

Life Story of M. F. Pritchard - (1)

Missionary Service Starts

Miss Margaret Pritchard, who served as a Christian medical missionary in Korea for nearly 40 years from 1930 to 1970, shares some of her experiences while working here in the following installment of articles. She is visiting Korea to attend as guest of honor the Founders' Day Ceremony at the Margaret Pritchard Junior Nursing College in Chonju, Cholla pukto on June 2.—ED.

Introduction

Margaret Frances Pritchard was born on Jan. 1, 1900, at Warm Springs, Va. Her parents were William John Pritchard and Mattie Laura Pritchard. She had one brother, William Glenn, born May 7, 1901. Their mother died Nov. 2, 1903.

Mr. Pritchard took his two small children to his mother's home at Dunmore, W. Va., where they were cared for by their grandmother, two aunts and three uncles until their father remarried in 1910. To this marriage one daughter was born, Annie Lona.

Margaret completed primary school at Dunmore, W. Va., and graduated from high school at Hillsboro, W. Va. After a short normal school course she taught public school for five years.

Although she had felt called to be a missionary when she was twelve years old, she had put that call in the background of her life until after she had completed her nurse training at Columbia University Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing. She first graduated from the Presbyterian School of Christian Education in Richmond, Va., where she heard missionaries speak and again felt the call and volunteered for mission work overseas.

Margaret offered to go to the Belgian Congo in Africa, but there was no opening for a nurse in Africa, only an urgent need in Korea. She accepted the call and was sent to Kwangju, Korea, in August, 1930, by the Presbyterian Church, U.S.

Philosophy

"My philosophy of life has been to follow God's leading to the best of my ability, and to seek to serve Him by serving others."

I was appointed a missionary nurse to Korea in 1929 by the Board of World Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States in Nashville, Tenn. I had been a volunteer for the Belgian Congo, but when I was ready to go the need was in Korea. I agreed to go to Korea with some concern because of all I had heard about the difficulty of the language. I found that my concern was well-founded. My preparation for missionary service consisted of the course offered at the General Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Va., now known as the Presbyterian School of Christian Education. I graduated there in May, 1926, and entered the Columbia University Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing, in September, 1926. After graduating from the nursing course I passed the New York State Nursing Boards and proceeded to Korea in August, 1930.

I was appointed by the Korea Mission to the Graham Memorial Hospital in Kwangju. I lived with Miss Florence Root, Miss Mary Dodson, and



Miss Margaret Pritchard, founder and principal of the Margaret Pritchard Junior Nursing College in Chonju.

Miss Anna McQueen. Miss Root was a classmate at ATS and Miss McQueen had attended there one year while I was there. I arrived just as the missionaries were coming down from the Chlri Mountains where the mission had a summer camp. They arrived during heavy rains and flooding. Florence Root had all her clothes wet. A couple spent the night on the bank of the river because the water was so high they could not get their cow across. There was no milk available in that period unless the family had a cow.

The hospital was in a very discouraging condition, not having had a doctor or a nurse in seven years. Dr. Louis C. Brand was transferred from the Kunsan Hospital in July before I arrived.

Dr. and Mrs. Brand were from Staunton, Va. There were no graduate nurses in the hospital; the nursing was being done by widows whose nursing knowledge and skill had been gained only from experience in the hospital. There was a lack of cooperation on their part with each other.

A Dr. Choi, who had had some training in America, had been in charge of the hospital. The reputation of the hospital was not good. The building was a two-story grey brick with four large rooms, one of which was the operating room. I told Dr. Brand that I'd like to tear the building down and build it over. A clinic building had been added on to one side.

There were no closets or storage space. The equipment was very limited, and the budget was less than \$100 per month. At that period in the mission work the emphasis was on schools, primary and high schools. This hospital was one of five small hospitals being operated by the mission, one in each mission station. The hope was to have a missionary doctor and nurse in each hospital, but that proved to be impossible.

The night after I arrived Dr. Brand took me to see the hospital. I was greeted by a tiny tot coming down the hall chewing on a large radish, almost as large as she was. I was told that her name was Picked Up, for she had been found at the hospital gate and had been taken care of in the hospital ever since. You can imagine what I thought of a child that age being fed raw radish! We soon found an orphanage to take care of her.

With no language there was little I could do in the hospi-

tal. I was assigned a tutor who had no training in teaching language. Then I was sent to Seoul, the capital city, for language study in September for four months. I was called out twice in that time to return to the mission to nurse sick missionaries. But it was also important for me to get some language as soon as possible since the Brand family was due to go on furlough the coming June and I would be left in charge of the hospital with the Korean doctor and frequent visits by Dr. J. M. Rogers, stationed in Soonchun.

During the Christmas holidays I contracted typhus fever, the less severe type carried by the rat flea. But it turned out to be as severe as I could wish on anyone. This interrupted my language study.

In June the Brands departed. We had a Dr. Rowe who had a limited license given by the Japanese. Korea had been the subject of the nation of Japan since 1910. Dr. Rowe, fortunately for me, had been to America, and had had some medical experience there, and learned English. This was a life-saver for me! He acted as my interpreter. That, along with sign language, made me able to survive. One of the first duties I was given was to keep the hospital books. I said, "I know nothing about bookkeeping." The reply: "You will learn." I found it necessary to discharge a number of employees. Dr. Robert Knox, an evangelist, was my right-hand-man in the "firing" department.

The problem that gave me the greatest worry was whether when pay-day arrived I would have enough funds to pay the salaries. It was the period of the depression of the early 1930s. I found that when pay-day came there was always enough to meet the salaries, but little over. I then concluded that this was the Lord's work, and that He would provide without my worrying.

Experience

Miss Thelma Thumm a graduate of Johns Hopkins University Hospital School of Nursing, had arrived on the field just a few months before I did. She was from Charleston, W. Va., and was assigned to the Soonchun Hospital. We took the Japanese nurses licensing examination together. And this was quite an experience! The attempt at English made understanding the questions anything but easy. Such questions as "Tell

about stuff of nourishment." "How do you recognize the symptom being in a dying condition? and how do you dispose of it?" There were only two questions on regular subjects like anatomy. If you missed one you were sunk.

Miss Thumm's term of service was very short. She contracted measles encephalitis from a child with measles, and died in 1931, after only two years on the field. I had the sad privilege of nursing her in her final illness. Her friendship meant so much to me, and losing her so early in her career was a great sorrow. She had been very dedicated to a life of Christian service.

Due to the depression of 1930-35 the mission work budget was cut from \$60,000 to \$19,000. Although our salaries were also reduced the missionaries supplemented the work budget from their salaries in order to keep all the projects going. In spite of difficulties, after Dr. Brand returned, the work grew, and the number of patients treated increased. The nursing situation was very discouraging, as there were no graduate nurses to help me. After two years I was able to secure a nurse from Severence School of Nursing in Seoul. Thus, I began to feel that training nurses was to be our first priority. The need for public health nursing was also overwhelming, but without nurses little could be done in that field.

I felt the only answer was to start training nurses. I was advised by older missionary nurses that the only type nurse that society would accept would be older women who were widows, many of them cast off by their husbands because of not bearing sons. I replied that that possibly was true, but I would not be satisfied until I had tried young high-school graduates.

I succeeded in recruiting three girls. The fathers of two of them took their daughters out of the school because they were sure they would not be able to get husbands for girls who were nurses since the standing of nursing rated so low in society at that time.

The one that stayed by me was a graduate of our mission girls' high school, very promising in every way. She became my first graduate, and my assistant in the hospital, helping me also with the next class of students. When I came home on furlough she took charge of the nursing in the hospital. One of the girls whose father took her out of the first class was married to a man living close by the hospital, and after marrying, came back and graduated. When we had demonstrated what could be done there was no more difficulty securing students who were well qualified.

We were able to secure Japanese nursing texts at that time. This was a great help as all our students and the Korean doctors had been educated in Japanese. Prior to World War II we had graduated ten nurses, all of whom passed examinations and were licensed by the Japanese government. A class of 15 had just been capped when World War II broke out, and we had to close up the hospital and come home.

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Life Story of M.F. Pritchard--(2)

Hospital Burns Up in 1933

One night in the wee hours of the morning on Oct. 26, 1933, there was a cry under my window, "The hospital is burning up!" What a shock! The main building was in flames! The fire had started in the clinic building, annex to the hospital, and in the dental office. There had been workmen installing a radiator the day before, and I believe they had dropped a match in the dry leaves under the building. The Japanese police however, insisted it started from a hot plate, but the dentist, Dr. Lee said, "No hot plate was left on."

All the patients were safe, and about a quarter of the equipment and surgical instruments were saved, and half of the beds. Patients went to the homes of friends nearby for the night.

There is always a humorous side: A nurse came running to me with a pillow case full of sewing scraps. The Japanese police and firemen requested that tea be served me. I said, "We have plenty of fire to boil water, but no tea!" We put patients in the nurses' dormitory and in all the outside buildings which the fire department had succeeded in saving, and set up an operating room. Dr. Brand did an emergency operation that very night. We put up a sign: "Business as Usual."

The first gift of money to restore the hospital came from the mission girls' high school students. Gifts came from Christians and non-Christians alike, all saying, "We must have a Christian hospital." Their giving was real sacrifice. The staff all worked like Trojans day and night, and even made contributions to the hospital building fund at great personal expense.

Insurance Policy

There had been only a small insurance policy of \$4,000. A gift of \$1,500 came from a doctor's widow in Roanoke, Va., with a letter asking whether we could build a memorial to her husband at that amount. Although we had inadequate money to start building, plans to build moved a-pace. It was during the depression, and no appeal could be made in the U.S. Doctors and nurses and everyone started cleaning bricks, and Dr. Lee became busy sifting ashes for gold in the dental department. Living in the Orient is really an experience! That's one of the areas in which this impatient individual learned patience. Progress was so very slow, and even while watching, things went wrong. But when it was finally finished how we thanked our Heavenly Father for the new building! Prayers had been answered, small gifts came, and when the new building was finished it was all paid for.

With the \$1,500 from the widow we built a five-room wing where we had a two-room suite for sick missionaries. Prior to this we had no place to put sick missionaries. I never knew when I got up in the morning what mission station I would be called to before night to nurse a sick missionary. It had been most frustrating to try to carry on my work in the hospital and have it so frequently interrupted. It was a great help to now be able to care for our missionaries in the hospital.

Dr. Brand became very much interested in having a place to treat tuberculosis patients because the disease was so prevalent. Due to his interest two memorial tuberculosis units were built. Dr.



Students at the Margaret Lee in Chonju merrily walk Pritchard Junior Nursing Coll about their campus which has a wide variety of teachings a modern school building with facilities.

J.V.N. Talmage, an evangelist in our mission, gave one as a memorial to his parents, and a Mr. Peters, of the Northern Presbyterian Mission gave another unit as a memorial to his parents. These units were connected by a coverway to the main building. That was the beginning of the treatment for tuberculosis patients and since World War II this has been a major emphasis in the Kwangju Hospital. The building process continued as it did during my entire 40 years' service.

In 1935 I had my first furlough. During that time my stepmother died, leaving my father alone. After I returned the Brands were due for furlough. They had returned and progress was being made when Dr. Brand became ill and died in the fall of 1938. That was such a blow! He had been such a patient and understanding doctor and so dedicated in the service of his Lord. How he was missed! Not only was he a capable and faithful doctor but he was gifted in so many ways. He could fix anything and, believe me, that's important in the mission field! He supervised the installation of a furnace in the hospital. Any electrical equipment he could fix.

The young Korean doctor assisting him and who had really been trained as a surgeon, was so shaken at Dr. Brand's death that he resigned. Dr. Rogers of Soonchun came to us once or twice a week. We took on a new graduate from Severance Medical School who had no surgical experience. Nurse Cho, my first graduate and I, helped him as much as we could between Dr. Rogers' visits. One day I asked Mrs. Cho what they were doing, and she replied, "I'm teaching him how to take out tonsils." Fortunately he was a very humble man and willing to learn from women, something many Korean men are not. That doctor is today a very outstanding brain surgeon in Pusan after training with an American army hospital unit in Korea, and then going to America for further training. I hear from him each Christmas.

I was greatly shocked when I was on vacation at the beach, to receive a cable saying my only brother Glean in New Orleans had died of complications following an appendix operation. I had had no word prior to that of his illness. Not being able to be with his young widow and two small daughters was very hard. But I found our Lord's grace sufficient for even such a time as that!

The 1930 to 1940 period was a very tense one. The Japanese were expanding mili-

tarly into Manchuria and China. During this period from 1935 the Shinto shrine issue confronted the church and mission schools. The students in the schools were ordered to bow to the shrines. Many resisted. Our mission closed its schools rather than comply with the order. Other missions complied, taking the Japanese at their word that bowing was an act of patriotism, not worship. However, we found that closing the schools was one of the strongest witnesses our mission could give. The strong Japanese military government persecuted the Christian mission. Then missionaries became a hindrance to the work of Christ, for we were considered to be spies for our government.

The relationship between our governments was now strained. By 1940 only our hospitals were open, but when our U.S. government advised all its citizens in Korea to evacuate, our hospitals had to be closed. Dr. John Preston, the son of missionaries in our mission, had joined our hospital staff a short time before this. When he and his bride of a few months left, I was left to close the hospital. I had been in another station studying Korean language, having had but one short term of language school, so when the Prestons left I returned to close the hospital. This was difficult because we had to take the responsibility for any patients who had no one to care for them. We managed to get places for all but one, who was a hopeless case. He had been brought in by our neighbor and had had surgery. What to do with him was the question. We were about to try to find someone we could pay to take care of him for the short time he had left, when to our surprise the neighbor who had brought him in came and took him home. We gave him all the equipment and supplies he thought he could use.

Interpreter

Through an interpreter I was interviewed by a member of the Japanese military who wanted to know why we were leaving. I told him that our government had advised us to return home, but that they did not say why. When he promised to protect our property and equipment, we stored all we could in the attic. This proved to be a futile effort, for when the missionaries returned seven years later all the equipment was gone, and the building was in a very sad state of repair!

Our government sent out an American luxury liner, The

Nariposa to pick up the American citizens. Just when I had my trunks at the port of embarkation, my good friend Elizabeth Woods who was a nurse in our Kusan Hospital and Rev. E. Otto DeCamp of the Northern Presbyterian Mission decided to be married. They urged me to stay and help them have their wedding in our chapel in Kwangju, Otto got my passage cancelled, and my trunks returned. The Woods-DeCamp wedding was a very lovely affair. Her brother, a missionary in China, came over for it and the few missionaries remaining from both the Northern and Southern missions all attended. The DeCamps began their work in Chungju, a Northern Presbyterian Station. In a very short time the groom was put in prison for removing Shinto shrines from mission property. He was joined in this experience by the medical doctor in their station. After an extensive prison term he was sent home with Japanese orders never to return. But God had other plans, and he did return after the war was over.

In the meantime I returned home by way of Japan on a President passenger ship. Since the ship had 100 extra passengers over capacity I was given a cot in the tea-room next to a door opening onto a deck which was scrubbed noisily daily at 2 a.m.! One of my traveling companions was a Northern Presbyterian nurse friend. Although the Japanese had imprisoned her on the trumped-up charge that she was a Communist she had been released after a short time. It was now Christmas of 1940, and I spent it at sea. I joined my father at Warm Springs for a while. He disposed of his store, and went with me to Nashville, Tenn, where I took a refresher course in nursing at Vanderbilt Hospital.

On Sunday, December 8, 1941, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. At that time we could only wonder whether we could ever return to Korea. How would the war end? We were very concerned about four of our missionaries remaining in Korea: Dr. and Mrs. Talmage, Miss Mary Dodson, and Miss Florence Root. They were eventually sent out on an evacuation ship, the ladies having been under house arrest for some time, and Dr. Talmage having been imprisoned because he refused to turn the property over to the Japanese. He told them the property was not his; he had no authority to turn it over. Our church is indebted to Dr. Talmage for saving our mission property at that time.

(To Be Continued)

"Korea Times"
May 31, 1981

Japanese Persecute Christians

While in Nashville, I was asked to go to Ocala, Fla., to nurse one of our missionaries, Dr. D. J. Cummings, who was to have surgery. While there I was asked to accept the position of director of nurses in the hospital. After due consideration I accepted and moved my father to Ocala. I found it very frustrating to work with a board of trustees which refused to replace equipment. Ocala was one of the richest towns in the country for its size, but one doctor was an alcoholic, and one an atheist. When I received a call to go to Banner Elk, N.C., to Grace Hospital, a mission hospital, I accepted. Dad had not been happy in Florida, missing the mountains. The job at Banner Elk included being both the director of nurses at the hospital and the director of the nursing school. At that time they had a cadet nurse corps. It was a busy life, but Dad and I were both very happy there in the Christian atmosphere.

The war was over in Korea August 15, 1945. The Japanese surrender brought to an end their occupation of that land since 1910. This date has now become the Liberation Day of Korea, similar the July 4th of the United States. I continued on at Banner Elk until the summer of 1947.

Our mission board sent out a survey team of four season-

ed missionary men in 1946. They found the Christian Korean people in a sad state. Of the one half of the 700,000 Christians remaining, 2,000 were in Japanese jails. More than 50 ministers had either been killed or died in prison, and 200 churches were closed. It was said that the Japanese had planned a mass execution of Christians on August 17, just two days after the surrender! The survey team found our mission property occupied by American Infantry, some buildings burned, one station compound sold by the Japanese. All the mission property was in a mess. That which was not occupied by the American army of occupation was not usable until extensive repairs were made. By the spring of 1947 seventeen veteran missionaries had returned. The mission was organized and the survey team disbanded.

The church quickly reorganized and its recovery was quicker than that of the country as a whole. The joy of being a free people, however, was overshadowed by the Russians' control of the northern half of the country. Instead of doing as expected in holding free elections for the entire country, they refused to give up the area north of the 38th parallel. After long and trying periods of talks the truce was finally

signed in 1948 between north Korea and the U.N. negotiating team. That uneasy truce continues to this day.

I returned to Korea in October 1947 with Dr. and Mrs. Paul Crane to reopen medical work. Dr. Crane was the son of medical missionaries. Having grown up in Korea, he had a good command of the spoken language. Mrs. Crane was born of missionary parents in China. She had taken a laboratory course so that she could help in that phase of the work. We knew that we would have to start from scratch so our first "scratching" was to collect a carload of U.S. Army surplus hospital equipment:

nine drums of surgical supplies, etc.

Leaving my aged father was not easy. He went to be with my sister Ann in Greenville, S. C. I was the only medical missionary to return to the field after the war. Although we had gotten passage on a freighter going from New Orleans through the Panama Canal, and shipped the hospital supplies there we discovered that the Army had taken over the ship. They would take the passengers, but not the freight. There was but one thing to do: reshipe the freight to the West Coast.

We were able to get passage on the Admiral Mayo, an

army transport ship that was taking soldiers and army wives and children to join their husbands and fathers who were in the American army of occupation in Korea. The shipment of the freight to San Francisco took two weeks. We used the time to go to the U.S. government leprosy colony at Carville, La. where we learned what we could about the modern treatment of leprosy. We would be able to help our mission leprosy colony with any information we could gain.

After a very profitable time at Carville Dr. Crane's sister and her minister husband came for us. They were living in New Orleans at the time and as we were driven to their home we saw the black clouds of an approaching typhoon. It struck New Orleans later that night, and did severe damage.

When Dr. Crane and I answered a call for doctors and nurses to look after people who had had to leave their homes, we were sent to a school building where several families were camping. We had no serious cases, fortunately.

On our trip to the west coast we had a stopover at Grand Canyon where we rode mule-back down into the canyon. I wanted to eat off the mantlepiece for a week after that. We flew in a two-engine plane over the canyon the next day.

Upon our arrival in San Francisco we found that our freight had to be recreated because the man who had been highly recommended in New Orleans had done a poor job. In addition to hospital suppli-

es, we had to buy furniture and food items, for little was available in a country ravaged by war.

We now joined 28 of our missionaries in San Francisco who were returning on the same ship. Sailing October 11, 1947, on the 2,000 ton troop carrier which had been converted for passenger use, we were among the few civilians on board with 176 army wives and children and 400 enlisted men. When docking in Yokohama it seemed queer to have an American pilot boat escort us, and to see the American flag flying on all of the harbor boats in place of the flag of the Rising Sun. Everything was run by the American Army, and we were welcomed as we walked down the gangplank by an American negro. Although it was sad to

see everything destroyed between Yokohama and Tokyo the industrious Japanese were already busy with restoration.

We sailed the morning of the 25th for Korea, and when we landed in Inchon it was with joy and thanksgiving to be back in our adopted land. Family reunions for some missionaries were a joy to behold! We were looked after by the army in Seoul with Mr. Linlon there to help us. At the Officers' Club we got billeting for meals and rooms in Seoul. The women of our mission were placed in the Russian Embassy, annex No. 1, just vacated two days before by the Russian negotiating team. We had two large rooms, and were really the guests of the American Army with military privileges, PX

privileges, army postal service, etc. We were spoiled by all of these things when later we had to give them up.

I was reassigned to Chonju Station by the mission rather than Kwangju due to the condition of the hospital building there. Prospects for reopening the work were not very bright in Kwangju in the near future. In order for Dr. and Mrs. Crane to get clearance to do mission work in the country he had to agree to first do work in Soonehun in the hospital built by the Japanese but now operated by the Koreans. I joined them to work two days a week in the leprosy colony, now the Wilson Leprosy Colony.

(To Be Continued)



A student at the Margaret Pritchard Junior Nursing College in Chonju conducts exercise for a diabetic patient in the practice of patient teaching.

Small Hospital Not Much Needed

From the medical point of view I found the conditions very bad in the little hospital and clinic. There were many infections and abscesses due to inadequate sterilization. These abscesses were being opened by the young men who worked in the hospital -- all of whom were leprosy patients. They used chaulmogra oil injections as treatment at that time. The syringes were not first cleaned, but boiled with the instruments leaving a very oily solution, with only some steam passing over some of the instruments. I tried in vain to show them how to clean and boil for a sufficient time to kill germs, but had to admit defeat since I could not be there all the time to supervise.

Dr. Crane, after adequate trial, found his assignment in Soochun Hospital did not prove to be what was needed. In the meantime the three of us surveyed our mission in order to bring a recommendation to the mission as to where to reopen our medical work, and as to what type

We did physical examinations of all the missionaries when we did the survey. Some



Students at the Margaret Pritchard Junior Nursing College in Chonju are participating in a practice session in an operating room.

of them needed medical care. Dr. Crane's father, who was a member of the survey team, had a severe heart condition, and was given treatment. The team recommended to the mission the reopening of the medical work in Chonju and the planning for a teaching center to train Christian doctors, nurses, and laboratory workers. The reason for this

recommendation was that the small type hospital with one doctor and one nurse was not as much needed as in former years. Korean doctors were now setting up small private hospitals and clinics, and we felt we would be in competition with them.

The scarcity of well-trained medical personnel was the challenge for starting a teaching center. There was no residency training program for doctors anywhere in the country, nurses with any degree of training were very few, and workers in the laboratory were trained on the job by poorly

trained teachers. Chonju was chosen for two reasons: the local medical doctor assured us that they would welcome such a hospital, and the building was basically in the best condition of any of the others in the mission with a furnace that would be usable. Even so, windows and doors were gone, plaster was off, and much repairing was needed. Mission permission was given to proceed, and Dr. and Mrs. Crane were assigned to Chonju where I was.

The homes were in a bad state of repair. The women's Bible school building was the most usable, and Mr. and Mrs. Linton had set up house-keeping there. They took me and other missionaries in until we could set up our homes. Meantime the freight shipment of hospital equipment had arrived in Inchon. Dr. Crane spent days getting it through customs, and then more days and nights riding the freight car in the dead of winter, getting these precious supplies to their destination safely. Windows were boarded up, and temporary doors installed in the hospital for a place to store this equipment and lock it up. Guards were placed in the building to watch it. As soon as the apartment where the missionary nurse had lived before the war was repaired Dr. and Mrs. Crane moved into that.

I continued to live at the Bible School building with the Lintons until a residence could be prepared. There was little I could do that cold winter while the hospital was being repaired. I recall one experience: One day Mrs. Linton and I, using gasoline, dry-cleaned some of the men's suits. When we had finished we put them on a cot in the Lintons' bedroom. In the middle of the night Mrs. Linton was awakened by someone in the room picking up the men's suits. She awakened Mr. Linton who attempted to prevent the thief from going down the stairs. The thief got out of the room through a different door.

In the meantime Mr. Boyer was aroused and tried to help. While the men were blocking the stairway the thief opened the hall window and stepped out on the roof. They grabbed his clothes but he had perfect steps down over to another building and left the big men holding his shirt. The only profit he had for his trouble was a fountain pen and a light bulb he had taken. He dropped the light bulb, however, and as it dropped down the stairs I was awakened. We kidded the men that the two of them could not hold one little thief. (It's interesting what one does recall!)

We opened the clinic April 1, 1948. We were able to get

a Korean doctor to help Dr. Crane. He was a graduate of Severance Christian Hospital in Seoul. One of the nurses I had trained was living in Chonju. Her husband was principal of the mission girls' middle and high school. She came to be the clinic nurse. So we were in business. The former boiler man was available to help, and with a cleaning woman we had the beginning of a staff. We had prayers each morning in the hallway of the clinic, and were soon busy getting ready to open the hospital for inpatients.

About the middle of April Dr. Crane came to me and said the Korean pastor of the largest and oldest Presbyterian Church in the city was very ill. He had an acute gall bladder that was ready to rupture. His life was at stake if he was not operated on at once. All the Korean doctors in the city refused to take the responsibility of operating. All we had in our operating room was an army operating table, and an autoclave in the sterilizer room.

I got busy and got ready all the linen items that would be needed and wrapped and sterilized them. Then the in-

struments had to be assembled and sterilized, and all the necessary containers assembled. Mrs. Linton came to my rescue, and to make a long story short, we were able to get Rev. Kim on the operating table early after supper.

Mrs. Crane had prepared her guest room for him; we had no room in the hospital section that could be used at that time. Permission was given to members of his family and the congregation to observe the operating to observe the operating from a glass-enclosed area over the operating room. When I first went to Korea we always had to allow a member of the family in the operating room. Perhaps they didn't trust us fully. In Kwangju also in the operating room in the hospital built after the fire we had had to have a glass-enclosed area to one side of the room for this purpose. This continued until Korean doctors said it was time to stop it.

Dr. Crane's reputation was at stake if Mr. Kim did not survive. Well, the operation was a success. Mr. Kim made a good recovery, and Dr. Crane's reputation as a surgeon spread far and wide.

We opened the in-patient

department the first of May. We were able to set a staff to care for the in-patients, practical nurses who had served in the hospital before World War II were available. Mrs. Crane was doing the essential lab work; Mrs. Linton was in charge of evangelism. They employed a Bible woman to teach the patients and witness to the daily patients. Only Christians were employed in any capacity.

We had 45 hospital beds that were soon filled, and additional beds in the hulla. During the first 11 months 7,000 new patients were treated, 338 major operations performed, and a total of 8,000 in-patient days. The first interns were soon received.

We received a \$100,000 rehabilitation fund from our church at home for the hospital. The first use made of it was to build a nursing school building with \$35,000. We built a good substantial brick building that housed 60 students on the second floor, with classrooms, offices, kitchen, and dining area on the first floor. On June 1, 1950, I admitted our first class of 20 students.

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Korea Times
June 5, 1981

Life Story of M.F. Pritchard -- (5)

Missionaries Evacuated

In the meantime the need for more hospital space was so great that the balance of the fund was used to start an addition to the hospital in the middle of June the cornerstone laying ceremony was held and the first floor of the three-story addition was under way. This, when completed, would bring our capacity to 150 beds.

The graduates from the small school of nursing in Kwangju were proving to be a blessing. As I have mentioned before, Mrs. Yang O Kim, who was living in Chonju, became our clinic nurse. Dr. Crane soon found her to be almost indispensable. Then my first graduate, Mrs. Duk Nye Cho, came to assist me in the nursing school, and her husband became the hospital secretary.

The annual meeting of the mission was held in Chonju, opening on June 21. The meetings were held in the new nursing school building. This was the fourth post-war meeting. At the time the meeting opened the mission faced a promising future. The new Korean government under President Rhee was making progress, and the years of Japanese oppression were fading into history. At the close of the fighting many of the Communists had been blockaded from returning north and had holed up in the mountains. They carried on guerrilla activity, being a constant threat, by stealing, killing and destroying property. But this problem had been largely overcome. The economy was more stable, and progress so marked that by June 30, 1949, all the U.S. military forces had been withdrawn from the peninsula except 500 military advisors.

The church was growing in an amazing way. Twenty-two new missionaries had joined the more than 20 pre-war veterans. Expansion of all phases of the work was being considered.

Now at the annual meeting on Sunday, July 25 the mission was enjoying a quiet day of rest in the midst of a busy schedule. That afternoon everyone gathered for an inspiring church service in which some of the missionary children were received into the church. I noticed that Dr. Crane was called out during the service. Soon he returned quietly to his seat. When the benediction had been announced he arose and asked all to remain for an important announcement.

Word had come from the American Embassy in Seoul, he told us, that north Korean Communist troops had crossed the 38th parallel in massive numbers and were driving hard on Seoul. The mission was asked to make ready to leave for Pusan, which had been designated the port of evacuation. Local uprisings throughout the southern provinces might be expected. For a few moments all were

speechless. Could it be true? After all Korea had suffered! Would God permit it all to begin again?

I was pleased at the calm faith and trust shown by our group there that day. Dr. Dwight Winn, chairman, appointed a safety committee with emergency powers to make plans for evacuation. From that night on an armed guard was organized to patrol the grounds. One group worked on getting vehicles in good condition for the long trip to Pusan: rations, water, fuel, etc. Some of the missionaries from other stations did not have their passports with them, and made hurried trips to their stations. Most had only what they had brought with them for the week of the meeting.

One problem was deciding who should remain behind, as requested by the Embassy. The committee had this decision to make. Dr. Crane and Dr. Bush, a lab technician, and Mariella Talmage, RN were the ones asked to stay. However, Mariella wanted to go. I wanted to stay because I had just opened the nursing school. But the committee felt that since I was the older, more experienced nurse and since we had little babies and pregnant mothers, some of whom were not well, I was the one to accompany those who left.

I'd prepared two medical emergency kits using little overnight bags. And personally we were told we would each be allowed one suitcase only. What to take was the question. One suggestion was to carry a pillow. All day Monday the mission waited, but no word came from Seoul. The radio news confirmed the fact that the poorly-equipped south Korean troops had been unable to stand the advance of the north Korean war machinery. Finally around midnight Monday contact was made with the Embassy and the mission was told to proceed immediately to Pusan where an evacuation ship awaited. I requested that the student nurses not be told that I was leaving, but the word got to them, and while I was trying to pack a suitcase they assembled in the front yard of the home in which I was living, and lifted up their voices. I was so upset I forgot the pillow.

Early next morning the convoy of trucks, jeeps, and station wagons assembled. Hurried farewells were exchanged with Korean friends and the caravan pulled out of the compound for the two-day trip to Pusan. Most of the Koreans could not believe that the si-

tuation was that serious and thought we were unnecessarily alarmed. (When we returned, however, they said they would follow our example if we ever again left in the same way).

The caravan spent the night in Soonchun, and Wednesday morning, as soon as it was light, continued on its way across the high mountainous regions of south-central Korea. Drs. Crane and Bush accompanied us to Pusan, expecting to return at once to Jeonju. By evening we arrived, tired but safe, in Pusan port, where officers of the U.S. Army and State Department took over. They told us that the last ship, the *Letitia Lykes*, was waiting for us. By 9 p.m. our party of 50 missionaries was all on board.

After we were aboard, Dr. Crane came to me and said the Army had commandeered him and Dr. Bush until they could get help from Japan as they had no medical personnel. As you recall, all armed forces had been sent home except the advisory group. Dr. Crane said to me, "Give me one of your medical kits. They have nothing, and you're going where you can get supplies." The doctors eventually got back to Chonju. While there they had a jeep which Miss Willie Burnlee Green and Miss Lena Fontaine had used for itinerating in the country, and which had "LENA-BILL" in large letters on the front. But Lena-Bill got lost in the war and was never seen again. Some of our missionaries from Kwangju came separately, got to Pusan about midnight, and boarded with us. The army put our vehicles aboard ship, and early Thursday we sailed under air cover for Fukuoka, Japan. We were the last mission group out.

We were each assigned a serviceman to help us ashore, and act as our guide. It was a case of babies first. The first one ashore was the youngest, Herbert Codrington, three months old, whose father was one of 10 who stayed in Korea.

We were taken to the place to show our passport, to the Red Cross booth to send cables home, and to where we could get soap, towels, toothpaste, and hot coffee. This was the second time I gave thanks for the protection and care of the U.S. government in time of war. Uncle Sam really cares for his people at such a time! We were taken by bus to Camp Hokata, 15 miles inland, where we were taken care of by the Red Cross. The soldiers gave up some of their barracks to us, and they ei-

ther slept in tents or went on maneuvers. We all went to bed that night thankful to be Americans.

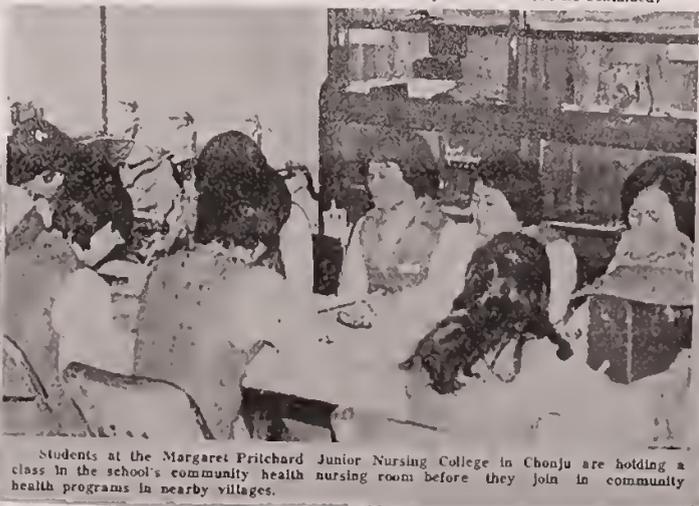
We stayed there from Thursday night until Monday noon when we were put on an army train for Kohe, where our Japanese missionaries took us over. This was a big responsibility for them, but they met it nobly. We were scattered from Takamatsu to Maragumi, Kobe and Nagoya. I was with the MacIlwaynes in Kobe where I slept on a Japanese tatami with a hard rice straw pillow. That's when I missed having my pillow.

I had the responsibility of getting the sick off to America, and seeing that all the medical needs were taken care of. I made long-distance calls to our mission board in Nashville. Getting passage to America took time for those who had to go home, but some stayed in Japan and worked among the Korean people there. Our medical members all worked in the Army Hospital. The ones left behind had to follow soon. The rest of the Chonju medical team crossed the sea on an LSD, bringing our surgical instruments, except for one set of major instruments forgotten in the automobile.

We were very concerned about one of our number, Miss Florence Root, who refused to leave. She was in Kwangju. When she was told that the Communists were on the outskirts of the city Korean friends put her on an A-frame, covered her like a load, and carried her to the mountains. She was disguised as a Korean, and carried to a different place each day. The Lord used those Korean Christians to save her life.

Five of our missionaries were able to stay in Pusan and help care for the throng of refugees. As soon as possible I came home on a freighter after all the missionaries were settled down. My furlough was soon due, and I wanted to be able to return as soon as the war was over. I made Richmond, Va., my headquarters during this furlough in order to be near my father, who had been living with my sister Ann and her husband Felix Hensley. My father celebrated his 84th birthday while I was home, and died the following year. I had a good year visiting the churches, being refreshed and inspired by the contacts with those who had made it possible for us to serve overseas. During this time I kept in close contact with my fellow missionaries left behind.

(To Be Continued)



Students at the Margaret Pritchard Junior Nursing College in Chonju are holding a class in the school's community health nursing room before they join in community health programs in nearby villages.

Life Story of M.F. Pritchard--(6)

Medical Team Reopens Hospital

A little more than three months after we were evacuated five of our number in Pusan were given permission by the military authorities to return to Chonju. The mission property in Chonju was intact, but all our personal belongings had been ransacked by the Communists. They had used the buildings, hoping to be safe from bombing in American property. The welcome extended to the returning missionaries was overwhelming. Streams of people came to call each day, telling stories of peril, fire, sword, hunger and death. By November the missionaries in Japan were able to return and rejoin the work.

Suddenly on Dec. 1 the bright picture changed. The Chinese had crossed the Yalu River and invaded Korea. The picture was a black one indeed. The Eighth Army reeled back; Pyongyang fell. The evacuation had to be repeated. The savage fighting that followed caused many thousands of lives to be lost.

Slowly the enemy was driven back, and on March 14, Korean foot soldiers entered Seoul. The crisis was over. As the situation improved, missionaries were permitted to return in small numbers, but women and children were detained in Japan. These were hard, lonely, and perilous days for the small band of missionaries with only one or two in each station. Never before in the history of the mission had so few been asked to do so much! Yet every phase of the mission work was carried on.

The Cholla provinces, where Chonju and Kwangju are the capitals, became the center of guerrilla concentration as north Korean soldiers cut off by MacArthur's Inchon landing, were driven into the rugged mountains of the southwest. These "mountain guests," as they were called by the south Koreans, terrorized the countryside. In the province of South Cholla alone, where no pitched battles were fought, 200,000 died of this "red plague." Do you wonder that south Koreans still dread and hate communism? Trains were ambushed, phones and electric poles cut down, homes invaded, the residents killed. During one of the raids in Soonchun, Mr. Boyer, the only missionary in the city, buried 25 victims in a common grave, and tried to care for the living who were left destitute. On one occasion Mr. Boyer wrote the U.S. Army in Pusan asking how to repair an abandoned tank which had crashed through the pavement of a Soonchun street into the water main below. A repair kit arrived and the tank was put back on the road. Thereafter every night it roamed up and down the city streets ready to spout death and destruction on the would-be attackers.

In the meantime, those of us in the States had a long wait for clearance through the State Department to return. In August, 1951, after waiting four months, my clearance came through. This was granted at that time because I was a nurse. Our medical team in Japan had returned and reopened the hospital. Ten of the 20 student nurses that I had admitted June 1, 1950 were waiting to begin their nursing course again.

I spent from Sept. 10 to 30, at the Home of Peace in Oakland, Calif., purchasing hospital and personal supplies, and getting these ready for shipment. (The home has a complete setup, with help in crating and shipping.) I sailed from San Francisco on the



Students at Margaret Pritchard Junior Nursing College practice bed arrangement in the school's demonstration room with the help of senior nurses from the Presbyterian Medical Center.

Pacific Far East Line's Flying Scud on October 1, with Rev. Joe B. Hopper and Mr. Petrie Mitchell, mission treasurer. The northern trip was a stormy one of 20 days, but we were good sailors.

We landed in Pusan. It is impossible to picture for you the congestion in that city, to which all who could had fled including the U.N. Army, along with the Korean Army. The harbor was full of ships, streets jammed with soldiers, and the military traffic moved in a steady stream. The bare hillside was covered with dreadful-looking shacks housing the refugees. There was no train service such as one expected in normal times. The trip of 280 miles from Pusan to Chonju was made in a truck and jeep through the country over the roughest roads imaginable to one fresh from smooth rides over American roads. Part of the trip was over roads where much of the fighting had been done.

The main evidence of the fighting was the many demolished Korean homes in the villages through which we passed; the abandoned Russian tanks along the road; and the temporary wooden bridges, or no bridges at all where we were forced to ford the streams. You can imagine how happy we were to reach our station where a warm welcome awaited us from Korean friends and missionaries alike. The skeleton force of missionaries had all the schools and hospitals in operation.

Equipment Supplies

God wonderfully blessed, giving more than average physical, mental, and spiritual strength to those who had carried the burdens and problems of the mission work during the devastating war. There was hardly a family that had not been invaded by the effects of the war in some way. I was delighted to find our hospital operating, caring for thousands in spite of lack of equipment and supplies. The Communists had used the hospital. Heavy equipment was left, but there was not one single piece of linen of any kind. Thus the White Cross supplies I took met an urgent need. The U.S. Air Force base in Kunsan supplied us with empty beer cans that we were able to use for the patients to use for drinking containers. They also supplied us with empty whiskey bottles that we were able to use to make intravenous solutions.

The new addition to the building which was started before the war had been converted into a prison by the Communists. Only one story was up; all the cement had been used to make small cubicles and a thick coat on top of the one story. The new

nursing school building had been a place of inquisition and torture. Spots of ink on the cement floor remain till this day. The Western style bathtubs were all torn out.

The hospital was so overrun with refugee patients that they used the nursing school building to house as many as they could. One classroom was filled with smallpox patients. As I recall only one of them died. Because there was no place to care for these sick people who were forced to flee their homes in the north, I was unable to use the building for the 10 girls I had admitted June 1, 1950 who had been waiting for me to return. Thus, I reopened the school in the Women's Bible School building Jan. 2, 1952. Those 10 nurse al graduated three years later as our first class of graduates. A second class was admitted six months after the first class.

This area of Korea was overrun with refugees from the north. Our hospital housed as many of the sick as possible. Powdered milk had been sent from the States. Not knowing how to prepare it, the orphanage people were allowing the children to eat the powder, and it was making them sick. A team from our hospital staff went out each day to orphanages and refugee camps to mix and distribute the milk. The result from this was soon evident in the little ones who were severely malnourished. Doctors from our hospital visited the orphanages and refugee camps each week, sending to the hospital all who needed hospital care.

It is difficult to give a word picture of those refugee camps! I saw one room in a large factory where 700 people were living. The room was large, but each family had a floor space covered by two straw mats only about four by seven feet each. The cooking was all done on charcoal braziers outside. They could easily carry in their arms all of their worldly goods. Hardly a day passed that patients were not brought in who had been shot by the guerrillas.

But there were also the bright spots in this dark picture. I recall the rejoicing when the mother of one of our refugee patients appeared. She had been looking for her daughter from the time they had been separated in an evacuation from Seoul six months before. The daughter had been shot in the leg and had had to have the leg amputated. It was interesting to hear the Korean staff telling the mother that it was the blood donated by Gene Linder that saved the daughter's life.

The year 1952 was a busy one for me. The missionaries on furlough were having trouble getting permission to re-

turn—Dr. Crane among them. The only missionary to help in the hospital was Miss Linder. I found myself with the responsibility for the hospital, nursing school, and girls' middle and primary schools. The Lord provided help in a Norwegian nurse who had come from a Norwegian hospital unit and who wanted to stay on in Korea and do mission work. She had been a missionary in China. When I had word that she was available I said to send her on trial—sight unseen. (I had never seen a Scandinavian nurse that was not a good one.) She proved to be just that and stayed with our mission from 1952 to 1960.

Abandoned Babies

The patients who had been shot by guerrillas continued to come. One, I remember had been shot in the head. The Korean doctors shook their heads, and said, "There is no hope for him!" But to the amazement of everyone he went home a well man, with a bullet still in his brain, but with Christ in his heart. The hospital did capacity business during this time, and the baby nursery was overflowing with the sick and abandoned little ones. On Sept. 1, 1952 we admitted a class of 15 student nurses giving us a student body of 25. They were diligent students and hard workers.

The general situation at that time was one of severe inflation and with an increased number of people on starvation diets.

There was a continuous stream of refugees from the north, and guerrilla activity continued. Among the Christians a quiet confidence, courage and peace was demonstrated with more people seeking Christ than ever before. This was the bright side of the picture.

One afternoon there was quite a display of fireworks. By accident ammunition stored in the building next door to the post office exploded. One of our missionaries was in the post office just before this happened. Our mission compound was on the hill and we had box seats to watch the fireworks.

Many people would not have survived the winter of 1952-3 but for the relief food and clothing which arrived in large quantities. I received as many as 100 packages of relief clothing in one overseas mail. Much of my overtime was spent in opening packages and sorting the clothing in them. If the senders could have seen the grateful recipients they would have been amply rewarded.

In February I "capped" the second class of student nurses. That gave us 25 students. In March 1953 I had a trip to

Japan for a little change and rest after a continuous year and a half without vacation. Korea missionary wives and children were still there, not able to receive permission from the military to return.

We had a long wait for Dr. Crane; he arrived in December. We had been six months without a missionary doctor, and our Korean doctors were being drafted. Dr. Crane did about 100 major operations the first two months in addition to what the Korean doctors did. He made an agreement with the Army to accept two interns a month until we had 10 each for six months' training. This enabled Dr. Crane to continue the teaching program.

The refugee problem diminished that winter but the orphan problem grew. There were about 600 orphans in two local orphanages — one for small children and one for older ones. Our hospital sent a team daily to the little children's orphanage to distribute dried milk and baby food provided by the civil assistance command. The number of serious cases of malnutrition among them was so distressing! We had about 35 sick ones in the pediatric ward all the time, and about 35 babies were abandoned at an alarming rate. We placed 200 to 300 babies in Christian homes over the recovery period. Boy babies were adopted very quickly. Many of them were so malnourished that it took months to get normal responses from them.

The Christmas Party for 1,500 orphans in the province the Christmas of '53 was one of the happy experiences of that period. The GIs in a nearby Army camp gave enough money for each orphan in the province to have a pair of Korean rubber shoes. Mr. Linton attended to having these made. The civil assistance command had on hand a large supply of cloth for the orphans but no way to get it made up. Mrs. Linton used some of our relief funds, and employed needle widows to do the sewing and made a suit of clothes for each of the 1,500 children — with half of them from the orphanages in Chonju City. They had their new clothes for Christmas.

I shall never forget the Christmas Tree for the 750 in Chonju. We had been sent enough toys from the States to give each child one. They had a religious program followed by passing out the gifts: a toy, an apple, and a bag of cookies. The Koreans provided notebooks for the older children. They really had a wonderful Christmas! When you think of what children in America have it seems like very little, but it was the most they had had since the war. And it was gratifying to think how many people around the world had a part in that Christmas.

I want to tell you my prisoner-of-war (POW) story. In 1951 when the battle became stalemated one of the major obstacles to a truce was the repatriation of the prisoners of war. Eighty-eight thousand of 165,000 POWs from the north refused to go home. What an indictment of communism! During this period two of our missionaries, Dr. Bruce Cumming and Rev. John Talmage, were chaplains in the American army and were later assigned to Korean POW camps. They were free to do intensive Christian teaching, and many were won to Christ.

(To Be Continued)

Life Story of M.F. Pritchard -- (7)

Political Upheavals Witnessed

The night of June 19, 1953, at the orders of President Rhee and with guards' connivance 23,000 POWs climbed over wire fences and vanished into the homes of friends who were taken north for final screening. They were placed under the care and protection of 5,000 Indian Army troops. The Reds tried to trick, bribe, brow-beat or otherwise persuade the men to return home. The Indians were surprised and disillusioned when all the prisoners proved themselves anti-Communist. The end of this story was the release of 21,805 flag-waving cheering human beings — a story to thrill free men everywhere! These men were Koreans and Chinese.

By February '54 word came that the missionary families now could come into the country. There were seven families in Japan waiting to enter Korea. The fathers and husbands of three of these families had been having their meals with Miss Lindler and me. The men "took a new lease on life." This had been a long period of separation from their families, especially for the wives who had had the responsibilities of their families without their husbands' help.

Missionary Increase

I was delighted to welcome Miss Janet Talmage, RN, who had been born in Korea, and had earlier come out as an educational missionary. When the war came and she saw how great the need for nurses was, she (to our surprise) went home and took nurse's training. She was a great help in both the hospital and nursing school. She later married Dr. Frank Keller who came out as a pediatrician, and it was she who became the director of the nursing school when I retired. The summer of '54 saw another increase in missionaries for the hospital. Dr. and Mrs. Seel arrived, Tommy and June Taylor, Tommy to be hospital business manager. Gene Lindler resigned for health reasons. Janet Keller was loaned to the Kwangju Hospital until fall since Eleanor Caslick, RN had changed her name to Scott and moved to Soonchun. The baby business among missionary mothers was booming.

The National Nurses Association, with the help of a foreign advisory group, the United Nations Civil Assistance Command, held competitive examinations among the 17 nursing schools in the country on World Health Day. Our students won all the competitions they entered. The nursing procedure examination was held in Pusan. Each school had two representatives. One of our girls won first place, and one second. They tied in the first exam and had to have a second exam to get a winner. They were awarded gold and silver



Students from the Margaret Pritchard Junior Nursing College are seen on unpaved village roads going by bicycles to visit farming families who are too busy to come to the health center or to hospitals. Identifying and recommending solutions to the health problems of the community is one of the objectives of the school.

medals and the school was given a silver Nightingale lamp as a trophy.

We also won the case study category, the written exam by the first year students and the award for hygiene posters. Let me add, that the nurses doing the grading did not know from what school the students came, so there could be no partiality. The United Nations Civil Assistance Command declared ours the best nursing school in Korea. This gave the school quite a boost, in its beginning.

During this 12-month period 50 babies were placed in homes from the abandoned baby nursery.

The war casualties suffered so many losses of limbs that a prosthesis shop was set up in our hospital. A building was given by the military to be used as a physical therapy building to help rehabilitate the amputees. Dr. R.A. Torrey, Jr. (son of the famous Dr. R.A. Torrey) was in charge of this shop and one in Tacjon. Dr. Torrey had lost an arm in China in an accident on the Burma Highway. He was a wonderful example to the discouraged amputees. One of our most capable amputees was sent to Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation near Staunton, Va., for training. I visited him while I was on furlough. Several amputees were rehabilitated. Two outstanding cases I recall were two young men who we found lying in the hospital with their faces to the wall, so discouraged that they would not respond to any conversation. Both were triple amputees — both legs and one arm. They were both rehabilitated and received laboratory training in our lab. One became head lab technician in the Wonju Christian Hospital, married, and reared a family. The other one set up a private lab in the city of Chonju; he also married and reared a family.

The addition to the hospital had been rudely interrupt-

ed by the war. Added space was desperately needed. The hospital was filled to overflowing. Beds were in the halls and the wards were much too crowded. It was hard to have people fighting over beds and rooms. Two people actually came to blows over a first-class room. But building was once more proceeding.

In addition to the evangelistic work among the patients by the woman evangelist and the Christian staff, there was also work in the village where the staff had started a church. A building had been built for their worship and a seminary student secured to help them for the summer.

The Christian radio station in Seoul first went on the air in early 1955. The station broadcast into north Korea with the Gospel message. This station, HLLY, had been broadcasting all over Korea ever since then and is operated entirely by the Koreans. It was originally a project of the two Presbyterian missions — northern and southern.

The hospital and nursing school celebrated the 25th anniversary of my arrival in Korea. It was a very lovely but humbling experience, their way of saying thank you for sending and supporting missionaries.

Christian Radio Station

My regular furlough was due in 1956. Again I made Richmond, Va., my headquarters. This time I was able to have an apartment at Mission Court in the new West Virginia Building. Mission Court was built by the women of our church of Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina. Part of a Women's Birthday Offering was given for the West Virginia building. These apartments are completely furnished. All one needs for the year is one's personal effects. I had the usual busy furlough visiting churches along with planning a return trip via Europe with my friends, the deCamp family, Otto and Elizabeth and their four children. This was the couple for whose wedding I had delayed my departure at the time of World War II.

We had a wonderful two months' trip by ship to England on the Queen Elizabeth. We visited London and the countryside, went by train to Edinburgh, returned to London, crossed by ship to Paris, Paris to Geneva, Interlaken, and the Jungfrau Mountain. Next was Rome by train, then to Athens, Greece, from there we flew the remainder of the trip: Cairo, the Holy Land, Lebanon, Pakistan, and India. A highlight was seeing the

quest of the General Assembly, however, he resigned and fled the country. The entire matter had not been against him personally, but against the Liberal Party. The students became heroes in the eyes of the public, as they really represented the general feelings of the country. Under martial law order was restored under an interim government. A Roman Catholic layman was chosen to head the new government as premier. However, the students' demonstrations so intimidated the police that lawlessness and anarchy increased and economic life was partially paralyzed, resulting in unemployment and inflation.

On Thursday, May 16, 1961, the inevitable happened. An army junta headed by Gen. Park Chung-hee took over the government in a nearly bloodless coup d'etat.

As 1960 had been the year of the students, 1961 was the year of the army. The government, in a strong bid to rid the country of the graft and corruption which had caused the downfall of both previous governments, imposed strong control, and generals dealt severe punishments for minute infractions of the law. Gen. Park became president at that time.

Year of Students

Going back to the medical work, the hospital was rapidly outgrowing the added space of the new addition. More space was badly needed for residents to set up new departments for the specialized departments! The old building was in bad condition as far as plumbing and electric wiring were concerned. This was verified by the GIs who came often from the air base to help in any way they could, saying that our plumbing was a disgrace. When I walked in one morning and looked up at the ceiling the electric wiring was on fire; now we were conscious of its being a real fire hazard. The roof leaked so badly that I had quite an assortment of containers to catch leaks in the attic roof where I had most of the hospital supplies stored along with the White Cross materials contributed by the Women of the Church in the U.S.

Korea has a custom of celebrating a person's 60th birthday. When one's parents reach this advanced age a celebration is in order. At this age work is no longer expected, but the children are rather to provide for their parents. My nurse-daughters found Jan. 1 inconvenient for celebrating my birthday. Thus it was postponed until fall when a hwan-gop of hwan-gops was planned. All the graduates who could come returned for the occasion. The first part of the program was a very meaningful church service with a choir composed of our graduates.

This was followed by a presentation of many gifts. These ranged from silver and brass to a pair of birds in a cage. After the service the crowd reassembled at the nursing school building where a ceremony of bowing took place, beginning with the first graduate, then by classes. I was dressed in a special ceremonial costume. (I later gave the Historical Foundation in Montreat, North Carolina this costume.) This was followed by a dinner and a gala party. Koreans love a celebration, and they really had a ball at this one. I was overcome, but tried to accept gratefully the outpouring of their affection and respect.

Students became so upset by police brutality in Masan they had a big demonstration. When a group of students was making its way to see the president to ask for an explanation the police used tear gas to stop them. A student was killed by the police, and that resulted in riots. In a battle between police and students in which 82 were killed and some 500 wounded, the students really won out. Because the police went into hiding and the students took over, the military came in and martial law was declared.

President Rhee stated that he knew nothing of the corruption of those who served in his government. At the re-

(To Be Continued)

Life Story of M.F. Pritchard -- (9)

God Blesses 50 Years of Devotion

When Dr. Crane broke this news to me I told him that our graduate nurses had been promised the first building that went up. They had lived in quarters that were a disgrace to the cause, an old Korean style frame building, beated floors that leaked CO gas, and we had no way to correct this. Our nurses went to bed at night not knowing whether they would wake up the next morning. They slept in cribs because of lack of space, and had a lean-to old-style Korean kitchen and a dining room six by eight feet. I told him that it would never do. Those girls had stayed by us loyally and we could not break our promise to them. I submitted, however, to waiting for the new nursing school building that would be able to train enough nurses for the enlarged plant, but I doubted whether there would be enough funds to build it after the hospital was finished.

He told the architect that we would have to build the graduate nurses home first. (I laid the cornerstone of that building in 1969. Located on a hill overlooking the hospital it was completed before I retired in 1970.) There followed much detail to be worked out between Chonju and Germany; visits by inspectors from Germany, the securing of building contractors, etc.

The hospital and our mission suffered great loss at the sudden death of Dr. Frank Keller, who had been working on the hospital staff since 1955. He had been a pediatrician, but, like all missionary doctors, had helped in whatever capacity he could, and he was completely dedicated to the service of his Lord. (I have seen two doctors and one nurse buried in Korea.) Dr. Keller had married Janet Talnage in 1956, and now Mrs. Keller continued in her missionary service, assisting in the school of nursing, and taking charge during my furloughs.

To meet government requirements we had to have a separate board of directors for the Nursing School. The hospital was placed under the National Department of Health and the school under the National Education Department. We succeeded in getting the school under the Taejon College board, but later the college combined with Soongsil College in Seoul, gained university status, and operated as one institution under one board. The Nursing School set up a separate board composed of members of the hospital board. The government's retirement age was 65, but they very graciously permitted me to serve as director of the Nursing School until my retirement at the age of 70. My last furlough headquarters was again Mission Court, Richmond, Va. After the usual busy year of visiting churches I returned to Korea facing the time of retirement in two years. I found progress being made toward getting the new hospital building started. Arrangements were made with



It is a rare thing for this grass roofed rural house to receive a medical team. Narrowing the gap between people who have access to medical benefits and those who do not, students from the Margaret Pritchard Junior Nursing College visit busy farming households for treatment and counseling from time to time.

the Department of Education for Mrs. Keller to become director of the school of nursing upon my retirement in 1970.

Dr. Crane, for family and personal reasons, resigned in 1960, and returned to the States, leaving Dr. David Seel as director of the hospital. Dr. Crane had been the moving spirit in getting the new hospital.

The Board of World Missions officially retired me January 1, 1970. I was to receive three months' salary after returning home until Social Security and annuity applications were arranged. But as the school year in Korea begins in March I took my three months' salary in Korea in order to finish the classes I was teaching and graduate my last class, while Mrs. Keller took over admitting the new class. After a big farewell party I returned home in March, 1970.

While on my last furlough I had agreed to accept the position as hostess at Mission Court upon my retirement. They supplied me with a furnished apartment and all utilities. I was free to continue to speak on missions. I greatly enjoyed being of service to our missionaries on furlough for six years.

During that time I had three trips to Korea. The graduates of our school of nursing gave me the trip back to the dedication of the new 50-bed medical center built for \$2.5 million. I arrived a few days before the dedication of Nov. 10, 1971, to help prepare for the festivities. I was given the task of supervising the luncheon for the VIPs. It was held in the new dining room, and was supposed to be prepared in the new kitchen. But at the last minute the new equipment was not working. We had to prepare it in the old kitchen, a quarter of a mile away. It took some doing but we got ambassadors, government officials, guests from America, and dignitaries fed. The dedication ceremony was a great culmination of five years of planning and negotiating. Because many a period of discouragement had been weathered it was truly a joyous occasion! I shall quote

from a newspaper article written by Mrs. Martha Huntley, our missionary journalist.

"November 10, under a canopy of clear Korean skies and flags of three nations the new Presbyterian Medical Center was dedicated. Two and one half million dollars, 250 beds, and a new building of the hospital best known in Korea as the Jesus Hospital was baptized. A festive air much like an American football game mood surrounded the proceedings. This was a time of sheer joy, of high spirits, of a dream come true. The first thing that met the eyes was a bevy of nurses in Korean dress, each more beautiful than the next, to escort guests to their seats. How did they ever get so many pretty girls in one hospital? The sleek hairdos, with sparkling smiles, combined with deurene eyelashes, the glorious pinks and golds, reds and blues and greens of the Korean dress. What an impression! The Army band played. Missionary children on the hill lined up in the distance like birds on the telephone pole to watch the proceedings. Photographers darted in and out. Friends greeted friends from all over Korea, and from abroad. There was something of a family reunion feeling too, with warm hand clasps and happy exclamations in several languages. 'When did you get here? It's so good to see you.'

Dream Fulfilled

"In one sense a dream is fulfilled before our eyes. A gleaming structure where two years ago there was but weeds. Yet in a deeper sense the quiet stretches before us to establish a house of refuge where the weary, the afflicted, the heavy-laden can find rest for their souls: Only the presence of Christ can make this possible."

There was a lengthy ceremony with many distinguished speakers, among them the Vice President, the West German ambassador and the American ambassador. Awards were given: Dr. Evelyn Green, the head of the Women of the Church, received a plaque for the Presbyterian U.S. women who gave the \$400,000 that started all of this. Because of this gift this hospital is here today.

In October, 1973, I had a call from our Board of World Missions asking if there was any possibility of my accompanying a mentally ill Korean girl to Korea. Doctors had said she must have a medical person accompanying her. It was urgent that she go at once. I got permission from Mission Court, my passport was in order, I had a re-entry permit for Korea.

The trip was not difficult.

After turning the patient over to the parents I was free to join the missionaries who had met me. A cable had notified the missionaries, but the Koreans had not heard that I was arriving. When someone told the director of nurses in the hospital she replied, "This is not April First." It was such fun surprising the friends at Korean church. I had a good visit with fellow missionaries, and my Korean girls and many Korean friends. I spent a month in Korea on this trip, and enjoyed many good Korean meals. And it was a joy to see the new hospital in operation.

You may be wondering about the school of nursing. As I predicted there were no funds to build the new building when the hospital was completed. The Evangelistic Central Agency in West Germany had changed its policy and were no longer putting money into buildings. When I returned in 1973 I found that Mrs. Keller had been able to increase the enrollment by using the school for a dormitory and having classes in the former hospital clinic. The enrollment was now increased from classes of 20 to 40, giving a student body of 120. The old hospital building and the nursing school building were sold to a Korean buyer.

After collecting the money which was to be used to build a nursing school building near the new hospital the funds from the sale were insufficient. Application was made to the Kreske Foundation for a grant. A visit by Mrs. Seel while she was in the U.S. to the foundation headquarters resulted in the grant being given. The new building was dedicated at the end of May, 1975.

I was given the trip to the dedication by supporting churches. My niece, Jean Ellis, joined me on the trip. It was such fun showing her Korea, teaching her to use chopsticks sitting on the floor when invited to Korean homes for meals which averaged one or two a day.

The new building was beautiful to behold on the hillside below the graduate nurses' home on the opposite side of the hill from the hospital. The board of directors had named the school after me when I retired. The lovely new auditorium named for Mrs. Keller made the graduates and students very proud, especially after all the years of having had all school functions in a quonset hut.

The very moving dedication service took place in the new auditorium. The honorees at this service were Margaret Pritchard, founder of the school and first director; Mrs. Janet Keller, teacher in the school and present director

(She had become the director when I retired); and Mrs. Cho, first graduate of the nursing school in Kwangju prior to World War II, and first Korean nurse and assistant in the school in Chonju. Mrs. Seel was given a special award for her part in helping secure the building fund.

The class of graduates in February 1980 brought to 601 the number of Christian girls who had graduated from the school. I am most thankful to our heavenly Father for the Christian witness given by these nurses in their homeland and around the world in West Germany, Canada, and U.S. Mrs. Keller found it necessary to resign for health reasons. She is now living in a retirement home in North Carolina fighting a brave battle with multiple sclerosis.

Mrs. Chae Chung (Helen) Um, who had been my assistant in the school (also Mrs. Keller's) was appointed the new director of the school. Not only had she had two years of experience in the U.S. but also she has a master's degree in public health nursing and has developed a strong community health course in the school. The students get experience in villages where they develop a community health program. The need for community health nurses is so great that there is a plan to start a new practitioner course in community health.

The director of nursing in the hospital is a graduate of our second class. She has been the director for about 12 years with American missionary nurses working as her assistants. The last full-time missionary nurse came home a few years ago and married, so at present there is no full-time nurse in the hospital.

Mrs. Ruth Folta, who is a graduate of the same nursing school that I am, is giving assistance in the nursing school now that her family are grown. The director of nursing in one of Seoul's largest hospitals is one of our graduates. I thank our heavenly Father for the fine, capable girls who have taken over the leadership in the nursing field. This is one area in which missionaries have worked themselves out of a job.

Our graduates in America are well accepted in hospitals from California to New York. They have not only proven to be capable nurses, but give a strong Christian witness.

I was accepted in a retirement home in Richmond, Virginia, called Westminster-Canterbury, built and operated by the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches of this area. I moved in on December 19, 1975, the home having opened on July 22nd. It certainly is one of the best such homes in this country. They give total care for the rest of one's life, giving one the feeling of real security.

I continue to be active and as I have the privilege of serving the Korean Church here in the capacity of an elder I am thankful that I can still be of some service. I am also enjoying having one of our graduates living here in the city of Richmond.

As I look back over the last 50 years of my life I can only give God the glory and honor for having led me in His service, and having blessed the medical work beyond our greatest expectation. This brings to a close this account of the most important events of my life as a missionary nurse in Korea from 1930 to 1970 as I am able to recall them after 10 years of retirement.

(Concluded)