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Kept in Safeguard

**Mary Scott tells the story of
her experiences in Old China**

by

MARY L. SCOTT



NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE
Kansas City, Missouri

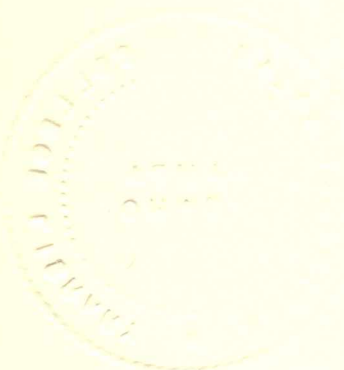
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Dedication

To the thousands of Nazarenes
and Christian friends
who prayed for "their" missionary
this book is gratefully dedicated.

Pronunciation guide for Chinese:

ch—usually pronounced as in *church*, but note *j* sound in such words as Chou (Joe)

hs—pronounced same as *sh*

k—usually as a hard *g* (Kanh sien—Gahn-shi-en) or *j* (Kian—Jee-ahn)

i—usually an *ee* sound (Li—Lee)

p—pronounced as a *b* (Peking or Peiping—Bay-bing) unless followed by an apostrophe (P'ei—Pay)

t—usually with a *d* sound (Taming—Dah-ming) unless followed by an apostrophe (T'ientsin—Tin-sin)

ao—pronounced *ow* (Tsingtao—Tsing-dow)

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I am greatly indebted to Dr. Harrison Davis, president of Japan Christian Junior College, who thoughtfully arranged my schedule of teaching so I could devote one day a week to the writing of this book.

I express my deep thanks to Rebekah Woods, who used her summer vacation to type the manuscript.

I also acknowledge my indebtedness particularly to two fellow interneers: Alan Moyler, whose article in the Worcester, Mass., newspaper written 10 years after liberation reminded me of some things I had almost forgotten; and to Langdon Gilkey, a professor of theology at the University of Chicago Divinity School. I have drawn rather heavily on some of the facts recorded in his book *Shantung Compound* (Harper and Row Publishers, Inc., 1947).

Otherwise the material for this book has been taken from my memory and personal diary.

—Mary L. Scott

Let God Be Your Safeguard

N. B. Herrell

*While in service, Miss Mary, at home or afar,
Trust God and let Him be your Safeguard.
He will charter your path, to gates swung ajar,
Trust God and let Him be your Safeguard.*

*When tried by the tempter, when all seems but loss,
Trust God and let Him be your Safeguard.
There's grace for each battle, preach Christ and
His cross,
Trust God and let Him be your Safeguard.*

*We'll pray for you daily, while home fires we keep,
Trust God and let Him be your Safeguard.
We give you to China; go seek His lost sheep;
Trust God and let Him be your Safeguard.**

*Excerpts from a seven-stanza poem written by Mary Scott's pastor, Rev. N. B. Herrell, and read by Mrs. Herrell at the Mary Scott Rally Day July 28, 1940.



Introducing "Miss NWMS"

"I was the only girl in a family of seven brothers. I'm sure my mother was disappointed when her baby girl turned out to be a tomboy . . . but how could I help it?"

Those familiar words of Mary Scott have been heard all over the United States and Canada and in many other countries too. And hearing them, we caught the picture of a sturdy, forthright, no-nonsense little girl who learned to pitch a baseball and wield a tennis racket and run with a football to the satisfaction of her brother-teachers. But if you listened very long, you saw another picture too—a picture of a girl who scrubbed clothes on a washboard, and scoured pots and pans, and polished faucets, and ironed baskets of shirts and sheets and dish towels and anything else that wrinkled; and washed floors even before she left for school in the morning, to please her German mother.

Great qualities for a missionary to take with her to North China in the 1940s, when a missionary had to know how to do almost anything.

Interned in China by the Japanese for three and a half years through World War II, Mary Scott gladly took a second term in South China and stayed until the last rail line was cut by the Communist forces, before she consented to come home.

Miss Mary Scott had been home less than a year when Mrs. Chapman, president of the NWMS, and the general superintendents called her to the office of general secretary (later changed to ex-

ecutive secretary by the General NWMS Convention) in 1950.

Most people were not aware of the thousands of letters, reports, study maps and helps, *Council Tidings* articles, *World Mission* pages, box work lists, financial studies, and other materials that flowed smoothly across Mary Scott's desk. One contribution was an intense research project setting up the new pension plan for retired missionaries. As executive secretary, Miss Scott also served on many important commissions and committees.

Olivet Nazarene College, her alma mater, honored her first with the "O" award, as an outstanding layman, and then with the honorary Doctor of Literature degree. Her home church, Hammond, Ind., First Church, named their new Fellowship Hall in her honor also.

The key to Mary Scott's rich and productive life can be expressed in three words: LED BY GOD.

God led her to China, stood by her there, brought her safely home, and then led her to Kansas City for 25 years of outstanding service for Him and the church.

And the leadership of God that told her to stay here 25 years ago just as clearly told her that He wanted her to step out of this phase of her service at the end of that time. This she did in January, 1975.

In 1976, she was requested by the Department of World Mission to teach in the Japan Christian Junior College for a year to fill in while Judy Martin was on furlough. While there she has spoken at a number of other Christian group meetings. She plans to return home around June, 1977, and resume public speaking, as God leads.

—Helen Temple

1

The First Year

On October 14, 1940, the launch carrying passengers and hand baggage from the *Tirkuzan Maru*, which was anchored at Tangku Bar, pulled up to the pier, Chinese coolies and longshoremen called loudly to each other. I wondered if I would ever get so I could understand this confusion of sounds.

Since I was traveling alone, I was a bit concerned about what I would do when I disembarked. All our Nazarene missionaries were in their annual council meeting and could not come out to the coast to meet me. But I did not wonder long. As I stood on the deck watching the activities on the pier, I suddenly heard my name called. There was contact!

When I identified myself, a Chinese man handed me a note written by Missionary Knight in Tientsin. The note read, "The bearer of this note is my trusted helper, Mr. Han. I have instructed him to bring you to my home in Tientsin tonight. He will take care of all expenses."

What a relief! Though Mr. Han spoke very little English and I no Chinese, we managed to

communicate well enough to clear three pieces of hand luggage through customs and to board the train for Tientsin. We arrived at midnight.

My first ricksha ride from the train station to the Knights' residence could hardly have been more intriguing. The moon was full. A rather eerie feeling came over me as I rode through the streets of a strange city late at night, pulled by a coolie. The twinge of conscience I felt when I was being pulled by another human being melted when I realized that this was the ricksha coolie's livelihood.

When Mr. Knight met us at the door of his home, he looked around a bit and said: "Do you have any baggage, Miss Scott?" I told him that I had assumed that the three pieces of hand baggage I had cleared through customs had been checked on the train. Realizing my predicament, Mr. Knight asked if I could make it through the night without my bags. Receiving an affirmative reply, he showed me to a very clean and comfortable room.

The next morning, Mrs. Knight, upon hearing I had arrived without baggage, asked her husband why he had not offered me some of her things. His answer was very revealing: "You haven't seen Miss Scott." Mrs. Knight was very slightly built and her "things" would be of no use to one weighing 200 pounds!

So here I was in China at last after months of praying, planning, purchasing, and packing. Friends had been very dubious about my going, since conditions were anything but favorable. For over three years Japan and China had been at war.

Just a little more than four months after the Japanese had opened fire at Marco Polo Bridge outside Peking in July, 1937, Japanese soldiers had



Mary Scott at five years of age. (She says, "This proves I once played with dolls!"—contrary to the tomboy image that association with a flock of brothers produced.)

marched through our Nazarene compound in the north suburb of Taming on their way to the inner walled city. After a few days of fighting, during which Bro. Wiese and many Chinese Christians hid out in the basement "bomb shelter" of the Wiese home, the Japanese had control of the city and the surrounding area. Most of our Nazarene mission field was in Japanese-occupied territory, but I was extremely happy to be where God had definitely led.

It had been 42 days since I waved good-bye to my family and Hammond friends as they sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." God had directed and helped through many kind friends in Denver; Los Angeles; San Francisco; on board the *President Garfield* crossing the Pacific; in Kobe, Japan; and now in Tientsin, China.

Twenty pieces of baggage (not all mine!) were cleared through customs the next day with a payment of only \$20.00 U.S. duty money. On the following day I went to Peking by train to begin the study of a very fascinating though difficult language.

The students who lived in the language school hostel were mostly missionaries from mission groups which had no missionary work in Peking. Those students who commuted were mostly from the diplomatic corps or business people, and missionaries who had mission residences in Peking.

Using the direct method, our very capable Chinese teachers took us through the "wo³-ni²-ta¹'s" to the more difficult sentence structures and from the rather simple names of objects to the more difficult words expressing abstract ideas.

It didn't take me long to find a home away from home. Many pleasant and profitable hours were spent at the Oriental Missionary Society

compound enjoying good food and wonderful fellowship with the Woodses, the Rices, the Chandlers, the Helsbys, and the "three musketeers" (Annie Kartoian, Mary Maness, and Arleta Miller).

I had been in Peking only two weeks when Dr. Hayes, the American president of the language school, called all the American students together for "tea." After a brief talk explaining the strained relations between Japan and the United States, he gave each of us a copy of an advisory sent out by the American embassy. The picture did not look too bright.

In spite of the rumblings of war, a Mennonite couple (the Wuthericks) and I decided to visit our respective mission stations in the interior during the Christmas holidays. We left Peking on Saturday afternoon, December 21, on the 1:30 train (our last class was on Friday). We travelled second class so were not as crowded as we would have been in third class. We learned later that because we could not yet read many Chinese characters, we had innocently occupied the seats reserved for the Japanese soldiers guarding the train!

It was a miracle that we got off at the right station. No one comes to awaken you or notify you that the next station stop is yours! We arrived at Hantan at 4:20 on Sunday morning. It was pitch dark as we stepped off the train. We saw just one pinpoint of light coming toward us. By the flickering light of the lantern we could tell that it was not one of our missionaries. Our hearts sank. Evidently our letter written after we had received our travel passes had not yet reached our missionaries. We were stranded in the interior of China!

Since our Chinese was very limited, we had had the foresight to have a Chinese friend write on

a slip of paper the question "Where is a hotel?" When the man with the lantern read the note, he motioned for us to go with him. He was an inn-keeper.

Since it was already five o'clock in the morning, we did not try to go to bed, but sat perched up on the table to escape the bedbugs. We learned later that bedbugs can find you whether you're in a bed or on a table! The sanitary facilities were very crude, almost nonexistent, and there was no running water. But we had hopes that in a few hours we would be on a bus on our way to Taming.

Our hopes were dashed when we learned that the bus had not come in the day before, so there would be no bus to Taming that day. We inquired about "taxis" but found that the only vehicles available were Japanese military trucks. The available telephones were also under military control. Though disappointed we made the best of the day, eating food we had brought along.

Since it was very cold that night, we rented a room which boasted a chimneyless coal stove. Preparation for bed meant putting on everything we could, including coats. The Wuthericks had one blanket and I had one. We closed the door and retired early, about eight o'clock, for a good night's sleep so we could be on hand early the next morning to get tickets to Taming.

About 10:45 that night I awakened with a very urgent feeling, if not an audible voice, saying, "You'd better get up." I lay there a few minutes shivering and again the command came, more urgent this time, "You'd better get up." I roused myself and got up, intending to go over to the stove to get warm. My knees weakened and the last I

remember saying was, "I feel faint." Whether I fainted or not I do not know, but my statement was sufficient to awaken Mrs. Wutherick. She succeeded in getting to the door and threw it open to bring in fresh air. Mr. Wutherick tried to get up but collapsed on the floor.

All of us were sick the rest of the night but thankful for Psalm 121—the traveler's psalm. The fourth verse became especially precious: "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." His angel had come to awaken three new missionaries before they had succumbed to coal-gas asphyxiation.

Because of the great crowd wanting to go to Taming the next morning, we were unsuccessful in obtaining tickets. What should we do? It looked like we would be unable to contact our people.

As I walked down the street, I saw a man wearing a white armband with a cross on it. He must be a Christian, I thought. In halting Chinese I explained our situation. He said that he could arrange to take us to P'ei Mu Shih's at Ch'eng An by *ma ch'e*.

I knew that he was referring to the Pattees at Ch'eng An, but I didn't know what a *ma ch'e* was. He said he would show me one. Soon a mule-drawn cart came along. He pointed to it and said, "That is a *ma ch'e*." We held a conference and decided that it would be better to stay put than start out in a rig like that on a strange road.

Since it seemed there was no way to contact our missionaries, we decided to go back to Peking, disappointed.

We went to the railroad station to inquire when the next train went back to Peking. The stationmaster replied, "Twelve o'clock." But there are two each day.

On asking which twelve o'clock, the stationmaster replied, "The sleeping twelve o'clock," demonstrating his answer for us by resting his head on his hands.

We would have to wait until midnight to return to Peking. We tried to get a little rest in the afternoon since we would be up all night and had had very little sleep the two previous nights. About two o'clock we were aroused by a loud voice from below shouting in English, "Is anybody here?" We jumped off our beds and rushed downstairs to find Rev. L. C. Osborn. He explained that our letter had come, but that they had waited to see if we might arrive on the bus. When we did not get off the bus, he jumped in his Chevrolet and drove as fast as he could to Hantan.

It took us only a few minutes to gather our things together and pile into the car. One hour and 12 minutes later we saw the welcome sight of "Uncle Sam," the windmill in our mission compound. We had covered the 45 miles in record time for Chinese roads. (The construction of this road, by the way, had been supervised by Rev. Peter Kiehn, one of our own missionaries, during the terrible 1921 famine. The funds [and rice] had been provided by the International Red Cross.)

A bath, clean clothes, and a delicious, hot supper prepared me for the royal welcome received from the missionaries later that evening. They sang the same song in welcome that my friends had sung in farewell in Hammond, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." How true! Wherever we are, there is a tie that binds the children of God together in Christian love.

Those few days at our station were rich in fellowship—getting acquainted with some of our Chinese workers and the missionaries and their children. Several bicycle rides into the surrounding countryside

introduced me to the area where I would eventually be working.

I was especially happy to be at our station for my first Christmas in China. Highlights of the day included a Christmas program in the morning, callers in the afternoon, and a delightful and delicious Christmas dinner at the Wesches at six o'clock. All the China missionaries were there except the Pattees and the Royalls, who were stationed at Ch'eng An and Ch'ao Ch'eng.

But even on Christmas Day, we were reminded that though the Prince of Peace had come, war raged about us. A serious gunshot case—with one bullet through the head, badly damaging one eye, and one bullet through the back, lodged in the chest—demanded the skilled attention of our doctors in the midst of our celebration.

During this visit to our station, I sang my first special song in Chinese—a duet with Rhoda Schurman, "The Cross Is Not Greater than His Grace." Little did I realize that I would have many opportunities to prove the truth of this inspired song.

New Year's Day was quite typical. Many Chinese friends called in the morning to wish us a Happy and Prosperous New Year. We must have been very popular by Chinese calculations, for we had piles of hulls from salted watermelon and squash seeds left on the floor by our visitors.

The return trip to Peking by way of Ch'eng An to visit the Pattees, was routine. Rev. Pannebaker of the neighboring Mennonite Mission was going to Peking, as well as his boys who were returning to the high school for missionaries' children in South Korea. I was very much relieved to have traveling companions, especially since my travel pass had expired.

With the coming of spring, our mission decided to evacuate all mothers with children as well as missionary families due or almost due for furlough. Whether I would be able to stay would depend on whether or not any of the ladies stayed. After the big evacuation in March, the only lady missionary left was Mrs. Osborn.

The tense international situation was evidenced by the fact that on April 9, 1941, I received a cablegram from my home church in Hammond, saying, "Under present war conditions would be very happy if you feel advisable to return home." The next day I sent my reply: "Message greatly appreciated. Awaiting developments." While I realized conditions were such that war could break out at any time, I had not felt the Lord leading me in the direction of home. This was true even after President Roosevelt's memorable and significant speech on May 27, in which he declared a state of limited emergency and pledged to the Allies "the lives, fortunes, and sacred honor of the United States."

The entry in my diary on May 28 added: "It looks much as if there will be further steps by the United States to bring us closer if not actually into the war."

But Peking was not all language study and rumors of war. There were times of recreation and sight-seeing. The Forbidden City, home of the emperors; Pei Hai; the Summer Palace; and the Great Wall became more than descriptions in a history book or pictures in a photograph album. In the company of friends we spent pleasant and profitable hours visiting these well-known places of antiquity. How wealthy China is in its cultural and artistic heritage!

The Christian fellowship in Peking was rich. I attended the Peking Union Church service held at five

o'clock Sunday afternoons. After learning more of the language, we attended services at Wang Ming Tao's Chinese Church. Wang Ming Tao was a true preacher of the gospel. Hundreds attended his services. Then there were the inspiring and helpful prayer meetings at the Oriental Missionary Society and the Friday night meetings at the Salvation Army.

Since Peking summers are very hot, the language school made arrangements for summer courses at Peitaiho, a seaside resort especially popular among missionaries. A dozen or more of us students continued our language studies during the summer with two regular language school teachers: Chang Hsien Sheng and Li Hsien Sheng.

Study, tennis (tournaments too), baseball, church, a Sunday school class of girls, choir, dips in the sea both in the early morning and late at night in the moonlight, filled our days full. I was also editor of our weekly newsheet, the *East Cliffer*.

It was at Peitaiho that the oneness of the family of God, regardless of denomination or background, became a conscious reality. Kathleen Porter, an Anglican missionary from New Zealand, and I were walking along the seashore one evening exchanging accounts of how and why we had come to China. Kathleen had been converted while standing in an Anglican service during a mission revival, not kneeling at an altar as I was. The outward circumstances at the time of our conversions were different, but the transforming power of God's grace was the same. The sweet Christian fellowship was such that it was only natural to want to pray together. When I suggested it, Kathleen said, "Mary, I don't know any prayers except those in the prayer book."

I, who had prayed extemporaneously all my life,

knew none of the prayers in the prayer book except the Lord's Prayer. So we prayed the Lord's Prayer together. We were one in the bond of Christ's love and grace even though we had come from entirely different backgrounds and religious practice.

Toward the end of the summer, Rev. and Mrs. Osborn and Dr. Wesche came to spend a few weeks in Peitaiho. On August 26, our party of four left for Tientsin where we enjoyed the wonderful hospitality of the National Holiness Association missionaries. After two trips to the American consul and three to the Japanese headquarters, the Osborns and Dr. Wesche succeeded in submitting their applications for passes to travel to Taming in the interior. The authorities, however, said that they would not even consider giving me a pass since I had not been living in Taming.

I decided to try in Peking. Leaving the Osborns and Dr. Wesche in Tientsin, I returned to Peking alone to make application for the needed travel pass. The Japanese officials at the embassy were very courteous and helpful when I applied for my pass on September 1. They told me to come back on Wednesday afternoon, September 3.

On Wednesday morning I had an especially good time reading my Bible and praying. Several verses in 2 Chronicles were an encouragement to me: 14:11; 15:7; 16:9:

Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power: Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest in thee and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God; let not man prevail against thee.

Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded.

For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the

whole earth, to shew himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him.

With these assurances from His Word, I returned to the Japanese embassy in the afternoon. They gave me a five-day pass to travel to Taming! God had answered prayer. My faith was strengthened. I wrote in my diary that night: "Just one year ago today about 9:30 p.m., I left Hammond. I am glad I am in China today in the Lord's will."

Why the Lord had led me, just a new missionary, to stay in the face of war, I did not know, but I would follow Him step by step, obedient to His voice as He would lead the way.

I was surprised when Dr. Wesche and the Osborns arrived in Peking without passes to travel to Taming. Their passes were finally issued in Peking, and on Saturday afternoon, September 6, we boarded the train for Hantan, the nearest railroad station to Taming.

We arrived at 4:30 the next morning, September 7. A little after eight o'clock, Bro. Pattee drove up in a '28 Chevy. Surrounded by our baggage, we left for Taming and arrived about 11:30 Sunday morning, thanking God for a safe journey because He had opened up the way!

2

In the Interior

The following week was jammed full of many activities. I stayed temporarily with the Osborns while I cleaned up the single ladies' house, which had been unoccupied for six months. Ten days after my arrival in Taming the council met, as was traditional, in the single ladies' house. Five missionaries were present: Rev. and Mrs. Osborn, Rev. Pattee, Mr. Moses, and I. Dr. Wesche, having felt definitely led to return to the States, had left Taming on September 12. Later events proved how providential this leading was.

At this council meeting, my duties were assigned: secretary of the council, part-time language study, help in the junior Sunday school as well as in the religious training in the day school, and assist in the Bible school where needed. These duties were quite different from the ones originally intended. I went to China first of all to teach the missionaries' children while Rhoda Schurman was home on furlough. But by the time I arrived in Taming, all the children had been evacuated. I was happy with my new assignment, though I am sure I would have enjoyed teaching the missionaries' children.

It was not long before I was deeply impressed by the spiritual needs of the people all about us.

The 15th day of the eighth month (October 5 in the Western calendar) is one of the big festivals of the Chinese year. Millions of Chinese offer to the moon gods with great reverence, plain or choice foods, according to the financial ability of the worshipper. After the gods have "eaten," the worshipper takes the food home to be eaten by the family.

But this October 5 was a memorable day for me from another standpoint. While there were millions who were placing their offerings before gods of wood and stone, there were those who witnessed to the saving blood of Jesus Christ. How touched and blessed I was as I saw that day over 50 Chinese, old and young, receive Christian baptism.

One old man, as he returned to his seat, had tears of joy running down the wrinkles on his lined face. Perhaps he was thinking that only a few years ago on the 15th day of the eighth month, he had bowed before gods who had given him no satisfaction; but now he was happy in his newfound joy.

The afternoon service was one of great blessing, for we observed Worldwide Communion Sunday. Over 200 Chinese knelt around the altar and partook of the sacred elements representing the body and blood of Christ. How fitting, that on this day of all days, they were not kneeling before an idol, but before the true and living God, thanking and praising Him for the gift of His Son, whose death on Calvary made it possible that they might live.

The 50 who had been baptized in the morning service were received into church membership. Jesus Christ was building His Church, even though war raged about us, and the shadow of the larger conflagra-

tion of World War II, into which it seemed the United States would soon enter, hung low.

Just two days after this thrilling Sunday, I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning by the sound of cannon. On investigating the next morning, I learned that the shooting had actually begun about eleven o'clock the night before, six or seven miles to the north of us. The Communist guerillas, called the Eighth Route Army (Pa Lu Chun), were harassing the Japanese, a very common experience in those days. Our hospital treated many soldiers, both Chinese and Japanese, wounded in these night skirmishes.

It was reported that the guerillas came at night and commanded the farmers to dig ditches across the roads to hinder the Japanese military trucks. During the day, the Japanese soldiers came and made them fill up the ditches they had dug the night before.

After one year in China I wrote in my diary: "It has been a good year. Praise God for His care and protection during this year. What He has done this past year, He can and will do in the coming year."

Many have asked if we were surprised by Pearl Harbor. Yes and no. We listened to the Osborns' radio late at night to escape the scrutiny of the Japanese soldiers who visited our compound from time to time. The late night news in China would be the early morning news in the United States. The shift in the Japanese cabinet and the ordering of U.S. merchant ships out of Chinese and Japanese waters caused some concern. But there was the confidence that God was able to keep us, even in the midst of war, if it came to that.

But there were other things which caused us sleepless nights—the terrible suffering of the Chinese people about us which they endured every day. My

problems, at the present at least, were slight compared to theirs, and I could sing with depth of feeling "Ready to stand the strain," if any came.

Early in November, our hopes were raised by the report that a special Japanese representative had flown to Washington for a conference. Perhaps war would be averted after all. We knew that without special concessions on the part of Japan, the United States would never consent to their seven demands which included stopping aid to China, recognizing Japan's territorial gains in China, and giving Japan a free hand to deal with her neighbors in the East.

On Armistice Day (November 11), my thoughts turned to a war-torn world. I wondered how people would celebrate, but came to the conclusion that there would not be much celebration. Instead, thousands of people would suffer the terrible experiences and effects of war. I prayed that day that God would have mercy upon a warring world.

In the midst of all these uncertainties, I received a parcel from the YWMS in my home church—a parcel with hose and a good picture of the group. As I opened the parcel, I knelt beside my desk to thank God for such loving, thoughtful friends on the "home front."

As late as November 27, there seemed to be some hope that at least a three-month provisional agreement would be reached between Japan and the United States, during which period there would be more time to talk over and settle their differences. We missionaries talked of trying to make it to "Free" China, but felt that as long as the special Japanese envoy was in Washington, we should stay put.

Work went on as usual: language study, Bible school classes, junior meeting, and English class. I also had the privilege of going by bicycle to three of our out-

stations, each about 35 li (10 or 11 miles) from Taming. What a privilege to witness firsthand the power of the gospel in transforming lives.

Toward the end of November, anti-American demonstrations were held inside the walled city (we lived in the north suburb), and a report of threats to our church building there reached us. That day I wrote in my diary, "In hard times is just when God's power is made known. My trust is in Him."

Our last Sunday of freedom was a glorious day. Pastor Hsu, Rev. Osborn, and I went to our village church in Ta Lo Chuang about 35 li south of Taming. For the first time that I could remember, I listened to a sermon in Chinese without struggling to understand. The question I had asked myself 14 months before as I stood on the deck of the launch that first night in China, was answered. I could understand those sounds that seemed so strange to me then.

As we made our way home that Sunday afternoon, the countryside seemed unusually calm and peaceful. There was no hint of the storm that was about to break except the rather quizzical smiles of the Japanese soldiers as they passed by in trucks.

That evening I gave my first real talk in Chinese in NYPS on the subject "The Power of Prayer." Little did I realize how these thoughts, gleaned from my preparation, would be an anchor in the days ahead.

Monday, December 8, started like any other Monday. About 9:30, as I was busy studying Chinese at my desk in the single ladies' house, I heard a knock on the door. Answering the knock, I found Bro. Osborn accompanied by two Chinese soldiers. He quickly informed me that the Japanese soldiers had come and wanted to see all of us missionaries in the front of the compound. I closed my books, locked up the house, and

went out to line up with all of the others—about 200 Chinese who lived on the compound and five missionaries.

We missionaries were given two hours to pack up necessary things for a stay of about a week, they said. Bro. Pattee had nothing to pack, since he was away from home and already had everything he had with him loaded on his motorcycle. Bro. Osborn asked him to go with me as I packed. A guard stood over me most of the time as I gathered things together. When he asked for my desk set, which was a very cherished gift from one of my Chinese friends in Peking, I tried to explain that it was a very special gift. But he kept asking for it, and finally with reluctance I gave him permission to take it.

Bro. Pattee whispered to me that he would keep the guard busy downstairs if I wanted to go up to my bedroom to pack some things. That was a good suggestion. I hurried upstairs, literally threw most of my clothes that were hanging in the closet into a trunk without taking time to fold them, slammed down the lid, and locked it. I gathered other things from the drawers, mostly warm clothing I would need, and went downstairs. With a small hand-trunk, a handbag, bedding roll, and typewriter, Bro. Pattee, the guard, and I returned to the front of the compound.

The five of us missionaries, along with our baggage, were loaded onto a Japanese army truck. After waiting a half hour, the guards said we could all get down, that only Rev. Osborn need go with them. However, just a short while later, this order was changed: All of us must go.

As we left our homes and compound that day, we were like Abraham of old. We went out (under guard) not knowing where we were going, for the

Japanese had not told us. But we did have the assurance that He who had commanded us to go had just as surely given us His glorious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." We were not in the hands of the Japanese. We were in the hands of our loving Heavenly Father. Not one thing could come to us except that which had first passed His permissive will.

Rev. Osborn, John Pattee, and Mr. Moses were taken to the Japanese military headquarters and Mrs. Osborn and I were taken to the Mennonite single ladies' home inside the walled city. There we found Mr. and Mrs. Wang and their children. Rosemary Wang was an American, married to a Chinese. Mrs. Wang's mother, Mrs. Foulke, was also already there along with Miss Kuyf and Mr. Brown of the Mennonite mission. Suddenly we were a family of 13 in a house intended for three or four single missionaries.

As I prepared for bed that night, the Lord gave me a special promise from Ps. 4:8. "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Did I sleep? Yes, as well as I could with Willa Kuyf and I trying to sleep on one single bed, and guards checking up on us periodically during the night.

While the Japanese had not yet told us specifically that the United States and Japan were at war, and we had not yet heard about Pearl Harbor, we realized that the negotiations of the special envoy must have failed. It was obvious that the Japanese military had been preparing for war for days, since, translated into U.S. time, it was about nine o'clock in the evening on Pearl Harbor day that we were taken prisoners far in the interior,

300 miles south of Peking and 45 miles off the railroad. They even had strips of paper printed in Japanese with which to seal our houses.

The next day our crowded condition was much relieved when the Wangs and Mrs. Foulke were permitted to go to their own home since it was inside the walled city. Mrs. Brown, who had been out in the country, joined our group that day, making five of us. The three Nazarene men were kept in the Japanese military headquarters.

There were two great events on this first day of confinement: Mrs. Osborn was permitted to go to see the men, and we celebrated Mr. Brown's birthday with a cake Willa and I made. We couldn't let a little thing like being held prisoner by the Japanese keep us from celebrating the birthday of a fellow missionary, even though we couldn't carry out the original plan of having a birthday dinner with the Browns in their south suburb home.

On December 10, the third day after being taken, Bro. Pattee and Bro. Moses came to join us. It turned out that it would be over a month before Bro. Osborn would be granted the same privilege.

On Thursday, newspapers came from Tientsin and Peking, telling of the outbreak of the war on Sunday at Pearl Harbor and the formal declaration of war on Monday. I entered in my diary that day, "So I guess we are here for the duration of the war."

We soon settled down to a daily routine. Because of the shortage of fuel for both heat and cooking, we decided to eat only two meals a day—breakfast about ten and our main meal about four in the afternoon with just a hot drink before going to bed. We also found that we could save fuel by

"tier cooking" on our heating stove in the living room. The steam from pans put on top of each other without lids (except the top one), cooked two or three things at the same time.

Twice a day our gateman, Lo, took food to Bro. Osborn. Occasionally a note carried in his shoe gave Bro. Osborn news from us. Much less frequently, a note from Bro. Osborn came by the same method. It was too risky for him to write notes when old Lo could give us a verbal report. From time to time, depending on the mood of our captors, Mrs. Osborn was permitted to see her husband. We were praying daily for his release.

Five days after we had left our homes, the Japanese permitted Mr. Moses and Mrs. Osborn to go to our north suburb compound to get wood and supplies. What a load they brought back!

We were grateful that we had plenty of food. The authorities allowed our gateman to bring vegetables in from our vegetable cellar on the mission compound and to do our shopping for needed meat and local supplies. The Browns' man brought fresh milk and supplies from the south suburb.

Preparations for Christmas included making fruitcake and homemade candy such as peanut brittle, chocolate nut fudge, and maple nut fudge.

Our first Christmas in detention was a different but blessed Christmas. Willa and I went out to the front courtyard and sang "Silent Night" in Chinese for our neighbors. Then we came back to our house to carol for the missionaries, singing "Silent Night" and "The First Noel" in English.

Christmas devotions held before breakfast was a time of real rejoicing, for we realized that the true meaning of Christmas does not depend on outward

circumstances. Christmas joy and peace was ours in the midst of restrictions and war. Though the wonder of God's Gift is beyond comprehension, it is real to all who believe.

Our Christmas dinner was delicious: Fruit cocktail, baked chicken and dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, corn, squash, celery, mince pie, fruitcake, coffee, and homemade candy.

We closed the day with a Christmas "sing." There was only one sad note in our day. Bro. Osborn was not permitted to join us, though we did send his Christmas dinner to him and prayed for him and his release. After Christmas the authorities seemed to get more lenient, for they allowed Bro. Osborn to come to see us two or three times, and even to have some meals with us.

On January 12, 36 days after he was taken to the Japanese military headquarters, Bro. Osborn was released. God had answered prayer. Our joy was full but somewhat tempered by the fact that four of our Chinese brethren recently taken, were still being held. As I fasted and prayed, especially for Pastors Yu and Hsu, God sealed this promise on my heart, "The just shall come out of trouble" (Prov. 12:13).

On February 14, 40 days after they were taken, Pastor Yu, Pastor Hsu, and Mr. Li were released unharmed from the same prison where other Chinese had literally been tortured to death. God's promises are sure. On March 6, Mr. Hsueh, the fourth one for whom we had fasted and prayed, was released. Though our outward activities were limited and restricted, thank God the way UP was open and free!

During the winter months, the dining room

doubled as a bedroom for Willa and me. This meant we had to be the first ones up in the morning and the last ones to bed at night. Since Willa slept on a folding cot, that meant putting it up at night and taking it down each morning. One day the woman who helped us with the washing said, "The way you girls tear your beds up every morning, fleas would have no place to hide."

Our dining-bedroom also became a dental parlor when Bro. Osborn pulled two teeth for a Chinese woman who could not afford the necessary \$5.00 to have them pulled by a dentist.

On one occasion I was sent out of the room for safety. A Japanese officer was boasting of his intimate relations with women of various nationalities but never an American. Bro. Osborn thought it was time for Willa and me to leave the room as the soldier eyed us with peculiar interest. This was the only time in the entire three years and eight months that I sensed any such danger from Japanese soldiers.

Time did not drag on our hands. In fact, we were kept very busy. We four ladies formed two teams for meal-planning and cooking: Mrs. Osborn and Mrs. Brown planning and cooking one week, and Willa and I the next. Part of the time we had the services of a cook, which helped considerably.

I continued studying Chinese by myself until I started formal lessons with a teacher early in March.

For exercise we spent considerable time playing catch, hitting a tennis ball against the wall, cutting wood, or going for walks when permitted. Chinese checkers became a favorite indoor recreation, along with reading. During the nine month in Taming, I

read at least 24 books, many of them biographies of outstanding missionaries like Livingstone, Hudson Taylor, Ann Judson, Mary Slessor, and Harmon Schmelzenbach. The last book recorded in this period was *The Christ of Every Road*, by E. Stanley Jones, begun in Taming but finished on our way to Peking.

World news from time to time came to us through the *Peking Chronicle*, an English newspaper but Japanese controlled and German edited. It was inevitable that the news we received was biased. Word of the fall of Singapore came to us by way of the Japanese soldiers who visited us. A few days later, a big "spontaneous" parade with representatives from each house celebrated the big victory. Even the churches had banners and marchers.

They say that necessity is the mother of invention. Although the Japanese authorities had been very lenient in allowing us to go to our homes to bring in additional supplies and needed items, the need for meat was keenly felt at times. We decided to have one good meal with meat a week. To be assured of meat during the hot weather, meat was purchased in February and Bro. Osborn rigged up a smokehouse. The smoked beef and ham tasted mighty good.

We shared our food on special occasions with the Japanese officials. Sometimes they came to eat with us. On the Chinese New Year, we sent them three chickens, apples, and a very nice cake.

Since the living room was the warmest room in the house, during the winter we established a Saturday night sponge-bath schedule. Willa and I were usually the last to take our baths since our bedroom (dining room) adjoined the living room.

Everyone knew that on Saturday night the living room was "out of bounds" to the usual traffic.

We had many times of blessing and heart-searching as we took turns leading devotions, both morning and evening. There were also special prayer meetings—and fasting—from time to time.

With the coming of warmer weather, we started on three meals a day since we did not need so much fuel for heat. We also switched around our room arrangements. Willa and I moved upstairs to a large bedroom. No more putting our beds up every night and taking them down each morning. Yet, more important, we would have a more private place to slip away to pray, meditate, and read. We purchased some special candles, eight for \$3.00, to use for late reading.

March became a very significant month. I received four letters from the United States, the first I had received since December. They had been on the way more than two months. What a joy to hear from homefolks! We celebrated Willa's birthday (she didn't tell us which one) on March 29, Palm Sunday.

More significant, however, were the letters, rumors, and talk regarding repatriation. On March 7, I filled in some registration blanks for the Swiss consul who was the official representative for enemy nationals. In the space left for "remarks" I wrote: "After October, 1945, I will be interested in passage to the U.S." (This was my scheduled furlough time.) A few days later, my district superintendent told me he thought it would be best if I sent in my name as an applicant to return to the States as soon as possible, especially since all the others had so

applied. So, on March 18, I sent my letter to the Swiss representative, Mr. Hoeppli, applying for passage home.

The first definite word on possible American civilian evacuation came in a paper received March 30 saying that a boat carrying 600 Americans would probably leave the last of April.

On April 7, registration blanks from the American Committee arrived, asking for information regarding our desires for repatriation. Two days later during prayer, I felt definitely that I should return the blanks to the American Committee, stating my request to stay in China.

Word was received through a letter from Tienstin that there was a possibility that all missionaries in the interior would be moved to the coast and would be provided two meals a day for \$75.00 a month. The letter also said that the repatriation boat had been postponed for another month, and that only about one of five who had signed up for repatriation would be able to go.

News of the first bombing of Japan on April 18 came to us by way of the *Peking Chronicle*. A few weeks later we heard of the fall of Corregidor. On May 10, the Japanese authorities gave all of us orders to prepare to leave. At the same time, they promised to remove the guard at our gate. They were as good as their word, and Willa and I took our first unaccompanied walk in five months. We felt as free as birds, though we knew we weren't.

The days were filled with sorting and packing—having to choose what to take and what to leave. Since Mr. Moses was sick, we ladies did our best to get his things ready, too. The doctor had finally diagnosed his trouble as kala-azar, not T.B.

as suspected. For this, we were thankful, for even advanced cases of kala-azar could be cured with proper medication. Since kala-azar was a very common ailment in this area of China, the Chinese doctor had the needed medicine on hand. But we were still very concerned for Mr. Moses because his pulse was so fast at times that it was impossible to count it. Miss Kuyf took his temperature and pulse, or tried to, every hour. He certainly was in no condition to travel.

Word came at eight o'clock in the evening of June 2 that Rev. and Mrs. Osborn, Rev. Pattee, and Willa Kuyf were to leave for home the next day or the day after. What scurrying! Those of us who were not going did all we could to help those who were.

Many Chinese friends called when the word circulated that some of our group were leaving. All were thankful for a delay of one day. At 10:20 on Friday morning, June 5, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and I (Mr. Moses was too sick to go) watched the bus, well guarded by soldiers with guns, pull away. Four of our close companions and friends were on their way to freedom and home. We were glad for them, but we knew at the same time that we would miss them greatly. Willa had been a real friend and had helped me, as a new missionary, over some very rough spots.

I sent a letter with Bro. Osborn to Dr. C. Warren Jones, the executive secretary of the Department of Foreign Missions. The letter read:

Dear Dr. Jones,

In April, 1941, in keeping with the decision of our executive committee that each individual be permitted to do as he felt led of the Lord in the matter of evacuation, I elected to stay. In September I came to Taming after the Lord had wonderfully opened

the way. In recent applications for repatriation, I also indicated my desire to stay. However, the matter now is entirely in the hands of the Japanese authorities, as we have all been informed we will have to leave. I happen to be one of four who for the present have not been told to go. What the future holds, I do not know, except that I am confident that God will care for me and lead aright. I will do my best to continue with the study of the language and use my time to good advantage while active missionary work is impossible.

Sincerely yours,
Mary L. Scott

It seemed very strange to have only three at the table now. (We took Mr. Moses' meals to him as he was still in bed). I moved into the first-floor room formerly occupied by the Osborns. An inventory of the storeroom assured us that we had plenty of food for a while at least.

We really celebrated the Fourth of July. Mr. Moses joined us for supper, his first meal with the group in over two months. We had fried chicken, potatoes and gravy, corn on the cob from the Browns' south suburb garden, pickles, apricot-pine-apple jam, homemade bread, tomatoes, and cake and ice cream. (Willa had left her cute little one-quart ice-cream freezer.) And to add to our celebration, we received a letter from Bro. Pattee sent from Shanghai. Their Italian ship, the *Conte Verde*, was scheduled to sail on the 29th of June.

By now we had settled down to a new routine. Mrs. Brown and I took turns planning the meals and cooking; still eating three meals a day. Much time was spent in language study: from 8:30 to 10:30 in the morning with a teacher and study alone in

the afternoon and evening. I began reading my Chinese New Testament through for the second time (finished reading it on October 12) and Sun Yat Sen's *San Min Chu I: The Three Principles of the People*, as well as Chinese newspapers. As I visited with friends in the courtyard and with callers, I was able to practice conversational Chinese. I am sure that I studied much more than I would have been able to had we been doing regular missionary work. I was trying to fulfill my promise to Dr. Jones to use my time profitably.

With the coming of hot weather, the sand flies came—"no-see-'ems" they are called, but they bite like fury. There was hardly a waking minute I did not itch somewhere, and my rest was disturbed at night. But fortunately the siege lasted only about a week.

Before Rev. Osborn left, he and Rev. Brown, as heads of their respective missions, had signed over their properties to the Chinese church. It seemed, however, that this just made it easier for the Japanese to "supervise" the use of the property.

Soon after the group of four missionaries had left, we heard that 200 soldiers were quartered in the Bible school. Later, the commander of the soldiers moved into the single ladies' house. We also received reports of cartloads of supplies being removed from our mission compound, but we said, "Things are things." We were grateful that the authorities were respecting our persons if not our possessions.

Perhaps it was because their doctor-father came to see Mr. Moses quite regularly to give him the needed shots of neostibosan for kala-azar, that the Hsu girls began coming to visit me. At first only

Shih Lin (Mary) came. Shih Lin was a wonderful Christian with deep spiritual insight. We had many long evenings talking, mostly about spiritual things. One evening her younger sister, Shih Fang, came with her. Shih Fang was a beautiful girl, well educated, an artist, and a poet. But she was not a Christian.

One day Shih Lin sent a note saying that Shih Fang's two cats had died, and suggested I write a note asking Shih Fang to come over. To write a note like this in Chinese took quite a bit of time, but it was finally finished and I delivered it. That evening both girls came for a visit. The visits became more frequent. Often Shih Fang came alone, which was rather surprising because it was known that she had not liked foreigners.

On my birthday, the girls came bringing gifts. Shih Fang presented me with a beautiful picture she had painted, and Shih Lin with some tiger balm, a well-known cream-ointment, in a homemade bag. These gifts were greatly cherished, along with the cards from the Browns, Mr. Moses, and a card and book, *In His Presence*, which Willa had left for me. How grateful I was for friends, but most of all for the conscious presence of God on my "special day."

Two days after my birthday, Shih Lin and Shih Fang came for what was becoming almost a daily visit. Before they left, we had prayer together, the first in which Shih Fang had been involved. Shih Fang began attending Christian services and even testified, thanking God for a good friend. How I longed to see her find God.

I began teaching the girls English for one hour, three days a week. Besides the English lessons, I had had several long talks with Shih

Fang. She was very open and frank in our discussions. One who was outwardly so calm had suffered deep sorrow and vexation. She felt deeply. These talks helped me to know better how to pray for her.

On August 19, Shih Fang brought over her written testimony saying she had given her heart to the Lord at 2 a.m. Thank God for the answered prayers of her mother, sister, and friends. While we could not go out to evangelize, God had sent in a very needy soul and had helped us to lead her to Him who said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A few days later, I had the privilege of hearing Shih Fang pray as a small group of us talked, sang, and prayed together.

It was at the suggestion of the Hsu sisters that I began writing with a Chinese brush. Though my efforts were very amateur, the process was very fascinating.

Rumors about a second repatriation became fact when we received a letter from the Swiss representative in Peking, requesting to know our desires regarding evacuation. After seeking God's leading, I sent in my reply saying I wished to remain in China. Mr. Moses requested to return to the States. I was not sure of Mr. Brown's reaction when I told him of my decision.

The next morning Mr. Brown had a temperature of $101\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Mr. Moses had apparently recovered from his bout with kala-azar and had the most normal pulse rate he had had in three months. Could Mr. Brown's problem be the same? When the doctor came, he diagnosed his illness as a bad cold. Saturday, August 29, Mr. Brown was still running a

high temperature when the Japanese authorities arrived, telling us we were to leave the following Wednesday.

At least we would have more time to pack, and Mr. Brown would have a few more days to get over his cold. But imagine our surprise when early Sunday afternoon we had another visit from the authorities. They informed us that we would be leaving Monday or Tuesday. By this time, Mr. Brown's temperature was up to 104°, and the prospect of his being able to move so soon seemed dim. From about two o'clock until 7:30 that Sunday, there was a steady stream of visitors. We finally had supper, then our worship together.

Monday was a busy day from four o'clock in the morning until almost three o'clock the next morning—packing, seeing visitors, preparing lunch, and writing last-minute letters.

Tuesday morning we were instructed to buy our bus tickets. We would leave that day. The authorities were very considerate. They sent the bus down to our place and fixed up the backseat so Mr. Brown could lie down during the 45-mile trip to the railroad station at Hantan. They sent a Chinese doctor along as well. Since Mr. Moses was the only man in our group able to wrestle with baggage, the Japanese very kindly assisted.

We rode first-class on the train as far as Shunte, where we were taken to a Chinese inn to spend the night. A Japanese doctor came to see Mr. Brown. We were grateful to God for the special strength He had given.

The next day we went on by train to Shih Men, where we were taken to a very nice Chinese inn—at least there were no bedbugs. We heard

unofficially that evening that there would be no boat, but that we might be sent on to Peking. The news became official when our very kind Japanese official from Shunte, Mr. Saito, told us that we would be permitted to go on to Peking when Mr. Brown was well enough to travel. In the meantime we were free to go in and out as we pleased while in Shih Men.

During the two weeks and a half we were in Shih Men, the Rasmussens of the Assembly of God and the Hills of the Salvation Army were most helpful and hospitable, providing delicious Danish pastries and coffee, besides company dinners. I had to confess that the "foreign" food tasted exceptionally good after the steady diet of Chinese food we had had—even though it was good.

A very welcome card from Mr. Hubbard in Peking brought the encouraging news that arrangements had been made for us to stay at the Oriental Missionary Society in Peking. When the Japanese consul came to tell us we would leave for Peking on Saturday night, the Browns requested that they be permitted to stay in Shih Men a few more days and that they be sent to Tientsin rather than Peking. Although we hated to leave the Browns, Mr. Moses and I proceeded to Peking along with Miss Hancock who had joined us at Shih Men a few days previously. When we arrived at Peking, we were met at the station by Dr. De Vargas, Meredith Helsby, Marcy Ditmanson, and Miss Brann. We were taken by car to the O.M.S. and were instructed not to go out until we had received our identification cards. But it was good to be in familiar surroundings and among cherished friends. If I couldn't be in Taming among our Chinese

brothers and sisters in Christ, I knew of no other place in China I would rather be than among our very dear friends of the Oriental Missionary Society in the grand old imperial city of Peking.

3

Peking Interlude

The six months in Peking were days of very much freedom within the walls of the city. The major restriction was that we could not go outside the gates.

For me it was a renewal of very close friendships with the O.M.S. missionaries, language school associates, and missionaries from many other denominations which had headquarters in Peking.

The first few days were filled with many details—registration with the Swiss consul, Dr. Hoepli; Japanese registration, and obtaining an identification card; cholera shots and smallpox vaccination; unpacking and settling into my room.

But my "settling in" was soon disturbed. The Browns arrived in Peking on October 3. Their request to go to Tientsin had not been granted. So, I moved in to share a room with Mary Maness. With the coming of the Browns, our "family" was complete—17 of us:

Harry and Emily Woods (O.M.S.) and their four children: Joy, Rachel, John, and Mary.

Meredith and Christine Helsby (O.M.S.) and daughter Sandra Kay.

Annie Kartoian and Mary Maness (O.M.S.)

Rev. Ditmanson and son, Marcy Ditmanson (Lutheran)

Rev. and Mrs. Brown (Mennonite)

Mr. Moses and Mary Scott (Nazarene)

We were a jolly group as the 17 of us gathered around the dining room table. The ladies all took turns helping our cook prepare vegetables, waiting on tables and washing dishes. Mrs. Woods took the responsibility for meal planning, and what a tremendous job she did.

Peanut butter was popular both with the children and adults. Since peanuts were available and reasonable, we made our own peanut butter by putting the peanuts through a regular hand-turned meat grinder two or three times, adding soybean paste for additional protein. At that time, at least, I would choose our peanut butter over Skippy's super-chunky!

Our "family" celebrated birthdays once a month. All who had birthdays during the month were special guests and received a gift at the evening party. We all enjoyed the fun and fellowship and special food.

Each morning we had devotions together, and on Friday at 11:30 we had a noon prayer meeting. On Sunday a regular worship service was held at 9:30. We took turns leading this service. There was great blessing and encouragement as we prayed, sang, and studied God's Word together.

We also often attended the Friday night service at the Salvation Army. After the air raid drills began in October, the service was changed to five

REPRESENTATIVE FOR PEKING
OF THE
SWISS CONSUL GENERAL, SHANGHAI
IN CHARGE OF
AMERICAN INTERESTS

NO. 175
DATE September 21, 1942

IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE

To Whom It May Concern:

The bearer is an American citizen registered at the Office
of the Representative for Peking of the Swiss Consul General,
Shanghai, in charge of American Interests.

Surname: SCOTT
Christian Name: MARY LOUISE
Holder of American Passport No. 659 "Replacement"
Issued at American Embassy, Peking, China
Valid to August 1, 1942

(Note: It is not possible to extend expired passports in this city under present
circumstances.)

[Signature]
Representative for Peking
of the
SWISS CONSUL GENERAL, SHANGHAI
in charge of
AMERICAN INTERESTS



Mary L. Scott
Signature of Bearer



**Mary Scott's identification certificate issued in lieu of a
passport at the time of her internment.**

o'clock, so we were not able to go as often because of the conflict with our supper hour.

We soon became involved in the services and activities of the Peking Union Church, including the choir and orchestra. The Sunday messages were varied. Sometimes a straightforward gospel message was given. At other times we heard a very liberal, modernistic lecture. But we felt we had a contribution to make to the spiritual tone of the church.

We sometimes attended Wang Ming Tao's services, but not too often lest our presence would cause problems for the Chinese with the Japanese officials.

Each Monday or Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 the Young Missionary Fellowship met for discussions of missionary activities, methods, problems, and suggested solutions. There were also picnics, especially weiner roasts which I always enjoyed.

Study claimed much of my time. Soon after arriving in Peking, I finished reading my Chinese New Testament for the second time "on my own." I began two hours of study with a Chinese teacher the middle of October.

I was asked to take over the responsibility for the library at the language school. The cataloguing of the books, rearranging them on the shelves, and cleaning in general took hours for many days. But it was a very enjoyable and rewarding task.

We did all our own washing and ironing. We usually put our clothes to soak the night before, got up early the next morning to heat the water and get the rubbing done (yes, on an old-fashioned washboard) before breakfast, and rinse and hang out after breakfast. No automatic washers and dryers! Since I didn't like to sew—and couldn't—I made a

"deal" with Mary. If she would do my sewing, I would do her washing. That was an excellent trade as far as I was concerned.

Our recreation took many forms: tennis, ice skating at Pei Hai in the winter, sight-seeing trips in the city, teas and parties. One of our favorite eating places was the Mohammedan place in Tung An Shih Chang where we often went with friends to enjoy "huo kuo" or Mongolian feast. A charcoal "stove" was set in the middle of the table, surrounded by dishes of seasoned meat stock and platters of very thinly sliced lamb or beef. Another platter contained celery, cabbage, noodles, etc. We cooked our food as we talked and made sesame bun (shao ping) sandwiches.

Another favorite place to stop, especially on a shopping trip, was the Guard Y. The chief attractions there were good hamburgers and delicious ham sandwiches with chocolate sundaes to top off the lunch.

We spent many pleasant hours playing anagrams, Parcheesi, and battleship, and also reading, since many good books were available.

Early in November we received word that there would be a Japanese class at the language school. Annie and I enrolled, paid our "tuition" of three dollars, and bought our books. We were just getting a really good start when we were informed early in January that the class would be discontinued. Though, as far as I know, the reason was never expressed, we assumed that the Japanese officials had decided that perhaps it was not best for too many enemy nationals to understand Japanese.

Two days before Thanksgiving (1942), Japanese authorities came while we were eating lunch

and requested our radio. There was nothing we could do but give it to them, for they would have taken it anyway. Others had lost theirs too. The general consensus was that the news was becoming too unfavorable to the Japanese in the East and to the Axis powers in the West. We would miss the newscasts from the U.S. and would have to read between the lines in the *Peking Chronicle* to know what was going on in the world.

Mail from "outside" was scarce. Some of the 25-word Red Cross letters we received had been on the way for eight or nine months as they had to clear through Switzerland. But late news was better than no news. During the three years and five months of my internment, I received three letters (75 words) from family and friends. We were permitted to send one 25-word letter (censored, of course) a month. I usually wrote to my brother, Ed, who could contact the rest of the family, and to Dr. Jones in the Department of Foreign Missions.

Christmas Day in Peking (my third in China) was a great day. We got up early to go to the Helsbys to see Sandra Kay's Christmas. She had just passed her second birthday. She was speechless.

It was a cold, crisp morning. About 7:15 the Salvation Army Band serenaded us with Christmas carols. Family prayers followed, then breakfast, after which we opened our gifts. The Christmas tree was loaded down. We adults had drawn names. Dr. Hayes, the president of the language school, was a jolly good Santa Claus. Annie and I went to the Christmas service at Union Church. We ate a light soup lunch as we were to have our Christmas dinner at five. And what a dinner it was! We ended our family activities by singing Christmas carols.

After going to my room, I read *How They Kept the Faith* until almost two o'clock.

Our family of 17 kept remarkably well except for a few colds and a sprained ankle or two. However, there were a few particularly anxious hours when Meredith Helsby and Sandra Kay were involved in a bicycle accident. Sandra Kay escaped with scratches, but Meredith seemed to be in a daze at first. But by the time he returned from having the stitches taken, his mind had cleared. We were indeed thankful that there was no concussion.

We had heard rumors from time to time that enemy nationals were to be moved out of Peking, but it was not until March 12 (1943) that we heard authentically, though not officially, that we would be going to Weihsien, Shantung. My heart went out to Emily Woods. For us grown-ups the adjustment would come easier. But Emily and Harry had four children to think about. The only other child involved in our group was Sandra Kay, who was just past two years old.

When the orders came, we were told that the Americans would go first and the British would follow five days later. We began packing with all haste. Ten days after we first heard the rumor that we were moving, our trunks and beds were picked up—on Sunday morning at that!

The final few days were busy ones doing last-minute shopping, packing our hand baggage, and making candy and fruitcakes which we were quite sure we would not have in our new situation. On Wednesday, after a good lunch, our last at home, we went by ricksha to the empty American embassy compound. Here our baggage was inspected and we were given a number. The American Committee provided sandwiches and coffee. Then, carrying our

lightest baggage (trunks were furnished for the heavier pieces), we were marched to the Chien Men railroad station. Here we boarded the train for Tientsin, where, about 10:30 that night, we were transferred to a more crowded train. Three of us shared a narrow, hard, wooden bench, so there wasn't much sleep that night.

At Tsinan we changed trains again. Then we were really crowded, as there were only two cars for all of us. But we made the best of it, and out of it we at least got acquainted with some new people. When we arrived at the Weihsien railroad station about four o'clock on the afternoon of March 25, 1943, buses were waiting to take us to the Civilian Assembly Center. We were "herded" to the ball field where the camp rules were read, and we were assigned temporary quarters for the night. Covers were scarce, but we made it through the night.

Although we did not realize it at the time, we had arrived at the place which some of us would call home for the next two and a half years.

4

Behind an Eight-Foot Wall

By April 1, there were 1,751 enemy nationals, principally from Peking, Tientsin, Tsingtao, and Mongolia, who had been gathered in the Weihsien Civilian Assembly Center "for their safety and comfort." The promise of "every culture of Western civilization" did not seem likely, especially as we viewed the watchtowers at each corner or bend of our eight-foot wall, each with machine gun slots and some with actual machine guns pointing toward us.

But we were here and we would make the most of it by God's help. What kind of life lay ahead we did not know, but had not God promised that He would make all things, including internment camp, work for our good and His glory? We would have a glorious opportunity to prove His promise.

We slept on the floor for three nights as our beds and the one trunk allowed had not yet arrived. Camp duties began almost immediately, which for me meant kitchen chores, preparing vegetables, scrubbing tables and drawers, and trying to get kitchen number three, which had been assigned to the 369 Peking internees, in shape. I also was on

the committee to help get the Peking Britishers settled when they arrived five days after we came.

Our camp was actually what had once been a beautiful Presbyterian mission compound. It was a little over six acres in size and had housed a well-equipped high school with classrooms and administration buildings, a church, hospital, bakery ovens, three kitchens, and row after row of 9 x 12-foot rooms used to house the resident students. The buildings seemed to be undamaged, but the contents were a shambles. Refuse was piled outside the buildings or strewn along the driveways by the garrisons of Japanese and Chinese soldiers who had been billeted there.

Our immediate task was to clean up the place. It was a mammoth undertaking but the people had a mind to work. Besides, there were valuable broken desks and chairs that could be used if repaired. Scrounging, looking anywhere, even in rubbish heaps to find something usable, became an everyday operation.

It soon became apparent that one of the greatest needs for the internees was for a working hospital. There were sure to be illnesses in our community of nearly 2,000, particularly with the unsanitary conditions under which we lived. Rumor had it (and I can't verify it) that the Japanese had used part of the original hospital building as a stable.

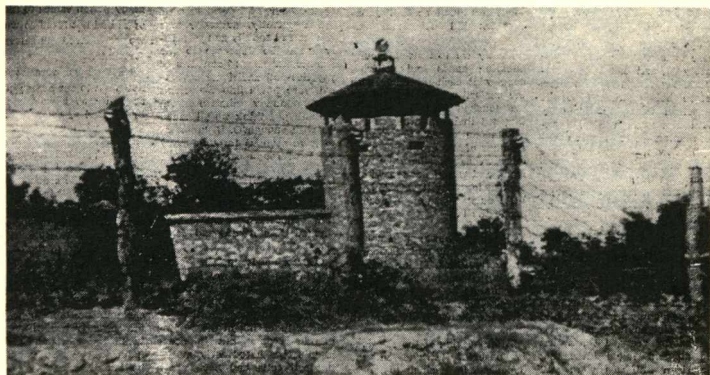
Nothing daunted, the doctors and nurses in camp and many volunteers, including Mr. Moses who had been business manager of our Nazarene hospital in Taming, began the herculean task of cleaning up and salvaging what equipment they could from piles of debris scattered about

everywhere. Within eight days, the hospital was functioning sufficiently to feed and care for patients, and in two more days the operating room and laboratory were ready for use.

Another very serious problem was that of sanitary facilities. At first there were only six cubicles, equipped with oriental flush toilets that didn't flush, available for about 800 women. Excrement overflowed the bowls until it required a strong stomach to use them at all. Missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, tackled the task of cleanup until our "camp engineers" came up with a solution. Large water barrels were placed at one end of the latrine, into which used wash water was poured. Each user of the latrine was required to "flush" the toilet with a half bucket of water. Ladies were stationed at the latrine to inspect each toilet after use to see that it had been properly flushed. All went well as long as there was water in the barrels, but sometimes the water ran out!

Later the latrine which we called the "cowshed" was assigned to the ladies. Each of the six "stalls" consisted of two narrow cement platforms on the sides on which to stand, a cemented hole for solids and a slanted front which carried the urine to a trough. In the morning a Chinese "night soil" coolie came in to scoop out the solids (it was valuable to him as fertilizer). The assigned latrine cleaners of the camp went in to finish the cleanup. Sometimes the odors were so pungent that our noses literally burned when we came near, especially in the summer.

But there were very profitable lessons to be learned, even as a latrine cleaner. My godly, sanctified railroader father, brought up a Canadian



The prison compound wall from the outside. Note corner watchtower and surrounding electrified fence.

Presbyterian, had taught us around the family altar that a Christian can do anything that is right to glorify God. I shall never forget one Wednesday morning when this teaching became a reality. I was on "latrine duty" and in the midst of that very unpleasant task, I looked up and said, "Now, Lord, help me to clean these latrines in a manner that will glorify You."

And I felt that the Lord himself came down that Wednesday morning. He took hold of the bails of those two big, five-gallon gasoline cans that had been made into water pails. He helped me carry them to the latrine. He took hold of that little, stubby brush, and together we dug into the corners and the crevices trying to get every place as clean as we could. He got down on His knees when I got down on my knees; and with a little old cloth, no disinfectant or soap, just plain cold water, we got every place as sanitary as we could.

When I finished, I looked back and said, "Now,

Lord, does it please You?" I couldn't see a place where I could have done a better job. I wasn't cleaning latrines because I'd been assigned it, or because that particular week I'd volunteered to do it. I was cleaning latrines for my Lord. That was one of the sweetest and one of the most real experiences I've had with the Lord in all my Christian life.

But even this task was not without its physical and material rewards. As one of the "dirty workers," latrine cleaners were allowed to take a shower every day even during those times when others were limited to one shower a week!

The housing of so many people was no small task. The rows of 9 x 12 rooms which had housed resident students, three to a room, became homes for our families. If there were more than three in a family, the quarters committee tried to place the family in two adjacent rooms. It was surprising to see what some ingenious ladies did to make a two-room apartment of a single cubicle. If curtaining or an extra sheet was available, the bedroom was set up in the back of the room. Often the bed was put up on blocks of wood or bricks to make more storage space under the beds. A "map" showing the location of each article under the bed was usually drawn.

In the front "living room," which would be considered more like closet size, were trunks (which doubled for seating), chairs, a table, and perhaps a crude stove made from scrounged bricks. I celebrated many special occasions, like birthdays, and enjoyed evenings of fellowship and fun in the Helsbys' living room in Row 14. How thankful we were that our families were allowed to remain together. It made for a more normal community life.

People without family connections in camp (we called ourselves "the unattached") were placed in dormitories. The largest dormitory for men housed 51, many of whose wives and families had been evacuated earlier.

At various times in camp, I was in ladies' open dormitories ranging in size from 21 to 4 persons. There really was more privacy in the large dormitory than in the smaller ones because your activities did not affect too greatly others in the other end of the big room. I discovered that it "takes a heap of livin'" for this many "unattached" ladies from all walks of life and backgrounds to get along. But God's grace was sufficient.

In our dormitories no one had a dresser. Three of us shared shelf space that would equal the shelf space in one small medicine cabinet. We had an ingenious ironing arrangement. We put a quilt on the bed springs, laid our clothes on this, and put the mattress on top of that. When we took the clothes out, they were well creased, but somewhat flattened at least. We had drip-dry clothes long before they were invented in America. We washed our clothes and hung them out to drip dry, hoping the wind would take out some of the wrinkles.

Each person did his own washing, including bed linens. It was quite a process. We had to go down a block or two to get heated water, then carry it back and up three flights of stairs. By then it was no longer hot. We washed double-bed sheets, towels, and clothes in a washbasin and scrubbed them on a very narrow washboard. Then we carried all the water back down the three flights of stairs and out to the cesspool. In spite of this the girls in our

corner of the dorm had some of the whitest sheets in camp.

One of our biggest problems in the dorms was the control of bedbugs. Debugging was very time-consuming. Regularly we took our beds apart, and with an improvised "candle" made from a shoe polish bottle filled with peanut oil and Chinese thread for a wick, we went over every section of the springs to incinerate the bugs and eggs. We sunned the bed for the rest of the day. When we put the bed together at night, we wondered how long it would take before the next batch appeared. We never had to wonder long.

After about 10 days in camp, the Japanese authorities informed a group of tentative volunteer leaders that they had worked out the plan of government for our "village." They requested that within 48 hours chairmen and assistants for nine camp committees be selected: General Affairs, Discipline, Labor, Education, Supplies, Quarters, Medicine, Engineering, and Finance. A Japanese official would be in charge of each of these departments and work with the internee chairman and his assistants.

It was unrealistic on such short notice to have a camp election. We knew very little yet about the capabilities of those in camp, for we were still comparative strangers. So it was decided that for this first six-month term, the chairmen would be appointed. There were four major groups in camp: those from Tientsin, Peking, Tsingtao, and the Catholics (about 400 priests, monks, and nuns). Each group submitted the name of a nominee for each of the nine committees. The four nominees were then to select from their number a chairman and one or two assistants.

The General Affairs Committee turned out to be a comparatively insignificant committee in charge of "miscellaneous" affairs such as sports, the sewing room, the barber shop, the library, and the canteen. It certainly wasn't the top committee its name implied. The Discipline Committee would be our "police force," though, as it turned out, it had little authority to enforce its "sentences." The Labor Committee, though at times very unpopular, was one of the most significant groups in the camp. To organize the labor force was not an easy nor particularly popular assignment. Bank clerks, executives, missionaries, salesmen, and importers became cooks, stokers, masons, carpenters, bakers, or hospital orderlies.

Most of the women in camp had been accustomed to having Chinese servants in their homes. To be plunged so suddenly into a world of hard, manual labor was good for them if it wasn't pleasant. Labor was the great leveller, and men and women alike were soon known not by their "outside" occupation but by the quality of their work, their spirit of willingness, and their measure of enthusiasm. A "lazy" worker was not much respected, as all the work we did was for our own maintenance and the welfare of all in our community, not for our Japanese captors. We judged people not by what they had, but for what they *were*.

The Education Committee faced a herculean task. There were 400 children in camp under 18 years of age. There were no rooms that could be used solely for classrooms, no equipment, and just a few textbooks. But in spite of these difficulties a semblance of a school system was organized. Five

young people received diplomas from the Weihsien Internment Camp High School.

When the Cheefoo school group arrived, their trunks were their desks by day and their beds by night. Most of the Cheefoo school group were China Inland Mission (C.I.M.) missionaries' children separated from their parents by thousands of miles. Teachers became parents and counselors to children all the way from the lower grades to those ready for college entrance.

Adult education was also organized. Lectures on almost any subject were available with classes in art, languages, bookkeeping, first aid, theology, marketing, woodwork, and sailing.

The Supplies Committee was one that demanded men of integrity and utmost honesty, since they were responsible for the equitable distribution of food to the three kitchens and the hospital with as little "loss" as possible.

The Medical Committee had the jurisdiction of the hospital and general health services of the camp. Tests of the water from all the wells revealed that it was necessary to boil all drinking water. It was an enormous task for the kitchen crews to provide drinking water as well as boiling water for tea at least twice a day between meals. The Medical Committee discovered that the water from one well in camp was not safe to drink even after boiling for 30 minutes. It was used only for washing.

The Engineering Committee had charge of our public works: water system and sanitation. Running water was available only in the kitchens, bakery, and shower rooms. Water was pumped by hand into storage tanks. I never minded the pumping job. I could do all kinds of things in my mind as I

pumped. It was with a sense of accomplishment that I watched the gauge inch toward the full mark or saw a trickle of water start over the edge of the tank.

The Engineering Committee deserved much commendation for their work on the primitive sanitation system which at the beginning of camp was neither sanitary nor systematized. Through their efforts and the skill of the carpenters, more and better sanitary facilities were made available. There were no serious epidemics, though there were a few cases of typhoid fever, one fatal.

The Finance Committee was particularly involved with the necessary paperwork and distribution of the "comfort money" received through the Swiss consul. Comfort money drawn by the internees was divided into two categories: Comfort A, used to buy medical supplies, sports equipment, etc.; and Comfort B, for the internee's own personal use to buy such items as came into the canteen from time to time. Other than food items, soap and Chinese cigarettes were the most popular items.

Among my souvenirs are the fingerprinted forms showing that the General Board paid the U.S. government \$99.07 for comfort money I received in 1943.

The responsibilities of the Quarters Committee, on which I served for almost two years, were many, not the least of which was to keep the camp census up-to-date. This involved keeping a list of the names of all internees and a record of births and deaths. It was also our responsibility to assign quarters, settle disputes about space, if possible, and take charge of the assignment of stoves. December 8, the anniversary of Pearl Harbor, was set as a suitable time

for this latter important event. Small rooms (9 x 12) received a small stove, as did small dormitories. Larger dormitories were issued two medium-sized stoves or one large one, depending on the space available and the desires of those in the dormitory. This "white collar" job resulted in my receiving a painful back injury which required four days in the hospital and the "works" from a doctor well trained in getting athletes ready for contests.

Coal dust was issued according to the size of the stove: one bucket for a small stove, two buckets for a medium-sized one, and three buckets for a large stove. No lump coal was issued. The dust had to be mixed with clay and water to form coal balls or bricks. (The men exchanged coal-ball "recipes": three of dust to one of clay, or four to one.) I made as many as 500 to 800 coal balls in one day and set them aside to dry. Though not exactly the most convenient way to get heat, we were grateful for coal dust we were given, especially since many times we had to break the ice in the water bucket to wash our faces and hands in the morning.

In November, 1943, the members of these nine committees were elected by popular vote. After that, elections were held every six months. I was the only woman elected to a committee post, but that was only because the Quarters Committee needed a woman representative.

Life in the camp soon began to normalize. Amenities enjoyed formerly on the "outside" were soon forgotten, and adjustment to life in the here and now behind an eight-foot wall was made. A few failed to adjust, and made themselves and everyone around them miserable by constantly talking about wanting to get out. Most of us, however, adopted a

homespun internment camp philosophy which went like this:

What's the use of fussin' and stewin'?
If there's nothing you can do about it,
Quit your stewin'.
If there's something you CAN do about it,
Quit your stewin'
And go to doin'!

That's good philosophy anywhere.

The summers were extremely hot, making it very difficult to sleep at night. Electric fans, had we had them, would not have benefited us since the supply of electricity, uncertain at best, was turned off at 10 o'clock. Some of us in our dormitory devised a simple substitute. We brought a bucket of cold water from the well, dipped our gowns (and sometimes our sheets) in the cold water, wrung them out, put them on, and quickly jumped into bed, hoping that the evaporation would cool us off enough to get to sleep. It usually worked.

Late that first summer, rumors began to fly concerning a second repatriation ship. Rumors became fact when on September 15, about 200 Americans and 80 Canadians left camp for Shanghai on their way to freedom. We were glad for them, though I was left sitting on top of the wall, waving good-bye to Mr. Moses and many of my close friends and associates. Twelve of our original Peking "O.M.S." family of 17 were on their way home, leaving Meredith and Christine Helsby and little Sandra Kay (now almost three), Marcy Ditmanson, and me.

The segregation of the Catholic priests and nuns who were moved to Peking soon after, took another large group out of our camp. But the

coming of the Cheefoo school group of over 100 brought our camp total back to almost 1,500. About 1,000 were British, 200 Americans, and the rest of varied Allied nationalities. Of the total number, about 400 were Protestant missionaries or missionaries' children, representing many denominations and varied theologies from fundamental and holiness groups to the more liberal and modernistic.

We were granted full religious liberty as long as the Japanese authorities were informed when and where services were being held. On Sundays the church was in use all day. The Catholics gathered for early morning mass, and the Anglicans had a service at 11 a.m. Our smaller holiness group met in a room in the hospital building. At four o'clock in the afternoon a union service was held. The messages delivered were evangelistic, conservative, or liberal, depending on who was in charge.

The Evangelistic Band, formed early in camp, sponsored a Sunday evening singspiration. Old and young, Protestant and Catholic, attended. A short but pointed gospel message followed the singing. Ten people were definitely converted through these efforts. And we prayed earnestly for the Japanese guards who slipped in occasionally. Though they might not understand the spoken language, we prayed that they would understand the language of the spirit of love which held no malice or resentment.

After the many initial adjustments we led quite a normal life on the 6.2 acres assigned to us behind the eight-foot wall. Work, recreation, and social and religious activities filled our days and evenings.

My work assignments in camp were varied. Besides being a member of the "sanitary police," I was asked to work in the kitchen at various tasks. The same week I supervised the serving team, I was also latrine cleaner. It kept me hurrying all morning to complete the latrine cleanup, take a shower and clean my fingernails, and get to the kitchen in time to help serve lunch. I liked the bread-slicing job (by hand). We tried to please everyone by cutting some loaves in thin slices, some medium, and some thick.

Being kitchen laundress was not without its problems and rewards. The cooks soon discovered that the people ate the soup or stew better if they found no clue as to where the flavor came from. So they put all the "stuff" in flour sacks, boiled out the flavor, then discarded the "stuff" before serving the food. It was our job to wash these dirty, greasy, smelly meat sacks as well as kitchen aprons and towels. At least we had hot water to do it with, though at times soap was scarce. Because I had to go to the quarters office later in the morning, I usually did the kitchen laundry between 4:30 and 6:00 in the morning.

It was not very easy in a dormitory with so many others, to find a quiet corner for private devotions. But I discovered that my Lord didn't mind if I talked to Him while bent over a wooden washtub and a wooden washboard trying to get kitchen "linens" clean. His ear was open to the cry of His child as I looked up into the clear China sky and asked my Father to supply needed grace and strength for the day and to bring glory to himself through my life that day. What sweet communion and fellowship we enjoyed together in those early morning hours!

Recreation

Recreation in camp could be grouped in two major categories: cultural and athletic. After the first few months in camp, regular Friday and Saturday night programs were given. Sometimes it was a drama, sometimes a variety show, or a concert by the camp orchestra or a pianist (of which we had several). We were fortunate that the Japanese had allowed us to bring instruments into camp. I had the first chair in the clarinet section of the orchestra. The only reason I occupied the first chair was that I happened to be the *only* one with a clarinet—not because I was that good!

Some of the musicians had had foresight enough to bring the musical scores of many religious classics into camp, including Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Stainer's *Crucifixion*, and Handel's *Messiah*. These became regular musical presentations in season. I remember so vividly one Easter morning, Mrs. Buist, a Salvation Army missionary from Wales, standing on a cement slab and singing in her clear, bell-like soprano, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." We were lifted to the seventh heaven as our love and faith reached up to our living, resurrected Saviour. What difference did it make if we were in an internment camp? He, our risen Lord, "stood in our midst" on that Easter morning.

A circulating library was a rich source of good reading. I am sure I read books I would have had neither the time nor opportunity to read had I been carrying on normal missionary activities.

The major athletic activity in camp was softball. There were three men's teams: the Tientsin Tigers, the Peking Panthers, and the Priests'

Padres. The Padres had an almost unbeatable pitcher, but competition was keen as two or three afternoons a week the men pitted their skills against each other, and the spectators yelled until they were hoarse.

Ladies' softball teams were also organized. On one of the teams I was shortstop, catcher, or pitcher, according to the need of the day. I really enjoyed playing ball in camp because no one thought it strange or undignified for a woman in her 30s to be playing ball.

As much as I enjoyed playing, I got more satisfaction out of coaching separate groups of boys and girls between 12 and 16. Many had never played ball before, since baseball was not common in British circles. American personnel was comparatively scarce after the second repatriation, so the athletic committee used any personnel available. My "boys" invited me to tea one afternoon to celebrate a birthday. Seven signed their names and then added a P.S.: "Bring an item, please" (meaning food). I still have this invitation, written in pencil, among my most treasured souvenirs.

Field hockey, though not as popular as softball, provided another physical activity for ladies. I have made my boast that our team never lost a game while I was playing goalie. But a reading of my diary for Nov. 27, 1943, casts serious doubt on the accuracy of my memory. I wrote: "Hockey game stopped because of the rain—rather fortunate because we were losing four to zero."

Social activities centered mostly around the families and the dormitories. One week after our arrival in camp, one of our dorm mates, Mrs. Stillwell, had a birthday. That was reason enough



DEAR MISS SCOTT

WOULD YOU

CARE TO COME TO TEA
ON SUNDAY MARCH ¹⁴~~11~~ AFTER
ROLL-CALL TO BLOCK 6/19

Yours

Sincerely

1 Jack Graham

2 Theodore Welch

3 P.R. M. Linn

4 J. Torjesen

5 John R. [unclear]

6 BAKER

7 R. Treckery

P.S. BRING AN
ITEM,
PLEASE!

A handmade invitation to a tea party in the prison camp.

to celebrate with a special tea. When Miss Regier and Miss Goertz, Mennonite missionaries from Kaichow, arrived in June, we had a welcoming "picnic" at the Browns'. The Helsbys' 9 x 12 became a welcome haven for Marcy Ditmanson and me to escape periodically from dorm life. We might celebrate a birthday—or just have an evening of games. Battleship was very popular, and if we were not careful, the lights blinked at 9:45 before all the battleships, cruisers, or submarines had been sunk on a sea of 300 positions. We were supposed to be in our rooms by 10, when the electricity was turned off. We were grateful for the candles we had brought from Peking, or even the flickering, sputtering tallow candles purchased locally.

Food—Japanese Issue

Food was a major subject of discussion even if the conversation had begun on an entirely different topic. Many hours were consumed telling each other what we would order if we could have anything we wanted. The long list included steak, ham, southern fried chicken, ice cream, hamburger, chocolate milk shakes, and even the lowly hot dog. While food was never in abundance, there never was a day when we didn't have something edible to eat. I say "edible" because many in civilian concentration and prisoner of war camps had to eat things we do not consider edible. We were very fortunate in our camp because we were not in a war area, and supplies could be purchased from the Chinese farmers and merchants. Toward the end of the war even these supplies dwindled drastically. Yet, I am told we had more to eat than the people in Japan, and even more than their military.

There were four main sources of our food. Major and basic was the Japanese issue of food which was delivered to our supplies committee and distributed to each of the three kitchens (only two after the Italians came) and the hospital diet kitchen. By common agreement the diet kitchen had first claim to the supplies needed by the patients in the hospital or those on special diet by doctor's orders. Storekeepers in each kitchen kept close watch over the supplies, especially the oil and sugar.

For nine months those of us from Peking enjoyed the familylike intimacy of Kitchen III. Since there were only about 300 served from our kitchen, it was possible to make good use of the supplies, making special dishes (even fried hamburger) not possible in the larger kitchens. These special advantages disappeared when in January, 1944, our beloved Kitchen III was turned over to about 100 Italians who were brought into camp and segregated in the area next to the main guard-house. We became a part of Kitchen I and collected our food along with 800 others.

Breakfast usually consisted of *lu dou* (a type of bean) or *kao liang* (grain) cereal and, in the later days, bread porridge made from old bread with very little seasoning. There was no milk or sugar for the cereal unless you had your own private supply. And there was bread. Many ate at the bare tables in the dining room, but others, especially the families, preferred to collect their food in tiered containers and eat in the privacy of their own rooms. In our dormitory we often collected our food too, especially if we had some peanut oil in which to produce "fried bread" on our makeshift stove. It was better than dry bread. Butter or margarine was not a part of

our regular issue. When it did come, it was sometimes full of straw and mold, fit only for kitchen use.

Lunch was the main meal of the day—usually stew unless the cooking team was willing to go to a lot of extra work to produce a “dry” meal with braised meat, fried potatoes, and gravy on the side. We were fortunate to have men and women on our Kitchen I cooking teams who were willing to put forth this extra effort.

Supper was usually soup and bread.

During the first year, supplies of meat and vegetables were fairly adequate. Extra issues of flour, besides what was necessary for the 400 loaves of bread a day, made it possible to make extra food like noodles, or even shepherd’s pies (meat pies) and a meat dumpling made by the Russian ladies in our kitchen. The patrons of our kitchen voted to leave our small ration of sugar (a tablespoon a week perhaps) in the kitchen so the cooks could make desserts. These extras called for volunteer help, but always willing hands were found to turn out delicious shortbread, cakes, date tarts, and even gingerbread. Those were really high days when a special dessert was served. I thoroughly enjoyed being on these special teams to produce such delicacies.

The first Christmas in camp was not without its very special food. When our committee explained to the commandant that Christmas was the major holiday of the Western world, comparable to the Japanese New Year, he went all out to bring in extra supplies for a real Christmas feast: pork roast, ham, oranges, and extra supplies of sugar to make

dessert. We deeply appreciated these special concessions.

The cooking teams usually worked every third day. We soon knew what to expect when certain cooking teams were "on." Besides the cooks, many supporting teams were needed. There were the vegetable crews, made up mostly of women and older men who washed and prepared vegetables in large tubs. There were the butchers who prepared the meat (when we had it), according to the chief cook's specifications. The stokers were men who had the responsibility of keeping the fires going under the big food cauldrons as well as the boiling water for tea and drinking. The stokers made their own coal balls or bricks.

The serving teams portioned out the food as the internees came along in a cafeterialike line. The dishwashing teams washed the tin plates, bowls, and "cutlery" of those who ate in the dining room. There were usually three on a team, each manning a pan: the initial rinse, the soap-and-water wash, and the final rinse. If your dishes were dried, you did it yourself.

The bakery teams were indispensable. Their job was demanding, but the bread was unusually good as long as the good yeast lasted. There were those, too, who worked "overtime" to bake the shepherd's pies and desserts.

One great need was milk for the children. When confronted with this request, our commandant arranged to get cow's milk brought in, which was properly sterilized in our hospital kitchen and distributed to families with children three years old and under. Sometimes there was just a small amount in the bottom of a cup, but at least an effort

was made to supply the need for fresh milk for the children.

The Canteen

The canteen was another important source of food. Pomelos (a type of grapefruit) were very popular, especially for making marmalade if we could find the sugar. Apples and pears came in season. Nothing was wasted. The peelings and cores, if we didn't eat them, found their way into a large crock in our room to make vinegar. There was the inevitable maggoty stage, but the end product was well worth the process. Peanuts became peanut butter if a meat grinder was available.

On one occasion oranges came in. There were not enough to go around, so quotas were established. Our dormitory of 14 women received three oranges. We drew straws to determine the lucky ones to get the oranges. The winners were happy but very generous. They divided the oranges among the rest of us so we all had a taste.

The Black Market

Another source of our food was the black market which operated over the wall in broad daylight or in the middle of the night, depending on where the Japanese guards happened to be. Hundreds of pounds of sugar, peanuts, jam, and soy-bean paste came over the wall as well as eggs and sometimes chickens. Until discovered, the black market, carried on mostly by the Catholic priests and monks, was most productive.

The time of evening prayers was an especially good time for black marketeers who knelt along the wall near the hospital, saying their prayers. The story went the rounds about one Trappist monk who

devised an ingenious scheme to get eggs. He removed a few bricks in the lower part of the wall and, "kneeling in prayer," received dozens of eggs and hid them under his robe. One day a Japanese guard became brave enough to lift up the monk's robe. He found 150 eggs!

Everyone in camp was greatly concerned about what the punishment would be. Would he be tortured? Would he be shot? It was with great relief and shouts of delight that the internees greeted the announcement of the sentence—one and a half months in solitary confinement. For a Trappist monk who had spent 25 years in the same monastery and had not spoken more than four or five words to a living soul during that time, this was a light sentence indeed! I am sure the Japanese were baffled by the hilarious reaction of the crowd and the joyous singing of the monk as he was led off to his cell in the "out of bounds" section of the camp.

Another missionary (Protestant) who had been successful in getting things over the wall, was taken to the guardhouse for questioning. Being a Christian, he admitted that he had engaged in the black market, even though he was not caught in the act. Word spread quickly that he was being questioned. Friends went to his "house" (his 9 x 12 room) and whisked away all visible evidence of the black market and hid it in their own rooms. With nothing specific to go on, the Japanese gave him a lighter sentence of only two weeks in solitary. Besides, his wife was permitted to take his meals to him twice a day.

The kitchen prepared special food, and those of us who had obtained black market supplies from him, made cookies to send to him. The result was that he

weighed 10 pounds heavier when he came out than when he went in! He told us that one of the guards had whispered to him that he was a Christian and discreetly left to give him and his wife a few minutes alone. Another guard later came by his room and delivered sugar and eggs "for his little girl" (three years old). Our Japanese guards missed their own children whom they loved dearly, and expressed that love to the children in camp.

The black market was financed through a companion black market in money carried on by just a few men in camp. The Chinese merchants and farmers seemed perfectly happy to take promissory notes for British sterling or U.S. gold, to be paid after the war.

Unfortunately two Chinese farmers were caught in black marketing. To the horror of the internees, the farmers faced a firing squad within hearing distance of the camp.

It was reliably reported that in time a new chief of guards succeeded in gaining control of the lucrative black market; so the black market in goods and money continued, but in Japanese hands.

Red Cross Parcels

Two shipments of American Red Cross parcels arrived in our camp. The first was in July, 1944, when 200 parcels arrived for Americans only. Each parcel weighed 50 pounds and was divided into four sections, each containing one pound of powdered milk, four small cans of butter, three cans of Spam or Prem, one pound of cheese, sugar, raisins or prunes, Ration-D chocolate, four packs of American cigarettes, and assorted cans of jam, salmon, liver paste, and powdered coffee. We were wealthy! But in a situation like ours, wealth is to be shared. Our British friends said that there was hardly a

person in camp who had not received something from those parcels, thanks to American generosity.

In January, 1945, when the Japanese issue of food was at its lowest point, an even larger shipment arrived: 14 cartloads, each cart carrying over 100 parcels. Tears, unashamed, streamed down the internees' faces as they looked on in utter amazement. Each person in camp received one of these parcels: British, American, Belgian, etc. What a day! How rich we all were to have 50 pounds of good American foodstuffs—and not even rationed, unless we disciplined ourselves to ration our own supply.

To us grown-ups who hadn't tasted milk for months and months, the powdered milk was a heavenly treat. The Spam was a welcome change from what little mountain goat and horse meat (at least we suspected it was) we had been given recently. I couldn't remember tasting anything so good as those Ration-D chocolates and the powdered coffee! I had never been a tea drinker, so I pounced on the coffee. The cans were only small, one-ounce size, and some of the contents had solidified, but we chipped out pieces for our much-anticipated cup. Before too many days had passed, I had to decide on my coffee strategy. If I drank it as strong as I liked it, the coffee would last only so long; if I made it weak, it would, of course, last longer. I decided that I would much rather have it the way I liked it for a shorter period of time than to have it weak for a longer period of time and not really enjoy it any of the time.

Most of us set aside a "rainy day" parcel against the time when food might be even more scarce than it was now, since we had no idea how much longer we would be detained.

Besides food, clothing, toothbrushes, and toothpaste came in. What a luxury to brush my teeth with a good brush once more. And shoe polish! Not too many in

camp still had shoes, but I was one of the fortunate ones. What a luxury to be able to polish my shoes!

While the intrinsic value of all these things was considerable, particularly in that situation, their value as a morale builder was beyond calculation. We had been told that our country was on the verge of collapse, but these parcels were ample evidence that this was far from true. The spirit of the camp rose perceptibly after those parcels arrived. I know every internee would join me in saying thanks to all who had any share in sending them to us, and thanks to the Japanese officials who had allowed them to be brought in.

I received one other parcel in May, 1945, from a person whom I had never met—a Mrs. Bataille from Tongshan. It contained one and a half pounds of bacon and one and a half pounds of crackers. The note on the card attached to the parcel expressed the hope that the parcel would arrive in good condition and extended best wishes. Thank you, Mrs. Bataille. May God reward you for this “cup of cold water” given in His name.

Medicines

While the hospital doctors and nurses often worked around the clock, since there were no others who could spell them off, there was no way they could produce nonexistent medicines. They suggested substitutes like ground eggshells to put in the children's cereal to provide calcium. The Peking medical personnel had also given adults a quantity of bone meal to bring into camp. But other than the few medicines that were made available through comfort money and the Swiss consul, little could be obtained.

Our need was at least partially met through the escape of two young internees who went over the wall one dark, June night in 1944. Tipton was a Britisher and Hummel was an American. For days before their

escape, they sunned themselves for hours to get rid of the telltale white of their skin. Successful, with the help of others, in getting over the wall, they joined a group of guerillas in the nearby hills. The escape caused quite an upheaval. From then on there was roll call in specified areas twice a day instead of the usual room check. Roommates of the two escapees were held in the assembly hall incommunicado for several days as Japanese officials tried to pry information and confessions from them concerning their knowledge of the escape. They were moved from their pleasant rooms on the upper floor of the hospital near the wall to less desirable quarters in the center of the camp.

Tipton and Hummel were able to report to Chungking by way of radio that we were in very urgent need of medicines. In response, the American air force made a drop of four large crates of the latest sulfa drugs to the nationalist guerillas nearby.

The next night a guerilla, disguised as a Chinese coolie, called at the Swiss consulate in Tsingtao and informed the consul of the drop and told him that they would deliver the four crates to him the next night at 2 a.m. True to their word, four men, each carrying one large crate, appeared at 2 a.m., then slipped away into the night.

Now the question was, how could these supplies be delivered? The Swiss consul, as the official representative of enemy nationals in Shantung, was the only outsider (except the night soil coolies) allowed into our camp. Taking in the usual comfort money and a few available medicines once a month was a simple procedure. But to take in four crates of medicines, much of which the Japanese knew was not available in Tsingtao, would be a very complicated affair.

Finally he devised a plan. He had his secretary type a list of medicines available in Tsingtao, leaving

four spaces between each item. The Japanese authorities, though puzzled by the spaces, put their official seal on the papers. Then back at the consulate, he had his secretary, using the same typewriter, fill in the blank spaces with the names of the other medicines in the crates. The next day he arrived at the gates of the Weihsien Camp with the crates. While the Japanese wondered where all these medicines had come from, they finally gave their O.K. since there was no doubt about the consular seal and signature at the bottom of the list. The carts rolled into camp and proceeded to the hospital to deliver their precious cargo.

I succeeded in getting outside the wall twice. I persuaded a row captain to let me help carry trash out of the camp. I assured him that I was well able to carry one end of the large trash boxes equipped with two long handles on each end. I had eagerly anticipated the wonderful feeling that seeing the green countryside unhampered by a wall would bring. But I was wholly unprepared for the danger that awaited us. My carrying partner warned me that we would have to dump our load quickly and get out of the way, or we would be knocked down by Chinese in their rush to sift through the contents of the trash. My most vivid imagination had not prepared me for the eager, pushing crowd that appeared from nowhere. We couldn't stop to watch the search, but we knew some of the results. Before very long, for example, peanut-oil lamps made from cans we had thrown away began to filter into camp—for sale.

The vital statistics of our little village were kept by the quarters committee. There were around 30 deaths, all due to natural causes. When the Presbyterian cemetery located out of bounds was filled, the Japanese authorities provided a fenced-in plot outside the wall. All who died were given proper burial according to their wishes, if possible in wooden coffins purchased locally.

There were about 30 births in our camp. The babies were healthy and robust since the mothers had the best of care by camp doctors and nurses.

To complete the vital statistics, there were 10 marriages. When the camp was eventually closed, American officials validated the American marriages, since the ceremony had been performed by a certified minister. The British couples, however, had to go through the ceremony again before a British consul, even though they had been married by an Anglican bishop in camp.

With such a cross section of humanity from all walks of life, from the highest executive of a large mining or tobacco company, missionaries, professors, artists, and importers, to junkies and women of the street, it was inevitable that there would be some conflict—in thought at least. In normal city missionary life, the business community and the missionaries moved in different circles and saw very little of each other. But in camp, they cooked together, baked together, made coal balls together, cleaned latrines together, and played together. Toward the close of camp, one businessman told a missionary that he had always thought of missionaries as a "queer lot." But he said, "I have observed you missionaries and have to confess I have changed my mind. You can take it better than the rest of us, and in a better spirit." Another internee expressed it this way—that the missionaries seemed to respond to a need naturally and without pretense. Though unnoticed by many, this spirit was a great morale builder that made it possible for the camp to survive as well as it did with a degree of normal living. Thank God for His grace which enabled His children to leave a witness like this to His glory.

5

Deliverance from the Skies

We lived in an almost newsless world. The Japanese authorities, however, did tell us officially that President Roosevelt had died, and gave us permission to have a memorial service. On Sunday afternoon, April 15, a saddened crowd of all nationalities gathered to pay tribute to a great Allied leader who had fallen before he had witnessed the peace he had hoped for and struggled for. The playing of taps closed the impressive service.

Word of V-E Day came early in May in the midst of the presentation of a play in the assembly hall (church). The drama stopped and for a half hour all joined in singing "God Bless America," "There'll Always Be an England," and "Happy Days are Here Again." There was much cheering and many a silent tear. Later that night some of the fellows succeeded in getting up in the tower and ringing the bell with the result that everyone—babies and the aged included—were called out for roll call at one o'clock in the morning.

One source of our news was the *Peking Chronicle* which the Japanese permitted to be published in English and sent to former subscribers. The "news"

was strictly controlled, of course, but we read between the lines of their terribly distorted reports. We followed the American navy and marines in their progress up the Pacific from Guadalcanal, to Guam, the Philippines, and finally Okinawa. When reports of "thousands of U.S. bombers" being shot down over the cities of Japan came, we knew the end of the war could not be far away.

Another source of news was a White Russian radio technician who repaired radios for the Japanese in his room. While "testing" them, he listened to news reports and relayed the information to others in the camp.

But perhaps the most lowly and unsuspected source of our news was the night soil coolies who periodically brought in news by way of crumpled notes in Chinese carried in their mouths. At the prearranged place, they spat into the garbage container at the end of a block where the wet notes were "found" by the internee garbage carriers. They, in turn, usually took them to a trusted, discreet missionary for translation, who turned over the message to the committee of nine for evaluation. The committee decided whether the news should be spread through the camp in general.

It was through this channel that the first word of peace negotiations reached us on Monday of that very eventful week.

By Wednesday the rumors persisted, and in the evening, as if by magic, the adult population of the camp gathered outside the commandant's office, hoping for an official announcement. But none came. However, a committee spokesman assured us that the report that the war was over was true. Someone said that this latest word had come in a letter over the wall from the escapees, Tipton and Hummel, who were nearby.

Celebrations began. We dug into our "rainy day"

parcels and opened up cans with reckless abandon. If the war was over, more food would be coming in. There also sprang up spontaneous prayer meetings of thanksgiving that the war was over and that no more of our boys (or boys from enemy countries, for that matter) would be sacrificed on that horrible altar of war.

Then, naturally, thoughts of liberation and freedom flooded our minds. But also there were serious questions. Would the Japanese, in the desperation of defeat, go berserk and wreak vengeance on us? Did our Allied forces know where we were? How soon could they reach us, and how? The countryside was in the hands of Communist guerillas, and the small contingent of the Nationalist army in the area was greatly outnumbered. Would the Chinese farmers and merchants, in a fury of vengeance, attack the Japanese, kill the guards, and leave us to the mercy of the roving bands of Communist guerillas?

Thursday we carried on as usual, only with an air of tense expectancy. Would there be any further news today? But Thursday passed uneventfully. Friday began very much like Thursday with the internees going about their usual duties. But at midmorning the calmness of that clear, warm, August 17 was interrupted when a boy came running through the camp, screaming, "An American plane, and headed straight for us!"

It was the "headed for us" that excited everyone. At long intervals during previous weeks we had seen the vapor trails of jets high in the sky, which we suspected might be Allied planes, but this one was lower and indeed was "headed for us." The internees left whatever they were doing and rushed out into the open spaces, particularly the ball field, to see this spectacle.

As almost 1,500 people watched with pent-up

emotion, the "big bird" came nearer. Suddenly all restraints were swept aside in the excitement of the moment. Some began to wave blankets, sheets, and "telltale grey" kitchen towels. Some waved American flags (mine had been confiscated). Others began running around in circles, shouting at the top of their voices, waving their hands in the air. Everyone seemed utterly unconscious of what others were doing. Some were laughing hysterically, others were crying like babies.

The plane buzzed the camp three times, coming lower each time; and as it did, it dawned on our consciousness that this plane was sent for *us*. Here was the assurance that we were not forgotten and would not be left to the vagaries of postwar vengeance.

The plane banked around after its third pass and started west, the direction from which it had come. I thought, Well, at least they know we are here, for surely the occupants of the plane could not mistake the wild demonstration they saw beneath them this morning.

But as the plane got about a half mile from camp over *kao liang* field (cornlike grain that grows tall), a sudden quiet settled over the demonstrators. Hardly a sound could be heard except the audible gasp that came from almost everyone. For, in quick succession, several small black specks dropped from the plane. Were they bombs? But why would an American plane be dropping bombs? Was it supplies? Probably so, for streaming parachutes began to "blossom" out.

But then in the next instant legs could be seen kicking against the sky beneath the large parachutes. Men! Our own boys! They were not coming *some* day, they were here *today* to rescue us!

With the coming of this realization, an explosion of emotion and activity occurred. With almost one mind, the men started toward the big auto gate and, like

a rushing torrent, burst it open and streamed past the bewildered Japanese guards. One man reported that as he rushed by, one guard brought his automatic rifle into shooting position but slowly lowered it again. Other internees clambered over the wall and got across the electric wire, which fortunately that morning was not charged. All had one purpose: to get to the paratroopers and welcome them—and at the same time to feel the thrill of charging over the forbidden fields free!

Langdon Gilkey, in his masterful book *Shantung Compound*, described what happened on the outside (I was not there):

My first sight of an American soldier in World War II was that of a handsome major of about twenty-seven years, standing on a grave mound in the center of that cornfield. Looking farther, I saw internees dancing wildly about what appeared to be six more godlike figures: how immense, how strong, how striking, how alive these American paratroopers looked in comparison to our shrunken shanks and drawn faces.

Some of the more rational internees were trying to fold up the parachutes. Most of us, however, [just] stood there adoring, or ran about shouting and dancing (pp. 209-10).

The plan of the rescue party was to safely hide in the cornfield and storm the prison camp at the opportune moment. But this was thwarted by the mob of internees. After asking several questions regarding the situation, the rescue party asked to be guided to the camp so they could "take over."

The word "take over" caused another explosion. The internees, wild with ecstasy, lifted the seven rescuers up on their shoulders and proceeded to wind their way to the camp. But the American soldiers were grim and watchful, their guns at the ready, and alert for any hostile move on the part of the Japanese guards.

When one of the guards saluted instead of firing, the tension broke and the triumphal procession went through the main gate amidst the cheers of the crowd of internees gathered inside.

Up to this time most of the internees were totally unaware of the military aspects of the events taking place. But when the young major leaped to the ground and asked, "Where is the chief military officer of the camp?" those who heard his question realized that there was yet serious business to be transacted.

Having checked both his service pistols, the major started for the Japanese administrative offices nearby. (The major's interpreter, a Nisei Japanese, told later of this dramatic event.) The major entered the room with both guns levelled to find the Japanese officer sitting at his desk, hands spread out on top. The major, through his interpreter, demanded that the Japanese officer hand over his gun and recognize that the American army was now in full charge.

After a full minute of consideration, the Japanese commandant slowly reached into his desk drawer, brought out his samurai sword and gun, and solemnly handed them over to the major. Relieved and somewhat astounded, as well as touched, the major handed back these precious symbols of authority and told the commandant that they would work together. And they did. American GI's and Japanese soldiers alike took orders from the American officers. We were all grateful that the transfer of authority had been so smooth and peaceful.

Meanwhile, the celebration continued outside. When the internees let the boys down off their shoulders, one woman threw her arms around a lieutenant's neck and hung on until in desperation he sought the help of one of his buddies to free him. I am

not sure what I would have done if I could have gotten close enough. It would have been perfectly normal and natural for me to throw my arms around each of those boys to say, "Thank you for coming." They represented the multiplied thousands who had been fighting for us and our freedom. They represented thousands who never "came back." Why wouldn't we be overjoyed to see them and express our gratitude?

We learned later that these seven boys were all volunteers. They didn't have to come; they had chosen to come even in the face of danger, Major Staeger told us, "Maybe you were thrilled to see us, but you will never know how thrilled we were to see you, because we descended in to the cornfield with our automatic guns ready to shoot it out if necessary."

With the coming of the paratroopers, everything changed. The flag of the "Rising Sun" was taken down, and "Old Glory" was raised on the top of building number 23. What a thrill it was to see the Stars and Stripes blowing in the wind over our heads.

Chinese merchants from Weihsien sent in carts of meat, vegetables, and grain. Big B-29s, most of them from Saipan or Guam, came at regular intervals to drop tons and tons of food, medicine, and clothing into the fields nearby. Many a woman in camp wore GI shorts during those last weeks in camp. All rationing of food ceased and internees literally made themselves sick eating Spam, canned peaches (Del Monte, no less!), K-rations, and chocolates in spite of the leaflets dropped warning us, "DO NOT OVEREAT OR OVER-MEDICATE." But it tasted good going down at least!

A big victory dinner was held on the ball field with tables piled high with food. I thought of that verse in the 23rd psalm: "Thou preparest a table before me in the

presence of mine enemies." The Japanese guards looked on as we celebrated. Whether they were given a share in this abundance I do not know. I hope so, for they had suffered short rations as well as we.

When I speak of enemies, I mean only enemies of our nation. We had been treated well. We had not suffered the privation or horrors of some other civilian camps to the south of us or the atrocities perpetrated at Belsen or Buchenwald. It was our good fortune, under the providence of God, to have as our commandant a Japanese gentleman. Though not a professing Christian, he had received his precollege education in mission schools in Tokyo and had taken his college work in the United States. In fact, he had been living in the States when the war broke out, was interned in California, but repatriated in the first exchange of prisoners in the summer of 1942. No doubt all these experiences were factors in the mild rule which we experienced.

One of the greatest luxuries enjoyed after the arrival of the paratroopers were the walks in the countryside or the trips to the nearby walled city of Weihsien, usually for a Chinese meal.

We enjoyed the magazines the boys brought in, though there were many terms and abbreviations which had come into use during the war with which we were totally unfamiliar. One day a Britisher said to me, "Mary, what's a pin-up girl?" I performed some mental gymnastics trying to figure it out, but finally had to confess that I didn't know. Finally we went to our rescuers with a list of terms and abbreviations we did not know (LCVP, LST, etc.) and asked them to make up a glossary so we could post it on the bulletin board. We were as hungry for news and understanding as we had been for food.

Each internee in camp was permitted to send two radiograms anywhere in the world via the Army radio. Though the messages were short, (I don't remember how many words we were allowed), I sent a message to Dr. Jones in Kansas City and one to my brother, Ed, in Hammond, Ind.

While in the beginning it was out of the question to airlift all of us out of camp, the rescuers, very soon after their arrival, requested the quarters committee to prepare a list of those seriously ill or in need of immediate medical attention. A list of the children whose parents were in West China was also provided. Internees in these two categories were flown out as soon as transportation could be arranged in Kunming.

On September 25, the first large contingent of about 600 internees bound for home, wherever that might be, left camp for Tsingtao, the seaport about 100 miles away. Here they were put up in the "Edgewater Beach" hotel which had been commandeered by the American army. They wrote back telling of the plush carpets, spacious rooms, dining tables with sparkling white tablecloths and cutlery "a mile long," to say nothing of the variety of delicious food, including steaks. All these luxuries they enjoyed until the ships arrived that would take them to England, Australia, New Zealand, United States, or Canada.

The next large group of about 600, made up largely of older people and mothers with children who were returning to points in China, was all ready to leave by train. In fact, some were already waiting at the train station when word came that the Communist guerillas had blown up the railroad bridge. Six hundred extremely disappointed and frustrated people had to return to camp.

The army officers in charge decided that it would be necessary to organize an airlift because they had no

assurance that, if they repaired the bridge, it would not be blown up again.

On October 14, the huge operation began, using mostly C-47x with bucket seats along the sides. I was in the next to the last load to leave the Weihsien Civilian Assembly Center and enjoyed my first airplane ride. I must confess that I was glad when we landed at the Peking airport.

The internment camp chapter of my life in China was closed, but it left rich rewards and memories. By the grace of God, what in itself could not be called good had brought new insights and experiences which God worked in and through to enrich my fellowship with Him and strengthen my faith that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." I wouldn't take \$1 million for the experience—or give a nickel for another one unless it came in the path of duty and in His will.

6

Peking and Furlough

When we landed in Peking, our plane was surrounded by American marines of the First Division. What a welcome they gave us! Soon Japanese trucks driven by Japanese soldiers arrived. They took the three Helsbys, Marcy Ditmanson, and me to the familiar Oriental Missionary Society compound and handled all our baggage. This was quite in contrast to the forced march we had made from there to the railroad station, carrying our own baggage, two and a half years before.

We were extremely happy to find that the false wall built in one of the rooms had safely hidden our bicycles and precious possessions stored in trunks. Our household of five, admittedly different from the family of 17 which had lived there before we were whisked away to Weih sien, soon settled into a routine. We had no problem finding things to do.

Soon after our return to Peking, all Americans were invited to attend the flag-raising ceremony at the American embassy. As protocol requires, the same flag that was lowered on December 8 almost four years

before was raised again as the Marine Band played "The Star-spangled Banner." As I write this, unbidden tears come to my eyes as I remember the tremendous thrill of those moments—not for Americans only but for the Chinese people as well. Their country, so much of which had been occupied by the Japanese, was again free.

Word filtered through to a Nazarene marine that there were some holiness missionaries at the OMS compound. He looked us up. With much joy and pleasure we made the acquaintance of Roy Schlosser of the First Division. He made a plea to his fellow marines for some missionaries who had been interned and had not had an orange soda or a Coke in over two years. He came bringing a variety of contributions, all deeply and genuinely appreciated. One night he came with a can of ice-cream mix. About 10 o'clock the fellows went to Pei Hai (North Lake), cut some ice, and we made ice cream, enjoying it about midnight as we sat around the table and talked.

I had chosen to return to Peking rather than to the States because I hoped to be able to return to Taming to get a firsthand report on the situation there. It soon became apparent that this would not be possible, since much of that area was already occupied by the Communist army. When the Peking American School opened, I offered my services as a high school English teacher.

I taught until Christmas vacation, at which time I told the students that I had received word from my mission board to return home. Without the knowledge of the principal, Alice Moore, the high school students met and voted quite unanimously to request permission to send a cable to my mission board, asking that my departure be postponed. I explained to them that my

first responsibility was to my board and expressed my appreciation for their letter. That was on December 23.

Meredith and Christine Helsby took me "under their wing" and included me in their travel plans to return to the States. Meredith succeeded in getting passage for his family of three and me on a merchant marine ship, the S.S. *Carrier Pigeon*, leaving Tientsin around the last of January. American seabees loaded our baggage and us on to an LST to transport us out to the ship which was anchored beyond the sandbar. They apologized profusely for the supper they served. They explained that since they usually had a big Sunday dinner, their evening meal was rather light. But no apologies were necessary for the very delicious spaghetti and meatballs, bread, and canned peaches. I can't remember ever seeing larger peaches.

The trip on the *Carrier Pigeon* was very pleasant. On February 16 (1946) I sent a radiogram to Kansas City from the ship saying, "Arriving Frisco nineteenth. Need two fifty fare." We were traveling C.O.D. We were grateful to Captain Petersen for taking us on board even though we did not have the cash to pay for our fare in advance.

My family and friends were shocked to see my shabby, out-of-date clothes. But I was in too much of a daze to do any sensible shopping. When I had to pay \$55.00 for a suit, my conscience hurt me for days. But I can't remember ever having a more satisfactory and durable suit.

After a few weeks' rest I started my deputation schedule which took me from the east coast to the west coast, and north to south. Nothing seemed to be too good for the missionary who had been interned. I have often said that if missionaries could be killed with kindness, we would all be dead. It was a real thrill and

privilege to tell thousands of Nazarenes who had prayed faithfully for me for almost four years, how God had wonderfully answered their prayers.

Just a year after I returned home, my brother Ed suffered a fatal heart attack. This was a severe blow, as I had taken my meals with him and his family after Father passed away in 1935. Their home had been my headquarters during my furlough year. God gave the needed grace to carry on in spite of the great loss I felt.

Word of opening a new Nazarene field in Kiangsi in South China, away from the Communist threat, brought joy and the hope that I would soon be returning to China. Hope became fact when, after almost 20 months in the States, I left Hammond on my way back to China by way of Kansas City to take care of some necessary business and to enjoy a day-long round of very pleasant social events. Norrine, my brother Ed's widow, accompanied me on the trip from Hammond to the west coast. Our four-day stay in southern California, with the Ralph Hertensteins as our gracious hosts, was most enjoyable.

The Hertensteins drove us up to San Francisco where we took care of many details like visas, baggage checking, and last-minute purchases. We managed to squeeze in a trip to Eureka for a Wednesday evening service and a visit with many Olivet friends including Elmo Goontz and Julia Morris. The Lee Teares in San Francisco were very helpful and gracious hosts. The farewell service at San Francisco First Church on Friday night was a momentous event for our China party of seven: the five Varros, Miss Ruth Brickman, and me. During the fellowship hour following the service, San Francisco Nazarenes showered us with "Bon Voyage" wishes, candy, and baskets of fruit. It

was a pleasant surprise to see Miss Emma Word in the service.

We were scheduled to sail on the *General Meigs* at noon on October 18, 1947, but our sailing was postponed until six in the evening. Many who had come to see us off found it necessary to leave, but the Hertensteins; their son Robert; my sister-in-law, May Gerlach; and Anna Lee Cox were there to hold the streamers until they broke as our ship pulled away from the dock. I stood on the deck and watched the lights of the receding city until we passed through the Golden Gate. The last physical tie with our homeland was severed, and we set our faces once more toward China.

Seasickness took over the first day—the first time I had been troubled by that experience. But I was not alone. Several others in our cabin of 15 adults, two children, and one baby were also seasick. By the second or third day all seemed to have found their “sea legs.”

A day of shopping and sight-seeing in Honolulu climaxed with an evening service at the “baby” Honolulu First Church already boasting between 40 and 50 members and a Sunday school attendance of 120. After the service a large group accompanied us to the boat, which pulled out about midnight. We would be at sea for 10 days.

Two-day stopovers in Manila and Hong Kong were very welcome. Finally in the late afternoon of November 11 we pulled into Shanghai. By 9:30 that night we were comfortably settled at the Shanghai Assemblies of God Home. We were in China at last after 23 days on the way, having lost a day crossing the international date line.

7

Back to China and Kiangsi

Over three weeks were necessary in Shanghai to clear our shipments through customs and make the necessary arrangements for the trip into the interior. Even then we had to leave Shanghai before Miss Brickman's shipment of medical supplies could be cleared.

The trip took eight days. We took the train to Hangchow and stayed overnight at a mission station there. The next day we went on to Shang Jao, the end of the railway at that time. In Shang Jao we stayed with the Davises over Sunday and on Monday we began dickering for trucks to take ourselves and our baggage to Kian. In all these arrangements Hu Chin Tao, one of our Nazarene workers and future Bible school students, who had come to Shang Jao to meet us, gave very valuable assistance.

Finally on Tuesday afternoon we started our four-day truck trip. The truck Miss Brickman and I rode in seemed to be the "lemon." A dropped crankshaft delayed our party for hours, so it was necessary for us to drive after dark with no lights! Several times we were almost in the ditch, and finally decided to make

an unscheduled stop at a little village called Hsin Hsiang. Since it was cold, we filled our hot water bottle and put it in our single bed ahead of time. When we finally climbed in we were dismayed to find a cold, wet spot where we had hoped to warm our cold feet. The cap on the hot water bottle had not been sufficiently tightened.

The final day was one of the most hazardous because of the wet, muddy roads. One of the trucks slipped off the road. Fortunately, no one was injured. We crossed the river at Kian the afternoon of December 12, just in time to help teach the English class "Silent Night." It was good to be back in the harness.

I was to be stationed temporarily at Kanhsien with the Pattees, who had written saying they were expecting me on the following Tuesday. However, since it seemed I would be the only lady free to accompany Miss Brickman to the language school in Wu Chang, it was decided that I should stay in Kian until February or March.

Welcome feasts, Christmas preparations, and several speaking engagements including the Christmas message at our own church filled the days full. One of the highlights of Christmas Day was mail from home. We devoured the news in the letters about as ravenously as we ate the delicious Christmas dinner. Jim Wiese and I played catch with Jim's new football he had received for Christmas. In the evening we went to the Christmas program. There were no less than 2,000 in attendance. Pastor Yu preached on the Prince of Peace, and the young people acted out the Christmas story as well as the story of the "Other Wise Man."

On Monday, January 12, Miss Brickman, Rev. Wiese, and I started by truck to Nan Ch'ang. It took us 10 hours to go 132 miles, so the welcome and clean

rooms at the Jorgensens' were greatly enjoyed. The next day Miss Brickman and I proceeded to Kiu Chang by train. The Jameses where we stayed were very helpful in securing boat tickets for the next day. Two and a half days on the *Kiang Ling* going up the Yangtse River brought us to Wu Chang. We learned at the Christian and Missionary Alliance Home that we were to go to the Deckers' where Ruth would stay while attending language school.

The next 10 days were spent shopping for furniture for Ruth's room, registering at the consulate in Hankow, buying a special treasurer's book, and *waiting*. Instead of going back to Kian by boat, train, and bus, I had been instructed to fly from Wu Chang to Nan Ch'ang, since I would be travelling alone. After five days of waiting, a plane finally came that would be going to Nan Ch'ang. The flight took only one hour and five minutes and cost \$1.4 million CNC (Chinese national currency)!

A delay of three days in Nan Ch'ang were a delightful interlude spent with Dr. and Mrs. Weiss of the Methodist mission. Much of two days was spent at the hospital, helping to take inventory of a large shipment of instruments they had received. Finally, early on Saturday morning, I left by bus for Kian, arriving about 5:30 in the afternoon. The trip had taken 20 days. It was good to be back!

The next few days were packed full with writing letters, sorting and arranging the medical supplies which had finally come. The merthiolate bottle had broken—what a mess! Last, but not least, were lessons from Bro. Wiese on keeping the treasurer's books, for one of my responsibilities was to keep mission, Bible school, and station accounts. I had never had a course in bookkeeping in my life! I am grateful for the experience I had had as church treasurer in my home church,

but it was far from sufficient for the complicated process that faced me now.

The big problem was inflation, with a spiraling exchange rate that changed almost every day until the rate reached \$6 million Chinese to \$1.00 U.S. We dealt in three categories of "hard" money or goods to preserve the value of the Chinese currency. Gold bank drafts were cashed at the current rate in Shanghai and wired to our Nazarene merchant in Kian. The same day he delivered the currency, we bought gold bars, silver dollars, or rice slips. The value of the gold bars and silver dollars remained firm so that we could get the current rate in currency anytime we needed to sell.

The rice slips we bought were also of great help. We bought, for example, 100 bushels of rice at \$20,000 CNC a bushel. The merchant gave us 10 rice slips for each 10 bushels. When we needed currency, we exchanged the rice slips for the current price of rice which, by the time we used the rice slip, perhaps had gone up to \$50,000 CNC a bushel. This made it necessary to enter the "profit" from the sale of the rice in my CNC treasurer's book. The same process was followed in the sale of gold bars or silver dollars, entering the difference in the buying and selling price in my books as "profit."

In one three-month period (I reported to Kansas City once a quarter), I had \$75 billion CNC on my books! But for some reason Kansas City was not concerned about how many CNC dollars we had spent. The report had to be in U. S. dollars. This involved another very complicated process. Since the rate of exchange varied so much (usually thousands of dollars higher each day), I could not use an average rate of exchange for a three-month period. It was necessary to figure each expenditure at the existing rate when the

currency was received. Because the process demanded concentration, I usually worked on my treasurer's books after 10 o'clock at night when I would be free from interruptions. Since we had no electricity, I was grateful for my good Aladdin lamp which lighted my way through the labyrinth of figures, often until one or two o'clock in the morning.

Because the Bible school would not open until fall, I went to Kanhsien to work with the Pattees for a few months. While there, I had the inspiring and enlightening experience of going to Yu Tu, a Buddhist stronghold, where a tent meeting was in progress. Among the workers was Mrs. John Chi, my companion and guide in the many adjustments necessary to living in the "rough" in an interior village. I slept on a Chinese board bed. After the first night I slept like a log. I learned to like our staple diet—rice with small, hot green peppers.

Other groups had tried to start a Christian church in Yu Tu but had failed. But the Holy Spirit moved into Yu Tu in that tent meeting and many were saved, including a journalist who wanted to edit a Chinese *Herald of Holiness*. Eventually there were 60 converts in Yu Tu, with two Chinese workers stationed there. We heard that the church was officially organized after we left China.

I was reminded in Kanhsien of my peculiar attraction to poison ivy. Soon after arriving, I purchased a Chinese desk for my room. About a week after the desk was delivered, a constant itching between the fingers of both hands began which was very annoying. Then my eyes began to swell, and my ears to itch. In a short time the skin between my fingers became a mass of running blisters, my eyes were almost swollen shut, and the lobes of my ears

blistered and ran until I had to put Kleenex on them to keep the water from dripping onto my shoulders. Mrs. Pattee, who was a nurse, decided that it must be an allergy of some sort, but what?

Finally we came to the conclusion that my new desk was the culprit. The Chinese use the sap of a tree (similar to poison oak) in their varnish. Evidently the desk had been newly finished and had not been sufficiently cured before it was delivered. I reaped the harvest in "Chinese poison ivy." By the time the allergy cleared up, the desk was sufficiently cured and I had no more trouble.

It was while I was in Kanhsien I kept my promise to my doctor to lose weight when I got back to China. Mrs. Pattee and I both went on a diet. I lost 40 pounds in three months. When I stopped in Kian on the way to Kuling for vacation, Mrs. Hsu, the pastor's wife, was horrified. With great concern she asked if I was well and said over and over again, "You are too thin; you are too thin." I could understand her anxiety as the Chinese equate plumpness with health—and with prosperity as well. Anyone who can get enough to eat to get fat must be quite well off.

After a brief vacation in Kuling, where I renewed many acquaintances with friends from Peking and Weihsien, I returned to Kian to begin teaching in the Bible school. I was more or less prepared to teach the Life of Christ and English. But *music*—five hours a week with 12 students learning to play a folding organ! I am sure the Lord must have directed my saintly mother to insist that I take piano lessons when I would much rather have been out playing ball than practicing piano. Mother never did know that I was fulfilling her wish for her daughter to be a music teacher!



Mary Scott with the trusty, three-speed bicycle which was her standard mode of travel at Kian.

A beautiful 2.2-acre Bible school site was purchased, but since there were no buildings as yet, school began in the fall of 1948 in the very limited facilities of our city compound. The room intended for the church library and reading room became a classroom as did the Sunday school work room. The street chapel became the dining room. The girls' dormitory was a third-floor room over the main entrance. The boys lived in rented quarters until the Varro house became available late in December.

The first semester 26 students enrolled. Beside the regular school activities, there were speaking engagements at the soldiers' barracks, the YMCA, and our own church.

The blessing of God was very evident. The Lord was answering the prayers of Nazarenes around the world for the new work being established in this area of China. The congregation of 34 members at Kanhsien, pastored by Rev. Yu, was growing and had already reached out to Yu Tu (previously referred to), where a church was nearly ready to be organized. The headquarters church boasted two outstations. At An Fu, 40 miles west of Kian, the 40 Christians built their own church and living quarters. At Chih Hsia, 25 miles south up the river, there were about 20 Christians. And plans called for going to Lien Hua and Wan An as soon as the Bible school closed for the summer.

But the rosy picture was not without its shadows. We watched with consternation as area after area of China fell to the advancing Communist forces and the Nationalist Army retreated. But "he who observeth the wind will not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap" (Eccles. 11:4). So we continued sowing and reaping.

In late November and early December, 1948, we enjoyed the rich ministry of Dr. O. J. Nease, general superintendent. On Sunday morning Dr. Nease delivered an anointed message on holiness. At the invitation to pray, 20 Chinese knelt on the brick floor, seeking the experience of heart holiness. A few prayed through to definite victory that morning, among them Mr. Chou, the merchant who had been gloriously saved a few months before.

While Dr. Nease was still with us, a notice from the American consul advised that all women with children and personnel that could be spared should be

evacuated, and that the U.S. government would arrange for transportation all the way. We missionaries joined in earnest prayer, seeking God's guidance in the matter. It was decided that mothers with children and Gilford Fitz (18 years old) should leave as soon as transportation could be arranged. Dr. Nease gave permission for Miss Brickman and me to stay, since Mrs. Fitz felt she should stay. However, Dr. Nease advised those of us who were remaining to take steps to evacuate when and if the Communists crossed the Yangtse River.

It was not exactly a happy December 8 that we watched Mrs. Wiese with Jim and Mae; Mrs. Varro with Lura Beth, Franklin, and Margaret; Mrs. Pattee with Grace; and Guilford (Fitz) load on to the truck to go to the coast. The separation of families is never easy; but when danger is involved, it is doubly hard. It seemed best to bring Miss Brickman from language school so we would all be in one area. Michael Varro went to Kanhsien to help Bro. Pattee and Ruth come to Kian and began teaching English in the Bible school.

Our Christmas in 1948 was very different from Christmas, 1947. Now there were only five of us at Kian, but Mrs. Fitz rose to the occasion in grand fashion. From canned chicken she produced a perfectly shaped Christmas "turkey" built around delicious stuffing. And, of course, there were many of the trimmings.

The weeks passed quickly. Easter, 1949, was a memorable day. We had announced a sunrise service at the Bible school site at 6 a.m. I awakened that morning to a very familiar sound—the patter of rain. Even though there would be no visible sunrise, our spirits were not dampened. Under big Chinese umbrellas we made our way to the service—and waited.

I couldn't help being sad as I looked beyond our



Chinese workers, missionaries, and Bible school students at Kian, December, 1948. Dr. O. J. Nease, who was visiting the field, is at center front with Dr. R. G. Fitz beside him. Harry Wiese is at left end of front row. Second row, right to left, are John Pattee, Michael and Beth Varro, Mary Scott, Mrs. Fitz, Mrs. Wiese, and Mrs. Pattee. Upper right is Guilford Fitz.

Bible school grounds to a Chinese burial ground. (We had had to move many graves to a place satisfactory to the relatives, to purchase this site.) On many of the graves were large squares of paper held on the grave by daubs of mud. This "money" presented to the dead was a silent witness to the fact that those who lay buried there had probably gone into eternity not knowing the Lord and perhaps having never heard of Him. For these we had come too late!

But I couldn't be sad too long, for soon little groups of Christians began coming. When the service opened on the highest point of ground, about 60 had gathered under their umbrellas. The first song, "Up from the Grave He Arose," lifted us to the seventh heaven.

The patter of rain became a downpour, so we went to the carpenter shed, where all kinds of building materials were stored. Surrounded by shavings, sawhorses, and materials, the service continued. Pastor Hsu preached a masterful message on the Living Saviour to people who for most of their lives had worshipped dead gods of wood, paper, or stone.

The Bible school boys reenacted the first Resurrection morning, using the scripture as they told the story of Peter and John at the tomb. Two Bible school girls, taking the part of Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, told their thrilling experiences of seeing the resurrected Lord. When the girls asked the congregation if they believed that Christ had risen, the answer came back in a loud chorus, "*Wo men hsin! We believe!*"

I can't describe the joy and thrill that filled my heart. It was true that we were too late for those who lay buried in the graves nearby, but we were *not* too late for the 60 who sang with great enthusiasm:

*He lives, He lives!
Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me
Along life's narrow way.
He lives, He lives,
Salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives?
He lives within my heart.*

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Easter Sunday afternoon 25 Christians were baptized, most of them candidates for church

membership. I suppose it is necessary that converts on a mission field be questioned closely to be sure of the genuineness of their commitment. At any rate, each one of the 25 had to answer many questions to the satisfaction of the committee.

Some of the questions had to be adapted to the candidate. If he could not read, for example, he could not read the Bible daily.

Mr. Chou was a candidate for baptism and church membership. He operated a very prosperous store in Kian. When Bro. Wiese conferred with him about his store being open on Sunday, he was afraid that if he closed his store on Sunday, his clerks would only spend the day gambling. But he promised to pray about it and do what he felt God wanted him to do. He had not neglected his Christian responsibility to his clerks. Each Saturday night, after the store closed, our pastor and some of the Bible school students held a "Sunday morning" service for them about 12 hours early.

But Mr. Chou's heart was open. He kept praying about the matter, and one Sunday morning just before Easter he closed his store. When he came to church that morning, nine of his clerks were with him. They participated in the service by singing one of the songs they had learned in their Saturday night services. No, they were not Christians, but the Bible says, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord" (Ps. 150:6). By the time we had to leave Kian about a month later, seven of the nine clerks were in the inquirer's class, and three of them had already found the Lord.

The Sunday after Easter the church at Kian was organized with 35 members. The Sunday school was averaging over 200, and the Sunday morning service about 300.

We realized our time was short. The Communists had already crossed the Yangtse River, but we were trying to finish the school year.

On the morning of May 4, as we were eating breakfast, a messenger from the telegraph office arrived with a cable from Dr. Nease. It read, "Please put into operation the plan agreed upon." Though the word *evacuate* was not used, we all knew that he referred to his instructions to take steps to evacuate when the Communists crossed the Yangtse River.

The week which followed was a hard one—busy and heartbreaking.

May 11, 1949, was one of the saddest days of my life. We were leaving those whom we had grown to love dearly in the Lord, not knowing when, if ever here, we would see them again. We, the Lord willing, would soon reach safety and home, but they would be subjected to privation, persecution, and suffering which usually accompany a Communist takeover.

As we gathered about the 1946 Ford purchased in Shanghai just a few months previous, we stopped to pray. Bro. Wiese prayed and then asked Pastor Hsu to follow. It is very unusual for a Chinese man to cry, but on this occasion Pastor Hsu buried his face in his hands and cried like a baby. Finally he gained control of himself and prayed a prayer I will never forget. He prayed for us missionaries who would be traveling over dangerous roads over 200 miles south and west to get to the railroad. (The road to the north had already been cut off.) Then he prayed for himself and his "flock." His prayer did not contain one petition that they would not be called upon to suffer persecution, heartache, or imprisonment. His only request was that God would give them courage and strength to be true to the faith and not to compromise.

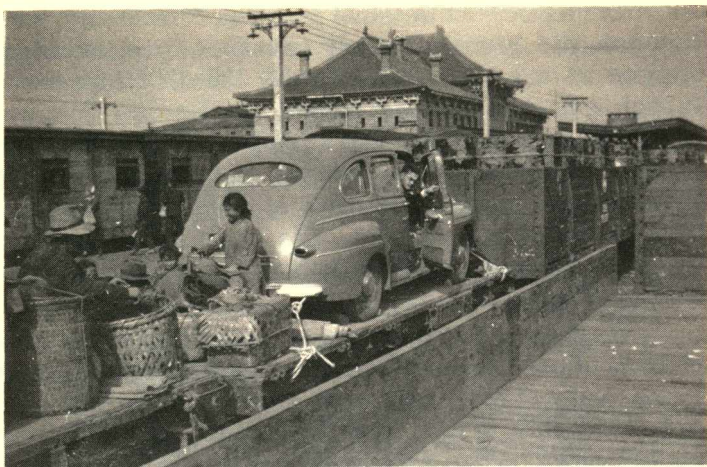
As Pastor Hsu finished praying, Mrs. Wang, who had recently been genuinely saved and transformed, tugged at my sleeve. She said: "Shih Chao Shih⁷ (Teacher Scott), I am not afraid of what the Communists will do to my body, but I don't want them to make me sin." I assured this newborn babe in Christ that there was no power on earth that could make her sin, and quoted the scripture, "He is able to keep that which . . . [you] have committed unto him against that day" (2 Tim. 1:12).

We tore ourselves away amid the tears and prayers of our Chinese Christians and friends. Packed in on every side by baggage, the five of us (Dr. and Mrs. Fitz, Rev. Wiese, Miss Brickman, and I) started for Kanhsien. When we saw the overloaded busses and trucks on the road, we realized more than ever God's hand in directing Bro. Wiese to purchase the car so we could have our own transportation. At Kanhsien Bro. Pattee and Bro. Varro joined us with their car.

The road from there to the railroad, 130 miles to the west, had long been noted for bandits and disturbances and as a road especially dangerous to foreigners at times. But God protected us and we arrived at our destination about seven o'clock that evening. We heard that a car which came in just after us was fired upon, but no one was injured and the car made it safely through.

Arrangements to put the automobiles on a flatcar completed, we boarded the train for Canton. Some of the men sat in the automobiles on the flatcar to protect them and their contents.

It was with a great sigh of relief that we reached Canton and the Oriental Missionary Society compound. Though many of the missionaries were extremely busy getting ready to leave, they gave us a



One of the mission automobiles loaded on a flatcar for escape to the coast. Michael Varro is seated inside to protect the contents during the journey.

hearty welcome. As mission treasurer I was especially relieved because now I could safely dispose of the many gold bars, most of them one-ounce and two-ounce pieces sewn into my inner garments before leaving Kian. I had carried the silver dollars in a suitcase. While I knew I would not be held responsible should anything happen to mission money, yet to have been able to carry it to safety, with the help of the other missionaries, was very gratifying.

Through correspondence with Hongkong, we were able to secure bookings on a freighter scheduled to leave on June 10. On June 6, we left Canton for Hongkong. There we stayed with the Reitons of the Bethel Mission while we did last-minute shopping, got needed shots, and took care of some necessary business. Bro. Pattee had already left for home by way of England; the Fitzes flew by way of Alaska on the

tenth; and the rest of us boarded our ship, the *Star of Suez* on the eleventh of June, just one month from the day we left our station in Kian.

The *Star of Suez* was a comparatively new freighter with accommodations for about 40 passengers. Most of the passengers were missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant. The 34-day trip to San Francisco was delightful as the seas were quite smooth all the way.

But we did have some excitement. After unloading 2,000 tons of general cargo in Shanghai, our 60,000-ton ship was intercepted at 8 p.m. at the mouth of the Yangtse River by a Nationalist warship which fired eight shots over our bow. It is only natural that we passengers became alarmed. What now? We put on our life jackets to be ready for any emergency. Our ship was compelled to drop anchor.

At 7:30 the next morning, Nationalist naval officers boarded the ship and checked the cargo. Satisfied on this count, the naval officers arrested the river pilot. We watched as they put him in the motorboat and started for the warship. We never did hear what happened to him. We were allowed to proceed on our way to Kobe, Japan, at 9 a.m. after a 13-hour delay.

We stopped at three ports in Japan: Kobe, Nagoya, and Yokohama. Dr. Eckel met us in Yokohama and took us to Tokyo where we enjoyed a very delightful day. We were in one of these ports on the Fourth of July. The master of our ship, Captain Walter Rothwell from Middlesborough, England, was very thoughtful and congenial. Since most of his passengers were Americans, he purchased fireworks so we could celebrate the Fourth in truly American style.

On the evening of July 14, we arrived in San Francisco. We remained on board ship until the 15th,

cleared immigration and customs in a short time, and began making arrangements for the last part of our journey. Bro. Wiese and Bro. Varro were able to leave for home the same day, but Miss Brickman and I had to wait four days for reservations on the California Zephyr which would take her to Billings, Mont., and me to Chicago.

While I was happy to be home again with family and friends, I had left a big part of my heart in China. We heard later that Communist troops occupied Kian, our headquarters city, just a month and a half after we had left. What has happened to our Christian friends and the work begun there is another story, both thrilling and sad: thrilling because we are confident of the faithfulness of God's children in spite of great difficulty and danger, and sad because we know some of the suffering they have had to endure for Him. In the last letter I received from the field in 1951, the pastor closed with this request in broken English, "Will pray for us?"

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Have you forgotten to pray for the Christians in China? If you have, put them on your prayer list. Pray for them earnestly and daily. Perhaps you wonder if there are still Christians in China after a quarter of a century of Communism. Yes, there are, and many of them are young people who have found Christ in spite of Communist schools, indoctrination, and threats. "Will pray for us?"