

My Missionary Life

By Dr. Edna Whipple Gish

Forwarded by Daniel Wu

Illustration by Stanley Sakal

Edited by Barbara Fox

Computer Input by Susan Gade

Additional Photos Added from Dr. Gish's Personal Album

Forward

Churches and Christian meeting places are rapidly growing in China and thousands of people have come to accept Christ in recent years. Many miraculous stories are told among Christians abroad, especially among those who are concerned with the growth of Chinese Christian churches. For Dr. Gish, all the wonderful news has special meaning, and she is really proud of the recent development over there. She knows quite well the background of Chinese Christianity and the particular circumstances that Chinese Christians have experienced. After reading this small book, the reader of her stories will realize that Dr. Gish fruitfully labored in her missionary field for thirty years in China and that she is one of the authorities who have actually witnessed the early stage of the Tree-self church history, which she so enthusiastically urged forward. Every church had its own Chinese pastor and church board, which set policy.

As many years have passed, conditions in China have more or less changed and political campaigns, one after another, have repeatedly followed the revolution. Yet, one thing has not changed. The Holy Spirit has given miraculous signs during these difficult years. Christians have become even stronger as they walk with Christ. This proves that the Chinese Christians really have come to understand the meaning of the Resurrection of Christ.

In Nanking (called Nanjing in Chinese), where Dr. Gish used to work, churches have now reopened and a seminary, which is the only graduate school for theological education in China, started its spring semester in February of 1981. These are unusual yet tremendous changes to take place under a communist regime.

Having read some of her stories last year, I felt a sense of the history in which Dr. Gish and thousands of missionary workers had devoted their youth and even their lives to the spreading of the gospel. As a young man of the new generation, I am always proud of Dr. Gish and admire her and her wonderful job through those unforgettable thirty years in the service of the Lord. I also hope the reader of these stories will feel as I do.

May God bless you, Dr. Gish!

Daniel Wu
Costa Mesa, California
1987

Note: Daniel Wu is the youngest child of the orphan boy, whom Dr. Edna Gish raised in Nanking, China. Mr. Wu is now studying in a Christian University here. He hopes to return to Nanking and teach in the seminary, which is doing an outstanding work there now, training young people to carry the gospel to the masses.

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The Making of a Missionary

I believe missionary work is the most rewarding work a person can do. If a person cannot be a missionary, then he should give the Lord his weekends, teaching Sunday school. It is a great blessing to be doing the Lord's work.

I was a missionary to China from 1920 to 1950. After that, when the Communists came to China, I spent five years in Thailand where I also served the Lord in missionary work. This book tells of my life and service to the Lord.

Born in Oklahoma, I was the youngest of six children. I had four brothers and one sister. My father was a builder. In those days, a builder had to move after one job was completed in search of another. From Oklahoma we moved to Iowa, then to Colorado. When I was 10 years old, my father died. The family made a new home in Bellingham, Washington.

I was always interested in serving God. When I was young, I used to take a footstool into the back yard, stand on it and preach for Jesus. I accepted Jesus Christ into my life when I was nine years old. There was a revival tent meeting near our home in Colorado, and I asked Mother if I could go forward during the altar call. She said yes. Then the next Sunday, I was baptized in my own church.

When I was young, I loved Junior Christian Endeavor, and Billy Sunday's meetings fascinated me. I experienced two crusades, one in Colorado and one in Bellingham, deepening my faith.

After high school, I spent one year at a teacher training school in Bellingham. Then Mother, my sister Maude and I moved to Eugene, Oregon so Maude and I could attend college. The three of us moved into a house in Eugene. We took in boarders to help pay rent. Mother cooked for them and Maude was the principal of a Christian Day School where I taught Algebra. Maude and I both attended the Bible University part-time. After three years, I transferred to the University of Oregon and received two A. B. degrees; one from Eugene Bible University and one from the University of Oregon.

While I was in college, I was president of the State Christian Endeavor organization. It was a great influence in my life. My sister Maude used to say that my involvement with Christian Endeavor did more to train me for the mission field than anything else.

I spent my next year at the College of Missions in Indianapolis, preparing for the mission field. I spent some time that year in Indianapolis, visiting churches and working to interest more young people in going to the mission field. Attending classes and visiting churches kept me very busy, but I did have time to meet new friends.

I met my husband Ellis Gish at the college where he sometimes visited while speaking in various churches. He had already been on the mission field for a short term in Nanking, but his mother was not well and passed away while he was home that year. As his visits at the college were usually short, we did not have much time together and did not know until later that we were being attracted to each other during that time. He wrote me that summer, but I thought probably it was just because he was arranging to speak at our church in Bellingham, Washington, before we sailed from Vancouver, B.C. in late August, for China.

He came a day or so early, and we shopped and did some sightseeing together. By that time we were very much in love, but he told me later he hesitated to add to my excitement, which was so great, both at home and at the church. My family went with us to Vancouver, and Ellis, feeling by then he knew what my answer would be decided he should ask me in time for my family to know, which he did, but wedding plans had to wait.

We had an engagement announcement party on the ship and quite an exciting time with all the missionaries on the way to China.

The city of Nanking is an industrial and textile center and the capital of Kiangsu Province. It is located on the south side bank of the Yangtze River. The southern section, often called south City, is the older part of the city. That is where our work was located. This was a crowded area, often with only narrow lanes for streets, and most people were poor.

When we arrived in Nanking, Ellis and I did not marry that first fall as I needed to attend language school. I lived in the language school and Ellis lived with a mission family. Then he rented the upstairs of an old Chinese family home in South City. It was a good sized place with the dining room as the main room. Even though the landlord had not interest in becoming a Christian, he allowed us to use the guest room downstairs to hold Sunday school for the nearby children.

Ellis was well known by the members of the congregation in Nanking as he had already been in South City on his first mission to China. The members of the congregation welcomed him back as their missionary pastor. Soon I was familiar with the Chinese customs and having studied some Chinese in Indianapolis, I began using the language and starting in the work, being supervised by my home church, The First Christian Church in Bellingham, Washington under the Christian Church Board of plan of "Living Link" missionaries.

Ellis and I were married on December 20, 1920. We worked together as a missionary team, doing many good things for the Chinese people. As a pastor's wife and a missionary, I was busy. I trained the young people to teach Sunday school at the church and in several homes in different parts of South City. I also led the women's Bible study and organized and held prayer meetings. One part of my job was to help the

Chinese people understand Christian home life. I visited people in their homes and gradually led many to make Christ the center of their lives.

Ellis and I continued to work with the Chinese until summer came. It was very hot and humid in Nanking. First year mission workers left the area to go up river to the mountain resort. Ellis stayed in Nanking to pastor the church, and I left to study Chinese in the mountains with the other young missionaries.

Ellis came up river for a short vacation in time for my birthday, August 16. Not long after, we went hiking together with other missionaries. The hike ended in tragedy. Ellis drowned while saving another missionary's life.

On returning to Nanking, the South City Church literally opened its arms to me. That happened over sixty years ago, and I tremble to tell of it. I am grateful that the name Ellis is an uncommon one. I could not bear it if I continued to hear the name Ellis in everyday conversation. In my tragedy, I trusted the Lord and continued to be strengthened as I rejoiced in serving Him.

Soon my mother and sister Maude came to live and work with me in China. Maude was establishing herself with the people and beginning her teaching when Mother fell ill. That summer, I took Mother to my brother's for medical help and convalescence. But Mother grew quite ill. She died the next winter. I returned to South City and continued the work there.

The Early Days in China

During the days of sadness I found refuge in the words of an old hymn, “Count your Blessings”. I did that literally, praising the Lord for the many blessings I could count, one by one. This was a way of keeping back the tears. As the years went by it became a habit of praise from my heart as I went about my work and always it lifted my spirits as I felt the Lord’s presence. I still do this after sixty years and always find it helpful.

In tribute to my husband, I quote from a short history of the China mission by Miss Lois Ely.

“In the year 1920, Dr. Hamilton, missionary professor in Nanking University, made this comment about the Christian constituency in China. ‘Our Christians are characterized by a lack of emotion. They need to feel God.’ That same year a tragic loss came to the mission. Mr. Ellis Gish was drowned while rescuing a fellow swimmer. Mr. Gish was the kind of missionary who helped the Chinese to feel God.”

In the spring of 1922, I grew concerned for a boy whom Ellis had been hunting. He was an orphan. His mother had passed away earlier, and his father became a Christian attending our mission services. Ellis was fond of both the father and the son. Ellis had searched for him because he wanted the boy cared for properly and put in school. I prayed that I might locate him.

Then one day in February, a man and a boy knocked at my door. The boy’s forehead was gashed and festering, and the man wanted help getting medical attention. I invited them in and in the course of our conversation, I discovered this was the boy Ellis had been hunting. His name was Wu Hsioh Li, which means “study ceremony.” He had been living with his grandfather up the Grand Canal. Now the grandfather sent him to live with his uncle because the boy wanted to go to school. I agreed to pay board to the uncle, and the uncle seemed willing to care for the boy.

But a day or so later, the boy came to our door begging for food. This happened two or three times before I knew about it. The uncle was taking money for the boy, and then keeping it for himself.

This resulted in my having Wu Hsioh Li live with a man who worked for me. He started school and Sunday school, and I grew very fond of him. I named him Paul. He loved plants and I let him water mine for me. Paul was athletic and loved to swim. In the summer, I took him with me to the mountain resort at Kuling. There he learned to swim and loved it. He became a good athlete.

I never legally adopted Paul because I did not want to remove him from his Chinese heritage. But, indeed, there was a de facto adoption. Paul is my son.

After a while, when I moved into the main building with a co-worker, Miss Mary Kelly, Paul was boarded in our boys' school. Miss Kelly, who had already served in the South Gate Center for a number of years, conducted a half-day school for women. This was much needed because at that time most women had never been to school. Four Chinese women had already been trained in Bible to help with the teaching and calling. I taught one Bible class in this school and began training our young people in Sunday school work so that they could teach the children. As long as I was in China, I gave much of my time to this work of training the young people to teach the children.

When a new missionary couple, Mr. and Mrs. James McCallum, arrived they were invited to our South City Center. Mr. McCallum worked especially in music, with choir and various activities.

Other workers were Miss Lillie Abbot and Mr. Ben Holroyd. They opened a high school for boys, but after a year or two this had to be closed for lack of funds. Only the primary school was continued as before.

Also during those early years, Dr. Macklin came once a week from North City and held a clinic, as there was great need for medical work. On winter evenings, I often treated neighbors for feet swollen from frostbite. Especially in January it was very cold and they had no heat.

My sister, Maude Whipple, was living with me, going back and forth by rickshaw to teach in North City American School. When Miss Kelly's furlough came due, we gave up the rooms over the Chinese home where I had continued to live, and moved to the rooms in the church compound where Miss Kelly lived.

Soon after Miss Kelly returned, our new five-story brick building was put up across the street from the church. The new building housed the Half-day Women's School, the Girls' High School and the Primary School. It was called the Indiana Women's Building because the women of Indiana gave money for it. Miss Kelly, my sister and I all moved into the missionary apartment on the fifth floor of this building. The newly opened Boys' High School occupied the building where the Women's School and Primary School had been on the church compound.

The Indiana women's Building also contained a good chapel, used not only by the school, but also by the church to hold frequent weekend gatherings of our Christians for praise and Bible study.

On the fourth floor was a large room used for women's meetings and the Youth Group. The living room of our fifth floor apartment was large, with a big fireplace and doors opening onto a roof garden with large potted plants about. The fireplace made the living room especially attractive in winter and the roof garden was great in hot weather. These facilities accommodated various groups such as the daily short praise and prayer services of teachers and janitors living in the building, the large English Bible Class that met weekly, and the monthly meetings of our young people engaged in teaching Sunday

afternoon children's Sunday schools. These Sunday schools were scattered over South City, wherever I could find an ancestral home willing to let us use their large guest room. We made benches for the Sunday schools and each place had its own small organ and a cabinet to keep supplies. At Christmas time we often had as many as two or three hundred children attending a special service in the church.

Miss Kelly was still very active although she had been injured earlier helping with meetings in one of our rural stations north of the Yangtze River. She fell from the donkey she was riding and hurt her leg, so that walking became increasingly difficult for her and she was having to use crutches. My sister was still going to North City each day, but was then teaching English Bible classes in the University Middle School.

In 1927 came the invasion of Nanking by the Communists, when General Chiang Kai-shek lost control on the northern drive and had to flee to Japan. As the Communist army approached, all American children and women not in charge of special work were ordered to the American gunboats waiting in the riverport north of the city. My sister and Miss Kelly had to go, Miss Kelly on account of her injury. At that time my brother, Otis, and his wife were in Changsha, China, where my brother was in charge of mission building. As the Communist drive passed there first, they had come to our place in Nanking. So my sister-in-law also left with their three children, who were at that time young people occupied in various activities. The men had not been ordered out, so my brother stayed with me.

One evening Mr. Marx, our mission secretary in North City, phoned us that he felt uneasy lest it not be safe for us and asked us to come to North City for the night. The city was tense and as rickshaw runners were staying in, we started to walk only a little over two miles. As we left, a policeman near us gave me the password and told us it was being required at all major intersections. My brother did not speak Chinese, but I was using the password alright until suddenly, at a crossroad part way north, a policeman said, "No. there is a new password." We stopped and could not move in either direction. As we stood there talking, I made some little remark to the policeman and he motioned us on. My brother said, "Could that be the password?" We went the rest of the way using it, and I will always believe the Lord gave us a miracle.

The Communist army came in from the south and as they neared the South Gate of the city, northern soldiers fired from the city wall. Then suddenly they came into our building and put a machine gun on our roof, as we were the tallest building there and only about a half mile from the gate. The American consul heard of it, said our building would be a target, and ordered us to leave immediately. But how? We had not realized until then that northern soldiers were retreating and the streets were unsafe. Dr. Macklin phoned that he would come for us. He rode his bicycle down. Helping ill soldiers along the way, he was safe. When we tried to leave by the front gate it was impossible, so we left by the rear gate on the alley, my brother and I, each carrying a small bag with personal belongings. We slowly made our way north, as Dr. Macklin continued helping exhausted soldiers lying along the roadside.

That night we slept at Miss Emma Lyon's Girls' School near the Drum Tower where Dr. Plopper, then teaching at the seminary a mile west, also was unable to get home because of the retreating soldiers. Mrs. Plopper was with a group of missionaries gathered in a Presbyterian home near the seminary.

As we were eating breakfast, one of the Chinese teachers rushed in and said, "Hide immediately. Dr. Williams, President of Nanking University, has been killed, and soldiers just came to our gate hunting foreigners."

They hid us in the shed where brush fuel was kept for the school kitchen. By mid-morning, our mission secretary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Marx, got from their home across the street with great difficulty to join us.

That afternoon, we suddenly heard the deafening roar of bombs going over. American gunboats, still in the Yangtze River harbor, had ordered the commander of the southern army, now in the city, to leave or be shelled.

They didn't leave. Army commanders on the boats told our missionaries there that the shells were falling beyond the city, but two Chinese people were killed just outside the school wall where we were. From a hole in the wall of the shed, perched high on the fuel, we could see soldiers on a hillside some distance from us running to get away.

That night, after dark, we were taken to the University where all westerners in the city were gathered in the attic. One of our Chinese Christian men walked from South City to bring me a most welcome bed comfort.

The next day we were taken to the gunboats, three miles away on the river. The group already there had been transferred to regular river boats and were on their way to the French Concession gunboat. However, in the night we began feeling sick and all suffered a severe attack of food poisoning. The tinned meat proved to be spoiled.

The next morning we were called alphabetically to change to river boats. My brother's name being Whipple and both of us too sick to remonstrate just went where they sent us and got on separate boats.

In Shanghai, my sister, Miss Kelly and my brother's family heard about the tragedy in Nanking and were told we were arriving in Shanghai by boat that night. They went to the pier and my brother arrived. I had not come and it was very late. They were told we would be taken care of, and they went back to the Missionary Home where they were staying. My boat got in even later and as we were still sick, we were taken to a local hospital.

The next morning the family heard this and tried to find me, but no names had been taken. They searched room to room and floor to floor in the hospital until finally

they found me, much too all our great excitement and relief. That was the only stay I have ever had in a hospital, and it ended happily.

All China was in a state of great difficulty and uncertainty. Westerners were not welcome, and it became clear that we could not return to our regular work. My sister decided to return to America with my brother's family. Miss Kelly and I went with a number of our missionaries to the Philippines, where I spent a full year in youth work with our Manila church. That year Paul stayed in the home of one of our rural pastors north of the Yangtze River.

During that year, as Miss Kelly and I endeavored to help with the Lord's work in the Philippines, we had the joy of knowing that although we were absent from South City, Nanking, His work there was being continued by our consecrated Chinese coworkers. They carried on valiantly, in spite of the general unrest in the country. This was possible in all our stations because our mission had already placed Chinese leadership in charge of all branches of the work. We worked with them.

Strength Through Adversity

At the close of that year in the Philippines, Miss Kelly and I returned to South City, Nanking. My sister also returned from America and there was a happy reunion. Maude (my sister) continued her teaching at the University of Nanking Middle School and began teaching a large weekly Bible class in South City. The McCallums also returned later with their three small children. They had been in America five years. In the meantime, Dr. and Mrs. Clifford Plopper had made the South Gate church their home church, and in addition to his seminary teaching, Dr. Plopper helped our pastor and his assistant. The work moved forward with a growing church during those years of the early and mid-1930's.

Not only was our church growing, but other denominations were working to be established in China. I was becoming active in the general work of the mission as well as the interdenominational work. One half-day each week was spent at the Church Council Center in North City, where there was an effort to coordinate all of our Christian work in the city. I became Chairman of the Board of the Interdenominational Bible Teacher's Training School for women. I was also a member of our own Mission Council, meeting periodically to hear reports and make decisions regarding all of our Christian church work. During this time, in cooperation with workers from our other stations, I helped open our Young People's Summer Conferences. These were happy fruitful years. However, in the midst of it, Miss Kelly retired. This was hard. But by that time we really had excellent Chinese leadership.

Our church building was an old Chinese structure. During this time, an Illinois farmer gave money for a new building. He knew of our work, as my husband had met him while speaking of the missionary work on furlough. The new building contained a good sanctuary with offices along the side and a gymnasium, often used as a fellowship hall. When we held evening evangelical services to reach neighbors and people shopping along our street, we used the gymnasium as a street chapel.

General Chiang Kai-shek brought real peace to the city and made it the capital of china. The Communists had been forced to take their long march north, and the country was being modernized. The main shopping road of South City, on which our church was located, was widened. This greatly helped the flow of traffic.

During this period, Paul and one of our high school girls, Liu Siu Ying, became very much interested in each other. When Paul told me of their private engagement, I knew I must arrange to have a public announcement. Otherwise they would be criticized for being together so much of the time. This had to be a definite arrangement with her family and then a feast. The announcement was made—a very happy occasion. Both had finished high school, and that fall we talked of their desires for life work. Liu Siu Ying, who had taken the name of Janie in honor of my mother, decided to be a kindergarten teacher. Paul decided to be a physical education teacher. That fall he went to Shanghai and entered a large training school for physical education. Janie went to

Soochow, a city between Nanking and Shanghai, where there was a good Methodist Kindergarten Training School. Each of them studied in these schools for one year.

In mid=1937, Japan launched her attack on North China. We did not know what the future might hold, and my sister was again led to return to America. Not long after that, the Japanese military bombed our Nantungchow station and a number of Christian workers were killed. Soon they were bombing Nanking, and American women were being ordered out. I was thinking to go up river with our other women when suddenly Janie arrived, and her family said she belonged to me. According to Chinese custom, I had to take responsibility. However it certainly made a great problem for me. How could I take her with me in the missionary group? I knew I couldn't leave her.

On my birthday, August 16, our mission office phoned saying they had my ticket to sail up river with our other women that night. We were all eating in the school dining room in the basement because of the bombing. Earlier that noon, Paul went out and found a small Chinese cake, determined to have a birthday cake for me as had been our custom.

I found that tickets for this boat were on sale at the bank in North City. I took a rickshaw to the bank and suddenly, an air raid began. I quickly purchased two tickets and went on to join our other women. I phoned Paul to pack and hurry with Janie to the boat. But by then air raids were frequent and he could not find any way to get there, five miles away. At 8 p.m. all of our women were on the boat, and I was nervously pacing the pier by the street, praying the boat wouldn't start. All at once, the boat revved her engines, and in the nick of time, Paul and Janie arrived. We quickly boarded and got on deck. Our Chinese pastor's son was able to call a carriage for them. He worked in the nationalist government. We had our suitcases and bedding rolls and slept on deck with many others. But as the weather was hot, that was alright.

We traveled upriver to the mountain resort at Kuling, which is about two-thirds of the way to Hankow and up a mountain from Kiukiang, the port city. I rented a cottage and we set up housekeeping. Many others were there along with our families, and a day school was opened for the children. I taught Bible classes for the children, and later in the fall, I began teaching a Bible class for Chinese young men.

Paul and Janie did all of the shopping and most of the cooking. Shopping was a real job as the meat and vegetable market was a long way off, over a hill. This trip had to be made daily because we had no refrigerator. Such a luxury was unknown in China then.

Meantime, word from our men in Nanking was frightening. The Japanese soldiers had entered and caused much suffering. A few days before Christmas, the large interdenominational mission group received word that the Japanese army was marching west. We knew that we had to move everyone on to Hankow. Two days before Christmas, passage was secured n a large boat going upriver the morning after Christmas.



Paul and his bride-to-be Janie
Home from school, 1937

Families with children wanted to get down the mountain the day before Christmas in order to have a happy time in Kiukiang city on Christmas Day.

Strong Chinese men were to carry us in chairs down the steep mountain path. There were about 50 chairs in all. Even still, this was not enough for the entire group. So we volunteered to go down on Christmas Day. We packed and had everything ready the day before, celebration and invited the Bible class boys. Those boys were away from home and would not be leaving with the mission group.

We arrived in Hankow and stayed in a hotel, but we knew that soon we must move on. Since the schools had closed in Nanking, Mr. and Mrs. Tsai, principals of our boys' and girls' schools in Nanking, South City had joined us. We had to make a decision. Should we travel farther west to Chengtu, where our faculty and students from Nanking University had gone? Or return to Nanking by Canton? Mr. Marx sent word he hoped I would return to Nanking as the army was moving west. Although the Japanese were still in authority, church services had resumed. Revival was in the air and there were many inquirers.

This was a hard decision for me. I wanted to go west. I knew that in Nanking all business with Japanese soldiers would come to me because the Chinese leaders would be frightened. If I was working at our South City church, our few mission men would be

free to help in many other places. I prayed much about it. One day as I was doing my regular Bible reading, I suddenly came to Jeremiah 1:8;

“Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee,” saith the Lord.

Instantly I knew that I should return to Nanking and our little company all agreed. Then the question was ...HOW? Many westerners were gathered in Hankow from various places, most wanting to get out. Trains going south to Canton were being bombed. The American Consul had arranged for a special train to go in a few days with an American flag lying on top and the Japanese military approved. But I couldn't do that. My party was mostly Chinese.

We decided to take the regular train. It was so crowded, we could barely get on. People lying under the seats and on the racks above. But we squeezed in got near a window. When the train stopped, we filled our thermos and bought eggs or any other food brought to our window. During the day, they usually managed to stop the train in timber so we wouldn't be spotted by the enemy. But we had to hold our seats, and we took turns stretching our legs. I remember passing a station that had been bombed. And as we neared Canton, a long section of track had been bombed out. Another train had come to meet us. It was rainy and windy, and we all got chilled as we had to walk quite a distance carrying our things to the other train. I almost couldn't make it. We had just got on the platform at the rear when the train started.

As we pulled into the Canton station, a blaring siren sounded. Air raid! We jumped and ran to the shelter in the basement of the depot. Then we realized that in our fright we had left all our



belongings on the train. Oh, we knew they would be gone when we ascended from our shelter. But, by some miracle, when all was safe and we came up to ground level, we found our bags just as left them. Authorities had locked the train.

The next day, we found passage on a boat to Hong Kong. After several days there, we were able to leave on a coastal steamer for Shanghai. Paul went back to the College for Physical Education. There was no kindergarten training school in Shanghai and since Janie was musical, she decided to enter the Music Conservatory. When Mr. McCallum came to Shanghai, I arranged a simple wedding for Paul and Janie and rented them a small apartment. I returned by train to Nanking.

All of this was not accomplished without my using considerable extra money for Paul and Janie. Missionary salaries were very modest. The money was supplied by insurance my husband had taken out for me, which came in monthly payments.

Some said, "How thoughtful to have done this so early in the marriage," but it was just like my husband. I believe that in his close walk with the Lord, that God, knowing all things from the beginning, prompted him to do that. Those checks had helped me earlier when my mother was ill. As things worked out, Ellis really did educate the little boy he wanted to find and send to school. He also educated Janie. Those checks continued as long as I needed them.

It was wonderful to hear and now see the revival in Nanking. New Christians were being baptized in large groups. We missed some of our families who had fled to various places in the west, but the groups remaining had opened a temporary school, and we added a daily Bible class. The city was peaceful and the church in Japan had sent several Japanese ministers who visited us. The Chinese people felt tremendous appreciation for our men who had stayed through the trouble and helped them.

It did become my duty to meet Japanese soldiers at the gate, but they were not unkind, maybe a bit gruff, usually coming to inspect or just look around. Probably they were uneasy too. One day when I went to the gate a slender young soldier bowed respectfully and asked, "May I come in? Maybe someone would pray with me in English."

I was so amazed. The Japanese soldiers never asked permission. I took him at once to our guest room. He told me he was from a Christian family in central Japan, the only Christian in his batallion. He pulled out an Old Testament. We read and had prayer together. As he was leaving he said, "Tomorrow at daybreak I am ordered to the front, to the battle planned upriver. If I live through I will write you." I never heard from that boy, but he had blest me and given me a real love for the Japanese soldiers.

That first year, Miss Lillie Abbot came from America to be with us because of her special concern about the wartime relief work. She had already taught with us for a year in South City and she knew the country and spoke Chinese. She was a great help.

Chinese families had suffered much during the initial days of the Japanese army occupation and most were now very poor. Many had fled on foot or any way possible to places not far west and later returned. The American government gave us money for our school kitchen to furnish one good meal a day to neighborhood children, and we had rice to give away. In cooperation with Miss Minnie Vautrin, our missionary teaching in Ginling College for Women, we opened a small cooperative store nearby which gave work to a number of our women. They kept busy weaving towels and other salable articles. Later, churches in America sent boxes of used clothing that needed to be suitable distributed.

And so it was by our trials and sufferings that (as we depended on the Lord for His leading) we were made even stronger at our church in South City. There was a new bond of unity between the workers because of our ordeal, and indeed, the revival filled our hearts with joy.

The Beginning of World War II

In the late 1930's, I was still working in Nanking under Japanese occupation, Paul and Janie were still in Shanghai. During that time their first child, Andrew, was born. I did not get to Shanghai until he was beginning to talk. It seemed to me he smiled and laughed all the time and I said, "What a happy baby." I must have said it several times because each time I went to see them after that he said, "Happy, Happy!" That was the beginning of Paul and his family calling me "Happy," which they do to this day. For them it became my name.

In June 1941, my furlough was due. I had been home to America on a number of furloughs. The first furlough comes after five years and every six years thereafter. However, during the depression we were asked to stay on the field longer, if we were well, to avoid travel expense. I stayed out eight years at that time. While on furlough we were expected to spend some time speaking in the churches and attend school at least one quarter. Also some time was given for rest and visiting family.

That summer of 1941, our mission board asked several missionaries on furlough to attend a special session on Christian Home Work at Scarritt College, a Methodist Christian Education School in Nashville, Tenn. I found it to be an excellent school and learned that by bringing in my credits from the schools that I attended, I could earn my master's degree in one school year, while taking their excellent course in Christian Education for Children. So I asked for permission to do this and it was granted.

We had a long Christmas vacation and I went west to the coast. On Dec. 7, I spoke in the morning service at the East San Diego Christian Church where my brother, George, was pastor. My sister, Maude, had also come there from Los Angeles, where she was teaching in a Christian School. When we got home from church and turned on the T.V. we learned of the attack on Pearl Harbor, which meant to me that I could not return to Nanking.

After Christmas, I returned to school in Nashville. That spring our board learned that a party of missionaries on furlough was being made up to go together around the world to reach their various missions stations. They asked Miss Margaret Lawrence, from our Wuhu station, and I if we would join the group and go to West China to relieve missionaries there whose furloughs were overdue. We both said, "Yes."

Some friends asked how I could undertake that dangerous journey in war time. To me it did not seem dangerous, only a part of the work to which I had given my life. Dear co-workers, both missionary and Chinese, were in Chengtu. I was needed and I was delighted to go. Plans were being arranged with the government. Before commencement time, we were given a sailing date from New Orleans, but I was able to finish my school work ahead of schedule, and my degree was given after I left.

We sailed with about a dozen other missionaries, in convoy, through the Gulf of Mexico and the Panama Canal. Then our ship went on alone, under war-time blackout conditions, down the coast of South America.

We enjoyed sitting on the deck of the ship until we reached Quito, Ecuador. Then it was nearly filled with great crates of bananas, which we delivered to various places farther south. We left our first missionary, a Methodist lady, at her school in Lima, Peru. We were able to visit the school and other places in the city. We landed at Valparaiso, a beautiful seaport near Santiago, Chile. From there we went east by a cog railway through the Andes mountains, missing a sight of the statue of Christ on the border between Chile and Argentina as we went through a tunnel under it. At Rosario in western Argentina, we changed to a regular train and traveled across the great Argentine plain called the pampas, a most interesting vast, flat prairie with large cattle ranches and wheat farms, as well as some sheep. Here much beef is produced for export.

In Buenos Aires, we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, our missionaries in the Seminary. This was very interesting meeting students from all over South America. With no ships available to cross the Atlantic, our delay was discouraging. Three of our Baptist ladies returning to North Burma left for Rio de Janeiro, hoping to get an earlier sailing for Africa. During the six weeks in Buenos Aires, we visited our three churches, the large Methodist High School, and many places of interest in that beautiful city of several million people. We stood in the lovely park, facing the capitol building and then chugged down the magnificent, store-lined Fourth of July Street, standing in a little crowded bus. The Fourth of July is their independence day, also. On Floro'da St., one block is cordoned off for shoppers, walking only. It is the great shopping area with people walking everywhere. We also enjoyed refreshments in open-air restaurants along the banks of the beautiful La Plate River, which flows by the northern edge of the city.

Then we were able to get passage on an Argentine coastal steamer sailing for South Africa. It was not as large as an ocean liner and we laughed about rocking across the South Atlantic. Frequent entertainment by a young Indian magician returning home kept us from being bored. But we were not laughing when we learned that at one place where we crossed, another boat had been sunk a few days before by a German submarine. However, we landed safely at the lovely Cape Town harbour. There we visited the Church of Christ, opened by our British brethren. Then on around the Cape of Good Hope to Durban. We were in Durban six weeks and became acquainted with our British brethren at the Church of Christ. We also were able to take a short trip into the outback and visit an African minister's home, a Kraal, a round, tent-like structure of coarse cloth. At the hotel, we noticed that Indian nationals waited on the tables, but the black people scrubbed the floors.

After six weeks, we sailed on a British troopship in convoy. I can never forget the leave-taking at the Durban harbour, because it was so deeply moving. Many of their boys were on ships in our convoy enroute to the war zone in northern Africa. A lady opera singer stood on the pier and sang old Gospel hymns as long as we could hear her. Our ship carried British commandos on their way to the Burma coast. The men doubled

up to give us their best bunks and were kind and thoughtful in many ways. However, it was terrifying to seem them practice their war games.

But I was on my way to China. I wanted to get back there no matter what it took and that was it. As we sailed north we lost our lovely African group at Mombasa on the coast of Kenya. They were returning to their work on the shores of Lake Victoria. Later, we parted from the convoy and went on to the land at Bombay, India.

Through India, Burma and West China to Cheng Tu

I was very excited to be in India and we stayed in a comfortable boarding home for foreign guests. Bombay is a city of contrasts. The part where we were was beautiful with lovely homes and a good business district, but on beyond were many homes of the extremely poor, and I noticed vultures flying about. On inquiring I was taken to see a gigantic funeral pier with many shelves where bodies of their dead were laid naked for the vultures to eat. This is according to a belief that if the flesh on their dead is taken into the bodies of living birds they will thus live again.

We went by train across India. The trip was hot but not uncomfortable. We have mission stations farther east, about three-fourths of the way to Calcutta. Looking out the window, everything was dry. The ground seemed parched. Small sod houses dotted the landscape with people and cows round about. I could see some were gathering droppings from the cows to feed the little open-air fires where they were cooking. It all looked so hot and the people so poor. I remember a song we had sung in Sunday school when I was a girl, "Sad, Sad India," and I thought India is still sad.

The second day we arrived at Bilaspur and were met by our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Gamboe. There we visited our lovely big hospital with fine Christian, Indian doctors and splendid nursing school. Many patients were being helped both physically and spiritually. We also visited the large mission school for girls and the Christian Church.

We then went on farther east by train to Tukhatpur, where we stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Donald McGavran. There we felt great joy as we saw their teaching and sensed the value of their far-flung work through the men being sent out. Their evangelists were starting a new church every three or four months, as they were invited by the villages. Not far from there we visited Miss Anna Cowdrey's School for Girls. We also went one afternoon to the hospital where many families were camped under trees, waiting their turn for some member of the family to be operated on for cataracts at Dr. Victor Rambo's clinic, that their eyesight might be restored. There was also an afternoon when starving families came in for food distribution.

Then on to Calcutta and the shock of our lives. As we went through the large depot there were two kinds of people shouting. One was boys wanting to polish our shoes. The other was people wanting to sell us a small idol of Cali, the goddess of Calcutta. I could only think of the Apostle Paul and his experiences in Ephesus.

Then we came out into the market place where cows were roaming the main streets, and the gutters had huge rats scuttling along. As the center of town came into view we saw a wide sidewalk all around in a circular position. On the cement walk lay hundreds of people who had fled from famine caused by floods in the countryside. There they found water from the fire hydrants, and we were told that an effort was being made by relief workers to distribute food.

Like Bombay, Calcutta is a city of contrasts. At one end was the filthy temple of Cali and at the other the immaculate Jain Temple with its exquisite glass buildings and glass floor you could even see right through. On one side of town I bought a beautiful brass vase in the very shop where it was made, while we were warned to be careful on the porch of our boarding house as shortly before we came, a vulture flew in and took the false teeth a lady had laid down while she washed. And not far away, people were bathing in the Ganges River to gain merit, according to a belief that this would enable them to be born to a higher life in their next incarnation. Along the side were wooden remains of funeral piers where bodies had been burned. The ashes had been scattered over the water, also in hopes of a higher life in the next incarnation.

ON TO CHINA. To reach China from Calcutta depended on getting a seat on the U.S. military plane flying over the hump of Burma. Few civilians could get on. After about two weeks we succeeded in getting one seat. Margaret went because she was to teach in the University in Chengtu, and it was nearing time for the second semester to open. It was another month before I was able to get a seat.

Leaving Calcutta we flew first to Assam, a small country in northeast India. There we were to catch the U.S. military plane. This trip was far from simple in the intense heat. Everything I would have to use in Chengtu, including bedding, had to go with me. I was truly never so hot in my life. Also I had not realized the very thorough inspection we would go through, which was difficult.

Aside from the military there were two Mennonite missionary men on the plane, going back to do relief work in Central China. High in the mountains, we stopped briefly at noon and box lunches were brought on for us.

We reached Yunnanfu in southwest China that evening. The U.S. soldiers went to their barracks, and I soon saw that the two Mennonite men had understood to make reservations in town. I had no place to go, and the air terminal waiting room soon emptied. It was a large, old ramshackle building, and I suddenly felt a bit nervous at the thought that I might be there all night alone. As though God had provided, I soon saw that there was a British military man in the same plight I was. He went out and found the U.S. barracks, ate supper, and brought me some food and a cup of water. He did the same the next morning. The night was difficult, but we did sleep some, as there were benches we could lie on. I was so grateful for my heavy coat, which had been a real problem earlier.

The next morning the plane left for Chungking where I was met by our own Dr. and Mrs. Wei teaching there. He was a professor in the University of Nanking and had been chairman of our South Gate School board for several years. I stayed in Chungking over the weekend and met all the old friends from down river as they gathered on Sunday afternoon. I was able to distribute the large can of vitamins that was given to me to take. That, by the way, had compounded my problems of weight for the plane, but it was worth it.

I got passage on the mail truck to Chengtu, sitting with the driver. It was a two-day trip, spending one night in a Chinese inn. On reaching Chengtu friends gasped and said, "Oh, one of our pastors spent the night at that inn, was bitten by lice and died because of it." But I had no trouble.

It was a delight to be in Chengtu and meet many friends old and new. I first stayed with Baptist missionaries in their home near the church in the city. Our group had decided not to do anything about a Christian Church for our limited stay, and we cooperated with the Baptists—a plan that proved very satisfactory. Our people were mostly families of teachers in the University of Nanking, Ginling College for Women and the Nanking Seminary, part of which had gone west and was cooperating with West China Seminary.

Five of our ministers had gone west. Dr. Luther Shao, recently home from Yale, had been asked to fill a vacancy as General Secretary of the National Christian Council with headquarters in Chungking. This meant that he and his family were separated as Mrs. Shao and the children were in Chengtu where she taught in Ginling College. Luther visited when possible. Pastor Charlie Cheo from Wuhu was pasturing a church in Chungking. The young Pastor Pan from Hofei took the opportunity for some further study in the Seminary.

Two of our strong ministers, Pastor Li Chou Fu, Chinese Secretary of our mission, and Pastor Li Yao Tung of our Drum Tower Church, had both passed away with illness before I arrived. How much was due to fatigue and the anguish of the move is hard to say. Mrs. Li Yao Tung became Bible woman for the Presbyterian Church in the city. Our other people were all living on the campus of West China University, which was a very crowded place. It accommodated the downriver schools with classrooms when not able to unite, and it divided homes to make extra apartments for all the people, though I never heard any of them complain.

Our people, counting children, numbered about 90. We used to meet on Sunday afternoons for communion and fellowship. On Sunday morning some attended church in town, but most went to the union service on the campus.

I took the place of a Methodist missionary who was chairman of the National Christian Council Christian Home Department. She left for an overdue furlough. We knew each other well, having worked together at National Christian Council committee meetings in Shanghai. Margaret Lawrence had become treasurer for our funds from Indianapolis, and it became my responsibility to carry on the correspondence with our people in Chengtu and forward relief money to some as needed.

Our main wartime relief work was carried on in the capital of Gui-chow Province in South Central China. Wenona Wilkinson and Lyrel Teagarden had gone there from our Hofei station and found the Cheo Chu Chen family from our South Gate work there also. In the fleeing crowds a good many children had become lost from their parents and

quite a number were there. Our people gathered them together and took care of them with the help of our relief money sent from America. Mr. Cheo, by correspondence, was able to locate all of the parents by war's end and delivered the children, one by one, as he returned to Nanking.

I was busy with Christian Home work walking daily out to the campus where the National Christian Council office was located. Mrs. Mei, wife of the President of Beijing Christian College, also refugeeing there, agreed to be my co-chairman. And the wife of the Episcopal pastor from Nanking, whom I knew well, helped me with the little Christian Home magazine that came out once a month. There were meetings where talks were to be given and one retreat to be conducted as well as correspondence to be taken care of.

I found it a real joy to be in this work with our own Luther Shao in general charge of the Council office. Let me tell you about Luther. When I first arrived in China in 1920, Luther was one of the boys in our short-lived high school who had joined the church. At that time he was using the Chinese name given him at birth, Shao Ching-San.

That first spring (1921) he became very ill and his family knew nothing to do for him. My husband helped them until his recovery. Luther told me later that he felt Ellis saved his life.

After graduation from high school he went to college and seminary. During this time he had become assistant pastor of the South Gate Church and taken the name Luther because of his admiration for Martin Luther. He helped me with all my early work at South Gate. Together we developed the children's work and the youth work, which were coordinated, with students in the youth group doing the Sunday school teaching. Then because of his ability and dedication he was sent to America for graduate study at Yale.

Miss Cammie Gray of our mission was teaching at the University, and in my second year in Chengtu she and I secured a place to live together on campus. This saved me the trip from the city and we liked being together. I remember with joy that summer one of the nurses from the Christian Church work in Batang, on the border of Tibet, was able to come out for a much needed vacation with us. We also greatly enjoyed later that summer when, with the help of Pastor Pan and Ching Chi Chang, one of our college boys from South Gate, we were able to hold a Summer Conference for our young people.

Also living on campus were Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Smythe and their young daughters with whom we had happy fellowship. Later when Dr. Searle Bates arrived from America, they left for overdue furlough.

I enjoyed the life and work in Chengtu and was well except for one sick spell caused by a virus from the water on a rural retreat. Then there was the time a mad dog bit me, and I had to take the shots for that. It is lovely country and the campus is beautiful. Some things were hard to get, but I remember so well the lovely roasting ears (corn) and on the hills round about were gardens and many terrace rice fields. On the

level stretches were great fields of yellow mustard. The weather was mild and rain usually came at night, as clouds floated in from the Tibetan mountains.

After about a year together, Cammie left for retirement. I then lived my last year with a Baptist couple on the campus. I was able to buy a bicycle from someone leaving, which helped me a great deal in my calling. Also it enabled me to call several times on one of the Nanking young men who had contracted tuberculosis and lay dying in a sanitarium outside the city.

We had some happy social times together. The UMCA and YWCA were active. A group on campus got together and formed a dramatic club, which occasionally gave a play we all enjoyed. There were historic sites and interesting old temples, which we visited. The lattice work in the temples was particularly beautiful. The streets in town were crowded with people walking, in rickshaws and on bicycles, and it was fun to shop around in various stores. I remember one day finding some chocolate bars and I bought them in a hurry. There was great excitement when our U.S. Vice Consul received a wheel of cheese from American and sent each American family a wedge of it. Cheese never tasted so good!

We were frequently reminded that a war was going on. A large military air field was near the city and their planes often flew over. For a time some troops were quartered on the campus. We were alerted for several air raids, but no bombs fell near us. I was visited by the young chaplain, Homer Kellums, whose father had been my professor in the Eugene, Oregon Bible University. One of our South Gate young men went to Chungking and enlisted in the air force. Mr. Pao Wen-nien, who had earlier been principal of our South Gate Boys' School, entered the foreign diplomatic service.

Home to Nanking: A Special Christmas

When the war ended in the late summer of 1945, I was still working in Chengtu. There was great rejoicing and immediately there began to be airplane missions downriver from the military airfield near us. Fairly soon, Dr. Bates was able to get passage and return to Nanking where his help was especially needed in taking back university buildings, and seeing about needed repairs for the anticipated return of the university. Being a woman, I found no immediate opportunity. Also I needed to finish my work in Chengtu. But as the fall months passed, my desire to get home to Nanking by Christmas grew. That was always such a happy special time.

Letters were flying back and forth. During my years in Chengtu, Paul and Janie were still in Shanghai. Both had graduated. Paul, unable to find work in the French concession, had begun studying in the Nanking seminary, one branch of which had opened in Shanghai. Janie had her second son, Jamie. He was born with a harelip, which the doctor did not close. This made feeding very difficult. As soon as peace came they returned to Nanking, and that fall Paul became Director of Athletics at the University Middle School in North City.

The Seminary also returned to Nanking, and for the convenience of students who had their school work interrupted during the war, opened evening classes. Paul took advantage of this and continued his Seminary study. He kept right on with these evening classes until he graduated from the Seminary. He did not feel led to make the ministry his life work as he had been especially led into athletics, but he said he wanted help to understand the Bible better and for Sunday school teaching. He always loved to read the Bible.

When December came and no passage from Chengtu was available I decided to go to Chungking, feeling I could surely get passage from there. By that time there was air service between Chengtu and Chungking, so it was not difficult. In Chungking I called on our people and went daily to the military headquarters. Within a week or two, I was granted a pass to Shanghai.

In Shanghai, I visited some of our people for a day or two when unexpectedly, one of our men, Mr. Siao, appeared to meet me. He had kept a temporary school open at South Gate all during the war. I never did find out how they knew I was in Shanghai. He must have ridden the train for several hours to arrive there.

By then it was only two or three days until Christmas. Excited preparations were soon underway. Someone went a long way outside South Gate and cut a big evergreen tree, which was set up on my apartment porch. This was a large glassed-in porch on the street side of my living room, and we had the custom of putting a tree there. Many willing hands helped trim it and decorate the large living room. There was some coal left in my basement bin, which I used for the fireplace as the weather was cold. At the church and pastor's residence across the street, feverish preparations were underway.

Setting up housekeeping was difficult as all of my cooking utensils had been looted. For a time Chinese soldiers had lived in our building, I was able to buy powdered milk and some other supplies in large tins, left by the American soldier boys and snapped up by the poor, who had opened small businesses along both sides of our street. I could not spare coal for the kitchen stove, but I was able to buy a small kerosene stove, as kerosene was available. I cooked in these army tins.

They loved Christmas and it had come to be a custom for the young people to spend the night before, the girls in my home, rolled up in their blankets all over the rug in front of my fireplace and the boys across the street in the pastor's home. Very early Christmas morning, they boys came up our stairs singing carols. After hot tea and crackers and more carols (until we felt it was really not too early), we started walking the rounds to the homes of our Christians, caroling as we went. They especially loved "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." Everywhere we stopped they went on with us, a huge crowd ending up at the church, where everything had been made ready for breakfast. There were tables all over the gymnasium floor, and each person was served a great bowl of noodles, the Chinese birthday dish for long life. This was followed by a big program and there were several baptisms. I was very happy that Andrew, although still small, was able to sing a solo on the program.

That spring was an interesting and precious time of reassessing our work. I gathered the young people and we prepared to reopen our neighborhood Sunday schools. The pastor's son helped me with this and the Cheo family came in from Giu-chow, having been able to deliver all the children to their families.

Mr. Cheo was a very interesting person. When I first went to China, he was a single young man living alone, very poor and just doing odd jobs, but a very earnest Christian, with a primary school education. As time passed, Mr. Cheo made himself very helpful seeing about having the tables, benches and cupboards made as we opened a neighborhood Sunday school. Meantime, a country Sunday school teacher near Bellingham, Washington (where I had preached a few summers when home from college) began sending me their small missionary offerings. I suggested to that Sunday school that they send a small amount regularly to pay him, which they did, and he faithfully cared for that part of the work.

Mr. Cheo wanted a wife, but there was non suitable. About that time I learned of a Christian young woman who was left on orphan with no support near a Christian family in North City. I spoke to Mr. Cheo about the possibility of asking her to be his wife. "Oh yes," he said. "She is a Christian, she will be good." When the family in North City spoke to her of the possibility she said, "Oh yes, he is a Christian, and I will have a good home." I brought her to South City. They promptly fell in love. They were very happily married and later had a darling little girl.

The support from that Sunday school continued throughout the war. When I returned home to Nanking, they wrote me that they had undertaken a larger work. By

that time our school needed small repairs and had odd jobs needing to be taken care of, so they put Mr. Cheo on their regular pay roll. He also continued to help me as usual.

The four Bible women Miss Mary Kelly had trained continued to be exceedingly helpful, caring for most of the calling and Bible teaching for the women, both at the church and in the homes. They were all widows, but had children growing up among us who were also helpful, some later becoming workers on our regular staff. It was with real pain we learned that one of the women, Mrs. Yu, became ill and passed away where she and her family had stopped, part way up the river during the war. The other three were still with us that spring. We also had on our staff a young woman who had some Bible training.

Meantime there was the general work of the mission. Help was needed in our other stations following the war. Mr. Oswald Goulter had returned from America and was working in his home station, Hofei, which was our most interior station to the northeast of Nanking. Dr. Bates was very busy looking after University property, but we both felt some attention should be given to the other stations. During that spring I took three different weekends and visited in turn Wuhu, Chuhsien and Nantungchow. Wuhu and Chuhsien could be reached by train in a few hours, but Nantungchow had to be reached by boat upriver from Shanghai as it was on the north bank and our downriver boats did not stop there. However this was a real joy as well as a responsibility. I loved all our people.

That summer the University of Nanking (the part of the Seminary that was in Chengtu and all the Nanking Christians that were in Chengtu and Chungking) chartered a river boat and came home down the Yangtze River. Margaret Lawrence came to live with me, especially helping the school. Our missionaries and their families that had gone to America also came back and we had a really great reunion. When our Dr. Douglas Corpron returned and again opened his hospital in Hofei, Paul and family made a trip there and Dr. Corpron closed Jamie's lip very well, which was a tremendous blessing.

Our regular high school reopened. Paul and Janie moved to South City. Paul became our athletic director, and Janie had charge of music. During the war years, Mr. Edwin Marx had passed away in America, and Mr. James McCallum was now made Mission Secretary. He then lived in North City, and they worked with the Drum Tower church. Mr. Clarence Burch was asked to transfer from Wuhu to work with us at the South Gate Center. He was busy in the men's work and Mrs. Burch took special charge of the half-day class for young women who had not been in school as children. This also included young married women. It was a great blessing to these women who otherwise would have had to go through life without even being able to read.

One of the women was Paul's younger brother's wife, Ester. Before Paul's father passes away (at the time he sent Paul to live with his grandfather), he placed Paul's younger brother, Hsioh-ren, in the government orphanage not far from us in South City. We often called on him through the years and sometimes when we went for a picnic on Saturday, we took him with us so that the brothers could be together. At the close of the

war, Hsioh-ren had finished primary school and reached the age when they dismissed them from the orphanage. He had opened one of the small shops along our street. He was a bright boy and doing very well. During the closing days of the war, he had met a young woman from a country family that had come in to Nanking for greater safety. They had fallen in love, and after we came home they were married. They lost their first child with a sudden illness. Later they had a darling little boy before the Communists came. They were often with us, became Christians, and were part of the large group at the church living just a few blocks up the street from us.

That fall my women and I decided to reopen a venture Miss Kelly had tried for a while earlier. This was a place for women to bathe. During the cold weather Chinese women found it difficult to bathe as they had no heat in their homes. Men had public bath houses, but there was nothing for women. The large room in our basement that had been prepared for this was still available, with several wooden partitions and large, flat crockery dishes that had been found in the market. With a heating stove put in, this was adequate. Mrs. Pao had a wonderful opportunity to meet new friends, get acquainted and invite them to our meetings.

Also that fall we held a weekend retreat for our Christians in the school chapel. There was much singing, special devotions and Bible studies. And our Christian school girls gave a Bible play. Our Christians loved this time of rich fellowship, and it bound us together in Christ.

A very happy, helpful period of good work was underway.

My Last years in Nanking

During those few short years given us to work following the war, there seemed never enough time to meet the needs and enter into the opportunities opening up before us. Aside from the immediate work in South City there were many other calls.

There was concern about the people in the country area across the Yangtze River just north of us where we had a number of small churches. Mr. Goulter was in charge of a new rural over-all program, but we felt the need to help too. A series of institutes was held in the different country churches, led by the pastors in our larger centers. It became my responsibility to conduct a class for the training of the Sunday school teachers in these institutes. Chao Yung Eng, the son of one of our rural pastors, had graduated in agriculture at the University of Nanking and was working in the area, helping farmers to organize cooperatives.

During the war, the old school building on our church property, which housed the Boy's High School was burned. A new building was put up where Dr. Li was given one large room. He had been training at the University Hospital in North City and came to work among us. He taught a class of young men, giving them nurses training and also enough knowledge of medicine to treat people with the most prevalent diseases. Then, these young men went to work in the rural areas where there were no doctors.

It was the custom for all of our missionaries to take a short vacation each summer, either in the mountains or at the seashore. That first summer that we were all back we all took our vacations in the mountain resort of Kuling and during that time had a week of meeting together. We were very happy and hopeful and made optimistic plans for our work during the next few years. Little did we realize how soon great difficulty would begin.

I was still Chairman of the Board at the Interdenominational Bible Teachers' Training School for women where one of our girls was attending. They persuaded me to take major responsibility for holding a Christian Home Institute with classes not only for the Training School girls, but for all women in all the Nanking churches. At this time I was also chairman of the Home Department at the Interdenominational Church Council. Transportation was often interrupted, which caused a shortage of rice. Women had to use wheat. They had no idea how to cook the wheat or what to do with it. I secured the help of the nutritionist teacher at Ginling College to teach a few classes at the Church Council building, which was a big help to many women.

Early in this period, Janie gave birth to a darling baby girl, Nancy. She was our pride and joy, the only baby that I really got to enjoy.

Mostly we were busy at home. Every Christmas repeated a joyous occasion along with the pre-Christmas festivities we had been accustomed to before the war. There was

the big program at the church for the children of all the Sunday schools. Also, we always had a party for our young people who were the Sunday school teachers. That called for a birthday cake for Jesus. They learned that it was our custom to have a cake for birthdays, so they just naturally supposed we would have one for Jesus' birthday, and we did. They preferred chocolate and they liked to try coffee. This was a very happy celebration in our big living room.

By mid-afternoon on Christmas Day, our Christians had gone home. With the festivities over, I was free. In the later years I was often alone. Mrs. Bates and her two small boys, Bobby and Morton, had returned from America and the family lived near the University in North City. Mrs. Bates knew I was alone and every year insisted that I come to their home Christmas evening and have Christmas dinner with them. This was a great blessing to me. I enjoyed it very much.

One year we were able to revive our Young People's Summer Conference, open to young people from all of our stations. I had the joy of seeing younger workers, being trained at the Seminary, able to take the main responsibility.

When we first came home the whole city was rejoicing and General Chiang was very much in charge. But as time went on, the Communists in the north seemed to grow stronger and stronger. There was the time when General Chiang was on a trip in the north and the Communists kidnapped him for several weeks before the Nationalist troops were able to free him. When he came home, army airplanes formed the characters of his name in the sky over the city of Nanking. It was our custom in Nanking for all of our missionaries to meet together one evening each week in various homes. Each of us took our own lunch and we spent the time visiting, talking over plans for work and closed with a short prayer meeting. Never was this more appreciated than during these post-war days. I remember one evening when things were moving along rather well, asking Dr. Bates if he thought we might be able to continue our work. He said, "Just remember that they are Communists."

Later the Communists seemed to get more menacing; gradually moving farther south. They had scouts out and a number of young men from Nanking were urged (especially being influenced by propaganda about helping the poor) to go north and join them. The city became tense, not knowing what next. At that time the Mission in Japan was short of teachers and our Board felt it might be well to lessen the number of workers in Nanking who might have to be evacuated. Margaret Lawrence was asked to go to Japan, where she taught for a number of years.

There came a day when our stations north of the river were threatened with Communist take over, especially Hofei. Our missionaries there were evacuated and Wenona Wilkinson came to live with me. She was a real blessing. Wenona was such a lovely person and very musical. Our people loved her. However, Hofei did fall and our Chinese workers there wrote that work was going on as usual and they wanted their missionaries home.

Every day we hoped the Communists would not be able to cross the river. Trains going south to Canton were packed and a few of our people departed. Our Pastor Cheo said, "I cannot think they will be more difficult than the people Apostle Paul worked under." As a man whom the Mission had sent to Princeton for training, he added, "I am where the Lord put me. I will not leave."

In April it began to seem certain that the Communists were coming on south. They sent word everywhere that they were only agrarian reformers. The American government must have believed that because they urged general Chiang to form a coalition government with them, which was of course impossible.

I am giving here the copy of a letter written to my brother, Charlie, in April. My brother is now in heaven. One day, looking through a box of his keepsakes with his daughter, Eleanor, we found this letter. At the end he had written, "Received July 11"

403 Chung Hwa Road
Nanking, China
April 23, 1949

Dear Charlie and Blanche:

This was planned as a Happy Birthday letter to Charlie, but it may be good-by letter for a while. Everything in our compound is perfectly alright and so far as we can see the streets are orderly, but filled with talking, moving people. Police are gone. The government of China has left. Of course there is a city government of some kind I presume, but very temporary. We heard heavy firing all night. The Communists are just across the river north, also not far east of the road toward Wuhu, and one of our men said he heard a bunch had come out near Purple Mountain. Rumors are everywhere of course. Nanking may not be taken today or tomorrow, but it could be. We are in the midst of preparation for our church Annual Meeting and dinner tomorrow. I do not know whether it can be held or not. In any case, I am right where I know I belong, and the Lord's hand is not shortened. His work must go on no matter what government or what the situation and we feel that we as missionaries must help as long as we can. Now that this has happened so suddenly, I do not know what my plans for furlough may be. If Shanghai falls, likely ocean liners will not call there, and I may be needed here, but the future is in His hands.

I do wish you a happy birthday, Charlie, and was glad to learn in your Round Robin that you were planning to get the old car out again and put it in running order. I hope it will be a good spring and summer. I may be in America, too, this summer. In any case I will come when the Lord leads me to leave. It is certain that the morale of our people at south Gate is very much higher when I am here, that holds to now, what the future may be we do not know. I am well and we have been getting a lot done. We had such a happy Easter, no rumor of this sudden attack. Of course, we knew the peace talks were not going well, but they had not been for quite some time. We baptized twenty Easter morning. At the children's program in the afternoon, about 375 children were

present. It was quite a crowd. This afternoon our parent's club is supposed to meet in the home of one of our members. I do not know whether it can meet or not. I want to get these letters off for the noon mail to be sure they get out. Of course, I may still be writing letters next week, but it is likely we will be behind the iron curtain. Just pray that the Lord will take care of His own, and He will. Lots of love to Eleanor and the children, Donald and Virginia, when you write. I am glad you cannot look on the street below my five story window just now, everybody trying to get somewhere else, thinking it will be safer, carrying bedding and whatnot! My man went out to buy some things and came back to say he could not change the money we had been using, but there will be a way around that somehow probably and I have a good deal of food on hand. I also have plenty of American company in the city. Things will be alright. I do not feel in the least afraid. I never do when I know I am in the Lord's will. That is one proof to me that I am.

Lots of love,
Edna

That must have been written on Monday or perhaps Tuesday because I remember so well the Sunday evening before the Communists entered. The Nationalist Airforce was camped on the big military airfield just east of the city wall. We were the closest church and some of the Christian boys came to worship with us. That last Sunday night they came and as we were not having an evening service they came up to my living room where they sang around the piano. They were very sad and troubled.

They told me that they were leaving for Taiwan the next morning at daybreak. They didn't like that. They wanted to stay and fight, but of course, it was hopeless. The communists were too strong.

I remember going out on the street after I wrote that letter, probably to mail it. I walked along hunting a place to change my money into the new temporary currency. Finally I found that behind one store, men were standing around changing money. It was kind of black market, but I felt safe. I was the only foreigner in South city at the time. Mr. and Mrs. Burch were helping with the work but living in North City. Everyone knew me. I went in and they changed my money for me immediately.

The friendship of people all over South City toward me in those days was very interesting and helpful. I remember one day getting on the bus and suddenly realizing I had forgotten my purse. A Chinese man near me, whom I did not remember ever having seen before, paid my fare immediately.

The next day we knew the Communist army was about to enter the city because scouts had come in and put up paper placards along the street. They read, "Everything as usual," "Freedom of Religion," and other such sayings.

There was not much sleep that night. A big rice store just across the street from us, south of our church compound, was looted. I could see men carrying out great bags of

rice. And from a store a little farther south, huge drums of oil were being rolled along our cobblestone street. With little government oversight to stop the wicked and the poor, there was really havoc.

The next morning Paul and family were with me. We watched from high in our five story building. The part of the army that entered South City came in through the South Gate and just marched quietly along past our place to prearranged barracks. They had the street completely to themselves. No one else was stirring, but many eyes were watching. The city was very quiet all day until suddenly loud speakers over the fronts of stores along our street began screaming Communist instruction and doctrine. Gradually they came calling to list everyone who was there, but we went about our work as usual.

My furlough was due the end of June but as anticipated, no ocean steamers called at Shanghai. At that time there was no air service across the Pacific Ocean. The Communists did not bother us. We knew they were watching and certainly had spies in our school and in our church services, so we were careful not to criticize. They had great military parades on our street, but when they did, we just stayed in.

There was one happening that was very interesting to me at this time. The Cheo's little girl had been growing beautifully in every way. That spring she was elected chairman of the student body in our large high school of several hundred students.

Also, during those days some among our large group of young people had graduated from high school and were going on to higher education or entering some profession. We had a number of very happy weddings with much joy and excitement in the group. Young married men were becoming deacons at the church and felt very responsible.

In late September we had word that a steamer would call at Shanghai and the Mission felt I should go on furlough. Everything had been moving along so smoothly, I thought I would be back after furlough. I left many things I should have brought home. Paul stood on the pier in Shanghai to wave goodbye. Little did we know that after only a few months of exchanging letters he would have to tell me that it was getting dangerous and we should stop writing. By that time our other missionaries were under house arrest, awaiting evacuation. For thirty years, I had no communication of any kind with Nanking.

Thailand Memories

After resting that fall of 1949, I was speaking among the churches in 1950 as usual on furlough. Dr. Sly of our Mission Board approached me about the possibility of going to Thailand for my last term. Great Britain had sent missionaries to Thailand much earlier. They had started churches and were active in a good work there. However, the future of their mission had become problematical. All three missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Clark and Miss Esther Halliday, had come to the age of retirement. They were also exhausted from house arrest in Bangkok during the war. The British Churches of Christ, which are the same as our churches called Christian Churches here, did not feel able financially to send out new missionaries and carry on that work. Especially they asked if any of our missionaries evacuated from China could be sent, as many of the people in that southeastern section of Thailand were Chinese immigrants.

This was a hard decision for me as some of my dear friends in the Chinese Church had gone to Taiwan, and I was hoping to go there. However, our church had no mission work there and Dr. Sly persuaded me to decide for Thailand and take the responsibility of transferring that work to the oversight of our American Mission Board.

At commencement time that spring the Bible University in Eugene, Oregon, where I had formerly graduated, called me to attend and gave me an honorary doctor's degree.

That summer I started for Thailand, going first by train across the southern states to visit Miss Mary Kelly, who had spent many years in China, but was then in our church retirement home in Jacksonville, Florida. That was a very happy visit as I was able to tell her all the latest news of our Christians in China and the work there.

Going on north I visited a nephew in Washington, D.C. and was able to have a happy reunion with Mr. Bao Wen-Nien and family. He was in the Chinese Consulate, sent there from Taiwan having joined the nationalist diplomatic work while we were in West China during the war. One result of this which made me very happy was a letter from his daughters later, when they were away from home, attending college. Someone in that church was leaving for foreign mission service, and they saw all that was involved. They wrote me and thanked me for going to China that they might know Christ.

Going on north I stopped in New York City and started my baggage for Thailand by freight on a steamer. It all arrived safely. I sailed from Montreal, Canada, down the St. Lawrence River for England. On shipboard I spent my extra time memorizing the Lord's Prayer in Thai. I arrived in Liverpool in tie to attend the Annual Meeting of the Christian Churches in Great Britain and spend the rest of the summer visiting and speaking in the churches of Scotland and England. This was a very happy time. I fell in love with our British brethren and had good meetings with their Missionary committee. They also had missions in Africa.

I left London by plane in time to reach Bangkok the first week in September. There I was met by Miss Ester Halliday, the British missionary from Scotland. She took me by mission jeep to the town of Nakhon Pathom, about 30 miles west of Bangkok, where there began at once a delightful friendship with her and Dr. and Mrs. Clark, the British missionary couple.

In 1950, Nakhon Pathom was a small town, built around what was called the Great Pagoda, being the largest Pagoda in Thailand, a Buddhist country. They had a very popular king who was the head of their religion. No one could hold any government office in Thailand without being required to perform the Buddhist religious rites. This included teachers in government schools, making jobs available to Christians limited, a factor causing some to hesitate about becoming Christians.

Nakhon Pathom was a lovely place with a beautiful canal running through the middle. I often thought that no one need starve in Thailand, as there was plenty of rain and one need only to go out in the yard and pick a banana or a coconut to satisfy hunger. The people were very friendly. Thailand was a delightful place, and inspite of strong Buddhism, they had religious freedom.

Dr. and Mrs. Clark were in great difficulty. He was ill with Parkinson's disease. The hospital had been turned over to two splendid Chinese doctors, an uncle and his nephew from Swatow, China. They were fine Christian men. Mrs. Clark had oversight of the evangelistic work and was in general charge. Miss Halliday was in charge of two large schools, one for boys and one for girls, with classes from first grade through high school and registered with the government. There was a fine Bible woman, Kru Luan, who did excellent work with the women and children, including a good Sunday school. She also lived at the Clark's and helped with his care. There were also two strong men workers both able to preach a good sermon, having been trained by the Clarks. They preached alternate Sundays and received their support from the schools, one the Boy's School and the other the Girl's School. They and their wives administered these schools with help and advice from Miss Halliday.

There were two churches, one Thai and one Chinese, meeting separately on Sundays but often having special meeting together, as most of the Chinese also spoke some Thai. The Thai church, schools, hospital and the Clark home were all close together at one end of town. Miss Halliday lived in upstairs rooms over the Girl's School. The Chinese church was at the other end of town where most of the Chinese people lived. The younger doctor lived near the hospital, but his uncle lived next door to the Chinese church, and his wife had charge of a Chinese primary school, which taught Mandarin and was located on the church compound. This was great for me for I had no difficulty helping the Chinese youth work as I spoke Mandarin. Many of the Chinese women did not speak well in either Thai or Mandarin as they were from Swatow and spoke that dialect, but I had good help translating as the Chinese doctors and the younger doctor's wife spoke good English as well as Mandarin and were also from Swatow. The Chinese church had a good Chinese pastor, who also spoke English.

I found that the mission had no organization. During the war when their missionaries were interned, the Nakhon Pathom Christians had attached themselves in a loose way to the Bangkok Christians in the Church of Christ for Fellowship. I was anxious to see a committee in charge of the Nakhon Pathom work and felt this desire for fellowship with the Church of Christ in Thailand should be honored. I went to their headquarters in Bangkok to talk with them. They are almost entirely Presbyterian, with one small group of Christians from Central Europe included, very fine people. I found they operated on a plan whereby each local center had a committee organization, then all taken together they formed the Church of Christ in Thailand. In consultation with our people I helped them form a local organization for carrying on their work, similar to the one I was familiar with in our China Mission. This committee, called in Thailand a "pak," then became one more small section of the Church of Christ in Thailand. There were no restrictions on the pak and our churches to this day operate according to their own church practices, desires and plans of work.

Besides the work in Nakhon Pathom there were three outstations. One was a work of the Chinese church, Chinese leaders going every Sunday afternoon in their cars about an hour's ride to a large town on the Mekong River west of Nakhon Pathom. There a Chinese service was held for 20 or 30 Chinese Christians living in that area. It met in the clinic of a Chinese Christian midwife. The other two outstations were from the Thai church, each about three or four miles from Nakhon Pathom. One had Thai and the other Chinese families, but both speaking Thai. Each had only a few Christians, mostly women, who walked in for morning church services in town. On Sunday afternoons the Thai church youth group divided and went by bicycles to each village and held a Sunday school for the children out in the yard under the trees. This was a really good youth group doing good work.

Later we put up an open-air meeting room in one of the Thai villages called the Bamboo Village because of the many huge clumps of bamboo. Then we occasionally drove out and held meetings. One summer I took a group of Christian young people with me and we went there, staying in the homes for a week, and held a Vacation Bible School for the village children.

My first year Miss Halliday and I lived together and became very fond of each other. As she was leaving the next summer she said that if she had known how happy we would be she would have stayed another year, but she went home to retire with her sister.

As Miss Halliday left, George and Margaret Cherryhomes with one small son arrived. We lived together their first year while a new home was built for them just back of the Girls' School, where we lived upstairs. We felt the need to expand and as the Cherryhomes were working especially in the evangelistic work, George and the younger evangelistic worker, Kru Bamrung, opened a new center at Sam Yek, some miles north of us. This proved to be a very flourishing work. We put up a building and opened a school. The Bamrung family moved out and first lived in part of the school building. Also evangelistic trips were made into a tribes area bordering on the west.

Meantime the Estoye family had arrived from the Philippines. Through my friendship with one of the Filipino pastors the year I was there, I had been able to secure for the Thai mission the first missionary couple sent out by the United Church of the Philippines, Lydia and Jose Estoye. They were good missionaries, spending their first year in Nakhon Pathom, largely in language study. We then put up two residences in Sam Yek, and the Estoyes moved out as the Kru Bamrung family moved into the other residence.

As a new British couple was coming and our Board talked of sending more missionaries, I felt the matter of language study was very important. I talked about this with the Church of Christ office in Bangkok, and together we organized a Language School in Bangkok. The British couple, the Sewells, arrived and began language study. That next year our board did send out two couples, the John Sams and the Richard Carlsons, also David Luo, a fine Chinese young man, caught in college in the United States when China became Communist, did not want to return there and applied to our board for missionary service. They were all in Language study my last year. Before I left, Mr. Luo asked me to announce his engagement to a lovely Chinese Christian girl in Bangkok. They later married and worked until recently in Bangkok. During this time I was able to complete the transfer of the ownership of all the missionary property from the mission to the pak.

The Clarks had semi-retired, but as long as she was in the area their long-standing habit caused the workers to keep coming to her for advice. The problem was that she felt she could not face the cold weather in England after so many years in a semi-tropical climate. After nearly three years their son from England, Dr. Denley Clark, came out to Thailand. He was a fine man and understood the situation. The Clarks decided to retire at Chunburi, a city on the east side of the Gulf of Thailand where a nurse they had trained had opened a nursing school and cooperated with a good local Baptist church. Dr. Denley had a cottage built there for his parents. The big problem about this for me was that they really could not manage without Kru Luan, the Bible woman. She had also been giving me lessons in Thai language for an hour each morning. However, we had to adjust.

As the years went by I felt strongly the need to expand the work. All around us were whole districts with no Christian witness. At that time Dr. Donald McGavran was working with our board, visiting our various missions to survey and discover the best opportunities for new work. I asked if he could visit Thailand, and he was sent to be with us for one month. During that time, with the help of Jose Estoye, he surveyed a large tribal area northwest of us, from the River Kwai area on out to the Burma border, up to the Mekong River. There they found a town where tribal folklore said white men would come and tell them about God. There were also Karem people coming across from the mountain area of Burma, where they were being persecuted, and some were Christians.

Dr. McGavran recommended that we open a work there, a doctor's family going first, as it was two or three days from medical help. That fall our board sent the young

Dr. Corpron and family. He was the son of our Dr. Douglas Corpron, who had spent so many years in China. They took right hold, starting a church and school as well as carrying on medical work. But as the years of their term went by, they were having their own little family and Mrs. Corpron's health began to fail. So they had to leave, and we had no doctor available to replace them. The Baptists, who had a good church in Bangkok, and worked among the Karens along the Burma border father north, offered to take over that work. This transfer of leadership was made. Recently I saw a report of that work in a Baptist missionary paper and it is flourishing with many converts.

That last summer the Cherryhomes left for America at the end of their four-year term. As Kru Bamrung was doing well in Sam Yek and the Banpong outstation on the Mekong River needed help, we rented a place there, and the Estoyes moved to Banpong.

Through the years, Mrs. Clark had led to Christ a number of people, who lived in scattered areas along a large road north of Nakhon Pathom. I had found time only twice to go up that way and meet the scattered Christians who were in great need of fellowship. This road led to the River Kwai area, where many Indonesian boys, killed in the war, were buried, but there was no Christian work there. The boys who lived had first been sent out to Nakhon Pathom while they awaited repatriation. They had carved a small wooden cross and put it up on the front wall of our church in appreciation for the kindness of our people to them. However, without strong support, the Estoyes became discouraged and moved first to work in Bangkok and then came to America.

Before I left Nakhon Pathom, I turned over my duties to the British couple, the Sewells, as they had finished language study and moved out to Nakhon Pathom. Mr. John Sams became president of the little missionary group.

I left by train down the peninsula to Singapore. From there I went by boat to Naples, Italy, then by train across Europe, with two days in Paris, which I enjoyed very much. I then went on to Great Britain where I spent a month visiting the churches and reporting on the work in Thailand, which they loved so much. I also had a happy visit with Miss Esther Halliday, who lived in Scotland.

I returned to the United States on the Queen Elizabeth and arrived just in time for the fall quadrennial of our United States missionary women in Lafayette, Indiana, and led a group on the mission work in Thailand before reporting to Indianapolis. That summer I was resting and then spent the winter speaking in our churches. In the spring of 1957 I retired from the missionary service and in September became Assistant Pastor of the South Pasadena, California, Christian Church, a position I held for seven years before fully retiring.

In closing I wish to express my appreciation for the churches which supported me in my long missionary career. The First Christian Church in Bellingham, Washington, where I grew up from the time I was in fourth grade, was truly my home church. They were enthusiastic about all my preparations for going as a missionary. That last summer, as I was preparing leave they were almost like an extended family in their help and

enthusiasm. I left with their love, a very heartfelt parting service and a complete set of silverware. For years they gave me entire support under the Christian Church Board plan of "Living Link" missionaries.

Some of my happiest memories are of early furloughs when members of my family were still living there and the church family welcomed me home. Who can estimate the value when someone takes your hand and says, "I prayed for you every day."

Later, as expenses became greater with increased costs, the First Christian Church in Olympia also became an enthusiastic helper in my support. Before I retired I was also helped by the Christian Church in Rantoul, Illinois, and warmly welcomed in visits there. Praise the Lord for faithful Christians!

Pictures Added From Dr. Gish's Personal Album



Wu Hsiok-li

1922 Nanking, China



Given name of Paul

School Days



On Vacation



At Home



Teaching Sunday School



With the Family

Picnic near Nanking



*When we fled to Kuling
Courting
Days with Janie*



First Baby Andrew

Attending Shanghai Athletic School



Happy Days

Attending Shanghai Conservatory of Music



Family Worship

Nancy, Jamie, Andrew,

Teachers of High School Music and Athletics, Nanking



Mailed to America

September 1980. No word for 30 years



Andrew 1980 and his wife Pam

Assistant Research Fellow, Social Science Institute, Beijing



Andrew and Pam's son



Jamie

Test Room, Automation Institute, Iron and Steel Co, Anshan



Daniel Wu Born in 1954

Attending Nanking Teachers College where Janie teaches vocal



Paul and Jamie

Visit home on business trip



Daniel and Jamie

Youngest son



Nancy and Husband who is in Peking Opera Troup, Yangchow



Their Daughter Julia



Paul Wu retired



Jamie and Paul June 28, 1980



Daniel Wu, 1978

Now teaching at Workers Night School



Jamie, my birthday present



Jamie giving voice lessons at Teachers College



Jamie demonstrating teaching methods for vocal teachers



Andrew and Daniel at the Seminary



Daniel and Nancy at the Seminary



Daniel and Nancy at the Seminary



Daniel at the Seminary



Nancy at the Piano



Nancy playing the piano at the Seminary



Shiang Aru Jamie's wife



Jamie relaxing by the river



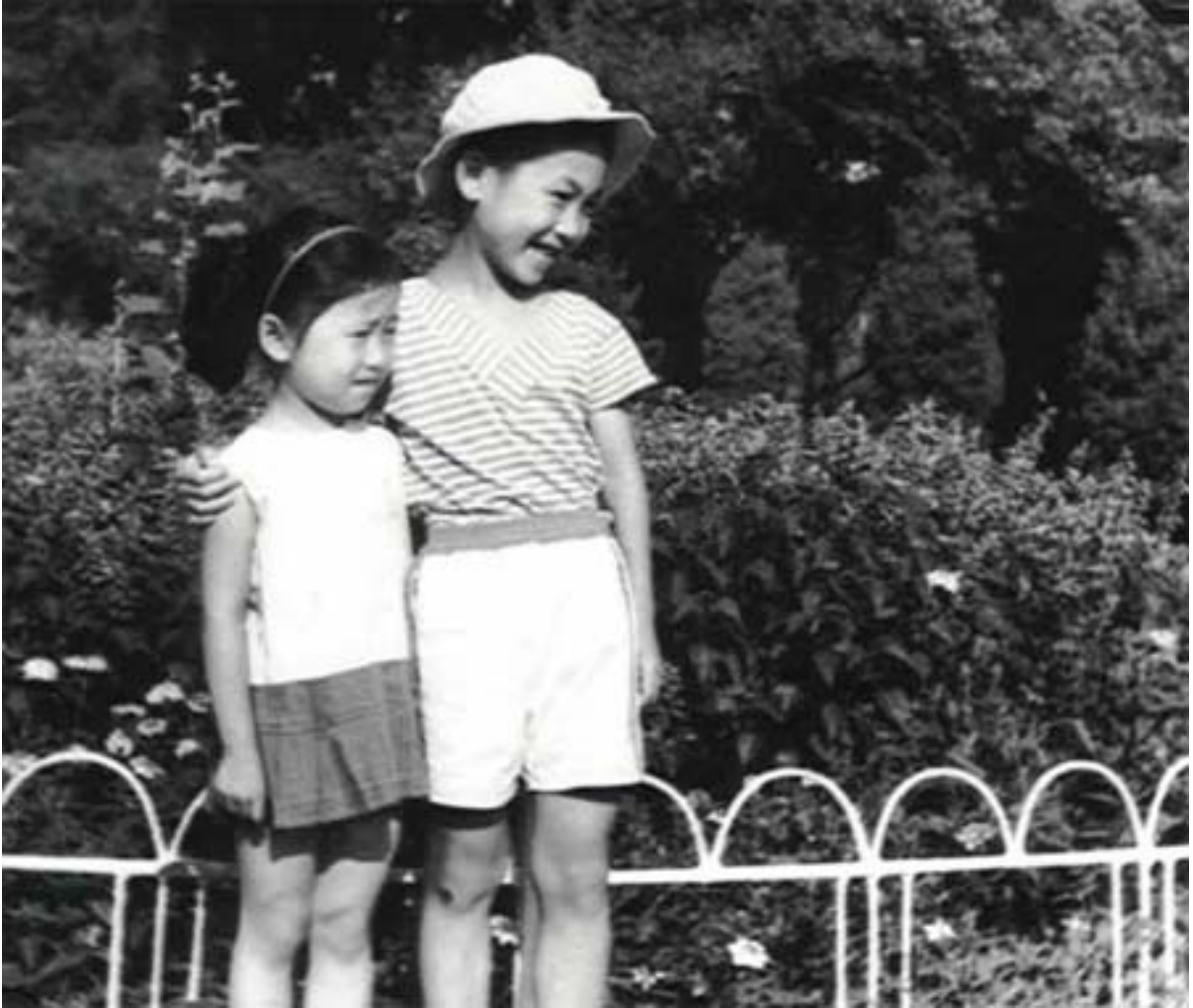
*Scene from a Peking Opera depicting two honest generals giving advice
to the queen
Nancy's husband is the general on the right*



Nancy and daughter Julia



Daniel - Paul - Janie - Nancy



Janie's children



Paul and Janie's home



Daniel at the basement door

