappeared. We thought he was with his favorite, the kindergarten teacher. When he didn't come home, we sent the other children to his usual haunts to find him. One by one they came back without him. No one had seen him. Fred got the men of the courtyard to help him and they scoured the camp. The child just hadn't been seen by anyone. I was so weak from anxiety that I could only lie on the bed and pray. By late afternoon Fourth Child still had not returned and the Japanese guards joined the search. They even let the men go outside the camp to the garbage pile to see if he had wandered out when the men had gone out to empty the refuse. (That ghastly place, the garbage pile, where poor, hungry Chinese beggars waited to snatch the awful refuse that we, hungry as we were, could not eat!)

By this time the whole camp was alerted. We prayed as we had never prayed before. Then, just before dusk, he was discovered leaving the Japanese Commandant's headquarters with

an apple in his hand. He had had a wonderful day. The officers had taken him home with them and had shown him a cow and the new puppies and had given him candy and this apple and— "Mummy, you're crying. What's the matter?"

The Japanese loved all growing things, children and plants. One afternoon when I was at home alone, a Japanese guard knocked at the door. He said something in Japanese that I didn't understand, but he finally made me know by a gesture of his hand that he wanted a pair of scissors. He was very gruff about all this and I couldn't imagine what he wanted with scissors until he pointed to the straggling tomato plants growing at our door. We had decided, after much discussion, to plant tomatoes instead of flowers in our two-by-four garden, since the children would need vitamin C. They were in for a good bout of deficiency if they were to depend on our tomato plants! When summer came and the pitiless Shantung sun beat down on our one-story house, we scrounged a piece of matting and made a slanting roof over the windows to keep the worst of its rays from penetrating. This shaded the tomato plants, which shot straight upward in pale shoots that bore no sign of fruit on their stalks. The soldier spent the afternoon skillfully trimming them, and in time the plants were prolific. He did not smile once, in spite of my repeated efforts to be friendly, and I never found out whether he felt sorry for us or for the tomato plants.

I was ironing a little dress one morning when a friend of ours from the British American tobacco company dropped in.

"Where's Fred?" he asked.

"Over at the hospital, I suppose. Sit down there on the bed. And excuse my back. It's a major operation to turn around in this room. How's everything with you?" I asked.

"Oh, fine. I hear Fred has a new recipe for tobacco," he

went on. "I'd like to try some. Would he mind?"

"Of course not." I passed him the tin and went on ironing.

He filled his pipe, lit it and took a few puffs.

"Say, this is good—really good," he said. "How did he make it?"

The men swapped recipes for tobacco just as the women swapped recipes for making pancakes out of soppy bread porridge.

"I'm not quite sure," I began. "I know he got the leaves from some of the priests who seem to be able to get them in. It must be grown near by."

"It is. At one time we had this whole area planted in good seed. I never thought the day would come when I'd be smoking the stuff almost straight from the fields. But go on with the recipe."

"You know the usual routine, I suppose, choosing out the good leaf and stripping away the stems and veins. Then he spread them out on that flat stone outside the door and smeared them all over thickly with some kind of goo."

"Yes, yes, I know. But what was in the goo?" he asked.

"I really don't know. You'll have to ask him. I know there was tea in it and that the pharmacist made him an extract of licorice. And then, of course, there was honey.

"Ah, licorice. That's the flavor I was wondering about. Then what?"

"He spread the goo over the leaves, added another layer and smoothed it on again until he had quite a pile. Then he rolled the whole thing up in one of my precious pieces of old sheeting; using my even more precious clothesline, he tied one end of it around a tree for purchase and wound the rope around the roll of tobacco, squeezing it with all his strength until he had a long 'sausage' completely covered by rope. This had to be dried and he put it up on the tin roof and

had to run home from all meetings whenever rain threatened. After all this tender care, he used my best carving knife to shave the tobacco into shreds. Greater love hath no woman than this—that she allow her husband to use her best carving knife for shaving tobacco. Fred will be flattered that you like it. Do you want some to put in your pouch?" I asked as I circled the starched ruffle with my iron.

There was no answer. There was not a sound in the room. I twisted my head around and saw that I was alone. "How long have I been talking to myself?" I puzzled, and went on with my work.

In a few moments he returned, his face a morbid shade of gray-green. "Whew! That stuff is powerful. I couldn't take it. I doubt if anyone outside of a longshoreman or a missionary could," said our friend from the tobacco company.

I loved doing the ironing, but the sweeping was another thing; I tried to get it done before Mr. Davies arrived. He was a man well along in years, a member of our own mission, and a tower of strength to me as the days went by. He would come into the room at about the time I would be sweeping the floor and, knowing that I would never let him do the work if he asked, he would take the broom from my hands and begin to scold me.

"Haven't I told you before that this is not the way to sweep properly? First sprinkle the floor with water. Where is that basin I used last time I was here? I wonder if you will ever learn. [I liked mud even less than dust.] Now, sweep toward the door with long, firm strokes—like this."

He didn't stop scolding until the floor had been swept. Then he would put the broom back in its place, smile with satisfaction and sit down for a while to philosophize. He was suffering from diabetes and I worried about him. I knew there were times when there was nothing at all that he could eat.

"What have you learned so far from this concentration-camp experience?" he might ask.

"I'm not at all sure that I have learned anything," I would reply, "except perhaps that one must walk to the edge of the gangplank and jump off before one can know that the limitless sea is actually there."

"Fairly good, but I don't like your metaphor. Say, rather, that you have learned that you are a child standing on a table, and that if you jump, you will surely find yourself in the arms of your Father."

"But you have to jump," I would say.

"Of course," said our friend, stroking his neat white beard.

Every month on a certain day the whole camp was turned out on the athletic field to be counted. The daily roll call was rather casually taken, courtyard by courtyard. On this scorching August day, the fifteen hundred of us were lined up in rows of one hundred according to our assigned camp numbers. It should have taken a matter of minutes to count us; it took hours. Someone was at the hospital; another had lost his number, two were watching the ovens and shouldn't leave, and so forth. Children cried, babies vomited, adults fainted, and still one person was missing. It turned out to be the man they were sending to round up the others! After what seemed an eternity spent in a furnace, we were dismissed. I took the children back to the house while Fred went to the hospital to take care of the new influx of patients. Our old friend should have gone to bed at once. Instead, he came to see if we were all right.

"Lie down there quietly with the children and I will tell you a story," he said. "Once upon a time there were three ducks, a mother duck, a father duck, and a baby duck. While they were out walking one day, they came to the bank of a swollen stream. Father Duck said to Mother Duck, 'You swim

across first; Baby Duck will follow you and I will come last to see that there is no danger from the rear.' So Mother Duck struggled bravely across and reached the bank safely. Baby Duck had a more difficult time but he made it, and at last Father Duck succeeded in getting across. They stood on the bank, shook their feathers, and, said Baby Duck with a sigh of relief, 'Isn't it wonderful that all five of us got across safely.' Now why did Baby Duck say 'all five of us'?"

"I suppose Mother Duck was pregnant," I offered.

"Silly! Mother Ducks don't become pregnant; they lay eggs, remember? You have a one-track mind these days. No, you see Baby Duck was a Japanese army duck and he couldn't count!"

I knew now what Jesus meant when he warned the people to beware of wars and rumors of wars. There were times when the rumors were almost worse than the wars. One could hear anything in camp. One group made it their business to start rumors just to see how credulous people could be. The rumors kept getting more and more far-fetched until the bubble finally broke with the report that Churchill and Roosevelt had been on their way to call at the camp in person to do something about getting us out, when Churchill's camel got stuck in the sand at the edge of the Yellow River. When the rumormongers found that some people would actually believe this, they gave up in disgust and tried to find another method of relieving their boredom.

I was better off than most of my co-sufferers because, for them, time stretched endlessly ahead, while I had something lovely to look forward to at the end of a fixed period of time—the birth of my baby. It gave me something to count toward, something very much worth living for.

Then, like a flowering cactus, the bulletin board blossomed

a white notice. There was to be an exchange of internees! Japanese from the internment camps in America (then the Japanese officer in Tsining had been right after all!) were to meet Americans from the internment camps of Asia at the neutral port of Goa in Portuguese India. There the exchange would be made. We only half believed it, but again the old question had to be faced—would we have to be separated? For there were only five categories under which we could apply for repatriation; women and children came under one heading, but there was no category under which Fred could apply. We went to ask the advice of the obstetrician who was to take care of me. She did not say it in so many words, but she made it clear that anything might happen to me at the delivery—even death—and that I was in no condition to travel alone. Since we knew that the baby probably would be born en route, her question, in a low voice, "What would the children do then?" was more than enough to swing the decision. We filled out the papers waiving my right to repatriation and settled down for the "duration" (another good camp word).

A few weeks later we were sitting on the stone in the courtyard after the day's work was done. The children were in bed. Fred and I were having a few moments before going in when Ralph Lewis, another of the doctors, stopped by and dropped down on the ground beside Fred.

"I suppose you've heard that the list is up," he said.

"What list?" Fred asked.

"The list for repatriation," he replied.

"How can you be so calm about it?" I asked. "Isn't your name on it? Oh, I do hope so. You and Roberta have had to be separated so long."

"Yes, my name is there. So is yours, you know?"

"There must be some mistake," said Fred. "We made out

papers some time ago waiving Myra's right to go. No telling what might happen en route; we didn't dare let her go without me."

"Well, your name is on the list too, Fred, and so are all the children's."

We couldn't believe it, not even after we had lit matches and read the names on the bulletin board.

Such a fever of excitement as we were in! One moment we would be filled with hope and the next minute plunged into despair, dreading the disappointment if our plans should once again fall through. And suppose that at the last minute they took Fred's name off and made me go alone with the children?

But we went ahead sorting and packing our few belongings. Everything possible was to be left behind for those who were to remain; for of the fifteen hundred people in camp, only three hundred of us were chosen for repatriation. I exchanged my dresses for a few maternity clothes offered to me by a woman who had already had her baby.

At last the day came when the three hundred chosen ones were to leave the camp. Another three hundred internees from the Cheefoo camp had been brought in the night before to take our places.

We were led through the streets of the camp, crowded with people calling out "Good-by, and good luck!" then out of the gate, down a steep little hill, across a small stream and into a grove of trees. We sat on the ground to await the coming of the lorries that would carry us to the railway. The Brown-Eyed One crawled into my lap, and Fred took her little hand in his. The other children were exploring the grove, happy in a new adventure.

Fred and I were very quiet, filled with conflicting emotions. Fear—were we really being taken out to safety or was this a

trick, a way to rid the camp of three hundred extra people? Sorrow at the thought of those who were left behind, and joy—surely joy that we were at least outside the gate with the real possibility of freedom before us. A light breeze brushed the trees and the leaves stirred.

"Fred, they are clapping their hands!" I said. "The leaves are clapping their hands! The verse is coming true!"

Just then the whole hillside before us burst forth into singing as the fifteen hundred clambered for places along the wall and raised their voices in "There'll Always Be an England," "God Bless America," and "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

We went out with joy, and were led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills broke forth before us into singing, and all the trees of the field clapped their hands.

Seven
Lao Shou Hsing, the Birthday Fairy

Ralph Lewis made his way down the car toward us, lurching back and forth with the movement of the train, picking his way between the sleeping bodies on the floor. He reached the place where we were sitting and leaned over to ask confidentially, "Have you noticed the ankles?"

"Yes, I have," said Fred. "Is there anything we can do about it?"

The two doctors went on talking. I remembered something about swollen ankles and poor nutrition and could see that the men were worried about us. The trip from the internment camp to the seaport of Shanghai should not have taken more than thirty-six hours. None of us knew why it was taking three days. We would go a few miles and then stop for long periods of time. The food had long since been eaten—all that had not spoiled the first night—and we were so crowded that it was almost impossible to sleep. First-Born and Second-Born and the other boys of their age had kept on their feet so that the older folk might have a place to sit. They would stand up as long as they could and then lie down in the aisle, curling themselves up as small as possible to avoid being stepped on. I looked down at our boys' ankles; swollen, yes, but not as terribly swollen as some of those sitting near us.

Would we ever get to Shanghai? There we would at least have food and water. The hours inched by and at last we neared the city limits. The train stopped, we thought to get the all-clear signal; but when it started again it was going in the opposite direction and this it continued to do for an hour or more. At once the rumors began to fly.

"Back to Nanking! They're taking us back to Nanking! We'll be put in a camp there! The repatriation is off. . . ."

Late in the afternoon the train stopped again, and when it started this time, it was headed in the right direction.

At long last we arrived in Shanghai and piled out of the train. The railway station had just been bombed—in fact was being bombed as our train had been about to pull in. But the unloading was allowed to proceed, our men grumbling at the weight of the heavy trunks some of the women had insisted on bringing out of camp. Lifting a heavy trunk, even with plenty of help, was almost more than most of the men could manage.

We were crowded into buses and taken out to the campus of one of the universities; I think it was St. John's. Oh, the smooth, green lawns! We stumbled out of the buses and stretched full length on the sweet-smelling grass.

Here we were to await the arrival of our repatriation ship. The time was filled with endless inspections of what luggage we had. It meant constant repacking and we were so tired. But there was just a little less to pack after each inspection.

American money was one of the objects of search. Hems of dresses were felt carefully, shoulder pads ripped open, shoe soles torn off, and long hair thoroughly combed out. The girl in line in front of me turned and whispered, "What shall I do? I have an American check that my father sent me for Christmas two years ago It is tucked into the roll of my hair." It was too late to do anything about it. When the Japanese

police woman reached us, all she said was, "Never mind taking your hair down." We never knew why this particular girl was thus exempted.

It was with mixed feelings that we boarded the Japanese ship, the *Teia Maru.* We were not at all sure where we were going to be taken. The *Teia* had come over from Japan carrying American repatriates from that country. Later a missionary already on board told me that as we walked up the gangplank she had turned to a Japanese officer and said, "I take it that the people with the blue rosettes in their lapels are the diplomats. Who are these now coming up [indicating our large family] wearing red rosettes?"

"Those," he replied, "are the hardened criminals."

When we were given our accommodations, I was surprised to find that the three youngest children and I had been assigned to a very good cabin with three berths. Fred and the boys were down in the lowest hold where the wooden bunks had been hastily erected to hold several hundred passengers. The boys, now thirteen and eleven, were suddenly thrust from their sheltered living into a maelstrom of life in the raw; for in this hold, under these terribly crowded conditions, were men who were constantly drunk. Some of them smuggled women into various off-corners (some of the corners not so off!). There were constant fights with knives or fists. All of this became a daily occurrence to the boys. They said little but they looked very thoughtful.

Our ship had formerly been one of the French Line's "Three Musketeers." It had been called the *Aramis,* and had been a beautiful ship in its day, but after its capture it had been allowed to deteriorate. There must have been a quantity of excellent wines and liqueurs on board, for these were now being sold to the long-deprived men at exorbitant prices. Since the Japanese yen was the only currency we were

allowed to use, and since it all had to be spent while on board, it was no trial at all for the drinkers to pay the amounts demanded. Even the missionaries were willing to spend ten of these Japanese dollars for an extra cup of coffee now and then.

I found it more and more difficult to eat the food set before me. The diet of rice filled with worms was almost more than I could take.

"Eat it," Fred would say to me, "eat every bit of it."

"But the worms!" I would protest.

"You're just lucky to be getting that much extra protein," he would reply.

Fred was getting weaker too. It struck me with a blow when I discovered that all of the passengers had to reach out for the handrail in order to pull themselves up the short flights of stairs. One day when Fred was carrying the Brown-Eyed One up a ladder, his knees buckled under him and he fell. Fortunately neither of them was hurt.

"It's the vitamin B deficiency," Fred told me. "We'll make it up when we get on board the other ship at Goa."

There came a day when I was too weak to get out of bed. I just lay there wondering what I was going to do. Fred tried to help me up, but I could not stand on my feet. I had been saving one can of evaporated milk so that if there were no milk at all when the baby was born, we could at least have something to start on. There was a great feeling of security in owning that can of milk, and it was with difficulty that Fred persuaded me there just wouldn't be any baby unless I drank it then. He borrowed some cocoa from a woman down the hall, heated some water and gave me drinks of the chocolate throughout the morning. By night I was able to get up again.

"Darling," I said to Fred one morning, "stop reading for a minute and look around the deck."

He looked up from his Bible and saw at once what I meant; people sat propped up against smokestacks or lay full length, chins cupped in hands; every person in sight was reading a Bible! This, by the way, was the first time I had ever seen a woman smoking a cigarette as she read her Bible. The only other books allowed us were Japanese propaganda leaflets, which the children used for making paper airplanes and flying darts. With the exception of the Bible, nothing written or printed could go with us out of camp, and if the Bible were marked or underlined in any way, that too had to stay behind. The Golden-Haired One had prayed that the Japanese would not take away her Bible, and as the examiner had flipped through its pages, not one of the many marked verses did he find.

The ship continued on its course, down the coast of China to Hong Kong, on to a port not far from Manila, then to Saigon (a wonderful day it was, sailing up the Mekong River with lush green on either side), then Singapore, through the Straits of Sunda, past Karaktau, the volcanic island which upset half the world by its eruption; steadily nearing Goa, our neutral port of destination on the west coast of India. At no port en route were we allowed to disembark; in fact, the ship always anchored well out to sea.

At the Philippines we had taken on more internees, among them the wives of some of the men already on board. It was a glorious day of rejoicing; some of the couples had not seen each other for two years.

Soon after this new influx of passengers, I was standing on deck near a group of them one morning when they began to pass around a box of salted Spanish peanuts. For all those

months at camp I had been dreaming of salted peanuts. I wanted some of those peanuts so badly that the craving for them could hardly be suppressed. I was standing a little apart from the group and only with difficulty could I keep from thrusting myself forward. I waited greedily as the box passed from person to person. Surely they had seen me there. But no, they went on talking and laughing and the box of salted peanuts went the rounds and was put away.

Fred found me later lying on the berth crying uncontrollably. Taking me in his arms, he tried to quiet me. He was greatly relieved when Dr. Harold Loucks came in for his daily call. (We hoped Harold would deliver the baby if it were born en route.) In our embarrassment at being caught thus, the story was blurted out. Harold asked his usual daily questions about my condition and went out. He came back in a few minutes with a medicine glass filled with the precious salted peanuts. "Just what the doctor ordered," he said. It did not lessen my embarrassment, but I ate the nuts one by one, chewing each nut carefully, lingering over each one. To this day, when any lack of security threatens, I find myself having to go out to buy peanuts.

The days went by. There were games with the children and there were long hours of interesting conversation on deck with many colorful people: the General, a Canadian who had spent years with the Chinese army and who told tales stranger than fiction; the maiden authoress who had had a child for the experience of child-bearing and who smoked long black cigars in the evening; the beachcomber who, since coming on board, had beaten up so many people that he had been confined to the brig on deck. The two boys held conversations with him. They had to be careful because at times he was really violent.

Conversation, Bible reading, and an occasional card game helped to count off the calendar. It was during a rather boring

game of bridge that we came to realize the danger we were in. Our foursome was sitting on deck under a lifeboat, using it as a shield from the tropical sun. One of the men began to speak in a low voice. "Don't tell this to the others. I wouldn't tell you except that I've got to tell somebody or bust. The other night I came up here completely frustrated by this awful inactivity. I rammed my fist against one of these lifeboats in desperation. My fist went straight through the wood! So I made a tour of the deck. Not one of these boats is seaworthy. That accounts for the fact that we haven't had a boat drill since we've been on board. Fifteen hundred of us, and no way to save us if a submarine happens to mistake us for an enemy! It's a great life . . . if you live."

Goa at last, her lovely green hill topped by the old-world church of St. Francis Xavier; the comforting smell of wind blowing across earth! I am sure I am a direct descendant of that first little fish that crawled up out of the ocean to dry land. Now, after all the miserable days at sea, we were allowed to walk along the quay and a few steps farther down into the green fields near by. Fred couldn't understand why I hadn't learned to love the sea during our many voyages. Whenever we sailed past a visible stretch of land, he would ask, "Do I have to lash you to the mast as they did Ulysses to keep you from striking out and swimming to shore?"

We had expected that the Swedish ship, the *Gripsholm*, would be there to meet us. We scanned the horizon each day but no ship came in sight. Again we were set upon by rumors, this time in the form of a pun. "Goa is as far as we are Goan." It wasn't very funny, and when you'd heard it even a few times with fear at the pit of your stomach, you were ready to throw the next punster overboard.

But one day the dream came true. A tiny speck appeared on

the horizon and the news sped through the ship like a grass fire.

"The *Gripsholm* is coming! The *Gripsholm* is coming!" Fifteen hundred of us crowded the forward decks. We sang, we waved handkerchiefs, we shouted. Then, first one of us and then another remembered the Japanese on board the incoming vessel who would have to take our places here. Why had these Japanese, so well off in America, chosen repatriation? No doubt we would find out when they arrived.

I was humiliated to have the first-hand evidence that what the Japanese officer had told me in Tsining was true. The Japanese, so soon to board this ship carrying with them American cameras, sewing machines, good shoes and clothing, had chosen to return to Japan in many instances because it was their only hope of being reunited as a family, the father having been interned in one camp and the mother and children in another. No doubt there were zealous patriots among their number too, but it was clear they had no idea of what lay before them; nor, if the tales of the American repatriates from Japan could be trusted, of the weight of suspicion that would fall upon them as soon as they reached their ancestral shores.

One youngster had a photograph album which she showed to a missionary from Japan. It contained several photos of her brother in the uniform of the United States Army.

"Do destroy these, or give them to me to keep for you," the missionary pleaded. "This can be a source of great difficulty for you."

But the girl remained firm.

"Surely the authorities of Japan will excuse those who, like my brother, have remained loyal to the United States, for they were brought up from childhood there."

It was evening and the exchange was to be made the next day. We were to board the *Gripsholm* in the morning. Of-

ficially none of us had even seen one of the Japanese from America, but there had been many instances of "fraternizing," since both parties could hardly wait for news of what was happening in their respective countries. Now Fred and I were standing on the deck of the Japanese ship watching the clean, fine-looking officers from the *Gripsholm* as they walked back and forth along the wharf.

"I wonder if one of them has an orange in his pocket," I said. Dear Heavenly Father, would I ever again be able to think of anything except food?

Yet when it came, the abundance of it hurt us. We had lined up that morning single file and had presented our papers. We were asked not to go below until our cabins had been thoroughly cleaned. The whole ship looked spotless to us—gleaming white smokestacks with the blue and gold crest, shining brass, freshly uniformed staff. While we were still waiting, the Red Cross personnel lined us up again. Each of us was to receive a gift of the hugest chocolate bar I have ever seen. Those in the approaching line were beside themselves with impatience, so those of us in the line with bars already in our hands would break off a piece to give to someone who had not as yet passed the table, admonishing him to return the piece when he had received his own bar.

And now a smörgåsbord was being prepared on deck. The waiters found it difficult to get through as the people crowded for a sight of the food. Whole roasted turkeys, whole cheeses, whole hams, heaped-up salads, gallons of fruit juices, real butter and snowy Swedish breads were being brought up from the galley, and with the arrival of each tray, cheers would ring out.

Fred and I stood a little apart to avoid being crushed in the surge forward to see each tray. "I can't bear it," I said, "when I think of those who are left behind. The whole camp

could be fed for a week on this one meal. This is a strange experience, isn't it? Now we are free and have everything; the day we dreamed of has come, and it is the very dream-come-true, the abundance, that hurts."

"I know," he said. "I suppose we are in a position to appreciate the riches of life more fully than almost anyone we know, and yet we will never be able to accept them again complacently."

What a feast that was! But how very little we could eat. It was frustrating to see all this good food and to have a stomach shrunk to a size that could hold only a small helping. The fruit juice ran like a river in flood and I could get down only one glass of it. We found that it was days before some of us could digest anything as rich as whole milk. The Brown-Eyed One was the wise one of the family; she didn't try to eat some of everything, but contented herself with applesauce and bread and butter.

On the second day out at sea I met the captain. With my characteristic inattention to stripes and bars, I thought he was a steward.

"When will we reach New York?" I asked him.

"That I am not allowed to tell you," he replied with a kindly smile. "This much I will say—you will not arrive before I do."

"Somebody else may arrive before either of us gets to New York."

"Now, my dear, you are not to worry about that arrival. I will get you to New York in time, and if I do not, we have three doctors and six nurses and all of the needed equipment to welcome the coming one."

And we will use it, I thought. This passenger was due to arrive three weeks before we could possibly reach New York.

Gradually it began to sink into our consciousness that we were free, that we were approaching friendly waters, that we could give way to the luxurious relaxation of free people. Strangely, it was only then that I began to have nightmares. Up to that time, even when there had been much to fear, I slept well each night and was kept in peace—the peace of God that passes understanding. "If I could only accept Him fully with my subconscious mind as well, I wouldn't have these terrible dreams," I told Fred.

I would hear again and again the scuff-clump-scuff of the heavy-booted soldiers coming up the walk. The soldiers would take Fred off and I would hear a shot; or we would all be lined up against a wall and I would be trying to give the children that one last reassuring word that would take them into heaven without fear. I would wake up shaking as if I had malaria and it would be a few minutes before I could realize that we were all safe and on our way home.

Home was a wonderful word to think about; home and family, after all these years of separation! We had had an unexpected thrill in finding a large packet of letters waiting for us at Goa. It had been two full years since we had received a letter from anybody, and it hadn't occurred to us that there would be mail en route. To my intense relief I learned that my father, a semi-invalid, would be waiting to welcome us home. During the two years of no letters I had dared to hope that he would live to see us again, and God had answered my prayer. I found, too, that I had my first sister-in-law. Letters were wonderful.

Some farsighted person had seen to it that copies of current and back issues of magazines were placed on board our ship. We were amazed to find that in the comparatively short span of two years the language had changed so that it was often unintelligible. What was a "WAC" or a "WAVE"? What was

"ack-ack"? Above all, what was a "jeep"? Every other paragraph contained a word that made the meaning of what we read obscure. We finally guessed that a "jeep" was some kind of vehicle and at last someone found a picture of one and it was passed around the ship, so that that mystery, at least, was solved.

Port Elizabeth on the tip of South Africa, and what a warmth of welcome! The whole city turned out to meet us. We were surprised to see so many people in uniform. One could hardly find a man or a woman on the streets in civilian clothes. It was good to feel pavement under my feet and to look up to tall buildings again. We stood still for a moment, looking up at the American flag flying from one of the buildings. It was the first time we had seen it flying for years, and I, who had always scoffed at sentimental patriots, who called myself a citizen of the world, wept at the sight of it.

The children's one memory of Port Elizabeth is that each of us was given a whole pint of ice cream and that the Brown-Eyed One ate hers at one sitting, a feat which none of the rest of us could accomplish.

Leaving Africa, we sailed toward the coast of South America and on up to Rio, that fabulous city with its emerald harbor. The ship's doctor advised against going ashore. "The baby is a week overdue," he warned.

"I can't miss the one opportunity of a lifetime to see Rio," I said. "The baby has taken so many chances so far, can't we risk one more?"

We were soon walking up the quay toward a sparkling white building where members of the Evangelical Church were waiting to take us out to see the city. A dear little picture-book lady stepped forward to greet us. She was Mrs. Oliveira. She told us afterward that when she saw the five children, she

said to the man in charge, "Oh, do let me have that family."

"You are certainly a brave woman to have taken this family," my husband told her. "It would be difficult to find a larger one or one in a more bedraggled state. At least we are now shod, thanks to the American Red Cross who rescued Second-Born from his barefoot bliss just before we got off the ship."

We had such a memorable day. We were driven by Mrs. Oliveira's chauffeur to the top of Sugar Loaf to see the beautiful panorama below. The boys were intrigued by the charcoal-burning attachment at the rear of the car. There were many such in Rio since gasoline was scarce due to the war. Mrs. Oliveira then took us to her sunny home at the seashore to spend the rest of the day. The next morning, before the ship sailed, our new-found friend was at the wharf to see us off. She had brought a gift for everyone of us, including the baby for whom we were restlessly waiting.

Rio de Janeiro was still two weeks from New York. In some ways they were the longest two weeks in the seventy-two day voyage. We learned later that there had been a large number of bets laid as to whether or not I would reach New York before the baby's arrival. Fellow passengers also amused themselves by choosing names for the child. "Gripsholm Maru," for both ships, was one of the gruesome suggestions.

But at last the journey neared its close. The boys' only regret was that we hadn't been hit by a torpedo so that they could put to sea in one of the Gripsholm's well-equipped lifeboats. The F.B.I., having come aboard at Rio, combed the entire ship. We did not seem to be suspicious characters, much to Fred's disappointment. He wanted a chance to chat with those men.

We were gathering on deck for our usual evening prayers. The nuns would soon be singing their beautiful "Stella Maris" and the whole ship would be joining reverently in the singing of "God Bless America" as we had every evening since leaving

Goa. One of the ship's officers came up to a Red Cross nurse and, motioning across the deck to where we were standing, said, "Can't you do something about that woman?"

"Why should I?" the nurse asked.

"She's three weeks overdue."

"I guess you can stand it if she can."

"But you don't know what I'm up against. The ship's manifest has to be complete before tomorrow. We don't know whether we are landing with fifteen hundred passengers or fifteen hundred and one. And besides, that one is going to be an alien, don't forget. This ship is flying the Swedish flag, and if the kid is born outside the three-mile limit, it'll be a Swede. Do you know how many complications that will cause? Brother! Well, see to it that she either has it tonight or not until every last man is ashore."

"Aye, aye, sir. Just anything you say, of course."

The next night the ship moved slowly into the harbor. There before us were the shores of our own country. We could see the headlights of cars slipping through the blackness. What would it feel like to ride in a car again?

Daylight of December 1, 1943, and the whole ship going completely mad! Before us stood the Statue of Liberty. We were all shouting, singing, dancing. Fred took me in his arms and together we danced around the deck.

"We're home," he said to me. "We're home!"

A Catholic priest standing near us took off his hat and addressed the Lady in the Harbor. "Old girl, take it from me, I'll never go so far away from you again that I can't be repatriated by streetcar."

"How much longer will it be before we get off the ship?" the children asked.

"Several hours yet," said a passing steward. "You ought to get off about lunchtime."

Lunchtime. Then I would have to see the ship's doctor. There was no use putting it off any longer.

"No!" groaned the doctor. "You can't do this to me. We've had everything ready for you for the last three weeks. How many times have we had to resterilize that maternity packet? Now everything is locked up; the quarantine officers are on board. Listen, you can't have the baby now. Do you hear me? You can't have it now. Go down to your cabin, get into bed and don't move. I'll call for an ambulance right away and it will be on the dock when we get there."

I felt like repeating the nurse's words to the ship's officer, "Aye, aye, sir. Just anything you say, of course."

I lay in my bunk as quietly as I could. Fred sat beside me holding my hand. It was then that I named her, knowing for a certainty that it would be a girl—Victoria—"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory."

Lunchtime came and went. Mrs. Ruth Shipley herself, the head of the United States Passport Division, newly arrived from Washington, cleared our passports for entrance. At last the gangplank was down and our family were the first passengers to disembark.

"You would fix it so that we go off before the diplomats," said Fred.

The ambulance was waiting for me, but what would we do with the children? We piled them all into the ambulance with us. There they sat in a row watching me with agonized expressions on their faces as I winced with pain.

"Drive to the hotel," I said to Fred. "You and the children get off there and I'll go on to the hospital. You know how it is with me. Some day I may learn how to have a baby quickly, but you'll have plenty of time to give the children their supper and put them to bed. Then you can come up to the hospital and we'll have the baby in peace."

The ambulance sped on through the city. I was determined that the baby should be born before Fred could get there. He had had to bear enough of my suffering already. The radio had been giving hourly bulletins, "*Gripsholm* races with stork!" But of this I knew nothing.

Met by Dr. Theodore Reed, the kindest of doctors, I was cared for lovingly and skillfully and, of necessity, with celerity! Victoria Fairchild Scovel was born before I reached the delivery table. An intern came in when it was all over.

"You came thirty thousand miles," he said, "and you couldn't make the last three feet."

Eight
The Mei Hua
(Flowering Plum)

I don't expect heaven to look any more wonderful than Presbyterian Hospital did that next morning when I woke up. It was all over—the danger, the dirt, the hunger; the baby was perfect, if weak and tiny. And the nurses and doctors and dietitians were so good to me. I was among people who really cared.

We had apparently made the headlines in our "*Gripsholm*-races-with-stork" episode, and everyone was being very careful not to let the press in to see me. There was a hospital rule to the effect that newspapermen were not allowed in the maternity ward for publicity purposes. This meant no visitors except the carefully screened few, and I enjoyed the quiet with only the family and a few friends.

We had hoped that Beloved Grandmother would be in New York to meet us, but she was suffering from a virus infection, and her doctor advised against her leaving Cortland where she had gone to visit her old friends. Instead, Beloved Grandmother asked our cousin, Harriet Day Allen, who was more like a sister than a cousin, to meet us in New York. Harriet took over the care of the children at the Prince George Hotel.

The morning after our arrival, Harriet took the children down to breakfast in the coffee room. Fred had left early to

get our baggage through customs. As the children sat eating piles of pancakes, a gentleman came into the room, and finding no vacant table, sat down with Fourth Child and the Brown-Eyed One. When his order of bacon and eggs arrived, he pushed the plate away from him and called the waitress to complain about the cooking of the eggs. The Brown-Eyed One pushed the plate back in front of him, saying, "Eat it. It's food."

We literally sneaked out of the hospital and down a freight elevator the day I was discharged, Dr. Reed coming with me to put me into a taxi that would take me to the railway station. I rather doubt that the press was that interested in me, but at any rate, either we avoided the reporters or they weren't there in the first place. Fred and the children met me at the station. We were to spend Christmas in my home in Mechanicville, and Beloved Grandmother would join us there.

Christmas in the bosom of my own family was all that I had dreamed it would be. But now we had to hurry on to Rochester, New York. Fred was to work in the medical department of Eastman Kodak. No one could guess when, or if, missionaries would get back to China, and the Board had asked us to find other work if possible. Fred wanted to do something for the war effort but was not well enough or strong enough to enlist. He had lost forty pounds from his already thin frame. At Eastman he would be working for the navy.

"You'll never find a house," my father warned. "Do you two have any idea what housing is in this day and age?"

But again I had a Bible verse to cling to. In the first batch of mail to reach us at Goa, a friend had sent a verse that had become a prayer: "Behold I send an angel before thee to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee to the place which I have prepared." Fred went up to Rochester for one day and found the first furnished house in the whole city that had been on the

real estate list of available houses that year. It was on the list for one hour on the only day that Fred was able to be in Rochester for house hunting.

Life in Rochester was perfect. And to make it even more perfect, we had a visit from the Magistrate of Hsiang Wen. He was now a famous man, serving on international committees for which purpose he was in America at the time.

After dinner that night I said to him, "Come now, you are no longer a magistrate; you're taking orders from me. Let's all do the dishes together because in the first place, I want them out of the way, and in the second place, I don't want to miss a word of your conversation."

"I'd love to help with the dishes," he replied. "Nobody but you would ever ask me to wipe dishes."

When the last pan had been washed and the sink cleaned, I reached for the bottle of hand lotion on the shelf and poured a generous dollop into my palm.

"Just like American women," said the Magistrate. "The hardest-worked women in the world, but they never forget to be beautiful."

In the living room, puffing his English pipe, he was thoughtful. We had asked him to give the Littlest One her Chinese name.

"I've got it," he said. "Mei Hua is just the name for her. 'Mei' for America and 'Hua' for China. All of your children have this 'Hua' character in their Chinese names in accordance with true Chinese custom, so this is entirely appropriate."

"Mei Hua. I like it very much," I said. "It's the name of a flower, isn't it?"

"Now you are getting your Chinese characters confused," he said. "The two characters for Mei Hua, the flowering plum, are different ones and are spoken in a different tone. Here, give me that envelope. I'll write them for you. See? These are

the ones for the flowering plum. She is as sweet as a flower. Call her that, if you like."

"Oh, I remember the La Mei Hua!" I said. "It is like no other flower on earth. We had a bush of it in our garden in Tsining. The colder the winds blow, the more profusely it blooms and the more fragrant it becomes."

"That's something else again," said the Magistrate. "But do you know that some famous gardeners tie ice along the boughs of the La Mei in order to improve its flowers?"

"If our daughter could be like the La Mei!" I said. "Fragrant in the midst of adversity . . ."

"Before my 'Woman-from-the-inside-of-the-house' becomes even more confused, let's get back to the original idea," said my husband. "I agree with you. 'America and China' is just the name for her."

"We shall call her Mei Hua, certainly," I said. "You two can think of her as 'America and China' if you like, but I shall think of her as the La Mei."

America and China! The boys used to say there was only one thing wrong with our kind of life—when you were in America, you wished you were in China, and when you were in China, you wished you were in America. America certainly looked wonderful to us this time. I never turned on a hot-water faucet without being thankful for that continuing warm stream flowing from it. The children would fill a glass with cold water, drink what they wanted from it and put the remainder on the shelf above the sink to be drunk later. And coffee! To be able to have coffee again! We drank nine cups a day the first month we were home.

We were appalled by the amount of food people wasted—whole slices of bread, leftover meat, fruit with a small spot on it, all dumped into the garbage can. I remembered every day what a peach had meant to me, or that handful of peanuts.

When we were in camp, we used to joke about eating in a restaurant when we got out: we feared we would forget ourselves and say to some well-dressed man at the next table, "Pardon me, sir, but are you going to eat that piece of steak you've left on your plate? If not, I'd be glad to eat it for you."

The day the war ended we had invited friends for a picnic supper at a nearby park. The food was spread out on the table and we were just ready to eat it when every whistle and bell and automobile horn in the city suddenly went wild.

"The war must be over!" we said to one another. First-Born ran home to get the news over the radio and hurried back to tell us it was true.

"Isn't it glorious? Isn't it wonderful? Now those back in camp will be free! I almost wish I were there today, don't you darling?" I asked.

Fred was looking up across the treetops, a sandwich halfway to his mouth. "I must write the Board tonight," he said.

He went back to China alone. No passports were being issued to women and children nor was there any passage available for us. Fred went out on a troop ship. He wrote long, daily letters of his trip to our old mission stations through north and north central China, trying to find a location for his future medical work. He enjoyed the survey, traveling by train, by river boat, by cycle, walking miles and miles over the Shantung roads, sleeping at night with the farmers who gave him their best accommodations—the barn with the animals because the heat from their bodies made it the warmest room in the house. He had a wonderful reunion with the friends in Tsining and was almost caught by Communist troops when he all but presented the wrong pass. It had been a temptation to remain in Tsining, but the Communists were so active there that he feared that no work would remain open long. The hospital was being run by one of the nurses, so he left it at that

and went on down to Anhwei province.

He finally chose Huai Yuan, a village at the fork of two rivers. Our mission hospital there had been doing excellent work before the war. Now there was nothing left but the shell of a building. Floors, window frames and doors had been torn out, and every movable piece of furniture had been removed. Soldiers who had been left behind because they were ill were lying on the dirt floors.

Fred's first task was to get these patients moved to a better location and then to clean up one small building so that he could open an outpatient department. He found a man in the village who had once been a nurse in the hospital, and another who had been a laboratory technician. A former hospital coolie was added to the staff, and the work began. So great had been the former reputation of the hospital that as soon as the doors were opened, Fred was deluged with patients.

Then, almost at once, a cholera epidemic confronted the meager staff. A village doctor offered his services and the tiny crew worked day and night. There were no beds at all, and the cholera sufferers were stretched out on the floor of the clinic building so that it was hard to avoid stepping on them. The treatment was normal saline solution intravenously, and the small still was kept going constantly to prepare it; one of the valuable men had to run it day and night. When they could go on no longer, Fred and the village doctor took turns lying down for a few hours at a time. Of the more than two hundred patients they treated in their small clinic, not one was lost from cholera, though two died later from kidney complications.

No sooner had the cholera epidemic subsided, and fortunately it was a mild one, than the two rivers flooded. The hospital, located on a rise of ground, became the scene of all the activity of the village; families moved up by the hundreds,

as did the merchants with their wares. Even the post office set up shop on the compound. As the waters receded and life began to fall back into a normal pattern, a plague of locusts descended upon them.

"I had seen enough movies to know what that cloud of locusts descending upon the land and destroying the crops would mean," Fred wrote, "but I was not prepared for the personal annoyance of having them up my pants-legs. Shake them off and they come back with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. How they get into the room, I don't know, but they are into everything."

The locusts were a small variety, and after they had eaten their fill of green stuffs, they were unable to rise from the ground. They died by the thousands, and the ensuing stench was hard to endure.

Fred had many difficulties and we missed each other unbearably. It is better not to recall my year in America without him; each day was a heavy link in an endless chain that grew heavier and heavier as I dragged the weight of it around.

But one evening when a Fuller brush salesman was sitting in the living room ready to show us his wares, the telegram arrived granting us a passport and announcing a sailing for us all, including Beloved Grandmother! At once there was a cyclone of joy in that room. We screamed, we danced, we hugged each other. First-Born finally made himself heard. "Let's get it down to a quiet roar," he said with his characteristic chuckle, which is really a vocal smile. (First-Born is the only quiet Scovel.) It was then that we discovered the Fuller brush man standing in the middle of the floor with a dazed expression on his face.

Beloved Grandmother had not been at all well. Her right arm was showing the effects of Parkinson's disease. But with her usual high courage she insisted that we must all be to-

gether in order for Fred to do his work efficiently and happily.

"Then he will not have the anxiety of separation," she said, "nor will he need to waste energy worrying about us."

She even managed to persuade her doctor that it was the right thing for her to do. So her passage was booked with ours, much to the delight of the children.

That trip has still a nightmare quality for me; the one compensation is that no other journey since has seemed difficult. During the final packing, and en route across country by train, the three boys had bouts of virus pneumonia; they were still weak when we reached San Francisco. The day before the ship was supposed to sail, Fourth Child was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. Fortunately the ship was delayed and Fourth Child was carried aboard on a stretcher. I could not have managed alone; but John Rosengrant of our Board was on hand to put us all on the *Marine Lynx* that December day in 1946.

We passengers soon rechristened the ship the *Marine Stinks*, which was probably quite unfair of us. It was a troop transport that had been hastily converted for use in sending out missionaries. We slept in the hold of the ship, some two hundred of us—in canvas bunks hung three deep—and kept telling one another how lucky we were to have any transport at all so soon after the close of the war.

On Christmas Day I was stricken with lobar pneumonia. I dimly remember crawling out of my bunk early that morning, before the children were awake, to arrange the crèche on top of a suitcase with the gifts beside it. It was an endless task; nothing would stay in place because the ship was rolling and pitching—and so was I. At last the task was finished and I collapsed on my canvas bunk. For me the rest of the day was, mercifully, blackness.

Many, many times during our life across the world we

have had occasion to be grateful for friends. This was one of them. Dorothy Wagner, the beautiful new recruit for our station, Huai Yuan, took complete care of the two little girls. Stella Walter, who was to join Deane in Shanghai en route for Shantung, was also on board. She looked after the older children. A young bride who was a nurse gave Beloved Grandmother constant care.

One always awakens from a nightmare, and this was a happy awakening. As we approached the harbor, the ship's doctor wired for Fred to come out with the pilot boat to help me to land.

"Trust you to do something different to get to see your husband an hour ahead of time," he said as he extricated himself from the children and made his way through the pile of suitcases to where I was lying.

We left the two older boys in Shanghai to attend the Shanghai American School, and the rest of us were soon on our way to our new station in Huai Yuan.

For the past year Fred had been living in one room. "I couldn't bear the big empty house without you," he had written. But now we had arrived and the children were surprised to see their father lift me over the doorsill like a new bride. He set me down in what would soon be the reception room but which was now the room in which he had been living. I was shocked when I saw it—and I had expected the worst, knowing what he could do to a house in a week's time if I were away. I looked around at the camp cot, the desk, the chairs—every surface covered with a conglomeration of tins of food, books, medicines, papers, a clock to be fixed, a couple of stones picked up on the mountain, a clean shirt half unfolded. . . .

"Now I am disappointed," he said when he saw the look on my face. "I worked so hard to clean it all up for you."

It was fun to be making a home for him again. The house

was huge. It had been built by the father of one of the former missionaries as a gift to him and his bride. Nothing had been spared to make the house beautiful and useful. Many were the tales told of the dinners and parties held in that house "in the good old days"; for the people of the community loved Duboise Morris and his wife and enjoyed recalling the days of their sojourn among them. The house was surrounded by a garden and we never tired of hearing of the exquisite roses, of the chrysanthemum shows held here to which the gentry from miles around would come to enter their choicest blooms. The garden had been allowed to run wild during the war years; when we moved great yucca plants, we would find beneath them such rare shrubs as the delicate tree peony. The smaller "Poet's Garden" was across the little bridge in a quiet spot. A stream of water flowed lazily through it and one could picture the poets of those bygone days writing their verses in the little covered "t'ingtze" or summer house with its lacquered pillars and pointed roof.

It embarrassed me to live in such a "mansion" when there was so much poverty around us. I would seek an opportunity during conversations with our new friends to apologize for it, saying that ours was the largest family and that none of the other missionaries needed such a large place; that we didn't really need such a large place either, but that the house had been assigned to us, and so forth. One day a Chinese doctor from the hospital was sitting in Fred's study looking up something or other in a medical journal; he heard me telling all this to a guest who had dropped in. When the visitor left, Dr. Li said, "Why are you always apologizing for this house? Do you feel that you cannot be a good missionary because of it? The house doesn't matter at all. It is what you are, not what you have, that counts with us Chinese. The man who lived here before you did a great deal for this community. For one

thing, he used to persuade the gentry to show their best paintings in exhibitions for the poorest school children with the result that you will find an appreciation of art and calligraphy in this little village that you do not find in many of the cities. I'm from the city myself and I know."

"I've noticed that too," I said.

"But it was what Dr. Morris *was* that attracted men to him and made them willing to take out those valuable paintings and show them. He talked to them about Christ, but more than that, he showed them what it meant to live a Christlike life, to care whether or not those poor children saw the beautiful in life. You mustn't be concerned because of the house. We don't hold it against you. People feel free to come here; weren't there fifty of us singing on the terrace Sunday night? Why don't you relax and enjoy your home?"

Work at the hospital mushroomed. The doctors saw some hundred and fifty patients a day in the outpatient department; the hospital itself had been opened. It was astonishing to see how ingeniously the staff had improvised equipment. Test-tube racks had been carved out of wood; bedside tables had been constructed and the tops covered with tin; thermometer trays were of wood with handles for easy carrying; charts were printed on the street by the local printer; a stretcher was made of old piping. The wheels didn't work very well but it was usable.

To equip a hospital beginning with nothing, at a time when no equipment was available, had taxed everyone's ingenuity. But such organizations as the British Red Cross and UNRRA (through the China organization, CNRRA) came to the rescue. The British Red Cross gave beds—the first requisite. Later our Board bought a shipload of army surplus and that helped all our hospitals as they reopened. However, one does not pick and choose gifts, and there were great gaps in what was

needed to carry on the work. At one time Fred had written, "I have two hundred beautiful red corduroy bathrobes and not one aspirin tablet." Narcotics were almost impossible to get and presented a real problem in postoperative care. Alcohol was distilled from local wine and the ward smelled more like a tavern than a hospital.

Added to the routine hospital work were a biweekly clinic for the many sufferers from kala azar; a school of nursing and a school of midwifery, both schools meeting government requirements—and all of this accomplished in less than two years.

In spite of his busy schedule Fred managed to spend a little time each day with his family. This he was determined to do, having been alone for thirteen months. In the midst of a teeming clinic he would let the patient out of his consulting room, and before calling in the next, he would climb through a window and come home through the back garden. After a fifteen-minute lunch during which I read a little from some book that would interest the whole family (a ruse to keep him a few minutes longer), he would climb back through the window, open the door and admit the next patient.

"Those farmers would get discouraged if the nurse told them I'd gone to lunch," he would say. "That would mean a couple of hours to a Chinese. Most of these folks have come miles to get here and they have to wait too long to see us as it is."

Sometimes in the late afternoon the whole family would climb the hill behind the compound, walking out past the deep well a quarter of a mile from the house where the ascent began. We would meet the hospital water carriers with their dripping kerosene tins, now converted into water buckets, slung from a pole on their shoulders. They would be singing in spite of the fact that they were tired, having had to carry all the water that was used in the hospital.

One evening just at sunset we started out on a picnic. It was a lovely evening; the quaint old village with its stone houses was painted a soft rose by the setting sun. Two little Chinese waifs ahead of us were leaning against the carved stone pillars of a memorial arch, their baskets of fuel grass lying at their feet. Bright blue jackets and the red trousers of the smallest one gave just the right touch of color.

"What a picture!" I said as we approached. The youngest child called out a greeting. The older one tried to but couldn't speak. She was in the act of blowing a great wad of bubble gum into its bubble! It broke against her dirt-stained face as we passed.

"And what wouldn't *Life* magazine give for that picture!" said Fred as he helped the Brown-Eyed One over a bump in the road.

Beloved Grandmother was now confined to her bed except for a short time each day when Fred and the gardener lifted her into a chair by the window. Again she had a small house of her own near us. It was difficult for her to hold a book in her hand, but her son read to her and Dot Wagner wrote letters for her and the Golden-Haired One sang her favorite hymns by the hour. So fertile was her mind and so well stored that she told me once that she had never exhausted the possibilities of what she could recall of the poetry and the literature she had memorized. Each day, too, she would choose one of her old friends and in her mind go down the street to that friend's house and try to remember everything she had done with that friend and the places they'd been together. I am sure that part of each day was lived in the memory of the husband who adored her.

Two women servants looked after her as if she had been their own mother, and the hospital staff enjoyed dropping in

to see her. In her quiet little house at the end of the garden, the hospital pastor would often be found consulting her about his work.

"Are you giving enough time to your sermon preparation?" she asked him one afternoon.

"But, Venerable Lady, God has promised to put the words into our mouths."

"Into your mouth, yes, but not into your head," was her reply.

"I'll remember that," he said, laughing. "I must thank you again for your generous gift to the new hospital chapel. The little organ was all that we needed to make it complete. Some day we must arrange to wheel you over so that you may see it."

"Describe it to me," she said to him. She could see the chapel in her mind's eye but she never tired of hearing about it. "My daughter tells me that it was just a storeroom before you made it into a chapel."

"Originally it was a guest reception hall, a room for small tea parties, art exhibitions, and so forth. The hall had been built in perfect Chinese architecture with lacquered pillars supporting a curved roof of tiles. When we moved the packing boxes from one end of the room, we found a round window with the crosspieces carved in a bamboo design forming the lattice. A touch of gold on the leaves here and there accentuated the cross and gave us our worship center. The carpenter became so interested that he carved an altar table to match; the student nurses brought brass candlesticks. Each of us has had a part in it."

"You have done very well. The hospital should be proud to have such a pastor," said Beloved Grandmother.

"Actually I have done very little. There was one thing I wanted and the carving is even now being done. On the back of the pulpit, facing the preacher, are to be the words from

the twelfth chapter of John, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.' You see, Venerable Lady, I am even now heeding your advice."

In the spring of 1947 the two boys came home from the Shanghai American School and saw their new home for the first time. They brought with them two of their classmates whose homes were too far-distant for them to return for the short vacation. The Golden-Haired One, now in her early teens, was ecstatic.

"At last there will be some excitement around here," she said.

But she was disappointed. The boys, with the lethargy of adolescence, spent the entire vacation moving from one horizontal surface to the other—out of bed, to the dining table, to the living-room floor, sprawled out with books, back to the table, back to the floor with the record player beside them.

"Mother, they are horrid!" she said. "I had planned so many hikes up East Mountain, picnics to the Milk White Spring, games on the lawn, and they won't move!"

We hadn't been back to Tsining to visit our friends. Beloved Grandmother had spoken often of her furniture and her familiar belongings which had been left behind. Travel was dangerous but we decided to risk it and see what we could do about bringing our things to Huai Yuan. My diary records the trip:

May 9, 1947. Taught school in the morning. Dot came over to look after the family while we are gone. Started for Hsüchow at noon. A perfect day. Stayed with the Hopkinses at night.

May 10. Drove to Chin Hsiang riding on top of a truckload of matches covered with a very slippery straw matting. Held on for dear life. We'd been warned that if we fell off, the truck would not stop. Too dangerous going through Com-

munist territory. Road perfectly awful and had to watch boughs of trees above us. Truck broke down; had to change radiators en route. At Chin Hsiang, ran into Kung Yu Chen [one of the nurses from Tsining] who brought us to the offices of an official where we slept. Met Elder Han and some of the Christians. They are so discouraged.

May 11. Waited for trucks to come through from Tsining to be sure road was safe. Two trucks had been taken and six people killed the day before. Tore through another patch of Communist territory and got to Tsining and the Baptist mission a little after noon. Mary and Frank were thrilled to see us as we were to see them. [There were no missionaries at our compound then and we had planned to surprise our Chinese friends.]

May 12. What emotions flooded over us as we went into our old home—lived in by Communists, Japanese, and Central Government troops, yet in good condition. Chang Ta Sao came in to help us. How I hugged her! She looks a lot older. She has a grandson and is as proud of him as she can be. Chen Wu died of tuberculosis. Hu Shih Fu has gone, too. Gateman and family back in country.

May 13. Opened secret room and found all in good condition. Hole under porch broken into—silver and stamps gone! But nobody touched things like the horrible Peking incense burner in the attic! Started packing. Out for all meals with friends. Oh, it is good to see them! Church has raised funds to repair and redecorate.

May 14. Tea party in afternoon given by street Elders. Packed the trunk so full we couldn't get in one toothpick more, but never mind, we're off tomorrow.

May 15. Started out from Tsining at seven A.M. driven by dear Brother Sophronius from the Catholic mission (who offered to do it). Schools lined up, even at that early hour, to

wave good-by. Drove to Hsüchow and then on to Sui Ning where we stayed all night at the Catholic mission with Father Brice, a young American from San Francisco. He opened all his stores and feasted us royally. Learned the next morning that I was the only woman who had ever stayed at the monastery. He could hardly have turned me out at midnight.

May 16. Rode all A.M. through wheat fields looking for a bridge to cross. Had a narrow escape as bridge cracked. Another time, truck almost turned over. Arrived at Ku Chen, couldn't go by truck to Pengpu. Freight train coming. Got coolies and threw everything on, including piano. Stayed at chapel in kindergarten for the night.

May 17. Oh what a thrill to get home! Dot met us at the door with "Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, I presume." Fred had a three-day growth of beard. Children were wonderful. Grandmother had had a bad spell but is better.

We had a year of peace in our lovely home in Huai Yuan, then . . .

"Must I always be planting heavenly blue morning-glories and having to leave them before they bloom?" I asked as I handed the letter back to Fred. He had stopped in the garden with the mail on his way to lunch. I dusted off my knees and went into the house with him.

"We won't have to face moving again for a while yet. I'm getting to hate it as much as you do," he said. "The letter only asks us to consider the need for a doctor to teach in Ling Nan Medical College in Canton. As I see it, I can't possibly leave this place now. There's still too much to be done. We couldn't move Mother anyway. Let's forget it. I'll write them a note this afternoon."

I knew he would not forget it. When the mission asked him

to do a thing, he usually did it. I knew, too, that the mission would not have asked him to consider it without having weighed the relative needs in both places. Teaching was the work he loved. He taught all the time he was in the hospital, nurses, doctors, technicians. Our friend the Magistrate had been urging him to go into medical education for years.

"Don't stay on in a small mission hospital," he would say. "When you die, the work will die with you. Get out and do something big for China; teach and train men to carry on after you've gone. Remember our proverb: 'If I can help one hundred men, why should I help ten? If I can help a thousand, why should I help a hundred?' "

We had to consider also the rumors that the Communists had an army five miles away and could come in and take the strategic village at the fork of the rivers at any moment. Wouldn't it be better to get Beloved Grandmother out now while it was still possible? *Was* it possible to move her at all? No, it certainly was not. An elderly woman, partially paralyzed, how could we think of moving her all those hundreds of miles, on and off trains, across crowded station platforms, through cities and into crowded coastal steamers? It was out of the question. Come what may, we would have to remain where we were.

But I must not close the door in God's face, I thought. I picked up the prayer notebook from the table beside me and wrote out a list of all the reasons why we could not possibly go to South China. At the top of the list I wrote, "Moving Beloved Grandmother," and I added, "the new and difficult language . . . the necessity of finding another doctor to take over Fred's present work . . . uprooting the children again. . . ." It was a formidable list, even for God.

I had not written "another packing up," though I had been

tempted to. Little things like that I should be able to take care of myself. It had been so much fun unpacking the things we had brought from America to make this house a home. When I had had the trunks removed to the attic, I had hoped they would remain there for a long time. I looked up at the oil painting I had carried all the way by hand. Would I have to start all over again? The dishes, the glassware . . .

"What are you laughing about, Mother?" asked the Brown-Eyed One, coming into the room.

"I was thinking of the time when we unpacked the glassware. Do you remember?"

We had just unpacked the navy-surplus drinking glasses, which were unbreakable. The boys had been tossing them back and forth, dropping one on the rug occasionally to prove their indestructibility. Our new servant came into the room.

"Wong Ta Ke, did you ever see glass that would not break? Look," I said to him as I threw the tumbler on the floor. It crashed into a thousand pieces. Wong Ta Ke looked at the doctor with a shall-we-put-her-in-a-straight-jacket expression on his face. No amount of explaining ever convinced him that I had not been temporarily deranged that winter morning—throwing glasses on the floor and saying they wouldn't break!

There was no doubt but that the war was moving closer to us. After a terrible battle to the north, the wounded were being sent into our quiet little village by the hundreds. The mission primary school was temporarily converted into a field hospital. The army doctors worked day and night. Most of the operating was done by our doctors at our hospital. Second-Born and I went over to the school that first morning to see what we could do to help. The patients were lying on the floor in an unbelievable condition; their dressings had not been changed

since they had received first-aid treatment on the battlefield; their faces were still caked with mud and, worst of all, they had had nothing to drink. Second-Born and I went from soldier to soldier passing out cups of hot water. (Cold water is believed to be harmful to anyone. No one in Shantung would think of ever drinking anything cold.) The men who had tetanus couldn't open their mouths and they looked at us in anguish. We took wet cotton and squeezed water between their clenched teeth. Then we set to work to wash faces and hands. The flies swarmed over their wounds, crawling over the eyes of the men, who were too weak to brush them off. Second-Born went back to the house for a DDT spray and to get some of the other women on the compound to help. (They had not heard of the wounded in our midst and came at once.) So diligent was Second-Born in his spraying that after three days it was almost impossible to find a fly. The whole missionary community helped daily until the soldiers were moved to a base hospital in a larger city.

One morning not long after this I was suddenly called from the schoolroom to see two policemen who were waiting in the living room.

"We have come to tell you to leave the village before noon today," said one of them.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because we have word that the Communists will be in the village by noon. You should leave at once."

"Thank you for coming to tell us," I said, "but I am afraid the Communists will have to take us along with the village. The doctor has gone to the hospital at Showchow for an emergency. He cannot return for two or three days at least. His venerable mother lies paralyzed upon her bed. So, gentlemen, you see we cannot leave."

"Oh. We are very sorry," the policeman replied, "but . . .

well, perhaps the need to leave may not be urgent. Who knows?"

I went back to the schoolroom wondering what would happen to us before night. Nothing did. Nor did the Communists enter the village. Some time later we heard it might possibly be that the chief of police had been wanting our house for his headquarters and that he had been using this method to have it evacuated, but this story was never verified.

The village remained peaceful, and June of 1948 found us in Shanghai attending First-Born's graduation from high school. We came back together to Huai Yuan until it was time for him to leave for America for college. I had known all his life that this would come, but I was not prepared for the tearing of my heart as the river launch took him away. We did not know, though we might have guessed, that our days in that lovely village were numbered.

"But Teacher-Mother," the hospital pastor said, "the doctor cannot leave us. You must not let him. This hospital is like a baby—less than two years old. It cannot walk alone. A mother does not leave her baby with others until it is able to walk."

"Pastor Chang," I said, "the doctor loves this hospital as much as if it were his own child, but it is not his child; it is God's child. Doctor Scovel is only the amah, and God is able to find another amah for it. He will not leave unless another doctor comes. And surely we cannot move Beloved Grandmother, so do not worry."

In the end it was Beloved Grandmother who settled everything. She called Fred to her one afternoon and said, "What's this I hear about your being asked to go to South China to teach?"

"Oh, it's just an idea the mission had," he told her. "Don't worry your head about it. I can't possibly go; too much to do

here and no one to take over if I did want to leave. Did you think we would go off and leave you here alone?"

"I don't see why you couldn't take me with you," she said. "Do you think because I am almost eighty years old I have no interest in seeing new places? Besides, you have always wanted to teach; you are a teacher to your finger tips—from a long line of teachers. It seems to me that the mission is entirely right in sending you to a medical college.

"But, Mother, the mechanics of such a move alone would—"

"If it is right for you to go, God is perfectly capable of taking care of the mechanics of it," she said.

Beloved Grandmother learned that the Lutheran mission had a plane which had been flying in behind the lines of battle to rescue missionary personnel, and she made it financially possible for us to use this means of travel.

We were to meet the "St. Paul" at Pengpu, the nearest landing field eight miles down the Huai River. (The Lutherans had two planes, the "St. Peter" and the "St. Paul." The pilot used to say he was always robbing Peter to pay Paul until at last the "St. Peter" was grounded!)

Just at this time, too, Dr. Marshall Welles from one of our mission hospitals in a port city offered to come into the interior to take over the Huai Yuan hospital. This was a brave move on his part because it meant leaving his family.

Sitting in church that last Sunday morning, I went down the list of insurmountables in my prayer book; the new doctor, moving Beloved Grandmother, the difficult language. . . . Well, we would just have to learn the language. I looked up at the carving above me, the tiny gold-leaf petals of the La Mei Hua, the flower that flourishes in adversity. What a symbol for the Chinese church! And a good symbol for me to take as my own. But there were times when I would so much rather have put down roots and become a carrot.

The coolies had come before daylight to carry out the baggage. I had gone through every room in the house for the last time. We closed and locked the doors, walked through the garden, past the morning-glory plants, to Beloved Grandmother's cottage. She had already been moved to the smaller bed upon which she was to be carried. As we reached the big gate at the entrance to the hospital, the sun was just beginning to spread its gold upon the river below us. The moment we stepped out into the big thoroughfare, a loving crowd surrounded us. A huge pole of firecrackers was raised and the first one in the string set off. The ever-enlarging procession moved toward the river bank where the launch was waiting. Such a spluttering of firecrackers! Such farewells from every doorway! The firecrackers never stopped until the whole family was safely on board the launch.

As it drifted slowly from the shore, and the faces of our friends became smaller and smaller, I thought of Paul leaving the people of Tyre as they had come to the river bank to see him off.

Our friends upon the shore were singing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." We floated farther and farther away from the singing until the last thread of song spun itself out.

We will never meet again, I thought, never this side of eternity. O God, be with them; be with them.

Nine

The Bamboo

The "St. Paul" dropped down upon the airstrip at Canton and taxied to a stop. We had been all day in that bucket-seat plane, part of the time flying over mountains at eleven thousand feet. Beloved Grandmother and the children had been as blue as a Chinese rug from lack of oxygen. Now the doors were thrown open and the sweet, fresh air rushed in. The sun was setting and beautiful White Cloud Mountain had its head in a heaven of rose. Paul Snyder, a new Adopted Uncle, drove up with the hospital chauffeur in a shining ambulance, and Beloved Grandmother was taken at once to the well-equipped, modern Hackett Medical Center where Fred was to work.

As Beloved Grandmother was wheeled down the green parquet corridors and into her sunny room, Fred and I looked at each other, marveling at what we saw.

"Am I walking in my sleep?" he asked. "This place is like a dream come true. A few hours ago we were seeing the small beginnings of medical missionary work, and this afternoon the efforts have become reality."

It was thrilling to see the Chinese chiefs of staff in their long white coats, followed by the inevitable brood of residents, interns, and medical students. Except for the faces above the coats, this might be any hospital in America. Nurses rustled starchily as they carried out their ministrations. One of them

was explaining the earphones at the head of Beloved Grandmother's bed.

"It's almost time for evening devotions," she was saying. "We broadcast them over a public address system morning and evening. We like the idea of earphones instead of a loudspeaker; then people are free to listen or not as they choose. Here is your bell. If there is anything I can do for you, push the button."

"You'll only be here for a few days," I told Beloved Grandmother. "As soon as we are settled, we'll be taking you home." She was never to leave that bed. Her Parkinson's disease, with complications, was advancing more rapidly than we had thought.

We were soon settled in a double house in one corner of the hospital compound. Dr. Cheung and his lovely family of teen-agers lived in the other half of the house. I was a long time getting to feel that that house was home. I felt as if I were in a new country. The language was so very different, the scenes were different, though at least they looked like the geography book. Gradually we made friends and entertained and did enough living in the house to have it begin to envelop us with warmth.

Of all the rooms in the little house, I liked the schoolroom best. Here I could look out over the fields to the distant horizon. In the foreground was the canal that ran past the back wall of the compound; here women were at work, washing their vegetables or their clothing or their babies. A flame-of-the-forest tree made a beautiful silhouette against the bright blue sky. It was difficult to keep my mind on the teaching before me.

Calvert was fun to teach. One never knew what was coming next. It might be "the tremendous and appalling boom" when the world broke off from the sun, or it might be an answer

to a routine question such as Fourth Child gave me one morning.

"If a man found buried in the ground a coin which was dated one hundred B.C., would the coin be authentic or not?" I asked him.

Quick as a squirrel he replied, "Of course not."

"How did you figure that out so quickly?" I asked.

"Simple," he replied. "B.C. Bad coin."

Into the schoolroom one morning was wafted the syncopated "thoom—ta-ta-tum" of distant drums. Three pencils were dropped, three chairs were pushed back and three pairs of eyes looked questioningly at me. It was no use going on; if the dragon boats were coming, the children would have to run out on the porch to see them. I wouldn't miss that sight myself.

The slim, graceful shell, ninety feet long and one man wide, was just coming into sight. The rowers cut the water with the precision of Radio City Rockettes. The "dragon" in the center writhed and tossed his head to the beat of the drums beside him.

"Is it a really, truly dragon, Mother?" asked the Littlest One.

"No, it's just a man with a big dragon's head made of cloth. He is shaking it around with his arms. See, there are his legs in his blue pants."

In a matter of seconds the boat whisked out of sight. But another would be coming in a moment; the rowers were practicing for the races on the great day of the Festival of the River God.

"Let's get on with today's lesson," I said. "If we keep our minds on it, we can finish by one o'clock. Perhaps we can persuade Daddy to take one of the little picnic boats and go down the river to watch the practice while we eat our lunch."

Teaching the children, three of them in three different

grades, now took all morning, but here I was not needed in the hospital. The nursing department was well organized under the leadership of Rena Westra and Martha Wylie; Dorothy Snyder, Paul's wife, taught English and had Bible classes for the student nurses. So I spent my free time helping in the School for the Blind.

It occurred to Alice Schaefer, the principal, that a little knowledge of the hospital beforehand might soften the blow later if any of the blind were to become patients; so we invited the blind from the school, according to age groups, to spend an afternoon at the hospital and in our home.

It was always fun to entertain them; everything seemed to give them pleasure. The older women liked the rocking chair best. Each one of them would take a turn having a good, long rock. The older boys liked the refrigerator. What a joy it was to have that refrigerator! After the hot summers in Tsining and in Huai Yuan, with no refrigeration, where we had to drink tepid water and throw out any leftover food each day, Beloved Grandmother had insisted that we have a refrigerator if we were going down to the heat of South China. Actually, South China was much cooler, being near the ocean, than either Tsining or Huai Yuan, but the refrigerator still saved us money on our food bills. Beloved Grandmother little guessed, when she gave us that refrigerator, that it would be used as a toy for blind children. The boys liked opening the door and feeling the rush of cold air on their faces. Each one would be given an ice cube to hold and they would have such fun with the slippery, cold, square things in their hands.

Today the youngest children were to be "shown" the hospital. The cook and I were setting the table for tea.

"The table will be crowded with fourteen children sitting here," said Ah Yang with a twitch of her long black braid. "And all of them blind," she sighed. "They will surely break

things. Why do you use these beautiful thin cups, your very best ones? They can't see them anyway."

"But they can feel them," I said, "and these cups will feel different from the ones they use every day. They will be careful, I know."

We took the children to the hospital first. We gave them rides on the elevators, whizzed them down corridors in wheel chairs and on stretchers, gave each one a turn at lying on the X-ray table to reach up and touch the cone which would take a picture of their insides and show us what was wrong if they were ill. The children's ward was the most fun of all. Here the chairs and tables were just the right size, and here was the huge doll house with its tiny furniture. We decided that they must have one of their own.

Then the children took hands and in pairs they walked back to our house for tea and cakes. And Ah Yang was convinced at last that not a thing on the table was unsafe in those deft, sure little hands.

By late November of that same year, 1948, we were watching at the bedside of Beloved Grandmother daily. She would look up at us and say, "Oh, children, why can't I die?"

On December second, her prayers were answered and she left her tired body lying there on the hospital bed. We were thankful that she could go; we had even been praying that she might be taken from her suffering, but we were in no way prepared for the sudden emptiness of the world without her. In that first hour we learned the meaning of the word bereft.

The next morning, after making plans for the service to be held in the hospital chapel, Fred went out with one of the men to make final arrangements for the interment. I picked up Beloved Grandmother's Bible. There on the flyleaf was a quotation from a poem by Whittier. I had often read from this

Bible to Beloved Grandmother, but I had never seen the poem before. When had she copied it in? It had been over a year since she had been strong enough to hold a pen in her hand. It was her message to us for this very day.

> "Yet love will dream, and Faith will trust,
> (Since He who knows our need is just,)
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
> Alas for him who never sees
> The stars shine through his cypress trees!
> Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
> Nor looks to see the breaking day
> Across the mournful marbles play!
> Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
> The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
> That life is ever lord of death,
> And love can never lose its own!"

The Littlest One was sure that Beloved Grandmother had gone straight to heaven that very day, taking her body with her. The child had stayed with friends during the simple ceremony in the chapel. That evening after the body of Beloved Grandmother had been laid to rest in the beautiful English cemetery by the river, the Brown-Eyed One, the Littlest One, and I were taking a stroll out past the hospital buildings.

"Oh," said the Littlest One, stopping in the middle of the walk, "Beloved Grandmother forgot her clothes!"

"She won't need her old clothes in heaven," I said. "God will have lovely new ones waiting for her."

"What will they be like, I wonder?" said the Brown-Eyed One. "Nicer than our clothes; like that light, Mother, don't you think so?" And she pointed to the laboratory on the top floor where all the fluorescent lights were lit, spreading a radiant glow across the treetops.

The Communist army was moving South and the Nationalists were preparing to defend Shanghai. A telegram from the children's school announced that Second-Born and the Golden-Haired One were being evacuated on gunboats. Their destination was not made known, but America, Japan, Okinawa, or Hong Kong were the rumored possibilities. We prayed that it might be Hong Kong so that they could come home to us. For several days we heard nothing further and then the looked-for telegram came with the thrilling message: "ARRIVED HONG KONG, COMING HOME."

It was a wonderful reunion. Second-Born had completed his high-school work. The Golden-Haired One was desolate at having to leave her singing teacher, but somewhat cheered that she would be going to school in nearby Hong Kong. No, they didn't know anything about the fighting except what they had read in the Hong Kong papers—that Shanghai had been "liberated."

The army is moving rapidly, I thought. It is only a question of time now.

We were grateful for the few extra months with Second-Born, but it seemed no time at all before we had to take him to Hong Kong to see him off for America and college. The plane was an eagle carrying off our son in its talons. And we had to leave the Golden-Haired One in Hong Kong to begin her new school year.

Back in Canton the air was taut. Every day brought news of the approach of the Communist army. I was so tired of excitement. This time my reaction to imminent danger was no longer exhilaration and challenge; my only feeling was one of numbness and my only urgency was to finish the sweater I was knitting for the Golden-Haired One so that I could get it to Hong Kong before we were cut off.

The "liberation" itself, on October 14, 1949, turned out to be peaceful enough—one army marching in as the other army marched out. It might have passed as any other day had not the retreating army decided at the last moment to blow up the Lingnan bridge on its way out. A crash like the rending of the earth at Judgment Day threw garish colors across the sunset sky and all was quiet again.

Soon there were Communist soldiers all over the streets, many of them from our former province of Shantung, as I discovered one day when some of them were billeted in the school building next door.

"I go housie," I heard the Brown-Eyed One saying; then the slam of the screen door and the creak of it opening again. "I come out housie."

Why is that child talking baby talk? I wondered, and left my letter writing to see what was going on. Straddling the ridgepole of the building next door was a row of Communist soldiers. Below in the garden the children were teaching them English!

"You mustn't listen to this little one's English; she is teaching you baby talk," I said to them in the northern dialect into which I always lapsed in an emergency.

"Where did you learn to speak Chinese?" one of them asked.

"Oh, I'm an old Shantung countrywoman," I replied, and went on to tell them about the place where we had formerly lived, far to the north on the Shantung Plain.

"I know, I know!" the soldier said. "My home is in Yenchow, twenty-six miles from Tsining. Now I remember where you lived. You come up the main road from the railway station, cross the little bridge, and just before you get to the Memorial Arch, on the right-hand side of the road, is the hospital. Your house is on the left farther down the road."

"Don't," I said. "You are making me homesick."

"*You* are homesick, T'ai T'ai, what about me? It has been years since I have seen my home."

Such a happy fraternizing was frowned upon, and the soldiers never appeared upon the rooftop again.

We loved these Shantung soldiers who reminded us so much of the friends we had left behind. It always surprised the soldiers to find people who could speak their own dialect; and after our struggles with Cantonese, it was a relief to us to be able to express ourselves freely once again. In some ways we seemed less foreign to the Shantung boys than the Cantonese whom they could not understand. And, as in almost any country in the world, there is a lasting feud between the north and the south.

"T'ai T'ai, from what country do you come?" one of the soldiers asked one day when we were crowded together on a river boat.

"Sir, I dare not tell you," I replied.

"Ah, yes, America. We thought so. America is a good country. We Chinese have always been friendly with America. There are many Communists in America."

When Fred made rounds in the wards where many of these wounded Shantung soldiers were lying, it was like walking through a country teahouse—everyone talking, telling stories, asking questions, and the ambulatory patients preparing special bowls of meat dumplings which they made on their little charcoal stove. It was a favorite northern dish and one they knew would please the doctor. They loved to talk to him about their old homes and their families. Later, when one of the accusations against Fred was that he had neglected the Communist soldiers who were his patients, I was indignant.

"How can they say such things about you?" I remonstrated.

"I could have done more for them than I did," he replied. "After they were up walking around, I only went in to see them every other day."

"But they didn't need medical attention then," I said. "They were really ready for discharge; and look at all the work you had to do with the hospital full of really sick patients."

But all this was much later. Now he was a hero, and how he hated it! One awful day, the Central Government planes had flown over and the bombing that had come upon us filled the the whole city with terror. The fearful staccato of the anti-aircraft guns, so close to our house, was almost worse than the deep boom of the bombs. Ah Yang, our beloved little cook, with no thought for her own safety, first ran to see if we were out of danger. She herded us into a hallway where double walls would keep the flying shrapnel from hitting us, then tried to comfort the Littlest One, who was crying against my skirt.

When it was all over, we found that a bomb had struck just in front of the house and another just behind us. Over a hundred of the wounded were brought into the hospital, and we were all kept busy binding up the wounds. It was heartbreaking to see the people going from bed to bed hoping to find their loved ones, their lost children, or the mothers of their children. Tears could not be held back when one man fell to his knees beside his heavily bandaged wife, sobbing, "You are all I have left. The children are gone, the house is gone, but you are here, you are here!"

A few days later Fred went over to the hospital earlier than usual. It was Sunday and not many people would be around. A poor coolie woman had had her leg blown off and needed a transfusion. She had no relatives left, and since Fred was a universal donor, it would be simple enough to give her a pint of blood. (It always seemed "simple enough" to give someone a pint of blood. I used to wish, for his own good, that he was

not a universal donor. "It doesn't mean that you have to donate blood to the universe," I would tell him.) This time he swore the nurses to secrecy, had the blood removed in one room and carried into the patient's room to be administered.

"In these days of anti-American propaganda it might upset her if she knew she had American blood in her veins," he explained.

But the story leaked out and Fred was one of fourteen heroes chosen to receive the special Communist award of a "golden" fountain pen. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to attend the ceremony.

"I don't like this idea of singling people out," he told them. "We are *all* working to help those who come to us for medical attention; this was nothing special or different. Some of the patients need drugs, some of them need operations, and what they need, each one of us here tries to supply. This woman just happened to need blood."

But the crest of the wave spilled over and there was a gradual ebb in the popularity of the foreigner. As one friend put it, "We were allowed to attend the Christmas pageant, yes; but for the first time in all my years in China, not a bathrobe of mine appeared as a Wise Man's robe!"

Ginger, the cat, was lost. It was impossible to accomplish anything in the schoolroom until something was done about finding him. I didn't dare to take the children with me on the search. I had looked out of the schoolroom window a few minutes earlier in time to see a woman in the shack across the canal skinning an animal for the family pot. The tawny fur falling away from it was suspiciously like Ginger's.

I gave each child a written assignment and started out on my unpleasant errand. I hadn't gone ten steps before I met the gardener coming in with the precious pet in his arms. A

tragedy narrowly averted—if only I could spare the children other blows as easily!

There was the afternoon when the two little girls ran to me crying.

"Mother, we don't want to be killed. We don't want to be killed," they wailed.

"What is all this silly talk?" I asked. "Nobody is going to kill you."

"Yes, Mother. That girl in the gray uniform told us to come in and tell you to go to America, and that if you don't go, we will all be killed," the Brown-Eyed One insisted.

Why, oh, why couldn't they pick on somebody their own size? I wondered.

"She's just saying that to be funny," I said. "You know how Brother likes to tell you frightening stories to scare you just for fun? Well, that is all this amounts to. Run and get your faces washed, and dress your dolls in their party dresses. Aunt Rena has invited you to a doll's tea party, and she has the material all cut out for new pajamas for them. She's going to help you make them this afternoon."

Bless Adopted Aunt Rena who entertained them through the long afternoons when it did not seem safe for them to play outside in our own compound, when they might have had to hear something that would fill them with terror, as they had this time.

Always the question kept pounding into my mind: Had we been right in staying on in China? As medical workers, interested only in the welfare of the people, we had been so confident that we would be able to work under the Communists. We all had the interest of the common man at heart, didn't we? We had talked about it and prayed about it. We had written First-Born saying, "This is your decision as well as ours. It may mean being cut off from you for years. It may

mean that we will not even be allowed to send or receive letters. If you would feel better if Mother and the children were in America, please say so, won't you? We can trust you to tell us the truth about how you really feel."

"I've thought about it a lot," he had replied, "and it seems to me that I would rather know that somewhere in the world my father and mother were living happily together than to have you two separated. My only unhappy times as a child were the times when you were away, Dad. And as I see life here in America, I realize that we as a family are closer together across the miles than many here who live in the same apartment."

Second-Born, with his realistic idealism, had added, "I don't see that you two will have a leg to stand on if you go. Why should you leave? You still have work to do, haven't you?"

And now the Golden-Haired One was leaving for America. Though the separation, with all its uncertainties, cut through to our hearts, it was a relief to have one more child out to safety.

The three children who were left with us seemed to be having to bear the brunt of it all. The accusations made against Americans—that they were living in imperialist mansions, controlling all the finances, receiving higher salaries, and so on, did not apply in our case even in one particular instance. We were living in a duplex with a Chinese doctor (his side only was screened). Deep-voiced, gray-haired Dr. Cheung had been in complete charge of the hospital for the past twenty years, carrying the burden on his stocky little frame without a tremble from the weight of it, and what an excellent job he did! Fred was more than delighted to be in a place where he did not have to worry about administration; he did not even know about many of the finances of the hospital, nor was he

the highest paid doctor on the staff. The Chinese children in the school next door must have been puzzled by the contrast between what they heard in class about Americans and what they could see before their eyes. Why had the doctor come to China then? Their teachers had an answer.

One day, when our three were playing in the yard, a group of children from the school joined them.

"Do you see that woman sitting on the porch?" one of them asked.

"Yes, she's our mother," was the reply.

"No, she isn't your mother. She stole your father away from your real mother in America and made life so unhappy for him there that he had to leave his practice and come to China."

The good joke was shuttled around the compound, and there were many references to me as the "concubine." It was all very, very funny until we realized that the Littlest One was not eating. At first we thought she might be coming down with measles or chicken pox, but soon her loss of security revealed itself.

"Mother, are you a witch? Can you turn yourself into something that you aren't?" were some of her questions.

It was only after a long time and after many reassurances with stories of "when you were a little baby inside me," that she began to feel secure again.

To all outward appearances, life went on fairly normally. We were allowed to go and come as we chose as long as we kept well within the city limits. For that matter, no Chinese could leave the city without permission either. It was a bit disconcerting at times to be called a Russian devil as we passed. People seemed to think that any foreigner now appearing in their city streets must surely be a Russian; and that was not far from the truth since there were few foreigners of any other nationality in the country. But the screws were grad-

ually being turned. Visitors calling at our home were compelled to register in a book stating their name, age, nationality, profession, and the purpose of their visit to us. They were required to leave any package which they might happen to bring with them at the gatehouse with the guard until their return from us when they signed out, giving the time. We feared to have our Chinese friends get their names in what we felt sure was a black book, but it did not deter them from coming.

Once when we were all out for a short ride in a rickshaw we passed a group of primary school children marching to a meeting. One of them called out, "Look, Russians!" and the rest of the children took up the cry. Knowing how our three might react to *that,* I looked back quickly to their rickshaw to see how they were taking it. The situation was ripe for an international incident. I needn't have worried. They were accepting the ovation with bows to the right and to the left like visiting royalty.

Strange, incongruous things were happening which would have been highly amusing were it not for the rising tension. One Sunday all of the employees in the hospital were called upon to march in an anti-American parade. (It was in vain that the hospital administration pleaded that such an exodus would deplete the staff to a point where it would be impossible to care for the patients, let alone take care of an emergency. The reply came back, "What are you putting first, the lives of a few individuals or the State?") There was some question in Fred's mind as to the wisdom of our walking through the streets on such a day, but the bishop was counting on me to play the hymns for the union service, and since we would probably be taken for Russians anyway, we decided to risk it.

The Anglican church, where the service was held, was across the street from the Russian Trade Embassy, and as we ap-

proached we saw that part of the street was fenced off so that no common person could interfere with the arrival of important guests at a cocktail party now in progress. The guests were arriving, one to a car, an American car. It would not do to crowd two or three in one car together. So, as our Chinese co-workers from the hospital were marching in an anti-American parade, and as we were trying to listen to a sermon by an English bishop, his voice was being drowned out by the Russians entertaining their Chinese guests with such American records as "Rose Marie, I Love You," played over a raucous loud-speaker.

Parades were the order of the day. One of our dearest Chinese friends, a devout Christian woman who was obliged to march in many of them, said to me one day, "I welcome every opportunity to walk through the streets of this city. There is nothing these people need more than love. I look at them as I pass and love them. I pray for them too and, do you know, they go home never knowing what hit them!"

It didn't seem like China any more. Nobody smiled or laughed out loud. The wonderfully apropos quips were dropped from all conversation. Suspicion and fear were tangible enough to touch, and there were accusation meetings held against Fred and our closest friends. That Fred neglected Communist soldiers who were his patients, that he controlled the finances of the hospital, that he was a spy of American imperialism were some of the trumped-up charges. This I rebelled against with all my being.

"What can you do, which way can you turn, when you have no recourse to justice?" I would ask Fred. For no explanation of an action, no answer to an accusation was accepted by those accusing.

Fred took it far more philosophically than I ever could. But one morning we found the vicious placards posted on the

walls of the hospital. When he saw that some of the signatures were those of his own students whom he had worked with and loved, it seemed as if his heart would break.

"What they say is not true," he said sadly, "but I suppose that if they had asked me, I could have told enough that *was* true for them to make a case against me. I am human, I make mistakes. Perhaps this amounts to the same thing."

"You may make mistakes," I protested, "but you have never wilfully done anything against anyone. You wouldn't hurt a snake. And every single soul around here *knows* that the accusations against you are not true!"

That was the diabolical part of it. It was as if the Communists were saying, "You all know these accusations are not true; we, too, know that they are not true. But we have absolute power to make them as if they were true. This too can happen to you."

As the loud-speakers blared out speeches of frenzy against us all day long and night after night until midnight, I wondered how long my sanity would hold out. "God has not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sane mind." Power, love, sanity! I tried to hold the words in my mind.

There were some evenings when the Chinese gentleman on the nearby balcony would play his accordion. We could not see him clearly through the heavy bamboo sprays, but he appeared to be in uniform. When the accusation meetings were at their loudest pitch, he would play American folk songs. We never found out who he was and he may never know how grateful we were for his friendly hand of song across our darkness.

On December 3, 1950, we registered our application with the police for permission to return to America. Fred had hoped to complete the medical lectures he was giving before

applying, but the day came when one of his Chinese colleagues at the Medical College telephoned to say, "Don't come in for your lecture today under any circumstances." The walls of the college had been plastered with accusations against Fred, the sight of which his friends were trying to spare him.

"But I have only two more lectures to give before the course is completed," Fred replied.

"Just forget about those two lectures and don't come down here at all," his friend warned.

A day or two later, following an official injunction that no patient was to allow himself to be treated by a foreign doctor, Fred's work at the hospital too was finished. We sat in the cold, damp house huddled around the fireplace, popping the last of the popcorn sent out from home, playing games with the children, and waiting for the permit to come.

Christmas came and still no permit had been issued. The gardener, intimidated, refused to bring in the Christmas tree or to allow anyone else to dig it up and put it in its pot. But the Chinese engineer in charge of repairs for the hospital went out and cut down an evergreen from his family burial plot. "These children are going to have a Christmas tree," he said.

It was a strange Christmas morning. We had decided against taking the children with us through the streets to church. It was well we had. Just as we were passing a primary school, we heard jeers and looked up to see forty or more children on the roof spitting down at us. Fortunately there was a good wind and the barrage missed fire.

"I'd feel differently about it," I said as we walked along, "if it weren't that I never get up that high without having the desire to spit down on someone myself. Wasn't it Richard Halliburton's poet friend who, on top of the Matterhorn, looked at the beauty below him and came out with the unpoetic remark, 'I could spit a mile'?"

One morning there were chalk marks on the walk in front of the house: "Imperialist dog, do you not yet know enough to leave China?"

Well as we knew who had put them there, and how little it had to do with our friends and colleagues, the chalk marks on the cement hurt. And part of the hurt came from the stricken looks of our co-workers as they too read the words.

"Darling," I said, "do go to the police again and ask them if we may leave. I can't bear this any longer."

"I know, Honey, but it was only day before yesterday that we went, and the officer said no permission had been given," Fred replied.

By now we both knew the route to the police station blindfolded. We had made thirty-two trips (and presented twelve photos) in order to get permission for the Golden-Haired One to come in for ten days on her last visit before leaving for America. But she *had* been allowed to come in, which was an unusual concession.

And there were the constant questionings. We were at a distinct advantage during these hours of examination because we did not need an interpreter and could speak directly to our questioners in Mandarin, the official language. The missionaries who had never lived in the north and the businessmen who did not speak the language were at the mercy of their interpreters.

One Sunday morning we had been called in for another of the questionings. For some reason we were alone with the examiner; usually the room was full.

"Why did you come to China in the first place?" the examiner asked.

Fred was trying to avoid the pitfall that China was a needy country and he had come to help; he hesitated a moment to phrase his answer.

I turned to him and said quietly and quickly in English, "Don't you think the real reason we came is because Jesus said to go into all the world and teach and preach and heal?"

Fred turned back to the police official to give that answer in Chinese and found him smiling and nodding in complete accord with what I had whispered to Fred. But the serious, dead-pan expression returned to his face at once as he barked out another question.

The day the chalk marks appeared on the walk, Fred went to the police station alone. When he came into the house some two hours later, I knew at once that the permit had not been granted.

"Do you remember that crazy Western movie we saw?" he asked as he helped me remove the chalk marks, "the one about the fellow with the two guns shoving the little guy into the corner and saying, 'You can't go and you can't stay. What are you going to do?' I've been thinking about it all the way home.

"Here is something for you," he added as we went into the house. "I thought you deserved a little surprise." And he gave me a tiny package containing the beautiful opal stone that we had looked at so often in the jade market.

Two days later the permit came through. Though it had seemed like an age of time, we were actually far more fortunate than most people in obtaining the permit in less than two months.

On January 24, 1951, we left Canton. Our staying on under the Communists had justified every person who left early because he felt he could not work under this regime. We had been so sure that we could. By far the most difficult thing we had to face was not the suspicion, not even the accusation meetings, but seeing our Chinese friends placed in an impossible position because of our being there. Any move

toward us on their part put them in the bad graces of the Communists. We urged them not to come to see us, not to speak to us when they passed us on the street. We dreaded the consequences of their having anything to do with us. In spite of our entreaties they had continued to come to see us at our home, and now two of them braved censure and came to the railway station for a last farewell.

"At least we did not have the heartache of listening to 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again,'" said Fred as the train pulled out of the Canton station.

At last the border, the gates flung open and the neat, black-uniformed Hong Kong police saying, "Welcome to Hong Kong!" My knees felt weak. I threw my arms around our faithful Ah Yang, who had elected to live in Hong Kong and had left China with us. With my head on her shoulder, I cried and cried and cried.

How great a deliverance! How great a deliverance! was all I could say or think. Why had we been allowed to come out, and why were some of our dearest friends still back there in solitary confinement in prison? We did not deserve it; we did not deserve it at all. How sweet it was to breathe the air of freedom; how beautiful would be the low white house, the soft green meadows, the flowering dogwood of River Bend!

I looked up at Fred. His gaze was down the long silver tracks, but he was not seeing them.

"I wonder where we'll be two years from today," he was saying.

The Epilogue

It is but a few months more than two years from that day. We are in India, crumpling the newspaper wrappings from a pair of Chinese ginger jars. We found them, quite by chance, this afternoon in the junk shop kept so carelessly by the old Sikh gentleman with the long white beard. There on his shelf were the lovely green jars, sitting squat and proud among the empty bottles and broken tins. We have brought them home to our summer cottage in the foothills of the Himalayas.

"Look at it," Fred is saying as he places one of the jars in my hands.

He is now Professor of Medicine at the Christian Medical College at Ludhiana in the Punjab, and we have come to this hill station to study the language. It is strange to be starting a new life in a new country—a country as big, as colorful, as confusing as India. And yet there is a familiarity that is frightening. What course will India take? Are we beginning a new life, or are we facing the same old round of uncertainty and difficulty, the same old troubles?

The same old troubles—those which we would never have chosen, but which we wouldn't have missed for anything in the world!

Whatever comes, we will not be facing it alone. I hold the cold stone jar against my face and thank God.